

Deb. Soc.
GUY FAWKES
DEBATE
This House Proposes a
Gunpowder Plot Against
the House of Lords.
Council Chamber
Thursday, 5.15.

REDBRICK

FILM SOCIETY

'ON THE
WATERFRONT'

7.30 p.m., Haworth
Theatre

No. 666

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4th, 1964

Price 3d.

Pilgrim's progress

ON Monday Clifford Hill came to town to see for himself.

And seldom has a man who has stirred up so much in-feeling received such a courteous welcome.

Mr. Hill took up with alacrity the invitation extended last week by REDBRICK to speak to the students he had insulted, and to see round the Hall of Residence he had described as a moral cesspool.

Paving the way for the big day, he popped up on

television with President Andy Allan, Vice-President Mary Guest and joint House JCR Chairmen Richard Wilding and Susan Britton; on radio with University Vice-Principal Dr. T. Alty; and in the papers as a result of various press conferences.

On Monday he arrived, with a middle-aged Deacon in tow.

Met by a reception committee composed of REDBRICK Editor Nigel Harris, Ridge Hall Vice-President

Anna Deverson and the House JCR Chairmen, he was shown first round Ridge Hall and then round University House.

And so, briefly, to the Council Chamber for the meeting—sponsored jointly by REDBRICK and St. Francis Hall—where he was to speak on the same platform as the Very Rev. Edward Patey, Dean of Liverpool Cathedral.

This was promptly moved to the Debating Hall when it was found that the biggest audience since the Cuba Emergency Debate 18 months ago was in the offing.

To sum up the meeting, it was a great waste of Edward Patey and a near-crucifixion of Clifford Hill. The Rev. Patey chose to ignore Rev. Hill, except for such references as "People who make statements on human landslides are on very shaky ground. They don't know enough to make sweeping generalisations about them." He was a very great success.

Mr. Hill went on about "yobs", and his Youth Club, and his perennial theme of young female drug-addicts. And praised the furniture and the hospitality of University House.

Generally carving an unerring path through such obstacles as relevance and pointed questions, and Richard Wilding's desire for an apology, he adhered closely to the line of never having said it, and if he did he was taken out of context.

After a quick press conference in REDBRICK Office, Mr. Hill went to formal dinner in University House, where he was again received with studied courtesy.

And so back to London, and the best-known youth club in England.

AFTER THE MEETING . . .

HILL: BIRTH OF A SMEAR

by Pete Stonier

A SECOND-YEAR Physics student, Janet Sims, spoke out angrily yesterday as she claimed that it was a personal letter from her that started the "Mixed Halls" storm.

The letter, to the Rev. Clifford Hill—who last week described the University House experiment as "criminal folly"—made passing reference to the Hall of Residence, in which Janet lives.

"I wrote in all confidence to a Minister I have known for a long time, and I didn't expect a casual comment to what is after all my home to be distorted in such an appalling manner and plastered across the national press," she said.

In an interview with REDBRICK last week, Mr. Hill denied having been influenced by any correspondence from a resident of University House. On Monday he did not acknowledge that he knew Janet when he met her on his tour of University House.

"I feel that he should have had the courtesy to recognise me," she said. "I'm sure this only points to the fact that he appreciates that my letter influenced his statements, and that his action in not recognising me was simply to save himself embarrassment."

"Having known Mr. Hill for so many years, it is apparent that he feels that he has unwittingly got himself involved in a controversy on a scale which he never foresaw, and now he cannot back down."

"The whole affair has disillusioned me about a man I once respected and trusted to be sincere. It only makes me realise that even in personal correspondence one must weigh every word and qualify every statement to prevent it being used in an unscrupulous manner."

Janet said that she had been to mixed weekend conferences organised on residential basis by Mr. Hill "at which the behaviour was by no means restricted."

Mr. Hill, speaking of the conferences, said "The difference is that there is fairly close supervision. We expect them to exercise a sense of responsibility. This is something you can do with young Christian people. They are given a great amount of freedom, but there is physical supervision, and I am satisfied it is adequate."

The conferences, held in Surrey, were under the auspices of the church, and were for young teenagers affiliated to Mr. Hill's Youth Club. "The atmosphere was one of new-found and short-lived free-

dom," said Janet. "As an organiser of weekends like these, I don't see how he can possibly criticise University House, which is a well-ordered society for responsible and adult students."

Reaction to Mr. Hill's statements about University House has been unanimous. Commenting on his reference to it having "no rules" and students being forced to live there, Richard Wilding, Co-Chairman of the Junior Common Room, said, "Of course we have rules; no civilised society can live without them. We drew up the rules ourselves in consultation with the SCR and these concern basic things such as visiting hours and meal times, which are necessary for the smooth-running of the Hall. The rest are unwritten rules and they are rarely abused."

As for being forced to live in University House, Sue Britton, also Co-Chairman of the JCR, said, "The competition to get in is very heated. It is quite voluntary and we pay a lot for the privilege."

Comments from students were also very heated. "No man can stand by and let his home have mud slung at it without any reaction. Mr. Hill's comments are quite unfounded and uncalled for. He has abused his public platform and will do his cause little good amongst the student popu-

lation," said Arthur Walford, a student living in House.

Mr. Hill also said in his sermon, which hit out at drug addiction, alcoholism and "free-expression" education that the mixed Hall put an added psychological strain on the already burdened shoulders of young students.

Richard Wilding commented, "Mr. Hill has caused me more psychological strain and taken up more of my working time than all 69 women put together."

Pipe dreams, Presidents— What a drag

"WHY aren't there many women pun-dits in the Union?" asks first-year English student Gay Search.

"Surely the women in the University have as much to say as the men. Why it's like the pre-Parkhurst era all over again," she added.



"It wouldn't be so bad if one had more than the same serious business of image building. After all there's few men who are always in only 28 weeks to the Presidential election."

"Why can't they cut the cackle and get on with the And the pipe? That's only a REDBRICK gimmick."

LATE NEWS

Pete Bond, brilliant REDBRICK photographer, of 3rd Physics, is the new President of High Hall.

He polled 145 votes—beating R. J. G. Bloomer with 100 and R. J. Wheeler with 41.



David SILVER

BEFORE you drift on to respectability, and, more disastrous, anonymity—in other words, graduate—come and try some fame in the Union. Forget its purely superficial functions by remembering that it is only the physical entity hiding the much more glamorous Guild. Be "in the Guild"! Leave the staff-student, teacher-pupil world behind, become a somebody in our little microcosmic democracy.

Engineers, build yourselves an image; Social Scientists, talk yourselves an image; Artists, create yourselves an image. Imagify.

Buy your imagifying trappings—Meerschams, Ungerers, Fabers, hairstyles, Scheffers. Join the glorious in-jokers, the Harries with their jaunty journalistic chatter, the Holidays with their Autumn Majors and late rehearsals, the Hartley-Brewers with their gavel and garrulousness, the Posners, Kiburns, Silvers, Overshots and Burkes. Join them.

Images

Images are made in REDBRICK as easily as Presidents are made in Deb. Soc. Even the Editor needs an occasional full-page article with three photographs to keep you aware of the Editor. And now there is "Bondage," a new, unprecedented opportunity for you to hit the Edgbaston Park Road big-time.

After all, they are bound to exhaust all the judo fiends, actors, journalists, megalomaniacs, sex-symbols and idiots finally, so why not "I am passionately devoted to becoming a Personnel Manager" or "It's ICI or nothing for me"?

Other gambits for imagifying in this who's-whisperer are: swearing in your first, inevitable quote, preferably in Spanish, reviewing the current showing at the Ginephone, carefully preferring the second feature nude film to the Bergman, this giving you the "blunt-no-nonsense-esoteric" line which seems in fashion for the intellectual image nowadays.

Injury

For God's sake, keep off sport. This is one of those entirely useless activities that forces you to do something worth doing for no publicity returns. Unless you break both legs.

If you're unfortunate enough to be a woman—I say unfortunate because the imagifying is a much more complex affair for a woman—I would suggest ordinary, harmless, but firm social climbing, before anything more individualistic. Dress well (never in denims); keep mysteriously silent; find the image-men, and then perhaps act or debate or write or something. Then you are protected from oblivion both ways—to be seen with an image is possibly even better than being one. This does not apply to the man—accompanying a top bird is public death.

Bars

Imagifying need not only take place at the top. In fact it is good policy to try its more common modes first. Belong to a bar. If it's the "Mermaid Lounge," then be sure that you know the barman's name. Union familiarity is an adequate initial imagifier—call Mr. Byrd "Bill," call Mr. Crump "Fred," call Horace "Sir." If the worst happens, and you find it impossible to get yourself an image, then go really mad and join GTG. It will grow on you there. This is a last resort, however.

The moment of victory is when a complete stranger says hello to you through Concourse Lounge—you politely raise your right hand, queenlike—as you pass him on the way to the Second Floor "Image Corridor." This is not only where these images are made, but where they are preserved by constant touching up in company with all the others. Stand in the lift as you rise to the "other" Union, satisfied, alone. Or not quite. There's the image, too.

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RUMBLE

A pre-library look at the chopper lifts

MANY delights are in store for us when the new Pater-noster lifts arrive in the Library. The new system has been operational in the College of Advanced Technology for quite some time now and RUMBLE went along to see what we are to expect.

At first the prospect of entering a little box as it slowly rises toward the ceiling seems rather unnerving. The sight of a pair of ankles disappearing through the roof or a head rising slowly out of the floor hardly encourages the sceptical newcomer to take his first plunge into the unknown.

But then the step is taken and you slowly rise in the world, gripping the sides of the box and fearfully awaiting the first glimpse of light from the next floor. As soon as that narrow band appears your first thought is to get out—and quickly. And you find yourself making a hasty, undignified scramble to safety as soon as the two levels are within a foot or two apart.

In the Main Union Bar last week . . . Loughborough student lets off post-match tensions.

