

GONGSTER

NOTTINGHAM STUDENTS UNION NEWSPAPER

No. 399

5p

March 11th, 1975

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NOTHING HAPPENED

Agenda report

THE matter of Council's long sittings, and its supposed time-wasting debates on trivia, were subject to much heated comment during the recent Presidential elections. Yet when the working party on Council Agenda presented its report it was stringently opposed.

The report proposed continuing the use of a timetable, first used experimentally at the 107th meeting, fixed times for the beginning and end of meetings, beyond which Council could go if there was business left over and it wished to carry on; guillotines on speeches; and a restructuring of the Agenda, with the setting up of an Agenda Committee.

The opposition objected to the report line by line, putting amendment after amendment until many people present were extremely bored with the whole thing (one reason why the meeting subsequently went in-chorate?). When it came to the principle of an Agenda Committee, few people were still listening, and so it got through.

Hunt the fire

FIRE-ENGINES called to the Cripps Computing Centre on Wednesday afternoon were delayed because they lost their way.

Fortunately, for all concerned, the fire was only a small one, caused by an electrical fault in the plant room of the centre.

Officials who have been pressing for more sign-posts to the Computing Centre, seem now to have a very good case, but as yet nothing has been decided.

ELECTED

MEMBERS of the Union Council meet on Saturday morning in PLH to elect Executive officials for the next session ('75-'76).

Alistair Rutherford, assistant to the Secretary this session, takes over the Secretary's post next session.

The new Treasurer is Dave Kneale, this year's President in Lenton Hall.

Elizabeth Roblin, a first year student in French and Philosophy, takes over Pete Lombardellis' role as Welfare Secretary.

And finally, Bill Holmes, who has stood for the post of Council Chairman twice before, was elected by 62 votes. Third time lucky it seems.

Paul Kavanagh was re-elected at the Union Council meeting on Monday, March 3rd, as External Affairs Secretary. Paul, the only candidate, resigned from the post last year.

TO compare the recently-deceased Week of Action to a damp squib would surely qualify as the understatement of the year. A grand total of seventy people from the University took part in the London demonstration, and about twenty in the Nottingham demo. Angry questions were asked at Union Council, when Mark Hapgood surprised no-one with his belief that demos are not really legitimate means of protest. Of course, it is very easy to blame Union Exec, but things are never so simple as that.

The sudden disappearance of Mr Paul Kirkham rather upset the arrangements for the area demo. The President-Elect, Phil Bayles, was given a week to try and get it off the ground, and due to the almost total lack of reaction decided that it wasn't even worth taking the banner, "in case I ended up having to carry it myself, with a pole in each hand". Furthermore, the Nottingham Area Students organisation who were formally in charge, did not even invite us to provide speakers for the meeting. It is felt that the last disastrous area demo, still remembered by many third years, also helped to put people off the idea.

The wisdom of NUS in calling another Week of Action so soon after the last one, is very questionable. Possibly they were still dizzy from its success, but many students felt that they'd already done their bit by going to the last demo, and were not prepared to waste yet another day trudging round London in the rain. Many participators in last term's London venture felt that it was so badly organised that they are inclined to write off demos completely.

The campaign was given as much publicity as possible, but the resulting deafening silence which greeted it was possibly "not surprising", according to Keith Hamill. A large proportion of the student body would subscribe to Mr Hapgood's views on the desirability and effectiveness of demonstrations, and the Union feels that it would perhaps be best to concentrate on such activities as writing letters to parents and MPs in future.

£ £ £ £ £ £ £ £

ATTEMPTS were made at Union Council to protest over what many Guild members see as bad financial management. Lenton tabled the motion censuring "the Union Treasurer for his inability to budget the Union's money" and Cripps laid down a motion censuring both the Exec and the Treasurer for "bad administration and inadequate budgeting respectively". Mr Hamill proposed an amendment to the first censure motion, pointing out that the Treasurer only advises Council, and that Council must take responsibility for any bad budgeting. This was accepted, and "Union Council" was inserted into the censure motion instead

of the Treasurer. Mr Pete Eburah, the treasurer in question, then said that Council shouldn't censure itself, as the future, financially speaking, is always very unpredictable. Both the censure motions were then defeated.

Money motions seemed to be the order of the day. A motion from Rutland about LEAs providing loans instead of grants was defeated, as was one which suggested that Union funds should be used in the fight over the Common Market issue. Perhaps Guild members find matters of hard cash less interesting than wrangles over the Agenda report, because for the first time this year, Council went in-chorate (at 2 a.m.).

Nearly....not quite

IT was a "hit and miss" affair at the General Meeting held on Tuesday dinnertime in PB Ballroom.

344 students, just six short of a quorum, turned up for the debate on a week of action for the "third-world" countries.

The motion, backed by members of CU and CA, was the best attended meeting for almost a year, although when it opened it was still 70 people short of a full quorum and was declared a Union Forum.

Disappointment was felt by many at the present impossibility of the chairman to turn the meeting back from a Union Forum into a General Meeting. This rule is likely to be amended in the near future.

There was clearly strong support for the motion, two amendments were quashed on points of order that were supported overwhelmingly.

The motion now goes forward to Union Council and will, very likely, be passed.

'Clasp' connection

EVERYBODY must know something about the Fairfield Old People's Home at Edwalton, which was destroyed by fire, earlier this year, claiming 18 old folk as victims.

The enquiry into the fire at the home, the first residential scheme built under the "Clasp" system, is still continuing.

But even though a final decision has not been made as to the fire safety of the "Clasp" system, a scheme in the architect's department of the University has gone ahead to design another "Clasp" building.

Every year the Nottingham County Council put a brief before the third year architect students to plan a building. One member of the successful planning team is then employed to supervise the building of the project, at a cost of about £17,000 to the Council.

This year's brief has been for a Primary School on Abbey

Road, West Bridgford, to house 240 infants and 60 nursery children.

The project specifies the "Clasp" system of building. This is a system of prefabricated blocks, made in a factory and assembled on the site (like a giant "Meccano" set). All this is built round a steel framework specially constructed on a concrete base.

Standard fire regulations have been tightened, and this school would be "Clasp" Mark 5, with even tighter fire restrictions than the Mark 4B of the Fairfield Old People's Home which allowed wooden structures.

But the basic question of safety still remains. Mr Burke-Gaffney, Government Counsel, told the Fairfield enquiry that because of joints in the ceiling it was possible for fire, heat and fumes to get through.

We can only hope that the "Clasp" system claims no more victims, particularly none of the 300 young children to be housed in the Abbey Road School.

Capitation capitulation!

THE Union is at present negotiating for an increase in capitation fee. At present our fee of £14 is one of the lowest in the country, with only Salford, with a fee of £11, below us, though several places have capitation fees of £15 or £16.

In the submission for an increase, produced by the Union Treasurer, Mr Pete Eburah, the difficulty of financial planning at a time of raging inflation is recognised. However, the proposed increase to £19.50 is 40 per cent, which barely covers inflation. Many people feel that as Nottingham has one of the lowest capitation fees, yet provides a great many services,

the proposed increase should be proportionately higher. Some Unions are asking for increases to around £30. Furthermore, the President-Elect, Mr Phil Bayles, was banking on a much higher capitation fee in order to carry out his policies.

The submission itself states that "whilst other Unions can survive a drop in real income by reducing wastage and increasing efficiency, this Union cannot. We believe that our case can be looked on favourably because otherwise we will be penalised for our own efficiency". It is felt that with a capitation fee of only £19.50, this is exactly what will happen.

'STAR TREK' AUTHOR COMING

JAMES BLISH, the U.S. science fiction author has accepted an invitation to lecture on an aspect of American S.F. here next term, probably on Wednesday, May 7th.

Although he is probably most widely known for his transcribing of the "Star Trek" scripts into Corgi/Bantam short story collections he is recognised inside S.F. and academic circles as being one of the genre's major novelists with his "Cities in Flight" tetralogy, the Hugo-Award winning "A Case of Conscience", "Black Easter" and several more. He is also probably the world's foremost S.F. critic, writing under his own name, and as "William Atheling" in the much-acclaimed "Issue at Hand" volumes.

All's well that ends well

WHEN the Karnival Committee finally gave away the £28,800 they had made for charity it wasn't all smiles and thanks.

They had forgotten to include in their presentation a borstal camp, that relies on Karnival's gift to survive. But Karnival Committee might redeem themselves yet. They say they will probably take the £150 gift the borstal camp usually gets from reserve funds.

COMMENT

NOTHING much happened this last fortnight that wouldn't be commented on in exactly the same way as before. Consequently :

PERSONAL

YOU haven't had it for a year, Fleur, do you miss it?

CONGRATULATIONS Stu! I mean congratulations that Pete didn't stand.

"**JOHN** doesn't say much in tutorials, at least I rock back on my chair," MacHerblin (anagram, not MacHerblain).

IS the carpet of room 6 Cripps still stained, Fleur?

V BLOCK Cripps announce vacancy.—Apply F.B.

IS Roger really perfect, or just another pseud? We know in N block, eh lads!

WORRIED? Ring Wortley E block (int. 2060) for a completely public discussion of your problems. We guarantee to send up any worry that you have, cast doubt on your abilities, and generally piss about. Ask Shamus for advice on contraception, the squash kid about alcoholism, and Graham or John if your bike doesn't work either. We prefer blondes, preferably after closing time.

F.N. has its own private investigator.—Apply Room 218.

THE J.F.A.S. reminds both its members that their annual subscription of 2p is due. Any new members welcome—only mad or desperate females need apply.—Room 37.

WHO'S a pretty boy then.—Ask B.B.

LIZ: A mars in the hand is worth a Dave in the . . .

CAN'T keep the old boy down, eh Rods (28).

WHAT'S black and throws in Slab Square. Ask Nouk.

FANCY a ravish? See the Deadly Duo, Sodall and Tigress, Derby.

DO you need a woman?—Apply: Trev and Co., F Block.

WHAT'S 6ft. 2in., eyes of blue, lives in Cripps and is handsome too? (Hint V6 could contain the answer).

SAMSON: I think I'm allergic to morning too.—Cleopatra.

I THOUGHT everyone knew that clothes worn every day begin to smell.—A wellwisher.

WHAT have two lust-crazed sex fanatics from B floor got in common with a rubber duck called Quackers?

WHEN does a football go aargh, aargh, aargh, tinkle, tinkle?—Ask Richard, D39.

TONY: Footballs aren't marsupials but yours certainly bounces well.

DIDN'T bat an eyelid, did you,

Blossom? Fangs for the memory. **TO** Pete and Dave, the happy couple (bad luck Mary).

TIMID young lady requests pleasure of company of young gent (Wortley) on excursion to Derby, Sat., 15th March (p.m.)

SLUGGER Sag and Plugger Prescott are hotly pursued by special detective Wollan.

PETE, you shouldn't try these new positions, stick to the old bums-out method like you used to.

ANN, don't show Pete these new positions when he's doing 70; he has enough problems doing 69.

MR PRESIDENT: I'll never eat tinned carrots again. And it's Aston Villa (clap clap) Aston we sing—etc., etc.

HAS Terry found his station in life?

LOST, from gents' cloakroom P.B. on Sat. 1st March, green Parka.—Grateful if returned to either cloakroom or K. J. Lomas, Hugh Stewart, Room 12.

DID YOU really get a good night's sleep or did the apple pie give you indigestion? Whee!

CONGRATULATIONS! But what is the time interval now between knocking and being admitted, even when the knight is young?

WE'VE only had half an inch of snow this winter, trust you to fall over in it. Were you looking for a rainbow?

WASN'T the reed soggy enough or did you forget the honey? Perhaps you should try whisky, they sounded as if they needed a drop. (Sorry).

GRAHAM: Sexed any good birds lately? Will Duckie Jones get jealous?

L, L, & G (Cavendish) wish all their admirers a happy Valentine's Day. We love you all!

ROOM 318 is completely innocent. **HONARY** Biskit: 'hands off; it's mine!

CAVENDISH just isn't the same without you and girley.

DREAMER: you're always welcome for amazing coffee next door.

LORD Hailsham (ex L.C.) wishes you a nappy 66.

MICHAEL: We still love you even though you "stood us up" Saturday 11 a.m. Many thanks for all your help.

TARZAN'S "Jane" (H) collects beer mats.

MANY thanks to Andy and Trev for their small sacrifice. It's the thought that counts.

Training without hypocrisy

DEAR SIR, — While welcoming the approach expressed by the recently-appointed Senior Lecturer in University Teaching Methods and Educational Technology in his article in the last issue of "Gongster", could I suggest that the University's attitude to this issue is at best half-hearted, and at worst hypocritical.

For most teaching positions outside the universities either a teaching qualification is a condition of appointment, or new teachers are expected to take such a course in their first year of service (and a proper one-year in-service course). Is this the case in universities? — No.

A person appointed to a teaching position outside the Universities is given a salary increment to compensate for the year they spent on teacher training. Is this the case in universities? — No.

A teacher who has been in service for some time outside the universities can apply to take a higher-level qualification in teaching — e.g. an M.Ed. — and would normally be granted secondment on full pay for the year he did this. Is this the case in universities? — No.

Yes, let's have proper teacher training for University Lecturers — but without the hypocrisy!

BILL LOMAX,

Lecturer in Sociology — with no Teacher Training Qualification

Teaching methods challenged

DEAR SIR,—The problem of how to teach teachers is at once fashionable and complex. That it is fashionable (and there is nothing wrong with fashion) is shown by the appointment of Mr George Brown as senior lecturer in teaching methods; that it is complex is made very clear by Mr Brown's article in last week's "Gongster".

We all want to do our job better but I feel that Mr Brown has not properly considered the implications of what he is saying. It is all very well lauding the virtues of participation but it is not satisfactory to imply that "interaction" (whatever that may mean) is the supreme academic goal. Yet that is what Mr Brown appears to do in his time line chart.

Why does the question which the lecturer asks in chart A have to be dismissed as "long winded"? Mr Brown appears not to consider that (a) the subject under discussion might be difficult and that therefore lengthy exposition is essential and (b) that the students in that group might not have done any work before the meeting. Similarly he blithely assumes that boredom/interest reactions to seminars are to be explained solely in terms of "techniques" and that what matters is not what you say but the way that you say it. Nowhere in Mr Brown's article is there any stress on the virtues of content as opposed to presentation, yet he surely does not believe that all subjects can be made signally easy, that clarity begins in the media overhead projection transparencies and not in the library. Educational techniques are at the service of education; they are not a substitute for it. I am sure Mr Brown agrees with this; perhaps on a future occasion he will say so.

Yours sincerely,

PETER MORRIS

How to stop inaction

SIR, — We would like, through your columns, to express our disgust at the lack of publicity (and consequent low turnout) for the local and national demonstrations during the Week of Action called for by NUS in support of the fight against education cuts.

Lack of advance publicity ensured that only about twenty students represented the University at the area demonstration (members of Union Council being conspicuous by their absence).

The national demonstration in London fared little better, Nottingham being represented by a mere fifty students out of a total of over five thousand — less than 1 per cent of Union membership! Again NUSU officials were notable absentees.

We fully understand how easy it is at Nottingham University to lead a sheltered life on campus, snuggled in the "fatherly arms" of the UC, safe from the harsh realities of the outside world. Students are not made aware of the effects which education cuts will have, not only now, but in the future; not only on them, but also upon their children. Not only will jobs be lost by the closure of colleges, but future standards of living and literacy will be affected.

We feel that students have a role to fill in making the public aware of the erosion of their future standard of life being made by government, big business, etc., in the fields of education, conservation, Third World, etc.

Therefore we urge Union Executive to:

- (1) Give such important issues the publicity which they merit — why not a full-page advert in "Gongster" for national demonstrations?
- (2) Organise an official and effective boycott of lectures on days of demonstrations.
- (3) Make a more determined effort to gain the closure of all Union and JCR facilities on days of national demonstration.
- (4) Make coach fares to demonstrations returnable.

We consider the above measures, plus a more active Union Executive, to be essential in rousing this Union from its current lethargy.

P. GIBSON,

Guild Rep.
**D. MELL,
N. MATHESON,
and S. PORTER,**
Hu Stu

Protest

DEAR EDITOR,—Yet another piece of partial reporting from "Gongster"? The facts of the picket against Roy Jenkins would suggest so.

The picket was a viable form of protest, not mere talk; a well attended attack upon the policies which this Labour Government has pursued. One of these policies is the further whittling away of civil liberties by such measures as the "anti-terrorist" legislation, moves against pickets and other forms of working-class action, in which policies Roy Jenkins has played a major part.

Roy Jenkins was not left as unruffled by the picket as "Gongster" suggests. Those who took part in the picket were prevented from entering Trent to attend what was, by many accounts, a pedestrian, non-analytical and rambling speech. An alternative meeting was held outside Trent and future action planned.

