



23rd JANUARY, 1973

# Felix

NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

FREE!

No. 325

**RETAINED BY  
POPULAR REQUEST**

**"P the J  
and FD"**

## Action for Higher Grants NOW

If you are an undergraduate, you are entitled to a grant of £480 a year.

Next year this will be raised to £500. If you are lucky enough to live in hall or student house, and your parents pay you the full parental contribution, you are probably not all that badly off. The "notional element" in the grant for board and lodgings is £275 in London (£240 elsewhere). Supposing that you eat chez Mooney three times a day, it probably only costs you in the region of £230-£240 — including £11 a year new halls levy.

Only 1,200 students live in hall or house. What about the other 2,800 of you? Living in a digs with breakfast provided costs, say, £6.50 a week during term, and £2 a week retainer during vacations. So between October and June you pay £218 just for lodgings—add Mooney food (about the cheapest refectories in the University) and we arrive at a figure of roughly £330 — £55 more than allowed for in the grant.

Live in a flat, and you can expect to be lucky to pay £6 a week right through vacations, too. That's £234 — £345 with food, and £70 more than the notional element. This is equivalent to a cut of one-third in the amount allowed for clothes, books, travel and everything else.

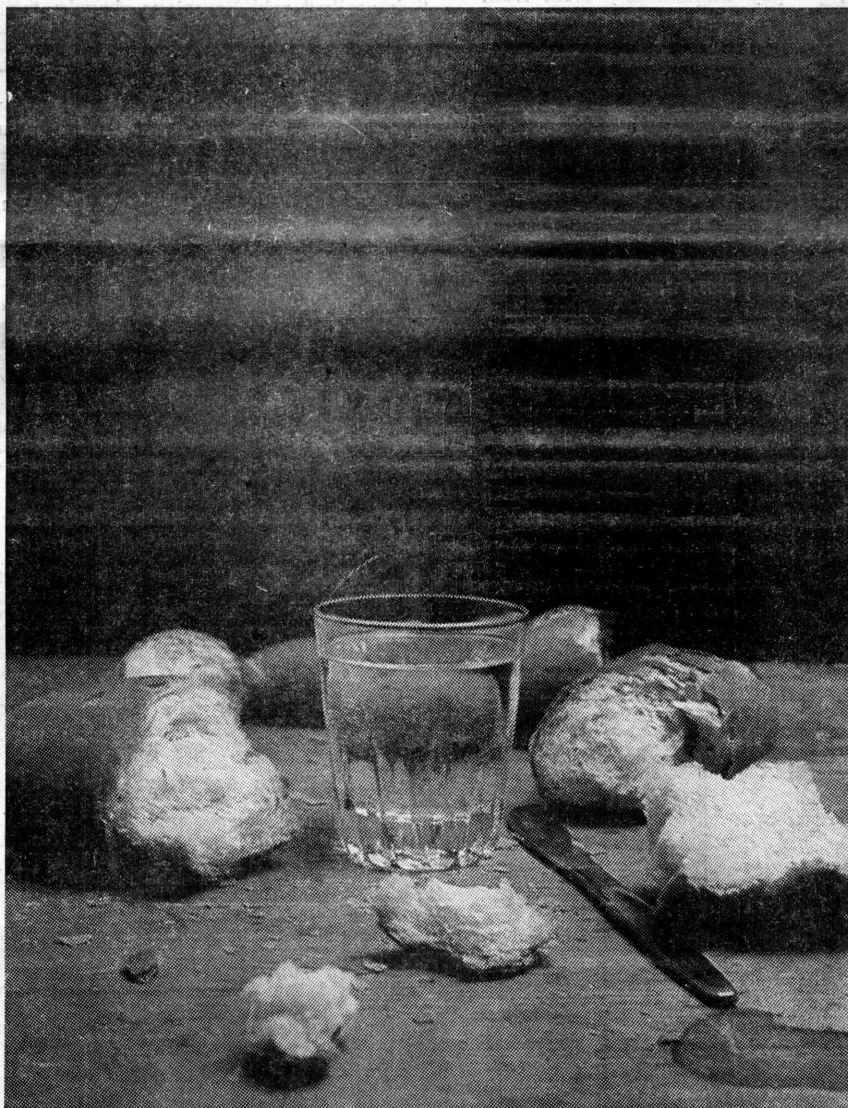
The current grant level was negotiated in 1971. This allowed for a rise in three stages: to £465 for 1971-72, £480 for 1972-73 and £500 in 1973-4. These figures were based on previously experienced rates of inflation.

A "Student Cost Index" has been calculated — pretty much the same as the ordinary cost index, but leaving out things like carpets and cookers and other things that don't affect us, and weighting everything that does correctly (more or less). According to this, the rise in costs in 1971-2 (academic year) was 7.9%. The rise in grant was 2.9%.

When the grant levels were changed in 1971, so was the floor of the parental means test scale. This had an interesting effect on the increases in the total amount paid in grants by Local Education Authorities. Whereas their payments increased by 12%, the total

Ten days ago Imperial College Union rejected a rent strike. Nevertheless, a substantial motion on grants was passed almost unanimously, and the union executive is still pushing for action. Posters based on this photograph and slogan are already going up in all USK colleges. The NUS is organising demonstrations and a "Day of Action".

Well, we all know that every year, with monotonous regularity, the politicians amongst us organise a Campaign. Last year it was over the autonomy issue. This year it's grants. But before you go off into a corner, curl up, cover your face with FELIX and go to sleep over what might appear to be the inanity of it all, forget the "action" and examine the facts. A worthwhile exercise. I hope you'll agree, since most of us rely solely on grants for our livelihood during the academic year. No propaganda, promise: just facts. Here they are.



parental contributions increased by 69% — or, at least, the amount that *should* have been paid in parental contributions did.

Not everyone is lucky enough to get £480 a year, even in the university sector. If you're female and a student, and thinking of getting married, the

government's advice would seem to be "don't". At least, not unless your intended spouse is a student too. Because, if he isn't, you only qualify for £275 — subject to a means test *on your parents*. That figure was fixed in 1965, and hasn't been raised since.

Of course we in universities are greatly privileged under the grants scheme, for there is a mandatory rate of grant.

Every undergraduate (not living at home) at Imperial College is entitled to £480 (subject to parental contribution), regardless of where he comes from or where he lives in London. This is not the case for students in further (as opposed to higher) education — for example, technical and art colleges. These students are on *discretionary awards*. The discretion is that of the Local Education Authority, and it is their decision how much (if any) grant is to be awarded. Since each LEA acts differently, geographical inequality also occurs.

Most grant-receiving students are liable to parental contributions, as assessed by a means test. It has been estimated that only about 25% of students qualifying for parental contributions receive them in full. The average parental contribution, leaving aside students on the minimum award of £50, is approximately £90. Evidence suggests that students not obtaining the full parental contribution receive on average some 50% of this figure in cash and kind. Only students with parents having a "residual income" (after allowances) of less than £1,100 get the full grant without deduction from their LEA, and they pay £1 for every £10 they earn over this. And, of course, parents lose 10% of any pay rise they may get.

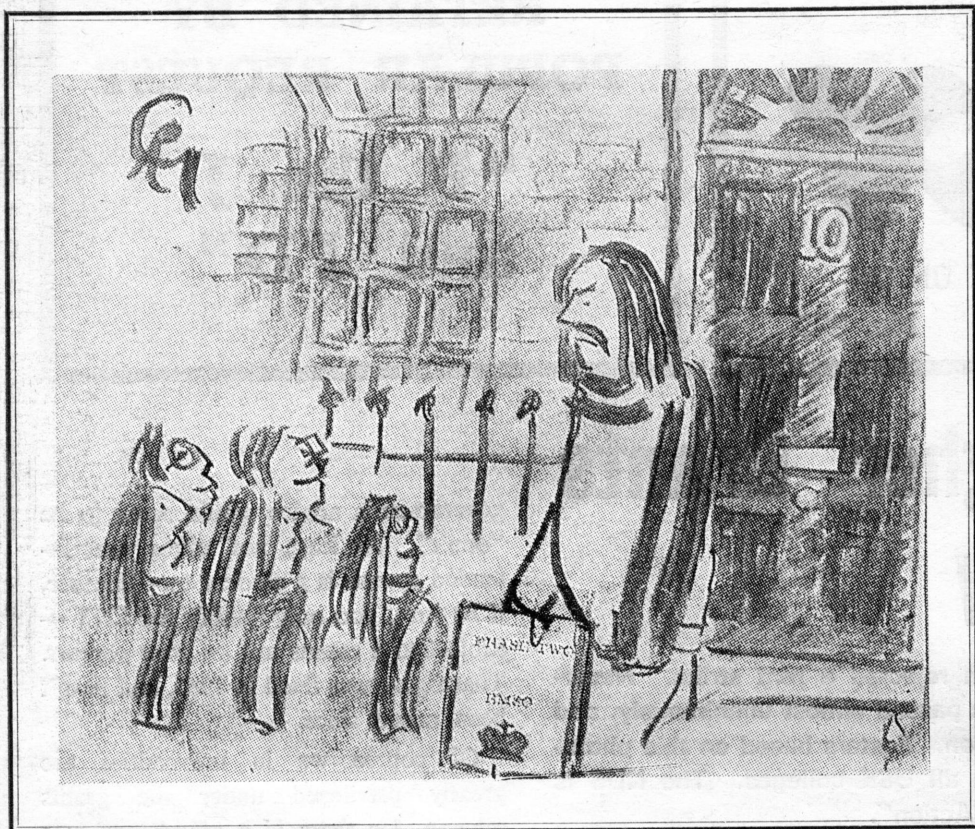
That is a thumb-nail sketch of the grants situation. Grants have lost £80 in value since 1971 in London.

