



December 11th, 1973

# Felix

NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

FREE!

ISSUE No. 350

**GUILDS UGM**  
**M.E. 220 1.15 pm Tues**

**Have a Happy Xmas  
Everyone!**

## GRANT INCREASE

### IMMINENT

An increase in grants is about to be recommended in a confidential Government report to be drafted soon.

According to the Daily Telegraph this increase "will not, in present economic circumstances, approach the 35 per cent increase demanded at the recent NUS conference in Margate".

The level of the residual income (at present £1400) may be raised to £1800 or higher. This is the assessable income left after mortgages, superannuation, etc.

Nothing will be done about discretionary awards, or the means test, and the Government seems constant about what to do with married women's grants and PG awards.

Sir Brian is thought to have said that the increase about to be offered is about £100.

Such an increase will in no way bring us up to the halcyon days of

the 1962 level and coupled with inflation of 40 per cent pa expected by Christmas, according to the Guardian, this means that the £100 could be wiped out over the Christmas vacation.

Students next term cannot afford to be complacent about the political and economic crisis, they will either be starved out of higher education by rising prices or the grants campaign is fought on a higher level: that of an alliance with sections of the Trade Union movement to bring down the Tories.

The DES has refused to let students keep their living standards and has launched attacks through the CUEP to victimise students who take action (rent strikes, etc.).

The rent strikes of IC next term has to be fought in conjunction with all sections of students and trade unionists to bring down the Tories and their blatant contempt for students.

## PURPLE PATCH

As this is the last patch of the term, and many of you will shortly be going home, or at least away from College, I would like you to think about a few topics other than those which directly affect your student lives.

When those of you who are lucky enough to be going home to see your parents and families, arrive there and get settled in beside the nice warm fire, with Mum fussing over you, and Dad offering to take you out for a pint, please spare a thought for those who cannot get home this Christmas. Think for a few moments of the foreign students from the College (almost 1000) who are having to spend their vacation in some cold and dingy bedsit in Neasden, dreaming of the Christmases in the past which they have spent at home with their parents and families. I am sure that none of you would argue with the fact that the prospect of spending Christmas alone in London in your little bedsit-thinking of all the people who have gone home to their families, is not a very warming idea.

I would also like to think of your own position this Christmas. Think of how lucky you are to be at home, and how nice it is for a change to be getting good meals and also a good bed to sleep in. Think about your "Miserable" grant and how you can only afford "One square meal each day of the week". Then try to imagine yourself in the position of someone in a backwood town in Vietnam or the war ridden areas of Greece or Chile. Imagine yourself as an 18 year old black boy in the middle of Rhodesia. What would you feel like if you could only get one square meal each month, or had been kicked out of University for admitting that your lecturer was prejudiced against you for the colour of your skin? I'll tell you what you would feel like, you would probably feel very sick, and

would be JUSTIFIED in thinking that society was working against you. You would find it difficult to believe that the students in the Western world were protesting at only getting £15 each week to live on, and not being able to live a life of luxury.

This Christmas whilst you are at home, please spend a little time thinking about those around the world who have far less privileges than you, and yet who are biologically exactly the same as you. Think about those people in Northern Ireland who are afraid to go out after 8.0 in the evening because of a fear of being involved in a terrorist gun battle.

As a final thought, if you do not know very much or do not believe what you have heard about this man Jesus Christ, then please spend a little time over the vacation trying to sort out what it is all about.

For those overseas students who will be staying in London over the Christmas vacation, I would give you one tip, that in many of the Churches around the area you will be able to find friends who will be only too happy to share their Christmas enjoyment with you. If you live in the area around College you will find that Saint Paul's Church, Onslow Square, has a very large number of students and overseas visitors in the congregation who would be only too happy to help you have an enjoyable Christmas.

To each and every one of you, I wish you a very merry Christmas and hope that those Christians amongst you will pray for those in the rest of the world less fortunate than us, and that those non-Christians amongst you will give a little time to think about those in the rest of the world less fortunate than us.

See you all after Christmas.

Norm.

## P.A.W.N.O.

At 6.00 p.m. on Friday evening I did a tour of the halls of residence to collect the nomination forms for the Imperial College Tenants Association Executive Committee. I found completed forms only in Beit and Selkirk. Now, at 4.00 on Sunday the situation is the same. I can announce that Messrs. Tony Taylor and Digby James are the elected representatives for Beit Hall and Mrs. Averil Dewing is the Representative for Selkirk Hall. As yet, the constitution that I've prepared has yet to be formally approved. Because of this I may find it necessary to alter it slightly to enable the Executive Committee to be formed. I hope I don't have to do this but it will all depend on the response to the nomination papers during the rest of the week.

During the last term it has been my task (an almost thankless one) to advertise the Union General meetings. At most of these (and there have been six) there has been some discussion on the rent strike and the grants campaign. However, except for the initial decision to have a rent strike, very few other agreements have been reached. Why? Mainly because of the lack of people present at the meetings, which have therefore been deemed inquorate. The quorum is at present 300 out of a total of 4,086 students; a pathetically small percentage. Yet the total turn-out at the CCU meetings has been collectively more than the IC UGM quorum.

If you consider that your CCU business (and this is NOT a kick at the CCU's) is more important than the amount of money that you have in your pockets then that is your business. However, it is no use blaming the ICU Exec for not trying to get the grants raised if you, the student body, are not prepared to do something about it also. There are too many people at this college who jump at the chance to criticise, to talk, to argue, but there are very few who are willing to act. It is not criticism, talking, and arguments that get what we want. What is needed is action. Mass action that involves as many students as possible. The rent strike is one of these, but not the only one. This not only needs people participating, it also means that some of the people that do all the talking must be willing to help out with the organisation, the leafletting, the publicising, the production of posters, etc., etc. If it takes one person 4 hours minimum to put up posters in all available places, then it takes less than half-an-hour for a dozen people to do the same. Next term's rent strike is going ahead and if you want it to work, if you really believe that

we need higher grants (and you must be nuts if you think the present grants system is satisfactory) then you must be willing to work for it; you must be willing to act.

The first meeting of the Imperial College Tenants Association will be held this week. At present the venue isn't finalised (it will, I hope, be the Union Concert Hall or Mech. Eng. 220) but every resident will be getting a note to let him or her know where it will be. Please try and come. The time will be Thursday at 5.45 which I hope will not clash with anything. Please try and show that the person putting up the notices about apathy society is wrong about this college.

**Duplicating Machines.** So much for one of my rare political pieces, now for something a bit lighter. Those of you who have had cause to use the duplicating machines during the last term may have noticed that they are sadly lacking in various odd items, e.g. ink drums, fuses and others. A Roneo rep finally, after more phone calls than I care to mention, decided that he would come and have a look. He gave them a thorough inspection and then an estimate for the cost of putting them back into almost new condition. Needless to say, it is only slightly more expensive to buy new ones. It is hoped, therefore, that by the end of the Christmas vacation we will have two new machines plus one of the old machines for less important work. The two new ones will be locked away in the duplicating room and will be for limited personnel only. It will be necessary to insist that all people who wish to use the new machines will have to attend a demonstration given by someone from Roneo. Adequate warning will be given beforehand.

**Christmas** is upon us, under us, around us. Soon, most of you will be winging your way home (assuming you can get petrol for your vehicle, that the airlines get fuel for their planes, that the train drivers don't go on strike and that there is enough electricity to light your way home). Once there you can sit down to turkey (50p a lb., don't eat too much) and all the trimmings (probably 50 per cent more expensive than last year). You can drink yourself merry (at least 3p more than at college for each drink). Warm yourself in front of the fire (I hope you've got enough coal. Oh! and while I remember—MERRY CHRISTMAS.

**Successful nomination for Tirand Hall:** D. R. Gray, Andy Higman.

P. A. Wadsworth.

### BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF STUDENT SCIENTISTS

There will be a four-day conference from 2nd to 5th January, 1974, in London, the theme of which will be "The Social responsibility of the scientist within the community".

The cost will be minimal, and a few scholarships from the college are available. Please apply in writing to Norm Sayles, Union Office by 4.30 Thursday, 13th December.

Anyone wanting a week in Paris, all expenses paid, at an engineers/scientists conference in late January should apply to Norm Sayles immediately. Good knowledge of French essential.



# LETTERS

## The historical(?) roots of Christianity

The lack of solid fact in Jock's recent expose of the folly of those who know Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour was expected. This is because the facts are so overwhelmingly clear. The Bible, Tacitus, Pliny and Thallus all witness to Jesus Christ as being for more than a mere man.

One of the most overwhelming pieces of evidence is the accuracy of prophecy in the Bible, even to this very day. Jesus Christ fulfilled countless messages of prophecy during his life on earth, particularly lucid are those concerning his death and resurrection. The evidence for Christ's resurrection has never been satisfactorily explained away, despite many attempts. These are doomed to failure, because the facts speak for themselves, they say that Jesus is who He said He was, the Son of God. The facts about Christ are as solid as any upon which we do our scientific research and yet people still avoid the issue instead of facing it head on. This is in fact further evidence that Jesus is something special.

The final evidence is when a man comes into a personal relationship with Christ, then he can say "I know Jesus is alive today and loves me".