"Gongster" would be the second Nottingham rag (the "Post" would be the first) to condemn a rowdy, disorganised protest and should be the first to give fair coverage to a well attended, well-disciplined and principled protest.

Yours,

SOCIALIST SOCIETY

As far as I am concerned the report on Roy Jenkins' speech was fair, accurate and contemporaneous, these are the qualities demanded of any journalist. If the Socialist Society have any complaints about our standards, they have two courses open to them:

- (1) To write articles for the paper on their own account.
- (2) To phone into "Gongster" information they feel will enlighten us.

These are the channels open to every student and official in the University, indeed every reader of "Gongster".—News Editor.

LETTERS

MP supports campaign

DEAR EDITOR,—I am pleased to support the National Students' Grants Campaign and particularly the suggestions put forward by the Nottingham University Conservative Association.

I have now had sufficient experience as a Member of Parliament to realise the difficulties parental contributions do cause for many students and I support their abolition, from which it naturally follows that discretionary awards themselves would finish, and all full-time students should be able to obtain a full grant.

Since I have been a Member of Parliament I have taken up the question of student grants with both Ministers of State who have been responsible, and on the last occasion I did receive an assurance from Lord Crowther-Hunt that they were already working on next year's figures.

Many of us would like to see all forms of grant and benefit index-linked as one way to protect those who are totally dependent, and also ease the very serious threat of inflation. The effect this is having on Universities and higher education generally cannot be over estimated.

Yours faithfully,

JIM LESTER

House of Commons,
London, SW14 0AA.

Conspiracy not intimidation

DEAR SIR, — Steven Cox (letters, last issue) has every right to form his own opinions on the validity of the arguments put forward in the East Midlands Communist Party's sheet "denouncing" Roy Jenkins, and to voice them through your columns. However it is to be hoped that his opinions are based on a sound knowledge of the facts of the matters involved. In one case, at least, it appears that he does not possess this knowledge.

We refer to the paragraph on the jailing of the Shrewsbury Two, and the assertion that these pickets were arrested and convicted "for intimidating fellow workers". They were not. They were convicted for conspiracy to intimidate. This difference is not quite as minor as it might appear on the surface. The maximum penalty for the crime of intimidation is three months' imprisonment, for conspiracy to commit that same crime it is an unlimited jail sentence. In this particular case the pickets were jailed for terms of up to three years — vastly in excess of the maximum for the crime itself — for which they were not prosecuted.

It is this use of a conspiracy law to obtain a sentence far in excess of the sentence for the crime itself which is the basis of our, and many other people's, objection to the jailing of the Shrewsbury Two. By objecting in this way we do not condone the use of violence — remember that they were not convicted of intimidation or violence of any kind.

(Continued on Page Four)

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The opinions expressed in this paper are not necessarily those of the Editorial Board. The next issue of "Gongster" appears on Tuesday, May 13th. Please submit all copy by Thursday, May 8th. All articles and letters should be as concise as possible, double-spaced and on one side of the paper only.

NICE ONE CYRIL

THE Liberal Member for Rochdale, describing himself as "a member of the longest running farce in the West End", spoke to a meeting in the Refectory last Thursday evening. Cyril Smith said that he usually considers speaking at universities a waste of time, but came to Nottingham under pressure from his friend and fellow Rochdalean, Paul Rowen, chairman of the Liberal Club.



Mr Smith told a large audience about Liberal policy, and sometimes added parts of his own philosophy. He started where all Liberals have started since the early twenties — with a plea for reform of the electoral system, to give Liberals a fair chance of taking power. Had the Liberals not had ample time to reform themselves as a major party? "No," said Mr Smith, "I'm not responsible for what Lloyd George did." Mr Smith ridiculed the whole tradition of voting on party lines in the Commons. He suggested that a government should not necessarily have to resign just because it had been defeated in voting.

The Liberal M.P. then outlined the kind of reforms that a Liberal government, or, more realistically, a significant Liberal minority, would press for in Parliament. The picture as he describes it sounds remarkably like a moderate Labour manifesto, except for a stated distaste for any form of State intervention in industry. He said that capital and labour is the best way of running industry.

Nevertheless, there must be more worker participation and profit sharing — though not worker control. A statutory minimum wage, which he would be glad to implement in his own small factory, was the best way to attack poverty. Those who "cause inflation" must be taxed; direct grant grammar schools must be abolished; there should be an investigation into university entrance, particularly to Oxford and Cambridge; pay-beds in public hospitals must be abolished; it is disgraceful that anyone should own more than one home; hanging should be used only for acts of terrorism; Britain must stay in the EEC; referenda are a good thing; the parental means test for student grants should be abolished; and finally, there should be a devolution of power to units as small as parish councils.

Cyril Smith left the meeting with a parting thought. He said, "The weaker Liberalism becomes, the greater the need for Liberalism".

JONNY MARGOLIS

Real ale in Buttery

A RECENT meeting between Mr Dixon (PB catering manager), Mr Hamill and several real ale enthusiasts revealed the following information:

1. That the Buttery is tied to contracts with only three brewers who seem to have paid extraordinary little for the privilege of monopolising beer sales over long periods of time: BASS CHARRINGTON paid only £750 for 1973-78; ANSELLS paid only £750 for 1973-78; SCOTTISH & NEWCASTLE paid only £1,000 for 1973-83.

2. Although these brewers are responsible for supplying beer, they do not seem to be responsible for much else. For example, so far they have only offered to pay £700 of an estimated £2,800 bill to repair the Buttery steps damaged by loading and unloading their kegs

and crates.

3. Arrangements are in hand to supply BASS draught beer in the Buttery — at 20p a pint. This seems to many people to be an excessive price to pay for what seems a weak and distinctly inferior bitter in gloomy and uncomfortable surroundings.

4. There is a possibility that Riddles — one of the best small brewers in the country — may be interested in buying out one of the Big Three contracts. If the present campaign continues then there is a good chance that real ale will become a reality instead of a dream, although it is likely that much more action will be needed before the Buttery provides the service that most of us would really like to see.

JON SPECTOR

BEER HERE

THE inaugural meeting of the Real Ale Society last Wednesday was attended by about 50 people. Although only three of them were female, it was a promising turnout—and if the Society can implement its plan to actually have real ale at future meetings it will doubtless increase. The aims of the group outlined at the meeting included circulating a fairly regular newsletter to members, creating and lobbying hall bar committees to secure real ale for the halls of residence, supplying advice to anyone interested in home brewing, and organising beer festivals on campus. As breweries sometimes give the stuff to festivals free, the price per pint at these could be very nominal indeed.

Mr Chris Holmes from the Campaign for Real Ale (their annual meeting is to be held at the University this vacation) gave an admirable summary of what the struggle for real ale is all about and answered some good and surprisingly critical questions. He naturally tended to see the Real Ale Society as a local extension of CAMRA'S fight to get quality from the brewers. This it is—but it also needs to be lively and enthusiastic purely as a student society if it is to flourish, and to achieve this will have to be the organisers' primary task.

The new, updated CAMRA "Good Beer Guide" is out now, incidentally—a document which is to the discriminating beer drinker as the forked twig is to the dowser.

KARNIVAL DISH-OUT

STARDATE 5-3-75. P.L.H. The dishing out of Karnival '74's money. The end of Eli.

THE funeral was a happy affair with £28,800 being handed out to over 80 deserving charities, and beaming faces all around. Well almost, at least until Big Dick Oblath put in his beautiful jibe — "the only sour note running through Karnival '74 was the total lack of co-operation from three of the major firms in Nottingham, the most annoying thing being that one of them helps three other rags". Not a very nice state of affairs, although rumour has it that Dick's biting invectives have had an effect and help may be more forthcoming in the future. Round of applause.

Still all in all the occasion was quite jolly, with the Sheriff of Nottingham making a short, pleasant speech before Dick let rip with the big news — with money still coming in Eli has made over £30,000 and Karnival is now the biggest rag in England. Well done all. "Chick" is also the world's biggest-selling rag-mag (148,000), which must prove something, besides meaning Karnival now holds two world records — remember Wortley's croquet?

In view of all this it's a shame the V.C. and the College principals weren't present, especially as the Chairman of the Robin Hood Trust quoth at one point: "If the V.C. had been here I would make sure you all got good degrees". Does this man have knowledge of one of the V.C.'s guilty secrets, and is this why all we saw or heard of him was a head popping round a door and a "very nice" message, "Heartfelt congratulations to Karnival '74, the University is proud of you". Their non-appearance really showed it, right on brothers, and kindly leave the stage.

Anyway, passing over such matters, Karnival '74 really was quite a success and so for the last time thanks to all who helped (pat yourselves on the backs), fingers to those who didn't, and don't forget to buy your T-shirts next term — a lovely design. Your new dictator is Dave Monk. Karnival '75 Rules O.K.

Thanks to the council

A FIVE-POINT plan to house students next year was announced by the Housing Committee last Thursday.

Members of the committee have decided to:

- Allow Council house tenants and people taking council mortgages to rent rooms.
- Allow caravans to be sited in the city and the University campus.
- Acquire properties now occupied by students when they are offered for sale.
- Encourage Nottingham County Council to buy large family houses in the city to accommodate students.
- Ask the County Council to contact district councils surrounding the city to help.

It has been said that about 1,750 students would be homeless at the beginning of the next academic year.

The Housing Committee are naturally hoping that their plans will solve this situation.

Unacceptable aspect of Christianity

THE time: 7 p.m. Monday. The place: Lincoln Hall.

Slowly, silently, yet insidiously, a small type-written sheet of yellow paper slides under the door of each study-bedroom. Steve Startup and his "Godsquad" are on the prowl again.

8 p.m. Monday.

Throughout the Hall, terrified students prepare for a siege. Doors are barricaded, friends are told the secrets of codes to gain admission, and signs are posted on the doors, ranging from the torn-up Godsquad message, through carefully-worded "No Christian" signs, to a polite "No, thank you." All is to no avail, however.

7.30 p.m. Wednesday.

Never since the action of the Gestapo in invaded France has such fear been generated by the simultaneous knockings on a dozen bedroom doors. The desperate student makes his way to it in silence, throwing it open to reveal a couple of the "Startup agents", or even the great Steve himself.

"Excuse me, I know you're busy, but..."

"Yes, you're right, I am" comes the reply from the victim as he tries vainly to shut the door.

"We won't keep you long," is the reply, as the "Godsquad" men enter, to begin another two-hour "grilling" session.

Thursday lunchtime.

The hardier members of the glorious movement for the liberation of Lincoln Hall from the clutches of Startup's men gather together for safety. One o'clock chimes out from the distant Trent Building clock, and Steve's guerillas; the "Holy Dozen", swing into action.

Armed with soup-plates and cast-iron carrots (a Lincoln Hall delicacy) they infiltrate the hard core of "faithless ones" and ask them to "Pass the water".

This is followed by an innocent-sounding question, usually about one of the Union hand-outs which always seems to find their way on to the dining table.

Polite replies are carefully twisted to extract some quasi-religious significance, and then comes the dreaded question.

"What do you think of Christianity, then?"

Half an hour later, gasping for air, the poor prospective converts head for the afternoon lectures. Amazingly, a brave few manages to escape; for them is reserved the Ultimate Weapon.

Half-past six, Thursday evening.

A friendly knock on the door reveals a fellow medic, ostensibly willing to borrow an anatomy text-book. The fact that he is one of Steve's chosen few scarcely flashes across one's mind, but, after a few harmless questions about the Upper Limb, the real purpose of the visit is revealed.

"We're having a meeting entitled 'In search of God' in PB next week; would you like to come?"

"No thank you, I've got work to do," I reply, not wishing to offend a comrade.

"But..." he begins, and politeness fades a little as he is shown the door.

Godsquad have been temporarily thwarted, but, like the proverbial bad penny, are bound to turn up again and again.

Please do not misunderstand me; I in no way wish to impute that any of these people are insincere in their beliefs; indeed many of us who find their methods unpleasant are ourselves practising Christians.

The truth remains, however, that attempts like this to force Christianity down the throats of people leads many to turn against the very thing that Godsquad men are promoting.

UNIVERSITY AN ANACHRONISM?

THE Debating Society met on the 27th February to discuss the motion "University is an anachronism". This motion, which is of direct relevance to all students of this University, was proposed by Paul Kavanagh, seconded by Bob Ray, and opposed by Keith Hamill and Steven Trombly.

Paul Kavanagh suggested that the basic reasons for university are to provide channels of common culture and learning, to create cultivated men and women and to provide training for skills required in one's career. He argued that university fails under the first two heads, and is somewhat misguided under the third head. The knowledge imparted by university is academic and not practical. Most of what is learnt is not relevant to one's career, so that three years are effectively wasted. Radical reforms are needed to make university worthwhile.

Opposing the motion, Keith Hamill asserted that universities were expanded to take over the job of occupying the delinquent youth when National Service was abolished. This University was set up, according to its charter, to seek and pursue the furtherance of knowledge. If

we have no universities, the whole world would suffer by the lack of all types of research. Mr Hamill also pointed out that the universities of Britain provide employment for many thousands. He also noted that Mr Kavanagh's diligence in researching his case showed the education he had gained at university.

Seconding the motion, Bob Ray said that a more general form of further education was needed, to prevent the injury done to the individual and to society by the tendency to specialise. Reforms must be made, perhaps by the Government, to make better use of manpower and facilities.

Steven Trombly said that not only is university a vital part of our society, but its importance is shown by its popularity. University is a key part of society, helping to maintain stability by the ceaseless quest for knowledge. Only those with expert knowledge will be able to steer the world away from self-destruction.

After various speeches from the floor and a summing up for both sides, the motion was put to the vote and overwhelmingly defeated. University is not considered an anachronism.

OLIVER LANE

Letters—from P. 2

The conspiracy law used in this instance has been used with increasing frequency over the last five years particularly in relation to what we would call political prosecutions, such as that concerned with the distribution of leaflets to soldiers, by pacifists; the "Angry Brigade" fiasco; the "Oz" obscenity trial.

There are many unpleasant aspects of conspiracy prosecutions, quite apart from the unlimited sentences which can be imposed, for instance:

— the act of conspiracy is very widely defined. It is not even necessary to know the individual(s) with whom you are accused of conspiring, or to have discussed the matter involved. In the words of the judge at Pat Arrowsmith's appeal, conspiracy can be indicated by "a nod and a wink".

— In conspiracy trials evidence is admissible which would not be so in a trial for the offence itself — for instance the political background of the defendants, their lifestyle and friends may be cited. The prosecution may in some cases include a conspiracy charge among others, even though it has no hope of making the charge stick, merely in order to bring forth this type of evidence, in the hope of influencing the jury's decision on the other charges.

— The Ken Parliamentarians among — The keen Parliamentarians among you may care to consider the implications of the conspiracy laws for the sovereignty of Parliament. In the words of Mr Stan Thorne (House of Commons, 25-2-75):

"It is an insult to the authority of Parliament that any outside body — even the judges — should be able to pass a severe sentence for attempting to commit a crime . . . when Parliament itself has a fixed maximum penalty for the crime itself." (N.B.: It does not even have to be attempted.)

There are many injustices in a sick society like ours, and there always will be unless we change the nature of society itself. However, conspiracy laws are one of the most insidious tools of repression in the hands of the State, and must be the first to go!

Love and peace,

**JULIE WOODIN
COLIN HUGGINS**

(We also acknowledge a letter making similar points from Liz Guy—ED.)

Different communists

DEAR SIR,—Over the past few weeks, especially during the presidential election campaign, the term "Communist" has been banded about very freely. The Communist Party of Great Britain, which has recently re-established a branch in this University, wishes to clarify a few points:

(1) Ehi Eboigbe is not a member of the C.P.G.B.

(2) We disagree with the tactics of the Communist Party of England (Marxist-Leninist), which embraces such organisations as the Afro-Asian Society and the Nottingham Student Movement of which Ehi is a member.

(3) The C.P.G.B. seeks to create a socialist Britain through the accepted, if limited, democratic processes of this country. Ehi and his friends believe that revolution can only be achieved through violence and refuse to accept that the transition to socialism, under certain conditions, can be peaceful.

(4) The C.P.E. (M.L.) is a small organisation. The C.P.G.B. has well over 30,000 members with its roots in the labour movement, has well known figures such as Jimmy Reid and Mick McGahey in its ranks, and has its own daily newspaper, the "Morning Star".

Under no circumstances should the two be confused.

Yours fraternally,

MARGARET HOPTROV,
Ancaster.

JOHN MITCHELL,
Rutland.

PETE van-DORP,
Lincoln.

Challenge answered

DEAR SIR, — A letter printed in the February 25th edition of "Gongster" challenged the "communists". We should first like to point out to Mr Cox the necessity to differentiate between the revisionist party and the Communist Party in this country. The old party, the Communist Party of Great Britain, has in fact betrayed Marxism-Leninism, practices revisionism and supports the "Labour" Party and Soviet social-imperialism. It preaches the parliamentary road to socialism which is against every principle of Marxism-Leninism. In opposition to this the Communist Party of England (Marxist-Leninist) is dedicated to the violent overthrow of British monopoly capital, and recognises that it is its internationalist duty to support the struggles of the world's people against imperialism and social-imperialism (socialist in words, imperialist in deeds).

