

Seasonal Greetings!

INSIDE: Free Gift for you to keep; News; Reviews;
Lots of political comment; Lots of letters;
Lots of other things, including Phosphorous
the Jobrot & Ferocious Din and the Landsnapper Sneeze

Action called for against Southside job security threat

Only fifteen people turned up to Thursday's SocSoc meeting where Brian Grogan (of Red Mole) talked about the Wage Freeze and two National Union of Public Employees (NUPE) shop stewards talked about the job security threat to Southside cleaners.

Two shop stewards of NUPE, who work as Messengers in the College, spoke on the administration's plan to reduce the cleaning staff in Southside through "natural wastage". Andy O'Brien, Electrical Engineering messenger said that both the workers and the students must support the struggle against this happening, and said that NUPE staff other than cleaners were prepared to take industrial action should the College proceed with this plan.

It was explained that the College, through its Domestic Bursar, Mr. Carl Seaford, was putting forward the plan to reduce cleaning staff in an attempt to maintain the profit ratio on Halls of Residence, and to keep rents down. Andy O'Brien said that the College claimed that wages took 67 per cent of total hall revenue; the college would prefer them to only take 33 per cent like the student houses in Evelyn Gardens. He pointed out that the standard of cleaning was also correspondingly different, and asked the meeting whether it thought it preferable that the cleanliness of halls be reduced.

He and Ron Parker, Beit messenger, stressed the importance of a joint workers and students struggle.

(More detailed discussion of the problem appears in CEF's "Opinion" column on page 9 of this issue).

Before this, the meeting had listened to a speech by Brian Grogan.

Mr. Grogan concentrated his talk on the "Crisis of Capitalism" in view of "the falling profits since 1962". He said that this crisis had thrown the ruling class into confusion, and they were trying to re-unite themselves, both Tory and Labour Party capitalists, through the wage freeze. Citing what he called an attempt to demoralise the working class through the unemployment problem, he said that the working class had never been more united and more self-confident — the reverse of what the government wanted had happened.

In his view, the only way to get rid of the wage

freeze was through united workers' action while they are still in this strong and united position.

He went on to a detailed discussion of the relative policies of the Communist Party, and the International Marxist Group on the overthrow of capitalism. An International Marxist himself, he attacked the CP's

belief that the first necessity was the defeat of the Tories. He was also adamant that a campaign for "Labour Government committed to Socialist policies" as put forward by workers press was totally useless. His lengthy discourse on the latter degenerated into a fierce dialogue with a member of another faction.

The main message agreed upon at Thursday's meeting was that there should be a hall rents strike for higher grants and against cut-backs in cleaners' jobs.

The proposed rent strike would have four demands:

- 1) £100 increase in the grant now
- 2) No cut-back in cleaners' jobs.
- 3) No rent increases
- 4) The DES must pay for all future halls.

The subject of rent strikes will be taken to the first UGM of next term, and the meeting called upon students not to pay their hall bills until then.

We have 900 lone girls here"

That's the message of a letter from the Hampstead Garden Suburb Institute asking for virile young men to attend their dance on Saturday, December 16. The price is dirt cheap — 30p — and in their words they would "be delighted to see as many men as possible". Paul Wadsworth, I.C. Ents magnate, has got some tickets for sale, and can be found invariably in the Union office at lunchtimes. The price includes Disco, wine, food and GAMES (!???).

STIRLING LATEST

The first student to appear before the discipline committee was found guilty of "Conduct prejudicial to the good order and interests of the University by obtaining entry to a reception at the MacRobert Centre without having been invited".

He is appealing against the verdict.

The nature of the committee is best described by Mr. George More, the Solicitor representing the students. He describes the committee as "unbelievably biased". Furthermore Mr. More stated "Every defence objection was over-ruled, every prosecution objection was upheld and I was not allowed to call all the witnesses whose evidence I thought would be relevant."

The cases are likely to go on for many weeks, perhaps months. 23 more students including 15 council members were charged and the authorities are demanding expulsions.

Community Action Group

CHRISTMAS APPEAL

Wanted:

OLD CLOTHES
(and shoes and boots)

FOOD

(tea, coffee, sugar, powdered milk, tinned food, cigarettes, sweets, chocolate . . .)

JUMBLE

TOYS

ETC.

(paper cups, books, blankets . . .)

for:

KIDS

Marylands Adventure Playground in North Paddington was originally set up with funds from an I.C. Rag. The Playgroup is desperately short of money so a Winter Carnival with a jumble stall, bonfire, visit from father Christmas, etc., is being held for the kids and their parents. We hope to provide them with jumble, presents to be distributed by Father Christmas, and a soup stall.

DOSSERS

Each year the St. Mungo Community Trust holds a Christmas Party for the vagrants on the embankment. Their most desperate need is for food, warm clothing, shoes and blankets, but cigarettes, etc. would also be appreciated. Each dossier will be given a small parcel containing various items depending on the amount of articles collected. A number of items of clothing collected will be kept for distribution on the Community Action soup run.

OLD FOLK

Community Action is hoping to hold a party on Christmas Day for some of the old people in Notting Hill we had contact with last year. Food and presents needed.

Allocation of gifts will be according to suitability for the various projects

We are hoping to place boxes in the following places:

Entrance to I.C. Union (definite) * I.C. Union Office (definite) * Selkirk and Keogh Hall entrance * Tizard and Falmouth Hall entrance * Linstead Hall * Weeks Hall Beit Hall * Garden Hall * Student Houses * J.C.R. (College Block) * Entrance to College Block * Q.E.C. Refectory * Q.E.C. Bar * Institute Francais

For more information contact Community Action Group, c/o I.C. Union

ALL GIFTS HOWEVER SMALL, WILL BE APPRECIATED

Many thanks

Record Service in I.C.

Records cost such a fantastic amount that the student has difficulty in affording the prices that are charged for records. To counteract this the Sounds Service in IC is being operated so that students may buy records at 10—15 per cent off the recommended retail price. This means that a record that normally sells for £2.30 costs the student £1.91 and £2.50 records cost £2.05.

To take advantage of this great cost-cutting service, just drop in and see

Colin McCall or one of the other people on the Sounds Service stall in the J.C.R., College Block, during lunch break on Tuesday, Thursday, or Friday every week until the Union Room-at-the-top is ready.

Orders may also be forwarded through the internal mail to Colin McCall, ELEC, ENG 2 . . .

The records are ordered from a supplier of records to most of the universities and colleges in the Home Counties, who collates all his orders and

buys the records to order from a record dealer. In this way, the records are purchased new and in better condition than one receives them from most record stores, at much less than the full retail price. There is no middle-man making a fortune out of the record-buying public, just a group of students who want to enable their fellow students to listen to the music of their own choice with the minimum of cost.

I-like-fruit-fresh felix-on-december-12-a-tuesday-as-always-was-edited-by-Oliverdowson. With-in-alphabetical-p-and-b-are-bi-label-(lips-in-latin)-plosives-order, felix-no.-322, repeat-with-contributions-in-alphabetical-order,-by,-and-labour-of-Philipamodio-Sidamor-Robarmitage-Mcb-Johncave-Bobcarter-Petercrawford-Derekcummings-Marydunne-Arnoldsprog with arnold-Davehobman-Johnhorsefall-Grahamking-and the rest-of the cast-of one-Adriansmith. Contributions-for-"felix",-not-in-a-bathwarmer-are-most-definitely-welcome,-and-should-be-addressed-to-the-Editor-oliverdowson-(residence-Weekshallroom-14ourteen).

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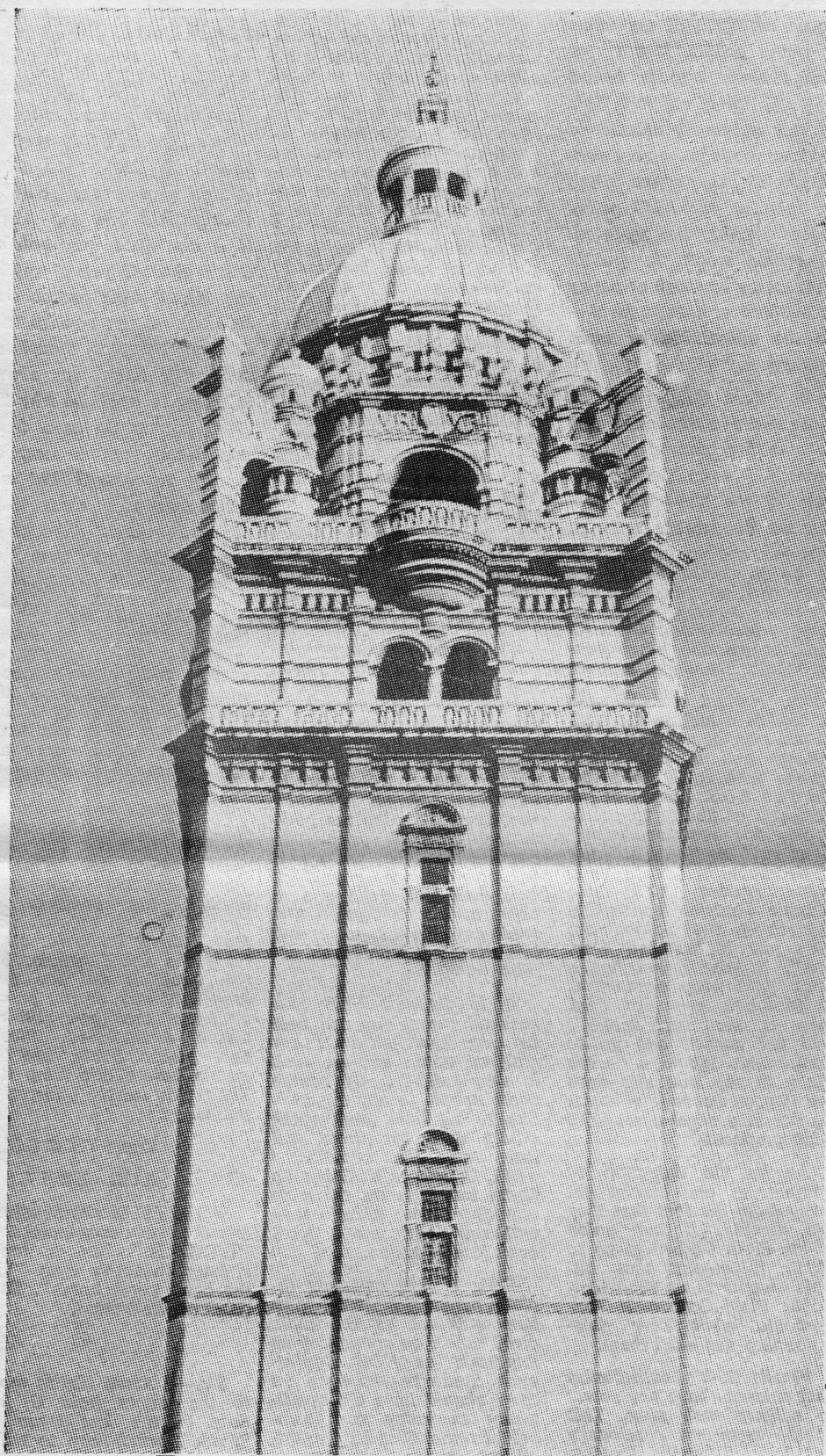
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SUMMER JOBS IN THE SUN?

Why not work in the West Country next summer? Send s.a.e. for full details of jobs available. Tression Ltd., Tredrea Inn, Porthcothan Bay, Padstow, Cornwall.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our readers!



Presenting . . .

FELIX'S FREE CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU

In past years Felix readers everywhere, and especially in Imperial College have enthused over the free gifts that have been regularly given away in the Christmas issue of "Felix". You've taken the Felixpill, got high on Felix Grass, rolled your own contraceptives, built the Felix model of the Albert Memorial, and pasted the Council Christmas Tree poster on your wall.

Now, to prove that we're still absolutely and utterly mad, we are proud to present this year's gift to you: As usual the gift has myriad uses — but as a special offer this year, we're doubling our gifts — every reader gets TWO MAGIC FELIX CHRISTMAS LIGHTS.

