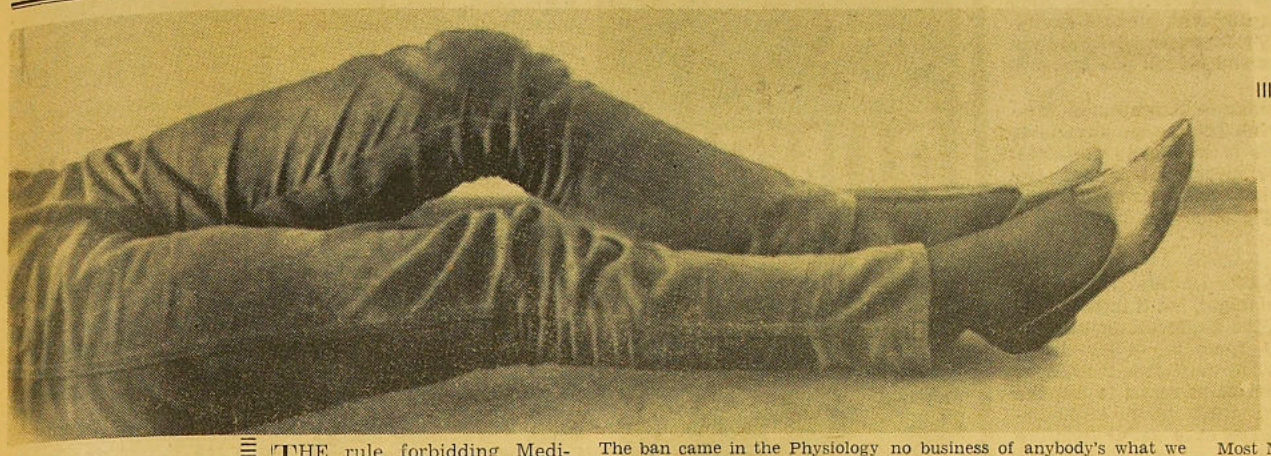
Deb. Soc.
"This house requests the British Government to support a UN Blockade of South Africa."
Council Chamber
5.15.

REDBRICK

Film Soc.
'Avventura—Antonioni
Le Haricot
Thursday, 7.30 p.m.
Haworth

No. 665 WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28th, 1964 Price 3d.



'HOUSE' STORM:

Jeans out for Medics

THE rule forbidding Medical students to wear jeans in practical classes is being enforced this year, and has brought a storm of protest from some of the Medics involved.

The ban came in the Physiology practical classes where students were asked either to wear clothes suitable for the profession or face expulsion from the classes. Phil Jones, 3rd-year Medic, who in protest continued to wear jeans in practicals, said: "It's an infringement of personal liberties and it's no business of anybody's what we wear."

The official explanation of the ban is that Medical students will not be able to wear jeans on the wards and since they are now training for the wards they should get used to attending suitably dressed.

Most Medics seem to agree with this. "I don't know what all the fuss is about," said one, and another one commented: "I personally wouldn't wear jeans, but I think those who want to should be at liberty to do so—after all, we're not on the wards yet."

REV COMES AFTER REDBRICK INVITE

FRED CRUMP IN HOSPITAL

Five-week stay



MR. FRED CRUMP, the Chief Union Steward, was taken to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital early last Friday morning suffering from a coronary thrombosis, and on Sunday night his condition was described as "unchanged."

Mr. Crump, who has been with the Union for twelve years, will have to stay in bed for at least a fortnight and can expect to spend a further three weeks resting at the hospital.

Bill Byrd, the Assistant Union Steward, who has stepped into Mr. Crump's place while he is away, went to visit him soon after he was admitted. "We're all very anxious about him," he said. "He's a good boss and naturally we'll miss him, and we hope he'll be back with us again soon."

Refused

Mr. Crump complained of a pain in his chest at the Union on Thursday night and was advised to go home. He refused to go, but when he did eventually get home his pain was much worse and when the doctor arrived, he sent him to hospital immediately.

But, his illness doesn't seem to have daunted Mr. Crump's spirit any. "He's as bright and cheerful as ever," said Mrs. Crump, "and he seems to be improving."

The QE nurses commented, "Mr. Crump is a wonderful patient; we're all very pleased with him."

Mr. R. T. Jones, Union Permanent Secretary, who saw him yesterday, said afterwards: "He looks and feels perfectly all right, but he's not allowed to move. He's on a strict diet."

Mr. Jones is hoping to arrange for somebody from the Union to go and see him every day while he is in hospital. A party from the Executive is expected to go up this afternoon.

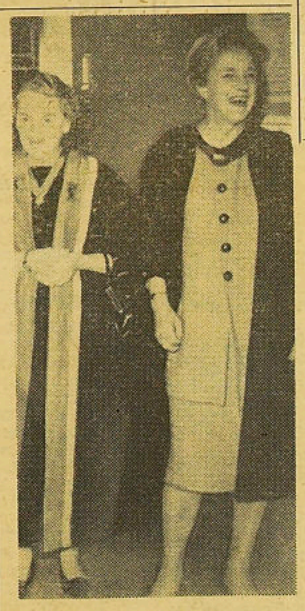


Photo: Graham White.

• Dame Hilda Rose (left) and Ridge Hall Warden Vera Adamson, at last Wednesday's reception.

Will speak on Monday

THE Rev. Clifford Hill, minister at the centre of the University House storm, is to speak in the Union on Monday.

This was the dramatic result last night of a REDBRICK invitation to come to Birmingham and "see for himself."

And earlier he will face House representatives to explain the charges he has made.

The London Congregational minister hit the headlines in almost every national paper in the country on Monday after calling the mixed University House experiment a "criminal folly" which could only add to students' emotional burdens.

Mr. Hill will travel up from Tottenham on Monday, and the meeting is hoped to be held in the Council Chamber at 5.15.

Previous to this, he is expected to be shown round University House and Ridge Hall and to meet representatives of the Senior Common Rooms.

One person he will not meet the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Robert Aitken. "I don't think I would actually pay him the compliment of speaking to him," Sir Robert told REDBRICK yesterday.

Speaking on Sunday, at the annual civic service at High Cross Congregational Church, Tottenham, Mr. Hill said: "England is full of half-witted educationalists who try out their crazy experiments on the youth of the land.

"I am told there are no rules and no restrictions at this Hall.

"It is criminal folly that those irresponsible morons are followed to hurl our young people into such fearful moral temptation."

Debate

After inviting Mr. Hill, REDBRICK tried to organise a debate for next week. Michael Hartley-Brewer, Chairman of Debating Society, refused on the grounds that it would be "too one-sided."

Mr. Hill said he would have preferred a debate, but Monday's meeting is expected to be one of the events of the year.

"I'll be only too happy to argue the issues involved with anyone," he said. "I don't care who you put up against me."

Spokesmen for University House said they had no objection in principle to meeting the minister and showing him round.

"I don't want to insult the man, even if he has insulted us," said one. "I'll be glad to talk over the whole issue with him."

THE MOTHER HALL IS OPENED

AT last, after it has been occupied for two terms, Ridge Hall has been officially opened.

Dame Hilda Rose, Emeritus Professor of Obstetrics and Gynæcology at the University, who performed the opening ceremony last Wednesday, described it as an "obviously obstetric occasion."

She saw Ridge as the mother of the six Halls of Residence that are planned on the site—the only other completed building being High Hall next door. She described the skyscraper block with a panoramic view as a "rather lanky youth," and hoped that all the new halls would be the breeding ground of many distinguished citizens in the future.

NO TURNUP NO BOOK FOR LOST ROCK GROUP

THE Disappearing Rock Group were still lost last night—three days after they had failed to turn up for Saturday's hop.

Entertainments Committee boss Tony Vere and the agents were at a loss to explain why the group—Birmingham stars Russ Sainty and the Nu-Notes—had cut the booking.

Several students had angrily tried to get their money back after paying 5/6 to attend the term's most star-studded and most expensive Hop.

"We're doing all we can to find out what happened to them," said Mr. Vere. "I'd like to express my apologies, on behalf of Entertainments Committee, for students who were inconvenienced.

"I don't know as yet what the position will be regarding compensation, but we'll certainly do our best in future to make it up to people in some way.

"There won't be any refund on tickets, but we'll fix something up."

Apologies have also been sent to all the training colleges who import girls to the Hops. Several of these have threatened to boycott future functions.

Both of the other groups at the dance—The Laurie Jay Combo and the Crescendoes—had to play far more than their allocated spot to fill in the time.

ORD CHRISTMAS CARDS

10,000 have been designed and printed of top quality and æsthetically pleasing. Selling at 6d. each and 5/- per dozen from ORD bookstall, Refectory, Staff House and throughout Birmingham.



David SILVER

I HAVE always had a love-hate relationship with undergraduate parties.

Like anything else undergraduate, they vary between unbelievable extremes, rarely good, often bad, usually both—analogous with student poetry. I am an inveterate party-categoriser. Give me ten minutes at any given one and I'll tell you where it fits in.

Obviously, main, fundamental properties common to them all are drink (this is an invariable component), women (this is erratically variable), music (this seems to be invariable), a flat (although gardens, swimming-pools, Dormobiles and coal-cellars are becoming popular), and a host.

Nauseous

The drink is usually beer in cans. It becomes flat and nauseous after midnight, but it lasts. At the majority of parties (say, the Engineers in Moseley—no invitations variety), there are a few token efforts at spirit drinking, but there it is the law of the jungle, and the weaker of us resort to ale, the weakest, often pathetic, with their carefully-guarded quart of cider, going even flatter than the beer, under the bed. Talking of bed, the women would usually rather not.

Having dealt with drink and women, I pass on to the inevitable muzzy backbround Beatle drone that nobody listens to, and yet somehow the crude beat is manifested in the half-hearted shaking and twitching (which is usually dancing, except at the Don Bradbury type of party, where it is Don Bradbury).

Rythmic

It is also manifested in the rhythmic conversation, which maintains the steady beat of synthetic gaiety, the opening and closing of the bog door, the beer-burping, the boredom.

The flat is either too luxurious to have any sort of party in at all, or too grotty to give a damn. The host is the same.

Categories. First, and most objectionable, those that are born on little white cards (invitations), taking place in Balsall Heath really, but addressed as Birmingham 12. These I don't know much about, because I'm never invited to them. Second, Medics' parties—too much drink, too many Medics, too far away. Ugh!

Status

Third, Guild Executive or status-reassuring parties—go to these if you want to be big in the Union or small in the eyes of the lord (i.e. the President or the Editor of REDBRICK). Fourthly, those in Halls of Residence. These are generally illegal, and if held, invariably lousy.

These are just a few. There are as many types of parties as there are undergraduates, which is great or small, according to your estimation of the individuality of the average student. Every party seems to have its own uniqueness, existentially, but on reflection fades into a vague mass of students, all madly trying to be gay at the same time in the same place, concealing a great concentration of insecurity behind a greater concentration of enthusiasm.

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union university city RUMBLE



• Union clique in action . . . bridge-players in Concourse Lounge.

Union clique No. 1 and it's a full time-job

IF concourse Lounge were to crash suddenly about their ears, those perennial inhabitants of its southern side would hardly have enough interest to raise their eyes from the array of black and red before them.

This group of people forms what is generally known as one of the Union's many cliques. There are Coffee Bar cliques, Founders' Room cliques, Mermaid Bar cliques, Main Bar cliques, Society cliques, Establishment cliques, Departmental cliques, and the most hardy and permanent of all, the Concourse Bridge-players' clique.