Mr Cox in his letter openly supports British Imperialism and calls on us to do the same. He describes the imperialist army as a "peace-keeping force" while branding the patriot Michael Gaughan as, a terrorist who deserves to die for participating in the Irish people's liberation struggle. That is, in the fight to end the exploitation of the Irish people as a cheap source of labour, and against the designs of the imperialists to divide them on the basis of religion. It is the imperialists who are the real terrorists in the world as in Vietnam, South Africa and Chile for example, and not the oppressed people fighting for liberation.

Again on the Shrewsbury Two he sides with monopoly capital in proclaiming that workers haven't the right to oppose blacklegs who are objectively agents of the bourgeoisie when they strike-break. These scabs are a minority who should be prevented from sabotaging the fight of all the workers to minimise economic exploitation, and it is up to the workers not Mr Cox to dictate tactics or behaviour.

He typifies his outlook by labelling the economy "ours". If this is so how is it, that while we are experiencing education cuts and inflation, and workers face redundancy and short time, the monopoly capitalists are reaping massive profits. Further, he calls for class unity on this point while failing to recognise that the interests of the working-class and the monopoly capitalist class are diametrically opposed.

He tries to blame immigration for unemployment, whereas they are the most exploited section of the working-class who have been oppressed by colonialism and neo-colonialism in their homelands and come here looking for work. Unemployment is inherent in the capitalist system.

Finally he slanders the Communist Party of England (Marxist-Leninist) by claiming that they are anti-democratic, pleads with them

WEEK OF ACTION ON GRANTS AND EDUCATION CUTS

Wednesday 26th — Local Demo

FOR this earth-shattering event there was the by now traditional enthusiastic response from the University. Fifteen of us (that's 0.25 per cent of the Union membership) marched under a variety of other people's banners as the Union's own orange and black standard had been mislaid. Possibly this was just as well, because the University might have looked even more conspicuous if we had gone out of our way to attract attention.

Led by a vocal and angry contingent from Mary Ward College (due for imminent closure) the procession of about 250 students ambled along the backstreets around the Poly for a while before ending up in Slab Square to listen to the traditional fraternal greetings from a member of the local trades council, a very well argued speech from a member of the beleaguered Mary Ward, interspersed with inaudible mummings from the traditional N.U.S. hacks.

Summing up, President-elect Phil Bayles described it as "pathetic". For your information, only two members of Union Council and one member of Executive attended.

Friday 28th — National Demo

Gone are the days when the Union could confidently book a train for an N.U.S. national demonstration; on the last three occasions the Union has taken 5, 2 and now only 1 coach for each of these unique events. However, rumours that the Union is planning to hire a push-bike for the next demo are apparently totally unfounded.

With a collection of 50 veteran demonstrators, politicians, hacks, shoppers and some just going home for the weekend, the local coach driver had got us to within half a mile of the assembly point by 2.00 p.m. It was perhaps somewhat unfortunate that by 2.15 we were some seven miles outside the West End, speeding along the A40 towards Oxford. . . .

After some skilful map work by Phil Bayles, startled Londoners were treated to the unusual spectacle of an embryo Nottingham University cross-country running team in full training—over Waterloo Bridge and up the Charing Cross Road. Eventually we caught up with the march just before it turned into Oxford St., and for purely "tactical" reasons our delegation took up a position at the extreme end of the march,

sandwiched between Norwich Young Liberals and a large vanload of police. Mr Bayles was heard to remark several times that he had never felt so humiliated in his life.

The march ended in a 20,000 strong rally in Hyde Park, where we were all treated to fraternal greetings — this time from the Assistant Secretary of the A.U.E.W. — followed by your local friendly N.U.S. President, John Randall, who was loudly booed and hissed at by the crowd as he took the microphone. A cynic standing near me commented "Rarely has the student movement shown such unity, sense of purpose, militancy and devotion to their leadership. . . ."

JON SPECTOR

(News Ed's Note: When asked at Union Council on Monday night, why a particular member of the Executive did not go on the London demonstration, he was heard to comment that he would like to have gone, not only for the demo but also because he would have liked to have gone home for the weekend for only 50p. Instead he had to catch a train a few hours later to take him there for £3.50.)

to betray the working class and rebuild the capitalists' economy, and accuses them of being a terrorist orientated organisation.

NOTTINGHAM STUDENTS' MOVEMENT

Lane clearance

SIR,—I see that the views I put forward in these columns have met with some criticism from the Afro-Asian Society and the Nottingham Student Movement. But both these critics have failed to provide convincing arguments to support their stand.

On the question of monopoly, the Nottingham Student Movement condemns itself by using the example of British Leyland, with which most students will be familiar. To say that this company holds a monopoly is to deny the existence not only of Ford, Vauxhall and Chrysler, but also of the many foreign firms that compete successfully against British Leyland in this country. Companies are bound to amalgamate to achieve economies of scale, but they rarely manage to hold a majority of sales of that product. And in any case, the creation of these multi-national corporations leave plenty of room for, and even encourage, the existence of small specialist firms. Thus while the nature of capitalism is constantly changing, and as the trade-war loses some of its initial vigour, capitalism never ceases to encourage competition.

Turning now to fascism, my critics obviously misunderstand, as well as misuse, plain English. I said "I dislike the extremism displayed by parties at both ends of the political spectrum." Perhaps the AAS and the NSM are so used to criticism, and reaching blindly

to it, that they fail to see that this is a rejection of the totalitarianism, not only of Lenin but also of Hitler. Both extremes are equally unacceptable.

Fortunately, the National Front at present poses little threat to the nation, but the infiltration of the unions by the Communists is a danger that cannot be ignored. I see no reason to condemn the Industrial Relations Act, the Prevention of Terrorism Act and the Social Contract as anti-working class. As the majority of the electorate comes from the working class, that class has the power to control the actions of the Government. By electing governments that supported these measures, the working class is giving its own approval to these "anti-working class" measures. Either the working class is strangely suicidal or it does not regard these measures as a threat.

Finally, it is interesting to observe that one of the leading members of AAS — Ehi Eboigbe — is on record as saying: "There should be democratic contention of ideas among students, except racist and fascist ideas." Surely it is undemocratic and a travesty of free speech ideals to prevent a student defending these admittedly nonsensical views, if that should be his wish. Democracy is not an idea that can be made to fit the wishes of A.A.S., or of any other political group for that matter.

Your obedient servant,
OLIVER LANE

Lincoln Hall.

Hu Stu say goodbye

TO THE EDITOR,—We hear that a small group has been appointed

to consider how to replace the Warden, Dr Willy Neil, who is to retire at the end of the year.

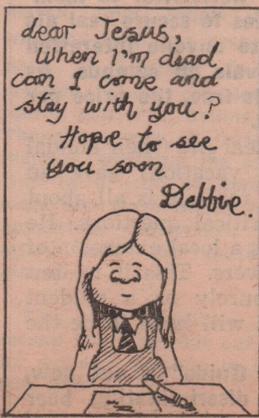
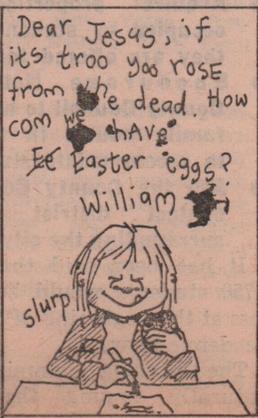
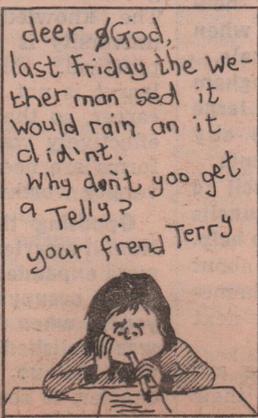
Hu Stu has been very fortunate during the past few years in two ways. Firstly, in P. Iacovitti it has had a really efficient steward backed up by a competent staff. Mr Iacovitti has kept the residents happy and we are told that H.S. is very popular with conferences, and not just because of its situation. At the same time he has made large profits which have subsidised the losses made by some other halls (£82,000 in four years). Without this profit the Hall's balance sheet would be very unhealthy.

Secondly, Willy Neil has been an exceptional Warden. He is a distinguished academic who we believe has almost a full-time job in his department (Theology). He cares for the students but also realises that he has a good steward and does not interfere on the domestic side. Also he does not overburden the Hall costs with a surfeit of "tutors" and other attributes of a pseudo Oxbridge college.

We have heard that the administration would like to continue this arrangement by appointing as Warden a full-time senior academic (a professor?) to be in charge of the social and tutorial functions. The steward would be in charge of the purely domestic side under the guidance of the administration, but also answerable to the Hall Council. Rumour has it that the warden lobby want to bring H.S. back into the fold and turn it into another Cripps, complete with tutors galore, high living and a tiny surplus or even deficit.

Goodbye Iacovitti, and up with the Hall Fees!

RESIDENTS OF HUGH STEWART



Vandalism & violence on Campus

by Miss E. W., ace crime reporter

IN most hall libraries there is one ponderous tome to be found, lurking dustily in some dark corner of a mildewed shelf, its mighty volume safeguarding it from theft more effectively than several padlocks. I refer (of course!) to that reputedly reliable source of edification in matters concerning our noble (if somewhat mongrel), native language: "The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary." To this, therefore, I turned in my need and read as follows:

"Vandalism . . . ruthless destruction or spoiling of anything beautiful or venerable; in weakened sense, barbarous, ignorant or inartistic treatment."

By this definition I decided that there is very little vandalism on campus, at least not in its purest or most "ruthless" sense; in the latter case, however, vandalism abounds, and that there is a weakness in the sense I would suggest that there is weakness only in the heads of its perpetrators and that any sense is totally lacking.

In the guise of intrepid journalist, I telephoned as many J.C.R. presidents as I could gain access to, and I found that most of the nuisance is petty, mindless and invariably the result of alcoholic excesses. At the risk of putting ideas into the otherwise empty heads of the offenders, the dastardly deeds for which J.C.R. committees must continually shell out are in the line of:

Emptied fire-extinguishers, ripped-up fire exit signs, smashed light bulbs, smashed windows, smashed furniture, smashed television sets, and the consequences of other smashing

nights when "the . . . lads are on the piss again" (in the words of the old ballad!).

There is a great deal of petty theft of anything that is not chained down (I would have substituted "screwed down," but most people can operate a screw-driver!).

As our revered Union President observed of student crime in general, but vandalism in particular: "The damage is senseless, but not usually serious." He also sagely pointed out that there is less violence to person or property on campus than off, but that there is also less deterrent. In halls, J.C.R. committees deal with most offences that cannot be classed as criminal; the Union tend not to regard damage as too evil a crime, providing that it is paid for.

The police prefer to allow the University authorities to deal with any trouble on campus, unless they are specifically called in.

If those amongst us who are capable of performing that cerebral exercise, usually known as "thinking," consider this astounding fact, they may come to the realisation that, on campus, students have a great deal of freedom. For example, here nobody will be "taken into custody" for "behaving in a manner likely to cause a breach of the peace," being "drunk and disorderly," "loitering with intent" or any other of the terms with which "Dixon of Dock Green," "Z-Cars" and "Softly Softly" have familiarised us. At concerts, again, as the learned Mr Hamill has pointed out, any alcohol-inspired, riotous be-

haviour is restrained by the security guards and porters (whose authority lies in the effects of their uniforms and reporting names) and by the equally restraining techniques of the offenders' companions.

Most of the recent damage at the P.B. concert appears to have been caused by that genre, known in campus-vernacular as "townies"; to these the porters' authority stands for nothing, and neither are they surrounded by friends and acquaintances who can attempt to pacify their frenzy. The Union is tossed upon the proverbial horns of a dilemma:

Should they curtail alcohol consumption and prohibit non-Union members from attending concerts and suffer the consequent drop in financial takings, disastrous to the Union economy?

Mr Hamill, in his presidential wisdom, puts forward the only obviously feasible solution.

Students must pay attention to their fellows, particularly in bars, and when high spirits metamorphose into violence, they should utilise "intelligent good humour" and persuade the offender(s) to cool down, have a cup of coffee, lie down, etc. It also might do a great deal to alleviate the problem if the Buttery bar staff and hall bar staff would employ their rights to refuse to serve those customers/patrons who seem to have succumbed more than a little to the influence of campus booze prices.

In hall bars above all, this should be easy; it is certainly very necessary. (Recent history

contains a broken cheek-bone, a beaten-up tutor . . .). People in halls know who amongst them is notorious for an inability to cope with their drink, who will pass out quietly and who will challenge all the world to unarmed combat, who are the people to watch and calm down.

If students (and that means you, doesn't it?) are not prepared to take notice of these

pleas for restraint of their companions, (and drinking is never a solitary pastime), let them contemplate this sobering fact: that already several Universities have hired "vigilantes" to roam their campuses, but that unlike Batman and Robin, a dozen young men selected specifically for their brawn are unlikely to deal gently with drunken though probably harmless gangs of students.

The Campus & the community

IT is the tendency of many students to regard the campus as a world of its own surrounded by a big fence with half a dozen gates in it so that one can occasionally emerge to go boozing in the Greyhound or shopping in the Victoria Centre.

Many people, especially those living in hall, don't seem to realise that the campus is surrounded by houses, with actual people living in them! Try going up in the lift to the top floor of F.N. (or the 3rd floor if the balcony of the games room awakens latent suicidal tendencies) and you will have a bird's eye view of the Lenton Abbey estate. Row upon row of identical houses, built in the late 1920s, large gardens, draughty windows, badly fitting doors. And, more important—twice as many old people as any other area in Nottingham. Many of these old people, especially the single ones, are lonely, and worried about keeping their gardens and houses in good order.

Wouldn't you like to get out of your little campus world for an hour or two each week, and get out into the community?

You'll have to face the big wide world one day, so why not get a foretaste of it now.

Help is needed in the following ways:

Taking questionnaires round to old people, mainly to see if they've enough heating, also to see if they've any serious problems of loneliness, or any difficulties with gardening etc.

Fitting draught excluders. Gardening — mainly hedge-cutting and grass-cutting.

Painting and decorating. And, most important, visiting.

Surely you can spare an hour or two every fortnight — most old people are very interesting to listen to, cups of tea are generally provided, and you'll get a welcome respite from the pressures and problems created in the close-knit campus community.

THE COMMUNITY NEEDS YOU. SHOW YOU CARE!

All offers of help to Sue Maude, S.C.A., Union Offices (Tuesdays 1.30 - 2.00 p.m.), or Geography Department (Research Room 4), or meet P.B. foyer, 2.00 p.m. Wednesdays.

Careers report surprises

CIVIL Engineering and Accountancy firms are crying out for graduates, according to the Annual Report of the Careers Advisory Service. Graduates are very reluctant to go into industry, despite the fact that prospects in industry at a time of recession are relatively safe.

Indeed, although some employers have cut back on their recruitment programmes, Nottingham now has an increased number of employers wanting to interview on campus. However, students are more willing than most job-hunters to spend quite a long period weighing up the merits of various posts, seemingly unwilling to be "committed". In addition, the numbers of students wishing to go into teaching has declined considerably, though the compilers of the report note with satisfaction that the phrase "Oh well, if all else fails there's always teaching" seems to be disappearing.

The new Computer Assisted Placement Service is now dealing with almost half of all new graduate engagements. One major drawback still operating is the fact that although the data bank has large numbers of jobs in accountancy, research, computer programming and engineering, there are very few in translating, journalism and advertising.

However, it seems that the Careers Advisory Service is going from strength to strength. More and more students are enlisting its help, and a very encouraging development is the rapidly increasing number of first and second year students consulting the service.

Hu Stu presidential election: eleven stand!

THE Hu Stu presidential elections came to a close last week, ending in a victory for Econ. Soc. for the second year running. The campaign was eventually a fairly conclusive success for Stuart Bayliss, a modest (?) first year, who has taken Hu Stu by storm this term, narrowly failing to become the Hall's shop manager, but succeeding in attaining the post of Treasurer, and now the ultimate, El Presidenté.

The road to "a suite in 'U' Block", began a week last Monday, with the hustings, for which 11 candidates paraded themselves as prospective J.C.R. leaders. These can be divided into two separate groups, four fairly sensible candidates, and seven fairly silly ones. (The precise definition of which were sensible and which were silly was subject to much controversy in the Hall — the criteria for this division is based on which candidates opened their policy statement by saying "I am a serious candidate").

Of the sensible candidates, Stu Bayliss revealed a very conservative nature, aiming to "preserve the traditions of Hu Stu," with apparent emphasis on the maintenance of a "Peanuts" Soc.

