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Redbrick

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Consumers guide to men—Page 6

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Chrysalis PRESENTS

Monday 18th OCTOBER at 7·30

TICKETS 90p 80p 70p 50p

YES

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'Redbrick'

ROLE, STRUCTURE OR FACILITIES

AT last the President of the Union has issued a statement on the formation of a Guild Commission and has stated that it will have an independent chairman who is a member of the University staff—a detail which the Guild Council only debated last night, a day AFTER the statement was made! Not before time has this essentially internal measure been introduced.

Our President's concern with external issues such as the N.U.S. Accommodation Campaign and the adoption of a more "universal" union card whilst being worthwhile and relevant to the student body as a whole in the country is not attempting to solve certain more immediate problems within the bounds of our own campus. We are refering to the startling inadequacies of the Union building and its facilities which a great percentage of the students rely on. However, the Guild Commission has been envisaged as a mini "Review Body" to look into the "role, structure and function of the Guild." Miss Naylor states that she feels that Guild Council has become irrelevant to the mass of students but surely is not a Commission designed to study such intangible concepts as the "role and function" just as irrelevant to the majority of the "disinterested" students? Perhaps the "bureaucracy" of the Guild does need an overhaul, perhaps it is remote, but does the Guild become more relevant to a student by a change in "role and structure"?

A great many students regard the Union as a place to socialise, eat, drink and be entertained and no-one can blame them considering that the Union does possess the fundamentals required to offer such services. However, the quality of these services and the extent of them leaves a great deal to be desired. The Main Bar has been likened to a prison hall and many a student has been known to wander in a vain search for somewhere comfortable to sit down. Admittedly some structural alterations have been made to the building but there has been no marked improvement in the quality or comfort. It is these issues which are the most relevant to the majority of the Union users; the Guild politicoes may disagree. Last year a start was made in this direction—Founders Room was extended, a new Television Room was added and Endsleigh Insurance Brokers were given an office in the Old Entrance Hall. Further the Guild managed to accumulate a surplus of some £8,000 in the penultimate year of the quinquennium. It would be nice to see this spent on improving the Guild facilities.

Presumably we are at the mercy of this year's Presidential régime, but it is to be feared, if present trends prevail, external affairs and a rather remote "Guild Commission" will take presidence.

RUSSELL BRYANT

redbrick staff

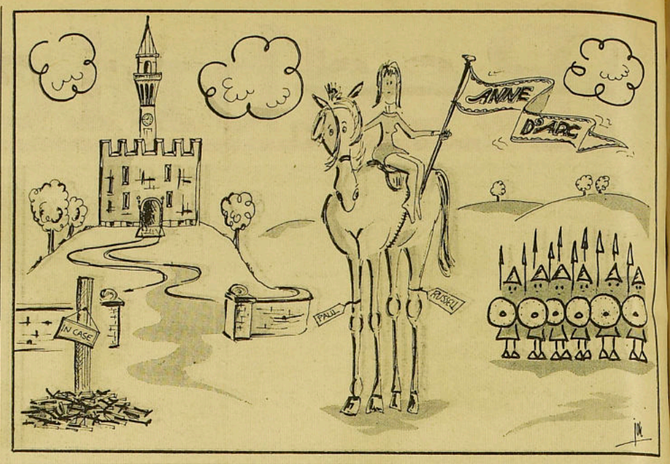
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The Editor does not necessarily agree with the views expressed by the contributors.



Inside story

LIVELY and fascinating discussion was provoked by Ros Kane and Jane Wilson last Wednesday evening, when they presented their Radical Alternatives to Prison (R.A.P.) to a group of 40 undergraduates in St. Francis Hall (see last week's "Redbrick"). Discussion ranged widely, from suggestions for "grass roots" reform to radicalising the Home Sec . . !

From the evidence presented by Ros and Jane (see also "New Society," July 1st, 1971), the consensus of opinion seemed to regard the treatment of juvenile and women offenders and alcoholics as the areas in need of most urgent reform.

Several lines of possible action were considered by the group, but it was not easy to relate what individuals could usefully do to the radical and far-reaching aims of R.A.P.

One of the aims of R.A.P. is to "publicise the alternatives to the public, as part of the campaign to change social awareness regarding crime and the treatment of offenders." Many people in the group felt that the University campus, composed largely of people with middle-class origins, might be a good place to start.

JOHN MORGAN and MIKE EWINS.

LOUIS IS BEST

THAT is what the judges say . . . at the Catering and Bakery Exhibition, held this week at Leicester. Louis Verdegem, the Union's Catering Officer, brought home three first prizes in the "salon culinaire."

The winning entries were "an interesting cold sweet, a variety of petits fours with centre piece and a decorated gateau." Having tasted the gateau, which was exquisitely decorated, I can only endorse the judges' decision. The centre piece for the petits fours was a reposing deer about six inches high, which was carved from solid chocolate and would do a sculptor justice.

This is not the first time that Louis has won first prizes in professional competition. As he said after having won again at Leicester: "It takes a lot of effort, but I am so interested in good catering and bakery, that I look upon it as my hobby. And it makes a relaxing change from routine catering."

D.R.D.

'Redbrick'

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to the 'Redbrick' Office, the Union. The full name and address of the sender should be included and the editor reserves the right to shorten any letter.

A STATEMENT BY THE PRESIDENT

KNOCKERS OF THE GUILD UNITE!

Anne Naylor, President.

A GUILD COMMISSION. At last a chance for the critics and the knockers of the Guild to air their views with a little more decorum, and possibly a little more success than is usual. A Guild Commission which will listen to the voice of the people, to the voice of the students, and not to the elite few on Guild Council. A Guild Commission, a review body, to look into the role, structure and function of the Guild, and to recommend any necessary changes.

The Commission will have an independent chairman (a member of the University staff), and seven student members, elected by campus-wide election. Evidence will be collected from departments, committees, societies, and any individual student who feels he or she has a point to make.

Why have the Guild bureaucracy in effect chosen to put their heads on a chopping-block? For the past eighteen months apathy and disinterest have been spreading over the campus. Guild Council has become irrelevant to the mass of students. Some would say that this is because the Guild itself is irrelevant. Others would claim that this is because people are associating themselves with other groups, e.g., Halls, Athletic Union, Departmental Societies. The very size of the Guild (7,000 students this year) means that we should wonder if our present structure which has remained unchanged for many years is adequate.

The Commission will give the students, you, the chance to say what you want for a Guild, the chance for you to break into the Guild bureaucracy and effect the changes you want. The success of the Commission depends upon the co-operation and involvement of every student on the campus.

Lecturer expelled

PHILIP HANSON, a lecturer in the Centre for Soviet and East European Studies at Birmingham University, has been caught up in the Anglo-Russian spy-swapping business.

He was "lent" to the Foreign Office for a year as the country's leading expert on Soviet internal trade, and now finds himself on the expulsion list with only a fortnight's grace. Maybe it ties up with the fact that Leonard Tyukhin, a former Birmingham University man, was "asked to leave" by the British Government in their spy-clearance sweep. But Mr. Hanson's attitude is graciously that he hopes that the good relations which have been built up with Soviet academic establishments will not be jeopardised by the incident.

Meanwhile he intends to "get his money's worth" and stay for all of the next 14 days; after all, he has only had a month there. He has been on short visits before and was looking forward to a year at First Secretary rank after being acclaimed at Birmingham for his work on a book: "The Consumer in the Soviet Economy"—but sadly, this golden year will now be spent in Selly Oak.

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FOR INTRODUCTION NOTES CONTACT: *Rodney Watts, via The Union P. H. or Dept. of Medical Biochemistry*

BIRMINGHAM INTER-VARSITY CLUB
65 Barwick Street
Tel. 236 4292.
EVERY WEDNESDAY
9 p.m. until closing time.
Social Club in the City Centre for graduates and young professional people of all interests.
Welsh Cottage, near Dolgellau
Badminton, Table Tennis, etc. but few intellectual activities.

Chunderful

KNOW YOU'RE IN!

ONE of the most exciting chores forced upon incoming University First Year students (called "Freshers" by the aged paternalistic) is the Medical and Sports Registration which takes place in the new Gymnasium. Freshers are eagerly prodded, tested, X-rayed and registered for sport all at once in a not too efficient conveyor belt system. One fresher wishing to do badminton found himself registered for cricket. Another was asked to read a board from an eye previously covered in a black patch. Perhaps the greatest thrill comes at the end. The Freshers are discreetly given a small brown envelope marked: "Dip Test End of strip in urine, flow briefly, an immediate marked change in colour should be reported next week at the health centre."

Apart from the immediate effects of this instruction—which are to give most Freshers a wet and foul-smelling right hand, the real reason for this test indicates the political subtlety of the University authorities. No longer to openly victimise left-wing students, the Brains came up with a devilishly cunning way of testing political affinity through urine. If your bit of litmus changes colour, beware!

BULLETINS TO YOU TOO

A NEW publication appeared on the campus last week—the "University Bulletin," in a revamped form. One of its leading articles acclaimed to the University population the recent success the Department of Engineering Production had had in getting the Green Shield Stamp Company to found a new professorial chair. Naturally, the article declined to comment on whether the donation had been made in gifts, cash or stamps. Nor did it comment on what Lord Sainsbury, a co-religionist of the University's founder, might have to say.

The whole existence of revamped "Bulletins" is in itself a little strange. A year ago the University Senate threw out a suggestion from Mr. Cheesewright, the University's Information Officer, to start a University newspaper. At the time no change was suggested in the format or frequency of "Bulletin", which now appears weekly in a format not too remote from that of a University journal. Isn't it strange how the democratically expressed views of the campus community are eroded by University administrators?