Qualification

The only qualification needed to infiltrate is the ability to play bridge. The technique is simple: it is a matter of hovering about a bridge game and making relevant comments until three other hoverers decide to split off and form another bridge game. This process, if repeated for several weeks, will enable the other members of the clique, to recognise, if not your face, at least your style of play, and then they may begin to accept you as a kindred spirit.

But the main difficulty is one of communication. The language they use is practically unintelligible to the ordinary Concourse Lounger, who must learn to put on a thoughtful look and give a quick estimate of how the play would have gone if the Queen of Gluts had been on the other side, or the split had been 3-2 instead of 4-1. If this is beyond him, he must learn to look thoughtful and agree with the right person.

Bridge

"It's not that we wanted to form a clique," said one player fanning out his thirteen bits of coloured card, "but it's bridge that holds us together." He omitted to mention the other connecting link—that most of them study Maths or Physics. They sit there from about 10 a.m. until late in the evening, and there is rarely an hour when none of the cliques are playing cards in Concourse.

Apart from the odd half-hour of snooker or chess, bridge occupies most of the clique's time. But they insist that it is not an obsession. "Of course we can live without it," cried one. His words were followed at once by the almost religious intonations in rapid succession of "Two Diamonds" — "No bid" — "Three Spades."

And cliques beware—this is a regular feature.

Rilke in Penguin

RILKE is one of the greatest poets of this century and the selection of his work published by Penguin at 3s. 6d. shows why.

The translation by J. B. Liesthman and Stephen Spender, who shares a kinship with the German, renders the strength and power of Rilke's verse into English as well as could be hoped.

The most outstanding pieces in the book are the first and ninth of the ten Duino Elegies which probe the nature of the human condition with a degree of sensitivity and perception that is wonderfully conveyed. The rest of the book contains selections from Rilke's other work, which, though very fine, pales in comparison with the Elegies.

Holbein and the scruffs

THE Arts Council Exhibition of reproductions of Hans Holbein's paintings can be found (with some difficulty) in the cafeteria of the Midland Institute. This ensures an excellent attendance (mainly of scruffy little school-children) but when the pictures are finally reached, the beautiful reproductions are well worth the trouble.

Rumble photos by Tony Hinxman

THIS WEEK in BIRMINGHAM

Cinemas

CINEPHONE.—The Silence. Ingmar Bergman's much discussed film. Reputedly well worth a visit.

ABC CINERAMA.—Windjammer. The story of young men in search of their manhood in an exciting training voyage. A film for the family.

GAUMONT.—Becket. The best historical film for years although somewhat slower in pace than the original theatre version.

ABC NEW STREET—The Night of the Iguana. The usual Tenessee Williams formula with a stronger plot than usual and a happy ending.

FUTURIST.—Duel at the Rio Grande and **The Lost Kingdom.** Good family entertainment for a relaxed unintellectual evening.

ODEON—Goldfinger. Yet another week of James Bond flashing his improbable but enjoyable way through typical scenes of sex and sadism.

WEST END—Irma La Douce. Lovable tarts in a fairy-tale impression of the sleazy underworld of Paris.

Theatres

ALEXANDRA—Beyond The Fringe. London's greatest, wittiest and longest-running revue ever.

HIPPODROME—My Fair Lady. Tony Britton in a rather tarnished version of the original London success.

CRESCENT THEATRE—Children To Bless Us. The second week of Roussin's play translated by one of the Crescent's members. An unsuccessful farce.

REPERTORY—The Seagull. Chekhov at his usual best.

Art

BULL RING SHOPPING CENTRE.—Exhibition of Arts and Crafts in conjunction with the College of Arts and Crafts.

MIDLAND INSTITUTE—Exhibition of paintings by Hans Holbein the Younger. Open till Oct. 31st.

RBSA GALLERIES—58th Exhibition of the Birmingham Water Colour Society. Open daily.

Music

TOWN HALL.—Thursday, Oct. 27th, 7.30 p.m. The CBSO play Strauss and Schubert.

BIRMINGHAM CATHEDRAL.—Friday, Oct. 30th, 1.10 p.m.: Organ recital by George Miles.

ART GALLERY.—Saturday, Oct. 31st, 7.30 p.m.: Orchestra da Camera play works by Rossinni, Dvorak, Wolf, Faure and Mozart.

TOWN HALL—Saturday, 31st October, at 2.45 p.m.: The Vienna Boys' Choir, return by popular demand with the usual Straussian revels.

CRESCENT THEATRE—Sunday, 1st Nov., at 7.30 p.m.: Jazz Concert given by the Norman Dovey Orchestra.

BARBER INSTITUTE—Monday, 2nd Nov., at 7.30 p.m. Musical Society Concert of Contemporary Music. Including Boule and Messiaen.

Exhibitions

MIDLAND INSTITUTE—Exhibition of charities' Christmas cards.



Record tops in the city

HAVE you bought any records lately? Chances are that if you were looking for the latest Stones hit you found it in any of the numerous electrical shops from Selly Oak to the city centre. But the ardent jazz fan or the student looking for last year's No. 1 in the Indian hit parade has a slightly more difficult task ahead of him. Birmingham, for its size, has a surprising dearth of record shops.

Starting in the city centre a reasonable selection is offered in the record bars of large stores such as Rackhams and Lewis's. Although they rely on the latest pop releases for most of their sales there are sections devoted to classical LPs, jazz and outdated Continental hits.

Nearby Smith's in Corporation Street is well worth a visit. Here the number of booths for private listening and the range of records available—all clearly classified—make this a particularly attractive place to spend Saturday morning.

If it's cheap records you want, try the Bull Ring Market record bar. You might even find the obscure madrigals you were looking for in the bargain section.

Special mention must be given to the Diskery in Hurst Street. The record sleeves covering all available space on the walls and ceiling emphasise the groovy atmosphere which lends itself to hours of sifting through thousands and thousands of discs. It probably rivals the best Soho dive in providing a selection ranging from 1949's hit parade singles to the latest Greek release. With Smith's it is the only place to hold an import licence.

Vincent's is a little-known shop in Needless Alley off New Street. As well as an excellent range of purely classical discs, it has some of the most charmingly polite people behind the counter. For advice and help in locating what you want this place is unbeatable.

Quiet please: Key Men at play

"DON'T take a sherry from the table, sir, there'll be a waiter around to you soon."

This from last week's reception at the opening of Ridge Hall—but it could be anyone, anytime.

Unveilings, openings, inaugural lectures, the Vice-Principal's birthday, all are honoured by a University Reception, all of which turn out identical.

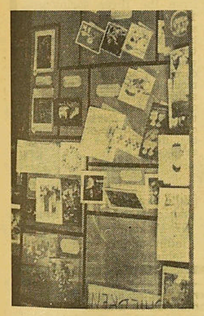
Every one has its masses of quiet, beautifully tailored grey suits, enclosing the University Key People who know just how key they are.

Every one has its odd man out—last Wednesday it was the man in the bright ginger check suit, who sat uncomfortably in the corner, all by himself.

Everyone has the Press, standing around in a group and observing, cynically, wishing they knew who everybody was.

"I'll only make two inches down-column, but it's a good pitch for a free meal."

Only fifty-one days to go



AFTER the sun-tan creams and sunglasses of summer, thoughts are turning to the Yuletide season.

Several University societies, notably ORD and UNSA are launching a Christmas card campaign. Those sold by ORD are simple black and white cards, designed by Suetrinda and printed by the organisation, while UNSA is taking orders for the more expensive Modern Art reproductions issued by UNICEF.

Until the end of November Christmas cards printed and distributed by various charity organisations, will be on display in the Midland Institute in Birmingham's city centre.

The exhibition, new this year, and sponsored by the Birmingham Council of Social Service, is small but impressive. The cards themselves range in size and design from animal prints to exotic samples containing pressed flowers from Bethlehem; between these come the traditional robins, religious themes and "Old Master" reproductions at prices varying from 2d. to 1/6d. each.

In-jokes

And it's always the same people at each one. A big, extended, University Top People's Club, with its own in-jokes and privateness.

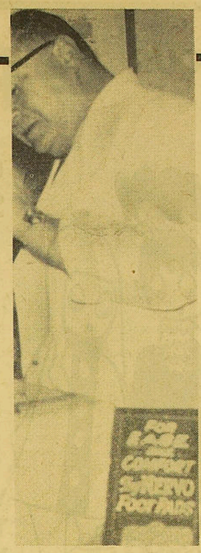
But, of course, nobody ever talks about anything. Not in public. It's a big, brittle cocktail party, with all the general silences and petty embarrassments one knows so well.

The general effect is that of a crackling silence, like a coal fire in an empty room.

Then there's the hierarchy. The Vice-Chancellor enters, with retinue, errobed and smiling to all and sundry and none in particular. Twenty minutes late, of course. Everybody else must get there first. It's one of the rules.

And the rules must be adhered to, or perhaps the whole thing might become . . . well, real?

Don't speak too loud, we're in an old building.



Off in '65: the hardy 600

ARE you wondering what you are going to do with that miraculous degree that somehow you hope in the next few months or years is going to materialise? Whatever you do do the chances are that some of us will be amongst the 600 people that the Voluntary Service Overseas hopes to send abroad in 1965.

Last year 330 British graduates and professionally qualified young people helped fill the desperate need for qualified men and women in the developing countries of the world. In jobs as different as the schoolmaster in a native village in Sarawack and the Assistant District Officer in Northern Nigeria, these volunteers experienced excitement of meeting new cultures and in helping in the building up of new nations.

Before you rush off and volunteer, however, do realise that there is another side to the story of rewarding experiences. As a job its remunerative value is low. The privations of such a position are generally harsh. But, as yet, no one volunteer, despite frustrations of every conceivable kind, has ever said he has regretted the experience. If you do decide to volunteer you may rest assured that you will be working for a worthy cause.

Free booze and mixed nosh at Bingley Hall

WOULD you expect to find a hearing-aid or ignition equipment in your ideal home? Perhaps not, but these were two of the unusual stalls in the Ideal Home Exhibition which has been in the Bingley Hall, Broad Street, for the past few weeks.

Every possible aspect of modern living was covered by the various booths of the exhibition.

"Attendance has been very good," said one stall holder," the public are just as interested as ever in buying carpets."

As well as the normal stalls filled with the usual collections of washing machines (below), food-mixers, furniture and sore feet healers (left), there were plenty of booths to interest the less housewifely minded members of the public. The wine tasting stands were very popular indeed.

Tasting

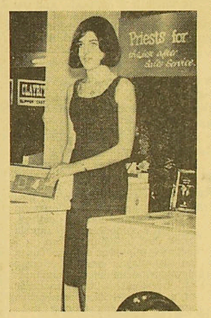
Said the stall keeper, "Most people are genuinely interested in tasting the different kinds of sherry. Of course you do get those who just come in for a booze up."

The student, too, was not left out. At the linguaphone stand there was a selection of do-it-yourself language courses varying from Effic to English.

Less academic perhaps, but of great interest to the female members of the university, was an automatic hair curler which enables the fashion conscious but sleep loving student to set her hair without hard prickly rollers.

Today's trade seems to be catering on the whole for an opulent society who can afford luxury washing machines and food mixers, who drink wine and who judging from the popularity of a stall selling foot ointments and corn pads, have very bad feet.

