



28th November, 1972

Felix

NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION
FREE! ISSUE No. 320

Next week
in
FELIX
Full NUS
CONFERENCE
REPORT

CONFERENCE MOURNS TRAGEDY

But the peace ended there

Mourning the death of two members of the delegation from Stirling university, who were tragically killed in a car crash on the M6 en route to Margate, the N.U.S. conference opened on a melancholy note. The assembled members stood in silence during a moving ceremony in honour of the deceased delegates, all their differences buried for the moment as the whole body of the N.U.S. joined their thoughts, perhaps for the last time this year, to contemplate their common loss.

The peace ended there. The conference got underway, strikingly more rowdy and disorganised than last year.

THE HOUSING MOTION

National rents strikes were called for by the delegates who consider that in addition the N.U.S. and student unions must negotiate the use of short term council housing for students. A national rent

strike was ordered for January with a day of action in February. Surprisingly the conference did not make any demands as regards building of new halls but concentrated its efforts to increased grants to cover the high cost of living, brought about largely by recent substantial rent increases. The attention of the conference was drawn to Birmingham hall fees, presently half as much again as at I.C. It is clear that government money cannot be forthcoming in every quarter and the conference definitely came down on the side of money in our pockets rather than halls on our campus.

REPRESENTATION

A call for democratic control of all Higher Educational establishments by staff, students and local community interests. As with all other motions there was a strong emphasis here on trade union involvement in student affairs.

GRANTS

The stress in the grants

motion lay in the argument that the T.U.C. would not stand for the money we get and so we must ally with the trade union movement and the Labour party in order to get grant increases. The issue of student weekly wages was shelved for the time being as the conference felt that it should not be pressed until the mass of students were in favour. It was pleasing to see the delegates accepting, for once, that on this issue they did not enjoy the support of the student body. The aftermath of this motion, however, leaves us in no doubt that the future of N.U.S. is destined to lie with the T.U.C.

Other motions to be discussed, at the time of going to press, are conference reform, student nurses and union autonomy.

Imperial College students will be relieved to hear that their delegates are taking a very active part in proceedings but seem certainly to be following the left wing view which marks the tone of the whole conference. One almost fears for the survival of the union mandate or I've lost touch with student feelings.

STUDENT PRESS

The student press since arriving at Margate can only describe their treatment as disgusting. The national press representative, one Francis Bupa, could see no point in allowing any press seats for student newspapers as he considered "the Sun" was more relevant to students than any student newspaper. (Would you believe it—Ed.). Consequently he assigned thirty press places for thirteen "national" newspapers (including the Margate Herald and the Margate Examiner) and tried to push all the student press into side seats where they couldn't even hear, let alone see, what was happening. Following a hard fought campaign, during which much bad language was thrown about by our national press representative, (Francis to his friends, if he's got any) with the aid of Leslie Murphy, the student press representative, who perhaps should have foreseen the problems, we managed to get press seats and so will be able to bring you a full report of the conference in Felix, next week.

Margate, Sunday.

"I take a 6½J wheel"

inside by chariot



THE STACKRIDGE SOUND

Stackridge are a band that always have gone down well on the college circuit, and Saturday night proved to be no exception, when they played to a particularly responsive audience. Unfortunately they were without their beloved "Crun", who was in hospital at the time having his appendix removed, but they managed to get a bass player to replace him, although guitarist and vocalist James Warren took his place whenever possible.

They started with a good stomping sound, followed by "Tea Time," a quieter piece containing a flute solo from Michael Slater, known to all as "Mutter".

"Anyone For Tennis", their new single, sounds delightfully dated, and this, with fiddler Mike Evans' singing, or rather screaming, of the Beatles classic, "Twist and Shout", showed that they were entertainers as well as musicians.

Several of Stackridge's songs are about fairyland characters, and from their collection they produced the sad story of "Syracuse the Elephant", and the tale of the monster "Slark", which I thought was spoilt by "Mutter's" looning in the middle.

They came back to do a medley of jigs for an encore, much to the audience's delight, which "Mutter" was hard pushed to keep pace with with his dust-bin lid bashing, and they returned yet again to perform "Dora the Female Explorer".

Black South Africans — People or Garbage?

asks ELIOT CHIAT

South Africa is a country with sunshine and beautiful scenery, a country with wealth and rich resources. It is also a country with a number of different racial groups, and some people are in the awkward position of being the wrong colour. The laws are so designed that these people — the black members of the community — are obliged to minister to the needs of the whites. In their everyday lives they are restricted and degraded in everything they do. They cannot come and go as and when they wish, they cannot occupy themselves as they wish, their families are frequently broken up, they are taxed inequitably, their labour is bought at ridiculously low rates, and their job tenure is totally unpredictable.

Unfortunately for some, they live in the wrong place. How is this possible? It is the policy of the white South African government that people with different coloured skins shall live their lives apart from each other, in different places and in different ways according to their different traditions. However, the population of the country is spread out and mixed up in a relatively random fashion. The policy of separate development dictates that same areas are solely for white development, some for solely black people, some for solely Indian people, and so on. In the case of the blacks, the areas reserved for them are known as the homelands. Of course, not all black people live in the homelands; on the contrary. Almost all the able-bodied are employed in the industry, the mines, the farms and the homes of the white community.

The black homelands are made up of poor agricultural land and are isolated from urban areas. Black people living outside the homelands and not engaged in serving the white community will have to go there, despite the fact that they, and generations before them, have never been there before in their lives. Whole villages have to pull up their roots, lose practically everything they own which is not much anyway, probably just their homes and a few cattle—to be transported from the "black spots" where they live to new towns in the homelands. Often they face years of uncertainty as to the future; usually they are only given a few days notice before their removal. On the day, a fleet of lorries arrives to transport them. They are taken away, to a place which they do not know, and dumped. They are usually left in the middle of nowhere, often as barren as a desert, at a place where there are no houses; they have to build their own, although building materials are seldom provided, and initially the only accommodation is tents; where there is no food and hardly any water—the nearest shop

may be miles away — and the ground is usually too poor to provide even a subsistence economy in the long term, let alone the short term; where there is no industry to provide employment — so that the men have to leave their families and become migrant labourers in order to earn some money so that they can pay the poll tax, and to enable them to survive. Where there are no educational or medical facilities, and even when these do arrive, they are completely inadequate; where there are no sanitary facilities or power supplies.

During the ten years from 1959 to 1969, nearly a million people were resettled in this way. Protests have been prevented by intimidation, and where they have emerged, they have resulted in arrests and prosecutions. The land is overcrowded, the population destitute and starving. Incidence of disease is extremely high, as is the mortality rate. What is more, the homelands are closed to those people by whom the South African Government does not wish them to be seen.

Cosmas Desmond was a priest at a mission serving a "black spot" in rural Natal. In 1969 the population of the village was resettled in the homelands. Because of his awareness of the conditions of Limehill, where they were resettled, Father Desmond made a journey—illegally through the homelands to find out what things were like elsewhere. He published his findings in a book "The Discarded People" (Penguin, 1971) and he assisted in the production of a film, "The Dumping Grounds". For his attempts to assist Africans, he was refused a passport to visit his family in England. For his pains in exposing the conditions in the African homelands, he was put under house arrest. He is restricted to his house for a large part of each day; he is restricted in his movements outside his house; he is restricted in the number of people he can talk to; and he is prevented from communicating with some. His movements are closely watched by the police.

On Tuesday, 5th December, the film, "The Dumping Grounds" will be shown at Imperial College. All members of the college are urged to see it. You may be shocked by what you see, and you ought to be, for it portrays a situation which can only be regarded with dismay and disbelief by anyone who maintains decent moral standards. In this country the Anti-Apartheid Movement and a host of liberation movements representing black people throughout the southern part of Africa, are fighting for the rights of these people and the fight is being carried out with guerilla tactics on the ground of Southern Africa; they are fighting for the right to be able to live a decent, normal life, without fear, without hunger, without being misused and treated like ani-

mals, without being moved around like garbage and—most important—the right of self-assertion. For many years South Africa was a possession of Britain, and today our country helps to maintain the regime through its economic associations. We must therefore bear a major responsibility for the situation. The example of Cosmas Desmond should encourage everybody here to help carry the struggle for the introduction of justice there to a successful conclusion.

TUESDAY, 5th DEC.
13.15

ELECTRICAL ENG. 408
FILM — "THE
DUMPING GROUND"

Speaker—
STEPHANIE SACHS,
an ex-patriot South Africa

Arnold Rugby

LSE BEATEN AGAIN

On Wednesday, 23rd November, City and Guilds Rugby 1st XV travelled to New Malden to play LSE 1st XV away to eventually prove that there are now 27 people at I.C. who don't think they are the best college side in London. The day was quiet cold with little wind and the sun by 2.45 p.m. was quite low in the sky. Guilds won the toss and elected to play down a slight slope in the pitch with the sun shining into the opposition's eyes.

The game started well and a good standard of rugby was produced with both sides struggling to gain control of the play. Good searching attacks by Guilds never let LSE settle down and with the forwards working well to provide a good deal of ball for the backs it was clear that Guilds were a match for this supposedly strong opposition team. Attacks by LSE were not a real danger and the Guilds threequarters and back row forwards were covering and tackling tremendously well. Much of the play was in the opposition half, and when the first half finished it was clear Guilds were in a strong position even though the score was still 0-0.

