

Redbrick

BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY

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WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3rd, 1971



BANGLA DESH

PAGE 8

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THE arguments appearing in the national Press recently about the possibilities of non-compulsory student union membership and the establishment of a special Registrar for Student Unions are worrying. Equally tortuous are the views of those who claim that student union money should be provided for particular purposes. Student unions such as that at Birmingham have developed historically as the most effective way of providing athletic, societal and cultural activities for their members. More recently they have become a forum for debate and channel of the viewpoint of a transitory student population. This has been their prime concern and few can say they have not generally done it well. Birmingham Guild, for example, administers annually £82,000 which is subject to control by an annual General Meeting and an external audit. The active involvement of students in the management and allocation of finances for their activities ensures that these monies are well spent according to the needs of the changing student population. Such participation is also a tremendous force for inculcating social responsibility in members of any society. Any interference with any part of the University by the Government should be a matter of concern for staff as well as students. It is a dangerous precedent—we must all be ready to resist.

redbrick staff

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

UNION BATTLE BEGINS

THE abolition of the Student Union Fee as we know it has been proposed by the consultative document from the Department of Education and Science released last night. Individual student members will be allowed to opt out of Union activities but will not be denied the use of Union facilities.

The financing of Student Unions will not be a compulsory levy on Local Education Authorities as at present but will be from two different sources.

Firstly the University Grants Committee will give funds to the university authorities which are to be for plant and possible representative functions. Secondly, a small amount will be added to the student maintenance grant so that he or she can apply for voluntary membership of the major activities such as Athletic Union, Political Societies, Events, Welfare. The document further suggests that in future all Student Union accounts will be subject to audit by the Comptroller and Auditor-General's Department. Money deemed by him to be wrongly spent will be deducted from the following year's Union Grant.

UNION THEFTS

ON Wednesday last, October 27th, several Guild offices on the second floor of the Student Union were broken into and several items belonging to student members were taken. Events Committee suffered the worst.

A green combat jacket (belonging to Nobby Clarke, Events chairman), a black P.V.C. raincoat, a brown leather wallet, two driving licences, a cheque book and three pounds in cash were stolen. Also taken was a Guild diary which was extremely valuable because it contained details of next term's programme and possible group bookings.

Carnival Committee Office next door, were less unfortunate. Apparently all they have lost is one copy of next year's Rag mag. "Barb".

Another extremely disturbing aspect of the document is the further power given to the Comptroller and Auditor-General to vet Student Union constitutions and recommend changes in them to the respective college authorities.

The most striking aspect of these proposals are their very harshness. Many student leaders have in recent weeks been confused about what would be suggested, a result of the extraordinary secrecy which has surrounded the issue, but few believed that the Government would do more than was suggested by the Federation of Conservative Students—appoint a Registrar of Student Unions.

Digby Jacks, President of the N.U.S., stated last night that the document was born out of deep hostility to Student Unions. "There is no recognition at any point of the very valuable contribution these communities make to the life of the individual student, his college and society. No commitment is given, therefore, to their continued existence, the ambiguities in this context are disturbing."

The police have been called in but in the opinion of the Guild Permanent Secretary, R. T. Jones, it is unlikely that they will be able to apprehend the thieves.

COSTLY COMPUTER

THE University has been given a grant of £95,000 by the Science Research Council to instal a computer system at the new Birmingham Radiation Centre which is nearing completion on the main University campus. The computer will be jointly used by both Aston and Birmingham. The University Grants Committee has previously made a grant of some £350,000 towards a building to house the equipment.

NEWS**C.N.D. CONCERT**

The Birmingham C.N.D. are holding a concert at the Town Hall on Sunday, November 28th, to raise funds for their future activities.

Performers include Keef Hartley Band, Tea and Symphony, Biscuit Boy (Canadian folk artists), and Adrian Henry. John Peel will be competing. It is hoped that after the concert they might carry out some of the activities so successfully performed before in the Festival of Life.

POETRY ALTERNATIVE

"A magazine of the counter-culture is one way of saying it—something wholly different."

The above statement is by Street, poems, a group of young people who are attempting to organise a new kind of alternative, creative poetry magazine. In an article they gave to "Redbrick" last week they urge anyone who has anything they wish to contribute to "swallow your pride and send us your mind". They can be contacted at 215, Harborne Lane, Harborne, Birmingham 15. Ask for Derek and John.

STUDENT SNACK

AT the last meeting of the Refectory Management Committee it was decided to terminate the exclusiveness of Gradsnaek, the postgraduate coffee-bar by the Refectory. In future Gradsnaek will be open to all students, undergraduate and postgraduate.

To mark its change in status it will now be known by its original name of "Chelsnaek".

Chunderful**Writing on the wall**

NOBODY but the few Guild egoists have really noticed the existence of "Wall" magazine this year. Containing rather dull and boorish comments and ditties on Union personalities, it has failed to provide a very high standard of satire, wit and repartee. However, last week "Wall" finally came into its own. It actually produced a mis-ive which offended.

An article was written parodying some of the leaflets claiming imminent revolution which tend to clutter the coffee bar.

Subsequently "Wall" was daubed with the following surprising statements:—

"Things must be pretty bad for you, gentlemen, if you are compelled to resort to such shameless and despicable methods. Down with all impotent and infantile attempts to reduce serious issues to ignorant and fascist slanders."

If the intention of these latterday Babylonians was to discredit "Wall" they have miserably failed. Not only have they enhanced the status of that scurrilous tabloid, but they have also drawn undue attention to the article they so obviously disagreed with.

More people will now read it. Their first statement, apart from assuming a totally one-sexed editorial staff and readership, something which must appeal to their sisters in Women's Lib., does not question their obviously superior morality of daubing Union equipment (for which we must all pay) with paint.

Their second statement seems "impotent," infantile" and "ignorant" in both analytical depth and grammatical construction. However, I do not wish to belittle the revolutionary ardour of these campus daubers. It took them only four days to discover the article and act accordingly. Such a timescale in 1971 Petrograd would have allowed the Ossacks to be charging down the Nevsky Prospekt two days before the barricades went up.

Different tense

DESPITE all the Union Rules to the contrary, an outside firm from Downton America has succeeded in penetrating the Events Committee screen and put up advertising posters in the Union building.

This poster excitingly proclaims "Decreases Tension, Increases Creativity," the possibilities conjured up by this commercial exploitation cannot but help attract further detailed study.

The poster goes on to state "gives you a sense of well-being and a calm concentration at the mere price of 10 enjoyable minutes daily and £1.50 that goes a long, long way." Can this be true—by this stage the reader is in an almost hypnotic trance as fantasies flash across his dazed expression.

Further study reveals the comments: "activates that inner organisation which is calm, large, wide, aware, intelligent and creative," and "enhances your internal organic functions." Just as the reader is about to sink into oblivious ecstasy he is brought straight back to planet earth by a photo of an object not dissimilar to Granny's ex-rolling pin.

The American firm which has used such ambiguous statements is merely selling a health roller.

TRANSPORT REQUIRED

urgently requires the loan of transport to assist with the travel of volunteers to and from projects.

In addition, drivers, particularly those over 21 years, are also required, regardless of whether they have their own vehicle or not.

Anyone who can assist, please contact the Comae Office, 2nd floor of the Union Building.

Debate**Debsoc exploited?**

ATTEMPTING to mount the Presidential dais in order to chair the debate last Wednesday, Mr. John Ringguth found his way barred by the lanky and decaying structure of Mr. Pete Drummond of "Sounds of the 70's" fame. It was not until this usurper had been relegated to the lower echelons reserved for paper speakers that the evening's business got under way. Discarding the dainty blue gown he had seductively draped around his torso Mr. Drummond slumped into his seat having concluded the most constructive part of his visit.

It was Miss Kenny's turn again last Wednesday to sample the vibrant thrills of sitting next to Mr. Ringguth throughout the debate; and as usual she clutched the interests of Debsoc to her bosom and attempted to read the minutes of the last meeting.

Mr. Bates made a suggestion which the Chairman took exception to and Miss Kenny sailed manfully through the minutes to the House's great relief. Somehow during the course of all this, the Vice-President had crawled in unnoticed, and now the spotlight fell on Paul (Mr. Hot Air) Dodgson himself.

His Eminence had a motion from the floor which was carried overwhelmingly deploring any Governmental move toward voluntary membership of Student Unions and the institution of a Registrar.

Pushing this threat to its well-being aside, the House ultimately moved to public business. I use the phrase guardedly as the word "debate" in the circumstances hardly seems appropriate.



Mr. Drummond rose to propose that "Pop is a commercial monopoly for the exploitation of youth" and kept on rising, ending up finally perched precariously on the despatch box.

After remaining there for some little time he (and the House) decided it wasn't such a good idea after all. Having returned to ground level Mr. Drummond recommended to the Chairman that he part his hair on the other side in future. We all await with interest any further development in this matter.

The next few minutes passed pleasantly enough with Mr. Drummond gibbering rather incoherently phrases such as "Now where am I?" To which question Miss Wheatcroft was heard to reply

SMALL ADS

REMEMBER Jemima Spagbracket? Music and Laughter Emporium at Mason Hall in the Summer Term and subsequently on Radio Birmingham?

JEMIMA SPAGBRACKET emerges from hibernation this term and requires comedy sketches. If you can write comedy, contact Tony Lee via Union P.H.s.

FIREWORK FANDANGO plus Barbecue, Disco, Friday, November 5th, Newman House. Bar. 8 p.m. Members 10p.

MEDIAVAL DISPUTATION: Two leading Monks wrangle—in public! "Should Priests Marry?" Newman House, 29 Harrison's Road. Sunday. 8 p.m. FREE!

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Pete Drummond and John Ringguth debating.

Guild Council**Inquorate Council**

THE last Guild Council meeting on Tuesday, October 26th was one of the most poorly supported for some time. Despite the fact that only three Guild Councilors had the courtesy to send apologies only twenty-seven members of a potential eighty-three attended the meeting. Perhaps this poor turnout was as much the product of an uninspired agenda consisting primarily of elections and paper motions as of general student irresponsibility to its governing body.

The main communications from the Guild Executive consisted of comments regarding the arrangements for elections to the Guild Commission; the convening of a special General Meeting of the Guild on Wednesday, November 3rd at 1.15 in the Debating Hall to discuss the Government's attack on Student Unions and the success of the Vice-President's publication "Hot Air."

After the elections the main discussion of the evening centred around a motion proposed by M. O. S. Jenkins calling for a curtailment on smoking in certain parts of the Union Building.

Although several councillors pointed to the impracticality of the proposals, Guild Council finally decided to ban smoking in the Television Room (off New Entrance Hall) and part of Vernon Hall.

A motion calling for External Affairs Committee to organise a campus-wide collection to aid the victims of the Pakistani Civil War was passed almost unanimously. Part of the motion supporting the Awami League was deleted.

An emergency motion was proposed supporting the B.S.A. strike in Birmingham, an outside speaker

addressed Guild Council. Unfortunately Guild Council's membership had substantially declined and when it came to a vote on the motion Mr. Hitchener (Elec. Eng.) called the quorum. There being no quorum at 6.43 p.m., Guild Council was adjourned.

ELECTIONS

The following were elected to University Committees by Guild Council.

Careers Service Executive: J. Tustin (Philosophy).

University Health Committee: J. W. Aukett.

Guild Finance Committee (who is not to be a Guild Member): Prof. M. Hamlin (Civil Eng.).

Guild External Affairs Committee: Miss H. Franks; T. Murphy (Soc. Sci.).

Guild Education Committee: Miss S. Strachan, T. Greenwood, D. Burrows.

Carnival Committee: Vice Chairman, M. Ward, Secretary, Miss C. Williams, Treasurer, Miss P. Blyth.

N.U.S. Conference, 1971/2: Miss A. Davies, Miss C. Butler, C. Gibbons, C. Turner.

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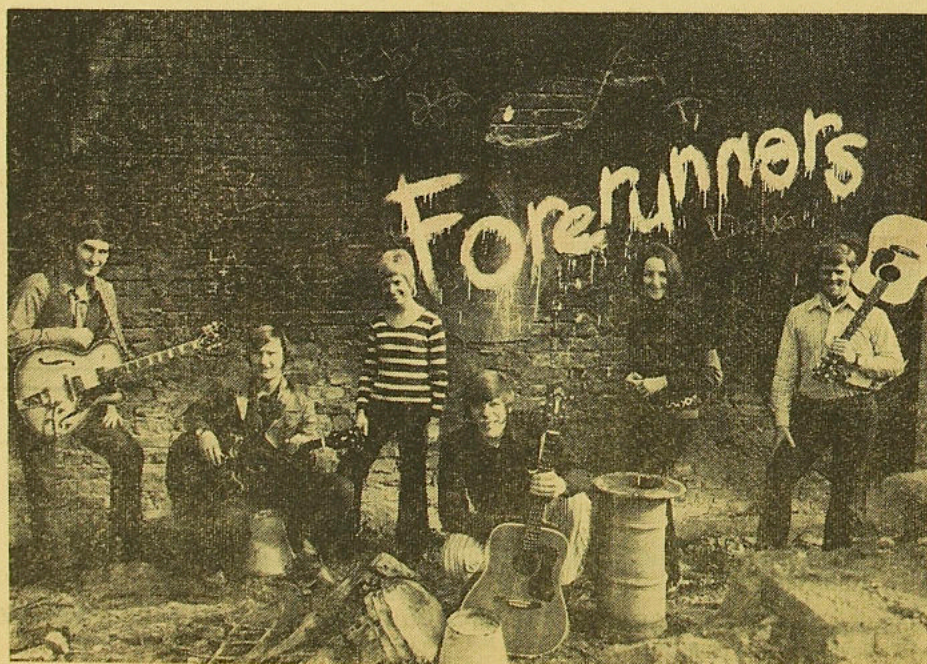
The Secretary,

29 Gordon Square, London, WC1H 0PP

FORERUNNERS

DEB HALL

7.30 Tues 9th NOV



It's the imitation of the genuine that brings the let-down. Dig your teeth into a plastic orange to get the message. The present generation has not been silent about the situation, many of today's songs pose the problems. But you will have to look hard and long to find any that come across with answers. Perhaps that's why any concert from the Forerunners is so compellingly different.