If anyone seriously doubts this we suggest, before wasting more space in Felix, that they look very carefully at the facts with an open and (for you, Ali) a truly scientific mind. We welcome anybody to come and talk to us about this and we will share with them what we know and have discovered since we asked Jesus Christ into our lives as Saviour and Lord.

Maurice Moloney Chem 3  
Anne Moloney Chem 3  
Digby James Chem 3  
Christine Little I.F.

## Yours patronisingly, etc.

Sir,  
Having been shown the article in your college magazine on the 'Historical roots of religion' I feel I must register my total disagreement with almost all the ideas put forward by Mr. Veall. He appears to have limited experience of the deep-seated origins of religion. It is not a subject to be summed-up lightly as Mr. Veall believes by briefly discussing a few historical occurrences.

Without delving too deeply into what I regard as the truth in this matter ('the truth' as Oscar Wilde so rightly says 'is rarely pure and never simple') so I would merely recommend Mr. Veall to read Bethan's 'Analysis of Religion' before he discusses this matter again.

Rev. David Harding.

## Racism

Sir,  
I have just been reading a copy of the recently published IC Rag Mag. I feel I must raise my voice in protest about one of the articles included in it.

Surely, as 'intelligent' students, we should be striving to break down the barriers of racial hatred, exploitation and prejudice that were created by our 'Colonial Heritage'. Yet one item in the magazine (on page 22, I believe) blatantly sets out to insult Black People. I wonder what impression of we so-called intellectual and liberal whites this will leave with some of the overseas students who are studying at this college.

O.K. Let's all have a good laugh—and let's raise money for charity at the same time; but NOT at the expense of being definitely uncharitable to oppressed minorities.

Graham Kerwin.

## Luv 'n' kisses Lord Gnome

Eye Publications,  
34 Greek Street,  
London, W1.  
3rd December.

Dear Sir,  
With reference to the publication of a quite obviously bogus correspondence, signed by a Mr. B. McKenzie, in your quite obviously bogus 'paper', I beg to inform you that you will shortly be hearing from our Solicitors, Messrs. Sue, Grabbit, and Runne, in connection with infringement of the Copyright Act, 1961.

You may or may not be aware that our Company has the Copyright on, and the sole publication rights to, the expressions:—

"bangs like a shithouse door in a gale," and  
"a good set of top-bollocks."

These quotations are the private and very personal property of one Barry Humphries, Esq., who wishes to remain anonymous.

We are quite reasonable people, really, and we are prepared to drop the matter completely if you print a public apology immediately and pay me £267,000 by 6.00 p.m. tomorrow (leave it in locker 238 in the Physics Department).

Yours faithfully, and hopefully,

E. Strobes.  
pp Lord Gnome.  
Gnome VERY Wonderful  
Cast-Iron Guaranteed  
Rip Off Company Inc.

## Jock Veall waters the wrong roots

Sir,  
I was much amused to read Jock Veall's exposition on the 'Historical Roots of Religion'. To describe the article as 'drivel' would be paying it far too great a compliment for such a continuous flow of misconceptions. Indeed so glaring are these misconceptions that if I were to be told that Mr. Veall possessed even the smallest of brain cells I would not hesitate to accuse him of libel. Fortunately no one I've met has suggested that he has any brain at all so I can refer to his errors as misconceptions.

In his article Mr. Veall places in block capitals "Religion is false consciousness". At first sight such a statement seems so meaningless that it appears to be impossible to argue for or against such a concept. Perhaps this is his intention. However, in reading the preamble to this sweeping phrase one finds him talking of the 'fundamental contradictions between man and nature' as 'man wanting to control nature but nature not wanting to be controlled by man'. This contradiction we are told leads to the evolution of religion. Really?

I shall not go on as I do not wish to be too critical so I shall leave the summary to Mr. Veall himself. He refers to 'a fantastic force outside of his control'. It seems that he was aptly describing his own capability to discuss this topic.

Nigel Foster.

## £500 for dead students

We have now been able to finalise the arrangements for the Group Personal Accident Policy. The position is as follows:—

With effect from 1 October, 1973, all students who are attending College on a full-time basis or attending short post-graduate courses, are covered under a Group Personal Accident Policy. The insurance is in force 24 hours a day during term time so students do not have to be in College or on College business to be covered. Students are also insured while on College or Union sponsored activities outside term time, e.g. field trips, sports tours, etc.

The policy provides the following benefits:—  
Death £500.  
Permanent Total Disablement £2,000

(For injuries leading to permanent partial disablement there is a pre-arranged scale of benefits laid down with payments made dependent upon the severity of the injuries.)

Temporary Total Disablement £10 per week Up to a maximum of 104 weeks from the fifth week of disability onwards.

In addition a special discretionary fund operates which enables the insurers to consider ad hoc payments.

The policy does not include cover to those students who participate in mountaineering, pot-holing, rock climbing, caving, gliding, ballooning, sub aqua and skin diving, surfing, motor rallying, judo, karate, go-kart racing, winter sports, ski-ing, and rifle and pistol shooting. If the various Union Clubs require this cover, they should negotiate direct with Endsleigh Insurance (Brokers) Ltd.

## Petrol rationing and RCC transport

In view of the present uncertainty regarding petrol rationing, R.C.C. Transport Sub-Committee has decided, if rationing is introduced, to:

- Control the coupons for R.C.C. vehicles, except I.C.C.A.G.'s, vehicle which will be the responsibility of the community action group.
- Ask every priority club to make their bookings again for next term, giving an order of preference for each trip and an estimated mileage (as accurate as possible).
- Restrict priority clubs to one or two weekends next term, depending on how much petrol is allowed per month, and the distance of their trips.
- Try to ensure that clubs use the vehicles as fully as possible.

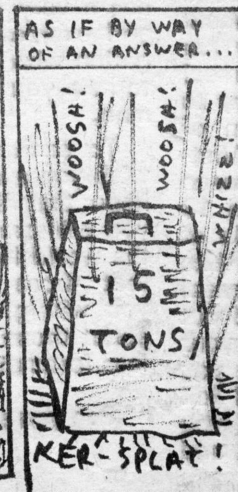
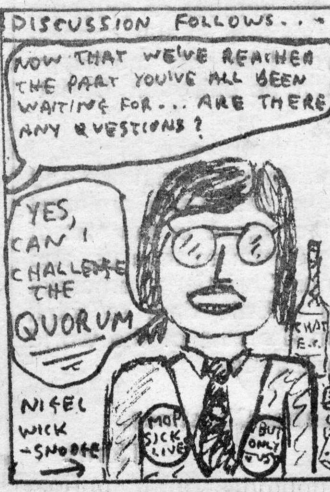
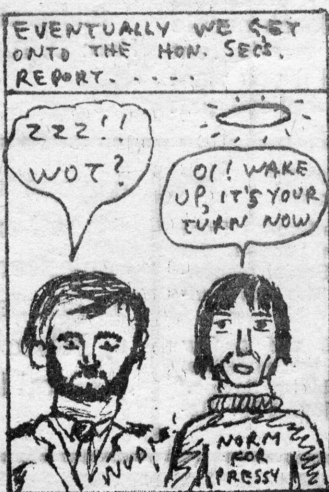
Only allow other clubs and private users to use the vehicles if there are any surplus coupons.

The above proposals assume that petrol rationing is introduced on the system which is at present being prepared.

If rationing is introduced immediately after the issue of coupons is complete, then the two tours planned for the vacation will have to be cancelled, and the coupons saved for next term. If rationing isn't immediately introduced then the winter tours will be allowed to continue, but the users must keep in contact with the newspapers and radio, so as soon as definite news is given out they must return to London.

Gerald Causier  
(Sec. R.C.C. Transport)

## A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF EMPIRICAL COLLEGE BY RON APPLEBY





## Poetry Corner



### THE REIGN OF PEACE

O Irish friends across the sea,  
We differ still, but let's agree  
To end the chilling past that's gone.  
Can you forgive, forget, march on,  
So wars, like snakes, are no more seen  
Across the bitter, blood-stained green?

Let love now melt the shearing edge  
Of frozen faith's dividing wedge.  
—How great was Peter's faith, and fear,  
In slashing off the soldiers' ear;  
Though Christ, so boundlessly humane,  
Then healed it on and stopped the pain.

Pray parted Irish eyes transmit  
The scene each side can see to fit  
As single sight within the mind,  
And blind-spots see by sight combined.  
May each hibernal, Christian light  
Let insight calm the Pyrrhic night.

When notes impede our sight it seems  
Each other's church has many beams.  
—What rainbow spans your haunted isle  
From Larne to far Killarney while  
Men echo one another's prayer  
Then fight within the faith they share?

"Our Father . . ." pray, "Thy will be done . . ."  
Did Jesus ever use a gun?  
"Give us this day our daily bread . . ."  
They've shot another human dead.  
"Deliver us from evil" . . . now  
And end this God-forsaken row.

I dream that Jesus lives again  
And cries aloud for peace to reign!  
—Then all of Ireland's risen slain  
Return and walk where they have lain,  
To dampen hate, extinguish pain,  
With tears that fall with Irish rain.

© N. Racine-Jaques, 1973.

"The Reign of Peace" was published in the magazine "Young Quaker" last year, with the omission of the second stanza:

Advice has come our way, you see,  
From those who chant the liturgy,  
"The second stanza has to go,"  
God's censors whispered to us: "No,  
Rephrase it in another way,  
But don't offend the IRA."