The second half started with both teams knowing that a big effort was to be made for at least 20 minutes. The sun had by this time disappeared and enabled the Guilds team to match their game to LSE's without a disadvantage. Even though the opposition were attacking strongly it was Guilds who made the first score with a penalty kick by R. Hughes to put us 3-0 in the lead.

Heartened by this score, the Guilds team pressed more and more, harassing and attacking well, and it was on such an attack that a loose ruck formed near the opposition's try line. A break by M. Rickard from the maul resulted in him scoring a well deserved try about 10 yds out from the post. The conversion was kicked by R. Hughes to make the score 9-0.

LSE by this time were a bit upset but they had not given their best yet at all. In the next section of the game the play was very fierce with heavy tackles and rough mauling, which for the good of both sides the ref brought to a quick end. The game was coming to a close with LSE attacking strongly and Guilds defending well. However in the last few minutes, the opposition fly-half broke through our cover to score a try which was converted to make the score 9-6 which was the final score when the ref brought the game to a close shortly afterwards.

Team: P. Dye, D. Osborne, N. Osborne, E. Morgan, T. Bradbury, D. Shakesheff, R. Hughes, C. (work it up) Wrigley, D. Robinson, T. Hollister, D. Lewis (capt.), C. Lewis, G. Roberts, M. Rickard, J. Swift.

Around and About Student Britain

APARTHEID is the big issue at LEEDS this term. For many weeks the "Leeds Student" front page has been taken up with the pros and cons, mainly the latter, of a Barclay James Harvest concert there on Saturday week. The row was caused because BJH had made a recent tour of South Africa and Rhodesia playing to segregated audiences which, Leeds Students said, implied acceptance of the apartheid system. The Leeds University Union exec spent many happy weeks, so it seems, arguing the pros and cons of having BJH play, and changing their position weekly. Eventually BJH did play ... to a very low audience.

The concert made an estimated £700 loss.

Still at Leeds, Leeds University Union made a loss exceeding £7,500 last year, which would have been bigger had the Union not dug into its reserves. The Union's Finance Committee have warned the Union that this year's loss will exceed £20,000 if they do not cut back expenditure drastically.

BRADFORD University Union has solved its finance problem by telling their Ents to make a £1,000 profit this year. Their Union Council finance meeting lasted from 6 p.m. at night to 8.45 the following morning, and they did not complete their business.

"It seems that we are all living a Utopian existence, although perhaps we don't appreciate it", says Palatinate, newspaper of the Durham Colleges. "We have received not a grumble, not a quiet moan, not even a hesitant suggestion concerning life in Durham. Such bliss — can it be true?" We could say the same about life in South Ken ...

We're not the only union having elections this week. At the New University of Ulster there are dozens — including deputy president, president of the Athletics Union and Chairman of Convocation, Phase One, the Union Newspaper, is no less than 50 per cent full of election details.

They are also very concerned about vandalism at NUU — the University Railway Halt (yes, it's true!) was smashed up for the third or fourth time this year last week by intoxicated students.

Beware of SPERM (Swansea People's Entertainment Rescue Mission), says Crefft. They're a new organisation set up with the aim of providing the ents that students want, instead of the concerts, etc. run by the University Ents Committee. They propose to run "real dances" so people get to meet each other, and have got a grant from the Union to pursue their aims.

More inside news from around Britain's student newspapers next week.



"Into the valley of death rode the 603..."

The Dep. Pres. on behalf of Himself (Mainly)

I refer to the front page of last FELIX, the article concerning Council; such an original topic for FELIX to take upon itself to discuss. (Why? Controversial is our middle name — Ed.). It pointed out the shortcomings of the three CCU Academic Affairs Officers. I think it got one or two things confused. Miners have different interests to Scientists who have different interests to Engineers. It is almost inevitable that once we get a President (perhaps "if") then Mike Doherty will be presenting to Council some ideas on Academic policy. (Mike has some ideas on the subject). Those CCU AAO's will be able to give a valuable contribution, giving different and diverse views.

Of course, you might think that Council shouldn't deal with this type of stuff. Who then? An IC UGM? Rather unwieldy. Or the proposed 20-member council? Look, a 38 member council at least provides the POSSIBILITY for opinion from just about every facet of the student opinion. (Except for the extreme apathist. I'm sorry apathists, there's not much we can do for you).

Of course, the article mentioned Floor Reps. It correctly says that they don't represent anyone by themselves. Tell me, when did anyone speak off-the-cuff on some arbitrary topic and represent anyone but himself. It's about time you learnt that "representative" means "Delegation of responsibility without repercussions" unless some specific mandate has been made. But you know as well as I do that a floor rep isn't mandated, so what are you getting at?

Finally, let me pose two questions.

1. If the "bureaucratic decisions" were made by none in particular, or some small body that could in no way realistically reflect the opinions of 4,000 people at IC, or even say the 2,000 participating Union members, would you meekly accept them or question them?

i.e. Is it not better to know that some supposedly reflective body, i.e. Council, has tried to make a valued appraisal and decision, rather than have the result foisted upon you?

2. Why, if the article is in favour of a mini council, did Felix attempt last year, with the innovation of a sabbatical editor to press for a place on Council for the Editor (In fact, I told Joint Council in May that I did NOT want a place on the Council; it was the idea of the Editor at the time.—Ed).

The first question is for you to decide, but I think I can partly answer the second.

Most places on council have come as a result of pressure at IC UGM's from the people who hold the view that Council could benefit from the ideas and reflective attitudes of persons holding various posts. The additions came as a result of IC UGM's voting on these propositions. They did NOT come from Council.

Pause.

That's the end of my opinion, now on to some fact: **The Union**

As you may have noticed if you've been across there lately, things aren't yet ready. The RATT should be opening in the near future. Watch this space for further details. The Bar in the Union Lower Lounge is nearing completion (I'm not so sure about solidarity with the workers, but more in favour of good solid workers) (Ha, ha . . . Ed). There will eventually be a Juke Box in the Lounge. Please send me ideas for singles to JUKE BOX, c/o TONY BLACKBURN (My real name is Paul Jowitt, but don't tell Jimmy Young) IC UNION.

Love and kisses,

PAUL JOWITT

Ed's footnote: Next time, please Paul, read the article before criticising it. I think, to quote you, "you got it wrong". Our correspondent is wondering whether it's really necessary to have the Dep Pres on Council . . .

"I want to see the SRC change . . ."

"I want to see the SRC change—change in quality, change in what we do . . ."

So do I, having been to the emergency SRC (Students' Representative Council) meeting on the Murray Report held at the University of London Union last Monday. The quote came from Tony Lake, without question the most highly skilled student speaker in the University, who told the meeting that that night was "the night we lose our innocence".

"The end of the divorce of students with the authorities begins tonight—we must become a federal union and act federally", he said.

But what does "acting federally" mean? Surely not the farce I witnessed on Monday, when six prepared candidates were returned unopposed onto the Senate Working Party on the Murray Report.

The first part of the meeting was totally predictable. A motion on Murray, proposed by the Executive, was eventually passed without dissent and without abstention. The motion welcomed the proposals for the new Senate, Court and Joint Planning Committee, the offer of student representation on University bodies and the strengthening of smaller colleges, but lamented the decision not to offer school status to Goldsmiths' College and noted the "unsatisfactory position" over the Privy Council policy of 'reserved areas'.

The debate, which took ninety minutes, consisted in the main of forced speeches on the motion, which was generally acceptable to everyone present.

The few bones of contention were manifested in several amendments, tabled variously by St. Mary's College, Charing Cross Hospital Medical School and the Chairman of the SRC (Dave Emmett), all of which were defeated.

But no amendments were even tabled against the final part of the motion, which welcomed the setting up of the Senate Working Party including six students, and resolved the SRC to elect at that meeting, "a representative and expert team of students to co-ordinate and communicate student news on the Murray Report to the University and, within the SRC, between college Unions".

So having passed the motion, the SRC came to the business of elections. It rapidly transpired that not only had the Executive drafted the motion, but had also prepared six candidates for the six vacant posts on the Working Party. Stephen Moss, External Affairs Vice-President of King's College, proposing the candidates, said that there had been no other nominations . . . hardly surprising, since negligibly few of the assembled delegates had known of these nominations (or indeed that there

A Personal Viewpoint by Oliver Dowson

were to be nominations at all) prior to that afternoon. To some delegates the elections came as a complete surprise. Other nominations were not even asked for until after Mr. Moss had proposed the Exec's choice, and ploughing confidently onward, leaving the other delegates speechless in its wake, the Exec sewed up their election with no trouble and two abstentions in just a few minutes.

Of the Six, some had without doubt the required mixture of expertise and representativity: others selected were inevitable as ex-officio candidates, and those remaining's merits were dubious.

