



FOUNDED IN 1949

Felix

NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

FLATSHARE

If you require a flat for next year, want someone to share with, have places to spare in your digs, or want info on flats in general contact the Flatshare '76 scheme being run by ICU. Forms are available from ICU, the Residence office, and the Haldane Lib. The scheme runs throughout the summer.

No. 425

Friday 25 June 1976

FREE!

From one discrimination to another

OVERSEAS STUDENTS FEES

THE JOINT WORKING Party of the CVCP and UGC has come out firmly against fee differentials between home and overseas students (OS) in its final report published this week. Instead, they call for a fee differential between full-time postgraduates and undergraduates.

On the basis of this proposal, tuition fees for full-time university students would be levied at £250 for undergraduates and £450 for postgraduates in 1977/78.

The reports also calls on universities to contain, by voluntary agreement, the present open-ended commitment on OS. The limitation of OS would be made between a university and the UGC according to the university's need.

This would in effect stop universities from making up their numbers with OS. Colleges such as IC which had large numbers of OS would keep to their present levels of OS intake and would therefore not suffer under this proposal.

The choice of discrimination is described by Sir Brian Flowers as "reasonable and certainly undeniable".

Sir Brian went to comment: "Overseas students are a strain on the taxpayers and a heavy one at the moment. Given the present circumstances, we ought to accept voluntary restraint and run the risk of discrimination between undergraduates and postgraduates".

"If one complains too much then the choice is between higher fees for postgraduates and something much worse", he added.

For those PGs who are also overseas students the Working Party's fees proposal means that although they will not be much better off, they certainly will not be much worse off.



Raise your hats, blow your trumpets, 'cause Ents lost £700 on last Saturday's G-Band concert. Judging from the expressions of these two people (above) at the concert, they couldn't give a damn.

Flowers on power

IN A MAJOR speech, at Tuesday's National Energy Conference in London, the Rector, Sir Brian Flowers, expressed considerable anxiety about proposals to develop a fast breeder reactor system as the basis for Britain's nuclear power stations.

Sir Brian, who is Chairman of the Royal Commission on Environmental Protection, was speaking prior to the publication of the Commission's report on the environmental hazards of the nuclear power industry.

In his opening remarks the Rector said that the Commission accepted that nuclear power offered the possibility of much less pollution than conventional power stations. However they felt that nobody should rely for something as basic as energy on a process that produces in quantity a by-product as dangerous as plutonium unless he is absolutely convinced that there is no reasonable alternative course of action. I am bound to say that we have not been wholly convinced that this is the case by the evidence submitted to us.

The Rector then outlined the awkward disposal problems of Plutonium arising because of its long radio-active life.

College tuition fees

FOLLOWING the 30% increase in tuition fees for colleges in higher and further education announced by the Secretary of State for Education last December, the College is to impose sessional fees of £211, £426 for home and overseas under graduates respectively and £201, £416 for home and overseas postgraduates.

The Hardship Fund set up by the University Grants Committee (UGC) will operate for the session 1976/77. In addition, the UGC has widened the application of the fund to cover all students who were in attendance in 1975/76 and not only those who were

helped from the 1975/76 fund.

The available funds will also be used to alleviate next sessions 30% increase as well as this session's £70 increase.

Help with the higher level of fees will be restricted to students who pay their own fees and had already begun their studies at IC in 1975/76 or who had made the decision to enter the IC before March 1975. Claims by IC students for remission in 1976/77 will be considered by a special panel of academic staff set up by the Board of Studies.

Application forms are obtainable from Mr J Bevan, Room 344 Sheffield Building.

17% for PGs

AVERAGE INCREASES of 17% in the postgraduate grants for the next session were announced by Secretary of State for Education, Mr Mulley, on Monday in the House of Commons. The new grant levels (with last year's in brackets) are £1,380 (£1,180) for those outside London and £925 (£790) for students living at home.

Extremist thoughts on Union Management

INCLUDED BELOW are a collection of views, and questions, which could make people think what they want from their Union. Changing the current Union Policy could lead to a better democracy.

The Student Union

No matter how effective the President of a Union, is, it is almost inevitable that there will often only be a small number of students interested in internal/external politics. At Imperial College, with about 40% post-graduates and about 40% Overseas students, the relevance of the Union unfortunately tends to be even less than at other Universities. Union meetings appear to draw a regular, small percentage of politically motivated members. For many more students, the Union only helps fund their activities. Perhaps the majority make little use of the facilities, and so provide a large pool of resources for the interested few.

One interesting phenomenon in this institution is that its members are conservative (small 'c'). Thus, when an 'extremist' motion is put to a Union Meeting it is likely to be heavily defeated.

Union Meetings

Bearing in mind the comments in the first section, it is very difficult to see how the Union's activities can be openly shown to affect the quality of life on campus. If the matters discussed could be

seen to be immediately relevant, the attendance figures *might* dramatically change.

Union Council

The 'management' of Imperial College Union is vested in a committee of about 40 students (ICU Council). This may appear to be democratic, but Council cannot claim to be representative of Union Members (Members represent the bodies who elect them). In many instances Council erupts into explosions of flippancy, which are unbecoming to the management committee.

Decisions made by a large group of people (who have not always considered the full implication of their voting) may superficially be democratic, but may not be in the best interests of the Union.

It is difficult for people to hold their concentration for longer than 2 hours, and can result in incorrect decisions being made, which would put Council into disrepute. Yet, meetings last about 5 hours, and have occurred roughly every 3 weeks during this session. In addition, the large time commitment to attending the meeting may unfortunately discourage some students from helping the Union, and may also not allow Council Members to adequately read discussion papers relevant to issues being considered at the Meeting.

Slight mis-management of a Union may be considered democratic, but the real danger is that the result can be that the whole Union management is ignored by the parties which it seeks to help and that is not democracy. Reduction of the size of Council and/or an even stricter control on reports to Council (more Working Parties, with reports being taken as read) could greatly improve a situation which has several times been chaotic during the last three years!

Committee Management

I sometimes ponder on a question: "Why do intelligent people resort to the use of Standing Orders to conduct meetings?" Is this really good democracy, when some members are distracted through boredom?

Should a chairman always remain silent? Is there supposed to be some element of discretion so that the business can be expedited. Of course, the Chairman runs the risk of being challenged, provided that the Committee is alert, which it should be!

Executive or sub-Committee decisions should be accepted, not discussed again. However, the power to over-rule a decision must always be vested in the superior body.

Gordon Jackson

Well known after only a year

The Imperial College Orienteering Club has only been in existence since last October, and it was officially recognized by the Athletics Club Committee in January of this year. Since its inception, club members have been competing in Orienteering 'Events' on most Sundays, in forests all over South of England. In total, members have competed in over 20 different events and 'IOC' is now a well known name in orienteering circles.

The club has also organised its own events on Wednesday afternoons for members of IC and other London Colleges. These have been held on Hampstead Heath, Richmond Park and Wimbledon Common. The club owns 10 whistles which are used for introducing newcomers to the sport. It is a group member of the British Orienteering Federation, and four of the club are individual members of BOF.

Only two members of the club, Alan Leakey and David Rosen, had had any significant orienteering experience before the club was formed. However, many of the newcomers are already producing good results and Rob Allinson is well on the way to achieving a gold standard. Alan Leakey has been running very consistently, rarely missing a 'gold' time. David Rosen has been having his most successful season, and is currently clear leader of the South East 'Galloppen', having won three of the four events.

Members have also competed for the University of London Orienteering Club in several major championships including the Midland, Southern and Scottish. Four from IC were at the Jan Kjellstrom International Orienteering weekend in

the Lake district at Easter, and a week later, five from the College took part in the BUSF Championships at Stirling. Here, David Rosen won the Individual race, and the next day was a member of the winning University of London Team in the relay.

For the next year, the club hopes to continue to grow and there is already news of a keen orienteer coming to the College next term. Last term, we were fortunate to be able to use the ACC minibus on three occasions and there was a noticeable improvement in club spirit when we were all able to travel together. It is hoped that we will be able to use the minibus even more regularly in future. We have been fortunate in gaining a lot of support from members of the cross-country club and Pete Johnson is a member of both committees. Next year we will also try to encourage regular participation by people who are less athletically minded but who just enjoy a stroll in the country. We have had very little response from the women at College and this is another group that we will be vigorously encouraging.

Colours for 1975-76 were awarded to:-

Full: Alan Leakey

Half: Rob Allinson

John Gibbins

Pete Johnson

Steve Webb

Mike Welford

The Committee for 1975-76 was

Captain : David Rosen

Secretary : Alan Leakey

Treasurer : John Gibbins

Transport Officer: Mike Welford

David Rosen

Parker's Piece

THE NEW postgraduate grants for 1976/77 were announced to the Commons by Mr Mulley, Secretary of State for Education, on Monday. These bring the value of a London studentship to £1,380 (previously £1,180). For students outside London the new figure is £1,270 (£1,085) and for those living at home £925 (£790).