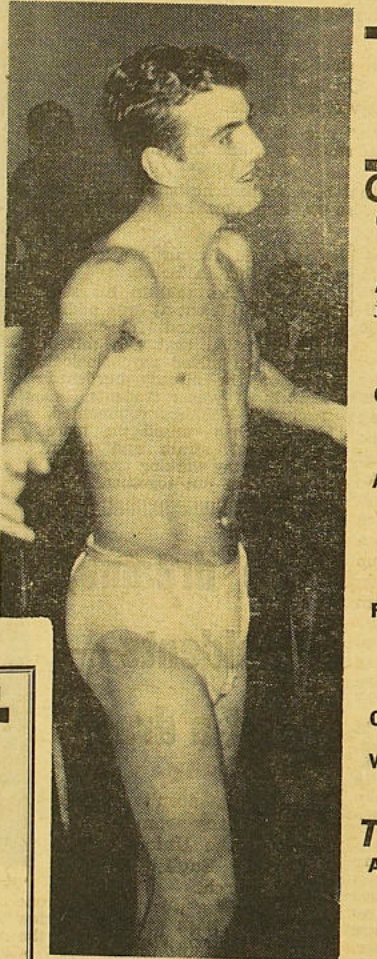


Photo: Grahame White

RUMBLE ONE

Prof predicts end of marriage

By now the boxes seem quite familiar objects and the desire for experiment sets in. You go up several floors at a time and even have a go at coming down again. And then you remember that this is an endless belt and wonder what happens if you go over the top.

You have horrible visions of bodies being tossed about as the boxes turn over at the top and, holding on firmly, you rise above the top floor. And you get the shock of your life as the box slows down and begins to descend, without altering the angle of the floor.

The journey over the top takes about two minutes, and the atmosphere is one of deep and profound mystery: one of nature's secrets has been revealed. But then, all too soon, the top floor reappears at your feet and the magic is gone.

You stick out an arm the next time you ascend and a little flap obligingly opens and lets it pass through. You stick your neck out—literally—and the same thing happens. You try all sorts of involved postures as you move but never are you allowed to injure yourself.

You leap off the boxes when they are halfway between the floors and, voila—you have discovered a further use for the system. Will we see on next year's Physical Education timetable, "One Hour on the Pater-noster lifts"?

Orgy and duckling for 55 bob

SWORDS, shields and a Roman skyline will set the scene for this year's President's Dinner Dance on Friday.

The Debating Hall will be transformed into ancient Rome for the occasion with a Roman arch on the stage and an illuminated backdrop, in addition to all the other contemporary of Roman times.

However, the guests will be dressed for the 20th century, and will have a six-course dinner which will include roast duckling.

A double ticket costs 55/- and Joe Ferrier and his Orchestra and The Tributes Rock Group will provide the music.

RUMBLE THREE CITY SCENE

Cinemas

CINEMAS: "The Silence." A deep character study by Bergman.

ABC CINERAMA: "Wind-jammer." The story of young men in search of their manhood on a training voyage. For all ages?

GAUMONT: "Beckett." In its final two weeks. If you haven't seen it yet get along now.

ABC NEW STREET: "The Night of the Iguana." The usual Tennessee Williams plot. A commendable performance from Richard Burton.

FUTURIST: "55 Days at Peking." Large scale production of Boxer rebellion in China. Exciting in epic fashion.

ODEON: "Goldfinger." Fifth week. Best Bond yet.

WEST END: "The Seventh Dawn." Retained for a second week.

Theatres

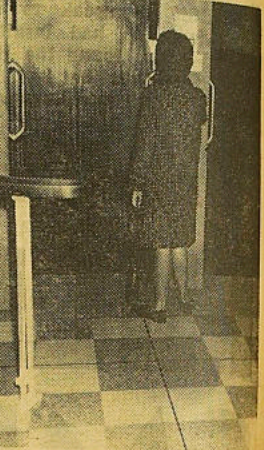
ALEXANDRA: "Every Other Evening." Mother, daughter, Margaret and Julia Lockwood, team up in French play, adapted by Jack Popplewell.

HIPPOTRONE: "My Fairy

DR. WHITELEY of the Philosophy Dept. and his wife Winifred have just published a book called "The Permissive Society."

It's about the morality of future society in which "pre-be normal, adultery a triviality and change of partner no more serious than a change of job."

The authors also foresee the end of marriage as a logical outcome of present trends in society. For "fresh techniques of contraception would limit parenthood to genuine enthusiasts and with the development of eugenics even these might find themselves submitted to a screening process before they were permitted to breed."



RUMBLE reporter investigates the pater-noster lifts. (Story above left).

Rumble photos by Tony Hinxman



Danger—clique at work in its natural habitat—Mermaid Bar.

Clique No. 2 SO LET'S GO

AMIDST the haze of South African cigarette smoke the unions' most exclusive clique argue and confer in the Mermaid bar.

The members of this group are rarely to be seen in force. They sit in twos or threes or in intimate circles.

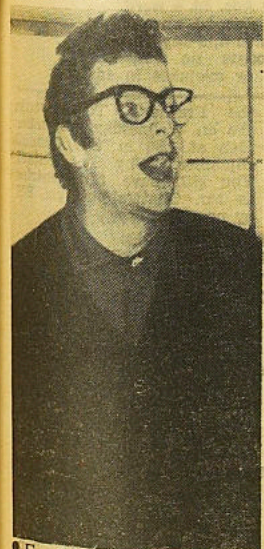
Occasionally their leader gathers them together on Friday nights and in some secluded committee room or council chamber they practice their rites, which to the uninitiated or the unbeliever seem black, devilish and uncomprehensible.

They eat in the refectory, "because" as their leader commented "it is cleaner." They drink only in the Mermaid, because there in the refined and expensive atmosphere their hierarchy goes unchanged and virtually unnoticed.

Who are these people? Names are not mentioned but will it suffice to say that they plan revenge and victoriously day dream of future glory? They are certainly not labour in their views and red is a colour that most of them would not be seen dead wearing.

How do you gain admission to this group? It can be very easy. If 5/- is paid and an oath to honour Lord Home and to respect his name whatever may come to pass is taken, you are automatically a member though of the lowest degree.

To rise to power and influence in the clique is a different matter altogether. The correct tie must be worn and the correct accent affected. Smithwick must become hallowed ground and the more timid members must take great courage before they enter or regard the Conservative Club as a very sanctuary.



Ex-GTG man Roger Jerome . . . at the Alex (See above right).

These coupled with a flair for public speaking and force to bang an ashtray loudly enough to bring even the most unruly public meeting to order are the final qualifications. Once you have achieved these you are made and with enough influential friends, who know, you may one day rise from the depths of obscurity first to the leadership of the clique and then perhaps to the presidency of the Union.

So take heart, none of us need be excluded, Britain will lead with the Conservatives and, all going well, so I have heard, with a little influence, taste for South African sherry and Rothman's king-sized, we will lead them.

GTG's Jerome comes back to Alex

ON Friday, the Union was graced by the return of one of her more famous sons, Roger Jerome, acting in "Beyond the Fringe" at the Alex last week. Apart from walking down the inevitable memory lane, he addressed a GTG meeting on acting, and spoke to a RUMBLE reporter.

At Brum '54-'57, he read English and Philosophy. John Brown, now Head of the Drama Department, was a great influence. "He encouraged me to join RADA," said Roger, "but I've forgiven him."

Reviewing the changed site of the campus he commented, "I've still got a sentimental thing for Edmund Street, but the campus is terrific. It's a pity it's in three different styles."

On tours that have led him to every major city except Leeds, he still has a high opinion of Brum. "I've been so excited this week, there's so much going on. I don't know why people complain," he added, "what other city in Britain has such a good all-night bus service? You don't often think about it, but it's very important."

RUMBLE FOUR — MARTINI DRY

BEER—at 6d. a pint. The big sell-off after Friday's Halloween Dance at University House. But, if you are thinking of getting drunk for 3/-. you're too late; the barrel was soon empty.

STICKING PLASTER—found in a High Hall dinner. However sticking plaster is very nutritious providing roughage and carbohydrates.

TRAINS . . . are still running to Walsall despite Dr. Beeching. But enthusiasts had better hurry for the authorities are out to close the line at all costs.

VERNON . . . is at last back to home with table cloth, waitresses and varied menu making it once again one of the best places to eat on the campus.

SOAP . . . is provided in all the Gent's cloakrooms in the Union. But on the bottom floor we must use great big green chunks of Fairy, whereas the top floor people (the Executive if you please) are given Lux Toilet Soap. Explanation?

CYRIL . . . has gone. Someone went to catering office to re-

Books: it's Hudsons or nowhere

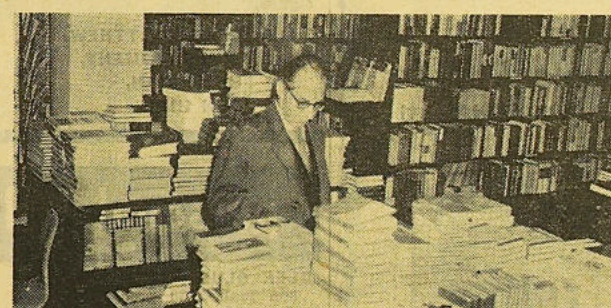
IT is a great pity, from the student's point of view, that the bookshops of Birmingham, with one notable exception, are woefully inadequate.

Corporation Street, perhaps the nearest Birmingham can get to Charing Cross Road, has a grand total of two bookshops, both of them mediocre. Smiths has an enticing array of glossy magazines to lure the unwary inside to the more formidable racks of Penguins, and picture books. The number of books on show is miserable by Poylian standards and the emphasis is on mass appeal and light reading matter.

Fire-side reading when the telly is off is also the main sales approach of Midland Educational Ltd, a little further up the road. They seem to specialise in large scale "doggie" books with lots and lots of photos and the minimum amount of print.

The many large stores in town usually have a few shelves of Pans and Penguins, laughingly called a book section and tucked away on the fourth or fifth floor behind Women's Linerie. These are insignificant and hardly worth searching for.

Hudsons is the only town bookshop which caters especially for students' needs—to the extent of having a branch on the University campus. This is the only place where you have a reasonable chance of getting hold of an obscure book.



Hudson's . . . Birmingham's only major bookshop.

RUMBLE TWO

The biggest hole on the campus

THE Barber Institute of Fine Arts it calls itself. The centre of Birmingham's cultural activities, its halls thronged with poets and sculptors, musicians and painters. Here is to be found the enlightened and illuminating conversation which, in his heart of hearts, every Arts undergraduate desires.

Not on your life. The Mason Lounge with its deep, comfortable armchairs and its coffee is packed to overflowing. Similarly Concourse Lounge, the Coffee Bar and Founders Room. And in the centre of it all squats the Barber. Its lofty corridors deserted, the whole place ringing with the echoes of the footsteps of the one man on the door.