The present Sports Secretary, Simon Rosbrook campaigned along social and sporting lines expressing that he was "the most experienced candidate", (what at, we will never know) but perhaps suffered a loss of voters due to the exit of the Hu Stu I soccer team from the Cup, on the day before polling.

The other two serious candidates were Pete Wilmington, whose campaign began slowly, but gained momentum and support as time progressed, and Graham Woodrow, whose admitted lack of new policy ideas may be one reason why his campaign followed the opposite direction to Pete Wilmington's.

Welcome relief was provided to the whole episode by the seven silly candidates, whose humour and imagination resulted in them being more popular than a lot of people thought they would be. Undoubtedly the best of the said people was Len Byatt, who appeared as a hippie, and proposed turning Hu Stu into a hippie commune, renaming the Hall, 'L' Block, and suggested everyone should squatt in their rooms. He was, in fact, the most popular of the silly candidates. Picking up approximately 10 per cent of the votes cast, and managing to split the sensible candidates, by coming 4th in the number of first preferences.

It would take too long to mention all the other candidates individually, but amongst them were a hell's angel, who proposed the organisation of gang-warfare on an inter-hall basis and that the Hall Shop should sell oil, petrol and bike spares, a one-armed revolutionary, and a representative for the makers of a well-known washing powder.

Voting took place on Thursday, Feb. 27th, and was quite heavy, a 72 per cent turnout

being counted. It only took an hour and a half for the returning officer of the Hugh Stewart Hall constituency (Colin "you'll never take the President's flat" Elwell) to count the votes, and the result was announced from his window, to an eagerly waiting mob in the quad.

The expected close result was not evident, as on first preferences Stu Bayliss hammered the others by polling some 107 votes, about 50 more than his nearest rival Pete Wilmington. As second, third and successive preferences were revealed, Stu crept towards the 51 per cent of total votes cast that he needed as silly candidates plus Graham Woodrow were eliminated. The decisive preference was the ninth, Stu attaining the desired percentage of votes, at the expense of Pete who finished a brave second and Simon, a disillusioned third.

The result was greeted with a mixture of cheers, boos and "we want a re-count" from the populace, most of whom were disappointed the finish hadn't been closer, but satisfied that probably the best candidate for the job had got in. Congratulations and good luck to Stu Bayliss (and his publicity manager, whose job in advertising looks secure for life), commiserations to the other sensible candidates, and thanks to all you silly people who threatened to turn the election into a farce, but made it far more enjoyable for most concerned.

A. REPORTER (?)

3rd Team for Chess Club

THIRD TEAM for Chess Club—THE University possesses an active Chess Club, which is planning to enter a third team in the Nottinghamshire Chess League next year. The Second Team, which was formed this season, is doing reasonably well in the Second Division and we hope they will be pushing for promotion at the end of the season. The first team is doing remarkably well this season in the first division, due mainly to the influx of strong players at the beginning of the academic year.

Results to date

P. W. D. L. P.

1st Team ... 8 5 1 2 11

2nd Team ... 7 4 0 3 8

A joint Staff-Student team have reached the fourth round of the Midland County Championship, having beaten Stafford 4-2 in the third round.

The game below, played in a match against the recently promoted Nomads, shows the danger in developing the Queen too early in the game.

French Defence — Tarrasch Variation.

W. Gregory (Students I) v. A. Elwell (Nomads)

WHITE	BLACK
1. P-K4	P-K3
2. P-Q4	P-Q4
3. N-Q2	P-QB4
4. P-QB3	BP x P
5. BP x P	P x P
6. N x P	N-KB3
7. N x N CH	Q x N
8. N-KB3	B-Q3
9. B-Q3	0-0?
10. B-KN5	B-N5 CH
11. K-B1	Resigns

BY THE BISHOP.

THIS collection of ideas, feelings and examples was written by members of the newly-formed University Women's Group. It is clear from these pieces that amongst the group there are many varied and sometimes contrasting views. The group was formed to discuss these differences and to concert efforts against sexist attitudes in society.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

THINK of a woman and man at a bar; she orders a pint of bitter and he asks for a sweet Martini. She pays. It's crowded and he sits with legs neatly crossed while she stands. She goes to the pin-ball machine, while he makes eyes at the good looking women about.

This seems odd, yet it is an everyday occurrence with the roles reversed, and clearly it is a tiny illustration of the many prescribed roles of both sexes. Many people are aware of these roles but accept them.

We feel they're an impingement on the liberty of men and women. Just as it seems abhorrent that in "Brave New World" people are categorised from birth into roles that restrict the nature of their life, so it seems to us that women and men should not have the nature of their lives dictated by their sex.

Although I realise these roles exist, it's difficult to accept how much I personally conform to society's preconceptions. Meeting other women in the same situation and discussing how we are each trying to free ourselves helps us all to recognise deeper inhibitions and try to get rid of them.

One libber's opinion

BEFORE I discovered the truth about the WLM, I was in a state of great conflict which was taking a considerable toll on me emotionally. I was trying hard in many ways to be feminine and attractive because I felt very frightened of being alone and rejected but I was very unsuccessful at this because I resented behaving and dressing in a way which felt unnatural to me. There was no way I could be a submissive, non-aggressive woman who was above all considerate to men but I spent years trying. I also grew to despise other women. I felt they were what I was trying to be, feminine, negative and only useful in as far as they were useful to men. I knew I was not that but could not believe that they weren't. I didn't really accept that I was a woman at all.

I therefore didn't want to know about the WLM because that was about women and women were unimportant and nothing to do with me. It was very easy to believe in the triviality of the WLM because the press have and still do consistently ridicule the women's movement so that still the first thing that comes into most people's minds is that women's liberationists burn their bra and hate men. Most reports of WL events ignore the reality of the events and merely put down the women involved in the way that all women are typically put down criticising their organisation and appearance rather than what they are saying and doing.

I have never read a realistic WL article until I read a copy of "Spare Rib" which my sister had. I feel like I've wasted years. I really resent the media plot that kept me away from WL for so long. It was an unbelievable relief to find out that other women felt like me. It was amazing to discover that I could be a woman and enjoy it without having to be something I'm not. WL has given me freedom to be myself. To be a female woman not a feminine woman.

'Women in universities'

I SLAMMED the door and collapsed on to the bed, rubbing my aching feet. It was the night of the hall disco which I had been looking forward to for weeks and I'd spent the afternoon tramping round town looking for something sexy to wear. I'd decided on a slinky low-cut lurex dress and some new 6 inch platforms. I tried it on, disaster! My new sexy bra that lifts and separates showed above the daring V-neckline. I wouldn't be able to wear it, but what if after the cold walk to the disco my nipples showed! How would I ever live it down? Still I couldn't sit there dreaming all day; I had lots to do. I had worked out a "plan of action".

I had to: shave my legs and armpits, pluck my eyebrows, brush my teeth, cut my toenails, wash hair and put in heated rollers; put on: deodorant, intimate deodorants and foot deodorant; make-up, mouth freshener.

I applied the finishing touches to my mascara, put on my "irresistible" perfume and surveyed the finished product. Yes, I felt like a real woman.

FOR me, Women's Liberation means freedom for the individual — freedom to choose one's activities and lifestyle without being channelled into the grooves which society has made for male and female. All the tangible instances of women's oppression, such as lower pay, less opportunity in education and employment, seem to me to arise from basic ingrained attitudes — that such and such is the "proper" male role and such and such the "proper" female role. Society fashioned these social conventions to cope with preservation of human life in the pre-mechanical and pre-scientific age. In our modern, industrial, nuclear society, the old fashioned roles are no longer so valid. What Women's Liberation must do, then, is to try to re-educate people to take new, freer roles in society.

I see women's position in society as stemming from the capitalist system. I see capitalism as permeating all of society, the economic, social relationships and the institutions of society such as education and the family.

Part of this total hold on society by capitalism is manifested in sexism — something which gives absolute values to women and men such as women are passive, men are aggressive and generally women are designated by values, attributes, etc., which are negative and men by values which are positive, this is oppressive for men as well as women, for men like women are enclosed within these set roles. Thus gay men are subjected to insults, victimisation because they are seen as womanlike — a step down the ladder, not a fine man.

I am a LESBIAN and this is what started me thinking because I experienced anger and hurt at being put down, at having to hide my love for other women. All my life I had been told through jokes, insults against gay people, etc., that I shouldn't love other women that I was "abnormal", something to be despised, pitied, cured. I had discussed the ideas that my lesbianism was due to "hormones", "penis envy", "mental aberrations". I don't want to be a man or treat women like men do. I am a

I joined the Women's Group because I need to talk with women who are like-minded and I need some antidote to the pressures of sexist social conventions. I do not expect to resolve my inner conflict because I am not immune to brainwashing.



A lot of people have only heard of bra-burning as liberating women, and write it off as silly. It was only when I realised the real point was to free women to be individuals independent of socially-prescribed roles that I understood how relevant it was to all of us, men and women.

I felt really isolated because I couldn't bear the disco-orientated chatter of women in halls, and couldn't make any men friends because they'd give up when I wouldn't sleep with them: somehow you couldn't get to know anyone as a person because they spent all their time trying to live up to their sex roles and stereotypes.

As a woman student I am obviously free from the oppression which plagues working class women. I have a measure of financial independence and am allowed to use my intellect. Yet the social pressures at University remain equally strong, and I feel a conflict between my role as a student and the "feminine" role which social convention pressurises me to accept. Few of my male fellow students will treat me consistently as a colleague.

I was really disappointed that no-one but me seemed to see coming to University as an occasion to break away from all the traditional expectations — instead everyone was acting up to them even more energetically and artificially than I've seen before.

Men students talk more at tutorials and take a greater part in running Union clubs, societies and committees. Some women students disapprove of me for being too "pushing". I receive invitations to social events addressed to me not as an individual person, but as one half of a potential couple. I am expected to be pretty and pair off with a man.

When a bloke turns up at a 9 o'clock tutorial with uncombed hair and bleary eyes, the tutor comments on the good time he must have had last night, but if a girl even dared to turn up without combing her hair at best the comment would be that she didn't look very well, but more likely there would be a distasteful silence.

When a girl says she's going into teaching, people just say "oh" — when a bloke says he's going to teach, I've heard people say "can't you think of anything better?".

woman, something I see as being positive, I am glad to be a woman who loves other women.

I was unwilling to submerge myself, I was fed up with being put into a position where I had to

make love to my girlfriend in the loos at school.

Out of my awareness of my "oppression" as a lesbian and because I was somewhat politically aware — I am a Marxist — I became more and more aware of the position of women in society generally and became active in the NLM.

I am involved in Gay and Women's Liberation and am a Marxist because I see all three as being totally interrelated.

No Women's Lib without Revolution.

No Revolution without Women's Lib.

The Women's Group meets at 1.30 p.m. on Wednesdays in the Non-smoking Quiet Room.



MUSIC

4-PAGE SUPPLEMENT

An interview with Steely Dan

THEIR name comes from William Burroughs' novel "The Naked Lunch" where "Steely Dan" is a pseudonym for a dildo — hence that publicity slogan adopted by the band when they toured here, "Steely Dan slips into the U.K."

It was during their visit here last May that music editor Steve Barnard interviewed Walter Becker, bassist and chief musical policy-maker (with Donald Fagen) behind the band.

You can picture the scene: the restaurant section of Blake's Hotel in London's South Kensington, the band have been rehearsing all day and holding court to the rock press for most of the evening. They're hungry, a little stoned and the last thing they want is another berk from some musical paper attempting to elicit information as to how they started, whether they like Garry Glitter, do they have strong political views etc., etc.

As a result, the interview's not particularly instructive and Becker seems more interested in talking about the current state of the music scene than what Steely Dan are up to. The following are extracts from the conversation, and anyone interested in Steely Dan might like to know that the new issue of "Gong" contains an article on their music and their attitude to the so-called "rock tradition".

Q.: I've just read a review in "Rolling Stone" that describes Steely Dan as working within a pop format, presumably meaning that you prefer to express your ideas in traditional pop terms rather than the progressive rock thing of extended improvisation etc. Is that a correct assumption?

W.B.: That was a right-on review, it is true but as musicians we're sort of stuck with that pop format for hundreds of different reasons. We're conscious of trying to inject . . . er . . . whatever it was you just said, yeah. I mean, pop music is a strange term when you stop to think about it. Donald (Fagen) and I started out as pop songwriters, hacks if you like, and the best thing that can be said about all that, about being paid for writing pop songs, is that it's a good discipline, a good background for a musician to have. A starting point, okay? We wrote a few songs in that time that you might describe as hacky, I know we've admitted to that but . . . on the other hand I'd like to point out that they were always so far out that nobody would record them. And in addition to that, they were good — usually. Of course there were some that were really cheesy, quite laughable, utterly no redeeming value. But then you might say that some of the songs on the three Steely Dan albums were hacky or you could say that Burt Bacharach is a hack — if so, he's a pretty good one. Working like that was a lot of fun in a way and, yeah, it's a good discipline for any musician to have.

Q.: We've got this thing in Britain now with all the old hacks coming back, people like Neil Sedaka and I was—

W.B.: Now that, that is a serious national problem that you as a writer should be addressing yourself to. Andy Williams, he's another who I notice is still big over here. In the States we got rid of him ages ago. I don't know whether



conducted by Steve Barnard

it's just a passing phase with you British or a chronic condition, but you really ought to look into it.

Q.: How do you view the current scene, then, because it seems to me that over the past few years, both here and in America, there's been a basic return to the simple pop thing, away from improvisation and back to strict pop formulas?

W.R.: Yeah, you're right, but I don't know whether that's out of the frying pan into the fire or out of the fire into the frying pan. There's been a change, right, but hardly a change for the better. I never cared for those endless guitar solos any more than I cared for those cheesy, soulless things that you hear now.

Q.: What about the English rock scene, bands like Yes and Pink Floyd?

W.B.: All I know about Pink Floyd is that track on "Dark Side of the Moon", what was it called—"Money", that was really good, and that first record they made, "See Emily Play" was it? I understand they have quite a p.a. system for what it's worth. They use a lot of electronics, which I'm interested in a lot, but electronic music itself is something quite apart from that and that's not really for us . . . certainly not yet, anyway. Electronic instruments tend to be limiting, also. I like synthesizers, working with them, Walter Carlos—he's great. We use synthesizers ourselves, but we're not interested in using them just to have a lot of weird noises going on. I've nothing against electronic music, it's just that I haven't figured out a way to make it work for us.

Q.: Another thing about Pink Floyd is that, while their act is supposedly just a vehicle for their music the act itself is very visual.

W.B.: (long pause) Well . . . I'm sure if you think about that and realise what you just said.

Q.: Yeah, okay, I see what you—

W.B.: I'll give you the opportunity to rephrase that question.

Q.: I mean visual in the—

W.B.: . . . rather than take time out to make fun of you.

Q.: I mean, I think, visual in the sense of theatrical, clouds of white smoke and all that.

W.B.: Right. Sure. Now you're talking. No, we don't have any of that, it would be false for us to do it. We don't contrive to have an act as such, and we've no use for heavy machinery that makes smoke. We have some fairly expensive lights but I'm not particularly happy about that at the moment, I'd prefer to spend that amount on better sound gear. I'm most interested in the music. The show is basically a bunch of people who have realised themselves to some extent, and it centres around Donald, Donald Fagen, who's the singer and pianist. He's the leader of the band on stage as you'll see when we play the Rainbow.

Q.: I'm told that you can be a pretty anonymous group on stage, meant in the best sense of the word, and you do seem to lack a personal as opposed to a musical identity. Is this . . . lack of image, really, deliberate?

W.B.: Mostly yes, I mean we're not out to sell ourselves. I feel strongly about maintaining that anonymity, as you call it, more so than the other guys in the band. I'm always told that I hide behind the amps, although that isn't strictly true. . . We're really not into that star trip. We'll do things that we know we need to do to work — make single records, do interviews and so on, because we know that's a way to get people to give a listen to the music but only to the extent that it's necessary and, let's say, palatable. But you're right in thinking what you're thinking.

Q.: A few questions about the band's musical philosophy. Obviously songs are important to you, but are you really using your songs as a starting point to demonstrate your eclecticism or ideas or whatever, or are the songs important in

themselves? A loaded question, I know.

W.B.: Yeah, to create a total effect? Well, if an album is well put together a total effect should be created anyway. The songs are the main thing, although a whole album of them might add up to something more, I don't know. It is hard to put together an album that has an entire unity, goes for a calculated effect, and as for albums with a theme — "Sergeant Pepper" and all that, I wouldn't touch that with a barge pole. Our albums are collections of songs, essentially.

Q.: Eventually, though, wouldn't you feel drawn towards the idea of a concept album. It's almost become the accepted thing for established bands to do.

