



Felix

7th November, 1972

FREE!

ISSUE No. 317

**NEXT WEEK
IN FELIX**

**Union Directory
Murray Report
Rag Special Pullout**

CORBYN TO GO TO NUS

Unregistered — but still a student

Piers Corbyn returned to the limelight in Thursday's UGM — and succeeded in retaining his place on Imperial College's NUS conference delegation.

Early last week, Martin Black sent Piers a letter informing him that, since he was not a registered student, he would be ineligible to represent Imperial College Union at the Margate conference in three weeks' time. Piers' grant ran out during the summer, and his policy has been that as long as he can continue his studies at the College without paying his registration fees he will do so.

Piers thwarted attempts by the Union executive to silence him at the meeting on the grounds that he was not a member of the Union by revealing that he had, that morning, bought life membership.

He said that, if necessary, he would go and register with the college—but pointed out that the Union should honour their election of May last, and accept him as a member of the delegation regardless of this.

Martin Black had said that Piers had pledged at the May delegation election, that he would be a

registered student at the time of the conference.

The arguments were interrupted by Mike Doherty, Academic Affairs officer, who proposed that the Union should accept the earlier election and let Piers go to the conference. This motion was passed by a sizeable majority.

Vote of Confidence

Immediately after this "vote of confidence in Piers" Martin Black resigned from the delegation, leaving 3 places to be filled from the six candidates standing. The other two vacancies were caused by the non-return to col-

lege of Brenda Dilley, and the lack of a President. The delegation consists of 4 delegates and 2 observers: those already going were Rob Armitage (External Affairs Officer), — and Piers Corbyn.

Top of the poll for the remaining places was Trevor Phillips, who will now (with Rob Armitage) be one of the only 2 of our delegation who have been to Conference before, followed closely by C. Dingley, a newcomer to the college who was previously on the Executive of the South African Union of Students, and Bill Gerrard,



Bo leaving Hyde Park on Sunday morning for the start of the London-Brighton run. Unfortunately we cannot print a picture of the finish—British Rail failed to deliver the film on time.

VANDALS SMASH FLOAT

C & G out of Lord Mayor's Show?

City and Guild's float for the Lord Mayor's Show, to be held next Saturday, was removed from its place of construction underneath the walkway on Friday morning and was wrecked by vandals.

The culmination of three weeks' work, the float was to depict a giant spanner, representing City and Guilds, resting on a giant nut, representing the rest of the college.

Expensive materials have now been wasted, and it seems doubtful as to whether further supplies will be purchased. Steven Wright, in charge of the construction of the float, told "Felix" that the delay caused by this could pre-

vent C&G appearing in the Show. "The malicious damage of property serves no useful purpose, as far as we can see, and we hope that in future the persons responsible show more restraint in their actions", he said.

C&G officials claimed on Friday night that the damage was caused by a constituent college union other than RCS, but no confirmation has been received.

last year's President of the Royal College of Science Union. The other 3 candidates, J. Ashworth (a Maths Fresher), P. Gillett (a prominent lefty who has just returned to college) and Miss S. Hochfelder (External Affairs secretary and another confirmed lefty), were very much also-rans.

The meeting, which looked decidedly inopportune (no-one challenged it), lacked much other interest, most of the business being reports from the Acting President and Honorary Secretary.

Absolutely the last IAN MACKENZIE'S PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

The last month has not been an easy one for ICU. A Union with a temporary president is handicapped in that there is unlikely to be the usual degree of continuity over the year. The lack of a publicity officer and moreover the non-availability of much of the Union building further handicapped the Union. However, the non-election of a President at the last elections must surely be the most severe blow.

ICU vs CCU's

Last year relations between ICU and the Constituent College Unions were very good, with the CCU's being predominantly social units within ICU. However, the hand that the CCU leaders took in the ICU presidential elections has made many people feel that we're returning to the bad old days. I don't believe that this is the case, and expect the CCU's to do all they can to ensure that ICU gets a good president, and to continue to support ICU.

IAN'S VIEW

Despite my relatively short stay as President, there are a number of ideas that I must try to pass on. Over the last 3 years, the Union made considerable advances in both representation on college bodies and promotion of Union policies, often at a cost of good relations with the admin of the College. The Union is now settling down to USE its greater influence

in the College, and relations with admin are now very good. I hope that this state continues.

As far as the Union itself, the most unsatisfactory areas are the old stumbling blocks of information, communication and Union Meetings.

UNION MEETINGS

Union meetings can only be really meaningful if above 600 people attend. At present they are roughly every two or three weeks and are generally concurrent with other lunch time events. I would like to see ONE Union Meeting per month (with first lecture in the afternoon cancelled so that the meeting could run from 1.15 to 3.15) with nothing in competition with it (i.e. STOIC could run from 12.45 to 13.15). Only then could Union meetings be seen to be important, and worthwhile.

INFORMATION

And now for a few quick ideas. The Room at

the Top should be fully operative as an information centre, but there is still a need for someone (information officer?) to spend the first couple of weeks of terms compiling the Union Directory and then looking after the information side at the Room at the Top and the great amount of outside bumph sent to the Union Office.

Also it is about time we had a NUS secretary whose responsibility is just to look after the masses of bumph sent by NUS to each constituent organisation. This burden at present falls on either the President or the External Affairs Officer.

Lastly, communication. I've no doubt a weekly Felix is helping greatly here, but ICU still needs to improve its use of the three main notice board areas.

Finally, I'd like to wish whoever takes on the post of President the very best of luck, and to thank MCB and PWJ for the work they've already put in.

Many readers of FELIX will have noticed that there was no MARTIN'S BIT last week. To make up for this loss — due, I am afraid, to a very busy week culminating in my birthday, Commemoration Day and the Maths Freshers' Dinner in quick succession, I now offer to you, dear readers, a double portion of

MARTIN'S BIT on Resignations

It may come as a shock to some members of ICU to hear that, at Thursday's UGM I tendered to Ian Mackenzie on behalf of the Union, my resignation. My resignation, NOT as Secretary to the Union (failed again—Ed.) but as a member and leader of the delegation to the November Conference of the NUS at Margate.

The reasons for this resignation are three-fold and I feel that the Union is entitled to a brief explanation.

FIRSTLY, Ian Mackenzie's term of office as Acting President, as defined and agreed at the end of last year, has now expired and Ian has returned to his structural vibrations in the bowels of the Aeronautics department. This means that, although Ian will be continuing, *pro tem*, as the titular head of the Union, he will not be able to devote a great deal of time to the job and I will, as the sole sabbatical officer, have to spend much of my time doing the more mundane and routine of his duties as well as my

own. Thus I will not have the time to do the researches, background reading and to generally make myself *au fait* with a good proportion of the topics that will be discussed at the conference. It would be advantageous to understand the system that governs the organisation and administration of NUS — a bureaucracy that not even I can match!!

SECONDLY, the timetable of the re-election is such that the ballot will take place on Friday 24th and Monday 27th November; this is the weekend of the conference. I could appoint an Acting Returning Officer, but would not feel able to accept total responsibility for the

running of the election unless I organised it personally.

