Redbrick

BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY

Price 3p

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 1st, 1972

Court decides for reserved areas

by Redbrick Reporter

AT last Thursday's annual meeting of the Court of Governors, the University governing body, it was decided to sanction a new ordinance suggested by Senate and Council defining those areas of business from which student members and observers could be excluded.

The most contentious discussion in a well-conducted debate, centred on the wording of part (b) of the ordinance which student members of Court felt to be too vague and could possibly limit student participation in criteria concerning academic and administrative posts, teaching and examinations.

Ann Naylor, Guild President moved an amendment to insert the word "individual" before the words "members of staff" in the fourth line of paragraph (b). She was supported by Paul Dodgson and Rod Playford.

The amendment was put to the Court but was defeated by 54 votes to 26 votes. The ordinance unamended was put to the Court and received the necessary two-thirds majority required to sanction it.

The debate on the reserved area ordinance follows the suggestion by the Privy Council last year that it will not approve any charter which does not contain such a provision. Indeed the new University of Ulster had the clause written into its Statutes because of its failure to have such an ordinance. It is perhaps felt by the University authorities, similarly to the Review Body consultative document, that it would be better to have an ordinance which can be changed by the University itself when attitudes on the campus demanded rather than having the rigidity of a Statute which only the Privy Council can alter.

However it is felt by some that the University is merely using the excuse created by the Privy Council to exclude students from those delicate areas of effective policy making. While the Privy Council included the word "individual" before "members of staff" in line 4 of paragraph (b) the University specifically has not.

ORDINANCE 70

Reserved Areas of Business

(a) Student observers attending meetings of Council and Senate and student members or student observers attending meetings of a Faculty or School Board or any Committee or body established by Council or Senate shall withdraw from the meeting when it is declared by the Chairman of the meeting that the meeting is about to discuss a reserved area of business and shall not return to the meeting until the reserved business is concluded. In the event of doubt the decision of the Chairman shall be final.

(b) Reserved areas of business shall be defined by Regulations approved by Council and Senate provided that matters affecting the appointment, promotion and personal affairs of members of staff of the University and matters affecting the admission and academic assessment of individual students shall always be reserved.

Griffin grows

GRIFFIN CLOSE, the popular self-contained accommodation units for students, is growing. By the beginning of next session there will be over 170 brand-new Units ready for occupation as Stages II and III of the Griffin Close development are completed.

The number of places then available for students will exceed 1,100—more than treble the present figure.

This expansion reflects the success of the University's venture almost two years ago into providing self-contained accommodation. The popularity of the scheme is partly due to the fact that the Units are near to the University at Bristol Road South and provide independence and privacy. These are features appreciated by students as the recent Student Accommodation Survey showed.

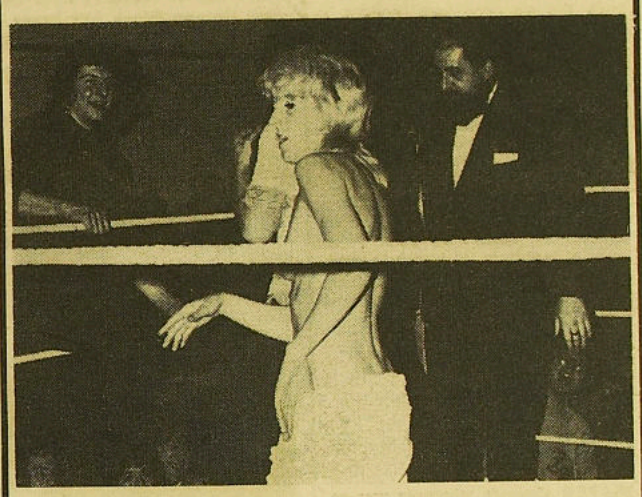
And the living is easy—each Unit has individual fully furnished study - bedrooms, completely equipped kitchen and bathroom, and gas central heating. By next session there will be a central launderette and car park on the site.

Units will be allocated by ballot to single students who have formed themselves into groups of three, four and five, and to married students without children. Applications from married students with children will be dealt with by the Lodgings Warden.

All applicants must be registered full-time undergraduates or postgraduates.

Full details, plans and application forms will be available from the Great Hall entrance from May 8th to May 15th from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. The closing date for receipt of applications is Thursday, May 18th.

CHARITY STRIP!



JUST when everyone at Saturday's Grapple and Strip was observably getting bored of the indistinguishable wrestlers and stripper, the one thing they had all been hoping for happened. Right in front of 800 enthusiastic eyes a girl from the audience peeled off her clothes to overwhelming approval.

"Sweet Charity", as she calls herself, is a devoted Jehovah's Witness and she heard of the Carnival event through an acquaintance at a local college. Originally intending to preach to the assembled students over the public address system, she arrived equipped with a banner (incongruously reading "Sex is Sin") and a preaching book.

However, having clambered into the ring, the majority feeling of all present was that she should "geram off". Not wishing to disappoint, Sweet Charity obliged with astounding professionalism. Her clothes were quickly despatched into the audience by a vociferous student, and the poor girl left the ring having completely knocked out the audience.

Talking to her afterwards she appeared to be very sincere and genuine about her cause, and said that the Almighty would forgive her for what she had done. All she hoped was that her act made those present think about it. I think they did!

(See page three for Carnival News.)

BIRMINGHAM STUDENTS IN ANTARCTIC

A TEAM of geologists and geophysicists from Birmingham University who are on a five-month research visit to the Antarctic are reported to be making satisfactory progress.

They are recording sea depths and the earth's magnetic field and gravity along the ship's traverses, while in the Scotia Sea, between South America and the Antarctic.

Professor Griffiths made researches in geophysics in this area 12 years ago which form the basis of this trip and he is installing a seismological station to record earthquakes in the still active area of the South Sandwich Islands.

The research ship, Shackleton, with the team abroard has been aided by H.M.S. Endurance in a two-ship seismic investigation near the South Orkney Islands.

The party ends its survey in March.

News in brief

Compute cards

THE University department of Mathematical Statistics has been advising the West Midlands police in enforcing the new and rather complex gaming laws. Computers have been used as well as other research techniques to assess gambling methods. According to a report in the "Birmingham Evening Mail," the research, which has been going on for two years, may soon successfully predict the outcome of games of blackjack and pontoon.

Professor Downton of the Mathematical Statistics department, when asked if he gambled, replied: "No, I think it's a stupid occupation."

☆ ☆ ☆

Tartan race

SCOTTISH and Newcastle Breweries Ltd., are sponsoring a race for University students from Edinburgh to London. Students must be in teams and carry a 30 lb. casket of beer intact.

Prizes of £250 each will be awarded to winners of four different categories, the fastest team, the "most ingenious method" team," the fastest not using mechanical transport and the fastest female team.

The winners of each category will also be able to nominate a further £250 to a registered charity. Runners-up will receive "Beer for a Year."

Details will appear early next month.

☆ ☆ ☆

Aston Election

FOLLOWING the results of the Aston Presidential Election the week before last, which returned a prostgraduate Universty student, Graham Knaggs, objections by other candidates have been over-ruled by the returning officer, Mr. Kelsey.

The objections concerned the use of an Aston Guild publication, "In College," for an article condemning one of the candidates, Laurie Emsley.

According to the Aston "Sun" the poll for President was up by 400 votes on last year but overall only some 1,400 students voted out of an electorate of 14,000.

☆ ☆ ☆

Exam results

A FULL-TIME psychologist has been recruited to the Medical Centre to deal with student psychiatric problems—most of which are caused by exam nerves and insecurity about the future.

At present nearly one in six students seen by doctors applied for psychiatric help. Most were mild cases of anxiety and depression; more complex cases were referred to the Department of Psychiatry.

Chunderful

Power failure

BEFORT the miners' catastrophe in the past few weeks disappears like Edward Heath into oblivion perhaps it is not too late to speculate on some of the ways the campus was affected when the lights dimmed.

Apart from the university dropping the pretence of using its buildings after 5 p.m. (something it annually convinces its paymasters of) and deliberately conserving its supply, it would be true to say the campus was hardly touched.

Like some form of Burton-bought jewel the university glittered and sparkled above dull, dark and dank Selly Oak. This form of electrical sadism was not just limited to the campus. The Halls shimmered like gin-palaces while the Brummie populace peered through darkened doors. Obviously someone somewhere regards the university and its students as some kind of vitally important national utility.

Perhaps more importantly, students actually talked to each other. Barriers were eroded, stony glances and other things dropped as one realised usually in a lift between the floors of some 12-storey building that you were in the midst of national crisis. One's television disappeared before "God Save The Queen" and what more did one have to do but chat to one's flatmate by candlelight?

Several even found that those they lived with actually understood every word they said!

☆ ☆ ☆

Vop-for-us

One can only admire the ardour of the University police force, affectionately known as "Vopos." A sure qualification for the task must be some form of "grand passion," a deep love to apprehend that student in a car who dares to accelerate into the inner university sanctum which is sometimes referred to as a campus. But any form of love has itself possessive qualities and the university Vopos are no exception.

Last week one of the Vopos was stationed at the drive leading to the Metallurgy Department, not stopping machines coming in, but preventing them from going out. Needless to say, resourceful Metallurgy students started to lay in supplies for the seige. Several students who had discreetly evaded the Vopos getting on to the Metallurgy car park were consequently apprehended with smiles all round.

However, smiles quickly changed to sheepish grins when one of the miscreants turned out to be a certain angry Metallurgy professor trying desperately to go about his urgent and legitimate business.

This Vopo passion for the student motorist does not, however, end at the Metallurgy Department. Several days ago, another student noticed the entrance to the dusty car park behind the Physical Education Centre unattended and duly pointed his vehicle thataways.

Having arrived at the car park he was confronted by a Vopo who had hidden, perhaps suitably, behind the rubbish tip near the canal. After a general exchange of foul language, which acts as something like a mating call in these performances, the student eventually asked the Vopo, a sergeant in the university force, why he had hidden behind the rubbish tip in the car park and not stationed himself in the entrance as a preventative measure.

The reply was classic and showed the due initiative of one of his rank—"If I did that no one would come down here would they?"

Perhaps in 20 years' time, someone will realise it will be cheaper in the long run to abolish Vopos and make parking free.

☆ ☆ ☆

Examine the Spring

Every year for a few weeks, the campus is pretty. Tiny crocuses peek through green carpet, daffodils delight the Welsh, trees begin to bud. God brings back the feathered birds. It gets warmer, it gets lighter—suddenly that person next to you isn't the someone you thought it was. Like latter day hobbits university gardeners busy from herbaceous to coniferous to deciduous to rosace.

One feels the sap rise, it seems the time to do great things, hope is in every breath. However, not to the sinful—little notices start to appear, "keep off the grass" (obviously a moral warning against pot), "no parking" (it doesn't say what!), "beware of building" (a truism?). Suddenly it all disappears, everything seems the same, someone mentioned exams are only 10 weeks away!

☆ ☆ ☆

Paper Council

PAPER abounds wherever you go. Take the example of Guild Council in one term. Each Guild councillor receives something like eight sheets of foolscap per meeting 12in. x 8in. At each Council meeting on average a further four pieces of bumpf are laid on the table.

