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Angela Davies will be freed . . .

ANGELA DAVIES will be freed if a massive, popular campaign is launched to pressurise the American Government. This was the message emphatically proclaimed from the stage at Digbeth Civic Hall last Friday night, when approximately 700 people attended a meeting to raise support for the freeing of Angela Davies. The large audience of mostly young people agreed wholeheartedly and sometimes vociferously with that statement.

Despite the pouring rain and a bitterly cold wind, the hall was filled to capacity: there wasn't an empty seat, and the aisles and the back of the hall had a fair number of standing supporters. Of the seven speakers promised by the chairman, six, in fact, spoke, the star speaker being, of course, Mrs. Fania Jordan, Angela's sister. It was for her that everyone was waiting, and when she entered the hall—late, due to a traffic holdup—she received a tremendous reception.

The earlier speakers had all been applauded politely, and sometimes enthusiastically, and the collection which was taken had a generous response (over £190 being taken), but there was a feeling of expectancy in the air, everything seemed to be a prelude to Mrs. Jordan's appearance. The audience's impatience was most clearly visible when the meeting broke off for a 15-minute musical interlude; however, as Mrs. Jordan spent this period autographing books and posters, the time passed fairly quickly.

When finally she did begin to speak, she did not disappoint her admirers. Speaking in a low voice, unemotional, she had the audience hanging on to her every word. She told of Angela's year of captivity, practically all of it spent in solitary

confinement; of how she was losing weight and how her eyesight was deteriorating because of the lack of long-distance viewing.

Mrs. Jordan also recounted the events leading up to Angela's capture, the reasons why the "fascist racists" had thought it necessary to imprison Angela—her alleged involvement with Jonathan Jackson and the killing of an American judge.

She also explained Angela's philosophy as "a black woman, a Communist and a radical intellectual." Angela had embraced Communism because she saw that the overthrow of capitalism was the only real solution to the black people's oppression; it was not reform from the inside that was needed but revolution from the outside.

Calling on all supporters to unite to free Angela, Mrs. Jordan declared that only an all-out popular movement could succeed in gaining her release. She ended her speech with that succinct and, although familiar and well-worn, meaningful slogan: "Power to the People!"

She received a standing ovation from the audience and must have left the stage feeling well pleased with the response she had got in Birmingham.



Mrs. Fania Jordan, Angela Davies's sister.

Crisis in Sociology

CAN Sociology or Sociologists tell us anything we don't already know? The answer may be no; it may be that sociological explanations prevent not only laymen but also sociologists themselves from understanding social relations. The result of this is that the layman is obliged to accept the misleading "sociological" view because it is presented as the "expert" view. Present a layman with a string of statistics to support your case and you have him more than half convinced of the validity of your argument.

This fact, amongst others, will lead Dick Atkinson to suggest, in the first Ack-Ack alternative education period, starting next Wednesday (S.F.H. 135), that there is a "crisis" in Sociology.

What is the purpose of these Ack-Ack alternative lectures? They are being held in order to demonstrate that Mr. Atkinson and his supporters are continuing the fight against the decision of Academic Appointments Committee as a matter of principle, although Mr. Atkinson has stated that he is resigned to never being reinstated. These radical alternative lectures and seminars will make use of outside speakers and representatives from non-university colleges in the Birmingham area. The lectures will cover such topics as historical materialism, economics, radical education, race and community action.

This new policy suggests that Ack-Ack is moving towards more generalised political and radical opposition; Mr. Atkinson, who is acting as co-ordinator of the venture, regards this as the most decisive turn in the situation since the dispute began.

Commenting on the "Crisis" in Sociology Mr. Atkinson says that he will try to show that even Marxists are incapable of explaining much of what is going on in modern society. "Along with more obviously conservative sociology, Marxism favours an orthodox sociological consensus which hinders more attempts to gain more freedom and control over his life."

Can a sociologist practising this kind of sociology work and remain in an orthodox university sociology department? Perhaps Atkinson found out the answer to that the hard way.

Dis-appointment

ON December 8th, 1970, Guild Council approved by an overwhelming majority a motion on the controversial subject of academic appointments and promotions. The motion called for teaching ability to be taken into account when academic appointments were being made and further suggested that student views should be assessed on the teaching of members of staff when promotion committees considered such applicants. The final part of the motion also suggested that a re-training course for university teachers in new techniques of teaching and audio-visual aids should be instituted.

A paper was prepared by the then Guild President, Rod Playford, and Guild Education Chairman, Keith Palmer, to accompany the motion. Both were submitted and received by Senate in February 1971. Senate in receiving the paper referred it to its Executive Committee to debate the points raised in it with representatives from the students and the Association of University Teachers. The meeting finally took place last Tuesday with the Guild President, Ann Naylor, and Vice-President, Paul Dodgson. Although no official statement was made the paper was evidently received with disfavour, the Guild representatives commenting on the hostile nature of the meeting. It seems hardly likely that Senate Executive will commend the proposals to the meeting of Senate next month.

News in brief

N.U.S. conferences

EACH year the N.U.S. holds its National Conferences, one usually in Margate during November, the other on a university college campus during the first few days of April. The next Easter Conference (April 1972) will take place here at Birmingham.

Whilst the main debates will probably take place in the Great Hall, many other buildings will have to be kept open in order to provide facilities for the delegates.

Each constituent organisation has representatives forming its delegation, Birmingham having one of the larger delegations consisting of seven delegates with voting rights and three observers.

For the forthcoming November conference in Margate we have submitted six motions covering such topics as Graduate Unemployment, Health and Social Service Cuts, and Government Policy on India.

New news

LAST week, the Vice-President, Paul Dodgson, launched a new campus media. In letters sent round to societies, Guild Councillors and Hall J.O.R.s, he explained that the new sheet, "Hot Air" is intended to report and give publicity in a lively and entertaining way on all matters of student interest at departmental, societal and Hall levels as well as Guild. The attempt is primarily to improve communications between all sections of the student body on the campus.

Any student who has events which he would like included in the new "Hot Air" should contact the Vice-President in the Union Building.

Extended hours

For an experimental period during this term, the General Reading Room which is on the Ground Floor of the Main Library will remain open until midnight from Monday to Friday, and will open on Sundays from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Full details of the arrangements, including access, are available from the Main Library. The whole of the Main Library is open (as usual library services are available) from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Monday to Friday, and from 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. on Saturdays.

Ladies' sauna

We have recently installed a sauna bath for ladies at the Sports Centre. The booking sheet for the sauna is kept at the Reception Desk in the Sports Centre. Bookings can be made up to one week in advance. The cost of a sauna bath is 12p, which includes the special sauna towel, which also serves as an admission token.

APOLOGY

The editor regrets the non-appearance of Digit this week. Digit will continue next week.

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The great debate comes to B'ham

TODAY, as you may or may not have realised, is the eve of the House of Commons Debate, which is the culmination of ten years of discussion, argument and even negotiation. So at long last, we really do stand poised for a final verdict—from which we cannot turn back (small wonder that Britain has pontificated for so long).

We have heard the calls for a referendum (alien Continental idea) dismissed as unconstitutional. A general election would of course have provided comic relief, if nothing else, with its numerous about-turns, volte-faces, conversions and in some quarters "strongly-held beliefs."

The Labour Party would have faced the electorate with about as much unity as a Ecumenical Conference in Belfast.

So, the substitute for any exercise in participatory democracy has been the so-called "Great Debate" which in point of fact has only generated a greater than usual amount of low-level personality politics, so rarely if ever has it reached greatness; moreover, apart from the B.B.C.'s elaborate and expensive attempt, there has also been precious little "debate" as such.

An introduction to tonight's debate by John Ringguth Chairman of the Debating Society

The European Movement, has spent oodles of money, and if we are to believe the opinion polls (remember—to err is human), never before in the field of public relations has so much been spent by so many with so little result.

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Chunderful THE MISSING LINKS

ONE of the most fascinating items of report on the agenda at the next meeting of the governing body of the University Refectory (called "University Centre") is that regarding the Link Room doors. These doors connect Staff House and the Refectory and are opened only when the Senior Common Room, or the University authorities, hold a major function. At other times they are kept carefully barred against the possibility of imminent student rebellion.

In 1967 student leaders suggested that these doors be more readily open as fire exits. This would enable the Guild and its major societies to hold financially viable dances in the Avon Room, which is limited by fire regulations to the number it can hold. After carefully shunting the decision from committee to committee in 1969 it was finally agreed that the doors could be opened during major Guild functions. This would allow the student numbers to exceed one thousand. However, one catch: Staff House wanted some modifications to be made—cost £500. The University Refectory did not want to pay, the University authorities were not keen; Staff House did not want to pay. Plans could not be drawn up until the money was available. Deadlock.

Finally, in January, 1971, in an attempt to break this deadlock, last year's Guild President offered the University an interest-free loan. Ashamed, the cogs of power began to move. Next term, the Link Room doors will be breached. Bureaucracy has taken only four years to solve this obviously major problem. Hurry slowly!

DAUBERS OF THE WORLD UNITE

THEY'VE arrived early this year. We of course refer to the Campus Daubers Committee, a small minority of politically motivated individuals who show their original thinking and initiative by painting obviously erudite statements on University buildings. In addition to the 1968 "F— for Peace" and the 1969 "Workers and Students Unite," we now have in addition a carefully painted slogan three feet high on the Library which is at the best simplistic and at the worst incomprehensible. This statement includes strangely enough the cliché, "Learn Facts to find the Truth." Well, the "Facts" and the "Truth" of the matter is that the slogans will not be removed by a cowed and grovelling campus bourgeoisie but by the very people these daubers will so ardently defend, the cleaners and workers on the campus. They should listen to what they have to say about it. It is further interesting to note that in avoiding the University Vopo service for the required three hours to get the slogan painted, the daubers have also succeeded in getting that particular section of the University indigenous revolutionary working class into dire trouble.

DEBAR

AN interesting letter is circulating in the Union, its eventual destination being the Union Services Committee. Apparently on various nights between October 4th and October 8th some eleven dozen one-pint glasses were either smashed or stolen, two tables, six stools and two windows were smashed, seven pieces of timber were broken. There were abuses to staff on duty, the toilets were tampered with and vomit and beer festooned the main bar.

As the letter concludes, this manner of behaviour indicates the intelligence and behaviour of some of our members. Fortunately, it further suggests this behaviour is limited to a very small minority. The cost of this damage is very high—some £50—no wonder the Union has never got any money.

Correction or corruption

THE Tory Conference was worried last week. In the debate on "Freedom Under the Law," horrified men of property heard Miss Kathleen Smith, a former assistant governor of Holloway, describe proposals of the new four-star wing to the prison. She told outraged delegates of underworked prisoners having "a lovely time" in prison and of the need "to make prisons the sort of places to which people do not like to go . . ."