Their programme twists and turns between folk roaring spirituals, today's pop sounds, and other material that dares to look life square in the eyes and offer positive answers. Answers about life and death. Forgiveness, Meaning and Purpose.

As you listen you will join a host of others who have gone before, to whom the group have played... demonstrating students at the Free University of Berlin; international crowds in Victor Hugo Square; freedom marchers in St. Paul's Cathedral; and thousands upon thousands of students throughout Europe, entertaining and telling the answers they have found.

TICKETS 30p

Redbreast

E VACUATION of the uterus is the commonest method used to terminate a pregnancy within the first three months. This is done under general anaesthetic and takes ten to fifteen minutes to perform. In this procedure the neck of the womb, or cervix, is dilated and then a special instrument is inserted inside the uterus and the contents are removed.

The moral and social arguments both for and against abortion have been clearly and often stated, and it is not my place here to attempt to determine what is essentially a personal and emotive issue, wholly dependent on individual viewpoint and beliefs. Now that the law gives greater freedom to both doctors and pregnant women, the apparent basis for dispute has shifted from the abstract—the ethics of termination, to the practical, how? where? and how much?

Since the Abortion Act of 1967 became law it is possible under certain circumstances for women living in the United Kingdom to have an unwanted pregnancy terminated; the circumstances in which this may be done are laid down as follows:—

- If the continuance of the pregnancy would involve risk to the life of the pregnant woman greater than if the pregnancy were terminated; or,
- It would involve risk of injury to the physical or mental health of a pregnant

Table 1 SECTOR OF TERMINATION

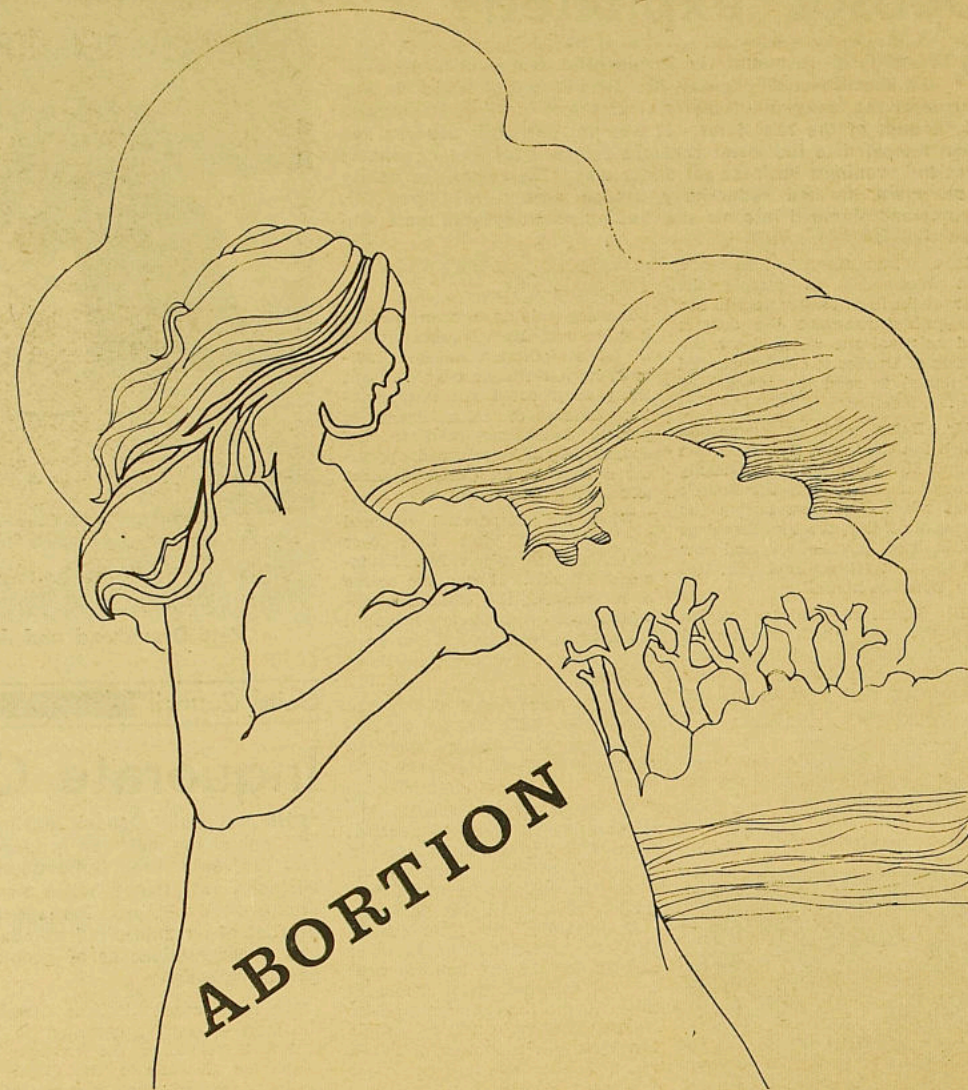
Calthorpe	3,708	81%
London	459	10%
National Health Service	26	1%
Sussex	271	6%
Robert	49	1%
Other	10	1%
Not known	46	1%
TOTAL	4,569	

woman greater than if the pregnancy were terminated; or,

- That it would involve risk of injury to the physical or mental health of any existing children greater than if the pregnancy were terminated; or,

- That there is a substantial risk that if the child were born it would suffer from such physical or mental abnormalities as to be seriously handicapped.

Two doctors must certify that such an indication exists in any particular case and the treatment for termination of pregnancy must be carried out in a National Health Service Hospital or in a nursing home which has been appointed for this purpose by the Minister of Health.



Once a pregnancy has become implanted in the uterus, jumping off ironing boards, soaking in hot baths or using caustic douches will result only in sore feet, a very clean body or a sore vagina. Quinine, castor oil

is told to leave this in for forty-eight hours and then pull it out. During this time germs travel up the rubber and an infection is set up in the uterus. It is this infection that kills the embryo.

It also raises havoc with the mother. The patient is told that she will begin to have fever and bleeding within a few days. She will then develop strong cramps and after a miniature labour will pass the infected pregnancy. Such women

or the large red pills that unscrupulous druggists pass out under the counter will cure malaria, cause diarrhoea and make the druggist richer—but an unwanted pregnancy requires an abortion.

What then is the woman who finds herself in this situation to do? Well, she could go to a back-street abortionist. One of the main purposes of the Abortion Act is to try and stop such people from carrying out their practice in what in many cases is an unskilled and dangerous manner. Untrained people with no medical equipment still perform the greatest number of abortions in this country each year. They don't even attempt to empty the uterus by means of "evacuation", instead by various techniques they kill the embryo and depend on the body's own healing mechanisms to expel the by-product and heal the wound.

The commonest method used is the insertion of a soft rubber catheter through the cervix and up into the uterus. The patient

THE BIRMINGHAM PREGNANCY ADVISORY SERVICE (1st Floor),

Guildhall Buildings,
Navigation Street,
BIRMINGHAM B2 4BT.
Tel. 021-643-1461

offers—

- (1) Confirmation of pregnancy.
- (2) Assessment under the Abortion Act 1967.
- (3) Arrangement for a termination if desired, possible or necessary.
- (4) Provision of supporting services where required.

men are advised that if anything goes wrong they should go to the emergency ward of the nearest hospital and say

mission to a hospital ward and the method to be used will be explained.

If the pregnancy is within the first three months the "evacuation of the uterus" procedure already described is the most commonly used. If, however, you are over three months' pregnant then this method cannot be employed as the uterus is too large. The gynaecologist may decide to inject something into the uterus which will cause a miscarriage within a few days or more likely a small abdominal operation known as hysterotomy will be carried out. The uterus is opened through the abdomen in a miniature Caesarian Section and the contents are then removed. This involves a stay of some ten to twelve days in hospital.

Why then is there any need for private clinics? The answer seems to be three-fold: firstly, the National Health Service cannot afford to spend as much money as would be necessary to deal with all the cases deserving abortion, in view of competing interests over the whole spectrum of the Service; secondly, it would seem to be true to say that N.H.S. gynaecologists follow the literal letter of the law, far more strictly than those in private clinics, and finally it would appear that the attitudes of the doctors themselves play a prevalent role.

The national Press has this week commented on women being "petrified by fear" by hostile doctors. "Patients complained," said "The Guardian," "that there were no limits to which consultants—mostly gynaecologists—would not go to dissuade them from abortions."

In a report on 2,814 patients seen by the Birmingham Pregnancy Advisory Service, councillors said: "Many patients, already distressed, have been made to feel petrified with fear of the termination which they knew their circumstances made imperative."

Mrs. Nan Smith, secretary of the B.P.A.S., said that general practitioners were usually very sympathetic, but many patients "were intimidated and humiliated by gynaecologists, some of whom did not even bother to see the girls or investigate the cases properly." The "Daily Mirror" reported that doctors had told these girls that they "might become sterile" or be "scarred for life" if they rushed

they fell in the bath-tub while pregnant.

Much of the time the abortion goes just as predicted. Once the uterus empties itself, the body is able to handle the infection and the patient recovers without requiring medical aid. It is only the failures that reach the emergency rooms. Of such women, many end up permanently crippled and many others die. At this very moment the wards of every hospital in the country contain casualties from such criminal abortions.

The first and best thing to do is to see one's local G.P. and discuss the matter with him. He may then either advise you that he does not consider there to be any grounds on which this pregnancy should be terminated, in which case one is

Table 2

Patient's G.P. consulted	4,018	75%
Patient's G.P. not consulted	1,305	24%
Not known	35	1%
TOTAL	5,358	

Doctor's attitude where consulted:

Sympathetic	3,255	81%
Unsympathetic	700	17%
Not known	63	2%
TOTAL	4,018	

forced, if this ruling is unacceptable, to see another, perhaps more sympathetic doctor; or if he admits that there are grounds for allowing abortion, he will send you with a letter to see a gynaecologist, usually in a hospital out-patient department, asking for his opinion. Once the latter has agreed to terminate the pregnancy, a date will be arranged for your ad-

going into the "butchers' shops." If this is true, then an investigation is certainly imperative.

The facts remain—only 1 per cent of abortions carried out between March 1st, 1970-September 30th, 1970, were done under the auspices of the N.H.S. "The first thing is to try and get an N.H.S. termination; this only happens in a really extreme

case and is so impracticable as to make the effort worthless." "In the last quarter this figure was reduced to 1 per cent, the lowest yet, perhaps an indication of an economy of effort." (Q.M.M.).

And what of the alternatives? The B.P.A.S. is a charity concerned with women in a state of distress due to their pregnancy. Its purpose is "to provide a sympathetic background for the discussion of their problems; to see that they are properly advised and directed to the appropriate social or

Consulting Doctor who will expect a form to be completed to establish entitlement to an abortion and possible consequent financial aid. This form is strictly confidential and involves details of the patient's history and background, the partner involved, education, and psychological problems if any. Administrative, medical and counselling costs at this stage amount to £6. No payment is demanded in advance thus enabling the patient to withdraw before termination without incurring unnecessary expense.

Table 4 MENSTRUAL AGE OF PREGNANCY AT TIME OF CONSULTATION

Must have consulted	5-6 weeks	176	3%
P.A.S. before 14 weeks to obtain	7-8 weeks	1,284	24%
Calthorpe	9-10 weeks	1,829	34%
termination	11-12 weeks	1,250	23%
	13-14 weeks	503	9%
			93%
Vaginal evacuation	15-16 weeks	149	3%
in private sector	17-18 weeks	43	1%
or hysterotomy	19-20 weeks	34	1%
in N.H.S. or	21-22 weeks	15	*1%
private sector	over 22 weeks	18	*1%
			7%
TOTAL		5,031	
Not known		41	1%
Not pregnant		16	*1%
TOTAL		5,358	

medical agency for practical help." Patients are referred from several sources, usually by their G.P.s (54 per cent) but also from personal recommendation, mass media and social agencies (see table 3).

On arrival the patient goes to reception and is encouraged to explain her problem freely and confidentially. The stages of termination procedure are clearly explained to her, so that she may determine any subsequent decision she makes.

If pregnancy has not already been confirmed the Service will do one at the cost of £1. (A pregnancy test is not given earlier than two weeks after menstruation is due and not more than fourteen weeks after.) Obviously the further advanced the pregnancy the more difficult the termination, but the majority of patients seek advice in the early stages (see table 4).

If the test proves positive and the patient decides to proceed with termination, she sees a

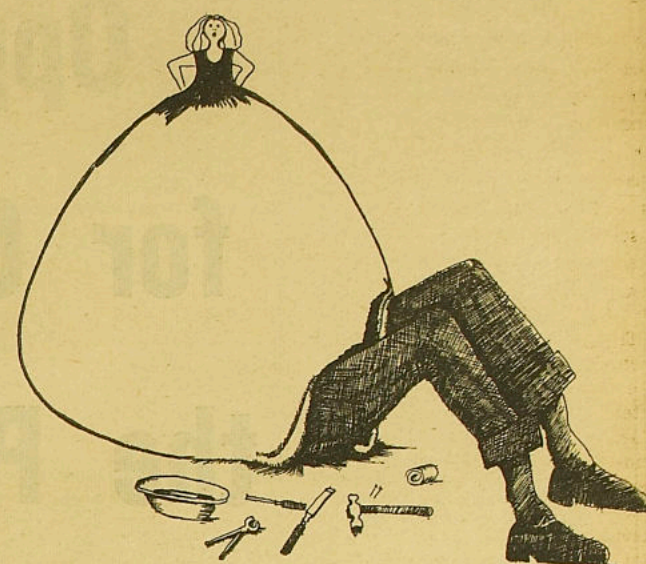
Redbreast

If the patient is at an exceptionally advanced stage of pregnancy, i.e. 15 weeks plus, she is referred to a London clinic, whose costs may work out to as much as £250 or even £600 if she is at the maximum state of advancement, i.e. 22 weeks. This is, however, very rare.