LEAFLET

DESPITE the valiant efforts by Events Committee to clear the vast amount of "Bumpf" weekly cluttering up the Union Building, one handout has survived. This black and white leaflet advertises a political rally on behalf of the Communist Party and goes on to solve all political doubts you may have by a list of demands which include "A General Election Now," No to the Common Market, Freeze on Prices, Rents and Fares, Higher Wages and Pensions and so on—on most topics cluttering the political scene. The leaflet also advertises music and folk song.

The charge for entering this rally, obviously the first stage in the British Revolution, only 10 new pence. The impression conveyed, despite the obvious sincerity of the writers, is exactly the reverse. The leaflet seems to indicate not a rally for public discussion and debate, but a means of ensuring public approval for policies of a leadership remote from political reality.

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512 BRISTOL ROAD, BOURNBROOK SEL 0195
775 BRISTOL ROAD, SELLY OAK SEL 0173
(Next to Oak Cinema)

Vagrancy in the city

THE homeless single person probably lives in a squalid environment and is very often squalid himself. No possessions. No family as basic support. Worse, he is psychologically isolated.

Rex Ambler invited the attentive audience who had been well fed by an S.F.H. cheese and coffee lunch, to carry out an interesting experiment in thought . . . Peel off all the trappings which you are accustomed to expect in your own life, envisage a crisis, get out of it. As everyone silently experienced their imagined deprivations and the degradations of the treadmill life, the speaker put their individual sufferings in perspective.

At least 2,000 people sleep rough in Britain, many more visit reception centres, hostels and lodging houses daily, 10,000 are in prison or psychiatric hospitals. Any night 50,000 single men and women are homeless in Britain.

Vagrancy a crime

A large part of the problem is the public attitude to these people—the treatment is part of the disease. Vagrancy is officially a crime—and many dossers welcome their winter Butlins holiday in prison; none welcome the police harassment which is their lot.

But it is not just the law and institutions of society; it is common opinion that the way of life of these lazy dropouts is an obscene gesture against decent, home-owning people.

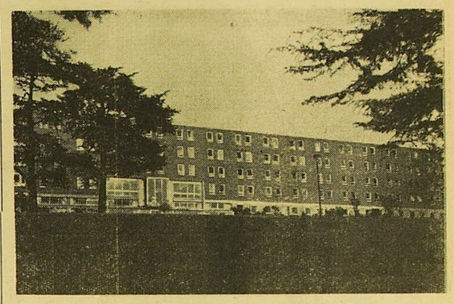
Rex Ambler showed that he is keen to meet and encourage volunteers as helpers in such projects as the "Birmingham Soup Run," which meets down-and-outs on their own ground with a cauldron of soup, and the overnight shelter in the crypt of St. Chad's Cathedral in town.

This was opened last May and can accommodate 30 men per night, with each man limited to two nights a week. Most days many are turned away; £4,000 per year is needed to keep these projects going. Carnival gave its support with £400 last year. Whatever the individual case histories of these "psychologically homeless" and alienated people, they need help.

Three main ways were suggested:
1 Recognition of their human rights.
2 Care of a personal, therapeutic kind.
3 Skilled psychiatric help and welfare.

Probably the most controversial point—though why?—is the suggestion for creation of a community of dossers, with their **own** workers, not in the normal employment system with which they cannot cope. This is no halfway house back to society, but an exciting idea moving towards acceptable human relations and freedom of expression.

TONY ATKINSON.



Ridge Hall under attack?

NIGHT VISITOR

LONG after the night porter had finished his lonely vigil and the corridor lights had been dimmed—at 2.30 a.m. in fact, on the first night of term, the sleepers of Ridge Hall were awakened by an unquestionably blood-curdling scream.

It appears that despite the locked front door, the signing-in system and the visiting-hour enforcement, a man was in the building. He walked into a ground-floor room, leapt on to the girl's bed and threatened her with a flick-knife if she struggled.

He must have fled when she managed to yell, and dropped through the bathroom window—at least that was the opinion of the police after the panda cars had beamed the Vale site and men and dogs spent nearly three hours searching the building and checking behind every bedroom door.

So if you see a 20-year-old Brummy in blue jeans and a sweaty T-shirt, you can be fairly sure that he is one of the 999 that it wasn't.

"You have been warned." The President of Ridge Hall points out to each generation of freshers on their first night in the Big Wide World the dangers of sleeping behind unlocked doors. The phantom prowler looms large for maybe a few days of term, but this time he had no chance to pale into insignificance and there is still a clinking of keys along the corridors.

What if a fire broke out, or someone was taken ill? And there remains that vague fear of the Face at the Window . . . But rest assured behind your locked doors, girls, and let the rest of the University know that Ridge may not be the impenetrable fortress it was once reputed to be . . .

Will the real Shelter please wake up

THE subject for the Birmingham University Shelter Group's first meeting of the session was "Birmingham's Housing in the Next Decade," the intention being to gain a sound knowledge of the housing situation in Birmingham. To provide these facts a panel of four people, all involved in some capacity with housing, had been invited along. Despite the fact that one of these, Wallace Lawler, a Liberal councillor, did not turn up, it seemed that the other three would be able to give the audience plenty of information.

The meeting was opened by Alan Clarke, chairman of the University group, who, after introducing the three speakers, went on to give a brief description of Shelter's activities. He gave details of what the group would be doing in the near future and announced that the group would be working much more closely with COMAC (Community Action); by this liaison he hoped that more students would be attracted to join the group, since it required personal involvement on the part of the student—instead of raising money to help the homeless and those in need, the student would actually be doing something.

Following this introduction, Mr. Robert Hunter, of the City Housing Department, was called upon to speak for about five minutes, giving the facts of Birmingham's housing situation as he saw them. A stream of figures followed, all intending to show that, by 1981, the housing problem would be solved.

After asking what dwellings, finances, land resources, were needed, he went on to say that 70,000 new dwellings had to be built; 40,000 have been built in the last five years and therefore that target should not be too difficult. He continued with the information that the clearance of unfit houses would be complete by mid-1975, and that a modernisation programme was proceeding very well. In all, a very rosy picture from the City Housing Department.

The second speaker was Mr. John Edwards, from the Centre for Urban and Regional Studies, who is doing research into stress and deprived areas in Birmingham. He saw the problem from a different angle, not, like Mr. Hunter, in terms of numbers, but in terms of unequal distribution of resources and (especially) power in the housing market.

He agreed that power was in the hands of the wrong people, viz., the building societies, estate agencies; the people at the bottom of the housing pile were the ones he was concerned with, and he saw no room for complacency in the Housing Department.

Mr. Francis Becket, Shelter Regional Organiser, was the third and last speaker. He began by stating that he did not quarrel with the facts given by the other speakers, but that he did quarrel about the amount of human misery that would remain when the programme was complete.

He then defined the two functions that Shelter performed: first it was an ambulance service, taking a few people out of the slums and giving them accommodation; second, it acted as a pressure group to gain the legislation and financial allocation necessary to solve the problem. Following this, he criticised the Rent Rebate Scheme, and the provision by landlords of less and less unfurnished accommodation, and more and more furnished.

A period of questions from the audience followed, none of them seeming to have much relation to Shelter's activities, all of them rather general and hypothetical. Certain members of the audience seemed more interested in putting forward their own theories rather than take the facts, discuss them, and decide what to do about them.

After several questions, the meeting ended with "informal discussion," which meant that those with any more questions went up to the speakers individually and asked them privately, whilst everybody else went out. A rather sad ending to what promised, on paper, to be an interesting meeting.

'Hippie'

'Radical'

'Revolutionary'

'Drop-out'

The swear words applied to students aren't even consistent.
This term, in a weekly series starting on 10th October,
The Observer writes about the student world as it really is.
Not all roses.

First, Stephen Hatch, on the student housing crisis.
Just how bad is it; why are so many hours spent room-hunting instead of studying; what is being done about it?

About the student unions, which are now becoming big business—who really runs them?

About the student press. How good is it; how soon will it go underground?

And so on. An article by the former N.U.S. President, Jack Straw—an admission of where he went wrong.

About the student rebels of 1968—where are they now, and what are they up to?

THE OBSERVER

writes about the life of a student
the way it really is.

Words, Words, Words

By David Stapley

Drawing by Mike Horseman

a. Only a small, and privileged section of the population are selected for entry to University and some, once there, are later excluded because of their ideas and actions.

There is a need to understand why this should be so and develop means for eradicating educational inequality.

b. Teaching within the University is authoritarian, and examinations are competitive and distort the learning process.

There is a need for personal initiative, democracy and cooperation in any educational enterprise.

c. Some forms of knowledge are excluded, or inadequately treated.

There is a need for such knowledge to be developed made generally available, and criticised.

MOST probably you have seen the posters from Ack Ack: "Knowledge is Power," "Higher Education —Alternatives" — scattered around the Union. No doubt you have wondered what they are all about.

Ack Ack (Action for Academic Freedom) has just announced an "alternative in higher education on the campus of Birmingham University." This consists of a series of lectures and seminars on such topics as "Problem Areas," "Understanding Social Action," "Historical Materialism" and "Radical Education."

Yes, but is it radical? And, more important, is it an alternative? This question was put to Mr. Stuart Hall, one of the academics involved with the project. He was asked whether such general topics, which start so far away from the issues which directly affect academic life—alternative or otherwise—on the Birmingham campus, would generate interest among the student body.

