



FELIX

The Newspaper of Imperial College Union

CAPTAIN LINDLEY: A FOND FAREWELL



Fabulous Free Gift
Inside!

UGM Tells Goulder — Go Jump in the Lake!

Last Tuesday's UGM lasted long enough to instruct Union President Stephen Goulder to jump into the Round Pond as a demonstration of his devotion to ICU. The long-awaited motions on the National Union of Students and the consistency of toilet paper were not heard before quorum was called, and will probably be resubmitted next year.

The President's report was accepted after much discussion; it included a recommendation to accept proposals that the Bar Sub-committee only should see detailed bar accounts and a report on the Students Services' controversial 'Accommodation Ladder' which introduces a rigid pecking order for the allocation of postgraduate places in Hall—cries of 'Sexist' from the back of the Hall were not taken seriously. The report on the Southside Move was accepted after College Secretary John Smith had answered questions from the floor (see page 3).

Several procedural motions later, standing orders (the rules governing the conduct of UGMs) were suspended so that an emergency motion on Stephen Goulder could be heard without the Chairman's permission. Paul Simion accused Mr Goulder of pomposity and lack of loyalty to the Union, and moved that the President should be instructed to leap into the Round Pond when it next froze over, and should have his wrists slapped by Nick Pyne, the UGM Chairman.

Mr Goulder volubly opposed the motion on the grounds that he was not pompous, but agreed to abide by the Union's instructions if Mr Simion would jump in with him. Mr Simion agreed and the motion was passed by an overwhelming majority.

Several bye-law changes were then discussed. Chairman Nick Pyne had been mandated by Council to put forward a motion



What, me pompous? — Stephen Goulder shows his indignation at Paul Simion's motion.

to abolish the Permanent Working Party of which he is a member, on the grounds that it is inefficient and little-used. The motion was passed unopposed, and if it is passed at a second UGM it will be put before the Governing Body.

Mr Pyne then proposed a bye-law change to remove departmental representatives from Council, as their poor attendance record had made several recent Council meetings inquorate, and their job did not make it necessary for them to attend Council. Peter Burt, the Life Sciences' Dep Rep, opposed the motion on the grounds that Dep Reps are the only 'non-hacks' on Council, that their attendance record was little worse than that of other Council members and that it would be easier to lower the Council quorum than to remove the Dep Reps. The motion was defeated.

At this point the quorum was challenged, and as the meeting had been inquorate for over an hour, it was closed.



The official wrist-slapping



Dancing Success

A combined dancing team from Imperial and University Colleges, London defeated a strong Cambridge team on Monday November 29. IC had two couples in each of the four classes: waltz, quickstep, chacha and jive, and six of the couples went through to the finals. The final result was London 44 points, Cambridge 16.

Rebecca May (with the legs) and John Barret dancing for IC

Professor Fleming

Professor M G Fleming, Emeritus Professor of Mineral Technology died on December 6 1982. He joined the College as a Lecturer in 1946, was promoted to Senior Lecturer in 1951, was appointed Reader in 1958, and held the Chair of Mineral

Technology from 1961 until his retirement in 1980. He was Head of the Department of Mineral Resources Engineering (formerly Mining and Mineral Technology) 1967-74 and 1979-80; Dean, Royal School of Mines 1968-71; Pro Rector 1974-78 and Pro Rector (External Development) 1977-79. Professor Fleming was appointed a Senior Research Fellow in 1980 and elected to Fellowship of the College in 1981.

Lindley Sets Sail

Captain JWG Lindley was last night presented with a cheque and a copy of Rupert Hall's book *Science for Industry* inscribed by the Rector at a special party to commemorate his retirement after seven years' service at IC. He was also presented with a present from the FELIX staff: a bottle of Lamb's Navy Rum, to thank him for the good humour with which he has received much jocular criticism over the past two years.

The Captain, who took on the job of Domestic Secretary in 1975, had previously been Commander of the Fleet Accommodation Centre of Rosyth Naval Base, and a Naval Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty the Queen.

Presentations were also made to four other longstanding members of College staff who are due to retire: Arthur Loveday, the groundsman at Harlington, Alfred Stevenson, formerly Senior Tutor, Ernie Whitehead, the Chief Engineer, and Lina Pelham, Head of Salaries.



Fiona Grabbed

Miss Fiona Owen, the RCS Vice President, was kidnapped from her room in Linstead Hall at 8am yesterday morning by students from Queen Mary College.

QMC Students' Union had planned to keep Miss Owen hostage until RCS returned their stolen mascot, the yellow and black leopard Mary. Unfortunately for their plans Miss Owen had to attend an important interview yesterday afternoon, so at lunchtime she was traded for another RCS official. At the time of going to press it was unclear who this would be, although Andy Layton, Miss Owen's boyfriend, had volunteered.

College Slams Student Suspicion on Southside Move

Imperial College will not survive after the recession unless sports facilities and student accommodation are dramatically extended, according to College Secretary John Smith. Mr Smith, the most senior administrator at IC, was addressing last Tuesday's Union General Meeting on the subject of the projected Southside move.

Now that plans to build a post-experience centre have been shelved, he said, the only pressure on space in the Beit building (where the Union is at present) comes from the Life Science departments, which are the least well-housed in College. However, there are no immediate plans to move existing Union facilities from Beit, but only to extend them by using the vast empty area under the Southside Halls of Residence. In return, College might ask for some of the rooms in Beit for the Biology department in a few years' time.

Mr Smith hopes that in the long term Life Sciences will have a new building on the site of the old RCS block, which will be demolished once the new chemistry department is finished—this is unlikely to happen before 1988. He then sees all of the Beit building and Princes Gardens as being given over entirely to student accommodation, Union and recreation. The best students, he claimed, are discouraged from coming to London by problems of accommodation and poor sports facilities.

Mr Smith expressed his disappointment at the Union's initial suspicion—he has, he said, no motives other than to fill the expensive, heated spaces on the lower levels of Southside. He told the UGM that no action will be taken without fair negotiation, but that neither he nor the students could commit their successors to a particular course of action.



College Secretary John Smith addressing students about the Southside move at last Tuesday's UGM.

When Mr Smith had finished answering questions from the floor, a resolution to delegate negotiations for 'the installation of increased sports and recreational facilities and shop space in Southside in consultation with the major sub-committee chairmen,' was passed unopposed.

Chelsea Sit-in

Students at Chelsea College are staging a sit-in this week as a protest against the proposed merger of their college with Kings and QEC. At a Union General Meeting on Thursday, a motion was unanimously passed that the registry, the Principal's office and the Administration Block should be occupied from Monday until Wednesday afternoon. The protesters will then move to the Senate House in Malet Street, where the Senate of the University of London will be meeting to discuss the merger.

The Chelsea students are concerned that both their own college council and the Senate will approve the merger in principle while draft proposals are still vague. If this happens, it is almost inevitable that the merger will go ahead, with the student body having virtually no say in the arrangements.

Student representation on both the Senate and Chelsea College Council is minimal, and occupation is seen as the only way of attracting the publicity and support of the larger colleges.

FREE!! YOUR VERY OWN CAPTAIN LINDLEY SEAFARERS' BAROMETER

Instructions

Hang your barometer on the mast, the outside wall of your cabin, or anywhere it is exposed to the elements. Inspect it every morning, and determine the weather using the following table:

Barometer Dry - Fine Weather

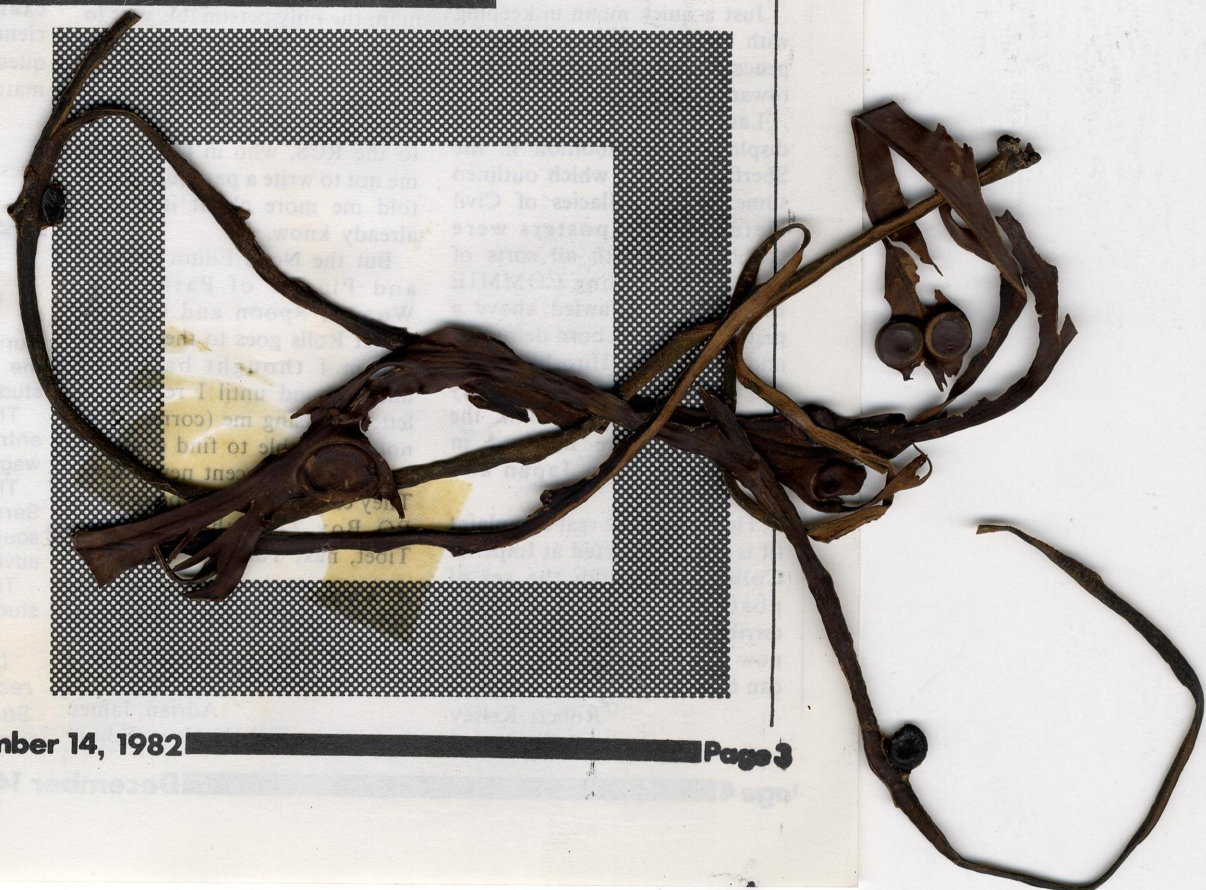
Barometer Wet - Rain

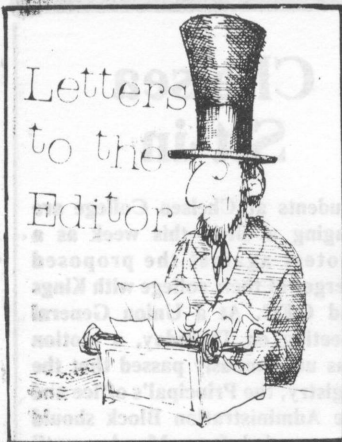
Barometer Stiff - Frost

Barometer Waving About - Wind

Cannot See Barometer - Fog

With care and proper treatment there is no reason why your Captain Lindley Seafarer's Barometer should not last you a lifetime!





Prof Privilege

Dear Editor

I have read your note on the lecture by Emeritus Professor Lord Kaldor which will take place at 1330h on Thursday December 9, on the subject of Britain and the EEC.

I was interested in your view that the speakers in this series were unimportant. I was under the impression that Professor Lord Kaldor was one of the most famous economists in the world, and that his views on the EEC command an international audience. Indeed, I thought that Imperial College was privileged to have him as speaker on this subject. I bow to your superior knowledge however. I wish I had the confidence to be Editor of FELIX!

Yours sincerely

Professor Z A Silberston

Thieving Bastards

Dear Martin

Just a quick moan in keeping with the approaching season of peace on earth and good will towards all people.

Last week IC CND Group displayed an exhibition in the Sherfield Foyer, which outlined some of the fallacies of Civil Defence. The posters were scribbled on with all sorts of graffiti, including COMMIE BASTARDS scrawled above a picture of babies born deformed and dead after Hiroshima and Nagasaki. (I'm not absolutely certain, but I don't think the communists were involved in the war between Japan and America.)

That is not the real complaint (it is not unexpected at Imperial College) although the set of posters cost us £15. More terrible still is that the posters now have *disappeared!* Where can they be? What is to be done?

Robert Kelsey
Civ Eng 3

Dramsoc Drivel

Dear Sir

For some years it has been Dramsoc policy to distribute, to each of the College media, a pair of complementary tickets to each of our plays. STOIC and IC Radio are invariably helpful, ICON usually printed a review. Last year FELIX did not review any of our shows. So far this term we have done two plays. The first, *Covent Garden Tragedy*, received a review (hooray!), which was approximately six lines long and contained several factual inaccuracies which could have been avoided if the reviewer had read the programme. The reviewer turned up to *Butley*, the second production, but all that was printed in FELIX was a solitary photograph.

Tibetan Trophy

Dear Martin

I hereby announce this term's results of the 'Avoid the News Editor' competition; these people who have most successfully refused to supply FELIX with information, and then written disappointed, shocked, or just plain insulting letters pointing out 'factual inaccuracies' (lies) in the news, always finishing in a variant of 'I hope that in future...you will check your facts more carefully'.

Third prize goes jointly to the Refectories Committee Chairman, the only person this year to have refused point blank to speak to FELIX, and to the photogenic people of Nightline (they know why). Second prize to the RCS, who in persuading me not to write a particular story told me more about it than I already know.

But the News Editor's String and Plaster of Paris Cup, Wooden Spoon and Crossed Toilet Rolls goes to the RSMU, whom I thought had gone underground until I received a letter accusing me (correctly) of not being able to find someone to confirm a recent news story. They can collect their prize from PO Box 27, Exhibition Rd, Tibet, next Tuesday.

A happy Christmas to all the efficient publicity officers I know,

Yours adverbially

Adrian James
FELIX News Editor

FELIX, this year, has always contained at least a side of West End and film reviews. Why not ours? Perhaps you should institute a system of reporting on football league and county rugby matches, or dropping UGM reports in favour of news reports on parliamentary debates.

'Eric' Jarvis
Colin Cooper
Marke Priestley
Chris Overs

We would send a theatre critic to your production if you would resume your practice of sending us review tickets; do you think FELIX staff are going to pay to see your offerings? Still, season of goodwill and all that, so we've done a favourable review of Rosencrantz for only half our normal fee. Merry Christmas—Ed.

Bankrupt Brewers

Dear Editor

(I have been instructed by the committee of the ICBS to forward this letter to you.)

I was surprised, no disgusted, that the last financial year did not yield a substantial increase in funds to our society.

As this indeed is a well established society that caters for the furtherance of academic qualifications, we justly expected a substantial grant for expanding facilities.

Our letter requesting financial aid was submitted on the 31/3/82 after which we did not even receive acknowledgement. Obviously this is yet another example of IC Union inefficiency. We wonder if you could question Mr Goulder on this matter.

Yours in anticipation

Phil Green

President of the Imperial College
Brewing Society

Hellenic Rights

Dear Sir

The Hellenic Society is organising a film and talk on Thursday December 9, jointly with the IC Cypriot Society and Friends of Palestine. This fact was submitted on time, both to the FELIX Office for insertion in the What's On column, and to Jon Stanley, the Human Rights Week coordinator. Two questions arise:

a) Why, in the What's On column, was the event publicised as being only due to Friends of Palestine?

b) Why was the event omitted entirely from Jon Stanley's article in the same FELIX?

Answers to these two questions would be most welcome.

Yours sincerely

M Komondouros

Secretary, Hellenic Society

a) The event was originally organised by Friends of Palestine, but changed to a joint or misanthropic with Hellenic Society when the Union prevented FoP booking rooms as a Union Society.

b) Dunno; ask Jon Stanley

—Ed

Flat Refusal

Dear Martin,

I would like through the pages of your esteemed journal to enquire as to whether other students in this college find that their flat-mates are not only incapable of washing-up effectively (ie cleaning the pots), but also only attempt to do so at intervals of around 6 months? Or are we alone in this problem?