As the "Guardian" editorial said, this is small cheer for the men living three to a stinking cell, queuing up to empty their chamber pots every morning. Pale stuff, however, compared with Mr. David Bell, of Birmingham, shouting: "What we should be talking about today is discipline! . . . Give a little stick to the schoolchildren." Law and order "at a stroke," no doubt.

And yet, if we are to believe the findings of Sales Research Service Ltd., a large percentage of the adult population are hardly more humanely disposed to offenders. Seventy-seven per cent of the 466 adults surveyed favoured the return of the death penalty for all or some types of murder. The Chief Superintendent who made his personal interpretation of the crime figures public must have known that his words would fall on the sympathetic ears of the "hang 'em and flog 'em brigade" on the debate on "Freedom (for the Police) Under the Law."



Dear Mum
Having a lovely time . . .

Socialists, Liberals and moderates alike must find this sort of mood prevalent amongst men in places of influence and authority, deeply disturbing. If you find this trend towards the inhuman 19th century concepts of crime and punishment abhorrent, then read on. Readers of these pages may have noticed reports on the recent meetings of R.A.P. at this University. If you think that these people just meet to discuss reform and radical change in a cosy academic atmosphere, paying only lip service to radical and humanitarian ideas, YOU ARE WRONG.

JOHN MORGAN
and
MIKE EWINS.

redbrick staff

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

Redbreast

LESBIANISM



LESBIANISM is more than the subject of schoolboy sniggers and erotic photographs, both of which devalue sexual experience. If you are reading this in the hope of an interesting exposé of a lesbian's love life, turn to the sports page.

What I am attempting to do is present the problems as they affect everyone who lives in any kind of community, particularly in a university, which one hopes is a community prepared to listen.

Mary

First, three verbatim accounts from female homosexuals. Mary is a student of modern languages at Kent: "My greatest difficulty," she says, "has been in convincing people that I am not 'different,' merely by virtue of my homosexuality. When I first came up to university everyone would presume that I had boy friends and I would play along with this, substituting 'he' for 'she' in the course of conversation. But this wasn't me. I couldn't be truthful in one respect and dishonest in another, particularly in so fundamental a facet of my character, and then expect people to respect my integrity. So when the opportunity arose, I said, 'Well, actually, it isn't a boy friend, it's a girl friend!'"

"The reaction of many of my so-called tolerant friends nevertheless surprised me. Many of the men became unpleasant and insulting, taking my admission as a direct attack on their

masculinity, while the girls went out of their way to avoid me, some because they were embarrassed or frightened, others because they had no idea how to cope with the situation.

"It seemed beyond their comprehension that I was still Mary—the Mary they had known and liked. I hadn't changed, it was they who had changed in relation to me. Merely because I had disclosed my homosexuality did not mean that I had suddenly grown fangs and would chase after every presentable female on the campus.

"In fact, I feel that it was not until I had fully come to terms with my homosexuality that I became a real person. I went through hell in the two years of my 'transition' period—my relationships with men had left me feeling physically and emotionally frustrated and had had the effect of driving me from bed to bed in search of an indefinable 'something' that eluded me. It was not until my first sexual experience with a woman that I realised what it was.

"I had always had a very close relationship with my mother and I felt that I owed it to her as well as to myself to tell her what I had discovered. She was marvellous during those early days, helping me to adjust to the situation and withstand social prejudice as well as coming to terms with myself. It was not until quite recently that she told me of the dilemma I had placed her in.

"She felt that she had failed me in some way as a mother and was uncertain of just how to react—whether to reject me as her

daughter or love me for myself.

"Considering people's subsequent attitudes I am glad that I have a sufficiently strong personality to withstand social pressure and adverse attitudes—it must be agony for anyone who could not."

Jane

Jane, although another strong personality, is far less stable:

"I always feel that people are defending me in terms of my so-called 'stigma'—that whenever 'straight' people are being nice to me, pleasant to me, all the time, really, underneath they're only assessing me as a 'queer' and nothing else. In me, of course, this has provoked an opposite reaction. Instead of staying quiet and meek and grateful, as they expect me to, I get up and scream at people: 'I am a homosexual, so there, what are you going to do about it?'"

"I try to shock people out of their complacency—I might dress up in drag, which, although it is the popular conception of a lesbian, is quite rare. It gives me some sense of satisfaction to see people's averted eyes on the train, trying to hide their embarrassment, as if I'm getting my own back on them for their intolerance and narrow-mindedness—their would-be superiority.

"I found life difficult at university (Warwick). I was intelligent, so people sought me out, but at the same time I was a bit of an oddball, someone to be pointed out—a Union personality with funny ideas.

"My main problem was due to the fact that a university campus is self-consciously and exclusively heterosexual, so much concerned with sex for its own sake, that

there is no place for any different sexual orientation. Now, as a journalist, I am in contact with intelligent and creative people with a much higher degree of tolerance. It's a profession where anything goes and 'normality' is purely relative. It makes life much easier."

Anne

Anne, who is studying at Birmingham, is a marked contrast to the previous two women. Far more introverted and passive, she asked me to stress two points about herself: first, her total inexperience and secondly, the fact that she has "always known" she was a homosexual, even before she knew such a thing existed.

"From early childhood, my sexual reactions were always the reverse of those of other girls," she says. "I believe that I was 'made' a homosexual in my first formative years by parental influence and not because homosexuality is an innate condition. Nevertheless, although not innate, I do not consider it 'curable'."

"I do not think that single-sex schools affected my sexuality—it was formed before that and I remember watching girls who had 'school-girl crushes,' which I never had, and thinking, 'that isn't the real thing.'"

"Homosexuality makes the growing-up process doubly difficult because of the lack of suitable models for self-identification. Social pressures tend towards marriage and heterosexual relations, 'when I grow up and get married...' For a long time I withdrew from the conflict by being a semi-invalid, a partly physical, partly psychological condition which might well have been permanent had it not been for university.

"I was disappointed when I came here to find such an apparently exclusive heterosexual society, to find prejudice against women who did not have 'normal' relationships with men. I had somehow expected that students would be more aware of the full range of sexuality. The fear of intolerance, which may have been a false fear, prevented me from telling people. Would they have accepted it as a valid alternative or would they have been shocked? I don't know.

"I have had no sexual experience, with either women or men. I did not want to go to a Gal Club, just to be 'picked up' without any emotional involvement, nor do I know how to contact other homosexuals. Not being a very active person in any sphere, sheer inertia and cowardice have prevented me from contacting any organisation, such as the Albany Trust. Most of the women I fall in love with have always seemed to be heterosexual, so I never made any advances.

"Homosexuality affects all my relationships. I used to be aggressive and resentful towards men, but am now learning to control this aggression, as I feel the need for social and intellectual intercourse with them, and am now realising that it is necessary to act conventional female roles, at least to a certain extent, unless one is to cut oneself off from 'normal' society altogether.

"The first person to whom I talked about my problems was a male lecturer in my department. It was a great relief to talk and I have found talking about it easier since; although I am still extremely repressed, inactive and afraid.

"I want to teach. I am very fond of children, sometimes I fear pathologically so, but I don't want to have a child myself, there seem to be enough other people willing to go through the breeding process!

My great fear is if I were to openly admit my homosexuality I would find prejudice affecting my career. I am also afraid of having an 'unhealthy' influence on little girls since I believe that every child should have the chance of growing up 'straight'.

"I don't know whether I shall ever have the courage to make the effort to have complete homosexual relationships, or whether I shall remain repressed and frustrated all my life..."

These three statements are personal and individual ones. All three are or were students. The purpose now is to consider social and medical views, and the problem is condensing the 30 or so major books on the subject to an article of a suitable length for this newspaper. The only solution is to present facts and opinions on general points, in the hope that anyone wanting to know more details should contact either of the writers.

The medical opinion

The medical opinion, which for ethical reasons must remain anonymous, came from a practising psychiatrist. This is not verbatim but the result of an interview. First, there is a distinction to be made, particularly relevant to this community.

Many people have problems with relationships of any sort. Heterosexual ones cause problems. It must be admitted therefore that the difficulty that these girls have may not be solely due to this homosexuality.

Homosexuality, as a psychological subject is, like most branches

of psychology, largely unexplored. In spite of Kinsey and others, more work needs to be done. It is realised however, that there are as many types of homosexuality as there are homosexuals and all categories are general.

Two of these categories are the difference between homosexual orientation and homosexual behaviour. The latter occurs when no member of the opposite sex is available, such as long periods at sea, and need not involve homosexual orientation. Another category is that of heterophobia—fear of (and have difficulty with) the opposite sex, which tends to homosexuality.

As far as treatment is concerned (treatment is not to be confused with "cure" restoring to "normal" heterosexual behaviour) the attitude of this doctor is against aversion therapy unless he is specifically asked to use it by the patients. Aversion therapy involves electric shock or chemical treatment to condition the patient, rather in the manner of Pavlov's dogs to respond only to heterosexual stimuli. This treatment is therefore suppressive and de-sensitising, although usually effective.

It should now have become obvious that my own view is that society must change to accommodate homosexuals and not vice versa. Aversion therapy is, however, the most effective way of helping homosexuals to overcome problems which could otherwise lead to a "nervous breakdown."

Other instances mentioned when this type of treatment is useful are those such as teachers and women who come into contact with children, where inadvertent expressions of their sexuality could be un-

desirable in the present society.

The main means of treatment is to relieve austerity and tension caused by just feelings, and assurance that homosexuality is not an abnormal condition. Overcoming problems caused by homosexuality, such as their guilt feelings, isolation and loneliness rather than the homosexuality itself, does seem a most reasonable approach. The psychiatrist also stated that this approach was more permanent in relieving abnormality than aversion therapy which is her first aid.

My conclusion is, therefore, that this psychological treatment is necessary at present, but that it is largely a social problem and not a material one. Few are unhappy because they are homosexuals, many because of the prejudice and bigotry they meet, as a social result of their homosexuality.

We have three girls, who regard their sexuality as normal and see no reason to be "cured." We also have medical viewpoints that a socially acceptable cure could not only be damaging to the individual, but also reinforcing society's attitude that it is a disease and must, therefore, be treated as such.

Obviously the viewpoints of the lesbians and doctors who have spoken will not be common views of all lesbians and psychiatrists, but they are nonetheless random views chosen for availability rather than the particular view they hold.

The social aspect

What, then, is the reason for the stigma and prejudice which all these people have referred to? Why

should one man or woman condemn another for a difference of sexual ideas? For although the law allows consenting adults to do what they wish in private, we still have intellectuals and moralists, such as Malcolm Muggeridge saying: "I just don't like homosexuals."