And go for free meals. An enterprising REDBRICK reporter made a good meal out of the free-sample stalls, and staggered home to bed on a surfeit of waffles, popcorn, blue cheese and South African sherry.



Which report on Brum clocks

IT seems that in the replanning of the City of Birmingham the authorities have forgotten the need for clocks. Throughout the Bull Ring and along Smallbrook Ringway they are conspicuous by their absence.

Time conscious shoppers will need to stick to New Street and Corporation Street where there is a clock every hundred yards or so, though not in the most obvious places. None of the big departmental stores, with the exception of the Co-operative in High Street, display a clock.

Accurate

The municipal clocks are usually accurate and amongst these the one on the Art Gallery, off Victoria Square, has the added advantage of chimes. The GPO clock, just across the square, is also reliable, and the Birmingham Post Office, on the corner of New Street and Corporation Street, provides the temperature as well as the correct time.

Not all clocks are accurate however. The one on the Alliance Insurance Building on the corner of Colmore Row and Waterloo Street is five minutes fast, and the clock on Pope's in New Street tends to be slow.

Two shopowners, at Morgan and Ball's, New Street, and Nathan and Co., Corporation Street, had decided to put their clocks back twenty-four hours early; but the minute hand was correct!

Some clocks, like the Guinness Clock in Swallow Street, can be seen from quite a distance, but Birmingham's best clock buy is undoubtedly Old Joe—you can see it for miles around, and it's usually roughly correct as well.

MARTINI DRY, STRAIGHT NO CHASER

THANKS . . . and many of them to the Golden Horn Society for the bars of Turkish delight sent to the Editor last week. All remarks made in last two issues hereby withdrawn.

YOGHOURT . . . grumbles about tepidity and pinkness seem to be spreading in Coffee Room and Founder's. How about it, Mr. Pemberton?

POLITICAL . . . activity in the Union is starting early this year. A final definitive list of some eight or nine Presidential candidates has been drawn up (or, to be more exact, eight or nine lists, one by each of the candidates). The only prominent figure not mentioned seems to be Andy Allan, and some are even wondering if he'll stand again.

VICE . . . Presidency seems fairly well sewn up for the next three years.

CABALS . . . in University House, re the Presidency, last week, cloak-and-dagger, dead of night, with all the main candidates attending.

ANTI . . . anti-establishment candidate to reverse bandwagon got under way this week, with Presidential elections looming dangerously near (only 195 days before nominations close).

NON . . . starters in the election race so far don't despair yet. There's still six months to go to the elections in May. By which time this particular attempt at top-corridor kingmaking will have been well and truly consigned to oblivion. Which is where it belongs.

RAPHAEL . . . please note, all correspondence concerning REDBRICK fashion features should be sent to the Editor of REDBRICK and not to the Editor of Wall.

COMPLAINT . . . last week's letter on lack of tipped cigarettes in Union machines seems to have fallen on deaf ears. Would it be so difficult? And if it would, can we know why, please?

CYRIL . . . the skeleton at last faces the prospect of being removed from Catering Office and taking up residence in his new home. "We hope to use him to scare away the Lodgings Warden when she comes to inspect our flat," said the new owner hopefully.

PLANS . . . are afoot in Ents. Com. office to produce for our future enjoyment a spectacular Hop featuring names like Chris Barber, and Towling Wolf. The date—possibly in December but more details later.

THE STITCH . . . is the latest dance craze, for socials and—if you find room—Hops.

STILL . . . after MERMAIDS—Editor Barry Turner. He now has the British Museum breathing down his neck as well as the Bodelian. Help! Summer 1962, Autumn 1962 and Summer 1963 still wanted.

FULL . . . to the brim and almost overflowing. That was the Union Postbox last week. Christmas cards?

EUNUCHS . . . two blind ones found by Chris Holliday last week—just in time to go through their parts for Autumn Major production of "The Visit."

BOB BOOTLE . . . ex-Guild Secretary, REDBRICK Editor, etc., now with the BBC, made Honorary Life Member of the Guild at last night's Council Meeting.

Frivolous
Biting
Bold
Enquiring

THIS IS YOUR opinion

DOES BRITAIN REALLY NEED YOU?

SIR,—Mr. Bradbury's polemic of last week appealing for militant action against members of the OTC showed little consideration for the facts.

Your contributor rightly advocates the sanctity of human life, but there appears to have been little thought given to the protection of that life. Admittedly it is a sad reflection on human society that this should be necessary but unfortunately the world is still far from perfect and there are many who fail to live up to Mr. Bradbury's ideals.

It is thus that the armed forces including the OTC should be regarded as an institution for the defence of life and also for liberty, for what is life without liberty but mere existence. To abolish the army in the present state of affairs would serve no other purpose than to upset the balance of power, which in the light of experience would probably end in domination or bloodshed.

One has only to recall the examples of Adolf Hitler and the Kaiser, both of whom were tempted into action by their belief in the weakness of their opponents. Thus for reasons of life and liberty the Army must be retained. As a weapon, its potential is obviously great, but as a guardian of the peace it is undoubtedly greater.

Furthermore your contributor supported the concept of man as an object of love, yet it would appear that his suggestions for the treatment of OTC members constitute a direct negation of this idea.

I would, therefore ask your readers to reconsider this matter most carefully before adopting a pacific standpoint which they might later have cause to regret.

Yours, etc.,
MICHAEL LANGRISH.

SEE IF WE CARE!

SIR,—The members of the OTC are not sadists, thirsting for the sight of blood, but sane individuals recognising the need for armed forces if Britain is to protect our land and freedom against aggressive nations.

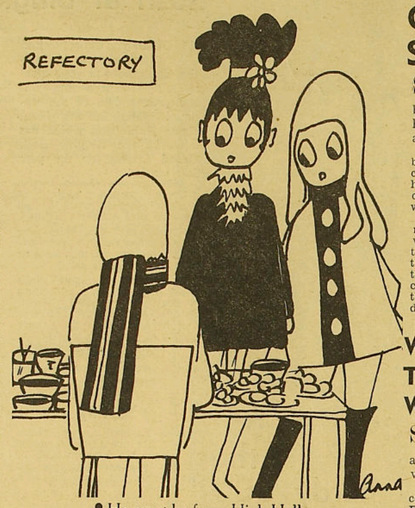
Where would we be today if our armies had not fought against the evils which Hitler wished to impose on the world? Certainly not in a society where the "sanctitude of human life" exists. And was the leaders like Churchill who helped to overcome this menace and how Mr. Bradbury can class such a person with the Hitlers and Napoleons, we cannot imagine.

The suggestion that the OTC should be banned from the Guild is absurd. We do not agree with the doctrines of the CND or the Communist Society, but we would not wish to see them turned out of the Guild.

As far as joining for the money is concerned, we would like to inform Mr. Bradbury that the training allowance is less than 1/6d. per hour.

If Mr. Bradbury and others of his mentality wish to treat us as outcasts; let them. No tears will be shed by members of the OTC.

Yours, etc.,
J. L. WIGGETT
R. MUDGE



• He must be from High Hall.

SOCIAL SCIENTISTS WRONG OVER CULTURAL STUDIES

SIR,—The response to the article on the Centre for Contemporary Cultural Studies, by the three social scientists, seems to have been largely mis-directed.

As far as I know the Centre has no intention of abandoning either the techniques or the findings of social scientists working in the cultural and mass media field. Nor does the Centre intend to mount an analysis in the clichés of popular journalism, this being just the approach to which it is opposed. And the Centre has no intention of investigating "human social behaviour" just like that, though doubtless the phenomena with which it is concerned come under this heading.

The point, quite simply, is that the analysis a social scientist makes is only one kind of abstraction from the mass of material concerned, and has nothing to do with "final answers." The answers a social scientist gets, and this goes for all disciplines, are in terms of the questions he asks; and the Centre is attempting to ask new questions and get new answers about contemporary culture, without abandoning the valuable work that has gone before.

These inquiries will be based on the "slowly and laboriously developed armoury of techniques of investigation and analysis" of a literary-critical evaluative approach, moving to new techniques and vocabularies as they are needed (which any kind of investigation must do). Not an easy task, and certainly not performed in order to provide an easy journalistic answer about the value of this or that phenomenon. Investigation does not have to be quantitative to be precise, nor need qualitative analyses be simple, or applied only to simple processes.

The Centre certainly doesn't expect to get the "answer," and to imply that only a social scientist has the answers within his grasp is not only to misunderstand the aims and techniques of the Centre and what it is trying to do, but also to misunderstand the social sciences.

Yours.
STEPHEN LUTMAN.

BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS?

SIR,—Oh dear, Mr. Bradbury! What possessed you to write that silly outburst (Polemic, Wednesday).

My short experience of that haven of future blimps, RAF Cranwell, taught me that the vast majority of our officers are possessed with thoughts of killing, but of how beautiful they look in uniform. Our dear young OTC types are probably guilty of the same thing. Your sweeping condemnation of them (and your spitting and kicking business seemed to come from the nursery for moronic children) is a silly generalisation.

I have little sympathy with the OTC and none for the Tories, but Mr. Bradbury, I have only pity for you.

Yours etc.,
M. DAVIES

OTC REPLY: "I HAVE SOLD MY SOUL"

SIR—I am disillusioned. I have been under the impression that "pacifism" meant peace-loving, and yet Mr. Bradbury calls himself a pacifist and at the same time makes clear his warlike intention to myself. However I am not worried, armed to the teeth as I am.

As the sane university student that Mr. Bradbury feels I should be, I agree with his moral "Thou shalt not kill," but it is with a clear conscience that I have sold my soul to the devil and my humble excuse is this—My training as an engineer helps me to consider pacifism from an objective and not an extremist point of view.

It is unlikely that human nature will alter much from what we know of it to be and the Utopia of life free from the threat of forceful death—surely the dream of wishful thinkers cannot be obtained in a world that it only partly educated. No doubt we all look forward to the day when the men in control of world affairs are as rational as we should wish them to be, but until this time there must be someone prepared to control by necessary means, people bent on power and obtaining it by foul measures.

I will concede that I am indeed being trained to kill. I am, however, sufficiently conscious of Christian morals to desist from striking the first blow, and the purpose of my training is for the protection of others using only the minimum of necessary force.

This is a principle practised by all our armed forces, as well as the police force. It is wrong, of course, but only in theory—one has to make a practical compromise in a world full of violence.

The only means of controlling violence is to try and beat it in its own game—wishful thinking alone is not good enough.

Yours, etc.,
JOSH SADLER.

WHO WATCHES THE WATCHERS?

SIR,—May one be allowed to comment on your article on discipline last week?

Thus, for example, how many complaints are made to the Executive? Of these, how many are referred to the Disciplinary Board? And who informs the Executive in the first instance? You yourself say that a first offender is rarely caught and that "few would relish the task of reporting fellow students."

Yet Mr. Posner virtually says that we should be policeman vis-a-vis our colleagues; and the President obviously found it necesary to ask Guild Council to keep an eye on things during election night in the Union; advice unheeded, it appears, since the income from 300 coffees at 5d. each was £2. Does the right hand know what the left is doing?

Yours faithfully,
ROY SHUTZ.
Chairman, GTG

SHAME ON YOU, SIR?

Sir,—As an officer and a gentleman, I shall warn Mr. Bradbury before I take a pot at him with my stalking rifle. I had thought of challenging him to a duel, but I realised that his only weapon is the pen. What a shame.