For one term, with nearly 200 students on the Council mailing list, this totals something approximating 15,000 sheets of paper, which, if laid out, would cover 40,000 square yards, or alternatively most of a certain university campus in Edgbaston.

redbrick staff

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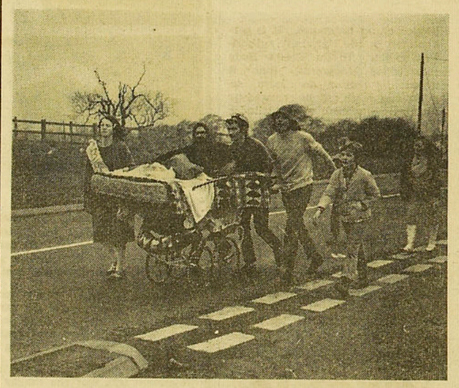


Community action week

THE response to the various projects on Tuesday and Wednesday was encouraging and a lot of valuable work was done. But the value is limited unless the momentum built up over the two days is continued throughout the year: the party at Hollymoor Mental Hospital was enjoyed by everyone, students and patients, but they need visitors every week; the two groups of handicapped and deprived children loved their day at Dudley Zoo but wanted to know when their next outing was going to be; a lot of useful work was accomplished at the crypt, but the dossers are there every night; Hockley Port Community Centre didn't ach eve much over Comac Week but there is still plenty of work to be done in the future. This applies equally to all the projects.

The effort put into Community Action Week, in terms of both time and money, will only be fully repaid if we have a few hundred people coming to the projects every weekend.

Call in at the Comac Office any lunch-time between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. for further details, or read "Hot Air." Thank you for all your help. Let's have some more.



HALF the patients in Hollymoor Psychiatric Hospital never receive regular visits, not even from their own families. They appreciate new faces and new company. They appreciate someone to speak to, someone who listens, someone just there to acknowledge them.

I would like to thank the large number of students who so enthusiastically supported the I.V.S./Community Action Spring Party at Hollymoor last Wednesday afternoon. I am sorry that I did not have the opportunity to thank everyone individually, but I know that the patients really enjoyed their company and all the help that everyone gave them. I am sure that they will remember the event for a very long time.

If anyone is interested in meeting some of the patients again, may I remind them that we leave for the hospital every Wednesday afternoon from the Union (Old Entrance—by the Shop) at 1.50 p.m.

JOHN HUNT,
(Chairman I.V.S.)

WALK SMALL

ONE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED people, mostly schoolchildren from the Birmingham area, walked in invigorating conditions to the Clent Hills and back on the Sponsored Walk, organised by Carnival Committee last Sunday. The day culminated in a free concert with three groups performing and a showing of the film "Bullitt" in the Union.

Soup and other refreshments were provided along the route, which took the walkers through Harborne and Frankley Beeches.

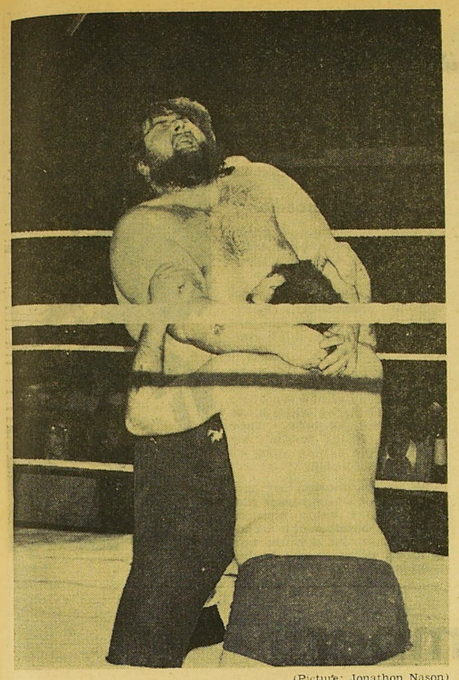
Some walkers preferred the accompaniment of beds and prams to enhance their chances of finishing. The estimated takings from the walk are put at £3,000 plus, and Carnival Chairman, Dave Kelly, said that the whole event went off without a hitch.

Are YOU the Man for
S. A. M. M.?
The Committee of 365 — the governing body of S.A.M.M. — concluded at its recent Inaugural General Meeting that
A NEW FACE
is needed in Guild Politics—someone standing head and shoulders above the crass trivialities and worn-out cliques of the present regime.
COULD YOU BE THAT PERSON? — COULD YOU LEAD?
S.A.M.M. TO VICTORY — TO A NEW ERA IN GUILD POLITICS.
Entry forms from any member of the Committee of 365 to be returned by MARCH 3rd, 1972.
Result to be announced on March 6th, 1972.

FOR BEER, CIDER, WINES & SPIRITS
CALL AT
Morris's Wine Stores
TEMPLEFIELD SQUARE, WHEELEYS ROAD, EDGBASTON 440 2291
512 BRISTOL ROAD, BOURNBROOK SEL 0195
775 BRISTOL ROAD, SELLY OAK SEL 0173
(Next to Oak Cinema)

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30% CASH DISCOUNT
on
Wedding & Engagement Rings
DISCOUNT on all other kinds of jewellery, clocks and watches

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



(Picture: Jonathon Nason)

Oral Experiment? No Grapple!

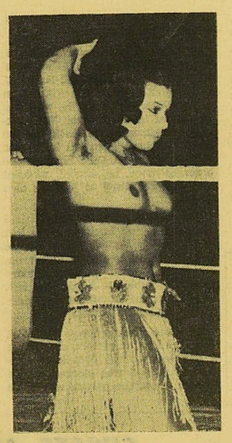
DABBLE AND DRIP?

APART from the impromptu strip by Sweet Charity (see page one) the Grapple and Strip in the Debating Hall on Saturday night was consistent in its predictability.

Wrestlers, namely the Klondyke Brothers and the Wildman from Borneo, writhed about the ring with theatrical drama, and the beautiful Monique, from Balsall Heath (sorry South America), bared herself without hesitation. However, during her second performance an enthusiastic onlooker emptied his beer over her fragile skin and she retired without that much-awaited glimpse.

Comedian, Alf Hewitt, unfortunately didn't have much of a hearing because of Sweet Charity's interruption and the beer trick finally finished him off.

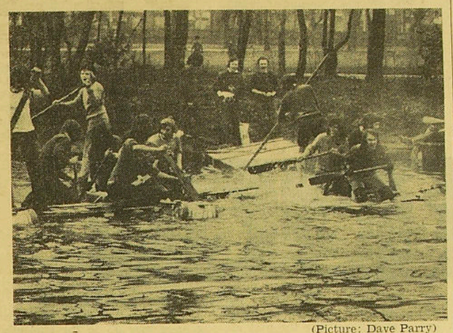
The wrestlers were at times slow to please but bursts of energetic throwing and tossing produced applause. I think everyone got what they wanted.



Strip

All information regarding Carnival Events can be obtained from the Information Desk in the New Entrance Hall of the Union.

CARNIVAL



(Picture: Dave Parry)

How to win in the right Manor

SATURDAY morning in fog-enveloped Small Heath Park did not auger too well for the Annual Raft Race. But by the afternoon two suns appeared, one pushing the mist away, the other being the Carnival Queen.

Hours of secret planning behind locked doors had gone into some rafts, which ranged from a five-gallon drum phallus to a Polynesian inspired craft. Pre-race fever resulted in the maiden voyages of all rafts and though two capsized, the majority remained upright albeit just above the surface.

One hall team, supported by an often-heard five-letter chant, roared from the bank by a hoard of team patriots, induced this team to win the first heat. But other entries less vocally supported (namely an all-female crew) proved that vocal virility is not necessary for a winning combination. The other heats of four rafts each were less inspiring in crowd appeal.

The assembled masses hushed as the Carnival Queen started the final race. Dismayed by the lengthened course, now a complete lap of the lake, one member of the Manor crew, hell bent on thrusting his grubby paws around a Guinness, was heard to declare: "Well, f - - - me!".

The race was finely balanced with Manor remaining in third place, whilst the leading crews were attacked by a non-competing raft (from Lake Hall?). The giant phallus pushed on relentlessly, but eventually this mighty craft shrank beneath its crew.

Manor House now proved their superiority, for as the crews passed close to the bank, a fusilade of miscellaneous missiles showered upon them. Pressing on undaunted and eager to succour the liquid delights awaiting them on shore, Manor House were first to cross the finishing line.

After the Carnival Queen presented the prizes, a piano race ensued. Each team provided its own motive power for the pianos attached to various wheeled devices. Ingenuity was important, and included a bright yellow piano on a four-wheeled trolley, and a Medics' entry involving a piano precariously attached to a hospital bed.

The resulting race was a fiasco for a short distance from the start. The wheel of one trolley collapsed depositing its female passenger upon the track. A melee of competitors and pianos ensued as teams took avoiding action. The medics choice of transport suffered a similar ignominy to a wooden leg with dry rot when their off-side wheel collapsed. Meanwhile the aforementioned team with the yellow piano (purportedly of physicists) continued with a pianist oblivious that the race was in progress.

Suddenly, the race was over, the prizes presented, and a deserted hush fell upon the park, and was it the thought of Klondike Bill or Monique which led to the sudden disappearance of the crowd?

CARNIVAL PARTY
ROCK 'N' ROLL NIGHT
with
MEMPHIS BEND, AXE, JUG, JAZZ, STEEL BANDS
Cartoons
Late Bar : Disco
on
SATURDAY MARCH 4
8 p.m. Union 30p

CARNIVAL DANCE
with
VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
MEDICINE HEAD
FLASH
on
WEDNESDAY MARCH 1
8 p.m. Mayfair Suite 60p

DRAMA FESTIVAL

on

Friday, March 3rd : Union

1.00 "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" Pip Simmons T.G.
2.30 "THE KNACK" — Belgrade T.G.
7.30 "NATIONAL INTEREST" — General Will T.G.
9.00 RON GEESIN
10.30 "RUPERT SHOW" — General Will T.G.

EVENING PERFORMANCES 20p
AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES FREE.

The Gavin Tweedsmuir Column

CURSE OF THE DODGSON

IN a few weeks' time Miss Ann Naylor will be replaced as President of the Guild by a fool, elected by a few more fools, from a list of several fools. We, in this office, would like to express our regrets to lose Miss Naylor, who while egotistic, arrogant, ungainly, prejudiced, corrupt, ill-mannered, politically naive and pompously Left-Wing, at least had a better singing voice than her predecessor, Lord Gayford of Letcherworth.

Unfortunately, no such redeeming features can be found in the unlovely person or character of Mr. Paul Dodgson, the illiterate and canatose bore who for the past 12 months has done an excellent impression of an illiterate and canatose Vice-President. Mr. Dodgson will go back to the law faculty where the few people who can remember him do not exactly glow at the prospect of having the disease dropped among them again.

There is a whole decameron of stories concerning Mr. Dodgson's sweaty and moronic incompetence in office which may well be appendixed to his following biography—"Ecstasy and Paul" (Hot Air Press, 2½p, hardback).

☆ ☆ ☆

ROS'S PLOT

Mr. Eric Galvin's enlightened policy of moving Community Action temporarily into the G.T.V. Office has produced a result which not even the engaging æsthetes of G.T.V. would have foreseen. The dreadful Ros woman, who runs Comac Incorporated (a charitable organisation run on similar chaotic lines to DebSoc), has gone round the twist. She has informed the G.T.V. editor that the office is hers and not his; that Comac will be there permanently and (wait for it) could G.T.V. hold its meetings elsewhere, as they interfered with Comac eating its lunch, or some such nonsense.