From our Theological Correspondent.

How would your club/organisation like to be in a position to earn a great deal of money? Of course it would, every club or organisation can always use extra cash.

We are promoting a nationwide competition to launch a new automotive product. We require the assistance of organised people, like yourselves, to enable us to reach the public.

Interested clubs will be asked to produce a team or teams of ticket sellers. No one team should be of more than ten people. These teams can earn a great deal of money by selling competition tickets. The tickets cost 95p each, every ticket purchased brings a free sample of the product, and the prizes are really fantastic.

The teams earn the cash for the club, or themselves, by receiving 20p from each ticket sold. This amounts to £2 from every 10 tickets sold or £1000 when 5000 tickets have been sold.

There are further incentives such as cash prizes for the individual and team who sell the most tickets nationwide.

If your club/organisation is interested in earning a great deal of money please complete the attached form.

It would be very much appreciated if you would return the form as soon as possible as the com-

So,  
Steve Chudy of  
Physics II —  
Why did your hair turn  
Black  
Overnight?

I saw you get pissed on Saturday  
In the bar,  
And do a Zumba.

Keith's Mum says  
If she'd been there  
She would have poured  
A pint of Tartan on  
Your balls.

E. Jarvis Thribb (17).

## Adventures in the Union Quadrangle:

On Saturday, December the first, an amazing and unprecedented event took place in the Union Quadrangle. At about ten to midnight, some people with left-wing views on free speech attacked people taking part in a sing-song.

This came to happen in the following way: there was a meeting of left-orientated people in the Union Lower Refectory on Saturday afternoon and evening, and many of those present stayed afterwards for a drink in the Lower Lounge. Knowing Soc. Soc's views, people in the bar decided to have a bit of fun by holding the Saturday night sing-song in the Lower Lounge. This was a success, perhaps due to the better acoustics of the lounge, and a good time was had by all, until at eleven o'clock they retired to the bar for a final pint. The sing-song continued there, until they were chucked out, when it moved to the Quad. Various songs were sung, and finally they sang the bar version of 'The Red Flag'.

At this, members of Soc. Soc, who felt that a song which had great significance to them was being mocked, emerged from the Lounge equipped with bottles, and attacked some of the singers. Seeing that an unequal fight, with only one possible outcome, was on the cards, some members of the Rugby Club attempted to restore order by pulling apart those who were fighting. To do so, they had to hold one of their members, well known for his ability in a fight, to the floor. At this the person with whom he had been fighting kicked him in the face.

This made the singers realise that Soc. Soc. really wanted a fight, so they rapidly took them apart, and drove them out of the Quad. You may be pleased to hear that the person kicked in the face is all right, apart from a broken tooth, and that the kicker received his just reward.

JEMIMA PUDDLE-DUCK

petition is to begin very shortly.

Yours faithfully,  
A. NOTT.

Nott & Priddy,  
Temple House,  
43-48 New Street,  
Birmingham.  
Tel.: 021-6434577

### STA POWER COMPETITION

Please complete the following using block capitals:

Club/Organisation .....

Address .....

Tel No. ....

Secretary/Organiser .....

Home Tel. No. ....

Number of Teams .....

This club/organisation is interested in this project. Please send complete details and tickets.

Signature .....

## Touchstone

### "The place of cars in Society"

It defeats me how there are so many students to whom Touchstone is a complete mystery. One of those events which you see posters for, but still haven't any idea what it's all about. Maybe this article will help clarify things.

Touchstone is, basically, a discussion weekend, though it has many other good points besides that. It starts off, soon after you arrive with a talk given by the guest speaker, who is usually of high renown in his subject. This lasts roughly an hour, and is followed by an open forum in which you can fire questions at him on any queries arising.

After dinner groups of half a dozen or more are formed, and once a chairman and scribe is elected you can discuss-cum-argue over some set questions either until you've said your lot, you're blue in the face, or bed, bar or snooker takes its toll.

Next morning, after breakfast you can do as you please (except stay in bed), though personally, nothing short of a monsoon would keep me from a walk in nearby Windsor Great Park, which is beautiful at all times of year. If you go in winter though, beware of Virginia Water, as the ice may not be as sturdy as it seems. Indeed it claimed two of our party (me included) when we tried to make our way across one of the narrower parts. Also to enable you to return in time for lunch maps are issued, and are quite useful.

To round off with, everyone congregates in the afternoon and results of the previous night's discussion are compared (hence the necessity of scribes) with the speaker giving his point of view, he having the advantage of knowing the questions by the weekend.

People who have already been to a Touchstone weekend may have noticed that I have so far avoided the subject of food. This is by no means because it is below par. Quite the contrary in fact. It cannot fail to satisfy, gourmets and gannets alike, and even the water tastes nicer over there. from the Institute for Transport Studies, University of Leeds, and the topic under examination was "The Place of Cars to Society". Peter Hills was very involved in the Buchanan Report and this did, inevitably, enter his talk. Basically it concerns the problem of traffic in urban districts, and various methods concerning this problem were discussed. One of the most interesting ideas, I thought, was the inclusion of a black box in every car, and theoretically technology would enable this device to register at a faster rate in city centres than in the country. With road tax based on this, it would hopefully, act as a restraint on car usage both because it would cost more to travel in city centres and also the driver would be constantly reminded of how much he is spending.

The first two of the questions involved the personal freedom of the individual to purchase and operate his own car, and to what extent should laws protect third parties, passengers, and drivers themselves. It was generally agreed that individuals should not be prevented from buying cars, though restraints should be laid down when the safety or rights of others is concerned, i.e. protect the innocent from the foolhardy, but not the foolhardy from themselves, as it is comparable to things like skiing and mountain-climbing. Thus seat belts should not be enforced though prevention of drunken driving and speeding should.

For the third question it was decided that the tax distribution for different modes of transport was not equitable or truly reflective of social costs that each impose on the community, and public transport should be competitive with private transport with the intention of reducing traffic congestion. This led to number four: that the values associated with city centres should be conserved even if it restrains private car usage, in those centres.

The last two questions were both technological, concerning a replacement for the automobile, and the threat of the continued exploitation of crude oil to the natural ecosystem, though nobody seemed really qualified to answer these with much accuracy.

G. J. K.



# UGM-HORROR SHOCK EXPOSÉ

A shock tactic was unveiled again at the UGM last Thursday when a "Jesus-freak" evangelist challenged the quorum during the grants debate.

Claiming to be speaking against the substantive motion which would have mandated Exec to publicise and hold meetings about the Grants Campaign next term, Mr. J. Christknows-what (31½) of 12 Angel Mews, Cloud-cuckooland, W10, threatened to challenge the quorum at the end of his speech.

This tactic, which has remained in cold storage since last term, has now been repainted blue and equipped with a shining new halo (25p available from Evangelical Accessories Ltd., Mile End Road, haloes, sepulchres, jackboots and other Nazi relics, callers welcome).

Calling himself "the voice of the silent majority", Mr. Christwhatabore had calculated the meeting to be inquorate and therefore not representative of IC students.

"This in no way invalidates our firm belief that any decision passed at a UGM quorate or not, is unrepresentative unless voted for by over half the registered students", he continued.

He added: "in the unlikely event of such a thing happening, we would of course consider it unrepresentative of the mass of the student body in this country, etc., etc."

## THUNDERBOLTS

Despite Mr. Christknowsmymother-and-heknowsherbloodywell's challenge, Norm Sayles rallied valiantly for about 30 seconds, claiming that a challenge to the quorum does not constitute a speech against, the sudden crash of thunderbolts and the mysterious appearance of a flaming bush on the stage whispering in a

deep voice, "quorum, already" made him accept the challenge and declare the meeting closed.

However, before Mr. Christ's peculiarly timed challenge (Mr. Christ is a director of "No-nail Crucifixes" Ltd., Kidderminster) a motion, horribly unrepresentative of the vast mass of sensible students, had declared IC's condemnation of the military coup in Chile and given an enormous sum of money (believed to be about 0.3 per cent of the Union's funds) to a committee for rescuing ultra-marxist refugees and peasants from the junta's justified and proper torture, random execution and pauperisation programme.

An attempt to amend the motion was made by Pete Lambert who claimed that the policies of Allende, which had led to the coup, were identical to those of the Communist Party in this country and that a condemnation of the idealist nature of the so-called "peaceful road to socialism" was needed.

## SOLIDARITY

This was spoken against by a Mr. John Lane of the CPGB(S), one time president of ICU, who claimed that the vast majority of students were not interested in the testing of the various theoretical roads to a solution of students' problems in practice.

He claimed "solidarity" was what was needed now and offered to start an "Ad-hoc committee for the laying of wreaths on the tombs of dead Stalinists".

This was amended by Mr. Jock Veall (squatter, of no fixed abode) who suggested the convening of a "Popular Front against popular frontism" and offered to send out invitations to H. Wilson, Len Murray, John Gollan, T. Cliff, Gery Lawless of

MI5, the Archbishop of Canterbury and any other parties interested in the selling out of the working class.

## TEA-CUPS

There was much discussion on the meaning of the word solidarity, but Piers Corbyn (Red Weekly seller of 28 Jay Mews and revolutionary dilettante) explained "solidarity with the miners" as meaning giving them cups of tea and holding hands on picket lines, however "solidarity with the Chilean working class" clearly requires a different strategy, due to the tea getting cold after being sent 8,000 miles, namely the sending of messages of support and the donation of money, both to be intercepted by the military junta—but it's the thought that counts!