Yours, etc.,
FLITE.

WHY NOT COME AND SEE US?

SIR,—What an extraordinarily generalised letter from the three sociologists. They could have saved themselves from the labour of their irrelevant diatribe if (forgetting those antecedent researchers who have "slowly and laboriously developed an armoury of techniques") they had simply consulted the individual members of the Centre about their respective projects. For myself, I shall continue to make grateful use of the findings and methods of sociologists.

Yours, etc.,
IAN JACKSON

[Ed.: See Page Five for Professor Hoggart's and Stuart Hall's reply to last week's letter from the Social Science department.]

personal column

External Ads. 4d. a word.
Internal Ads. 2d. a word.
Insertions up to mid-day Tuesday.
REDBRICK accepts no responsibility for non-insertion or mistakes in adverts.

CONservatives hear Leon Brittan. 7.30 Friday, November 6th.

IS your conscience bothering you? It should be. Please return the "borrowed" bike at once.

FRESHERS! Enter for the Debating Tournament by application to Mr. Chatrabhuti, internal secretary (via PH) before Monday, November 9th. Preliminary round to be held on Wednesday, November 11th at 1.30 p.m. in the Council Chamber. Cup and cash prizes.

DO YOU know whose got both one of the great R & B groups AND a top ten Rock group for the rave of the year on the 27th November?

"I SHOULD have known better with a girl like you. Congratulations, Pete and Dixie, on the forthcoming happy event. May all your troublemakers be little ones.—MJH.

CESSPOOL.—Come and have a good wallow on the 27th.

SHOW your class, ensure your status by winning the Freshman's Debate. We will award you with a symbol of prestige —a new silver shining cup for your mantlepiece.

WHO has now got the space for the biggest ever dance outside the Union?

FILM Soc.: Special Show, Tuesday, 3rd Nov. 7.30 p.m. Haworth Theatre. "BREATHLESS" — Jean-Luc Godard. Tickets—members 2/-, non-members 3/-.

FILM Soc. Films are now shown in the Haworth (Chemistry) Theatre AND NOT Mech. Eng.

MEN—get your senoritas at the Spanish Party, Anglican Chaplaincy, 34 Richmond Hill Road, Edgbaston on October 30th, from 7.30 to midnight. Wine, food and shake until midnight in the Chaplaincy Cellars. Entrance fee 5/- or by ticket.

JOIN BUNAC and go N. America next summer. £60 return. Further details, contact J. Berryman via pigeon holes.

MRA spokesman Mr. Howard, speaks in filmed TV interview. Anglican Chaplaincy, 34 Richmond Hill Road, Nov& 1st., 9.0 p.m.

GET the new 'SPECTRE' sound for your dance or social. Special rates for small socials. Contact D. W. Disney, via PH.

ASTRONOMICAL meeting:—Professor Smart on "Stars in Motion." Sun on collision course? Come and find out next Monday. Details on society notice board, Union.

METHSOC. Sun. 1st Nov.: "Why read the Bible?" by Tegla Davies.

CONSERVATIVES: Hear Leon Brittan. 7.30, Friday, November 6th.

HOGGART, HALL REPLY.....

SIR, — At first we decided not to reply to the letter in your last issue from three social scientists, about the Centre for Cultural Studies. Better, we felt, simply to lodge it in our Workroom because of its representative cultural significance—as a typical instance of the Academical-Hoity-Toity manner. Still, the matter at issue is not a personal one, nor even a departmental one: it is a matter for serious academic argument. And although REDBRICK is not, in our view, the best place to conduct this, the issues need to be dealt with in their own terms.

Your correspondents really should know that a general report on how the Centre has developed in all its aspects from the initial stages to the arrival of its first students this term, a report intended for a wide and unspecialised circulation among interested people, is not the appropriate place for the detailed exposition of research proposals. Their deduction, therefore, that no precise proposals exist, is both foolish and presumptuous.

But that the hypotheses which we are framing will be "precise," within the limits your correspondents define, cannot be guaranteed since this notion of precision is exactly one of the assumptions we propose to study.

We understand even less the offhand jibe about "complex phenomena of social behaviour" being investigated "quickly and with a simple direct approach." If such aspects of "human social behaviour" as language, art, visual and symbolic representation are included in "contemporary culture," we take it that disciplines other than the social sciences and methods other than statistically qualifiable have a legitimate concern.

The social sciences are a number of related disciplines, not forms of academic imperialism. And if we add the field of mass communications and popular art, we are obliged to say that it is precisely some social scientists, with their emphasis on measurable and manifest content, who have so far taken the "quick and direct" route. We had—and still have— every intention, when the projects have been more fully developed, to seek both the help and the advice of the social scientists, particularly where we know they can bring to bear on the relevant questions their "armour of techniques."

We should not have presumed to give this kind of professional advice ourselves. We do not propose in any way to underestimate their contribution. But we do not propose to abdicate to it either.

Your correspondents single out the area of broadcasting. It may be worth saying that we are fully aware of what work has been done in the analysis of broadcasting's effects, that we are in touch with some of the main sociologists in this field both here and abroad, that Dr. Himmelweit is talking about the effects at our seminar in a couple of weeks and that one of our full-time research students is, as his first task, reviewing the existing literature in this field—critical, sociological, and social-psychological—and preparing a working paper on it.

Lest it should be assumed from your correspondents' rather partisan statethat the limitations of most sociological work so far done in this field are visible only to "outsiders" (who may have an axe to grind), we are willing to quote chapter and verse from a very lively debate about methods now in progress among the giants of the field in the behavioural sciences in the United States, where the work done in this area is both more extensive and more sophisticated than it is here.

The fact is that the letter from the three social scientists is written from a series of undeclared assumptions about fields of study, methods and effects. The assumptions are not only not proven: they have not yet even been adequately tested. If the question is regarded as genuinely open, there are all kinds of complementary approaches which can fruitfully be made. If the issue has, however, been closed, then it must be on grounds of partisanship, not academic disinterestedness. In that case, we have no alternative but to re-open it.

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD HOGGART and
STUART HALL.
(Centre for Contemporary Cultural Studies.)

NEWS FEATURE SPECIAL

What kind of Education policy can we expect from Labour?

To find out, REDBRICK went to Curzon Street to interview Michael Stewart, Secretary of State for Education and Science.

Q. The universities have responded to Robbins and are providing more places. They have since realised the inadequacy of the capital grants for 1967-72. Will you therefore increase the grants to allow this expansion to continue?

A. We have to consider not only University expansion, but also that of primary and secondary schools. Expansion must take place all the way along the line. The present shortage of university places is the direct cause of too early specialisation in the schools, and is causing a great deal of concern.

But if we increase the number of University places without improving the schools, the people coming into universities will be below standard. If we improve the schools and not the universities, we will get a reaction back on the schools through poorer quality staff and less research into the methods of teaching. We must think at all times of advances on both fronts.

Q. The Labour Party has placed great emphasis on the expansion of science and technology. Will this be pushed on at the expense of arts and sociological departments?

A. To stop the expansion of other subjects in order to concentrate our resources on the expansion of science and technology, would be a very short-sighted policy. In a technological age, with increased leisure, people trained in subjects other than sciences are very important, especially sociologists to deal with the growing mental health problems, housing, etc. And in a world where people travel more and more widely, quite clearly the study of languages is increasingly important.

Q. Lord Bowden, who has special responsibility for Higher Education within the Ministry of Education and Science, has praised the system in Russia of forecasting the country's student needs on a five-yearly basis. Do you think that this system can be applied in a non-communist country?

A. I think it is quite possible to make reasonable forecasts of the numbers of students needed if we bear in mind that these estimates must be constantly revised. For example, if there is a breakthrough in knowledge in a particular field, we might need greater numbers in that particular field to exploit it, although after a time, because of the same advance we might need fewer people to continue the work.

Q. Lord Bowden described a turbine factory in Russia which became a university and gives degrees in turbine building. Do you think such a close relationship between industry and science desirable in this country?

A. I see no absolute reason why we should not link science and industry far more closely than at present. After all, the universities of the 19th century grew up in response to the needs of local industries, and we can still see the relationship between place and courses of study offered.

In the same way, we must bring the universities and the DSIR closer together to try and strengthen the link between university research and the industrial developments of research.

Q. Does the creation of the new ministry mean that the new government accords more importance to technology as opposed to pure science?

A. Well, of course, science and technology are extremely important but I think you must be clear on the meaning of this word science, which is often used to designate the physical sciences.

Actually when we use it we mean a scientific way of thinking. The really important feature of modern society is that we have accepted that a scientific way of thinking has much wider applications than previously realised. The recruitment of personnel for example where we now have far less confidence in haphazard methods such as personal interviews.

The scientific age doesn't necessarily mean that there are more physical scientists around, but rather that we have realised that quantitative measurement has far wider applications than hitherto realised.

by
Katie Doyle
Colin Berry

REDBRICK comment

Editor - - - - - - - - Nigel Harris
Assistant Editor - Martin Robertson

Okay, we agree —so what?

SO here we are, once more bang in the middle of the old drag on student morality.

If ever anybody finds something new to say we might listen to him—but for God's sake (if you'll excuse the expression) stop churning out the same old guff on declining standards and moral cesspools.

Every publicity-hungry vicar with a Puritanical bee in his bonnet thinks he can get himself splashed over the papers just by getting up on his hind legs and playing the old, old tune.

And the damnable thing is that he's right.

But surely the public, too, must be getting a bit sick of being fed the same old nonsense about students time after time

We seem to be stuck in the same old cleft-stick —that good publicity doesn't sell newspapers.

But let us not get down to the level of defending ourselves on the Reverend Hill's terms.

The question at issue is certainly not whether or not we possess the kind of morality he thinks we should possess.

Victorian

Such a morality, based on a repressed, dubiously semi-Christian sea of shifting sands, is simply irrelevant to the 20th century.

And only a tiny minority of this University subscribe to it any sort of formulated way.

The sooner we face up to this, and stop defending a mode of virtue that belongs with the Victorians, the better it will be.

Students have an involved posture composed of half and half inferiority complex and backs-against-the-wall.

This benefits nobody, and just makes us easier targets for the pseudo-sacred paper darts.

We don't have to think in their terms, we don't have to think in anybody's terms but our own, as presumably responsible individuals.

A small minority of students sleep around; the majority don't, but wouldn't mind and don't regard those who do as pagans; and a very small minority wouldn't and know why.

This is university morality and, except for the religious few, it works.

To describe a mixed University House—probably one of the most (quote) moral (unquote) places on the campus—as criminal folly is reactionary and dangerous.

But listen to the Rev. Hill on Monday, and answer him. Perhaps we can change his mind.

And perhaps we'll get less of this uninformed, one-eye-on-the-tabloids stupidity in future.

Birmingham University Newspaper



TO TEACH
IS TO CREATE

From the time of Socrates, teachers have made at least as important a contribution to society's progress as the statesmen, the inventors and the artists. Their influence is now wider, their responsibilities greater than ever before. Today education offers a creative career of increasing scope, in which people of ideas and initiative can use their talents and attainments to the full. Many exciting new things are happening in the education service . . . things in which *you* might take part. Ask for the new booklet, C.E.G., at your University Appointments Board, or from the Department of Education and Science, Curzon Street, London, W.1.