The editor of G.T.V., normally a man of almost painful bashfulness and modest temperament, was forced to explain the correct situation to Ros, who now as revenge, seems to be crowding the office out with kind-hearted community helpers—many of whom may be asleep.

☆ ☆ ☆

HOLIDAY '72

Looking for somewhere exciting to spend a few weeks in early June or July? Somewhere "different", with the authentic air of rustic simplicity and charm you thought left the Guild with O'Sheer Nonsense? Why not try two fun-filled joint sessions of Guild Council?

When you arrive at the Council Chamber, a group of red-coated Peter Hichinerettes will give you a guided tour of the Chamber and show you how to call quorum in one easy lesson. The lonely Binkie Beaumont will give a demonstration of making herself look an idiot in three minutes; "Mad" Mike Gordon will show how it can be done in ten seconds.

Join in the fun of walking out every time he gets up to speak. Bask in the sun that radiates out of John Tustin's left ear lobe! Guild Council is the place for you! Book now!

☆ ☆ ☆

ROLL OF HONOUR

Gavin Tweedsmuir takes this opportunity of welcoming the following new hacks, clods and harpies to Guild Council:

Mr. Andy Vallance-Owen (Medicine): An ambitious twerp.

Mr. Gary Marks (Soc. Sci.): A twerp.

Mr. Russell Bryant (ditto): The epicune and (soon ex-) editor of "Redbrick".

Mr. Laurence Cohen (Law): A simpleton.

Mr. Binkie Beaumont (Met.): A retired entertainer.

Miss Pauline Mundy: Another woman.

Good riddance to Dr. David Derbyshire, Playford (again), Barrie Thornyburn, John MacFie (but for how long, sweetie?), and, of course, Gallstone Dodgson.

NIGHTLINE—*a new service for students*

FOR students who are lonely or depressed, particularly during the night, a new service is being set up in the University at the beginning of next term. Called "Nightline," it will be manned by students in premises near the University who will take telephone calls, receive visitors and go and see a student in his own rooms.



It is proposed that there should be approximately 40 volunteers, two or three being on duty each night, this would mean that a volunteer's turn would come round only once a fortnight. Thus it should not interfere too much with academic work. Those who volunteer will undergo a training period of two to three weeks (hopefully, towards the end of this term) to prepare them for dealing with calls. This will involve lectures, discussions and, most important, role-playing sessions in which one student will take the part of the Nightliners, one the part of the caller. This will enable volunteers to tackle problems they will encounter when on duty.

Volunteers will be selected during the training period, they will have an interview with a member of the Samaritans to determine whether they are suitable, but the organisers hope that it will not be necessary to tell a person he is not suitable—they hope that he himself will realise it during the training sessions and withdraw voluntarily.

Two types of people the organisers do NOT want to see are, in the words of Chad Vorah (founder of the Samaritans) "power perverts trying to solve their own problems, and people who believe that one and panacea purveyors"; included in these categories would be people ideology can solve everything.

If the problem is really serious a volunteer may go to the student's accommodation to talk to him there; or, if a student calls at the Nightline office, there will be coffee and a spare bed where he can spend the night if he wants.

That such a service is needed can be proved by the experience of the South Kensington Nightline (which covers eleven local colleges including Imperial College, Queen Elizabeth and Royal College of Art): last term they had seventy calls in seventy days. According to Peter Guthrie, who runs the South Kensington service, in an interview in the "Observer" (30-1-72), Nightline

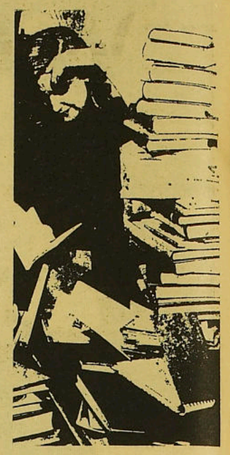
by John Groarke

is filling the gap between friends, who may be unreliable, and student health services, which may appear too formal.

As many volunteers as possible will be welcome—Chris Farmer (Medic II) is the organiser, and there will be plenty of advertisement before Easter.

Chris has pointed out that Nightline is not intended to rival the Samaritans; a student does not have to be contemplating suicide before he telephones Nightline. Their slogan is "If the problem's big enough for you to worry about, it's big enough for Nightline."

For example, a student may have just broken off a long-standing relationship and is feeling depressed and lonely; she may want to ask advice about abortion, or he/she may be having difficulties with his/her landlord.



letters

100% proffit ?

DEAR SIR,—I am disgusted at the inteligence of the students of the Birmingham university, and should like to see them make some improvement, also to know their sense of direction as to the alimate sort of society they realy want, or emagin they will grow up in or into.

I find that the student are very willow the wisp. They are Here They are not. They are there They are not. ARE THERE 7 thousand or not. what rubbish are they learnig. ARE their heads full of the past event. Blind to the present, with out a clue to the future.

Severn Thousand students and none knows conserning the greatest event that happend in the great City of BIRMINGHAM, and the name of the person that brings that event to them. It is here now that this knolage is given to you all.

do not miss this oportunity to avale your selfes of this most important knolage.

Birmingham shall Be the Center. Birmingham has been made the Holy ZION.

Seek ye ELIJAH while he may yet be found.

I AM ELIJAH THE PROPHET.

Yours truly,

ELIJAH.

[This is NOT bad proof reading.—Ed.]

I remember

DEAR SIR,—For the last six years I have used my retirement from industry employed as a Foyer Porter in High Hall. This to me is a very interesting and satisfying occupation. Apart from the students in residence, there are the vacation conferences which occupy our time in their absence, and where one comes into contact with celebrities from different fields. On many occasions it is necessary to conduct parties to the top of High Hall to get a view of the Campus, and Birmingham as a whole. From that position aloft, I never fail to think of a day in my life to which Mr. Editor, with your permission I would like to record.

Can you imagine 63 years ago, I, as a teenager was an active member of the Battalion of Birmingham Boys' Brigade, a drummer in the Band and glowing with pride when on parade. The city and peoples were agog with excitement, for preparations were being made for a Royal visit and the people were to be given a holiday.

The day eventually arrived. The Companies of the B.B. met at their respective headquarters to march to the Court-yard of the Council House where the Battalion as a whole were assembled.

After a whilie we were called to attention, and in rides the Boys' Brigades Commander Col. Barnsley, resplendent in full dress uniform on a magnificent charger; he also was an Officer in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. He took in the parade of boys from his lofty seat astride his horse, then he gave the order to move, he saluted, wheeled and cantered away to join his own Regiment.

We moved off, left wheel, then right wheel two hundred yards left wheel, down Suffolk Street on to Horse Fair, on to Bristol Street, on, on, Bristol Road passing, Priory Road, on, Pebble Mill Road, on left, on, and on, the crowds on each sides of the roads very dense.

Welcome slogans across the road, flags, bunting, streamers, etc., giving a gay look to the occasion. Suddenly the road was blocked with a human mass, the parade was given the order right wheel, in we march, through the gates, up the hill, and we are halted a dozen or so yards from the Great Hall.

We stand easy, instruments well back for safety, after a few minutes, we can hear cheering in the distance getting louder until it becomes a war, then there comes a hush, except for the sound of horses, many of them, and into view comes their Majesties Body Guard, plumed helmets, breast plates a glittering sight, sabres drawn, they pass beyond the Great Hall, then the Royal carriage halts, the postillion jumps down from his perch to open the carriage for their Majesties, King Edward VII and Queen Alexander, to dismount and advance to meet the reception committee, Chancellor, Principles, etc., to perform the opening ceremony of the Birmingham University, June 1990.

Many times I have pondered as to why should the Boys' Brigade have played such a prominent part in that Royal function, and can only concluude that it was a Civic gesture to use the organised youth of Birmingham at that time, to give a silent welcome to the youth of the future, who would, from many parts of the world, take part in the facilities provided, to learn at Birmingham's University.

Over all the years, and the many happenings in between, it is a day I will never forget and a great sense of pride having taken part.

WILLIAM J. MASON

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But I can foresee some difficulties.

(a) It hurts.

(b) They are being a bit optimistic if they hope that every candidate has a brain of sufficient size to be biposied.

(c) By the time a chap reaches a Professorship, there won't be much brain left.

As far as I am concerned, they know where they can stick their needles.

GHOSTS AND GHOULS

STRANGE things have been seen by the University night-watchmen over the past few weeks. Men have been seen as screaming wrecks, tearing hairs from their nostrils and pulling their teeth out. But what could have caused apparently sane men to whince so? We have the answer.

It seems that the ghost of the main library is about again. For those who have not seen him, floating eerily around the library at the dead of night, this is his story.

It is the ghost of Stephen Cramp, Combined Law and Brewing. He was a very keen scholar, who would dare himself to do various academic feats to confirm his undoubted superiority; but his final feat of scholastic gymnastics was his undoing. He decided that he was going to read every single book in the main library.

For nine long, hard, short-sighted months, during which time he went through 43 pairs of glasses, 60 sandwiches and a toothpick, Stephen read every single book in the library—except one. He just could not lay his hands on the last book in the library, "Zzzank, an autobiography". He finally went mad, and committed suicide by swallowing the entire Encyclopedia Brittanica.

And on a moonlit night, you may see him still, wandering the Stacks, looking for "Zzzank, an autobiography". But I think he'll be disappointed.

I have decided not to take the book back.

redbreast

WOMEN IN LOVE

"The woman is so hard
Upon the women."
—Alfred Lord Tennyson.

A HEART-FELT and oft-repeated criticism made by many a female both on this campus and in the big, wide world outside is a bitter condemnation of her own sex in terms of introverted attitudes and preoccupation with trivia. At one level, examples can be seen at any time, six days a week, in the Union Coffee Bar, where groups of fond "friends" sit gurgling endearments to one another, making it almost difficult to discern the poisoned barbs of implacable hostility beneath the genial surface.

This manifests itself in its simplest, and most familiar form, as pure cattiness . . . 'Darling! you look absolutely marvellous in that dress, my mother has one just like it . . ." or "I do like your hair that colour" . . . or perhaps . . . "She tries so hard to appear intelligent" . . .—the cruel claw in the silken fur.

It is this very attitude that provokes that patronising levity in men, occuring as it does in women of all ages and from diverse social and cultural backgrounds. Thus we find the housewife making defatory stabs at Mrs. X's ability to cook, raise children, dust furniture, along with the status-seeking enmity aroused by the woman with more clothes, more money, a better car, etc.—extending still further to the adjudged quality of boyfriends, husbands and children.

Moreover, women prove correct Oscar Wilde's maxim that "wickedness is a myth invented by some people to account for the curious attractiveness of others", by excelling at virtuous self-righteous criticism of the transgressor—the rage of the unlovely for the beautiful and the damned.

Extremely interesting too, is that special concentrated brand of rivalry which can exsist among career women. Each feels for the other's achievement a curious blend of pride, attraction, suspicion, resentment and envy.

These tangled emotions are expressed most openly by our artistic sisters, with opera singers referring to one another as "crow-faced battle-axes", and actresses, notorious for the ferocity of their mutual antagonism, disguising their cut-throat methods behind transparent screens of lavish praise.

A magnificent example can be seen in the comment of one well-known star of stage and screen, who confided to reporters at Heathrow recently: "She's a good friend and I adore her because she's so **brave**. You know she was the first actress in the States to have that new breast-lifting operation." Exceptional? Hardly, a very similar remark on constructive anatomy was heard to fall from the lips of one well-known Union bombshell only last week.