The idea of solidarity meaning unity in action, with all sections of the working class brought into conflict with this Government over the questions of inflation and the defence of democratic rights, to remove the Tories, was dismissed by these so-called revolutionaries as "correct" and "the only way forward" and therefore to be fought against, in the interests of the bourgeoisie.

## NO JOKE

However this is no laughing matter, for as the capitalist system enters a worldwide period of recession as it is today, heightened by the "oil crisis" the building of a revolutionary party based on a firm bedrock of marxist principles becomes the paramount question for students, trade unionists and professional workers everywhere.

Whitelaw has been brought back from Ireland to spearhead a series of Tory attacks and provocations on the working class.

He has been well trained in all the skills of military rule, not least of

which has been the experience of dealing with the reformist SDLP leaders in Ulster.

## NATIONALIST

He will cajole and threaten the labour leaders in this country into selling out every struggle of the working class in the coming period.

Shaping up very fast at the moment is the likelihood of a "nationalist" coalition government composed of the Tory party, Prentice, Jenkins, Shirley Williams and other Labour Party right-wingers.

A "red scare" will be made with which to frighten the confused middle class into permitting the full scale use of police and army suppression of the working class.

As this crisis deepens daily that is the vista which is opening up before our eyes.

A vista of unemployment, poverty, police and army brutality that, as one Wall Street financier put it, "will make the 30's seem like a summer holiday".

Unless, that is, the working class takes the power and establishes socialism, a planned economy, and the systematic removal of poverty which is concomitant with such an increase in the productive forces.

Chile isn't just a small "banana republic" thousands of miles away, Chile is capitalism, Chile is inflation, Chile is here in this country. It's no coincidence that the Telegraph talks about a "Chilean solution may have to be found if the miners don't back down", when we have all the economic problems here fast approaching Chilean standards that produced Allende, that produced the junta and will be our future unless we build the Workers Revolutionary Party and the Young Socialist Student Society right away.

Editor.

## APOLOGY

The Editor wishes to apologise for having suggested in last Thursday's UGM that three of the military leaders—President Allende of Chile, invited into his cabinet shortly before the coup later emerged as leaders of the military junta which overthrew him.

In fact it was (only) two. But somehow I feel that to make such a correction, in the interests of historical veracity, was not the motives behind the calls of "liar! rubbish!" that sprang from the lips of arch-Stalinists John Lane and Renato Ezban on hearing the aforementioned inaccuracy.

## FOLK CLUB CELLIDH

With Bob Davenport  
and Rakes

Wednesday, Dec. 12th  
7.30 p.m. Concert Hall

GAY SOC

Xmas Party in the

SCR Southside at

8 p.m. Tuesday, 11th Dec.

(bring a bottle)

## LETTERS II

### Christian-Marxists

Avid followers of the thrill-packed Felix theological debate must find it hard to believe that (in recent years) the main trend in the relations between Marxists and Christians has been towards dialogue.

Since Karl Marx's famous "opium of the people" phrase has been mentioned let us examine it in context.

"Religious suffering is the expression of real suffering and at the same time the protest against real suffering. Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless world, as it is the spirit of spiritless conditions. It is the opium of the people".

Even this is only part of the picture. Angela Davis has pointed out that while Christianity was used to justify slavery in the Southern States, to slave as well as master, it also inspired the revolt of the slaves. A similar dichotomy has appeared in countless peasant revolts in Europe. And today, the most respected Christians are surely those such as the Spanish worker-priests or the Latin American priest

and guerilla leader, Torres, who have sacrificed their freedom, comfort, and even lives to fight oppression. Throughout its history "Christianity" has contained two religions. One, usually the dominant, has justified oppression and encouraged passivity, acceptance of one's place, dogooding. The other has inspired revolt. An attack on all Christians is, therefore, not very smart.

Unfortunately the most vociferous spokesmen for Christianity in IC belong to a third trend, the evangelists. Although hostile to the established Church, they are if anything more reactionary. The evangelist believes he has found God, that this makes him a better person, and that his life should be spent telling people how to "turn on to Jesus". Eventually, when every-

one has been converted we will all be "good" and then, and only then, can the world's problems be solved. Meanwhile such irritations as mass starvation, fascist states and exploitation are of minor importance compared to the burning issue of making the next convert. I believe this attitude is arrogant, egotistical, anti-human and selfish, in fact, surely, anti-Christian?

The question remains: is Marxist humanism a better basis for human advance than even the most progressive Christianity?

That can only really be proved in practice, as those many Christians who go beyond charitable "first-aid" work in society and try to fight the root cause of poverty and injustice, have realised. In conclusion, the incomprehending theological battle in Felix is a waste of time. But if there are Christians in IC who feel that a genuine Communist-Christian dialogue would be worthwhile, it's easy to contact me,

John Lane.

### Public debate challenge

Sir,

I, too, am fed up with this "religion" controversy which has filled space in your paper over the past few weeks; and to end it I challenge Mr. Veall to state his views at a public debate on the matter. I am prepared to organise and publicise such an event, at which a fair indication of the interest of students will be gained from the number who attend. Having made these contentious claims, Mr. Veall should either defend them in public or stop writing these articles, as he is only hiding behind the impersonality of the press. In any case, Felix readers will have a rest.

If Mr. Veall is good enough to contact me we can discuss arrangements.

A. N. Syrop.

## JEWSOC

TUESDAY, 11th DECEMBER 1973  
ROOM 408, ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

at 1 p.m. there will be a meeting with the Information Counsellor and a talk about "Middle East — where next?"



# Televisions and Klepto-maniacs

Those of you who regularly raise yourselves up to the first floor of the Union, to sample the delights of I.C.W.A. lounge or Mooney dinner, may have noticed that in the T.V. room which contained, in days gone by, honour boards and a colour television, nothing remains but the echoes of "cock-a-leeky" and "Thumper". This miserable state of affairs has been caused by a rather puerile theft by University College and down-right lies or inefficiency on the part of the T.V. hire firm. The name-boards have been returned and should be hanging in the T.V. room by the time this article appears. Unfortunately, British industry hasn't yet been able to produce

a suitable colour T.V. (with video input capacity for STOIC) without a waiting list which appears to increase as time passes. In the meantime, a black and white set will be there. When the new colour set appears the black and white set will go over to Southside to replace the present model. At certain times (Tuesdays and Fridays at 1 p.m. and 6 p.m.) STOIC puts out programmes for I.C. students. These can be seen by adjusting the new televisions to the broadcast input position.

If you see anyone walking out of the building with a T.V. set please stop them and tell security or the Deputy-President, David Sinclair.

## IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO TRY A NEW SPORT! or don't be lax — play it!

Perhaps you are fed up with playing the same old sport that you have always played, or you find that representing the 'nth' football or rugby team is a less than auspicious occasion . . . or perhaps you didn't join a club at the beginning of the year and now wish you had . . . Well, here's good news. Next term there will be vacancies in the Imperial College Lacrosse team. O.K., *What is Lacrosse?*

Men's lacrosse should not be confused with women's lacross—the helmets, vizors and padded leather gauntlets we wear when playing are not for decoration—it's a hard and fast-moving game. Teams are ten-a-side and a small ball is slung around the pitch which in layout and size of goals is somewhat like an ice-hockey pitch. We play London teams and Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

*Why vacancies now?*

The Imperial lacrosse team had its most successful season last year when it was based on a

nucleus of 2nd-year students who had been introduced to the game the previous year. Not surprisingly the team now has several third-years in it, and the time has come to build a team again for next year.

*So, what should you do?*

Meet under the Union arch at 2 p.m. on the first Wednesday of next term. The Club will provide necessary equipment and we will go into Hyde Park to give you an idea of the game. It doesn't matter if you have never played before and of course puts you under no obligation. We have league fixtures every Saturday and you could be playing for Imperial College within a few weeks.

If interested, just drop a note into one of the following letter-racks—Union — A. J. Hallett (captain); Zoology — P. Jepson, Zoology I; Physics — L. J. Clarke, Physics III.

We will be happy to answer any questions about the activities of the club.

## RCC Transport Sub-committee —change in driver selection procedure

(from 21st January 1974)

From 21st January, 1974 R.C.C. Transport will require:

(a) A £5.00 personal deposit from all drivers, before inclusion on the drivers list. (This reduces the clubs liability to £20.)

(b) Any accident or damage to the vehicles results in the drivers automatic removal from the list and loss of his/her deposit.

Drivers can appeal against the above action to R.C.C. Transport whose decision shall be final.

All present drivers will be removed from

the existing list on 21st January 1974 and will be placed on the new drivers list provided:—

(a) They have a clean driving licence, held for at least 2 years;

(b) They complete a driving test satisfactorily. There will be no appeal against test failure;

(c) They pay the £5.00 personal deposit, which is returnable when they request withdrawal from the list;

(d) They re-apply before the end of the autumn term (14/12/73) otherwise

they will be subject to another test fee (25p).

All new drivers will be subject to conditions a, b and c above and in addition pay the 25p test fee.

If for any reason R.C.C. Transport are unable to carry out (b) in the above conditions before 21st January, 1974 drivers will be provisionally accepted on satisfying conditions (a) and (c) above.

