



FELIX



THE NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

ULTIMATUM SENT TO THE PRESIDENT

Solicitors Anscomb Hollingworth wrote the following letter to Chris Fox, President of Imperial College Union, on August 15th 1979. Malcolm Brain, Deputy President, also received a copy of the letter. Chris and Malcolm have given permission for the letter to be published in FELIX.



Chris
Fox



Malcolm
Brain



John
Shuttleworth

"We act for Mr Shuttleworth who has referred a copy of the Union Bluebook to us together with copies of correspondence relevant to his improper removal as Editor of the Union newspaper.

Paragraph 19 of the Rule Book states quite clearly that any amendments to the rules can only be incorporated into the Book in accordance with rule 19 and the Editor of the newspaper can only be removed from office in accordance with rule 4b.

Mr Shuttleworth has therefore been properly appointed Editor and cannot be dismissed in the way in which you have purported to do.

We are therefore writing to you to require you by next Monday 20th August to confirm to us in writing that Mr Shuttleworth will be allowed to continue as Editor and that his grant be reinstated.

If you are unable to accede to our request then our client will have no alternative but to institute proceedings against you and the Deputy President as officers of the Union for the appropriate court order."

PHILLIPS TELLS AMERICAN STUDENTS TO STOP AID TO IRA

American students were told by National Union of Students President Trevor Phillips that they have a duty to step in and stop people from the United States donating money to para-military groups in Northern Ireland.

Mr Phillips told delegates to the first national conference of the United States Student Association (USSA) which opened on Saturday August 11th that there is no immediate or direct role for the United States to play in solving the problem of Northern Ireland with money for guns or by holding ill-informed debates in New York.

The 3.5 million strong USSA was formed last year after a merger between America's National Student Association and the National Student lobby there.

The conference took place at the Lincoln campus of the University of Massachusetts in Amhurst. A three person delegation from NUS have flown to the United States for the conference. It is the first time that there has been any official links between British and American student leaders for over ten years.

Accompanying Mr Phillips on the trip are NUS Vice-President, Pete Silkin and Stuart Appleton, the manager of the Union's International Department.

Before flying out of London, Trevor Phillips said that he hoped the trip would result in closer links between officers of the two unions on matters of common concern including student grants, youth unemployment and Southern Africa.

He said he would be inviting the USSA to send a delegate to the next NUS national conference to be held in Blackpool in December.

Mr Phillips said he wants the USSA and NUS to initiate a joint campaign on Southern Africa next spring. This will hopefully include campaigns in colleges for disinvestment from firms with interests in South Africa, the collection of material aid such as educational and medical supplies for liberation movements and pressing for an end to NATO co-operation with countries practising apartheid.

Whilst we welcome Mrs Thatcher's turn about on Zimbabwe, NUS has a duty to keep her on course and the USSA should keep the American Senate in check.

"Both Unions must ensure that sanctions are not lifted until there is a settlement which puts power in the hands of the people", said Mr Phillips.

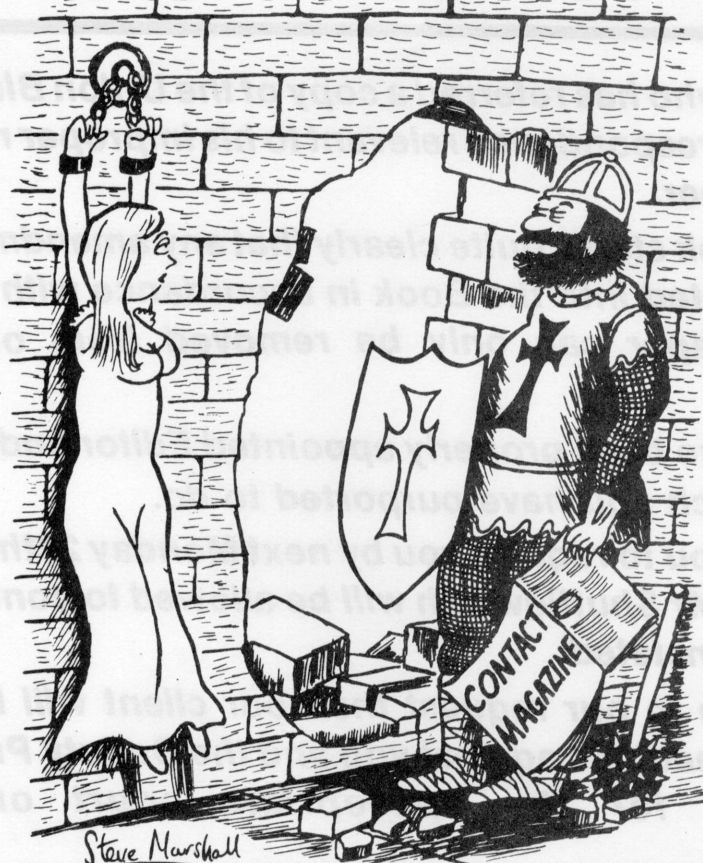
On Northern Ireland he commented: "American politicians should look to sorting their own problems out. More people die violently each day in New York than in Northern Ireland."