The hypocrisy of the Festival of Light participants is evident, for example, on one occasion they speak of homosexuality as a disease to be cured and on another expressing their dislike for the "diseased" as they consider them to be. They do not say they "dislike" someone who is a terminal cancer patient, or "dislike" someone suffering from schizophrenia. Their hypocrisy is, I believe, fairly typical of the prevailing social attitude of "It is all right so long as they keep away from me."

This false and empty liberal attitude is shown up by what it is when one learns of the people who cry for "tolerance" and "understanding" until they discover their daughter or sister is having a homosexual relationship. Where talk of understanding, which can be forgiven, give way to outright bigotry, which cannot.

If every man and woman reading this were to be honest, most would decide that they, too, are prejudiced. What is needed now is for those who are honest enough to admit their prejudice to try and overcome it, for I believe it is they who need guidance from the psychiatrist. This is more than a plea for empty understanding and tolerance, it is a request that each person should recognise his or her own prejudice where it exists, and where it does not make an effort

to help rather than sit in an ivory tower and exclaim how tolerant they are.

It may be said that one has the right to hold any opinion one wishes in a democracy, but only so long as this does not deny someone the right to do the same. But at present, though lesbianism is legally permitted, which is not the case in many countries, there is still prejudice and bigotry from too many people, so great that many lesbians are afraid of openly declaring themselves because of the effects this would have on their careers, their family and friends.

Lesbianism is forced to become a subversive activity, causing guilt feelings, shame and frustration not only among adolescents and students, when the trials of adjusting to adulthood and social pressures already cause anxiety, but also among many adults, causing anxiety when there would normally be none.

It would be foolish to say the revolution in sexuality must come some time and change the subject. The time is now. It is also true that there are other important social injustices and prejudices to overcome, and it is pointless for me to ask people to drop everything to help overcome them.

What I do ask is to become more aware of the problem, aware of the prejudice and aware of one's own attitude, not to talk empty of "those poor girls" and offer pity instead of liberation, for pity reinforces our own viewpoint rather than questions it.

BARBARA SLOMNICKA
BILL LLOYD.

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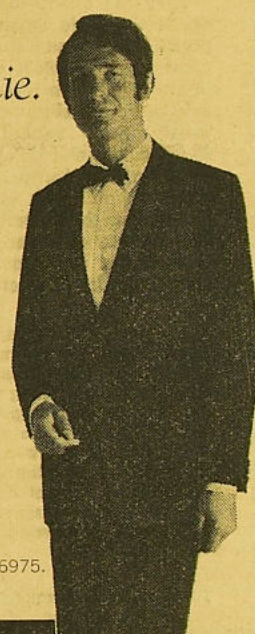
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or come to the Office (2nd floor

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BLACK COLUMBUS POETS

Anyone interested in submitting

poetry for this magazine, illus-

trating or helping to edit, is

welcome to a meeting at 4.30

p.m. today, Oct. 20th, in the

Coffee Bar, St. Francis Hall.



Out in the cold.

9.30 P.M.: A queue at a door—gothic revival, metal-studded woodwork—the bright light of the bell-push mimics warmth in front of an untidy huddle of men. They do not have the blankets and Thermos flasks of the Promenade, Wimbledon fan or sit-in demonstrator.

For them the door-bell symbolises a ray of hope, or is this vigil through desperation? Those with ability and experience have thick coats or jumpers insulating the day's store of warmth, but many are ill-clad, cold, just not able to keep warm—shoes as pitted as the streets haunting their lives—can these men feel the rain, or the sun, or is their misery set and impermeable?

So these are the tramps of Birmingham. Not much like the dear ruddy-faced old padman whose line of guff told with dignity and jovial melancholy earned him many a deener. The man humiliated by losing his job, others just out of prison, the insecure young man on leaving home, the neurotic,

psychopaths, and the broken compulsive gambler don't fit into this image either.

They can all, to the salvation of bureaucratic expediency, be given a common label: "of no fixed abode." Most are single, in effect if not in law, the latter may carry a Maintenance Order which they cannot honour. Being single and homeless need not bring destitution, but in a society which puts so much of its idealism into homely family life, a sense of failure can lead to isolation as a social misfit, uninitiated into citizenship.

10.30 p.m.: A few noisy cars race along Snowhill Ringway—queue, door and door-bell—the edifice of St. Chad's Cathedral rising above, the exterior structural support for the exalting interior. The door opens, more light; genuine warmth tickles numb skin—a low tunnel-vaulted passage, and the first dossier sniffs soup, but shows no sign yet of his relief from the pavement and inhospitable outside.

With a grunt, presumably kindly directed to the preheated welcoming party, he passes through. It seems an age before the next, having given name and nationality, having been located in the index and recorded, passes in with vigorous arm banging and a personal hearty greeting to some familiar faces in benches in front of stark wooden tables. Each mauls his slice of dry bread and sips his soup. "Hello, what is your opinion of this place?"

THE subject of this week's feature, vagrancy, is one in which Community Action is directly involved. Volunteers are needed to paint the crypt at St. Chads, as well as to help in the evenings and nights with the tramps themselves. Besides these activities, adventure playgrounds are being built and run, immigrant teaching is being undertaken and slums are being decorated and renovated.

Those interested in participating should go to the Community Action office on the second floor of the Union during the lunch hour, or to the meeting on Monday, October 25th at 1 p.m. in the Council Chamber.

—to one of the dossers. Here? Ah, here's a good sallie, I mean, er, crypt, it's all right here."

Beggars can't be choosy. In Birmingham a man with no money can visit the Government Reception Centre ("spike"), stay in St. Chad's crypt as long as he has not already spent two nights there that same kitchen. He too does not stop, lowers his moderate height under the door lintel on to the stair balcony overlooking the crypt—the aspirations of the age certainly did not go into the design of this part of the interior.

BREAD AND SOUP

Soup jugs and tea urns and eager helpers serve the men as they filter in selecting places on the long week, or sleep rough in a variety of available holes and bunkers offered by parks, derelict houses and other such amenities. Very few on the streets do beg, the normal day's load of insults is quite sufficient for these lazy, dirty layabouts.

Perhaps there is a psychological explanation for such abuse (defensive action resulting from horror and disgust of basically sympathetic people) but this is the hypocrisy of the person too busy in his superior world to want to know and add to his own worries.

Vagrants can be seen in Birmingham city centre cowering under subways, furtively seeking vouchers in wastebins or nonchalantly shuffling in the gutter after fag-ends.

What needs and what help then, besides bread and soup?

In a society with increasing population and greater personal mobility, with emphasis on static, competitive, automated professionalism, there is not only less deep contact between people but also less room for the freelance or vagrant and fewer safeguards for the weak. Conventions of personal courtesy change; many return rudeness with rudeness or offload obscenities on the defenceless as they continue on their way.

What hopes? An Alternative Society?—but what of people now, frightened, lonely people, unhappy, needy people?

Barnaby Martin, adorned with extensive fluffy buff beard which contrasts falsely with the light waves of his immaculately combed hair, is project leader for the St. Chad's Night Shelter. He is thoughtful, enthusiastic and alert to the dilemmas facing the Social Worker; infuriated by the implied

sort of alcoholic complaint—from the chronic alcoholic, often recognisable by a docility caused by mental and physical decay, to the blind drunk whose temporary disorder may be more difficult to deal with at the time.

Barnaby, committed to the Peace Movement, with anarchist sym-

11 p.m.: "Let me in, shoes and have settled down to their free sleep. Others lie immobile on their mattresses, the light flickering across their prospective forms as the fan intercepts the light and disturbs the stale, suffocated air. Air impregnated with the breath of diluted soup, alcoholics' sweated excrement and the lingering smoke of self-rolled baccy. A Hobson's choice between here and outside.

Crookedly spectacled, eyes failing eyes tried hard to

162. The Act* gives a right to benefit wherever resources are insufficient for requirements, but it also requires a claimant to maintain himself or herself and any dependants. An unemployed man or woman is entitled to benefit so long as he is necessarily unemployed, but is not entitled to draw a supplementary allowance in circumstances in which he could maintain himself by suitable employment.

163. The requirement to register for work at an Employment Exchange applies to persons of working age who are physically and mentally capable of work. The time for registration is the same as for someone claiming

invalidation of volunteers efforts behind Freudian imputations of middle-class guilt complexes and self-fulfilment.

The men seem to welcome the volunteers, especially the Lady Bountifuls, who must find their role galling rather than appealing. Perhaps it is pertinent to ask why the analysts have nothing useful to say about the 99 per cent who do not volunteer.

It is not in their willingness to help, however they benefit themselves, that dilemmas lie, rather in their responsibility to their protégés. Does a free bed mean more beer?

At least half of these socially inadequate men suffer from some

pathies, has come to accept a policy of firm but fair with force which restricts entry to the worst trouble-makers. Apart from this, entry is non-selective to the first thirty in the queue who satisfy the two-day-a-week rule. There can be little comfort in the polite consoling bowl of soup for those left outside after the long exposed wait, though some come out of sheer starvation for the soup alone.

It is a conscious policy not to improve the facilities which remain simple and plain. Many of the men are recognised, thus reducing the giggling practice of entering under different names to beat the rules. Then there is the pain of refusal to someone in genuine need.

a pair of wilting unhappy twice the height from the Lucky to have a job, but when he spend the night, poor final

12 midnight: A few dossers up talking to the tiring volun- whose eyes meekly react to a response-seeking glare of blood-shot eyes.

The gibberish heard is a pressing the muddle and which is himself. It is doctor, yes, and gynecology, their sensitivities, in fact it is often inability to express

Several with jobs to attend morning have removed jacked

Vagrant.

by Tony P. Pinson

DOSSERS' CHARTER

- 1 Even when we're in the crypt, we're still human. Treat us as humans.
- 2 We are all homeless, but our personal needs are different. Accept us as individuals.
- 3 We often sleep in public. We want to use parks and railway stations without being moved on by the police. Allow our privacy.
- 4 We are part of society. Remember us in local and national planning. Understand our needs.
- 5 Some of us doss from need, others from choice. Some stay in one place while others travel. Accept our way of life.
- 6 Many of us are mentally ill. Help us when we're ill.

A silver-haired Irishman says that the Irish have a reputation for roughness. It's a lie, they are gentle folk. A head of a laddie, about twenty, cracks against a wall, a knee follows into him. Leave the two hotheads alone advises the Irishman, they are both newly down from Glasgow—all he hoped was that the hated Scotsman did not pick on him because he only had his shoes on, you cannot kick a man's head without boots.

The four-week rule has forced movement on previously static drop-outs making them less accessible to social help. Many men are not eligible for Unemployment Benefit as they lack cards, have an abodeless status and are often unfit, or unwilling, to work.