New drivers application forms will be available from G. Causer (Selkirk 488) or Pam, the Union receptionist.

(Contd. from p. 6)

'But there are no tigers in these parts.'

'That's right. Effective, isn't it?'

Most of the tales are longer than these, but the mind-boggling punchlines are a feature of them all. Maybe it is pure madness, but it is a peculiar brand which has survived for nearly a thousand years, and it covers a deep wisdom and understanding. After all, would it still be so funny if it didn't?

A must for anyone pretending to a sense of humour, but also a book for thinking over. Definitely recommended.

CANDI.

P.S. The "book" reviewed two weeks ago was "Fadeout" by J. Hansen (Quartet 40p).

## Devalued Degrees?

We cannot be expected to hope for much out of our degrees when:

1.—Size of technological and scientific projects are constantly increasing, thus also increasing their dependence on economical and political decisions, trade unions' decisions, supply or availability of land and resources, pressure groups' claims, international relations, etc. and, while none of these factors look very promising, all of them are beyond the control of the scientist or engineer.

2.—Jobs, salaries and compensations depend ever more on supply and demand, experience, bargaining power (unions, national policies, etc.), meeting the employers' demands (rather than the college's); and less on degrees, qualifications, college's prestige, etc.

3.—People increasingly lose their confidence in "experts" (i.e., we), political parties, very large projects (from large buildings and roads to Maplins and Concorde), sophisticated technology (e.g., nuclear power, etc.).

4.—Prices of fuel, land and resources in general are soaring up, plus "occasional" rationings, plus constantly decreasing expectations in fuel reserves, plus more and more dependence on foreign countries' supplies and demands, plus increased dependence on supra national corporations, plus "occasional" strikes; which means less chances for our large scale, highly sophisticated, highly organised and costly (in resources and money) science and technology.

5.—Ever larger scale, centralised and more complicated technology produces ever more pollution (directly or indirectly); depletion of resources; drastic environmental changes; obsolescence of objects, techniques and trained or skilled people; misunderstandings, suspicion, mistrust and blind dependence from the majority of people; larger scale unpredicted side effects, etc.

Why, then, is it not possible to dedicate some of the time of our curricula (preferably the time taken by exams!) to the justification, purpose and future of our careers? On what grounds are we expected to accept the present ways of "education"?—does our opinion count at all? Or does it only count when we say something "academic"? Or are we expected to learn what is given to us without questioning and yet believe that we are not being somehow indoctrinated?

No doubt the quality of science is declining; no doubt there is disenchantment with technology; how can we be expected to be proud of a Ph.D., if we don't know what Philosophy or real thinking means? If we don't know why or for what we are learning? Are we expected to believe (like many people do!) that geniuses can be produced like boxes of tissues?

Whatever the reasons for this state of things (tradition, the world, the government, capitalism, etc.) it is necessary that we all look into all these questions as well as into what kind of education? For whom? When? How? By whom? After all, what is education? If we can't answer this one clearly, why bother with exams?

Merry Exams and Happy New Term.

J. Aguirre, Civ. Eng. 310.

## Concert Review: Lindisfarne

What a way to end up this term's series of concerts. It was certainly the one I enjoyed the most. Beforehand I was unsure what to expect, having heard so little of Lindisfarne since the departure of Alan Hull, who was a very important member, but they haven't changed much. They're still the same manly Geordies that I remember from way back, with their famous Newky, which they even sang a song about. Indeed, if it wasn't for Lindisfarne, Newcastle Brown might never have reached as far south as London.

As for their music, it is such that it has an instantaneous and lasting impact. Their songs can be just as enjoyable on the first hearing as they are on the hundredth. The thing about Lindisfarne is the extra something they put into the atmosphere, inducing audience participation with incalculable ease. Even people like me, who belong, I suppose, to the so-called "sit-down-and-be-cool" class, feel tempted to clap their hands in the air.

They did several of their newer compositions, without forgetting the old favourites. They were all there: "No Time to Lose", the ghost-song "Lady Elanour", (nicely changed from the original three-year old version too), and "Fog on the Tyne", the naughty verse of which they dedicated, "Since we're in London", to Mark and Anne, and let the audience sing it several times. They finished their scheduled set with "We Can Swing Together", a song with an interesting history, in which Ray Jackson still does his medley on harmonica, a much neglected instrument nowadays, lasting quite some time and without being boring. No mean feat of endurance, when you can do that and still have enough breath left to sing the final verse as well.

For the encore they did yet another one from the "Nicely Out of Tune" album, "Clear White Light", and finally "When the War is Over", a song with a lengthy very nice piano-vocal introduction.

It was quite a pleasant surprise to me to find that Claire Hammil was doing the support act, as I think she's got a lovely voice, and despite her recent attack of laryngitis (well that's what she said), she sang some nice gentle songs, though I thought she fairly crucified the Walker Brothers' "You've Lost that Loving Feeling".

G.J.K.



## Mermaid Theatre Company

## PLAY

There we were last Sunday week huddled in our seats, the stage was in pitch black. The red lights from eager amplifiers pierced the gloomy blackness, dark shadows moved solemnly about as the opening strains of "Pinball Wizard" cried out into the merciless air. It soared and surged to its inevitable climax and we awaited the massive bass notes, it drew closer and closer and finally — KER SPLUNG! . . . Welcome to the show, folks, welcome to the show. We hope that we will all be friends before it's time to go". There stood the nine members of Grimms adorned in clown hats and ruffs and we knew we were in for a rare treat — we were indeed. Grimms really defy description. You could call them a rock band, a group of poets, a set of clowns or comedians; you could, but to do so would be inaccurate. They are all this and more, they are an atmosphere, a feeling, a ray of hope in this God-forsaken planet we call home.

Grimms are entertaining, now that's a word you can't use about many groups. They are pure, complete and absolute entertainment, never predictable, never ever boring and absolutely a joy to watch. On the musical side the honours go to Neil Innes

and Andy Roberts. Neil is an unrecognised genius, he can play his guitar very competently and his various keyboards superbly; he can write and act in a totally original way. Who could resist him as he sat all alone on stage, playing piano whilst he sang the title song from his latest solo album "How sweet to be an idiot". Andy Roberts is a virtuoso acoustic and electric guitar player, together with Neil and Zoot Money he holds the musical side of the act together and writes some amazingly good music that would easily stand up on its own in a pure rock context. The rockin' 'n' hopin' Zoot Money was surprisingly subdued in the first half of the show, but treated us to some tasty toons in the second half and is also a very visual performer when he gets going. As well as the music, there's the poetry and no one can doubt Roger McGough's talents in this field. His works are a delight to listen to, the short cryptic remarks, the deliberately corny puns, the word plays and long love stories all read out in his very sophisticated manner, it's sheer poetry. If you like Brian Patten's very individualistic style of writing and voice then his poetry, although very imaginative and hard to understand, as read by

him the way it was intended is totally captivating. On a couple of occasions the poems were read over suitable musical backgrounds, McGough's "Vampire" and Patten's "Prophet" for example, and it worked so very well that one wonders just why Grimms is the only music-poetry group to come to public notice.

But as well as the music and the poetry, there is the comedy and here John Gorman, a natural comedian if ever there was one, comes to the fore. They have retained P.C. Plod, who is no longer worried about W.P.C. Hodges, but is more concerned with mind-reading acts and telling us about "a policeman's lot". The sketches, in which Gorman was invariably involved, covered an obscure play, three priests, "Bugger me, d'ya know what it sez 'ere, it sez that in three days he created the 'eaven and the earth", a hilarious version of Deck of Cards. "When I see the knave I think of Nixon and wonder why he doesn't jack it in", "When I see the 10, I think of No. 10 Downing Street, when I see the Joker I think of the man who lives in . . . Although I missed Gorman's interpretation of the roadie, Flash, "Fuckin' hell, move the fuckin' thing yer fuckin' self, fuck you", he was replaced by the man who put the word Dic in Dictionary — The Masked Poet. On leapt Gorman in a pseudo Batman — Dart outfit and proceeded to spout a mass of obscene poetry (?). He also enlisted the help of some young ladies from the audience and after grappling with them burst into song with the rest of the band.

The backing (musically) was provided by Gerry Conway (drums), David Richards (bass) and John Megginson on piano, and they worked superbly well with the other six present. As I left clutching the Grimms T-shirt I had bought before and the album covers I had carefully ripped off the display stands after the concert, it suddenly occurred to me that Mike McGear hadn't been there. If they put on a show like that for 2½ hours without one of their major stars, and leave us stunned with a vaudeville acoustic number and 8-foot Innes' "Humanized Boogie" as a double encore and the audience still want more, then it becomes obvious how brilliant they are, so why do they keep appearing at the grotty little Central Poly instead of our huge, capacity-filled Great Hall, Mr. Ents Chairman?

JEREMY BARKER

## REVIEWS

## Digby the biggest dog in the world

## FILM

One of this year's Christmas presents to children from Odeons throughout the country will be "Digby the Biggest Dog in the World" (Cert. U). The film stars "Dulux" as Digby, Jim Dale as Jeff Eldon, Spike Milligan as the German Dr. Harz, Angela Douglas as an attractive widow, Janine, Richard Beaumont as her son Billy, Milo O'Shea and Dinsdale Landen.