Yours sincerely

A. Well-Washer

SUMMER JOBS

During the summer vacation, Evelyn Gardens, Hamlet Gardens and the Fremantle Hotel will be turned over to outside lettings under student management.

The schemes generate a number of summer jobs from high powered entrepreneurial managers through to cleaning staff. Reasonable wages and bonuses are paid and accommodation is provided.

This year, most of the pre-booking will be done through Student Services. Overseas students—especially from Europe—are being sought to translate advertising material into their own languages and advise on advertising locations.

The Fremantle offers exciting prospects as it is envisaged that a student run bed and breakfast scheme will be in operation.

If you are interested in any aspects of this, look out for the recruiting ads next term or go and see Michael Arthur in Student Services for further details.

It's Christmas

Twenty four pages of FELIX plus an insert in three colours must be something of a record among recent FELICES, even for the special christmas number, so I hope you're as pleased with it as I am. Apologies to first years who won't be as familiar as the rest of you with the great FELIX tradition of Lindley-baiting, but I felt the Captain had taken enough of a thrashing from my predecessors, so I have let him off lightly until this issue. I don't know how many jokes FELIX has made at Captain Lindley's expense over the years; I don't stand and count them, and it's not my job to stand and count them either. But there were quite a lot, I can tell you.

The other thing which may strike you as a bit odd is the rather obvious space-filling advertisements at the centre of the newspaper. they are there because at the last minute we decided it would be a pity to print on the back of the Lindley-doll insert, since in places the printing would show through, and also because we didn't want you to have to spoil FELIX by cutting it up. Late on Sunday night, then, I decided to include another page in FELIX, and we thus needed two more pages of copy—quickly!

Odds and Sods

One of the functions of the Editorial is that it's available as a kind of dustbin for all the things I promised to try to find room for in FELIX, but didn't. Here, then, is my *Stop Press* for the Christmas issue:

RCS are holding a Regalia Sale in the JCR on Thursday for one day only. It will last from 1000h to 1600h, and they will be selling old stock at greatly reduced prices, and new stock at special introductory rates.

On the same evening, 'The Xmas Party' is being held in the Union Concert Hall from 2000h to 0200h. Tickets are £1.50 from Ged O'Shea, who promises that the party will include 'dubious live performance' whatever that's supposed to mean.

Peter Mee, the College Registrar, has sent me details of the Engineering Council's Young Engineer Competition. This is open to any individual or small group who should submit a project based on any branch of engineering which is aimed at improving industrial production or an existing process, or show evidence of improvements in the quality of life. Competitors must

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be under twenty years of age. Fuller details and entry forms are available from

The Engineering Council
Canberra House
10-16 Maltravers Street
London WC2R 3ER

In similar vein, Scholl are organising a competition to find their Student Athlete of the Year. The prize for this is £2500 and details are available from Scholl Sports Aid Student Athlete of the Year Award, PO Box 73, Mitcham, Surrey CR4 2XU. Please include a large addressed envelope with a 26p stamp.

Summer (?) Accommodation Centre are looking for cleaners for December 20-22 and January 5-7. Rates are £1.70 per hour for a four hour day. See Miss Fitzsimmons, housekeeper of Falmouth-Keogh Hall today.

Nightline will be open right up until December 21. Phone 01-581 2468 or call round at 9 Princes Gardens for coffee and a chat.

Finally, Guilds are offering the last eight years' IC Rag Mags for just £2.50 as a special

Christmas offer. These are available from the Guilds office.

Serious Bits

There are lots of serious bits I was going to write, but on reflection it seems better just to give a sentence or two outlining the topics I feel strongly about, and then expand on them next term when you're more likely to take them to heart.

Southside security: It seems bonkers to me that the halls of residence are locked at 1900h, yet open at 0500h; anyone who has a mind to could, say, wander in and kidnap a vice president, or worse.

The new refectory: how thoughtful to provide unbreakable plastic plates for us clumsy students; but don't do what I did and bring the whole place into confusion by asking for a drink of water with your meal.

Harlington gravel: can it be true that College and the Union have actually organised something to their mutual benefit without violent disagreement?

Also in next terms FELICES we will be considering the post of Deputy President, and whether Christine Teller will run for it.....

Next Term

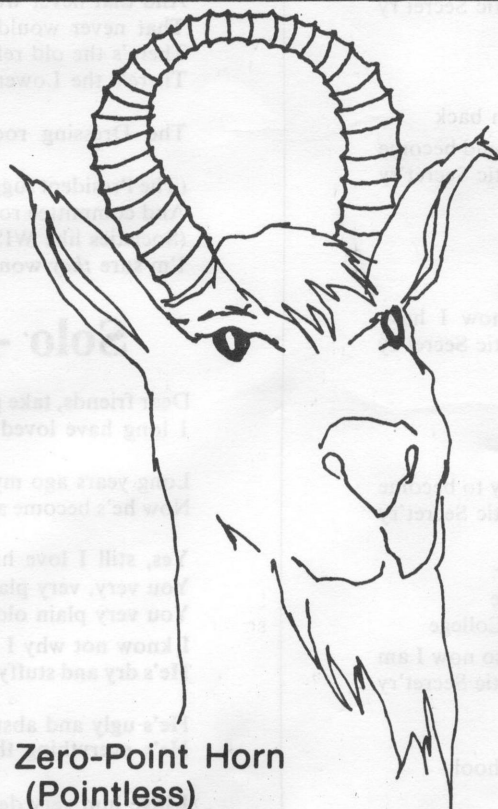
Plans for next term's FELICES are well under way. One of the main ideas I want to introduce is an occasional feature article of general interest—not specifically related to any political or religious viewpoint. I mentioned this a few weeks back, and since then we've been offered an outing with IC Balloon Club, a free parachute jump, and several other goodies. Special commendation for the two girls who offered to write a feature on a health and beauty parlour if we could negotiate a free session for them; it's looking hopeful for that, too. We are also going to have a FELIX investigation into boar pheromones, the only 'sex aid' to be taken seriously in the last twenty years.

Another idea I've considered is to use FELIX to coordinate a campus-wide census with the help of, say, the Welfare department. Would you a) be interested and b) be prepared to cooperate with a serious, anonymous, properly organised census into students' opinions and activities concerning sex, sexism, drugs, police harassment etc., and if so, what do you think should be included in the 'etc.'?

Also coming next term is a numerically sequential cartoon strip entitled *The Horns of Uncertainty*. The etymological aspects of this will not become clear until the series begins to unfold, but as a foretaste, the zeroth installment is printed on this page.

Impossible Without.....

leaving someone out of the credits, but thanks are due to Hugh Southey, Mark Smith, Walkabout-Cooksee, Gastropod, Adrian James, Andy Wood (for jeopardising a promising career with British Rail by sharing a railway compartment with twenty six pounds of bladder wrack) David Britton, Jon Barnett (or was it John Barnett?) Charles Bailyn, Rich Archer, Professor Grootenhuis, Jim Redman, Paul Philippou, Pinocchio (and associates), Caroline Foers, Nick Bedding, Lee Paddon, Tim Pigden, Dave Jago, Little Iz, Penny Kinns, Kathy Bishop, Chris Mallaband, Petra Barry and Maz Fellows. To these are to be added the mega-heroes Diane Love, Nick Pyne, the irrepressible Tim Noyce, and most of all to the printer Peter Dawson who has strained himself to the limit, often arriving at work as early as eleven o'clock to get FELIX out on time. I'm deeply grateful to all of you.



The Zero-Point Horn
(Pointless)

FELIX PRESENTS:

Trial by UGM

A selection of old favourites from a hitherto unpublished Gilbert and Sullivan Opera.

Patter Song — *UGM* *Chairman*

I am the very model of a credible sabbatical
I know the constitution with precision mathematical
I chair all Council meetings with efficiency that's
laudable
At UGMs I shout till Stephen Goulder's barely audible
I wrote against Frank Rowsell and all those of his
mentality
And I compiled a wholesome book on sex and sexuality
Containing lots of useful facts on maladies venereal
(As if such things were prevalent in students at Imperial!)

I stoop to any level to maintain my popularity
I'll wear a silly turban to provoke some jocularity
In fact, as everyone agrees, and most are quite
emphatical

I am the very model of a credible sabbatical!

Ballad — *The Captain*

When I was a lad I thought it cute
To dress myself in a sailor suit
When I played with friends it was such a prank
To keel-haul them all and make them walk the plank
This kind of fun so suited me that now I have
become Domestic Secret'ry

At school my maths I learned by heart
I stood and counted 'em to play my part
As pencil monitor I stayed on the track
For I counted them out and I counted them back
And once I'd mastered num'racy I knew I could become
Domestic Secret'ry

As a teenager I spent a night
On a Sealink ferry to the Isle of Wight
I kept my dinner with a smile so brave
And decided on a life upon the ocean wave
The naval life so appealed to me that now I have
become Domestic Secret'ry

In the Royal Navy I made my name
And Captain Lindley I soon became
But while on board I felt so green
They made me aide-de-camp to the Queen
From aide-de-camp to Her Majestee it's easy to become
Domestic Secret'ry

But aide-de-camp I found such a bore
They made me work hard from ten till four
So I drew on my store of limited knowledge
And the help of some buddies at Imperial College
Who managed to pull some strings for me, so now I am
the proud Domestic Secret'ry

Now all your lads wherever you may be
If you want to rise to the top of the tree
When you plan your career as you leave school
Be careful to be guided by the golden rule:
Don't work at a desk, spend your life at sea,
And you all may become Domestic Secret'ry

Trio — *President & 2 Students*

President:

I am so proud if I allowed
Sabbatical pride to be my guide
I'd volunteer right now and here
To vindicate you for a month or two
Sabbatical pride must be denied
And so I've tried to move to Southside, Southside

First Student:

My brain it teems with endless schemes
Both good and new for ICU
And if we split, the benefit
That we could gain is all in vain
So every man should try to ban
This reckless plan as best he can

Second Student:

I heard one day a gentleman say
That Unions who are cut in two
Are stuck for space, and so lose face
Despite your claims we'll not play games
With you, since this is true I'm sorry for you
Without ado we bid you adieu.

Solo — *Mr Smith*

(the ex-Governor of the Gilbert & Sullivan islands)

If ever for some reason there's more housing to be found
I've got a little list
I've got a little list
Of bits of Union Building that might well go underground
And that never would be missed
That never would be missed
There's the old refectory which no-one uses any more
There's the Lower Lounge, Graffiti and there's all the
second floor
The Dressing room, the Concert Hall and all that
Dramsoc stuff
(The President suggested that and *he* seemed keen enough)
And committee rooms that house organisations feminist
(Societies like WIST)
I'm sure *they* won't be missed.

Solo — *Lady Mary*

Dear friends, take pity on my lot, my cup is not of nectar
I long have loved (as who would not?) your kind and
 charming Rector

Long years ago my love began so sweetly yet so sadly
Now he's become a plain old man yet still I love as only I
 can

Yes, still I love him madly

You very, very plain old man I love, I love you madly
You very plain old man I love you madly.

I know not why I love him so, it is enchantment surely
He's dry and stuffy, deaf and slow, ill-tempered weak and
 poorly

He's ugly and absurdly dressed and sixty seven nearly
He's everything that I detest, yet if the truth must be
 confessed

I love him very dearly

You're everything that I detest, but still I love you dearly
You're all that I detest I love you dearly.

Trio — *The Exec*

All:

Three little Exec fools are we
All quite as happy as can be
Don't give a damn for democracee—ee
Three little Exec fools

First fool:

One little fool is a pompous berk
Looking for jobs that he can shirk
Any excuse for a year off work
Three little Exec fools!

All:

Three little fools all useless, very
Now we're elected let's make merry
Pissed as a newt on Union sherry
Three little Exec fools!

Second fool:

Two little fools are important men
We've got the power till God knows when
As long as it's cleared with Auntie Jen
Three little Exec fools!

All:

Three little fools who all unwary
Think we can last till January
We've got it made now we've sacked Mary
Three little Exec fools,
Three little Exec fools!

Solo — *The Professor of Bray*

When in my jolly postgrad days
My work went all to pieces
I took some other chap's results
And so wrote up my thesis
But this is the law I will uphold
And none may interfere, Sir,
That whatsoe'er the facts may be
I'll boost my own career, Sir,
When my PhD was safe in hand
Success became my passion
So I slipped off to the USA
To learn the latest fashion.
But this etc.

This golden rule I swiftly learnt,
And made my fruitful practice:
Tell people what they want to hear—
To Hell with what the fact is

But this etc

So in each Sunday supplement,
I called their wishes Knowledge,
And soon contrived to get myself
A fellow of a college

But this etc

A paperback I next supplied
with trendy stuff unstinted
And subtly slipped the contrary
in footnotes finely printed

But this etc.

My due reward in time arrived
So I'm the proud possessor
Of a chair, distinguished and renowned,
And the title of 'Professor'

But this etc.

No thought of truth of facts shall e'er
Constrain me or condition
The books and papers that I write
To further my ambition

But this etc.

Finale — *The Company*

When the little bluebell at the bottom of the dell starts to
ring 'Ding, ding',
When the little bluebird who has never said a word
starts to sing 'Spring, spring',
When the little blue clerk sitting merry at his work starts
a tune to the moon in the night
It is nature, 'tis true, simply telling us to do what's right.

And that's why

Birds do it, bees do it,
Even folks with PhDs do it,
From what I heard you do it too;
We know that cows do it, swine do it,
People say they've seen Nick Pyne do it,
(Somehow I doubt that that's true.)

Now blowfish do it in the coral

Lovers do it after they quarrel

Mark Alderton thinks it's immoral

If you don't have pills then you gotta do it oral

Postgrads, they say, do it,

Ladies in the Institut Français do it

Hey, why don't we do it too?

Mir scheint daß

Ochs macht es, Kuh macht es,
Ein gesundes Kanguruh macht es,
Tu du es, sei mal verliebt;

Ein Eskimo ohne Licht macht es,
Fürstenmütter mit der Gicht macht es,
Tu du es, sei mal verliebt;

Ein Krokodil tief im Nil macht es,

Auch im Reptilerei

Hasen auf Rasen so-

fort wie Prinzessin Di

Ein jener Goldfisch im Glas macht es,
Ein Student'nausflug im Gras macht es,
Spaß macht es, sei mal verliebt!

The ancient

Brits round Stonehenge do it,
Lots of students in Civ Eng do it,
We know it, oh yes it's true;

They say that hypnotists voo-doo it
It's more magical when you do it,
That's what I'm told you like to do;

We were in Keogh, and we o-
verheard astonishing shrieks

Although Don Monroe says that

He's not done it in Weeks

The girls in Beit when they're tight do it,
Even when they've sobered up they might
So tonight why don't we do it too?

And what's more

Monks do it, punks do it,
Raving paralytic drunks do it,
And I can see quite a few;

I have been told that Kate Bush does it,
Doesn't puzzle me that Scaramouche does it,
What I'm saying is let's do it too;

Each slithy tove in the wabe does it

With a fav'rite mome rath,

Barney McCabe does it

On his own in the bath,

The works inspector does it,

The Rector does it

Captain Lindley in Domestic Sector does it,

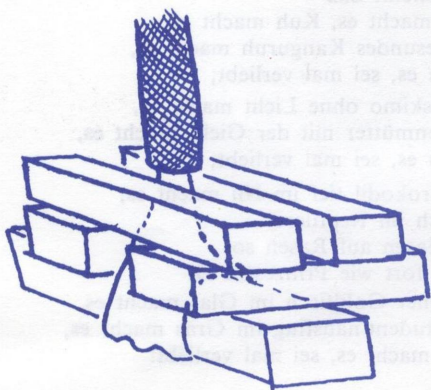
If I gotta do it, then I want to do it with you.

ASTOUND YOUR FRIENDS

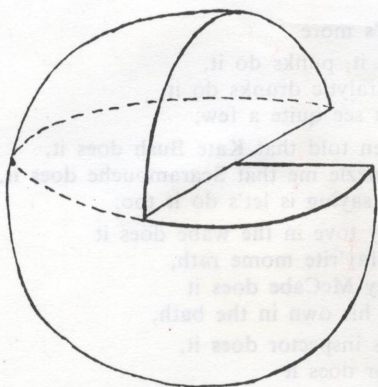
with this selection of tricks,
games and
jokes by

SCARAMOUCHE

An ideal puzzle to try on your pals at the building site, on a demolition ground, or anywhere there are five bricks you can use. The puzzle is simply to pick up five bricks using one hand. The diagram shows how to do it.