Tony Lake was the SRC's representative on the Murray Committee, and with his long experience of the University and

powers of oration was a natural choice. Jock McEwan was the only member of the Exec chosen—he is the Secretary to the SRC and a medical student at Middlesex Hospital. Joy Clancy, President of ULU, and Dave Gilles, Vice-President for Services, are both on the team. Steve Moss told the meeting that Miss Clancy "knows more about the University than any of us" and was a "very good speaker" . . . well, she certainly "knows what she wants" anyway. Dave Gilles, who came to the meeting as a representative of the INstitute of Education, was however elected to the working party on an NUS platform—"he has the whole nation of students to think of", said Mr. Moss. Dave McVitty, although not present at the meeting, was also elected: he is the President of Goldsmiths' College, and, the meeting was told, "has the interests of small colleges at heart". Paul Goddard, President of Chelsea College "stands up on his own merits" according to Mr. Moss, although he did not elaborate further than suggesting him to be a good speaker.

Keith Baker, Vice-Chairman of the SRC, told me that these were not the only people approached: several others they asked were either unavailable or unsuitable.

In an LSPA interview with Mary Dunne of Kings' News, Dave Emmett, the Chairman, said that he considered the elections quite fair—he or another member of the Executive had telephoned most delegates present at the meeting during the day and informed them of the candidates and election procedure. Few, he said, had expressed any doubts.

He correctly stated that an opportunity for other nominations had been given.

But what sort of an opportunity? There's not much any delegate can do when he is told what is happening by telephone at three o'clock in the afternoon with the meeting starting at 7.30. Stuck at their own colleges, with

four-and-a-half hours to the meeting, there was little choice for delegates but to sit back and let it all happen.

Oh, I was forgetting. After the Exec's candidates had been proposed, Mr. Emmett offered to take other nominations—but since, in the five-second pause that followed, no-one shot up and said anything, nominations were closed.

Although it may be admitted that democracy does sometimes tend to be a hindrance, it would be nice if the SRC could at least give a semblance of it now and again. They might at least have put up, say, ten candidates for the six places so there would have been a choice.

Unless we get our own politics working fairly, how on earth can we complain about Governments and other bodies working on a national scale.

small ads

KEOGH CURTAINS:

Last Thursday night four curtains were removed from Keogh Hall gallery. They are orange/red colour, measure about 6ft. 6in. by 4ft. and have only recently been bought for the hall. We would be grateful for the return of these curtains as soon as possible. Frank Potter; Warden Keogh Hall. Int. Tel.: 3331/3272. Ian Mackenzie, Sub-Warden Keogh Hall. Int. Tel.: 3356/3887.

1966 VAUXHALL VIVA

for sale; highly modified; £300 worth of extras and mods. Quick sale at £200. Perry Newton c/o C & G Union Office.

STAMP COLLECTORS:

I have a large quantity of First Day Covers and various other material for sale. Perry Newton c/o C & G Union Office.

MAKE MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS:

World War II uniforms and equipment wanted for private collection. Interest also shown in documents and other associated militaria. Contact Philip Amodio; Aero I.

Letters to the Editor

CEFE and the Jews

Sir,—I read with interest the article in CEFE (not the article in the new opinion page of Felix) regarding letter bombs vis a vis Arab Terrorists and Israeli "terrorists". The article basically states that the letter bombs have been organised by the Israeli Government and associated Zionist organisations in an attempt to bring the Black September Movement and other admitted terrorist organisations into disrepute.

I cannot argue with their "facts". I assume CEFE is the omnipotent power of truth, i.e. I give them the benefit of the doubt.

However, I do question their logic. Am I to believe that some arbitrary Jews are lying 6 feet under due to some arbitrary propaganda organised by some arbitrary forces within Israel? Am I to believe that the Israeli Government has hired alleged Arabs (or well-disguised Jews; the resemblance as a race, and not a religion, is not coincidence) to hijack planes? Am I to believe the Israeli government sacrificed its athletes in Munich as a propaganda exercise? Am I to believe that God-knows-how-many Jews were gassed in Germany as a political exercise in propaganda, or that the persecution of the Jewish race in the Bible (taken as an important historical document and not as mere religion. A great deal of it has been substantiated from other sources) is yet another con? Perhaps the Jews drove themselves from Egypt and drowned half of their number in the Red Sea.

I await a reply from CEFE saying "Yes!" Come on buddies, be realistic, emerge from your naivete.

Of course, the nation of Israel is surrounded by criticism and opposition. Perhaps the decisions made in 1916 and 1948 were wrong. But, alas, the population of Israel is 100% behind the Israeli government's attitudes towards the surrounding Arab countries. Sorry, I neglected the Palestinian refugees. Why don't the Arab nations offer to help the refugees? Is it because they would lose a political weapon, one of the very few they have? Why also don't the Israelis give back the territories they won in their little sortie of 5 years ago? Yeah, sure. And leave themselves open to the same kind of genocide threat as before. It is always said that Jews aren't stupid; in this case they certainly are not.

Of course, whose land is "Israel"? Well let me say this:

All "Europeans" get out of America, leave it to the "Indians". "Indians", get out of America, back across the Aleutian Islands, back to Asia from whence you came.

Leave America to the Buffalo.

English, get out of England, back to the Continent (what price the EEC now, buddy?).

Irish, you can solve all your problems, come back to England with the Welsh and Scots, this is your country, but you ran away. Cape Coloureds of South Africa, send the whites back to Europe, and once they have gone, go back to your own lands further north.

Time is a great healer, my friends, I hope you can survive long enough to heal yourselves.

Yours T.T.C.C.H.*

Paul Jowitz.

*The Felix linguistic expert says that these hieroglyphs probably mean "Till the cows come home", but it is open to other interpretations.

Lager: further opinions

Sir,—I would like, first of all, to congratulate and thank Mr. Martin Doughty for his article, "The Great Lager Rip-Off", which is more than overdue, it only being a pity that his enlightenment should be limited to students of I.C.

May I, however make two points:

1) To be fair to the name of Carlsberg we must differentiate between draught Carlsberg, as said brewed and marketed by Watneys, and Carlsberg HOF (or "export"), also draught, which is not only brewed in the Carlsberg Breweries in Copenhagen but also begged there, and exported in this form.

2) This is in my experience, albeit that this can in no way be said to include Central London, retailed in outlets, normally free houses, roughly comparable in number to Whitbread's Stella Artois.

The difference between these two brews, apart from being obvious to anyone who has had the fortune to sample them, is made in the pump-head decoration; the HOF variety having an actual model of a Copenhagen mermaid sitting on a rock, covered by a canopy, which in fact now proclaims the word HOF, until a few months ago it was "Export"; as opposed to the Watney's Carlsberg which just uses a plastic pictorial form of the aforementioned mermaid.

Otherwise thank you for an excellent article.

Yours faithfully,

Richard G. King,

Maths I.

Exec Rolling Stock?

Sir.—This letter is about the disgraceful way the Chairman at Thursday's U.G.M. handled the meeting after the discussion on the Murray Report. In particular he refused to acknowledge the fact that the Quorum was being challenged on two separate occasions.

On the first occasion he "Refused to hear" the challenge while the Academic Affairs Officer, Mr. Doherty, came over to me to explain that the motion had to be decided by the next day. Following this motion I again challenged the Quorum by means of a Point of Order. Mr. Black then stated that a challenge was not a point of order, I was shouted down when I tried to rephrase the challenge.

As a result of the actions of the exec, outlined above less than a hundred students have committed the 4,000 students of I.C. to supporting the students of Stirling University and mandated our N.U.S. delegates on a grants motion. Whether one agrees with the motions is unimportant but what is important is that the exec will conspire to prevent a union member exercising his constitutional right to challenge the Quorum if they want a motion to be passed.

(Mr. Black's objection to my challenge being in a Point of Order is invalid since whether or not the meeting is Quorate DOES relate to the conduct of the meeting and also Standing Order 18(e) states:

18 With a motion before the meeting the Chairman shall not allow a member to rise except: (e) to challenge a quorum, which shall be allowed at any time in the meeting even on a point of order.)

Any union officer who commits such a blatant infringement of the constitution is not fit to hold office.

Yours sincerely,

R. F. Burton
Physics I

Felix Diary

TUESDAY 28th

I.C. Christian Union "Jesus—The Light of the World". ME 542 12.40

STOIC: "The Wrong Man"—Hitchcock Thriller. JCR & South Side Channel 21 12.45

Career Opportunities Talks: Graduates in the police force. College Block Theatre B 13.30

I.C. Photographic Society. Physics 630 18.30

WEDNESDAY 29th

I.C. Transcendental Meditation Society. EE 606 13.00

THURSDAY 30th

I.C. Scout and Guide Club. Mines 303 12.30

I.C. Catholic Society. Falmouth 118 13.00

I.C. Stamp Club. Civ. Eng 412 13.15

Career Opportunities Talks. College Block Theatre B 13.30

Lunch hour concert. Piano recital of works by Mozart. Library 53 Princes Gate 13.30

H. G. Wells Society Electronic Music Group Meeting. Haldane Library 19.00

FRIDAY, 1st DEC.