Jeff is employed as an animal psychologist at a secret research centre, which is working on project 'X' — a new drug that can grow twenty-five feet long cucumbers. Jeff steals some of the new chemical and takes it home to give to his roses, hoping they will win him a prize at the Chelsea Flower Show. There he discovers Digby, given to him by Billy as his grandfather would not allow him to keep it. Jadine arrives and gives Digby the secret drug, believing it to be milk.

Billy comes back the next day to collect Digby as his grandfather has changed his mind. Digby has already started to grow and so Jeff tells him he has given the dog away and is then made to eat the tin of PAL in his hand claiming it to be his dinner. Dr. Harz observes this and is now convinced that Jeff thinks he is a dog.

As Digby grows, Jeff decides to take him to his Aunt Ina in the country and dresses him as a horse. Two crooks, Tom and Jerry (Norman Rossington and John Bluthal), who have accidentally stumbled across Digby now steal him while Jeff is having a meal in a transport cafe (a very funny scene) and sell him to a circus. Digby is seen on the television, and Jeff and Billy set out to rescue him at the circus. The Ringmaster is not too happy about Digby, now fifty feet tall ("If he lifts his leg, he'll drown fifty kids"). Digby breaks out of his chains, pulls the big top down as people flee and starts rampaging through the countryside terrorising all.

No one can cope with him now, he's bigger than King Kong, a National Emergency faces the country, a Cabinet meeting is held and it is decided that the only answer is to bomb Digby. With Digby trapped in a ravine the bombers move in.

The film is directed by Joseph McGrath and produced by Walter Shenson. I felt that the special effects were quite well done and the film is full of laughs. If you are taking young children, particularly very young children to the cinema this Christmas, or recommending a film, or if you would like to see a film without sex and violence, then Digby is an ideal film.

The film is now showing at Studio One, Oxford Circus, and will be on general release in time for Christmas.

HARRY HILL

## Taking the 'f' out of re'f'use

About two years ago a group of IC students felt that they had heard enough of the problems of pollution, resource depletion and population growth to be convinced that these are real. Without denying the need for further discussions, political action and so on, this group decided to provide a series of activities which would enable members to involve themselves in implementing some of their ideas both to demonstrate their own convictions and to bring these ideas to the attention of others. These activities have been numerous and widespread, but the longest-standing has been the "Computer Paper Re-cycling Campaign". The waste of tons of computer print-out has struck many activist groups in other colleges as worthy of mention, but no other college can claim, as far as we know, anything approaching the success achieved by IC Eco-Action.

The campaign, launched in January 1972 after consultation with College Administration

Heads of Departments, etc., was based on the provision of boxes in all departments into which anyone could discard unwanted print-out and cards. These boxes were emptied periodically and the paper stored in a small room kindly provided for the purpose by the Domestic Bursar. When a suitable quantity (about 1 to 2 tons) had been thus accumulated, it was removed by a charity — Reach into Child Blindness — which specialises in fund-raising by selling computer waste for re-cycling. During nearly two years of operation, the group collected about 35 tons of paper in the following categories:

computer print-out	
25½ tons worth approx.	
£510	
computer cards	
7 tons worth approx.	
£210	

Phone books, journals, etc.  
2½ tons worth approx.  
£20.

Note that these prices are roughly those paid by paper dealers if they collect from source; if the paper is delivered to the dealers, the prices are significantly higher. There is also a related saving to the community as the London rate-payer has to pay £6 to £10 for the collection and disposal of every ton of refuse.

The long-term aim of the campaign was to demonstrate to the College authorities the financial viability of the scheme and to this end a detailed report was submitted to the Rector, the Secretary and the Financial Secretary in May 1972. This report, noting that College employees have already to move refuse from source to collection point showed that an annual income of up to £2,000 could be generated with a minimum of segregation. Talks continued for well over a year until finally, last month, the College agreed to take over the whole scheme (cutting out RICB, of course). To give them a start, the group presented the College with 3 tons of computer waste which was recently sold for over £70.

The full implementation of the scheme is dependent on Westminster Council's installation of a general waste compressor — a Dumpster in Mech. Eng., similar to that at present operating in South Side. Once this is done, the small brick building in the East Court can be used as a paper store. There may also be problems with NUPE to be ironed out. In the meantime, anyone with a large quantity of easily handled paper waste should inform Mr. Brackington of Supplies — Int. 3206.

MARK BALDWIN  
on behalf of IC  
Eco-Action.

## The exploits of the Incomparable Mulla Nasrudin by Idries Shah Picador 40p

## BOOK

One of the basic tenets of the Muslim religion is that there is no absolute reality but God, but the only doctrine to take this to its logical conclusion is Sufism. In his book, "The Sufis", Idries Shah has introduced the Dervishes and their philosophy: the central figure in a series of medieval jokes used to illustrate the teachings of Sufism was Mulla Nasrudin.

In this series of tales, Nasrudin takes the part of teacher, fool, beggar or physician, yet always manages to exhibit the aerobic contortions to which the human mind is prone. On this level, then, this is a serious book, but on another plane it is also wholly and hilariously funny. Here is the home ground of the Goons and Monty Python, and the origin of many chestnuts of the Music Hall.

"Nasrudin's wife ran to his room when she heard a tremendous thump.

"Nothing to worry about," said the Mulla, "it was only my cloak which fell to the ground".

"What, and made a noise like that?"

"Yes, I was inside it at the time."

"Nasrudin was throwing handfuls of crumbs around his house.

"What are you doing?" someone asked him. "Keeping the tigers away". (cont. page 5)



# The Sporting Life

A week last Saturday, I.C. Cross-Country Club took on the might of L.S.E. at Petersham. This should have been a triangular match, but Sandhurst couldn't make it, having cocked-up their fixture list. Our 10 runners narrowly lost to their 11, although L.S.E. did field an illegal runner, so we won really.

First home for I.C. was Rob Allinson in third place in a scorching personal best of 28m 51s, followed by Ian "Sailor" Ellis in 30m 12s (you know what they say about people who wear purple). Our last three runners, Keith "they didn't see me meat, did they?" Ahlers, P. Donnelly, Esq. and Dave Jones (from the hub of the West, Hemmersmiff), finished together, well down the field.

The Union Bar then witnessed the unbelievable Pad REFUSING a free pint (flaker) and the equally unbelievable one of Ian buying a round.

## IC O, KINGS 2

I.C. travelled to Colliers Wood last Saturday to play King's College in the First Round of the ULU Cup, which we have won for the past three years. The game was played under arctic conditions on a rock hard pitch.

After five minutes Stevie Bates was injured in a collision with the King's left-back, which slowed him down for the rest of the game. This was shortly followed by injuries to Ron (V.P.) Kill and Bob Day. Bob bravely carried on, but I.C. were forced to substitute him ten minutes later and brought on Paul Worthington. King's had the better of the first half, but no goals were scored. The referee gave several unusual decisions completely baffling the I.C. team.

In the second half I.C.'s re-shuffled team began to settle down and their strength began to tell. The King's goal was under a state of siege, but despite constant pressure, I.C. failed to create many chances. The two best chances fell to Batesie and Ian Bell, but both shot wide. As extra-time drew near

After a fine performance against Wasps Vandals the Saturday before, the I.C. team had no worries when they learned that they were to play U.C. on Saturday, December 1st. Having arrived on the pitch with their usual apathetic attitude, I.C. were lucky not to have 2 tries scored against them

## CROSS-COUNTRY

### OFF TO THE BOLTONS

In fact, only three PA's stayed the course till chucking out time — Mike, Ian, I and Keith (nearly), the latter being a permanent fixture in the Bar.

Dave Payne was on a dirty weekend in the Midlands, so he can't get a mention for this one. The gimp was also absent, undoubtedly getting on someone else's wick.

On Sunday the team played C.W. Eng. I at football, losing out 1-0 (unlucky, Pad). Dave Jones kept a tight grip on the opposition, particularly their female winger.

On Wednesday we ran the Osterley Park relay in surprise, surprise, Osterley Park. Five teams had been entered, but only three could be raised due to injuries, many being caused by

non Cross-Country activities. We could soon be back to the halcyon days of last season. Dave J. was working hard (so he can become Dr. Spock instead of plain Mr. Spock).

Rob Allinson did another superman run (quote, "My valuables are in my trousers"), doing the three-mile course in 15m 27s. The course itself was as flat as a witch's tit, which perhaps accounts for Paul "Granny" Clarke doing 16m 40s (sniff). The rest of the first team was Phil MEE-ler and Jock Strap, who really put the balls on it by allowing L.S.E. to beat us.

The second team was "Ankle" Webb, Ashley Cooper, H. Artist and Mike Welford. Steve did a very fast time, suggesting some secret

training had been going on.

The W-nkers team fully lived up to its name, with Dave Payne not quite recovered from it. P. Artist (Pad), Dave Howlbrooke and Andy Fairhead. This was not a performance of merit.

After the race, a rapid adjournment was made to the Queens, reached 20 minutes before opening time, and then on to the Union. When the meeting finally dispersed, Alf hadn't been for one and a half hours and Mike (ACC II) Welford was still going strong (it's the tankard that makes you excel... uuuh.). Visits were then paid to Keith and Pad, who wasn't in. We had thought of going to see the gimp, but decided he might not like his sink p-ssed in.