If the patient is under 15 weeks' pregnant the consultant will probably refer her to Birmingham's best-known centre, the Calthorpe Nursing Home, opened in December, 1969, where termination costs £56. No operations are performed after fourteen weeks of pregnancy, they are done at the rate of eighteen per day, seven days each week, and there is a waiting list of between two and three hundred. Patients may also be referred to the Wiston's Nursing Home in Brighton where the cost is £46, but women are expected to find their own means of transport.

One entering one or other of the nursing homes, she is given a further examination at a cost of £4. This is the final stage before the actual operation and the patient may still withdraw if she so desires.

Half of the profits of the Calthorpe go to the B.P.A.S. which has a loan fund which it uses to assist those who cannot find £60 "and to those on social security grants are made. In effect no patient has been turned away because she cannot afford the abortion. She either repays it at a rate compatible with her income or she is made a grant." However, money must still act as a filter, preventing some people from



seeking professional help, because they know they have insufficient funds.

No specific convalescence is required after termination, but the patient is advised to refrain from lifting any heavy weights and to "take things easy for a day or two."

is important because they then conceptualise the step between intercourse and pregnancy and thereafter most of them contract.

The use of contraception by the majority of patients, whether married or unmarried is limited (see table 5). Many

Table 3 REFERRED BY/FROM

Personal recommendation	1,064	20%
Press and Television	400	7%
Social Agencies	969	18%
Patient's G.P.	2,901	54%
Not known	24	1%
TOTAL	5,358	

Far more serious are the psychological after-effects which may take months or years to overcome if they are overcome at all. Guilt feelings play a large part and many women suffer from an aversion to men which is difficult to transcend, even stable relationships often break up as a result of a termination.

Sixty-four per cent of the patients requesting termination are unmarried and 59 per cent are below the age of 25, for most of them it is their first pregnancy, "which is a reflection of the psycho-sexual immaturity to contraception because they are so guilty or careless about sex, they are unable to go along to the F.P.A." It is a paradox in one sense that abortion is therapeutic, because "they have had this traumatic learning, which

use no method at all or else rely on a totally unreliable one such as "safe period" or coitus interruptus, and 63 per cent were taking no precaution on the occasion that conception occurred. Advice may be obtained from the Brook Clinic, the F.P.A., G.P.s, or the Calthorpe itself which holds a clinic nightly where every patient is seen and given, if she wants, a prescription and a month's supply of the "Pill".

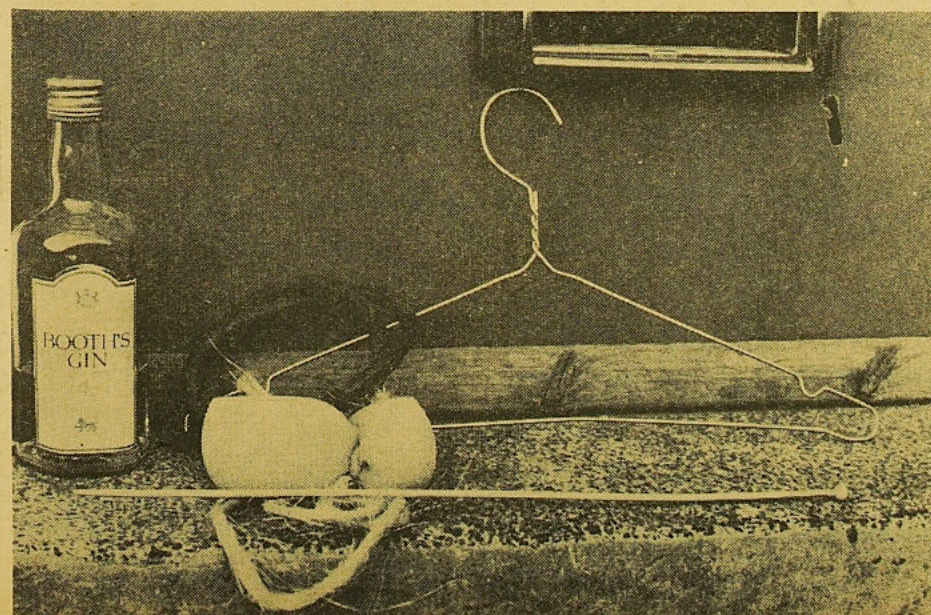
Perhaps if a moral is to be drawn at all, it must be a plea towards a more responsible attitude towards contraception. Abortion should not be regarded lightly as an afterthought simply because it is available, but as the final solution, where all else has failed!

BARBARA SLOMNICKA,
GILLIAN HULL.

Table 5 CONTRACEPTIVES

Method used	MARRIED (2,441 patients) CONTRACEPTIVES		SINGLE (2,916 patients) CONTRACEPTIVES	
	Normally Used	On this occasion	Normally Used	On this occasion
None	531 16%	868 36%	1,497 41%	1,831 63%
Sheath	1,069 33%	567 24%	982 27%	334 12%
Cap	133 4%	72 3%	19 1%	14 *1%
Withdrawal	539 17%	374 16%	647 18%	437 15%
I.U.D.	79 2%	45 2%	5 *1%	2 1%
Pill	440 14%	65 3%	174 5%	33 1%
Safe period	257 8%	195 8%	215 6%	119 4%
Chemical	202 6%	136 6%	74 2%	48 2%
Not known	9 *1%	64 3%	6 *1%	83 3%
TOTAL	3,259	2,386	3,619	2,901

(Total number of married and unmarried patients in the above columns exceeds the total number of patients interviewed because in many cases more than one contraceptive method was used by a single patient.) (*Where percentage totals do not add up to 100% this is because they have been corrected to the nearest whole number)



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letters

First impressions?

DEAR SIR.—I must put pen to paper to state how absorbing I find life at this University. Never a dull moment: one day it's the never-ending "discos," the next it's a melodic sing-song in the warm, cosy main bar. And if one does have an evening when there is nothing happening, one can also rest in the mixed lounge or coffee bar meeting scores of friendly intellectuals; or again one could spend an enjoyable evening watching Top-of-the-Pops on colour TV.

I must admit, however, to being slightly disgruntled with the unenthusiastic attitude of a certain section in the student population who seem to find nothing right with the University and seem to spend all their time writing incomprehensible articles for "Wall."

For instance there is a strong movement which suggests that the pop-groups that are booked are not progressive enough, and here I must strongly disagree as my friends and

I find the music extremely advanced and avant-garde.

Other good features which I have so far found in my all-too-short stay include the highly educational debating society (which, however, does clash with Star Trek) and the all-too-small games room which is constantly in use by table games enthusiasts.

To sum up, I must mention how glad my parents, and I, are that I am meeting many people from all the different strata of society. It is pleasant to find how sociable everyone is, no matter what their background and it is very enlightening to see how tolerant a society can be in an enclosed community like this.

Hence I must finally say that I am delighted with my first two weeks at college and find the never-ending round of enjoyment a complete change from my previous life.

Yours sincerely,

MR. G. CRANFIELD,
Mathematical Sciences

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Correction damaging in itself

DEAR SIR.—In correcting the "damaging" mis-statement that the University issued a Press release announcing the appointment of "a person other than Mr. Atkinson," Mr. Cheesewright may unwittingly have conveyed the impression to your readers that no University official played any part in the unusual report which appeared in "The Times," 22-7-71.

According to my own information, a representative of the Press was in contact with the Registrar on the afternoon of 21-7-71. In the course of that contact, the Registrar, I have been led to understand, made a statement which included the information that the Commerce Faculty Board had met that morning, had confirmed the recommendation of two candidates following a meeting on the previous Thursday of the Faculty Selection Committee, that the two people who had been appointed were other than Mr. Atkinson, and that the U.A.A.C. had unanimously accepted the recommendation of the Faculty Board.

If this is not what happened, no doubt the Registrar will be as eager to correct me as Mr. Cheesewright was to correct the author of the "Redbrick" article.

Yours faithfully,

DR. GEOFFREY OSTERGAARD

Dance groups!

DEAR SIR.—Isn't it about time we had a few dance groups in the Union on Friday night, to break the chain of so-called "progressive" groups (whatever that may mean). Dancing at discos is O.K., but I'm sure many people would like to hear "live" groups, if only occasionally.

Hoping someone can offer an answer.

Luv,

JULIE NORMAN
(English II).

Agony

DEAR EDITOR.—Could you please request the 1st-year Law girl on 7.15 p.m. Euston-Wolverhampton train on Sunday last to contact Dave, c/o 151 Oakhurst Road, Acocks Green.

Yours in pandemonium,
DAVE.

STREET PRESS

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more filth
more lies
more dope
more trash

than any other religious
organisation in the
Cosmos.
10p

The Gavin Tweedsmuir Column

ONCE a year, the hacks, ear-aches, cabbages, and morons that comprise that laughable assembly satirically described by Von Playford this week as Guild Council, throw a huge bang (of course paid for by Guild funds) for all their "friends" and their geriatric copulating partners of the Guild's answer to the House of Lords (i.e. Executive).

Also invited to this awful toad's brew are members of the journalistic profession, such as my good self, who the Guild Councillors hope to bribe with their maggotty cheese and wine that runs (and tastes) like water, into giving them a good press.

It was with great displeasure therefore that I found myself on Monday week ago at this grotesque gathering of the moribund and the megalomaniac. On entering the Mermaid bar, the chosen venue for the celebrations, I was immediately struck by the splendour of the scene, reminding one so much of the aftermath of Waterloo or the Vagrants' May Ball.

Once through the portal it did not take too long for an endless stream of luckless goons to creep, crawl and ingratiate themselves to my good person.

First was the deadly Vice-President of the Guild, who wrapping himself around my legs and offering his exciting approximation of a smile, proffered a badly-written, poorly-typed, boring and nonsensical broadsheet entitled "Hot Air." Due to the fact that it was consequently drowned in a pint of very weak bitter beer I cannot tell you more about it. (I seem to recall that it was pink in colour; I don't know whether that's significant or not.)

Once I had brushed aside this fumbling legal reject, the crush was on with the usual load of traitorous wretches trying to unload on to me what they termed "scoops," i.e. out-of-date stories mainly to the discredit of their fellow Councillors. As usual Mr. Peter Hitchener was the first to spill the beans, but as Mr. Hitchener had imbibed well over half a glass of Delrose, his speech tended to be a little slurred as he disappeared in opiate trance behind the cheese table.

Miss Naomi Freedman, vivacious drinking companion of Mr. Justice Ringguth wanted to know when my writings would stop being gossip and titillate. (If she's complaining now, she ought to see next week's piece). Miss Anne Naylor, an unemployed biochemist of no fixed abode drew herself up to her full three foot four inches, looked me in the thigh and complained bitterly about the supposed inaccuracies of this column.

Needless to say, at no time did this miserable affair approach what one might call sufferability and it seemed a fitting end to the evening that the event with the assembled drunks, pseudos and pervers throwing paper balls at each other in an atmosphere of lunatic "kameraderie." The bill for this degrading spectacle is of course returnable to the Guild of Students.

No-one has yet paid any attention to the brilliant transformation that has come over Founder's. It seems a pity that in all the excitement of N.U.S. delegations and Guild Commissions we were to forget that a most noticeable change has come over the old place.

Walk in there now and one is immediately struck by the Baroque magnificence of the discarded cigarette ends as they lie wistfully at the foot of every Queen Anne table. How perfect the Roccoco tea lady as she dispenses sugar from the Louis Quinze imitation vinyl sugar measure.

Pass through the divide into the Florentine aurora of the new extension, with ashtrays by David Hockney and Ham rolls designed by Lord Snowdon and bitten by Paul Dodgson.

An yes, luxury indeed, right down to the pseudos, yobbos and drones who generally stagnate there. ...

JOH

WHO PUT —

THE ADVERT IN THE TIMES?

I DID!

To the tune of "Who Wants to be a Millionaire?"

I WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE 21?

CAN YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU FELT, SONIA?

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Bengal—the emergency

THE inadequacy of words is immediately striking when faced with writing an article on this subject. "Emergency" is a strong understatement, and yet "disaster", "crisis" or any other of the worn expressions used to describe a horrific killing of people, appears absurd. We refer to a situation never before known in this world on such a scale.

The area of Bengal covers both the Indian state of West Bengal and Bangla Desh (or East Pakistan, as it is also called). The population of the Indian state is 45 million, while that of Bangla Desh is 75 million. The area is so crowded due to the fertile silt of the Ganges delta and the prolific monsoon rains. It is because of this extraordinary density of population, that when the Malthusian checks swing into operation, they wreak such havoc.

Natural disaster, war, disease and famine have all cursed this region within the year. It is difficult for the mind to be able to cope with the enormous number of people affected. But it would be no exaggeration to describe the events in Bengal as having brought the worst single disaster of the century—if not of all time. The cumulative effects of the recent happenings in the region have been investigated by a team of American doctors. They have brought back figures of 28 million people who have either died or are likely to die within weeks.

The history of the Bengal emergency can be recounted very factually:—

1. East Pakistan was hit by the worst flood for ten years, during September, 1970.

2. This was followed in November by the worst cyclone that the area has experienced this century.

3. Bangla Desh was finally hit by West Pakistan troops during March, 1971. They engaged in a massive sweep—and slaughter. The civil war which followed could be seen as a revolt or defence against army oppression.

4. The military action and destruction have ensured that rail capacity is only an estimated 20 per cent and road capacity 30 per cent of their normal carrying capabilities.

Thus with a communications sys-

tem which has been almost destroyed and the remainder in near continual use by the Pakistani army, food distribution throughout the country is almost impossible. So far, the government has refused to recognise that there is a chronic shortage of food. Despite the recent newspaper reports, little concrete action is being taken to relieve the starvation within the country.