In the light of recent wage restraints by the Government and the Unions, a rise of 17% might, at first sight seem quite reasonable. It is only when one looks more deeply into these figures that one realises how criminally low they are.

Last month, new undergraduate (UG) figures were announced which gave them a grant for the next academic year of £955 for London, an 18% rise. This is 1% more than the percentage PG rise. This is an insult in itself, but even more so when one considers that the UG grant is already higher than a PG grant in terms of "real" weekly allowance. Some reshuffling of UG allowances has been made so that it will not be worthwhile to claim Social Security during the Christmas and Easter vacations.

Even with this taken into account, the real value of an UG grant for the 31 week statutory term time will be £27.90 per week. A PG will receive £26.53 over the whole year. When one adds to this the availability of demonstrating which is restricted, and the fact that UGs have an opportunity to earn large amounts during the summer vacation, the new figures appear even more absurd.

For London students there are extra difficulties as the value of the London weighting in percentage terms has actually been reduced.

One can only conclude from these figures that the Government puts less

Continued on page 6

De IF Only Collum

ONCE AGIN, despite de end o' term fateeg I'am reachin' fo' de crayon box an' gittin' de Big Boys book o' Adjectives f'om under de short table leg. Trouble wid dishin' out de amazin' prose an' politerkal comment (showin' great unnerstandin') each week is de studes commin' roun' de fron' door ev'ry Friday pm yellin' fo' de nex masterpiece. I not fallin' into de overproduction trap. If I can't manage to cobble together de 'maculate english fo' de Felics then de life aint worth botherin' 'bout. De TP collum de only thin' wot am makin' de kew fo' de squash courts tollerable on de Friday mornin's. I noticin' aftah mah comments on de efforts bein' printed f'om de IF chicks dat de standard o' de aforesaid artikal risin' dramatically as de truth sinkin' in dwon in Cromwell Mews. De fear o' de great Pres commin' roun' t' sort dem out 'avin' mirakerless effects on de outputs. Trouble am, not enouff emphersis bein' put on de correc' an' proper use o' english dese days. Po' a starters, even I noticin' de mix up wid de odd english word croppin' up in de coloquial froggy. As fo' de 'Pee Ess' bit tacked on de end, I 'avin' to send it down de interperators to git de translation, only to find out it some comment 'bout me. Strikin' me it a bit to much like de dreaded contempt. Time to git de Presidential Luger out o' de safe deposit box an' arrestin' de offendin' items wid de NUS thu gs. Any more o' dis an we goin' t' 'ave to re-instate de special tribunerals run by de reliable drunks f'om de Union Bar, issued wid de card sayin', 'Good momin' miss, I see yo' am pleadin' guilty. De penalty am death, but seein' as yo' f'om de famous IF I willin' to here de excuses an' special circumstances roun' de back o' de Gym aftah de hearin'. Altertaverly, we bustin' in on de amazin' Julia Ross while she soakin' in de sunken bath o' asses milk an' chuckin' de fan heater in an' turnin' de whole schmozzle into de giant size milk shake. I not normally in de habit o' replyin' to de critics on account o' de fac' dat it beneaf de diggernity o' us low creative talents to ascend to de high level o' de oppersition wot am racked wid de jealousy over de crappy artikals wot I gen'rally issue each week.

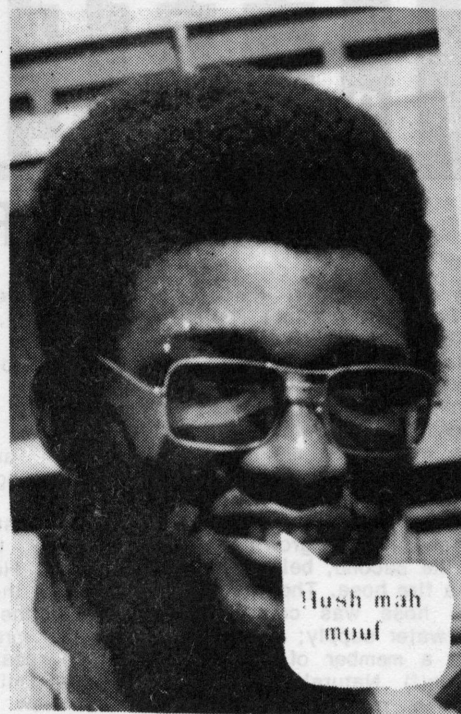
Not dat de IF got all de visual talent roun' de college RCS gø de Chesty Morral wid de independant fron' suspension, Mines got de H Matress, an' de Guilds got de prize winnin' rag collector wid de bum yo' can stand de tea cup on.

Back to business. I noticin' your Union thinkin' o' rebellin' an' pullin' outta de LSO, not dat it worryin' de Andrew Previn an' his banjo band, but some o' us needin' de cash, not t' mention de prestige o' controllin' de IC Union an' de ULU at de same time, also de numerous other colleges in de orchestrach. De P Teague am to tight wid de cash fo' de LSO subscriptions, wot ensurin' a years free f'om lef wing subversion an' visitin' rugby teams puttin' de boot in. It called protection in de trade. Anyway, wot five hunered softes to a big rich union like yo's. On de other hand, by de time all de different committees discussed it, like de UFG, ICU UGM, de RCC, SCAB, ACC, SCC, CCU, AAC, UFO, an' such like I not Surprised yo' reluctant to give it to me. Judgin' by de amounts o' alcohol consumed at de all-night Counsel meetin's, it am

a wunder to me dat yo' can come to any descissions at all, even wid holdin' de vote in de khazi.

Thinkin' o' takin' de holiday to get away f'om all de tension but I y'am wunderin' 'bout de reliability o' de NUF Travel Service. I would feel happier if dey'd let me on de flight deck pussonly to check dat de navegater got de AA continental handbook open at de right page fo' sunny Barcelona an' a newly magnitized nittin' needal in de compass. Also dat de pilot got de handbook open de right way up. Las' year I aimin' to Trinidad but endin' up in Prestwick aftah de good engin' packin' up on de NUS Charter Dakota. De Stewardess stuff not much good either, we not gittin' de tastefull Martinis an' de prawn salads served at de beck an' call, all dey managin' is de pile o' ready wrapped sarnies tossed out o' de cardbord box. I dunno. Might be better stickin' to de Coconut Airways aftah all.

I hearin' nasty rumours bein' put roun' by people wid moufs wot am so big as to be hazerdous to de healf. Dey sayin' de revoltin' Rick Perker am churnin' out dese gramatical goodies, well, he can't sharpen his pencil widdout causin' multiple lasserations to de fingers, an as fo' suggestions dat de P Teague writin' it, I sayin' cobblers, he could n't even keep de Peters Patter collum goin' fo' more dan 2 weeks. De controversy am over. De mighty lips am sealed an' it likely dat dis am de lars' artikal wot I cobblin' together fo' de Felics. It never really 'preciated. DE Pong an' D Suss guy always missin' out de vital lines an' 'addin' de misprints an' such like. I thinkin' de proof readers



Trevor Phillips: ICU President 1974-75

only botherin' wid de head lines an' de page numbers. I sick an' tired o' dishin' out de threats to improve de standard o' vari-typin'. This time it am fo' real. I commin' roun' de Felics offices nex Tuesday to do a few irreparable adjustments to de off set litho an' tie a few knots in de proof readers fingers.

Well, I off fo' de quiet game o' darts in de Union Bar, den back on de 14 bus fo' downtown Holborn, now where am de blowpipe?

TP

IF Only..

Alice through the EEC

ONE DAY ALICE happened, just to be climbing up a steep, steep wooded mountainside. She took out her pocket television set and saw that Mr Wilson (ie Callaghan) was about to hold a referendum on the Eurovision Song Contest - could we bear the excruciating pain of it each year and could Cliff Richard still go on representing us now that he is an OAP?

Alice realised this would have a direct bearing on the Marche Commun, in which, she felt, we must remain. However, she came across Le Tigre Presque Mort and was very concerned, seeing as she had campaigned vehemently to stop the ICI from giving dogs cigarettes to smoke! She wept buckets and tears and asked the Tigre why he was nearly dead. He managed to stutter a few words "The c....Contest....cruelty", of course Alice immediately linked this with the subject of the Referendum and rang up the RSPCA to enquire whether such singing could have such a drastic effect on animals. She used a trunk call, naturally, because she was in a forest - the line was engaged.