FOCUS JAZZ

BIRMINGHAM University jazz is good by any standards. The University Sextet topped the poll at the InterUniversity Jazz Festival in 1963, and the Al Caine quartet did the same last year.

Three members of the Al Caine group are still in the University, and with a new pianist, form the University quartet that will be featured as the resident group in the new jazz club. Their jazz is very modern, often original and an acquired taste.

Here we present a closer look at the personalities that go to form the group.

EVAN PARKER is the leader, at least in the sense of being the one to contact for bookings. "Not the musical leader," Evan stresses, "we all contribute individually and equally to the group's sound."

He plays soprano and tenor saxaphone, and admits to being more proficient on soprano, although he would like to concentrate more on the tenor. His favourite musicians are John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy and Cecil Taylor. He's been playing the saxaphone since he was 14, starting on the alto.

Evan has been concentrating on jazz since he came to Birmingham in 1962, and his experience has included two summers spent in New York, not playing — just listening and talking to musicians. "I had a long talk with Cecil Taylor, though mainly about the economics of running a group," he explained. "This is my main worry at the moment, as I got kicked out last term." For the time being he is living on savings, and has no plans except taking temporary work which will not leave him too tired to play in the evenings. He has ambitions of making a living at jazz, although he refuses to play for dances and social

"Very few jazz musicians ever make a real living out of their playing. John Coltrane certainly does, but Eric Dolphy, great as he was found difficult."

WALLY HAFFENDEN one of the original members of the group, and plays

ON ST. FRANCIS



by Gay Search

his year's Inter-University Festival, Wally was runner-up in the section for all instrumental soloists. This is especially of merit, since he has only been playing for three years, and then he started from scratch, with no previous musical experience at all.

He, like Evan, has spent some time in America, and feels that American jazz musicians like John Coltrane, George Russel, and Bill Evans, have had the greatest influence on the group.

Wally personally based his style on Scott La Farro, Bill Evans' bass player, but is now developing a style of his own.

HYWEL THOMAS is the newest and most reticent member of the group and is described by the other members as the "guiding light." He plays piano and also "will very rarely double on vibes."

Hywel, who admits under extreme protest to be reading music, has been playing the piano for longer than he can remember, although it was not until nearly two years ago that he started playing jazz. At one time he played clarinet in a traditional jazz band.

His jazz style, has been influenced principally by Paul Bley, Bill Evans and Thelonius Monk, although now he has gone beyond the stage of consciously planning a style. "It just happens," said Hywel.

Hywel stressed the group's aim of originality. "We'd like to work with unusual combinations within the group, such as piano, bass and soprano sax."

ALAN HODKINSON has been playing drums for twelve years and has been concentrating on jazz for the last two. There is not any one drummer on whose style Alan would say he has based his own," Elvin Jones, Ed Blackwell and Charles Persip — they've all influenced me vaguely."

In the future, the group hopes to branch out and do some Poetry and Jazz arrangements. Several approaches have been made to Alan and to other members of the group, both from within the University and from outside about this. "The interest is there," said Alan, "but the main difficulty will be to adapt our style of jazz to a style that would be suitable to the poetry." It is hoped that they will be able to give some concerts in the new Crescent Theatre.

THE ART OF THE POP PRINT

— a REDBRICK enquiry



• But seriously, I've seen better in limbo . . .

TYPICAL room is furnished. The usual combination of articles are traditionally allocated their traditional places; the mirror, long ...ed to the mantelpiece re... the flowered wallpaper, ...ot dogs on the television ... But the walls are bare.

...w does one fill that gap? ...conventicial way is to ...a picture and, according ...ckham's buyer, Mr. Gal... this is why the majority ...rmingham people buy a ... from the store.

...ry few people buy a pic... for its own sake," he said. ...t buy one containing ...rs that won't clash with ...rest of the room." One ...an said she simply had to ... "The Wild White Horses" ...skimmer. It was the name ...er new bungalow.

...ney is no longer the decisive ...or in choice. Now, shoppers spend as much as they want on a print. But has taste improved in proportion to the new affluence? Apparently not. Few showed any critical interest in the prints; their essential question was, "Will it match?"

Rackham's annual "Top Ten" list of prints is a fair comment on mass taste. These vary little year by year, and half the prospective buyers are still instinctively attracted to these types of prints.

These pleasant unassuming pictures, such as the sultry Balinese girls of Tretchikoff, the gaudy Spanish dancers of Ole Gitana, are well calculated to appeal to basic emotions. With no claim to originality, their attraction is purely representational. Yet so predictable is their sales popularity that Rackham's are obliged to sell them as a safe source of income.

Mr. Gallais hoped that Birmingham tastes would rise, and, while providing the "potboilers," Rackham's displays are being designed to produce a superior image of quality and taste. The accent has



been removed from the "bad taste" prints by subtly mixing them with prints of modern painters such as Buffet, delicate Chinese prints and more famous reproductions.

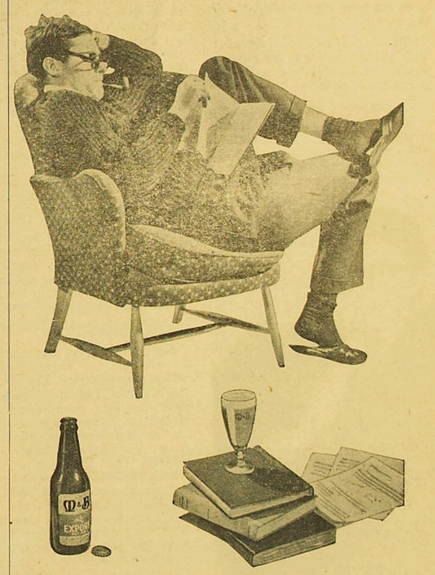
But what of the taste of the clientele? One lady, gazing at a print of a snowy mountain overgrown with blue and pink flowers under a cloudless sky said, "I like it, because it's real and it shows life as it really is."

In contrast a bold abstract in blue and brown was bluntly described as "horrible," as was the sad lean face of a Buffet portrait. "I like proper pictures," said another lady. This immediately ruled out all abstracts for her.

Is a sense of taste inbred in the few or inherent in all? There can be no honesty in appreciation if a person says "should I like the flower?" instead of "I like the flower." Yet how many can assess its basic quality?

by Maggie Moor

well worth studying...



M&B
It's Marvellous Beer

BONDAGE

Third of the series, this week's Bondage centres on journalism—why and how does a person make it the focal-point of his life? Marianne Haase talks to Nigel Harris, editor of REDBRICK.



M.H.: Is journalism a prostitution of the literary gift?

N.H.: I don't see journalism as a literary gift. I don't think I've got a literary gift as such. I think I've got a journalistic gift, and this is a quite different thing. Journalism is so little actual writing: there's talking to people, persuading people, manipulating people, if you like, though this isn't a terribly important thing. It is important in some parts of journalism, particularly political journalism, but I would not want to overemphasise it.

The writing is only a part of it: an important part, nonetheless, but if you're a reporter, as opposed to some other kinds of journalism, then so much of the writing is mechanical. It's getting the facts and finding out what gives on different levels. There's no question of prostitution, because to a large extent literary gifts just don't come into it.

M.H.: Do you then see yourself as only a reporter?

N.H.: I don't see myself as just a reporter. I think there's a lot for me on the organisational and editorial side: I like running things as opposed to just the writing. I've always had a yen to be a minor god anyway.

M.H.: You haven't a vocation to give people the news?

N.H.: I don't feel about journalism in a vocational sort of way. For me it's just the only thing I could do. It started off from wanting to write. Right from when I was 14 there was nothing else I could do. I wanted to be an engine driver when I was eleven, an architect when I was twelve. I didn't want to be anything at 13: I just wanted to be dead.

M.H.: Do you feel as a journalist that you're meeting people as people, or as objects of a story you've got to write?

N.H.: This is a very difficult part of it actually. You're not meeting people as people, you're **dealing** with people all the time, and it plays hell with your personal life, because it does seep in and you get to deal with people you really care about. I don't think journalism is everything to me, otherwise people would just be lumps and attitudes, pressure groups to be dealt with, and they wouldn't be people at all really. They'd just be symbols you shuffle around. But this is journalism, and let's face it, I like being political and dealing with people. But you can't do it all the time. You just can't.



M.H.: Do you think, then, that journalism is a lonely job?

N.H. It's a job for uncommitted people, and I'm an uncommitted person. It can be very, very lonely when the buck stops with you.

You can't be committed to any of the people you're dealing with. Let's look at it this way; say you've got two mountains. Say one of these mountains is Exec. and the Union people. I see REDBRICK as another peak, separate from this, and both mountains are sometimes wreathed in their own little set of clouds, and I'm trying to sweep away the clouds so that we can see the other mountain: all around us clearly.

And of course, there are the other 5,000 down there somewhere, down at the foot of the mountain, and, God, they're just as worthwhile as the people at the top, but they don't know anything about it, and our job is to tell them, and to keep a team of runners going, running down the side of the mountain to let them know what's going on.

M.H.: So that is the function of a newspaper?

N.H.: Newspapers are essentially a reflection of the community which they represent. For instance, the "Mirror" and the "Times" are both in the same community, though the "Times" to a certain extent has a different community, because it's part of a larger community.

I see REDBRICK as a newspaper serving a community of intelligent, involved committed people, and this is why I'm trying to make REDBRICK a lot more serious than its been in the past. It's no good modelling ourselves on the "Mirror" or anybody else, because we've got our own community, and we're catering for it. We were insulting our readers for five years, it had to stop sometime.

M.H.: Do you see REDBRICK as being in the same position as the "Times"?

N.H.: Yes. If you look at this society as a series of viable pressure groups. I know and the paper knows all the people that matter from the other pressure groups, and we can get something done informally, and not just through the columns of the paper, though this, of course, is of first importance.

M.H.: Is there any ideal you strongly believe in?

N.H.: I'm a person who finds it very difficult to commit myself to anything, apart from journalism. On the political and social front, I can't get angry about housing in Salford, the Conservative government, or MRA or the Chinese Bomb. I can't feel about any of these things. I can talk about them, and get angry about them, if I have to, but I don't feel anything about them.

M.H.: Do you have a morality?

N.H.: I don't have a morality. I am an amoral person.

M.H.: What does this mean?

N.H.: This does **not** mean that I'm totally beholden to myself. I do not do things because they are bound up with any formal code of behaviour whatsoever. If I do anything charitable or to help other people, I feel for them or for myself.

M.H.: Do you think there is a journalistic code of morals?

N.H.: Yes. What it comes down to is "Get your story and get it any way you can." You're dealing with people and they are dealing with you, and you've got to face it. As a journalist I don't respect people.

M.H.: Are you an honest person?

N.H.: I believe, as a journalist, in the truth, and other people knowing the truth. If you've got the truth and you can use it without libelling anybody, you are beholden, as a journalist to tell the truth.

M.H.: When does truth become sensationalism?

N.H.: When you've got to sell a newspaper to a community that only takes salacious stuff.

M.H.: Why do you think the Sunday papers are salacious and the "Mirror" isn't?

N.H.: Yes, it's funny isn't it, people only seem to want that sort of sex on Sundays. I don't understand it.

M.H.: Is there anything about journalism that disappoints you?

N.H.: I didn't expect anything.

M.H.: You just wanted to be a journalist without knowing what it was?

N.H. Well, I've just sort of lived into it. That's all. And when you live into things, you just add things, you don't subtract them. I never had any clear idea of what it was, I just wanted to do it.