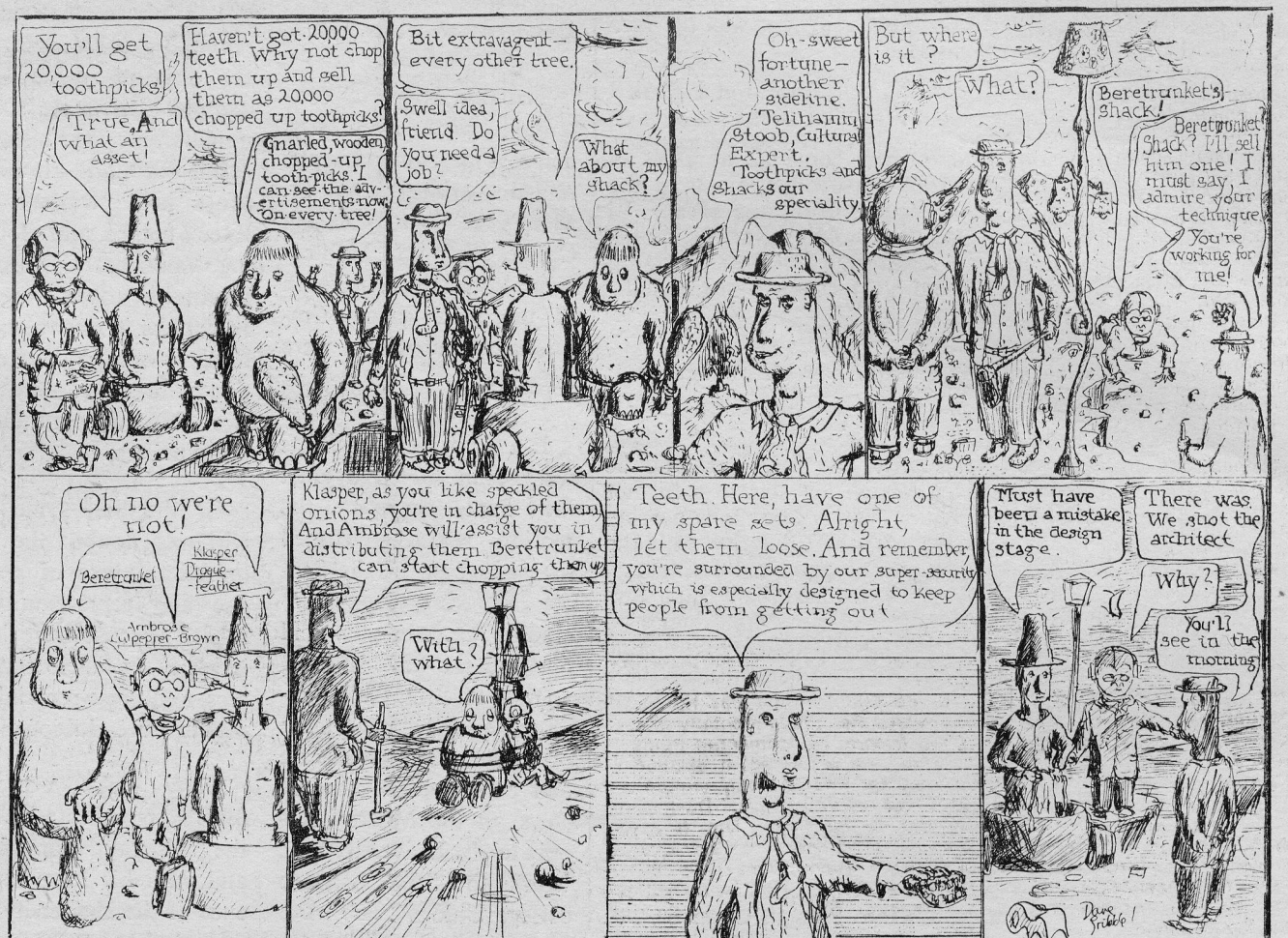
STOIC: Ever popular monochrome show. JCR & South Side 13.30 & 18.00

I.C. Film Society: "Bullitt", "Chiefs". Members only. ME 220 18.30
Non-members 20p at door. 21.00

SATURDAY 2nd

Amon Duul II.

The Landsnapper Sneeze



Being the first adventure of PHOSPHOROUS THE JOBROT and FEROCIOUS DIN

PART THE FIRST

It had rained hard during the night, and a large pool of muddy water lay dankly on the potting shed roof. The roofing felt was old and cracked, bulging between two supports. Beneath the bulge lay Phosphorous the Jobrot, fast asleep. A smile decorated his pleasantly ugly face, and his grubby sleeping-bag rose and fell as he snored. With a grunt he rolled over onto his back, just in time to catch half a gallon of cold, leafy water in the face.

"Major catastrophe!" he shouted, choking and spitting out bits of tree and root, "disaster strikes lone Jobrot — help urgently required". Fortunately, it was not a disaster, and when Phosphorous had woken up a bit, and calmed down a lot, he was able to look around his shed and take stock of the damage.

A football-sized hole in the roof, and a rather damp bed seemed to be the only trouble.

"Not so bad", though Phosphorous, and decided to get up. He struggled out of his sleeping bag, and pulled on his much-patched jeans, and King Canute tee-shirt.

"Time for breakfast" thought the Jobrot, his mind conjuring with images of cornflakes, coffee and bacon. But it was not to be. A cold wave of reality washed over the cornflakes and bacon, leaving only half a jar of instant coffee—which was all he had left in his food box.

"Oh! Nasty things!" he cursed, and sat down inadvertently in the roof-disaster pool of water.

"Oh! Very Nasty Things!" he cried, thoroughly disheartened.

There was only one solution; he would have to go elsewhere for his breakfast. He would go and see his friend Ferocious Din, and scrounge some food from him. So he pulled on his Moggle-fur coat, for it was chilly outside, stuck a bucket under the hole in the roof, and set off for Ferocious' house.

Despite his empty stomach, and the rather depressing weather, Phosphorous felt quite cheerful. He began to hum a little tune of his own composition, and gave a leap in the air at the end of every tenth bar. It was already well into Autumn and everywhere lay huge piles of fallen leaves. Phosphorous ran, with a strange shuffling step, through the leaves, shouting.

"I am the amazing Jobrot leaf plough". To his surprise one of the piles contained a large lump of tree, over which he fell, to land glider-fashion on his nose.

He was not really hurt, but lay in the leaves for a moment, musing on the cruelty of fate. He was just dropping off to sleep, when he remembered what he was doing and where he was going. He got to his feet and headed breakfastward once more.

Leaving the trees, he could see Ferocious' place in the distance and broke into a trot. Little legs whirring, Moggle-fur coat flying. Phosphorous arrived breathless at Ferocious' front door. He read the brass plate over the door:

**"THIS CONVENIENCE OPENED
by ALDERMAN F. PAUNCH
15th September 1895"**

Ferocious lived in a Public Loo. Most of the fittings had been removed long ago, but the walls were still tiled, and verdigris covered pipes snaked from floor to ceiling. At the end of the main room was a small cubicle, which offered "Wash and Brush-up 6d". Under the faded sign was a frosted glass door, through which Phosphorous now passed. Ferocious Din snored peacefully inside. He was a long angular creature looking in need of both services originally provided in his bedroom.

"Wake up, Ferocious", said Phosphorous, a little nervously. There was no answer. "Oh dear", thought Phosphorous, "WAKE UP" he bellowed.

"Don't panic, women and Dins first, remember you're British", shouted Ferocious sitting up very quickly. "Oh, it's only you, dear boy", he said in more conversational tones. "If you continue to wake me in that heart-hammering fashion, I fear our friendship may founder". The lean Din screwed his monocle into his left eye and got up.

"You were wearing that thing in the other eye yesterday", said Phosphorous, tactlessly.

"Possibly, dear lad, possibly", replied Ferocious trying to look haughty, "the affliction is never constant". Phosphorous knew that his friend wore the monocle for show alone, but felt it unwise to say so.

Ferocious was peering hopefully into his food cupboard.

"A spot of breakfast, perhaps?" he asked, "That is what you came for I suppose?"

Muttering to himself Ferocious left it at that, and set about pouring out the cornflakes, and cooking some bacon.

"Gosh no, Ferocious", lied the Jobrot, "I

An exclusive serialisation of this new book by S. J. Swailes in nine parts starts in this issue of FELIX, and will continue weekly until the middle of next term.

came to see you".

"This is great", said Phosphorous, as the two friends sat in Ferocious' living room, drinking coffee, after an excellent breakfast.

"Quite possible, old chum, quite possible", murmured Din, his good humour restored. Hardly had he spoken than there came a knock at the door.

"Enter", said Ferocious, trying to look as much like a householder as possible.

A short bulky individual came in. He wore a long grubby raincoat, and carried, under his arm, an old leather briefcase. From the case he drew an official looking piece of paper.

"Are you Ferocious Din, occupant of this convenience?" he asked of Phosphorous the Jobrot.

"No", said Phosphorous, quite truthfully. The visitor glared suspiciously at Ferocious.

"What about you?" he said.

"Oh no", said Ferocious, "I'm his brother, 'Terrible' — can I help?"

"Well, I don't know" replied the man, "you see I have this Summons for him".

"Now you come to mention it" stammered Ferocious, trying to keep the note of panic out of his voice, "I recall he has gone away on a very long holiday". But the Summons man was peering at the label on Ferocious' cloak where it hung behind the door.

"Property of F. Din Esq." he read, "looks like he forgot his coat, eh?"

"He's gone somewhere very warm", tried Ferocious, "he doesn't need it there".