Mr Phillips commenting on the USSA conference said: "The USSA is the biggest student union in the western world and NUS is the best organised and best developed union in Europe, so we have much to learn from each other."

This special Edition of FELIX has been printed because there is a likelihood that a court order may be served which could stop FELIX being

produced.

The next FELIX was scheduled for Friday September 14th. We still hope to produce an issue of FELIX on that date.



"Excuse me, are you 'Incarceration & Bondage' of Cleethorpes?"



Home Office

HM PRISON

Parkhurst Road Holloway

Telephone 01-607-6747

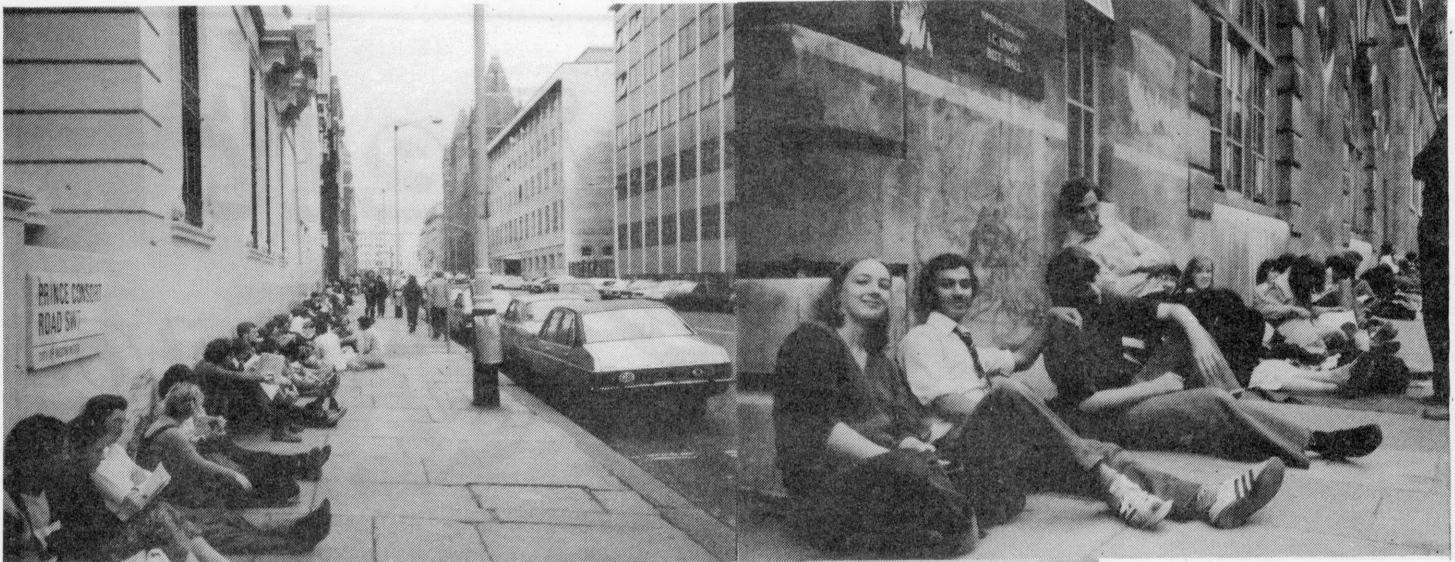
Dear Sirs, - I am writing to you in the hope that you might be able to help us. We have searched in vain for part time teachers of science and mathematics and we are wondering if any post-graduate students might be interested in earning some extra money. The level of work is 'O' and below, often very much below. We need teachers who can express scientific ideas simply.

Ideally we need people for basic science on Monday mornings, for biology on Wednesday mornings and for mathematics on Thursday mornings. The optimum would be for one person to cover all three but this is not essential.

Teaching conditions are less than ideal, we would not expect anyone to take the job without due consideration and of course we would need to interview any candidates to assess their suitability for our conditions. Anyone who is interested could ring me on extension 264 to arrange an interview. The pay, by the way, for a two hour session is of the order of £10.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours faithfully,
R.M. Brown
Education Officer



FELIX has made friends with dozens of the Promenaders, who patiently sit outside our offices. The above photo, taken many hours before the Saturday Prom, shows the long queue in Prince Consort Road that demonstrates the success of the concerts. This year's Handbook Editor, Derrick Everett, became a superstar when we placed an enlarged photo, of him, in the FELIX office window along with a suitable caption.