Let us suppose that you take the unlikely step of visiting the place on a normal day. You enter the majestic doorway and walk around the ground floor. All the doors are surfaced with mirrors so that you are faced with endless corridors in all directions and multiple images of you walking towards yourself. Then you realise that one of the doors is slightly ajar. You peep in.

You are staring into the eyes of a little man, almost completely hidden by piles and piles of books on his desk and surrounded by wall bookcases stretching up and away into the dim heights of the ceiling. And as his expression grows more thunderous you decide you had better withdraw and leave him to his work.

You tiptoe away and after similar nerve-racking experiences in the Art Library and the Music Library and the discovery that the Art Gallery upstairs is not open, you begin to feel as if a mysterious "they" are conspiring to keep you out of their holy place.

So in a spirit of defiance (determined to squeeze something out of the place) you pick up one of their free tickets to a concert the following week—and promptly forget about it.



Only one day to go . . . and then it all goes up in smoke.

Penny for the guy—Dad's out of work

IN the last few days you must have come across hordes of snotty-nosed kids with bulging guys in broken pushchairs asking for money.

But when RUMBLE went looking for them in the city-centre the other night they seemed to have disappeared completely. True, there was a band of aggressive little girls lurking in the Bull Ring subways, using violent extortion methods.

But they admitted when pressed that they didn't really have a guy "because of the police." And a small boy was seen outside a cinema with black charcoal wrinkles on his face wearing a pink headscarf and long skirt, obviously cashing in on the Guy Fawkes' bandwagon as he weaved through the "Goldfinger" queues. But he was moved on before he could be "interviewed."

Still no sign of a real guy. But at last a jaunty little boy appeared, striding through the crowds with a headless lump of sacking on his back. He stopped outside Woolworth's, where his older brother was waiting with the head. On this pitch business was really booming.

The big boy pulled a wad of notes from his pocket. "We reckon to make £3 a night," he said, "and I change it for notes at the Wimpey bar." And what did they do with the money? "We keep five shillings for us and give the rest to our dad. He is a decorator but is out of work at the moment. We always stay here until ten at night and then get the bus back to Ladywood. The conductors don't seem to mind the guy having a seat."

membership cards, and the Haworth on Thursday night resembles the Black Hole of Calcutta. And no room for snogging on the back row. What's Dave Kiburn going to do with all that money?

FOLK CLUB . . . May be starting up again in the near future. Anyone interested contact Paul Barnard. This is the second attempt after one abortive start last term.

STITCH . . . new dance craze mentioned last week and this is how to do it: Clasp your hands to your middle, sway, and most important, look agonised. And that's all, apparently. Should be quite a rave when the next group fails to turn up at the Hop.

**Frivolous
Biting
Bold
Enquiring**

REASON VERSUS REFLEXES

SIR,—Pavlov trained dogs to salivate on hearing a bell. This is the theory of the conditioned reflex. Most of the replies to my polemic are examples of this theory. While rebuking me for the virulence of my article, they have all replied using smear tactics and hyperbole similar to mine.

I was not trying to give a reasoned argument for my case: I relied on oblique humour and cliché ridden emotionalism to make my point. Very few of the gentlemen seem to have the perspicacity to see that I was not entirely serious.

The argument against OTC is two-fold:—

(1) If one is a pacifist the reasons against the OTC are manifestly obvious and need not be stated here.

(2) The OTC is the only society in the Guild which pays its members, rather than vice-versa. Also it is the only society with a separate club. This is surely contradictory to the spirit of the Guild, and could be construed as bribery.

As a further stimulus to the spectrum of the OTC I would like to finish by reiterating the fact that I consider the OTC completely moribund. This is an emotional issue as my article and the ensuing letters have proved but at least reason is on my side.

Yours, etc.,

DON M. BRADBURY.

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Seeking Truth

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Because we know how little we understand, we seek to find out more. A welcome to science is traditional, and many scientists are Quakers. Other new ideas—moral, political, social or episcopal—meet human idealism and prejudice alike, in the Society of Friends as out of it. But the truths they contain tend to emerge from discussion and stick.

If you are looking for truth, maybe we can help each other, for so are we. Write for free and quite readable literature. If you wish, we will gladly put you in touch with your nearest Quaker meeting.

The Friends Home Service Committee
THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS
Room 84, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1

THIS IS YOUR opinion

CAN SHUTZ BE HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER?

SIR,—Regarding Roy Shutz's remarks concerning the apparent laxness in the Disciplinary procedure: Of course "the right hand doesn't know what the left is doing" for the simple reason that the left hand does not suffer from Mr. Posner's psychological delusion of identifying students with policemen. The malady is not, however, incurable: shock therapy is most effective and, in this respect, Roy Shutz could be of great value.

If he would care to shepherd the patient from the idyllic niche of the Mermaid bar down to the real life of the basement bar he would be well rewarded. Such theatricals would he witness as never before surpassed in his GTG experience.

At the first sign of rowdiness the Honourable Posner, head high and teeth gritted, shall swiftly pounce on the offending bevy of twenty engineers, and proceed to enlighten them on the consequences of misdirected exuberance. Roy, ignoring such comments as, "Shutz to you," must then extricate the patient from the debris of twenty well-aimed beer mugs.

When the initial withdrawal symptoms have subsided, the Honourable Posner may condescend to the rest of his life in complete oblivion.

Yours, etc.,

C. S. BERRY.

HARRIS NO GOD'S GIFT

SIR,—So Nigel Harris thinks that he has a "journalistic gift," does he? May I point out, without personal spite, that he hasn't—at any rate no journalistic, nor literary, nor humorous, nor newsworthy gifts were evident at all in his editorial last week.

For the sake of the newspaper, editor, write fewer clichés, less padding and less barren invective. You might not like the parson or his views, but don't waste our time and money by burbling on about him for fifty-three lines of print!

Yours, with reserve,

JOHN GRAY.

OPPORTUNITY GALORE

SIR,—We were pleased to see your article on Voluntary Service in last week's REDBRICK but feel that more information is called for to give potential volunteers a clearer idea of the situation.

Your article might give the impression that VSO is the only body organising long term service. In fact there are five operating under Government (ie Lockwood Committee) auspices.

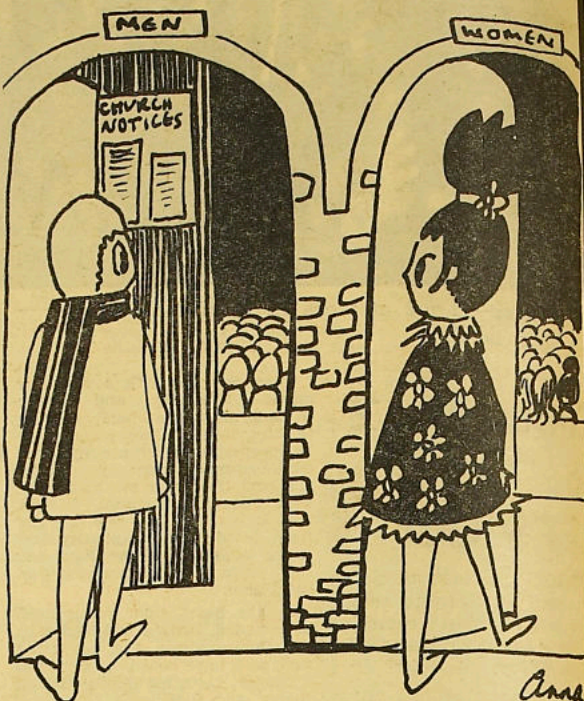
They are: VSO, International Voluntary Service, NUS, Scottish NUS, and UNA. A clearing-house system deals with applications.

It was rightly stressed that the rewards of the job tend to be other than financial, but the pay is not so low as to be entirely prohibitive. For example VSO pays all travelling expenses and the host country pays keep plus an allowance of £3 or equivalent per week. On return, each volunteer receives a re-settlement grant of up to £150.

Those who wish to hear more about long-term service have a splendid opportunity on December 10th, when representatives of VSO and IVS will speak in the University.

Those unable to give a year's service may be interested in the short term and weekend camps run by IVS. In which case they should contact us, the undersigned.

JUDITH MATTHEW,
JOHN MAIDMENT,
PHIL VIVIAN,
JOHN HINE.



"There is a green hill far away."

WHY NOT A REDBRICK BASKETBALL SUPPLEMENT?

SIR,—A few weeks ago I submitted for publication an article on the Inter-Departmental Basketball League, in which I outlined its purpose, which is to enable any student, of whatever standard, to enjoy a regular competitive game of basketball. For many students it is their only opportunity to participate in a sport at all.

Not one word of my article was printed, and the only explanation given was a vague indication of lack of space.

No doubt the Editor regarded the Inter-Departmental Basketball League as insignificant when compared with the glory of University first team sport but most students are interested to read about events concerning themselves. If, then, a column can be devoted each week to a game of soccer involving eleven members of the University and watched by a handful of spectators, surely it wasn't too much to expect a few lines printed about a form of sport in which over a hundred participate each week and which, being watched by several hundred spectators is the University's most popular sport.

Yours, etc.,

R. G. SHRINE,
(Inter-departmental basketball rep.)

(Ed.—The indication given to Mr. Shrine concerning lack of space was not vague—it was in this case particularly explicit. We do try at all times, however, to give as full as coverage as possible, given space limitations, of sports outside the Big Four. V)

ONE OF GOD'S CHILDREN?

IN the olden days men used to climb mountains to meet God; now there is only Nigel Harris at the top of the mountain. Such a pity.

Yours, etc.,

DENNIS OGDEN.

personal column

GLEE CLUB—Arthur Thompson Hall, 5.30 p.m. Wednesday. More men required.

CONGRATULATIONS to Robin Wellman on his engagement to Patricia Frayne.

POSNER for King. P.D. Def.

FILM SOCIETY—Membership now sold out.

WOMAN'S LAB. Coat for sale. Brand new, 30/-. Queue up outside REDBRICK office. —Pete Stonier.

MIKE AND JILL—Congratulations on your first anniversary. M.J.D.

CHRISTMAS CARDS at the Refectory stall on Friday and at the Bread and Cheese lunch in the Mixed Lounge on Tuesdays. Proceeds in aid of WTUS.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED for Student Week. Contact G. F. Morris (Met. III) via the Pigeon Holes.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY—Gordon Foster, ARPS, FRSA, will speak in "Pictorial Presentation" next Monday, Nov. 9th, at 7 p.m., in Committee Room 7.

TWO Freshers require experienced mistresses/girl friends/wives. —Applications: Mike (Chem. Eng.).