A few steps further on she began to hear music "How sweet", she thought, "A Christmas carol". But soon, soon the

dreadful truth filtered through. It was the German team flexing their vocal chords for the contest with 'O Tannenbaum'. Horror upon horrors in true song contest style each team had decided to copy each other, hence the French version 'Mon Beau Sapin'. The whole wood resounded with the dreadful cacophony, so Alice sang the 'Red Flag' like a good Socialist and also because it happens to be the same tune.

She then tried the straight line test which indicates whether one has lost one's equilibrium due to horrendous noises - she failed miserably. Let there be a moral there.

As you have probably guessed, the mountain was an EEC Butter mountain and so it will not surprise you that soon she came upon an EEC Wine Lake. What will surprise you is that there was a Red Indian sailing or canoeing on it! Explanations wered needed. "Big.chief-jam-buttysay-much-bitter-for-buttis-in-european-butties-club" (EEC to intellectuals). Eek by Gum! exclaimed Alice, as she learnt that everyone was now in the EEC. Except Le Tigre Presque Mort, who had just decided to stop playing silly-billies.

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LETTERS

About Mooney Food?

Sir, — As I left the Union Lower Refectory last Thursday (27th May, 3.35pm approx.) with, in one hand, my (late) dinner, which I had just purchased, to go into the Lower Lounge where a friend was waiting for me, I noticed a pool of water on the foyer floor. To my amazement I found that I was standing in it, and it was growing larger by the second, being supplied by a fire hose. The one end of this hose was connected to the water supply; at the other was a member of the Guilds Union(!) Naturally, my food became rather dampened by this not toopleasant experience; and I, not finding the refectory's culinary status the peak of a gourmet's delight at the best of times, certainly was not going to eat its produce after the whole bloody plate had been waterlogged.

I requested that the person directly responsible for the aquatic events buy me another plate of sausage and chips. He refused. I pointed out that the originals were now a good deal moister and about

60 degrees colder than previously. He still refused, but said that, and I quote, "they look alright to me." He then, along with other members of his company, proceeded to eat some of the chips, and the sausage, maintaining that they were "O.K.".

Amongst his confederates at the time were Messrs Ahlers, Hoyle, and Dearing, to name the most recognisable ones, the three presidents (past, present, and future, so to speak) of the illustrious Guilds Union, who all seemed to view the incident as being humorous. No doubt I too would have found it funny if I had been pissed out of my head.

I, however, was sober and hungry and wet. And not being in the least bit keen on wet, cold refectory chips, was merely pissed off.

I remain, hungrily, yours,

IVOR PLATOR-SOGGYCHIPS

Duncan Luss

we daren't print
at the time :

Union officials

Re: FELIX DINNER

Dear Moron,

I dont mind not getting a complimentary to your annual abortion, but I do object to being referred to as "Your Henchman" especially as it was only through me that you got a bloody guest speaker in the first bloody place. I hope you get an unexploded frankfurter in your bloody meal. And if you think for one moment that this error can be alleviated by your coming whining to my door craving forgiveness, you've got another thing coming.

I fart in your general direction.

Yours,

LUIGI.

John Downs

Re: ICU Elections notice printed on the front cover of FELIX No. 411 with the incorrect date as to when nominations closed.

Dear Ping-Pong

YOU IDIOT — YOU MORON — YOU CRETIN. YOU HAVE ABOUT AS MUCH INTELLIGENCE AS A SU PRIZE PEA! As your lithe supple brain will have grasped by now you really cocked up the elections bit on the front page last Friday. I respectfully request, and if you don't comply, I shall remove some parts of your anatomy, that you put that right — IN LARGE LETTERS next Friday.

You really rocketed to new heights of mediocrity with that ABOMINATION!

I hope you can read this — if you can't, I'll send over a copy in braille.

John (annoyed).

THANKS

Colin Grimshaw of the Audio-Visual Aids section in Elec Eng would like to convey his sincere thanks to IC Union for awarding him Honorary Life Membership of the Union and social colours.

NOTICE

Postgraduates please note that there will be an issue of FELIX published on Friday July 16th. All contributions for this issue must reach the FELIX office by 12 noon on Friday 9th July.

FREE

Desk — to whoever wants it. Ring 837 8375.

It's A Caribbean Connection

on Friday 2nd July
8.00pm till 2.00am
with

THE CIMARONS, THE
MELTONES, CARIBES
LIMBO DUO, RAPHAEL
CHERRIE CALYPSO BAND.

DJ: STEVE BARNARD, of
Radio London

Caribbean food, late bars
and disco.

Tickets: £1 from Student
Union Office, RCA.

The Creed

I Believe in Schrodinger, the Physicist Almighty.

Equator of Eigenfunctions and waves,

And in his only equation incorporating Del squared Psi,

Which was conceived in the bath, borne onto virgin paper,

Suffered under differential Calculus, was formulated, equated, and solved,

It failed under relativity; but on the third day it rose again,

And transcended Classical Mechanics,

And sitteth at the centre of Atomic Physics with solutions weighty.

From whence it will come to fox the quick and the slow.

I Believe in the Royal Society, the Royal College of Science, the commutation of observable.

The analyses of four vectors, the radiation of a Black Body and the functions everlasting

Amen

From the "Author" of 'THE CREED' Comes:

A silly Soliloquy of Shakespeare, for Tired and Torpid Followers of Physics.

Hamlet:

Div D or not Div D — that is the question;

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The reflections and translations of outrageous lattices,

Or to take ions against a cell of atoms,

And by transposing end them? to ionize, to excite —

No more; and by an excitation to say we add

The energies and the thousand thermal shocks

That matter is heir to. 'Tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd. To Ionize, to excite;

To excite, perchance to plasma. Ay there's the rub;

For in that excitation of ions what plasmas may form,

When we have shuffled off this magnet's coil,

Must give us 'Gauss'.

Gerald Taranto II
Soc Sec 'GAD Soc'.

Quotes of the Year

Re: General

Actually I could do without my bollocks as I haven't been using them recently. – Paul Ekpenyong

Re: RCS Elections

'I'm always hoping for a stiff opponent' – Clins Morrell (RCS President-elect)

Re: NUS Conference

'Conference, I will try and conduct myself in a more mature manner' – Alistair Stewart (Deputy President NUS)

Re: Photography

'The photos A took for my passport were awful – I looked like a drunken Chinese whore' – a well-known college administrator

Re: Typography (of course!)

'You can't justify anything under 1½ inches' – Gill McConway (Felix staff)

Re: Dancing Club

'I first met Brian (Percival) when we were both at the bottom trying to rape Sue Venner' – Anon.

Re: National Abortion Campaign Conference

'You should see my office – it's a mass of women crawling all over the floor' – Paul Ekpenyong

Re: FELIX

'This newspaper is so devoid of news' – Phil Dean (FELIX Sub-Editor)

Re: RCS Elections

A: *'You know, Lee Kenny's going to get torn limb from limb in the elections'*

B: *'I wouldn't mind seeing that, it would be good sport'* – Two well-known RCS personalities

Re: (dubious)

'I'm not giving it away anymore!' – Chris Morrell

Re: Capitalism

'I want to be rich too' – Mary Attenborough (IC Communist Society)

Re: His girl-friend's room-mate

'I only saw her once in bed' (5 minutes later) 'She looked as if she could be fun in bed' – Terry Westoby (FELIX Arts Editor)

Re: NUS Conference

'You're not allowed to make remarks like that. Contempt for the chair can get you...' – Sue Slipman (NUS Secretary)

Re: Terry-Thomas interview

'It's not easy to interview a man three times your age' – Mark Caldwell

Re: Collating Topic (of course!)

'You never thought your were going to have fun when you came over here this afternoon, did you?' – Linda Roussel (College Publications Dept.)

Re: The FELIX Editor

'You know why he spends so much time in the office, he can't get his head out!' – Dave Hopkins (FELIX News-Editor)

Re: Guilds Dinner and Dance

'They queue up for balls at IF' – Paul Ekpenyong

Re: (dubious)

'FELIX should campaign for a rise for me' – Linda Roussel (College Block Publications dept.)

Re: Guilds Presidents

'What's the half-life of a Guilds President?' – Ron Kill (Subwarden Tizard Hall)

Re: A certain young lady

'It only takes 5 minutes by taxi' – Duncan Suss (FELIX Business Manager)

Re: the editor of a certain Union publication

'I hope the bastard drowns in his own grease' – Ian Morse (FELIX staff)

Re: Clive Dewey, who asked him if he wanted tea

'Yeah, sure! I've got thirsty listening to you!' – Paul Ekpenyong

Re: (dubious)

'You dare not screw me for a pint' – Paul Ekpenyong

'I would not screw you for a barrell' – Duncan Suss

Re: (dubious)

'I'm a bit of a tit, really' – Paul Ekpenyong

Re: Dave Chance (see last week's front page)

'People who live in plastic bladders shouldn't throw loans' – Steve Brightman

Re: Joint Council

'Mr Everett wishes to withdraw his points' – Nick Brayshaw (in the chair)

Chemical Arson- The Truth

(See FELIX No. 408 about the story of the truant who tried to burn down the Chemistry Building.)