"Bunny"



SATURDAY PROM FEVER

While some of us listened to the Prom on the Union Bar radio others were inside the Albert Hall after waiting for five hours or more.

JANE'S PROBLEM PAGE

May we first say how proud we are to have been allowed a small space in this amazing spectral of literary genius. Our man of the moment is at the present time pounding the streets (and if he doesn't stop soon his wrists will ache), gathering info to be placed hopefully in this and future issues of FELIX as a punishment for all who read it. The info mainly is based on problems of both students and staff (lets face it who else has problems) and at our expert hands the pen will reap such superb answers as to stun the likes of Marjorie Proops and Evelyn Holmes.

Q
Dear Jane,

I've been searching high and low around London to find a restaurant that produces scintillating company, diabolical food and aciduous red wine with bits of cork floating in it. Can you help?

A

I see you have a problem here which is easily solved, may I suggest one of the little bistros in the IC complex. Hall dinners have been known to fill all your requirements and at NO extra charge there is a cabaret comprising of a long monotonous boring speech. (How do you spell Computer anyway).

Q

Dear Jane,

My Computer Science boyfriend is heavily into Gang Punching. What can I do?

A

Doing things as a group can be fun, however, sometimes you like to do things on your own. I suggest you punch him back on the '029'.

Q

Dear Jane,

I put my tortoise in the oven and accidentally switched on. What can I do?

A

Stuff it (with sage and onion).

If you have a problem send it to:

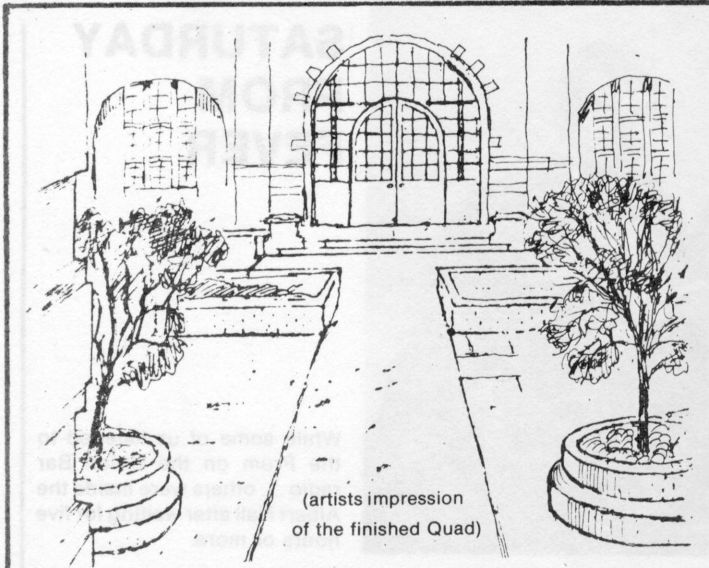
Jane Landsbury
FELIX
Imperial College Union
Prince Consort Road
London SW7 2BB

If you have a legal problem. She will be glad to come round and sort you out.



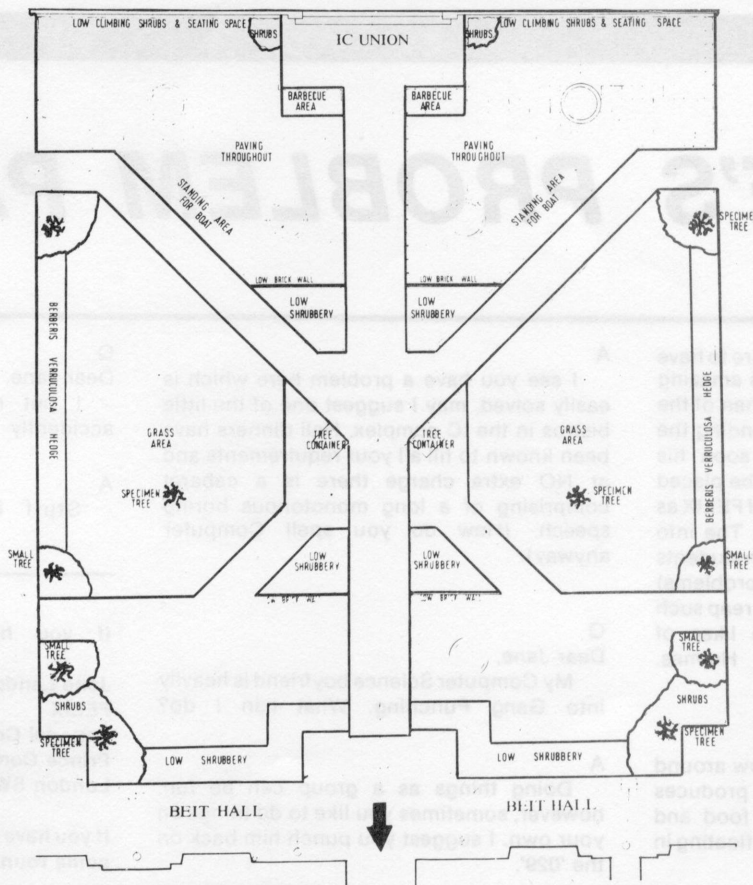
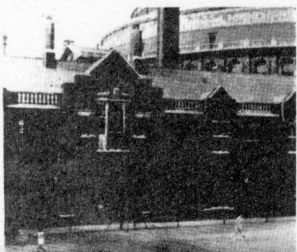
Beit Quad