The next time someone asks you to share an apple with them, here's an amusing way of cutting it in half. The first cut is made vertically half way into the top of the apple; the second cut is made similarly upward from the bottom but perpendicular to the first. Finally, the two cuts are joined by cuts made into the side of the apple from diametrically opposite points on its 'equator'. It's impossible to describe, so see the diagram for what each half looks like.



In the bar, take an ordinary baby's rubber teat and before anyone can ask why you have such a thing with you, bet someone they can't pour the entire contents of a bottle of tonic water into the teat. When they give up, tie the teat to the neck of the bottle with a bit of string, block the hole with a matchstick, turn the whole lot upside down and shake it. The fizz from the tonic water will inflate the teat to such a size as will comfortably accommodate all the liquid. Now ask yourself if it was worth it.....

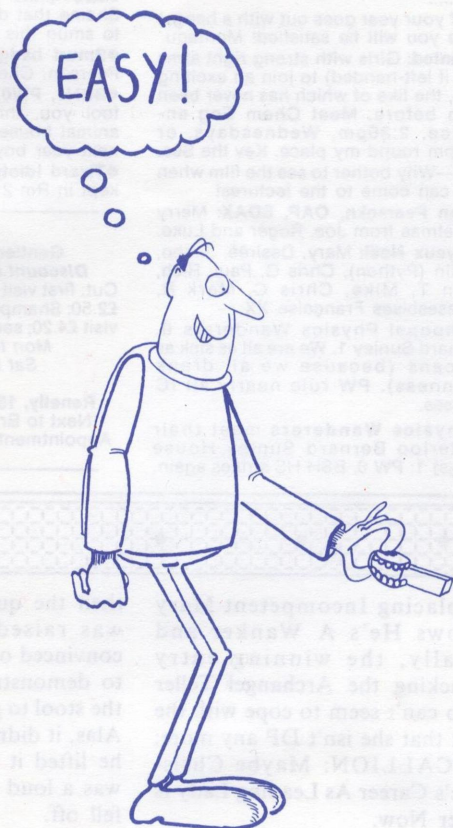


Outdoors? Try locking your friend to a lamp post or a tree (parking meters are too thin). If you wrap your legs round a tree as shown in the picture and then sit down, your own body weight makes it very difficult (and if you're unfit, impossible) to stand up without being helped. Other entertaining acrobatics include climbing to a standing position on top of a parking meter. Or you could try walking along the narrow sloping ledge two feet from the ground on the Prince Consort Road side of the Union Building.

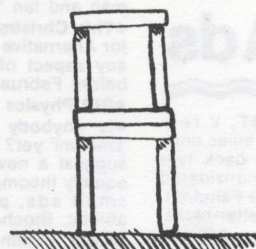
Bet someone they can't drop a raw egg onto the floor without it breaking. Most people release the egg very close to the ground, but it's a remarkable fact that if it is dropped from a height of more than six feet it will align itself so that its strong long axis is exactly vertical, which means that if it lands on a surface which is smooth but not too hard it won't even crack. Ideal surfaces are grass, smooth carpets (such as the carpet tiles in most halls of residence) and that loose-weave rush matting you sometimes see in trendy homes. *Don't* try it on lino, concrete, parquet.....

Another puzzle: this one is for contortionists and has no easy solution. Place a matchbox on end on the floor. Now, without using any walls or furniture to steady yourself, and without letting any part of your body except your feet touch the floor, pick up the matchbox in your teeth.

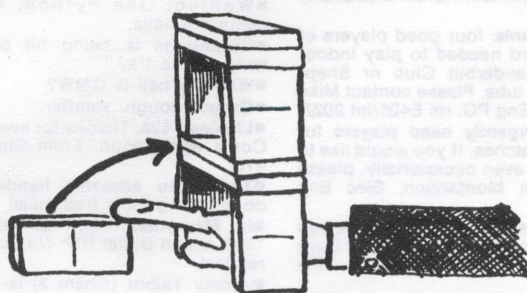
Another similar problem is to climb underneath a table without touching the floor.



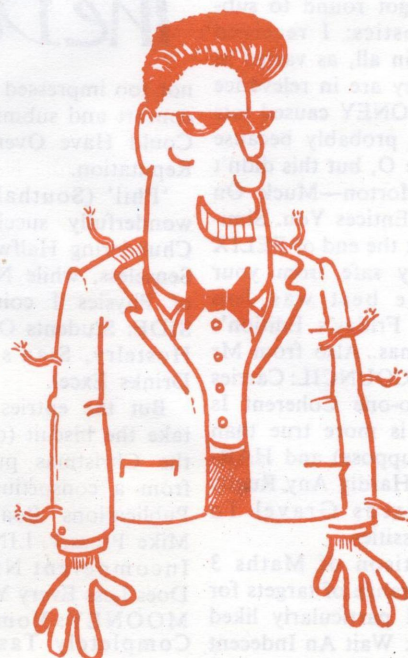
'Kneesy, Earsy, Nosey', a children's game which Stan Laurel repeatedly confused Oliver Hardy with in the film *The Devil's Brother*. Hold your nose with your right hand and your right ear with your left hand. Now slap your knees with your hands and grasp your nose with your left hand while your right hand goes to your left ear. Slap knees again, then back to the starting position. Repeat, over and over again, rhythmically and as quickly as possible.



Make a tower with seven dominoes as shown, then challenge someone to remove the lowest horizontal domino without touching any of them and without letting the tower fall. It isn't easy, but with practice you can flick an eighth domino upright and it will flick the required domino clear of the tower while inertia keeps the rest of them in position.



Next time you wear a suit or dinner jacket, put a reel of white thread in the inside pocket and, with a needle, thread the end of it through the fabric of the jacket leaving a few inches lying on one lapel. When a helpful friend tries to remove what looks like a scrap of cotton from your clothing he'll be embarrassed to discover he's pulled out a length of thread several feet long.



Drawings by Richard Archer

Small Ads

●**Honda Benley CD200T**, V reg, immaculate condition, 500 miles only, crash bars, top box, new back tyre £350, any reasonable offer considered for quick sale, contact Jane Faircloth, 373-6914 or Chem Eng 1 letter-racks.

●**Regent B/H clarinet**, vgc £450ono. Phone int 2721 Derrick.

●**NAD 3030 amplifier & Dual CS606** turntable with good cartridge for sale. Offers over £100 the lot. All you need is a pair of speakers and you've got a hi-fi system. If you saw last weeks advert, the phone number was wrong. Please phone 373-6914 or contact David via Maths 1 letter-racks. Will demonstrate.

●**Escort 1300 GT** 1973 tax and long MoT. Rare four door model £650 ono. Contact Keith Rossiter via Mech Eng letter-racks.

●**Wanted:** Pair of Reynolds 531 SL stabilisers with Campag SR hubs, to fit track bike. Contact Ronan McDonald, Maths 3.

●**Winter Tennis:** four good players of club standard needed to play indoor tennis at Vanderbilt Club nr Shepherd's Bush tube. Please contact Mike See, Chem Eng PG, rm E425/int 2027.

●**IC RFC** urgently need players for Saturday matches. If you would like to play for us, even occasionally, please contact: Ian Montandon, Elec Eng letter-racks.

●**Budding artist wanted:** to design Squash Club sweatshirt. Contact Dave Molesworth, RSMU Office or 731-6301.

●**Bored with life? Working too hard? Ecstatic? Idle?** Then come and help on (national) BAYSDAY. It's all simple stuff and there is no travelling involved. The date? March 5 1983. If interested, please contact Frances Burke, Life Sci 1 as soon as possible.

●**Weeks Hall** (internal) Preservation Society (WHIPS).

●**Southwell**—we are glad that you were remotely interested in last year's Rag Mag earlier this term. BSHS.

●**Engagement:** Mary Elizabeth Freeman and Ian 'Tosh' Forrester.

●**This Christmas don't forget** to write for Alternative Prospectus. Articles on any aspect of College life accepted before February 1 1983.

●**RIP Physics Wanderers** PW0 BSH1.

●**Is anybody bored** with the word 'Dhimmi' yet? If so, could they please suggest a new catchphrase which is equally incomprehensible. Replies via small ads, please. Antonym the abiotic, Biochem 2.

●**Gout health warning:** H G Wells Society can seriously damage your wealth — annual dinner a snip at £14.

●**Eat drink and have the evening of** lifetime—Wellsoc annual dinner Feb 16.

●**Mark Stanley**, the golden age of IC bowling will be at the Charrington Bowl, Tolworth, at 3:30pm on Wednesdays during termtime, displaying his talents. He might even bowl as well!

●**Melanie**, meet you in Greenland Dec 24. Bring the rope. Santa.

●**Fiona**, has Superman's frankfurter gone cold, or will spikes come to the rescue with the leg-warmers?

●**Wanted:** One Python. Please contact Amelia.

●**"Happiness is...**being hit over the head with a tray."

●**Who the hell is GMW?**

●**Gergel**, cough, splutter.

●**Linstead 428:** Thanks for everything! Come again soon. From Stallion of 418.

●**Thank-you asbestos hands**—you'll do anything for a free meal!

●**In Memoriam:** April to December 1982, Claud Butler RIP. No flowers by request.

●**Jimmy Talbot** (Chem 2) is the real 'Walter the Softy'.

●**Katie and Debbie** (Nutford House) want to start a three-in-bed soc as soon as possible.

●**Does our ICU DP** bear any resemblance to Shirley Temple.

●**Cuddly Bear**—Happy Christmas, from your own personal traffic light.

●**B-Landing latest hits:** Linstead—Chris Gizza; Ian Ferrier, Andy Stacker, Peter Chase; Keogh 256. Christmas Special—Maybe a Union Officer!?"

●**Beer Festival:** Do you have a favourite beer you'd like to see at the Beer Festival in February? Contact Gareth Fish, Chem 2 with any suggestions.

●**Tenpin Bowling Club Xmas Prize Bowling** at Tolworth. Liquid and solid prizes for the best (and worst) scratch and handicap performances, plus other consumables awarded for copious strikes and sundry bouts of demigod-like behaviour. Meet opposite Beit Arch at 2:30pm on Wednesday December 15.

●**DW(VO)P** needs scaffolding after more than two pints.

●**MGs rule OK**—but will it be running on December 27? Let's hope so!

●**Stephen:** We wish you a Mary Freeman and a Happy New Year.

●**Happy Birthday Pinocchio!** (Sorry it's late) with love from the famous five—Mary, Midge, Perola, FELIX and Jimmy the dog.

●**Lost** one Dramsoc president. Answers to the name of "who is Chris Barton?". Last seen at elections.

●**A Happy Christmas** to the second year biochemist.

●**Wanted: Singing Nun** Must be able to arrive on cue. Contact Cinderella, Life Sci letter-racks.

●**Jonathan Miller**, I take my hat off to you.....

●**Z** If your year goes out with a bang, I hope you will be satisfied! Montagu.

●**Wanted:** Girls with strong right arms (left if left-handed) to join an exciting club, the like of which has never been seen before. Meet Chem Eng entrance, 2:30pm, Wednesdays, or 8:00pm round my place. Kev the Sec.

●**ET**—Why bother to see the film when you can come to the lectures!

●**Alan Pearsokn, OAP, SDAX:** Merry Christmas from Joe, Roger and Luke.

●**Joyeux Noël:** Mary, Désirée, Jimbo, Martin (Python), Chris G, Paul, Rich, John T, Mike, Chris C, Mark R, Grossesbises Françoise XX

●**Whoops!** Physics Wanderers 0, Bernard Sunley 1. We are all as sick as toucans (because we all drank Guinness). PW rule nearly all IC Houses.

●**Physics Wanderers** meet their Waterloo Bernard Sunley House (1½s) 1: PW 0. BSH HS strikes again.

●**H G Wells Soc Annual Dinner**, February 16, an occasion of unparalleled opulence. Tickets only £14. See G Phillips, Physics 3 or Jo in the Union Office.

●**The Xmas Party**, Union Concert Hall, bar, disco, food, December 16, tickets from Chemistry Reps £1.50.

●**Python of Linstead 127**, do your physical reactions still involve constriction? Frantically yours XX

●**Montagu the Dragon:** Are you burning in the sky with the Mile High Club? Puff Puff Zzz

●**Mike Stuart M2C:** Come prepared with sheep, paintbrush and screw-driver. See you le weekend XXX

●**Cheers a million to the Revue-ers.** You're all super-heroes. Love from Angie F (not from Linstead).

●**My last chance to snipe this year**—block ad owing to restrictions on space. Happy New Year to all of you. Jon.

●**What has happened** to the mathematical side of the Mathematical and Physical Society? Do there exist maths undergraduates willing to put forward a mathematician's point of view? Contact Jon Frost, Physics 3.

●**Ongar Rd** require skilled doctor to examine Scottish layabout, presumed dead. Criminal record essential.

●**Sue**—liked your Freudian poster. Shame that didn't come off, but glad to smug this week!

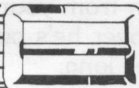
●**Smurf badges available:** Contact A Pearson, Chem 3.

●**BSH1, PW0**, Don't let the scoreline fool you, this was a good'un. The animal house was untamed. See you next year boys—the zookeeper.

●**Tizard Idiots:** Weeks Hall mascot is kept in Rm 21. Please remove. ASAP.

●**Renetly Gentlemen's Hairdressers**
Discount for students and staff
Cut: first visit £3, second visit and after £2.50; Shampoo, cut and blow dry: first visit £4.20; second visit and after £3.85.
Mon to Fri 9am to 5pm
Sat 9am to 12 noon

Renetly, 154a Cromwell Rd, SW7
(Next to British Airways building)
Appointments not always necessary.



BELOW The Belt

CONGRATULATIONS TO all of you who got round to submitting acrostics: I received about thirty in all, as varied in origins as they are in relevance and wit. MOONEY caused lots of problems, probably because of the double O, but this didn't stop Nick Morton—Muck On Offer Never Entices You. Similarly the X at the end of FELIX left us pretty safe from your attacks; the best was Jon Stanley's — Friday's Edition's Late: It's Xmas. Also from Mr Stanley were COUNCIL: Carries On Until No-one Coherent Is Left (which is more true than you might suppose) and HARLINGTON: Hardly Any Rugby Left, IC Needs Gravel To Obtain Necessities.

John Pattison of Maths 3 widened the range of targets for his insults; I particularly liked WAITROSE: Wait An Indecent Time, Receive Offensive Service, Expensively, while someone who had better remain nameless was

not too impressed with Friday's concert and submitted CHOIR: Could Have Overestimated Its Reputation.

'Phil' (Southall?) gave the wonderfully succinct CHAPS: Chundering Halfwits All Pissed Senseless, while Neil Stevenson of Physics 1 coined SOUTH-SIDE: Students Often Use This Hostelry, Stan's Inexpensive Drinks Excel.

But the entries which really take the biscuit (or in this case the Christmas pudding) came from a consortium headed by Publications Board Chairman Mike Prosser. LINDLEY: Lazy Incompetent Nincompoop, Does Less Every Year, VICTOR MOONEY: Vomit Inducing, Completely Tasteless, Outstandingly Revolting Meals, Often Overcooked, Never Edible Yet, GRIMSHAW: Goulder's

Replacing Incompetent Mary Shows He's A Wanker and finally, the winning entry attacking the Archangel Teller who can't seem to cope with the fact that she isn't DP any more: McCALLION: Maybe Christine's Career As Leading Lady Is Over Now.

TALK OF John McCallion reminds me of an embarrassment he suffered at House Committee last Friday which would have appeared cheap and contrived if it had been written into a television comedy script; nevertheless, the story is quite true, which says something about television scripts if not about the workings of House Committee.

John was exhibiting a certain type of stool which he considered most suitable to install in the games room. He had explained to the committee how cheaply these stools can be obtained and

then the question of durability was raised. John was quite convinced on this point too, and to demonstrate it he picked up the stool to give it a hefty thump. Alas, it didn't get that far, for as he lifted it from the floor there was a loud crash and all its legs fell off.

I'M SO PLEASED IC Choir have once again decided to have their publicity produced at the Union Print Unit. They have used an outside firm of printers ever since FELIX let them down badly in about 1959, but since Chorführer Eric Brown has a memory which makes an elephant appear scatterbrained FELIX has been blacked for the best part of twenty years.

Anyhow, the choir committee have seen fit to return to the Union for their printing, and I was led to wonder just what appalling cock-up the previous printers had made to provoke this outburst of support for the

The Rector and Lady Flowers

wish everyone a very Happy Christmas

and good luck in 1983

Union Print Unit. So I scrutinised the programme for their last concert, and lo! in the *Agnus Dei* some wretched compositor had used the old Scottish spelling.....