W.B.: I hope not, but the chances are that sooner or later whatever form it might take and name would be on the cover we would fall into the temptation of doing something like that. I hope that we avoid it long enough until we can actually do it in some new way and really . . . hit it. Like some of the things the Who have done — they were the first group that I know of to do concept albums. Wasn't the one with "Happy Jack" on it the first? I'm not sure, but they were there before the Beatles. And "The Who Sell Out", I thought that worked out good. But the "rock opera" I personally have no use for, though there are parts of it I like . . . I just don't see the need for it. "Quadrophenia"? I saw the pictures on the cover and that was all I needed.

Q.: In the case of "Quadrophenia", though, they're relating specifically to the British experience, so it may be difficult for an outsider to fully grasp.

W.B.: Oh, yeah, that may be, but even if it related particularly to the experience of the people who grew up on my block, I still don't think I'd be particularly interested.

Q.: You've got a pretty extensive

tour ahead of you, some dates in Europe as well—

W.B.: You call the Continent "Europe" here, don't you? That's funny, but I'm sure that reflects something. It's funny how you British don't consider this country Europe.

Q.: Well, we're supposed to but we don't.

(N.b.: At this point in the interview we were joined by the Dan's rhythm guitarist, Denny Diaz).

W.B.: Right—you know what I'm talking about, you don't (to Diaz).

D.D.: I wouldn't want to be considered Europe if I lived here.

W.B.: Ah, yeah, Denny, but you know it's only a matter of time before all these tiny city states become Europe, and . . . it just seems funny to me that . . . probably the reason for it is — ah, hell, this has nothing to do with what you want to know about the band or whatever, it's just an outrageous side-track, not even a tangent, so . . . let's just forget it. I'm too far gone to know what I'm talking about anyway.

Q.: Okay . . . I probably am too. (long pause while Becker and Diaz are served with their meals).

Q.: The other big American band we've got over here at the moment is Sparks . . .

W.B.: Sparks? They're a big American band?

Q.: We're supposed to think they are.

W.B.: Yeah? Well, you've been had. Black Oak Arkansas are over here at the moment, and as far as I know they're a little bigger than Sparks — in the States, at least. I mean, I've never heard any of their records so I wouldn't even know what they're like. Sparks? (laughs). Who's laying that one down?

Q.: It's the usual thing, front page in all the music papers, that kind of thing.

W.B.: How much does that cost over here?

Q.: (innocently) I wouldn't know, although there was this case a few weeks ago where Johnny Winter was supposed to give an interview and the guy at the agency insisted on a front page in return.

W.B.: (smiling). Oh? Oh, well, that's . . . different. Johnny Winter is worth that. You can't blame a guy for trading on what he's earned. That's different from buying a bullet in a chart, which you can do with a certain magazine in the States and which strikes me as so . . . ludicrous.

Q.: Any other aspects of the scene that strike you as ludicrous? Fag-rock, for instance?

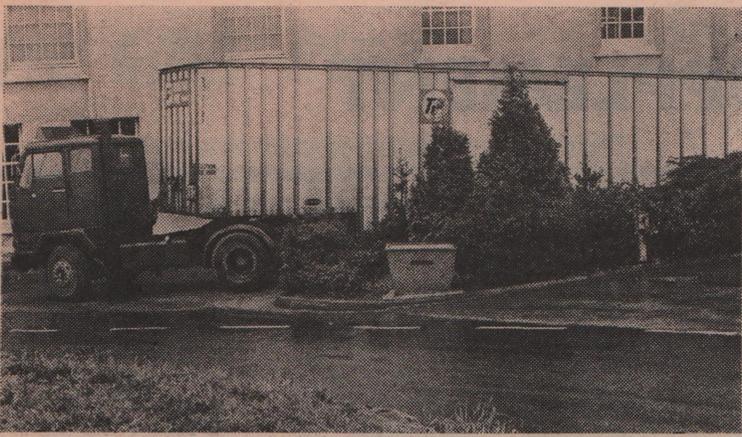
W.B.: Fag-rock? Oh, I know what you mean — New York Dolls and all that. I really think that stinks. You're not a homosexual, are you?

Q.: (emphatically) No.

W.B.: Fine, 'cause I don't like to offend anybody. But, I'm not really keen on it at all, although . . . ah . . . David Bowie has a certain talent which I think is more theatrical than musical, as an actor. He also made the best piece of rock 'n' roll film I think I've ever seen, to illustrate "The Jean Genie". And Lou Reed is somebody that always attracted me, I have a warm spot in my heart and a soft spot in my head for him. That's about all, but the principle of fag-rock . . . Jesus Christ, you know, just what we needed.

Q.: How about Gary Glitter? Not as fag-rock or anything but what's your opinion of him and what he's doing?

W.B.: I like one record he did, "I Did Not Love You Till I Saw You Rock 'n' roll", it was so stupid and



Question: "How much equipment have you brought?"
Answer: "Oh, only one truck load."

SATURDAY, MARCH 1st
ST. DAVID'S DAY
12.15 a.m.:

A FORTY-FOOT articulated lorry rolls cautiously through the South Entrance past two somewhat bewildered security men. The Caravan / Renaissance March Tour has arrived in Nottingham, weary from an exhausting evening in Sunderland, and complete with the most extensive array of speaker bins, amps and other audio devices it has been our pleasure to see since Alex Harvey was here. The driver parks his mobile warehouse outside the Portland Building and casually asks a



Rick - John

porter where he might unload it. The first answer is "in the lake", the second "round the back at the loading bay". The driver chooses the latter.

12.30:

The road crew arrives. There are fourteen of them, typically long-haired, stoned and sporting black Caravan T-shirts. They are met by Rick and John, hummers by appointment to Entertainments Committee, two guys who turn in every Saturday to help carry vast quantities of equipment into and out of the Ballroom, and all for a free ticket and a couple of pints. They'll still be here in fourteen hours' time, there's a lot of gear today. Chris Pearce is here already, chatting about Volvo lorries to the driver. He greets the Tour Manager, Mal, younger and less pompous than the average Manager. He strolls

round the Ballroom, his hands in the pockets of his "Goodhand Tait" jacket, the customary single earring dangling from his left lobe. He talks, fondly of his last visit to Nottingham with Curved Air, and turns and grins at Chris, "This stage isn't big enough."

1.30:

Taf King, the Social Secretary, arrives. He's happy, it's St. David's Day and Taf is undeniably Welsh. He's met Mal before, he knows he's a cut above the average Tour Manager, who smooths around in his loud check suit, chewing at a cigar and pausing only to deliver the odd cliché. He shakes Mal's hand and tells him he's a wanker, Mal tells Taf the stage is too small, and the friendship blossoms. Taf dismisses the problem of stage size with some politician's promise to bring tables in for the speaker bins and quickly changes the subject. He's suddenly talking about the glories of being Welsh, and the poor Manager has been hypnotised into forgetting his problems. As the roadies wheel in the last amps from the lorry, Mal and Taf are finalising a wager over Wales's chances of winning the rugby international at Murrayfield. It's big money, there's a double brandy and coke riding on it.

2.30:

The Ballroom is crawling with people. The bands' equipment lies strewn across the floor like the remnants of a hurricane. The chances of it all fitting on to one stage appear frankly remote, but that's the road crew's job, and they swarm around the gear and instruments, screwing on a cymbal here, plugging in an amplifier there. Tech. Committee are now in full flow too, Ian and Pug are hanging precariously from some ladder, Nick's admiring an impressive follow spot. They all give their time voluntarily, nobody knows why, least of all them, but they'll be here in the early hours of the morning stripping down, and they'll be back again tomorrow for Folk Club. The Ents. Committee representation has grown in the last hour too. Dick Oblath's here filling us in on the latest team news from Fulham, and Clive Tyldesley's arrived with a progress report on Charlie's attempt to record a cassette with incidental music to soothe the audience's arses

in the interval. Taf asks him if the tape mentions the proposed Procol Harum gig the following Friday, and Clive says he's not sure, but it definitely features Paper Lace's "The Black-Eyed Boys".

2.40:

A roadie adds the final turn to the final screw on Renaissance's drum kit, tests the foot pedal, and the whole lot collapses. Nobody's quite sure whether to laugh or cry, so the roadie swears. A faulty spur is identified as the offender, and furious attempts commence to fix the casting. The work is all in vain. Mal announces that without a new spur "the drums are deceased, they are an ex-drum kit." Dick says he knows of a percussion shop in town, and sets off with one of the road-crew to find it. Meanwhile the impressive follow-spot is working unimpressively. A member of the lighting gang is laboriously dismantling it before an audience from Tech. Committee. He shouts over to Mal, "we'll need five hundred knocker to get this thing working properly for next week." Mal smiles, "we make more than that in a night." Taf nods in agreement.

3.30:

In a student house off Lenton Boulevard, Charlie Partridge, of Ents. Committee, is putting the final touches to the publicity tape. It's taken him four hours to compile a ninety-minute cassette, previewing forthcoming concerts and featuring music to keep the masses happy when there's nobody on stage. In the middle of Nottingham Dick Oblath is entering a third music shop, Percussion Sounds. They've got the type of spur he



Taf King

requires but it's attached to an entire drum-kit. He offers the assistant two free tickets and an album, and the assistant dismantles the kit. The small silver object secured, Dick pays a deposit, returns a smile, and rushes back to the Ballroom. Inside he finds pandemonium has again set in. One of the roadies has convinced Mal that

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the Union's Baby Grand Piano is out of tune, and Mal understandably wants a tuner. Taf tells him it was tuned in the morning (it wasn't) by a blind man, the roadie suggests blindness wasn't his only affliction. Clive goes through the motions of combing the Yellow Pages for piano tuners, whilst Taf explains that Ewan Cowie who handles the piano isn't here on Saturday afternoons. "Well, where is he?" asks Mal, "probably stood off-side", replies Taf.

3.45:

The roadie is still stood over the piano, hitting random notes, trying to convince himself that his judgment was correct. Taf's just heard the half-time news from Murrayfield and it's not good. Mal's beginning to remember that he'd only had three hours' sleep last night. But all is not lost. At the eleventh attempt Clive has found a piano tuner, who'll come immediately for double pay. The roadie cheers sarcastically, "He's not blind is he?" "No, but he stutters a bit."

4.45:

Everybody is agreed, the sound of a piano tuner at work is more boring than "Band on the Run". He's a nice enough guy, Chris and Clive went to pick him up from his little council house at the other side of Nottingham, and it was good of him to come so quickly, but his



Many hands m

playing just isn't in the Chick Corea class. Meanwhile Mal is cheering up, the Scots have beaten Wales 12-10, and Cardiff lost 4-0 at Old Trafford, so Taf's daffodil is drooping somewhat. The bands have arrived to do their sound-checks, and with the exception of the piano, the equipment is ready for them. Annie Haslem, Renaissance vocalist, remarks what a funny little room it is. Mal agrees and asks why we don't build a new concert hall. The assembled students collapse with laughter, "it's funny you should say that, Mal."

5.30:

The piano tuner has gone, and

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MMITTEE



There's no business like show business.

check in T.C. corridor. Taf is talking to the President of the Folk Dancing Society, who has the Ballroom booked the day he wants to put Procol Harum on. He's annoyed, the Procol date is going to have to be put back. Mal shouts to him, "What the hell do you want?" Taf asks, "A double brandy and coke with ice" comes the reply. "There was nothing about ice in the bet."

8.00 :

Renaissance finished their sound-check ten minutes ago, and already the Ballroom's packed. Charlie's tape echoes quietly round the room as people fight for some semblance of comfort. There are literally hundreds outside without tickets. Taf distributes some tickets to a college party from Derby who had reserved them earlier in the week, and there's a big rush towards him. There's three hundred people saying that they can't see what difference one extra person would make. Renaissance are changing into their stage garb. They're an affable lot, a pleasant change from the McTell entourage of the previous week. Then there had been Maddy Prior tuning up unannounced and demanding her own dressing room, McTell himself requiring a dozen security guards to escort him off-stage and straight to awaiting car à la Donny Osmond. Tonight Renaissance seem quite amazed that Clive has been detailed to look after them at all. There's a moment whilst a roadie checks there is water and cups on stage, then all seems set. The lights go off, the back door is open, and on go the band. But wait, there's a little strip light on over the audience. Mal rushes out, "Turn that light off", "We can't find the switch", "Well cover it up", "What with?", "Well rip the bloody thing off the wall".

engineers aren't keen to use it. They have some ridiculous slide show arranged for the interval, and have ruled that the tape check must be operated downstairs from Tech. Committee corridor. Dick has been chasing round Nottingham again with a roadie, this time in search of chips. They have returned from Arkwright Street with seven quids worth of grease, including vinegar and ketchup bottles, the lot. Mal is setting up a stall to sell posters and T-shirts and has persuaded Dick and Chris Stones to help him with the offer of a 10 per cent cut. Upstairs Renaissance are rehearsing and consuming chips simultaneously. There's a romantic introduction from the pianist, and Annie Haslem steps to the microphone and sings sweetly, "Dave, can I have a spot more vinegar, please."

7.30 :

The entrance is crowded with people. The doors should be open, but Renaissance haven't finished their sound-check. Mal is being told by a porter that his T-shirt stall is breaking the fire regulations and is reacting with admirable restraint. Ewan has returned from his afternoon's exercise at Grove Farm and is finding out what the bands want to drink. Clive is concerned about the pile of equipment in one corner of the Ballroom which is restricting the capacity. Charlie and Chris are wiring up a tape

equivalent of 150 seating spaces. Nevertheless Renaissance are well-received, indeed they consider an encore but there's no time. They retire to their dressing rooms and light up something resembling cigarettes.

9.45 :

Chris Pearce has found two delirious girls in the Renaissance dressing-room. They are kicking up a fuss about the lack of space, upstairs and the band are clearly embarrassed. Chris takes them upstairs and finds them good places and they calm down. The rest of the committee are removing the Baby Grand from the stage, whilst the audience watches the slide show. There's a picture of Sonja Kristina looking fairly randy, and someone yells, "Get 'em off", just like somebody always does.

10.15 :

Taf is waiting anxiously for the roadie to give the all clear for Caravan. You can tell he's anxious, because he's smoking and Taf doesn't smoke. The audience have got to the stage where people are shouting out "Wally!" to relieve the boredom. Then suddenly the lights made and the atmosphere changes. There's a huge roar and Dave Sinclair is threading his way through the bodies to the safety of the stage. Ewan's leading the escort, "Just follow my arse" he shouts back through the darkness. "To the end of the earth," replies Sinclair dryly.

11.25 :

Caravan have just returned to the stage for an encore, it's "Howdown" from their last but one album, and the audience is on its feet, jiggling away in time with Geoffrey Richardson's



"Howdown"

violin lead. Ian Lindsay, the Committee's chief Caravan freag is strolling about with a fixed grin on his visage, Chris

Stones is reeling like a de-ranked Maddy Prior, Clive is remarking quietly that it's probably the best thing he's seen this term. Taf isn't sure of his opinion, he likes to ask around a bit before forming one. Anyway he has more to think about, it's gone half eleven, and if the porters are feeling bolshy enough they have every right to turn the house-lights on. Ten minutes pass before Richardson brings the piece to a frenzied climax, and the band are off. Richard Coughlan stumbles over a prostrate body on the way out, and limps to the door cutting his knee, "Nice audience, but that last tackle was a bit high."

12 midnight :

The building is virtually empty. The porters are escorting one or two of the more inebriated to the door, but there have been none of the fights and breakages of the Linds farne gig. Upstairs Caravan are still in their dressing room, exhausted and happy. Mal is decidedly drunk and sings himself "Fred Bloggs" on a payment slip. He proudly announces that Chris and Dick's T-shirt sales are the highest of the tour and offers them a job. "You've taken one for yourself, haven't you, Dick?" he asks. "Yes I've got some." Whoops!

1 a.m. :

Entertainments Committee are sat in the Hong Kong Restaurant on Arkwright Street discussing the evening. Charlie says a mate of his got in by telling a porter he was the Leeds University Social Secretary. Taf is telling us that Mal was so pissed he didn't know what rate VAT was. Other stories unfold, some too shady to repeat. Back in the Ballroom Aick and John are still wheeling equipment down to the lift. There's still an hour and a half's work to do before the porters can go home. There's no business like show business.