Part 2



The Quad is gradually being transformed into the layout designed more than two years ago. The original plans for the redevelopment were printed in FELIX No. 476, and we reprint it today to give you some idea of the final layout.

The poor old Quad looks in a bit of a mess at the moment. Excavations have left the surface rough and untidy. It would make a good film set for NASA simulations of moon landings. Our photo shows the equivalent of the lunar rover. The machine eats into the ground and scrapes up earth samples which are then piled into heaps which will form the base of the raised lawns.



There will be two grass areas and both will have trees, in order to improve drainage. One of the more aesthetic touches - borders of floribunda roses - was dropped from the scheme, and measures have been taken to ensure that the shrubbery that is planted will be unlikely to tempt people to try uprooting it.

Holes have been dug to break through the hard surface of the old tennis courts that lie just below the Quad. This should greatly improve drainage and will give the plants and trees a good chance of survival. There were originally three trees in the old Quad but two died because they 'drowned' in the water that collected on top of the tennis courts and saturated their roots.

The tree that survived has served many a purpose in its time; electioneering candidates have been photographed hanging from it, and many including elected Presidents on their way home from the bar, have made use of it in other ways.

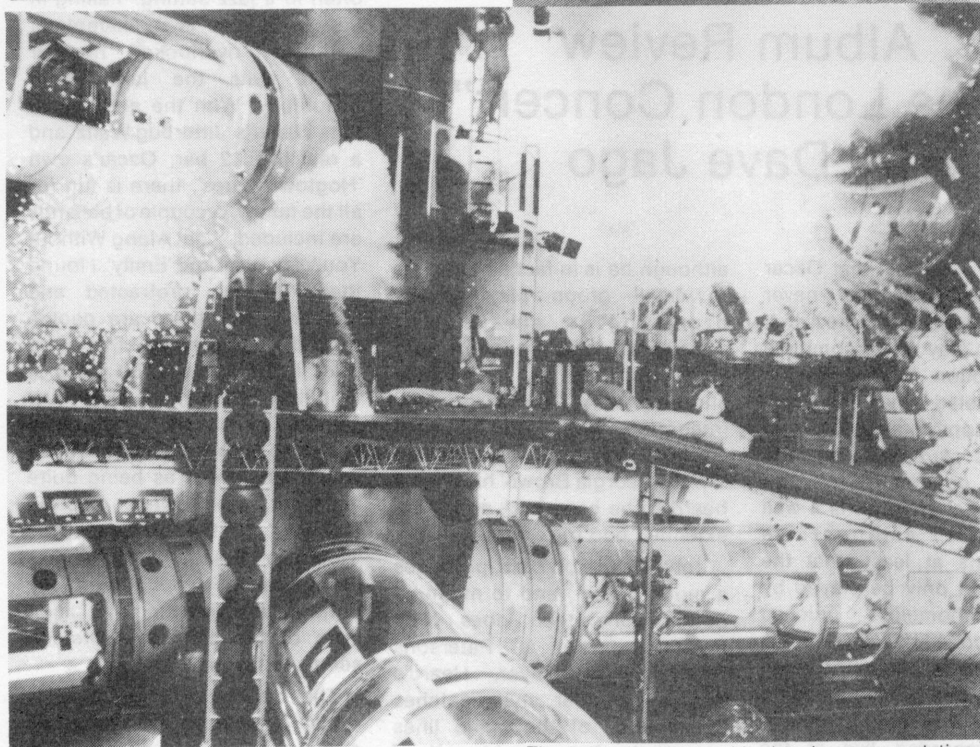
I don't like Mondays by Mark Smith

To coincide neatly with this odd publication date, I've scrapped together a **montage** of the current film releases (misleading titles can, of course, be ignored).