FRUSTRATED Rock Guitarist? Contact Sergio Tew (Law D).

SKI-ING, Skating and Sleighing in Sun and Snow in the beautiful Austrian Tyrol over Christmas and/or New Year. Departures 19th, 20th, 27th Dec. Travel (air/coach), very good hotels and all meals. Only 23-25 gns. for 14 days. Plenty of entertainments, late-night dance-spots. Join a friendly group. Contact R. Bun, or 6 Cornfield Road, Birmingham 31. Tel. Pri. 2311.

DON'T tell your friends about the 27th, we could only hold 2000!

ONLY seven days to the 2nd best social of the year—Holds-worth Club: Nov. 11th. Founder's Room.

MONEY. Anyone going down to LONDON on Friday, for the weekend, needing petrol money? Contact Martin Robertson, REDBRICK Office.

DEBATING Society Prelims for

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

the Fresher's Tournaments are on Wednesday, November 11th at 1.30 in the Council Chamber. Why not enter? You still have time—entries to Mr. Chattrabhi via PH by next Monday.

THE NATURALS THE TWENTY SEVENTH HIGH HALL.

DEBATE, 5th November: "This House Proposes a Gunpowder Plot on the House of Lords." Council Chamber, 5.15.

MANY a President has used Debating Society to catapult to success. . . . Many a dumb blonde has entered for the Fresher's Tournament—win or lose, have a go!

WANT to reach high places in Debating Society hierarchy? Come to the debate tomorrow and be elected on to the committee. Names of proposed and proposer to Chairman Hartley-Brewer.

SEVENTEEN Storey Stomp on 27th at High Hall.

METHSOC: Thur., Nov. 5th. Guy Fawkes Hike. Sun., Nov. 8th: Forum on preaching.

This year's Guild Treasurer, KEN OVERSHOTT reports on the financial position of the Union and discusses possible future developments

WE AWAIT THE QUINQUENNIAL

THE accounts of the various department of Guild, in respect of the financial year ended 21st July, 1964, have now been audited and the general picture which was envisaged, by Finance Committee and Guild Council in June last has been confirmed.

The main Guild Accounts, which embraces the administration of the Union building, as a club for the provision of facilities for members, shows a small surplus of £139, which, is, of course, neither here nor there.

The income during 1963-64 was almost £2,000 more than in the previous session, but the constant rise in wage levels, and general costs, almost entirely eliminated this additional income. The principle source of Guild income is, of course that proportion of the University fee (£8 per student) which is paid over to the Guild by the University Authorities.

headings as NUS Committee, External Affairs Committee, Publications and general Guild expenditure.

Separate

The Catering Accounts are, of course, completely separate from main Guild Accounts, and in fact five per cent of the total turnover of the department is paid to Union Committee to offset the cost of overheads, such as electricity, gas, water, fuel, telephone, etc. This latter item, is, of course, included in the main Guild Accounts. In general, the Catering Accounts this year show a slight improvement on the figures for 1963-4, ie a surplus of some £230 this year, compared with £39 for last year. The gross profit ratio figures are satisfactory, but the actual turnover is still being affected by the facilities provided in the Union refectory and to a lesser degree in the University Staff House. No doubt the increases in numbers

will greatly improve this position, the reappearance of queues in the Union indicates that the trend has already started.

With regard to the future, as far as 1964-5 is concerned, things will have to remain much as they were in 1963-4; income from membership fees will increase by almost £3,000, but this will be very largely offset by increases in wages, and general operating costs of the Union.

Little hope

It is dangerous to forecast too far ahead but there seems little hope of Guild finances being able to do anything but maintain the status quo until the beginning of the next quinquennium, in 1967, when it is hoped that there will be a substantial increase in the Guild membership fee. Until that time, it would seem that any major internal development or expansion programme will have to be shelved.

Administration

Of this, some 75 per cent is absorbed by the Administration of the Union (which incidentally is open for 16 hours a day, seven days a week during term time—and this is why wage costs are high). Something like 14 per cent is allocated to the Athletic Union and the rest is absorbed under sub-

The old bugbear doesn't even raise its' sleepy head

THE annual apathy season is with us again. In two weeks' time it really gets under way when nominations open for fresher councillors. This warning here will give the pro-apathy clique enough time to deter about half the potential candidates. If not then it might remind the present inefficient councillors (ie, any who regard themselves as inefficient and haven't yet done so) to trot along to their freshers and install the spirit of councillorism into them.

Last year the apathy clique were on the up-and-up. Out of twenty-two constituencies twelve were contested, six uncontested and four without nomination altogether. At the "General Election" last March eleven were contested, eight uncontested and three which failed

The future of Guild Council may well be decided in the next few months. Either it is to exist in its sleepy and ineffective fashion as a rubber stamp for the actions of the Executive and the various standing committees, occasionally stirred out of its stupor by the passing of motion concerned with some sort of prejudice (for example the South African food, and Mosley motions last year), or restricting any enthusiasm that may be in the Union (such as the desire for the long-awaited jazz club) by its slow processes of evolution, or it may, in the near future, wake up and play its proper part in Union affairs.

This very much depends on the type of person elected. The present average councillor seems content to turn up to a Council meeting occasionally, speak even less often, and make any useful contribution not at all. They have been criticised often enough for their willingness to appear at Guild "At Homes" but not at less pleasurable occasions and the criticism though corny is still valid.

There are many people who could be Guild Councillors. There are fewer who would be good councillors and too few are prepared to try. The anti-apathy cry may echo round the empty corridors of the Union and Guild Council may sink into its own mire, or some decent work may be done. It depends on the people YOU elect.

by

JEREMY POSNER

to nominate their full number (including Biochemistry who nominated no-one for their two seats).

At this rate we can expect Guild Council to disappear in October, 1971, when the last vestiges of enthusiasm have finally disappeared.

Surprising though it may seem to some types, Guild Council does have a job to do. If half those people who complain about some aspect of the Union even asked their Guild Councillors to do something to rectify their complaints then not only would Council itself become more interesting but councillors too might earn themselves the reputation of being worth their election.

REDBRICK comment

Editor - - - - - Nigel Harris

Assistant Editor - Martin Robertson

Three for one's

no bargain

The High Hall Presidential elections this week (see front page) highlights one of the major problems facing the expanding University.

One of the unsuccessful candidates tended to angle his campaign towards an isolationist position; facing him was a man who believed that Halls should participate more in Union affairs.

This time, Union involvement won, but the question is not likely to be closed there.

A large proportion of the University population is likely to be living in Halls when the Wyddington Vale site is fully developed. This will mean that a sizable potential community will be settled away from the Union.

A definite answer as to whether it is in fact desirable cannot be given at the present time; the community formed at one end of the campus may be just as worthwhile, as that at the other, and have as many members.

Theoretically, the Union is the principal social centre of the student body. It has already received one challenge, from the Refectory, and seems likely to receive another and much more significant threat from the Halls.

This is a question that will need a great deal of thought over the next few years; suffice it to say now that if and when we get the new Union, it seems advisable to build it near the sight of the Halls.

Let's make sure we have one community at this University in 1970—not three.

So Hill's been given his views to the press, but not to the students, and gone again.

Let's have Patey back again

Since the man in the flesh is his own worst advertisement, it does not seem worthwhile attacking him again at length.

The Rev. Patey, however, is a rather different matter. He was completely wasted at Monday's meeting, even though holding it would have been worthwhile if only to get four times the number of people there to hear him.

Would it be possible for St. Francis Hall to invite him back at a later date? We are sure the whole Guild would appreciate the opportunity to hear the Rev. Patey at greater length, and in a more stable atmosphere.

No censorship

Liverpool University newspaper is censored by the President. On page seven we print the full details.

They point out very clearly how basically secure our own setup is, and yet how different. There is no element of censorship within this Guild, only active and continuing co-operation between President and Editor.

There is no necessity nor any justification for the attitude of Liverpool's president. This has been proved by the experience of every other Guild in the country, not least our own.

Birmingham University Newspaper

COMPARE
a new
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life for
your
flaties
COMPLETE REPAIR!
PAYNES

CHRISTMAS VACATION WORK
Students on vacation in BIRMINGHAM over Christmas are invited to apply for temporary night work as Security Officers guarding property and premises in the Greater London area. Minimum age 20. Highest references. Pay from £11-11-6 to £14-18-0 per week according to hours worked.
Apply NOW and ensure an interesting job with free uniform and fares assistance awaits you in the vacation. Ring BIRMINGHAM 2431 or call at SECURICOR, 10 Cricket Lane, Blackheath, near Birmingham, for full particulars and enrolment forms.

Voluntary Service Overseas

VSO provides opportunities for qualified men and women wanting to serve for a year or more in the developing countries of the world.

VSO needs graduates from every University faculty for teaching posts, medicine, agriculture, engineering, administrative and social services and many other projects. VSO is interviewing NOW for 1965.

VSO offers a unique chance of seeing other countries and other ways of life to volunteers before they settle down to a career. It presents a challenge to those who want to make a personal contribution towards meeting real needs.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONSULT YOUR UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS BOARD, OR WRITE DIRECT TO—

VOLUNTARY SERVICE OVERSEAS,
3, HANOVER STREET, W.1.

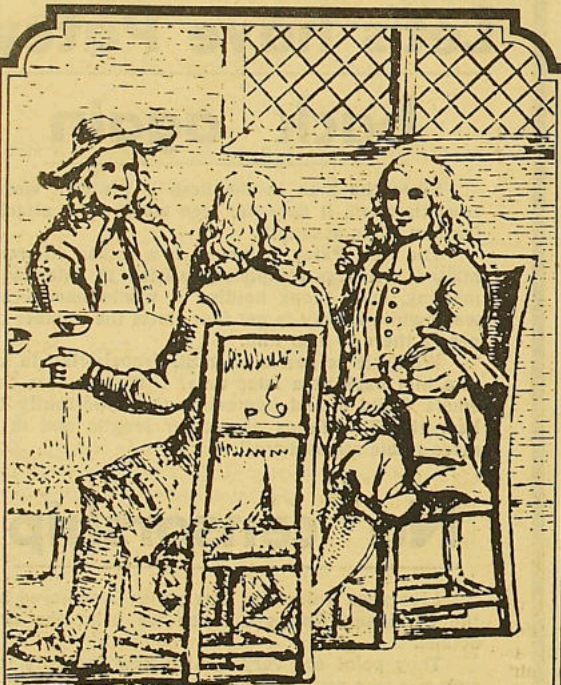
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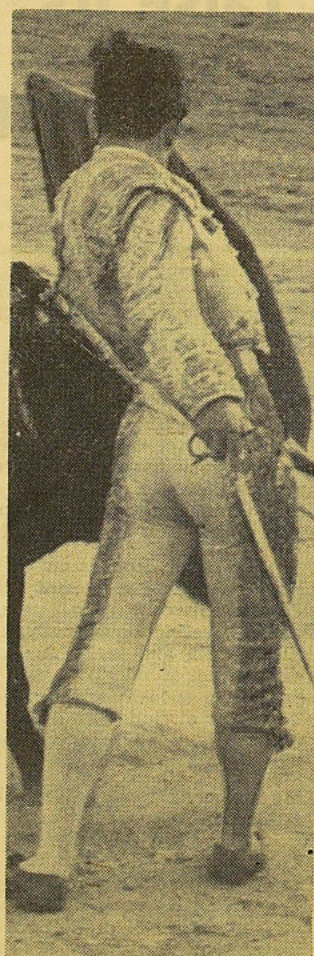


CIRCA 100 B.G.