THIRDLY, I have during the past month received criticism from various quarters about my attitudes to the National Union of Students. ICU Union will learn of these in due course but suffice it to say, at the present time, that I do not think that we get value for money out of NUS. I, personally, do not wish to help perpetuate a system in which I have no faith.

I would strongly dispute any suggestion that my resignation is a reaction to the attitude of the Union meeting to Mr. Corbyn's proposal that he be allowed to attend the conference as a representative of a Union of Students of Imperial College even though, at the time of the meeting, he was NOT a full time registered student of Imperial College. I realise that my actions will be taken by some to be "sour grapes" — this was at no time intended.

on Commemoration Day

To put the records straight (i) I was no more asleep than Lord Sherfield (Chairman of the Governing Body) and (ii) Professor Sir Derek Barton was the gentleman wearing the light blue silk hat that looked like the bastard offspring of a liaison between a chandelier and a tea cosy.

The Commemoration Ball was an unqualified success. For the first time in living memory we had to turn down applications for tickets because there was not sufficient room in the Dining Hall to accommodate more than 402 people. Everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves and the following day the

Union Office was exceptionally quiet, as the Exec. emerged from the alcoholic haze into which they had sunk earlier that morning, to which end I insisted that conversation should take place only in whispers and that the telephone bells should be damped.

on Motor Bicycles

People who bring motor cycles into the college precincts are asked by the College to register them with the Security Office, Room 164 College Block. If, for instance, a fire should occur and it is necessary to contact the owner to ask him to move the cycle, it will be easier if they know who owns it.



Cumberland Lodge — Garden View

Away from it all . . .

You may have been to a Touchstone weekend at Silwood Park — but did you know that, only a short distance away in Windsor Great Park, similar weekend conferences for students are held at "Cumberland Lodge"?

Administered by the "King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Foundation of St. Catherine's," Cumberland Lodge, offers regular Friday evening to Monday morning residential conferences on wide-ranging topics at £4.75. Perhaps a great advantage over "Touchstone" weekends is that these give an opportunity to meet and discuss with students of other disciplines from other University colleges, Polytechnics and Colleges of Education.

Forthcoming weekends include "Chomsky and the Revolution in Linguistics" on December 1st-3rd, "The Value of News Film to the Historian" (December 15th-18th), a Music Weekend for all amateur student instrumentalists (January 5th-8th), "The Sea" (February 2nd-5th), and later ones on Cryptography (codes), Genetics and Heretics and several other subjects.

St. Catherine's is also open to students for private study. It has well-equipped single study-bedrooms, libraries, reading rooms and good recreational facilities — all for only £10 a week.

If you would like further information, send your name and address to Felix, Union Office, by Internal mail marking it "St. Catherine's", and we will pass it on without delay — or come and browse through the brochure in the Felix Office.

small ads

return, no questions asked, to Chris Whelan, c/o Brendan Clements, Union Barman. Reward offered!

HONDA 90 wanted urgently. Reliable and in good condition. Anything up to £50 considered. Contact J. W. Biggin, Phys 2 letter rack.

AERO 2 wish to congratulate David Liddle, of Brotherton, Yorks., on his engagement to Janette Crossland of Fairburn, Yorks.

LOST from Southside Bar about 2 weeks ago, a black, plastic briefcase containing correspondence and texts of an important contract. Please

POSTERS, POSTERS. Well over 600 different posters available, colour catalogues to browse through. Pop stars, nudes, psychedelic designs, etc., etc. Prices 30p-£1. See Ron Appleby, RCSU office, Thursdays and Fridays, 1230-1300, bringing money and cheques with you.

RALEIGH WISP Moped for sale, E regn. Stand, large pannier, spares, etc. Good running order, 25-30 m.p.h., c 100 m.p.g. £25 o.n.o. Alan Curran, Phys 3. 01-373 0239 (eves.).

MUSICIANS wanted for TV work. Write Box 1, "Felix", I.C. Union.

FOR SALE. Sony stereo tape recorder, £180 (cost £395), Alpha Dolby noise reduction unit £35, Multiblitz press universal electronic flash gun £45 (cost £100), also Oscilloscope and professional quadrant faders for mixing desk. Contact Geoff Marshall, Falmouth 232.

Status Quo in Concert

Here we are in the Great Hall Projection room. Hey that's a nice headset and microphone. I wonder where it leads.

"Hello!"

"Hello, is that the Projection Room? Listen, this is Status Quo's manager, I'm backstage. When I give the signal I want you to wait one minute then fade out the music and announce—'And now for some good old English rock and roll—Status Quo'.

"Okay, will do . . . " Hello? Yes, that was a good reception they got. Pity about those people at the front who won't sit down. Do this group always attract unpleasant teeny-boppers like these? Oh. Sorry. Look I can't hear you. The group's too loud. If the lights have to be just so you'd better send someone up—the lighting bloke can't hear you either. What do I think of them? Well, the guitarists toss their flowing hair about a bit. Like that bloke in Grand Funk Railroad. Yes, I suppose they're better than them, if you say so. Good music to what? Oh, move to. Look, these 'phones are useless when the group plays, it was pointless putting them in really. Is this "In my chair"—that was their single wasn't it? Funny, it sounds just like the last three.

The guitarists are all moving together. That's exciting is it? Yes, I can see that the whole crowd is on its feet. That's because those people would not sit down at the front, is'nt it? Oh, no, I can see they're dancing now. No, it only makes me want to dance to an all-night ear-plug wholesaler. I can't hear you, wait 'till the end of the number. Blimey, this is a long number—yes as a matter of fact I did recognise it as the Doors "Roadhouse Blues". Was that you playing harmonica? Far out. Goes on a bit though. Long but vigorous did you say—like a donkey's—ah, they've finished. Now what were you trying to say? Don't I like them? No, they make my ears ache. Yes, I agree the crowd loves it and we've made some money. They're coming back for a well-deserved encore. Why has

their guitarist played only two notes for the last minute? That's not music. You don't think it matters. It's "Bye Bye Johnny" isn't it? Well thank you sir and goodnight.

Earlier in the evening the crowd was entertained by Capability Brown, who played some nice music, both electric and acoustic, but who over shot their time allocation and had the plug pulled out on them, and The New York Dolls, who had only been booked two days previously. They are one of the latest American camp bands, and for the first five minutes their decorative garb was quite amusing—the drummer particularly looked like a real dead doll—and as a rock and roll band they were more than competent, still, I suppose Alice Cooper beat them to it. Apparently Mick Jagger and all of The Faces had come to see them. A pity they didn't go down too well, and a pity they weren't topping the bill—I could write a lot more on them than I could about Status Quo. They weren't as loud as Status Quo — that must have been why.

Bo Belle



Here's Bo Belle pictured with her namesake in Downing Street. No one knew what her name was (at 9 p.m. on Sunday night) but she lives in Selkirk Hall, if you're interested . . . and who isn't?

Motor Cycle Fanatics

Read on . . .

There has been a distinct lack of facilities for those IC students who have not grown out of two-wheeled motorised transport. This sad state of affairs has stirred many thousands of thousandths of students to voice their dissent. Why, they ask, should an innocent minority be suppressed by the jackboot of the four-wheel fanatics? Why should those, who only ask for a simple existence, burning up traffic queues on their Norton Commandos and Honda 50's be subjected to complete rejection by the rest of society?