From Thursday at the Gate, Notting Hill, you can sample Woody Allen's latest offering **Manhattan**. Filmed in black and white and starring Allen and Diane Keaton (again), it is another attempt to draw on personal relationships for humour. It succeeds admirably, with Woody Allen stealing the limelight in his role as a middle aged Jewish New-Yorker, involved not only with a 17 year old girl but also with his friend's mistress. I found it as funny as any other Allen comedy (this is not *Interiors*!), but it could be considered a monochrome extension to *Annie Hall*. This is not a disadvantage. A film not to be missed.



Also doing well at the moment is Zeffirelli's **The Champ**. This is the tale of a former champion boxer (John Voight) who attempts to make a comeback for the sake of his young son (Ricky Schroder). The third player in this larger than life drama is Faye Dunaway who plays the estranged mother who gave up her son to become a fashion designer. Through a series of bleary eyed break-ups and reunions a fairly interesting story is expanded, but I'd give this one a miss unless you have a weepy girl/boyfriend and a good supply of tissues.



The inevitable battle, this time in a space station



John Voight and Faye Dunaway in "The Champ"

Currently London's biggest money spinner is the new Bond thriller **Moonraker**. A mixture of spy story, exotic locations and gadgetry, it sticks closely to the long established Bond formula. I consider it a blend of most of the recent films, with the re-appearance of "Jaws" (Richard Kiel) further enforcing this opinion. The gags are just as corny as ever and the gadgets standard, but a gondola turning into a motor boat and then a hovercraft is too much! The orbital scenes involving the space shuttle are fascinating, but expect no more than from the other 007 stories translated (and usually transmuted) onto celluloid.

Hugo Drax (Michael Lonsdale) in **MOONRAKER**



Finally, as this is the last Felix before it's release date, I would like to mention a film you will be hearing a lot more about soon. **ALIEN** (X, Ridley Scott) is an extremely enjoyable sci-fi story with a difference. In an attempt to draw as large an audience as possible, Scott has cleverly produced a mixture of genres. The haunted house image is combined with space hardware as the crew of the tug "Nostromo" pursue an incredible alien being in their huge spacecraft. The outstanding feature of this movie in particular is the superb artwork involved: artists include H.R. Giger, designer of the alien itself, Ron Cobb, Chris Foss and Jean "Moebius" Giraud (Heavy Metal). With such talent involved I expected a great deal and was not disappointed.

The plot is basically high tension from beginning to end, which may be a fault, but I enjoyed it enormously. Despite a few scientific inaccuracies (which I didn't notice at the time) the interiors are better than 2001, no mean feat, and with some superb filming an air of menace is constantly achieved. Go and see it without any knowledge of the plot and you will be surprised and shocked; get the info from your best pal and spoil the story and you're a fool!

NEIL YOUNG - RUST NEVER SLEEPS (Reprise)

"My, My, Hey, Hey / Rock n' Roll is here to stay, it's better to burn out / Than to fade away."

That's as maybe but on this showing Neil Young doesn't intend to do either. After many years of flirting with excellence, he has come up with a masterpiece, his finest work ever. 'Rust Never Sleeps', not to be confused with the imminent movie soundtrack to 'Human Highway' which apparently goes under the same name, doesn't have a weak link. Previously deficiencies always crept in; even the legendary 'Zuma' album had some deadweight. But now recovering from 'Comes A Time', the most recent album, which found him deep in a rut. Young assembles the finest songs he's written in recent times into a classis set. One side is acoustic Young - mostly solo, but with some assistance on 'Sail Away' - and one side of electric Young, with crazy horse, his backing

band for the last ten years. Throughout there is a 'live' feel with both the opener 'My, My, Hey, Hey (Out Of The Blue)' and the closing 'Hey, Hey, My, My (Into The Black)' - yes, they're the ones with the Johnny Rotten reference - obviously concert material.

The acoustic 'My, My,' sets the tone of side one with it's thoughtful melancholic lyrics and Young's alluring guitar work leading the way. It's a bitter song: "It's out of the blue and into the black / They give you this, but you pay for that / And once you're gone you can never come back / When you're out of the blue and into the black." A wonderful tale of the rock n' roll lifestyle which after radical changes reappears to close side two.

'Thrasher', a song of the old ways being swallowed up by the new, builds slowly, Young's voice full of emotion and suppressed anger. "When the aimless blade of

science slashed the pearly gates / It was then I knew I'd had enough, burned my credit card for fuel / ... With one-way ticket to the land of truth and my suitcase in my hand / How I lost my friends I still don't understand."