"Since the 1968 sit-in political fervour at Birmingham has receded. Perhaps—I don't know—it is true that people are unconcerned and apathetic. We hope interest will be there and that the topics will focus in on the problems here at Birmingham."

Ah, so he hoped the structural workings of Birmingham, its democracy, or lack thereof would be discussed under the heading "Radical Education"? Yes. Then, why not make this more explicit? Was it being disguised? Was he scared of reprisals?

"No, definitely not. Of course all this comes out of the Atkinson issue. Now the second decision not to allow him to take up his post was a political decision. One of the reasons given was that he wasn't a Sociologist. Well, what's a Sociologist anyway? Can it be defined? This has got other academics—not only Sociologists—questioning where their disciplines begin and end—or if they do begin and end.

"There are people, like Prof. Baldamus, who believe you can say this is Sociology; this isn't; this man's a Sociologist; this man isn't. It's difficult to see how their disciplines manage to advance?"

Back to the never-ending Atkinson affair. "Okay," says Mr. Hall in a moment of painful honesty, "so we lost that one. But we can't leave it at that. We'll have to find alternative ways of attacking the problem."

And this project will help to find them?

"I hope so."

Timetable (All lectures take place in St. Francis Hall).

Today, 1.30 p.m.: Introductory outline of problem and projects.

Wednesday, October 20th, 1.15 p.m.: Theory starts.

Wednesday, October 27th, 3.30 p.m.: Radical Education starts.

Wednesday, November 3rd, 6.15 p.m.: Historical Materialism starts.



SMALL ADS.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ABORTION? Talk by Professor J. J. Scarisbrick (University of Warwick) at Catholic Chaplaincy (29 Harrison's Road), next Sunday, 8 p.m.

THERE will be a Meeting of R.A.P. on Wednesday, October 13th at 7.30 in S.F.H.

SHELTER WEEK—Help is required for street collection on Saturday, October 16th from 9.30 a.m. onwards. Tins, etc., from Shelter Office, 17 Cannon Street (off New Street).

RED SPYS WANTED — Urgent.—Apply Embassy of U.S.S.R., London, W.C.1. M. ODU.

COME BACK ERNIE—We miss you!—Chas, Mal, Spielen.

WANTED, one Victorian Commode. —Apply H.H. Albert, 1843.

GOT SOMEWHERE TO LIVE?

GOOD—BUT HAVE YOU TOLD THE LODGINGS WARDEN?

Each term, a number of students change their addresses and fail to notify the Lodgings Office. This can have very serious consequences in an emergency if a student has to be contacted in a hurry—or is reported missing.

Lodgings Office staff spend hours every year trying to trace addresses—time which could be spent better finding new accommodation. Failure to notify bookings reduces the efficiency of our service.

If the Lodgings Warden knows your address he may be able to use it for someone else when you move out.

Students' addresses are confidential and are not given to unauthorised persons.

NEW ADDRESS? TELL THE LODGINGS WARDEN

AN EDITORIAL

THIS being the first time a woman has had a chance to write an editorial in this exclusively male chariot vehicle of expression where women have been employed to date as scullions—we'd best take advantage of it. The obvious theme is that of male domination and pride versus the previously denigrated section of the University—the fair sex.

Despite the fact that we have a female president, some two-thirds of the University is still without its own adequate means of communication within these very pages.

Just look at "Redbrick"—two pages devoted to sport, two to entertainments of interest only to our escorts,etc. It may be said, of course, that a front page full of naked engineers is designed to titilate, but mere exhibitionism is not enough; even a paltry hard-fought-for page is not enough. Sooner or later, sisters, this bastion of male supremacy must fall to our feminine subversion. "REDBREAST" must supplant "Redbrick"!

REDBREAST



Consumers' guide to men

by Barbara Slomnicka

MEN, as we all know, come in varying shapes, sizes and qualities. I cannot myself imagine that any woman in her right mind would willingly choose to consort with anything on two hairy legs (or three) but for those of you sweet innocents, alone in the wild and wicked world for the first time, who still believe the campus to be one Big Happy Hunting Ground, I have but this to say: "Forget it, sister, it ain't."

Modesty

However, those amongst you who are determined to inspect the quality(?) of the merchandise before deciding I'm right—I warn you—are in for a pretty chastening experience. Being an "experienced woman of the world" (to quote a certain lawyer, who shall remain forever nameless—never let it be said that modesty is not my foremost virtue) I suppose that I must take it upon my weary shoulders to do my utmost to disillusion you, thus saving you from a fate worse than death, as the saying goes—and since you will pay no attention to a word I say anyway, at least point out one or two of the more obvious pitfalls.

First, it is my painful duty to dispel the myth that there are any MEN on the campus at all—a misconception many an otherwise intelligent female has been known to labour under for shorter or lengthier periods of time, dependent on the extent of her myopic stupidity.

There are fat boys and thin boys, long-haired boys and short-haired boys, **intelligent** boys and engineers (if you can call those falling into the latter category human at all!) but there are no MEN to be found amongst their acne-pitted hordes, unless it be the letcherers from a certain well-known department, whose identity the libel laws of this country forbid me to reveal, who lure unsuspecting females to their little wife-swapping orgies. All other lecturers had best be left well alone.

Secondly, understand that whatever sweet words they employ in an effort to convince you to the contrary, all these putrid specimens have one goal and one goal only, in mind, and that is to get you to bed as quickly, as painlessly and above all, as cheaply as possible. Their principal concern in the earlier stages is the consolidation of base camp in preparation for the final assault on the summit.

Security

If they do not make any immediate dramatic advances, the more subtle may make a few forays on the lower slopes to lull you into a false sense of security, thus enabling you to adapt to the rarified atmosphere in which you are now moving, but this, do not be deceived, is merely the lull before the point is well and truly thrust home. After all, newly released from the confining restrictions of Mama's apron strings, they have all heard that sex is the greatest invention since fish and chips, the only trouble is that they haven't the faintest idea how to go about it.

The technique varies, but the message is toujours la même!

One thing that must be learned early on is to be able to distinguish the types. Most discriminating women can tell the artist from the engineer almost immediately by the little-lad-lost expression indigenous to all artists, which expression seems to increase with maturity.

Engineers, on the other hand, never mature much after the age of puberty and spend the rest of their lives making far too much noise (especially in the Main Bar) ever to get lost for long, unfortunately.

As for the "pure" scientists, their most notable characteristic is a doleful apathy, without even the spark of cynicism to give it liveliness. They stumble pitifully around the campus looking for the Union.

Which brings us to the layers—sorry, lawyers, which noble profession, despite the fact that its adherents are direct descendents of the Order of Knights Templar, are not really worth mentioning— even if they succeed in rising to the occasion in court, they never manage outside—and I should know, I have to look at them every day of the academic year.

There may be some who will here exclaim "But what about the sociologists?". To you I merely say, what about the sociologists?

Tone-deaf

If, on the other hand, you are lop-eared, lank-locked, pigeon-toed, knock-kneed and covered from head to foot in encapsulated pustules, why not try the musician—the musician will try anything—as long as it's not tone-deaf.

So what does that leave us? Medics? Well we all know about medics, dentists—cavities filled by appointment; theologists, who attempt to convince you of the second coming. I could go on for ever. But what have you got? You pays your money and takes your choice, although what all the fuss about men is for, I don't know—women are much more interesting . . .

AUSTINS

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AUSTINS

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the cord garments with the style for the young set Cut slim, cut cunning—styled so cool you can't keep the men—or the girls—away from them. Only LEVI'S could produce that kind of cords.

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Please register me for 'The Listener' student concession scheme. I will place a regular order with my newsagent at 9p per copy. Each term (or at intervals of up to one year) I will send you the newsagent's receipted account, and claim my rebate of 4p per copy.

Name (block letters please)

Home Address

I am a full-time student at

University/College/Polytechnic etc.

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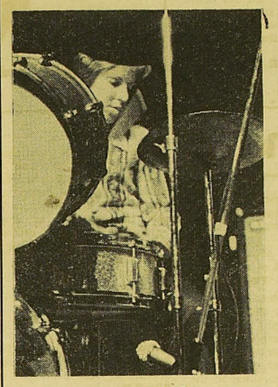
From this Thursday at 7.00 p.m. daily:
Beau Widerberg's
ELVIRA MADIGAN.
At 9.00 p.m. daily:
Haskell Wexler's
MEDIUM COOL.
Friday and Saturday at 11 p.m. and Sunday at 3.30 p.m.:
THE HONEYMOON KILLERS.
From Monday for 2 days at 7 p.m.
Godard's ONE P.M. plus Genet's
UN CHART D'AMOUR.
At 9 p.m. ACTION (the 8½ of the underground).
From next Thurs. VALERIE & HER WEEK OF WONDERS" and ANDY WARHOL & HIS CLAN.
Membership - 50p

New age for Velvet Underground

THE present British tour of the Velvet Underground will prove, for some at least, to be the most controversial tour since Bob Dylan did his "Electric Rock" back in '66. Many people who knew the old Velvet Underground, of the total environment show "The Exploding Plastic Inevitable," have had to get used to a few surprises. But this latest sound may be too much for the old fans to stomach.