But now a group of high-minded intellectuals have decided that this state of affairs cannot, nay will not, continue. They have cleverly talked circles round the slow yokels in the Motor Club, persuading them to form a motor-cycle section. So, two-wheelers of the world unite, you need no longer practice your hobbies in the back streets, bring everything out into the open.

The first meeting is being held at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 7th November, in the C & C Union Office (Mech Eng Level 3). That is, TODAY. BE THERE.

Sponsored Walk

The SUK sponsored walk for Rage will take place on Sunday, November 26th (the last day in Rag Week). It is only a twelve mile stroll, starting at Maria Assumpta at about two o'clock, finishing at QEC, where there will be FREE refreshments, and an amazing orgy (oops, sorry, I meant Disco). Sponsor sheets are available from your constituent college union office, so go and get some now !!!



Andrzej Kuhn's Exhibition continues at the Consort Gallery

Letters

When is a flatlet not a flatlet?

Sir—It is with some interest that I con the plan of the proposed Northside Hall "Flatlet" layout so thoughtfully provided by your staff. However, a ripple of disquiet disturbs the mill-pond of my mind, a hint of recognition. The source is this—what is so special about the Northside scheme that the standard Weeks and Linstead Hall layout of eight bedrooms, two bogs, kitchen, cupboard and bathroom is suddenly transformed into a "Flatlet"? The scheme is as good as could be expected, given the limitations of finance and space, . . . but why should it be euphemised?

I am, Sir, your euphemistically,
 ROB CARTER,
 Weeks Flatlet 2.

Cleaning up Southside

Sir—Further to the letter from Mr. Leachman with regard to the state of Linstead car park: he may be interested to learn that City and Guilds' Motor Club has already been looking into this matter.

Over the past few years, C&G MC has always taken an interest in the conditions available for student car parking in college. This year the club has tried to continue the same interest.

Several scrap cars have already been removed to the Council dump, with the full approval and co-operation of the college security department, and the remainder of the rubbish should follow very soon.

In order to move these cars the Bo driver has usually kindly loaned Bo's trailer, but of course if anyone has a suitable towing vehicle and would care to help out, the club would be very pleased to hear from them via the C&G Union Office.

One must also pause to recall how this state of affairs came about. If those who use the car parks to do their repairs would have more consideration for others and especially for those who have to clear up the mess, then this topic would never have been brought up.

Perhaps these communications will make some people think a little more.

Thank you for letting me "Get it off my chest".

Yours sincerely,
 "THE GREEN SCREAMER".
 (Name & address supplied).

Protection: not a racket?

Sir—In one of your small advertisements last week (Issue 316) it was stated that car vandalism was rife at IC and that donations sent to Paul Hosking at the Rag Office would prevent this. I would like to clarify the situation. Neither myself nor my committee are in any way concerned with the running of a protection racket, which is plainly inferred by the advertisement. (Yeah, but does it contravene the Trades Description Act? —Ed.)

As I explained in my article in the last issue of "Felix" . . . (the writer here explains in great detail what he explained last week.—Ed.)

There are 674,675 parking spaces at Imperial College (incorrect—Ed.) which are given away free of charge—a donation of 25p or so for a year's parking and also protection of your vehicle does not seem expensive. So I would urge all owners of cars parked at IC to send

their donations to the Union Office: cheques should be made payable to the Imperial College Carnival Charities Account. Do not forget the number of your car: you will be issued with a sticker to ensure that your car is protected from the ravages of vandals.

May I once again stress that neither myself nor the rag committee are in any way connected with the running of a protection racket in IC. Our sole aim is to protect cars against vandals.

Yours sincerely,
 PAUL HOSKING.

Unclear Clarification

Sir—I am writing to you as in the future in the hope that this letter will help to clarify the situation regarding the Return of the Land-snapper Sneeze.

While the cartoon itself is only likely to have a harmful effect on the few people who have the intellectual prowess necessary to read in its present abridged form, the real danger lies in the "ramblings" printed above it.

Are these really ramblings or are they something more sinister? The main clue to their origin lies in the first sentence. You too may have noticed that it starts at the beginning. This fundamental discovery has far reaching consequences (see Psychological Warfare and its application to Suspension Bridges, Vol. MLXXII page 12a dated September 31st 1635) especially for the inhabitants of the Inner Asteroids. Unfortunately they are unable to make a full statement on the present economic situation without a more complete picture on which to base their assessment.

One does not realise the true subversive nature of the article until a few lines from the end " . . . including a plot". The author has the audacity to admit to including a plot: planning permission for three bungalows and an oil refinery in a compact area of approximately .000539 acres. Sold prior to auction.

I hope this cleared up any misunderstandings on the part of your readers.

Further information may be obtained by writing to the address shown below (postcards and blank cheques only please).

Yours etc.,
 The Secretary,
 Society for the Abolition of the Society for the Restoration of the Society for . . .

(Full name and address supplied.)
 Please, please, a sane letter to "Felix" . . .—Ed.

Election Rigging: Denial by C & G

Sir,
 The aftermath of the recent ICU Presidential Elections has shown a lot of criticism of the action taken by the officers of the CCU's immediately prior to that election.

A meeting of City and Guilds Union on October 31st unanimously supported the action taken by the CCU's and recommended that a letter should be sent to you, in the name of City & Guilds Union, answering these criticisms.

When we issued our letter to all our members we did at no time order them to abstain from the elections. If, Mr. Editor, you had read the letter you will see that we only asked our members to consider abstaining. We felt that it had not been made clear enough to our members that if they did not agree with either candidate they would do better to act positively by abstaining than by

not voting at all. After all if all these members had not voted the results would have looked far different and would have been unrepresentative of ICU. Surely, Mr. Editor, if any of our members had formed a preference for either candidate they would have voted for them, regardless of our letter, so why should the CCU's be accused of what amounts to 'rigging' the elections?

You yourself stated that there was 'a great increase in the lack of comprehension of the election procedure, since a third of the electorate had only three weeks experience of the College and Union'. So surely, Mr. Editor, we were helping to increase the comprehension of the procedure by making our members aware of their right to abstain. You make it appear in Felix No. 316 that the CCU's were wholly responsible for the continuing absence of a President for ICU but as shown in your own Felix poll a large proportion of ICU members were already going to abstain before our letter was issued.

City & Guilds constitution Section 2—1 states that 'the object of the union shall be the furtherance of the . . . welfare of the members'. We genuinely feel that the letter was for the welfare of our members, and that any accusations to the contrary are completely unfounded.

Further we would like to state that at present the Presidents of the CCU's are working with the remainder of ICU Executive to find a suitable candidate for ICU President. We hope that the next election will yield just such a person.