'Pocahontas', the first track on side two, is about the atrocities suffered by the Red Indians in the frontier days. "They killed us in our tepee / And they cut our women down / They might have left some babies / Crying on the ground." It's sad but not sentimental, tender but not embarrassing.

The electric, electrifying, uptempo side 2 features 4 of the most riveting rock tracks I've heard. 'Powderfinger' has Young playing a youthful backwoods boy facing a gang of cut-throat rapists sailing up the river to pillage the isolated settlers. He is alone and "just turned twenty-two." A man does what a man has to do and dies in the process. It's

so real it makes the Eagles look like complete amateurs.

The music on this side is the driving force, the lyrics are cream on the cake. The rock rhythms go this way and that, howling chords and staccato guitar work that defies belief. 'Welfare Mothers' My current favourite, "make better lovers", sings Young, adding a solo that is truly beautiful. But no let up and straight into 'Sedan Delivery', the riffs of which power towards a stunning climax and into 'Hey, Hey, My, My (Into the black)', almost unrecognisable as the opening tune. It's Young establishing himself as the King of Rock n' Roll. "It's better to burn out cause rust never sleeps / The king is gone but he's not forgotten."

This album is perceptive, melancholic, realistic, dynamic and should be at the top of any shopping list. Buy it and benefit.

Jon Firth



A film review of

PHANTASM

It was so far fetched that even an Acting FELIX Editor's imagination could not rival its incredible imagery.



Phantasm was fun to watch but not brilliant. Its trial release in East Anglia points to good box office receipts when it is shown at the Eros, Piccadilly (starting on September 13th).



Album Review "The London Concert" by Dave Jago

One of the reasons that Oscar Peterson's playing has never particularly appealed to me is that he seems to play with a complete lack of emotion. The impression has been fueled by watching him playing happily away to an enthusiastic audience in the safety and comfort of his own television chat show. It is a well known fact, amongst we traditionalists at least, that the best jazz can only be played by penniless, homeless, unloved ('My baby done left me ...') down and outs, preferably on the verge of catching pneumonia or going insane. On this double album, however, recorded live at the Royal Festival Hall last year, Peterson quite excels himself, playing with a surprising fire and passion.

Having said that, perhaps I had better make it clear that this is not just a record of Oscar Peterson accompanied by bass and drums, but of a trio in the proper sense of the word. All three instruments take an equally important part in the proceedings. Louis Bellson, on drums, is known to many through his work with big bands,

although he is in fact no stranger to small group playing. His drumming is always well considered, and his short solo spots manage to be totally stunning, whilst remaining fully integrated within the musical context. The drum choruses in 'Sweet Georgia Brown' have to be heard to be believed - no boring extended ego trips here!

John Heard, on bass, produces a much grittier, and to my mind better, tone than does Nick Peterson, who is Petersons regular bass player. Heard's bouncy, angular style matches the fluency of the piano lines beautifully. Peterson himself, of course, plays with sheer technical genius. The rendition of 'Sweet Georgia Brown,' one of the stand-out tracks on the album, is nothing short of incredible, and the ease with which he changes from style to style, bouncing from stride into bebop in the space of a few seconds, is sometimes breathtaking.

As to choice of material, we are presented with a wide selection. The album combines standards such as 'Ain't Misbehavin' and 'Satin Doll' with songs heard less

often in a jazz setting. 'Falling in Love with Love' is an example of an often overlooked number which suits the jazz idiom beautifully. With the addition of Fats Waller's 'Jitterbug Waltz' and a real live 12 bar, Oscar's own 'Hogtown blues', there is fun for all the family. A couple of ballads are included, 'I get Along Without You Very Well' and 'Emily'. I found them far too protracted and rambling, but there are people who like such things. The other track I disliked was the Duke of Ellington Medley, which just sounds disjointed, and really serves no purpose. The track that I would single out as being quite excellent are 'Sweet Georgia Brown,' 'Jitterbug Waltz', 'Hogtown Blues', and 'Pennies From Heaven', despite the totally unnecessary, rambling solo piano intro of the sort that Peterson seems to favour.

The quality of the sound is rather good for a live album, as one would expect from the RFH Audience noise is kept to a minimum, and the bass in particular is mixed very clearly. A slight hiss is clearly audible on the quiet section - hopefully this will not be carried over onto the production copies.

This record should please both established Peterson fans and the general listening public alike, and may well win over a few like me who, till now, have been a bit wary of this man's prodigal talent on the grounds that he uses it with too little expression.