MAGIC FELIX CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

Yes, light up your tree with these lights. First obtain a box of ordinary safety matches. Strike the black knobbed end of the MAGIC FELIX CHRISTMAS LIGHT stick against the black phosphorous stuff on the side of the matchbox, and the light will magically activate. Hold the MAGIC FELIX CHRISTMAS LIGHT stick under your tree, and watch it light up!! And you can do it twice since we're giving you two MAGIC FELIX CHRISTMAS LIGHT sticks.

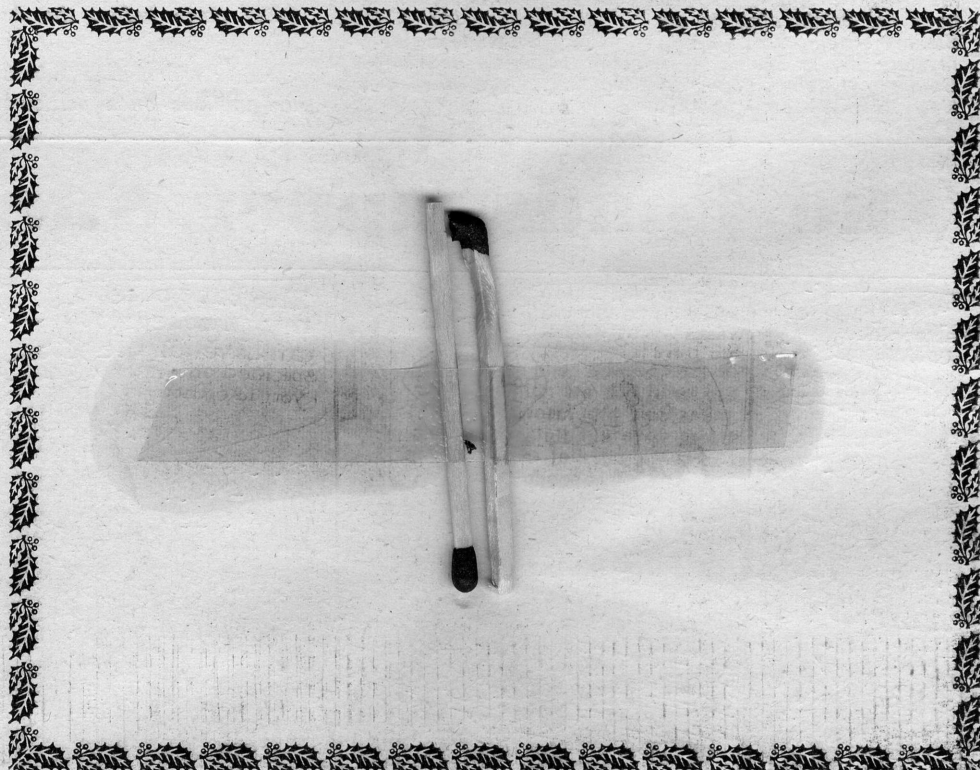
Or use the other stick for another groovy Christmassy use. Try inserting it between two eyelids as a prop on Boxing Day morning. Try sticking it into a potato and making a single-spined hedgehog. Get a lot of other Felix readers together, put your MAGIC FELIX CHRISTMAS LIGHT sticks together, and you can play Nim. Try ringing 01-937 0102 and tell them you've got the perfect match and that you're striking up a new relationship, and tell them what you think of their computer. If your girl-friend wears acetate-framed spectacles, strike the MAGIC CHRISTMAS LIGHT as in the instructions above for lighting up the tree and hold it to them . . . and watch her eyes light up instantly! You can magically transform this print into illuminated script, just by holding the magic stick under it. You can boast to your friends, that, even if you hadn't already, you've now got a blackhead — and a white stem.

Get the whole family together to play this super game — buy a box of things called "Safety Matches" from a reputable tobacconist — it will only cost you a penny or two — and pop the FELIX MAGIC CHRISTMAS LIGHT stick inside. Then play hunting the MAGIC CHRISTMAS LIGHT STICK!! Hours of fun for all the family. And, having indulged in all these festivities, you will be able to delight all your acquaintances with you new found fiery temperament.

Have fun, and happy Christmas!



Another suggestion
for using your
Christmas Lights.



Letter from America

Cambridge,
New York State,
U.S.A.

Sir,—This letter, as your overwhelming perception will already have noted, is coming to you from the frenetic precincts of the U.S.A., known to its residents as America or the most powerful country in the World. Both these statements are, of course, open to the debate that their inherent discrepancies cause; however, being subject myself to a similar kind of paranoia as permeates the land, I find myself temporarily lodged within its somewhat grossly mapped confines. Being also, as many within your institution can verify, somewhat americanized in style, I am also forced into a position of believing fervently in the maxim, "when in Rome do as Rome does".

Which leads obviously, when residing with an American family in a small town in New England, to passing the evenings lounging in gracious harmony in the sitting room, glued unrelentingly to the television. Within this particularly remarkable little instrument reside some quite amazing characters. Aside from their remarkable ability to be green one day and purple the next, their extreme tenacity in the face of continued odds, which incidentally would put any ordinary 22 inch tall person out of action in less than no time, remain incredible feats of endurance to my meagre human eyes. Aside from these superb qualities, and many others unmentioned, there exists a kind of elevated status amongst these mass-produced mini-people, raising them above us ordinary whelks, in our ordinary view, of course.

Take Mark Spitz, for example. His handsome face graces the screen with monotonous regularity, enthusing over himself in various products which he uses; including approximately four makes of aftershave and cologne, which has led to our presumptuously cynical supposition that he must swim in the stuff. Another chap who appears, less regularly, is a sugar-tongued Californian with a genius for saying nothing in more than a thousand words, known as Richard Nixon. We are told that he has a second job which has something to do with running the corruptry; sorry, that should be country.

Another character who we are here rather fond of is a chap who works for the Los Angeles police department (turn left at the drapery department) known as Joe Colombo, Colombo to his friends. And he's just been on! Brightening up our Sunday evening was an NBC mystery movie special with Colombo helping good old New Scotland Yard solve a

murder. It was a pretty funny show, with Colombo being the archetypal, over-zealous, camera-hugging, brash, sleazy American tourist every Briton loves to hate, whilst, as an incident, solving the murder. It was solved, and this brings us close to the point, in the London Wax Museum.

Having already passed an enjoyable two hours pointing out the landmarks to the locals here (happiness is being the centre of attention) the picture changed after a message from Big Wally about a paint and the scene was the London Wax Museum. There follows the text of a conversation between Will, 14-year-old son of the family, and Ian, occasional family appendage (that's me).

Will: "We went there, didn't we?"

Ian: "Hell, no. You went to Madame Tussaud's".

Will: "So where's that?"

Ian: "On Baker Street".

Will: "Jeez, are you ever dumb. I meant where's the London Wax Museum, stupid!"

Ian adopts musing pose, ruminating simultaneously over the despicable quality of Will's vocabulary, and the vaguely familiar bastion housing the London Wax Museum. Then laughs.

Ian: "Good grief! They finally found a decent use for it".

Will: "For what?"

Ian: "The London Wax Museum".

Will: "You said there wasn't a London Wax Museum".

Ian: "That's what I said, I hope there is now".

Will: "Why don't you ever talk sense?"

Ian: "Listen, peasant. That building with London Wax Museum written on it—I went to college there."

Will: (cracking up): "You What? (helpless giggles). You went to College?"

Ian (with a feeble attempt at firmness): "Yes I did. For seven weeks I attended the Imperial College, London".

I did and am proud of it. And so the purpose of this letter is to wish everybody well, for it was a warm feeling seeing Prince Consort Road again. Hope there's not still as much horniness as when I was there, bad for the soul, don't you know. Maybe a little less logic would come in handy too. Greetings to Mr. Cory and the dude on the sixth floor of Elec Eng with the pretty wife, the glasses, and the name I remember as being unforgettable but can't remember; Phil, George, John Harding et al.

Love,

IAN STOCK.

P.S. Pardon this stupidity, but if Theresa had called it wouldn't have been necessary.

In defence of NUS

Sir,—Ross McBeath obviously did not enjoy what was presumably his first NUS Conference. Most of the other IC students who were in Margate disagree entirely with his report on this conference.

Conference was not just a fight between the Communist Party and the Trotskyists as he states. Unlike at previous conferences, at this conference the Trotskyists were very little in evidence and where they did put their line it was generally overwhelmingly rejected. The main opposition to the executive on the grants motion, for example, came from colleges such as UCL, IC, Whitelands and Sussex, who were rejecting the Exec's vague and limited demands and instead putting forward clear demands which were more likely to initiate a successful campaign on grants which is what all students want. In proposing that we fight for abolition of the means test we were attempting to get the NUS Exec to accept an aim that most students have already agreed to so that in this case the CP was being reactionary. (For a fuller report on this see CEFÉ No. 8).

Ross McBeath complains that the main motions were always passed, and says this was because the delegates had actually forgotten what they were. Maybe he, as press officer, was not paying proper attention but the delegates were perfectly well aware of what the main motion was.

Main motions are often passed because of the way they are put together: In the composing session which takes place before the debate in conference, all the colleges which have submitted motions on a particular

subject (and with subjects such as autonomy, grants, there are very many) get together and form one main motion with several amendments. Thus a main motion is an amalgam of the ideas of many people, is not very controversial and is bound to get a lot of support. This is very necessary because if main motions were very controversial they would often be rejected and NUS policy would never be updated. This also results in greater democracy as much of policy is decided at college level—in the submitting of main motions.

In future things will be even more democratic due to a motion passed in Conference Reform putting the date of the November conference two weeks later so that motions no longer have to be submitted before the beginning of the Autumn term—a very useful reform which Ross McBeath did not mention when condemning the previous system.

Any student has the right to submit a motion for NUS Conference at a UGM in his college and if your union agrees with it, it goes forward to NUS. Thus you are perfectly at liberty to put in some nice reactionary motions such as "let's all have a decrease in grants or a loans system, let's have Maggie Thatcher controlling everything the unions do, let's pay higher hall fees, etc.". If your union has a large right wing element as R. McBeath seems to think there is, then such motions will get passed and go to conference. Would it be too much to say that this does not happen because students do not in general agree with such proposals?

As for the delegates to conference, one cannot get away from the fact that they are elected. If our union elects Piers Corbyn to go to NUS, it means that our union wants to be represented by Piers Corbyn. If Tory students want Tory delegates they can elect them.

Finally R. McBeath denies that students have any power to achieve their aims. This is the argument continually put forward by the Trotskyists and is an excuse for not doing anything more than generally supporting workers' struggles. A "national student strike" cannot be com-

pared (as he does) with a TUC General Strike, in the same way as a strike by just postmen (say) cannot be compared with a general strike of all workers. It is true to say that students do not have the same economic power as other workers in that simply not attending lectures does not have the same effect as electricity workers not turning up to work. But even boycott of lectures has been used successfully in some colleges to achieve certain aims, particularly in disputes within colleges or departments rather than on a national scale. One does not have the power to bring the country to a halt in order to achieve anything; a strike of teachers, cleaners, television workers and many others does not bring the country to a halt but this does not prevent them from using this tactic successfully. Students can and must use the power they have to the best they can. Rather than withdrawing their labour, students have more power to withdraw their money, i.e. to not pay rent or high prices in refectories, etc. If this is properly organised nationally with students in each college taking the action most suitable to their situation, we will have an effect on the government. Recently students have had an important effect in forcing the government to withdraw its proposals to cut union autonomy. R. McBeath simply "does not include this". Students in individual colleges have had successes by using the power they have. If you just do not include the successes, but only look at everything else then you are bound to come to the conclusion that students have no power but this simply becomes ridiculous.

It is through NUS that national campaigns can best be organised. NUS is our national union and as such is very relevant. Of course some people in any situation like to sit back and watch others fight for them and then reap the benefits. I don't. Of course NUS has its faults but it is up to us to remedy them rather than withdraw and make NUS even less effective.

Felix should certainly include personal minority opinions but not as the main news report on something as important as NUS Conference. Students who were not there should have the opportunity to judge for themselves rather than be presented with a set of arguments in favour of leaving NUS.