Gentlemen of King Charles the Second's time wishing devoutly that someone would hurry up and invent Guinness.



Is bullfighting a sport or pointless slaughter? Why do the Spanish revel in the cruelty and blood every Sunday afternoon? Is it a matador's self-love that makes him risk mutilation in order to win the adoration of the masses? Psychologically and sociologically it is probably impossible to find out, but the facts remain. So here we present, not an explanation, but one person's impressions of the gory, controversial drama.



EVERYONE in England knows about the skills, dangers and bloodbaths of a bullfight. The tense excitement, the sense of ritual and the colour are not so commonly admitted, but these, in fact, are the basic and compulsive elements of any fight.

Act one

In a way, the whole presentation is a tragi-comic drama. The president waves a white handkerchief as a sign to start. Act One is the parade led by a tiny brass band, all immaculately uniform in grey shirts and navy trousers, but wearing, unconsciously, perhaps, a strange array of footwear, from shiny Chelsea boots to rope sandals. As they march round proudly, blaring out pasodobles read from scrappy sheets of music, they're followed by the bull-fighting teams of toreadors, picadors, and most important, matadors, all dressed in tight costumes of pastel-coloured satins bedecked with masses of gold and silver thread.

Then the fun begins, with Act Two. The bull is released into the ring, handsome and ferocious, for its first and last fight. As it stands looking round wearily, a toreador with a pink and yellow cloak attracts its attention, and it charges. For a few minutes,

cheered on by the crowd, the toreadors play with it, teasingly and skilfully. Then the bull appears to be getting too angry for safety, the scene begins again for Act Three.

Act three

Enter two picadors, stout (whether by accident or design) mounted on horses, which are blinkered and seem to be medieval warhorses, carrying long spears and carrying long spears and carrying long spears. The toreadors play the bull, and the picadors play the bull, and the picadors play the bull. The toreadors play the bull, and the picadors play the bull, and the picadors play the bull.

This is the part that everyone appreciates, when the bull bull attempts to gore the picador, the picador pierces its muscles several times with a spear, which serves the purpose of defence and offence. The picador drives it into the back of the bull's neck. And there whistles from the audience, shouts of "Fuera!" (out, out). After the sportsman's joyment of the toreador's blood dripping from the wounds seems callous, the picadors, stout and hardy as they all seem to be, are tiffable with the wicked in many a fairy story.

Their part over, the picadors depart without the crowd, which accompany other fighters. In the second act, Act Three the bravery of the bull is the entry of a bandero. In prestige he comes halfway in between toreador and a matador. Carrying two banderillas (spears) he play with the bull until he can stab them into its back, where they hang for the rest of the fight, causing continual irritation to the animal. Several may be stuck into the flesh to the

SPANISH SPECTACULAR A TRAGI-COMEDY?

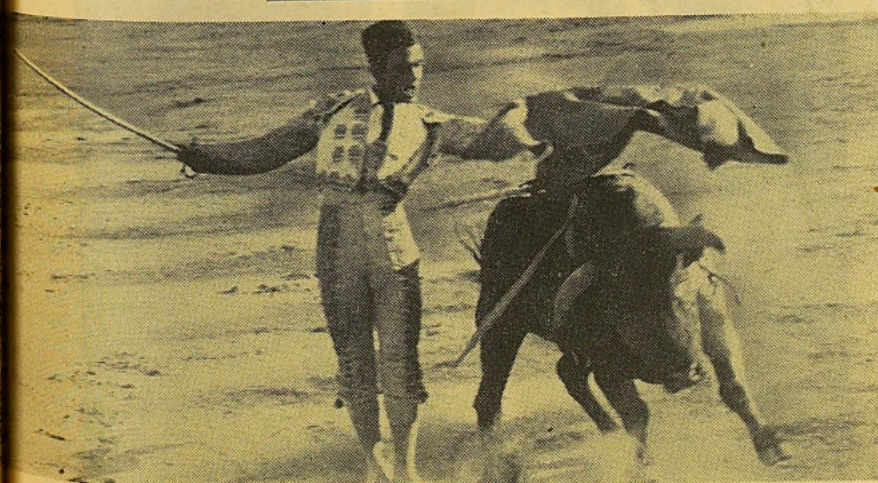
quietly and dies. And all without a sound—no bellow, death-rattle, nothing.
So we reach Act Five. An attendant drives a short dagger into the bull's neck, just to finish it off, as it were. Then enters a funeral hearse of two decorated horses, harnessed with jingling bells, and while the bull, stiff already with rigor mortis, is dragged off by the horns for Monday's lunch, the team of fighters, led by the matador with his prize of an ear or the tail, march around the ring accompanied by more glorious music and cheers from the crowd, who throw hats at their feet in homage.

Epilogue

Without a break the whole drama begins again, six or seven times in an afternoon. For me, an outsider and mere tourist, the main interest was the relationships formed, between the bull and the bull-

fighters, and between the bull-fighters and the audience. The toreadors and especially the matadors gave me the impression that they knew the bull and it knew them, and this turned the kill into an act of treachery. The harder the kill, the more support they got from the crowd—an obvious means of identification with a brave man. But it seemed to me rather a useless sort of bravery, a clever-Dick bravery. It is dangerous, there is a lot of skill in it, a lot of fun for the spectators, as well as a lot of money for the matadors (El Cordobes earns about six thousand pounds in an afternoon). But as I emerged exhausted, I felt, even so, and rather sadistically, perhaps, that I should like to see one of those arrogant matadors tossed across the ring, just to take them down a peg or two. But hypocrite as I am, I must admit that I'd go to another bullfight, anytime.

Words by . . . Judy Cockett
Photos by . . Michael Bateman



BRITAIN'S ONLY CENSORED NEWSPAPER

MERSEY HITLERS

TO champion liberty is not usually the task of a University newspaper. Students are supposed to be the freest of beings, with ability, opportunity and time in which to make use of their freedom.

Every Union in the country abounds in political, discursive societies, with their respective university newspapers and inevitable debating societies providing two essential hubs to respective circles of argument.

The Debating Society provides the necessary all-round public platform for polemic, the university newspaper, the public and easily available record of all important and interesting opinion and events.

This is ideal, and its stating may lead to a cynical snigger, but on the whole, if even a little imperfectly, the system works. But not in Liverpool.

The beat city with the primal pulse has, at best, a feudal system of Union government. Within a presumably free undergraduate society, Liverpool's newspaper, "Guild Gazette" is subjected to a peculiarly noxious kind of censorship.

Bye-Laws Chapter XXIII, 7, of their Guild Constitution state that "the President and Lady President of the Guild shall be ex-officio Advisory Editors of "Guild Gazette." They shall see all copy and have the power to delete any matter, the publication of which in their discretion, they consider harmful to the interests of the Guild."

effectively gagged

Thus a major organ of communication is effectively gagged. Comments the Guild Gazette editorial, a predecessor of the present President, Mr. Gillard, once "censored completely an article attacking what was alleged to be lavish spending by Executive."

Says John Gillard, "the main argument which the Editor and staff of "Gazette" put forward against this so-called censorship is that it prevents them criticising the Presidents, Executive Committee and Guild Council."

"This may be true to a small extent, but these people govern and run the Union on democratic lines and should never be in a position whereby they could be criticised."

A vicious circular argument. A fortunate situation, where no hierarchical fault is possible and, even if possible, hid.

sole representation

But how are the Editors of "Guild Gazette" appointed? Exactly in the same way as the Editors of "REDBRICK." The appointment of the Editor of "Gazette" is ratified by Council. He is a person in daily contact with the President and the Permanent Secretary and is answerable to Publications Committee as well as to Council. He should be regarded as a responsible official performing his duties responsibly.

Comments John Gillard, "the Presidents are the only people elected by the whole student body as their representatives. On the other hand, the Editor of "Gazette" is elected by a mere handful of students, and should co-operate with the Presidents."

Your Guild Council "a mere handful of students," Mr. Gillard? At best, an unfortunate choice of phrase which, of course, being the President's, could not be corrected.

But no Guild is entirely a private club. As we are all affected by the diverse happenings of the "Big society" outside, so are they interested in certain of our activities from time to time, by means, naturally, of the national press.

"There is often some small event," claims the President, "which in itself is hardly worth remembering, reported in 'Gazette' only to be seized by the popular press, distorted, magnified and transformed into a minor scandal with national publicity."

But as "Guild Gazette" Editorial points out, "even with censorship existing an average of two "Gazette" stories per issue have been used by the national press. This is a fact of newspaper life . . . it has nothing to do with censorship."

no publicity

The President is adamant. "I feel that it is better to keep these internal affairs as internal affairs, not publicise them." It seems that no publicity is good publicity. No wonder!

What do Liverpool students think about this? A pilot survey made last week showed that 91 per cent were against censorship, with only 8 per cent—the white back-lash perhaps—in favour.

Is President Gillard swayed by this at all? "The average student," he comments, "is not fully aware of the arguments for and against the safeguard which Presidential censorship would provide should it be necessary at any time."

To champion liberty is not usually the task of a University newspaper—but really, John Gillard, what century are you living in?

Except for "Guild Gazette," the British press is free and unfettered. And this, a fit precedent for a University to set?