"I don't believe a word of it", growled the representative of justice.

"Neither do I", said Phosphorous, momentarily confused. It looked as if there was going to be a nasty disagreement, but the situation was saved by the strange plumbing in Ferocious' living room. One of the finely worked cisterns which lined the wall teetered on its mounting and, still attached to its pipe described a precise arc and struck the Summons man unconscious.

"Oh gosh, terrible things", said Phosphorous, quite shocked. Callous Ferocious Din was not so moved.

"I was going to fix that", he said, "what a piece of luck, it might have fallen on me!" But Phosphorous was kneeling beside the Summons man.

"He's still alive", he said. "I can hear his heart beating—help me get him into your bedroom". Ferocious looked offended.

"I say, dear lad", he protested. "I don't really want strange chaps on my bed; you don't know where he's been" his voice died away as Phosphorous leapt to his feet, waving the Summons.

"Hey, look at this", he shouted. "it's not the usual Loitering one, it says 'MAGIC SUMMONS' on the top".

"You're right, dear boy, deuced intriguing", said Ferocious, snatching the Summons from Phosphorous' hand, "let me have a close study of this document". Removing his monocle to clear his vision, Ferocious scanned the Summons and started to read:

"Magic Summons; drawn up this Severalth day of Sometember, nineteen whateyfew" (Eh? said Phosphorous — "It is a magic summons" said Ferocious).

"The Summons" read Ferocious, "calls Ferocious Din and Phosphorous the Jobrot ('Me too' exclaimed Phosphorous, "so it would seem, old son" replied Din), to take part in an adventure of the highest quality. Adventurers are advised to roll the Summons into a tube of small dimensions and look down one end.

"Well", thought Ferocious, "who do I know who'd think that send me a Magic Summons was a funny joke? He stared suspiciously at Phosphorous. But the Jobrot was peering excitedly at the Summons.

"Come on, Ferocious", he pleaded, "let's try it — you know, roll it up and everything".

"You try it, dear chap", said Ferocious, offhandedly, "it all sounds terribly boring to me".

While Phosphorous was fiddling with the Summons, Ferocious mentally checked a list of his friends for demented humorists.

"Um", he pondered. It seemed too complicated for Phosphorous' simple mind, and yet it had his silly touch. "Dashed puzzling", thought the untrusting Din. If it wasn't the Jobrot then it had to be the appalling Crispin Toads, whose strange sense of humour had given Ferocious a lot of trouble in the past. It had been Crispin who had sent Ferocious a postcard, expressing condolences on the death of his pet worm, "Tonsil" pur-

portedly from the Queen. Din had just been composing an appropriate reply to Her Majesty when he had noticed that the original was postmarked "Wandsworth". Yes it had to be that objectionable Toads behind this latest unlikely scheme. "What sort of idiot does the nasty fellow think I am?" thought Ferocious, "Magic Summons indeed — pathetic!" He was plotting something fitting as a Crispin-fooler when Phosphorous let out a yell.

"Hey!" he shouted, "Treble Hey, ooh, ooh Ferocious look, look, look at this". He was peering down the rolled up Summons, and waving his arms about.

"Restrain yourself, dear boy", murmured Ferocious, thinking that perhaps Phosphorous had got something to do with this silly business after all — he was hamming it up so much.

"No, look", said Phosphorous. "I can see somewhere else down the Summons!"

"Come, come old friend", said Din, reassuringly, "all you should be able to see down that thing is the none too salubrious wall of my living room".

"Just look", said Phosphorous, thrusting the rolled Summons into Ferocious' hand. Slowly, and with an air of total unconcern, Ferocious raised the Summons to his monocled eye.

"Well, I'll be disinfected", he gasped. His monocle dropped, and swung on its string. Through the rolled-up Summons Ferocious could see a long sandy beach fringed with palms, not unlike an advertisement in the Sunday Times Colour Magazine. "I remain speechless, dear chum, I am without comment", said a pale Ferocious.

"Pretty fantastic isn't it?", said Phos-

phorous.

"Very splendid", replied Ferocious, lowering the Summons from his eye, "but it doesn't really get us anywhere, does it? I mean, it's a lovely party trick, done no doubt with the proverbial mirrors, but it has no real function, has it?" Phosphorous could think of no immediate answer to this, but he was still delighted with the Summons even if it was only a toy.

"Let me have another go, Ferocious?" he pleaded, "please".

"Just a moment, dear boy, I am studying the phenomenon a little closer", Phosphorous could contain himself no longer, and reaching over to Ferocious, he stood on tiptoe and looked down the free end of the Summons.

"Oh lovely", he said, as the beach reappeared before him.

The two friends stood for a moment facing each other, looking down opposite ends of the Magic Summons. Gradually the light began to dim, the tiled walls began to waver and wobble — to seem less like walls than curtains. Suddenly, with a brilliant flash of light, and a giant's breath rush of air, the curtains were flung aside and vanished completely — leaving Phosphorous and Ferocious standing on the beach.

The two stood in silence for a moment, staring about in wonder.

"I feel I must sit down", said Ferocious, and did.

"This is really tremendous", said the easy-going Jobrot, running his fingers through the sand, and stretching in the sun. "Better than your chilly old living-room, isn't it?"

"It's not a question of that, dear boy", complained Ferocious. "I object to being whisked from the middle of my living-room floor onto this nasty beach, without any consultation whatsoever. Besides I never got a chance to cancel the papers".

"Don't fuss so much", said Phosphorous, "the adventure has started".

"So, dear lad, it would seem", said Ferocious, unenthusiastically.



enjoy a holiday in California...

WITH NO HOTEL EXPENSES

- EXCHANGE YOUR FLAT, ROOMS OR HOME WITH A HOLIDAY FRIEND OR
 - RENT OUT YOUR PRESENT ACCOMMODATION TO VISITORS FROM AMERICA OR
 - SPECIAL STUDENT EXCHANGES, BY TERM OR YEAR, INCLUDING ENROLMENT, all arranged by INTERNATIONAL HOSPITALITY SERVICE
- Non profit making society represented in San Francisco, to arrange exchange holidays.

INTERNATIONAL
HOSPITALITY
SERVICE

Send coupon or telephone for free colour brochure.

TO: INTERNATIONAL HOSPITALITY SERVICE

Dept J, 97 Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1AF. Tel: 01-405 4848

Please send me free details without obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

J

FELIX FINANCIALLY

More than four out of every ten householders in this country own their own homes. The time may come when you will want to join them. But how is it done? And what are your chances? We talked to an expert to get some of the answers.

A roof over your head. It's one of the basic priorities. And finding a roof you can call your own is one of the major pre-occupations of people who are beginning to make their way in life. It's something you'll be worrying about some day, perhaps. The chances are that if and when you reach the point of buying your own place, you'll be doing so with the aid of a building society.

Well, what is a building society? What does it do—and how? Leslie Pask is the manager of the Norwich branch of the Nationwide Building Society, one of the biggest in the country. He agreed to stand in the firing line while FELIX FINANCIALLY shot the questions.

First of all, what is a building society?

PASK: It's an organisation which lends money to people who want to buy their own homes. Owner-occupiers represent about 45 to 50 per cent of householders just now. But it'll probably be about 60 per cent by the end of the decade.

FF: Is borrowing money from a building society the only way of getting a house?

PASK: Well there's always the pools . . . but for the chap who hasn't got several thousand pounds handy, the building society is the ideal way to get the money. Building societies handle about 90 per cent of house purchase in this country.

FF: How does one qualify for a building society loan?

PASK: If you're over eighteen, you qualify. That's the minimum age for entering into that kind of contract. But naturally, that's not the whole story. More important is that the building society has to be satisfied you can repay the loan.

FF: What yardstick does a building society use to make that judgement?

PASK: In the normal way, a building society will not lend a sum exceeding three times the applicant's annual income. Or, put another way, the monthly repayments should not exceed one week's income. Of course, they are rough and ready guidelines.

FF: So if, say, a grad-

uate starting his career doesn't start by earning a big salary, he's had it. Right?

PASK: No, that's not true. I personally would always take into account an applicant's future prospects. If a young man demonstrates his foresight by wanting to own his own property, I'm prepared to make allowances for the fact that he may not, on the face of it, have the money. Most building societies have schemes which allow, for example, repayment of interest only in the first years, without repayment of capital. This helps to keep a young man's outgoings in line with an increasing income.

FF: Supposing the man is married. Would you take a wife's income into account?

PASK: Yes, in the right circumstances. We'd have to be satisfied that both have reasonable earning capacity. After all, if we handed a mortgage to a chap with a low income and a wife intent on having children, he'd soon be in a hell of a mess, wouldn't he? We wouldn't be doing him any favours by helping him put a millstone around his neck, would we?

FF: So you have to be sure we've got the money. OK, supposing our applicant had a reasonable job and good prospects. How much would you advance him on the house he wanted?

PASK: Ninety per cent, in some cases, 95 per cent.

FF: And suppose he had to borrow the money for the other ten per cent from the bank. He'd be paying that back, too. You probably wouldn't regard that very favourably, would you?