Yours sincerely,

SONIA HOCHFELDER.

Jews—more confusion

Sir,—In reply to Sonia Hochfelder's letter, subtitled "Jews, Jowitt and Jeneralisations", I think we both missed slightly the point of your article and my letter. If I conveyed the opinion that I accused you of saying the Israeli Government was involved directly with the Munich Olympics, then I am sorry. My letter was aimed at trying to establish why the Jews appear to have been persecuted for as long as history records. I did not state that your facts were unsubstantiated, although I can and do doubt their validity.

I refute the accusations that my letter was an attempt to show off my knowledge of ancient history, and that I accused the author of the CEFÉ article (Sonia) of being a supporter of the Black September Movement. I am glad to hear that Sonia does not support the terrorist activity, although as an effective organisation it takes some beating. My letter did however promote some interesting discussion (not only through the columns of "Felix", but in conversation too). I thank Sonia for clarifying the CEFÉ article, but the question of the prolonged history of the persecution of the Jews still remains unanswered. "Next time, please, Sonia, read the article before criticising it". Thank you for the interesting points.

Yours T.T.C.C.H.,

PAUL JEWITT.

● The FELIX abbreviations expert is now convinced that "T.T.C.C.H." has a more sinister meaning than "Till the cows come home". Suggestions welcomed.

Sir,—I would like to reply to the letters from G. W. Foot in the last issue of "Felix", but I have to write articles for Felix—so I haven't got time.

Regards,

DAVID HOBMAN.

The Landsnapper Sneeze



The problem of student accommodation is a contentious subject about which almost everyone in the land is aware. Last month, the National Union of Students' conference at Margate involved itself in some pretty fiery discussion about it, and saw themselves splashed in the headlines by passing resolutions to stage rent strikes and so forth.

Yes, almost everyone is aware of the problem, but that is not to say that everyone can define it.

What it really comes down to is a difficulty in finding a reasonable place to live at a reasonable rent — a difficulty made almost an impossibility as long as student grants remain fixed and the cost of living and the level of rents continues to rise.

In short, what is glibly referred to as the problem of student accommodation, is the personal anguish of a student trying to stretch his meagre income sufficiently to pay the rent.

And there's little comfort for him in knowing that the problem can only get worse. The enormous pressure of more and more young people leaving their parents' homes and looking for a place of their own is already swamping the pool of available accommodation. The inevitable effect is that rents are rising and will continue to do so.

There is only one way to get off this weary treadmill — and that is simply to build more places for students to live.

Of course, it's obvious.

But perhaps it's so obvious that we get blinded to the possibilities of simple solutions. Of course, there are enormous difficulties involved, and even to think of them is enough to make most people shudder and dismiss the idea as beyond achievement.

But is it really impossible?

You may remember that last month in this column, **FELIX FINANCIALLY's** consultant **DEREK E. CUMMINGS** promised to put forward a solution, suggesting what could be done, how it could be done and by whom.

This is his blueprint for action.

So you're thinking of a rent strike.

You, and the National Union of Students to which you belong, have grown impatient with the situation that rising costs have dropped you into, and you are going to express your frustration and dissatisfaction by organising a protest.

All right, you have every right to be unhappy and have every right to protest about it.

But in my view you are wasting your time.

A rent strike may well make a good headline. A protest march with banners flying may well make good television pictures. But in the end, what are they likely to achieve for you?

I think very little.

Because whatever you do to draw attention to the problem of student accommodation does not alter the fact that there isn't enough accommodation to go round and that such accommodation as is available will get more and more expensive.

Just analyse the problem as it exists at Imperial College, among four thousand students.

Twelve hundred of you live in halls of residence.

Another thousand or more live either at home or in apartments which might just suit your pockets.

That leaves, say, fifteen hundred of you with a problem.

This sort of arithmetic can be applied to any number of other universities and colleges throughout the land, but let's concentrate on Imperial College just now.

What would be the ideal answer to the dilemma of those fifteen hundred of you who have a struggle to pay the rent and thereby to live in reasonable comfort?

It is simply to build more halls of residence — wouldn't you agree?

No, I am not out of my mind. I know it could be done, and I know how it could be done.

What is required is the money to build them, and the land to build them on. I know where both exist. And I have a very good idea how they can be brought together for the purpose of creating three or four purpose-built halls of residence for the students of Imperial College.

A pipedream? Not at all. I say again, it can be done.

First, let's consider the land?

There are, between Imperial College and London Airport, vast chunks of land owned by the Greater London Council. Some of it has no kind of planning permission for any kind of development, some has permission for the building of homes and some of it is designated for industrial purposes.

Land which has planning permission for dwelling houses attached to it is the cheapest. But you can get only 8 to 10 houses per acre and most of them will be two storeys high, thereby wasting enormous possibilities for vertical development.

Industrial land is infinitely more expensive, but in either case, the GLC holds the trump card. It has the land.

Of course, the GLC is embarrassed by its failure to provide enough of the type of accommodation that students need. But it is a great deal more em-

FELIX FINANCIALLY

Four new Halls of Residence?

barrassed by its lack of money. Even with the land, it can't afford to build.

So now, let's consider the money. Who has it? Why, of course, the banks.

Now, all students know that these vast institutions spend a small fortune every year in trying to persuade students to open accounts with them. They offer this facility and that advantage, and they throw in credit cards on top, hoping, of course, to attract the potential top-income man while he is young.

The most the banks can hope for is to hang on to a sufficient percentage of such accounts in later years, to make the expenditure worthwhile.

Personally, I am always horrified at the stupidity of the banks. The National Westminster, for example, as we all know, has a virtual monopoly at Imperial College and yet they do almost nothing to encourage their student customers to put their faith and their money in their hands.

Any of you who have ever had to queue for twenty minutes to cash your grant cheque will know what I mean.

They're in a lovely position, and it makes other banks green when they think about it. I went, for instance, to the Midland Bank and found them bleating about not getting student accounts.

But the chance to get those accounts is entirely in their hands. They could get the lot, I should think, if they stopped to think about how they could really help the students they so badly pine for.

If you're ever lucky enough to get a look at the vaults of any bank in the City, you'll find the strong-rooms littered with gold bars. They're just laying

there, doing nothing in particular except looking yellow and interesting.

I'm talking figuratively, of course. Those gold bars represent the idle capital which all banks have on hand, waiting to be put to good and profitable purpose.

And that is the crux of the matter.

I only suggest that instead of leaving it there, the bank—that is, any bank with sufficient imagination — take several cartloads of their gold bars and turn them into bricks and mortar, upon which they would earn money.

In short, use them to put up the money to build halls of residence. Now, we have a useful equation. The land held by the GLC plus the money from the banks equals more student accommodation.

Furthermore, there is benefit to each of the parts of the equation.

The GLC can fulfil its obligation to provide accommodation for students: the banks will be putting their gold bars to use and earning money on them: and the students will have somewhere to live.

Additionally, it is very likely that any bank which has the foresight to fund such an operation will reap the additional benefit of gathering the accounts of the students they are helping.

It seems to me there is logic in this argument as well as considerable advantage to everyone concerned.

How much would it all cost? Based on the estimates for the hall of residence now being built for the college — roughly three-quarters of a million pounds for a block accommodating 300 students — I estimate that a new hall capable of housing three hundred students on GLC land would cost one million pounds. For four blocks, four million.

The accommodation would, of course, be rented, the rents to be collected and handled by the Students' Union in much the same way as it now handles rented accommodation elsewhere in London.

Thus far, then, we have an idea. The next question is how to translate the idea into action.

And this is where we came in.

Imperial College students union would be well I believe the National Union of Students and the advised to apply pressure where it is most likely to produce a reaction.

Rent strikes? Demonstrations? Fine. But would it not be more useful and much more positive to twist the arm of those who really could do something to ease the problem of student accommodation?

Wouldn't it be better, in fact, to put pressure on the banks?

For example, you remember the terrible trauma which gripped Barclays at the time their colonial interests were the subject of student indignation and thousands of students closed their accounts?

Of course, it is not part of my interest to get into that kind of political argument, but it was a clear illustration of the power students have and can use.

A concerted effort to persuade a bank to think along the lines I have sketched out might yield concrete results. Even to get such an idea considered would be a beginning, but I feel quite sure that a unified campaign to promote it would make it difficult for the parties involved to resist. For my part, I am perfectly prepared to assist any group which felt strongly enough about the problem to try this solution.

One thing is sure. Nothing at all will be done unless you, the students, get up off your backsides and make it happen.

So my advice is just this.

Strike — by all means. But if you are going to strike — strike at the right target.



EGM votes to boycott Distillers' products

Tuesday's Extraordinary General Meeting voted overwhelmingly to boycott all Distillers' Company Ltd. (DCL) products in view of their attitude towards the Thalidomide victims.

The motion, put forward by Rob Armitage, External Affairs Officer, in its original wording called for a boycott of all DCL spirits. DCL have a monopoly of whisky production — they make or market 95% of all the whisky bought, including names such as Johnnie Walker, Black and White, Dewar's, Haig, etc. — and have a large share of the rest of the spirits market. A full list of their spirits appears elsewhere in this issue of "Felix".

Beer boycotted also

An amendment from the floor, tabled by Oliver Dowson, Felix Editor, called for the boycott to be extended to the beers produced by breweries in which DCL have interests, and was equally overwhelmingly passed. Another amendment called on the College to order other products, such as liquid gas, that they buy at present from DCL companies, from other sources.

College obduracy

John Lane, Union President, explained that it was going to be more than difficult to persuade the College to implement this, and told the meeting of the reception Rob Armitage's proposal of a College boycott of DCL spirits had got at a recent Refectory Committee meeting. The College is apparently loath to do anything that might upset DCL, since they run scholarships and give other aid to the college.

A shortened version of an article, "Why Boycott

Distillers?" by Jeff Staniforth (NUS Treasurer), appears on page ?? of this issue of "Felix". This article explains the reasons for boycotting DCL products.

Delighted

Rob Armitage, explaining to "Felix" that the boycott would be a voluntary one, since the College would not ban DCL spirits from the bars, said that he was "delighted" that the motion had been passed. "I had completely misjudged the mood of the meeting" he said, and went on to say that he would have gone further had he realised how easily the motion got through.

Most other college Unions throughout Britain have passed similar boycott motions, and, in many places where the bars are controlled by the Union, DCL products have been completely banned. Here they are likely to be marked with a red star to make them easily distinguishable.

WHY?

TEN YEARS AGO Distillers Company Limited marketed the drug Thalidomide to expectant mothers. Over 400 children were born with terrible handicaps.

DCL denies negligence. No newspaper can discuss that question, for fear of prosecution by DCL. The enormous power DCL has because of its wealth is an effective deterrent. It does not occur to DCL that its enormous wealth would be better employed helping Thalidomide victims.

Last year DCL made a profit of £64 million. Their latest increased offer to the parents is a lump sum of £5 million — provided the parents sign away any rights against DCL in the future. The sum, when divided among all the children, gives each child about £200 for each year of its life.

DCL can prevent us from discussing publically whether or not it was negligent. But this much we can say. DCL marketed the drug. DCL is huge and rich. The company could easily afford £20 million from its profits, and that is all the parents are asking for.

Instead DCL has decided to fight the parents. It has consistently made the smallest offer it thinks it can get away with. It has used threats. It has splashed money around to subdue those people, few of them wealthy, whose lives have already been blasted by the drug DCL marketed. Faced with human suffering, DCL has reacted with writs. Faced with deformed children, it has reacted with attacks. It has fought and wriggled for ten years to avoid parting with one penny more of its enormous profits than it can possibly help.

And what about the children? For ten years parents have fought for the future of children without arms, without legs, with brain malformations, with a host of crippling deformities, and without hope. Those children are now reaching what may be the most difficult period of their lives: their adolescence, when they will begin to grasp the full horror of what has been done to them.

They will reach it without sympathy from Distillers Company Limited.

The worst may be to come. It has been suggested that, with their parents to look after them, thalidomide children will be all right on DCL's £200 a year. But what happens when these children reach the age of 40—when their parents may be dead, or no longer able to work to support them?

They will have no arms, no legs, and £200 a year—if the money hasn't all gone by then.