5. Other fruits of the military action are refugees. They are now pouring out of their country at the rate of 50,000 a day. This means that over the last few months another 8½ million people have been dumped into the already jam-packed neighbouring Indian state like West Bengal.

6. The dead bodies that have been floating down the rivers, and the lack of sanitation of the refugee camps, led to outbreaks of cholera and other murderous diseases, by June-July of 1971.

7. The monsoon rains were so heavy over the next two months that, by September, an enormous acreage of land was flooded throughout the Ganges Delta. This destroyed many West Bengali homes, and they too were forced to join the lengthening queues at the refugee camps. The precarious communications links to many of the same camps in the region were smashed by the water. Thus little or no supplies were able to get through. The heightened shortages that this caused, together with the overcrowding and wallowing in mud (some camps were permanently under three feet of water) made already atrocious conditions still worse.

8. Finally, the peasant farmers of West Bengal and Bangla Desh who still have their holdings, face imminent starvation. The cyclone, floods and army activity have stopped the planting of crops. The agricultural credit schemes, seed supplies, and personal savings, have all disintegrated. They have nothing.

The most obvious, crying need is to help the miserable conditions of the refugees. The conditions that some of them are living in, remind one of the Nazi camps for Jews. But there is a difference. The refugees have gone to the camps of their own volition, and have nowhere else to go. The cost of these places and of providing a minimum of facilities and supplies runs at approximately nine million pounds a week. It is India which is footing most of this bill. In fact, she has been methodically destroying her own future to provide what little there is for the refugees. This has happened because the money allocated for her development plan has almost completely been syphoned off in catering for this emergency.

The United Nations has promised to help to the tune of \$50 millions. But the different benefactor countries have generally made sure to hedge in their donation, by insisting that it be spent on their own nations' products. The United Kingdom's contribution is meant to be £8 millions. It remains to be seen how much of this, and the rest of the promised aid, will be given.

Bengal has already been the scene of the greatest single famine of the last hundred years. This was in 1943 when "only" three million people died. It brought a social and cultural disintegration, to the area. There were suicides, bigandage, and the selling of wives and children into slavery.

One of the main causes of the famine was the shortsighted British colonial governments' policy. They minimised and tried to discredit the repeated warnings of the impending disaster. When the food shortage occurred, it was played down.

Whether one does or does not agree that blood is on our hands for our colonial past; on the grounds of sheer humanity, we must do something.

The onus lies with us to stop something far worse than the 1943 situation.

Inactivity makes us complicit of every Bengali death.

DEXTER TIRANTI



BANGLA DESH



During the last few weeks, the Third World First Organisation has been active on the campus. Here three members write on the Bangla Desh emergency . . .

What can we do?

WE are all aware that there is something wrong with the situation of the international scene today—the tendency of most world institutions, such as the world bank and monetary system to act in such a way as to increase the gap between the rich and poor countries. We have heard over and over again that 20 per cent of the world population owns 80 per cent of the world's wealth, that whereas the "poor" in the rich countries fight against prescription charges, the average Asian fights for the right to employment. The average life expectancy of people in the under-developed countries is 40 years less than that of those in the rich countries. These figures soon become clichés, and like clichés, pass into oblivion, like much of Marxist terminology.

The sad thing is that we all know and recognise that there is something wrong somewhere—we are all willing to do our "little bit." Not many of us decline from signing the odd petition, to keep simmering our sense of justice and concern. However, there does seem to exist, a bottomless cavern between verbal support, and positive committed action, which involves even the remotest of self-sacrifice.

Or perhaps, that is too cynical—I am sure there are many among us whose apathy is due not to lack of interest or liberal callousness, but merely lack of guidance as to what can be done—and of course, there are those who have assimilated

some classic blueprints of Marxist truth, swear by the Holy Manifesto that all aid or charity is counter-revolutionary and therefore undesirable.

Here again, my criticism is not absolute. There are cases, such as that in Guiné in Portuguese-ruled Africa, where a simple Marxist interpretation is adequate if not essential to an understanding of the situation. What I would like to suggest is that there are many cases, which developed in the domains of power politics and tribalism, require far more than a clockwork Marxist approaches to entangle. It is in these cases, where those interested in the politics, soon

become too confused and disillusioned to act and resort to forms of intellectual stagnation.

What we must face up to, is that the developing countries have very real problems, which surmount politics. That of colossal population growth, disease, malnutrition, illiteracy and so on. These need to be examined and emphasised for example, whereas we might all agree that a transfer of resources from the rich to the poor countries is dutiful and essential, we must also be aware that "aid" as is at present understood by the rich centres such as the United States and Britain, is often little more than a political weapon, and is in many cases detrimental to the Third centres.

Also, it is necessary to point out the dangerous side effects of aid, in their tendency to impress the ideologies of the rich "developed" centres on the different situations of the "poor" centres. Also, one must ensure that aid is used to the general benefit of the masses in the developing countries rather than as often happens, serving the interests of the minority regimes in retaining power.

It is problems of this kind, that the Third World First Organisation endeavours to put over to the people in the rich countries. Its primary objective is that of education and information—also, it serves to communicate to the public ways and means of pressuring the government to follow a less self-interested policy in its relationship with the developing centres.

One project of 3W1, in universities, is the "Bankers Order" campaign, which is to be launched in Birmingham. The idea is for students to commit themselves by setting aside say one per cent of their grant to any charity operating in the Third World.

It is hoped that signatories will then be interested enough to form seminar groups to discuss the problems inherent in development. Ambitious plans are away to arrange development and trade Games, which have proved very useful in other universities in providing an insight into the workings of the imperialist nature of the international trading set up.

Although this educational aspect of 3W1 is seen as of primary importance, 3W1 has also been involved in the past week in getting students to sign petitions and letters to the M.P.s, to show their concern over the situation in Bangla Desh. Also planned for this term, is to obtain teams of students to lobby M.P.s in the House of Commons—an attempt is also being made to win the support of the staff in the University towards this end.

Another minor innovation is the introduction of "Dai and Rice" Lunches on Fridays. This has proved extremely successful and the first one fetched a profit of over £13. It is hoped that these will be continued in the future for far greater numbers.

Other ideas that have been suggested as money-raising and publicity-winning stunts are the sale of Indian crafts in the Union, and the use of Street Theatre as a form of communication to the students and people of Birmingham.

In short, there is plenty of scope for innovation and action—3W1 hopes that students will use these facilities and also the facilities of various other organisations such as UNCTAD, VCOAD and countless others, which are only too glad to impart their experience to interested bodies.

All we want is concerned and interested students, wanting to give up some time, to do something positive and constructive towards changing the hopeless situation which is so crippling for the Third World countries—3W1 is there to inform you of the problems that these countries face, and awaits your ideas and proposals, and hopes to help orientate these in ways which are constructive towards the interests of the developing countries.

SAVADOR BORGES.

AZIM HAJEE

The E.E.C. and the Third World

THE current debate about the implications of Britain's entry into Europe has ranged from the price of butter to the life expectancy of the British tea-break. The Government publication, "Britain and Europe," however, which is meant to put forward the main issues in the Common Market negotiations does not once mention the developing world. The developing world relies on the export of primary commodities for 86 per cent of its foreign exchange earnings. Britain is the world's second largest importer of these commodities. Even a slight change in Britain's import pattern could therefore spell decreased earnings and increased unemployment for many developing nations.

The fact that Britain is prepared to pay £560 million, more than twice the total U.K. annual aid budget to a Common Agricultural policy which is designed to subsidise and protect European agriculture at the expense of the developing world's exports is some indication of the British Government's priorities in the matter. That the Common Market has supported the UNCTAD Generalised Scheme of Preferences at all is encouraging, but its GSP offer hardly qualifies as "generous."

Most manufacturers from the developing world will be granted duty-free entry into the E.E.C., but there are important exceptions, e.g. petroleum products and textile goods, for

which there will be a strict import ceiling which are of make-or-break importance to many developing nations.

At present this is only a scheme and whether it will work will depend on the willingness of industrialised countries to let it hurt on occasion. But it may well be that the attitude of the United States is again the deciding factor in determining which GSP will be of most benefit to the developing world.

As for association agreements with the enlarged EEC is concerned, the emphasis has always been that the Yaounde Convention has been an "association of equal partners."

This immediately raises the philosophical question of treating unequals equally. As the supposed equality of the present 18 signatories of the Yaounde Convention and the Six is based on an unequal structure, so the benefits of the association are not equally reciprocal to the parties concerned.

If the consideration given to the Third World in the negotiations so far is anything to go by, then the developing nations cannot afford to look too hopefully at future relations with an enlarged European Community. The irony today is that the EEC is interested in the Third World—not its peoples.



the guerrilla press

AROUND the world for over a decade, a howling menagerie of scandal sheets, bizarre rags, mystical word offerings, and nasty organs contrasting and sometimes conflicting styles has thrown itself against the mentality of Normal, Civilised, 20th Century Man. They are linked and alike in that they all represent a radical, mind-blowing alternative to the cracking structure of the conventional, established media.

Always they have shared a common battle-front against put-downs and vicious organised reaction, occasionally stiffened and brutalised by anti-free life laws. Yet still they demand attention. And now, more than ever before, society responds. Listen . . .

"You can just about say that the quintessential Underground paper would have the ugly, quite often funny, graffiti of a rogue school mag., complete with titbits about stink bombs and invisible ink recipes for secret societies, the aggressively opinionated tone of a university paper, a flavouring of the Playboish erotica they affect to despise, and the scurrilous hectoring of an 18th century broadsheet, all stirred in a psychedelic swirl of Smartie colours."

"Overall the writing is juvenile Neanderthal, cosmetically aided by bright, original graphics, and the thinking behind it is often midget and at worst puerile in its anti-intellectualism, even dangerous in its rejection of reason. The message seems often quite out of joint with the medium. The sex-doodling is hideous, nightmarish and untender."—Kenneth Allsopp, "The Underground Press," "Punch," September 22nd, 1971.

"PUNCH"

Kenneth Allsopp seems to think he's being funny. He figures his crisp, witty, intellectual style is right on in laying open the flaws and failings of the guerrilla plans. Once again the scatterbrain alternative is wiped out with biological reason. Yet this kind of supercool analysis comes over pretty thin—it's simply too easy, too clever, too slick. Undermining Allsopp's rippling ring of confidence is a growing nervousness which shivers the beaming liberalism. What does he mean by "dangerous"? Is he a little frightened? Can it be that beneath the slick intellectual games he is genuinely rattled? Does he take it just a bit more seriously than he cares to admit in the fusty pages of "Punch"?

Here is a magazine of the establishment: cheeky, trendy, brimming with all those enticing cartoons but still as British as British can be.

There's more than a whiff of colonial colonels resting in leather armchairs, easing aching feet on glistering black backs. Only now they wear flowery ties. There's a lot of it about.

"This so-called alternative society is no more what it purports to be than a cancer is an alternative body. It is entirely parasitic on our own society: it flourishes and grows at our expense. We feed it, clothe it, protect it—yet, without the protection of the law, which they so obscenely abuse, how long would these drop-outs survive, for the most part so manifestly weak and at worst puerile in its anti-intellectualism, even dangerous in its rejection of reason. The message seems often quite out of joint with the medium. The sex-doodling is hideous, nightmarish and untender."—Kenneth Allsopp, "The Underground Press," "Punch," September 22nd, 1971.

"Reason and calculation: foresight; justice; patience; prudence and hard work; all existing standards of taste and morality, perhaps all such standards; respect for the past; the family and perhaps even love itself, except in the crude sense of random copulation: all this it ferociously attacks or undermines. Triumphant, it would produce at first anarchy as surely as night follows day; first chaos, then wrath and tears. It would destroy itself as well as everything else: for with the death of what it feeds on it too would die."—Editorial, "The Daily Telegraph," Saturday, August 7th, 1971, entitled "What Alternative Society?"

The emotionalism of this reaction borders on the hysteria. Both the gutter and upper newspapers, not to mention the rest of the conventional media, have become increasingly obsessed with the mumbly

of the sub-culture, and particularly when they are flaunted unashamedly and publicly. Hippy yarns bring mouth-watering satisfaction to a system which is nourished by sensational delights, reeking of sexual repression. When the nasty tales find their way into the straight media the carrot is truly and menacingly thrust before thirsty eyes. They lap it up, and splash it over grey pages. These are the well-trained, robot media men . . .

"POLICE RAID HIPPIY-STYLE DRUGS ORGY IN BURNLEY SUBURB"

"CONVENT GIRL (14) FALLS FOUL OF DROP-OUT PUSHER"

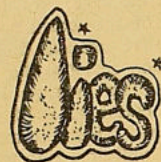
"STUDEN TEACHER IN SEX ROW—COMMUNAL LOVE-INS AT COLLEGE"

"LSD REEFERS FOUND IN BOSTAL NARCOTICS SWOOP"

The Drugs and Sex Strabour really pulls them in—and of course it's notoriously easy to get them hippy chicks with their knickers off, only too willing to pose for a pic, know what I mean? And so every day the nice, ordinary, simple people of the realm get the most ridiculous trash served up with their cornflakes and white bread. Fooling the people has reached an all-time height of cunning expertise. "The Guardians" are with us.

The really interesting and significant thing about the tone of the worried patriot who penned that out-and-out fascist leader is that HE'S RIGHT, most of the time. AND HE KNOWS IT, which is why he's so staggeringly afraid. In his emotional imbalance, paranoia has allowed him a glimpse of the truth—something he finds quite unbearable. This so-called alternative society DOES represent the opposite of all he stands for or holds dear. When you find that out, you jump. If you land on your feet, you kick out in a frenzy. He's kicking.

His analysis of the campaign being waged against him suggests a greater degree of awareness that we can generally expect from such bastions of convention and objective



truth. Most of his compatriots would merely dismiss the whole damn movement as a joke. Simple as that. But our man from the "Telegraph" is not laughing any more.