John Gillard refers to a "mythical ruthless iron-hand censorship." Power corrupts, and absolute power would seem to build its own myths.

by Mark Burke

BONDAGE

MDR: Would you say that fighting against racial prejudice was central in your life?

AW: Yes. Racial discrimination is one case of offence against a basic set of values that one has with regard to society.

I'm a socialist—far to the left of Wilson—and I do hold such values as men are all equal, that men should be allowed to develop as personalities in themselves. This kind of thing. And I think the race problem is just one case of this, but a very important one.

MDR: How important do you think this problem is to most people?

AW: People are afraid of Afro-Asian states destroying the presence of Western European superiority in the world.

Western Europe has always been regarded as the cradle of civilisation, but this is not so any more. There are things called developing countries and these countries contain three-quarters of the world's population. These people are not as well off as we are, and I don't think most people are fully conscious of this. These people are on the move and we have to take note of that fact, and begin to change our attitudes accordingly.

The fact that there is racial prejudice in the world manifests itself particularly in the United States and South Africa. The fact that a white community in these places is dominating and suppressing people with black skin is a real rub. It really consists of a point of issue that I think most people in fact are not conscious of.

MDR: Do you feel that you personally have a part to play in fighting to overcome this problem?

AW: People join freedom from hunger campaigns and they are genuinely concerned that three-quarters of the world's population are not as well off as we are, but I myself think the solution lies at a political level. You can't change man until you change his institutions.

MDR: You don't think you can do much, then, on the level of charity?

AW: No, I don't. I dislike charity. If you are going to proceed on a more radical level you have to realise that the problem does not lie on the level of food.

The problem in South Africa, for instance, is not that the native is badly off, but that he has to face the day to day frustration of seeing a white man get fifteen times as much for a similar job. He's got to face the police being abominably rude to him—treating him like an animal, not as a human being.

The problem is not solved by your pitying, it's by you recognising your own guilt.

MDR: Do you mean that this is a question of conscience: of us realising how much we have exploited these areas in the past?

AW: I'm white and I do feel that in some way I am personally guilty. I feel in a sense guilty about the South African situation because our country was involved and because the solution lies partly in our own hands.

MDR: Must the solution then come from us?

AW: I tend to agree with James Baldwin here when he says black people don't want white people to

Equality is a concept we readily accept; not many view it as a positive and vital force for bettering the world. Subject of this week's Bondage is a woman who lives such beliefs, Ann Walton. This week's interviewer—Martin Robertson.



accept them on their level. They just want to stop being bashed over the head by white people. They want the same opportunities, and as Baldwin says, "It's not we who have to be educated to your level, it's you who have to love one another, and then you won't need the race problem—it's you who have to be educated to our level"—and I believe this.

MDR: Has this developed since you have been at University?

AW: Yes: I think there is an element of that that the issue was there. It was one that in the sphere of the Union one could work on. But it is an issue that I had feelings on when I was at school and before I was political.

MDR: When did you first become interested in politics then?

AW: Oh, when I came up to the University. I never had word of it before except that there was a Labour and a Conservative party.

MDR: How did your present philosophy develop?

AW: You start off with learning that there are other things in the world than your own existence, and sociology taught me that I was terribly narrow when I came up.

You then realise that there are other people who haven't had the same opportunities as you have, etc., so you get a very simple development—all people are equal, and this kind of thing.

Then it gets more complex as you go along, as you learn more. You work out some kind of mode of action. Your ethic becomes more complicated because you see its

read Marx, and this does inspire you to think that a tremendous amount can be done.

I think that in fact it is a blind over your eyes and that things just don't work out that way. But in order to act you've got to have a fundamental faith that they do—because you couldn't do anything otherwise.

MDR: What are your views on the "rightness" of this action?

AW: If you launch yourself on to some course of action, for instance you believe there should be a revolution in South Africa, one is being arrogant and absolute about this. And it's a kind of paradox. I feel it very much in myself. For instance I hate talking about people as means for ends. I value human personalities, but when you become political this is one place where you become cruel. You have to identify enemies. You're working on a different level, and you have to work on that level.

MDR: Do you believe in a peaceful world?

AW: If you want a peaceful world, then I think there are a lot of unpeaceful things that have to happen first.

No, I'm not a pacifist. I'd like to see a world community, but at present conditions are not ripe for it, simply because the white nations still have their interests vis à vis the Afro-Asian states.

MDR: How do you successfully equate your political activities with your basic philosophy?

AW: It's a funny thing—people think when you're talking about politics that you're talking about specific things, that you're talking about institutional change, that you are talking about voting habits or something like this. In fact I believe that you're talking about the quality of life, when you're talking about politics. I'm very Marxist here, because Marx in his early writings was talking about the quality of life and talking about the nature of man, and how man could be fulfilled through his social being and through his labour and products of his work, and how he would become a creative fulfilled being in this way.

MDR: Do you have a personal utopia?

AW: I have a personal utopia. It doesn't concern the world in which all races live together in harmony and equality. It's nothing as crass as this. It's completely unconnected with anything I'm doing now. It's a utopia in which people are free to realise their existence, to be creative beings, and yet a world in which people are not set loose in violation.



LEGEND OF THE SIX-GUN HERO

by David Kilburn

SINCE the day Hollywood first adopted the man with a six-gun as the legendary hero of America the conventions of the Western have set hard and fast.

The good man is always the quickest on the draw, the good Indians are the dead ones, and all the best heroes are granted a purple sunset to ride into at the end. Drawn from folk lore and history, Westerns became legendary fables, self contained mythical experiences like Grimm's fairy tales, Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings," and Winnie the Pooh.

The correlation of the film to reality was unimportant and they existed only as entertainment, as artistic wholes, and their only relationships were to other movies and the myths they propagated.

Most Westerns were content to operate solely within the confines of convention but a few managed to transcend the limits of the stereotype and establish a reality of their own.

This was achieved by such films as "The Covered Wagon" with its large, impersonal outdoor theme, "High Noon" with its portrait of the scared townsfolk, and "Shane," which showed the conflict between ranchers and homesteaders.

John Ford has been around a long time and his feeling for movies and their myths is shown by his post-war westerns such as "My Darling Clementine" and "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon."

His latest film, "Cheyenne Autumn" (ABC, Coleshill St.), based on an actual occurrence, tells of the journey of the decimated Cheyenne nation from their barren reservation to their green and pleasant homeland 1500 miles away in the face of American attempts to locate and recapture them.

This heroic theme has the making of an epic story. Epic in the way that "Ivan the Terrible" and the Aeneid are epics. But although it seems that this is what Ford intended he has only succeeded in parodying both

A technician, super-panavision scene from "Cheyenne Autumn."

epics and Westerns and the result is entertaining and funny, and also slightly ridiculous. The film is punctuated by a moronically funny interlude and quite irrelevant interlude in Dodge City where the traditional meeting between the dead pan-patient and a deadly accurate hero and the bumptious tough guy is played for all it's worth.

It is unfortunate that the intentional parody in this scene leaked into the rest of the film. A rare distinction is achieved by William Clothier's crisp, clean Panavision and Technicolour photography. His shots of Monument Valley, the reservation trees, snow, and the vast sentinel buttes are inspiring and never become displays of camera virtuosity and pretty-pretty photography. In most wide-screen films, indeed in most films, facial close-ups fail to achieve any real dramatic and expressive power.

This film is an exception. The lingering close-ups of groups of Indians in the establishing shots and later in the film are dramatic revelations and possess a warm sensibility and feeling. The heart, not the eye, is perceived here lies the art of a true cameraman. Although the landscape and people are each done so well, Ford has failed to integrate the two consistently into a rhythmic organic whole and the Indians often seem to be just walking across a stage against a painted back-cloth.

Shots such as that of the cavalry officer beating the air in fury with his hat are marvellous exceptions though.

Bogged down in the morals and mud

by Tony Rubens

SET against a background of terrorist troubles in Malaya during the early 1950s, "The Seventh Dawn" sets out to show how political principles can become distorted and inhuman.

However, the film so utterly depends on the use of conventional techniques that it lacks the vitality required for such a theme. Uninventive and unimaginative in treatment of character and situation, the drama is painfully contrived.

William Holden plays a non-political American planter, his characteristics (a sharp-tongued individualism and a respect for elementary values) are characteristics of a type. Susanah

York's English girl is an embodiment of youth passion and impulsiveness. Capucine, as Holden's girl who is betrayed by terrorist leader Ivy for political purposes, becomes the epitome of human loyalty.

This "image" acting hinges on a formula of gestures for effect. Holden's rejoinders to the British military; his gaunt pursuit of Ivy; the girl's trapeze through the jungle and melodramatic proclamation that human beings are more important than causes; Capucine's crucial silence after her arrest.

The film stumbles towards its moral statement by way of a formal exercise in dramatics. Perhaps it was made in all earnestness, but its apathy of presentation suggests no such spirit.

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REVIEWS

SICK SEX IN A SICK SOCIETY

by John Saunders

IF you feel that man is a misfit in a sinfully mechanical world where in every darkened corner there lurks a predatory kitchen utensil, you will probably have sympathy with the cartoonist Tomi Ungerer, whose book, "The Underground Book of Tomi Ungerer" has recently been published by Bodley Head at 21s. cash and unspecified cost to conscience and peace of mind.

The drawings are stark and ugly, the women harsh or whitely bulbous, dancing in a world of moral and physical anarchy. He can show a complete alienation of humanity, a total negation of personal values, and the final degrading submission of man to machine.

If you knew a joke about thalidomide children you would think twice about telling it to the unfortunate mother of one. In a sense Ungerer is doing just this. The relations between his men and women involve everyone personally, but they are brutally degrading and deny the existence of any such thing as human dignity. He is not describing anything more than the alienation that is prostitution, but he is trying to create far more: he is making up his own (I think, non-existent) alienation of man.

It would be prudish and perhaps foolish to make a judgment on the pathological significance of the cartoons, but to compare Ungerer with Goya, as Miller does, is just not on. It struck me that Ungerer is only peripherally involved with society, that in fact he is obsessed with his personal problems.



Mistress mine, why are you boring?

by Mark Burke

WHAT is a farce? A farce is a peculiar dramatic genre which sacrifices clarity of plot for complication, likelihood of character for laughs. If it does it well, it works as entertainment, and if it doesn't, it becomes a shambles of abortive jokes and pastboard characters.

"Every Other Evening," at the Alex this week, falls turgidly below the frothy brilliance that success demands. Jackie (Julia Lockwood) is sweet. Two jumps away from being a virgin, but oh—so sweet.