Last weeks attempt to burn down the Harwood lab was greeted with waves of apathy from the occupants of the lab. The would-be fire bug was roundly condemned, the following comments are typical –

'We should have let the whole bloody thing burn down.'

'He shouldn't have set fire to it, he could have pushed it down.'

I can now reveal that the man behind the arson attempt was none other than Dr 'Godfather' Kirkbright, the top man in analytical chemistry.

The doctor gave the following statements at various times –

'Make an appointment.'

'Sorry must rush.'

'I'm due at a meeting.'

'No I'm not the 'Mr Big' behind this arson attempt, even though we have run out of money for the new chemistry block.'

'No that was not me moving an opto-acoustic spectrometer back into the building after Dr Fleet had foiled the arson attempt.'

The youth responsible was of course Dr Adams, disguised in dark glasses. Dr Adams is No. 2 in the Kirkbright 'Brotherhood' (or should it be the Personhood?)

WILL THERE BE FURTHER ATTEMPTS TO DEMOLISH THE HARWOOD LAB?

Dr Kirkbright is currently working on the analysis of nitroglycerine by atomic absorption. Dr Fleet is covering glassy carbon electrodes with mercury fulminate.

A.H.

Monster hunt at Loch Morar

Students who attended Tim Dinsdale's talk on *'The Case for the Loch Ness Monster'* (IC Natural History Soc.), will recall that help is needed for this year's hunt. Loch Morar has a similar 'monster' tradition to Loch Ness, and also has the advantage of crystal clear water for much improved underwater work. The 1976 Loch Morar Expedition is being run by members of Royal Holloway College, assisted by students from Ealing Tech, and elsewhere. More participants are required for the expedition, which will run through June, July, and

August. Whatever your personal views on the presence or absence of 'monsters' in Scottish lochs, you may be attracted by the idea of spending a week or two in the highlands this year. Mike Parsons of Royal Holloway is organising student membership in London, and I have received copies of the expedition's application forms and 1975 report for distribution amongst interested parties. These can be obtained from myself – Dept of Zoology, room 2.4 (internal phone, 2481).

Jim Brock
(President Nat Hist Soc)

WELFARE WAFFLE

I shall be keeping the Welfare Centre open one day a week during the summer holidays. This will be every Wednesday from 12.30 – 1.30pm in the usual place: at the top of the Union Building. If you want to contact me at any other time, ring the Union Office.

Do not forget that you can claim social security as before this summer. The new regulations do not come into effect until October. Leaflets explaining the procedure and

containing addresses of local employment and social security offices are available at the centre as well as information on legal, accommodation, consumer problems, etc.

Please also come to the Centre or leave a message at the Union Office if you are a willing babysitter or would like to help out once a week at the Centre next year.

Thanks muchly
SUE KALICINSKI

EDITORIAL

The long hard year

The end of a long, hard year looms pleasingly ahead as I put pen to paper for the last editorial of the session. It is not with sobs and sniffles that I look forward to my imminent departure as editor of this paper, but with a sigh of relief.

Unlike my predecessor I do not wish to epilogue at length. I hope that my successor has, or if he has not yet done so, will learn from the mistakes I made. FELIX I believe is now firmly established in its present form and I hope it continues to play its important role within the Union in a responsible and constructive manner.

That off my chest I should like to thank all those people who have helped me throughout the year especially Jen Hardy-Smith, Riz Shakir, Peter Teague, John Downs (despite his insults) and the Publications department of college.

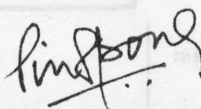
I cannot depart however, without a few comments about the FELIX staff who have worked solidly throughout the year with almost Spartan-like fervour. They are:

Ian Morse (offset litho operator), for whom women are obstacles to be surmounted and who thinks QPR are the best football team around; Gill McConway a sports fanatic whose pet hates are Mooney food and bad handwriting; Phil Dean, who lives more in Bexhill and did not often get past the office on the way to the Physics dept; Terry Westoby, our Arts Editor who swears he never

edited anything; Duncan Suss, a Mancunian with a wry sense of humour and could screw money out of scrooge; Nigel Williams, whose grey photos always sent Phil and Ian up the wall; Dave Knights, who talks and laughs in seven different octaves; Dave Foxall, who possesses the most extensive vocabulary of abuse I've ever come across and eats like a horse; John McCloskey, an Abbott ale freak whose ambition is to own a motorbike shop and thinks that puking is therapeutic; Clive Dewey, who has a penchant for College admin birds and has a very springy head; Tom Stevenson, who can make FELIX sound like *The Times* over the phone and hates me headlining his reviews; Andrew Hall, literary Sports Editor who never seemed to quite understand how I became editor; Chris Simester (alias Hic), who coughed up a lot of reviews again this year; and finally Dave Hopkins, our Welsh News Editor who is sometimes found singing crude rugby songs over the internal extensions in the FELIX office.

Last but by no means least, a very special thank you to my CRITICS - may they live long and well.

Paul Ekpenyong



Continued from page 2

Parkers Piece

value on PG education than on UG education. After three years on a UG grant PGs are expected to take a further cut in living standards for a further three or more years. It would not be surprising if the demand for research places dropped and still less so if the Government used this as an excuse for further cuts. I am sure no PG expects nor needs a financial incentive to do the work he or she does, but the financial deterrent of the present level of financing requires a lot of enthusiasm and dedication to beat it. In future, this level of subsistence will be tolerated by an ever diminishing, if dedicated, few.

It is hardly surprising that many good graduates opt for industry where they can earn £2,500 to £3,500 or more in their first year, often having the opportunity to obtain higher qualifications and degrees at the same time.

The 17% rise in grants represents only an 11% rise in the expenditure on studentships. The total is already low at £24 millions, less than the amount any good nationalised industry can lose in a week.

Research and post degree education are the core of our education system. We rely on these sectors to train our lecturers and those researchers who constantly refresh and advance the body of knowledge available. The Government is restricting the flow to the core. Soon the education system will be a hollow shell following stagnant patterns.

STOP THE ROT NOW!

RICK PARKER
ICPGG Chairman

IMPERIAL COLLEGE STUDENTS UNION.

LOOKING FOR FLATS?

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BRING A
SLEEPING BAG

PROFILES:

Paul Ekpenyong

I'VE BEEN teasing Paul all week that I'd leave this space blank, as a momento to his many spoof pages. That, though, would be too unkind a gesture to someone who's put a tremendous amount of work into the Union's hardest sabbatical job. So here goes!

Believe it or not Paul Esien Inang Ukorebi Ekpenyong (phew!) was born in East London in 1953. After various 'liberal studies' at Tottenham Technical College, Paul came to IC in 1973, supposedly to study Mathematics. He soon realised this mistake and resolved to make a big impact on the IC social life and the activities of IC Union. Three years later he can justifiably say he has succeeded (even Sir Brian's secretary knows him as Pingpong).

To call Paul an alcoholic and a gourmet would certainly be true, but that in itself would gloss over many a humorous occasion. After all how would you go about celebrating the fact that you never get a hangover, however much booze you consumed? Paul's alcoholic intake has at times given rise to many a precarious situation, particularly during his year as FELIX Editor. Nevertheless, despite walking along and across the tube lines at West Kensington station (after one too many glasses of Abbot), and despite a rather arrogant encounter with a taxi driver in Soho Square, which was only resolved when Pingpong jumped onto the taxi-cab bonnet screaming 'take me to Soho' (even he can't remember how much he'd had to drink that night), Paul has managed to survive his year as editor.

One notable incident happened at the end of his first term as FELIX Editor at a party given by Ricky Graham and friends. Pingpong arrived rather drunk, to put it politely, and proceeded to down half a bottle of whiskey in two gulps. Minutes later he was seen chatting to John Downs and Julia Ross. Apparently he managed to talk intelligently for half an hour before passing out, clutching a pint of lager! After being carried home he decided to walk into a shower fully clothed.

On occasions he has been seen sober, although he still maintains frequent appearances in the Union Bar, despite the fact that the bar staff once decided to strip him after hours, and despite frequent threats from his bank manager.

His eating habits are probably less well-known, although many students will have guessed them after his frequent journalistic attacks on Mr Mooney's catering. Many restaurants, especially the Great American Success, have also experienced the by-products of Paul's gastronomic dissatisfaction. In fact he's

always complaining about the hamburgers at GAS. He heatedly bangs his fist on the table vainly trying to get the bill reduced. He doesn't like their milk shakes either.