Sure he's paranoid, so he is pre-occupied with the mounting threat to his values, his entire life-style; he knows now that the attack is TOTAL. His initial response is to recoil in sheer disgust, then he flips, strikes out, lashes, abandoning his own professional rationality in favour of swift, violent, maniac retaliation.

"But we know, and Mr. Maundling knows that we know, that he cannot that easily crush the alternative press; that his government's hypocritical, semi-liberal stance is and will continue to be mocked and exploited to the full by irreverent, shameless media guerrillas intent on baiting the toothless old bear into publicly baring its claws."

—Roger Hutchinson, General Editor, STYNG (Yorkshire's Alternative Newspaper).

With the chaotic birth of the new journalism came the long overdue death of several sacred notions of writing and publishing. The concept of objective reportage was declared false and obsolete. There was no standing back, no spurious perspective, no aloofness and lack of involvement. The gap between people and Press was closed—the two became one thing again. The orthodox publishing power structure was abolished and writers were invited to be their OWN editors, censors, judges of taste and makers of the rules.

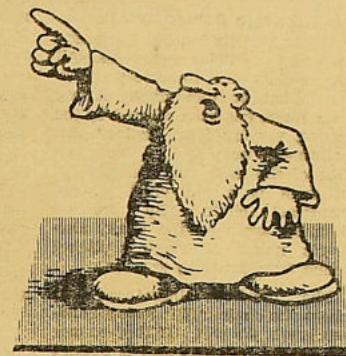
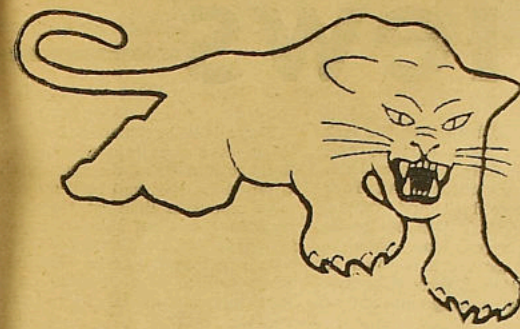
The underground Press was to be the vanguard of the alternative society, the beacon of the coming revolution. All this because the power of the media was forever recognised by the guerrilla pioneers. It is a vital target—the key to communication, organisation and propaganda. It must be liberated wholly. And the people involved must continually strive to liberate themselves from the calculated conditioning of the old, useless, death culture.



If the heads of the underground Press grab you as being all too frequently swollen, the explanation, if not tolerance, might be found in the fact that they are engaged in something more revolutionary than most. Think of the kind of straight hawk writers and artists that they could have become in the ranks of the overground honky media. Perhaps that's why they are so excited and so full of what they are trying to do.

So far the guerrilla Press has managed to shed much of the unnatural load carried and created by the straight publications' financial, political and moral obligations to the outmoded concept of the "great British public." Far too much time and energy are still wastefully expended in discovering how to surmount, bypass or destroy the frustrating financial and political obstacles to anything alternative and non-normal. Capitalist motives are gone, along with the prostituting stranglehold of the advertising industry.

The unarguable duty of the established Press is to serve the system. Some papers might say "the people." It means the same thing. By its very nature it must reflect and support the society in which and by which it exists. It is part of the system and consequently the problem. Beside it rears the vanguard of the counter-culture, waving bright and bizarre mastheads in the eyes of "The Observer," misting the shine of the "Daily Mirror" with hot breath, and beckoning a digital farewell to "The Times" and other imperial junk.



"If you don't read Underground papers you don't know what's going on in the world. If you do, don't judge them by the standards of yesterday's 'Times'. Underground publications are not launched as vehicles for advertising. They are not thinly disguised Party organs, disseminating 'news analysis' as a pretext for perpetuating a rigid, moribund ideology. Usually, they are begun for fun, attracting a pool of underemployed creators bent on inventing a new language to communicate new ideas in a new style. They are not used like a cheerleader's megaphone, to amplify last season's jingo-chants, but are free for all forums for a fresh kind of debate. They are a generation's call—sometimes a whisper—to arms, not glorified memos from the board-rooms of power. Their aim is not so much to dissent as to disrupt, and their editorial policies—either explicitly or implicitly—an overthrow of society as we know it."—Richard Neville, "Playpower."

For just over four years the guerrilla Press has been publicly attempting to create its own honest identity in this country. Influences from the States have been absorbed into the character and in more recent times other parts of the world have proved inspirational to the global consciousness which a free alternative Press must strive to invoke.

Through fast changing years, the pilots of the underground excursions have often twisted and turned looking for the light at the end of their exploratory tunnels. Manifestos have come and gone. Dreams of Utopia, psychedelic, mystical, or otherwise have clouded and cleared into starker assessments of urban survival, the techniques of street fighting, the subtleness of subversion and sabotage. All blazing along with varying dosages of various drugs, rock music and the other fine things in life.

"It was born just prior to the flower-power hippie explosion of 1967; followed the community through the desperate aftermath of speed, exploitation and protest marches. After over four years, it seems that many of the mistakes of the past will yet prove sources of valuable information. . . . We have learned that joy and flash and colour are an integral part of revolution."

"We have learned that without revolution our planet may not survive . . ."

IT 100 (March-April, '71)

This year the underground's inevitable confrontation with authority began to take off. After years of tramping raids on the tiny underground offices, files snatches, faked dope raps, and mere general harassment, a public spectacle was long awaited. And so we had the amazing Oz Show. Booking Argyll as ringmaster was a brilliant stroke by one of their backroom boys. Like IT, Frendz, Nasty Tales, Styng and Private Eye and many others, Oz had had enough annoying unnecessary interference, but this time even the cool of the movement's own glossy was shaken.

It had to happen. Very few people can sincerely believe in the idea of a kind of magnanimous British tolerance any more.

Surely we didn't expect the whole thing to go unnoticed, did we? Throughout its short life, the alternative Press in this country has warned of the oppressive nature of the state and slowly it is being acted out before all of us. The Festival of Light is another dazzling example



of the lunatic fringe of middle England—mad bishops, bandwaggoners, big businessmen and busy-bodies and all.

Some say the enemy is closing ranks.

Another field-day for the rest? From Hot Revolutions, "A hostility triangle is in the process of being constructed that can only result in the type of conflict currently building up in the U.S.A., starting in our own urban centres."

So now there is anger about. Explosions increase. We can feel the heat spreading from battle-scarred Ulster. The alternative argues out of its violence, seeks to face it close up, then maybe learns how to cope with it, how to handle it, how to swing it as a weapon. Hurt voices claw at you from the communications pages—those who rave felt the pain of oppression and the robot

manipulators howl at their brothers and sisters to love one another, yet hate and kill the pig enemy—those who cannot be saved, those for whom a change in consciousness is perhaps forever too late, those who are fought bitterly as the enemy of free life.

"I'd get out while the going's good. PIG, because we ain't gonna give up till we're rid of the fifth so we can start building a society based on people, not the material wealth of the few over the many, and at the moment you don't fit into the plan for humanity! Death to all kinky police"

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE! (a revolutionary worker IT 92)

Paradoxes pepper the thinking of the alternative papers. The free exchange of ideas creates mountainous puzzles and mind mechanics, and sometimes they get confused in their own dialectics of liberation, just like you sometimes lose sight of the print against and amidst a rainbow eruption of graphics. Fighting each other may weaken the underground network in the short term but will mean that there's a good chance of getting things sorted out between each other, in the open.

Personality cults are built and shattered still, catty eye-scratching matches go on, ego-stumblebums lose us a lot of ground, and there's so much more to learn and then get right, but unity against external threats exists, it's been tried and it has worked. Practice sessions are being arranged in your area. They began a while back and they will continue and continue.

"What is new and fascinating about this current upheaval is this incredible fact: the kids of today are different. They won't grow up like Mom and Dad. This is not a sociological trend. It's an evolutionary lurch. The generation gap is a species mutation. Electronics and psychedelics have shattered the sequence of orderly linear identification, the automatic imitation that provides racial and social continuity. The kids today just won't grow up to be like their parents. They are pulsating television grids. They move consciousness around by switching channel knobs. Tune in. Tune out. Flick on. Correct image forms. Adjust brightness."

Timothy Leary, "The Politics of Ecstasy."

Interested outsiders who brush with or have browsed over the swirls and vibrations of the guerrilla

Press find it exceptionally difficult to understand any foundation for this commitment. Leary's claims are



outrageous—the product of a mind which has been distorted by several acid trips. He is in a different reality and so is the global village of the new media tribes.

Linked internationally and spiritually by the Underground Press Syndicate and Liberation News Service, the underground Press has developed into a worldwide force of irregular, erratic and irrelevant mind-raps, working and crusading on uncharted channels of consciousness.

Without the suffocating restraints of the death culture it can soar into experimentation, breaking all the rules in its demand for total freedom. It can include anything it wants to. Its space is for the people who would be ignored or ridiculed anywhere else, people who don't belong anywhere else anyway.

Already the lessons hardly experienced with the newspaper/magazine media are being applied to other mass communication spheres: film sound recording, TVX, etc., as well as in every other creative scene: the stage, street-theatre, music, sounds, words, pictures, constructions, events, sense-trips . . . Everywhere feeding society's fears, alarming the orthodox Protestant ethic, mixing it from below.

Blowing minds, by any means necessary.

"Since the story told is one of mounting violence, the need for clandestine activity becomes more acute. Subsequently, we are not able, in certain instances, to provide the source of the matter at hand. Just how we obtained it is our secret, but suffice it to say: 'It just crawled into our hands. Constable. Honest.'"

"If that doesn't suffice, we refer you directly to the gypsy-highwaymen/prankster-gangsters who have inspired this volume and who are responsible for much of the irritant dust kicked up in your eyes by these collected pieces. They cover the walls of parks with graffiti, throw smoke bombs at Dutch royalty, go agro-hunting in London's East End, and wire up fuses beneath police stations in your neighbourhood. They are the werewolves of the

future drawing the blood of the past. "What follows is their folklore."

Peter Stansill and Dave Maiorwitz, "By Any Means Necessary," from the Foreword.

It's something new, but with good, firm, long grass roots. Freedom, whether in art or everyday existence is an unalienable right—there is no alternative to that. Other ways of conducting our human inter-relationships are being sought out, and all with the aid of a guerrilla Press, scorching ahead, sometimes losing itself and its followers. Yet its path is life and that is what really counts.

If it is increasingly irritated by the blinkered puritanism and vindictive legality it will have no choice but to get harder, to fight harder and longer to remain. Maybe it will have to dig in even deeper and develop an even more elusive attitude to protect itself from the panic of a warped society, pathetically jealous of the youth culture, its flash, its voice, its sex, its hair and young bodies, its guiltlessness, its future. It will eventually have to stop us. But it hasn't got a chance!

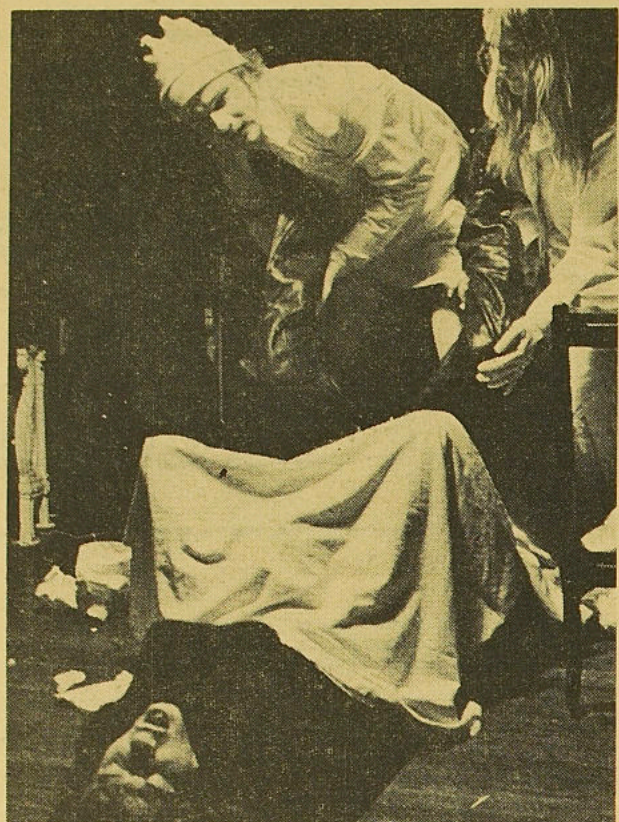
"As it is, the public mind is today bewildered on this point, bewildered almost to idiocy. When the police raided my picture show, they did not in the least know what to take. So they took every picture where the smallest bit of the sex organ of either man or woman showed. Quite regardless of subject or meaning or anything else: they would allow anything, these dainty policemen, in a picture show, except the actual sight of a fragment of the human pudenda. This was the police test. The dabbing of a postage stamp—especially a green one that could be called a leaf—would in most cases have been quite sufficient to satisfy this 'public opinion.'"

"It is, we can only regret, a condition of idiocy. And if the purity-with-a-dirty-little-secret lie is kept up much longer, the mass of society will really be an idiot, and a dangerous idiot at that. For the public is made up of individuals. And each individual has sex, and is pivoted on sex. And if, with purity, and little secrets you drive every individual into the masturbation self-enclosure, and keep him there, then you will produce a state of general idiocy. For the masturbation self-enclosure produces idiots. Perhaps if we are all idiots we shan't know it. But God preserve us."

D. H. Lawrence, "Pornography and Obscenity," JOHN KEETLEY

reviews

gallery



Birth scene from The People Show's "Flight 41" — an experiment that only failed in its final moment.



Mike Figgis, Jose Nava, Laura Gilbert, and Mark Long of The People Show.



"The Irrelevant Song," Brian Patten's latest collection of poems.