Yours sincerely,
 pp the members of
 C & GU
 M. G. NEWMAN
 G. HOPSON

Society Stinks

Sir,
 I feel I must inform you that there is no way out for humanity. Stop producing junk, cars, consumer trash. Save resources, protect the environment. Force the country to unemployment, so introduce work sharing. Too much leisure, make the workers make things for themselves to play with in their spare time. Do you workers realise that all these consumer goods you produce are consumed by you. Is it the capitalists conning you to buy junk, or are you conning them to keep you in work. Of course, who will say what is unnecessary production, me, you, "them", autocracy works my friends, so get screwed brothers. You might as well be an apathist. Duck to avoid the terrorists' bomb, subsist, breathe, eat, shit, sleep and die. Of course, it's the struggle of the working class against faceless oppressors. O.K. take your choice friends, either the same pay for all, no incentive to better (what does that mean now), oneself, unless it's to get the cushy job, or more status.

Status, that must be it. Status, or do we have the same system as at present, only displace the hereditary capitalists with temporary ones. Introduce legislation to prevent such parasites? Imposed by who? A police state brother. Corruption, never. Of course, education is the problem. We are always brought up on anti-left propaganda. What are your intentions, anti-right propaganda. Let us go away and freak out in our own apathetic little way. I can't take any more of your drivell society, its overtones and under statements, its overlords and underground hogs. It stinks.

Peace.
 B. Wildered.

Coming Events

TUESDAY, 7th NOVEMBER

- 1300 STOIC: "London Survival". JCR and Southside.
- 1330 "Human Population in the last 1/4 of the 20th century" by E. Grebenick. College Block Theatre B. "The British in WW2" part 1 by J. B. Thole. ME 220. "The Symphony" Part 5 by Michael Hurd. ME 342.
- 1245 Felix staff meeting.
- 1800 "Oh What Lovely War", Great Hall, FREE!

THURSDAY, 9th NOVEMBER

- 1330 "Design from William Morris to the Bauhaus" part 3. ME 542. "Curiosities of London" by Mrs. W. Bellingham. Phys LT 1. Lunch-hour concert: Recital by Christina Clarke, soprano, and Celia Harper, piano. RCS Mopsoc: "Physics in the study of the National Environment" by Prof. Edward Gisner. Phys. LT 3.
- 1930 "Time Machine"—Wellsoc Film in ME 220. Sinclair equipment demo—HIFI Soc in Haldane Library. Informal Wellsoc Electronic Music Group meeting featuring synthesizer demo—SCC room (next Southside shop). Everyone welcome.

FRIDAY, 10th NOVEMBER

- 1300 STOIC presents "Topic".
- 1800 Repeat of 1300 STOIC broadcast.

MONDAY, 13th NOVEMBER

- 1930 Wellsoc: "Science in Archaeology" by Dr. A. E. Werner, ME 220.

TUESDAY, 14th NOVEMBER

- 0900 Next FELIX on news-stands.

The Landsnapper Sneeze



FELIX FINANCIALLY

Last month on this page, Derek E. Cummings wrote a scathing article on the subject of insurance salesmen. In this issue, he deals with the problem of house prices. These are only the first of a series of hard-hitting features on the financial world which FELIX proposes to feature regularly in future issues under the title "FELIX FINANCIALLY". In view of the interest already aroused by his last piece, we thought it worthwhile to ask him what subjects he expects to write about in the future.

"If you read my last article — and I hope you did — you will have gathered that its purpose was to strip some of the mystery surrounding the business of life assurance. Similarly, the feature on house prices in the adjacent columns is intended to briefly explain why it is that house prices continually rise

The aim of "FELIX Financially" is to present all such financial and commercial problems that are likely to affect you in the near future (if they have not already done so) with the same kind of realism. In other words, to remove the mystique and reveal the facts as I see them. So far, we have taken a look at insurance and house prices. Next week I shall be suggesting some of the ways in which the seemingly impossible difficulties of house purchase might be overcome.

Following that, I shall have a few words to say about banks, banking and bank managers and their attitude to students. We all know what the banks promise, just as we know that they do not always live up to

them. But why should there be a difference between the wrapping and the goods? What should we — and what can we — expect from a bank manager? Well, read and find out.

Then there are the other institutions... the Building Societies. I plan to put the manager of one of the Big Three societies through the hoop and make him explain to you, in simple language, what his business is and how he goes about it.

What about student accommodation? Now, there's a subject to raise the temperature of nearly all students. Petitions, strikes, demonstrations and arguments fill the air — while the problem gets worse and worse. I believe I know what should be done, what can be done — and, most important, how it can be done. It'll take a whole page of "Felix", because it's such a big subject. But it'll be worth your while reading it.

What do you know about soliciting? (or should I say solicitors?). If you ever buy a house, you'll need one. But is it

necessary to get bogged down in words before you get the deeds?

Accountants are another strange breed who prefer to remain shrouded in mystery. They may be of help to you one day — provided you understand what you really need them for. Few people do.

Motor insurance? A necessary evil, perhaps. But why should a motorist insure cheaply with a backyard company and risk following Dr. Savundra down the drain? Or pay through the nose for respectability? I've more than a few words to say on this whole area of insurance.

So that's it. These are some of the well-established windmills I shall be tilting my lance at in the near future. My articles will be controversial. You may well disagree with some of the things I say. You will want to know more about others. If you write to me c/o "Felix", I'll attempt to answer your questions. And I'll look forward to seeing you at my General Studies lectures in January.

Now read on . . .

House prices: Up, Up and even further Up

HOUSE PURCHASE IN THE FUTURE:

Some time in the future, we think, the majority of you are going to get involved in the business of buying a house. It's going to be an expensive business — in fact, the biggest financial deal many of you will ever do. So it's well worth thinking about.

You may have read recently what appears to be encouraging news about the future of house prices. Encouraging, because the tenor of these arguments is that house prices are now stabilising and that the boom — or racket, if you prefer — in house prices is fading away.

Well, we're sorry, but we don't agree.

There are basic economic factors which govern the price of housing, namely the old bugbear of supply and demand. And those factors still apply — and they'll go on applying for some time yet. In short, there are still too many people looking for too few houses, and there will still be more people than houses for at least the next ten years. The root of the matter is quite simple. There was an enormous population explosion in this country at the end of the war. The sociological reasons for that are fairly obvious and well known. What is not quite so well appreciated is that this population boom carried on until well into the 1950s — until 1958 to be exact.

PRICES . . .

Now, the parallel between the population boom in 1945 and the dizzy rise in house prices in the late 1960s and the early 1970s is quite exact. All those post-war babies born in 1945 were, at about 25 years old, surging onto the housing market — and the boom really began to go with a bang.

Ok, so now we know why houses prices went up so steeply. But let's just refresh our memories a moment and look at a few figures, showing just how steeply they did go up.

We'll start with a three-bedroomed, semi-

detached house built in 1938. It sold then for, say, six hundred pounds. Between then and now, there has been a war and a consequent population boom. And this is what it did to the price of our house:

1938: It sold for £600.

1945: The end of the war. The start of the population boom.

1948: The house sold for £1200.

1951: The population explosion reflected in the education bulge.

1958: The house sold for £3,000. The population growth slows down.

1968: The house now worth £6,000.

1969: Still £6,000.

1970: Still £6,000, but now the 1945 children are beginning to come onto the house purchase market.

1971: The house sells for £7,500. Demand seriously outstripping supply.

1972: The house which sold for £600 34 years ago, now fetches £12,000.