PASK: You're right to suggest that building societies are cautious. They have to be. Once upon a time, they'd always insist on an applicant putting down his own money for a deposit. It gave him a substantial stake in the whole thing. But building societies are changing their thinking. For one thing, the rising value of houses means that the moment the owner crosses the threshold, it's worth more than he paid for it. That way, he does have a stake. That's why they will consider people who have borrowed every-

thing to get a house. As I said earlier, the main criterion is that the chap who gets the mortgage can afford to pay it back.

FF: And where do building societies get the money to lend?

PASK: From two sources. From the savings people invest with us: and from the continual repayment of loans.

FF: It is difficult to get a mortgage right now, isn't it?

PASK: Yes. The demand is outstripping the supply. Building societies can only lend what they have in the kitty. Which makes it all the more important for young people to start thinking about this now. Regular saving — even in small amounts — with a building society not only demonstrates a sense of responsibility: it also puts him, as an investor, into a favoured position when he wants a mortgage.

FF: Alright. Our man has done all you want. He's got job prospects, he's put a few pounds in the building society, his wife is on the pill. But what about the actual price of the house he wants? Isn't it going to be out of reach, anyway?

PASK: Not necessarily. Look, three years ago, houses were cheap, compared with other commodities. In the past three years, they've risen fast, to about their economic level. They'll keep rising, but only to keep pace with living standards. I think the peak of the house prices boom has been passed.

FF: But it's not going to be easy, is it?

PASK: It would be dishonest to pretend it is. But there are ways of helping oneself. And the most important is to begin thinking about the problem now. Start saving.

FF: But what if a building society still rejects an application?

PASK: Then shop around. Go to a dozen building societies. They all offer just about the same facilities, but they can be offered in different ways by different societies. Dig around. Find a manager who wants to understand your problem.

FF: So you'd say there is some hope for the young chap who wants to join the group and

buy his own home?

PASK: Age has little to do with it. An intelligent approach has everything to do with it. Anyone who wants to own a house is being intelligent. After all, it is probably cheaper than renting in the short run: and it's the best way to financial security in the long run. But whatever run you have in mind—start now.

Carnival

It's a pity that Jeff Beck withdrew from this year's Rag Carnival (it's not the first time) because what it needed badly was a name to pull the crowds. Argent, although a well-known band failed to do this. They played a fairly competent but unoriginal set which nevertheless was well received. Rod Argent is an accomplished organist and has talent enough for more than twelve-bars and commercial songs. The bassist was solid and moved about inciting the audience to dance. The rest of the band didn't make any impression. Russ Ballard's guitar playing was insignificant and the drummer, although introduced as one of the best in the country was only average. Their set climaxed in 'Hold Your Head Up' which featured an excellent organ solo and two rockers, 'Sweet Mary' and 'Keep on Rollin'. By this time the audience were thoroughly enjoying themselves and brought the band back for an encore.

Earlier the first band to appear on stage were Biggles whom I unfortunately missed. Rainmaker, an acoustic duo sounding a bit like America then played a pleasant relaxing set in the J.C.R. They were followed by the incredibly bad Ellis in the Great Hall. Steve Ellis and Zoot Money proved that they couldn't sing and Andy Grobeck, from Frankfurt, played some lousy guitar while imitating a fish. Zoot later himself admitted that they were only "pissing about playing second-rate pop and hoping for a hit single." Steve had two broken ribs which he acquired in a fight in Germany the previous week and had taken two pain-killers before the act.

After Ellis it was a relief to listen to John and Beverly Martyn. John featured his now famous echo-guitar effect. He achieves this amazing sound by fitting a pick-up to his old battered guitar and playing it through a copy-cat unit and fender reverb amp. After Argent Mike Absolam presented us with the amusing adventures of Superintendent Maglagan. This act for me was the best of the evening. The audience certainly enjoyed him too as he was brought back for at least three encores. It's a pity there weren't more people there.

The disco sounded great.

The Great Chariot Race (or Ben Hur has nothing on us)

Quite a good turn-out on quite a nice day (though numbers could easily be improved on if you realise just what a small percentage of the USK students about 200 is). Anyways, or maybe several ways, there were enough to cause the usual panic in the local plebs, as a bed on wheels, not to mention a minesman on wheels and other equally grotesque things on wheels sped down Oxford Street (sped being the operative word).

No wonder the average gout ridden collector (too many Mooney specials?) had a hard job collecting sufficient donations if he/she/it had an even harder one of keeping up with the main attractions. If they hadn't have been going so fast, then many more passers-by would have had the opportunity and the time to put a coin in the box (coins were even thrown at the entourage at one stage, whether in an effort of benevolence or rage was hard to discern). Granted if the collectors had taken a more leisurely pace then they could have spent more time soliciting (?) but then the people around them may have missed the entertainment.

Another sore point (especially for the poor girl involved) was the overturning of a perilous mines contraption which should not have been tried in the first place as it was obviously unstable. The end result was a fractured skull and a stay in hospital, not a good advert for rag, especially as we were collecting for crippled kids, and almost added another to their number. So more care in future and greater fun will be had for all.

To any interested sex-mechanics there were a lot of spare birds around (Institute Français vintage) so a bit of harmonious tin rattling went on. It seems also that they collected quite a sizeable amount compared to Guilds measly £18 (plus six missing cans), so being butch isn't everything.

Being Butch did count quite a lot in the heats around Speakers Corner, where one or two lads come off at the corners and rolled around in the grass, all good clean fun. The vehicles involved were also quite gay, clothes racks, supermarket trolleys, prams . . . even Guilds bed had flowers on it. The whole lot then went under Marble Arch subway down quite a long slope which prematurely aged a bowler-hatted commuter walking the other way and proceeded along Oxford Street. Three collecting apes were in evidence and one collected an umbrella laid over its back after scaring its aged owner.

At one point an enterprising policeman suggested we travelled on the road, not the pavement, so always glad to comply we moved onto the highway going the wrong way down a one way street. After this things went from worse to bad and the procession broke up with Mines and Guilds efforts sporting back down Oxford Street (Mines won, but didn't of course have the comfort of a Grand Touring vehicle which the Guilds' bed offered).

Splinter groups (sounds nasty) moved off collecting in varied directions, 'Clem' the Mines lorry broke down, and everybody's hero the Felix reporter left for home . . .



The Felix Cultural Page

PAPERBACKS

Psychological Survival

Stanley Cohen and Laurie Taylor

Pelican 35p

Not many of us will experience the inside of H.M. Prisons, however even fewer of us will be in the same position as the 150 long term convicts. The authors of this new book have chosen to tell the story of the murderer, violent robber, attempted murderer, hetero-sexual and homosexual criminals, the sad plight of those isolated and detained in the maximum security wing of Durham Prison. These people are there to protect society from their actions and thought to deter them and others from similar offences, to be punished by enforced seclusion and deprivation, to be persuaded or forced to conform or more simply just to be put out of circulation. In the majority of civilised countries there is no death penalty, banishment or physical torture, consequently locking people up is the severest form of punishment. In our own particular country there are 40,000 people imprisoned . . . the 150 discussed here are for the most cases in for life.

The problems confronting these people are increased by the closed emotional world of the security wing, the lack of choice of friends and the complete severance of contact with wives and girlfriends. All these facts left me with a distinct and very real fear of the consequences of breaking the law and a sympathy for those that had and were now suffering. This book left me also with a thought that perhaps organisations such as R.A.P. really deserve very close consideration. In no way did I find the authors socialising or moralising but I did find the anecdotal style of the book interesting and easy to read.

Perhaps the conclusions one may draw are that getting into a maximum security wing is difficult, getting out is probably only marginally easier, it certainly is not as one Durham Prison officer described it, "It seems they want to live like landed gentry. They seem to be forgetting completely that they are in prison for punishment."

The Making of the English Landscape

by W. G. Hoskins

Macmillan and Penguin

In a decade which has seen a remarkable proliferation of attention to the environment it is perhaps worthwhile to consider a book which avowedly attempts to offer an understanding of its apparently natural and meaningless make-up. Dr. Hoskins has written a pioneer work in that he attempts to explain the appearance of the whole country in terms of the successive processes which have acted upon it. In chronological sequence he builds up today's England, revealing it to be an abler and more delicate organism than might be suspected.

But this book is not solely for the ecologist. It offers an increased awareness of our surroundings by explaining the significance and pattern of their otherwise haphazard and jumbled features. Written in terms comprehensible to the layman it nevertheless encompasses a remarkable scope and depth for so concise a volume. While the skill with which it makes a coherent whole of the subject is unrivalled in any other work.

The large numbers of photographs and maps are an integral part of the text, and the skilled presentation of this material enhances the attractiveness of the book enormously. As both hardback and Penguin versions are expensively produced in glossy format, at £2.10 and 80p respectively, the offer is very reasonable value.

While generally passive, Dr. Hoskins does present his conclusions in a direct vein. He flays the "England of the arterial bypass, treeless and stinking of diesel oil; England of the bombing range wherever there was once silence". But in a field where dramatic challenges and platitudes are the norm he has produced an absorbing and scholarly work which will appeal to those of deeper interest than the search for ready debating ammunition. Perhaps the sources of this lasting quality lies in Dr. Hoskins' concern for the environment regardless of fashionable enthusiasms. With a first publication date of 1955, "The Making of the English

Landscape" predates any bandwagon and will probably still be respected when much of the present effusion on the environment has been mercifully forgotten.