At the Ikon Gallery until November 13th there is an exhibition of art by pre-diploma students. All the exhibits seem to be very experimental but far from unique. A very wide range has been covered by the course, varying from photography, paintings, weaving to sculpture. One of the most interesting pieces of work is a red vinyl covered "musical" chair. By pressing different areas on the chair, electronic noises of varying pitches sound from a nearby speaker.

The hand-out literature says about the chair: "If it makes children laugh, it's O.K. If they bounce up and down on it and it doesn't break, that's good. If grown-ups bounce up and down like children, it's very good." This chair was designed and built by John Hagley and Patrick Gottelier, although the electronics were supplied by "Artech", London.

Another extraordinary piece of work is a table set with two diners. Two pairs of hands lay beside the plates and two pairs of legs, those of a man and a woman, can be seen under the table; but no bodies.

This sculpture originated from screen printing and vacuum-forming images. Then evolved an idea of presenting this type of work. The table is glass-topped so that the plaster-cast legs can be seen underneath.

Part of the course is an exercise in colour and Dorothy Allway experimented in tone separation. From a photograph, she had taken five basic shades between black and white. These were then translated into colours, using yellow for white and purple for black. The result was a very clear cut pattern and this effect was extremely pleasing.

The pre-diploma course is only for one year and is intended basically for students to decide whether or not they want to become professional artists and in which vein they wish to continue their studies. This being a foundation course, it is constantly evolving and changing in form and content. During the year the course includes complimentary studies which feature "Sound and Drama", "Psychology and Mass Media Studies" and "History of Art and Design".

GINETTE TAYLOR.

books

BRIAN PATTEN is probably one of the best known modern poets. His two previous anthologies, "Little Johnny's Confessions" and "Notes to the Hurrying Man", are already in their fourth and fifth impressions. I don't think that his latest collection, *The Irrelevant Song* (Allen & Unwin, paperback 65p, hardback £1.75) will be quite so successful. A lot of the humour and subtle associations that were so characteristic in previous poems are missing.

The book is divided into three sections. The first is "The Irrelevant Song"—the tale of William. "He wrote of things that brought tears to the eyes of sparrows. Even the crows built their nests low down That they might listen. Puffins worked their way inland through obscure rivers The sea told them of William." William meets up with the "Daughter of Sorrow" and his "songs grew dreamless." The second section, the largest, is entitled "William's Songs". Predominantly

love songs, it is here that the lack of humour is most obvious, and most missed. Only with occasional pieces such as "Through All Your Abstract Reasoning" and "Angel Wings" does the Patten of "Notes To The Hurrying Man" emerge. Perhaps it's because I admired so much the Patten of those days that I regret his moving into other realms.

The last section is entitled "Odd Poems", which is exactly what they are; a few poems tacked on to the end to pad out the book, funny enough some of the better poems of the collection. It's nice to see "Albatross" included, to bring back memories of Patten's graphic reading.

Perhaps Patten himself sums up the feeling I get from reading through the "Irrelevant Song": "William wrote long songs . . . But the birds in the woodland. The whales in the oceans. The puffins and sparrows And awkward sandpipers Lost faith."

GRAHAM MOORE.

THIS month from Penguin comes Edna O'Brien's *Zee & Co.* This was written intentionally for the screen and it is only a very short story. As another tale of the eternal triangle it is centred on the three main characters: Zee, the wife; Robert, the husband; Stella, the mistress. Although there is nothing particularly different about the story, it does have an unusual twist at the end. Edna O'Brien must be complimented for the way in which she has made the different characters so vivid, but they do tend to border on the extreme.

For 25p, it's a nice book to read on a rainy evening but more because it was originally written for the screen, most of the text is in dialogue form which makes it easy to read. The film should be quite interesting with Michael Caine, Susannah York and Liz Taylor as Zee.

Another Penguin this month is *Dulcima* by H. E. Bates. This is an even shorter novel than "Zee & Co." but has more of a story behind it. A girl who has worked hard all her life becomes gradually aware of the fact that she is a "Frump". Near her home is a farm where lives an old widower by the name of Parker. Several events lead up to her moving in with him to house-clean, cook and to give "a few little extras on the side". All this she does in order to extract money from him so as to be able to buy nicer clothes, etc. Unfortunately she falls in love with a young man and plans to leave Parker, who by now has become very possessive towards her.

This novel has a very Somerset Maugham-type ending; perhaps that is why H. E. Bates has dedicated it to him. Well worth reading, even though it is only 83 pages long, because H. E. Bates has managed to create very down-to-earth people in an unusual situation.

GINETTE TAYLOR.

YASUNARI KAWABATA was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1968 and Penguin have just published a translation of two of his short novels, *Snow Country* and *Thousand Cranes*.

Although there is no strong story in either of them, the book is interesting both in its background of Japanese culture and in poetic style.

"Snow Country" is the portrayal of a love affair, its cold denial and white intensity, in one of the snowiest regions of the world. It tells of the impersonal dream-world of the wealthy here Shimamura who comes and goes almost with the seasons and his pre-occupation with the Occidental ballet (although he has never seen one in the flesh); and Komako, the geisha, who cannot understand him but wants him.

The novel is expressed in undertones, the climax of their relationship being when he subconsciously says, "You're a good girl," and then, "You're a good woman."

There is little explanation of anything, even the jealousies between Komako and Yoko, the girl on the train whose eyes had been reflected with mountain light on the frosty window—but when she lay on the fire-swept ground (alive or dead?)—"the years and months with Komako seemed to be lighted up at that instant, and there he knew was the anguish."

The writing does not flow but that is probably due both to translation and to the alien Japanese style. Kawabata makes his prose clipped, feelings emerge in brilliant flashes and haiku-contrast, (Haiku poems convey beauty by immediate pairing of opposites), both in individual phrases and in the main themes of the novel like the constant balancing of burning snow and cool passions.

Just as "Snow Country" centres round the environment of the mountains and local scenery and the social role of the geisha in a hot-spring town, so a different aspect of Japanese life, the tea ceremony, is the core of "Thousand Cranes". But the style and depth are the same, and so individual to the author that the book is worth reading: in location and feeling it is an experience so distant from our Western culture.

PAULINE MUNDY.

theatre

THIS week, G.T.G. presents a double programme, "No Why", a one-act play, and "Free Fall", an experiment in mixed media.

"No Why" is by John Whiting, author of "The Devils of London", on which Ken Russell's controversial film is based. The theme of "The Devils" is echoed in "No Why", but this time persecution is set in a family context.

A little boy, played by Gilbert Davies, has committed some unspecified wrong, and his family bullies him to apologise. The boy's persistent silence undermines the confidence of the adults, and they begin to reveal their own inadequacies.

Jake's father, played by Steve Shaw, sees the boy only as a projection of himself and is ruthlessly ambitious for him. His cousin, Crispin Keith, has an oedipal relationship with his mother, Susie Strachan, and Jake's mother and grandfather, Sue Brown and Steve Black, are more perceptive but will not help the boy.

All are unworthy judges yet they persecute him for his sin, which may not have been a traditional offence at all. Jake's Aunt Amy, Sue Morris, hints at this when she declares that the boy's crime is that he exists.

Perhaps his innocence reminds his relations of their own sins and they try to protect them to him. He refuses to confess and escapes in the only way he can. "No Why", directed by Ruth Arnaud, assisted by Tony Coe, is an intriguing psychological puzzle.

It is followed by an enterprising selection of mixed media sketches written by Mary Field and Jim Cleary. There are five sequences, all very different, though with an overriding theme of non-communication.

The media used vary through free dance, film, tape and mime to a final burst of jubilant sound, when the guitars on stage are helped out by the audience banging beer cans. It is a very original programme.

"No Why" and "Free Fall" performed at 7.30 this Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, promise to be varied and stimulating viewing.

JILL L. NORMAN

reviews

LAST week the Arts Lab's first presentation in a series of monthly theatre productions showed that experimental theatre is exactly what its name suggests—an experiment in which the outcome is not a foregone conclusion. Thus the result does not always fit a set pattern and both actors and audience can be left with a feeling that the thing didn't "work".

This was the case with *The People Show's* "Flight 41". On the first night the audience were, literally, left up in the clouds at the end of the performance—no-one realised it was the end. Amidst awkward shuffling, whispers of "interval" and "coffee" two of the People Show returned to explain that "that was it", and, sensing the feeling of the audience, invited them back again for a special performance on Sunday night.

That is not to decry what went before, since The People Show showed that they are capable of playing on emotions to a frightening extent. The Cinema Club seats were re-arranged to simulate an aeroplane with the front, back and centre aisle being used as the "stage".

The opening was humorous, verging on pantomime. At the back Laura Gilbert was bathing in an old tin tub, encouraging furtive and discrete glances from the audience who were facing the opposite way.

The use of the lighting, and stereo tapes added much as the mood switched to the serious and built up to the intended "climax". It was only in the final moment that communication broke down.

Sunday's special performance provided an opportunity to see how the basic act had altered and progressed over the three days. The general line was the same but now with much more padding out, especially with the pantomime part. As the end grew nearer there was an obvious intentness on the part of the audience to see if there was to be a difference from Thursday night. But although there was an obvious attempt to heighten the emotional involvements, the actual ending was very similar and I couldn't help feeling that, unless I had already seen the act on Thursday, I still wouldn't have known that "that was it".

Perhaps Birmingham audiences have some in-born need for a definite ending, or perhaps The People Show should have incorporated this into the act in some way, so that the outcome became deliberate instead of an unfortunate consequence.

However it is encouraging, at last, to see a regular stage being provided, in Birmingham, for theatre such as that of The People Show. Next month the Arts Lab are presenting "Moving Being"—a multimedia group who have already built up a sound reputation for themselves.

PAUL TAYLOR

cinema

DEVOTEES of John Frankenheimer's films will have their faith severely shaken by *The Horsemen* (Odeon Ringway) which juggles around with a few characteristic preoccupations without ever looking like holding on to any of them. Rivalry between father and son, with Omar Sharif as a young Afghanist nobleman asked to outdo the former talents of his father (Jack Palance) as a Buzkashi rider. Theme of self-destruction and man's choice of a way to die as well as a way to live. All these Frankenheimer has handled better elsewhere ("The Young Stranger", "Grand Prix", "The Gypsy Moths", etc.). Here he hardly seems to care about their development and a single, rather good scene towards the end between Sharif and Palance is asked to carry the thematic weight of the whole film.

If I describe the thing as an Afghanistan western, it will give some idea of the film's sometimes excellent emphasis on spectacle and locale, and also its total lack of context. Whilst knowing how to film it attractively, Frankenheimer seems to feel and understand as much about that society—its customs, its traditions—as I do about aerodynamics. And this lack of any sort of background solidarity permeates just about everyone's contribution.

Dalton Trumbo's writing belongs to no-man's-land and is difficult to characterise without being libellous: suffice to say that Sharif brings conviction to his lines only after having part of his leg amputated and that it is the kind of dialogue that is best spoken when you're hobbling around on one leg with the assistance of a crutch.

The performances generally are a bit lame. Leigh-Taylor Young plays the Unroutable Woman, a part every bit as thankless as it sounds. Jack Palance has some perceptive moments as the father and there is a good performance (as the man with the scraggy ram—which gives some indication of his part, also thankless) by an actor whose name I didn't catch but who looks like a Turkish Bernie Winters.

There are some fine moments. A nicely shot scene between Sharif, his servant and a blind scribe, which gathers a disturbing sense of menace; a tremendously exciting attempted murder in a blizzard, which was the one moment for me where the film really came alive. By conventional commercial standards *The Horsemen* is more than passable. By Frankenheimer's standards (among the highest of any director today), it's little short of a disaster.

NEIL SINYARD

music

AT a packed Town Hall last Wednesday night *Van der Graaf Generator*, at last getting the recognition they deserve, received a standing ovation before they'd played a note. They kicked off with an oldie, "Darkness", in that familiar rasping Van der Graaf style, Peter Hammill's voice having lost none of its strength despite the new choir boy image.

Their new album promises to be as good as the last, although there has been little change in approach, as was shown when they grated through two of the three tracks included on it. Then it was back to some goodies off "H to He", including the ever-popular "Killer", with Dave Jackson blasting his guts to the very depths on alto and tenor sax, bringing the set to a crashing climax with "After the Flood".

But the audience stomped their demand for more, and rather belatedly they got it, in the form of their new single, the title of which eluded me. Once again very little change in mood or style.

Genesis had appeared before them and were by no means devoid of a fanatical following. They display an interesting combination of mellotron, drums and both acoustic and electric guitars, and they too came back for an encore, doing their best-liked and certainly best-known number "The Knife".

PRUDENCE & CLAUDE.

NUCLEUS—Ian Carr, trumpet; Brian Smith, tenor; John Marshall, drums; Roy Babbington, bass; Karl Jenkins and Dave McCree, piano—is a group of technically superb (dig those superlatives) musicians who emit an exciting, emotional sound not unrelated to the musical form "jazz-rock" (whatever that might mean). Do not be put off by the word jazz (if words can put you off) because this music really moves and grooves, cool cats.

(Sorry, I got carried away.) If you want a preview of their music, listen to the Vertigo album "We'll Talk About It Later" which is of the highest quality, even worth buying.

Appearing with Nucleus is the *Ray Russell Sextet*. Ray Russell, guitar; Alan Rushon, drums; Tony Roberts, tenor; Harold Beckett, trumpet; Daryl Runswick, bass; Nick Evans, trombone. Broaden your mind by hearing guitar playing with the normal rock clichés ignored.

This is a concert, not a dance, lasting about two-and-a-half hours. Cost 40p, starting at 8 p.m. Come early for a good place.

(The disco will be in Vernon Hall at 9 p.m., cost 10p.)

Your jazz group needs you—Saturday, November 6th, in the Union.

K. TEMPLETON.

THE first half of *Pentangle's* sell-out concert, at the Town Hall on Saturday evening, was rather uninspiring. That's not to say that the five individual members were not producing the usual, highly-skilled, Pentangle sound, just that the overall result was below the sum of the individual talents. At times Pentangle come across in this way, and, while one still can't help but admire them, there is a feeling that this admiration is capable of being developed even deeper.