Married women are very much the poor relations of their spinster counterparts. And even they are better off than students in F.E. colleges. Many students in all sectors are losing money through the parental means test.

The NUS, hardly surprisingly, has thus decided to mount a campaign to change the situation.

**EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING**  
**Thursday 1300 hrs Great Hall — COME!**





"Sorry, lads. He says, even if Lord Penney does without, we can't have more than a £250 rise."

## MOTION

to be put to Thursday's  
Extraordinary General Meeting

### SUPPLEMENTARY GRANTS

The following motion will be proposed at the EGM on Thursday.

In recent months prices of essentials such as food, rents and transport have risen faster than ever before. In the last two months alone prices rose by 6 per cent which is an annual rate of 36 per cent. This Union therefore demands Supplementary Grants as cash payments each time the cost of living rises. The rapid rate of inflation makes it essential for students to have more money now. September will be too late, many students will be faced with the choice of looking for

jobs in exam time or going without proper food. Further, Heath's White Paper takes away any bargaining rights for grants as with wages. What is the purpose of a student union which cannot bargain or take any action for grant increases without facing stiff penalties and fines. This makes a grants campaign absolutely urgent and makes it clear that it must be linked to the demand to clear this reactionary Tory Government out of office.

This Union therefore resolves to:

- (1) Campaign for Supplementary Grants linked to the demand to clear the Tory Government from office.

- (2) Immediately elect from the Union meeting an 8 member action committee to organize the following campaign.

a) A one day strike on Thursday, February 8th and a demonstration in preparation for the day of action on February 21st. That in order to ensure the maximum possible support for the campaign the action committee must contact and work with London Region NUS and all student bodies, arrange speakers at meetings and organize meetings where student unions are weak or non-existent. Further, contact local Trades councils, Union Branches and shop stewards committees for support for the campaign.

end of motion.

# MARTINS' BIT

## a Reminder

TO MEMBERS OF COUNCIL

The Bumph for next Council is now in the pigeon holes in the Union Office. Please collect it.

TO DEPARTMENTAL REPRESENTATIVES

Because of the difficulties the President has had in foretelling the U.G.M. mandate with regard to organising departmental meetings, it appears that some departmental reps are not carrying out their duties, either to the Union or the department.

## on Rag Charities selection

The Rag Charities Selection will take place at the U.G.M. on the 18th February. Anybody who would like to nominate charities should send details to Paul Hosking, Rag (Carnival) Committee Chairman, as soon as possible, please.

## a schedule of business at Union meetings

Please note that this schedule is liable to revision.

**January 25th**—E.G.M.; Grants Campaign; Election of N.U.S. Secretary; P.G. Affairs Officer; Motions for N.U.S. conference of Exeter. Motion on Indo-China.

**February 1st**: Athletic Ground Club A.G.M. (before Union Meeting). Constitutional changes. Election of N.U.S. delegation.

**February 15th**: Selection of Rag Charities.

**March 1st**: Hustings of President, Deputy President, Secretary and Editor of Felix.

**March 15th**: Result of Elections; Election of Non-Executive Officers; Second Reading of constitutional changes.

There will, hopefully, be time for motions of these meetings.

# Phosphorous the Jobrot and Ferocious Din

Part six of a serialisation of the book by  
S. J. Swailes

The jungle was dank and dark and depressing. Huge ferns towered over the trio, and the ground was thick with botanical debris. Strange sounds assaulted the explorers' ears, hooting, screaming — was that a cry for help in Mongolian, that an invitation to lunch in Serbo-Croat? They would never know.

With the Twigworm bulldozing a path through the undergrowth, they pressed on. It was very hot. Through the diffuse green light that bathed the jungle, they could see only a few steps ahead. Things rustled in the shrubbery, crashed through the ferns overhead, and howled in the greenness. Did other, heavier footsteps echo their own?

"Er, Ferocious," said Phosphorous, "do you think we're doing the right thing? Couldn't we go back to the beach and perhaps wait for the Twigwormery there?" As it happened Ferocious had been thinking along those lines himself.

"For once, dear lad, you have a point. We seem to be making very little progress through this unsavoury jungle, and I get the distinct impression that tiny carnivores of an unfriendly nature are scaling my left leg. I therefore propose that we return to the beach. All those in favour — ah — favour? Excellent — carried unanimously. Off you go, dear old treader of the way, take us to the beach."

The Twigworm looked confused.

"Which way is that, please?" he asked.

"Oh really," said Ferocious sharply, "with you in the lead we must have left a trail like the M1 extension." He peered hopefully around. They seemed surrounded by impenetrable jungle.

"Eh?" thought Ferocious. The unlikely had occurred again. On all sides rose up a wall of solid greenery; like Kew Gardens with sound effects. "Oh," said Ferocious, "can anyone remember which way the jolly old beach lies, ha ha." Nobody could. "Um," said Ferocious. They were in a quandary. A dark, green, impenetrable quandary. "We must think, rationalise, come to a decision," said Ferocious, staring hopefully into the green menace all around them.

Even as he spoke, Phosphorous gave a cry. A thin green tendril had encircled his leg, and was pulling him off into a bush.

"Oooooooh!" he said.

"Grab him, Twig!" shouted Ferocious. But it was too late, insidious ropes had encircled the protesting Jobrot, and he was fast disappearing into the undergrowth. Ferocious and the Twigworm lunged after their captured friend, but as they moved, wriggling boneless arms grasped and held them. Even the Twigworm's huge strength was not enough to break free of the arboreal grasp. Deep in the writhing mass of greenery, a vast sap-dripping mouth swung open.

"Eaten by a rhododendron," thought Ferocious, quite calmly, "what an end for the last of the Dins." The trio were within seconds of a shrubby death, when a voice rang out.

"Down boy, leave!" The greenery grasp relaxed, and Ferocious and Co. were able to stagger to their feet and greet their saviour.

He had all the appearance of a small tree.

"Well," thought Ferocious, "if you can be eaten by a plant, I suppose you can be rescued by one."

"I do apologise," said the tree, "Fido does tend to be a little rough, I hope he hasn't damaged you at all."

"No, no, thank you," said Ferocious, "We seem to be all right, it was lucky you came along when you did."

"Oh," said the tree, "Fido wouldn't have hurt you, just held you until I arrived." Phosphorous doubted that but said nothing. "Let me introduce myself," went on the tree, "I'm George Deciduous, the Jungle Controller. Hang on a minute, and I'll come out." So saying the trunk of the tree wriggled and suddenly unzipped. From inside stepped a dapper little man in pin-striped suit and bowler hat.

"That's better," he remarked, "it gets

very stuffy in there, but it's the only way I can move through the jungle without being eaten by a passing privet, or such like. Not all our flora are as friendly as Fido here."

"You surprise me," said Ferocious.

"Now," went on George, "we must get you out of here; you must come to my outpost and have a cup of tea." The adventurers felt in no position to argue, so they followed George, who had assumed his trunk again, into the undergrowth.

"Don't worry," said George as they trudged along, "with Fido coming too, nothing will dare attack us." They had not actually noticed Fido coming too, but now that they looked, they could see no track behind them, for a huge section of the jungle was slowly moving in their wake.

"Very reassuring," said Ferocious.

After only a few minutes ploughing through the jungle, they broke out into a clearing. In the middle stood a tree. Or was it a tree? The first forty feet were covered in bark, and sprouted branches at appropriate intervals. Above the forty foot mark, however, there perched a suburban house complete with lace curtains and television aerial.

"Very pleasant, isn't it?" said George. "When I first came here, they transported my house from Willesden, so that I'd feel at home. Very thoughtful, don't you think?"