Raghnall M. Craighead.

RECORDS

It's a Beautiful Day "At Carnegie Hall"

(Columbia — Import)

Yes readers an imported album, as yet unavailable officially in this country and secured for "Felix" at great expense? I fear it may also be their last as rumour has it that violinist David LaFlamme, the mainstay of the group since its inception, has now left.

I saw It's a Beautiful Day at the Bath Festival in 1970, when they appeared early on the Saturday evening and were well received. However, to my endless regret since that occasion, I didn't pay much attention as I hadn't heard of them before. Groups like It's a Beautiful Day, with one or two instrumental virtuosos, always go down better live, when the players' ability is given full scope. They haven't returned to England since.

The line-up of the group on this record is LaFlamme, Val Fuentes, the grossly underrated drummer, and Patti Santos, the singer giving to wearing very short tight hot pants, if the sleeve photograph is anything to go by, all of whom survive from the first album; Fred Webb, who replaced Linda LaFlamme on organ after the first album, and the two newest arrivals, Bill Gregory on guitar and Tom Fowler on bass.

The first track is Taj Mahal's "Give Your Woman What She Wants" and features some dextrous guitar from Gregory. His playing, though possibly not technically superior to that of Hal Wagenet, whom he replaced, has a more extrovert style that comes over better in a live performance. This is followed by "Hot Summer Day" from the first album; the melody is, along with Soft Machine's "Slightly All the Time", one of the few that really give the impression of general idleness. The lyrics and vocals are a bit "twee", in fact I could say that about the whole album, as LaFlamme's voice sounds tailor-made for country-and-western music; however, that's a small criticism.

"Bombay Calling" closes Side One and in between the theme that sounds remarkably like Deep Purple's "Child in Time", are a couple of steaming solos on organ and violin. LaFlamme's piece sounds very orientally-influenced. The second side opens with "Going to Another Party", not noteworthy apart from some percussive guitar-playing. "Good Lovin" I don't enjoy — both singers try to sound like soul brother and sister and for me it doesn't come off. This failure is made up for by the last two numbers, however, "The Grand Carnel Suite" is my favourite, just long enough for the interest to be maintained and with a square-dance feel to it. I wonder if it got the audience on their feet? The last song is "White Bird", the group's best known number, and once noted as LaFlamme's tour-de-force, as anyone who's seen the "Sounds of the Seventies" film will testify. However, on this version he stays in the background and most of the nine minutes is taken up by a gentle guitar solo. A fitting end to the concert.

It's a Beautiful Day have never been as popular in Britain or the States as some of CBS' other "progressive" bands" like Santana, for example, but their following is loyal and enthusiastic. Most of them must have been at this concert, as the applause is very loud, possibly dubbed on afterwards. I like this album and it has enough of the facets of popular heavy rock for it to be their most successful album. Pity that the band aren't together to receive the plaudits.

PLAYS

When, back in March, I last visited a play at the Almost Free Theatre in Rupert Street (near Piccadilly Circus) the atmosphere was very tense, for the enterprise was very new, and the ground was uncertain beneath its feet: artistically and financially. Now the atmosphere has relaxed, and the Company has got well into its stride. The feeling that it could be strangled at any moment by the Critics or the Bailiffs, fortunately, has gone.

Thus it is that the new play '11 Josephine's House' by the black actor-playwright Alfred Fagon can be enjoyed easily, without deep soul-searching as to the 'validity' or 'point' of the production.

Basically it is a raucous, and often hilarious, story of a group of assorted (very) West Indian immigrants, including a genial layabout Castan, a struggling Club singer David, a self-righteously sanctimonious deacon (note the small d) George, and his house-keeping soul-sister Gloria. This mixture produces some pretty riotous behaviour—not at all what you would expect to find in an English semi—and in this lies the 'point' (if any were needed) of the production. For while the setting is familiar, with plastic roses, fitted carpets, sherry glasses, 'tasteful' pictures in frames and an anaemically green settee, the inhabitants live a very different life from their white neighbours — not better or worse — only different. This is the point, that the "Oh, my suffering black brother!" attitude is as mistaken as the "Why can't they live like us?" angle.

But to delve too deep is a mistake here, for, on strict, technical criteria, it is not yet a good play. The first act is quite a bit too long, and dramatic climaxes are reached too often to produce any real effect. But the acting (including the playwright himself) is good, though the single white girl, who 'shacks-up' with David did seem rather out of her depth. Roland Rees' direction is sound, and has used (literally) the energies of the cast to the utmost, and, in the intimate auditorium with the audience on the sides of the stage, an unfamiliar aspect of life in our Sceptred Isle has been successfully opened-up to the gaze of any who will trouble to travel to Rupert Street. The theatre seat is almost free.

Bob Carter.

CLASSICAL HOOT

Few cities can claim to equal the constantly high musical standard of London. The concert halls here provide a variety of music guaranteed to satisfy most tastes and the Festival Hall perhaps leads the field.

Certainly the programme on the evening of the 23rd November looked interesting and varied. It was a shame that as the London Philharmonic Orchestra took their seats there was still room for more audience, for as it turned out the evening was to provide enjoyable performances.

The programme started with the Lontano for Full Orchestra by Gyorgy Ligeti. This is the first time that the piece has been performed in London. During its length of about ten minutes the music seems designed to generate an atmosphere rather than to present a particular line of melody. The LPO under Bernard Haitnik their principal conductor responded beautifully and the resulting mood was one of journeying through shadowy mists.

The change in style between the Ligeti and Liszt's Piano Concerto No 2 in A is considerable but the orchestra continued to play excellently this time supporting Alfred Brendel as soloist. Liszt's music demands a virtuoso pianist and Mr. Brendel who has long been associated as an interpreter of Liszt was in top form.

The piano concerto in its one movement requires absolute concentration together with a profound understanding of the contrasting moods by the soloist. At the same time the conductor and orchestra must respond which they certainly did.

The audience loved it but following the interval there was more of the Brendel/Haitnik combination this time with Liszt's Totentanz for Piano and Orchestra. This is an impressive work on the theme of a Mass for the Dead and again requires tremendous dexterity on the part of the soloist. The mood is rather sombre but the brilliance of Liszt's music prevents it from becoming gloomy or pointless and the whole piece comes to a loud end in which the whole orchestra and piano join together. Even here Mr. Brendel succeeded in making himself heard. The loud and warm applause which filled the hall showed how successful the combination was.

The evening ended with Stravinski's Petrushka : Burlesque in Four Scenes. This ballet music is not as melodious or lyrical as Tchaikovski's and for that reason without the dancing to go with it makes great demands upon the listener. In spite of the lack of warmth there is a great intellectual quality to the music and Mr. Haitnik, with good support from the orchestra especially among the brass and strings, brought this across.

the sports page

hockey

HOCKEY

Well, at last the seemingly-impossible has happened, I.C. have obtained their first win—at the fourth attempt—in the Middlesex League by beating Speedbird 1-0.

Playing up the slope in the first half, I.C. began with a definite lack of spirit; but after realising that their opponents were no better than themselves, the ball continually flowed towards Speedbird's D. However, the first real chance fell to Speedbird, but Boulton saved competently from a close range blast. The first half came to its end with a goalless scoreline, in fact, I.C. still had to produce a clear shot at goal.

The second half became even more of a procession than the first—it could have been due to one of the opposition walking off for no apparent reason. The goal finally came from a short corner pushed in by Jagjit Gahir — undoubtedly the best player on the pitch — illegally stopped, but well-hidden, by John Astley and finally cracked into the back of the net by Mick Downs. The miss of the match also fell to Mick Downs who managed to hit the post of an empty net from only two yards out.

This week's stop was provided by a certain R. Cam, oops, Paul Jowitt after only five minutes of achieving his life-long ambition of playing for the 1st XI. Praise also for Graham Pople for his continuing improvement at left-back.

The 2nd XI received their biggest defeat of the season—8-1 from Hayes 2nds. A comment on the match was: "We were only two or three down with 15 minutes to go, but then we got tired from running about our own D."

The 3rd XI's match against Hayes 3rds was a quiet affair and did not reach the level of last year's attempted blood-bath. The first quarter of the game consisted of almost continuous I.C. pressure which resulted in a goal by Tim Feline after Dave Murch's short corner shot had been blocked. Hayes fought their way back into the game, but the score was still 1-0 at half-time. After an initial burst of I.C. pressure, Hayes controlled the rest of the second half and eventually scored a deserved equaliser when a shot was deflected into his own net by an I.C. defender.

Team: Heffer; Parkinson, Murch; Wombell, Lobban, Critchley; Brooks, Brewster, Feline, Evans, Fernandes.

At the end of this week's report I would like to add a word of thanks to the members of I.C. who turn out fairly regularly as umpires, in particular, Dave Browne and John Andrews.

MIXED HOCKEY

The Mixed XI extended their unbeaten run to 13 games with a 2-2 draw against City. However, in this last match we were exceedingly lucky not to lose. Mike Silverleaf, making his debut in goal, had a devastating match—he let in both shots he had to save in the first half. Starting the second half 2-0 down, I.C. began to play some decent hockey and two goals by Jagjit Gahir levelled the scores. However, I.C. slackened off once again and only a dynamic save by Mr. Silverleaf in the dying seconds prevented defeat.