Nor would it appear that pride and admiration for those members of their sex who achieve eminence in a male-dominated field precludes the existence of this critical attitude. It is a well-known fact that competition between women in the business and political fields is conducted with a slashing ruthlessness and a deviously unethical method which cause men to blanch with horror.

While in the academic field, one only has to look at the remark of a lady psychiatrist who said of a rival: "She's a brilliant scientist, but I do wish she'd get over the notion that she's Madame Curie."

Of course, men indulge in cut-throat tactics too, but usually within certain limits of honour and according to more or less accepted rules of open warfare. Men are often jealous of each other, but not merely by virtue of the fact that they are **male**!

The ambivalent nature of women's attitudes toward their own sex has always been a source of bafflement and derision to men and of denials and camouflage on the part of women. It is a highly emotional area into which everyone hesitates to probe, although it is no revelation to anyone. What is the reason for this brutality? Is it because women see themselves—and one another—as rivals in some cosmic, or at least universal, struggle? Or is it simply the nature of the beast? No wonder it has prompted some facetious male to utter scornfully:



"As men do walk a mile, women do talk an hour,
After supper. 'Tis their exercise."

Although a great many women show an almost obsessive interest in the personal details of other women's daily lives, the motives underlying this absorbing curiosity tend to be suspect. It is true that they are triggered by a uniquely feminine rivalry, concealed though it may be under a glaze of gluey charm? Are we to accept the widespread theory that it is all part of the basic biological differences which no change in economic, political or social systems is ever going to alter?

The point of the argument being whether all (or any) of this hostility stems from a natural, free-for-all rivalry in the search for a mate. Is this what the brave new world of women is reduced to?

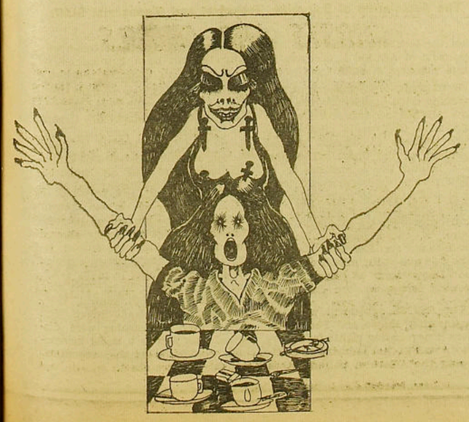
Helene Deutsch argues that if intellect impedes feminisation, then intellect must go. When she came to reconsider her basic theory of feminine masochism her rationalisation had to fall back on the fact that "it cannot be related to factors inherent in the anatomical-physiological characteristics alone, but must be construed as importantly conditioned by the culture-complex or social organisation in which the woman has developed".

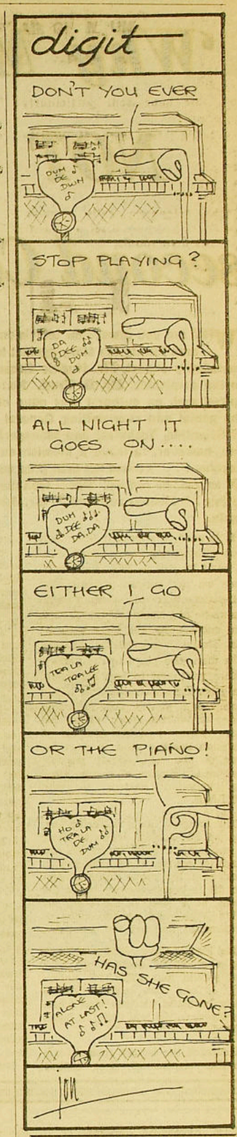
Surely it is not necessary, when cornered, to always go back to the old bleat that the blame must lie in "male-orientated society" and "cultural conditioning". How can women expect to be taken seriously if their own behaviour provokes exactly the opposite attitude?

This is not to say that there can at the present moment be no meaningful relationship between one woman and another. Of course there can, and there are, frequently. This is merely a plea to those whimpering women of the Coffee Bar and Founders, and others like them outside the microscopic situation of the University campus, to stop "over-trivialising the trivial" and actually say or do something constructive.

In the meantime, my loves, please don't be too surprised or offended if I sit in the Union Coffee Bar surrounded by my **male** entourage —we're bitching too, of course, but it's called politics . . .

BY BARBARA I. SLOMNICKA





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'Why Mr. Jenkins is NOT the second Caruso'

CLIVE JENKINS INTERVIEWED by ANTHONY LEE



"WHY are you always on television—my wife hates you?" The man telling the story against himself was not, as one might reasonably expect, Mr. Hughie Green, or going from the sublime to the despicable, Mr. D. Frost. No: the man whose presence inspired such an outburst was none other than Mr. Clive Jenkins, the genial and ever-smiling General Secretary of the Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staffs. Mr. Jenkins is not one, however, to leave a blemish on such a gentleman as Mr. Jenkins . . . "I asked the man if he was a member of the A.S.T.M.S. 'Of course,' he replied. 'But it took me three months to get my wife to join!'" Honour restored — Mr. Jenkins had come up smiling — again.

It is hard to approach Clive Jenkins without any preconceived ideas of what he will be like: the subtle, dare we say slippery aurora; the self-satisfaction of a man who knows he can exude self-satisfaction and successfully get away with it; the almost vanderieleian attitude of a man who plays to the gallery, before getting it to join his union. He gives the impression that if you gave him a gentle push he would slide across the floor under his own steam, perhaps singing a Venetian boating song to pass the time on the trip, adding possibly that he is thinking of getting singing Venetian boaters to join A.S.T.M.S.

The image is not a flattering one, and yet Mr. Jenkins seems to know it and almost revel in it. He can laugh, of course, at his critics with great ease. Not many union leaders can flit so impressionably about the media, be it "Quiz of the Week" or "This Week" and provide such entertainment and get the job done.

The idea of Clive Jenkins addressing a crowd of doctors (on why they should join A.S.M.M.S. naturally) is one that conjures up so many beautiful pictures that when one comes to the real thing, it leans towards déja-nu.

I entered the lecture room to the familiar strains of that unique tone defending their owner against a charge of what did he know about medicine? Good question. Answer? Well, what did he know about steel-making, aircraft production or film-making?

"All I know about is contracts—and bargaining contracts for you." Such self-confession and honesty should really have been met by a string of heavenly harps, not another probe from the audience.

His patter is convincing—he is a good salesman for both A.S.T.M.S. and Jenkins C. His success can be seen in two ways. Firstly, it cannot be denied that the impact of A.S.T.M.S. is growing and that growth is in no small way due to the enterprise of the union's general secretary. Generally, as one member of the audience pointed out, even though Mr. Jenkins is not the head man in the A.S.T.M.S. village, it is he who gets the coverage.

If doctors are going to join the Medical Practitioners' Union, the union backed by Mr. Jenkins and A.S.T.M.S., they can at least be assured of a man who in or out of union circles cannot be met with the query—who is he or which union does he represent? Clive Jenkins and A.S.T.M.S. conduct a smooth symbolic existence, which at times becomes a Siamese twin affair, not always abstracting the best from the critics.

The critics, however, have had easier nuts to crack. Of course, Mr. Jenkins will be interviewed. He welcomes the questing journalist with a smile and gazing knowingly at the floor hard as the first shot is fired.

Could it not be said that his use of the media does verge on the Clive Jenkins Show theme, leaving affairs of the union in the background? "I treat the media as a weapon. I'm interested in the media as a secondary transmission halt." In other words the medium gets the message and all those quiz-cum-chat show appearances. "Oh, it's just a bit of fun. Oh yes, narcissism as well."

He does not deny that the narcissist in him is not very well hidden, but once again realises the power that such a stance can bring publicity wise.

He is ready, enjoyably ready, to talk of other things than his plan for the Owens M.D.

When asked whether he would next start a trade union for old age pensioners, the grin widens and the mind and the mouth combine in the throw-away answer: "I thought that was what the Labour Party was for!" Wilde would have existed on the line; Coward would have produced endless drags on his cigarette; Jenkins stands back and smiles.

His attitude to the Labour Party he describes as "ambivalent," not the least so over their Common Market tactics. He believes the Common Market is dominated by the European combines and has been steadfastly against the idea of entry. Not even comparison to Sir Gerald Nabarro in this respect can make the hackles rise as throw the Jenkinsian composure. Well, isn't he like Gerald Nabarro—going against the party line and all that? "Why compare me with anyone?" he beams.

"What was it Gigli said when they called him the second Caruso? I'm not the second Caruso; I'm the first Gigli. Anyway, I admire Sir Gerald. His anti-smoking bid was fought against great behind-the-scenes pressure."

At times one wonders whether there is not a conscious effort on his part to promote in the audience an estrangement from him. He can be compared with Sir Gerald further on the lines that whenever he goes (in Sir Gerald's words) "I pack 'em in." And pack 'em in he does.

Good performers do that, and like the consummate artiste he is he can ham it with the best. But the question remains how much is natural egotism, and how much forced, so that the public gets what it wants?

Ask him whether some fears of the doctors are justified, for example that the M.P.A. would become dominated by the older (and therefore establishment?) members and be unwilling to promote the young doctors' cause, and he gives an answer which is again related to Jenkins: "The trade unions aren't dominated by older men. Look at me—I'm only 45. Alan Sapper, of A.C&TT.—he's only 38." To mention Vic Feather, Hugh Scanlon and Co., might seem tactless, but youth I suppose is relative, and as Mr. Jenkins said, union business is like any other business—you have got to get to know it before you can get to the top.

Mr. Jenkins, in his own way is there (though paradoxically not the top man in his own union). As a top man he claims responsibility for getting the Labour Party to change its incomes policy a few years back. Ambivalence carried to its farthest extreme presumably.

As to the future of his latest scheme. Will the doctors be willing to join a "white collar workers' union"? Will the tag bother them? "We are a union for professional groups. The tag shouldn't matter."

But there is, however, a more immediate venture to mention. Speaking of the media (as we were) Mr. Jenkins adds: "Oh, by the way, I'll be on tonight. A programme for the B.B.C. called 'People Ltd.' It'll probably be cut—I don't know how much though."

Whatever they cut, it would not be Clive Jenkins—I'm sure he would see to that.

Trade unionism and the University

By TIM WEBB, Divisional Officer, The Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staffs

THE increasing dependence of the universities upon the large business corporations for the financing of the various foundations, research and chairs is being parallelled by an unprecedented growth of trade unionism in places where it was once referred to only in terms of a sociological phenomenon. The heavy hand of profit-orientated education is being increasingly challenged in the universities by a trade union that has acquired vast experience on the more visible battleground of private industry.

ASTMS is the predominant university trade union, particularly amongst technical staff, that often forgotten but vital section of the system of higher education, and is at present negotiating the most wide-ranging and detailed job evaluation scheme ever undertaken in this country. The exercise is almost complete and has yielded accumulative salary increases of 50 per cent over a period of two and a half years bringing the university technicians into line with their counterparts in industry and ending their traditional role as the poor relations of their profession.

This has not been easily achieved and has involved taking various forms of sanctions against an often obdurate and devious employer and an unhelpful government department.

Even now, with the end in sight, the universities side is stalling on certain points and the composition of their negotiating team, seemingly influenced by a minority of backward-looking individuals, makes it certain that Birmingham will be the focal point of dispute if the scheme is not swiftly finalised and the agreed salary increases paid.