"Very," said Ferocious.

"Let's go in," said George, "and get the kettle on." They approached the tower, and George produced a key from his pocket. As he was fiddling with the lock on the cunningly hidden door at the foot of the tower, the clearing seemed to become smaller.

"Oh, Fido!" said George. "Stay, boy! go back, sit!" The greenery flowed back, and subsided in a long coil around the tower.

"He really is a marvellous watchbush, you know," said George, opening his front door and leading the trio inside.

The Twigworm could only just squeeze in, but managed it somehow. From the now guest-filled entrance hall there led a narrow winding stairway, up the middle of the tower. With much pushing and shoving they managed to persuade the Twigworm up the long staircase, and out on to the platform on which George's house rested. The view over the jungle was magnificent. A great heaving carpet of greenery lay before them. It rose and fell like some sleeping serpent in the throes of a nightmare. In the distance they could make out the beach which they had left such a short time before. Behind them the jungle stretched out as far as they could see.

"So much for the walk to the other side of the island idea," thought Ferocious, what a fool he had been. His out of character self-criticism was interrupted by George.

"Do come in," said the Jungle Controller, "and we'll see about that cup of tea." That did not seem such a bad idea, so in they went.

George's house was small and tidy. The front room into which they squeezed displayed a fringed sofa, and plaster ducks in flight on the wall.

"Make yourselves at home," said their host, and vanished into the kitchen.

"Very cosy," said Ferocious, crushed between the Twigworm and the wall. The poor Twigworm was not designed for small suburban dwellings. He tried to sit very still, so as not to break anything. Phosphorous perched on an upright chair in the corner. There came a clatter from outside.

"What's that?" asked Phosphorous, "can you see, Ferocious?" From his Twigworm dominated position Ferocious could see nothing.

"It's only the wind," he said hopefully. It was not only the wind. With a crash of splintering plywood, George's front door burst in. Two figures charged into the room.

"Donna nobody move!" said Dino Confetti.

## DOWNTOWN . . .

. . . is a learning experience, an event, rather than a conference. It's a workshop for London students who want to see for themselves what's going on with — housing, play, redevelopment and planning, alternative education, transport, etc. — by meeting the people working in these areas; by going around London, talking and looking.

With the help of these people, we are devising an extensive list of workshop activities. Each group will take one of the areas, look at it in some depth, share ideas and experiences of student community action in London — perhaps generate ideas for future schemes in your own neighbourhood?

The workshops are on Housing, Play, Planning, Schools, Mental Health, Transport, Welfare Rights, Immigrants and Dossers. The workshop starts on Friday at 7 p.m. at Imperial College Union. Registration fee is just 75p. Why not go along and find out what it's all about? Or ring 580 0966 during the week.



# FELIX FINANCIALLY

## How to lose money without really dying

This week, FELIX FINANCIALLY departs from its normal format. Since the inception of the page last term, our financial adviser, DEREK E. CUMMINGS, insurance broker and iconoclast, has been asking some pertinent questions on behalf of students who are thinking about the world beyond their finals, and also making some fairly strong comments on the financial scene in general.

Next week, however, he reverts to his original role in Imperial College—that of a General Studies lecturer. On Wednesday, January 30, he will be giving the first of four lectures on financial subjects. So now, FELIX is about to cross-examine Derek Cummings about that lecture, which is to be entitled "How to Lose Money without Really Dying." Well, the title is intriguing, so let's find out more.

**FELIX:**

What exactly is the title of next week's lecture meant to mean?

**CUMMINGS:**

It means this. That unless you are careful about what kind of insurance policy you buy, you stand to waste a lot of money. If you examine the way most insurance companies operate, you will see that most of the policies they sell to people wishing to take out life assurance are endowment policies — the sort where you pay premiums for a fixed number of years and collect a lump sum at the end. If you die in the meantime, the company will, of course, pay out. But if you live, you will find you are actually losing money on the deal.

**FELIX:**

You're saying that insurance companies are con-men, then?

**CUMMINGS:**

I have said this before, and I'll say it again. Insurance companies mislead the public into believing that endowment-type policies are best for the public, when in fact they are merely best for the insurance companies. These policies very skilfully entangle two factors concerning insurance—the protection factor and the savings factor. When it comes to providing for your dependents in case of your death, insurance companies are very good. But if you live, and your policy becomes an investment for later life or retirement, then endowment policies are diabolically uncompetitive.

**FELIX:**

If this is true, why have the insurance companies been so successful in misleading the public?

**CUMMINGS:**

Because insurance is an emotional business. Everyone needs insurance of some kind. But the insurance companies spend fortunes on promoting only those kinds of policy which will be most profitable to themselves.

**FELIX:**

You say we all need insurance of some kind?

**CUMMINGS:**

Yes. If you own a motor car, the law obliges you to have insurance. If you marry or have other dependents, it's a pretty unreasonable man who doesn't think to buy insurance as protection for them in case of his death. In both cases, it's a matter of finding the best possible policy to fit the circumstances. And endowment policies are not it.

**FELIX:**

All right, but why do you say insurance companies give the public a bad deal on endowment policies as a form of investment?

**CUMMINGS:**

Because the very best of the insurance companies take something like fifteen years to double your money. But this country is currently taking only eight to ten years to halve the purchasing power

of the pound. On that scale, the insurance companies are on the best end of the deal by a very long way.

**FELIX:**

How do you substantiate that argument?

**CUMMINGS:**

An Economist survey dated 18th July 1970 shows that the top six insurance companies take about fifteen years to pay back double what a policyholder pays in premiums on an endowment policy. Meanwhile, a Central Statistical Office report dated March 1972 states categorically that the pound is halving its real value in about 8 or 9 years.

**FELIX:**

Are you saying that any insurance is a waste of time and a potential waste of money?

**CUMMINGS:**

Let me put it this way. If you have no financial obligations, forget all about insurance. On the other hand, it is my firm opinion that young people should do all they can to save vigorously for some objective, which may be a long way short of retirement. Buying a house, for example. As for life assurance, it's fine and very useful — providing there is a need for protection.

**FELIX:**

Well, yes, I suppose we all agree in principle that saving for the future is a good thing. What would you suggest as the best form it should take?

**CUMMINGS:**

Put your money into a building society. It costs only a couple of quid to open an account, and you get interest on it. Furthermore, it puts you, as an investor, at the top of the list when it comes to getting a mortgage—and that's something you will be very likely to want in the future. Just compare the two methods of saving for a moment. Insurance companies take your valuable pounds today and your gradually less valuable pounds over, say, the next fifteen years. At the end of the period, they'll maybe pay you back double the paper value — but in very much devalued currency. With house purchase, you reverse the process. You borrow somebody's valuable pounds today and repay them with devaluing money. At the same time, you're buying a commodity which is always increasing in real value. Furthermore, that increasing value is more than enough to offset the interest you pay for your borrowing. There's no question about which is the best value.

**FELIX:**

But what about the protection factor in insurance? What advice would you give about that?

**CUMMINGS:**

Spend as little as possible to achieve the maximum possible cover. It can be done cheaply. I know it can, and every insurance company in the land knows it can. But there is a world of difference—not to mention profit—between knowing about it and telling you about it. Why should they tell you? They're on to too good a thing with the old endowment policy. No, they won't tell you unless you press them very hard—and neither, for that matter will most insurance brokers.

**FELIX:**

But you are an insurance broker. Aren't you condemning your own profession?

**CUMMINGS:**

Yes, I am. One cannot really quarrel with the insurance companies if they spend most of their time putting forward the best possible proposition for themselves. But brokers are supposed to be unbiased in putting the interests of their clients first. But I am afraid that is not often the case. Most take the easy way out. It's in their interest to sell you the type of policy the insurance companies want to sell, since the broker's commis-

sion is a percentage of the premium paid. The more you pay, the more the broker gets.

**FELIX:**

So how do you justify your own position?

**CUMMINGS:**

Because I take a rather different view of the job I am doing. I think my company's long-term interests are best served by giving the best possible service and thereby gaining our clients' respect and trust. Certainly, I could talk a client into taking out a policy which would bring in a fat commission, but that outlook is, in my view, a short-sighted one. I gain more by taking the trouble to think about a client's real interests, both at the present and in the future. I would hope, for example, that what I have said here would make any student stop and think for a moment before he runs out and buys insurance. But I think I have said enough for the moment. I have a whole lot more to say at my General Studies lecture next week and I shall be more than happy to answer any other questions at that time.

## THE SELF-CONGRATULATORY PRESS

The Evening Standard of January 4th was not unlike any other Evening Standard. There was a headline "Police Brain-drain worries Yard", a totally unconnected Word-game clue of "Buttocks" and the usual bullshit singing the praises of the standard of the Standard.