M.H. Do you think it fair to say that University has given you journalism and nothing else?

N.H. It's given me journalism and lots of people.

M.H.: Are you conscious of having an image, and if not, are you conscious of creating one?

N.H.: I don't really think in terms of images now; an image is essentially a pseud thing. But there are certain things the editor of a university newspaper within a university community should be, and certain things he should do and say if he's going to be a good editor, and an editor who will improve the community. These things do influence to a certain extent the way one acts and the things one says when one is dealing with other pressure groups in the Union.

Certainly one has to put on some sort of front, but this is just simply the essential journalist's non-commitment, rather than anything peculiar to our community. It's not an "image"; it's the journalist's way of looking at things.

M.H.: Do you want to work in Fleet Street?

N.H.: I want to **be** Fleet Street.



REVIEWS

Seagull fornicates, lays bad egg

by Reviews Editor William Orwin

TOLSTOY'S verdict on Chekhov was that the play "was absolutely worthless." If he had witnessed the sacrilege which is currently taking place at the Rep, he would have felt more than justified.

"The Seagull," one of Chekhov's earlier plays, is not the easiest of plays to stage: heavily autobiographical, creaking with an uncertain symbolism, tightened up by considerable irony and insight, and deadly serious beneath a brilliant exterior of farce, it demands above all an intelligent and coherent interpretation. Played simply for character and melodrama (the instinctive approach to Chekhov), it loses heavily; played simply for its farce, it becomes banal and confusing.

It seems that John Harrison, the Rep. Director, failed to sort out these apparently conflicting elements. Either this, or he felt that, with Dulcie Gray's fame and a "nice," unexacting production, he could retrieve those loyal, middle-class ranks of the Rep. audience, recently mortified by such "nasty" plays as "The Knack" and "The Quare Fellow."

Irritated

Whatever happened, Chekhov was severely compromised by a production which jarred and irritated by its bland lack of integrity.

Thus it was almost possible for Dulcie Gray to get away with an Arcadina which bore scanty resemblance to Chekhov's "foolish, mendacious, self-admiring egotist." And in the place of a group of highly sensitive but useless people, living in a claustrophobic jungle of idleness and boredom, consuming themselves and each other with their mindless displays of narcissism, we were shown a group of rather ridiculous people entertaining each other (and sometimes us) with their displays of acting talent and insipid histrionics.

The pace of superficiality was obviously hard to break, but a few made a bold attempt. Derek Smith as Sorin made the best of a bad job by employing Pleasance-type techniques of characterisation. David Phethean as Trigorin was less successful: having to cope at closer quarters with Miss Gray's gratuitous, giggle-jerking Arcadina, he emerged more like the Mad Hatter than a dowdy, slightly ridiculous but gladly pragmatic author. Simon Ward as Konstantin seemed the least happy in his particular effort to compromise: he appeared far too restrained, not half neurotic and peevish enough—an imbalance which was reflected by his many flabby and useless gestures and a general physical movement which lacked the necessary tightness and economy.

quent" "is a strange mish-mash saved and exposed by the final scene between Linda Gardner as Nina and Simon Ward—by giving us a few, late minutes of genuineness, it left the rest of the production looking very foolish and sour indeed.

The set was colourful but rather constricting. Based on the use of half a dozen solid pillars, it centred the main acting monotonously in the middle of the stage, and by an unnecessary proliferation of flats, doors and furniture, huddled the cast closely together and diverted far too much attention.

Although, a flat, uninspired and faithless production. Mr. Harrison obviously has the acting resources to do greater justice to exciting and complex plays. Perhaps he will.

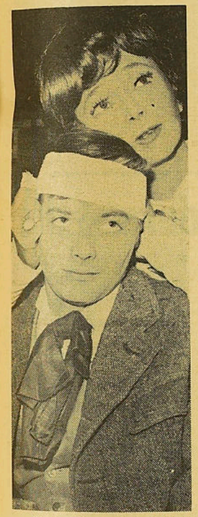


Photo: B'ham. Post & Mail.

• Dulcie Gray and Simon Ward in "The Seagull."

Soggy Fry dampens the fresher One-Acts

by Judy Cockett

EVEN if they are a mixed bunch as regards acting and production, the One Acts should provide something for everybody.

Fry's "A Phoenix Too Frequent" is a strange dichotomy of poetry, humour and serious ideas. This production's major fault is its staticness. The acting, though good in parts, is too patchy to carry off the long dialogues, and is unco-ordinated. The failure, however, lies as much in the play as in the actors. Except for the fact that the stage is so dark that half the time the actors are barely visible.

"The Dumb Waiter" is Pinter after the usual style. We have seen before the ideas and neuroses reflected in the seemingly ordinary dialogues, the type of situation, the seedy characters who nevertheless have an uncanny streak of perception. This does not detract from the present production. Chris Tarrent plays Gus with skill, maintaining the part to the last, and is well supported by Keith Drukel as Ben.

A few faults in speech and actions are probably due to under-rehearsal, but this is a pity, because Pinter, a perfectionist writer, should have perfect representation.

"Passion, Poison and Petrefaction" was an excellently performed little farce. All ingredients are there: villain, stooge and heaving-breasted heroine; slapstick and violent melodrama. If it did tail off, it was not the fault of the actors, who hammed gamely to the end, but Shaw's, who at times got entangled in his own virtuosity.

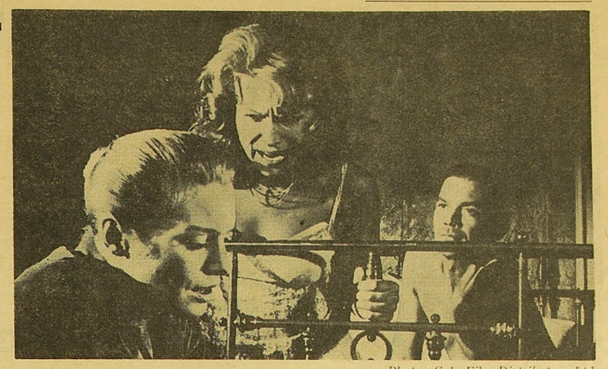


Photo: Gala Film Distributors Ltd.

• Ester and Anna struggle for sexual self-justification, in "The Silence" by Bergman.

SILENCE AND THE DESERT

by David Kilburn

THE opening sequence of Bergman's "The Silence" (Cinephone) is brilliant.

The two sisters, Ester and Anna, are returning to Sweden by train; Ester, a translator, tense and consumptive, Anna, sweaty and manhungry, suppressed by the other's Lesbian friendship.

Anna's young son, Johan, travelling with them, wanders into the corridor and gazes through the window. The train is passing through a foreign country and he sees signs in an unknown tongue, the sun setting forbiddingly on a range of hills, a line of tanks which become blurred, whipping silhouettes with a frightening unreality as the train gathers speed.

As writer, editor and director, Bergman can make each of his films an expression of his personal vision of life and exercise iron control over the cinematic realisation of his aims. Acting, camera work and the visual composition of the film are superb. The careful editing creates a rhythm between shots of Anna incessantly washing, her breast settling into pillows and of Ester, gasping for breath, smoking and drinking that defines the relationship between the two as a gulf of incomprehension between two different existences.

Bergman sees the human condition as one of isolation and of inability to communicate and supports this central theme with peripheral symbolism: even as the sisters cannot understand the language in the town, so they cannot communicate with each other.

They live strictly according to their needs, and these they cannot control, and so they are reduced to tormented automatons in a soulless universe, devoid of free-will, unable to alter or modify their basic identities.

The physical facts of their lives—Anna's copulation, Ester's masturbation — become brutal and ugly; there is no tenderness, no joy, no love save a fondness for the uncomprehending boy.

Bergman described Isak Borg in "Wild Strawberries" as forever trying to pierce the darkness, to catch the sound of a reply to his fearful questions and desperate prayers. So it is with the sisters. Ester fears she will die before the answer comes, Johan hides photographs of a funeral, a watch ticks loudly at the beginning and at intervals through the film and emphasises the passage of time. Ester gives the boy a few words in the foreign tongue as if a new scripture and he leaves with his mother.

Happiness and love may yet come but, for the time being, they have pre-supposed the form of God's answer, and the silence is complete.

STILL WITHIN THE PALE

by Martin Robertson

DARE we say it? That perennial favourite, "Beyond The Fringe" has arrived at last in Birmingham. The show at the Alexandra this week wears well after nearly three years. Like a good stock, it contains most of the original material, spiced with one or two new sketches, and is still highly palatable.

The original flavour comes out best in the anti-camp sketch, "Bollard," and the anti-church pomposity of "Take a Pew," performed very well by Peter French, though under the shadow of the original brilliance of Alan Bennett.

Again, the Dudley Moore numbers at the piano are still very funny and John Dalby is an excellent substitute. He has that kind of suffering, almost pathetic face, that stands out among the inescapable forces around him.

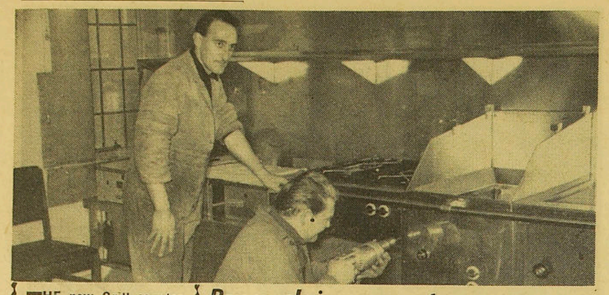
Roger Jerome, a GTG producer of six years ago, provides new style, and his "Sitting on the Bench" is one of the most subtle items.

The company is best in the faster, shorter composite sketches such as "The Aftermyth of War"; worst, in the most recent numbers, and especially with a Quintin Hogg interview and the Head of a newly-emergent African nation, played badly by Neville Buswell who is brilliant in other numbers, particularly his account of the four hundred pairs of blue corduroy trousers.

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THE new Grill counter, which will cook food on the spot, is at present being installed in the Vernon Hall.

"It should be open next Monday, if the electricians finish putting in the power plugs," said Mr. Louis Verdegem, the Union Catering Officer.

The Grill will offer an à la carte menu, with prices ranging from 2/6d. for plain omelette and chips to about 8/- for a three-course meal with coffee, and will be open from 4.45 to 7.30 on Monday to Saturday. As last term, there will be a waitress service.

Mr. Verdegem does not expect the new Grill to ease the Union catering problem.

"It'll come back to what we originally intended," he said. "We'll be able to give better service."

Brum claim mascot

RAG OFF THE MARK, SCOOP NOTTS

CARNIVAL Committee have started off the year with a bang, even before the results of their last efforts were announced.

On Saturday they took part in a pre-arranged stunt with the Nottingham Rag in which they were to attempt to capture their mascot, a model made of papier-mache on a chicken-wire frame called "Roo." But, being a publicity stunt only, Nottingham were meant to keep the mascot.

Birmingham students, however, played a double bluff and ended up by capturing the mascot.

The stunt was arranged as a return gesture after Nottingham students had staged a similar one during Carnival week in which they attempted to kidnap Alan Bowser, last year's Chairman of Carnival Committee.

On Saturday, after four or five of the Birmingham students had caried out the arranged attack on the Land-Rover carrying the mascot in the Rag procession and had ended up on a float. Nigel Miller and Ron Reed posed as Nottingham students with scarves and collecting tins, got a lift in the Land-Rover and managed to capture the mascot.