**DOMINE JESU
SANCTUS
ANGUS DEI
LUX AETERNA**

ONE OF THE more convenient fast food restaurants around College is *Strikes* in Gloucester Road. Gastropod hasn't quite got round to reviewing this pinnacle of culinary excellence yet, probably because so many IC students have been banned on account of their indulgence with the relish tray. The last time ex-Editor Steve Marshall ate there he took great delight in sitting near the door so that on completion of his meal, before he had received the bill, he and his friends could leap up from their table and be out of the door and halfway back to College before the waiters could realise that Steve had left payment for

the meal lying on the table.

But it's the waiters themselves that cause most amusement, and who have led to the eating-house nicknamed 'Strokes' by more than a few. I realise there are certain men in this world who speak in an affected manner, who embellish their speech with camp gestures and who wear constrictively tight trousers—but why do they all gather for employment in South Kensington in a restaurant which caters for a more-or-less normal clientele? How much will the public put up with before they stop eating there? Already one (heterosexual) friend is distinctly wary of the place since the time in the company of a male friend he was greeted with 'Good evening, I like the new boyfriend.'

But the most alarming incident occurred on an occasion when the IC Orchestra committee were eating there just before a rehearsal. Tim Jones, the chairman, was passing round some holiday photographs while they were waiting for the meal, and as he did so, the company became aware that one of the waiters was taking a more than passing interest in the pro-

ceedings, and was evidently studying the pictures quite carefully.

Eventually he seized a picture of Tim from somebody, and began to study it. Tim had recently grown a splendid beard very quickly, and so the photographic version was not a particularly good likeness of the hirsute young man before him, but eventually the waiter noticed the resemblance and compared the two critically while the rest of the committee waited in expectant silence. Finally he addressed Tim directly 'This is you, isn't it?' Tim managed a nod. 'Much more sexy without the beard!' And he minced back to the kitchen leaving Tim and friends with a mixture of amusement and speechless astonishment.

SINCE GUILDS Gen Com have forced Frank Rowsell to stop pillorying Nick Pyne in *Guild-sheet*, I suppose it falls to me to tell of his return from a particularly extravagant party last week. He was stopped by an officer of the law as he cycled his inebriated way home and was asked if he realised how dangerous it is to cross a red traffic

light. Luckily for Nick he had the presence of mind not to let on that in his condition he hadn't seen the light at all, and probably wouldn't recognise one if he ran into it; he was let off with a caution.

To some extent it was his own fault, for he was riding a tandem on his own; anything so eccentric is bound to be queried by a bored police patrol in the early hours of the morning. A friend who can ride a monocycle has given up using it in the town where he lives because every policeman he passes stops him and then tries to think of a law he's breaking.

But to return to inebriated tandemists, I have often wondered what the law would do if it caught up with two people on a tandem, the front one (the 'captain') stone cold sober, and the back one (the 'stoker', who has considerable influence on steering and balance) paralytic. It's certainly dangerous, but what law could they prosecute under? Is either of them drunk in charge of a vehicle? Or would the police revive the Victorian charge of cycling 'recklessly'?

ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES

ANNUAL

BALL FRIDAY 17 DECEMBER



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a cycle makes.

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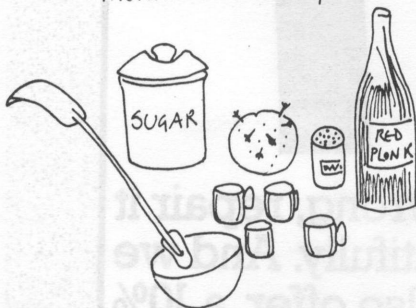


Walkabout Cooksee

turns her attention from visual to culinary arts with the emphasis on participation.....

Walkabout-Looksee for this Christmas issue of FELIX will take you as far as a well stocked kitchen and drinks cabinet. As well as being hooked on my regular dose of visual art I am very greedy (!) and revel in all the traditional Christmas fuss that surrounds holiday feasting and boozing. For any despairing culture vultures—take heart—I shall review the Treasures of Ancient Nigeria at the Royal Academy in the first FELIX of next term: it's on until January 23, and highly recommended.

THE ART OF MULLING



Mulled Wine

Punches, possets, mulls, toddies and grogs—all are good winter warmers on dark, cold days, just the thing after a long, numbing motorbike journey, a morning tobogganing or as a morale booster on a gloomy, overcast day. They're also ideal for Christmas parties—they're great fun to make and give all your guests at least one shared experience (!) to help break the social ice.

In Anglo-Saxon and early English times a 'wassail' was a mulled, spiced drink made with old ale and served at feasts. The word comes from the Norse 'ves heill' meaning 'good health'. Punch, made with spirits, was introduced from India in the 17th Century. Making punch was a high-society ritual, carried out with much pomp and circumstance, and by Victorian times had become strongly associated with Christmas.

Mulls are basically sugared and spiced wines, ales or ciders, usually diluted with water and then laced with fortified wine, spirit or liqueur. Here's my recipe for the FELIX Glugg: it's a red wine mull, spiced and sugared to taste...my taste—so try it and then adapt it as you will. FELIX Glugg will fill about a dozen 1/4 pint goblets.

Stun an orange with six cloves and bake it in a moderate oven for half an hour. Boil a pint of water with two tablespoonsful of castor sugar, a small stick of cinnamon and a little grated nutmeg. Bubble this gently for about fifteen minutes, till all the sugar has dissolved. In another pan gently heat one bottle of any fairly robust, inexpensive red wine; supermarket full-bodied Spanish will do very nicely. After all, the mull derives its character from the spices etc, so it seems a pity to 'waste' a fine wine on it. Get the wine to not-quite-simmering point, but don't let it boil or you'll evaporate all the alcohol! Remove it from the heat and add the spiced boiling water and the baked orange. Stir in a wineglass of an orange liqueur (Cointreau,

Grand Marnier or Curaçao) and the same quantity of brandy (again, supermarket home-brand is fine). Ladle it into punch cups (small china or glass mugs) and serve at once.

Mince Pies

There are several rather nice things about mulled wine, not least of which is that it's a perfect accompaniment to mince pies—which is a very good excuse for making, and then consuming, lots of mince pies! Most families have a cherished recipe for mincemeat, a well guarded secret handed from grandmother to granddaughter...which is sexist, and grossly unfair to each new generation of Christmas-chefs! I therefore submit my own recipe for mincemeat. It will fill up to three dozen mince pies depending, obviously, on how big the depressions in your baking tray are and how full you like your pies.

Start with
4oz seeded raisins
4oz currants
2oz sultanas
2oz candied peel
and 1 large, peeled and cored apple.

Chop or mince these to produce a rough- or smooth-textured mixture, as you prefer. In a bowl, mix the fruit with
4oz shredded suet
4oz soft, brown sugar
2oz ground almonds
and 2 tablespoonsful of marmalade.

Grate the rind off a lemon and squeeze the juice from it. Add these to the mixture, and also 1 teaspoon of mixed spice, a pinch of nutmeg and two tablespoonsful of brandy. Mix well till all is evenly amalgamated. Then cover the bowl, or put the mincemeat in sealed jars, till you want to use it. It keeps well for several weeks in a cool place, and because of the alcohol matures and improves!

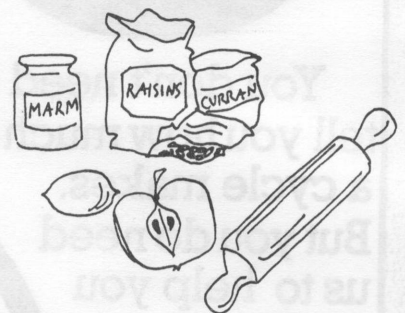


ONE OF THE NICEST THINGS ABOUT XMAS!

Walkabout-Pastrycook

No one else's pastry is ever as good: 'pastry like Mum makes it' reigns supreme. But it's difficult to reproduce if you can't remember exactly how Mum does make it. I like pastry very light and very short—which means that it melts in the mouth, but crumbles in the hand. It needs to be made in a relaxed frame of mind with a light hand...both of which can be achieved with practice. If you're in a desperate hurry, or desperate for Mum's pastry, Waitrose sells frozen shortcrust pastry (which I have not tried, so cannot vouch for) or, if you ask her nicely and don't reverse the charges, Mum might explain how she does it. However,

INGREDIENTS



for fellow-enthusiasts, here's a Walkabout-Pastrycook's version, which will make up to two dozen mince pies, depending again on the size of the pies.

8oz fine, plain flour
4oz soft butter
2 teaspoonfuls of icing sugar
1 large egg yolk or 1 very small egg

Mix the flour and sugar in a bowl. Add the soft butter and rub it into the flour lightly with your fingertips. When the mixture is like soft bread crumbs add the egg and use the blade of a knife to mix till it begins to cling together. Then press it into a ball and knead it just enough to free the pastry from cracks. The less the pastry is handled the lighter it will be, and this also applies to rolling it out. Use the rolling pin gently: roll the pastry out thinly (3-4mm) on a lightly floured board and cut it into rounds using different sized cutters (the lid should be smaller than the base!). Put the bases in a well buttered pie tray and spoon mincemeat into them. Depending on how generous you are there will be more or less left over for the next batch...or for nibbling as you cook! Place the lids on the filled bases and brush the top of each pie with a little milk if you like your pastry shiny. Bake near the top of a hot oven (Gas 7, 425F) for about fifteen minutes, until golden brown. Let them cool in the baking tray for a few minutes and then transfer to a cooling rack. Eat them hot or cold, but dust them with icing sugar first.

Happy drinking, 'bon appetit', and Merry Christmas.

...while the Chairman of the College Wine Committee finds some unexpected bargains in

Mooney's Wine Cellar

Why not buy direct from the Cellar and obtain the 7½% discount offered for purchases of six or more bottles, and made up mixed from anything on the list? Orders can be placed with the Refectory Office, ground floor, Sherfield but cash or cheque on collection, please. And why not experiment this Christmas; serve a Moselle as an aperitif which is cheaper than gin and start the dinner with one of the outstanding 1976 Hocks of which there are still a few cases in the cellar at very modest prices, followed by a claret and finish the festivities with some madeira.

The nomenclature of German wines is lengthy but very systematic—eg the terms

Spatlese and Auslese denote increasing degrees of original grape-sugar content. The greatest Hocks come from the Rheingau, made exclusively from the Riesling grape. In the Moselle, this aristocratic vine also yields exquisite though lighter wines. In the more southerly regions—Rheinhessen and Rheinpfalz—the Hocks are mellow and quicker to mature; the predominant grape there is Sylvaner, together with a more recent cross, called the Scheurebe. Two reasonably priced Hocks are the Rudesheimer Rosengarten 1979 (£2.80) and the Schlossbockelheimer Felsenberg 1977 (£3.75). The Hocks from the 1976 vintage are: Gersheimer Schloss-

garten (£3.75), Kreuznacher St Martin (£5), Winkeler Hasenprung Auslese (£6.75) and Johannisberger Holle Auslese (£7).

Many of the clarets on the list are rather young. All the major regions are represented. Most of the 1978 and 1979 wines should be kept for several more years, although the Ch La Tour St. Bonnet 1979 (3.45) and the Ch. de Pez 1979 (£5.50) are quite superb already. Of the somewhat older wines Ch. Medoce 1972 (£2.80) and Ch. Morthel 1975 (£2.85) are priced very modestly. One has to pay more for the bigger wines of the 1973 vintage which stand at about £7.00 a bottle on the list. Should none of these clarets be attractive then there is a small selection from Burgundy, some excellent Beaujolais and you could always experiment with one of the full bodied, high alcohol wines from California—we have it all!

Have a happy Christmas.

P Grootenhuis
Chairman, IC Wine Committee

Cordon Bleugh!

As a special Christmas treat for those of our readers who fancy themselves as aspiring chefs, FELIX asked that renowned master of the culinary arts Victor Mooney to submit a few of his favourite recipes.....

Shrimp and Raspberry Cocktail

Line glasses with fresh young turnip-tops. Mix chopped shrimps and raspberries together with cheese sauce, and sprinkle with chicory.

Soupe aux Bananes

Mix 1½ pints beef stock with an equal quantity of stewed rhubarb. Spread banana slices generously with marmite and add. Stir in the zest and juice of two lemons, and a dash of salt and pepper. Boil for ten minutes. Sprinkle with vermicelli and serve.

Poulet Maritime

Stud a roast chicken with cloves. For the stuffing, skin and bone three cooked kippers. Mash, and add raisins and a little curry powder.

Prawn and Radish Cheesecake

Cover with custard, chill and serve.

Boiled Egg Soup

Boil six eggs for two minutes (whites still runny). Shell. Add pint of milk, beef stock and juice from one tin mandarins. Bring gently to the boil, stirring continuously. Pour into bowls and divide mandarins between each.

Parsnip Delight

Cut parsnips in half lengthways, and cover with a mixture of equal quantities thousand island dressing and vintage port. Garnish with grated chocolate and mint leaves.

Steak Surprise

Grill steak until brown on outside and juicy pink on inside. Remove from grill, cover completely with marshmallows and grill again for two minutes till marshmallows begin to melt. Garnish with sliced pilchards.

Avocado au gratin

Make a traditional sorbet using a mixture of pulped avocado and capers. Cover with cheese sauce and serve cold.

Beetroot Soup

Boil 4ozs of grated cheese in 1pt of beetroot juice until dissolved. Add diced beetroot and anchovies. Immediately before serving stir in one glass advocaat per person.

Melon Boats

Cut melon into slices. Completely cover with lemon curd. Garnish with pickled onions and gherkins and serve on a bed of turkish delight mixed with a few snails.

Liver Meringue Pie

Line pie dish with pastry. Mince 1½ pounds of cooked liver. Mix in a handful of sultanas and celery, and turn out into dish. Flatten out with knife. Spread on a thin layer of apricot jam. Make up meringue mixture and lay on thickly. Cook in oven for ten minutes till meringue just brown. Sprinkle with Worcester Sauce and serve.

Avocado a l'Ancienne

Stud avocados with cloves and bake in microwave oven. Meanwhile make up sardine icing. Cut avocados into cubes, dip in sardine icing and then set into cubes of aspic. Serve with fresh cream and grated nutmeg.

Cream of Oyster Soup

Poach oysters (½ dozen per person) in bacon stock. Drain. With the liquid make a thin oatmeal porridge. Add oysters and one uncooked banana per person.

Iced Cod

Marinate a portion of cod in strong cocoa; spread with fondant icing and wrap in cooked spaghetti. Serve cold.

Gooseberry and Kidney Crumble

Braise chopped gooseberries with kidneys till thoroughly cooked. Heat ½ cup Guinness and stir into gooseberry and kidney mixture. Put into a deep oval dish and smooth out. Cover with crumble mixture, put into medium oven for fifteen minutes.

Seafood Trifle

Line bottom of trifle dish with slices of chocolate swiss roll. Mix up cooked prawns, cockles, mussels and oysters in 2pts raspberry jelly, pour over swiss roll. Leave to set, spread ½" layer of cold porridge. Decorate with chocolate buttons and piped cream.

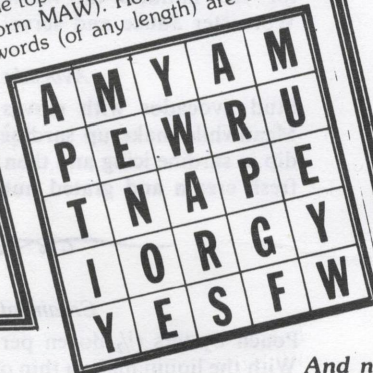
PINOCCHIO

Welcome to the double spread Pinocchio. Lots of puzzles for you to spend the Christmas hols on. The puzzles marked with a sprig of holly are more difficult, and thus prize puzzles (£5 donated by Mend-a-Bike). The others are for your amusement only, so please don't send in answers. The draw for the correct solutions will be made on January 12 1983, at 1:00pm.

The winner of last week's puzzle was Robert Macrae of EE1. Thanks also to C Goh for providing a wide variety of solutions.

Word Square

It's time to cuddle up by the fire with your glass of water and a FELIX, and play with yourself. This new word puzzle is simple enough to explain; find as many words as you can. You are allowed to go up, down, left right and even change direction, as long as you move between adjacent squares (for instance, starting in the top right hand corner, you can form MAW). How many different words (of any length) are there?