One day, in their quest for self-superlatives and statistical one-upmanship over "The other London Evening paper", "Our competitor", the Standard and the News might well reveal something of passing interest but until that time we'll have to be satisfied with "We broke the stripper sex orgy scandal 37 minutes and 16 seconds before the other London Evening paper".

That copy of the Standard on January 4th was obsessed with the number of pages it carried in 1972, claiming about 2000 more than the previous year. Well, that really clinches it for me. What a great paper. Must just dash out and waste 3 pence.

And in the first three days of 1973, it continued, we have already had 36 more pages than in the corresponding three days of 1972. Gosh, I thought. Isn't that tremendous. But just as I was about to hand over my 3p I remembered that January 1st was a Sunday last year and the Evening papers mercifully don't come out on the Sabbath... God shall provide sanctuary from the Devil.

It gets a bit much, though, doesn't it? — "the story we forecast last week". The "exclusive" which is in every paper. "First with the news". Never: "Sorry about that story yesterday, chaps. 'Fraid we made a bit of a Henry of it, what."

Take the Standard's sister paper, the mindless Express. Every few years in the post-war era they stage an event not unlike the Olympic games. It is an international occasion which takes place in different localities around the world and the Express sends out its intrepid team of reporters to be first with the sport. It's called the "We've found Martin Bormann" game and a few weeks ago the Express was plastered all over for several days with details of the latest find.

When this year's Bormann turned out to be an Argentinian peasant the Express muttered not a word of retribution to its declining readership. Of course the Express — London edition: "Unlucky Chelsea were robbed." Northern edition: "Leeds full value for Stamford Bridge victory" — is well known for giving the readers what it thinks they want.

Evidently they didn't want to find Martin Bormann for their readership fell 10,000 more than its average weekly decline during the Bormann saga.

I'm waiting for the "I WAS MUGGED BY MARTIN BORMANN" headline. Everyone's got to be somewhere, said Spike Milligan.

Martin Doughty



# Letters to the Editor

## Jowitt remains HMJS

Sir,

My letter "Sir, Up Yours" did not attain the impact I expected it to. The reason is simple. I wrote four letters to Felix, asked you if you were printing them and you said yes. I'm afraid I could call you a liar, or at best short sighted. I remind you that the four letters were on one piece of paper, so I think it hardly likely that you lost one. The third and most important letter ran thus:—

"Why are there 1000 copies (out of a total 2000 printed) of the Christmas issue of Felix still in the Felix office in four bundles of 250 from Baileys, the printers. Also 250 copies of each of four other editions of last term's Felix. Total cost to the Union—£90."

I see from the line spacing on the Letters Page, that you weren't exactly tight for space in the Letter column.

I therefore would like to point out, if not to you then to the rest of the readership, that my letter "Sir, Up Yours" appeared "slightly" out of context.

For once, I admire your magnanimity in listening to a reader's views i.e.: "Jobrot". I hope you will pay equal attention to readers who request its continuation.

I remain, HMJS.

Paul Jowitt.

## Fending for ourselves

Sir,

In reply to Mr. Parker's letter (Jan. 16) we in the student houses clean our own rooms, deliver mail, cook, wash and iron clothes. That is, if we want to, we can; that choice is unavailable to those in hall.

I do not know Mr. Parker. Assuming he has no beard, does he shave? Poor unemployed barbers! If he drives his own car to work, what about poor chauffeurs, taxi, bus, train or tube drivers he's putting out of work? Presumably his wife cooks, cleans, etc., for herself, does she have/need a maid? He says one million are out of work—that was January 1972, Mr. Parker, not January 1973!

What, may I ask, is wrong with doing for oneself those things which one is capable of doing? I may not fill my own teeth, nor remove my own appendix, but I can cook, clean, wash and iron!

Being neither British nor Tory, it is unlikely I will ever be knighted; however, his remark lends itself readily to the following interesting speculation: if Tors knight for service to the country, does Labour knight for some other reason?

James H. Fenner,  
Meteorology P.G.

Sir,

I feel compelled to write in support of Mr. Parker's letter. Just think of all those unemployed. Perhaps if we were all as public spirited as Ron we would see the solution staring us in the face. All that is required is for every student in the country to have his own personal cleaner, valet and gentleman's gentleman. Mr. Bradbury, how could you be so thoughtless? I only feel a little disappointed that the Union decided not to have a rent strike. With all that extra money we could all employ our own manservant (or maid perhaps). Just think, all the unemployed swallowed up, at a stroke (whoops!).

I look forward in eager anticipation to Mr. Parker's forthcoming announcement that he will forego his next few pay rises so that the college can afford to employ more cleaners. Congratulations in advance, Mr. Parker, O.B.E.s. have been won for less than that.

Yours sincerely,  
Kim Warren.

## PJFD lovers

Dear Sir,

It was with great distress that I heard of the proposed termination of that well loved serial "Phosphorous the Jobrot and Ferocious Din". I have followed the serial avidly and consider that it must go down in literary history as being a classic. Its style is reminiscent of the great Singhalese writer Abalan Matsridaxxiy. As we all know he founded the great Bombay School of Literature. Other eminent authors belonging to this worthy group included Richard F. Hungstein whose "Malayan Mysteries" was widely read at the turn of the century and is now as a set book in Eire, and Luigi Lunettes, who coined the phrase Monty Python, and Herbert Westcott Dabbe, who died tragically at the tender age of three when struck on the head by a passing porcelain, early neolithic lavatory cistern. Pondering over the perplexities preoccupying the petty and puerile puny and pathetic past president of that Priceless Princely Public body Guilds I became quite paranoid, Paul, Piss off please.

Much more serious however is the effect the loss of this article would have on my dear friend Frederick (alais Mary) Ponsoby Smythe. I need not tell you who he is, but when "Men Only" was seized he suffered acute withdrawal symptoms which he only recovered from when he took up making minestrone soup out of the collected remnants of the article copies of the recipe were published in the 1918 edition

of "Boys own World" fifth edition.

Anyway must scrub the ceiling.

Yours,  
R. Li. Lolley  
G&GVP

Sir,

We view with deep concern your published proposals regarding the discontinuation of Phosphorous the Jobrot and Ferocious Din.

We feel that the deep and lasting psychological effects of this decision on the greater part of the student population cannot be ignored. We therefore take this opportunity to point out the folly of this action requesting that you re-appraise the situation and publish the remaining four episodes.

Your failure to do so can only result in a prolonged suspense, culminating in the eventual total breakdown and decay of society as we know it today.

Yours worried,  
P. J. Jeans  
C. J. Lewis  
S. F. Mout  
C. W. F. Lamont.

## Space wasting

Sir, — I wholeheartedly agree with the suggestion to remove Phosphorous the Jobrot and Ferocious Din (PJFD) from Felix. I cannot but feel however that this will only highlight the lack of material that the paper has.

A few calculations reveal this week, 159 sq. ins. or one complete page of PJFD, and in very small print "Advertising Feature" followed by 108 sq. ins. of Life Assurance — surely we have enough forms of Life Assurance stuffed down our throats through letter racks, etc., without Felix jumping on the bandwagon? There is another 62 sq. ins. of advertising, so altogether well over a page of advertising. I realise financially advertisements are necessary, but in such profusion?

Landsnapper Sneeze seems to have grown and now takes up  $\frac{1}{2}$  page and finally a 10 sq. ins. block on the culture page announces "Felix Culture" where surely the 16 sq. in. of film review if reduced to single spacing could have gone?

In fact with a little rearrangement and the removal of the above we are left with 4 sides of Felix (of which 7 articles are double-spaced) plus Felix Diary — the most useful part of the paper.

Surely if Felix could be produced with less pages it would be more economical? I expect that with the return of Sports Page the paper will again grow and all the better, but referring again to this week, wouldn't we rather have quality than quantity of newsprint and have a compact Felix rather than one which appeared to be trying hard to find makeshift articles?

Yours sincerely  
CATHY GEE

## "Students are not Workers"

Sir, — Last week's Felix editorial showed a complete misunderstanding of the three slogans quoted:

"Solidarity with the workers"

"Workers and students for the struggle"

"Workers and students against the state"

Marxists analyse society by arguing that there are two classes within capitalism which have a direct relationship to the means of production workers (those people who enter into a wage agreement with their employer on their ability to do work) and capitalists (employers who buy the commodity the worker sells, i.e. ability to work). The rest of society (including students) are not directly related to the means of production, so are neither capitalists or workers. Students represent a transient section of our society, most of whom will tomorrow obtain or expect to obtain the 'plum' jobs in our society. Marxists argue (which history very much substantiates) that the motor of social change is the balance of class forces, i.e. the strength of organised labour against the owners of the means of production.