By 1982, the price of that same house is likely to be something in the region of £30,000. And by 1992? Well, shall we suggest £80,000?

If you think that absurd, just look back at the figures. What sold for £600 in 1938, is today going for £12,000. In other words, its value has increased twenty times in just over thirty years.

. . . AND PEOPLE

All right, so a lot of houses have been, and are being built, but not nearly enough to accommodate you all — that is, you, who constitute part of that vast population expansion. Furthermore, there are other factors which help keep prices high. Monetary inflation and a shortage of land are only two of them. But, in the end, it comes down to people like yourselves, continuing to come onto the housing market in massive numbers.

And that's really where we started. The problems we have outlined are the ones which you are almost certain to face sometime in the near future.

However, it was not our intention to depress you. Buying a house is a problem: it is a big one. But problems can be overcome, provided they can be isolated and dealt with properly. Which is what this series of articles is all about.

In our next column, we shall deal with the brighter side of the picture. And there is a brighter side. People are still managing to buy houses within their income limits. Just what those limits are, and are likely to be; where to find the money; how to bridge the gap between the money you can borrow on a mortgage and the price of the house you want — all these problems have answers.

Next time, we'll suggest a few.

12,000 SINGLE HOMELESS IN LONDON

In a recent survey organised by the St. Mungo Community Trust just under 12,000 single homeless men and women were discovered in London. 1,400 volunteers, of which 60 were from Imperial College, took part in the survey. On the night of Friday, 20th October they searched every street, derelict area and derelict house in the 15 boroughs of Inner London. Included in the figures were the homeless people in lodging houses, prison cells and hospitals.

Of the homeless people over 1,400 were sleeping rough, 470 in Westminster alone. The figure for Kensington was 40. There were 9,000 in common lodging houses, 500 in prisons, over 700 in reception centres, 246 in hospital and 45 in police custody. No figure was available for mental hospitals; the last survey of these institutions was in 1957 when the figure for no fixed abode in mental hospitals was 1,500

Before the 20th October, preliminary surveys carried out in the individual boroughs. The results of these differed from those of the big survey quite considerably in some areas. For example the pilot survey in Westminster counted 960 dossers.

Commenting on the survey, Jim Horne, director of the St. Mungo Community Trust, said "These figures can only be a guide. In many areas there were less men and women than we have seen on other occasions. We think a number of dossers had "gone to ground" knowing of the survey, and police activity also led to reduced numbers". He also said that the survey would be followed up by a monitoring in the various areas to compile comparative figures and the recruitment of volunteers to participate in their mobile medical unit and Advisory Centre.

The survey cannot be considered to be completely accurate since in certain areas the number of dos-

ders counted was exceptionally low due to inefficient organisation. For example, in Southwark, a borough with a high dossier population, the derelict house squad only covered half its area. Also the figure quoted for the number of dossers in police cells cannot be considered to be accurate since, for example, Bow Street admitted to having 3 dossers in custody yet 38 were brought before the court in the morning.

The purpose of the survey was to make the General Public more aware of the magnitude of the situation, and the Government aware of its responsibility to alleviate this growing problem. The information will be correlated in the form of a paper, to be presented to the Government in order that realistic support be given to the homeless single person and to those organisations involved in helping them.

It is thus not yet known if the survey was a success.

A Message from the Managing Director

It has been brought to my notice that, yet again, we have employees daubing graffiti over company property.

Let me remind you that this section of property has only just been repainted after a similar incident last year. You must all realise that I am the head of this firm and as such expect to be obeyed—I do not write these news sheets just to see my name in print. I warn you that unless the culprits have the graffiti removed then I will have it removed and send the bill to the local Trade Union branch. I am sorry for those many innocent people who are not involved but you must keep your black sheep in check.

Good Lord, you can't expect me to do everything.

The personnel manager, Mr. BERTIE MEEAND-HISSUSDENYEVERYTHING, reports that we employ a substantial number of self-styled artists. Well, let me tell you, this company is going to the wall, we're not a benevolent society for out of work artists.

If there are people who are not kept busy enough about their work then it's high time that they picked up their ideas and moved on. That's the trouble with this generation—no gratitude. I worked hard to get where I am and feel that my conscience is satisfied—I've done my bit for the country.

If there was a little more respect for both the management (who work jolly hard to keep this place ticking over) and company property then there would be no need for tempers to flare.

How many times do I have to remind you about matters of simple common sense. Talking about common sense, Mr. JOSHUA MOONEYISTHE-ROOTOFALLCOOKING tells me that the vending machine in the canteen will be out of action for a few weeks because of gross stupidity on the part of the day shift. When the vending machine starts smoking and making funny noises, you don't all stand around pointing and laughing. It was two hours before anybody had the good sense to turn the wretched thing off.

We can't afford to keep replacing items that aren't directly involved in production. Because of this, I am going to have to reduce the management's donation to the workers' annual outing.

If you want a fight, then you have come to the right man: but don't complain if you get hurt in the process.

KARL DON'TBRINGYOURTROUBLESTOME-
SONI'VEGOTENOUGHOFMYOWN.

I'm sorry, Professor, we've decided you're obsolete

Is your lecturer really necessary? Is the guy who's been boring the pants off you for the last hour really indispensable? Whether you're the department whizz-kid or this year's dummy, you don't really need him—let's take a look in the staff common-room

"Right now, lads", says the Head of Department to his assembled teaching staff. "Let's see who gets the second year Systems course". He delves into the hat and pulls out a piece of paper. "Sorry Alistair. That's one for you. Now, there's a fifteen lecture course we're introducing in optimisation. What wants that one, then eh? . . ."

There's an old adage that you go into a lecture and write down what the lecturer puts up on the board but the message goes neither through his head or through yours. That's not you? Well, have you ever picked up notes to revise them for exams and never remembered writing them a few months before? No? Yes? If you have, you're with me; if you haven't, if you're destined for a first, if you're the year's whizz-kid, you're with me too.

Right, a lecturer must do a certain amount of teaching. He's researching in some specialised field and he gives a lecture course in a remotely allied subject which he vaguely recollects from his student days. He picks up the appropriate text-book and makes notes condensing the subject matter into the required number of lecture periods. In the same way that the material, to all intents and purposes, doesn't pass through your head, neither does it pass through his. It merely follows a rather tortuous path from the text-book to the student via an ostensibly unnecessary middle-man.

That is, of course, an unkind generalisation. There are many lecture courses for which no decent text-book exists and the lecture notes are the only reliable dossier. But the lecturer is still dispensable. He simply gives out printed notes, the equivalent of a text-book, and you start from there. To help over troublesome points tutorials and seminars are still required though these need not be formal and can simply be in the way of advice from others on the course where necessary.

Armed with a text-book or series of printed notes, a resumé of the course topics, and a set of past papers and examples to aid understanding, you get through the exam. (Isn't that how we all start, two weeks before the finals date?)

Presupposing that the object of the lecture course was to enable the student to pass an examination at the end (and how many courses at IC are not?) the lecturer was, and is, obsolete.

"Oh, oh", says the Professor, as the coin lands face-up. "Old Robert's got that forty lecture course in materials again. That's two years running now, isn't it, Bob?". (Consoling laughter).