Perola's Puzzle

(at last)

General Reischenschein's chief's of staff have had great difficulty arranging their offices and their letters are always getting mixed up. Heidensieck (head of Secret Service) does not trust his comrades and so has ordered that all his messages should be coded. However his assistant Und Der Kuvher forgot to give him the codebook so he's having trouble with this test message. Can you help?

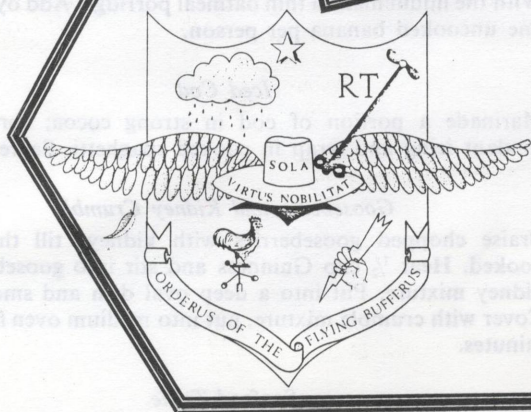
23, 12, 1114, 1114, 1, 1112, 12, 0, 112, 1123, 1113, 1113, 1123, 1233, 1114, 0, 3, 123, 0, 1113, 1, 24, 3, 123.
12, 111, 111, 121, 0, 12, 2, 124, 1, 114, 2, 124, 1114, 0, 124, 114, 1114, 124, 1114, 0, 1114, 111, 1, 1113, 3, 1114, 0, 123, 124, 123, 111, 0, 24, 124, 23, 4, —, 24, 124, 23, 4, —, 24, 124, 23, 4, 0, 1112, 114, 1, 2, 124, 111, 111, 3, 4, 3, 24, 1113, 1114, 1, 123, 24, 12, 0, 4, 1123, 1114, 24, 0, 111, 22, 114, 3, 1114, 24, 1123, 4, 22, 1123, 114, 124, 23, 0, 114, 1123, 11, 3, 123, 124, 23, 0, 2, 12, 1114, 111, 12, 123, 2, 12, 123, 1114.
I shall give only one clue—the code is very logical, not random in the least.

And now a special puzzle - no-one in the FELIX office can solve it, so this is your chance to be famous. Solutions to the FELIX office please.

Knight Errant's Puzzle

...so the witch gave the knight a new shield. "As well as protecting you from all harm," she said, "this is the emblem of the maid you seek. If you are wise enough to decipher the meaning of the designs you will discover her name, her occupation and her birthdate. All four digits that you require are clearly displayed. However, as you are of a mathematical turn of mind maybe I can suggest a way that you can solve the riddle with your pocket calculator.....

The first two sum to the second pear's product;
The latter sum is one and the difference two."





Santa's Soup Run

'Twas the night before Christmas—and Santa Claus and his seven reindeer needed a warming meal before setting out. Of course, as flying crew, all eight had to have different meals, so down in the kitchen elves Andy, John, Stephen and Martin, the assistant cooks, were preparing two soups each (which for convenience they called No 1 and No 2). The eight were asparagus soup, beef broth, cucumber, dandelion wine, egg, french onion, golden pea and haricot bean soup (but not necessarily in that order).

Santa always had the best soup, the next best goes to the longest serving reindeer, and so on down to the newest recruit, who has the worst. Unfortunately, Victor, the cook, couldn't tell good from bad, so he had to ask the elves (three of whom always lie, although the fourth is truthful).

'The better of my two soups is not in the lower four,' said Stephen. 'At least one of mine is,' replied Andy, 'but both of mine are better than Martin's.' 'Oh, no they're not!' cried Martin. 'Both mine are much better than yours.' Stephen put in his oar again; 'I'd agree that Andy's No 2 is better than your No 2, Martin.' 'Well,' said John, 'I can tell you that Andy's No 1 is separated from Stephen's No 1 by less than two soups in the league table. And my No 2 is better than Stephen's No 1, whilst Martin's No 1 is better than Stephen's No 2.' 'Mm, I think Martin's No 1 is better than



Superkings - 2

Having had you puzzling over the rather simple problem of placing a number of superkings (pieces that can move like both a queen and a knight) on a chess board, I shall now reveal the more difficult part of that question. All that I want you to do, is find the smallest n ($n > 1$) such that n superkings can be placed on an $n \times n$ board so that none attack any other (although they may, for the purpose of this puzzle, be collinear).



John's No 1,' put in Andy. 'My No 2 is better than John's No 1,' said Martin, who had to have the last word.

The elves left poor Victor to sort this out, but as they hadn't told him which flavours they'd each cooked, he was really no better off. Luckily Brian, the gnome who had the unenviable task of teaching elves to read and write appeared:

'I just met the elves playing snowballs,' Brian said, dropping snow everywhere. 'John told me that if you arrange the soups alphabetically only one person has soups next to each other. Andy said that where soups by one person are next to each other, No 2 is before No 1. He also said that the cucumber soup is not a No 2. Stephen said John's No 2 comes directly after Andy's No 2 in the alphabet, but Andy's No 2 does not come straight after Martin's No 1. Martin concluded by saying that the beef broth and the egg soup were made by different people.'

'How does that help?' asked Victor, sighing. 'Well, dandelion wine soup is obviously the best, and haricot bean the worst,' (Brian sniffed the air.) 'You can work it out from there.'

Victor could too, but it took him so long that he burnt the Christmas cake and the mince pies—which goes to show that too many broths spoil the cook!

What is the order of the soups, and who cooked which? (Hint: gnomes always tell the truth to the best of their ability.)

Perola

A Word In Your Ear

I'm sure you all know words that are special in their own ways (eg reviver is the longest palindrome word in the English language); would you like to say what is so special about these words?

1. almost
2. unconsciousness
3. bookkeeper
4. wrong
5. facetious
6. queueing

Incidentally, 'almost', 'wrong' and 'queueing' are practically off the top of my head, so if you can work out what's so special about them, and then try and beat them, I'd be most interested to hear how well you do.

STOIC

Newsbreak strikes back with 4-D television. Yes, after milliseconds of scientific research the backroom boys have finally come out of the closet, going one better than ITV. FOUR dimensions! That's x, y, z AND t. For the first time on television the structure of time is revealed. December 16 is the date and 1:00 and 6:00pm are the times—the locations; as ever, the residence sets and the JCR.

December 16, in case you haven't guessed, is the date of the *Christmas programme*, the usual collection of lunacy, sex, illegality and Yuletide scandals. In the interests of public decency we promise a programme free from canned laughter and jokes about Mooney, masons and College administrators, or at least that's what the guv'nors tell us workers.

In the proper fashion, we end this column by thanking Martin S Taylor for the kind donation of this waste of space and wishing you a goodnight from all us here in the TV Studio, please remember to remove the plug from the wall socket...white dot fades to centre of screen...viewers are woken by 1kHz tone.....

ΨΦ Soc

With their pieces arranged against me, pawns at my front, the evil Black Queen flanking me in the dusk, the Knights snarling in the ever thickening darkness I stumbled on through the freezing snow towards the FELIX Office, the crumpled sheet of publicity clutched in my hand.

Tears coursed down my face as the memory of Anita's bloody, shattered visage swam before my eyes. If only I had been quicker I could have put myself between him and her fragile, soft body but...no, I had failed and now battled on alone.

A black bishop appeared from the darken doorway of the Bot/Zoo Common Room, lazer in hand, its purple beam screaming through the icy air. I dodged but it caught me in the chest, my rib cage exploding in a million droplets of scarlet that stained the virgin snow.

The Black Queen screeched her victory to the starry heavens, as her Pawns moved in for the kill. There in the snow, torn shredded, lay the paper—and on it I could just read, as my eyes filmed over with the lethargy of death,

"Our 83 films are:

Oh Lucky Man, Jan 18

Lord of the Rings, Feb 8

Dr Strangelove, March 8."

The Black Bishop pocketed his lazer, lifted his foot and ground the paper into the snow, saying as he did "So much for the SF Soc article."

Not Bobby Fischer

C&G

Hello folks; 'So now the end is near, and so' but there are major events to attend before that. Today there is a UGM 1:00pm Mech Eng 220; the publicity officer will be elected (not ratified!) and the new even longer scarf will be introduced. The same scarf will be used at carol singing this evening. To those that haven't been before this is when we travel to the West End, sing (?) carols, visit local hostels to soothe the vocal cords and return to the union for mince pies and hot punch. But this is all accomplished, except the pubs, tied together on the one scarf, yes it is that long. Meet 6:00-6:30pm Beit Quad/Union Bar.

So see you (but will you see me), 1:00, ME220.

The Invisible Man

Bookshop News

Can't think of what to buy for Christmas presents! What can we offer? Stationery items, pens, diaries, tankards, plain or engraved to your own design, Christmas cards and wrapping paper, book tokens, these can be exchanged in any bookshop in the British Isles. Books in both hardcover and paperback, technical, reference, fiction, crime, science fiction, biography, cooking, humour. If we haven't got what you want, we can at least try.

Book Choice

Harraps Shorter French/English Dictionary - £9.95

Concise Oxford Dictionary £7.75

Whitaker Almanak 1983 - Hardback £9.90, Paperback £4.95

Sugar & Spice - Ronnie Barker, Hodder £5.40

International Catalogue of Catalogues - Harper & Row £5.95

Selected Diaries of Cecil Beaton - Hodder £4.95

Club Secretary's Guide - Hestia Quinn, David & Charles £3.95

Egon Ronay's Lucas Guide 1983 - Mitchell Beazley £6.95

F Plan Diet - Audrey Eyton, Penguin £1.50

F Plan Calorie and Fibre Chart - Meera

Tanesa, Bell & Hyman £5.95

Fish Cookery - Jane Crigson, Penguin £2.25

Food without Frontiers - Gerald Chaliand, Pluto Press £2.50

Mr Bliss - J R R Tolkien, Allen & Unwin £4.95

ICNAC

Howd y'll. Well, here's yer cousin Floyd all the way from the Gran' Ole United States of America, dawg gonnit. Ayes a come on over to give youse all the best Yankee greetins fer Christmas. In fact ayes a flew on in ta Heathrow Airport on that dawgone new fangled air plane, Concorde. Sheeet, weeze git birds biggeran that in Teexas.

But listen y'll I loves yer liddle ole country 'n' wot ayes a wanna know is when youse all's gonna come on over ta Dixieland. Why jumpin' bullfrogs youse even got yours own club right here in Imperial College 'n' theys gonna tell ya how to spend your summer in the US of A. So don't give me no sheeet, d'ya hear. Git yours asses on over to the JCR any Friday lunchtime or ayes gonna gi' ya a wippin', fer sure.

Have youse a Yankee-doodle Christmas, d'ya hear. Bye y'all.

Veg Soc

For those of you who don't want to reform Christmas, lettuce reassure you that this is no more our intention than to take a bag full of raisins and turn her into a Sultana...But talking about our fourth coming party (Easter was the second coming), we are thinking of changing some names and phrases: Our pantomime 'Aladdin and the 40 Thieves' will be replaced with 'Alfalfa and the faulty chefs'; a 'cold meat salad' shall be called 'chilly con carne'; mousetraps shall be known as 'Rats-à-tuer', and both 'fast food' and prunes shall be referred to as 'celeri'. So come to our party, where you can look forward to a splendid meal with relish (or tomato sauce if the relish isn't OK). If you want a whole meal, you'd better turn up early in case there isn't mushroom.

You can come perhaps to pass an evening pleasantly chatting (...do I detect a split P there or was it perhaps a split infinitive?...).

"Hey, Paddy, will ya pasta food across?"

Spy Story - Len Deighton, Granada £1.50

Time of Fourth Horseman - Chelsea Yarbrow, Granada £1.50

Sky Shroud - Tom Keene, Penguin £1.75

Barchester Towers - Anthony Trollope, Penguin £1.95

Secret Woman - Victoria Holt, Fontana £1.75

Devil on Horseback - Victoria Holt, Fontana £1.65

The Stud - Jackie Collins, Star £1.50

The Long Day Wanes - Anthony Burgess, Penguin £2.95

Logan Lake - E I. Doctorow, Pan £1.50

The Seeking - Robert Elegant, Penguin £1.75

Fame - Leonore Fleischer, Sphere £1.50

Forbidden Places - Mary Napier, Fontana £1.50

Party Games - H H Kirst, Fontana £1.65

Congo - Micahel Crichton, Penguin £1.75

Razor Back - Peter Brennan, Fontana £1.75

How to talk dirty and influence people - Lenny Bruce, Granada £1.95

Without a trace - Charles Berlitz, Granada £1.50

Door Marked Summer - Micahel Bentine, Granada £1.95

Long Banana Skin - Michael Bentine, Granada £1.95

**How to avoid sex* - Cliff Parker, NEL £1.50

For those in need, we now stock batteries the equivalent of PP3.

This will be the last Bookshop News until next term. May my staff and myself wish you all a very Happy Christmas.

*Since this title has appeared on our shelves, it is surprising how many persons have informed me that they contributed to the initial research!

"Eh, Pierre, parsley végétales."

"OK, here's a pizza somethingorother..."

Renew old friendships.....

"I'm sure I soya at the Freshers' Fair....."

"Yes, it's bean along time....."

Gregariously engage (ie greengage) in intelligent conversation....

"That swede thinks Coleslow is the capital of Cnorway....."

of..."...isn't Bugs Bunny an interesting carroter."

...or even gossip.

"Hey, Shaemus, can you see, is that Annie and Pieter?"

"No, I don't tink it's Onion Pie tere at all, at all." And extend invitations...you'll have to come auber, Jean."

So make a date (or fig or plum) for the renaming party. Even Avocado. For the carnivorous, come and meat people. For the rest, turn green (vegetarian) at the sight of them, and rabbit or shout it for days. I bet you can hardly wheat! (Cor, that one was corny!).

Well, there's food for thought, even if written in apple-ingly bad taste. But I'm sure youghurt the gist of it. So donut forget...rice to the occasion...no? oh all right then, peas yourself. Orange to be in the Union Dining Hall (first floor, Union Building) at 6:00pm tomorrow (Wednesday) or (H)omlette Gardens, SW7 at any time suetable.

Soc Soc

Thanks to everyone who helped to make human rights week a success. It's hard to make much impact at a place like IC, but every little helps.

Next week we're having our Christmas Party on Tuesday December 14 at 8:00pm in the Bot/Zoo Common Room (25p to get in). Everyone's welcome to come along, whether it's to discuss Trotsky's part in the St Petersburg Soviet or just for the booze. (We'll have some beer, but please bring a bottle as well). Merry Christmas.

Opera Macabre

***Le Grand Macabre* by György Ligeti, English National Opera at the London Coliseum. British première.**

The opera which 'shocked and scandalised Europe' when it was first performed in 1978 — *Le Grand Macabre* — has finally hit London. Its creator, the mischievous Mr Ligeti, has struck back.

György Ligeti is best known for his *Atmosphères*, *Requiem* and *Lux Aeterna*, those atmospheric pieces which were used to such superb effect in Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*, but he is also the originator of much more besides, music which, to say the least, is bizarre. The performances of some of his more eccentric pieces have entered the annals of history. There was that infamous concert in a newly-opened hall where the platform was filled with metronomes, and where musicians came on, wound them all up, and then left, leaving the audience to watch dozens of metronomes tick away until they stopped. That concert caused the architect of the hall to feel insulted and nearly resulted in a writ. There was that choral piece devoid of language which required the female singers to shriek at the top of their voices for prolonged periods. (An interesting man is Mr Ligeti—full of imagination). And there was that orchestral piece where a tray laid out for a high tea was pompously crashed onto the floor at an appropriate point in the score, and which reduced the audience to hysterics. Yes, English National Opera has mounted one of his works and Mr Ligeti is back in town (or he was a week ago Thursday).

Produced by Elijah Moshinsky and conducted by Elgar Howarth, the ENO production is crazy, comic and bizarre. The stage is dominated by an enormous life-size section of a piece of M4 slipway, with the top of a double decker bus on the one side and a technologically tumble-down dwelling on the



Captain Lindley enjoying breakfast at the foot of the Queens Tower

(Actually, a scene from Act 2 of *Le Grand Macabre*.)

other. The plot is absurd. A drunk city gent, Piet the Pot (Roderic Keating) comes across a pair of lovers, Miranda (Penelope Mackay) and Amando (Jean Rigby), looking for a place where they can make love. Nekrotzar (Geoffrey Chard) enters as the driver of a hearse claiming to be the figure of Death and charged with the task of putting an end to the world. He forces Piet to help him in his mission. In scene two, Astradamors (Dennis Wicks) is engaged in masochistic love play with his big-bottomed wife Mescalina (Ann Howard). Mescalina implores Venus (Marilyn Hill Smith) to give her a lover more potent than

her husband, and Nekrotzar, entering with Piet, responds to her appeal and kills her with his violent love-making. The second act features the palace of Prince Go-Go, the end of the world and much else besides (which, for reasons of space, I am unable to describe).