The working class is the only progressive class (the other class — the capitalists — cannot be, as no ruling class in history has ever advocated fundamental social change within its society so as to dispossess itself from power). In a real sense there is no third class for, in the last analysis, the middle class (that unorganised section of privileged workers and small business men) are confined in the other two classes.

Hence the above slogans crystallise these ideas with students should side with the most progressive class in the class struggle and at same time to combat the machinery of the state (the Army, police force, prisons and places of coercion, etc.) which, under the pretence of working in the interests of society at large, in the final analysis defends the status quo and upholds the old order.

In the interests of brevity I will refrain from commenting on any other misconceptions in the article.

JOCK VEALL

## The Landsnapper Sneeze



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P.S. How are "well-educated gentlemen like us" going to obtain any substantial grant increase by showing how "reasonable" we are? Perhaps the Tories might make exception to a section of "well-behaved" students to the wage freeze! Note the success of those "well-behaved fellows" in Whitehall!



## Heath cuts living standards "At a stroke"

by our political correspondent Vladimir Catrise

Massive cut backs in living standards were announced by Mr. Heath in what he called a "fair deal". Commenting on the reasons behind these measures he continued, "Owing to the present World crisis in capitalism we, as the executive of the ruling class, are forced to lower the standard of living of the working class in order to lower the value of labour and thus maintain our profits—whoops, what a give away!" No one can expect a rise of more than £5 per week over the next three years in the totally new wage negotiation structures proposed in the Government White Paper issued last Wednesday.

### Barmy

However, inessential commodities such as food will have no restrictions on price rises, likewise anything from abroad, anything subject to seasonal or externally caused price fluctuations or whose price is fixed by international agreement, or any manufactured goods whose price rises are due to "unavoidable" cost increases. This leaves well if you can think of any goods or services not included in the above list, send your answers on a postcard please to E. Heath, c/o St. Gumby home for those with incurable speech defects, 10 Downing Street, etc.

### Daft

"I'm not as daft as you think, ejaculated Mr. Anthony Barber, Chancellor of the Exchequer, his fingers tightening on a copy of the "New Humanist", although I admit it has taken over 2½ years since we took office to think up a suitable name for the plan that would succeed Phase 1."

### Silly

In a typical altruistic move, which we have come to think of as the hall-mark of the Heath administration, the present rent allowance for lower paid workers will be increased slightly so that in three years time they "would normally pay no more than now". "But these are not normal times," stressed Mr. Barber. "They are times of great stress. As we have made all strikes and threatening to strike illegal, and we're working on a thinking about beginning to start to maybe conceive of threatening to strike bill to be incorporated into our conspiracy laws".

### Sillier

Lists of sycophantic adjectives have been rushed to all the main newspaper offices in time for a critical analysis of the government's every move over the next few months. Promises have been given by the leaders of all major

trades unions to put up a short-lived indignation at this latest attack on the living standards of the working class. "Strictly off the record, old boy," continued Mr. Barber, "I simply have no idea how much longer their grass roots membership will allow itself to be fobbed off with this kind of hog-wash."

### Silliest

In a statement on Dividends, Mr. Heath said "This is the crux of our moves, dividend increases will have a ceiling twice that of wage increases. Any profit over and above the ceiling, we shall plough back into the firm and so increase our share values."

Talking about student grant increases, he continued, "Not a chance, they are no different from workers. I said this is a fair deal and we're going to be fair; we'll screw everybody."

When questioned on inflation, he replied, "Of course these moves will cause inflation, hence they will lower the standard of living of the working class, and so lower the value of labour and thus we can maintain our falling profits, which is the sole point of our moves. No, the only way the working class can stop us now is to kick us out and return a government pledged to socialist policies, but they're much too stupid to do that!"

## Stirling President Suspended

Linda Quinn (pictured left), President of Stirling University, was suspended by the university last week.

A meeting of the university disciplinary committee voted by a majority of three to two to suspend Miss Quinn for four months for her alleged part in the demonstrations during the Queen's visit last October.

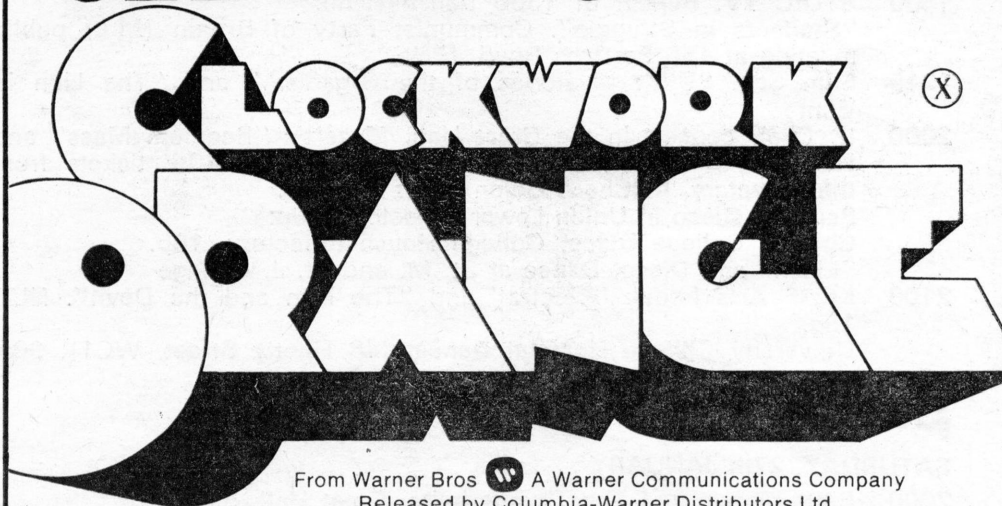
She intends to appeal against the sentence and claims there was a lack of evidence. She told reporters that she was being punished for organising the demonstrations, not for taking part in them.



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## JOHN LANE

Departmental meeting on the issues affecting the Union can be effective in strengthening our democracy.

The first one, on the grants campaign, Chemistry, proposed that IC organise a mass write-in to the Dept. of Education and Science and a demonstration on Wednesday, February 7th, so that we can deliver them in large sacks to the stuffed shirted civil servants and send in a deputation. The idea is firstly to get mass involvement of students in something that can be done on a college basis, get some publicity for the grants claim and build up a little more of the pressure that will be needed for victory.

If IC gets moving and does something we can prove that we aren't just talkers and compensate to some extent for the way we let the other colleges down over the rent strike.

Our neighbours Queen Elizabeth College have decided to go on rent-strike as well as organising refectory boycotts.

### Refectory Boycotts

The last UGM mandated me to report back about catering boycotts. The most effective way appears to be to publicise that there will be one on a certain day but keep the particular ref. a secret until just before opening. Then set up pickets to persuade people to go elsewhere.

In this way the maximum impact is made with minimum hardship to ourselves.

### A Vindication of Militancy

The statement by Prof. Gower, Vice-Chancellor of Southampton University that the government is heading for a major confrontation with students if it does not concede our claim quickly and recognising the justice of our claim is a result of the acute pressure being put on the Vice-Chancellor by the rent-strikes and catering boycotts.

This sort of statement can do us immense good in trying to win over public opinion. In fact, the support the rent strikes have won in this way refutes completely the argument that rent-strikes upset "public opinion", overall the opposite has been the case.

In this situation it is sad that Lord Penney will not commit himself publicly to our case. Informal chats along the corridors of power will not change this governments policy. Massive actions by students all over the country plus support from as many sections of the public as possible, can!

### Drivel!

Finally, one misconception spread by the Felix editorial last week should be cleared up. NUS have every intention of negotiating on higher grants — the delay is from the DES side. The part to be played by the VC's is simply a pressurising one. We would in no sense allow them to negotiate for us.

Mr. Dowson knows this perfectly well as Mr. Dowson attends every NUS conference going.

The rest of the drivel in his editorial isn't worth commenting on!