Sloppy waiter service is another source of annoyance to Pingpong, who at times has had to be forcibly restrained from assaulting waiters. Restaurants aren't the only places that Paul's got evicted from. Many of his friends remember a certain event that took place at a West End Cinema. A spurious comment to an extremely voluptuous doorgirl saw Paul and his friends (who'd already paid for their tickets) promptly evicted from the building.

So far I haven't said much about Paul as an editor, although Tony Jones doesn't seem to have left me much room for manoeuvre. Pingpong has a great capacity for work, surely fostered by his unique ability to go without sleep for long periods. He rarely displays any after effects, although recently he has looked a bit haggard (I don't think he's learnt judo yet).

As an editor he's been a great source of inspiration to his fellow staff members of the last two years and has encouraged a delegation of responsibility (from copyreaders onwards). He's a pleasant, humorous character who gets on well with people. A friend who's never afraid to make a fool of himself in the interests of his job (just look at the quotes file).

In his year as editor, Paul has done much to iron-out the remaining technical difficulties of offset-litho, as well as extending the role that FELIX plays at IC. It is perhaps unfortunate that he will be remembered for the mistakes he has made rather than the stability he has given the paper.

Unlike the predecessor, who Paul describes as a 'nostalgic sentimentalist', Pingpong is a self-confessed cynic, whose intermittent disregard of women has often fouled up his relationships with the same. This term he's finally got his sex life sorted out, although there was a time when he was frantically writing out programmes for the CDC computer in an effort to get his confused objectives straightened out. So now you know why the CDC's been 'going down' recently, it's Paul's love-life stretching its facilities!

After 700 words I think I've said enough to destroy Paul's credibility, and given you a clear idea of the man himself. All that remains to be done is to gather together the remnants of this year's staff and sift through the books that Paul suggests I read. The latter include *How to get your bum bitten* (twice) by an iF President and *Sensual Massage*. Both are available from your local Cromwell Mews bookshop.

PS Paul doesn't write the TP column.

Clive Dewey

(PPS: Really Clive, I wish you'd left this space blank or at least presented me with an air ticket to Brazil (one way) - Paul.)

Mark Caldwell

"PLEASE PAUL, CAN I HAVE THE FRONT PAGE" is a cry that I have heard many a time this year. It invariably comes from no lesser a person than Mark Caldwell, who has, for the past two years been the Chairman of STOIC. He is usually trying to get one of his now famous "Film Talk" programmes blazoned across the front page of FELIX.

Mark is the sort of chap that old ladies refer to as "What a polite young man", for he is polite and extremely modest. A trait one might not expect to find in a media man.

Often seen strutting between the STOIC studios and the Union - lines of communication are very tenuous these days - Mark presents the typical image of a public school boy. (He'll probably shoot me for saying that because his opinion of these bastions of upper class education is extremely low.)

Although he came here to study Physics, a subject he does not find particularly fascinating, he has spent a substantial part of his time involved with STOIC. First prompted by a STOIC notice in Topic which he found lying around in Keogh Hall, he went one production meeting after another and has

not looked back since. Neither has STOIC.

His first interview proved abortive when, after sweltering under studio lights for half an hour, his interviewees didn't show up. His second interview with Don Monro was in his own words "bloody awful". Since then his interviewing technic has improved although he has made inevitable slips now and then. Once, interviewing Prof Laithwaite he muffed his third question on the fourth or fifth re-take. Prof Laithwaite was "quite cutting" about the whole affair.

Mark has shied away interviewing academics since then and finds less of a problem talking to film stars although they too can get out of hand. Interviewing Barry Humphreys of Barry McKenzie fame, he had tea spilt on his notes by Barry, who turned up dressed in drag as Dame Edna Everidge. Mark's comment later was "How do you talk to a man who pretends to be a woman?"

His many interviewees include Mel Brooks who took off Mark's glasses as he was about to introduce a film clip, Christopher Lee who threatened to walk off the interview if Dracula was brought into the conversation and Glenda Jackson who threatened to poke his eyes out with the women's lib flagpole! However, says Mark, this latter interview was his most enjoyable.

The "Film Talk" series, of which these interviews are a part, has achieved a great deal of success and most of them are made outside the College. They are broadcast off the ILEA's Channel 7

network and replaced a rather similar but inferior programme they used to put out.

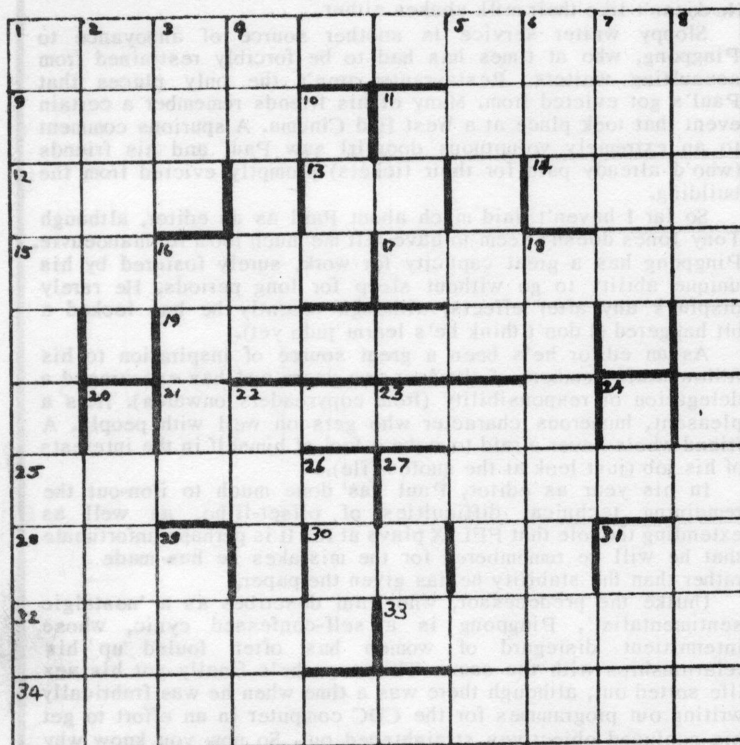
As with other media men, Mark is always worried about his audience. Audience ratings are a yardstick by which a programme is adjudged successful. The formula that he has found that works is "noisy or dirty film clips and big names" - the precise ingredients of "Film Talk". he was quite chuffed to find well over 100 people sitting quietly in the JCR watching the re-run of the Tim Curry interview.

The success of STOIC with "Film Talk" and the "Lunchbreak" magazine programme has brought its rewards. The Rector has taken a keen interest in STOIC since being interviewed and the result, after many letters from Mark, is that STOIC now have use of editing facilities costing about £6,000. In addition, "Film Talk" is now an "industry approved" programme; this facilitates procurement of clips for the programmes.

Has he enjoyed being STOIC Chairman. Yes. He has been interviewed by BBC Radio London, mentioned in the Evening News and has a glowing job reference from Barry Brown, producer of BBC's Film Night. He is currently trying to get into one of the independent TV companies - "anyone which'll take me". I'm sure that despite his lack of luck at the moment he will eventually breakthrough and FELIX wishes him the best for the future.

Paul Ekpenyong

CROSSWORD No. 41



ACROSS

1. C24 H40 O5 from bile
9. Sounds if you are all able to hear
11. Great and formidable hobbit
12. Result if 32 done
13. Not for drunken driving?
14. Back up girl (not quite on horse)
15. Put extreme in circulation
17. Go back drunk
19. Ten or a mixed baroque feature
21. Annoy killer status of Bond's yellow bird
25. Nearly hill hesitation seed scar.
27. Tar spencer
28. Porridge constituent
30. Alternative to scientific management
31. Prefix badly
32. Result is 12
33. See boat but not quite attack
34. 6 tuts Catholics, but makes it

DOWN

1. Take out a mil. with cry of pain for india-rubber
2. Chases and more than stun
3. Fish eggs to iron source
4. Is Guinness a Nigerian version of this
5. A lesser exam
6. Know but fool
7. An order of pillar
8. Drat, hell, short of court of session for sluts
10. A house god in large house
11. Speak something
16. Aid from loot
18. Equal looks closely
20. Quiet instrument
22. The smallest of litters
23. Go up in same old way
24. It is in 27, a feature, you might say
26. More, or less
27. Put up with 24 initially
29. Metal from egg
31. Go up river through Fen Poly

Sorry folks, no prize for this last mind bender. The solution will be published in the first issue of the autumn term. Have a nice holiday!

No correct solutions were received for Crossword No. 40.

Solution to Crossword No. 40



The Academic Hierarchy

A VICE CHANCELLOR

Leaps tall buildings in a single bound,
is more powerful than a locomotive,
is faster than a speeding bullet,
walks on water,
gives policy to God.

A HEAD OF DEPARTMENT

Leaps short buildings in a single bound,
is more powerful than a shunting engine,
is just as fast as a speeding bullet,
walks on water if sea is calm,
talks with God.