This is a new production of *Romeo and Juliet* performed by the newly formed Old Vic Company. All new ventures have teething problems and this is no exception. The performance lacked a certain degree of professionalism to lift it above a play you watch and forget. To start with, we were sitting at the front and so were disturbed by seeing the cast and stagehands behind the scenery and by noise of shifting props.

The beginning was bad - there is no other word for it! We sat munching our fruit pastels as the curtain rose but were rather confused when the house lights remained on. Two actors began to stroll around at the back of the set and seemed as bemused as we

were and to add to this muddled scene, the voice of the stage manager could clearly be heard.

The set, too, was a little surprising; it consisted of a moveable gantry and a pair of curtains which were positioned noisily for each scene and reminded us more of the setting for Jailhouse Rock than the city centre of Verona.

The play began with a fight and this was indicative of the scenes to follow; noisy and fast. Indeed, speed seemed to be one of the only constant characteristics of the play! However, there were some redeeming features, in particular Ian Richardson's portrayal of Mercutio. He played the part with the maturity of a seasoned Shakespearean actor,

Romeo and Juliet

at the Old Vic



bringing just the right amount of humour to this tragedy. His death was rather overacted but still fitted in with his character and the play as a whole. Robert Putt, as Peter, and Barbara Jefford, as Juliet's nurse, also acted their parts well and merit a special mention.

One would have expected the lovers, Michael Thomas and Janet Maw, to have been "starry-eyed" but these two young players seemed unable to give the performance required of them in such a part and this, above all, detracted from the play. Janet Maw looked the part and gave all she had in it but somehow she lacked the necessary passion and Michael Thomas the same problem.

Scene rushed after scene (were they trying to finish before last orders or were they worried about the tube strike?) until the lights went down after the great Capulet / Montague reconciliation leaving the cup of poison oscillating back and forth on the stage.

I think the faults were in the production rather than the acting and the poor beginning (including not being allowed to enter the auditorium until 20 past 7) put the audience off.

However, the performance should mature over the next few nights and it is a good evening's entertainment.

Mo and Tansy

Tales of the Unexpected - Frank Marino & Mahogany Rush (CBS)

If you imagine Deep Purple with Canadian accents and without the mastery of Jon Lord on keyboards, then you have quite a close approximation to Mahogany Rush. The music on this album relies very heavily on repetition of bass chord sequences, with very slight variations introduced at approximately half minute intervals.

'Tales of the Unexpected' is half live and half recorded in the studio, and although the band's reputation has been built on its live performances around Canada and the U.S., the studio side of the album is far stronger than the Live side. But it is easy to imagine that the music would sound better played about ten times louder than it need be in a sweaty and smokey concert hall.

The musicianship on this L.P. is very good in parts - mostly the parts played by Frank Marino himself, who plays lead guitar almost like it was part of his body, and his synthesizer playing is competent. However if the other two members of the band, Paul Harwood on bass and James Ayoubi, drummer, have half the talent of Marino they don't like to show it, as their part in the music is just keeping a steady but basic back-beat for the lead guitar to outshine. But then this might be

the fault of Mr Marino in the writing, since he has written six out of the eight tracks on the album.

Sadly, the two tracks most worthy of further scrutiny are the two cover versions on the studio side. The first being Dylan's 'All Along the Watchtower'. You remember Jimi Hendrix's version? Well this in the same vein but, predictably, not so good; and if covering one of Hendrix's greatest is inviting criticism the next song on the record is 'Norwegian Wood' by Lennon and McCartney, this is performed in a very different way to the original and possibly better than the Beatles version, with the exception of the vocals. Definitely Mahogany Rush's version is more interesting and has more content than that of the Beatles.

The best original song in this set is the title track, which contains more variation than any of the others, with some very nifty guitar work a fast beat but enough change in lead instrument and tempo to keep the interest of the listener, perhaps the only track on the album capable of doing so.

Mahogany Rush have not made much of an impression on British heavy rockers and I'm sure that this is not the record to break them over here. I should give this a miss.

The Undertones

- The Undertones (Sire)

I return from the sweaty mass of enthusiastic Marquee pogoers with my ears still ringing. The Undertones 'live' definitely have to be seen and heard to be believed. Of course good live performers do not always fare well on disc but two weeks later when I listen to this new album it sounds just as fresh and innovative. The Undertones have evolved from punk and, with admirable ease, now play the best modern pop of this age. If you think I'm exaggerating check out this album. Sure they have a few rough edges, something not quite right here or there, but they're learning fast. Despite their naive appearance they've got it pretty well sussed out.