# Felix Diary

## Tuesday

TUESDAY, 23rd JANUARY

- 0930-1730 UNTIL 10th FEBRUARY. Exhibition of paintings, collages and watercolours by Joyce Clissold, Elizabeth Stewart-Jones and Muriel Rose.
- 1300 Mathematical and Physical Society presents Mr. D. Neyland (Principal Scientific Officer, Metropolitan Police Forensic Laboratory), speaking on "The Role of Forensic Science in Motor Car Accidents." STOIC TV presents "The Magnificent Two", starring Morecambe and Wise, JCR and Southside.
- 1315 KCAF: Piano Recital, Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring", Great Hall, King's College, 10p.
- 1330 Dr. D. D. Raphael "Equality and Freedom"—2: The elephant and society. ME 220.  
"The Landscape and the Environment", J. Bodfen Gruffyd (Past President, Institute of Landscape Architects). Phys. LT 1.  
"Listening to contemporary music" — 2: The beginning of 20th-century music, by Miss Sarah Thomas. ME 342.
- 1740 Railway Society: "The Railways of Thailand", by Dr. D. J. Ewins. ME 664.
- 1800 Transcendental Meditation: Introductory talk. EE 606.
- 1830 "Through the gateway of Asia". Phot. Soc. Agfa-Gevaert lecture. RSM 2.28.
- 1900 "Socialism and Zionism", by Solly Kaye (former Communist councillor for Tower Hamlets). Biology Common Room.  
Exchange concert by students of the Conservatoire de Musique Geneva. RCM Concert Hall.
- 1930 KCAF. "Trad and Brass". Meister Swingers and Fulwell Brass Band. New Lecture Theatre, King's, 15p.
- 2000 Shared prayer (RC). More House, 53 Cromwell Road.

## Wednesday

WEDNESDAY, 24th JANUARY

- 1300 External Affairs Committee meeting, Union Upper Lounge.
- 1315 KCAF. Film, "Goddard Polanski and the DIY Cartoon Kit", NCT, King's. 10p.
- 1830 Islamic Society: Meeting and discussion. CB 002.
- 1900 Art Club. RCA Annex (rear of Huxley Bldg.).
- 1930 IC Folk Club presents Stan Arnold. Union Lower Refectory.
- 2000 Holy Ground Folk Club, Royal Oak, 88 Bishops Bridge Road, W2. Dave O'Docherty and Shaun Cannon.  
Maria Assumpta. Disco. Common Room. 15p.  
KCAF. Renaissance in concert with City Waites, 16th and 17th century music. Great Hall, King's. 30p.

## Thursday

THURSDAY, 25th JANUARY

- 1300 UNION MEETING, GREAT HALL.  
Catholic Society Bible Study Group. Fal 118.
- 1315 KCAF. Play: "New Year's Resolution". NLT. 10p.
- 1330 "China in the Middle Ages" by Dominic de Grunne. 2: The Chinese sense of form in bronzework and pottery. ME 220.  
"Poets in Anger", by Patric Dickinson. 3: Politics. Phys. LT2.  
Lunch-hour concert: Piano recital by John Henry. Library, 53 Prince's Gate.
- 1700 KCAF. Talk on Art by André Kalnar. Council Room, King's. Free.
- 1800 Jewish Society sherry party.
- 1900 London Region Grants Campaign Day of Action co-ordination meeting, ULU. Free!
- 1930 "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" and "Diary of a Chambermaid" at St. Mark's and St. John's College. Non-members 20p.  
Art Club: RCA Annex (behind Huxley).

## Friday

FRIDAY, 26th JANUARY

- 1245 Islamic Society Congregational prayers — Juna. CB 002.
- 1300 STOIC TV presents "Ever-popular Monochrome Show", JCR and Southside.
- 1315 KCAF. Chamber Recital, NLT, free.
- 1800 STOIC TV. Repeat of 1300 transmission.  
"Students in Struggle". Communist Party of Britain (M-L) public meeting at 155 Fortress Road, NW5.
- 1915 Film Soc. "WR: Mysteries of the Organism" and "The Lion in Winter".
- 2000 IC Choir concert in the Great Hall. Mozart's "Requiem Mass" and Honegger's "Une Cantate de Noel". Students 40p: tickets from the Secretary, IC Choir, Union — or on door.  
People's Disco in Union Lower Refectory. 10p.  
Chelsea College Disco, College House Refectory, 10p.  
"Flesh" and Disco. Dance at St. M. and St. J. College
- 2100 KCAF Arts Films: "Electra" and "The Nun and the Devil". NLT, 15p.  
University College Hospital Dance. (48 Huntly Street, WC1). 30p.

## Saturday

SATURDAY, 27th JANUARY

- 2000 Brett Marvin and The Thunderbolts. Great Hall. 50p.  
Hol-Party, Holbein House, 62 Evelyn Gardens. Men 20p, women 10p. Cheap Bar. Disco and lights, etc.

## Sunday

SUNDAY, 28th JANUARY

- 1000 Holy Communion (C. of E.). Ante Room, CB.
- 1100 Mass (RC). More House, 53 Cromwell Road.

- 1800 Folk Mass (RC). More House.
- 1900 "Bullitt" and "Take the Money and Run". Main Hall, Chelsea College, 10p.
- 1930 Catholic Society: "Population Explosion — A Christian Concern", Arthur McCormack, More House.
- 2000 QEC Bar Disco. 10p.

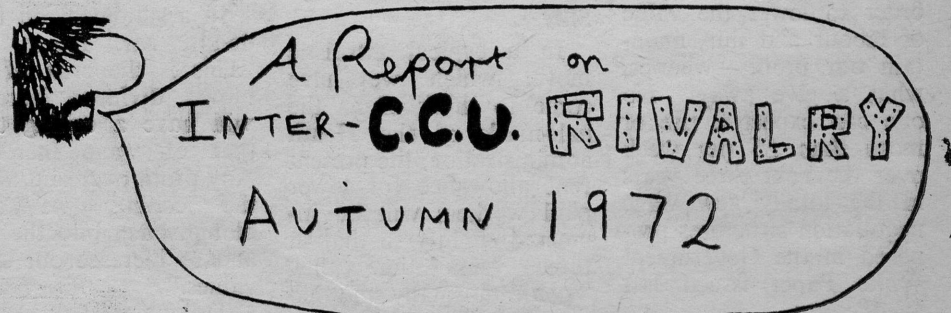
## Monday

MONDAY, 29th JANUARY

- 1730 IC Union Council Meeting, Union Evening Room.
- 1930 Wellsoc. "Special Visual Effects", by Jack Kine (BBC Visual Effects Department).
- 2000 Chuck Berry, Great Hall. £1.20 in advance.  
Folk night at Maria Assumpta. 15p.

KEEP FELIX DIARY UP-TO-DATE. INFORMATION MUST BE SENT TO EDITOR BY SATURDAY FOR FOLLOWING TUESDAY'S ISSUE.

## The RCS Broadsheet presents



It seems that a large proportion of R.C.S. enthusiasts and guildstwarts are unaware of the active rivalry that took place, more or less continuously, throughout last term, between the unions of these two constituent colleges. So in the Broadsheet opinion column, this time folks, I thought I'd relate the saga of friendly (?) rivalry actively portrayed by the dubious antics of factions from R.C.S. and guilds.

Well, it all started one afternoon when a herd of guildstwarts attired for some outdoor sporting activity or other stormed into the R.C.S.U. office, made various mumblings and groanings (not entirely dissimilar to a herd of Gumbies reading out the telephone directory — well attempting to pronounce the first word in the directory), and then wandered off again. Shortly after their departure a keen-eyed member of the R.C.S. exec. noted the union office sign that used to prop up the corner of the office was missing. At once a deadening hush fell upon the assembled multitude when the devastating horror of it came home — IT HAD JUST BEEN NICKED!

Revenge was called for, and a couple of days later the R.C.S. Revenge Squad Mk. I returned the compliment of an inter-collegiate union office visit and not being able to find our office sign (the cowardly guildstwarts not having dared to store it in their office in Mechanical Engineering), they returned with a large "London Wax Works Museum" notice board that had been filched during the filming of "Out Damned Spot!" (see a past Broadsheet for review of events) in Prince Consort Road. Pretty this notice was not, however it was some form of trophy now and so lay gathering dust in our office for some weeks until a second large squad of guildstwarts repossessed it on the night of the R.C.S. Smoking Concert, there not being many people in the office at the time as just about everyone of course was at the Concert. (And a splendid event it was too).

Once again revenge was called for and so the R.C.S. Revenge Squad Mk. II, in the form of a solitary masked figure gained access to the guilds office and still not being able to find our office

sign decided to relieve guilds of a collection of half a dozen flashy yellow plastic shields. Five of these then adorned our hallowed shrine for some time during which we were paid curious visits from individual guilds personages who were still trying to work out how they had lost the shields.

Now one quiet lunchtime our hard-working duplicating officer was bringing vast quantities of paper into the office all on 'is tod. This paper having been ordered for us by a Mr. O. Dowson was all the wrong colour, but be that as it may, some observant guildgumbies saw their opportunity, and despite the brave efforts of our gallant reproducing chappie, managed to retrieve their shields.