MARTIN DOUGHTY.

Improvisation on a theme

Some (many?) people don't know what they're missing—but maybe the quality of fringe happenings in I.C. is in inverse proportion to their notoriety.

Wednesday lunchtime crept into the twilight afternoon in crescendos of wolf-howlings, recurring images of Oedipean (literally) apprehensions and ancient Athenian hang-ups given the come-down by actors and audience occasionally falling about in incapacitatory laughter—RADA was loaning I.C. some of its first year talent in part-exchange for a stage plus some people to watch them rehearse/perform/interpret "Oedipus Rex": he was the guy, you remember, who took his mother to bed after murdering his father—for those of us who've had the Freudian wool pulled over our eyes, the message in fact is that you can't sidestep what's lined up for you just by knowing about it beforehand (inveterate perusers of Astra Nova, Gipsy Petulengro et al, watch out . . .).

So it's a good choice of play to take apart and publicly resynthesise anyway, with constant tension between suspense and foreknown doom, containing as well some encapsulated scenes of condensed and self-evident conflict—but the play aside, what was happening in front of our eyes was worth a hundred straight performances. Probably some us had preconceptions about drama students—the stereotyped intense introvert, maybe, a veritable Hamlet manqué, or the flamboyant extrovert, laying his trip on everyone in sight. Well, forget it—these people worked really hard, not just to perfect a 'technique', but to push themselves and each other to the limit of understanding and of translation of understanding into concrete action. Which is their technique; no magical Method, no dissociation of 'what' and 'how'. Their director, Angela Langfield, was trying to show how they'd previously developed the play from a naturalistic performance to a formalised one, with the implicit (and plainly visible) point that formality, carefully evolved out of what the students feel while they're rehearsing, elicits more sense and depth from a performance than playing it 'naturally'. It's clear, for instance, that if you try putting over a scene without using the text, but barking and growling instead, you're more or less forced into finding out what it is you're really aiming to get across . . . could liven up some lectures not a million miles from here?

Most of the audience was, I gather, from I.C. Dram Soc, so their involvement and interest may have been, appropriately, quite specialised and taken for granted. But for me, it was an unexpected and tangible experience of the exploration and exploitation of things I normally don't question—sounds, words, emotions, inhibitions.

Well, there's a lot more I could say, but it's better and more fun to see it. If you want a glimpse of how another half lives, keep a look out for posters later on—they've promised to return for a repeat.

LESLEY SAUNDERS.

Classical Concerts

Thursday, the second of November, was a day for Tchaikovsky and Beethoven lovers. The precincts of South Kensington were treated to two very worthwhile concerts. The first, one of the General Studies series, was held in the Maths Department library which, as usual, was packed with an expectant audience.

In writing his Opus 59, the three Rasoumovsky quartets, Beethoven issued a great challenge to the artistic and technical abilities of its performers. The Georgian String Quartet were able to meet this challenge with a truly excellent performance of the No. 1 quartet, in which the warmth of the music came across to a very high degree.

One reason for this apparent warmth is, perhaps, that chamber music was originally written for the private room, rather than the concert hall, and in this respect the library at 53 Princes Gate provides the ideal surroundings for such a concert.

As to the technical aspect of the performance, the 'cellist, David Smith, was able to produce from

his instrument the strong and positive effect which is so much a requirement of the Rasoumovskys and this together with the other fine playing resulted in a most enjoyable lunch hour concert.

The Concert Hall at the Royal College of Music was the scene that evening for the Students Association Orchestral Concert. The orchestra, conducted by Russell Harris, played a programme consisting of the Overture to Rossini's Barber of Seville, Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7.

After a competent performance of the overture, the soloist of the evening, Ronan Magill, sat down at the keyboard. In retrospect perhaps this performance of the concerto illustrated how much the role of the conductor is taken for granted and how vital it really is.

Mr. Magill's interpretation of the concerto was not only original and individual in its tempo but also contained beautiful contrasting between the powerful and stirring sections of say the 1st move-

ment and the softer more lyrical passages. It is a shame that the orchestra could not match the excellence of his performance, this lack of match becoming more obvious in the slow movement which requires such delicate orchestration and perfect timing.

In spite of these difficulties Ronan Magill succeeded in holding the whole work together and ended the concerto with a very positive and definite "Allegro con fuoco".

The success of and the enjoyment provided by Mr. Magill's performance was apparent from the loud level of applause and numerous calls he received. With such a performance in only his second year at the college there can be little doubt that Mr. Magill will go a long way in his career.

After the interval Mr. Harris conducted Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, and by the third movement seemed to have regained control of the orchestra, providing what was also an enjoyable conclusion to the evening.

Poetry

Poems by Peter Porter: **PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED.** (Oxford University Press). £1.00.

This, so the cover notes say, is Mr. Porter's fifth collection of poetry. In it he expresses contemporary views contrasted by the use of references to the art and sculpture of northern Italy; a slightly odd and dangerous thing to attempt, one might think, but overall the idea is a success.

The title of the collection in itself gives a clue to the subject matter and its treatment; the 'converted' are the dead, and given that there arises considerable scope for original imagery related to the timeless conflict between Man and Time. The dead are symbolised in the cold marble statuesque figures in European museums or the paintings of the Masters. (The cover is a photograph of a Bernini work)

'Preaching to the Converted is preaching Time,

The only subject that memorials hear';

Perhaps the best place to begin in order to argue the case for this anthology is with the first few lines of a particularly poignant poem called 'In The Giving Vein' — an interesting piece by its mere form, since it consists of three sonnet-like stanzas (combining tradition with experiment) which gives an insight into the poetic method in general and Mr. Porter in particular:

The evidence, like the weather, is from
An inner storm; the poem, like every poem
Will be merely a beginning, . . .

And then (in the title poem again):

The Old is painted on an eye, he's Sleep,
The shadow of a never-noticed death,
The New is pictured on a box, he dreams
Of Ever-Afternoon, Ego-Eternity:

Great Abstracts, which our thin vocabulary
Strains to make real: and this is poetry'.

From this small evidence one can already discern the morbid and sombre tone which pervades the whole book . . . the search for Immortality, (Ego-Eternity), the conflicts between life and death, old and new, abstract and real, tradition and revolution.

'God is a Super-Director
who's terribly good at crowd scenes,
but he has only one tense, the present.
Think of pictures . . . ' he says

and then finishing in the same poem with a further reminder that

. . . 'God loves music
and architecture, pain and palm trees,
anything to get away from time'.

This theme recurs frequently, if not in the words, then in the form of the poems which integrates Eliotesque free verse and an over-large and esoteric seasoning of name-dropping (in several languages, too, which isn't easy for us). But the repetition is hardly noticeable in the boring sense; in fact it is one of the most tolerable collections of similar-theme poetry I have come across, just because the images seem so diverse within the framework he sets himself.

It's not all cadaverous as I've made it sound, however. There are a few consciously light-hearted pieces dotted about, 'Sex And The Over Forties' probably amongst the best, and if you like to laugh at sexual imagery, there's plenty about even if sometimes it does degenerate into (patronising?) slang expressions for anatomical parts . . . one is tempted to say pricks, genitals, pump and suck, balls and pox out loud just for the sheer thrill . . .