A PROFESSOR

Leaps short buildings with a running start
and favourable winds,
is almost as powerful as a shunting engine,
is faster than a speeding bullet,
walks on water in an indoor swimming pool,
talks with God if special request is approved.

A READER OR SENIOR LECTURER

Barely clears a prefabricated hut,
loses a tug of war with locomotive,
can fire a speeding bullet,
swims well,
is occasionally addressed by God.

A LECTURER

Makes high marks on the wall when trying to clear
tall buildings,
is run over by locomotive,
can sometimes handle a gun without injuring
himself,
dog paddles,
talks to animals.

A GRADUATE STUDENT

runs into buildings,
recognizes locomotives two times out of three,
is not issued ammunition,
can stay afloat with a life jacket,
talks to walls.

AN UNDERGRADUATE

Falls over doorstep when trying to enter buildings,
says look at the choo-choo,
wets himself with a water pistol,
plays in mud puddles,
mumbles to himself.

A DEPARTMENTAL SECRETARY

Lifts buildings and walks under them,
kicks locomotives off the tracks,
catches speeding bullets in teeth and eats them,
freezes water with a single glance,
she is God.

FELIX

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EDITOR: Paul Ekpenyong

Many thanks to Gill McConway, Ian Morse, Phil Dean, Duncan Suss, Dave Knights, Dave Hopkins, Terry Westoby, Dave Foxall, John McCloskey and Clive Dewey.

FOR SALE

One 5ft x 6 1/4ft sleepeeze Beautyrest Divan. Ten years old. Any offer considered. Phone Dr M Streat, int 3770.

Reviews

Music

Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias (Transatlantic)

THE DEBUT ALBUM from everybody's favourite perverts has so far had much publicity for its supposed outrageousness, not least by those guardians of public morality the *News of the World* and *Sunday People*. Let me keep you in suspense no longer — everything you have read about the album (that has already been banned from WH Smiths and Boots) is true — well almost. Yes, there are plenty of four letter words, yes the songs are about sadism, debauchery, bondage — you name it, the Albertos cover it (all over).

Could it be that the national press have finally twigged to the fact that rock 'n'roll music has gone beyond the sweet sixteen syndrome? Obviously they can't be aware that Frank Zappa said it all over a decade ago with priceless little ditties like *'Brown Shoes Don't Make It'*, and as far as four-letter words go, hell Lenny Bruce was laying them down on vinyl a good

while before Frank.

What the nationals failed to grasp however, is the main point of Alberto's existence — Satire, the bands particular folly being 'to take the piss out of the music business, and more specifically the musicians who keep it alive. They achieve this with outrageous parodies, incorporating the above mentioned lyrical overtones.

The first track is *'Tortue You'* with its spade-like heavy breathing, complete with sensuous lyrics like 'give me a whip and a jellied eel', all good clean fun. Lou Reed comes under the Alberto's hammer with *'Anadin'*, needless to say a spoof of the Velvets *'Heroin'*. *'Dread Jaws'*, the bands reluctant Top Ten shot, gives Bob Marley the once over, (substitute 'No Women No Cry' with — no legs he cry). *'Pavlov'* is a piece of punk-rock that would do even the Romones justice.

Side Two opens with the utterly sick *'Dead Meat'* whimsical tale about a lad who yearns to be a butcher and rub

rawmeat in his face.

The Albertos reckon 'most musicians suck' it says on the press handout, and the band leave the listener in no doubt as to whom they think suck the most, those bastions of moronic musak Hawkwind and Pink Floyd. During *'Mandrax Variations — Parts'*, the band make direct reference to the music of 'wind and Floyd, with parts of Silver Machine and Echoes, given new arrangements, and *'Follow the Guru'* is a disarming step back into Barretian Floyd psychedelia. I could go on, but I guess you've got a picture of what this album's all about.

My only disappointment with the record is the sad omission of the all time piss-take that always proves a killer in their stage act — the immortal Captain Beefcake routine, complete with farting saxophone. The Albertos are really a band to see, but this album is the next best thing, you'll probably get into it — but your mother wouldn't like it.

IAN MORSE

Back Street Crawler — Second Street (Atlantic)

IT WOULD be nice to say that before dying so tragically on 18th May this year, Paul Kossoff left us with a record that was a monument to Rock'n'Roll. Sadly this is not so, which is not to say this is a bad album. In fact its an album which I found quite enjoyable, although lacking any sort of originality, (the band having strong leanings toward sytyle of Bad Company, which is inevitable I suppose) it contains plenty of high octane energy and feeling, two superlatives that become mandatory when describing any work Paul Kossoff was involved in.

The band itself is tight 'n'hot with Terry Wilson on bass and Tony Brunagel on drums laying down a firm rhythm on which John 'Rabbit' Bundrick builds his fine keyboard work. Then there's 'Koss' of course, doing what comes naturally,

and finally Terry Wilson Slesser singing up a storm with his Rod Stewart/Frankie Milleresque vocals.

Second Street opens powerfully with *'Selfish Lover'* the strong drumming of Braunagel standing out here. Kossoff's guitar is clear and crisp in the typical Kossoff manner; and the whole band really works up some heat. *'Blue Soul'*, the next cut, is a melodic blues with tasteful piano and acoustic guitar, taking the song along until the band bursts 'back, with the vocalist bawling out the lyrics with a lot of energy.

Unfortunately the album nose dives with the next two songs — *'Stop What Your Doing'* and *'Raging River'*, which are straight rockers with little to say for them, but the last track on the first side. *'Some Kind of Happy'* is a real

creaser, and once again, Wilson-Slesser is on top form, backed up by a girl chorus who make this the cut of the whole album.

The second side opens with *'Sweet Beauty'* — another ballad which is given added momentum by the guitar playing of Koss.

The remaining tracks — *'Just for You'*, *'On Your Life'* and *'Leaves in the wind'* are good, but fall into the same catagory as so many Free and Bad Company songs. Nevertheless, despite its faults this record is an essential addition to any collection that contains work by either (or both) of the aforementioned bands, as it is the last statement by someone who had more than a passing influence on both Free and Bad Company, and for that matter British rock as a whole.

Joe Cocker — Stingray (A&M)

AFTER THE suprisingly up-tempo approach of the man's last effort, *Jamaica Say You Will*, on his latest recording, Cocker returns to the more familiar, laid back mood of *I Can Stand A Little Rain*.

Recorded in Kingston, with just about the most impressive line-up any R&B singer has ever used — the initial band being Cornell Dupree, Eric Gale, Richard Tee, Steve Gadd and Gordon Edwards, with the likes of Eric Clapton and Bonnie Bramlett thrown in for good measure, the album has that distinctive reggae undercurrent, that seems to infect most artist's work when they record in Jamaica.

The album opens with Bobby Charles *'The Jealous Heart'* which Cocker sings

in a relatively restrained manner, compared with some of the vocal frenzy that appears on other parts of this record. The next offering is one of three Matthew Moore songs included. *'I broke down'* which proves to be the albums sole track which shuffles along with any sort of urgency, the rest being the moody highly emotional, often unbearably poignant interpretations that have become the Cocker hallmark.

Inevitably, Bob Dylan is represented on Stingray, he providing two of the compositions. One of which, the previously unrecorded *'Catfish'* proving to be the albums finest piece, with Joe in fine voice, and making the most of the shivering, ice-cold arrangement given to

the song by the band. This is the fourth track in, and from now on Cocker sings with the rasping, raging intensity that only this man can give to seemingly romantic songs. As the second side progresses, the intensity level gets higher, until with *'Worrier'* and *'Born thru Indifference'*, Cocker sounds as totally wasted as he looks on the group's cover photo. No wonder Joe is a forerunner in the rock casualty stakes.

If you like Joe Cocker a lot then you'll probably get into this album, but if yours is just a passing interest, try some of the less intense recordings, like *'Jamaica'*.

IAN MORSE

Rock casualty hangs on

Music

Catherine Howe: Silent Mother Nature (RCA)

When I first listened to this album I must admit that it made very little impression on me and I tended to dismiss as yet another piece of vinyl. However, I am rapidly revising my opinion after listening to it a couple of more times.

All the songs on the album are written and sung by Ms Howe and all credit to her for putting down such marvellous lyrics. She also sings them beautifully and indeed the album is very well produced.

She has a style that is somewhat akin to that of Carly Simon although she is possibly not as powerful a singer as Ms Simon.

Of the actual tracks on the album, "Freedom Enough", "It Took My Breath Away" and the title track "Silent Nature" are outstanding on side one. The first has a very catchy rhythm and Ms Howe sings with delight and gay abandon; her concert piano playing together with Paul Keogh's electric guitar combine to give a good effect in matching with her vocals.