To add to this the balance was not quite right. Jacqui McShee's voice was pushed into the background, especially when John Renbourn took to electric guitar. The only moment of spontaneity in this half came with a Danny Thompson solo; but even this seemed to have a well-rehearsed aura about it.

The second half saw much improvement. The balance was better and a more spontaneous approach took the audience from the realms of polite applause nearer to excited approval. This owed much to another piece featuring Danny Thompson and possibly also to a long "blues" number with John Renbourn relying heavily on "wah-wah" effects with his electric guitar.

At the end of the concert several people were leaving and there was only just enough applause to warrant "Light Flight" for an encore.

This may sound like a scathing review from someone who doesn't really appreciate the finer points of Pentangle's gentle music. Far from it. Few people can ignore the obvious talent in their unique sound. The point is that a concert is a "live" thing—an opportunity to produce an atmosphere completely different from a recording studio session. Saturday evening saw Pentangle unfortunately fail in an attempt to explore and react to this atmosphere.

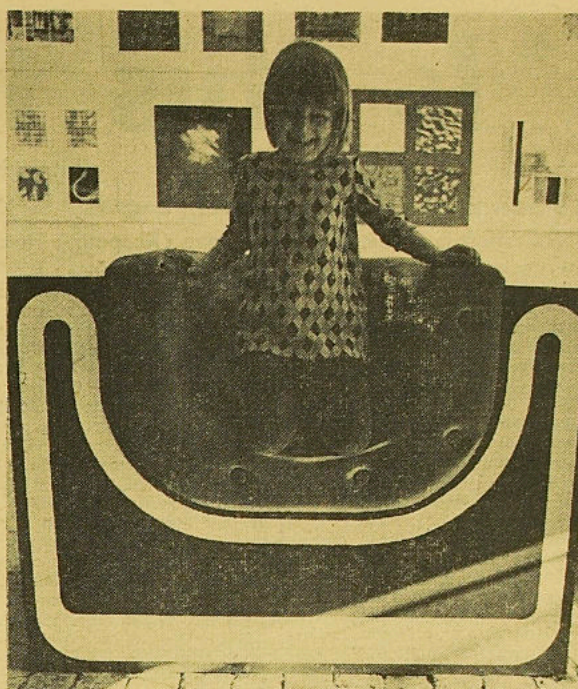
PAUL TAYLOR.

ON Monday evening at the Town Hall a predominantly young audience was set alight by the gimmicky, loud and basic rock vibrations of *Mott the Hoople*, a group of five musicians from Hereford formed in July, 1968.

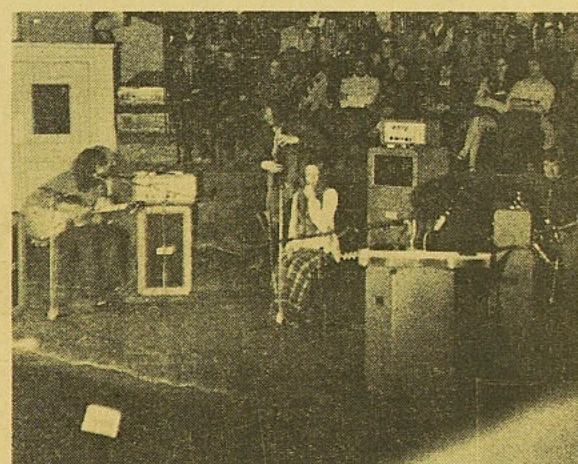
The Hoople lose no time in captivating their audience and numbers such as "Walking with a Mountain" could not help but cause an exodus into the aisles and on to the seats by those eager to convulse in time to the solid rhythm.

As is traditional with rock 'n' roll players, the music is accompanied by exaggerated prancings and gestures by the band. The atmosphere grew with every number that the Hoople played, with "Whisky Women" proving to be explosive. Ian Hunter, the lead singer, momentarily changed the tempo with a rendering of "The Journey", an emotional ballad which indicated that the group's repertoire extends outside rock. The group were called back twice and their finale exploited the receptive audience to the best, and the gimmicky became self-indulgent.

RUSSELL BRYANT



Musical Chair at the Ikon Gallery—part of an exhibition by Pre-diploma students.



Pentangle had to strive hard to create a "live" atmosphere at the Town Hall on Saturday evening.



Genesis, who appeared with Medicine Head at Lake Wydd, last Friday, and also at the Town Hall with Van der Graaf Generator last Wednesday.

sport 1

SOCCER

Is this the year?

Birmingham 4, L. Colls. 1

In answer to the appeal in last week's "Redbrick," the Soccer Club feels it cannot hide its light under a Barlow any more. This report is thus compiled by Dave (Rasputin) Harrison, ably assisted by Tom Temple on the dictionary.

After a quarter-of-an-hour of end-to-end excitement, in which several Loughboro' players fell over, the Birmingham boys realised their opposition was vineable and so Dominic Keenaghan, a newcomer to the club, decided to score from a free kick. After toying with the opposition for the rest of the first half, everyone rushed off the pitch to their "Golden Goals" sheets (a Fester Feet invention) and, finding that they hadn't won, let the opposition score by way of protest.

Several dubious "bookings" and lectures by the referee—proudly bearing his P.A. medal for 32 cautions and ten dismissals in four games—increased the atmosphere to

Ulster pitch (forgivable pun). Well-chosen words from coach Mike Speake finally put Brum on the road to victory and Iain "Babyface" Moir, ex-pro with Carlisle United, used all his theatrical training to enable the illiterate or, according to Loughboro', illegitimate, Barlow, to score from the spot. Shirley Temple finally realised how to use it when he congratulated "Broth of a lad" Dominic for scoring the third.

Another spectacular fall from Moir gained another penalty which, dare I say it, Barlow again converted to clinch the match. Birmingham then ran out victors in a really great match which saw Col-

leges' heaviest defeat for many a season. It must be stressed that this was their first team and that their team coach was there to cry his way back to Loughboro'.

Oh, by the way, a U.A.U. selector was seen leaving the ground shortly after the fourth goal: (too late, unfortunately to see Rasputin hit the shot of his bearded life). Had the mad monk had his eyes open at the time he may well have got his name on the score-sheet, just reward for his greyhound-like activities up and down the touchline all afternoon.

A short resumé of the team is, I think, appropriate after a victory of this magnitude. Taff, the mid-get goalie, emerged from his cloud of cigarette smoke after the game to congratulate the team for denying him the opportunity to display his talents. At full-back Mick Wright was as immaculate as ever. (He's been seen to wear a tie on away trips.)

Lester, our noble skipper, seems to have forsaken the sauna in favour of cement. It hasn't made him faster, but he's harder than ever. Micki Storr is still rambling about W.B.A. scouts and their ability to spot talent. Yes, his wife was there and he did play well. Ernie, recovered from the shock of brother Harry's departure, played the game of his life. Ray Barlow was as calm and unflappable as ever.

Alan has probably not stopped running yet. Rasputin, having returned from Mermaids and got permission from Haze for three nights out a week, is still training. John Thorpe turned in one of his exhibitions of 90-minute motion. Dominic, leaving Villa in his wake, we hope,

is our star fresher, hair-band and all. As for Babyface—what can you say about perfection? Dicky Legg has divided loyalties, Kath or Club? Dick, the Club needs you.

Mike Speake, our illustrious coach, finally plotted the downfall of arch-rivals Colleges. He summed up the game by saying: "xxxx! Training on Thursday will be harder than ever." Great guy, but we have plans for him.

P.S.: Thanks to all the supporters.

Birmingham University 2,
Cambridge University 0

FESTER'S men came out to meet Cambridge's premier side, confident after their mid-week victory: in fact Kapengwe (pronounced Bar-low) was so determined to wipe the floor with them that he was warned by the referee. It began as a good, close game. Rasputin, with his usual burst of speed, left a cumbersome oaf way behind five times, to put over some tantalising crosses. Baby Face ran well but shot inches wide when a penalty was expected!

The pressure paid off when Fester used his weight to lay the ball to Tom Temple who drove it home from three yards. Earlier the referee was impressed enough with Tom's play to ask for his name. played a more relaxed game. The crowd of five was treated to gallops down the wing from Andy "Giraffe" Maile on his return from exile as sub, and then after 65 minutes Rasputin crashed in a final shot which Johnny Barton touched home.

A successful week, and may be a successful run in U.A.U. if all continues so well.

RASPUUTIN & TEMPLE.

SHORT SPORT

RUGBY

Loughborough Colls. 1st 27,
Birmingham University 1st 3.
Wolverhampton 29,
Birmingham Univ. 1st 6.

FEELING from the shock of their first victory of the season against Leamington, the team seemed to have sobered up and tried to remember exactly how that miracle occurred. Through the haze they seem to remember that in order to score they did, in fact, need a session of the ovoid pill hereinafter referred to as "THE BALL."

However, on Wednesday again on Saturday the rival team—known as "them"—not only appeared unwilling to allow this, but they tried themselves to place the ball over "our" line.

One can only hope that before Wednesday the team not only finds out what a "ball" looks like, but that they also want—and look for—it.

However, notable performances were made by — (7) and we hope that the space provided may be filled by next week.

Yours, puzzledly (?) PETER

★ ★ ★
MEN'S LACROSSE

West Midlands Universities 17,
Sale 3.

ONE of the W.M.U.'s closest challengers this season, Sale, were gradually overcome and eventually forced into full flight on Bournbrook on Saturday.

The pattern of the game was obvious from the start, with Sale willing to concede the midfield to the hope that West Midlands would over-extend themselves. However, you can't teach your grandmother how to suck eggs and by half time the visitors were 10-0 down, seven of which were scored by Robin Bennet.

In the second half, Sale were allowed rather more respite than they deserved and only a late flurry of goals from Dave Higgs made the scoreline reasonable.

West Midlands' great strength at the back, and once again the defence proved itself the masters of the situation. Indeed, Wong, Storr and Jarvis were even willing to create an extra man in attack, dominating in Jarvis's goal.

The really promising feature of the game was, however, the improved performance of the attack, where Chris Bullough, after his imitation of Old Father Time, at Ashton, threw off the shackles of advancing years in a breathtaking display of athleticism.

Jim Wilde provided very good service for his partners without himself making it, while Bennet and Higgs competently converted the easy ones and scored some very good goals to boot.

Warrington, Wong, Goodall, Jarvis (1), Stett, Asher T. Haynes (3), Bullough, Campbell M. Wilde, Bennet (7), Higgs (5).

★ ★ ★
WOMEN'S LACROSSE

AFTER an unnecessarily early start (due to a Sailing Club co-ordinated? fixture), Ladies' Lacrosse managed to stay awake and produce their normal sparkling performance to defeat Reading 14-1.

The whole team played well, particularly the attack, who were in fine goal-shooting form, Judy scoring seven, Vicky three, Sue two, and Jill two.

We just hope that this encouraging victory is only the start to a series during the forthcoming W.I.V.A.B. season.

★ ★ ★
SECOND XI SOCCER

Birmingham 2nd XI 1,
Loughborough Colls. 7.

AGAINST a second XI worthy of most universities' first teams, Brum seconds found the opposition just too strong, as the scoreline suggests. This must not detract from the performance put up by Birmingham, who prior to this match had won all their U.A.U. fixtures.

Ably captained by Geoff ("white-boots") Weedon, the boys held on and were only 2-0 down at half-time. The superior fitness of the Colleges' line-up, which included ex-Birmingham and U.A.U. striker Andy Maile, told in the second half when they powered to a 7-1 victory.

The Soccer Club includes several new faces this year, most of whom are playing in the seconds at the moment.

sport 2

HOCKEY

ABSENT STARS NOT MISSED

Birmingham 1st XI 2, Leicester 1st XI 1

In a hard-fought, closely-contended W.I.V.A.B. second round against Leicester University on Saturday, the Ladies (?) Hockey Club did extremely well to win, with four of the usual team missing.

WEDNESDAY

Birmingham Univ. 2nd XI 2,
Coventry College 0.

The first half was characterised by hard play and hard tackling, the Leicester defence exerting a lot of bodily influence, especially on Haze—who gave as good as she got (I think Dave must have been teaching her football tactics).

The game was mostly in the Leicester half and within 15 minutes the Birmingham forwards managed to score—a scrambled shot, typical of the Birmingham side, that had to pass over the goal-line twice before it was finally acknowledged. I think it could be attributed mainly to Kathy Bastan's stick—if not both feet, an arm, a leg, etc.

Thank God for Hiawatha in defence, who kept a remarkably cool head despite a determined Leicester attack which eventually led to a

goal—it could so easily have been more. By the way, what happened to the feather this week, Jude?

After the interval, the pressure was on both sides to score and the ball passed from one end of the pitch to the other, both defences dealing expertly with some good attacking moves. Kathy Basham again scored, with one of the best goals of the season—a back flick from an incredible angle, which eventually gave Birmingham the match.

Fitness was the telling factor in this game and Kate's Tuesday sessions are obviously beginning to show advantages. Why are all the girls putting on weight?!!

Team: Aline, Chris, Jude, Linda, Kate, Jayne, Cath, Haze, Kathy, Alison, June.

NETBALL

Nonchalant stroll

ON Wednesday, two teams went to Coventry College of Education. The 'A' team won their match 21-11, although it was closer than it seems from the score, since the Coventry team were let down by their shooting. The 'B' team also won quite easily by 14-5.

Birmingham first team came up with a 26-9 goal win on Saturday in a W.I.V.A.B. match against Leicester. Flaunting their fitness by strolling nonchalantly back on the court for a second match against Metro—"On! Its nothing" was the comment heard as they went on to win this league match by 26-11.

Passing up and down the court went smoothly and Sue Powell managed to fit in very well with the team's play. Goalkeeper Diane, and Captain Chris managed to keep one bewildered goal attack permanently out of her attacking circle, leaving one poor Leicester goal shooter attempting valiantly to score against Colette.