The resentful paranoic expression set to music by Lou Reed with his maestro accomplice John Cale, presented by that metallic, teutonic chanteuse Nico has gone for ever. Nico left first and took with her the cool approach, leaving behind that wall of sound sustained by the break-neck percussion of Maureen Tucker and driven to the limits of physical tolerance of the screeching viola of Cale and the unrelenting feedback of Lou Reed's ostrich guitar. This was the stage-show and the second L.P., "White Light/White Heat," carries his psychotic stamp.

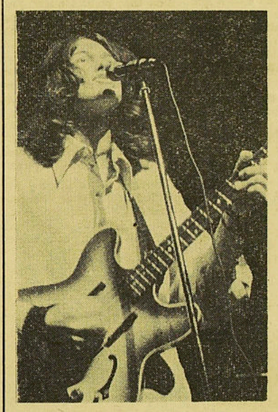
The stage act for the British tour includes "I'm waiting for the man" featured on the first L.P., "White Light/White Heat" title track of the second—both numbers written and composed by Lou Reed and their piece de resistance "Sister Ray"; words by Lou and put over as an improvised exercise in unrestrained degeneracy.



Maureen Tucker



Doug Yule



Walter Powers



Willie Harrison

First interview

The interview was conducted in the dressing room by three old fans. The fact that we had even got an interview—the first in England—was quite indicative of the new management style. No longer afraid to face up to the enigmatic reputation, Doug Yule, the new leader, gave some straight answers to some very straight questions.

Yule had met Cale only once before he joined the band; Reed, he had met twice; neither of these founder members had ever heard Doug play, but they got on and so he joined. Doug's background—oboe in high school and rock and roll, early Stones and Chuck Berry.

"Chuck Berry is the early Stones."

Playing for a year with the band before Lou Reed finally split, Yule made himself indispensible until the final break; Yule was left firmly in the leading role.

We asked Doug about the rumour being spread around before the current tour, that Reed would be coming. Was it promotion hype? Yule replied:

"There was never any possibility of him coming, because I would never work with him again. First of all you can't go back to the past. The last year we hadn't gotten along at all. I didn't like him but I didn't say so—I just let it be."

On "Loaded," the fourth L.P. Reed had written the songs but Yule produced the album and brought in his brother, Bill, to help out on drums. The back cover carries a photo of an emptied studio, with the gear left there and the new king at the keyboard reworking the recorded material.

"Loaded" was produced at Atlantic studio 'A' in New York in three weeks, working eighteen hours a day; "Making full use of the studio" as Yule said. Asked about recording arrangements, Doug keenly stated that Atlantic are a lot better than M.G.M. who were always embarrassed by the existance of Velvet Underground on their label. Although Atlantic had arranged this tour the promotion could have been better and more accurate. Doubt surrounds the future of the projected double album recorded live at Max's Kansas City last summer before Lou Reed and Stirling Morrison left. Max's bar was one of the group's regular spots around '66. Doug claimed on Friday that he knew nothing about this album which reflected the band's early reliance on live sessions to get an atmosphere. (The first and second L.P.s were produced "live" in the studio). The tapes of the Max sessions made by Brigid Polk include "I'll be your mirror," "Sweet Jane" and "Candy Says."

Front room

Yule's perspectives are right away from this kind of production. "Loaded" is a tight L.P., the product of Reed's tight writing and Yule's clever arranging. Now Yule will rely on his own musical sense for the finished product—he would like to produce the next L.P. from his own front room (which would then rival Paul Kanter's and Keith Richard's) but next best choice—Atlantic studio 'A.' Judging by his guitar-work on stage; it would be a very powerful combination capable of carrying the band to the new age proclaimed on "Loaded."

America

We asked Doug about American audiences in relation to their new policy of playing anywhere that can get a date. This approach couldn't be further from the style of manufactured enigma which had made Reed. Yule freely admitted:

"American audiences don't know an awful lot about us—they think crazy! or junkies or whip-freaks. Usually when we meet people who knew about us before, they are either disappointed because we are not what they expected or glad because we are not what they expected. And if they don't know us they treat us straight across."

Did politics come into the band's life? Yule was indifferent; he thought that unless politics affected his family, he wouldn't be interested. He added:

"Stirling became a revolutionary because he was sick of not being a revolutionary, or something."

Stirling left in August to become a teacher of literature in Texas. Yule affectionately boasted Stirling's amazing memory for detail:

"Like he could remember everything that happened to the band from the day that it was formed, all the hassels and who was to blame—he always knew who was to blame."

Doug Yule is presently caught up in the vortex of having to play a cross section of the Underground's past favourites (which incidentally he is quite willing to do) whilst allowing the band to chart a course necessarily called for with the injection of new blood. The task of projecting a sound to the audience, reflecting four different line-ups is immense but Yule has come to terms with this problem admirably.

Vocals

"Play something Heavy" was the requst as the group tuned in, on stage. "I'm wailing for the Man" was the reply (a story about a cat's wait for his heroin connection). Immediately the age-old problem of all groups performances in Deb. Hall, vocal/instrumentation balance, arrose. As usual the vocals were nearly drowned by inadequate P.A. system hired for the tour.

Yule's vocals were good given that no-one will ever be capable of singing the songs with that cynical monotonic chuckle that Lou Reed possessed. Doug Yule's guitar lacked nothing. It retained the heavy apprehension of Reed's play, but Yule's style let wander into drifting phrases forcing out a combination between the guitar work on "Loaded" ("Oh! Sweet Nothin'") and the later Beatles' work. This was especially noticeable on "Some Kinda Love" where the chords are very similar to those used on the introduction of "Get Back." Doug has a lot of respect for McCartney and if he can be said to be influenced by anyone now, it must be him.

Moe Tucker's drumming was simple but effective. Her rendering of "After Hours" really charmed the audience. Who would have thought that the towering, butch figure on the backliner photo of "White Heat/White Light" was this small, pasty, hard faced, red headed individual.

The newest members of the band have made their impression. Walter Powers backing vocals gave the authenticity necessary on numbers like "White Heat/White Light" whilst his bass playing showed his competence for tight play.

Willie Harrison

Doug Yule described Willie Harrison (on keyboards) as the best piano player in the States and he certainly lived up to that reputation. Influenced by the early blues he came to the Underground from "Lost," a Boston Band. "No change," a number dedicated to Memphis Slim brought out his organ technique as did "P.T.C." His vocal ability on this straight twelve bar blues number help to add versatility to the line-up.

Willie and Doug have been writing the new songs which show a completely new style and attitude shown explicitly on "Back at the Farm." Previously with Reed, the band reflected the alienation and confusion of city life, that intrigued Lou totally. Reed even went as far as denouncing the country kids in "Train round the Bend."

Train came round the bend
Taking me away from the country
I SICK of Trees
Take me to the city
Oh! Train going round the bend.

I've been in the country much too long
Try to be a farmer
Oh nothing that I planted ever seemed to grow
Oh Train coming round the bend.

The personality clash between Reed and Yule are summed up by the words on this song and those on "Farm." The song lays out Yule's straight simple life style and his concern for the ecological degeneration of the countryside.

Sister Ray

"Sister Ray" saved for the finale began with an unexpected trucking, through hoe-down intro (reminiscent of the Grateful Dead style on "Alligator") and straight into that unrelenting riff that starts the heroin trip. Words laid on it as jibbered in that magical state which approachess schizophrenia, a technique of thought disorder used by reed in "Murder Mystery." Moe laid down a straight 4/4 and Willie and Walter overlaying the 4-bar rhythmic cycle while Yule proved that he could handle the feedback as well as Reed.

His phrasing aimed at compensating for Cale's absence was exquisite—he was working hard but the effect was rather more restrained and never approached that wall of sound that had been produced by Reed, Cale, Morrison and Tucker in the old days. On Friday this song, dedicated to the angel of all desolation was played with a flatter effect—without that counter-running of rhythms that frayed the nerves on the early versions.

On last Friday's showing it would be an act of faith to say that the band could still legitimately claim the title of the Velvet Underground. To hold down this claim they will have to play at breaking more musical conventions and forcing technique to new and desperate effects. They don't have to play like the old band did. The old band never looked back although there has always been a certain continuity brought about by the contributions of the long-standing members.

Yule has shown that although he only came into the band on the third L.P. he knew which way things were going. Reed eased the transition when he started playing rock and roll—that's Yule's home ground. The new guys are all good musically but have they the genius of the Cale-Reed combination? I guess we'll have to wait and see.

DICK PRATT
ROBIN COMACHO

reviews

music

THERE is always an air of expectation about an audience waiting for a **John Mayall** concert, one rarely sees the same band twice. Maybe this explains the otherwise inexplicable enthusiasm for an embarrassingly ordinary support band **(Eggs Over Easy** is the band to avoid). Or perhaps it was because this was the first concert after a music-starved summer?

This was a Mayall band that worked. Thank goodness he's utilising a drummer again; he really needs one. Even better was the fact that it was old friend Keef Hartley stomping along in his inimitably simple, economic and superbly rhythmic style. Great solo too—predictable, but fun.

It was a night of solos, from an uncharacteristically uninventive bass solo by Larry Taylor to a lyrical slow blues guitar one by Jimmy McCullock, a glorious change from frenetic heavyness. The best of the lot was Mayall's own classic harmonica encore piece with express train backing.

There were few songs of note, but there were several thoughtful opening arrangements before the jamming started, and it was the jamming that mattered, which put everybody in a cheerful, cheering mood. Most notable aspect of the blowing was Mayall's unique ensemble, guitar and harmonica, superbly supported by the perfectly sympathetic phrasing of Jimmy McCullock.

It's a pity we won't be seeing this band again.