A NEW "SPIKE"

In 1968 a new "spike" with rehabilitation facilities was opened at Lye, Stourbridge to replace those at Birmingham, Wolverhampton and Worcester, which is now serves, but in a way totally locationally unsuited to the way of the tramps in these centres.

At the Christian Action Enquiry Centre, run solely by Les Thomas, men can go for soup, a chat and a clean up or perhaps to draw from the clothing store. For a few stated hours on weekdays they muck in together, make tea, clean up. Les's manner and deportment could fit a company director, but his office and his actions are dedicated to helping down-and-outs.

He firmly denies the possibility of success as a Social Worker, too many use their own value system to chalk up successes—any credit must go to the man concerned.

CHARTER

The socially inadequate are often casualties in the employment system. Men put on the unpopular six to two shift fail to find the friends to wake them at five and lodging houses such as the Highgate Hotel (for men only) do not provide personal services. The shrewd system of "lump labour", often sinisterly sanctioned by disobedient unions, lacks the security which these men need.

Of the men who cannot hold down a steady job, and when unemployment is at a lower level than at present, the most successful are those who have some limited goal such as saving up for a massive boozing orgy. They work with purpose and application until the strain begins to tell, then they start again. For many the cycle of their lives is far shorter, broken only by prison or psychiatric hospital.

UNEMPLOYED OR UNEMPLOYABLE

The Supplementary Benefits Handbook (quoted here) sets the concept of benefit as a right, stating that this reflects a change as much in social attitude as in purely legal entitlement.

The fact remains that the enactment depends very much on the discretion of local officials who have limited training and often fail to recognise the personal inadequacies behind the rags and outpouring manner of the tragic claimants whose employment potential is generally low.

On the "Birmingham Soup Run" volunteers and beneficiaries shelter together. A strangely smart, neatly bearded man in heavy blue trench coat recounts his ambition to be a doctor. "You've got 'have money, see, to be a doctor, £100 I should think, doctor, you know. If I had, well, £200 I could study, what is it, 'know.' 'Medicine?' 'Yes, animals and that, aye good job, is good, doctor, yes, and gynecology, good giving life.' 'What about caring for the animals you like or the sick?' 'No, no, not that, just helping women to get children, good job, 'tis, 'tis good, good.'"

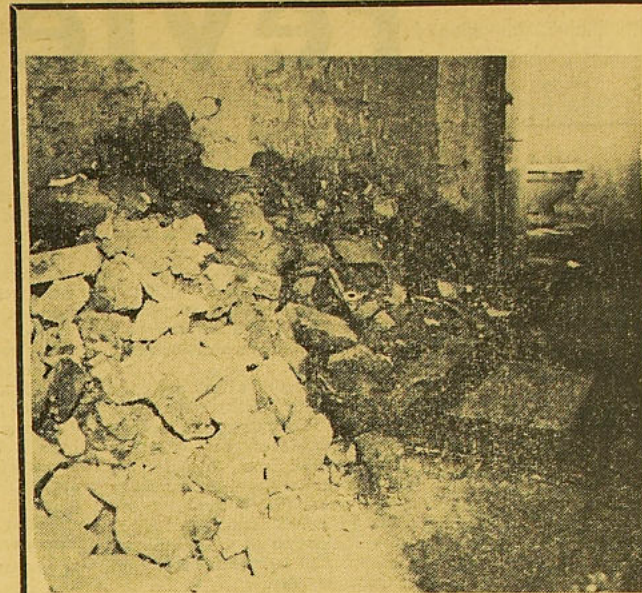
Wages or benefit before the week-end, living it up in pubs still with money or social benefit vouchers to aid sleeping it off in a bed, perhaps a couple of days in the Crypt, or if they must, the spike when skint. And then it is every man to his chosen squalid hovel until the next money comes—or something else, perhaps.

CASUALTIES

For the drug addict who sells his vouchers, the neuritic constantly damping down his bed, the psychopath, the schizophrenic, there exist even harsher sanctions on their lives.

Implementation of the Dossier's Charter by the public would do much to repair the dignity of many miserable, retreatist, non-conformists. Some do choose this way of life, but surely few can see an Alternative Society in the community spirit of the meths drinker, even when seeing a disastrous monoculture growing from the rest of society.

There is a startling need for fuller facilities in Birmingham to cater for single homeless people. It is to be hoped that full co-operation of Government funds and officials and voluntary care will work continually to understand and to satisfy the deep needs of the unfortunate and other casualties of society.



A "home" for the homeless.

proached. Many of these are as good as dead, but for their rebellious bodies.

Is it possible to provide a non-compulsive containing hostel? To give some security of tenure, minimise the institutionalisation of personal freedom common in spikes and some lodging houses, but also

must be balanced by decisive, though flexible, directives.

Respect, based on compassion—love—that is what such deprived, suffering people need, but to provide it, an environment must be created, that is acceptable to those most distrustful and resentful of any social contact.

The standard control procedure

169. The standard procedure consists of four controls. The first two apply to persons under the age of 45 who are free from any serious physical disability and who have shown no signs of mental disorder or instability.

170. The first relates to fit men who are single, unskilled and under age 45. Where it has been agreed with the Department of Employment that within the area in which people from the locality are commonly employed work is available of an unskilled nature, e.g. as a labourer, kitchen porter or garage attendant, every new or repeat claim by such a man comes within the control. Instead of being given an allowance of unlimited duration, he is at the outset given one for four weeks only, and is told that he should be able to find work within four weeks, and will be expected to do so, and that the Commission might refuse further benefit after that period. At this early stage of a claim, labouring work or portering is not of course regarded as suitable for a man such as a trained craftsman who has a special skill.

More sociological information is required by everyone but this must be received on trust, not sought by ignorant prying. More hidden organisation is required to co-ordinate knowledge about individuals so that they can be sympathetically directed. Ultimately, contact should be possible with those in direct need who have not yet been ap-

doing more to increase the modern tramp's confidence in himself than the limited resources of the emergency accommodation of St. Chad's Crypt.

Maybe no-one has a right to interfere with a self-imposed exile from society, but having accepted responsibility, permissive tolerance

However, at present, in between the ages of Dickens and Orwell, our society, in significant places, has failed to veer from a pattern of depressing degradation and suppressive segregation.

The attitude and actions towards the tramp in Birmingham still foster such a situation.



Dossier in crypt

(Acknowledgements "Birmingham Post and Mail")

cinema

MANY of the new Westerns are primarily intended to debunk the legends created by the old classics, and also to show that the white Americans, not the Indians, were the aggressors. If you like this sort of film, you will certainly like "Little Big Man" (A.B.C. New Street).

It isn't just a moralising story; it is very funny. The story is all in flashback, as it is being related from a New York geriatric hospital by Jack Crabb (Dustin Hoffman), the last and only white survivor of the Battle of Little Big Horn; "a hundred and ten years ago, when I was 10, my parents were killed by Indians, and I was taken away and brought up by them as their own..."

Jack spends his life alternately as an Indian and as a white, yet never being quite at home with either, although he is obviously happier among the Indians. In fact, their kind of life is almost Utopian, only spoilt by the cruelty of the U.S. forces.

Jack takes an Indian wife, who insists that he should not neglect her sisters... but one day General Custer's cavalry attack the village and brutally kill everybody. So far it could be another "Soldier Blue," but this film is far more varied, and it is satirical rather than emotional. There is also plenty of irony; later Jack volunteers to join General Custer's cavalry, in order to kill him, but he doesn't need to: the General is convinced that if he destroys a Sioux war party he will have saved America and will infallibly be elected President.

His cavalry charge into an ambush, but the dismounted Custer makes his speech to the Senate until he is rudely interrupted by an arrow. Jack is knocked cold and dragged away by an Indian "friend" (who also happens to be his mortal enemy, but he can't kill him until he has saved his life once).

As a bonus to the excellent direction, there is some very beautiful photography by Arthur Penn (who also directed "Bonnie and Clyde"). One moment that I particularly remember was the view of Custer's cavalry advancing across the snow in the dawn to attack the village.

It is a film well worth seeing.

DAVE PARRY
"VALERY AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS" is a new Czech film which appeared at the last London Film Festival. To critics in this country the most important films from Czechoslovakia have always been the work of the "humanist" directors such as Milos (Tarkov) Forman, Jiri Menzel and Ivan Passer.

These films have partly been seen as representing a subtle form of protest against the "tyrannical" rule of

reviews

the East European countries by the Soviet Union (in many cases with Germans substituted for the Russians) and critics have gone to great lengths to discover political undertones in the most unlikely situations.

Since the Russian invasion we are led to believe that the Czech film has died and this simple absurdity led most critics to denounce "Valery and Her Week of Wonders" (made in 1970).

In fact Valery is a very good test case for British critics for as with many other East European films of the past couple of years (such as "Deserter and the Nomads") it shows their weakness to appreciate a film where "realisation" is conceived in purely visual terms. It bears no relation to the traditional narrative film but relies heavily on symbolic imagery.

There is no plot as such but a continuous flow of very colourful images; horrifying, erotic, weird and always very beautiful. Basically the film is about the loss of innocence as the girl, Valérie, emerges into womanhood. We enter her private dream world of vampires, uninhibited eroticism and tenderness leading to an awakening sense of beauty.

Apart from its fantastic succession of images Valery also has an outstanding musical score, which in my mind make it one of the most enjoyable films to reach Birmingham for some time.

If you are still not into East European films, then perhaps the gramme "Andy Warhol and His Clan" (director is West German, Bert Koster) will tempt you to go along.

A collection of homoerotics, lesbians, nymphomaniacs, super stars and sadists, it depicts Warhol and his work in a most revealing light and not a very pleasant one at all.

P. WALSH

music

FROM beginning to end, one word sums up King Crimson's performance at the Town Hall last Wednesday—professional. The Moog synthesiser, operated by Pete Sinfield in the Lower Gallery, crashed out oceanic waves on an empty stage to open the act. King Crimson entered to loud applause and straight into the first number.

The first few numbers failed to get the audience really warmed up since the band seemed to be playing as if no-one else was present; almost as if they were literally playing for themselves. It took an amazing drum solo (played through the Moog?) played by Ian Wallace, to finally break the ice. This culminated in him falling back from his seat while stripping off his shirt and, on returning, bouncing his drum sticks off a drum into the audience.

From then on, Crimson had every-one in their hands, especially when

they followed up with "21st Century Schizoid Man."

This was a different King Crimson from the days of "Court of the Crimson King." Their soft numbers seemed softer, their heavier numbers heavier. Boz does all the singing except for a piece of harmony which can only be described as superb, on a new number called "Ladies Of The Road."

The concert "ended" as it started: to the sound of the Moog synthesiser. But the audience wanted more and got it.