Yup! You guessed it, R.C.S. Revenge Squad Mk. II, in the late hours one night got into the guilds office and found it even more smelly than usual. Acting on a hunch they began a search for the inebriated body of tariq (guilds vice-pres.) but soon found the source of the obnoxious stench to be the puny collection of rotting Morphy Day fruit guilds had stored in one corner. Our lads being in a benevolent mood decided to remove this muck from guilds office and left only a small amount behind. Now it seems guilds didn't want this either since it was found the following morning in a heap in front of our office door. Threats were also issued that if their fruit was not returned the R.S.C. office would (in the usual elegant and sophisticated style so often associated with guilds "be done over by our lads like". Now since a carnival committee meeting was due to be held at 1.00 this was an interesting state of affairs. The meeting was held elsewhere at the last minute and those of you who wondered why a crowd of gumbie impersonators were staggering about Southside on Morphy Day, swaying their arms and groaning "there's nobody there!" now know the full story.

More developments, if and when they happen, in future Broadsheet/Felix columns folks. See you in a couple of weeks.

RON APPLEBY  
(Broadsheet Editor).

FELIX No. 325: Tuesday, January 23, 1973. Edited by Oliver Dowson, with gratefully received contributions of words, pictures and time from Ron Appleby, Martin Black, Alasdair Campbell, Rob Carter, Derek Cummings, Martin Doughty, Jim Fenner, Dave Gribble, David Hobman, John Horsfall, Graham King, John Lane, Gordon Reece and Steven Swales (in alphabetic order).

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# PAPERBACKS

## "SONG AND DANCE MAN—the art of Bob Dylan"

by Michael Gray

(Hart-Davis MacGibbon, £2.50)

Michael Gray is twenty-five, he is not a folk music fanatic, nor a hippy, and says he is neither American nor a professional academic. Thus he stands a fair chance of having written something interesting. I like Bob Dylan—on record, but even so this book makes a brave attempt to put some real thoughts into those magically candid photographs on L.P. covers. It tries to show where those magical words from "Tonight I'll be staying here with you" come from—

"Throw my ticket out the window,  
Throw my suitcase out there too,  
Throw my troubles out the door,  
I don't need them any more,  
'Cause tonight I'll be staying here with you."

Mr. Gray tries very successfully to show where this magnificent performer gets his energy, his dynamism and, above all, his poetry from. I think he manages to hold the reader's attention

by carefully interposing snatches of song between his statements, by calling on the comments of others and by charting Dylan's evolution from his very beginning to the mass media product he has become. The book shows the influence people like Holly, Presley, Ritchie Valens and most important of all the atmosphere of Nashville had on Bob Dylan.

It is sometimes quite easy to lose the lyrics in a song sung by Dylan, but when they are before you on the page there is no mistaking the simplicity and beauty.

"All the tired heroes" is an excellent example—a no voice Dylan and an ultra-simple lyric leaves us with a three-line song:

'All the tired horse on the sun  
How'm I s'posed to get any riding done?

Mm — mm — mm — mm . . .

The book is really finished off with full details of all Dylan's work and a complete catalogue of his albums—including bootleg ones.

DAVID HOBMAN

# FILMS

## CLOCKWORK ORANGE

"Brilliant", Kubrick at his best", "A Masterpiece" screamed all the critics here and in New York, hustling and jostling each other for superlatives, all that is, except the film critic of the "Village Voice" who with great perception and critical analysis drew our attention to the only aspect of film-making in which one can say Kubrick is brilliant — Kubrick the technician. In such a capacity Kubrick merits every accolade so far accorded to him, witness the mind-blowing sets and scenes in "2001" which he also directed. Likewise "Clockwork Orange" is a treat to the eye, for Kubrick has the ability and imagination, coupled with capacity for physical detail, that makes the infrastructure of the futuristic films he has made a perfect extrapolation of present day trends.

On the surface "Clockwork Orange" is the tale (based on the book by Anthony Burgess) of the leader of a bunch of "super-skinheads", set ten, maybe twenty years in the future, grotesque in their white trousers and shirts with bloodied eyeballs sewn to the cuffs and huge fibreglass jock-straps worn outside their jeans, they indulge in "ultra-violence" with the passive, the weak and the frightened. Speaking in a slang developed mainly from Russian words they beat upon old dosser and a rival gang "indulging in a bit of the old in-outs", before the leader played by Malcolm McDowell (who was also in "IF") retires home for the evening of listening to his beloved Beethoven.

One day, however, McDowell, looking for ultra-violence in a break-in of the "cat-women's" house (an ageing leotarded cat-lover) hits her over the head with an enormous plaster penis and kills her accidentally. Caught and sentenced to prison, he becomes an angelic prisoner as the only way to get out, meanwhile, the government is looking for volunteers for its new cure for criminals and McDowell agrees to this treatment, which is based on the axiom that too much of a good thing starts to pall. He is forced to watch endless scenes of rape and violence with background music of Beethoven's 9th until he is physically nauseated by any thought of his previous hobbies.

He is then released and rejected from his home, (his parents let his room and

can't throw the new lodger out just 'cos he comes back unexpectedly), he roams the streets of London, a tearful figure of pathos, not understanding why he is ostracised for committing crimes which, as far as his new personality goes, were committed by another person.

He ends up in the house of an author he once crippled by kicking his stomach in while dancing to "Singing in the Rain". During an orgy of "ultra-violence" he is locked in a room with the 9th at full volume and feeling nauseous to the point of suicide he jumps from the 2nd storey window and arrives in hospital to be congratulated and spoon-fed by the prime-minister, obsequiously grovelling to the television cameras, on the success of the cure and his return to "normality".

It is in the seemingly schizophrenic combination of opposites that this film has its main impact — the ultra-violence and Beethoven, the nice young man and the pathological case in our body, the sickness and sadism of the scene of the crippling of the author coupled with the lighthearted humour of kicking him in time to singing "Singing in the Rain" which made almost all the audience laugh.

No, it is in dealing with people and society that Kubrick is a non-starter; in "2001" the characters were in a completely changed environment and yet their society was identical with the present one, he had made no predictions and answered no questions, indeed not even asked any, about the form of society in 2001. Although he has attempted to show possible present trends in Clockwork Orange, it is on a vague and confused basis that he has done so, and all the (albeit little) satire in Burgess' book has been lost.

One is left with a feeling of exploitation, of lack of fulfilment after this film, for it is all too obviously just another money-winner of the giant film industry with its sex, violence, and hints of scatological humour. But what answer can one give to the man who, coming out of the cinema after seeing Clockwork Orange, while I was queueing to go in, said to me "Man, if you don't appreciate that film, you sure don't appreciate Art".

ALASDHAIR CAMPBELL.

# THEATRE

The best reason for going to see Peter Ustinov's "The Unknown Soldier and his Wife" (New London Theatre) is to see the theatre in which it resides, for the New London Theatre is the first new West End theatre for about thirty years. It really is a very impressive building, with a fine curved auditorium, a very adaptable stage (thanks to Sean Kenny), comfortable bars, an escalator, a restaurant, car park, shop space and council flats all included.

Inevitably the first production in such surroundings is slightly disappointing—as were the first productions of the National Theatre, the Shaw and the Young Vic in their time. Perhaps the cause lies in the mutual nervousness of the cast and the audience. The play is a series of episodes in the history of warfare, with similar characters appearing in each episode—the two antagonists, the Unknown Soldier, his wife, the Archbishop (Peter Ustinov complete, initially, with ULU scarf), the soldiers, Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all. Each time the Unknown Soldier gets called up, leaving his pregnant wife, and gets killed in turn fighting for the Romans, the Crusaders, the Puritans, the French aristocracy, and the Somme.

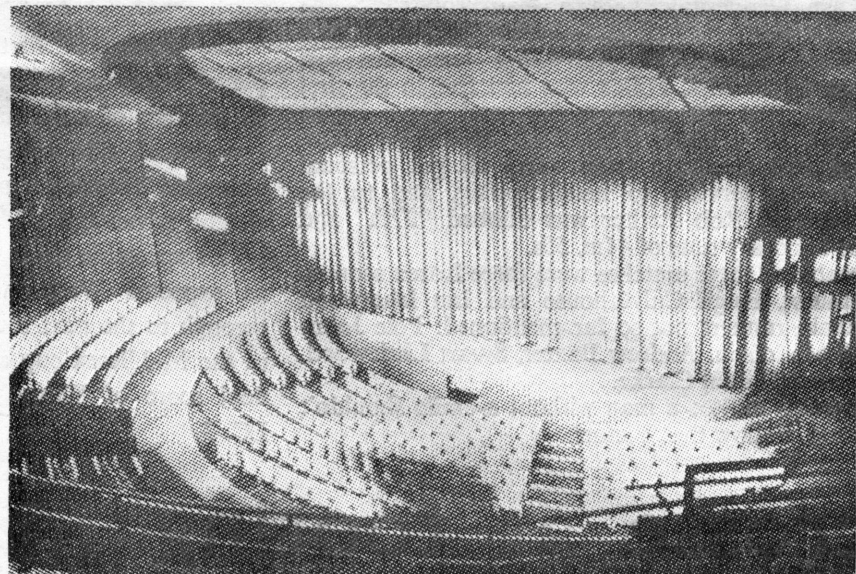
The problem with the play is that it falls fatally between the stools of good

humour and pathos, for dialogue like "I saw you last at Colossus, didn't I?" "Yes, I think so" said with grave severity fits badly with some of the superb comedy created by, for instance, the perennial Inventor who, with the Archbishop, always comes through the conflict on top. There is so much that is good, that the flaws are dreadfully highlighted, and the actors playing the Unknown Soldier and his Wife are seen to be colourless and pallid beside the other characters.