In the second match Colette Reeder managed to thwart almost every effort by the opposing team to get the ball into the circle. They tried to put her down but she fought through to the end in a really brilliant show of ability.

The second team won 35-9, despite manning a few bleary-eyed centre court. They played well, yet the passing from the back line up the court was somewhat muddled, but the fiery captain, Rose Murphy, kept the team in order and so things sorted themselves out. The shooters missed a shot at goal, Ros Musgrave and Judith Ridley playing well together.

BASKETBALL

L'BORO TOO STRONG

UNIVERSITY 82, EXHALL EAGLES 67

OUR win on Monday showed great promise for our game against Loughborough Colleges on Wednesday. Tower Power dominated Eagles from start to finish, perhaps because both teams tuck to the rules. Of course on Monday we had the advantage of having Rich Dallet back on court giving his No. 15 vest its first airing on court for many months.

Viv Astling was back in the circle after missing the Alsage game to attend a bachelor party. He seemed to be sober though, because he hit eight points.

The men of the match were Tay and Phil. Tay slotter in 22 points, and Phil (one-handed palm) fielded to a brilliant 24 points. In the words of the immortal Chas Virgil: "That boy shows promise."

Birmingham Univ. 57,
Loughborough Colls. 83.

Why did we have to be so unlucky as to draw Colleges as our first U.A.U. game? The only team that is super fit, over-trained and fanatical about winning and we had to meet them this early in the season.

SAVILLE AGAIN

In the second half the irrepressible Male Saville managed to survive a name change to put a shot in the bucket. Dave Griffiths lost a pint of sweat working in defence and gained five fouls. By chance Phil stayed on court to put fear into Colleges. They even convinced the referees they had fouled another of our players and not Phil, rather than let him take the free shots.

He finished with 20 points. John Pringle seems to be learning a little about basketball. This week when he threw the ball away it landed in the basket to match Phil's 20 points.

Super fit Colleges ended at a gallop. Their points came from the break and outside shots. If we meet again it will be in the Finals and it will be our turn to do what Nottingham did to them last year.

Birmingham Univ. 2nd XI 2,
Leicester 0.

THE 2nd XI continued their inexorable march towards a place in the quarter-finals with an easy victory over Leicester. Again the team was almost completely reshuffled; but though the forwards failed to score the number of goals their pressure deserved, the defence with Wendy and Laura calm and confident throughout, easily broke up the few Leicester attacks which got as far as the half-way line.

Both goals came in the first half. Jan opening the scoring, giving the last touch to the ball as it bounced around in the Leicester goalmouth. Jan added a second goal with a fierce shot to complete the scoring but Gill, having a superb game at centre-forward, finding plenty of space, was extremely unlucky not to score several goals.

Special mention must also be made of Fred, fleet of foot on the wing, who completely bewitched the Leicester defence. And just to demonstrate Birmingham's superiority, Lucy, the goalkeeper, found time to give a display of her cart-wheeling ability to the applause of the full-backs, who spent most of the game walking leisurely up and down the pitch.

Team: Lucy, Wendy, Fran, Laura, Anne, Pam, Fred, Jan (2), Gill (Capt.), Janis, Helen.

P.S.: Anyone found a scruffy hockey-stick lying around?

SOCCER

Barbarians find it hard work

Wake Green Amateurs 6,
University Barbarians 1.

THE Barbarians are finding life tough in Division 3 of the Birmingham & District Football League. Last Saturday they were well beaten at Tytheburn Lane by the current league leaders. Three goals in 20 minutes including a harsh penalty decision was a blow from which they never recovered.

Individually, the present Barbs squad have the skill to take them to a respectable position in the table, but injury troubles, an unsettled side and a general lack of cohesion have turned their debut in Division 3 into a nightmare.

A reorganisation of the back four and greater penetration up front are urgently needed. Only the busy probing of Pete Dodman down the right flank and the occasional sortie upheld by the link men Mick Short and John Gerrard, presented any threat to a hard and rugged Wake Green defence.

The Barbs were trailing 4-0 at the changeover. Wake Green scored twice in the second half and Ian Parsons scored a consolation goal for the Barbarians.

Sports scene

RECENT criticisms from various quarters of the content of "Redbrick" sports pages have led me to think about the role of these pages. Is it really solely for the straight reporting of results, or is there more to it?

Although reporting of results must play a part in the scheme, I don't feel that this should be the only purpose. If results were the only contents, then sports could quite easily be confined to half a column (and even less some weeks).

The question of presentation of reports has also arisen. Unfortunately, "Redbrick" doesn't have a staff of sports reporters so that we can't go out and get reports ourselves. We must rely on individual clubs to supply these reports.

In a lot of cases the results of the events are known by most interested parties before "Redbrick" comes out, so that the reports must try to capture interest in other ways. Sports is not just a question of performances but also of personalities. This was demonstrated by the recent election of Dave Bedford as athlete of the year. On a level of performance, especially in championships, there were better athletes around than Dave, but none of them displayed the same personality. A reporter must try to capture the personalities.

If this leads to some rather introvert jokes, then this may be unfortunate. However, this is not always the case. I don't know any of the people in the Golf Club but I always enjoy reading their reports, and gradually a picture of some of the characters is built up.

by Andy Holden

What else can "Redbrick" do besides report? I feel it must make some comment on the affairs of Athletic Union. If at times this may seem unbalanced, this is only because of the information coming in to "Redbrick." Perhaps we could also comment on sports affairs in a broader sense, at national or local level?

This, I feel, could be done by enthusiasts of different sports. It is done quite well in other university newspapers, so why not in "Redbrick"?

News has reached "Redbrick" of another stirring success by the Sailing Club. According to reports they have set up a new record for damage to the minibus—believed to be not inadjacent to £500. The big question is: who is going to foot the bill?

A recently overheard conversation went something like this:

Suave, debonair observer (not me —A.H.): "Why are you doing that?" Miss J. Reynolds, Phys. Ed. II & B.U.S.P. Long Jump Champion (really? A.H.): "Ernie Wise told me to."

S.D.O.: "Do you always do what he tells you?"

J.R. (thinking): "Only when my conscience allows me."

Exit triumphantly.

Moral? It's a lonely life in Phys. Ed. II.

This reminds me of an article I was reading earlier in the week about a survey on secretaries carried out by the Alfred Marks Bureau. One of the questions was on physical fitness and how the girls exercised. Apparently four (out of 10,000) intrepid young ladies listed love-making as the best way of keeping their figures in trim. Which intrepid bloke is going to ask Marion how she maintains her figure?

If Lake Hall are not ultra successful in this years sporting ventures, it won't be due to lack of leadership. Small, gnome-like Tony Edwards, their big time sports rep, has been seen leaping up and down at the side of several sports pitches. Quite recently he was heard to remark after a narrow defeat for his team: "We wuz robbed, that referee wants shooting—fancy disallowing two perfectly good goals." Now we know how Phil Shankly feels.

★ ★ ★
LATEST SCORE
A. B. Duck-Pea 182 runs n.o. (v. Birmingham Constabulary).



Lester Kent (3rd left) and John Thorpe (No. 9)

GOLF

Daylight—but only just

ON Wednesday, the University golf team travelled to Northampton G.C. to play for the first time against Reading University. Despite the late arrival of the Reading team it was just possible to play our last match in B.S.T. in daylight.

Although, on paper, Reading appeared to be strong, they presented the on-form Brum side with few problems, the result being 8-0 in our favour.

Bill Harrison and Bob Ashton, leading the University attack, both won closely-fought matches. Tim O'Byrne temporarily turned teetotal, tamed the tiger tees and trounced his tee-trespassing opponent. In an exciting match, Paul Stanley visited fewer woods than his opponent on the final hole to win 2 up. After a slow start, Richard Lister finally took the lead and held on to win 4 and 2.

Newcomer George Mitchell, who looks like being a strong contender for a permanent place in the team, proved too strong for his opponent and won comfortably.

The other winners to complete this 8-0 victory were John Wood and Tony Bond, who both ran out easy victors.

HOCKEY

Narrow defeat

BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY 0, LOUGHBOROUGH COLLS. 1

IN the opening match of this year's U.A.U. programme, the University were narrowly defeated by a Colleges team somewhat frustrated by the pitch, and a number of first half decisions against them. However, that apart, the game was fairly even, with the result that play was concentrated in the middle of the pitch for much of the game, neither team being able to control the ball well enough to settle down.

The University defence played well, and it was in the last quarter of an hour that Colleges scored, from what was one of the few defensive errors. The attack, however, wasn't quite as competent, and although chances did present themselves, they weren't taken.

The two remaining U.A.U. matches in our group are against Warwick and Leicester, and to stand a chance of getting through to the area semi-finals we must win both.

Team: Burt, Gilbert, Taylor, Allum, Wheeler, Moyle, Longman, Clarke, Furtado, Comar.

Fort Dunlop 1, Birmingham U. 2.

With five "members" absent, on county duty (or illness!), Gilbert's Bodies (or Burt's Bs, as they were on the day) reigned supreme at Fort Dunlop on Saturday. One goal down, early on, they fought back to 1-1 with a well-taken goal by Paul Hughes.

In the second half, the University took control, with Chris Bisto (of Steptoe fame, no less) playing well in the middle. The second goal came from a short corner late in the game, after continual pressure, and was well deserved.

Team: Burt, Allum, Economou, Wright, Bristow, Furtado, Dwarf, Hughes, Clarke, Kundi, Comar.



Bill Harrison recovering at last.

(Photo by Bill Harrison)

around

DAY BY DAY

Wednesday, Nov. 3rd

Brian Auger—Elbow Room, Aston.

Wonderwall—Film for which George Harrison wrote the music. Aston University.

Deb. Soc.—"This House regards freedom of expression and behaviour the hallmark of a civilised society." With Dr. Martin Cole, 7.30 p.m. Council Chamber.

Thursday, Nov. 4th

C.B.S.O.—Town Hall. Pieces from Mahler and Mozart. 7.30 p.m. Tickets from 30p

Ian Campbell Folk Group—The Jug of Punch, Digbeth.

King Biscuit Boy—Plus Idle Race. College of Food, Summer Row.

Alice Cooper—Kinetic Circus, Bull Ring.

Film Soc.—"La Regle du Jeu." Haworth Lecture Theatre, 7 p.m. 15p.

Friday, Nov. 5th

T. Rex—Town Hall. 7.30 p.m. 60p.

Fawke Off—Disco, dance. Manor House. 40p.

Saturday, Nov. 6th

Eagle Jazz Band—Old Crown, Digbeth. 8 p.m.

Nucleus—Plus Ray Russell Quintet. Union. 40p.

Forum—"Democracy." Aston University Union. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Sunday, Nov. 7th

Writing on the Wall—Henry's Blues House, Hill Street.

Sunday Flic—"Twisted Nerve." Union, 7 p.m. Guest Tickets 15p.

Monday, Nov. 8th

Brewers Droop—Aston University.

Film Soc.—"Relativity," by Ed Emshwiller, 1966. "Chappaqua," by Conrad Rooks, 1966.

Tuesday, Nov. 9th

Julian Bream—Town Hall. Guitar Recital. Tickets from 30p. 8 p.m.

Duster Bennett—Henry's Blues House, Hill Street.

CINEMA

Odeon, Ringway—"The Horseman" and "The Big Gundown." L.C.P. 7 p.m.

Odeon, New Street—"Twins of Evil" and "Hands of the Ripper." L.C.P. 7.15 p.m. (not showing Friday). Next Week—"The Hunting Party."

Futurist—"Mad Doctor of Blood Island" and "Brides of Blood." L.C.P. 7.05.

Next Week—"The Beast in the Cellar" and "H.O. Criminal Face."

Jacey—"Night of the Outrages" and "Seduction of Julia." L.C.P. 6.10 p.m.

Next Week—"Red Angel."

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

ABC, New Street—"Little Big Man." L.C.P. 7.35 p.m. Late Night Friday Show—"Villa Rides." 11.30 p.m.

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

Arts Lab.—"Alice's Restaurant" plus "Let it Be." Thursday to Sunday, 7 p.m. (also Friday, 11 p.m. and Sunday 3.30 p.m.).

"Putney Swope" plus "The Queen." Saturday, 11 p.m., Monday and Tuesday, 7 p.m.

Cinephone—"Diary of a Half Virgin" and "Sex and the Vampire." L.C.P. 7.40 p.m.

THEATRE

Birmingham Theatre—"Straight Up." A Comedy. Friday-Saturday, 7.30 p.m.

Alexandra Theatre—"Cherry Orchard," starring Phyllis Calvert.

Belgrade Theatre—Until November 6th, "Entertaining Mr. Sloane."

Royal Shakespeare, Stratford—

"The Merchant of Venice." November 3rd, 1.30 p.m.

November 6th, 1.30 p.m. November 8th, 7.30 p.m.

"Twelfth Night." November 3rd, 7.30 p.m.

"Othello." November 4th, 1.30 p.m. November 6th,

7.30 p.m. November 9th, 7.30 p.m.

"Much Ado About Nothing." November 4th, 7.30 p.m.

"The Duchess of Malfi." November 5th, 7.30 p.m.

G.T.G.—"No Way" and "Free Fall." Debating Hall. 7.30 p.m. Admission 20p. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

GALLERY

Compendium—Gordon Govier, Political Sculpture, Heinke Jenkins, Printmaker, Norman Lamputt, Paintings.

Until November 6th.

From Tuesday, November 8th. Paintings by Tim Ward and Grace McDonald and sculpture by Peter Inchbald.

Cannon Hill—Photographic Exhibition until November 28th.

Ikon—Pre-diploma students of local colleges exhibit paintings, prints, etc. Until November 13th.



Marc Bolan of T. Rex, Town Hall, Friday.



Nucleus, who will be appearing at the Union on Saturday, Nov. 6