The League results have now been corrected again — the finders of any more mistakes will be rewarded with a boot up the arse (keep searching Ronald).

This week's motto: A dehydrated man can't add. Happy Christmas, and don't get too pissed! U. B. CONSORTIUM

son (capt.), M. Clark.

## IC III 5, CHELSEA II 0

The third team played Chelsea II also at Colliers Wood and won very easily by five goals to nil despite being held to no score at half time. Tony Richards scored a brilliant hat-trick and John Button and Paul Singleton also scored.

Team: G. Edwards, C. Anastasia, R. Peritt, J. Iley, A. Jackson, K. Alamouti, J. Button, C. Sanku, T. Richards, P. Singleton, A. (Beer Gut) Williams.

## IC V 5, LSE III 1

The Fifth team playing against L.S.E. III survived a lot of first half pressure and led one-nil at half time through a brilliant own goal. In the second half, they got on top, and despite the referee ran out easily 5-1 winners with goals from Mike Butterworth, Colin Higham, Pete Bintliff and the lone Ranger. (Ed. bad ref again?!).

Team: R. Colston, S. Parsons, R. Hunter, J. Davies, M. Selwyn, M. Butterworth (capt.), C. Higham, P. Birch, P. Bintliff, T. Ranger, S. Hancock, Sub. I. Lonnon.

PETE DAVIS and ALAN PETERSON

Throughout the second half I.C. were completely outplayed by a much more enthusiastic U.C. team and deservedly lost by the frightening margin of 25-12. This was the first match lost by I.C. to a college team for 2½ years and ended a run of seven successive wins against U.C.

## FOOTBALL

### SLIP UP IN CUP SHOCKER

I.C. were confident of winning as the King's team were tiring badly. With five minutes to go I.C. pushed all their men up to force a goal. A Batesie blockbuster hit a King's defender and flew up the pitch to a lone King's player, and from this breakaway Kings scored a lucky goal.

Now with nothing to lose, I.C. attacked with every man and from another breakaway King's scored in the last minute to make it 2-0. On a day when the defence had played well, I.C.'s attack was just not good enough.

After the game, disappointed captain Bell blamed it "all on the ref". Never mind, Ian, there's still a job for you at Brighton.

Team: N. Bakewell, R. Kill, A. Wilkinson, I. Postlethwaite, D. Cash, S. Bates, I. Bell (capt.), J. Kelly, M. Hastings, S. Anastasi, D. Sanderson, Sub. P. Worthington.

## IC II 4, KINGS II 1

Meanwhile, at Har-

lington, the second team gained revenge by beating Kings II by 4-1 in the Upper Reserves Cup. Kings adapted better to the tricky conditions, but were denied any reward by I.C.'s solid defence. Bill Pike opened the scoring, following up a Martin Clark shot. Shortly afterwards Kings equalised with a soft goal (Oh what a giveaway!). However, the King's goalkeeper was let down by his defence and Bill Pike scored two more goals before half-time, including a 'Sammy Nelson Special' from thirty yards. I.C. played badly at the start of the second half and were only saved by the courage of Andy Roberts in goal who made two magnificent saves. I.C. then took over the game completely and due to the fine Kings goalkeeper could not score more than the single half goal from Geoff Gilbert.

Team: A. Roberts, R. Young, M. Manning, D. Ansell, D. Purvis, J. Hyslop, G. Gilbert, L. Miles, B. Pike, A. Peter-

## RUGBY

### I.C. GO DOWN AT U.C.

in the first ten minutes. Only the incompetence of the U.C. backs saved I.C. However, after letting in a gift try, I.C. began to play very well, scoring a try through

Alan Crossley converted by Dave Rimmer. Dave also scored two penalty goals in the first half. The score at half time was 12-6 in favour of I.C.

## EDITORIAL

Is the sporting reputation of I.C. in jeopardy? What is the cause of the decreasing number of students participating in sporting activities? Is it a decline in interest which has reduced the number of football teams from 7 or 8 to a mere 5 this season. Perhaps the present employment situation is pressurising students into getting the best degree, increasing the work load and reducing leisure time? Or could it be the lack of money, which we are hearing so much about, preventing sportsmen joining in the social as well as sporting activities of the clubs. What can be done to improve the situation, to encourage hidden talent to come forward and enjoy the not to be missed camaraderie of I.C. sports clubs. Perhaps if clubs were to use the facility of the Felix sports page to publicise their activities, interest may be aroused, by students being shown that clubs not only exist, but in fact do have some fixtures! It is the duty of every captain to see that his club uses its rightful space in Felix to the full, so submit your articles by Wednesday night to the Sports Ed. c/o Union letter rack.

BOB B.

## FLOGGING

### WINTER TERM REVIEW

There can be few more nostalgic experiences available to mankind than looking back over a term's golf. Cynics might say "Rubbish!" and not be far wrong, but how can one counter such absolutes as "a birdie at the long ninth" or "a ten and 8 victory" without every fibre in the body stiffening in supreme exhilaration. Non-golfers usually refer to "Love" as the ultimate absolute, but those well versed in the "rub of the green" merely use this as something to fall back on when their swing fades. Indeed it is worth a moment's thought to think how different man's outlook on life might have been had Jesus been born at Royal Mid-Surrey instead of Bethlehem and been given "golf clubs, membership card and talent" by the "three wise men" instead of the other things. However, that's Christmas, and not the main theme of this article.

This article is dedicated to those fine warriors of I.C.G.S. who trudge the noble road to Richmond week after week. Many have yet to appear in a match line-up and so have not been pulled down by the glittering hand of publicity. For them it is the mysterious lure of the game which draws them to their fate.

A review of the term would not be complete without mentioning our record so far:

University College lost 4½—1½

Barts Hospital won 4½—1½

Kingston Poly won 4½—1½

The reports on these matches have appeared in previous editions, so I shall not trouble you with a blow-by-blow account except to say that the team has improved markedly with each match and is now extremely formidable.

The hard work put in by the committee also is notable. Bill Calderwood (vice-captain) has put in hours of toil scouting for good players as well as performing his major task of being the first team superstar. Jules Dan has taken on the onerous task of secretary with the zest that Barry Mackenzie might describe as "of an abbo tucking into his first furburger". Adrian Evans has also added his contribution to the society as treasurer. His tough bargaining technique has led to the Union treasury considering our club more equal than others, just as his excellent diplomacy has made him a man marked for success.

Finally, I have been asked how these society reports come about. It's simple. Nigel Foster writes it, Jules Dan reads it, Bill Calderwood changes it, and Adrian Evans pays for it.

NIGEL FOSTER

## CABER-TOSSING

Following the success of our team against the Caledonian Club of U.C. where we thrashed them 14-1 last Saturday, we turned our attention to more manly opposition.

It was with high expectations that we went to Neasden football ground to challenge Willesden and District Freemasons to the sport of men.

We took the field first, and Angus McFarland, using his special steel tipped projectocaber, managed a magnificent 560 yards to skewer the roof of the changing rooms, in which the opposition were cringing. No one was hurt (much).

Despite young brawny Alec McCawley's excellent throw of 340 yards, unfortunately, however backwards, we won 6-0 due to the opposition retiring with multiple hernias.

HAMISH McPSEUDONYMITABLE



# DRAMSOC

## CAMINO REAL BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

Beit Theatre (Union Concert Hall) 5th to 8th December.

Prince Consort Road was filled with cars and 50-seater coaches, crowds milled in the streets, it is Friday night and Dramsoc are about to perform "Camino Real".

Paragraph one on the Camino Real review — lights down, enter Don Quixote and Sancho Panza from the back of the hall. We notice the stage has a large extension, black cloth covers the raised portions and the characters enter and exit via these cloths. Obviously this is to be no ordinary play, the audience is here to get involved, not merely spectate. Don Quixote enters the Camino Real, his companion Sancho runs back to La Mancha, Quixote sleeps . . . .

Paragraph two on the Camino Real review — an ageing gentleman in white suit and pink bow tie, a Mr. Gutman, announces Black 1 on the Camino Real, he is to be our narrator, an overseer, someone of some importance. But let us consider the action, the plot? A survivor crawls from the desert on to the plaza, he turns towards the Siete Mares, despite advice to the contrary. A loud shot rings out and the desperate man falls to the ground, crawling over the dried-up fountain. Jacques Casanova is appalled by these events, there is nothing he can do. Gutman is now on the phone to his superior, describing the scene, a blind girl and a guitar-toting dreamer assist the survivor, but not for long. "The survivor is no longer surviving".

Paragraph three on the Camino Real review — "Kilroy is coming", written in chalk on the wall, enter an ex-boxer born and bred in Texas, Yes sir, "Kilroy is here". His heart, the size of a baby's head, has grown weak and a pair of golden boxing gloves draped round his neck remain as a reminder of his glorious past. His wallet is stolen by street vagrants. In typical American style he stands his ground, confronts Mr. Gutman, who offers him a job as a "Patsy" — a clown. Kilroy tries to escape his fate, he is caught and forced to wear the clown's mask, the flashing nose.

Paragraph four on the Camino Real review — remember the survivor, he is carried off in a dustbin by "The Streetcleaners", the same fate befalls the Baron de Charlus upon his demise, is there any escape from this . . . . this place? Oh yes, across the desert, the nothing, nothing and more nothing, to the snow-covered mountains on the horizon. Kilroy is clown, end of Black 6, interval.