Nigel Miller was chased through the streets and finally left the mascot at a left-luggage office and phoned the Nottingham Union to claim victory. The mascot was presented to the Nottingham students at their Rag Dance in the evening.

'COURTSHIP'

"Courtship" is the title of the next talk in the series on "Sex and Marriage," which will be given in the Haworth Lecture Theatre next Monday at 5.30 p.m. by the Very Rev. Edward Patey, Dean of Liverpool Cathedral.

HOUR-LONG PROGRAMME

Mech Eng on TV soon

THE Mechanical Engineering Department is to feature in an hour-long television film.

This will spotlight two metal-cutting machines recently developed by the Department.

The film, which took two and a half days to make, was shot in three industrial firms and in the Mech. Eng. Research Department on the campus. The two machines have taken the Department two years to draft and develop and both make use of a new system for providing power.

Very high temperature flames or plasma-jets are produced in the engines driving the machines, and this development has attracted the BBC and industrial firms in Britain and America to the University.

One machine is an air-driven forging machine, which can be used for making anything from automobile prototypes to ashtrays cut in sheet metal. Professor Tobias, Head of the Mech. Eng. Department said. "This is the biggest machine of its kind to be designed and built in Britain.

The second machine, which is faster, but not as powerful as the first, is a combination of an engine run off a petrol mixture and a press. It can be used for stamping pieces out of a strip of metal which feeds itself into the machine, and has been bought by Joseph Lucas and Co. for the manufacture of brake-drum components.

"The machines can be driven much faster and more cheaply than those already developed in this sphere," explained Professor Tobias.

"The film, which will be shown on BBC 1 towards the end of November, should be very interesting," he added.

IND 1

—and Dr. Mehta ends late

THIS rare number-plate belongs to a Rolls-Royce —which is an even rarer sight in the Union Forecourt.

The owner is the Indian High Commissioner, Dr. J. L. Mehta, who came to visit the University's Indian students last week. After meeting the Vice-Chancellor Dr. Mehta was shown round the various Departments and then came to the Union to speak to the Indian Students' Union on the problems facing their country.

He finished his visit with an informal reception in the Mixed Lounge, which ended over half an hour late. "You can't hurry the High Commissioner," said the chauffeur, who was waiting with the Rolls and a police escort outside, ready to take Dr. Mehta to his next appointment.

Unilever Profiles No. 2

"...always breaking dishes or falling over things"

Paul Pepper by Paul Pepper

Line of work. Production. I manage the processing of certain raw materials into a product that you will find in half the kitchens in Great Britain. No, it's not like pulling rabbits out of a hat—it's quite an involved chemical and engineering process.

But what would you really rather do? What I'm doing. I like my work. The chemical changes fascinate me. It's always interesting.

Driving force. A pre-occupation with metamorphosis, if I can put it that way. I don't mean turning a man into a beetle, like Kafka. But nevertheless, to change things. To take raw materials and turn them into something different, something people need. Look at it this way. On the left you have things in drums. In the middle various things happen. On the right you have a product that millions of people can use every day. If you think about it, that's quite an amazing thing.

Most paradoxical quality. I'm hopeless at work around the house. Always breaking dishes or falling over things. Luckily, I've got a wonderfully patient wife.

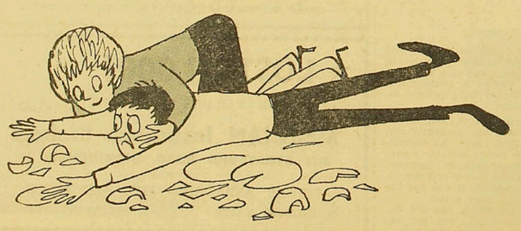
Personal panacea. Read a book—a ghost story preferably. That usually seems to take my mind off things.

The terrible temptations. Making pizza . . . my wife's kitchen is always a shambles afterwards.

Greatest satisfaction. Joining the Unilever Companies' Management Development Scheme. One of the advantages of this scheme is that it gives you an insight into the different aspects of industry—management, industrial, technical, production, marketing—without committing yourself. For instance, I was interested in chemistry, but I didn't know how I would apply this in industry. During my training I discovered that production management was the answer. Also it enabled me to be involved with people, which I like. My job is diverse and offers a challenge. I enjoy it. That's my greatest satisfaction.

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UNILEVER

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John Saunders at the debate

MR. ANDREW BARROW was seen early last Wednesday evening in the Union coffee bar gorging his corpulence on that renowned Elizabethan aphrodisiac, the pickled onion.

A debate was to be held at 5.15 in the Council Chamber and Mr. Barrow, a New Elizabethan, hied him thither to propose, with glazed eye and sweet scented tones, an amendment to the motion that "This House Believes that the Woman's Place is in the Home." The neo-Tudor woman's place, according to Mr. B., was in bed along with all other bucolic pleasures and pickled onions.

Mr. Shutz, proposer of the original motion, touchingly reminisced on the halcyon days of the Victorian era when the father, quintessence of the male, and the mother, retiring and gracious femininity incarnate, lived in marital mellfluence, he in supreme control and she in polite terror. "Oh! how far the shrew has turned!" mourned masterful Mr. Shutz, "Now women want to go to parties and play cricket. The home has been invaded, comfort and security usurped!" He sought refuge in the well scrubbed hands of Rupert Brooke, or someone.

Vivacious Miss Judy Howard, answering for the Opposition, cajoled the crowd. "If women could not work," she sighed, "navvies would serve in the refectory, a male chorus line would prance at the Palladium, and Rudolf Nureyev would have to dance a pas de deux on his seule."

A Polish wrestler had a fit in New Street because a housemaid offered him a drink on the home-made house. Mr. Michael Barratt, friend of many psychotic Polish wrestlers, was in no doubt. The Englishman's home is his wife's castle. A man needs his wife to chop wood and scrape eggs off the ceiling.

Miss Amanda Humphrey-Reeves seconded the Opposition. I like her. She was frightened by domesticity but quoted "Woman's Own." "Marriage is a farce," she said, and laughed. Women suffer from urban neuroses because they are cooped up in the house. Amanda revealed that she has a propensity for bottling beetroot.

David Silver Esq. impressed the voters from the floor.

Six-gun Shutz and the Honourable Michael Barratt were gallantly defeated by a narrow margin.

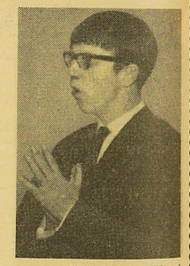


Photo: Brian Wood

● Michael Barratt.

Hockey

LUCKY BRUM WIN

Birmingham 1 Fort Dunlop 0



Photo: John Howard

● University Fullback Chapman clears.

ALTHOUGH the University dominated the play, poor markmanship meant that, in the final reckoning, they were somewhat fortunate to score the only goal in the game. The most distinctive features of Fort Dunlop's play were their crude tackling and hit-and-run attacks.

Many of the University's movements resulted in shots at goal, and all five forwards were unlucky in their attempts to score. The defence again exhibited signs of uncertainty and lethargy, but clearances were better directed than in earlier games. The University's winning goal came from a fine individual effort by Goh mid-way through the second half.

All in all this was rather a disjointed game, and the University side cannot gain much satisfaction from the result. It certainly did not make up for the fact that in mid-week they lost their unbeaten record to Bristol University, the final result being 2-0. Birmingham's forwards were unable to get past Bristol's weighty defence, whilst their own defence was no match for Bristol's forward line.

Disappointing

This result is certainly disappointing from the part of the club's UAU aspirations, as Bristol is one of the stronger sides that the University will have to meet.

However, the club is at present the most successful of the major University clubs, and captain Frisswell must be reasonably satisfied. Still, if teamwork could replace individual brilliance, the prospects would be even brighter.



Photo: John Howard

● University forward Hull challenges for possession in Saturday's game against Fort Dunlop.

Water sport: Well ahead

THE Swimming Club registered its first win on Saturday in an enjoyable match against Aberystwyth University College. The combined result was: Birmingham 81 points, Aberystwyth 78 points, although the men won their competition by an easier margin of 47 to 33.

The best swims of the evening were by Pete Newey who recorded a personal best of 69.6 for the 100 yards breaststroke, Dave Rogers and Bob Shekdar, who swam their butterfly and freestyle sprints very well. After the individual events the Brum team were only two points up, but the relays underlined Birmingham's greater depth and enabled the 14-point lead to be set up.

The water polo match, although tending to be scrappy at times, was very encouraging. Top scorer for Brum was surprisingly left-back Paul Lewis, who netted four in upfield raids. With Walsh and Curtis sharing 6 between them Aberystwyth were overwhelmed by 14-6.

The potential of the University team is obviously fairly high, all that is needed now is a more quick-thinking approach to the game.

CITY COME OUT ON TOP OVER UNIVERSITY SIDE

THE University 1st XV went into Saturday's game against Birmingham confidently, but after a good start the University lost the initiative, and a fit Birmingham side eventually ran out easy winners by 22 points to eight.

Early on the forwards gave the University a slight edge, but it was Birmingham who opened the scoring when Trout scored a fine unconverted try after a clever jinking run. The first XV were undismayed and continued playing their destructive harrying game. Bayman levelled the scores with a penalty goal but Birmingham went ahead again following another good try.

The University was still playing well if scrappily, and from a kick ahead by scrum half Joy, Alan Pontin collected the ball and raced over sixty yards to score beneath the posts. Bayman's conversion gave the University a half-time lead of eight points to six.

The second half was completely different, with the speed and backing up of the whole Birmingham side combined with bad tackling by the University, adding up to nearly all one-way traffic. Birmingham added three more, two of which were converted, and a dropped goal. The University pack gained a good supply of the ball from the tight pieces, but the backs were severely handicapped by the slowness of the heel.

BASKET BALL BOOB

THE Basketball Club have started the season badly, losing to Old Nortonians, Leeds University and RAF Gaydon. In this last match, however, the team played with more cohesion and just lost 46-45, despite being without two of their most experienced players and missing many simple lay-ups. Two completely new teams have to be built up to play in the West Midlands Colleges League and the Birmingham League.

WIVAB Success

THE Badminton Ladies' team overcame their first WIVAB hurdle against Nottingham: 5-4 and now must be considered favourites for the Midlands zone. Miss Read and Miss Wright won all three rubbers.

The Men's team beat Nottingham 6-3 in a friendly and the Mixed team have victories over Bristol University (7-2) and Dunlop (9-0). Altogether a very successful week.

sports comment

Keep Off!

CONCERN is being caused by the continual indiscriminate use that is being made of the University Sports Fields. Notices have gone out from the Athletics Union this week reminding members that the Bournbrook Fields are for the use of bonafide playing members of the Athletics Union and are not to be used as general rights of way.

At first this may seem a trivial point; yet another restriction being imposed on the general body of students. But to those who have to use the pitches that are indiscriminately played on and trampled over it has some meaning. As winter draws near the field will inevitably become bare and muddy, and as a result play will change and generally deteriorate. But a good firm cover of grass can put off the change.

This is a factor which never enters the minds of those who use the field for part-time recreation and short cuts. The fact that they are aiding the degeneration of the pitches seems trivial against the convenience that the short cuts provide.

We can only ask them to respect the wishes of a large section of Birmingham students, to realise the inconvenience and problems they are causing and hope they will take notice.