What can we do? You could have a whip round now, and raise a little money to help them. But are those children to rely on charity all their lives—or ought we to try and make DCL dip into its huge profits for them?

But what can we do to force DCL?

If the pharmaceutical industry were owned by the state, and responsible to the people, the violence of public reaction would ensure a little humanity. But DCL is responsible to no one but itself.

A huge, rich, powerful combine can get away with anything — even pinching pennies from deformed children to swell its already massive profits.

But if enough people act together, we can achieve something. **In Germany, after eight years of legal wriggling, the company which marketed Thalidomide there agreed to pay its total profits for ten years into a trust fund for Thalidomide victims.** So far, Distillers' best offer is about 8% of its profits for one year.

The usefulness of appealing to DCL's better feelings seems remote, and that is why the NUS Conference has given its support to a boycott of all DCL products. The only way we can help the parents of these children to get a settlement which will be acceptable to them is to show DCL that we can make a real dent in its sacred profits.

Britain's New National Anthem

(For Susan W., a brave and beautiful girl)

They failed to sing "The Queen" one day
In Britain's old traditional way;
Instead of Princes, Queens and Kings
The British thought of other things.

They wrote an Anthem new and bold,
Outside the monarchistic mould;
They set a plaintive human plea
To music in a minor key.

Then all the country rose to stand,
Each one with empty glass in hand,
To sing the Anthem far and wide
As women wept and strong men cried.

What British Anthem now was heard
Which made the other less Preferred?
—"God Save the Kids . . ." they sang and
cried
"Whose mothers took Thalidomide".

© Nigel Racine-Jacques, 1972

This is not easy. £64 million is an almost unassailable profit margin, and on hearing about NUS's boycott, DCL's press office told reporters they had "absolutely no comment" to make. One can see why. They own 80% of the whisky market for a start. It's not exactly a monopoly, but if you refuse to buy DCL's whisky you may find yourself going without whisky in a great many pubs. And it's not as though drink is DCL's only interest. The list of the companies it owns occupies two long columns in "Who Owns Whom". It has its fingers in pretty well every pie or soft drink you are likely to buy. Its assets are enormous, its interests extensive, its tentacles everywhere. The power of this enormous combine, both to do harm and to resist attack, is enormous.

Over the next few months we must make sure we find every single way in which we can hit DCL where it will hurt most. And the best time to start is now — when this soulless Leviathan is trying to make room in its vaults for the traditional bonanza it makes out of Christmas the season of good will.

Spirits sell in enormous quantities at Christmas time. We have a very few weeks in which to cut as far as possible into the huge profits that Distillers are going to make

SO

BE CAREFUL WHAT SPIRITS YOU BUY FOR CHRISTMAS.

DO NOT BUY any of these brands of whisky:

VAT 69; Johnny Walker; King George IV; Old Scotch; White Horse; Black and White; Dewars.

DO NOT BUY any of these brands of Gin:

Gordons; Booths; High and Dry London; Tanqueray.

AND DO NOT BUY

Cossack Vodka; Pimms No. 1.

Editorial

It's reassuring to have a President again. One could feel the tension amongst the Union Exec relax almost instantly the news of the ratification came in. But relax is the one thing we can't do.

Imperial College Union has lost a lot of ground and a lot of credibility in the last term. This has mainly been because it has been disorganised; at least, it has seemed so to the casual onlooker. The set-up of the bureaucratic background has been impeccable: it has been so good it has been invisible, which is really just the way it should be. But since all we've had is the bureaucracy, the whole union activities have been just as invisible to the mass membership.

Now we have a President perhaps we can get down to some ACTION. The active side of the Union, the side that the membership and the general public notice, is its political side. The clubs and societies fall into the bureaucratic sector — they just go on and on and on as long as the money's there. They might well be Union activities — but the membership couldn't care less who runs them as long as they're there.

The Sovereign body of the Union is the Union General Meeting — the meeting of all its members, or a representative sample of them — a meeting of all of YOU. That's where the action must be seen to happen.

Tuesday's EGM proved that students here are interested in politics. Not necessarily the revolutionary politics the public expects of us (only 15 people at the last SocSoc meeting) but politics generally. It doesn't matter how conservative and reactionary our politics are (and I hope some conservative and reactionary policies are passed by UGM's in the coming months, for that is the general political feeling of ICU) as long as we have some. For it is politics that makes UGM's, and, being really the only debating forum that exists in Imperial College since the sad demise of DebSoc, political UGM's should be encouraged.

UGM's are not for the reading of long executive reports. These should be printed in "Felix" for everyone to read. UGM's are for the discussion of matters that are important to students, and for the formulating of Union policy . . . a policy that is representative of the Union's views — **your** views.

Now we have a President — a political President — perhaps we can move rapidly towards this kind of UGM. I certainly hope so.

Twitching Whiskers

While we're on the subject of politics, you will probably notice that, with this issue, not only has Felix been twitching his whiskers rather more than usual, but has become decidedly political in one way or another. I hope this show of sudden virility in a 23-year-old tabby cat does not alarm you: it was not deliberate, but just happened.

For many weeks now the Letters page of "Felix" has been unprecedentedly full. It would seem that, even compared to other weeklies Felix has a more active Letters page than other student newspapers. Let's keep it that way. I only apologise for having to print them in such miniature type.

And now it is truly heartening to see contributions in the form of articles also flooding in. There's some pretty controversial stuff, by Felix standards, in this issue, and I hope there'll be some reaction.

Coming just at the right time, with the subject of Rent Strikes being regularly mooted, is our "Felix Financially" feature on student housing. Derek Cummings' solution to this cardinal problem has certainly never been raised or even suggested before. It bears careful consideration. It's all very well to demand that the Government pays for all new halls . . . but will we ever get any that way? We need somewhere to live, whoever pays for it SOON. We want your reactions to the scheme: do write and tell us what you think — NOW, while it's in your mind.

EGM Confirms Lane as President

John Lane was once again ratified as President of Imperial College Union by Tuesday's Extraordinary General Meeting. The meeting, convened as a result of the fiasco of the previous Thursday's Union General Meeting, reported in "Felix" last week, overwhelmingly voted to accept Council's recommendation that Mr. Lane be confirmed in his post. Council had at their meeting the previous day voted to refer the motion back to the EGM with this recommendation.

The only question raised of the Union voiced their disapproval of making these changes after the event, both at the Council meeting and the EGM. Paul Hosking, Rag Chairman, said that it was a sharp practice, and that having created a precedent, this could be done at any election, and indeed other changes could always now be made after the event. Paul Jowitt, Deputy President, pointed out that this was an unusual circumstance, since this had been only the third presidential election this year and, he said, the Union as a whole were getting sick of the whole business and wanted a President now.

Several leading members

I.C. Council votes to withdraw from SUK Rag

Imperial College Union Council voted to discontinue its participation in SUK Rag next year. The Rag Chairman will once again become the Carnival Coordinator, and IC Carnival will be resurrected.

The main problems with SUK Rag has been the lack of participation by other colleges. The City and Guild's Carnival Ball was cited as an example — 95 per cent of those attending came from I.C. Council concluded that if I.C. were responsible for all the activity, it may as well be the I.C. Rag. Apparently SUK Rag has not been a financial success either.

Rag Chairman Paul Hosking revealed the accounts to an expectant audience. Income this term has been £1,968.18, of which £1,669.54 came from street collections. Expenditure came to a paltry £55.62.

Council News in Brief

A meeting is to be organised to allow students to question Mr. Mooney in person, and to put their complaints to him about refectories and standards of food.

The Right Honourable the Viscount Gough has become a life member of Imperial College Union.

The Ents Committee is £1,250 in the black. This is a result of booking big-name groups this year, a policy which has reaped rich rewards. All profits are to be ploughed back into Ents next year.

The second Good Thing was the reaction of the SRC to the article in the latest edition of "Sennet". This points out that the Council is not at present representative, in that members are rarely elected by their Unions, but are often appointed instead. Once this had been demonstrated to the delegates they appeared quite willing to consider Constitutional Amendments, which will be presented formally at the next statutory meeting, to be held at Chelsea College on 17th February.

Two Good Things

Last Monday (December 4th) there was yet another Students' Representative Council meeting at which two useful events took place. Firstly, a motion was proposed to the effect that there should be an SRC Murray Open Meeting held next term, to which every student in the University should be invited, and at which all who

attend should be given full voting and speaking rights. This meeting will take the form of a discussion on the Murray Report, and it is hoped that it will help the SRC to formulate policy on the Report. In spite of an amendment which argued that non-SRC students' present should not be given voting rights, the original motion was eventually passed. This could

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ANOTHER LETTER

Sir,—Once again Dowson hits the nail right on the thumb! Firstly John Lane is not the first political president that ICU has had for several years; of the three elected presidents up till this year, Piers Corbyn, Judith Walker and John McCulough, only the last was non-political, Piers needing no comment, and Judith having been elected on a Soc.Soc. platform. And incidentally John Lane is a Statistics postgraduate, one would have thought that a full-time editor could get facts like that correct.

To go over to McBeath's (sic) article on NUS conference, it should thirdly be noted that there is not a majority of Communist Party members on NUS executive, there are exactly 3 out of 15.

More importantly the author betrays a vast ignorance of the role NUS does play amongst students, as well as the role that the C.P. plays in NUS. To say that C.P. policies are adopted at NUS conferences because of clashes between a 'Communist' Executive (already commented on) and extreme-left groups on the floor, is ludicrous and a slur on the delegates who belong to neither of these groups (i.e. the majority; IC's delegation consisted of one ultra-left and five others, and doubtless other delegations were much the same), the reason why C.P. policies are frequently adopted is that they reflect the needs of the student body as a whole.

McBeath goes on to say that the conference showed lack of consideration for the 600,000 students NUS represents. Again this is rubbish, if NUS were not considering all students then there would be no campaigns at all on grants, housing, Union autonomy, etc., instead the standard of living of all students would be allowed to plummet, and Thatcher would be able to run roughshod over the constituent Unions, without any opposition. That would be true lack of consideration. Here it must be remembered that Conference lays down the broad outline for action by NUS, it is up to the Execu-

tive to work out the details. Thus conference called for a rent strike to keep down Hall fees, it is now the Executive's job to ensure that no student suffers for implementing this.

Mr. McBeath is correct to say that there is a lack of interest in NUS amongst a large section of students — and this article seems deliberately designed to reinforce this lack of interest! Of course NUS hasn't got the economic power that Trades Unions have, however we must be prepared to use what little we have, for example in the form of rent strikes which put pressure on College Authorities and, through them, on the Government. It must be remembered that we are not students for our own good, we are students primarily because Industry needs highly-trained people; and this too gives us some strengths. While we are students learning skills which industry will later use to make large profits for shareholders, we should and must demand grants that give us a decent standard of living, and only by combining our strengths into one body can we hope to win these rights — and that body must be NUS. If the action of students up and down the country led by NUS did not force the withdrawal of the DES Green Paper on Union Autonomy, perhaps Mr. McBeath could inform us what did. Certainly Thatcher didn't withdraw it out of the goodness of her heart! It was student action which forced her, and it shows what can be done on other issues if we try — and try we must!

This particular issue demonstrates another aspect of the power of students — and that is their ability to win support in specific campaigns. The NUS mobilisation last year was able to gain support from sections as diverse as Vice Chancellors, the Parliamentary Labour Party and the National Union of Mineworkers (the possibility of further Trade Union support is potentially the most valuable and reliable by far). The key point is that through united national action, NUS got the Thatcher

JOHN LANE

On Campaigns

Brand new, out-this-very-week, came the Tory White Paper on education policy "Divide and Rule — Part 4". You will be hearing lots more about this but the first point we have to note is that the increase in nursery education (welcome but still inadequate) will be at the expense of further restrictions on higher education spending, in addition to those already operating. The College authorities will, of course, make gentlemanly protests to the government and then will proceed to work within the limits set. Student representatives on committees will be pressurised into accepting these limits "in the interests of future generations of students" and asked to agree to rent rises, food price increases, etc., instead of fighting them. The result would be confusion in the union, no fights against the Government cut-backs and the way left open to further attacks.