Crimson are now well on the way to re-establishing themselves after a long lapse. They are slowly introducing new numbers into their act although, to some extent, they rely on older numbers to create the atmosphere for the new ones.

A SOMEWHAT late review of two albums that may have had potential but so far have failed to do particularly well: "Angel Delight," by Fairport Convention, and Juicy Lucy's "Get A Whiff A This."

Of the two, "Angel Delight" seemed to have everything going for it. Fairport even managed to get a slot on "Top Of The Pops." Perhaps it was this that put people off buying the album, since it was decided to play the worst track of the lot, the title track, which is far from representative of what Fairport are capable of producing.

The line-up has undergone yet another change but this seems to make little difference to the distinctive sound—a steady drumbeat with fiddle, bass and gentle lead guitar overlaid. All the instruments are prominent, but none is overbearing. Everything blends nicely.

One final point worthy of note about this album—the cover, a non-glossy with the outside pictures being stuck on instead of printed, to give an unusual effect amongst many of the drab covers we're getting these days.

On the subject of covers, Juicy Lucy have used a similar material for "Get A Whiff A This" but the effect in this case is not exactly pleasant. The band has hovered around the fringe of the British rock scene for a couple of years now, without much sign of a breakthrough. The two best numbers on the album, "Harvest" and "Big Lil" show that Juicy Lucy have got what it takes, but two tracks don't make a good album.

ALEXIS.
TERRY REID, well-respected in musical circles, is doing a short tour of Britain before he returns to the States, where he now lives. He plays in the Union this Friday. Because he plays live concerts so rarely, it is difficult to assess his performances, but at a recent concert in the Queen Elizabeth Hall he received incredibly good reviews.

He started work with Peter Jay and the Jaywalkers, but split from them while in the States. He then formed a band with Peter Solley and Keith Webb (now with Paladins) and toured the States with the Cream, on their farewell tour.

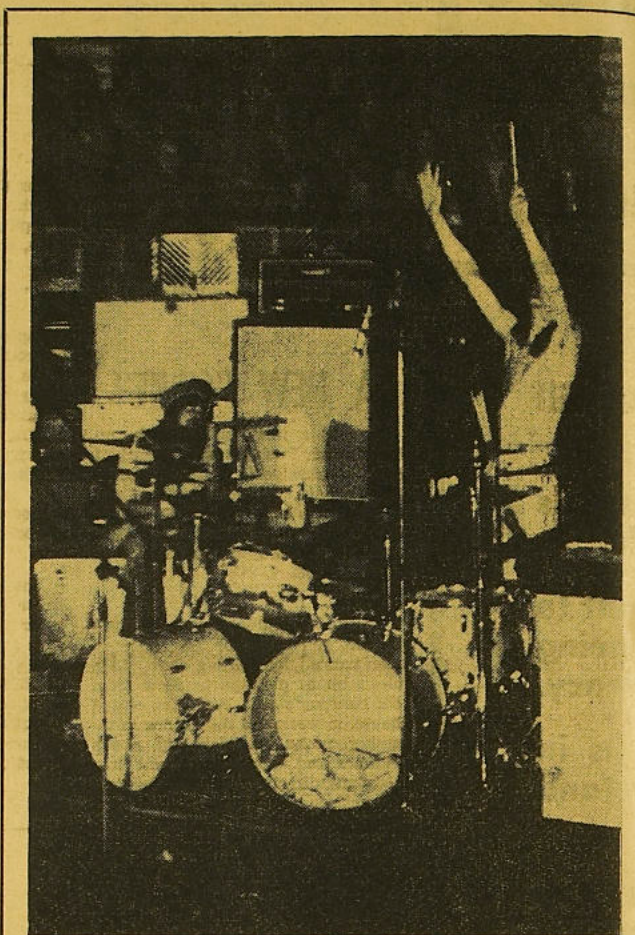
Sunshine are a five-piece band from London who feature two girl singers from the east of "Hair." Their stage show should be quite exciting both musically and visually. All in all Friday promises to be a very good evening.

PAUL TAYLOR.

MONDAY night saw "Yes" at the Town Hall—an occasion marked by the appearance of ex-Strawbs man Rick Wakeman making his stage debut with the band. Surrounded by moog, organ, piano, electric piano and mellotron, he remained superbly in control—quite at home with former Tony Kaye parts from "The Yes Album" such as in "Yours is no Disgrace" and "Perpetual Change."

The line-up was completed by the distinctive voice of Jon Anderson (slightly drowned in places). Chris Squire on bass, drummer Bill Bruford, and the dexterous Steve Howe on acoustic and electric guitar.

We were given a preview of the forthcoming "Fragile" album that would seem well worth a listen.



Ian Wallace's (of King Crimson) ice-breaking solo at the Town Hall last Wednesday.

"Yes" were a total experience, given a standing ovation reminiscent of the old "Nice" concerts. Supporting "Yes," Jonathan Swift gave a pleasant, if strangely vulnerable performance, at which his mother clapped well... so well in fact that he gave an encore.

TERRY NEVILLE.

books

A GROUP in South Africa form a revolutionary cell, intent on the destruction of government property, but with the important proviso that no one is to be hurt—gentle revolution. This is the basis of C. J. Driver's "Elegy For A Revolutionary" (Penguin, 30p).

The book begins with a brilliant first chapter; the group attempting their separate escapes from the police, who have uncovered their plot.

The principle that no one should be hurt during the sabotage is shattered with the death of an African policeman during an attempt to blow up a dam. The group scatter in an attempt to escape the police, but several are captured.

The rest of the book deals with the relationship between Jeremy, the central character who breaks down under interrogation, and the other members of the group. It is here that Driver's style picks up again to produce a nicely rounded-off novel.

GRAHAM MOORE.

I THOUGHT that seeing Paul Newman's "The Hustler" would help me in understanding the first half of "Hustlers, Beats and Others," by Ned Polsky (Pelican, 30p). That it did not is probably more a fault of the film than the book. Although the research techniques and conclusions that Polsky draws are interesting in themselves, it's difficult to criticise them since poolroom hustlers are not part of my everyday experience.

However, this passage on beats, in New York, 1960, would seem to be more relevant to the present day than in America and over here.

Polsky, believing that field work is the only way that social science can actually be a science, talked to beats at a time when "hippies" were just emerging.

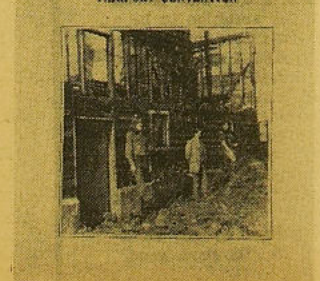
On occasions even his research seems a bit thin so that some of his conclusions would seem to require further work to substantiate them. On his own admission, his analysis of drug-taking among beats falls into this category, yet it still contains an enlightening chart depicting the spread of marijuana use in America; from Mexico, via Negro jazz musicians and beats and the white college students.

These two sections, together with one on the Sociology of Pornography, make "Hustlers, Beats and Others" a particularly relevant book to the social scientist who claims to be able to draw conclusions, without field work, on subjects involving "law breakers."

PAUL TAYLOR.



FAIRPORT CONVENTION



Debate

Northerners have it

ON Wednesday, October 13th, Mr. John Ringguth picked up his whistle to referee a confrontation between self-elected representatives of the North and South of England.

Mr. Andrew Oppenheimer of the Cambridge Union leapt into the ring complaining bitterly of the extortionate fee levied from members by the Cambridge Union Debating Society. After making an oblique reference to Robin "Pantomime" Day's cock, he leaped into an episode of schizophrenia and re-enacted Lord Devlin's judgement in some obscure Scottish wrangle.

Intervening gently, Miss Jane Howden (Chemistry II), replied to the proposer by talking of exposure. This promise, however, came to nothing. Exhorting the House to call a spade a spade, and the pole star the North Star, Miss Howden revealed her passion for men in kilts. None, to her disappointment, were forthcoming.

No-one had bothered to tell Mr. Peter Wein, the second Cambridge speaker, that the Battle of the Boyne was over and it was some time before he could be persuaded

to tolerate the presence of any papists in the House. He then treated the House to an ode to the love-making prowess of the Irish. By way of illustration he related to the House how, having recently decided to end his bachelor days, he had advertised in a lonely hearts column for a potential wife who owned a tractor. He was now waiting for a photograph... of the tractor.

Mr. Mark Livesey rose in a state of distinct *deshabillité* and seemed intent on making amends for Miss Howden's broken promise. However, he got side-tracked into talking about the motion and reminded the House of the sole function of the South of England, namely to keep the North from sliding down across the Channel and into the Common Market. In Mr. Livesey's view the case made by the proposition had fallen as flat as a Southern-made Yorkshire Pudding.

After a number of contributions made from a very packed House, the Chairman called for a vote. The motion was defeated by 161 votes to 26, there being 98 abstentions.

BOB VELLA.

Politics

Practical Liberalism

THE Liberal Society has not been very active for the last couple of years, so with the aim of bringing it back to life it has been re-constituted. Over the next few weeks there will be a lot of discussion within Libsoc about the purpose and objectives of the society, and to try to define Liberalism to provide a common basis for the society.

The feeling detected so far is to reject mere spinair philosophising as a rather futile exercise. Politics is about practical issues concerning people and this is the only worthwhile approach to it. The intention will be to take an active part in both campus politics and local politics off the campus. It is likely that the society will take part in the politics of the city at grass-roots level, which could include canvassing for local candidates, organising pressure groups including civil rights groups, and attempting to stimulate people to take a more active part in the way their city is run. (Note the current Young Liberal campaign "Pedestrian Power" to focus attention on the way cities are being rebuilt to accommodate cars rather than people.) Too often a city lacks effective control over its own affairs because ordinary people are unaware of what they can do for themselves with a little organisation.

However vigorously this will be pursued, the society is essentially a society of students, and it will keep a sharp eye on issues important to students, such as lodgings. In addition, the society will be holding regular meetings where there will usually be an outside speaker to introduce a topic for discussion by the meeting in general.

All students are invited to attend meetings, notice of which will be posted on the society notice board. The immediate topic of discussion will be to define the aims and objectives of the society. Those who attend meetings are not obliged to commit themselves. We are, however, looking for more committed members; the more we have, the more we can achieve.

As a guide to the substantial number of people who do not really know what Liberalism is, the most basic tenet of the philosophy, which is more an attitude than a collection of doctrines and policies, is that it is deeply concerned for the rights and freedom of the individual, and the need to build an egalitarian society free from the prejudice in which people can control their own destinies.

A Liberal believes that a person should have as much control over his environment as possible, and he can often do this more effectively than the most able and well-meaning bureaucrats in another part of the country and with conflicting responsibilities. Liberals reject the

need for ever-increasing social controls and more complexity, recognising that this can be far more damaging than the material benefits, if any, can make up for.