Hailing from Derry, Northern Ireland, the 'tones sing vividly of the insecurity, loneliness and yearning of adolescence. They make their point with breathtaking economy; straight to the heart of the matter and after imparting their undoubted wisdom the song ends. It's as

simple as that; fourteen tracks in just half an hour and everyone a potential hit single. But it doesn't sound thrown together, it flows from one juicy observation to the next. Youth is on their side - ages ranging between 18 and 21 - and if this is what the debut album turns up I can hardly wait for more.

Each song - I could mention them all - stands out except 'True Confessions' which received a raunchier treatment on the 'Teenage Kicks' EP. The staggering rhythm guitar augmented by more detailed work from the lead guitarist serve as a foil to Fergal Sharkey's careering vocals. The songs are short, powerful, danceable and don't even have a chance to get boring. I could go on ad infinitum and still not convince you but my message is this:- it's a good album, get it and enjoy yourself (or others) with some of the best music around today.

Jon and Karen

REVIEWS

Thank-you for helping with this issue:

Jane Landsbury

Derrick Everett

Mo & Tansy

Jon Firth & Karen

Ian Coxon (NUS)

Chris Fox

Malcolm Brain

Dave Jago

Mark Smith

Steve Marshall

Ian Morse

Pat Leggett

For a change I have selected one of AÆSOP's fables to complete this back page. It is taken from a book published in 1887 and was produced by the Caldecotts and the drawing is by J D Cooper.

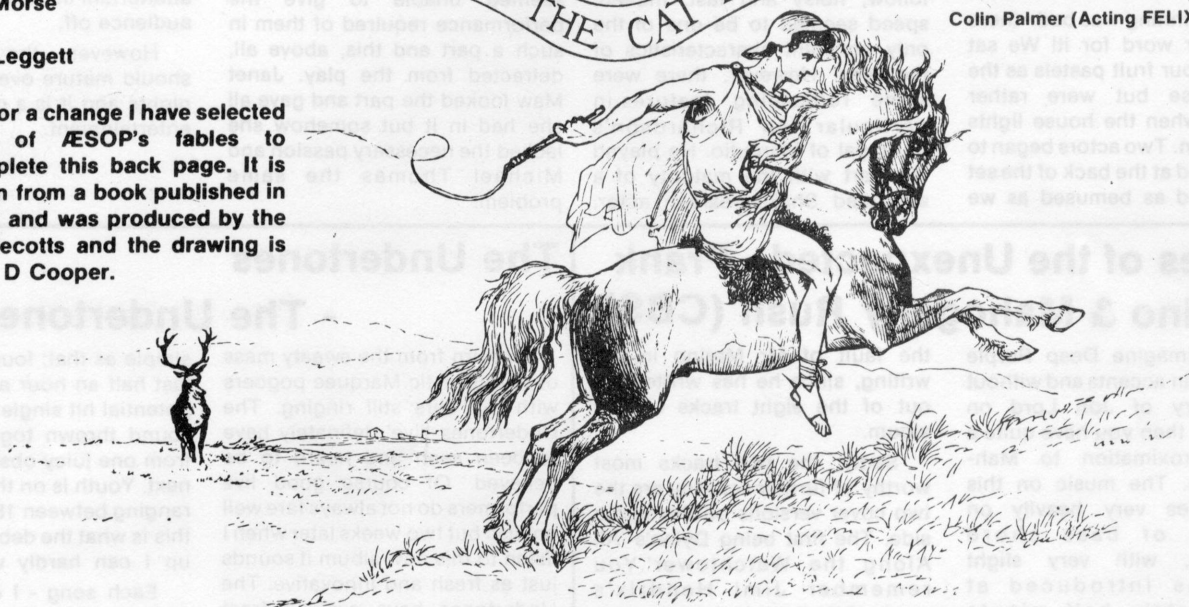


EDITORIAL

The last Editor of FELIX, John Harris, came up from Windsor to see how I was getting on. When he read the front page of this issue he said, "John Shuttleworth has gone over the top this time." I have little more to add to that comment.

It was unfortunate that Mr Shuttleworth failed his exams. I would have enjoyed working with him if he had become Editor. Mr Shuttleworth has sought help from Sheyne Lucock. Sheyne lost the election for ICU President and also, like Mr Shuttleworth, had academic problems. Now Sheyne and his Liberal friends have helped Mr Shuttleworth start legal proceedings.

Colin Palmer (Acting FELIX Editor)



THE HORSE AND THE STAG.

THERE was a Horse who had a meadow all to himself until a Stag came and began to injure the pasture. The Horse, eager to punish the Stag, asked a man whether there was any way of combining to do this. "Certainly," said the Man, "if you don't object to a bridle and to my mounting you with javelins in my hand." The Horse agreed, and was mounted by the Man; but, instead of being revenged on the Stag, he himself became a servant to the Man.