Her vocal talent are, however, not really revealed until the title track in which she covers the full range of chords.

The second side of the album continues in the same pleasant vein as side one with "All The Music In Me" the best track. Again, a lot of rhythm is expressed in this tune and there is a crisp, clear flute solo by Peter Zorn. The rhythm changes and picks up half way through the track - another flute solo backed by a fast percussion that trails off at the end of the track.

Whether Ms Howe will get the recognition she deserves remains to be seen with Capital Radio's Mike Allen plugging her, she would appear to be in with a chance. Anyway, I liked the album and if you are looking for some easy listening then this album is recommended.

Kool and The Gang - Love and Understanding (Polydor)

Kool and The Gang are a band that have consistently failed to impress me with their style of music. It's not that I don't like the particular musical genre to which their music belongs. It's just the awful mess they make of the whole thing. On the other hand this criticism might seem unfair since the apparently received no musical training whatsoever. All I can say is, tough bananas.

Anyway, onto the album itself. It kicks off with the title track "Love and Understanding" which despite its good pieces manages to be too long and slightly overbearing - it's nearly ten minutes long. But, typically of the band, the next track, "Sugar", is a beautiful combination of the band's musical talent. The backing vocals by Tomorrow's Edition and Something Sweet really set off this track beautifully. It also contains a rather nice alto sax solo by Dennis Thomas.

This track is followed by "Do It Right Now", a brassy sounding tune which is followed by a equally cheap sounding track called "Cosmic Energy". "Cosmic Energy" is the sort of music that Capital Radio's Greig Edwards delights in playing with a gusto that I always find a bit nauseating.

The only track on side two worth mentioning is "Summer Madness" which, as with the track preceding and that

following it, was recorded live at the Rainbow Theatre. It is a beautifully melodic tune tinged with a light delicate percussion. It features a good piece of arp playing by Ronald Bell. All in all, though, a rather disappointing album from the Gang. I look forward with anticipation to a time when they really get and produce an album worth listening to in its entirety.

The Steve Gibbons Band - Any Road Up (Polydor).

Led by Steve Gibbons, a man the publicity bumph describe as a "poet, story teller and third generation rock'n' roller", the Steve Gibbons Band are a five-piece band who have been around for about three years now. They play what I can only describe as aggressive rock but not in such a way as to be ostentations or gross.

The clear, precise vocals of Gibbons is supported by the twin lead guitars of ex-Move man Trevor Burton and the drums of Bob Lamb.

This is the band's first album and quite frankly for a debut album it is astonishingly good. The album moves from all rock time "Take Me Home" thorough a ballad type rock "Johnny Cqol" to the more conventional, slightly commercial tune "Spark of Love".

They are a band with originality and style of their own. The best comparison one could make would be to say that musically, they were somewhere between the Who and Bad Company. They are not as loud and heavy as Bad Company but tend, in my opinion, have to the Who although in the same musical style. It is interesting to note that the album is released on Roger Daltrey's Goldhawk Label.

Yet despite the influence that the Who might exert on them, the individuality of the band still holds firm and shines through in the personality of Steve Gibbons.

I shall go on about how good the tracks on side two are because that would take pages and pages - if you want to enjoy some bloody good music don't just sit there are read this, go out and buy the album now and discover for yourself the new phenomenon in rock known as the Steve Gibbons Band. PAUL EKPENYONG

CARPENTERS: 'There's a Kind of Hush' (A&M Records AMLK 64581)

There's a rumour going around record company circles that the profits on the Carpenters' records pay for A&M's entire UK operations. True or false, the Carpenters still sell a lot of records and no doubt their new album will prove to be no exception.

Yes girls and boys you can get your hankies out, the Carpenters are in town again with a soppy sentimental and romantic album that mummy definitely would approve of.

The Carpenters, whose mode of unpretentious *Middle of the Road* music appeals to all and sundry, have produced another fine effort that exudes beautiful harmonies, excellent orchestration and arrangement (by Richard Carpenter) and all-round technical perfection. 'Hush' is certain not to disappoint many, yet compared to some of their previous efforts, notably 'Now and Then', the album lacks some of that charisma that I've come to expect from Richard and Karen.

In short 'Hush' is likely to appeal to an avid Carpenters fan who already has many of the duo's past offerings, whereas the newcomer would be best advised to purchase one of the Carpenters' previous offerings.

One point that does bug me with 'Hush' is why the Carpenters don't song more of their own compositions. Out of the ten songs on the album only three, 'I Need to be in Love, Sandy, and I Have You' are penned by Richard Carpenter and lyricist John Bettis. Yet the Carpenters excel much more on their own material than they do on other peoples. And they don't make bad versions of the latter! For starters you have a splendid reworking of Neil Sedaka's *Breaking Up is Hard to do* in a happy 50's rendition set against a marvellous string arrangement. Jackie De Shannon's *Boat to Sail* and Randy Edelman's *You aren't far behind either!*

In all then a rather moody, sometimes pensive, album that won't disappoint, but is more for Carpenters fans than newcomers to their world.

CLIVE DEWEY

Cinema

"SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE BATHS", directed by David Buckley; starring Robert Aberdeen, Ellen Sheppard and Don Scotti.

WHATEVER THE original intentions were with regard to the making of this film, the end result is a badly made soft core porno. You know, the sort of porn, like *Last Tango in Paris* or *Emmanuelle* where the deep significance of what is trying to be said is submerged by technical meanderings and hazy and unnecessary diversionary side plots of very little value.

Michael (Robert Aberdeen) is an out of work pianist who eventually finds a job in club run for homosexuals and lesbians. Scotti (Don Scotti) is the compere at the club and needless to say, is a homosexual and Tracy (Ellen Sheppard) is Michael's photographer girlfriend.

On his opening night, Michael refuses to allow Tracy to attend the show. When the show is finally over he goes out for a stroll with Scotti and hey presto, they are in bed making love - the way in which the whole thing is presented suffers from the flippant attitude of 'I told you so (re homosexual tendencies), didn't I'.

He then goes to meet his girl friend at her studio and in not so many words she finds out that he made it with Scotti.

Just at the point when one would expect the story to really begin to develop it stops. It's finished. The director has finally exhausted himself after 90 minutes.

If Mr Buckley was trying to tell us how hypocritical about sex people are, even the self proclaimed liberals, then it was not his fault that the message seeped through. Anyway, do we not know this already? Surely the full import of a guy making love to his girl friend and then to a homosexual is that he can love both the male and female of his species.

This tedious film has only one moment of sparkle in it. That is when the "straights" meet the "gays" in a football match (American football, of course!) I shall leave the game to your imagination.

PAUL EKPENYONG

STOIC: Review of the year's activities

I AM JUST A SWEET transvestite from Transsexual Transylvania. So sang Tim Curry in a clip from the "Rocky Horror Show" which opened the first 'Film Talk' of the session. This was the first programme in the series to be recorded in the near broadcast quality studios of the ILEA's Educational Television Centre.

Next came Dirk Bogarde. He was in the country to promote his latest film 'Permission to Kill' and as well as appearing on STOIC, he was interviewed by Capital and Russel Harty.

Having recorded the interview, clips from his many films had to be acquired. Therein lay a problem. If you want a clip from a film which is no longer on release you have to pay £270 for each minute of film used to the Kinematograph Renter's Society, a body which looks after the interests of the distributors. Further investigation revealed that if your programme is industry approved you don't have to pay anything. Film Talk is now an industry approved programme. Next, Terry-Thomas, who had come from Ibiza to promote 'Spanish Fly'. Several critics vehemently expressed their doubts as to the quality of this film. This

interview took place in December and the studio was freezing. Terry-Thomas strengthened his coffee with the contents of his brandy flask.

Another star of Spanish Fly, Leslie Phillips was interviewed at the College shortly after. He was making a film called 'Not now comrade' outside the Albert Hall.

In the last lunchbreak of the Spring Term Barry Humphries made a second visit to the TV Studio. This time, instead of the ubiquitous Australian Housewife Dame Edna Everage, we welcomed the man himself. At the time Dame Edna was, and still is starring in "Housewife Superstar" in the West End. This programme which was transmitted live was the last to be made in Room 306, Elec Eng, the home of the TV studio since its inception nearly 7 years ago. The studio is now being rebuilt in Room 208.

Apart from 'Film Talk' this year's other main productions have been weekly editions of 'LUNCHBREAK' our weekly magazine programme. Michael Williams' presence as anchor man lent the programme authority within the College

which it had lacked during previous years. Editions of note include our coverage of rag week and a memorable streak round the Albert Hall. The Union Hustings and Elections were covered live with considerable success. "Despite technical limitations, our coverage doubled the number of people witnessing both events."