University Hall PARTY
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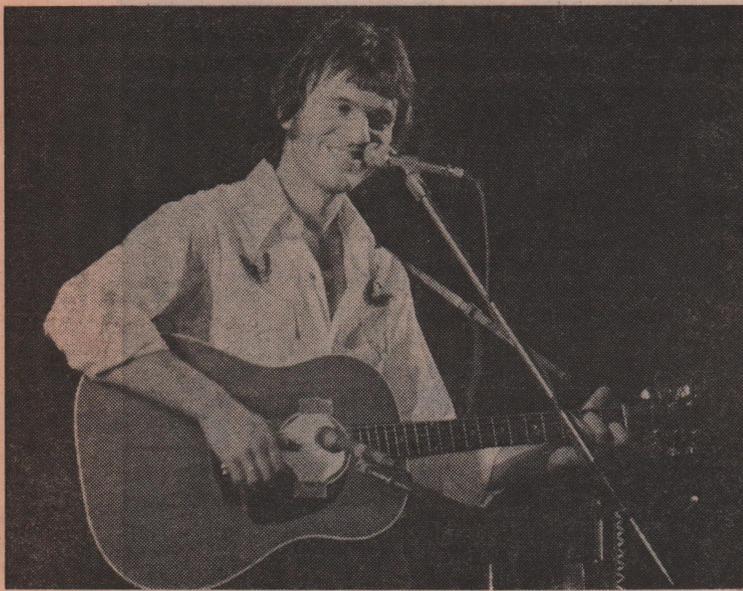
Make light work.

in his place Caravan are tearing into a "Waterloo Lily" medley as a sound-check. At the back of the Ballroom the sound engineer stands studiously over the mixer, headphones in place, searching for a balance. On stage Pye Hastings is kicking his monitor and shouting to anybody in earshot that he "can't hear a f...ing thing."

6.30 :

The first of the paying customers are sat patiently on the steps outside the entrance, refusing to believe the concert has been sold out for three days. Charlie Partridge is positively fed up. After four hours' work on the publicity tape, the sound

RALPH GOES ROCK



RALPH McTELL is a big star now. At least, it seems his management and record company would like us to think so, now that he's had one hit record and is packing 'em in everywhere from Solihull to St. Alban's. The Warner Brothers treatment has been suspicious all along: two years ago they tried to sell him to American audiences as a sort of British answer to James Taylor, giving him massive publicity and putting him on a nationwide tour supporting Randy Newman. It didn't work: the people came to hear Newman and McTell got no more than polite applause. Then last year someone at W.B. had the bright idea of persuading McTell to re-record "Streets of London" as a single, with the Christmas market in mind, and this time it did work, the "no room at the inn" sentiments of the lyric sufficiently conscience-prodding to make it 1974's biggest seasonal hit. It hardly mattered that the new arrangement given the song—and, worst of all, the addition of a heavenly choir and a thirty-piece orchestra—turned the lyric from a powerful attack on society's attitude to poverty into a sentimentalisation of London Street life.

That apart, Warner Brothers seem intent on getting the most they can out of their new property, even to the point of creating a new image for him. Not exactly a glitter rock image, of course, but something infinitely more subtle than that: the casual, thinking man's working-class hero image that people like John Denver and Tom Paxton have cultivated so well for themselves—an image that calls for immaculately faded denims, best quality cheesecloth shirts and expensive but cheap-looking shoes. A showbiz image in a new form to suit a new audience that is supposedly more aware and more mature than it would have been a few years ago.

But the image, like the casual look itself (one example, you pay £6 for a pair of new Levis, £10 for a pair that have been worn and washed many times and as a result looks "faded"—how ludicrous can you get in trying to be fashionable?), is so false, so pretentious that it's surprising how few people seem to see through it. John Denver, with his soft-soaping sentimentality, is bad enough, but to find a pretty genuine and talented performer like Ralph McTell being forced into his kind of mould is really disheartening.

Because that is precisely what is happening to McTell, as his performance at P.B. a fortnight ago proved. What a change from his last appearance in Nottingham 18 months ago, when he was still insisting—as he had been for the seven years he'd been recording—that he would never work with a back-up band on stage. Then he came on stage early, at nine o'clock, and stayed there, just playing and singing and cutting out all the usual crap one expects from solo pseudo-"folk" singers like inane chitchat and unfunny jokes about life in the Soho tenements, for over one and a half hours, coming back to do three encores.

At P.B., he arrived on stage late, stayed there for just over an hour, and introduced—a back-up band. He and the band worked hard and seemed to go down reasonably well, but he did only one encore and thereby annoyed quite a few members of the audience who could rightfully claim to being better treated by other, less-established artists.

McTell's trouble boils down to this: in an attempt to accommodate the new audience his hit record and best-selling album "Streets" is at No. 10 in the album charts this week) have attracted, he's compromising himself too much. The rock approach that he now seems to have adopted doesn't suit him or his music: he has used rock accompaniments on his records before but they're suitable because they've been used to accentuate or complement the lyrics. The only reason the band seemed to be there at P.B. was to give everybody "a good time" like some poor man's Lindisfarne; you couldn't hear the words and I for one would not have been surprised if McTell had invited everybody to get off their behinds and dance—though I doubt if anyone would have done.

The new compromise just does not work—unlike, say, Alan Hull (who is an excellent guitarist used to working within a rock band set-up, as well as a singer and idiosyncratic song-writer) McTell is not a rock artist in the performing sense and no matter how many competent musicians he may employ—Maddy Prior and Rod Clements were there on Wednesday night—they can't make him one. The new rock emphasis in his act also means that he leaves out some of his better, slower material (like "Claudia", "Sylvia" and even "Streets of London" itself) in favour of inconsequential songs like "When I was a Cowboy", and that the power and effect of his material as a whole is blunted.

So McTell's performance left a lot to be desired and can only add fuel to the arguments that he is selling out and compromising himself for the sake of "accessibility" and success. How big a part McTell himself has played in the grand plan to groom him for stardom is not clear, but at the very least he is obviously a willing victim. He—or his road manager—refused to give an interview, too, and just to stress the point that Mr McTell was not to be disturbed in any way and to make sure that nobody got near their precious property, the road crew stationed an intimidating-looking gent outside his dressing-room, to ward off all comers. Five minutes after McTell's performance ended, with the audience all expecting him to come back for that usual second encore, he was being driven away to a hotel in Nottingham—in a big black limousine, for all anyone knew.

STEVE BARNARD

Steely Dan interview — from P. 7

cheesy, but I doubt if I'd like much more in that style. His act verges a lot on parody, I understand, and I can't think how that's very important or even educational. There are the kids listening to him when they could be turning on to something more worthwhile, not necessarily us, but somebody. Those kids are going to have a serious problem, I feel for them because what is their musical heritage or background. It's all teenage stuff over here, isn't it? In America the teenagers tend to go for the English bands, for better or worse. I have a hard time finding a record in my collection that would appeal, be familiar to even a 20 year old—and I'm 24. On the other hand most of the people that they like are Emerson, Lake and Palmer, who as far as I can tell are fairly decent. Yes... Now they're real good, I must admit, but I don't like what they're doing.

D.D.: They're probably the most advanced group as far as live technology goes.

W.B.: Live realisation of a very complex thing? Oh, sure, but I just feel that what they're doing is ultimately a little premature for them because it's not compositionally together enough to make sense about it. They're really fine musicians and everything they do they do excellently, but... that's the whole generation gap problem with all your... English bands that are raping American minds for U.S. dollars. It's like an invasion, though I don't blame the English for it. It's America's fault. An English accent now will get you a lot farther than you could have gotten without it, they'd rather watch an Englishman than an American. Perhaps it's the reverse over here, but I always feel in the States that there's a certain mystique attached to Englishness. Some of the English bands... not the ones we mentioned, but the heavy metal people playing heavy stupid-music, the guys with the Marshals and the high watts, Uriah

Heep... what can I say?

Q.: A lot of your songs seem to be about attitudes, putting forward an attitude rather than simply describing a situation or whatever. I'm thinking particularly of "Reelin' in the Years"—I get more sense of an attitude from that rather than a specific mood.

W.B.: Attitudes rather than moods?

D.D.: Pictures rather than definitions, you mean.

W.B.: That's completely different to what he just said. If you guys are going to buy that as a similar thing then I'm not going to even worry about what my answer is. I didn't understand the question, I didn't understand Denny's clarification, so what can I say? Why not try it again... uh, unless... do you mean to say that you've noticed a certain attitude in our music?

Q.: Precisely.

W.B.: Oh, yeah, well we do have an attitude, there's no question about it. On the other hand—and I can see your train of thought now—our songs also evoke, not express but evoke emotions and moods. Our art, if you like, is to try to evoke, to stimulate some kind of feeling or thought, and there are different ways of doing that. If you're going to ask me about individual songs, eventually you'll come to one where the lyrics don't make too much sense to anybody, but what that's all about is that you can communicate through words without necessarily having to make literal sense. I think it was T. S. Eliot, that old English poet, who said a poem should not mean but be.

(At this point a certain gentleman intervened and the following dialogue ensued):

VOICE: (into microphone). This is Jeff Bacall speaking. I'd like to know if I could obtain two mandrakes for my planned enjoyable evening with the most beautiful woman in the world.

W.B.: Okay, listen, go to my room, first floor fifty-three...

D.D.: Er, look, turn that off for a second, fella, huh? Click... two minutes later.

Q.: You've been called a "post-Woodstock" band, partly because a lot of your songs seem to be very cynical about that whole Woodstock philosophy, love and peace and all that.

W.B.: The imaginary Woodstock nation, you mean. Well, everything came down because it was all abased on drugs, so obviously it would only last a certain amount of time: when the drugs weren't working for the Woodstock nation anymore it just disintegrated. That's how I see it, anyway. I wasn't at Woodstock but I think the thing that you're talking about was something that we all imagined would be true and was automatically understood, and then when we woke up the next morning with a hang-over and found out everything wasn't turning out like we were expecting it to, we realised it wasn't that way.

Q.: Do you think there's still any validity in the Woodstock ideal, though?

W.B.: Yeah, in fact that's what we were talking about a few minutes ago, Denny and I. It seems to me that inevitably—no, not inevitably, it's up to them... put it this way, they better get their act together, they better get Europe together soon, and after that the communist countries, then they better get the whole thing together before they... it up and blow it up. That's not quite the same thing you're talking about: the brotherhood of man will probably come... (starts to laugh)... if you want far out, cosmic comments from me on the world situation I'll give you them, but... er, it seems to me that the brotherhood of man might result, through cause and effect, if they don't get a world government together, from some kind of cataclysm which will probably come through world famine or disease or a combination of different things.

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ARTS

Prunella Scales



PRUNELLA SCALES, currently directing Shaw's "Major Barbara" at Nottingham Playhouse, in conversation with GAYNOR MORGAN.

Q.: Why acting?

A.: Well, my mother was an actress, at least until she married and even then she interested the children in the family in theatre and acting generally, so probably her interest was the main influence.

Q.: So was there never any other possibility?

A.: Oh yes, at one stage I was obsessed with ships, building them! I suppose a naval architect. Teaching was also always a possibility. Only recently I worked with a 6th form class on "King Lear", in a sort of workshop class. It seems poetry etc. is often taught by people not particularly interested in it. I think this work on "King Lear" was valuable.

Q.: Did you have formal training?

A.: Drama school and then into Rep.

Q.: I suppose you're still probably best known for "Marriage Lines" with Richard Briers?

A.: Yes, well I always seemed to play eccentric character comedy roles, in fact I was playing a barmaid with Richard

Briers when he asked me to read for the part. I'd never really done the naive newlywed before.

Q.: How long did "Marriage Lines" run?

A.: Four years over all, then repeats.

Since then I've worked mainly in the theatre, not much film work. There's very little doing in the way of films at present.

Q.: Apart from in America?

A.: Well there's not much there either. I've never worked there actually.

Q.: Is directing a new dimension for your career?

A.: I directed my very first play at school — J. M. Barrie's "The Kiss Was Cinderella". I've done other directing at Bristol Old Vic, Cambridge, Billingham and in the "Almost Free Theatre" in London — a lunchtime theatre.

Q.: Have you any ties with Nottingham?

A.: Well I'm from Yorkshire. But... my very first boyfriend played sport here... very first!

Q.: Did you choose "Major Barbara"?

A.: Oh no that'll be the day! I played Catherine in "The Taming of the Shrew" about 18 months ago. Then Richard Eyre rang and said "Would you like to direct 'Major Barbara'?" So I read it through again.

Casting to be with the company, apart from Under-shaft, I cast John Phillips here from outside the company — not because there was no-one here who could have played it. He's a super actor, I'd never worked with him before. In fact the whole play has a very strong cast all round.

Q.: Does one theatre seem much like any other to work in?

A.: No, one has to adapt to space. This play doesn't demand unconventional staging. In fact we've reversed the final act so we play the town towards the auditorium rather

than behind the proscenium arch.

If we use the full stage in this auditorium, as in "She Stoops to Conquer" and go right forward we can't be seen from the Dress Circle. But, because of the amount of dilectic discussion we must come forward. I particularly like working in theatre-in-the-round, flexible theatre, this play would work well like that.

Q.: How personal is the failure of a play felt by the Director?

A.: One really works for the mutual impact of audience on author, if this fails to spark them the feeling of failure is acute. If a laugh was missed it's not a case of WE'VE missed it more that the event has not taken place, like coitus interruptus. Frustration. The feeling is the same whether you see it or direct it, also if you see a bad play really working. You can feel it like a miskick in football. We work for that rare moment of satisfaction. An orgasmic sense of fulfilment like when a goal's scored. It's a chemical desire for a spark, a voyeuristic pleasure.

Q.: Is directing more important than acting now?

A.: I'm still young for a director and don't go out of my way looking for work. It's really hard work, the effort of concentration is shattering.

After my first two days here Richard Eyre said, "God, you look tired!"

It would be physically impossible to put the kids to bed after that, though I lived at home when I was doing lunchtime directing.

Q.: And leisure time?

A.: Well I've two youngish children so my time is full. My husband's a working actor, at present in Australia! I enjoy domestic things — grass-cutting, darning clothes etc. as a sort of balance.

Q.: Do you get completely away from the theatre?

A.: No... not really!

Q.: What next?

A.: Well... I'm joining the Greenwich Theatre Company for a season of James Sanders' plays.

Then in June I start a comedy series called Fawltly Towers with John Cleese, a terrifically funny man. I'm the wife of a man running a hotel!

It has ignored for too long.

Born Birkenhead, 1932. **Lived** Rhyll, 1939-1951. **Department of Fine Art, Kings College, Newcastle, 1951-1955.** **Honours B.A. Fine Art (Durham) 1955.** **Moved to Liverpool 1957.** **Worked the summers in fairgrounds and as a scenic artist at Liverpool Playhouse in between spells of secondary teaching.** **Taught at Manchester and Liverpool Colleges of Art. Now works full time as poet/writer/singer/painter.** **Led "Liverpool Scene", 1967-1970.** **Toured U.S.A. with "Liverpool Scene" September-November 1969.** **Recent appearances in Holland, Germany and Norway.** **Tours with "GRIMMS" 1971-1973.** **President of the Liverpool Academy of Arts 1972 to date.** **Reading tour of U.S.A. 1973.**

Other books in print:

"Tonight at Noon" (Rapp and Whiting, '68).

"Autobiography" (Cape, '71).

"I Want" (a novel with Nell Dunn, Cape, '72).

Records still available:

"Recollections" (Charisma) with Liverpool Scene.

"Adrian Henri" (Canon).

"Autobiography" (Canon).

'The hit man'

"The Hit Man", Robert J. Flood. W. H. Allen, 65p.

IN the wake of all these cinematic and literary epics depicting the exciting, glamorous and entrancing fairyland of organised crime in the United States, as seen from the point of view of that much-misunderstood and thoroughly misunderstood philanthropic organisation the Mafia, comes a contribution from one Robert J. Flood. Mr Flood has hit upon the strikingly original idea of excluding the Mafia altogether from his exceedingly long and exceedingly boring saga of modern gangsterdom in a New York suburb.

If anything, this purposeful omission merely renders "The Hit Man" even less convincing in terms of characterisation and plot than it would otherwise have been. The Mafia, we know, does at least exist and flourish, whereas Mr Flood's inept and nebulously-drawn personal, ruthless, sophisticated, resourceful and cunning as he would have us believe they are, would one feels, encounter serious difficulty in maintaining between them a durable shoplifting racket in and around Slab Square.

The characters, such as they are, are scantily-disguised B-picture stereotypes — the anti-hero, leading the usual Jekyll and Hyde existence is an immensely respectable restaurant-owner during the day, with loving wife and daughter; at night he leaves his immensely

respectable suburban domicile clad in his Victorian cat-burglar's costume to creep off and annihilate various members of the criminal fraternity who have incurred the umbrage of Mr Big. Then there is the hard-bitten, wrinkled detective soured by a career of failure and frustration but with a heart of precious metal, aided by his younger, enthusiastic colleague, a "college cop" with heaps of social conscience and concern for the welfare of the community. Indeed, this colourless character's only distinction is to play a leading role in one of the most badly-written and utterly unstimulating erotic passages I have ever wiped my sticky palms over in a long career of exhaustive smut digging.

Further, we have the hapless heroine, honest, vulnerable, upright — that is, in the metaphorical sense as her position is horizontal for long periods of the book — who wishes to become an honest, upright actress but can't help getting involved with gangsters, alcoholic husbands and lesbian theatre producers.