Ladies' Hockey

On Wednesday afternoon, a rather hairier collection of legs than usual were on display at Harlington, as the 1st XI were entertaining the Analytical Abstracts, an all-male team comprised of those stalwarts who work in the crumbling depths of the Old Chemistry Building. This team contained all manner of sportsmen, from rowers to chess players, but few hockey players, so the game, to say the least, was unorthodox. The ladies' team also contained some unusual faces, notably Paul Jowitt, who starred as left inner, and Rosemary Parker (R.C.S. president), who gave a creditable performance as R.H. Both were pressurised into playing at the last moment.

The game was not very fluent for several reasons: (a) several of the men appeared to be intent on barging the women off the field; (b) the referee, R. Mounce, kept a very close watch on the game (and the R.C.S. president) and blew up for every foul, real or imaginary, which meant that the game stopped every half minute or so; (c) injuries to both sides.

However, the men moved the ball well, with some good attacking play by their captain, C. Little, and defensive work by J. Andrews, M. Walters (L.W.) and B. Sharp (L.I.) used their sticks well (both sides of them) having been coached by their wives all week.

The men took the lead halfway through the first half with a goal by B. Sharp, who scored after trapping the ball nicely with his feet. (The women, waiting to be awarded a free hit, were caught off guard). The men's next goal game in the second half, scored by

J. Andrews, who pushed the ball into the net after an attacking movement starring Chris Little and John (ankle-tapper) Bland. A few minutes later the girls were awarded a penalty flick after P. Jowitt was sandwiched between four of the men. Paul scored from this to bring the tally to 2-1. This was the final score, though special commiseration goes to Tom Ryan, who broke through in the closing seconds to put the ball in the net, but was thwarted by the final whistle going just before the ball crossed the line.* The game was played in good spirit and was enjoyed by all.

*It was heard later that the referee took an involuntary cold shower after the match.

TEAMS:

Men: N. Fouzder, S. das Gupta, J. Kapur, J. Andrews, D. Bevan, J. Moore, C. Little (capt.), M. Walters, B. Sharp, T. Ryan, J. Bland.

Women: J. Buzzard, M. King, J. Manfield (capt.), R. Parker, C. Brown, S. Fairweather, G. Bowden, P. Jowitt, L. Beynon, E. Baker, M. Hill.

football

On Saturday the 18th of November I.C. played Royal Holloway at Harlington. For the first half I.C. played like a bag of spam and against a better side than Royal Holloway (and there are few worse) would surely have been several goals down at half-time. It wasn't only the defence which was letting I.C. down, the midfield failed to mark tightly enough and when they did get the ball through to the forwards there was no one prepared to shoot for goal, instead there was always one pass too many, allowing R.H.C. to clear their lines. Late in the first half Pete Lonnen put in the only respectable shot of the half and gave I.C. an undeserved 1-0 lead at half time. In the second half (after a few words of encouragement from our beloved captain) I.C. played a little better and the R.H.C. forwards were rendered harmless by much tighter marking. Peter Lonnen, who was playing well on the left made it 2-0 when he hit a 30-yard lob over the keeper into the far corner of the net. I.C.'s third goal came when a cross from Mick McConvey was headed home by I.C.'s very own combination of George Best, Martin Chivers, and Rodney Marsh (if you want to know who that is, ask Pete Lonnen). The fourth and last goal was a fine header from Maurice Hastings. Finally I must say what a great game Ian Bell had—because he keeps telling me to.

Continuing their improved form, I.C. II gave a fine performance in beating one of the strongest sides in their division, Birkbeck II 2-1 in a fast, open and entertaining game, which neither side really deserved to lose. Birkbeck pressed hard in the early stages, but I.C., on the few occasions they broke out of defence looked dangerous. Birkbeck's skilful forwards were generally well-contained by the I.C. defence, but Martin Clark in the I.C. goal was forced to make more than one good save before I.C. began to establish a greater degree of midfield control. Noel Sandler and Alan Peterson in midfield began to win much more possession and I.C. came forward in strength to create several chances. Bob Day was chopped down at the edge of the box and brought a fine save from the Birkbeck keeper from the free kick. On the half-hour I.C.'s pressure brought its reward when Pete Willey, put through by Peterson's pass hit a cross shot which was blocked by a defender's arm. Taking the penalty himself, Willey made no mistake, and, spurred on by this goal, I.C. increased their workrate and began to control the game. Dave Ansell and Derrick Cash were not putting a foot wrong at the middle of the back and Alan Wilkinson, drafted into the side at late notice was playing a stormer at left-back. Anything that did get through the defensive shield was dealt with brilliantly by Clark in goal.

The second half began with strong I.C. pressure; Dave Green and Noel Sandler were playing much further forward than usual. And things looked black for Birkbeck when, after Peterson was fouled at the edge of the box, Day's free kick was headed home by Derrick Cash. Bill Pike and Pete Willey were combining well up front and I.C. looked set for more goals. But Birkbeck showed their character by running harder to break I.C.'s rhythm in midfield, and the back four came under much more pressure. From one such attack Cash was unlucky to be spotted handling the ball and it seemed that Birkbeck were back in the game, but Clark, diving low to his left saved the spot kick to crown a great performance.

But Birkbeck were coming with more confidence now and I.C. were definitely flagging. Twenty minutes from time Birkbeck grabbed the goal they had threatened, and from then to the final whistle it was end to end stuff, each side making chances from quick breaks out of defence. But I.C. managed to hang on to their lead, which they just about deserved by virtue of Martin

Clark's performance. Birkbeck could claim that they were worth a draw and even unlucky not to win. It was that kind of game.

Also on Saturday the 6th team were a little unlucky to lose 4-2 to Westfield II.

On Wednesday the 22nd the 1st XI played King's at Colliers Wood. Having previously beaten King's 3-1 in the cup everyone should have known the strength of this good King's side. However this made no difference as most (i.e. 10) of the side played as though the opposition was a kindergarten side. Consequently I.C. lost 4-1. The only player who could even say he had a good game was Gerwyn Edwards who made several good saves especially in the second half, when the midfield folded up completely and left the defence rather exposed.

The 2nds followed up their fine win over Birkbeck with a 4-1 victory against King's.

The 6ths again found themselves a goal down to a King's side—the 3rds this time. Yet again they came back strongly in the second half, scoring 4 goals in 12 minutes and eventually ran out 5-3 winners. But for the forwards atrocious shooting the result could have easily been a repeat of last week's result against King's IV. The 6th have now won 4 out of their 5 league games, scoring 25 goals.

R.J.K.

rowing

Surprise! The first Boat Club news of term!

For some unknown reason, the last article never quite made it — but, never mind — a last we are in print now, so here goes —

After spending the first five weeks of term in the extensive training any ambitious Boat Club needs to succeed nowadays, Saturday, 4th November, saw the I.C. Boat Club compete for the first time this season. The event was the "Fours Head of the River Race", in which over two hundred IVs row between Chiswick Steps and Putney.

The 1st VIII was split up for this event into two IVs — one coxed and one coxless. The coxless IV managed to maintain the good position we achieved last year, which was 33rd overall. The coxed IV, on the other hand, was frankly disappointing. A heavy crew, they finished 96th overall. This poor performance is perhaps due to the fact that their coxswain lost a verbal battle with a Leander cox soon after the start. Nothing so demoralising to a crew than such a defeat!

Our third IV, rowing in the Senior 'C' division, provided some amusement near the finish of the race when, due to an unfortunate accident, two members of the crew found themselves rowing a considerably shortened stroke. Perhaps they should not blame themselves too much though — the "blue" boat in which they were rowing, rivals the Queen's Tower in antiquity.

The best performance of the afternoon was put up by the Novice IV, containing members of our 2nd VIII. They finished third in their division in what was a very pleasing performance.

Last weekend, our 2nd VIII competed in the Vesta Senior C VIII's race, to defend the 14 pint prize Tankard which we won last year. In a creditable performance, they were beaten by Stratford, the eventual winners. The margin was only half a length, and had our crew been able to lift into top gear for that last vital 30 seconds, the race might well have been ours. I think that perhaps the reason we did not manage this was a lack of fitness amongst certain crew members.

Next week — read how we did in the U.L. Winter VIII's, and don't forget Mophy Day on the 13th!

Felix No. 320 Tuesday, November 28, 1972. Edited by Oliver F. Dowson and Dave Sugden, with contributions of words and labour (in alphabetical order): Philip Amodio, Sid Amor, Bob Carter, Peter Crawford, Derek Cummings, Dave Gribble, Dave Hobman, John Horsefall, Paul Hosking, Graham King, Andy Mafeld, Ross McBeath, Colin McCall, and the rest of the cast of millions.

Contributions for "Felix" are always welcome and should be addressed to the Editor, (residence Weeks Hall 14).

National Advertising contractors are University Press Representation, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C1, 01-950 152.

Printed by F. Bailey and Son Ltd., Dursley, Gloucestershire.

Published by the editor for and on behalf of the Imperial College Union Publications Board.

All material copyright © 1972.