To those that take a more positive interest in sport, a reminder. This afternoon the matches against Loughborough are being played. A lot depends on this and every bit of support is needed.

Soccer

Black week for soccer

THE Soccer Club has had a disappointing week suffering defeats in both its games, but on Saturday in a fairly even match they can consider themselves slightly unlucky to have lost by the odd goal in five to the Birmingham AFA.

The first half belonged to the University and they richly deserved their 2-1 lead at half time. After 15 minutes Hollinshead drove a fine 25-yard shot into the net to put the University one up. However, the AFA fought back and equalised following a mistake by University keeper Goodrich.

About a minute before half time, Gedney put the University into the lead again with another fierce drive.

The second half was yet again a tale of both the initiative and victory being lost by the University side. In the early stages the AFA piled on the pressure but did not look like breaking down the University defence. However, indecision in defence allowed the visiting side to draw level; ten minutes from the end, the AFA broke through to score the winning goal.

Outclassed

In mid-week the University side had lost heavily, by 5-0, to Liverpool University. For most of the game, Birmingham were outclassed and Liverpool's fluid play showed up Birmingham's lack of imagination. If success is to come a less stereotyped approach much be devised and a greater effort must be made to dominate the mid-field play.

GOOD WIN FOR GIRLS



THE University Women's Hockey Club has made a good start in its attempt to keep the WIVAB trophy. On Wednesday they beat Nottingham by four goals to nil. Scorers were Sanders (2) Gough and Pierce. Birmingham dominated the play from the start, and by half-time had built up a two nil lead.

Gough's goal deserves special mention as it was one of the best this season. Following a fine run down the wing she banged home a hard shot. Fresher Shirley also had a good game and was unlucky not to find the net.

Change over

REDBRICK'S Sports Desk this week changes hands. Present Sports Editor John Lee, who has held the post since Christmas, is leaving and the new Sports Editor will be Royston Greenwood (Social Science).

Captains of all clubs are asked to give him every assistance by getting their stories in as early as possible on Sunday.

Athletics

IN damp cold and windy conditions last Wednesday, the Athletics Club competed at home against a team from Loughborough Colleges. Although Loughborough did not send a full strength team, Birmingham gained a good victory by 102 pts. to 87.

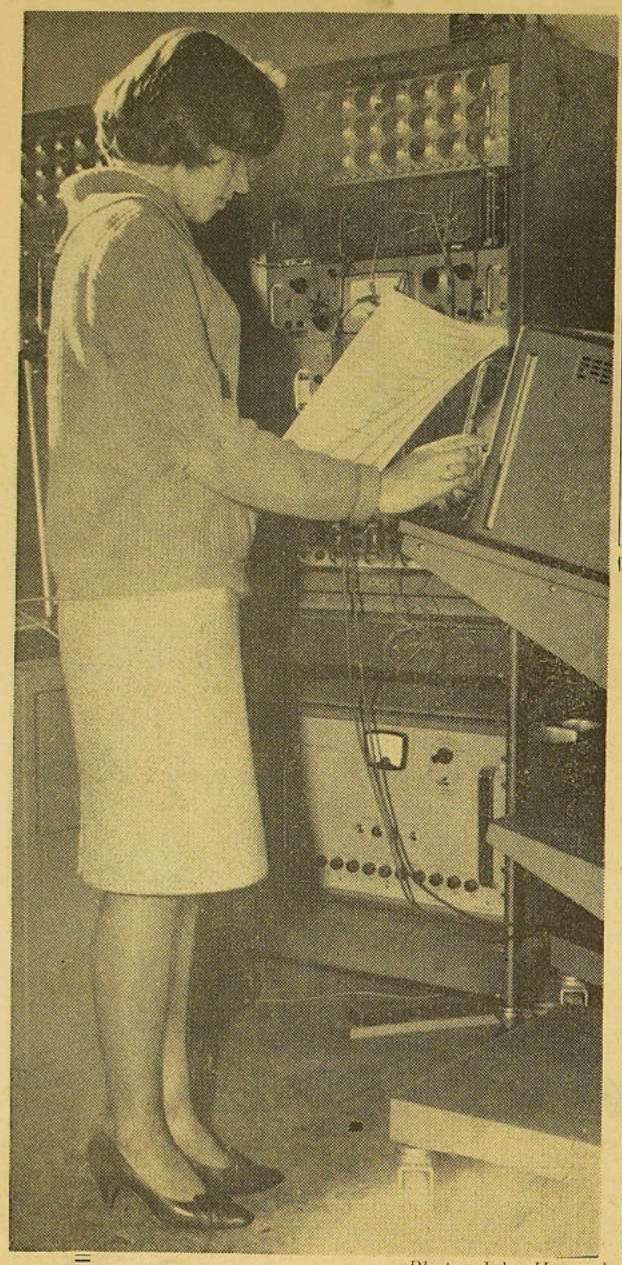


Photo: John Howard

• Vera Parkinson . . . the only fish in the Elec. Eng. sea.

The only fish in the sea . . .

. . . is Vera Parkinson, a Fresher in the Department of Electronic and Electrical Engineering. Vera is the only girl among 200 Electrical Engineers.

Commented a second-year student, "We are all glad to get a woman at last — Mechanical Engineering had one last year, and we had to recover prestige somehow.

Explaining her choice of a predominantly male Department, Vera said, "I was interested in Electronics from sixth form Physics." However, unlike the other 199 Engineers, Vera does not like beer.

But a disappointment for the Department (and many hundreds of other woman-starved Engineers in the University) comes from her comment, "I don't get a chance to feel lonely, there is too much work."

GRIFFITHS IN UNION

SMETHWICK MP SPEAKS TODAY

by Keith Bassett

MR. PETER GRIFFITHS, the controversial M.P. for Smethwick will speak in the Union tonight.

This was confirmed on Friday by Marcus Begbie-Clench, the Chairman of the Conservative Association, which is sponsoring the meeting. Although the exact nature of Griffith's speech is not known, it is believed to concern the Conservative Policy in the General Election.

Preparing the platform for Griffiths, Mr. Clench said, "Peter Griffiths is the one man that most people in the Guild would like to see." Commenting on Griffiths supposed racialist views he said, "I sincerely believe that he did not forcibly make race an issue; we wouldn't have supported him otherwise."

He did not deny, however, that racial problems had arisen but he insisted on the "peculiar position of Smethwick" with its acute housing problem and no facilities for overspill. "The cosmopolitan anonymity of London absorbs diverse peoples"; provincial Smethwick found adjustment more difficult. "I don't think race will become more prominent in politics as a result of the campaign," he said.

Mistaken

"I hope and believe that Mr. Griffiths' visit to the Union will help to clear the air of mistaken opinions as to the nature of his politics. He speaks with the experience and authority of a man much above his 36 years."

Griffiths, however, refused to speak to a joint meeting sponsored by both the Conservatives and the CND. Ralph Taylor, Chairman of CND, which first suggested inviting Griffiths, said: "We would have been quite pleased to sponsor the visit with the Conservatives, but as the position stands at the moment, there is nothing we can do about it."

MONEYMAN GOES

ONE of REDBRICK'S top posts changes hands this week as John Couch leaves. He has been Business Manager since Christmas. Sandy Cowan takes over as money-man and will be in charge of all the advertising and other financial affairs of the paper.

"WRITE YOUR OWN," AS DAVID GETS COOK-BOOK

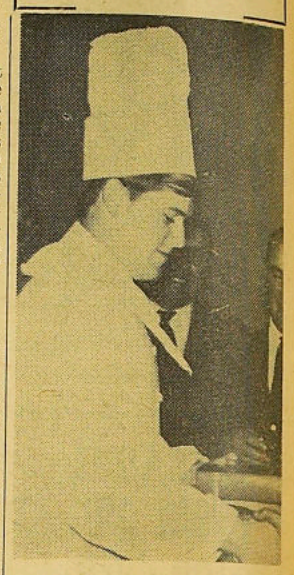


Photo: Brian Wood

DAVID WAKELAM, one of the Union's three apprentice cooks, recently passed his chef's exams and was presented with his Indentures by Guild President Andy Allan at a reception on Friday.

On qualifying, a chef has the choice of a gift of a set of knives or a recipe book. David chose the cookery book. "If you don't agree with it, you'll have to write your own," said Andy Allan as he presented it.

David has been with the Guild for the past four years, on day release once a week to the Birmingham College of Food. Now he has qualified as a chef, he will be able to move higher in the catering trade, although he is not expecting to leave the Union immediately.

Living in Birmingham, David left school at 15, and is not really sure what drew him to catering, but now he becomes Second Chef, under the Head Chef, Barry Newell. From the Union the chefs usually go into hotel work which offers more scope in the profession.



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GETAWAY PEOPLE USE WHISKY

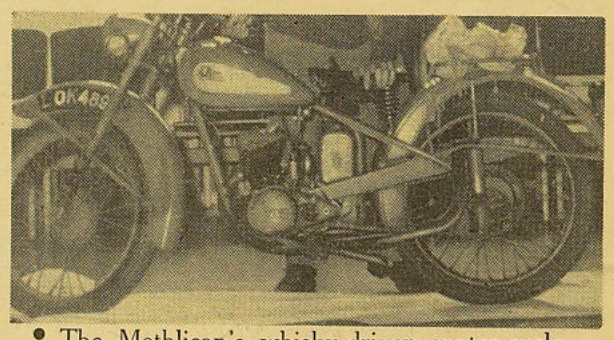
METHODS of action painting are becoming stranger and stranger.

On Friday, the Methodist Society and the Anglican Council who held their annual joint dance in the Deb. Hall decided that the walls needed some murals to brighten them up. The obvious answer—paint them with a motor-bike.

They painted the tyres of the motor-bike, belonging to Evan Moseley of Methsoc, with orange and violet stripes and drove it over huge pieces of paper. The only snag was that the use of petrol in the Deb. Hall is forbidden, but this did not deter the Hallwoods of canvas — they used whisky instead.

"We used Johnny Walker, because it does more miles to the gallon than other brands," said Francis Barnard, Publicity Secretary of the Anglican Council. "We had originally intended to drag the Chaplain across the paper to make the patterns, but decided this would be too extravagant with the paint."

"The murals were great," said a dancer later, "but I can think of better things to do with whisky."



• The Methlican's whisky-driven motor-cycle, seen in action painting the murals for last Friday's dance.

Anti-A is now SCARD

THE University's Anti-Apartheid Movement will soon change its name to The Student Campaign Against Racial Discrimination.

The idea of this change is to broaden the society's activities to include racial discrimination in Britain, although its position regarding South Africa will remain unchanged. To form the new society, however, the present one will have to completely dissolve and the new one proposed together with the required 20 signatures at Guild Council.

Packed out for Crick

A PACKED Debating Hall heard Dr. Francis Crick, the eminent biologist, give the first Open Lecture last Tuesday on "The Genetic Code."

To a very mixed audience Dr. Crick, a Nobel Prize winner for his work into the subject, explained concisely, but with humour and interest, how nucleic acids were responsible in the cell for carrying the information which determined the structure and function of the progeny.

"I regard nucleic acids as the dumb blondes of biology," he said. "Their sole ability is that of replication."

Next week's Open Lecturer is Professor M. W. Thring who will speak on "Men and Robots," at 1.45 p.m. in the Debating Hall. Professor Thring has just been appointed Professor of Mechanical Engineering at Queen Mary College, London.

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