On the credit side, Mr Flood seems able to sketch out his plot with a passable degree of continuity and to create a vast and intricate web of supporting characters and their relationships, without travelling in too many circles. But at the same time, excessive and explicit violence is no substitute for credibility and Mr Flood's failure to grasp this obvious truth has produced a novel that is superficial, tedious and rather unpleasant. It is rather distressing that the Arts Column of a University newspaper cannot reserve coverage for items of greater literary merit.

SUE HYMAN

The marvellous adventures of Nunez Cabeza de Vaca

"The Marvellous Adventures of Nunez Cabeza de Vaca", by Haniel Long (Picador, 40p).

IN November 1528 a handful of Spaniards, survivors of an ill-starred expedition to Florida, were washed ashore in the Gulf of Mexico. One of these men was Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, a lieutenant of the expedition, a fighting man but endowed with the capacity for growth and humanity. Despite the privations he had endured, Nunez led two other Spaniards and a Moor on a journey across the entire continent, barefooted and naked, which occupied them nearly eight years. After friendly communication and assistance from the Indians, Nunez wrote a letter to his King when he reached Mexico City, relating what had befallen him.

It begins as the usual story of a European adventurer who leaves home to exploit the natives of the Americas, but the narrative develops into a testament of "what a man can and cannot do when he must do something or die." Long's reworking of De Vaca's actual letter is not necessarily a literal translation, apart from the actual events of the journey; but it is a contemporary, relevant account, Long believes, Nunez wished to send as proof of the possible literal translation in the spirit of man from a bloody Conquistador to the unfettered vision of a mystic amazed with the increase of life in man which only comes from effort and communication with other individuals.

De Vaca's experience conquers by love. "If we reach Spain I shall petition his majesty to return me to this land, with a troop of soldiers. And I shall teach the world how to conquer by gentleness not by slaughter." His dealings with the Indians, based upon a natural untutored connection with the American continent, allows him to see the abuses visited upon many by civilisation. His gracious acceptance of the Indians' way of life becomes one of the few bright spots in the shameful history of the white man's refusal to treat the Indians as equals. It is at that point, one of cross-cultural communication, that Nunez ceases to be an historical personage and becomes a symbol. The interlinear method Long employs lifts the musings of the Spaniard to a plane whereupon it may be compared with the great spiritual events in the chain of man's ceaseless efforts towards self-liberation from prejudice and violence. The explorer's realisation that "as much as a man is before God so much is he, and no more", to use the words of Saint Francis, gives the narrative the sort of poetic inspirational sense that is rarely evident in the literature of today without turning into a coy, sweet, moralistic tract such as Gibran's "The Prophet". The journey acts as a simple but brutally heart-breaking record of a man stripped of everything and obliged to act out every moment of his life in the sight of God.

Long's evocation of De Vaca's experience well prefaced by an introduction by Henry Miller is a fine example of one man's dedication and devotion, of service to one's fellow man, of charity, of love, of tolerance and forbearance, of humility and forgiveness which wipes out all the bloody tales and exploits of a Cortes or a Pizarro and substitutes in a beautiful and moving sense the simplicity and truth of a fulfilled relationship with one's fellow man.

Adrian Henri

IN 1963 Mersey Beat rang round the world. In Liverpool, the cellar-clubs where young people had crammed to see the Beatles were filled with a new sound — poetry. A group of young poets, working alongside folk or rock music took literature screaming from the ivory tower and set her to dance to "She Loves You..." Radio and TV producers, finally even London publishers heard of the phenomenon. In June 1967 "Penguin Modern Poets No. 10: The Mersey Sound" appeared and Roger McGough, Brian Patten and Adrian Henri became household names. The book went on to sell 200,000 and became Penguin's best-selling poetry book. In 1972 "The Times" announced it as having overtaken "The Lord of the Rings" as the book most bought by students.

Like Warhol or Lichtenstein, Adrian Henri works between Art and Life. Trained as a painter (and still a successful and prizewinning one) he is aware of the most recent developments in the visual and performing arts: his book "Environments and Happenings" (Thames and Hudson / Praeger 1974) charts the whole inter-

national scene of multi-media performance. He is deeply aware of other cultures, translates regularly from French; "I Wonder", a stage-show about the life and work of Apollinaire, was co-written and translated by him and staged at London's Institute of Contemporary Arts in 1968; at best his work resonates between the tradition of English Literature and the streets, pubs and lovers of his beloved Liverpool.

Henri is, above all, an entertainer. His readings will make you laugh or make you cry, sometimes both at the same time. In 1971 he appeared on a televised Royal Variety Command Performance, appearing before the Queen in the company of artistes like Frankie Vaughan, Rex Harrison and Cilla Black. "Yesterday's Girl", an autobiographical play for TV including an on-stage rock group and songs and poems by the author was networked nationwide on I.T.V. His poetry-rock group "Liverpool Scene", between 1967 and 1970, recorded four albums for R.C.A. Victor, toured with Led Zeppelin, appeared at the Isle of Wight Festival, played across America, bringing Henri's poems and songs to dance halls, rock clubs, open air festivals, for he believes, above all, that poetry must reach out to the people

ARTS

Twelfth Night

FOR those of you who find Shakespeare's comedies more of an endurance test than amusing entertainment, a trip to see Nottingham Theatre Club's lively production of "Twelfth Night" should most certainly have reformed your opinion. It was undoubtedly funny and fully exemplified all Shakespeare's skill of humour based on puns, witty rapport and mistaken identity. However, the element of pathos in the cruel trick player on Malvolio (excellently portrayed by John Bull), which results in his being treated as a madman, is neglected. In the final scene his parting shot to be "revenged on the whole pack of you" is greeted with sneering laughter from Olivia, Viola and Orsino and it is left to the audience to feel at least some sympathy for him.

Some of the actors in this production were, I feel, miscast though I was assured that the selection of a middle-aged woman to play Olivia was intentional. However, to me this served no other purpose than to render her an unconvincing young maiden and incongruous beside her prospective young husband, Sebastian. Barbara Fisher who played Olivia was very good but, as in the case of Pete Henry as Orsino and Michael Beaumont as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, I feel that director Mike Williams should either have younger actors or fully illustrated his reasons for

not doing so.

There was also some attempt at stylised movement during the clown's songs which were in fact pre-recorded and played as background music in dimmed lighting. Again the reasons for this innovation were obscure, particularly as David Walker who played Teste, showed in a short song towards the end that he had an adequately tuneful voice to cope with a longer one.

The costumes were excellent — as was the scenery and the use of the small stage, particularly in the hilarious mock duel between Viola (well acted by Margaret Anderson) and Sir Andrew. Generally the lively atmosphere of Shakespearean comedy was captured and the actors' obvious enjoyment, especially that of Peggy Pedley as Maria and Leslie Teeman as the drunkard Sir Toby Belch, was transcended to the audience and enhanced the comedy of the play. The parts of Maria, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Feste are perhaps the most delightful in "Twelfth Night" — most of its humour is rooted in them and their comic scenes were the highlights in this production.

On the whole this was an entertaining performance — though certain aspects which deviated from the traditional form detracted from it, not so much because they were there but because their presence was not explained and was thus ineffective. Nevertheless this was a worthwhile and enjoyable production of one of Shakespeare's better-known comedies.

Theresa Norris



The Dispossessed

"THE Dispossessed" (Gollanz, £2.80) by Ursula K. Le Guin, far-and-away the world's best female S.F. novelist, is likely to receive little opposition in this year's Hugo and Nebula award stakes, except perhaps from the over-rated "Mote in God's Eye". Le Guin's latest novel tells how Shevek, a brilliant research physicist leaves his home planet Anarres (a semi-arid world on which his people have evolved what they consider to be a utopia, in which the sole authority is the individual will) to visit the capitalistic, decadent and hated planet Urras, which his people left to freely pursue their ideals. He hopes that on Urras he will have greater freedom to develop his Principle of Simultaneity which should make it possible to send messages through space instantly. At first it looks as if Shevek will be able to achieve all his aims on

Urras but his position becomes increasingly dangerous as time passes and doubts spread.

Following Shevek's career on Urras with intermittent lengthy flashbacks to Anarres we become engaged in the philosophical possibilities and implications of utopia and for a while we even believe in the feasibility of Ursula's Anarres before she sets out to undermine it. Several critics, while praising this, dislike the sudden involvement of Shevek with the Urras underground movement. This is pandering, as so many SF authors do, to the wider audience but it also suggests, as does nearly all Le Guin stories, that there is no easy way out. Perhaps the intrinsic message is portrayed in Shevek's only ever achieving anything approaching utopia in but one intimate personal relationship.

Imaginary Invalid

DRAMSOC'S presentation of "The Imaginary Invalid" by Molière which was on in the New Theatre from 5th to 8th March was a production worth seeing. All the elements combined to make this play a unified whole — a perfect "period piece".

Certain visual memories stand out — the incredibly detailed costumes, done with such care, down to the snuff box which Bonnefoy — the artful lawyer well portrayed by Kevin Buxton, uses to express his boredom. The women's dresses are of lovely colourful silks and the men's costumes are very well-designed. Also the set for the stage had been carefully worked out and planned with an eye and appreciation for what a seventeenth century room should look like — spinet pictures, gold mirrors and upholstered chairs, though some of the furniture such as a modern looking chest of drawers and Grecian type cupids and pillars appeared anachronistic.

The plot centres around Argan, the "Imaginary Invalid" played by Hugh Simon with enormous verve and excellent characterisation. Never for a moment was he anything other than the crusty, selfish but somehow amusing hypochondriac he was playing. Argan is always imagining himself to be on the point of death, so ill is he, and the rest of the characters develop this to achieve their own not so very bad ends.

There is his scheming wife, played by Sheridan Davis who manages to look perfectly "bitchy" when the occasion calls! She plots with the haughty, pompous Bonnefoy to persuade Argan to make his money over to her. His daughter Angelique (Susan Elliott) is in love with Chéante (Chris Brazier), but unfortunately pledged by her father to marry the unspeakable bore, Thomas Diciphorus who together with his father manages to show us what "education can do for a man."

Other characters all helped to thicken what proved to be a most enjoyable and funny plot — although a slight blot was the ending which seemed strangely incongruous with the rest of the play and the lighting towards the end became rather jerky instead of dimming imperceptibly.

However, the standards of this production were generally quite high and it provided enjoyable entertainment.

LUCY ORMSBY

Nottingham Graffiti

THIS year's revue — dubiously entitled "Nottingham Graffiti" — opens at the New Theatre, Tuesday, March 11th, 10.45 p.m., and continues until Saturday, March 15th. Last year's offering ultimately became one of the high spots of the Edinburgh Festival and was described on Radio 3 (there's culture) as: "... the funniest load of rubbish on the fringe".

We feature: "Wicked Slink and his Stinkettes". They say they are a jazz band. Nick Williams and John Hallam, who made you laugh (twice) in the Hall show, and Linda Fieldsend and Pete Rushton provide the glamour. For those with jaded appetites, there's always Crispin Harris.

Don't miss the thrills and spills of the bip top with "Billy Smart's Third Team". Cry your eyes out to the bowel jerking story of Ernie Napkin — "Scrambles without A Cause". But above all don't bring your grandmother, for have no doubt — this revue is DIRTY.

Cripps arts festival: She's done it again

THIS farce, the climax to the Cripps Arts Festival, was excellently acted and hilariously funny in places. Larry George (Professor Hogg) was the outstanding actor from a cast of whom all were good. As the absent-minded professor he had the ability to make laugh whilst never appearing to be trying too hard to achieve that objective.

Sue Compston (Sylvia) and Steve Bamforth (Rev. Hubert Porter) were also outstanding. There was very little to fault in this farce even when Julian Robinson (Freddy) threw a paper out of the door marked "private" and was surprised at knocking something over with a clatter; Jonathan Collett (Pop) covered up excellently.

The actors were able to overcome the handicap of a mediocre plot. After the first act in which the background was given and the tempo quickened from an excellent start, the story shifted from Freddy's debts and the bishop's money to babies. As a result one was left with a feeling of anticlimax, and also wondering whether the "News of the World" actually did pay enough money to reimburse the bishop and retrieve Freddy from debt.

The set was good but the sound effects could have been more realistic. Rodney and Sylvia might have emerged more soaked from the storm. Whilst waiting for the babies to be delivered Whisperer Grogan pretended to smoke an unlit cigar; it would have been better if either he had really smoked it or it had been left altogether.

However, if they are as good next year as they were this, they must seriously consider staging their play in Crush Hall (in spite of the acoustics), for they will easily fill the house.

J. WINFIELD.

Success at last

DRAMSOC'S production of "Chicago" by Sam Shepard has been selected to appear at this year's National Student Drama Festival. This is the first time in five years that a Nottingham production has been selected. The Festival takes place during April and "Chicago" will be presented at the Collegiate Theatre of the University of London. There will be a special presentation of the play in the New Theatre on Wednesday, March 12th, and Friday, March 14th, at 8.00 p.m. Tickets are available in PB Foyer at lunchtimes or at the door.

The director writes:

"Sam Shepard is an American and most of his plays are deeply concerned with the nature and status of people in late 20th century Western society. In 'Chicago' Stu, the central character, examines through consideration of his personal circumstances, some of the stultifying and restrictive effects wrought on his fellows by centuries of creeping progress to our present conception of 'civilisation'. 'Chicago' was first produced in 1965, Shepard's most recent plays are 'The Tooth of Crime' and 'Action' and both were produced at the Royal Court Theatre in 1974!"



ALIRO DIAZ

THE concert given by Alirio Diaz, Venezuela's master guitarist, was one in which the audience were treated to a display of dazzling virtuosity and rare talent. The appearance of such an artistic and technically perfect musician must be the finest event staged on campus this session.

Drama Forum

THE Nottingham Student Drama Forum was an attempt to bring students from all over Nottingham together, to meet and discuss drama, and also to allow various colleges to use the University's facilities to present a wide range of productions. Ideally, an admirable project, the Forum involved great practical difficulties not all of which were successfully overcome.

In the three days of the Forum, six shows were presented and in addition various workshops and discussions were held. Perhaps the biggest fault was that so much was taking place in so little time; to see all six shows involved an endurance in an audience which could not reasonably be expected. To see two full length plays in one evening requires stamina as well as interest.

Organisation suffered as a result of this as well, and not unexpectedly audiences were disappointingly low. It was evident that the facilities of the University were overstretched.

The plays themselves varied greatly in quality. Some of the shows were noticeably under-rehearsed and served more to embarrass the audience than entertain. Not all of the plays were hampered by this problem however, and the Forum did present some well produced and entertaining drama. The workshops suffered from a lack of response, but were sufficiently well attended to make them worthwhile and the general reaction from those who attended them was highly favourable.

If better attendance had been encouraged by pre-booking, rather than simply relying on people to turn up, they would have been a great success. Discussions were also hampered by the same problem and had to be cancelled at the last minute due to a totally negative response.

It would be dishonest to claim the Forum achieved its end, yet it is very easy to criticise; it must be admitted that the Forum did succeed in certain areas and was by no means a total failure. It also served to reveal that potentially, such projects as the Forum, better-organised, spread over a greater length of time, and guaranteed better attendance could be an entertaining and instructive event.

If the Forum is to continue, it must be aware of the limitations of the University's facilities and encourage local colleges to participate administratively and technically as well as dramatically.

MUSIC



Procol Harum with their lyricists, Keith Reid (centre).

Daily rock in PB?

TAF KING, the Social Secretary, has been walking round with a telephone receiver glued to his right ear this week. Not content with dramatically raising the standard of music seen on campus this year, he's now increasing the quantity. And as a result you have a chance to see three quality concerts in Portland Building between now and Saturday, representing some of the very best in folk, rock and jazz.

Tonight, Amazing Blondel return, complete with mobile recording unit, with a view to releasing their concert with the University Orchestra as an album. It's their only date with an orchestra on the entire tour, and you can witness this truly historic event for just sixty little pennies.

Thursday night is scoop of the term night, with Procol Harum providing the scoop. For your quid you get Gary and the Boys combining some blasts from their salty shade of homburg past, selections from the truly brilliant "Grand Hotel," a few "Exotic Birds," and a sprinkling of new material. Oh, and he tells dirty jokes, too.

Finally, on Saturday there's Hatfield and the North, whose new album sold out in a morning at Selectadisc last week. They supported Procol in the Ballroom last year, and played at the Stomu Yamashta gig, too. It's fairly light, free-form, jazz-based material in the Soft Machine mould, and for 60p you also get a ticket, a sore arse and Chopyn, who'll be coming along to play some of his piano concertos.

Wodenshow is emancipation on Wednesday, and please, if it sells out and you haven't got a ticket, don't come along with the "I've lost my ticket"—"Taf said he'd leave one on the door"—"I've got to dance or I'll die"—"I know Eric Clapton routines, it only makes us feel bad. And there's nothing worse than standing collecting tickets all night, except maybe standing outside. So don't stand there.