JOHN HEADON

THE Incredible String Band gave their own version of a concert at the Town Hall on Friday evening. To say the act was varied is a slight understatement. They began with a couple of tame numbers to which the audience responded politely. It wasn't until the Incredibles began their own brand of madness that the concert really got under way. A couple of zany numbers on the typically unusual range of instruments and the audience were with them.

A comedy show half way through proved to be reasonably funny in an unrehearsed sort of way. Here as through most of the concert, Michael le Maestro's talent, from his days with Stone Monkey, was obvious. He has managed to develop this new facet in the Incredibles' act. Unfortunately, in some ways, the rest of the act has suffered. There were few of those exceptionally beautiful numbers that they used to write in the days of the "Hangman's Beautiful Daughter." Only two **Mike Heron** numbers stood out as particularly good from this point of view.

One successful part of the act came in the form of a play-poem, a mime act performed to music which Mike Heron had written and taped. The music had a ring of Radio 3 "modern classics,", while the mime was well-rehearsed and well-performed.

Overall, the Incredibles provided a good evening's entertainment.

PAUL TAYLOR.

FOLK CLUB opened this term's concerts with **Tudor Lodge** and **Tim Hart and Maddy Prior** last Wednesday evening.

Tudor Lodge started the evening with a James Taylor number and then moved on to their own material. An almost cynical attitude prevailed throughout their performance, especially noticeable in the song "Would you believe." The songs themselves were nicely sung and arranged but were all rather similar, with too much time being spent between numbers.

Tim Hart and Maddy Prior proved to be the opposite to Tudor Lodge, by giving a highly-polished, varied and interesting performance. They began with "Serving Girl's Holiday" with Maddy singing and Tim accompanying impressively on Appalachian dulcimo.

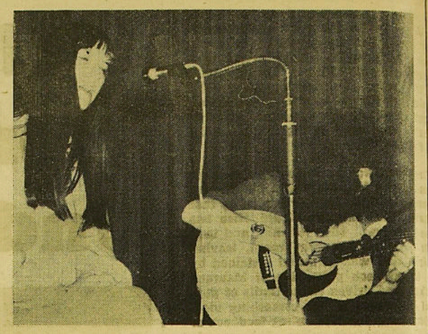
Tim followed this with an amusing anecdote on the introduction of Rhubarb into this country and then on to "English Folk Song"—the amorous Captain Wedderburn's courtship of the Laird of Rosslyn's daughter:—

"I'll take her to my own bed
And lay her next to the wall."

Tim Hart sang a couple of solos and then it was back to the light-hearted side with the tale of the four Isle of Wight maidens and the trilogy, "The Owl", "The Hunt is Up" and "Westron Wynde."

They brought to a close a well-timed and absorbing concert with the truly beautiful "I live not where I love" and sang another trilogy for an encore that was well deserved although they claimed it to be unanticipated.

R. G. THOMAS



Tim Hart and Maddy Prior playing in the Union last Wednesday.

cinema

A CORPSE is chained to a wheel, maggots crawl out of what was once a face—the crawling stream of maggots perfectly synchronised with the movement of the wheel. This is just the first of many horrifying moments in **"The Devils."**

Ken Russell combines exuberant technical bravura in the presentation of the pornography of violence with two basically simple messages. The paradoxical impact of the film is sharply reminiscent of the combination of sadistic revelling in the minutiæ of torture and the outraged polemic which characterises Foxe's Book of Martyrs.

One leaves the cinema with a sick feeling deep in the pit of the stomach, dazed, subdued, repelled. Nevertheless a film well worth seeing, although not alone.

BARBARA STOMELE

A GOOD week at the Arts Lab. Haskell Wexler's **Medium Cool** follows the fortunes of a TV cameraman at the time of the 1968 Chicago Convention ; a fascinating blend of fiction and documentary and a virtuoso piece of work from Wexler who has been one of Hollywood's finest cameramen for some time. And with this, his first film, he establishes himself as one of the most interesting new directors.

Leonard Kastle's **The Honeymoon Killers** (about the relationship between a huge nurse and a petty criminal, who tricks old ladies into believing they are going to marry him so that he can relieve them of their money) has an impressive reputation and should be seen, as it has a habit of being billed to play in Birmingham and then mysteriously disappearing.

One of the most intriguing programmes for some time is the coupling of Jean Genet's famous homosexual fantasy, **Un Chant D'Amour,** and Jean-Luc Godard's documentary about American revolutionaries and Jean-Luc Godard, **One P.M.**

For those who cannot forgive Godard for coming to the conclusion that politics might just be as important as film-making (e.g. "Sight and Sound's" lachrymose little wail about the decline and fall of their most strokable spaniel, Jean-Luc G: "Chairman Mao has a lot to answer for!"), **One P.M.** could be a waste of time, and certainly Godard and Genet on the same bill is not something I'd fancy on an empty stomach, but it is a programme which deserves supporting.

Nothing I could say about Bo Widerberg's **Elvira Madigan** will change the minds of devotees of the film, so I might as well enjoy myself. Far from being the "most beautiful film ever made," as the Arts Lab programme would have it, it would go down on any short list of mine as one of the most stupefyingly boring. I wonder how the cast refrained from yawning in each other's faces. Not a twinge of discomfort or tension or life, even, disturbs the surface. Though the central love affair is a tragic one and the couple almost starve to death before shooting each other, the film contrives to have them look as immaculate and unruffled at the end of the film as they had at the beginning.

Even Elvira's temporary degradation is shown off screen, but does at least give occasion for the heroine to say in all solemnity to her lover: "Don't you see, it's not my knees we're arguing about?"

The colour is beautiful, of course, and so is Pia Degermark as Elvira, yet there is no reason why lyricism should submerge character (there was ample room for both in **Jules et Jim,** say, or **Partie de Champagne),** and **Elvira Madigan** is so unsubstantial that you feel a single puff of wind directed at the screen would dissolve the picture altogether.

NEIL SINYARD



Ken Russell (background) directs Oliver Reed and Vanessa Redgrave in "The Devils" (ABC Cinerama).

events

JUST a word or two of explanation about Events Committee functions over the weekend.

Firstly, the Velvet Underground concert on Friday. Our costs for this were: £600 (V.U.) plus £50 (Spring) plus £75 (overheads — tickets, posters, adverts, stewards), which meant that at 60p a ticket we needed 1,200 people to break even.

At present it is the Guild's policy that Events Committee should neither make a profit nor a loss at dances / concerts. Although we didn't get 1,200 (just under 1,100), the Debating Hall was so crowded that many people couldn't get in, and many others were uncomfortable.

This is something we, as promoters, and you, as the audience, will always have to put up with as long as we are physically restricted by Deb. Hall, and also by this Guild's financial policy.

As I see it, the only way to make our concerts in the Union more comfortable is to restrict the size of our audience, but unless this is accompanied by a subsidy, this will mean a rise in ticket prices. Which do you prefer? Reasonable ticket prices and some discomfort, or high ticket prices (London College of Printing charged 75p advance, 85p door for Velvet Underground and Kingston Polytechnic 70p in advance). It's up to you and the Guild to decide.

The other controversial issue is the introduction of membership cards (£1 for the whole term) for the Sunday Flic. This was not our choice. In the past, the organisers of the Sunday films have been avoiding the laws concerning the showing of films. As we are within three miles of a commercial cinema (the ABC at Selly Oak is one mile from the Union) we are required either to have the permission of the National Cinematographers' Association to shows 16m.m. films, or limit entrance to members only.

This year we have attempted to book more commercial, popular films — for example: "Candy," "Psycho" this term; "Bullitt," "Wanderwall," "Weekend" next term; and "Zabriskie Point," "Oh! What a Lovely War" in the summer term—and this is where we have run into trouble.

The rules were at last enforced the N.C.A. would not grant us permission so we've had to introduce the membership cards. It is our legal compulsion to do so—if we evade it and are caught, there won't be any Sunday Flic at all. The situation at the moment is membership cards are compulsory for the first showing each term, thereafter membership cards or 15p guest tickets on the night. So from next week onwards you can buy single tickets from Union Reception at 15p. I hope that explains things.

If anybody has any complaints, ideas or suggestions, we shall be pleased to receive them.

NOBBY CLARK,
Chairman, Events Com.

N.B.: "The Trip" has been withdrawn; a replacement will be booked and advertised as soon as possible.

DEBATE

DIVIDING THE NATION

ON Monday, October 4th, Mr. John Ringguth took the chair to preside over a debate on the motion that "The Tory Government has divided, and will continue to divide, the nation."

Mrs. Teresa Stewart rose to propose the motion and started by complaining of the Government's policy of "lame-ducking." Having taken money away from those who deserve it, by stopping schoolchildren's milk and increasing the price of school meals, the Tory Government has given that money to those who need and deserve it least—by decreasing income tax 6d. in the pound.

Moving on to housing, Mrs. Stewart pointed out the further paradox of reducing subsidies to council house tenants and increasing assistance to owner-occupiers. She found the unemployment situation tragic and described the Government's refusal to eliminate the 11-plus examination as regressive.

Mrs. Stewart ended by referring to Sir Keith Joseph's refusal to allow any alterations in the structure of hospital management committees to make them somewhat more democratic

Speaking first for the opposition, Mr. Kenneth Clarke, M.P., confessed total ignorance as to what the word "divisive" meant, and warned the house against the trap of using this word as a term of abuse whenever it disagreed with someone. He expressed amazement at the proposer's demand that the Government ought to carry out a policy of redistribution of wealth without using "selective measures" which would make the recipients of benefits humiliatingly conspicuous.