In the academic sphere, ASTMS is making increasing headway in its attempt to recruit and to inject an air of reality into a field where salary negotiations have been characterised by a cosy drawing-room approach, with a plethora of committees, to a problem that is as real for university academic and research staff as it is for any employee in Britain, whether in the public or private sector of industry.

We do not believe that annual negotiations resulting in a watered-down increase, safely within an arbitrary government "norm," is at all adequate in an era of galloping inflation. A more vigorous approach is needed to protect staff against the continuing erosion of their living standards.

Research staff face particularly acute problems, often being last in the salaries queue, treated as temporaries with little job security and no meaningful career structure. Without an effective negotiating body they have had little chance of making any substantial changes.

Staff associations, whilst having had a nominal consultative role, never possessed any real negotiating authority with the necessary back-up and research facilities and were consequently not taken seriously by the university authorities. The recent ballot at Cambridge showed that the tougher and more realistic approach of ASTMS is accepted by large numbers of staff.

With graduate unemployment now reaching crisis proportions, the NUS and ASTMS recently reached an agreement that would allow third-year students to become student members of the union. The purpose behind the agreement is to allow future professional and technical staff access to trade union facilities and advice, particularly as many employers see graduates as a source of cheap labour, with the Professional and Executive Register (the dole que of the middle-class) at the Department of Employment growing longer by the day.

The ASTMS agreement with the Engineering Employers' Federation gives it negotiating rights for supervisory staff in that industry and, following the American pattern, it is extremely likely that tomorrow's foreman will be a graduate.

We are now extending our influence to cover new members who are in a pre-employment situation and they will undoubtedly benefit. At Birmingham, meetings have been held to establish a closer liaison between the Guild of Undergraduates and the six hundred-strong ASTMS University and Medical School branches.

Just over two years ago, the revelations at Warwick clearly showed that the universities are now an integral part of the business complex of this country and, in many cases, are run on similar lines. The only counterbalance is a radical, technologically based trade union. The ivory towers of learning were dissolved 'ong ago in a world increasingly dominated by the accountant and his balance sheet.

'THE SNIPER IN THE BAKERY'



BY DEIRDRE AND JOHN HASLETT

SEVERAL weeks ago, more than 200 students held a sit-in in the Union, to protest about N.U.S. support for "the actions . . . in self-defence . . . of the I.R.A." During this meeting, Guild Council was called upon to organise a teach-in on Northern Ireland because many students felt they were discussing a complex situation which was not fully understood. Shortly before the sit-in, a group of staff and students, who had been concerned for some time about the presentation by the British press of events in Northern Ireland, had also realised the need on the campus for information. They put a motion to this effect before Guild Council, which was accepted, and as a result the teach-in will be held in Council Chamber next Wednesday afternoon (March 8th).

But what has all this to do with the Sniper in the Bakery?

A few months ago, on August 11th, 1971, William McKavanagh was walking towards his home in Henrietta Street, Belfast, with two friends, in the early hours of the morning. He was carrying a pair of fishing boots which he had looted. At the street corner, some 150 yards from a large bakery, a soldier called on him to halt. Frightened that the stolen goods might be discovered, he ran off and was shot dead. His friends were seized by the troops and very badly beaten.

The next morning, accounts of the incident appeared in the British Press. The "Sun" reported: "A terrorist group occupied a bakery in the city's market area . . . Troops advanced into the building under a fierce exchange of fire. They found a man lying dead".

The "Mail" told us: ". . . the fighting was savage—one gunman was killed . . . By 5.15 two of the gang, one still armed, had been captured". "The Times" said: "A young man was shot as troops fought to gain control of a large bakery complex taken over by gunmen". The "Daily Telegraph", the "Evening News", and the "Guardian" all carried similar reports.

These accounts, although ostensibly filed by each paper's "own correspondents", were all discovered to have originated from one Army Press Office statement released that night. Every British paper reported it as fact; none indicated that it was an Army statement.

Later, an Army Press Officer, after having been closely questioned by an "Irish Times" reporter, issued the following statement: "There was a lot of confusion about that night. In fact there was no sniper shot in the bakery. That is correct." No British paper printed this statement, and so a miserable looter was branded in death as a cold-blooded sniper.

☆ ☆ ☆

On February 7th, 1972, an I.R.A. man, Francis McGuigan, escaped from Long Kesh internment camp and subsequently reappeared in Dublin. The day after the escape the "Daily Telegraph" announced, "I.R.A. man walks out of camp in clerical collar", explaining that McGuigan was "believed" by the authorities to have left disguised as a priest in the company of six others who had visited the camp on the day he escaped. "The Times", the "Guardian" and the "Irish Times" all carried the same explanation.

The following day, February 8th, a statement from the Roman Catholic chaplain of Long Kesh was released to the Press, angrily pointing out that the six clergymen implicated in the escape had all arrived and departed separately, and at different times during the day, and all the times were recorded in the camp log book by the security officers.

The priest concluded: "I regard this statement by the authorities as a gratuitous accusation against every one of those priests, especially against myself."

The "Irish Times" reported this statement but not one of the above British papers carried Rev. Tom Toner's denial, and so the lingering association between the Catholic Church and the I.R.A. becomes more deeply embedded on the British reader's mind.



(Acknowledgments: "Irish Democrat")

Both these events, and many others, illustrate one of the more subtle ways in which the media can create a damaging impression not by the obvious sin of misrepresentation ,but rather by the crime of default, which is much more difficult to detect.

Nor are the Irish papers completely innocent, although it must be said in fairness that the "Irish Times" (a paper of similar standing to the "Times", of which it was once an off-shoot) rarely sins by default, but rather by interpretation.

It did, however, fail to publish a poignant photograph carried by the "Guardian" and "Times" (February 2nd) showing a young British soldier standing with his head bowed in an Ulster street, after a call for a minute's silence for the victims of "Bloody Sunday". Considering the controversy surrounding the events of that day, this was a highly significant omission.

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What is probably more worrying than these occasional, but important, omissions is the fact that day after day a completely different emphasis on what is essentially the same story is presented to Irish and British readers. This emphasis can be most clearly seen in the headlines used by various papers; e.g. in reporting in a Parliamentary debate on February 18th, the "Daily Telegraph" headlined its story "Paratroops defended by Minister", while the "Irish Times" preferred "British M.P. attacks army killing". The "Times" told us "Labour M.P. attacks smears on troops".

In reporting on a court case in Ireland on February 17th, the "Irish Times" wrote, "Seven men free due to lack of evidence", while the "Guardian" had as its caption, "Court frees seven I.R.A. men". In both cases these reports were basically similar, although they differed considerably in detail.

On the day after the Derry tragedy a series of spontaneous protests against the army's behaviour, carried out by students in several university towns in Britain. The next day (February 2nd) the "Irish Times", under the headline "University cities in Britain see protests", briefly described demonstrations in York, Essex, Oxford, Norwich, Kent, Lancaster, London, Brighton and Manchester. The "Guardian" however ignored most of these protests, and under its caption "Fifteen students held in shootings' row", mentioned activity only in Oxford, Brighton and York. The "Daily Telegraph" also concentrating on the "Fifteen arrested", only mentioned York and Oxford, the only places where violence occurred. Even with small, insignificant events such as this, very different approaches in reporting are evident.

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Many people in Ireland regularly take a British, as well as an Irish, newspaper. Most British people rarely take any kind of foreign newspaper. Even those actively concerned with the situation in Ireland have little opportunity to inform themselves of the very wide interpretations that are being put on matters concerned with this problem. The fact that the Main Library has recently agreed to add the "Irish Times" to its present list of daily papers is one such opportunity. We hope the teach-in on Wednesday, March 8th, will be another.

McCartney



Wings





Wings

WHEN Wings arrived at the University last week the news travelled quickly. Within minutes people were talking about it. Within an hour a queue had started to form. By the time the concert was due to start seven hundred and fifty people were waiting as Wings warmed up.

The funny thing was most of these people had never heard anything by Wings before and some didn't even know the band existed. What they were there for was to see what had not been seen for five years—Paul McCartney playing a live concert.

Back in those days concerts were different. Each venue had its own plan to smuggle Paul McCartney, John Lennon, George Harrison and Ringo Starr inside. Mass planning involving police chiefs, helicopters on the roof, decoy cars, back entrances and side doors. Things have changed since then and a lot of mud has been slung around.

Wings tour had been expected for a long time. Their album, "Wildlife", went though several delays before getting into the shops and was launched by a big party down in London. The obvious question was when were Wings taking to the road. Even at that time few people would admit deep down that the Beatles were really dead—there was still a very faint glimmer of hope that Lennon and McCartney would come together again and remember the good times, despite the abuse being hurled around in the musical Press. Wings seemed to be the final testing ground—the first permanent group to be formed by one of the Beatles. Admittedly Lennon had been involved with the Plastic One Band but that had always been so flexible that it was never really considered as being permanent.

Wings eventually took to the road in a manner that it has been said McCartney would have liked the Beatles to have returned to tours. Whilst driving up the motorway one day someone was recalling a concert they had given at Nottingham University some time in the past. The Wings van steered towards Nottingham and their first live concert was under way.

"A nervous McCartney and his band started up before most of the mildly incredulous students realised what had happened. . . . There was a short discussion as Wings tried to think of another song to play. 'We haven't got too many numbers yet. We're just checking things out,' explained Paul."—"Melody Maker".

But despite the lack of rehearsed material the concert went down well. Wings were obiously worried about the whole idea of giving concerts. A well-advertised concert would have been packed out with the Press and Wings weren't ready for too critical a look. At Nottingham there were few pressmen present and Wings could get down to playing without too much on their minds. The publicity was still a big factor when Wings decided to play their next concert at Leeds—so much so in fact that they moved on from Leeds without playing and appeared next at York University—again completely unannounced.

By the time McCartney reached Birmingham Wings were beginning to tire and the end of the tour was in sight.

"We've done nine already. So what about five more, you know, and that'll do?"—Paul.

How come Wings were only playing universities?

"Just 'cos it's easier really, you know, when you just turn up. At other places if you just turn up it's too hard to organise. Universities—they just say, 'Yeah, sure, this evening."—Paul.

Wings took to the stage in Deb. Hall whilst the audience were still settling down. It took a moment before the seated crowd realised it was actually them. It was obvious from the start who they had all come to see and McCartney was enjoying every minute of it. "Lucille" was the first number and obviously not one of the under-rehearsed numbers. As it finished McCartney turned quickly to the audience and pointed to them as if to say, "Oh yeah"—an action which he repeated throughout the evening. This half included two new numbers. "The Mess I'm In" was exceptionally good with some clear guitar work by Denny Laine and held together by Denny Seiwell's drumming. "Give Ireland back to the Irish" was a number that had everyone humming along—it's ban by the B.B.C. should make it even more successful.

It wasn't until the second half that signs of under-rehearsing started to creep in. Of the three tracks from the Wings album, only "Wildlife" came over very well, "Bip Bop" and "Some People Never Know" seeming slightly flat. To add to that three of the first-half numbers were repeated. Nevertheless being on the road must have improved their playing together.

"We get to play, you see, in front of an audience, whereas we have been just rehearsing for a few weeks and then went on the road. When you play live a lot you get a lot better. When you go on the road you get to be a tighter band. . . You play a lot every night—that's really the theory of going on the road."—Linda.