In the same way, Liberals reject the socialism of the Labour Party as being largely irrelevant to the problems of life in Britain, and they reject Conservatism as being too brutal a system.

While there are Liberals of all shades, the main stream of Liberal thought is far more radical than any socialist party. Note that for John Pardo the move from Labour to Liberal parties was a move to the Left. At the same time, Liberals try to avoid too dogmatic an approach. Although the society is closest to the Liberal Party, it is not bound to follow the Party's policies; it is rather a free society where everyone can air views on any issue, provided discussion can be translated into action on at least some issues.

The society will support any group on or off the campus on any issue where we have common aims and ideals. In the same way, all supporters are welcome.

ROBERT RENOLD.

Guild Council

Pompous charade

IT is noteworthy and oddly embarrassing that whenever Guild Council does confront an issue on which it can pontificate and parade and actually produce an opinion which would be worthwhile to hear and important enough to propound, there is always someone in the wings who is ready to snatch the issue away, as one takes a dangerous toy from a baby, in the hope that Guild Council will not attract attention by risking it will hurt itself.

Or, of course, better than snatching the issue away, just present a decision to Guild Council and wait for it to quack its acceptance to the Chair. It was just such an event that provided the most interesting and worthwhile few minutes of last Tuesday's Guild Council meeting. We will return to it later.

The meeting began formally (and tediously) enough. Each Executive member communicated matters of interest (1) to the Chair (or rather most of them announced that they had nothing to communicate, I suggested that the Chair could, in future, read out a list of those Executive members having nothing to communicate and stop this pompous charade. I would be hung, so I wait). We did hear one interesting thing at least—that £189 had been paid into the emergency grant fund. There followed no debate on how contributions could be improved.

A question was asked early on, concerning exactly who does the periodic damage to the Main Bar, (haven't they heard of nasty Elec Eng?), and when done, who pays for it. We learned eventually that whoever does it, the Guild as a whole (surprise, surprise) pays for it.

Mr. Peter Hitchener, always a twinkle of enlightenment at these usually dingy proceedings, enquired as to the exact meaning of the Presidential / Vice - Presidential menace at the back of the Guild Handbook. Having listened to a spirited rendering of the offending passage which greatly entertained the House, Mr. Paul Dodgson replied that the wording was "unfortunate."

We next learned that the Guild cards are bulkier this year because there is a formalised area card, which all colleges in Birmingham use (and is also bigger to accommodate the advert for Endleigh Insurance which is the smallest

pre-paid reply card the Post Office will accept).

Elections came (there always seems to be elections) with the result that Press Council gained Mike Gordon; Debsock Committee gained Naomi Freedman and Alan White; Open Lectures Committee gained John Justin, and about this time Guild Council gained one James Tyzack (Education Chairman) who for some inexplicable reason arrived late.

A new editor of "Mermaid" emerged, whose statement of policy was followed by Mr. Kingsley Manning asking if his policy speech was in any way indicative of the future editions of the magazine (and so say all of us!).

And so we came to the Guild Commission on Reform (part of our noble President's election manifesto you may recall). After much bantering Guild Council surprised itself by being clever enough to change the proposed seven student members to eight student members, so that a member not living in a Hall of Residence could also be returned.

We come full circle to return to the toy snatched from or rather issue plucked before the Council—the Guild's decision on what current affairs motions are to be placed before the N.U.S. conference.

Mr. Hitchener, again showing a brilliance at which many councillors could not look directly, demanded to know why the motions to be put to the conference were so different to those proposed by the Guild. Further, even if they were different, why was Guild Council not allowed the opportunity to debate them. Evasions were given in return, and in answer to Mr. Hitchener's continued questioning all Miss Naylor could provide was a rather well-developed set of tantrums. These were displayed to great effect during the small debate on how a few weeks ago a vote was taken to abolish external affairs and suddenly it was announced that external affairs was continuing. The matter was simply brushed aside by Miss Naylor's insistent statements (rather indistinctly heard) that there was an irregularity in the vote.

Apart from these two issues not a vintage Guild Council or, looked at from the rest of the sporting agenda, a very typical vintage indeed.

ANTHONY LEE

SIR.—Feeling like an intruder at Mecca, I entered the large, drab room. Just inside the door stood the bar, a great area of which was blocked from view by a jostling crowd shouting for drinks.

The remainder of the room displayed a squalid sight. All around sat pale, listless youths huddled over drinks. In the right-hand corner of the room an enormous crowd of them had gathered, pint pots in hand, and were thundering forth filthy, obscene songs.

It was the first week of term and I was in the Union bar, at the invitation of a student friend, Tony, who had joined those trying to buy drinks.

"Quiet tonight," he shouted, when he eventually brought two pints of mother's panacea. "It's early yet though," he added, brightening up at the thought of a violent free-for-all.

Tony then put me in the picture. Given to euphemism, the students were having what they called a "thing" can happen. Tonight's Smoker was a special one however, for a lot of Freshers were present to gain their first experience of serious drinking.

"You wouldn't believe they'll be running the country one day," enthused Tony, during a lull in the harmonious singing of some lovely rugby arias. I would, nodded I. "After all they represent the nation's top five per cent."

We returned to civilisation and to the Bournbrook.

Yours faithfully,
T. HALLISSY (Lake Hall Porter)

The Gavin Tweedsmuir Column

HOW pleasant it is to see Mr. Leslie Beaumont Chairman of External Affairs Committee! Especially as I seem to remember him voting for abolition of this committee when the preposterous Guild Council gave vent to their thoughts (indeed!) on the subject recently.

Needless to say, the route by which he aspired to this position is *un peu bizarre* to say the least. Binkie Beaumont, of course, originally wanted Welfare but gave it up at the chance of getting External Affairs (this move thought not to be unconnected with the fact that the latter post is a trifle easier on one's time, i.e., a cushy number).

Binkie's decision to stand did not please one Anne Naylor (48, 22, 10), who would have liked the job to go to someone called Tony McNamara who is connected in no small way with a Communist movement. In the event Binkie got in and now sits proudly on Guild Executive from which position he tends to be very rude to most speakers at Guild Council. I know Binkie won't mind me mentioning the previous little episode, and anyway he's too power-mad and stupid to remember how the hell he got there at all.

The decision of the bores, hacks, earaches and cabbages of Guild Council to set up a Guild Committee is a most entertaining idea, even if in the event, the Guild looking at the Guild will be rather like a dump adolescent playing with himself in public.

A shame, of course, that post-graduates count as students and therefore cannot chair the commission (Playford out of a job), but may I make a little suggestion? Casting aside such worthy contenders for the job as Councillor Nora Hinks or the ever lonely Mr. Des O'Chronio, how about that much-admired academic Mr. Richard Atkinson, whose tearful odyssey has for so long made us cry into our rice krispies?

Nice to see caddy Mr. Eric Galvin as Union Services Chairman, despite the fact that Grannie Anne N. didn't want him there in the first place. Anne's choice would have been handsome, sincere John MacFie, currently the Guild Treasurer (oops!) Treasurer.

Not to worry, though. At least one Guild councillor informs me that the agile MacFie's relations with the Union staff were, not to put too fine a point on it, pretty tenuous.

I turn now to my old pal Rodney Playford, ex-President of the Guild, Governor of the University, big twerp, etc. He does not come near the Union much nowadays, for the sorrowful reason that Anne does not want him interfering in "things". (As if he would—well, he would, but that's beside the point).

No, the real reason for Anne's reluctance is Rodney's wonderful 35-26-36 figure, something that always drew appreciative stares from the audience of any public meeting which happened to see it. Now all they have is Anne's diminutive torso to look at as they doze off during Guild Council assemblies. Not only that, but he carries an evening dress better than she does as well.

In reference to the aforementioned Mr. Binkie Beaumont, I hear an absurd rumour that Binkie could be our next President. If someone is saying this as a joke, they must have a very sick sense of humour.

GAVIN TWEEDSMUIR

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sport 1

ACROSSE

DOUBLE SUCCESS FOR WEST MIDLANDS

EST MIDLANDS UNIVERSITIES 29, HEATON MERSEY 'B' 2

IN the first match of the season we recorded a crushing victory by 29 goals to two. This is a new record, formerly having been 14 goals to one. The transfusion of new talent in the side was manifest in Rob Bennett's eight goals, Dave Higgs' five goals, Dave Stott's three goals and Dennis Wong's firm display in defence.

The "old hands" were also amongst the goals, Wilde getting 4, Tither 3, Haynes 3, Ashcroft 2 and last year's top scorer, Campbell, 1. Altogether the prospects look very good for the club having its best season ever!

Team: Warrington; Sharpe, Goodall, Wong; Haynes, Stott; Ashcroft; Higgs, Campbell; Wilde, Tither, Bennett.

STRONG SIDE TOPPLED

West Midlands Universities 10, Ashton "B" 4

West Midlands showed their strength in depth by comfortably beating one of the strongest teams in the division.

The game followed the usual pattern with each man attempting to find the other team's weaknesses. Eventually we found that Ashton's defence was prone to quick "breaks" and the scoring was opened in a

spectacular fashion by Steve Tither.

This quarter (20 minutes playing time) ended with the score at 3-1. The style of play was continued which gave us a lead of 8-2 at the second interval with Robin Bennett getting five of them.

During the second half we consolidated our lead to ensure victory: a very fortunate result with our weakened team.

Our defence played really well with Neil Bolland and Dennis Wong being outstanding. It was noticed that we played like a team in this area of the field, getting the ball

off their attack and clearing it with great efficiency. Jim Wilde, Phil Hopton and John Warrington all played well.

Team: Warrington; Bolland, Wong, Haynes; Stott, Ashcroft (1); Hopton; Campbell, Bullough; Bennett (6), Tither (1), Wilde (2).

Next Saturday we are playing Old Hulmsians at West Hills. The face is 3 p.m. Any spectators or prospective players are very welcome to come along and watch.

P.S.: R.G.T.—You can come home now and play in the straight.

ATHLETICS

FIND A FRESHER!

BY far the most exciting aspect of the freshers' trials was the competition to find a fresher to give

a trial to. This was won outright by this year's captain, Ernie Wise, with the magnificent number of one fresher.

So as not to give you a false impression, I will refrain from commenting on this year's intake until they compete seriously in the match against Oxford, here on the track on October 20th.

There is a rumour that our captain has disguised himself and that self-styled sprinter and last year's Jason King of Lake Hall, Fate Crone. But by just studying his short, fat, hairy legs should convince all doubters.

TODAY on the Athletics track, definitely the only winter appearance of the Athletics Club versus Oxford University, 2.30 start.