Mr. Clarke then pointed out to the house the inevitability of our economy expanding as a result of the great increase in purchasing power which the Conservative Government had injected into it over the last 15 months. This would eventually reverse the present trend of increasing unemployment.

The second speaker for the proposition was Mr. Tony Gardner, Director of S.W.A.S. He regarded the Common Market as the most divisive issue of the day, and he accused the Government of using it to distract the country from more important problems such as unployment. By forcing the working man to defend his position, this section of the nation was being set against another section—the employers. This, in Mr. Gardner's view, was divisive if anything was.

He then called upon the Post Office dispute to serve as an illustration. The Government had determined to win this confrontation which had necessitated breaking that particular union. The result was a collapse of the Post Office workers' morale, which is now reflected in the inefficiency of the postal service.

Mr. Gardner concluded his speech by anticipating the strangulation of democratic policies if the Government's divisive policies were continued.

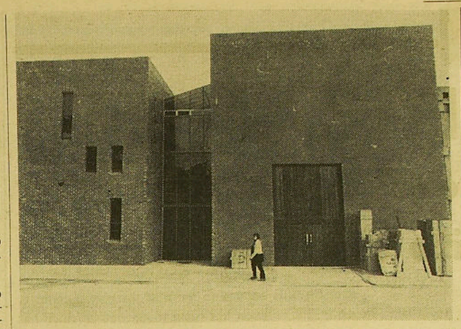
Mr. Andrew Neil, Chairman of the Federation of Conservative Students, informed the house that he wished to follow the philosophical approaches of the previous speakers by considering pure facts.

The Labour Government, he said, had cut back on housing development and hospital building programmes, and had made the poor poorer in the course of their administration. Mr. Neil contrasted this with the trend of the last 15 months, which included, among other things, a vast increase in money available for primary schools in slum areas. He proceeded to accuse the Labour Party of harbouring inflationary policies and compared certain trade union leaders with the capitalists of the 19th century.

In conclusion, Mr. Neil stressed the necessity of a divisive policy which would select the spheres of economic need (such as U.C.S.) and concentrate on improving such situations.

The debate was then thrown open to the floor before the chairman called for a division of the house. The motion was carried although many people had disappeared before the division.

BOB VELLA.



Electron microscope completed

THE electron microscope building is tucked neatly between the Italian Centre and Metallurgy block in the north-west corner of the campus, a brand new monument to the symbolic Red Brick.

Approached across an expanse of green lawn, any illusions of space have been cleverly dispelled by the subtle positioning of a telegraph pole on the central grass and a wooden hoarding at the edge which serves its purpose by advertising the firm of building contractors.

It is overlooked by the black glass and cement facade of metallurgy, psychology and mineral engineering—just to incorporate the present-day ideas of contrast and change in the overall design of the area. And to add to the colour-scheme are two orange cylinders, clashing on the front brick wall, leaving one to wonder if this erection could possibly be a tribute to modern science.

PAUL JACKSON.

Health symposium

NEXT Wednesday, at 2 p.m., in the Council Chamber of the Union, a group of specially-invited medical practitioners will try to answer the question "Why is a student a special medical case and what can be done to help him or her ?"

The rat-race of modern society has introduced a new concept in health problems. Stress and its elected complications are a recent source of worry for psychiatrists and doctors, and one about which, although much is known, much is still a puzzle. However, while this aspect of medicine may manifest itself in the society generally, the effects are magnified within a student community.

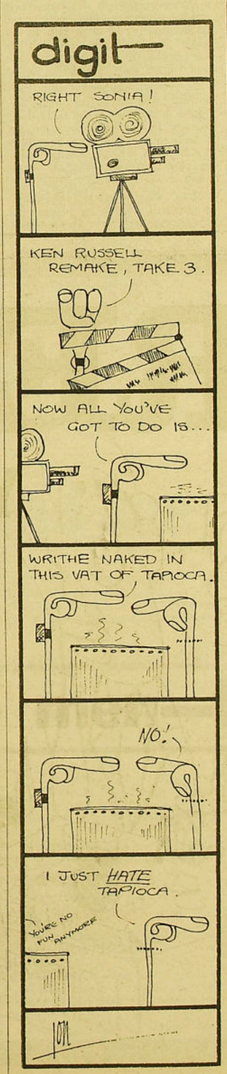
Yearly examinations and the impending doom in three, two or one year's time, the omnipotent shadow, drain the students' mental reserves of energy by placing tremendous pressure on their psychological faculties. Living away from home, looking after your own health, catering for yourselves and financial restrictions add extra pressures to your lives over those of the "normal" 'people of this society.

Emotional problems and contraceptive worries, V.D. and malnutrition, stem mainly from the "away-from - home - for - the - first - time-syndrome," which can drive people into hermetic isolation, or carefree abandonment. Depression, failure of efficient concentration powers, inability to study, the common results of this student illness.

It can be cured. It can, and as statistics show, probably will, affect you. When it does, you must recognise the symptoms and know how, who, where, and when to seek advice.

All these health problems and many more you are likely to meet can and will be discussed at next Wednesday's symposium. Come and safeguard your future for your health's sake.

JIM AUKETT.



letters

LOOKING IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

DEAR SIR,—The "Spectator," in his article criticising the inactivity of Community Action, seems to imagine that no problems exist in encouraging apathetic students to participate in community work. Many societies find difficulty in recruiting members to join their ranks—and these groups are run for the members' own enjoyment. The difficulties faced by Comac, which is run to help others, are then much greater.

The "Spectator" seems to urge Comac to rush blindly around the city doing good work, without considering where the problems lie. He would surely not wish us to decorate houses which are to be demolished the next day, or make similar blunders where greater thought is needed.

Was the "inaction" of Comac shown when, on the first week-end of term, twenty volunteers helped build an adventure playground for psychologically disturbed children; or when another ten students decorated St. Chad's crypt, used as a refuge for dossers? Comac also has a scheme proposed for Carnival Week.

Yours faithfully,
LYNFA MOSES
(Vice-Chairman,
Community Action)

CARD CUT DOWN TO SIZE

DEAR SIR,—It seems to me to be an irony of the most monstrous proportions that while so much time has been spent on restyling and issuing the Guild Card, and months on planning, preparing and co-ordinating the material for current diary, the card is too large for the pocket specifically provided for it in the diary!

The importance of the membership card seems to have grown out of all proportion!

J. W., Commerce.

The Gavin Tweedsmuir Column

BY the time anyone reads this little communique an event of earth-stifling unimportance will have happened. Guild Council will have held its first meeting of this session. A lot of people tend to think that Guild Council is composed of 50 or so idle hacks, earaches and cabbages whose sole aim in life is to enter the Council Chamber every other Tuesday evening and twaddle-talk each other into blissful unawareness, a state in which most of the important work of the Union is done.

A lot of people further think that to sit through any of the Council's more unappetising sessions (as a sane outsider) is as near the Chinese water torture as one can get while remaining perfectly dry. (Dry also because no-one has ever been known to pee himself with excitement at the prospect of a meeting of this unsightly coven).

Further, a lot of people actually think that many Guild Councillors only do the job so that they will be recognised while slithering through Concourse Lounge and written about in "Redbrick." And, of course, a lot of people are totally correct.

But one must not think that the Council is completely cold, spent, geriatric or heartless. For, within its ample bosom the Council still makes room for ageing councillors, too old for useful employment in other departments of the Guild, and regularly lets them give forth on topics of concern to no one but themselves.

At times the Guild Council is even self-indulgent enough to listen to the whinings, bleatings and snuffings of members from Electrical Engineering who are always ready to entertain the house with an impromptu formation accumulator waltz or foxtrot for transistor and diode.

No dears, while Guild Council survives, all bores, hacks, pseuds, trots and loonies will find a home . . . at least for a few hours on every other Tuesday. Cancel your seat-booking now!

☆ ☆ ☆

My good friend Miss Naomi Freedman informs me that in the early hours of one morning, during those halcyon days when Deb Soc was her darling, she and lissom, swanlike Mr. Justice Ringguth (14) spent the time after dinner in a large Birmingham hotel planning a flight of fancy trip to the South Sea Islands—with the aid of airport timetables. For all she remembers, they may both very well have been stoned.

But I must discount the story because His Honour the Justice isn't that imaginative, and anyway, someone must teach Naomi not to be such a gossip.

☆ ☆ ☆

Even Miss Freedman's indiscretions though, are nothing compared with the goings-on in High Hall on Thursday last, when one untainted young freshman, eager to partake of the luscious victuals prepared for him, found on scooping up a portion of cauliflower a la Sauce-High-Hall-froid, that his fork held not vegetable matter, but animal flesh in the form of one, large, firm, brilliant-green, perfectly preserved caterpillar.

This was, of course, returned to the kitchens, where, amid scenes of shocked horror and chaos, the superintendents quickly totted up what increases in hall fees would accommodate this gourmet's delight.

What the Hall rulers failed to take note of was how serious their position (legally) could have been. If, let us say, just supposing, that little freshman were to have been pregnant, and as a result of this incident were to have lost his baby through nervous shock, I need hardly say that damages would have been recoverable on a scale undreamed of in modern times.

What everyone overlooked anyway, was the fact that the cauliflower had not tasted so good in ages.

GAVIN TWEEDSMUIR.

sport 1

CRICKETER CAUGHT

More revelations by our incognito correspondent

I HAVE never been really impressed by the Cricket Club. It seemed to me that their only claim to fame was in wearing cast-iron underwear. Recently, information has come to my notice which has changed my opinion.