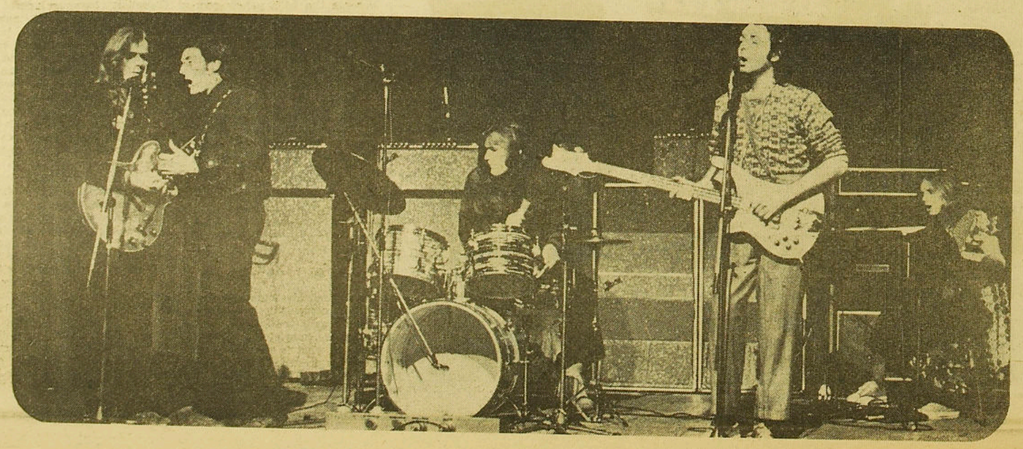
"Yes, that was the idea of doing it."—Paul.

But regardless of how Wings played the concert was virtually bound to be a success. The audience had turned up to see Paul McCartney and, to some extent, as long as he appeared on stage and played that was all that mattered. If anything, the future of Wings hangs on this point—whether the role of the band can stand up to the audience's reactions. Besides Paul and Linda McCartney, Wings has some fine musicians in Denny Laine, Denny Seiwell and Henry McCulloch.

"When the time came to go recording again they rang Denny Laine, a Birmingham lad, and asked him if he was coming out to play. Replying in the affirmative, he brought his faithful guitar and he and the Mac, along with Denny S. . . . and his drums proceeded. In this wrapper is the music they made. Can you dig it?—Covernotes, "Wildlife".

With a new album to be recorded later this month there's a need for numbers from all of them to be included. Otherwise Wings won't exist—it will just be "Paul McCartney and his band, Wings." It's going to be a tough road ahead.

PAUL TAYLOR



—reviews—

theatre

I HAVE nothing but praise for **"Man and Superman"** showing at the Rep this season. It is a lively entertaining and thought-provoking performance.

Shaw's drama is frequently rendered tedious to a modern audience when inept actors labour the social and political comment, but this performance is in fact enhanced by the racy discussions between Jack Tanner and his foils.

Tanner (Patrick Power) is the lifeforce of the play and it is his warm, witty vitality which compels the audience's interest throughout. Tanner's battle against the too-easily accepted Protestant ethic continues today, so the satire is as relevant now as it ever was.

The characterisation is extremely well down. In the first few moments of the play, the characters particularly Tavy, seem a little stereotyped and melodramatic, but soon they gain depth and are subtly treated. Annie (Jennifer Hilary) is calculating but lovable and warmly played.

The greatest interest lies in the contrast between Tavy and Jack, who diverge more as the play progresses, until even their costumes begin to reflect their differing personalities. The interaction between the three main characters is lively and so psychologically true that the audience joins with the other character in wishing on Jack Tanner the fate that he dreads, or says he dreads, so much.

All in all, the performance of "Man and Superman" is well worth a visit. It is the Rep's first production by Dustin Hughes and is of a higher quality than some of the shows last season. After such a disappointing start, it looks as if the New Rep may live up to our hopes after all.

JILL LINDSEY NORMAN.

THE "Birmingham Post" gave the **Brighton Combination** such a bad review, that I arrived at the Arts Lab on Friday evening prepared for the worse. Happily "the worse" failed to show, but then admittedly so did the best. The Combination had changed their show from the advertised "Razzle Dazzle" to "Today's Pig is Tomorrow's Bacon"—a satirical look at our resolute police force.

The whole show relied heavily on pantomime techniques — complete with the audience being brought into the action. Some were frisked by P.c. Marlene and others participated in a "rapist identification parade." It was these moments that were probably the most successful of the evening but in the end it was all too negative. There were too many clichéd shoutings of "Pig" etc. so that by the end I was even beginning to feel a little sorry for those poor men of the beat who are subjected to such slogans.

Perhaps, as the "Post" critic said, we've already seen a successful satire on the police with the Seaffold's P.c. Plod and "Today's Pig is Tomorrow's Bacon" didn't quite have the same quality about it.

With **GASP** having performed on Monday and Tuesday, the Lab's eight day of theatre finishes off today and tomorrow with **Pip Simmons'** production of "Do It" based on the book by Jerry Rubins.

Following this the Cinema Club starts again, this time with a **Revolutionary Film Festival,** including "Punishment Park," "Quiemada" and "The Battle of Algiers."

Just a brief mention for the **Carnival Theatre Festival** being held in Deb. Hall on Friday. The festival kicks off at lunch-time with two free performances. Pip Simmons, fresh from their appearance at the Arts Lab. will be performing "Alice in Wonderland." Also giving a free performance will be the Belgrade Theatre Group. Having already shown their worth, one lunch-time last term, they return to the Union with their version of "The Knack."

For a mere 20p, the evening can be spent with Ron Geesin, wizard of the recorded sound and the National Goodwill Theatre Group with their successful play "The National Interest."

PAUL TAYLOR

music

A FULL house at Mason Hall last Thursday enjoyed some fine music and entertainment from Nigel Denver, White on Black and **Steeleye Span.**

It was Nigel Denver who performed first and he soon had the audience on his side with a couple of jokes and some fine singing in his broad Scottish accent. He produced a folk-club atmosphere and had the audience singing heartily along with such gems as "I'm no hairy Marg I'm your Ma" and the perennial favourites "Black Velvet Band" and "The Wild Rover."

He finished to cries of "More!" and came back to lead the audience in "The Music Man"—he eventually got everyone singing it together.

Following him came White on Black, a threesome from Bristol. Their music was pleasant to listen to, very easy on the ear, with some nice harmonies from the two girls. Towards the end their songs seemed to drag a bit, though that was probably due to the audience's desire to see Steeleye Span. White on Black did a couple of nice arrangements of Gordon Lightfoot songs but their best was Rev. Gary Davis's "Woman at the Well."

When Steeleye Span eventually arrived on stage they produced a well-balanced programme interspersing unaccompanied songs (how to make five voices sound like a full choir in perfect harmony) with instrumentals (featuring fiddle) and songs accompanied by instruments.

"The Oak Tree" was a really fast-moving jig with some superb fiddle work. Some of the old-fashioned titles ("The Saucy Sailor") tickled the audience's fancy and altogether it was a most enjoyable set.

They did two encores—an incredibly complex piece of juggling with music provided by "The Bonaires" (in-joke for those who went ha, ha!).

JOHN GROARKE.

WALKING along Corporation Street last Friday evening, in an attempt to find the whereabouts of the Metallurgy Sponsored Pub Crawl, I was engrossed by pyjama and nightie clad revellers, who pleaded with me to join them for the Pyjama Hop at Aston Union.

Though unsuitably clad, they thrust forward, and imagine my amazement when on reaching the building, I discovered that it had taken on the appearance of the Taj Mahal as **Quintessence** were the featured group.

The evening began with a spot filled by Devils Canyon, a rock and roll group who enlivened the audience, but did little else. In the lull before the storm of the major attraction, folk singer John St. Field entertained the masses in a contemporary style likely to be an up-and-coming figure in the folk scene when his LP comes out soon.

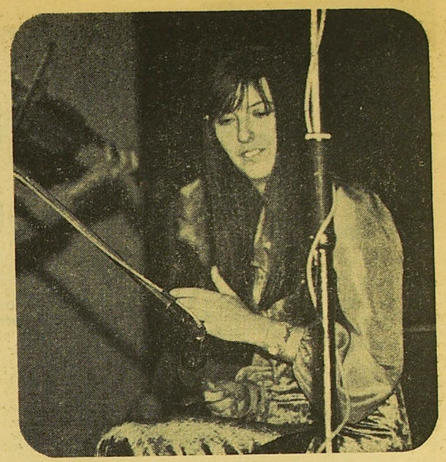
By this time, the audience had taken on the typical Aston atmosphere of total involvement, and prior to the arrival on stage of Quintessence clouds of smoke billowed around the hall as one thousand and one joss sticks were ignited.

The Judo influenced style of Quintessence had the audience on its feet, with its first number entitled "Gungami." Throughout their set the group played together well with a suitable degree of amplification for the majority to participate led from the front by Raja Ram on flute, and various small percussion instruments, the power to the whole group was provided by the hard-working drummer and two guitarists.

Shiva on lead vocals and congos was the usual counterpoint to the other members. In all they played continuously for one and a half hours and did not include the repetition of Hari-Krishas.

But with an encore lasting thirty minutes, and audience response, this proved to me a most enjoyable evening, and let's hope this augurs well for the Carnival Party which should also provide participant entertainment for all those who take the trouble to come to the Union next Saturday.

JONATHAN NASON



Maddy Prior, of Steeleye Span, at the Carnival Folk Concert.

books

SANDY WILSON wanted to salute the twenties era of his childhood in the form of a play, **"The Boyfriend"** was born.

The most essential point in this play is the light-heartedness of it, anyone expecting to see or read one long derision of that flamboyant period will certainly be disappointed. It is simply a musical comedy, in the style of the comedies written to entertain the contemporary middle class.

Penguin have now re-issued this play in paperback so as, we are informed on front and back cover, to coincide with Ken Russell's film. For 25p, it is only a small book padded out with original sketches and sheet music, but it is amazingly entertaining.

As for the Ken Russell version, little is inspired by the photo of Twiggy, in airman's gear, on the front cover. However, from the script, I should imagine that the film will be highly amusing.

GINETTE

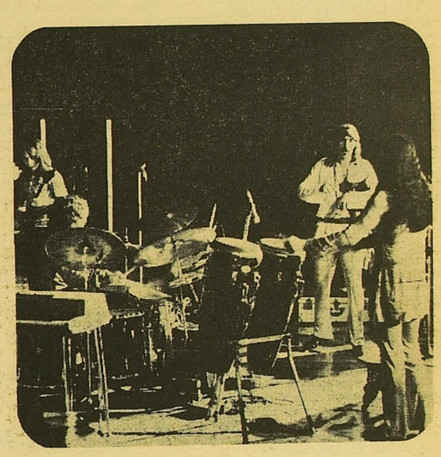
ONE of the new Penguins from last Thursday's batch is Bernard Malamud's **"Pictures of Fidelman."** Subtitled "An Exhibition," This is what it is. Imagine wandering by chance into a dusty, half-forgotten minor art-gallery somewhere in provincial Italy and the first frame reveals a three-dimensional animation — Fidelman the Bronx Jew and struggling painter, arrives in Rome for a year's study of Giolto. But the planned life of orderly writing, museum and gallery visits is completely sabotaged by the Ghost of Judaism Past—Susskind, a Jewish refugee turned beggar.

So moving on to the next four frames we observe Fidelman's picaresque progress through Italy after this initial failure. Fidelman as pick-pocket, messenger boy to whores and forger of Titian, dissolves into Fidelman the pimp to the tourists between jobs; then carving souvenir Madonnas for sale finally he is glimpsed as con-man supreme moving from city to city with her exhibition of square holes sculptured in earth.