She plays Caroline's (Margaret Lockwood's) daughter, and does it rather well. Jackie's brother (Jeremy Bullock) is coltish, lecherous and rather coy. Every cliché could be applied to these young male and female leads, but they act them out themselves.

Their father, George, well played by Derek Farr, rescues one from utter nausea. He has

the sex life around which the contrivances of the play revolve.

The plot incidentally would be interesting to summarise, but to do it would only confuse you and spoil your surprise, which is the element this unhappy work most depends on. "Every Other Night" is pap with a vengeance.

The play reeks of homogenised, candy-floss sexuality. For a bit more international significance (the play is set in Paris—where else?), an English lord is introduced, as well as an extremely attractive dusky (non-maiden) called Zourah.

All good clean almost-fun, but as countless Birmingham chaplains must be asking, is this the right way to treat the serious problem of middle-aged infidelity, the problem of youth full immorality. A farce provides no ethics.

But it is neither really shocking, nor amusing. It is only regrettable.

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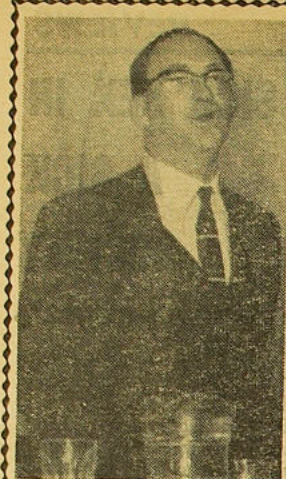
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Colin Legum, "Observer" correspondent.

Debate: John Saunders reports

THIS was not to be a debate about the morality of apartheid but a discussion of the pros and cons of economic sanctions.

Mr. Colin Legum proposed the motion that "This House Requests the British Government to support a UN blockade of South Africa." In South Africa there was the only racial tyranny in the world.

A naval blockade under the UN charter was not put forward as a brilliant panacea but as a measure which possibly would slowly bring the South African government round to democracy.

Mr. Patrick Wall had spent sixteen years in the Royal Marines and spoke first for the opposition. Mr. Wall showed a commendably British concern with political and economic expediency.

In the event of a boycott an exclusive control could not be maintained. One alternative, subversion, would not work against wicked anti-Habes Corpus Afrikaners as it did against fair play British. Mr. Wall had forgotten Aden.

The only hope, in Mr. Wall's opinion, was that Nationalist Africa would realise that they needed the resources of

South Africa and the abilities of the white Africans.

Our own Miss Anne Walton returned second for the proposition to say that the dark-skinned Africans were willing to suffer—if sanctioned—in removing tyranny.

Miss Walton, more violently than Mr. Legum wished to destroy the whole basis of white supremacy.

It was difficult to understand Mr. Victor Camilleri's position in the debate.

Mr. Camilleri seemed to be advocating apartheid although he did not think so. Neither did he say how his solution would be imposed on the South African Government.

The House divided with 100 for the motion, 49 against and 31 abstentions.

Big Guild split over ORD newsletter

POLITICS "CONTEMPT" ROW

A NEWSLETTER circulated by ORD on Friday has roused the anger of the Union politicians.

The newsletter invited students to show contempt for politics in their present form and to join a society with Humanitarian ideals. Marcus Begbie-Clench, the Chairman of the Conservative Association, who spoke for the Union's major political parties said that in doing this ORD were alienating their main organ of support and that most of its members were concerned with politics.

Mike Fuchs-Carsch, a Committee member of ORD, who with Mike Fox and Glen Lawes, produced the letter, said: "Students should not become emotional about politics and join the party which they think to be the most attractive. A student has the one opportunity to get round politics and to express himself uncommitted without succumbing to the political pressure groups."

"The purpose of ORD is to help a student keep an open mind which he can only do by looking at politics from the outside, and he must live in the hope of finding the ultimate truth without subjecting himself to toiling the party line."

Marcus Begbie-Clench said: "To find out the so-called 'ultimate truth' a student has to investigate politics and those who join parties in the Union do more investigating than those who don't."

Mike Fox said that students could affect national politics more than they do if they looked at politics objectively and expressed a humanitarian opinion. "ORD aims to produce a united front of students on a different plane from the political parties."

CHEAPSKATE

FOR all students who wish to skate, the Silver Blades Ice Rink, Pershore Street, have agreed to give reduced prices (2/-) to students, if they show their Union cards. This is in force every afternoon excepting Saturdays and Sundays.

Union Stalwarts recovery

FRED CRUMP, chief Union Steward, made a surprise exit from Queen Elizabeth Hospital last Monday morning after the doctors had said he was expected to stay for about five weeks.

He went into hospital a week last Friday suffering from coronary thrombosis after complaining of a pain in his chest the night before.

Mr. Crump will now convalesce at his home for a couple of weeks before resuming his duties.

"I expect we'll have him back in a fortnight," said Mr. R. T. Jones, Permanent Secretary, yesterday. "It seems he just had a mild heart attack. He's got to lose a lot of weight, and he'll have to rest, but he seems all right now."

MEDICS COMPLAIN AT STAFF CAR PARKS

ALTHOUGH the old Medical School staff car park has now been opened to Medics with the opening of another park, the arrangements have caused widespread dissatisfaction among the student drivers this week.

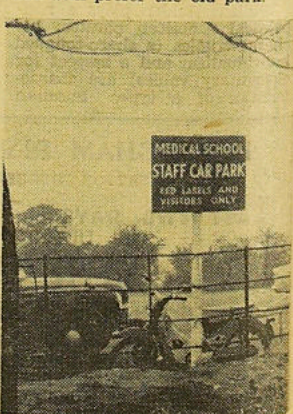
The new, larger, tarmac-adorned car park has been allocated to the Medical School staff, who have fewer cars than space provided. In addition some members of the staff still prefer the old park.

The result is that the staff car park stands half empty while we have no room to park," said a disgruntled student.

Food prices are also a subject for complaint in the Med. School. Recently the price of hot snacks and sandwiches in the Med. School canteen went up, to bring them in line with the rest of the University.

But after protests, a note was sent by B. T. Davies, Assistant Dean of the Medical School, to Mr. Humbert, requesting a return to normal in the price of the snacks. It was hoped that the yearly 2000 profit the canteen was making could be ploughed back to reduce prices.

However, yesterday, although prices had gone down from last week, they were still up on what they had been.



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sporting REDBRICK

Men's Hockey

GIANTS FELLED

Birmingham 2, Loughboro C. 1

AT last! The supposedly "invincible" Loughborough College's hockey team have been beaten. The reigning Universities' Athletics Union Champions were beaten 2-1 by Birmingham in a fast, fluctuating game, not because of superior skill, but because of the effort and enthusiasm which Birmingham put into their game.

Within four minutes of the start, Birmingham were ahead when Long completed a good move between himself and Stapley by cracking home the opening goal. Any hope that this would lead to an easy victory were dispelled when Loughborough equalised three minutes later. The importance of the occasion made every Birmingham man put all his heart and soul into the game, and Loughborough were soon caught up in this keen spirit with the result that neither side could settle into a rhythm. The longer the game progressed, the more likely it seemed that the next goal would be the winner.

Midway through the second half, Birmingham gained the goal. From a free hit on the left flank Yeoh found Long in front of the goal and Birmingham were in the lead again. Never resting for a moment Birmingham fought to the end, holding off a Loughborough side which was becoming more and more desperate as it failed to crack the tenacious University side.

This victory must make Birmingham the favourites to head the Midlands Area League, thus qualifying for the semi-finals of this year's Championship.



Photo: John Howard

GONKS ROLL ON WITH BOWLING SUCCESSES

AFTER two weeks of league matches the GONKS are the only unbeaten team in the 4 o'clock league.

Last week they displayed their supremacy by rolling a 551 series and 1,535 total pinfall. This is only 30 pins below the highest total pinfall rolled last year by the BUMS.

Last week Ron Gee-Pemberton of the GONKS rolled a 228 game and 551 series and now lies at the top of this season's averages with 175.

In the 2 o'clock league, introduced for new league players, M. Woodbridge rolled a 191 game and a 470 series, and now heads the averages with 152. Miss E. V. Williams in her first league match rolled an excellent 123 game.

Light fall for judo club

ON Saturday afternoon the Judo Club fought an exciting contest with Keele University and finally succumbed by the slender margin of three points (30 to 27). The closeness of the result is a fair indication of the excitement which the contest produced.

A Judo contest consists of six individual bouts and Birmingham and Keele each won three of these. However, Keele were acknowledged as victors because of their superior scoring. For Birmingham, J. Murray, the captain (white belt), R. Gills (ungraded), and J. Parsons (orange) were victorious; those defeated were M. Edge (white belt), D. Sparrow (orange) and V. Harris (blue belt). V. Harris put up an extremely courageous performance in view of the fact that only a week earlier he had been laid low with influenza.

FOG CUTS DOWN CAR TESTS

FOG unfortunately caused the Motor Club's Guido Driving Tests to end prematurely on Sunday. However, there was time enough to complete three of the tests, and determine the class winners.

Alan Parkin won three firsts in his Sunco Special and his V.W. Second overall was Derbyshire's very fast Cooper, and third was Taft, also Mini-mounted. These and the other thirty cars provided some spirited motoring.

Bill Banks seemed undaunted by his previous night's Mini-bashing in his M.G.; Harrison was thrilling in his hand-brake turns, Derbyshire superbly accurate. Kynd's Opel was surprisingly fast. Sadler's Aston Martin immaculate.

Results: Overall—1 Parkin, 2 Derbyshire, 3 Taft. Class 1—1 Mini—1 Derbyshire, 2 Taft, 3 Bassett. Class 2—Sports Cars—1 Parkin, 2 Harrison, 3 Challenger. Class 3—Cars Post 1956—1 Parkin, 2 Manford-Doble, 3 Williams. Class 4—Cars Pre 1956—1 Jones, 2 Banks, 3 Pym.



The damaged M.G. came through with flying colours.

Rugby

Brum XV's blackest week

THIS was an unfortunate week for the Rugby 1st XV. Unfortunate on Wednesday in meeting a Loughborough side which included Rollett; unfortunate on Saturday in losing after an interval lead.

The University really wanted to beat Loughborough. This was reflected in their play when they were a decided improvement on recent displays. But the Loughborough team were much too strong a unit for the University to crack, and when Pontin left the field after 15 minutes, it was asking for the impossible to expect a reshuffled University pack to contain the superb College outfit.