If you think the plot is crazy, you ought to listen to the music. To describe it is beyond my power but it is definitely the music which breathes life to the characters and the plot. *Le Grand Macabre* is Ligeti's eccentric tragicomical depiction of the last judgement—the end of time. It is freely adapted from Michel de Ghelderode's (1898-1962) *La Balade du Grand Macabre*, a Belgian dramatist. In Ligeti's own words his work represents a 'very colourful, comic-strip-like musical and dramatic action...the characters and situations (are) direct, terse, non-psychological and startling—the very opposite of "literary" opera'. *Le Grand Macabre* is influenced by Hieronymus Bosch and Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, and although it is almost surrealist in its absurdity it is not surrealist as such because the action and thought behind the opera is not divorced of reason or reality. According to Ligeti '*Le Grand Macabre* is our present-day world, depicted on another level of reality, on the level of absurd reality.' The absurdity is death itself. In reality there is no experience of death—nothing has been experienced but what has been lived. Death is an illusion that never quite convinces us, but fear is provided by the inexorable march of time. 'Death and the whole dark future is of no significance to us, there is only a here and now.'

Ligeti's opera is totally unique and cannot be compared with anything else. The ENO production is one surprise from beginning to end, and it holds one's attention magnificently all the way through. The designs and accompanying action are extraordinary but what makes the opera really go is the music. It is difficult to criticise anything and trying to criticise such a bizarre and unique work as this is rather silly!

Recommended.

Nick Bedding



Dennis Wicks as Astradamors and Ann Howard as Mescalina.

Chaucer In Monochrome

The Canterbury Pilgrims by Dyson

Imperial College Choir

The concert was taken up by a single work, *The Canterbury Pilgrims* by the English composer and teacher Dr Dyson. It is a setting for chorus, three soloists and orchestra of a substantial part of the Prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the text partially modernised from the fourteenth century original.

The Prologue, after some scene-setting, portrays a collection of pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. Chaucer is not over-kind to his pilgrims, for instance the monk is an extravagant hedonist, the doctor avaricious and the prioress preoccupied with courtly niceties.

This side of Chaucer's poetry is largely lost in the setting, the portraits are in monochrome—we simply have mysterious music for the astrologist doctor and the MGM angels chorus for the prioress who feeds her pets on choicest fare.

Another problem with the setting is that there is just too much text, the word-sheet alone was twelve pages long. The effect of this is that the audience has to spend the entire concert staring at the words lest they lose their place.

The musical idiom is very much that of earlier Vaughan Williams, several of the passages are very reminiscent of the *Sea Symphony*. However, Dyson lacks the courage of his conviction and at the top of a crescendo, rather than opening out into the strong broad melodies characteristic of that work, he lets the opportunity slip by. The same applies to his attempts to build tension; just as the music begins to excite he introduces some inconsequential figure and

everything collapses. The piece would require considerably more than Eric Brown's slightly flaccid conducting even to begin to come to life.

In spite of the drawbacks of the composition, the members of the choir were evidently enjoying themselves. The solidity of their opening phrases, after the unimpressively chaotic orchestral introduction clearly established the choir as the better-disciplined body. On the whole, intonation and diction were good and they made the most of any opportunity for exuberant display. Apart from a couple of weak entries, the only noticeable lack of confidence occurred during the fugal start to the Clerke of Oxenford, not by coincidence the furthest that the vocal parts strayed from conventional harmonic writing.

It was in the more contrapuntal sections that the poor balance was particularly evident. This was partly the fault of the conductor who could have done much more to bring out the different lines. The real problem, however, was in the stodgy and unimaginative orchestration. Fine though the brass playing was (the woodwind too) it was wearisome to listen to the whole overpowering section at almost every possible forte. The woodwind writing was clichéd as well, with far too many pastoral oboes and twittering flutes.

The use of quality soloists in a piece such as this is, of course, mandatory, and in this case their contribution was suitably professional. However it did not seem that the work aroused their interest and it was only the soprano Elizabeth Ritchie, who, in the *Wife of Bath*, showed any enthusiasm.

The choice of so pedestrian a work is a little surprising. Many of the choir have at most three years of membership. Surely, given the vast repertory of excellent choral music that exists to be explored, it is a shame to waste a whole term on this piece. Experimentation is an excellent principle, but unless it be in small doses, it does not always advance a composer's cause.

Tim Pigden

Feast of Music

Overture to the Magic Flute, Mozart

Clarinet Concerto No 1, Weber

The Planet Suite, Holst

Imperial College Symphony Orchestra

The audience at the Imperial College Symphony Orchestra concert on Friday were treated to a feast of music of a very high standard. Under the direction of Richard Dickens, the orchestra has developed over the past few years from a group of individual musicians to a team Emlyn Hughes would be proud of.

Mozart's overture to the *Magic Flute* opened the concert which apart from the occasional scrappy string playing was full of delightful contrasts. At times I felt the orchestra were seated too far apart to be able to keep together, but overall the music was as light and energetic as Mozart demands.

The clarinet is a very popular instrument with beginners, few of whom can even hope to achieve the technical brilliance of David Fuest in Weber's *Clarinet Concerto No. 1*. This very demanding piece was effortlessly played with some very moving passages in the slow movement, and technical brilliance towards

the end. A small orchestra here accompanied very sympathetically, particularly in the string section, and achieved a very pleasing result.

For an amateur orchestra to attempt such a difficult work as the *Planet Suite* by Holst, is always a gamble, but in this case it certainly paid off. Mars, the Bringer of War was powerfully played, with some excellent fortissimos and a strong rhythm throughout. The orchestra now achieved good cohesion and balance, previously lacking, helped by a dynamic percussion section.

Venus, the Bringer of Peace was a complete contrast, but not, I think, as Holst intended. The intonation was rather poor in places, and the players were again just not together. However the work improved from then on, with Mercury being light and bright with some lovely oboe solos.

ICSO obviously has no problems at all in playing loud movements, and Jupiter was as exciting as I've ever heard it. The central theme was warmly played by the brass, whereas the strings excelled with some beautiful passages in the closing themes of Saturn. Uranus the magician was not really magical enough, but the closing movement, Neptune, was excellent with a good performance from the choir; but is closing the door the proper way to achieve a *diminuendo*?

Penny Kinns

Slick and Amazing

*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
Imperial College Dramatic Society*

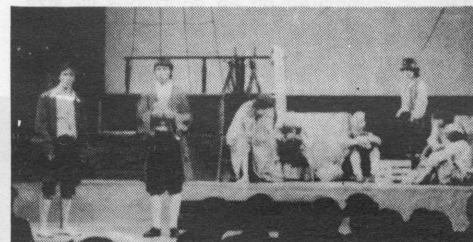
"What are you playing at?"

"Words...words, they're all we have to go on."

Thus spoke Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—or was it the other way round? Even the characters themselves suffer from perpetual confusion as to which is which. In any case, the lines sum up Tom Stoppard's approach to writing plays. His plays are full of sharp wit, plays on words, and twisted logic. He has a marvellous way of making the lines flow smoothly from character to character, at times so slickly that one loses the sense in amazement at the fluidity of the language.

The play concerns two minor characters from *Hamlet*, and is a somewhat bizarre and surreal exploration of what they are doing when not directly involved in the action of that play. Totally bewildered as to who they are, where they come from, where they are going and why, they drift along in perpetual confusion, their actions determined by events in that other play. This probably sounds very arty and boring, but Stoppard makes the (non-)action sparkle with humour and wit. His avowed intention was to write a comedy, and he succeeded admirably. The humour is very much clever humour, rather than sidesplitting slapstick.

The play rests very heavily on the performance of the two main characters. Fortunately, both Jon Gulliver and Dave Simmons rose admirably to the task, giving very convincing and well thought out performances. They were matched by David Roberts, who played the leader of the troupe of travelling players. Together, the three of them carried almost the entire two hours—not an easy task at all. They were helped by the players, who delivered a brilliantly funny slapstick dress rehearsal of a play they were to perform for



Hamlet and the King, and who, although they had little to say, consistently provided convincing background action. There were also occasional contributions from members of the court; most of the scenes, unfortunately, came over as somewhat wooden.

The set design for the ship scene was simple and effective. However, this struck a distinctly odd note in comparison to the sets of Acts I and II, which used simply a bare stage to represent a clearing, a palace, and a harbour, with no props or backcloth for any of them.

Still, all things considered, this was a well acted and well produced version of a difficult play, and was a very enjoyable and thought provoking evening.

Finally, may I point out, in reply to Eric's letter (elsewhere in this issue) that the point of reviewing West End theatre is so that people can make up their minds whether to go and see the plays for themselves. By the time you read this (and I am writing not half an hour after seeing the play) the run will have finished, and if you missed it you are too late. What I can say, though, is that our home talent is worth considering; go and see the next production.

Dave Jago

Gandhi

Gandhi (A) produced and directed by Richard Attenborough is now showing only at the Odeon, Leicester Square.

Fighting for notice in among the ET hype, this film may have escaped your notice. Twenty years from conception to completion, this is an epic in the grand tradition, except in one major respect: the great man himself is portrayed by a complete unknown; beset by Columbia on one side, who wanted a star, and the Indian government who wanted an Indian to play the central role, Richard Attenborough trusted his own judgement and gave Ben Kingsley the role. The choice proved inspired; Mr Kingsley is half Indian and bears a striking likeness, due in part to the strenuous efforts of the make-up department, to Gandhi. This was a difficult role to be handed as your first major acting role; no praise is high enough for his performance, he comes through with flying colours and is utterly convincing.

In making this film, casting has not been the only tightrope Attenborough has had to walk. How do you make a film such as this entertaining, and a commercial success for Columbia, and yet avoid offending the Indians by portraying a man, virtually deified by the Indians themselves, as anything less than superhuman?

The political problems involved with making a film of this size and scope, filmed on location, with apparently no tricks in the crowd scenes (they really had a million extras at the filming of the funeral), means that the film tends to be 'safe'; neither Hindu nor Muslim is blamed for the schisms of the independence years. Even Nehru emerges with a pristine image, a man apparently much admired by Attenborough, who constantly encouraged him during production difficulties, perhaps to try to salvage a rather tarnished image?

There are also some interesting history lessons to be learnt, some of questionable accuracy. I'm afraid the old Raj doesn't come off very well either, seeming to consist of either sadistic, callous butchers, or inept corrupt politicians. The rosy picture created by our history books of a few isolated revolts followed by a skilful agreement between Mountbatten and the Indians leading to swift and secure independence, is rather swept aside. Instead, Gandhi is brought centre stage, the other characters reduced to mere puppets responding to his guidance.

This film seeks to portray Gandhi as by far the most important figure in Indian politics of the time; my knowledge of Indian history is not profound enough to be able to judge. All that apart, it is still a sumptuously splendid film, and gets us near as any film can to the man. Since, probably it is his personal example and his writing rather than what he did in the life of his nation that gave him his influence, it works well. He was in many ways the conscience of the Indian people.

The film is without doubt, an uplifting experience. This man's belief was unshakable, his energy endless and he pursued truth in his public and private life with utmost tenacity. It is the story of the small man, the humble man; armed only with tolerance and kindness he took on the power of the empire. It makes you believe in the power of the individual. He is portrayed as a good man, not a divine being.

He pioneered the technique of passive resistance and probably used it more effectively than any man since, due to his unreserved condemnation of violent acts on his behalf. He proved that all Christian tyrants have a weak spot. They must prove they have moral ascendancy over the 'pack of savages'

they rule. Disprove that, and you have robbed them of their right to rule. Prove you are their moral superior and they will walk out of your country with their head hung low.

If the choice of the central role was curious the choice of supporting cast shows an eye for the box office. The Raj is represented by those most British of actors Edward Fox and John Gielgud, both doing their best to look confused and angry as the little man runs rings round them, while Candice Bergen and Ian Charleson (of *Chariots of Fire* fame) play his 'disciples'.

Curiously, Gandhi's death to a fanatic's bullet is repeated; shown once at the beginning

E. T.

ET, The Extra-Terrestrial. Produced and directed by Steven Spielberg, showing just about bloody everywhere.

As I stare at this blank piece of paper, I try to think of something original, witty and incisive to say of a film about which more verbiage has been expanded than on probably any other film in history. So what is so special about two thousand meters or so of celluloid that appear to have had an impact as profound as Watergate or Vietnam on American society, and as much media coverage? Why, before the film left the States had it become the box office number one of all time? Why, despite pirate videos and marketing cock-ups of awe-inspiring quality, do UIP executives look to this film to set their whole operation in this country back on its feet and keep them in gin and tonic for the next decade? Perhaps the answer was in the faces I saw leaving the cinema through my own somewhat glazed eyes, of press-hacks smiling sheepish grins on tear-stained faces, people who hadn't shed tears at a film since they wept in *Bambi* when they were ten years old.

Without doubt, Spielberg has made the ultimate tear jerker. It is a story of love. Unlike *Gone With The Wind*, it is pure love, untainted by lust and jealousy, as only a kids film can be. It is, after all, a kids' film, a point emphasised by the kids-eye-view filming angle employed throughout.

The morals are simple: all children are good or at worst misguided, grown-ups either don't understand or are plain evil. But good, in the end, will always triumph over evil.

The extra-terrestrial is abandoned when his fellow travellers to earth beat a hasty retreat, where they receive a distinctly unfavourable reception from the powers that be; perhaps they couldn't play the trombone very well or just couldn't be bothered with all the red tape. He takes refuge in a back yard in that familiar Spielberg stamping ground of middle class

and once at the end, although from different viewpoints, just in case after three hours of fast and furious action you had forgotten. This feels strange; you feel as if you've been in one of those notorious Hollywood flashbacks, and the star is just about to say "so you see, doc, that's how I ended up with all these bullet holes". But this is a small point in this work which does justice to a man without office or title, wealth or greed, without whom the history troubled subcontinent might have been very different; where even today a certain rather ruthless politician (although she is no relation) can use his name to justify acts the Mahatma would have condemned.

surburbia. Elliott, a kid hung up about his parents' marital problems and life in general, finds and befriends ET, and that's all you get from me.

There is no pretence at 'serious' science fiction as in *Close Encounters*; indeed there are a few pot shots taken at the sacred cow of 'scientific' science fiction in this film; this is simply a film about the emotions of a small rather mixed up kid, and a 'thing'. Walt Disney would have used a dog or a fluffy white rabbit, but we've moved on; the eighties want aliens.

With this film, the state of the art in models has taken a further quantum leap. From now on, models will have to be criticised for acting ability and characterisation and it is hard to believe that ET isn't some midget in a wrinkly costume. As for the human cast, there is little to fault; they are somewhat swamped by the models and the special effects, but they all manage to come over well, especially Henry Thomas as Elliott; in one scene he has to be grief stricken and seconds later 'act' grief stricken, not an easy trick to do convincingly.

Despite the fact that criticising the holy Spielberg is the sort of thing they would probably, in less enlightened times, hack off various limbs for, may I make a little point (please)? In this and the last film he was involved in, *Poltergeist*, Spielberg has made a double ending. You almost feel he has gone away to the cutting room, happy that the film is "in the can", and then panics when he has edited it down to an hour and decides he'd better go out and shoot some more.

You are left there, hanging, after the first climax waiting for the credits to roll and the theme music to swell as gradually it dawns on you that there is more to come. Still, the extra bit is worth the readjustment as Spielberg tightens the screw another turn, and drains you of your last drop of emotion. By no means a great film, but a piece of pure entertainment which I'm sure will drag even the diehards kicking and screaming from their TV and easy chair into the cold winter evenings.

Lee Paddon



Sailing

After a somewhat colourful party the night before, and a long excursion through the streets of Reading looking for the river Thames, the team, in high spirits and a clear state of mind, finally managed to locate Reading University Sailing Club.

Even more problems were encountered by the Imperial team when trying to determine the wind direction at the start of the first race, leaving Reading to make a fine start and keep First and Second places until the final mark. At this point, the superior skills of the Imperial team mastered the wind flow around the two gasometers on the river bank and they stormed past to take the race, finishing first, third and fourth.