And all the while, variations on Susskind return to question his assumptions or pretensions about life and art until an uneasy balance between the two is achieved with the hero as bisexual glassblower in downtown Venice, as the exhibition closes.

A strange, but engaging book, the story of Fidelman's decline escapes becoming a depressing fall through the wry Jewish humour which characterises Malamud's attitude towards both his hero and us, his readers.

ALI NEVILLE



Pyjama-hopping Quintessence at Aston Union.



Film tie-in of "The Boyfriend" published by Penguin

sport 1

RUGBY

BUTLER IS NOW ON THE DOLE!

Cardiff University 4 pts., Birmingham University 19 pts.

WITH three notable absentees, the most destructive rugby team ever to set foot on sacred Welsh soil, proceeded to destroy a fit and skilful opposition. For Dave "Vindaloo" Watkins this must have been one of his most memorable performances for the University 1st XV. Having given up the chances of a curry-eating competition, Vindaloo took over the place of Pewker Butler who was kicking penalties for Midland UAU. Instead, Cardiff missed their chance of opening the scoring by missing an easy penalty.

Right from the beginning, the "Blues" stormed into attack and it was not very long before the "steam-roller" of a university pack turned its great amount of possession into points.

With Ashby winning their share of the pill as well as his own, the boys, looking forward to a good night in the Cardiff main bar, proceeded to score tries through Ward, Gardner, and Vindaloo did the dirty on Buttles by converting two of them (scrawny b . . .) from far out as well as kicking a simple penalty.

Finally, I would like to voice my gratitude to Junior Guthrie, who when called upon to play at the last minute, did so "willingly." I would also like to thank the team as a whole for being such "good boys" and looking after the driver and for keeping Vindaloo away from the Cardiff "hot spots."

And so, after this fine victory at Cardiff the "pride of Mr. Mike Hayes" yet again confounded all their critics.

Just a few words now, on the wonderful victory of the Second XV THEY managed to beat a "fancied" Cardiff team by the comfortable margin of 23 points to 3 points and confirm the worst thing possible. THEY WERE INDEED GOING TO HAVE A MOST MEMORABLE NIGHT AT CARDIFF MAIN BAR. Q.E.D.

Birmingham Univ. 1st XV 10, Dudley Kingswinford 22.

The Butler boys in blue failed amid their successes this term to defeat a very spritely Dudley side.

Having given away 15 points in the first 20 minutes, Birmingham replied with some good running by powerful Buzz "don't know" Bastable and Charlie "Magic Bus" Howard, but didn't quite manage to get the score they needed.

After the pep-talk at half time the Birmingham pack got some clean ball leading to good tries by their wingers, Peter Gardener and Steve Clay. Butler converted one of the tries and then Dudley struck again with a try in the corner, plus a late penalty.

PETE BUTLER.



Even the flags have had too much drink!

MEDICS RUGBY

SMELLY SCRUM SETTLES SCORE

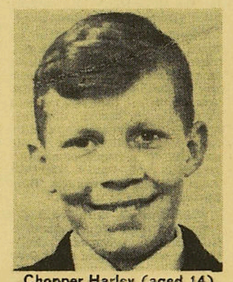
Southam R.F.C. 9, Birmingham Medics 10

A NEW phenomenon, previously unseen on British rugby pitches, hit the playing fields of Southam last Saturday. It was the one-man scrum. Following last week's fishy tale about Ratfink it was the turn of Chopper Harley to wrinkle the noses.

Harley had failed to unpack his kit after the previous week's match. Some cynics suggested that he hadn't been home since then—an untrue accusation—he called in one lunch-time to change his socks.

The result was that the other seven members of the pack refused to be associated with him, the opposition wouldn't participate, and in the first half Harley won three strikes against the head and conceded six penalties for not binding properly.

The fresh breeze of the first half improved matters a little and a more normal situation was restored after the turn round. However it was still a case of the pack peeling from the wing-forward rather than the wing-forward peeling from the scrum.



Chopper Harley (aged 14)

Not everyone in the team reacted too well to the situation. John "Cosher" Cambell was completely whinged. Having established a claim to the British Universities Boxing title by knocking out three opponents, he proceeded to kick the referee, a linesman, two flags, a stray dog and three spectators before the referee recovered sufficiently to send him for an early bath.

Fighting Twinbar Costigan was less troubled by the odour. Having previous Saturday night, he had consumed a whole pint of beer the still to recover and spent the whole match staggering round in circles, picking the occasional blade of grass to chew.

The high spot of the match almost came when Chopper headed towards the line with the ball under his arm. The dreams of lead headlines in "Redbrick" were rudely shattered when a pair of hands grasped his shirt and a set of teeth was sunk into his neck. He spent the rest of the weekend and all Monday morning trying to persuade people that the resultant marks had nothing to do with any of his female associates.

Unfortunately the Medics need a new prop-forward for next week's match. Due to transport problems after the match, Dashing Dave Roberts muttered "It's all right, I'll walk, don't worry about me." Nobody did and he hasn't been seen since.

Chopper Harley is 14.

ALF HOOKER

POISON PEN PICTURE No. 3

MAD MIKE HAYES

TO the casual observer Mike Hayes may appear to be just another mad Irishman let loose in this land. However, behind that fanatical face and frenzied frown there lurks a devious and scheming mind.

Hayes was discovered by a passing philanthropist as he sat on a kerbstone in Cork. He was transported to the United States where he spent several years wasting away on the West Coast (he wasn't allowed any further into the country).

The upshot of this was that he acquired (a) an accent, (b) a dubious diploma. He transported himself back across the Atlantic and descended on Birmingham. Here someone was deranged enough to offer him a place on the staff of the Chemistry Department.

He spent many long hours working in the wings of the Aston Webb building trying to perfect his cherished invention—a new massage cream. This he used for his first love in life—massaging the legs of female athletes. Many a famous femur have those fingers fondled.

Mike thought his moment had arrived when Al Lindley offered to massage him. As he lay on his back, the lady caressing his shoulders, a smile of ecstasy crept across his face. Then along came that shatterer of many illusions, Pete ("Are you getting it in?") Ramsay, who unzipped Mike's flies and poured in a pint of beer.

Was that the story of Hayes' life?



Who's pinched Ian Sharpe's pants? Whilst Colin Goodhall watches the ball, Vince (Notts.) doesn't seem concerned.

LACROSSE

Narrow victory

THE West Midlands lacrosse team went to Leeds this Saturday to play their weak University side and won by the narrow margin of 5-1. The strongest side would have thrashed Leeds, but West Midlands played with only 11 men, two of whom were complete novices to the game.

The game was scrappy and very defensive, partly due to the very small and narrow pitch. The score was 2—1 at half-time, but fortunately Steve Tither, who replaced the absent goalkeeper, made some excellent and vital saves to maintain the West Midlands' lead throughout the third quarter.

The attack sensibly held the ball for long periods to take the pressure off the over-worked defence, and allow the midfield men to come upfield and assist the attack. Few goal-scoring chances were made, but West Midlands managed to push the score up to 5—1 by full-time.

The position at the top of the division after Saturday is as follows:

	P	Pts
Stockport 'B'	19	36
West Midlands	18	34
Ashton 'B'	19	32
Sale	19	30

Team: S. Tither, I. Sharpe, C. Goodall, C. Harper, T. Bentley, D. Wong, I. Ashcroft, S. Wilde, D. Higgs, I. Campbell, R. Bennett.
Scorer: Robin Bennett (5).

RESULTS IN BRIEF

HYBRIDS HOCKEY (23/2/72): v. Worcester College. A. 1—0. Won.
A.F.C. (23/2/72): v. Keele. A. Midland 1st XI. 5—0. Won.
A.F.C. (23/2/72): v. Keele. A. League 2nd XI. 5—1. Won.
NETBALL 1st (26/2/72): v. Bristol. A. W.I.V.A.B. Final. 42—26. Won.
NETBALL 2nd (26/2/72): v. Lancaster, A. W.I.V.A.B. Final. 44—20. Won.
TRAMPOLINE (25/2/72): v. B.A.I., Coventry College. A. Friendly. B.A.I. 102.8, Birmingham 94.7, Coventry 93.4. Good effort!
A.F.C. (26/2/72): v. Bristol. A. Friendly. 1—1. We didn't have any kit!
WOMEN'S HOCKEY (26/2/72): v. Liverpool. A. W.I.V.A.B. Final. 2—0. Won.
LACROSSE (26/2/72): v. Leeds. A. N.E. League. 5—1. Won.
SAILING (26/2/72): v. Leicester. H. M.I.M.W.S.A. 2—0. Won.
SAILING (27/2/72): v. Bristol. H. 2—0. Won.
TABLE TENNIS (26/2/72): v. Southampton. A. U.A.U. Semi-Final. 9—4. Won.
TABLE TENNIS (26/2/72): v. Aston. A. U.A.U. Final. 9—6. Lost.
TEN PIN BOWLING (26/2/72): v. Bath. A. Midland League. 12—4 Won. Qualified for national quarter-finals.
TEN PIN BOWLING (27/2/72): v. All Univ. A. Univ. 6's Tournament. Unplaced.

I.D.S. 11-A-SIDE FOOTBALL FINAL LEAGUE TABLES, 1971-72

Division 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Commerce 'A' ..	7	6	0	1	24	10	12
High Hall	7	4	2	1	18	11	10
Chem. Posts ...	7	3	1	3	17	15	7
Lake Hall	7	3	1	3	21	20	7
Chem. Unders .	7	3	1	3	15	22	7
Law 'A'	7	3	0	4	14	19	6
Mason	7	2	0	5	15	27	4
Geog. 'A'	7	1	1	5	24	24	3
Withdrawn: Medics II, Manor 'A'							

Division 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Biology	7	4	2	1	31	21	10
Maths	7	4	1	2	29	18	9
Ind. Met.	6	4	1	1	22	14	9
Spanish	6	3	1	2	22	-8	7
Civ. Eng	6	3	1	2	26	30	7
Jews Soc.	6	3	0	3	14	21	6
Geog. 'B'	7	1	1	5	12	30	3
Manor 'B'	7	0	1	6	7	26	1
Withdrawn: Newman Soc., Chem. Eng.							

Division 3

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Commerce 'B' .	6	5	0	1	24	14	10
Law 'B'	6	4	0	2	18	12	8
French	6	3	12	2	22	14	7
Elec. Eng.	6	2	1	3	20	14	5
Mat. Sci.	6	2	1	3	16	19	5
Univ. House ...	6	1	2	3	8	27	4
Latin Classics .	6	0	3	3	10	18	3
Withdrawn: Bacteriology, Eng. Prod., History.							

sport 2

TRAMPOLINE

Good preparation

B.A.J. Pip the University

THE epic struggle between Birmingham University, Birmingham Athletic Institute and Coventry College was continued on Friday at this term's three-cornered trampoline match. The venue had to be changed at the last minute to BAI due to the closure of our Sports Centre at 5.30 p.m., and we hope that not too many of our ardent supporters were disappointed at not being able to witness this exciting spectacle. Twenty-four competitors took part—16 ladies and eight men.



Difficult recovery.

The match proved to be a very good preparation for the fast-approaching WIVAB and UAU championships, and 10 of our team of 13 summoned sufficient courage to face the ominous threat of BAI seeking revenge for their defeat last time the match was held on their home territory.