After a slow start in which Birmingham managed to score first through a Joy try and a Bayman conversion, Loughborough steadily wore down the University. The half-time score was a creditable 13-5, but the worst was to come.

Loughborough, dominating the second half, forced the home side into defence, and at one stage scored 13 points in five minutes. Full credit to the disappointed Birmingham side, who kept on fighting despite the ever-mounting score against them. A Bayman penalty goal was the only addition to the home total, and Birmingham must have sighed with relief when the game ended at 45-8 points.

At Derby the University no doubt wanted a victory in order to restore morale after Wednesday's drubbing. After an interval lead of 5-3, following a Wilson try and a Bayman conversion, the University unfortunately faded, and Derby won 8-5.

sports comment

Three cheers

IF there is one thing that the Athletics Union loves to do, then it is to thrash all the Loughborough teams when they come to Birmingham: failing that they like to beat them. So when Loughborough brought their army of sportsmen down to the University, the Athletics Union was ready and waiting with zest, confidence, ability and umpteen players who made up rugby, football, hockey, badminton, swimming, table-tennis and basket-ball teams.

Loughborough, too, came with confidence. After all they had perhaps the strongest all-round contingent in the country, with their teams including three current UAU champions, and two which they expected to become UAU winners. No doubt the remaining players had gathered some stardust from their illustrious colleagues.

In the light of this knowledge Birmingham's achievements are all the more meritorious. The hockey team triumphed against the UAU champions and the footballers surprised everybody with a splendid 1-1 draw—these were probably the best results of the day. The Rugby XV, the Swimming Club, and the Basketball Club were forced to acknowledge defeat. At Badminton and Table-tennis the University crushed Loughborough 8-1 and 7-2 respectively.

All in all then, Birmingham had an excellent day with three wins, three defeats, and a draw. Considering that Loughborough specialise in physical achievements this result is of more credit to the University than the College. No doubt the next fixture will provide even keener and more enjoyable battles.

Football

SOCCKER: TWO WINS

DESPITE injuries which necessitated team changes, the Soccer Club achieved two good results last week, drawing with old enemies Loughborough 1-1 and defeating University of London. The adoption of a modified 4-2-4 system seems to have had its effect in tightening the defence and giving more scope to the forwards.

Wednesday's UAU game with Loughborough opened in the usual fashion with the visitors dominating the play. Their inability to score allowed Birmingham to come more into the game in the twenty minutes before half time.

An evenly balanced game seemed to be going Loughborough's way when their centre-forward scored a fine individual goal. But the home team rallied again and were rewarded when Hollinshead volleyed home a fine Gedney cross. Though both goals had narrow escapes, both held out to the finish.

Saturday's visit by London gave the club a second attractive home fixture in the week. With three regulars missing Birmingham opened in lively style and threatened the London goal on a number of occasions. They deservedly took the lead when Gedney took a pass down the middle, drew the defence and hit a fine twenty-yard drive.

Just before half-time, defensive uncertainty allowed London to equalise when a centre was bundled into the net by the forwards. The second half opened with another goal for Birmingham when London's reserve

Club record still intact

Continuing their unbroken record this season, the sailing team beat Bristol University by 39½ points to 39 at Edgaston Reservoir on Sunday.

At one stage in the first race the home club trailed with the last three positions, but recovered strongly in light variable wind so that Pete Murray won the race.

In the second race Dick Smith led from the start, and holding off fierce attacks on his position held first place.



Photo: Brian Wood

• Peter Griffiths, M.P., after last week's meeting.

Zuckerman to advise Cabinet

SIR SOLLY CHANGES MIND, TAKES TOP JOB

Will stay with defence

SIR SOLLY ZUCKERMAN, who recently turned down a post in Harold Wilson's Cabinet as Minister of Disarmament, was appointed to the staff of the Cabinet Office last week as Scientific Adviser.

It is believed that Sir Solly, who is Sands Cox Professor of Anatomy at the University, turned down the offer of a Ministerial Post because he did not want to devote all his time to politics, but in his new job he will be available not only to the Prime Minister, but to the whole Government.

His new post adds to an already long list of appointments which carry immense responsibility for British science and defence. Described as "the most powerful scientist in Britain," Sir Solly remains as Chief Scientific Adviser to the Defence Secretary and as Adviser on the scientific aspects of disarmament to the Minister, Mr. Alun Gwynne Jones, who filled Sir Solly's intended Cabinet position.

But these many tasks, all of which carry much responsibility, are all in an advisory capacity and leave Sir Solly time to carry on in active academic research. In Birmingham his Department has an extensive research programme in reproductive physiology, relevant on a world-wide basis in population control. The London Zoo with which he is also concerned is in the middle of a modernisation drive and is building up a substantial research programme.

Knighted

Sir Solly, who is 60, was knighted in 1956 and lives in Edgbaston. He first came to the forefront during the war with his work on bomb blast as Scientific Adviser in Combined Operations.

His appointment to the Cabinet Office reflects Mr. Wilson's determination to strengthen the services provided by the Office to the Government. Sir Solly has been tentatively described as "the last of the Scientific Moguls" as the number of Scientific Advisers increases.

Russians visit the Union

On Saturday a party of 22 Russian students will be coming to the University for a five-day visit. Six men and sixteen women, the students, mainly studying engineering and teaching, will be accompanied by two interpreters.

During their stay they will be shown round the campus and also visit Cadbury's, Coventry, the Birmingham Rep. and M. & B's Brewery. The visit is part of an exchange visit to England organised by the NUS and the British Council.

GRIFFITHS IN FRONT OF HOSTILE CROWD

"No excuses"

MR. PETER GRIFFITHS, the MP for Smethwick, faced a largely hostile audience in the Council Chamber when he addressed the Conservative Association last Wednesday.

Mr. Griffiths said that he had not come to excuse himself, but to talk about the Election and the Smethwick situation. He explained his victory over Mr. Gordon Walker in terms of the importance of local issues in Smethwick, and the popularity of the Conservatives at the local level.

After his speech students put questions to Mr. Griffiths. "I expected questions to be much more specific than they were," said Marcus Begbie-Clench later. "Feelings against Mr. Griffiths seem to have been dissipated, since the Election."

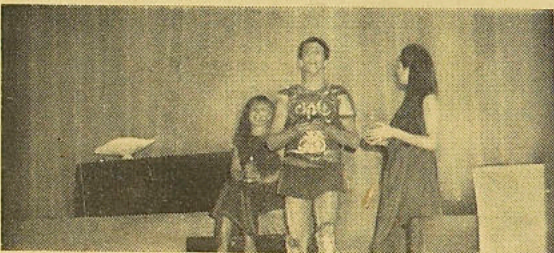
After several interruptions Mr. Griffiths said, "Many of you have come here with your minds made up about me, but I would urge you to judge me on what I do in Parliament."

"No specific charges have been made against me or my colleagues in Smethwick by the press or anyone else," he said. But in a series of questions, Mr. Mike Hartley-Brewer accused him of "being an

ambitious man who had articulated the racial prejudice of his constituents in order to get into Parliament."

Although many students felt that he evaded many of the questions, the meeting was described as "intensely interesting."

ONE-ACT SUCCESS



GTG's trilogy of one-act plays last week showed an upswing in attendance that GTG Chairman Roy Shutz hopes will continue for the Major later this term.

After a poor attendance for the first night with only 60 people in the audience, the situation was redeemed with attendances of 150-160 on the last two nights.

"The greatest pity was that we had so little time to spend on them," said Roy. "With so many other people wanting the Debating Hall, we just had to fit in as best we could."

But GTG is obviously well-pleased with its Fresher talent. All the actors and actresses were Freshers and two of the plays were produced by first-year English students. "They surpassed even my expectations," said Chris Holliday afterwards, "and the plays improved after each performance."

GTG's opera next term will be produced by Paul Bentley, who resigned last week as Publicity

Manager. "The two jobs would clash heavily," he said, "and one simply had to go." The opera has not yet been chosen, but meanwhile GTG are in "desperate" need of a Publicity Manager.

They also badly need men—not trained singers—to take part in two opera Auditions today.

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AS

OTHERS

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FRIDAY'S

Hallowe'en Dance held at University House was a great success, and as a member of the organising committee said, "exceeded all expectations." As the photograph shows, the dance - floor was packed, and both the bar, and buffet, serving hot potatoes in their jackets, did a roaring trade.

Unfortunately this is not the case at Saturday's Union Hop where for the second week running the star group—this time The Couriers — failed to appear.

The Couriers are on the books of the same agency as Russ Sainty and the Nu-Notes — who, booked as top of the bill at last week's 5/6d. star-studded hop had also failed to turn up. This meant that at both hops the supporting groups had to provide music for the whole evening.

"We were promised an explanation from the agency," said Ents. Comm. chairman Tony Vere, but so far we have heard nothing except a promise of £30 compensation for Russ Sainty's failure to appear."

To compensate students disappointed by the last two hops, tickets for next Saturday's Hop,

starring Peter's Faces, will cost 2/6d. instead of 5/-.

"This sort of thing will ruin our reputation if it continues," said Tony, "but it is difficult to assess what will happen at this stage."

"I have apologised to all the training colleges who come to our hops, and they seem to be satisfied with our explanation."

The humanities have it

THE modern humanities have never had it so good! Last week's Open Lecturer, Stuart Hall, is to be followed, next Tuesday, by the poet Ted Hughes.

The effect of mass media upon the audience was discussed by Mr. Hall last Tuesday. Will we all be turned to pap-fed morons? Stuart Hall denied this, pointing out that the harmful effects of mass media are much exaggerated.

They are innocent of attitude creation, guilty only of a certain reinforcement which is not, in any case, necessarily inherent in their influence.

From semi-sociology to poetry. In the Deb Hall next week Ted Hughes will be "Introducing his Poetry." One of the major English poets since Dylan Thomas, Hughes' work has a stark muscular simplicity which lends itself well to the speaking voice, and a significance which breaks all barriers between the "two cultures."

WHEN WILL IT EVER END

THE long-awaited opening of the Jazz Club has been delayed for yet another week.

Again constructional alterations, and the difficulty in getting these done are responsible, but the Club will definitely be opening next week.

Alan Hodgkinson, drummer in the Evan Parker quartet said today that only two electric points had been put in, instead of the seven they need.

"Once we get the main constructional alterations done," said Alan, "the rest won't be too difficult and the actual decoration won't take long at all."

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