What are all Exec. up to?

IT appears that not only are A.U. Executive doing very little (see last week's "Redbrick") but they are also determined to ensure that no-one knows about what they are doing.

Furthermore they seem determined to ensure that, in the event of any wrangles, they will always get their own way. They are doing this by the simple tactic of failing to inform people of their meetings. Not only did ultra-efficient secretary, Kingsley Manning, neglect to tell "Redbrick" of last week's meeting but he also failed to inform the A.U. Guild Council reps. Now it is well known that one of the A.U. Guild reps, holds views differing from those of Mr. K. Manning and cronies.

It is usual procedure when Committee meetings are being held to inform all the Committee members, and not just the ones the secretary would like to see present. Presumably Mr. Manning has very good reasons for not circulating all the Committee. Perhaps these reasons are linked with the fact that he has also failed to inform the Guild President, Vice-President and Treasurer when future General Committee meetings are to be held. Possibly this has been done in the hope that they will arrange other commitments on those days, thus removing any opposition in A.U.G.C. should there be any future wrangles with the Guild.

The fact that "Redbrick" doesn't know about these meetings is possibly just as important. "Redbrick" Sports is almost the only publicity outlet for A.U. and is thus the only means whereby the mass of people on the campus can learn about what is going on at A.U.

By depriving them of this knowledge the trend whereby A.U. is becoming a self-centred organisation for a tiny group is being perpetuated.

GOLF

RAIN WINS THE DAY

FOR the golf match against the Staff, Harborne took on a very uncharacteristic swamp look. A rubber dinghy was more useful than a caddie when rain lashed across the course. Twenty brave souls marched off into the monsoon. Clubs became so wet that the call was not for lost balls, but "Where did my club go?"

And when the ninth green went down for the third time the more sensible souls gave up. At this point all matches, give or take a water hazard or two, were level.

Bill Harrison eventually appeared in the now fashionable university wet-look team-strip; and with John Duncan, agreed that the match should be decided later in the year this time in snow-shoes.

At Ladbrook Park Golf Club the meal was, once again, very good and the beer flowed free. Oh, and the match? Well, we lost 5-0. But not without a fine struggle by Tim O'Byrne and Bob Ashton, who eventually went down on the last green.

Bill Harrison and Richard Lister found the trees a little too often and the green not often enough and lost two and one.

Nevertheless the two new team members, Richard Spencer and Karim Klat, had promising rounds, and look good for future victories. And this week's scores: 2-0 to the weather.

SOCCER

Close battle on Bournbrook

Barbarians 1, Academicals 1.

THE Barbarians and the Academicals fought out a grim and hard-earned draw in their "derby" match on Bournbrook last Wednesday afternoon. The match was played from start to finish in driving rain.

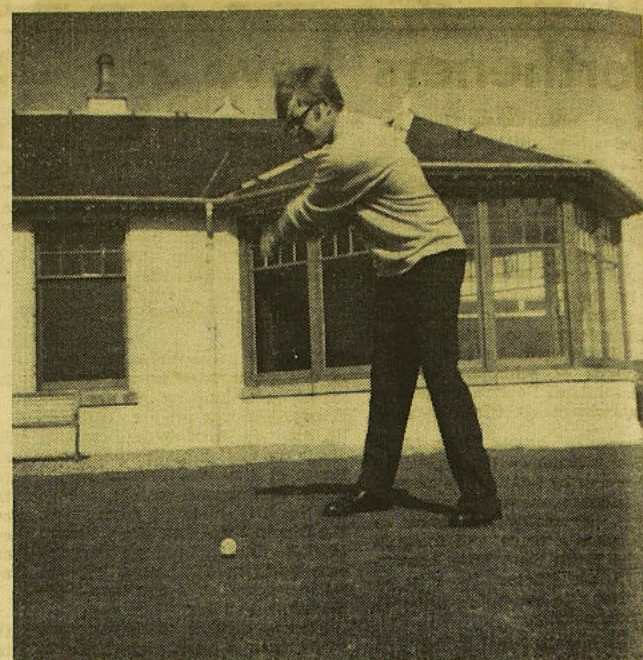
Barbarians, their midfield moving more smoothly than that of the Academicals, had slightly the better of the first half. The Academicals' back line in which Bewley and Holder were outstanding, did well to prevent a score. Holder's performance was all the more creditable since he is suffering at present from cartilage trouble.

In the second half, the Academicals began to get on top, ably prompted in midfield by Pete Smith. Barbarians' centre-forward, John Gerrard, had to come off 20 minutes from the end.

Shortly after this Mark Brown scored for Academicals with a simple header from a high cross. At this stage, the outcome looked decided, but, to their credit, the Barbs fought back and after a period of persistent pressure, Barry O'Neill netted from close in.

On this showing the future looks bright for both teams.

Bob Ashton in dryer conditions.



sport 2

Gilmour's secret stints pay dividends

by Randy Southam

A DEPLETED cross-country team travelled to Parliament Hills on Saturday to contest the opening match of the new season. As defending champions the first problem was whether to take the trophy back. To some it seemed a little pointless to hump that large shield all the way to London just to bring it back again. However, modesty prevailed. Without doubt the most difficult problem to face the team all afternoon were the vagaries of one Mansley Kinning and the bus-driver. In comparison, the running opposition was poor. We were fortunate to have those great travelling companions, the Sailing Club, on our coach as far as Oxford.

FORCE FOUR FAILS TO FOOL

IN their second match of the season, the University sailing team defeated Oxford convincingly by a margin of six points (18 to 24 points). The match was sailed at Oxford in a force 4 wind. Birmingham's team co-ordinated well to win the first race, Ian Brealey leading at the penultimate buoy, finished fifth across the line due to his over-zealous crew (Kingsley Manning) pulling the jib down.

He was, however, awarded first place, in lieu of a re-sail and after overcoming an Oxford protest.

The Birmingham team ensured their victory by finishing second, third and fourth in the second race. I. Brealey (captain) once more leading the Birmingham team home, followed by J. Sparrow and R. Carr.

SPOCK.

B.A.I. scrape home

BIRMINGHAM netball first team played an extremely close match on Saturday against B.A.I. 3rd team. The University started well and very quickly built up a 4-0 lead, but B.A.I. fought back to bring the half-time score to 15-14, with Birmingham just leading.

After half time the game continued to be very close with goals being scored with almost each centre pass. Play though was not as co-ordinated as the first match of the season, where Birmingham beat Linden first team 23-12, and the final score ended as 26-25 to B.A.I.

Shooters played well together, with Susan Naylor moving well to receive the ball.

Team: Liz Williams, Diane Birnbaum, Christine Osmond (Capt.), Anneke Barber, Lynette Buxton, Paula White, Sue Naylor.

BASKETBALL

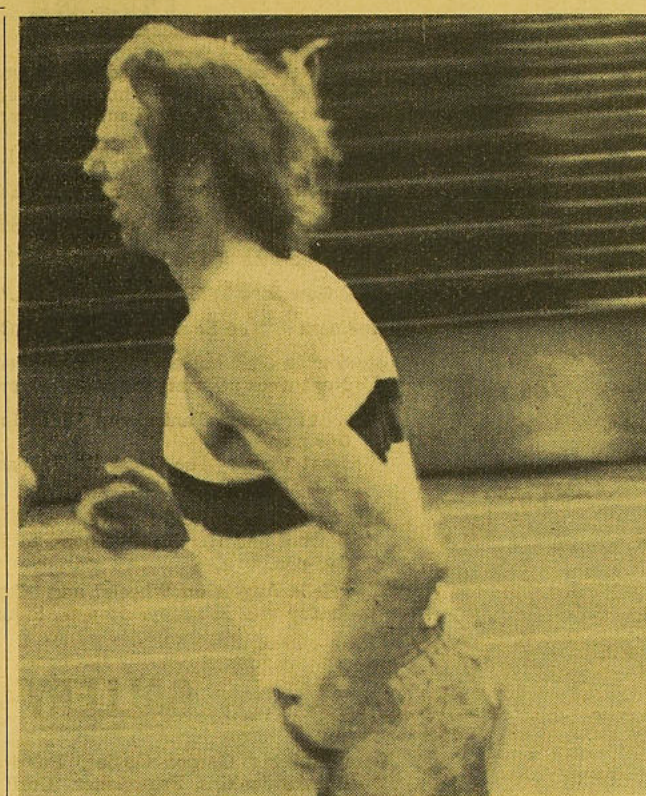
Allsorts supreme

BIRMINGHAM 55 — ASTON UNIVERSITY 36

TOWER POWER, dressed in an assortment of last year's 1st and 2nd team strip, swarmed on to court last Wednesday. Aston put us to shame with their smart and complete strip, but even the combination of Trev Walder and Dave Henderson couldn't interrupt the home team's casual first outing.

Tower Power were never in trouble and Viv Astling, Phil Hield and Tay Wet stuffed in two dozen points in a very short time on court. Pringle, in typical style, baffled everyone by substituting everyone out of position to give the whole bench a game.

Almost everyone scored. Even Dave Griffiths hit bucket, promising a good season to come. Malcolm Saville managed to put in a good drive before T. Walder spread him over the floor with a delicate foul. The final score of 55-36 to the home team could have been much better but Tower Power were content to cruise through to keep a friendly friendly.



Aggro Smoothley had no problems at Parliament Hill.

HOCKEY

FIRSTS FAIL AT ANSTEY

ANSTEY COLLEGE OF P.E. 5, BIRMINGHAM 1st XI 2

WHAT a depressing follow-up to last week's performance by Birmingham University Ladies' Hockey team. The far fitter and quicker Anstey side devastated the 1st XI in the first 15 minutes with three well-taken goals and although the defence played well they were unsupported by a forward line who, although included a certain Scots Haggis, lacked fire and seemed incapable of scoring despite a number of chances.

Anstey were far better at finding the spaces than Birmingham and they made good use of their free passes, which led to their obtaining two more goals in the second half. Yet it must be remembered that Anstey have far more practice than Birmingham, for whom this was only the second match of the season with a team greatly altered from that which played Warwick on the previous Saturday.

It was left to the inevitable Kath Bassham to score Birmingham's two goals—both classic examples of how to score off a penalty corner—which made the Anstey defence look like statues.

Cheer up Birmingham, with Kate's weekly sessions you'll soon be producing rugger players—sorry—scores!

Birmingham University 2nd XI 1, Anstey C.P.E. 4.

A TOUGH fixture, a much altered team and drizzle combined to bring about a home defeat for the 2nd XI.

After 15 minutes Anstey went ahead with a lucky goal and for the rest of the half the University defence with Liz and Linda and Fran outstanding resisted constant pressure valiantly but were forced to concede two more goals before the interval.