One particularly good couple of lines I cannot help but quote:

'You set the alarm clock to remind us
to do it before leaving for the office'

. . . something you might identify with. But even then at the end of 'Sex and the . . .' there comes the serious refrain:

'Back to the dream in the garden,
back to the pictures in the drawer,
back to back, tonight and every night'.

Either this, or superficially light aphorisms which slowly sink in:

'I am the world's digestion, I am love,
I eat and am eaten perpetually'.

The balance is completed by lines of hope like

' . . . stay with me my friends; truth and
love,
like miracles, need nowhere at all to happen
in'.

and

'Wagner wrote 'Tristan' at forty-four'

Add to all this some succinct stanzas separated and given the apt general title of 'Postcard Poems' and the thing is complete. It is therefore well worth a read if you're at all into poetry, but unless you're really keen not a rush-out-and-buy-it best seller, prices being what they are. I leave you with this thought put into the mouth of Schopenhauer, which happily does not apply to these poems . . .

'Man is ridiculous; if
it weren't for his death,
he'd have no value whatever . . .'

G. P. WENHAM.

The Reviews Page

Discs

SANTANA: "CARAVANSERAI" (CBS)

Of all the praise that has been heaped on Santana in the three-and-a-half year recording career, I don't ever remember their music being described as progressive, even by writers who give that description to any group who either concentrates on albums rather than singles and makes their numbers last more than five minutes. Santana didn't in the past change their style from album to album—it's only in the last week, when I've been listening a lot to their first three albums as a "prelude" to this one, that I've been able to detect any difference in style between the tracks on the first and third album.

However, the term "progressive" will be applied to a Santana album for the first time in the case of this one. Side one track one "The Eternal Caravan of Reincarnation" begins with the sound of crickets (or eez eet cicadas, mi amigo?); Pink Floyd were doing that years ago. Then an avant-garde sounding saxophone grunts a bit and a double bass and "echoplexed" electric piano cut in and repeat a rather restricted riff for about three minutes. Miles Davis gets in everywhere these days. Bells jingle in the background just like a caravan—well, slightly. The best part of the track is the way it fades out of one speaker and the next track "Waves Within" appears through the other. The guitar is preceded by a peculiar sound, probably done with reverse tapes, but it has a very pleasing effect. The rest of the track is rather disappointing after the superb intro, and when "Look Up" begins in the same way with the stereo fade-out you begin to wonder if it is done strictly for laughs. "Look Up" is also, disappointingly, a second-hand Motown funk machine effect.

"Song of the Wind" features a long guitar break from either Carlos Santana or Neil Schon who I think is still with the band, and I think this is a mistake. The guitarist has an excellent technique but nothing new—he would (and does) do better in the shorter tracks, although I suppose you can always play it at 78. "All the Love

of the Universe" reminds me of nothing so much as Yes. The slightly phased guitar and high-pitched vocal harmonies come straight out of "Heat of the Sunrise", but I'm sure it wasn't intended and the track is a nice climax to the first side. You certainly wouldn't mistake it for anything on "Abraxas".

"Future Primitive" on Side Two has more electric piano, with lots of echo and some reverse tape guitar. (The future). Then in come the congas and the shouting (The Primitive, presumably) and they fade out once more leaving the Future. Quite clever but not very satisfying musically. "Stone Flower" begins in vintage Santana fashion with congas-bass-drums-organ-guitar and has a riff so familiar that it must have been written by Frank Zappa or Arthur Lee. "La Fuente del Ritmo" is also typical of the group's old style and the speed and dexterity of it is quite frightening—try dancing to it and you'll give yourself a hernia. The tune isn't exactly classical but this is my favourite track on the album at present and I'm sure even the Mahavishnu Orchestra couldn't go faster.

Having heard "El Fuente del Ritmo" I'd find anything dull and "Every Step of the Way" is the unfortunate song in this case. It lasts over nine minutes but the meat of the track could have been played in a third of that time. It still snorts along at 847 times the speed of sound (after Santana, everything else moves backwards) so perhaps that's unfair but the previous track left me so staggered that I couldn't take this one in.

The first three Santana albums took a long time to grow on me, to the extent that listening to them pleased rather than impressed, and I think it'll be the same with "Caravanserai". I kept stopping the record to play a bit again: "Did they really play that" or "What incredible production". However, Santana fans won't be disappointed. I should add that the total playing time is over fifty minutes—that's value.

I think I liked "Abraxas" best . . .

SID AMOR

Paperbacks

VENEREAL DISEASES by R. S. Morton
(Pelican, 35p)

Venereal diseases, all right—that's no problem: they can be cured now.

Unhappily, however, venereal disease is on the increase. Though some 250,000 people seek advice in Britain's special clinics every year, the numbers infected are growing recognisably and gonorrhoea has recently been ranking second among the infectious diseases. In parts of Asia, Africa and America the position is even worse.

Dr. Morton is a venereologist and his book produces a frank and sober study of syphilis, gonorrhoea and other diseases commonly transmitted during sexual intercourse. He treats his subject without emotion and consequently without bias, his tools are the facts and figures, not the yellow press's drive against pornography and permissiveness. He does however fill in the personal effects which may become so important to a patient.

When he discusses treatment this is not only viewed from the angle of curative and preventive medicine, but also as an application of social policy which must stem from the science of human behaviour. In the foreword, G. M. Carstairs writes: "This is a dispassionate study of a theme which has often aroused strong remedies . . .": he is very obviously correct. I suspect that this will not be the book that most people are going to rush out and buy, but if you really want to find out what sexual diseases are and not just swallow what popular newspapers and magazines have to offer, then Dr. Morton is the man to read.

Figures may often be distorted to tell the story that you want; however, when 110,000 people were treated for some form of venereal disease in the early 70's you begin to wonder. Dr. Morton leaves one with much food for thought, little comfort for the sexual progressives and awkward problems for the medical profession.

DAVE HOBMAN

SPORT SPORT SPORT SPORT SPORT

Football

On Saturday, 28th October, the I.C. 1st XI, with a much-changed side, produced their best performance when they defeated St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford by 3-1. Right from the start of the game I. C. pressurised their opponents, contesting every ball and the IC midfield were soon in control. However, it was St. Edmund's who put in the first good shot, which was well saved by Gerwyn Edwards, in the IC goal. However, the hard running of the IC forwards was soon rewarded when Alan Williams headed home after fifteen minutes of his first team debut. For the rest of the half, IC dominated the field and were unlucky not to add to their score on several occasions.

After the interval, IC continued to dictate play, with the St. Edmund's midfield being completely subdued by John Kelly, Byron Smith and Mick McConvey. The opposition's defence never really found an answer to the quick thinking Imperial forwards, and the IC defenders had less and less to do as the game progressed. The second goal came when Pete Lonnen converted a penalty, awarded for handball. Soon after this Ian Posthwaite left the field with a badly bruised knee and Pete Lonnen took over at centre-half. Barely five minutes later St. Edmund's also lost a player, this time with a more serious ankle injury. IC were unaffected by the long stoppage which this second injury caused, except that is for Martin "Gladys" Manning and Pete Lonnen, who each received a considerable amount of massage from certain of the prettier spectators (you mean you have spectators—Ed.) and were never quite as interested in the game afterwards.