A concrete example is arising in this Union. Two years ago I.C. Union, out of the goodness of its heart, agreed to a levy of 35p on top of the hall

which will deal with the level of rents next year.

Our policy should be quite clear. It should not be the responsibility of today's students to build halls or refectories for future students. This is the responsibility of society as a whole and the money should come from the rich and the big monopolies, who instead are getting tax cuts (by the way, Distillers' Co. Ltd. of thalidomide fame made "only" £64,000,000 last year).

We must take no responsibility for doing the dirty work for the Tory party and its industrial backers. We must state clearly that we will not accept any rent rises without a corresponding grant increase.

Hall Cleaners

Rumours have been rife that the college want to reduce the number of cleaners in halls. I have ascertained that the Student Hall Committee including the wardens know nothing of this. It is up to us and the cleaners' union, NUPE (National Union of Public Employees) to nip this in the bud. This would be yet another attack on students' living standards and would we get a rent reduction to compensate? Not on your life, it would go towards letting the government off the hook on paying for new halls.

This is a clear-cut example of how we can work with trade unions to defend each others' interests.

Grants Campaign

NUS Conference launched a national grants campaign with its main points being a £65 increase, an end to discrimination against married women and to discretionary awards, no rent increases and no refectory price increases. Several meetings in the next few weeks will thrash out a plan of campaign for next term. But, meanwhile, NUS regards the main spring board for its campaign as the rent strikes already taking place all over the country where rents have increased or the amount allowed for in the grant, and which are spreading rapidly even into London where hall rents are sometimes lower. For example, LSE go on rent strike next term.

The first UGM of next term (Thursday 18th January) will discuss our tactics for the grants campaign including rent strike refectory boycotts, demos, etc.

In the meanwhile would all students in hall please wait until after the UGM before paying the hall bills. I will ensure that all students in hall or house get details of how rent strike could operate at the start of next term before any decision is taken.

Hope you all have a fine Christmas and New Year, but don't get drunk on Distillers' stuff and have a thought for all those poor Scots fellow-students of mine goinwi-ouchur dram on Hogmanay!

President's Column

proposals (temporarily) withdrawn.

Finally McBeath's comparison of NUS with Parliament betrays an incredible naivety. Does he believe MPs really vote on 'conscience' grounds? If so, would he like to analyse the thalidomide debate, or the continued Tory support for the bestial war in Vietnam? And when he talks about the "selection process that eliminates radical elements automatically", one can only assume from this that he means left-wing (of any shade) and excludes the ultra-rightists of the Monday Club, etc. To condemn NUS for being more democratic than Parliament is a weird argument indeed.

On behalf of IC Communists: Party Branch,

Yours hopefully,

PAUL WATKINS.

rents, to pay for new halls, because rents were comparatively low. Since then students' standards of living have fallen drastically owing to inflation and it is common for students to spend two years in bed-sits at £5-£6 a week rents (or even higher), which more than compensates for one year in Hall at a lower rent.

The College would like us this time to increase the levy. As well as this, when the Northside Hall is finished, they will want an increase in all rents to help pay for it. A sub-committee is being set up

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MARTIN'S BIT

Martin's Bit this week was to have reviewed the term from my point of view. But it hasn't really been a momentous term and will probably be remembered chiefly as "the term of the elections". Now we have a President and although his politics may not quite coincide with mine as a male chauvinist fascist pig I'm sure that the Union as an entity will achieve something this year — but I'm not sure what.

Seasonal Greetings

Even though I don't actually support the event personally (you know what I mean, my boy) I'd like to wish all my readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy (and of course prosperous) New Year.

Naturally I don't give presents but if anybody feels that it would spoil their Christmas if they were not to give me one I will force myself to accept it (A Ghost writer for Martin's Bit would be very useful).

I suppose—as a sop to the pseudo-politicians of the NUS—that I should convince you that we must force the Tories to resign, so here goes:

We must force the Tories to resign

Having done that, and returning to a serious note, please think about the Distillers' Company Limited's attitude to the Thalidomide children, especially when

you're filling yourself with festive alcohol. I realise that it's only a gesture but if enough people use Glenfiddich (check spelling Olly please) rather than Haig, D.C.L. might notice (It's a much nicer whisky anyway).

on Union Meetings

Many thanks for the idea of printing UGM minutes in Felix. Provided our beloved sabbatical editor (I'm glad someone loves me—Ed) can find the space (well... you might twist my arm—Ed) I will gladly do so. I'll also print the motions provided people supply them in good time (I'll certainly print those—Ed).

on Vacations

I will not be taking much of a vacation (all together now, ahhh!) but I hope that you all enjoy yours; please don't disrupt the post too much.

I am looking forward to the birthday party on 3rd January when the Union Bar is fifteen (only a few months younger than me). I look forward to seeing you there.

With Seasonal Goodwill, I remain (despite motions of censure)

Martin C. Black

GEFE says "Not a penny more on the rents, not a half-worker less"

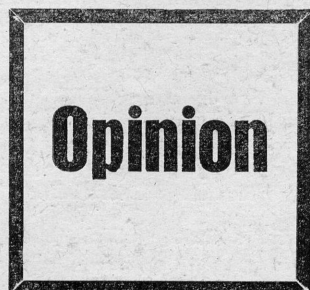
There is an important issue fast approaching the Union of this college and yet Mr. Seaford, the Domestic Bursar, insists that the students and workers, whom is could drastically affect, must not discuss it. Despite his attitude many of the students in hall have heard rumours about the hall fees being raised, and the cleaners have heard rumours of sackings. This is the way the College authorities would like it at the moment, with these rumours spreading and without anyone stepping back and taking an overall view. So what better place than the "Opinion" column in "Felix" to start some clear discussion on the matter.

What is the problem?

At the moment the College authorities want to keep the same level of surplus from hall fees; this is being used to keep a profit to finance the building of new halls. There are two ways open to them to do this, as they look at it; these are to raise hall fees or to cut costs. The problem arises when we see that the students do not want hall fees to go up and the workers do not want to lose their jobs as part of the cost cutting.

What is happening now?

The rumours are spreading, and both groups of people directly affected by this are discussing ways in which they can minimise the effects to themselves. The college authorities would like nothing better than to see the students



and workers at odds over this issue, each suggesting that the alternative which affects the others worst is the one the authorities should adopt. The college authorities would then step in and suggest that both "sides" should compromise. They would like to see a few less workers and only a small rise in the fees. They would then claim that all were happy because a "reasonable solution" had been arrived at. But in that case some workers would have lost jobs and students would be paying more. It would be only the college authorities that would be in

any way happy. The only reason that workers and students might accept this is that there is no other alternative. The College authorities are now actively trying to put the situation to students as a straight choice.

Is there any alternative?

There is. This involves both students and workers identifying who are going to be worse off after this and who would gain. Then to form a strong worker-student alliance so that students and workers fight on the same side.

Then we would fight from a position of strength with no internal divisions. Fight to keep hall fees the same. Fight to keep all the jobs there are at present. Fight to get the Department of Education and Science (through the University Grants Committee) to pay for all future hall building.

We must at no time be put off by a statement from college authorities that "there would be no redundancies". They still have a system of natural wastage where the jobs of all cleaners who leave, for any reason, are not

offered for replacements. In a type of work with a fairly rapid turnover of labour this would allow the authorities to reduce the staff just as they like. We must fight to get the authorities to keep the same overall number of jobs.

It is absolutely essential that this is discussed by students and workers now so that all the alternatives can be looked at. This will avoid the situation which Mr. Seaford would seem to like, when he could bring a fait accompli, a simple choice, higher hall fees or less workers.

Students and workers must not be forced to take any responsibility for the running of the university under the present capitalist system. It is neither the students nor the workers who are going to benefit from it. The large monopolies and important industries who do benefit is where the money must come from. We must decide now to stop any action that is going to be detrimental to either workers or students. This present scheme would be detrimental to both. So we must act as soon as possible to stop its implementation.

Christmas Fast for World Justice

supported by World Development Movement, Third World First, Oxfam, War on Want, etc.

This is a Nationwide Protest against the shameful gulf that divides the "rich world" and "poor world".

Whether you guzzle or glorify or both at Christmas, it seems an appropriate time to bring home the urgency of the problem of world poverty and point out that it can be tackled.

No one really wants another person to starve but most people seem to believe that with the amount of help Britain gives, the poor nations should now be able to find their own solutions. However, most development economists realize that the trade and investment policies of the rich countries and big companies exploit the poor; that what we take away in profits and power from the Third World outweighs whatever real value our aid has: and that the poor stay poor because they cannot force concessions as they have no power. This fast is a step towards creating the necessary understanding and determination to make the injustice of world poverty a live public issue.

Fasts are being held in 28 different places throughout Britain and in London alone there will be five centres. Most

fasts fall between December 21 and December 25 with a 24-hour minimum fasting period. During this time fasters will be leafleting, questionnairing and publicising through the media of street theatres, workshops and films with the aim of generating widespread interest and sympathy to our point of view.

Fasts aren't new, but this is the first time that the determination, enthusiasm and concern which exists over this issue in many people throughout the country will have been gathered up in a concerted demonstration of commitment and as such should make a significant impact. There has already been some press coverage and there will be lots more.

Your support is needed. Sponsorship forms can be obtained for those who wish to raise money by being sponsored for any Third World development organisation that you choose. For the sponsorship forms and enrolment cards contact Mary Washington or Peter O'Kane, both of Physics 3, who will gladly supply further information and details of places and contacts in your area.

In the land of the Incas

TONIGHT — An account of the IC mountaineering expedition to the Andes in Bolivia, given by the leader of the expedition Paul Bunting.

Last year several members of the college mountaineering club were interested in organising an expedition. The area decided upon was the CORDILLERA REAL, a spectacular mountain range, forming part of the Andean chain in N.E. Bolivia.

The situation of this range is very interesting as they form part of the boundary between the ALTIPLANO on the east, a high plain of over

12,000 feet, and then on the west the ground slopes away massively proportioned, heavily wooded valleys to the Amazon basin. It is on the altiplano that the Inca and pre-Inca cultures flourished; on Lake Titicaca, the large inland lake on the plain, reed boats of the Ra 2 type are still used by the Indians for fishing, and it is here that the Indian women all wear bowler hats. In the valleys of the mountains Indians also live at altitudes up to 16,000 feet; they have to adapt specially to the lack of oxygen and the intense cold at night. This is the region of the llama and the condor. Beyond

these valleys are the snow-capped peaks stretching up to 22,000 feet, as spectacular as high mountains always are.

It is against this background that the account of the expedition is set; the journey across Peru, the living in La Paz, a dust bowl scooped out of the altiplano, waiting for equipment to arrive, the journey across the plain, up through the high valleys, and then, using llamas and local porters, to base camp. There was then a period of climbing, an accident in which two of the party were killed, and our rescue attempt, and finally the return, bringing us eventually back to London.

The lecture, which will be fully illustrated with slides, is tonight (Tuesday) at 7.30 in Room 303, RSM.

Continued from page 10

adventure. I expected him to be trotting on ahead not disappearing in the rear.

"Oh, dear, I do hope he's all right," said the Twigworm, "I mean you've both been so good to me and everything. This is all my fault really, oh, I am sorry, I don't know what to say..." He began to cry.

"Let's not start that again," pleaded Ferocious, "It's not your jolly old fault, it's just typical Phosphorous. He cannot keep his mind on one thing for more than ten minutes at a stretch. The dear boy will no doubt re-emerge in the near future. I suggest we—ah—press on, so to speak, and hope for the best."

"Well, if you think it's all right," said the Twigworm, "he is your friend, I suppose."

"We all have our crosses to bear," said Ferocious, and they trudged on along the beach. They had not gone very far, when the sound of music and laughter could be heard, coming down the wind.

"As a change from this endless beach," said Ferocious, "I suggest we head for these sounds of revelry." Reaching the top of a large dune they could see the source of the noise. Spread out beneath them was a huge fair.

Gaily coloured tents covered an area the size of Hyde Park, strange machines whirled merry-makers up, down, round and through. Mechanical music filled the air, lights throbbed, whistles shrieked, men shouted. It was very noisy indeed.

"Hum," said Ferocious.