In the second half play was more even, with the Birmingham forwards getting a quick goal through left-wing Moira McNicol. Anstey hit back with a fine goal almost immediately but the University started to combine well with good movements from Gill and Jan Stain.

The forwards put a lot of pressure on the Anstey goalkeeper in the second half but she remained firm and the scoreline finished at 4-1.

Unfortunately, these gentlemen (and ladies too) had not heard of the famous Cross-country Club tradition of advertising the leaving time 30 minutes early. Unpleasant scenes were only avoided due to superiority of numbers. To show there was no animosity, the Sailing Club were duly picked up at Oxford on the way back.

The race was over one and three-quarter laps of Parliament Hills, run as a relay. Gavin Russell, running first leg, kept in touch with the leaders so that Dave Hill took over only a few yards down. Spirited running brought him in equal first with the arch-enemy, Borough Rd.

For the next two legs the University had Gilmore and Brown to counter the opposition's power squad. Unbeknown to us, Gilmore had been secretly training, so, when Brown's time came there was no opposition in sight.

Hence Brown, O'Marin and Aggro Smedley roared on in majestic isolation. They finished so far in front that it confused the timekeepers. So on the day we got our trophy back, but we did not even know the winning time.

In the second team Pete Levis, transferred during the close season.

A harsh note to finish on. Due to the strength of the C.C. Club, the only real guide to performance is that of the second team. When they finish out of the first four something is wrong. They finished 12th. Now, we ask ourselves, were those people missing spending their time wisely.

Sportscene

THERE was a rumour going round last week that Randy Southam, ace Athletics reporter, was transferring his attentions to ladies' hockey. This story disturbed several of Randy's regular readers (nothing to do with the prunes they eat for breakfast) so much that they were threatening to cancel their orders for "Redbrick."

The situation was so serious that I decided to investigate the rumours. Cornering Southam, three yards west of the ladies' changing rooms, last Thursday, I asked him if there was any truth in the story.

Fortunately he assured me that it was all a mistake related to a statement he had made about last week's hockey report. He pointed out that every single sentence in that article could conceivably be construed as containing considerable quantities of truth.

This was too much for Southam, who once vowed that he would never allow the truth to interfere with a good story. He happened to mention that he was sure he could have written a better report. From these insignificant embers the flames were fanned.

Southam is now pursuing a new line of investigatory reporting. As he told me the other night: "It's surprising what you can pick up just by hanging around the dressing rooms at night." (That statement is worth an article in itself).

So, girls, if you happen to see a mustachioed face poke round the corner of the lockers one dark evening, as you are adjusting your underwear, then bolt the door or run like fun. Southam is living in grope hope again.

The photograph below left is none other than Fester Feet, the King clogger of the Football First Eleven. Fester has been getting very hot under the collar this term, about the publicity John Thorpe has been receiving.

"After all," he told me, in strict confidence, "I'm far better looking than him." Apparently he has been getting rather paranoid about it, and has threatened to scratch J.T.'s eyes out if his own photo doesn't appear in the next few weeks.

by Andy Holden

Now this put me in a rather difficult position. I remembered what happened last time we published a likeness of Fester Lint. The week afterwards "Redbrick" sales dropped to an all-time low of 32 (and 25 of those were bought by Dave Wortley whose photo happened to appear in that issue).

However, the prospect of a blind J.T. proved rather too daunting, so I have decided to risk the wrath of the business manager. In the time-honoured traditions of the trade I have published and am awaiting damnation.

A much happier soccer story is the victory of Skintbrant's "men" over Nasty Nelson's nonentities. For weeks Nasty had been making noises suggesting that Skiboy's boys were no longer kings of the Dental School.

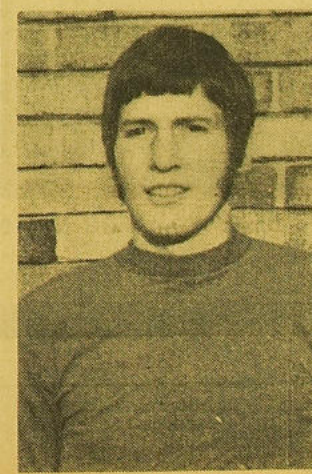
The showdown took place one Sunday afternoon. Skintbrant led his team on to the pitch and took up his own individualistic deep-lying centre-half position. This entailed patrolling the opposition's penalty spot three-quarters of the time.

Although this added weight to the attack it did stretch the resources of his own defence. Despite the valiant efforts of Chopper Harley and his henchmen the superstars found themselves 3-4 down shortly after half-time.

It wasn't until the last ten minutes that the equaliser arrived. This was a signal for the supers' sweeper to move forward and shortly afterwards he ghosted in on the blind side to strike a fifth goal.

The nonentities then collapsed completely as wave upon wave of attacks flowed forward. The final ignominy almost came when a Chopper thunderbolt hit the post.

After the magnificent 8-4 victory it was decided not to carry Skint off the field, but to save the energy for lifting the winners' promised pints. However, we're still waiting, Nasty!



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around

DAY BY DAY

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 20th

Organ Recital: Town Hall, 1.15 p.m. Free.

The Who: Odeon New Street.

Barclay James Harvest: Club Lafayette, Wolverhampton.

Deb. Soc.: Common Market Debate, Council Chamber, 7.30.

THURSDAY, OCT. 21st

C.B.S.O.: Town Hall. Pieces from Mozart, Delius and Beethoven. 7.30 p.m.

Sandy Denny and Tir Na Nog: Aston University.

Coin Mints in Birmingham: Lecture 1.15 p.m., City Art Gallery.

Film Soc: "The Red Desert." M. Antonioni, Haworth Lecture Theatre. 7 p.m. 15p.

"Strange Fruit": Folk Club, 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, OCT. 22nd

Jacques Loussier Trio: Town Hall. 7.45 p.m.

Colosseum: Kinetic Circus, Bull Ring.

Midlands Film Theatre: Canon Hill. "Top Hat." 10.30 p.m.

Terry Reid and Friends: plus Sunshine. Union. 40p.

SATURDAY, OCT. 23rd

Eagle Jazz Band: Old Crown, Digbeth.

Events Disco: Founders Room. 8 p.m. 15p.

SUNDAY, OCT. 24th

Sunday Film: "Lord of the Flies." 15p 7 p.m.

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra: Birmingham Theatre. 5.30 and 8.00 p.m.

Man: Henry's Blues House, Hill Street.

Disco: High Hall. 8 p.m. Free.

MONDAY, OCT. 25th

Tom Paxton: Town Hall. 8 p.m. Tickets from 50p.

Spring: Aston University.

Orchestra da Camera: University of Aston. 7.30 p.m. Pieces from Shostakovich and Schubert.

Film Soc: "Everything for Sale." Polish. 7 p.m. Haworth Lecture Theatre. 15p.

TUESDAY, OCT. 26th

Jazz: George Huxley Band. Wheatsheaf, Walsall.

THEATRE

Birmingham Repertory Theatre: "First Impressions." A musical of Pride and Prejudice.

Crescent Theatre: "A Man for All Seasons." Students 25p.

Birmingham Theatre: "The Merry Widow," by Franz Lehar. 7.30 p.m.

Alexandra Theatre: "Barefoot in the Park," until Oct. 25th. "Rebecca," for one week.

Royal Shakespeare, Stratford: "Othello." Oct. 20th matinee. Oct. 21st, 7.30 p.m. Oct. 23rd matinee.

"Much Ado About Nothing": Oct. 20th, 7.30 p.m. Oct. 22nd, 7.30 p.m.

"The Merchant of Venice": Oct. 21st matinee. Oct. 25th 7.30 p.m.

"The Duchess of Malfi": Oct. 23rd, 7.30 p.m.

"Twelfth Night": Oct. 26th, 7.30 p.m. Oct. 27th Matinee.

CINEMA

Odeon New Street: Retained second week: "Carnal Knowledge." L.C.P. 7.50 p.m. (Not Wednesday). Next week: "The Owl and the Pussycat."

Odeon Ringway: "The Music Lovers." L.C.P. 7.30 p.m.

Cinephone: "Provocation" and "Nude as a Trap."

ABC, Selly Oak: "Sunday, Bloody Sunday." L.C.P. 6.40.

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

ABC New Street: "Puppet on a Chain." L.C.P. 8.05 p.m.

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

Jacey: "La Nuit Infidele" and "Depraved." Next week: Variety for one week only.

Futurist: "Desert Tanks" and "The Unholy Fair." L.C.P. 6.50 p.m.

Next week: "The Great St. Trinians Train Robbery" and "Carry On, Teacher."

Arts Lab: "Valery and her week of Wonders" and "Andy Warhol and His Clan." Thurs. to Tues. 6.30 p.m. and 8.45 p.m.

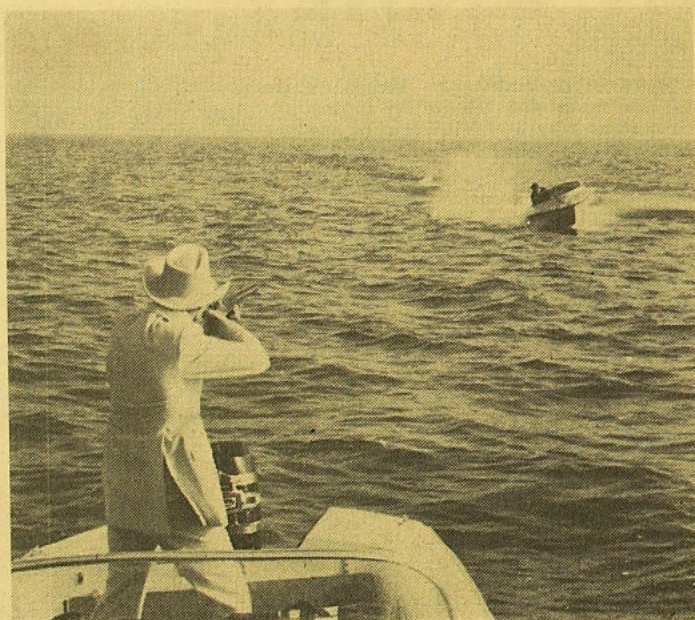
"Hells Angels on Wheels" and "Comic Strip Hero."—Friday and Saturday. 11 p.m., Sunday 3.30 p.m.

GALLERY

Compendium: Gordon Govier, Political Sculpture and Heinke Jenkins, Printmaker. Until November 6th.

Ikon: Colin Hitchmough. Paintings until October 23rd. October 26th to November 13th: Pre-diploma students of local colleges exhibit paintings, prints, etc.

Cannon Hill: October 22nd to November 28th: Photographic Exhibition.



"Puppet on a Chain" — ABC New Street.



Jacques Loussier — Town Hall, Friday, Oct. 22nd.