IC's third goal came when Mick McConvey drove an awkwardly bouncing ball into the corner of the net from 15 yards. In the last minute, St. Edmund's grabbed a consolation goal when Gerwyn Edwards, who was by now quite cold due to a long spell of inaction, dropped a hard hit cross.

Team: G. Edwards, M. Manning, R. Kill, I. Bell, I. Posthwaite, M. McConvey, B. Smith, J. Kelly, P. Lonnen, A. Williams, W. Milne.

While the first team were finding things fairly easy, the third XI were having to play well to survive against an unexpectedly strong Hertford College team. Outstanding in defence was Paul Hosking who was perhaps the player most responsible for keeping the score at 0-0 until the interval.

In the second half IC continued to hold out and Hertford could rightly feel disappointed when, with only a minute to go, Ian Hyslop snatched victory with a 20 yards drive.

Back at Harlington, the 4th team cruised to a 5-1 win against Royal Holloway College 2nd. To complete a good day for the club, the 7th team won a well contested game against University College 7ths by 2-1.

On Wednesday, 1st November, IC played QEC at Petersham. Although IC won, the quality of football was poor and apart from the fact that Byron (where's-me-shorts) Smith scored after 15 seconds, there was little of merit in the team's performance. With 10 minutes to go, IC were 3-0 up, then Gladys changed sides without telling anyone, and the final score was 3-2.

At Shenley, the 2nd came back after conceding an unlucky goal to beat U.C. 3rds, 3-1. Also at Shenley the 3rds had a good 3-2 win over UC. 2nds.

Playing at Harlington, the 4ths beat QEC 2nds 5-2, and in an entertaining match the 5ths beat Royal Holloway 6-4. The 6th team with a suspect defence (just like the 5ths!) beat RHC 3rds by 4-2. The only team to fail to win was the 7ths who lost 3-1 to the newly-formed QEC 3rd team.

Hockey

At last I.C. 1st XI have shown they can play hockey; under the renewed leadership of midfield general Dave Richman they held Southampton University to a 0-0 draw.

Surprisingly, after good wins in the UAU, Soton took a while to settle down; this seemed to give I.C. confidence, culminating in a fine move up the right that gave Pete Foxtton a chance to open the scoring, but he

screwed the shot wide of the left-hand post. However, most of the first half was played between the 25's as both sides generally cleared their lines very effectively.

After the tactical murmur at half-time, I.C. had complete control of the opening period of the second half, but failed to convert this into goals although Mick Downs had a short corner cleared off the line.

But increasing Soton pressure ended in the award of a penalty flick after a brilliant save by Rich Cameron — he might use his stick next time. Chris Steel had no trouble saving the very weak flick. However, after Mick Downs had another short corner stopped on the line — the back used his feet this time — John Astley also missed a penalty flick.

Team: STEEL; EVANS, HANSON, ROBINSON, CAMERON; RICHMAN, GAUKROGER; FOXTON, GAHIR, ASTLEY, DOWNS.

On Saturday, I.C. 2nd and 3rd XI's lost to weakened Dulwich 2nd and 3rd XI's 1-4 and 1-3 respectively. Chris Tyler scored for the 2nds, but the best goal in this match was beautifully volleyed into the wrong net by Ron Palmer. Clive Thompson scored for the 3rd's after good work by Andrew Beal.

The Mixed XI went marching on with a 1-0 win over Heston. "Wonder-boy" Richman got on the score-sheet but he managed to miss his usual quota of easy chances.

Oh yes, on Saturday, the 1st XI drew 1-1 against U.C.M. in the Middlesex League Mick Downs actually scored from a short corner but his night-time activities knackered him so much that he was unable to write a report.

Badminton

IC 1st vs. CAMBRIDGE 1st

Team: Dave Ward/Sooty
Chris Forkdodger/A. Shepherd
Rhod. Palmer/B. Slim

With IC fielding a scratch team against the international studded Cambridge tea-tasting society, we played for the draw. However, with Sooty in such fine form, Dave Ward's indifferent play soon improved, showing us just why he is reserve for the IVth's, and they easily wiped out a 2-0 deficit so unluckily incurred in the second pair's game, when C. Forkdodger, in attempting a very difficult shot (the lob), broke the head of his racket and his best pair of leg-irons. A. Shepherd came to the rescue and Chris played the rest of the match on wheels. Bad luck too for Rhod and B in their first game since being released. With Rhod playing in blinkers due to the amount of male thigh around, B's main problem was watching for the long one down the middle. After the initial setback of two rapid defeats we changed to what turned out to be the winning tactics — cheating. With more than an ample amount of laxative in the orange juice, CTTS tended to rush their shots — to their downfall. IC won 7-2.

Dave, Chris, Rhod, B then went on to play at singles R. Soales, P. Niss, Mike Hunt, Alf Hooker respectively. IC won 3-1.

(Well, at least the scores are right).

Sailing

On 29th October, the team sailed a close match against Burton S.C. in National 12's.

In the first race J. Scott soon took up the lead with all boats closely bunched. Simon Briscoe pulled through the fleet after a bad start and eliminated one of the opposition on a port/starboard case only to be put out soon afterwards trying to cut inside a boat at the gybe mark. We are now lying first and third against second and fourth. Their fourth boat was closing, on the run, on Nigel Charlwood, in 3rd place but, as he tried to pass, he was luffed out and had to retire. Thus we finished first, third and retired against second, retired, retired: a lead of 5½ points.

By the time the second race started the wind was much stronger. We rounded the first mark, after a reaching start, in 1st, 2nd and 3rd places but, at the windward mark, we had dropped badly to 1st, 4th and 5th. Brian Rogers, now in first place, was never challenged, but Dave Law in 5th place was put out in a luffing incident leaving us 1st, 4th and retired against 2nd, 3rd and 5th. On the run John Labard, in 4th place suffered a gear breakage and had to retire. The race thus finished with the positions at the last mark, 1st, 4th, retired against 2nd, 3rd and 5th: that is 11½ points against 10 points, a 1½ pt deficit.

Thus, on aggregate, we won the match by 3½ points. This was our second successive victory this term.

Motor Racing

Once again, on Wednesday, 25th October, "Team Guilds" were out in action. This time in their own twelve-car rally entitled "The Fresher Rally". The purpose of this event was to introduce rallying techniques, timing and navigational systems. Seven route-cards, each of a different type of problem for the navigator, described a route of about 100 miles through the narrow-winding country turnings of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves with only one car having a minor argument with a tree stump which unfortunately ended their rally.

Congratulations go to Jeremy Casson and Mark Coverly of Mech Eng 2, on winning the rally in their Mini-Cooper by a long lead. Messrs. House and Clemow showed up all mechanics by changing a diff en route in 35 minutes. As is usual on Guild's excursions, good relations with the Police were maintained with a friendly constable stopping at a time-control and having a short chat with the organisers. A final word must be said for those who ventured out to marshal and uphold that famous name in the motor-sport world — "Team Guilds".

Knobbly Knees



Winner of the Mr. ICWA contest on Tuesday week.

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