During the summer vac one of the team was freelancing in a provincial team. At the booze-up afterwards he amazed himself and all his team-mates by chatting up this very smart bird in a very short time.

One thing led to another, and eventually to the back seat of this bird's car. Slowly it dawned on this innocent youth that this bird had appendages where she did not ought to. And her voice seemed rather deep, and her forearms rather muscular . . . Exit our hero, quickly.

Now this is nothing to be proud of, but our hero has learnt from his mistakes. We all know the difficulty of getting into female halls at night, due to the security guards. He has, in the first week of term, dressed himself up as a bird, and freely walked in and out of a female hall, to visit his bird, at will.

You may think that it is a poor show giving this chap away and stopping his fun But no. Imagine the quandary the S.C.R.s will be in, trying to identify the odd woman out.

Can you see a suspicious policeman grasping an innocent bird just because she had a deep voice, flat chest, short hair . . .?

Anyway, our hero is now part of the scene. I only hope his friends don't talk too much.

My spies from the Lacrosse Club came up with an interesting story. It seems that one of their erstwhile players, one J. Jarvis, had occasion to work late at the University over the summer. He placed his powerful motorbike, an Easy Rider Honda 50, in the hands of the Security Staff for safe keeping overnight.

They locked it up in the security compound. When he returned in the morning dressed in full motorcycle regalia, there his bike was, gone. In its place was a large hole in the fence. On informing the staff he was met with the reply: "It was there when we last looked."

Observant athletes will have noticed that during last night the Sports Centre was dismantled by thieves, and smuggled out through a hole in the fence by Fritchatts Road. On being informed, the security staff said: "It was there when we last looked."

Note: Our correspondent wishes to remain incognito for reasons not a million miles from the libel laws.



Can you spot the odd one out?

HOCKEY

Kate completes the total

WARWICK UNIV. 1st XI 0
BIRMINGHAM UNIV. 1st XI 13

WITH two fully-fledged internationals in Ange and Lorraine, how can the first XI team fail to win, and on Saturday they showed their supremacy in the field of University hockey with a magnificent 13—0 win over Warwick University. Considering this was the first match of the season, the co-ordination, especially on the forward line, was exceptional.

Ange, the Stick, Edwards, with her fancy footwork, had the Warwick defence baffled, while the inevitable Cath Bash'em, with bomber tactics, laid them completely flat! Between them they scored nine of the goals, three more came from Haze and an incredible scoop from Captain Kate made up the total score.

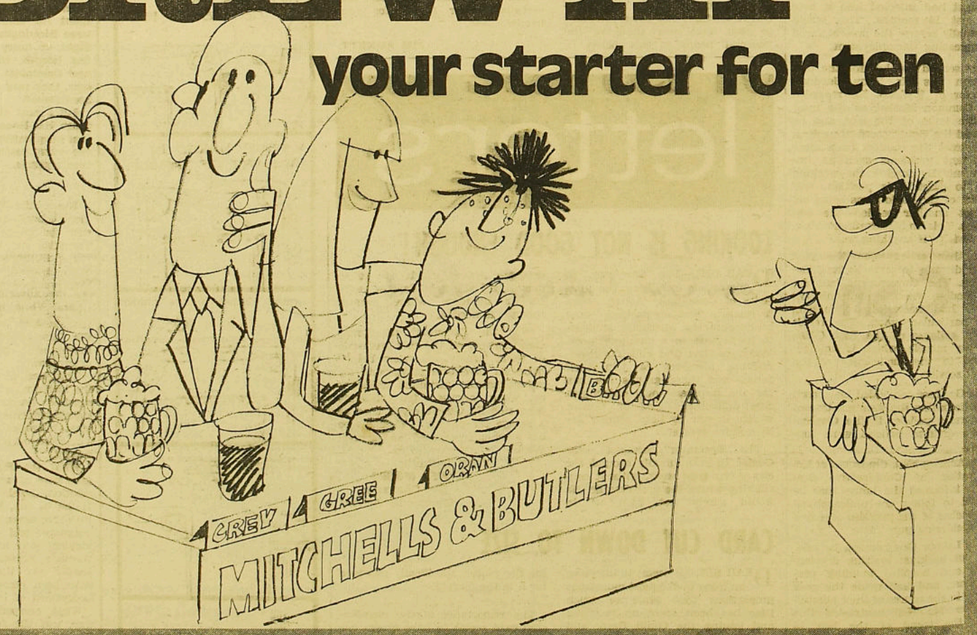
In all fairness, I am bound to say that Warwick did improve in the second half—to the extent of reaching the Birmingham circle, where they were firmly dealt with by Jude and Jane.

If the team maintain this high standard, perhaps the W.I.V.A.R. Shield will remain in Birmingham.:

P.S.: Angie, it's your turn to bring the soap next week!

BREW XI

your starter for ten



sport 2

ATHLETICS

G.W.H.—the inside story

by Randy Southam

SORR . . . EEEY. But it was not my fault, Piggin' Holden (Steady on now.—Ed.) forgot to tell me about the last "Redbrick" and I missed the deadline. The first "Redbrick" I've missed in years.

This in itself is quite interesting. One was always seeing our Golden Haired Hero about the campus, but recently he seems to have gone underground, not to be seen. Sceptics have attributed this to an unfortunate incident at the Pepsi meeting at Crystal Palace last month.

All summer there had been rumours that Golden Wonder Holden was after the British Steeplechase record. At this meeting G.W.H. smashed the old G.B. record (and incidentally , the University record).

Unfortunately, in the same race was that up and coming layabout Bootsie Bedford. Coming off the last bend these two were neck and neck. With agonising slowness they sprinted flat out against each other.

Finally it was decided that the slowest sprinter title of British athletics would go to . . . G.W.H. The only man in Britain to sprint slower than Bedford.

So the records show that G.W.H. is still second in the all time list of British steeplechasers, but now all of 0.2 seconds behind Bedford's record of 8min. 28.6sec.

The aforementioned sceptics claim that having found someone who can out-drink and out-run himself, G.W.H. has taken up the hermit's life in a bog off Hagley Road.

This is now known to be untrue. The facts are that after the race Bedford told Holden about a rumour that the '72 Olympics were being held at Munich, at the same time as the famed beer festival. Knowing a good thing when they see it, these two have retired from social life in order to make sure of a place at this jamboree.



G.W.H. trying to imitate a runner.

GOLF

Harrison is still in need

FOR newcomers to the golf team here is a low-down on team members past and present.

Bill Harrison (Captain). The one with the bottle. "Boy, I needed that drink, haven't had one for half an hour."



Not only does the Golf Club need new members but "Redbrick" needs some new photos.

Anthony Bond (Secretary). The Blond Bomber from Bristol, with the back-to-front swing. "The bounder can stuff his engine."

Bob Ashton (Treasurer). The one with the tall drives and short, fat, hairy putts. "Andy Lee is a good golfer."

Tim O'Byrne. Booming drives under the eagle-eye of Brendon. (The pub-owner's pal).

Richard Lister. Teaching himself the gentle art of Will-get-in-the-team-manship.

Ken Clark. "Newcastle for the cup. They're great, great." What a putter; "Oh, f . . ."

Bill Hawksworth. Dreams of being back in wild and windy Birkdale.

John Wood. "Do you like my South African suntan and little black caddie?"

In the near future the team plays: The Staff (Wednesday), Ladbrook Park (Saturday), Harborne (Sunday).

Harry had me

MY iterative friend, Diditless, notes with some concern the decimation of the University's green belt, namely the takeover of that sports pitch adjacent to the Medical Centre, for the new I.C.L. adding machine. This, he claims, is typical of the University's shortsighted usage of "free energy."

He has, for some time, been studying the mathematical properties of the movement of players in football games. It appears that they are identical to the so-called Brownian Motion, or the random walk.

It is this property that so many users of the KDF9 have built into their programmes, at a great cost in computer time. Instead of generating their random data inside the new computer, it was already available on the same site, at zero cost.

Investigations have shown certain exciting properties to these games. The movement up and down the pitch is biased but, across it, it is totally random. Variations in bias can be achieved by subtle refereeing.

Also an interesting joint project between Mathematics and Sociology has been started. By strategically placing beer and women around the pitch the changes in flow can be measured and their relative effects deduced.

Early experiments suggest the relationship: One 42in. bra-less blonde equals 2.6 pints of Newky Brown.

A.U. Exec. fail to do duty

THE Freshers' Conference is completely over; the cattle market is ended. All the little greenhorns aren't quite so green now; all the naive aren't so naive now. During the cattle market certain facts came to light.

During that gorgeous Saturday of the freshers' trials, I took a walk round Wast Hills. I saw the permanent secretary of A.U. there; I saw the President of the Guild there; I saw the Permanent Secretary of the Guild there; I saw the chief groundsman of Wast Hills there; I saw last year's A.U. Chairman there; I happened to see this year's I.D.S. Chairman there. Not very interesting?

Well, apart from Ed, I didn't see any member of A.U. Executive there, until I wandered into the bar and saw Fanny! Where were the A.U. Chairman, Secretary, or Treasurer, or the rest of Executive? Shouldn't A.U. Exec. take an interest in sport, even though they still like to play politics with the Guild? Isn't sport the object of A.U.?

It ought to be, because politically they're hopeless. Every time they look like winning, they do a Joe Bugner, stand off, then change their minds about what they want. A.U. can't decide. A.U.?—well, Gerald Nobbly and Stingy Handin can't decide. If you think that's unfair, watch this space next week.