"Ooooooh!" said the Twigworm.

"That looks quite adventurous, does it not, dear lad?" said Ferocious, "let us

mingle with the gay throng, and see what occurs."

So down the side of the dune went Ferocious Din and the Tiny Twigworm. They wandered amongst the tents and sideshows, jostled by the crowds, pulled here and there by stallholders, all their senses assaulted at once. Unfortunately they had only 10p between them so they were unable to go on any of the weird and exciting looking rides and sideshows.

"With 10p we can have one go each on one thing," said Ferocious, "what's it going to be?"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly say," said the Twigworm, "you decide for me."

"A difficult choice, so to speak," spoke Ferocious, "I think the best solution is for me to spin round with my eyes shut, and then open them very suddenly. The attraction which first catches my eye will be the one on which we will blow our tiny wealth." The Twigworm did not seem to object, so Ferocious shut his eyes and spun round on one leg. He fell immediately to the ground.

As he opened his eyes to examine his injuries, he found he had come to rest at the foot of a large sign.

"CREATURE FROM BEYOND MARS DEFIES GRAVITY" it read, "Doctor Rabbit's amazing Invention defeats Laws of Nature. See Space Being float on air. He lives, he breathes. See him today—only 5p a look."

"Not perhaps my first choice," said Ferocious, "but in we go." They paid their 5p each to the little old man on the door and stepped inside the tent.

"Hello Ferocious, Hello Twigworm," said Phosphorous the Jobrot.

Phosphorous the Jobrot and Ferocious Din

Part three of a nine-part
serialisation of the book by
Steven Swailes

CHAPTER THREE

The Twigworm stood over 12 feet tall—even sitting down—and still looked like a pile of old tractor tyres. He had black wrinkled skin, draped about his misshapen body like an ill-fitting overcoat. His eyes were the size of soup plates, from which poured a waterfall of tears down through the great creases in his skin, forming a muddy pool, in which he sat, sobbing sonorously.

"Don't tell me," said Ferocious, "you, huge sir, are the Tiny Twigworm."

"Yes," cried the Twigworm, "and nobody loves me, and nobody wants me, and I'm lost and homeless, and . . . boo hoo hoo." He sobbed quietly, the ground trembling slightly at each sob.

Phosphorous was genuinely moved. "Please stop crying," he pleaded, "Ferocious and I are here to help you. We'll find your Twigwormery and take you home."

"Speak for yourself, dear boy," muttered Ferocious under his breath. But the Twigworm had not heard him.

"Thank you, thank you," he shouted, sniffing violently, and causing a small sandstorm. "You are true friends!" He leapt forward to embrace Phosphorous. Luckily the nimble Jobrot jumped aside, just in time to avoid being crushed to death.

"Hold it," shouted Ferocious, "As you are our Adventure, so to speak, dear vast old person, we will try to get you back to your home. However," he held up his hand to stop the Twigworm, who was about to clasp him in its arms, "there will be the minimum of bodily contact. Do not even try to shake my hand, O.K.?"

"Oh, certainly," said the Twigworm, "I'll try and remember, but I'm afraid I'm rather clumsy. Down at the Permanent Adventure Reception Centre I did break rather a lot of things."

"Well, there's not much you can break out here," said Ferocious, "except Phosphorous and me. Just avoid treading on us and everything will be all right."

So Phosphorous and Ferocious stood clear while the Twigworm got to his feet, and the three of them set off along the beach. Ferocious went first, striding along, Phosphorous trotted behind him, and the Twigworm stumbled along on its great rubbery legs in the rear.

Time passed, and Phosphorous, who had stopped to examine an interesting shell, dropped behind. He was just starting to run to catch up, when two strange figures stepped out from behind a palm tree and accosted him.

"Hey, sonny," said the first, "You wanna earn a cool buck?"

"I beg your pardon," said Phosphorous, staring in amazement at the creatures in front of him. The larger of the two wore a belted trench coat, had a huge broken nose, and a scar on his cheek. A tiny moustache decorated his upper lip. His companion was even shorter than Phosphorous, and apparently covered in short brown fur all over—or at least on the bits that protruded from his tiny trench coat. He wore a huge trilby from beneath which stuck out a pointed nose, and a magnificent set of bristling whiskers.

"Don't play funny with me, kid," said the first one, "This here is the undeniably nasty Joe (Whiskers) Stoot, and I have the honour to be the much-hated Dino (Washing-machine) Confetti. So there."

"Yeah, man," said Whiskers.

"What do you want?" asked Phosphorous, a little shakily.

"Don't crowd me none, kid," said Dino, "me and Whiskers got a proposition for you. We works for Luigi Rabbit, maybe you heard of him, and he needs a bright lad like you for his Incredible Floating Device. Whaddya say, kid?"

"Yea, whaddya say kid?" said Whiskers. "Well, it's awfully nice of you to ask me," answered Phosphorous, "but you don't even know me, and actually I am on an adventure, so I'm afraid I'll have to say no."

"Kid," said Dino, "No-one says no to Luigi Rabbit—leastways not if they want to stay healthy. You're coming with us whether you like it or not."

"Yeah," said Whiskers, pulling a huge carrot from the pocket of his trench coat.

"You stupid rodent," shouted Dino, "what's that supposed to be; you gonna poison him if he makes a run for it, ha?"

"Sorry, Dino, dat's my lunch."

"Mamma mia, they send this idiot on an important job like this. Where's your gat, you daft furry thing?"

"I musta left it in the canteen, Dino."

"You want anything done, you gotta do it yourself," So saying Dino extracted a pistol from under his left armpit and waved it at poor Phosphorous. "O.K. kid, let's get moving."

Phosphorous had no choice really, so

raising his hands above his head, he set off in the direction indicated by Dino's pointing gun. They had not gone very far before Dino let out a shout.

"O.K. kid, stop right there." Phosphorous stopped right there. They had come to a halt by one of the larger palm trees. Dino reached forward and knocked three times on the trunk. Nothing happened.

"Drat!" said Dino. He knocked again. Still nothing happened. "Whadda these guys think they're playing at?" he demanded. He leant his face close to the tree and shouted, "Open this dor, you dimbo. It's me Dino Confetti, I gotta important guest for Luigi."

"Yeah?" said the tree, unbelievably. "How do I know you're not an encyclopedia salesman?" Dino turned slowly purple.

"You dumb tree!" he shouted, "do I sound like an encyclopedia salesman? You open this door immediately, or I'll have you pruned, you mouldy old plant!"

"Dino," said the tree, "you have just identified yourself. Do come in."

As the arborial tones died away, a section of the trunk swung inwards to reveal an iron gate.

"Call the lift!" ordered Dino.

"O.K." said Whiskers, "LIFT!" he shouted, "here lift, nice lift, come to Whiskers." Dino's huge fists clenched spasmodically.

"Push the button you hairy hedge-creature, do I have to do everything myself?"

"Sorry, Dino," apologised Whiskers, and pushed the button. There was a faint humming deep within the roots of the tree, and with a slight clatter the lift arrived. The three of them squeezed in and the lift began to drop. With it dropped Phosphorous' spirits. He was becoming distinctly worried. "Where was he going? Where were Ferocious and the Twigworm? Who was Luigi Rabbit? Don't miss next week's exciting instalment," he thought; missing next week's exciting instalment was fairly high on his list of priorities.

As he worried and pondered, the lift came to rest.

"Out you get, kid," said Dino. Ahead of Phosphorous lay a long curving tunnel, lit by candles, and smelling of damp earth. The trio began to walk along the tunnel. Every now and again a side tunnel branched off, but they kept to the main passage.

Phosphorous felt that they had been walking for an age, when they rounded a corner and were confronted with a set of huge wooden doors. On a brass plate, in the middle of one door, was written "L. Rabbit—Boss."

"Here we are, kid," whispered Dino, "now you act real respectful to Luigi and you'll be O.K." He raised a fist and knocked politely on the door.

"Enter," came a muffled voice from inside. The doors swung open and Phosphorous walked in.

"Oh, hello, how are YOU?" asked Luigi Rabbit.

Luigi was not tall, even for a rabbit, and wore a beautiful scarlet smoking jacket. From between his two enormous front teeth protruded an ivory cigarette-holder from which a tiny menthol cigarette was producing delicate puffs of blue smoke.

"Do come in, dearie," he smiled, "so you're the lad that's going to work my divine Incredible Floating Device."

"Well, actually—no," said Phosphorous bravely, "you see I'm on an adventure, with my friend Ferocious Din, so I don't really have the time."

"Oh, tut, tut," squeaked the Rabbit, "there's no question of that, dear, you're working for me now and no mistake. You wouldn't like me to hand you over to Dino, would you? He's awfully rough when he's cross."

"Oh dear," said Phosphorous, "I don't really know what to do."

"Just tootle along with Dino, sweetie," said Luigi, "and get in the Device, like a good boy. Take him away with you, Dino, it's time for my little rest."

"O.K. boss" growled Dino, "Come on kid, let's go." So they went, Phosphorous and Dino (Washing-Machine) Confetti, with Joe (Whiskers) Stoot scuttling along behind, brandishing his carrot.

The floor of the tunnel began to tilt upwards.

"At least we're getting back towards the surface," thought Phosphorous. He would be glad to get out into the fresh air, after wandering around in this dank rabbit warren. Suddenly the tunnel came to an end. An iron ladder led up the earth wall to a trapdoor. Dino went first, and heaved open the trap door. A grey light brightened the tunnel, hurting Phosphorous' eyes for a moment. He went up the ladder and out through the trap door. He seemed to be in some kind of tent, the smell of soggy can-

vas was everywhere, and there was a great deal of mud under foot.

Taking up most of the space in the tent was a large and complicated piece of machinery. It was mostly constructed of polished brass tubing, with great megaphone-like protruberances. It hummed quietly, and an occasional blue spark would jump, with a crack between the polished domes which surmounted the Device. A little old man crouched at the back of the machine, squirting oil onto a silently spinning wheel. He looked up, wiped his hands on a piece of oily rag, and came across to where Dino, Phosphorous and Whiskers were standing.

"Good day to ye," he said, "I'm Haggis MacPlumbing, the engineer here—is this the new laddie?"

"Yeah, he's all yours," said Dino, "We gotta be going now," he turned to Phosphorous, "You behave yourself, kid and you'll be O.K." He and the little Stoot opened the trap door in the floor, and with a last wave to Phosphorous disappeared out of sight.

"Thank goodness they've gone," said Haggis, "I dinna rate that Dino laddie at all. Have ye had any experience of this kind o' thing?"

"What kind of thing?" asked Phosphorous.

"Why floating, laddie," replied the old engineer.

"Only in the bath, I suppose," said Phosphorous.

"Och, ye'll take to it in nae time, dinna ye worry, in ye get."

"Look" protested Phosphorous, "nobody will listen to me. I can't get in your rotten machine—I have to go and look for my friend Ferocious Din and the Tiny Twigworm. I just don't have the time." The old man was obviously moved.

"I appreciate your position," he said, "but it's more than ma job's worth tae let ye go. Look, just get in the machine for a wee while and I'll have a word wie that weird rabbit, and see what I can do." Phosphorous was getting tired of arguing.

"Alright," he said, "but just for a little while."

MacPlumbing led him towards the machine.

"Stand between these terminals, laddie," he urged, "and I'll turn up the field." Phosphorous stood where he was shown and old Haggis disappeared round the back of the Device. The hum of the machine rose, and Phosphorous felt a strange tickling sensation in the soles of his feet. He looked down. He was floating about ten feet off the floor of the tent.

"Ooooooh!" he said.

"Och, lovely," cackled the old man, "It's going like a dream, laddie, the new main sensors are running something beautiful." Phosphorous was still too stunned to say anything. He drew a couple of deep breaths, and thought hard of dentists—a technique he had used often in the past to take his mind off things.

Slowly he looked about, and took stock of the situation. He began to experiment. Although he could go neither up nor down, he found he could move from side to side by waving his arms and legs.

"Dinna do that, ye daft sporrin'," shouted MacPlumbing, "Ye'll get outside the field and break a leg." Phosphorous stopped wriggling. Just floating was not an unpleasant sensation, rather like being immersed in thick spongy mud—not that Phosphorous had ever been immersed in thick, spongy mud. As the Jobrot was beginning to relax and enjoy himself, he saw Haggis MacPlumbing making for the door.