With cries of "My extension has fallen off" during the second leg of the final race, Dave made a dynamic dash for the bank to try and get someone to help him fix it. Unfortunately the Reading ladies were not too sympathetic and left Dave to his own devices (and a screwdriver). This left Peter and Graham without a team mate for the rest of the race. Peter made gallant efforts to try and slow the Reading boats while Graham decided that the gasometers were really too much to handle and waited on the river bank to join in again on the second lap. Unfortunately Reading, still being harrassed by Peter "all of them overtook me" Howarth noticed that Graham had actually sailed one lap less than they had, and left Imperial to concede the match.

Squash

1sts	3	UCX	1sts	2
3rds	2 1/2	St MH	2nds	2 1/2
4ths	2	UC	2nds	3
5ths	5	ChXH	2nds	0

Overall, another satisfactory set of results, with more opponents crumbling beneath the might of the Firsts. What would have been the Firsts last match of the term vs St G H 1sts has been cancelled, the opposition having withdrawn their side from Division 1 (before it was too late); our reputation continues to grow by the hour.

On the noticeboard are posted details of Squash Club jerseys, which will be ordered during next week. Here also can be found latest details of Squash Club's grand tour to Germany

during the Easter Vac. This tour will go ahead but numbers need to be determined now to plan fixtures and finances, ie please decide if you're interested as soon as possible.

Ten Pin Bowling

Last Saturday, the masses set off for Portsmouth to do battle with the local polytechnic. Again, the popularity of local pubs and fish'n'chip shops proved too much for some people, as a little lubrication was sought before the game.

However, as things got going, it was obvious that, as usual, the A team would overcome the opposition thanks to 500+ series by Michael and Andy holding their end up with a 502 series but everybody else bowling below average. In the C team, they were trunced with only Mark 'Wonderboy' Stanley bowling better than usual and Chris Wells (Club Captain, contact via Chem Eng letter-racks!) putting in a reasonable score. As usual, we couldn't raise a full ladies' team so, if there are any ladies out there who have Wednesday afternoons free, come to a fun-packed bowling session, complete with novelty, prizes and thrills.

Judo

Twas brillig and the slithy tove did gyre and gymbles in the wabe... Which is as good a way to start as any. But to business: it was the dark and stormy night of Tuesday November 30, when about ten members of LHMC Judo Club arrived at Imperial College to do battle for the shiny trophy in the Union Office. Undaunted by the fearsome opposition, the IC team set upon them and pasted them all over the mat, leaving a nice job for the cleaning ladies in the morning... To summarise IC won 5-0.

Volleyball

First the good news: since I last set pen to paper in this, the intellectuals' 'Sporting Life', IC Volleyball Club has risen to dizzy heights, and we are all on the brink of a communal vertigo epidemic (no, no herpes is an entirely different disease!). Over the last few weeks Goldsmiths College, Central London Poly and Hatfield Poly have crumbled before the invincible stalwarts of

ICVBC Firsts. Add to this the fact that Wimbledon YMCA was mercilessly ground to dust two Saturdays ago, and there you have the most improbable set of events since both Sylvana and I passed our finals last year. (When I were a lad...) Statistical theory dictates that one of these days we're going to get the great granddaddy of all thrashings, I suppose.

Badminton

A very close knockout cup match was played on Saturday. IC only came out eventual winners due to their consuming



'Why on earth are you running around when there's champagne here to drink?'

ACC

Don't forget the Christmas ACC meeting. Father Christmas won't be present but Ian will be doing his best Rudolph impression. Venue is lower refectory and time is 1830h TONIGHT.



Football

FELIX Score Two

The FELIX staff showed what an adaptable lot they are on Sunday in Hyde Park, taking to football like a duck to orange sauce.

From the moment the first whistle blew FELIX made an incisive break with a run down the centre and a goal by Peter Rodgers. So 1-0 up after thirty seconds. Ents were obviously baffled by the form FELIX were producing and they took time to settle down.

Not content on a 1-0 advantage FELIX pushed forward relentlessly—at times leaving their defence exposed. Steve Goulder proved what a good diplomat he is by not committing himself at all. However, even with this defensive problem, FELIX went into half-time with two goals to their credit.

Recharged by the half-time champagne and team talk, FELIX took to the field with a

new determination. Things didn't go quite as well in the second half when a game of containment was seen to be played. Ents played hard and one of FELIX's valuable defenders, Pallab, was 'nobbled' by the Ents desperate attackers.

FELIX, were obviously getting tired and in the last few minutes they threw all they had into defence and somehow survived relatively unscathed to reflect on missed opportunities and mistakes made.

To sum up then. A good, closely fought game with perhaps Ents' being the better team, but on the day it was FELIX's two goals that counted. Perhaps FELIX were just lacking the extra 'magic' that their absent 'number one' could provide.





Rugby

Firsts

IC vs Esher 2nd XV 4-15

Unperturbed at playing in front of a 1,000 seater stand occupied by only five people and an airedale terrier IC started strongly, the pack playing well against a much heavier and (almost) uglier set of forwards. They soon took the lead when the centre Davies uncharacteristically scored an opportunist interception try racing upfield very much in the style made famous this year by Phil Verity.

This temporary aberration was however soon rectified when the same player presented the opposition with a gift try with a wild pass of his own. IC came back strongly but never realistically looked like scoring again and in the second half Esher increased their lead with a second goal and a penalty goal.

Despite a brief flourish at the end when the opposition became dazzled by the glare of the floodlights bouncing off the balding heads of a few members of the IC side, IC never threatened Esher's lead and went down to another defeat by a club side.

Team: M Thompson, O Miles, A Davies, P Barker, R Flynn, P Clarke, S Johns, C De Rohan, H Bell, J Whittle, P Verity, A Ralph, J Davies, D McGee, W King.

IC vs LSE 25-15

LSE 1sts, unbeaten by a London college all season, were well trounced by an enormously well organised and coordinated IC side.

The forwards carried the side through as usual with large amounts of well won possession being predictably wasted by an uninspired set of backs! In the first half a good, solid performance looked likely to lead to a big score: numerous easily bruised economists were unable to withstand the constant pressure imposed by our pack. By half time, though, a displeased captain saw no points advantage gained and, anticipating another disappointing result gave a rousing team talk which inspired the side to great things.

Much ball was won through aggressive, if not unorthodox rucking—some blond haired planner, imprinting his teeth

marks in a sociologist's rear end.

To their credit the quarter backs did disguise an abject lack of talent with unstinting effort and were partially redeemed by Steve Phillips scoring the winning try.

After feeling the chill wind up his shorts more than usual Pete Hardee discovered that his jockstrap had been taken by Steve who then received a Ralgex massage in this nether regions.

Seconds

IC vs Esher 4th XV 22-14

After a devastating first line out where our small minging forwards won good ball against the 6ft 3ins plus fatties of the opposition the ball was open to our superstar fullback, Symes, who went through to score under the posts. This was successfully converted by our captain, Ricky "I don't want anymore 6X" Winsor. The speed of our forwards won good ball against the stronger opposition and resulted in three more tries two of which were slotted between the posts. Our wonderful supporter, 'Big' Les, tried jumping up and down to keep warm and this was the cause of Mark Simmonds' try as the tremors caused the ball to jump into his hands as he was diving into the corner. Symes scored his second try and the other was by..... (somebody, but the author can't remember who).

Rifle & Pistol

Mr Wood's pistol competition, held on Wednesday December 1, was predictably won by Mr Wood, after the application of an unusual handicapping system. The system worked by decreasing everyone's scores to zero, then adding a multiple of the number of letters in one's name. Neill seemed to base his shooting position on a constipated, pregnant, giraffe to match the trophy he awarded himself. Luckily he did not have it all his own way, narrowly coming out on top after experiencing stiff opposition from Miss Julia Avery.

The club dinner was held on Friday December 3, Steve panicking at the last moment due to a hitch with the dining arrangements. After approaching several possible venues he was propositioned by 'les garçons' in the Café Incognito,



Neil Wood (left), awarding himself the pistol trophy with the help of Steve Harrison.

but declined their generous offer, deferring it until a mutually agreed date. In the end we wandered merrily down to the Rembrant Carvery, having been retarded by Jonathan's undisclosed business (!?). Everyone was totally overwhelmed by the stunningly attractive Julia, juxtaposed admirably by Pauline's legs. Meanwhile Gary was stunned into silence by Karen's cool sophistication, the Professor compensating with lecherous grins. Following in Denis's footsteps, Steve bumbled a speech of gargantuan proportions, culminating in an anecdote concerning a woman's legs and a chihuahua's, obviously appealing to a minority audience.



Football

Seconds

IC vs QMC II 1-1

I awoke to find clothes strewn on the floor and the taste of stale beer in my mouth. Inside my head someone was digging-up a road. My memory returned slowly. He summons from 'Big Bad John' and his confirming it as 'on'. The meeting in that bleak room in SW7 and the journey to that place near the airport where we always went at times like these.

We had all felt good, the rehearsal a week earlier had gone off without a hitch, yet, in the back of our minds, the nagging feeling that this would be different. At the appointed time we took up our positions and waited for the signal from the 'man in black'.

Once again we began our operation without a recognised hit man and a lightweight up front duo. Our four schemers found it difficult therefore to create clear openings and our rearguard were often under pressure, however, just before the end of phase one; Rimmer got one. If only phase two, the retreat, had gone as it should, but also we were caught out and in the end retired miserably shaken to drown our sorrows. Back at our bleak HQ in SW7, we split up, each one disappearing into the London night but all knowing that sooner or later Big Bad John would summon us to his aid once again and that none of us dare not heed that call.

The Boys: Hardy, Berns, Burns, Wilkinson, Haberlin, Dhillon, Buckley, Rimmer, Hardy, Saunders, Coussens.

Firsts

IC vs KCH 7-0

A Blow by Blow Account

Smash (penalty)
Wollop (penalty)
Pow
Trickle (Reeve special)

Half Time

Kerplunk
Bonk
Bonk (Header)
Splat
Full Time
Slurp, slurp
ZZZZZZZ

As for the defence; tighter than Andy's wallet whenever Refunds are mentioned.





Chompers, 2 Exhibition Road, SW7, 589-8947.

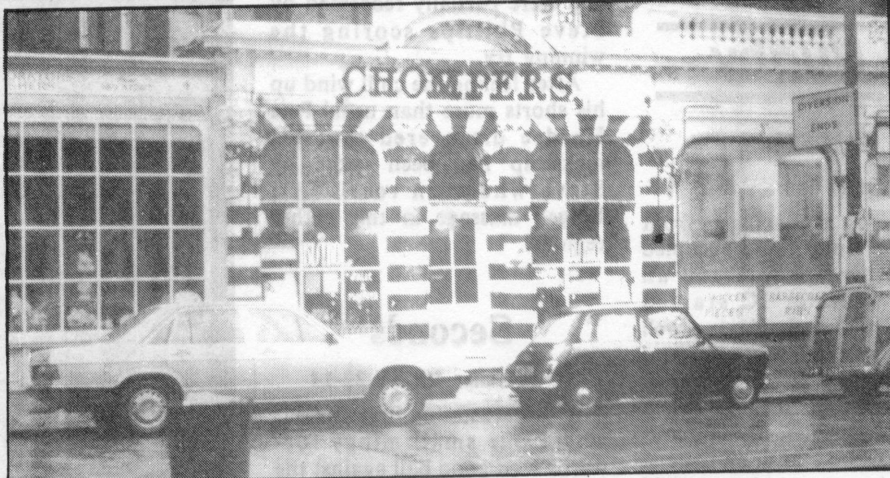
On your way to the Hungry Fisherman you may have noted an ornate building on the left hand side of Exhibition Road, boldly labelled Chompers. Ensnared behind the steamed up windows, instead of the trendy dentist that the name might have led you to expect, there is a delightfully eccentric bistro.

The walls are crammed with 19th Century theatre bills and advertisements. One wall is devoted to photographs of Victorian nudes; another is dominated by the front half of an enormous stuffed cat.

The eating area is small, packed out with tables and usually with people too.

The menu, although fairly short, has a number of interesting and reasonably priced offerings.

For starters, creamed Tuna Fish with Almonds at 95p and spare ribs at the same price were the most interesting option and



proved to be a good choice. For 45p the garlic bread is excellent.

As long as you steer clear of the steaks at just under a fiver a go the main dishes are of the affordable variety (although I was sorely tempted by the fillet steak with stilton and garlic butter at £4.95). Trout in Almonds at £2.65 and Fillet of Plaice with prawn sauce at £2.50 were reasonable enough. The portions are adequate rather than generous. Chicken curry at £1.95 sounds as if it might be worth trying.

Onto puddings, maple and walnut ice cream with nuts and cream at £1.25 wasn't particularly good value and the cherry pie with coffee (sic) ice cream at 95p was unexciting, the other puddings, all for less than £1 or so might have been a better bet.

After recovering from the first sip, the rest of the white house wine at £3.45 washes down quite agreeably.

The bill for two including wine and service charge came to £16. On the whole, money well spent.

Today

1230h Southside Upper Lounge
Board Sailing Club meeting

1245h Chemistry 231
Catholic Mass

1245h

Beit
Arch

Zoo trip organised by Badge Soc. Stare at Stephen Goulder through his office window.

1300h

Botany
Basement LT

Natural History Society Xmas Extravaganza! Film: Ocean Life, with food and drink, plus unique and varied exhibits.

1300h

Mech Eng
220

Guilds UGM with publicity officer election and introduction of new scarf.

1300h

Physics
LT2

Hot Plasma Electron Cyclotron Radiation a talk to MOPSO by Dr W H Clark of Culham.

1300h TV Lounges
STOIC programme

1330h Read Theatre
Sherfield Building

In or Out? Britain and the EEC Part 3 'Britain and the Common Agricultural Policy' by Nick Morris.



1730h Brown Committee Room
Amnesty International meeting

1800h TV Lounges
STOIC programme

1800h Quiet Room
Sherfield Building

Grand Chanukah Party All welcome.

1800h Union SCR
Wine Tasting Society meeting

1830h JCR
Silver Medal Dancing Class

1830h Union
Lower Refectory

ACC General meeting to discuss the move to Southside.

1830h

Guilds
Office

Carol Singing in the West End.

2000h

Bot/Zoo
Common Room

Soc Soc Party Admission 25p and a bottle.

2230h Falmouth Kitchens
Soup Run

Wednesday

1300h Union SCR
Wargames Club meeting
Wednesday 1300h

1300h Huxley 341
Prayer and Praise An SCF meeting.

1430h Union Upper Lounge
Drama Workshop

1800h

Union
Dining Hall

Vegsoc Party Bring some vegetarian food.

1830h JCR
Bronze Medal Dancing Class

1930h JCR
Beginners' Dancing Class

Thursday

1300h

Mech Eng
Concourse

Carol Service with Wind Band and Drama Group.

1300h

Union
Upper Lounge

CND Speaker Meeting with Zoe Saunders reporting on the Greenham Common Peace Camp (if she's not arrested).

1300h TV Lounges
STOIC programme

1330h

Great
Hall

The Ascent of Man Part Nine 'The Ladder of Creation'

1330h Music Room
53 Princes Gate

Lunch-hour Concert with the Cass Horn Trio.