For three of our ladies, it was their first competition, and it was only the third competition for two of the men, so this match provided them with valuable practice, and they each managed very well, in what is always a nerve-racking experience.

REVENGE

The final placings were taken as a mixture of the men and ladies placings, due to the small number of men, and the team placings were taken as the best five scores. Usually, the men and women's scores are taken separately to give two different team results. Unfortunately BAI managed to get their revenge, but we managed to beat Coventry yet again, and so the final team placings were a repetition of both the match at Coventry last term and the ladies' team results at the West Midlands Closed Championships on January 29th.

We hope to hold the third match in this year's series in the New Gym next term—date and time to be announced later—and we would welcome any supporters.

RESULTS

Team: 1st BAI 102.8 pts; 2nd B'ham Univ. 94.7 pts; 3rd Coventry Coll. 93.9 pts.

Individual placings of those whose results gave the team result:—

Brian Williams 19.45 pts. 5th (men's placing—4th); Val Jones 19.05 pts. 7th (Women's placing—2nd); Helen Southern 19.0 pts. 8th (3rd); Rosemary Tarn 18.45 pts. 10th (5th); Janis Taylor 17.55 pts. 14th (7th).

NETBALL

The unbeatables strike again!

IN the W.I.V.A.B. final, held at I.M. Marsh College in Liverpool on Saturday the 1st team won 46-26 and the 2nd team won 44-20.

In the first team's match against Bristol University, Birmingham got off to a good start and won the first quarter 13—3. Feeling rather complacent with this result they tended to slacken the pace and the half-time score was 22—13. In the third quarter the team played the best netball of the match, with Lynette Buxton making some well-timed dodges. The shooting on the whole was very accurate, with Paula White and Liz Webb timing their moves well.

The second team had a really enjoyable match against Lancaster, having not had any good competition all term. They quickly went into the lead and maintained a good standard of play throughout the game. The centre court play was extremely good, and they were not let down by the shooters, who rarely missed.

We hope these results have proved that Birmingham is unbeatable in university netball.

The teams were:

First team: Diane Birnbaum, Colette Reeder, Christine Osmond (Capt.), Anneke Barber, Lynette Buxton, Paula White, Liz Webb.

Second team: Stella Jones, Liz Williams, Elnir Davies, Pat Devanny, Sue Powell, Sue Naylor, Ros Musgrove.

GOLF

RARE DEFEAT!

Birmingham Univ. 4, Southampton Univ. 5

THIS defeat, only the second by University opposition in two years, was suffered at Frilford Heath last Wednesday Bob Ashton and Tim O'Byrne ran away with all the first seven holes in their foursomes, and thereafter hung on to win by 4 and 3. George Mitchell and Paul Stanley, round in level par, won by 7 and 5. Bill Hawksworth and John Wood were narrowly defeated. Result at lunch time: 2-1 to Birmingham University.

It seems that Bob Ashton and Paul Stanley lost the top two singles matches on the putting greens. George Mitchell pulled back from four down after eight holes to win his match, and Bill Hawksworth won comfortably. Tim O'Byrne was beaten on the last green, and a somewhat off-form John Wood, playing at the bottom, was unable to save the day.

Birmingham Univ. 2,

Sandwell Park Golf Club 3.

The University faced strong opposition at Sandwell Park—possibly the finest test of golf in Birmingham. Your correspondent had sense enough not to play against Joe Fisher, formerly the best amateur in the Midlands. The task went to Bill Hawksworth and George Mitchell, who, to their credit, survived three holes be ond the 10th. Our two points were won by veterans Bill Harrison and Ken Clarke and by the local lads Paul Stanley and Chris Millington.

Tim O'Byrne, assisted by Dermot McGovern, played well, but just lost a tight match. The University "anchor-men"—who came adrift—were Karim Klat and Tim Coulson.

W.S.H.



The Raft Race at Small Heath Park — minus Kingley Manning.

Sportscene

by Andy Holden

KINGSLEY MANNING remarked to me not long ago that "you've been polite to me recently." Readers of "Redbrick" Sports may have also begun to wonder why the A.U. Secretary has not been receiving his customary criticism from these columns.

The reason for this is that it has reached our ears that Manning has been silly enough to consider standing as Guild President. The "Redbrick" sports staff, after much deliberation, have decided that this would be an excellent idea, and were unanimous in agreeing to back his campaign. The reason is quite simple—if Manning is tied up at the Guild—he will be out of the way of A.U.

Close observers of Gerald Hobley's style will not that as he gropes his way around ballroom floors he is in fact dancing on his toes. People who don't know Hobley very well may wonder at the reason for this unusual practice.

People who know Hobley (sometimes known as the Colgate Kid) better would tell them that he has several unusual practices in his repertoire. In fact, his toe, toe, quick, quick, quick, toe technique is just another manifestation of this gnome-like figure's subconscious craving for higher status in life.

☆ ☆ ☆

Chopper Harley was seen mixing in high society recently. On Friday night he sat watching Boots Bedford (an ex-drinker) nursing his pint in the Garden House. "He's supposed to be a big star?" Chopper remarked. "He looks like something from the top of a bonfire."

However, he later showed more reverence when the charitable Londoner purchased for him a pint. In fact, Mr. Harley vowed to maintain this sacred beer in his system for as long as possible. However, the urge became too great by half-time of Saturday's match so he was forced to seek the safety of nearby bushes.

☆ ☆ ☆

That former cryptic commentator of the Soccer Club, still pays frequent visits to his old haunts in the Edgbaston region. Last weekend he wasted no time in showing that his pungent wit has not yet been completely stifled by the intellectual atmosphere of Loughborough Colleges.

As Jane Reynolds (B.U.S.F. L.J.C.) entered the room Andy remarked in his cultured Cockney accent: "You look like one of those women out of a French film. You know, the ones what scrub the floors."

☆ ☆ ☆

The British Universities Raft Sailing Championships were held last Saturday in Small Heath Park. The cunning ploy of failing to inform any other prospective entrants ensured that the title again stayed in Birmingham.

One prospective champion who wasn't competing was non other than Kingsley Manning. He has been ostracised recently by the Sailing Club—"He's not even fit to be in charge of a Students' Union—never mind a boat," I was told recently.

To hide his disappointment, Kingsley has taken to pushing toy boats round the floor of Barrons restaurant. He has also been experimenting by floating ducks and rafts in his bath.

Thinking he had hit upon an ideal design for the raft race, he rushed down to Cannon Hill with his duck under one arm and an oil-drum under the other. Unfortunately, his design wasn't foolproof and he spent the rest of the day sitting in the hot air dryer at the Moseley Laundromat—waiting for the power to be turned on again. Will someone go and tell him to put a shilling in the slot.

around

DAY BY DAY

Wednesday, March 1st

Carnival Dance—"Van der Graaf Generator," "Medicine Head" and "Flash," Mayfair Suite, 8 p.m. 60p.

Organ Recital—Town Hall. G. Talben-Ball. 1.15 p.m. Free.

Thursday, March 2nd

Carnival Poetry—Adrian Mitchell, Pete Brown and Mike Horowitz. 30p. 8 p.m., Deb Hall. "Cupids Inspiration" and "Finians Rainbow." College of Food, 8 p.m.

Film Soc—"The Blue Angel," Haworth Lecture Theatre 7 p.m., 15p.

Friday, March 3rd

Carnival Theatre—Pip Simmons Theatre Group present "Alice in Wonderland." Belgrade Theatre Group present "The Knack," free. Union, 7.30 p.m. The General Will Theatre Group present "National Interest" and "The Rupert (OZ) Show," with Ron Geesin, 20p. Union.

Roy Harper—Town Hall, 7.30 p.m. Tickets from 50p.

"The Green Berets"—Odeon New Street, 11 p.m.

Saturday, March 4th

Carnival Party—"Memphis Band," "Axe," "Country Jug" and others. Union, 30p.

Odeon New Street—As Friday.

Sunday, March 5th

Sunday Flic—"1984," Deb Hall, 7 p.m., 15p.

Monday, March 6th

Film Soc—"Persona," Haworth Lecture Theatre, 7 p.m. 15p.

CINEMA

Odeon New Street—"I Am A Nymphomaniac" and "Not Now Darling." L.C.P. 7.05 p.m.

Gaumont—"Fiddler On The Roof" for a season. L.C.P. 7.15 p.m.

Odeon Ringway—"Nicholas and Alexandra." Final week. L.C.P. 7 p.m.

Futurist—"The Deserter."

A.B.C. Selly Oak—"Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid." L.C.P. 6.40 p.m.

A.B.C. New Street—"Love Story." L.C.P. 8.25 p.m.

Jacey—"Sex Is Not For Virgins" and "Hot Pants." L.C.P. 9 p.m.

Cinephone—"Part Time Virgins" and "1,001 Ways To Love.'"

Arts Lab—"Battle of Algiers," 3rd-7th, 7 p.m. "Queimada," 3rd-7th, 9 p.m. "Memories of Underdevelopment," 3rd, 1 p.m.; 5th 5 p.m. "Before The Revolution," 4th 11 p.m.; 5th 3 p.m.

THEATRE

Birmingham Repertory—"Vivat, Vivat Regina" from March 2nd. And "Man and Superman."

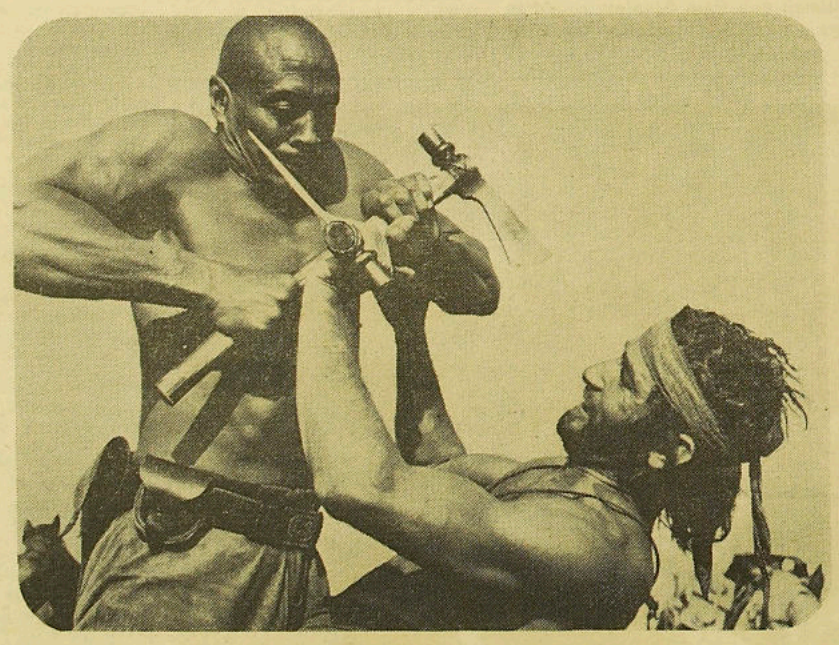
Belgrade, Coventry—"Go Back For Murder."

Alexandra Theatre—"Robinson Crusoe."

Birmingham Theatre—Closed until March 6th. Then "Salad Days."

Arts Lab—Pip Simmons Theatre Group present "Do It," March 1st and 2nd, 8 p.m.

Cannon Hill—"The Enchanted Well," opens on March 2nd.



"The Deserter" now shoing at the Futurist.



Ian Anderson, of Jethro Tull, at Town Hall, Monday.

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