"Hey, where are you going," he shouted.

"Just popping out for a while," answered the old engineer, craftily, "I'll be back in no time at all." And he was gone. Phosphorous was a trusting sort of person, but he had a distinct feeling that he was being duped.

On the beach Ferocious had finally noticed his friend's absence.

"Where has that dozy twit got to?" he demanded.

"Well, you were going rather fast," suggested the Twigworm, "perhaps he just got left behind."

"Possibly, dear old hugeness," mused Din, "but I surmise unlikely. The lad was, shall we say, fired with enthusiasm for this

Cont. p. 9.

RECORDS

Focus, along with the Mahavishnu Orchestra are for me the most exciting and original band to emerge this year from a stale and unimaginative rock scene. It is not surprising that they are from outside the established Anglo-American dominated rock culture. For the uninitiated, Focus are a four-piece from Amsterdam formed in '69 by Thijs Van Leer, their organist and flautist. All come from a good musical background, Van Leer having taken up music at the tender age of three and having been awarded a degree on flute at Geneva Conservatoire. Jan Akkerman studied guitar at Amsterdam Music Lyceum for five years and Pierre Van Der Linden was taught for seven years by various top orchestral percussionists. Bert Ruiter is the only member of the band that has not received classical training.

The only regret I have about their third album is that it is not a live recording. Having had the pleasure of seeing Focus four times I think that a lot of their excitement is lost on a studio album. Still, perhaps the next one will be live.

The most commercial track on the

double album is 'Sylvia' which surprisingly enough doesn't open the album. It is common practice to open an album with the most striking track on it. (Remember 'Moving Waves'). 'Sylvia' begins with a heavy repetitive chord sequence which then makes way for some very melodic guitar creating a mood of floating serenity that is a key to much of their work. There is peace and tranquility too in 'Carnival Fugue', Van Leer's showpiece which finishes off side one. This starts as a Bach-style fugue with Van Leer on piano and develops a Latin-American flavour, Van Leer playing piccolo and organ. Side Two is devoted to 'Focus III' and 'Answers? Questions! Questions? Answers!' The latter features some imaginative guitar from Akkerman.

'Anonymous II' takes up the whole of Side Three and spills over into Side Four. This track is the best on the album. It features an excellent bass solo and more superb lead. The album finishes with 'Elspeth of Nottingham' which gives Jan a chance to play some Elizabethan lute music and 'House of the King', a favourite from the first album.

This is rock at its best.

CONCERTS

Well folks, that was the last concert at I.C. for 1972, and if you didn't see it you should kick yourselves. The Kinks always have been a very polished group, and to go with their music, they produced the best stage act I've seen since Brewers Droop, quite some time ago. Ray Davies captured the audience with his loose approach to the show, demanding applause for everybody and everything else on stage (including his jacket). There were also some nice flourishes produced by the 3-piece brass section, led by Mike Cotton.

Inevitably they played several of their golden oldies since their first hit over 8 years ago, including "Dedicated Follower of Fashion", "Till the End of the Day", "Sunny Afternoon" and "Water-

loo Lily" as well as their not so old material such as "Apeman", which was deliberately taken much too fast, and "Lola", in which Ray Davies had little trouble in inducing audience participation. During "Alcohol" he emptied the remains of his beer mugs, which were in constant use throughout the set, into the front rows, though no-one seemed to mind, and for the last two, "You Really Got Me" and "All Day and All of the Night", most people took their seats, from the chairs and floor provided, as the band pounded away to Ray's singing. On its completion he dashed from the stage to escape from several maidens wanting to kiss their hero. For their encore, Dave Davies took the spotlight for "Good Golly Miss Molly," proving

Cont. on p. 11.

Felix Culture Page

PAPERBACKS

Witches Edited by Carolyn Lloyd.
Armada, 20p.

The Witch! The Witch!
Don't let her get you!
Or your Aunt wouldn't know you
the next time she met you!

That there is no such thing as a good witch is certainly very true in this book. Carolyn Lloyd's collection may not be very frightening to the average grown-up but buy it for your 10-year-old cousin and see them glancing anxiously over their shoulder as they climb the dark stairs to bed on Christmas Eve.

Unfortunately, although I enjoyed the stories and the poetry I did think that the illustrations rather let the book down; but it is still excellent cheap Christmas present material.

The Wombles by Elizabeth Beresford.
Puffin, 25p.

Well, you get what you pay for, and with 170 pages for 25p you can't expect too much in the story line from the Wombles. They're a bit like teddy bears, live under Wimbledon Common and devote their lives to the constant labour of keeping it tidy. "Womble life has its ups and downs of course" and that's where the story comes in.

An amusing and attractive series of vaguely linked chapters take us through the first working year of one Bungo Womble. A safe and predictable existence it would appear. Whether such a cosy line in fantasy will appeal to those capable of reading it is the question that may be rudely answered by the children who get it for Christmas.

A Book of Goblins Edited by Alan Garner. Puffin, 25p.

If witches are frightening then goblins give me the absolute horrors . . .
Nasty, sinister, inexplicable crea-

tures rarely friendly, most often evil, these are the people from myths and legends from long ago who are collected together here to produce fear and wonder. These are the tales for the youngster (or even the adult) who wishes to move out of the normal circle of reading material, the person who wishes to cloud even his pinkest of dreams.

Perhaps we have always tried to reason with the unreasonable, the natural forces around us and the psychic forces within us, often we have given them the shape of animals, sometimes humans, very often ghosts. This is why Goblins fascinate us.

Alan Garner doesn't provide the answers, he only provides the questions — the ideas to worry about and the pictures to help conjure them.

The Witch of Blackbird Pond by Elizabeth George Speare. Puffin, 25p.

If this one gets serialised by the BBC for Sunday children's hour, don't be surprised. It's got all the essentials. A setting in the repressive and intolerant atmosphere of an early American puritan settlement; a sixteen-year-old heroine; a slow build up of hatred and hysteria; and finally a histrionic courtroom climax, with, of course, a happy ending.

All the anachronistic conflicts between a sixteenth century society and the typically liberal heroine are written by an author completely lacking in understanding for the record. Which results in the usual antagonistic stereotypes of those judged by another context.

Apart from that, *Witch of Blackbird Pond* has little to offer except a nauseating dialogue of the "thank 'ee very much masser Jim" variety. It says "particularly suitable for girls" on the cover. One doesn't have to be a supporter of women's lib to realise that tells us a lot.

Dave Hobman

POETRY

Engineer's Love Poem to Miss C.

When double Polar integrals,
And all those things that so befall
This Engineer of Stress and Shear
All seem to be at once,
Not clear,
I just sit back, and what the Hell to
Squarish Triads and Unit Vector:
What care I now for Entropy,
When all I want
Begins with C?

Cont. from p.10

he's got a fine voice too, while his brother kept himself out of reach.

I was hoping they would play a few more of their most recent material, though they did play "Celluloid Heroes" one of the best things they've done, and little would please me more than to see this as number one on "Top Of the Pops."

During the interval an avalanche of balloons was released from the back, and were promptly burst, though one

maestro did have time to make a sausage dog before its destruction. As always the Pink Panther cartoons helped to pacify the audience during the wait after the supporting band, Camel, who were quite good, and deserved more than just the polite applause that they received. It was unfortunate that they should suffer the problems of playing with a super group.

G.J.K.

THEATRE

"Was it a good play, Bob?"

Ah, now there's the rub. Not, mind you, "Was it a good play?", but "was it a play?" I will admit to not being at all sure, even now, as to what it was that I saw at the Royal Court last night, but for the record the name of the piece is "A Sense of Detachment" and it was written by John Osborne.

I suppose that it *must* have been a play — for it occurred in the Royal Court Theatre, a set of people whom one would normally think of as the "Cast" spoke lines that Mr. Osborne had evidently written for them, and another set of people, whom one would normally think of as the "Audience" watched them do so, having paid heavily for the privilege. If there was a plot (or even vague direction of purpose), it is that the first-named set of people come together and "behave" in front of the "Audience". Two of the "Cast" never appear on stage, but are planted in the "Audience", and if they were there to act as a catalyst for audience reaction, they failed miserably.

There are however, certain very bright spots in this abysmal business. John Standing produces a very good performance of whatever it is that he is supposed to be performing, acting with a well-paced ease. There are some nice bits of business, notably danced verse of "Widdicombe Fair" with the names of contemporary playwrights mockingly inserted, and a clever oppo-

The Day after the Fair (Lyric).

When I arrived in London last year, the first play I saw was "Sleuth". I thought it outstanding. Then came "Canterbury Tales", "Company" and "Fiddler on the Roof". I considered them outstanding as well. After pinning that same label on another half dozen, I concluded "outstanding" was in fact the adjective for West End theatre. "Day after the Fair" does not meet this standard.

The play centres in a 'nineties drawing room, where a wealthy brewer (Duncan Lamont) is immersed in business affairs — trying to ruin his rival. His wife of three years, Edith (Deborah Kerr) was a peasant who he made a lady. Having no children, he brings a girl from her village, Anna (Julia Foster) to be her servant, and is busily making a lady of her.

A fair comes to town where Anna meets Charles (Paul Hastings), a London barrister in town for the day. Next day, conveniently Anna's afternoon off, they spend the afternoon in a sheltered glade, culminating their new-found friendship in the manner one might well imagine.

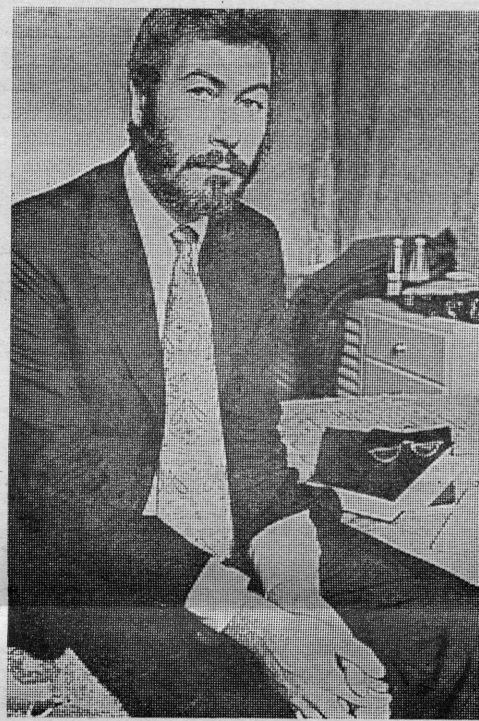
A week later, a letter arrives from London; alas, being able to neither read nor write, Anna cannot comprehend its contents. She cons Edith into doing this for her. Edith undertakes this task with more than average zest, finding herself more enamoured of Charles with each letter.

Anna cannot see that. Although the sister-in-law, Netty (Avice Landon) thinks there's more than beer a-brewing, she fails to make her brother understand. He seems blithely uncon-

sition of pornographic film descriptions and bouts of interspersed Romantic Poetry. But these points shine despite, and not because of, the general content.

So what was it (writes he rhetorically)? "You're just a Device!" shouted one of the cast at one of the audience implanter. And that's what the whole thing was — a set of Theatrical Devices.

Bob Carter.



cerned, although certain lines contradict this impression: it would be better if he didn't mumble so.

Now the clanger: Anna is pregnant (surprise, surprise) so a big scene on what to do. Write a letter, what else?

Charles, in love with the letter writer, rushes out asking Anna to marry him. This shocks Edith. She is now trapped; she wishes to tell him she wrote the letters, but doesn't wish to crush Anna, who is elated.

Anna's smooth talk wins the day; the wedding passes. At the reception, Mr. Brewer-man only now meets Charles, and on finding him a Lincoln's Inn lawyer, casually wonders why he chose a girl who can't write. There is silence as Charles realises he has been (to put it mildly) deceived.

Perhaps because the play has now been dragging on for over two hours; perhaps because the script is bad, Charles' confrontation with Anna and Edith goes more smoothly and easily than expected — he seems to be taking it all rather better than the average barrister — and the finish comes rather quickly and is as unconvincing as the cast's characteristics.