ALPHA.

Sportscene

THE law of inverse response appears to apply to appeals in "Redbrick" for more sports copy and staff. This week I've fortunately been saved by the R. Southam consortium who were feeling a little constipated during the week. Deciding that the pen is more powerful than the laxative, R. managed to get a load off his chest.

Probably the main reason for the absence of copy is the fact that the various teams are still trying to find their feet after their summer escapades (some of which appear in various parts of this page) and are trying to adjust to the new conditions applying this term.

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For instance, the Rugby Club have been doing some drastic re-thinking in recent weeks. Success hasn't exactly flooded in their direction in recent seasons and the question was how this trend could be reversed.

At a recent committee meeting several ideas for starting the new season with an appropriate flourish were put forward. One well-received suggestion was that a match should be arranged against a group of local drag artists. However, this idea was quickly thrown out when someone explained the consequences of losing such a match. Such a cowardly course of action would not have taken place in Dave Starling's days.

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The blond bombsell of the Athletics Club, Ian ("Where's my hairgrip?") Aldridge, registered another stirring success during the summer vacation. The occasion was the elections of his home club committee when Ian set a new club record by being elected ladies' team captain.

This story is matched by the experiences of John "Shirley Temple" Thorpe. Last week he was practising

by Andy Holden

by the Sports Centre when he was suddenly pounced on, dragged into a nearby car and conveyed to Dudley Road. There he was forced into a nurse's uniform and immediately signed up as a member of their all-glamour staff team just in time for their next photo in the "Argus." His condition is described as satisfactory.

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Despite this, the Sportscene "Hotpants of the Summer" award must surely go hands down to Aggro Smothely. Aggro was lucky enough to scrape into the British Universities team to tour Spain. However he was unwise enough to take with him his cross country team special "freedom shorts" which have been delighting the female population of Edgbaston, Harborne, Selly Oak, etc., during the last year.

Unfortunately, the Spanish constabularly weren't quite as impressed. One day as Aggro was striding along one of Madrid's main thoroughfares he was seized by two gun-toting members of the local peace keepers and dragged off to a dungeon.

Here he was left to kick his heels for several hours before he hit upon a brilliant escape plan. Producing his Clarkson's 1971 holiday brochure, he asked the guard if he was the advertised distance from the sea. While the perplexed official was trying to work this out on his government-issue KDF9, Aggro dived up the back stairs and out into daylight.

☆ ☆ ☆

No "Redbrick" sports page would be complete without a mention of the mighty Skintbrant.

Since his defection Skintbrant has had his ups and down. The biggest blow came last Tuesday in the latest contest for the Gilden Cartridge, held round four laps of the athletics track.

Skint was striding home, all set for a P.B. sub 5.30 clocking, when he was suddenly shocked by the appearance on his shoulder of that erstwhile orthodontist, Pete Crock. The shock was too much for Skint, and the Crock stormed home five yards clear.

However, Skint as ever, bounced back and marshalled his forces against the Nasty Nelson. Unfortunately, we've run out of space so more about that next week.

around

DAY BY DAY

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13th

Deb. Soc.: "This House believes the North feels inferior to the South, and is." Council Chamber. 7.30 p.m.

Organ Recital by Dr. G. Thalben-Ball. Town Hall. 1.15 p.m. Free.

Jazz: Fusion at the Junction Inn, Harborne.

King Crimson: Town Hall. 60p 7.45 p.m.

Slim Whitman: Odeon, New Street. 6.30 p.m. and 9 p.m. Tickets from 60p.

THURSDAY, OCT. 14th

Folk Club: Mixed Lounge. 7.30 p.m.

Cassa Party: Strathcona Common Room. 8 p.m.

Film Soc: "Frankenstein," directed by James White. "The Birds," directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Haworth Lecture Theatre, 7 p.m.

C.B.S.O.: Town Hall, 7.30 p.m. Pieces by Wagner, Beethoven and Hindemith.

FRIDAY, OCT. 15th

Stray plus Accrington Stanley: Mason Hall. 8 p.m. 40p.

Orchestra da Camera: Carrs Lane Church Centre. 7.30 p.m. Pieces by Handel, Elgar and Tchaikovsky. 60p.

Spinners: Town Hall. 8 p.m. Tickets from 40p.

Free Angela Davis: Public Meeting. Digbeth Civic Hall. 7.30 p.m.

SATURDAY, OCT. 16th

Events Disco: Founders Room. 8 p.m.

Darlington Quartet: City Art Gallery. £1.

McGuiness Flint: Belfry, Sutton Coldfield.

SUNDAY, OCT. 17th

Sunday Flic: "The L-Shaped Room." 7 p.m.

MONDAY, OCT. 18th

Film Soc: "October," directed by Sergei Eisenstein. Haworth Lecture Theatre. 7 p.m.

Adge Cutter and The Wurzels: Old Moslians Club House, Solihull.

Yes plus Jonathan Swift: Town Hall.

Amazing Blondell: Aston University Union.

Evening of Indian Dance: Solhull Civic Hall. 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, OCT. 19th

Jazz: George Huxley Band, Wheatsheaf, Walsall.

Steeleye Span: Town Hall.

Beggars Opera: Henry's, Blue's House, Hill Street.

Medical Society Disco: 8 p.m. Med School J.C.R.

GALLERY

Compendium: Paintings by Jan Stevens and Alan Bramley. Constructions and paintings by Peter Evans until October 16th.

Ikon: Colin Hitchmough Paintings. Until October 23rd.

CINEMA

Odeon, New Street: "Carnal Knowledge." L.C.P. 7.50 p.m.

ABC Cinerama: "The Devils." L.C.P. 7.45 p.m.

ABC, New Street: "The Go-Between." L.C.P. 6.20 p.m. From Sunday, 17th: "Little Big Man."

Gaumont: "The Sound of Music." L.C.P. 7.15 p.m.

Jacey: "No Orchids for Lulu" and "Karamajo, the Land of Naked People." From Sunday, 17th, "La Nuit Infidele" and "Depraved."

Futurist: "Flesh." L.C.P. 6.55 p.m.

Odeon Ringway: "The Music Lovers" until 23rd October. L.C.P. 7.30 p.m.

Cinephone: "The Libertine" and "The Love Circle." L.C.P. 6.15 p.m.

Arts Lab: "Elvira Madigan." Thurs.-Sun., 7 p.m.
"Medium Cool." Thurs.-Sun., 9 p.m.
"The Honeymoon Killers," Fri. and Sat. 11 p.m. Sun., 3.30 p.m.
"One P.M. & Un Chant D'Amour," Mon. & Tues., 7 p.m.
"Action," Mon. and Tues., 9 p.m.

THEATRE

Belgrade Theatre, Coventry: "The Pyjama Game." Until October 16th.

Birmingham Theatre: "Witness for Prosecution," by Agatha Christie. October 18th for two weeks: "Merry Widow."

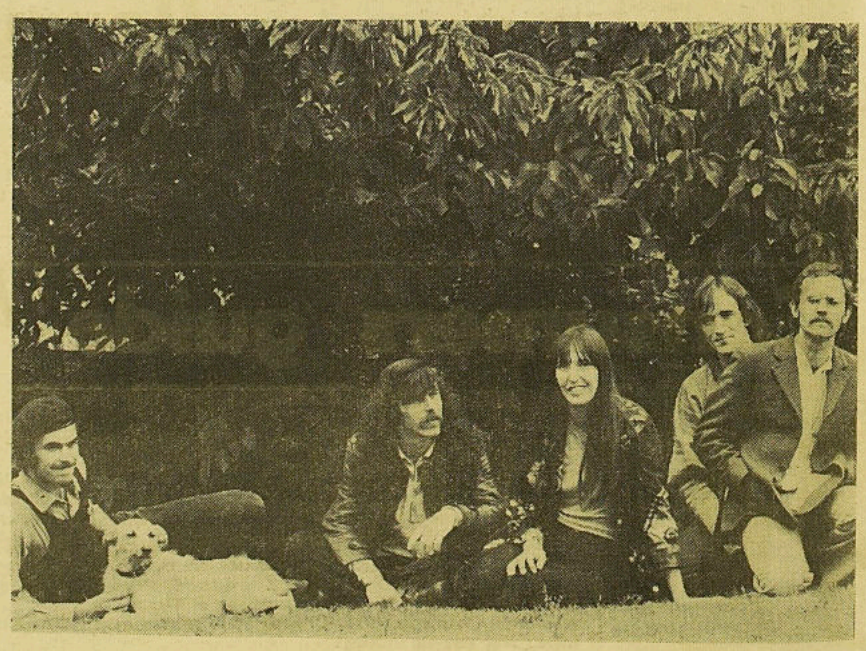
Alexandra Theatre: "Barefoot in the Park," until October 25th. 7 p.m.

Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford: "The Merchant of Venice." Oct. 13th matinee, Oct. 16th matinee.
"Twelfth Night," October 13th, 7.30 p.m.; October 18th, 7.30 p.m.
"Othello," October 14th, matinee; October 15th, 7.30; October 19th, 7.30.
"The Duchess of Malfi," October 14th, 7.30 p.m.
"Much Ado About Nothing," October 16th, 7.30 p.m.

Crescent Theatre: "A Man for All Seasons." Oct. 16th-30th. 7.15 p.m.



"Flesh" — Futurist



Steeleye Span — Town Hall, October 19th.

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