1800h TV Lounges
STOIC programme

1830h

Mech Eng
220

Ents film: Arthur

1930h

Union
Bar

Guilds Bar Night

2000h

Union
concert Hall

Party admission £1.50

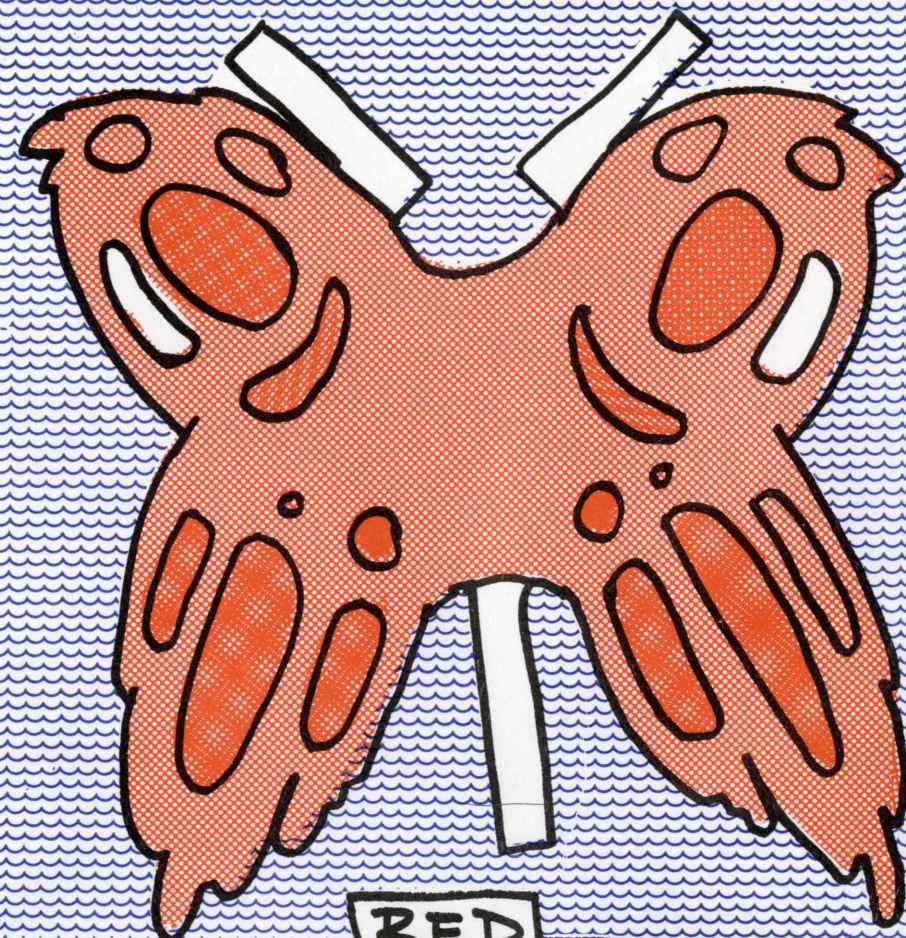
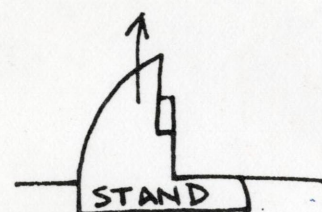
Instructions

1. Get Mummy and Daddy to cut out the Lindley-Dolly and all the clothes. You may do it yourself if you are very careful and use round-ended scissors.

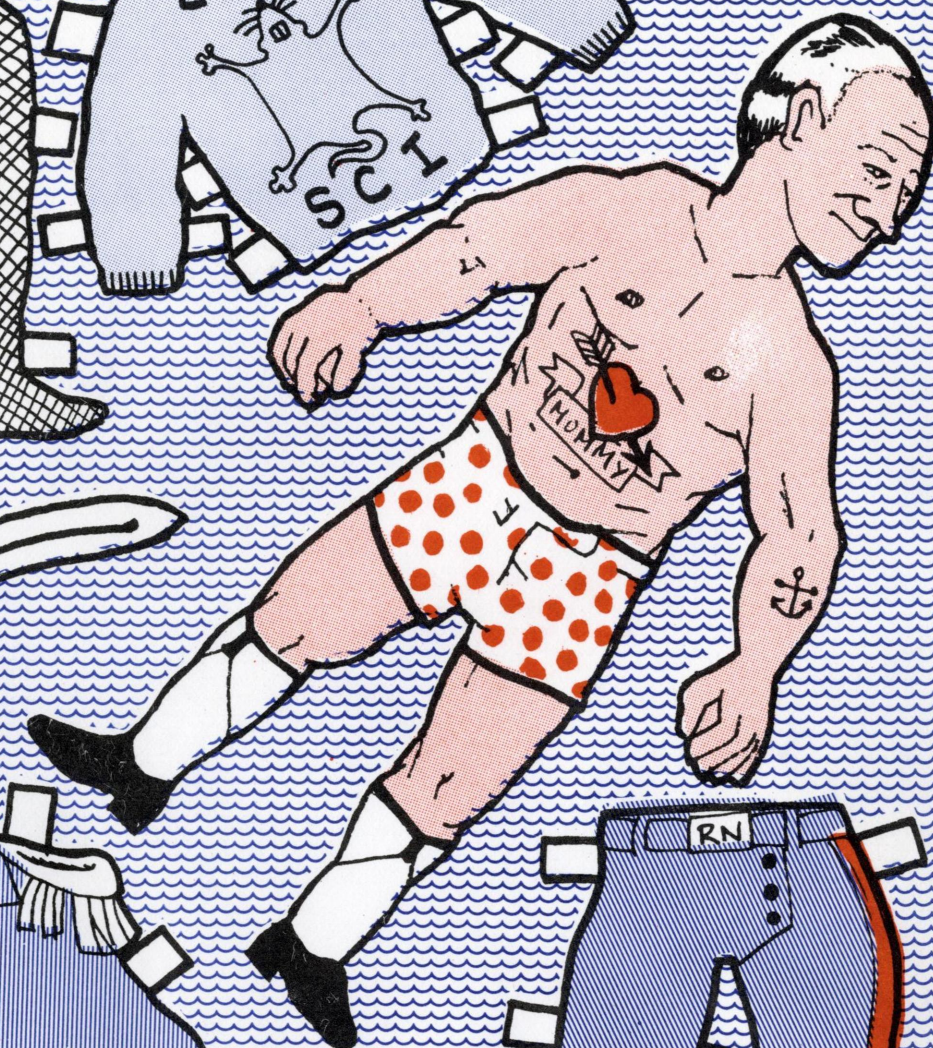
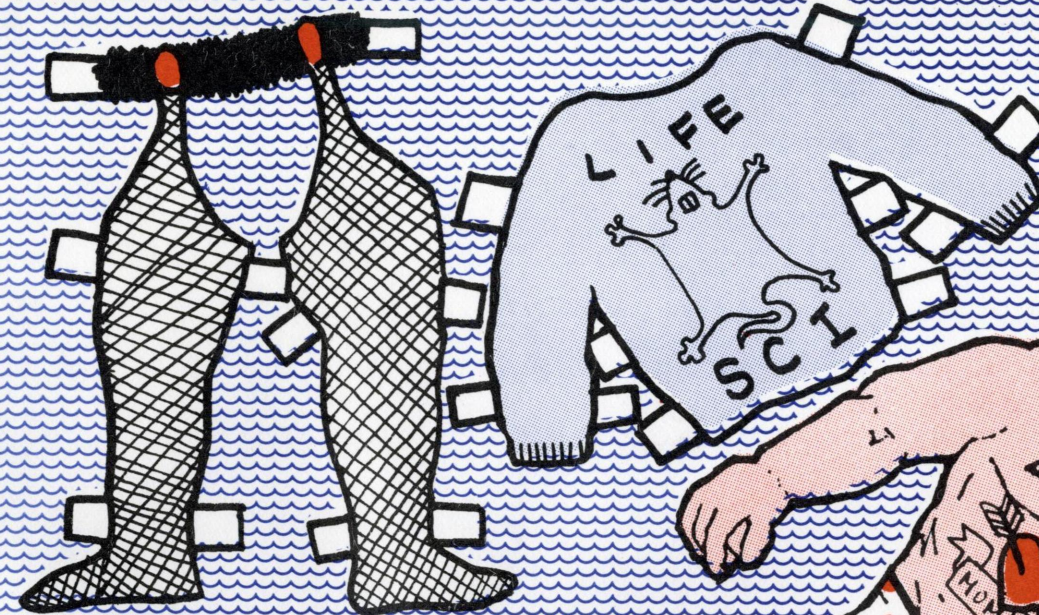
2. Draw round Captain Lindley on a piece of stiff card and stick him down firmly; be careful to match up all the little curly bits.

3. If you want you can make him stand up by not cutting out anything between his legs and slotting a piece of cardboard in the right place.

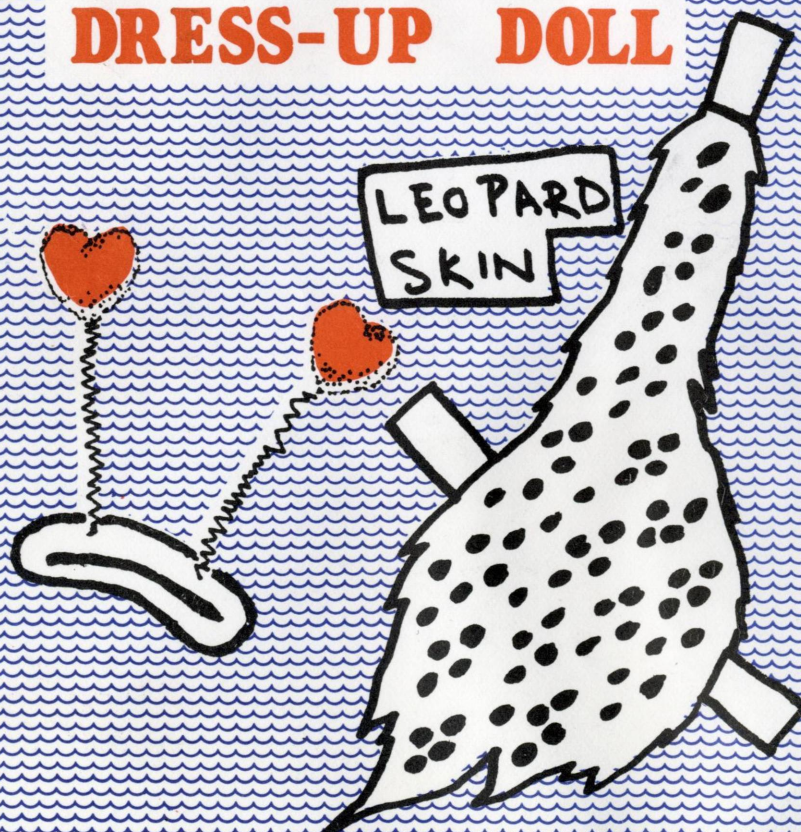
4. Now dress him up. Fold all the tabs over carefully or the Captain's clothes might fall off!



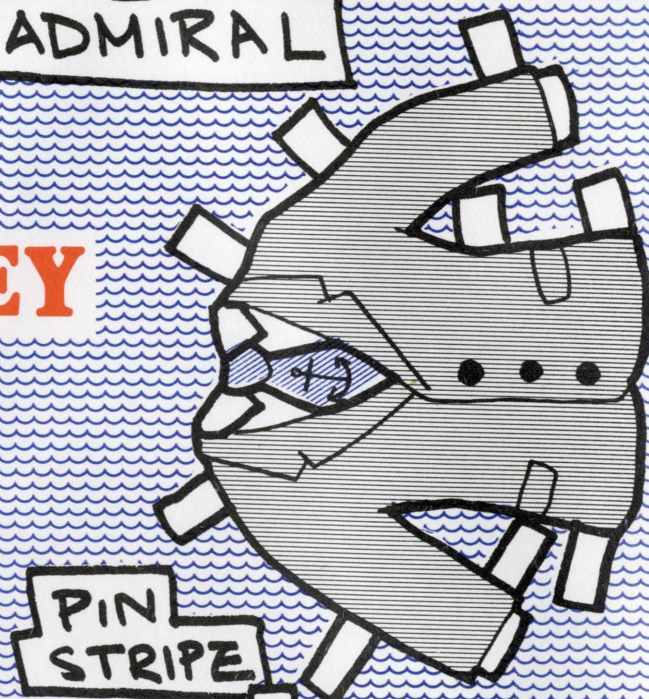
RED
ADMIRAL



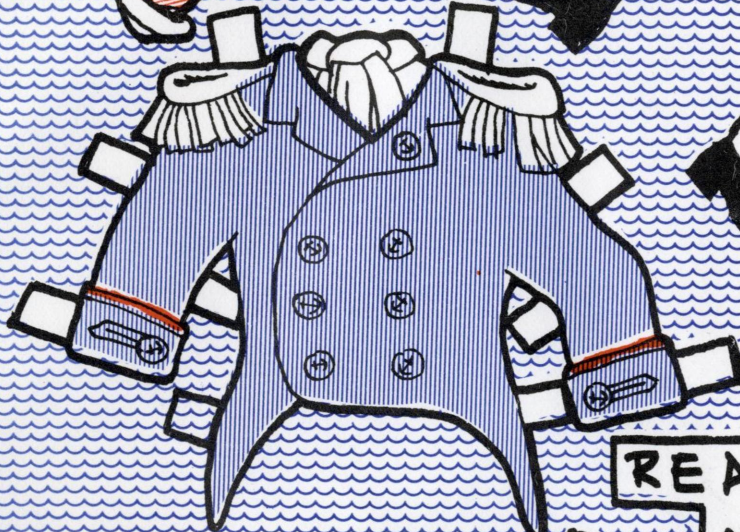
THE FELIX CAPTAIN LINDLEY DRESS-UP DOLL



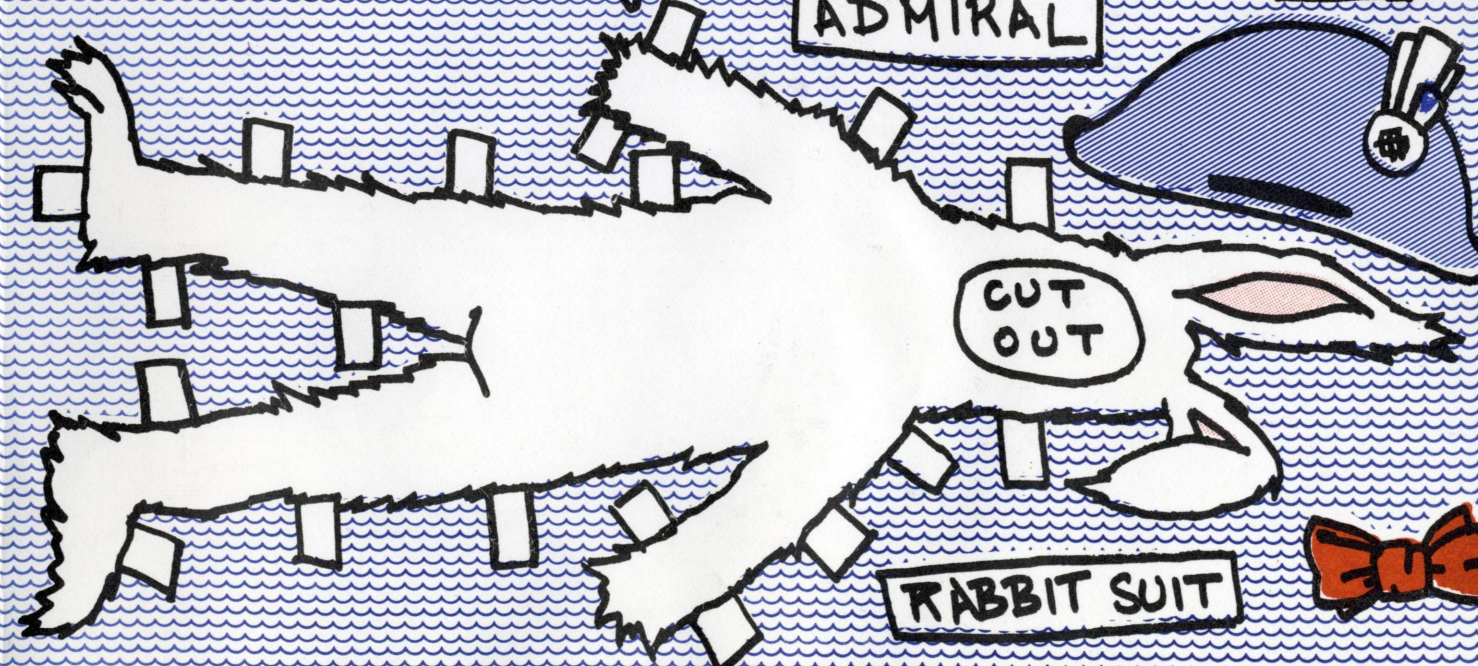
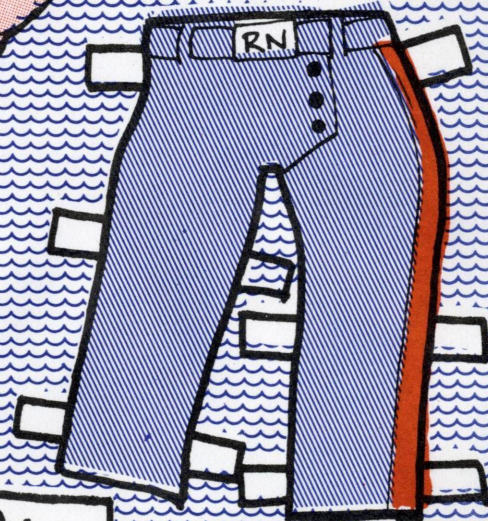
LEOPARD
SKIN



PIN
STRIPE



REAR
ADMIRAL



CUT
OUT

RABBIT SUIT