Perhaps it is too harsh to condemn the play; there are good parts such as the end of Act II, scene 2 and some of Netty's lines. Day after the Fair is not the best play in London, but then, nor is it the worst. It makes a welcome change from casual comedies, being one of the four dramas currently running. The play is worth the price of a balcony seat, although one might want to be nearer to hear the occasional soft-spoken line.

Jim Fenner

the sports page

hockey

At Harlington last Sunday a strange apparition was observed by all those fortunate enough to be present. Not only did the I.C. team contain its full quota of both men and women, but we also provided an umpire — this latter person being easily distinguished from the rest by the beautiful emerald green felt hat perched upon his head. Having checked that his pea was working well, the umpire blew up and the game started. Straight from the bully R.V.C. attacked. Unfortunately I.C. were still asleep and allowed the Vets captain an open goal. However, so surprised was this individual, that he missed. At this stage Wonder Boy struck with a superb goal. R.V.C. fought back and from a short corner, Richard Cameron, our star goalkeeper opened his legs, the ball went through and the score became 1-1. I.C. regained the lead when W.B. scored again and increased their score when Alan Brown (at the third attempt) put the ball in the goal. Unfortunately R.V.C. scored again before half time from a penalty flick after the I.C. left back-cum-captain-cum-cripple kicked the ball off the goal line. At the start of the second half I.C. surged into the attack and increased their lead when another W.B. thunderbolt trickled over the line. The rest of the match was uneventful apart from W.B. missing many more open goals and some most peculiar umpiring decisions which seemed to get worse as the match progressed — thanks for making the match amusing Mike. The result of the match—I.C. won 4-2.

Comment by W.B. after the match:— I want one female for bull ! ! ! !

football

Kings II 2 I.C. IV 3 (HT 0-1)

A day of persistent rain and wind at Mitcham saw IC IV's achieve a splendid and well merited victory against Kings II in a ULU reserves cup 1st round tie.

Captain Dave Wilbeck won the toss and chose to play with the slope and against the wind. In the opening 20 minutes the exchanges were fast and furious with IC however looking the better side. Despite this they were nearly caught out when Tim Ryan in goal lost the ball at the edge of his area and an accurate shot was headed off the line by Chris Pattison. Steve Hancock had also to clear off the line but on at least three occasions Kings' defenders had to perform the same task in periods of severe IC pressure.

The game developed into a pattern where the IC midfield of Higham, McConvey and Colbeck were inter-passing neatly and playing the ball wide with Bill Joiner on the right wing especially effective whereas the Kings midfield were prone to play the ball forward too early and their forwards made little headway against a determined and resolute IC back four.

IC were creating good situations, but after their early close misses looked unlikely to score until a through ball enabled the Kings right back to slide the ball neatly past his goalkeeper to give IC a half time lead.

The second half opened with the pattern much the same but on the hour a fortunate bounce from a tackle set a forward free on the Kings left and he scored a fine equaliser with a rocket of a shot.

Kings made their big effort now but the IC defence were covering well and tackling strongly with plenty of assistance from the rest of the side at dead ball situations. In fact at one corner Mike (Kamikaze) Butterworth made a name for himself tackling Kings forwards with his head.

This pressure was lifted when half way through the half IC scored two fine goals in a five minute period.

The first of these came when Mike Selwyn fed Bill Joiner on the right wing whose fine run took him behind the defence and his accurate cross enabled Colin Higham to strike home a fine goal.

IC's 3rd goal came a few minutes later from a corner which was allowed to drop for Mick McConvey to smash home a superb left foot volley.

From then on IC maintained control until with the last kick of the match Kings pulled back a consolation goal. All in all a fine victory.

Team: Ryan, Selwyn, Davies, Pallison, Hancock; Colbeck, McConvey, Higham, Joiner, "Ranger," Butterworth.

Mike Selwyn

On Wednesday the 6th of December, the football club's tame historian pulled off a remarkable feat by having the pitches at Harlington playable even after the storms of the previous two days — thank you Arthur. Now back to business, the 1st team played Chelsea and despite the gale and the rain the game would have been a good one to watch. It was a very open contest with both sides playing good football at times. I.C. took the lead in the first-half when Mick McConvey beat two defenders before sliding the ball (as opposed to rolling it) into the corner of the net. Later in the first half Chelsea were lucky to score when G.E. (full name and address supplied) dropped a very awkward cross into his own goal. In the second half the game was less even and I.C. began to make more chances. However none of these were converted, instead Pete Lonner scored with a diving-cum-falling header to give I.C. a win which they merited and also a margin of victory which reflected the evenness of the first-half.

Also on Wednesday the 2nds beat Chelsea 2nds 4-0 with little trouble. The 4th went down to Goldsmiths II 6-4 in an exciting battle. The 5ths avenged this defeat in beating Goldsmiths III 7-3, and finally in an undistinguished match the 6ths took two more valuable points when they beat Chelsea III 3-2.

R. Kill

I.C. 3rds arrived late for the kick-off in their first round U.L. cup match against Goldsmiths 2nds, last years winners. This was to have its effect when the later stages were played out in gathering gloom. Early in the game I.C. slow to settle were subjected to strong pressure by the Goldsmiths team. Just as I.C. were beginning to play more confidently they suffered a setback when Alan Wilkinson had to leave the field to replace a contact lens. While down to ten men they also unfortunately gave away a goal. Alan Peterson, back covering for Wilkinson, was dispossessed at the edge of the area and the Goldsmiths' forward made no mistake with his shot.

I.C. were jolted into action by this setback and once back to full strength they took complete command of the midfield and goals began to look very likely. Indeed, the first goal came following a free-kick just outside the penalty area. Ian Hyslop won in the air but his effort was blocked and Peterson following in had a shot blocked before Russ Smith came on the blind side of the defence to score a deserved equaliser with a well placed shot.

I.C. were now in complete control of what was a very hard, but fair game and they went close several times before a second goal eventually arrived. Alan Pearson cut in strongly from the left and a great crossfield pass put Geoff Gilbert through to score with an unstoppable low shot into the far corner. This was the score at half-time and I.C. were now very confident of victory. They began the second half as they had left off in the first, allowing Goldsmiths very little time or space. The Goldsmiths front line was well held by the I.C. back four, Andy Jackson being outstanding in the middle while Rob Young and Adrian Johns gave their wingers no freedom at all.

A third goal came just as things were beginning to settle down in the second half. A superb run by John Miles came to an abrupt end when he was brought down inside the area and a penalty was awarded. Smith volunteered to take the kick and he blasted a shot which the 'keeper dived to save. However, the referee judged that the goalkeeper had moved before the ball was kicked and I.C. were allowed a second chance. This time Smith adopted the 'cool' approach and succeeded in sending the goalkeeper the wrong way to put I.C. 3-1 ahead. From this point on I.C. merely had to keep things tight in midfield and the game was theirs. In fact most of the subsequent action was in the Goldsmiths' half and several times I.C. were unlucky not to increase their lead. The game ended in near darkness with I.C. 3-1 winners, and so Goldsmiths, who last year beat I.C. 3rds in the semi-final and I.C. 2nds in the final, were out in the first round to an I.C. side who must now have a great chance of lifting the trophy themselves.

Team: M. Clark, A. Johns, R. Young, A. Wilkinson, A. Jackson, I. Hyslop (capt.), G. Gilbert, A. Peterson, R. Smith, J. Miles, A. Pearson.

Also on Saturday the 6th played Westfield 2nds in the L.R. Cup at Harlington. The game was played in an incessant drizzle and the small pitch and greasy conditions gave neither side the chance to play good football. The first half was fairly even with I.C. just about having the advantage and although Johnny Black went close twice the score was still 0-0 when the teams changed around.

In the second half Westfield looked more purposeful and a mistake by Ian Bell followed by a goalkeeping error gave Westfield a deserved lead. Another defensive muddle allowed the lead to be increased shortly afterwards.

As the half wore on the 6th began to find their feet (intelligent team, the 6ths), and Johnny Black pulled one back with a fine goal after beating two Westfield defenders on the 18-yard line. Inspired by this the 6ths forced a series of corners and from one of these Dave Ivell picked up a half-clearance and shot home from 15-yards.

Teams often claim they cannot win if the referee is on the opposing side and when Ron Kill picked up a ball (you mean there were more than one, Rob?) on the right and strode through the dusk to hit a pile driver home from 30 yards, Westfield felt a little pissed off!

After the match the 6th team manager, captain and supposed shirt washer Rob (call me Sir Alf) Carty refused to say what his team's chances were of winning the cup.

Team: R. Colston, I. Bell, G. Gull, D. Crane, R. Kill (also the unpaid ref.), A. Kang, R. Carty, I. Franklin, J. Black, D. Ivell, E. Heap.

R.C./R.K.

lacrosse

Pete shines in new boots

On a wet and blustery Saturday afternoon, IC Lacrosse team faced a formidable task in maintaining their unbeaten record against Kenton, one of the strongest teams in the league. With his usual panache, Paul Spooner chose to start the game facing in the direction of the incoming flight-path to Heathrow, obviously hoping to distract their goalie.

That this was going to be no ordinary game was demonstrated, in the first few minutes, when Bob Strangeway "using" his head for once, stopped a shot at goal, and was reduced to a mere shadow of his usual ferocious (?) self. As usual IC insisted on presenting Kenton with the first two goals, but Imperial soon pulled one back when Tony Hallett was given the five minutes he needs to position himself and place the ball in the net.

Kenton continued to score regularly, but the IC team was never more than two goals behind thanks to the efforts of Steve Norris, who produced some fine twenty-yard shots (a pity he's not fitter).

With only a few minutes of play left it looked a hard task for IC to make up the two-goal deficit. However, continuous pressure from the IC forwards levelled the score and when a shot rolled along the ground, hit an opponent's foot and bounced past their goalie's right ear into the top corner of the net, IC went into the lead for the first time in the match. This goal provided Pete Drury, mercurial in his new boots, with his hat trick for the match.

Valiant play by Ian Gulliford, who had a magnificent game in goal, could not prevent Kenton from just managing to score the equaliser in the dying seconds. Final score 9-9.

IC Team (signed at small expense): Ian Gulliford, Jack Katzberg, Frank Craven, Bob (puff, puff) Strangeway, Pete "the boots" Drury, Paul "Whizz Kid" Spooner, Ray Elms, Lionel Clarke (Asst. Secretary!!), Steve Norris and Tony Hallett.

Paddy Pathfinder

Picture this: 'tis dead of night in the most inclemently wet weather when a solitary appears out of the murk. Suddenly an unlit parked car looms up in front of the rider (our star runner) forcing him to swerve, and he ends up sprawled across the road, viciously hitting the petrol tank with his ankle in the process. Thus did the Fates rob IC of their chance of medals in the UL championships.

Despite the loss of Joe Keating and many others of our best runners, we still managed to field a team (Pete Johnson, Dave Jones, Ian Isherwood, Stuart Littlewood, Rob Allinson, Paul Clarke and Rob Parker) when, after a five mile slither through ankle-deep mud, finished fourth ("narrowly" missing 3rd place). Included in this race was the intercollegiate championship which was won by RCS: C&G had no runners, and RSM had one, and he was lost.

Last Wednesday's race, the Osterley Park Relay, was even muddier. Our 'A' team finished 27th; positions and times after each 3 mile lap were: 16 Rob Parker 15m 51s; 28 Dave Payne 18m 10s; Chris Haines 16m 17s; 27 Rob Allison 17m 53s. The 'B' team was started off by Dave Jones (41st and not last) in 19m 6s and he handed over to Paddy Donnelly who returned 32 minutes later. Suddenly finding himself on the M4, Paddy turned back before he reached Wales and proceeded along the course by a highly skilful application of the inspection of footprints. Unfortunately the effect was somewhat spoiled by his following them in the wrong direction. Meanwhile, back at the start, Steve Webb had become so damp and cold that he set off without waiting for Paddy. One can only imagine the look of questioning that passed between them when they met halfway across a field of mud.

On the way home Steve had a hand-waving argument with the driver of another vehicle — a strange way of expressing his remorse at not being able to race.