Much of the play is funny, and the intended, and rather facile, dramatic points are trotted out well enough—the Church changing its position as the wind blows, the paradox of the chivalry between leaders against the cruelty of the war itself, the changeless nature of warfare with its unthinking soldiery. These points emerge, but there is none of the humorous strength of "Oh! What a Lovely War", nor the convicting savagery of Brecht or Brook's "US". The play is just a rather pale image of what it might have been.

In fact, it's just the sort of play to open a new West End theatre. Come back Peter Brook, Joan Littlewood, Bertholt Brecht—all is forgiven.

BOB CARTER



## Island of the Mighty

Like Long Day's Journey into Night; this play is 3½ hours long; however, Island of the Mighty is weak, seemingly incoherent, and deadly dull.

The subject of much controversy, what with the Irish authors (Alden and D'Arcy) objecting to the set, production, music and all—I came away with the view that, were I the author, I'd dissociate myself from the play, too!

Set on an essentially bare stage, the legend of King Arthur is (supposedly) given new dimensions. Arthur is an old, decrepit cripple left by Rome to fend off invading English. He has a rag-tag pseudo-Roman legion, but spends more time coping with wild, marauding British bands than fighting English. A great deal of the play's time is, in fact, taken up by Wildcat Worshipers; only at the end does this make sense, and then only little. Merlin, here a poet, spends his time cavorting with fellow sages; his end

is strange. But then, I consider the whole play strange.

The three acts are of almost equal 70 minute length. After the first, I was totally bewildered, sensing no direction to the action. The second seemed unrelated to the previous; only in the last act is it tied, however loosely, together. The action, or lack thereof, set a new low water mark, in my opinion, for the Royal Shakespeare Company. They tried gallantly, in an excellent attempt to bring life into the corpse. They failed appallingly.

Among Ms. D'Arcy's many criticisms was the music. I found the unusual score interesting and refreshing; it alone livened the dead play enough to keep me from walking out of the old, cold, draughty Aldwych Theatre along with a hundred or so others.

If you sympathize with the author's fight, you will want to boycott this play; if you want to see a good play, you will want to miss this. In either case, avoid it.



# the sports page

## motor sport

On the 28th January, the City and Guilds College Motor Club will be holding its first major event; a Production Car Trial. This consists of a series of tests on Army Land, some involving climbing as far as possible up a steep dirt hill, whilst others involve short timed tests around plastic pylons. The accent with this type of event is on fun, but there will be serious competition especially from members of other clubs. Any type of car is suitable for this sort of event:—there are classes for most types of car. Your ordinary road car is all you need. Entry fee is £1 (to club members). Spectators, are of course, very welcome. The event will be held at Normandy Hill, Ash, which is near Aldershot. Full details may be obtained from Jim Briggs, c/o City and Guilds Union Office, Dept. Mec. Eng.

## prominent parker

Around the end of last term, you may remember, there were some people wandering about on the moon: at about the same time a similar event took place in Richmond Park when the Cross Country Club descended upon it to hold their Annual Handicap. With brilliant handicapping by Rob Parker, eight runners finished within a minute led, after making up a quarter of a mile on Pad Donnelly in the last two miles, by Dave Payne in an Actual Time of 31m. 57s.

Our first three matches this term were also in Richmond Park. In the first we took on Sandhurst and Vets, and lost scoring 33 points to Sandhurst's 14 and Vets' 32. Rob Parker did 28m. 35s. and Kaliray 34m. 26s. Then we soundly beat LSE 54 to 90 (counting 8) by finishing the first two, Rob Parker and Joe Keating together in 28m. 56s., and by packing in 10th—14th. Last Wednesday, with a team robbed of its strength by the injury to Rob Parker, we easily beat a combined London Hospital-Kings team but lost somewhat to the Met. Police who had five in the first six. Allison was 4th in 30m. 30s. and Dave Payne (31m. 50s.), Steve Webb (31m. 54s.), Neil Boag (32m. 15s.) and Pad Donnelly (36m. 40s.) all got personal bests. For his services to handicapping, and to the Flour Industry, Rob Parker was dubbed "27th" and given the honorary time of 44m. 55s.

Noticeable at these matches were three frozen scorers, Jim Bathurst, Hugh Culverhouse and Ian Isherwood and certain runners not so far mentioned: Pete Johnson, Rob Maddison, Andrew Baxter, Stuart Littlewood, and of course(!) Paul Clarke.

This week's motto: a man without a smile shouldn't keep a shop. Follow that Victor!

## lacrosse at tooting

### ICY TOOTING SCENE OF IC TEN GOAL TRIUMPH

For the first match of the New Year the intrepid I.C. team ventured into the uncharted wastes of Tooting Common to commence battle against the apparently strong Hillcroft Lacrosse team.

The insistence by the referee on the denuding of Ian Gullford's knees marred the start of the game, but this was soon forgotten as I.C., in their quest for the league title, began to pressurise the Hillcroft defence. Straight from the face-off the mid-field powered in. The determination of all in the team was evident, particularly of Lionel Clarke who

occasionally emerged with the ball from almost impossible situations. The attack ably drew out Hillcroft's defence leaving a few gaps which Whizz Kid Spooner was always grateful to utilize and, slipping past his opposite number, blasted in five goals in the first quarter.

Hillcroft showed that they were not to be easily dismissed by replying with two goals in the first half. Two goals by Tony Hallett, the first from an amazing angle, and three more from Whizz Kid, (but the less said about that the better or he won't be able to get his helmet on next week!) showed that the game was all I.C.'s. Now Hillcroft resorted to bodily attack, laying out Pete Drury by a vicious swipe at his ankles. However, Pete was

soon hopping about, after he had been deposited in a nearby icy pond for some improvised treatment.

Throughout the game the defence had been exceptional with some good tackling and tight marking. Bob Strangeway and Sam Henry playing as well as ever. Only nearer the end when the defence began to slacken did the opposition manage to come back with two more goals. The final score:—Imperial 10, Hillcroft 4.

All this was managed with two last minute 'volunteers', Pete McDonald and Graham Clarke who, despite having not played before, soon settled into the game remarkably well. This shows that anyone wanting to take up a good, fast game with a successful team should consider lacrosse (what a subtle plug!).



## rugby

Last Sunday IC first 15 played Wasps at Sudbury. In the face of a far more experienced side with an estimated 2 stone per man weight advantage IC put up a respectable game but as expected Wasps won through to the next round of the Middlesex cup at a final score of Wasps 25, I.C. 3.

## Row Flares Over Room Charges

**Social Clubs Committee is heading for a major confrontation with college administration over hire charge for rooms used for SCC club's meetings.**

The row flared when Mr. Victor Mooney, college catering manager, asked for a £50 fee for the use of the Senior Common Room, Southside, for a Chinese New Year Dinner, due to be held on February 9th.

Mr. Mooney claimed that a condition of the use of rooms was that no food or drink could be imported into them, Gordon Jackson, SCC Chairman, told a FELIX reporter. The Chinese Society wanted to bring their own food—Mr. Mooney could not in any case supply it, on his own admission. However, according to Mr. Jackson, no such con-

dition appears on the booking form, and there is no mention of a levy for "flouting a regulation".

SCC met urgently on Thursday to discuss the matter, and passed a strongly worded motion opposing "the principle of charging College societies for College rooms" and "seeking clarification of the role of the catering manager in obtaining rooms, when no catering is required from him".

Mr. Mooney has also asked for a fee of £25 from the South-East Asia Society for a Malaysian Cultural Evening in the SCR/Ante Room, College Block.

A report has been submitted to Council next Monday, and heated discussions are taking place. In the meantime, SCC has undertaken to pay the fees if they are levied.

## NEXT WEEK IN FELIX

- ★ Buying a house
- ★ Grants Campaign
- ★ Nationwide student news
- ★ Quinquennial grant review news





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