LUNCHBREAK IS RECORDED is every Wednesday evening. One technical problem which confronted us last year was the lack of editing facilities. For example, when cutting from one item to the next, the picture would roll furiously for about ten seconds. The College has recently acquired editing facilities and these will improve the technical quality of our productions, particularly LUNCH! BREAK, considerably. Programmes for next year; well there will be interviews with Glenda Jackson, Peter Cushing, Melvin Frank (director of "A Touch of Class," "Duchess and Dirtwater Fox"). There will also be a documentary on the making of ATV's SPACE 999 including interviews with Gerry Anderson (of 'Thunderbirds' fame), Martin Landau and Barbara Bain in her dressing room and a look at the special effects.

MARK CALDWELL

Theatre

Troilus Cressida at the Young Vic

When the new National Theatre building was being planned it was decided that besides the two conventional auditoria there should be a small studio theatre with flexible seating arrangements, to be known as the Cottesloe. Because the Cottesloe is not yet ready, the National Theatre Company has taken over the Young Vic, in the cut by Waterloo Station, for a season lasting through the summer. The first production, Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* opened last week and runs until July 22nd in repertoire.

Troilus and Cressida was written at about the same time as *Hamlet* and this production contains many of the familiar faces from the National's "Albert Finney" *Hamlet*, thus helping those of us who delight in spotting the parts that Shakespeare wrote for the same actor; for example Feste, Touchstone and the Porter in *Macbeth*, or here, Polonius Agamemnon, Osric and Ajax.

The audience is greeted, on arrival, by an imposing circus ring surrounded by a four foot high wall and surfaced with neatly raked damp sawdust. At one moment I was almost sorry that the designer had forgotten the lion tamer's cage, although the small space ensured that the battles never got out of hand. Instead of Liberty Horses and performing seals we have a lot of verbal clawing, some wailing and a bit of sulking before the long play reaches its climax in the fight between Hector and Achilles, aided by his hymphidons, unpleasant looking men with masks and a variety of nasty weapons, who dispatch Hector in a number of ways.

The play is the only one that Shakespeare wrote about the Greeks (unless you include *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) and takes place during the siege of Troy. Whilst the title might suggest a momental love match in the style of

Romeo and Juliet the plot concerns more, at least in this production, the challenge of Hector to the Greeks, taken up by Ajax whilst Achilles is sulking in his tent with his boyfriend Patroclus. There is a wealth of minor characters, not least amongst whom are Troilus, a son of Priam, King of Troy, who loves Cressida, at a distance, and Cressida, who thinks it might be fun to encourage him. After their night of buss it is announced that, in an exchange with the Greeks, Cressida will be handed over to be with her father, Calchas, who has defected. She immediately turns her attentions to Dionesdes the Greek commander who carries out the exchange; unfortunately Troilus sees these advances and the two suitors meet in battle; what happened next I found it hard to discern!

Robert Eddison plays the engaging Pandarus matchmaker between Troilus and Cressida, his niece. In a delightful scene he points out to her the heroes as they pass by in procession. Thersites could be said to be the Touchstone of the play; Philip Stone draws a fine portrait of this jolly tapster, cutting his teeth on some fine wit with Achilles and Ajax.

You would be well advised to read up your Aeneid before you go; a playgoer near me had to have the plot explained in loud whispers. Fortunately the costumes do distinguish Trojan from Greek but it is helpful to know who's who beforehand as a Plethora of familiar names pass before you. The programme does give a short legendary biography of the characters. What marred the evening most was the late arrival of about fifty people - the Young Vic is now well designed for the accommodation of latecomers - please arrive early.

The National Student Drama Festival brings five award winning productions to the Roundhouse from 27 July to 7 August.

At last I shall see Gas, Leeds University's production which was so highly praised in Edinburgh in April. The other productions to be seen are *Carp d'Etat* (Keele), *Galatea* (St Andrews), *The Key* (Rose Bruford) and *England October 30th 1975* (Central School of Art and Design).

THOMAS STEVENSON

Continued from page 3

IF Only...

He was now angry because no one had told him that everyone was joining up. He too was keen to join so that he could take advantage of the Honey Hills and Ice-cream mines. Alice said he could join the club.

Alice then came out of the wood and suddenly realised that everyone had forgotten about the dreadful songs they must put up with in the EEC. Alice, however, a great lover of EEC M and S crusty loaves mused that a half baked song is better than no bread at all. Which just goes to show that Marks and Spencer are expanding all over the continent.

In actual fact everyone lived in complete EEC harmony a ter Patrick Moore had invented the anti-euro-screch-ear-plugs.

HUMT

FARNBOROUGH '76 INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW

If you are going to Farnborough Sept 10th, 11th, 12th - be sure to visit the Euroavia stand, North Hall A.15. Say hi to the IC students who will be running the stand.



Cross Country

Wet going

ON A WET miserable summers day last Saturday, five IC post-graduate cross country runners descended on Hamwell to see the soggy remains of a carnival procession pass by.

Someone quietly blew a whistle which started the Hanwell Carnival '5', leaving Pete Johnson and Alan Leakey standing chatting on the starting line. Down to the canal, minding the right angle bend onto a three foot wide bridge with no handrails over a backwater, along the tow path, past some really foul smelling factory fumes which would have brought tears to Mooney's eyes had he been running this time, up over six lock gates to a main road with all that beautiful carbon monoxide which makes running so enjoyable, back down to the canal, past 'Southside' again and up to the finish; a good five miles! Rob Allinson as always was first home in 4th place in a very good time of 24.41. Steve Webb running "a blinder" was 8th, not quite

breaking the 5 minute mile barrier with 25.08. Paul Clarke just recovering from injury was 38th in 27.30. Pete Johnson just broke the six minute mile barrier with 29.18 for 58th place closely followed by Alan Leakey 30.38 in 65th place. The team was a very creditable 4th, just missing medals by 10 points. It was felt that some London Pride was needed to settle our stomachs - so the Dove was visited afterwards. If you have a thirst and need some exercise there is the Horsham 10 followed by the King and Barnes 10 in the evening on July 19th; see our Union notice board for details.

Stop Press

IC's Dave West won the 400 metre hurdles in the Southern Championships last Saturday at Crystal Palace in the very fast time of 52.5 sec. The weekend before he was 4th in the Olympic Trials for the same event.

Orienteering

Control 9 takes its toll

ON SUNDAY a small party of three travelled to Thorndon Park, near Brentwood to take part in a relay organised by Havering Orienteering Club (usually referred to as HAVOC). Traditionally, relay teams compete under silly pseudonyms, and IC have taken this one stage further by entering the individual members of the teams in a similar manner. Thus the Empirical Overshooters team again featured such stars as R Braunschultz and LK Seltzer. Unfortunately no-one could think up a name which, in this clean family sport, was suitable for Alan Leakey; he thus ran under his own name, which was considered to be silly enough anyway.

The navigation was not unduly complicated, a good network of paths, allowing one to follow ones progress on the map by running along a path and counting the number of other paths which one crosses. This caused problems for Rob Allinson, who is incapable of counting higher than three while running. As a result he spent some time looking for control seven about 150 metres too far to the north before realising his mistake. Some areas of the woods were

covered in knee-deep ferns and bracken, which owing to the morning rain were absolutely saturated: Control nine, in a small depression in one of these areas, was particularly difficult to find, and Alan Leakey lost nearly 10 minutes finding this control. The other team members were more fortunate here, Rob Allinson falling into the depression while wandering aimlessly through the bracken, and Ian Isherwood, on seeing another orienteer apparently rising vertically out of the ground, correctly deduced that this person must have been visiting the control.

The IC team eventually finished 5th out of about 20 teams in the Class 'A' relay. Rob Allinson brought them in 6th on the first leg with a time of about 39 mins for his 5km course; 5 minutes down on the leaders. Steadily improving Ian Isherwood pulled the team up to 5th, with a time of around 50 mins. Alan Leakey started off well, and had moved up to 3rd at one point, but unfortunately lost both these places at control 9. He eventually finished with a time of 44 mins, only a few yards behind the 4th placed team.

PING PONG

makes de great oration to de peeples ob de Imperial College

Hullo dere brudders an' sisters! Dis is yore Felicks am last Felicks wot editor speakin' from de editorial harem in de printin' palace...



As you all knows, dis is am last Felicks wot ah is editin', an' is am ah-deal occashun to revoo mah great accomplishments...



... Like de phasin' out ob de sexy discriminashun by de removal ob de Page 3 birds wid de big tits wot de Mike Willums begun...



... Like de fillin'-up ob de pages wid de spoofs wot cause de great hilarity among de reeders...



... Like de encouragemint ob de free think in de originality an' creativeness in de spellin'...



... but espeshally de maintenance ob de worl'-famous Bremstraling cartoon...



... cos widdout de Bremstraling an' Kwark, youse dam' buggers wouldna even Look at de Felicks!