Paragraph five on the Camino Real review — "It's not so much a play as a state of mind" — It's very impressive, isn't it? — Look, darling, it says in the programme that everyone reaches the Camino Real at some stage in their life, we leave the illusions of youth behind and each has to face the Terra Incognita (the desert) of age in your own way" — "I don't get it" — "What's it all about?" — "What does it mean?" — MEAN? MEAN? WHAT DOES IT MEAN? The fools, do they think they've come to see "Coronation Street"?

Paragraph six on the Camino Real review — The great lover, Jacques Casanova, is talking with the fair Marguerite, she still dwells on the anguish of the coming of her menopause, "it's always a white flower now, never a pink". Casanova's thoughts are on love and resting on the Camino Real, Marguerite's are on escape. Suddenly, there in the sky, that noise, getting louder, it's the unscheduled flight, the Fugitivo! Chaos, people running, shouting, cases, tickets, money, papers, Customs, "quick Jacques, get my money, my clothes, my papers — let me get out — the FUGITIVO!" — hurry, more chaos, noise, people running, Lord Mulligan carted off by the street cleaners, more people running, the noise, the lights, the Fugitivo leaves. Marguerite is left on the steps stranded, in tears, trapped. She no longer wants Jacques Casanova, she leaves him.

Paragraph seven on the Camino Real review — Lord Byron leaves the Siete Mares to return to his one main devotion in life . . . . to . . . .? What is his one main devotion? Byron explains how his heart is in the only instrument he should listen to,

not rows of paid musicians; in the background the dreamer quietly plays, Byron walks up the staircase to the Terra Incognita, "someone stop him, warn him of the desert", Byron is undaunted, he knows what he is doing, he walks out of Camino Real and is gone. What of those that remain, they have all paid the price of admission — DESPERATION. Those with cash in the Siete Mares, those without either in the "Ritz—Men Only" or on the streets. The set of the entire play is simple, but effective, realistic. The Siete Mares, where the rich reside on the right, the pawnbrokers and "Pity—Men Only" on the left.

Paragraph eight on the Camino Real review — it is Fiesta time, join in the fun, tonight the rising moon will turn Esmeralda, the Gypsy's daughter, into a virgin, and a chosen hero will be found. Kilroy hocks his golden gloves to finance an expedition across the desert and away. Casanova wears his crown of horns, oblivious to the crowd's taunts. Hail Esmeralda, the virgin, she chooses Kilroy as her hero, he is torn between escape and the temptations of the Gypsy's daughter, temptation wins, longer interval.

Paragraph nine on the Camino Real review — "Let's get down to the bar before everyone else" — "Want a chocolate or a barley sugar, dear?" "Now I'm beginning to understand it, the Camino Real is obviously that stage in a person's life when he (or she) has to face the agonising reality of growing old. If one can accept this then they can cross the Terra Incognita with no problems. Casanova's whole life is centred around his virility and as this declines with his increasing age he cannot come to terms with it and so is stranded on Camino Real. Similarly, Kilroy's whole life was his boxing career, when his heart grew weak, and the medics wouldn't O.K. him for any more fights he too couldn't face his fate, couldn't face old age, so he too remains on Camino Real. Lord Byron, however, once he has accepted the minor points of old age, is able to return to his poetry and can continue writing as long as he likes, so he can blithely walk out of the place. Marguerite dwells too much on her past to be able to escape no matter how much she wants to" — "We'd better get back now, it'll be starting again soon".

Paragraph ten on the Camino Real review — the Gypsy fills in the chosen hero forms for Kilroy and Nursie brings in Esmeralda. She stretches seductively on the couch, two small coiled green snakes guarding her breasts. Kilroy is too worried about the Gypsy's news that he is next on the street cleaners list to concentrate on the job at hand. He spends a long time impressing Esmeralda with his sincerity and is finally allowed to lift her veil. He is thrown out by the Gypsy and lands on . . . .

Paragraph eleven on the Camino Real review — Kilroy is on the plaza, Gutman assists Casanova's exit from the Siete Mares. Kilroy's heart is too weak to carry the befriended Casanova's bag into its new home, the RITZ—Men Only. Kilroy decides to sleep out under the stars, he is joined by Marguerite and when the street cleaners approach he is ready for them. But his resistance is too weak, all in vain.

Paragraph twelve on the Camino Real review — Kilroy's body is being investigated by a dissection class, the instructor removes the heart, a golden one the size of a baby's head, Kilroy grabs his heart from the instructor and in trying to convince the sleeping Esmeralda he is more than a tomcat, pawns his heart for a collection of cheap stones and furs to impress the sleeping Gypsy daughter. He falls to the dry fountain, broken, screwed, robbed, desolate, a wreck . . . . Don Quixote awakes and washes his face, cleans his teeth in the fresh clean water of the fountain. The crowd of vagrants are stunned, they leap upon the fountain as Kilroy and Quixote climb the staircase together, towards the Terra Incognita.

Paragraph thirteen on the Camino Real review — credits: The production and direction of Denys Bennett was as immaculate as "The Crucible" and the general standard of acting really excellent. Although not perfect, it is impossible to fault the production, a very difficult play indeed to perform, one which was tackled in a very adventurous and professional manner. The props, costumes and scenery were very realistic and convincing. The only really outstanding individual performance was that of Pat Gorman as Kilroy, although Steve Grove (Gutman) Mike Stranger (Casanova), Penny Pyke (Marguerite) and Carina Standing (Gypsy), not forgetting Sheila Hughes (her daughter) supported very well. The play was perhaps too surrealistic for some people to enjoy on the superficial level, but choreography (by Madeline Claque) and superb lighting (by Alec MacAndrew) enhanced the entire production to such a degree that everyone must have got something out of it. It's a play to think about, to interpret in your own way to work out for yourself; consider your own situation, draw your own conclusions, write your own review. "The curtain line has been said, so lower it". Amen.

JEREMY BARKER

## VACANCY

The post of sabbatical editor of FELIX will become vacant starting at the end of this term.

Hold everything! Before you all reach for the application forms, let me tell you that it might not exist next term, dependent on last night's Council decisions.

FELIX has been in deep financial water since half term, due to a peculiar side-effect of the economic crises which has made firms change their minds about advertising in London student newspapers (except Sennet).

They all used to get their ads from one brokers company which has since packed in all contracts with London student newspapers as even they can't get ads.

Before Mines Newsletter pipe up with stories of their unrivalled financial acumen in extorting a couple of quid's worth of ads per fortnight off local traders, may I state that FELIX needs over £50 per week worth of advertising to avert large injections of Union capital.

Coupled with this drop in advertising revenue has been soaring newsprint costs which I feel makes the present format of FELIX (8-page weekly) no longer feasible.

Anyone interested in helping with whatever media project Council decide to back to disseminate news, spews and reviews round the College should contact Norm Sayles or Paul Wadsworth in the Union office, either now or straight away next term.

In case anyone's wondering why I'm jacking in the student editor scene, the answer can be deduced from the statement "£400 grant for my third year next year and no parental contribution available".

Ergo elk Python dixit.

Anyway, before any more Latin quotations crop up which have to be taken cum grano salis as they say, this has been a really great term editing FELIX and I'm sorry that it has to end in such a fiducial conflagration, but I have no doubt that that scrotty moggy will re-appear again next term, although in a different hat, no doubt.

Especial thanks are due to Dave, Simine and Graham for mind-stunning layouts, scores of noms-de-plume and real people for articles, reviews and Ron Appleby's cartoon, the CP, IS, IMG for acute attacks of Weimar memorial nausea, God squad without which I might have an extra rib, Paul Gee for preferring typing courses to barricades, Scaramanga for not giving my secret away, Norm, Paul and Dave for being better than the devils you don't know, Bob Barley for sports editorial of the term, Bob Milsom for first-class couriering and enviable patience and last but not least Jen for 1,001 things a day.

ALI.

## CROSS - COUNTRY

Seriously though (see elsewhere), the X-Country Club saw its finest hour (so far) at the UL Championships this Saturday past. Despite the loss of no less than five of our more prominent stars by injury, our traditional placing of fourth (just outside the medals) was once again achieved. Even the bitterly cold wind could not staunch the enthusiasm of the dozen of us who ran, though those whose ability naturally befits them (except Dave Payne) for a place at the back had to finish in a blizzard of hail: the proposition that cross country is more fun in these conditions was not well received, especially by the two injured lads who were timekeeping on top of the hill.

Once again led by Rob Alinson, 18th in 30m for the 5 miles and Neil Boag (25th, 31m

23), the rest of the team finished with a more than usual packing in the middle; Paul Clarke 31st (31m 43), Phil Meyler and Steve Webb 34 and 35th (32m 27/8), Dave West 40th, Rich Harrington 44, Dave Jones 47, Mike Welford 50, Dave Payne 53, Pad Donnelly 60th and Pete Johnson, with injured leg, 61st. Having said we were 4th, we were also 5th (the second team) in front of LSE B (again). Six teams finished, many started. An ex-(1957? vintage) captain of ICCCC was also running.

To counteract the effect of the football matches, Rob is preparing Christmas Training Schedules; the effect of these will no doubt be observed next term.

DJ (unlike others not humming).



the end of first lap—Steve Webb about to pass these two.



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