CLIVE TYLDESLEY.

Linda Ronstadt reviewed

"HEART LIKE A WHEEL" (Asylum)

THE single taken from this album, "You're No Good," is currently earning a lot of plays on Radio One, but it is in fact the weakest track on an otherwise excellent set. Here she continues her productive association with the American west coast band, the Eagles, and performs material both old and new in a similar country-rock style. The first side is very much a downer in terms of mood: all ballads about unrequited love, including a new, better version of that old Paul Anka ditty, "I Guess it Doesn't Matter Any More," which adds layers of meaning to what I used to think was a pretty in-

consequential song. The tone of the whole album is, in fact, very sad, but never pathetically so or depressing enough to make you take it off the turntable.

Linda has a pure, countrified voice, somewhat similar to Judy Collins or Bonnie Raitt but rather more interpretative than either of those two. On the second side she proves she can handle rock songs with ease, her treatment of the old Everly Brothers' hit, "When Will I Be Loved" particularly outstanding, and throughout the backing and production is superb. One of the better American girl singers, purely because her approach to performing is creative rather than merely professional. The best album of the year so far.

B.S.

BLUNT NEPALE
STEVE MR. 2928

Fanny Craddock reviews the long-awaited ZEP ALBUM

Selectadisc Restaurant,
Goldsmith Street, Nottingham

LED ZEPPELINMAN'S

LUNCH - £4.05

Starters:

CUSTARD PIE: A simple traditional dish, very strong in flavour, with a minimum of dressing. Hot, tasty and basic with a touch of mouth-harp.

THE ROVER: Also strong and familiar, with a clear, warming Plant sauce, poured over a thick, distinctive Page meat base.

IN MY TIME OF DYING: A large, filling hors d'oeuvres, with a sort of Gallagher bottle-neck blues guitar paté, laced with a Zeppelinian rock salad.

Fish Course:

HOUSES OF THE HOLY: A thick, heated course similar in preparation to "The Rover," with battering bass lines designed to linger on your palate.

TRAMPLED UNDER FOOT: A funky dish, popular and memorable. Smoking, grilled cod steaks with a hint of Doobies.

KASHMIR: Perhaps our most requested dish. A distinctively Eastern spices which give it a strong, menacing taste on the tongue, which bursts into a re-

freshing sensation at the end of each mouthful.

☆ ☆ ☆

Main Course:

IN THE LIGHT: An original food of many ingredients. The centre is a chopped mixture of light and heavy electric Page meats, the fringe a soft blend of mystic Oriental herbs. An acquired taste which will not please all.

BRON-YR-AUR: A simple, jolly dish cooked lightly à la Black Mountain Side, with double helpings of Page. (Plant not included).

DOWN BY THE SEASIDE: A gentle, lilted food that melts slowly over the taste-buds. A simple flavour of the sea, stirred rhythmically into Neil Young wines and topped with Jones' piano.

TEN YEARS GONE: A preparation for young lovers, sensitive and romantic. The beauty is in the mood that it captures, stark and sensuous at times, but mixed with richer, fuller additions.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dessert:

NIGHTFLIGHT: A bubbling, refreshing little gem that positively bursts with tang. Fruity and popular, its effect is immediate and irresistible.

WANTON SONG: A thick,

heavy pudding, savage on the stomach. Tasty. "You're so Vane" bass licks, bathed in spirit and simmering vocals

BOOGIE WITH STU: A light-hearted trifle, a cheap boozy piano poured over a sugary Glitter-beat Bonham. A simple bit of nonsense which will fill a small corner of your stomach if you can't face anything else.

BLACK COUNTRY WOMAN: A dish of the rag-time era, wobbling along like a party jelly. To be eaten with tongue in cheek.

SICK AGAIN: Typical of this restaurant, the closing coffee is strong, thick and creamy. Page is spooning in frightening lumps of brown sugar, whilst Plant stirs them furiously. Exhausting to consume.

Fanny says: A marvellous, grand menu in the old style. Stick with the simpler foods, and you'll come out full and satisfied. Indeed there's a danger you'll find your starter and fish course so strong and overwhelming that the main course proves a disappointment. But experiment and persevere with the newer offerings, and then if you don't like them you can always fall back on the incomparable traditional Zeppelinian rock cakes. They'll hurt your teeth, but darlings, think what they'll do for your figure!

CLIVE TYLDESLEY.

10cc AND JOHN BAILEY ALBUMS

JOHN BAILEY, the ebullient star of Week One, has scored his biggest success to date with the release of the new live Curved Air album. At least I think it's you, John, staring open-mouthed into Sonja Kristina's cleavage on the back of the cover. The sleeve photographs were definitely taken at the P.B. concert, so who knows, maybe others amongst you have had your profiles preserved for posterity on

the cover of the record.

The recording itself is of a surprisingly high quality too, with some gorgeous passages where Way and Monkman's strings and keyboards weave lilted electronic patterns between the speakers. Pity they hate each other. Unfortunately, young Sonja is in dreadful form at times, sounding like Beefheart with a frog in his throat. Thanks to her "Young Mother" is an absolute abortion,

'Turn it up' — book review

TURN IT UP, Bob Sarlin (Coronet: 50p).

EVER wondered what Don McLean was REALLY getting at when he wrote "American Pie"? Why is Joni Mitchell's song "Little Green" one of the least effective songs she has ever written? Is it true that Carole King never wrote anything better than "It might as well rain until September"? Bob Sarlin's new book on the singer-songwriter phenomenon attempts to answer these questions but never really succeeds, so superficial is his approach to his subject.

His basic premise is the old one that today's "thinking" songwriters (a bad term, I know, but you have to distinguish the Mitch Murrays of this world from the Leonard Cohens somehow), write songs that should be classed and analysed in the same way as poetry — that song lyrics ARE poems, in effect. Yet surely they're not: songs have a literacy all their own, and to regard them in the same light as poems is to saddle rock and popular music generally with a false tradition.

Chuck Berry, for instance, could never be called a great poet by any stretch of the imagination, but he

was a great songwriter, if only in terms of the influence he had. Bob Sarlin carefully avoids any consideration of these difficulties.

Also, Sarlin has nothing to say about the sociological importance of the singer-songwriters, how the sudden popularity of artists like James Taylor and Neil Young corresponded with the decline of that mythical "Woodstock nation", how the whole movement relates to the new cult of the self prevalent in America at the moment. There are other shortcomings to Sarlin's approach: Van Morrison is a more important performer and vocal artist than songwriter, and few people in Britain are likely to be that familiar with the work of people like Randy Newman, Bob Hunter (of the Grateful Dead) and Jackson Browne — although Sarlin is right to include them.

Trouble is, Sarlin doesn't really add anything to our understanding of these artists or their work, but merely confirms our original impressions — Joni Mitchell as dissatisfied older woman writing poetically about her experiences, Van Morrison as inarticulate but engaging chronicler of adolescent life, Randy Newman as a fatalistically minded humorist who delights in continually posing the question "what is sexual inadequacy?" The book is well written but actually says very little.

B.S.

I wish she'd stick to coming to bed with me.

10 C.C. are an O.K. band today, which isn't a bad thing, because they can be quite superb. Their new album, "The Original Soundtrack," starts with a brilliantly conceived parody of an innocent young man's first night in Paris, with witty lyrics and plush imaginative arrangements — like a routine from 'Cabaret'. It is followed by a strangely serious love song, entitled "I'm not in love," (he is, really).

Again, the lyricism is excellent, the mood perfect. But from there the album degenerates into a string of satires, all cleverly constructed, but frankly just not pleasing to the ear.

Italian Food, our Lord Jesus, and many others have the piss systematically extracted from them in subtle and varied ways until you're left crying out for the real 10 C.C. to stand up.

Don't get me wrong, it's all polished, professional, verging on the brilliant stuff, but it ain't got no soul, man.

Yawn of the week award goes to Al Stewart for "Modern Times," a collection of bland reminiscences about things he probably never even did in his youth. Heartless killing of the week award is shared between the Black Panther and Humble Pie, who have hung, drawn and quartered three Beatles songs on their new one, "Street Rats." Oh, and finally Cyrille Verdoux is wanted by the police for impersonating a Tubular Bells. Keep a look out for his record, "Clearlight Symphony," — same label, same idea as the original, but with a noticeably more bizarre feel to it. If you find a copy listen to it, you might find it interesting. Mind how you go, now!

CLIVE TYLDESLEY.

SPORT

END OF SEASON ROUND-UP

ARCHERY

AS usual the Archery Club started the year off quite well but by half way through last term had virtually died — the reason rotten weather. FB field was always soggy and often waterlogged. However, now we have procured an indoor archery session in the sports centre — at present 4.00-5.30 p.m. Wednesdays, small hall, which, judging by the first turn-out, could mean a club revival.

We have had no competitions and are not likely to because we have no coach. However, a friendly with Sheffield has been arranged, who say they too have a very high standard of membership.

D. GILLANDERS

ATHLETICS

THOUGH the competitive season has not yet opened for the Athletics Club, its committee have not been inactive in preparing for next term's events. A full fixture list has been drawn up, to cater for athletes of all standards. The toughest fixtures include matches against Birmingham University, Durham University, and the UAU and BUSF Championships, whilst more friendly meetings with Leicester, Hull and Sheffield Universities have also been arranged. The University also fields a team in Division 1 of the Nottingham City Athletics League, against Notts AC, Clifton College and other local clubs. The club also competes against such non-university teams as Notts AC and Birchfield Harriers.

You'll find a friendly spirit prevailing in the Athletics Club and a fixture list catering for all levels of talent, so if you haven't already joined, contact MIKE ORCHEL, SHEERWOOD HALL, or leave a note on the Athletics Club notice board in PB, and you will be sent a fixture list, etc.

BOAT CLUB

AFTER a large intake of new members at the beginning of the Christmas term, numbers have declined slightly due to illness and injury, and of course the pressures of work! So once again, everyone is encouraged to join this friendly and easy going club (particularly small people who fancy themselves as coxes!).

Most of last term was spent trying to get everybody rowing in a uniform style, and sorting out prospective crews for this term's long distance Head of the River racing.

Three crews (an VIII and two IVs) were entered for the Northern Universities Championships and although we had little success apart from some fine victories by our restricted IV, a useful and enjoyable weekend was had by all.

A 1st VIII and 2nd VIII were formed this term and went to Chester for a training weekend with Liverpool University, who also acted as hosts. The 1st VIII hammered Liverpool's 1st crew and our 2nds did very nobly against them too.

This was followed by a Head of the River race at Peterborough in which the 1st VIII came 6th and the 2nd VIII 21st, a creditable performance considering the large entry.

Bad luck has meant that we have lost five of our top oarsmen, but we hope our fortunes will improve for the rest of the season, especially in the summer, regatta time!

CANOE SLALOM

OBSERVANT campus dwellers will have noticed that a forest of coloured poles appeared on the University lake about mid-term. Closer examination would have revealed that each pair of poles formed a gate with a number above — yes, you've guessed it, a canoe slalom course.

Flat water gate practice is important for experienced paddlers out of practice after the winter river racing season, and for novices preparing to tackle slaloms on running water.

At the Mini-Slalom on Saturday, February 22nd, 24 paddlers competed. Dennis Cooper beat off an outside challenge from J. Monk of Loughborough to win the open K1 class. Dave Manby predictably won the novice class despite losing his specs while trying to capsize at gate 7. Anne Galloway won the ladies, and it was Cooper and Manby again in the Canadian Classes.

Thanks are due to Dennis for erecting the course, and to Anne, Dane, Steve, Trevor, etc., for running the event.

FENCING

THE fencing teams this year have been mainly concerned with UAU/WIVAB and local competitions; doing well in both.

In the UAU team event we were knocked out in the quarter-final play-off by Loughborough University the eventual runners-up.

The ladies' team have reached the semi-final and will have fenced this (and hopefully the final) last Friday.

In the UAU/WIVAB individual two fencers reached their finals — Mike McCall came 7th in the men's foil and in the ladies' event Thelma Hyland was 5th.

Our final competition this year will be the BUSF Championships over the Easter vacation.

FISHING

THE Fishing Club has run five outings so far this academic year. Four of these were internal matches, the overall winner being Chris Biggin and runner-up Chris Gillot. Internal prizes have also been won by John Eardley, Dave Edwards and Chris Gillot. The club's major trophy has still to be won as this and a minor trophy hang on the sea fishing trip on March 1st.

GLIDING

WE have been busy recently painting and refurbishing the wings of our two-seater Grunau, which is once more gracing the air over Saltby.

With four solo pilots in the club and several more coming along, we hope to have an entry in the Inter-University competition in August. John Melling is going on an instructor's course this summer and Chas Cowley is now a fully-rated instructor.

As the days get longer we're all looking hopefully at the sky — the soaring season is just starting!

CIC

GOLF

THE team maintained its unbeaten record, defeating Warwick University in the Midland Divisional play-off at the UAU Championship.

In the morning foursomes Dennis Chatterton and Vic Young slaughtered their opponents 8 and 7, while Nigel Sweeney and John Reuben also won convincingly 5 and 3. Dick Turton and Malcolm Waters narrowly failed to set a new world record for the most putts in one round, losing 3 and 2.

Despite his considerable ego Vic "I feel unco-ordinated" Young demoted himself to No. 2 in the afternoon singles and still lost 3 and 2. Dennis Chatterton at No. 1 kept cool while his opponent often threw the ball to win 4 and 3. Dick Turton was again plagued by putting disasters and lost 3 and 2. Nigel Sweeney was one over par in defeating his opponent 5 and 4, while Malcolm Waters played his usual consistent golf to win by a similar margin. Bringing up the rear John "gorgeous" Reuben — "The Pro" lost 4 and 3, despite a valiant attempt to asphyxiate his opponent via his cigar smoke!

The team now have only to overcome their opponents in the quarter-final to reach the finals of the championship for the third successive year.

KARATE

ON Thursday, February 24th, the University Karate Club held a grading and instruction session under the direction of Mr S. Asano, 6th Dan, Chief Instructor of Shokotan Karate International. The evening was a tremendous success, with over 150 karateka taking part in the training. As well as the University members there were also seven black belts training, each of whom took part in a short exhibition free-style contest with Mr Asano. After the training approximately 100 karateka underwent grading examinations, and to the credit of the University Club all its members passed, and Mr Asano expressed his approval of the standard of the karate taught and practised by the club.

VINCE MORRIS

LACROSSE

THE season for the men's team started badly due to lack of players many games being played men short. With the introduction of two previously unexperienced players and the recoveries from injuries the results have picked up. We have won the last four out of five games giving statistics: played 16, won 6, lost 10, goals for 102, against 121.

We are now clear of any relegation trouble and with good results in our two remaining games will rise to a comfortable mid-table position in the North of England League.

The season has demonstrated that it is possible for unexperienced people to play in our side and we will need and will welcome many more for next season.

Our club will provide five players for Midlands Universities in the forthcoming BUSF tournament. These being Pete Yates, Tony Marsh, Chris Neilson, Nige Estill and Ian Elliss.

The ladies' team's fixtures came last term in the WIVAB Northern Section. They were victors over Sheffield, Leeds, and Liverpool but Durham prevented them leading their section and progressing further in the tournament. In a tightly played game against Durham, Nottingham were the losers by only one goal.

The ladies' captain Carol Tweedle-Dee was picked to represent WIVAB North.

FIRST TEAM SOCCER

MANY people who follow the escapades of the First XI in "Gongster" have asked what household names such as Moonlight, Big Len, etc., actually look like. Well to cater for them we print a team photograph and I bet they wished they'd never asked. Surprisingly women have been known to find this bunch of misfits attractive. Mind you it's a hard life being a soccer wife to any of the 1st and 2nd XIs. Not only is poor taste a necessity but also incredible patience for these dedicated lads to put their run of successes before anything — well almost anything. It has been a really good season and in a tight finish both the 1st and 2nds look odds-on for their respective leagues. The 1st team this year can be divided up into four distinct categories. THE GOOD.

Dave Porter (6th from right, back row in photograph), The Golden Boys Dave Poole and Moonlight (far left, back row) have been the consistent stars of the team, their age and decrepitness balancing the youth and inexperience of the mere mortals in the side well.

THE BAD: This seems a good place to talk about The Skipper Ian Parker (hitting me with the ball) and Alan Waddell (2nd from right, front row). Parks has taken a lot of stick from me this year well but despite being clumsy and overweight he hasn't done a bad job and we expect Alan to step into his mantle next year.

THE UGLY: The Dribbler, Scriv (2nd from right, middle row) and Little Charlie (left of Scriv) despite their obvious physical handicaps have all fallen head over heels in love this year and Friday night-Saturday mornings in action seems to have done their football a power of good.

AND THE PISS-ARTISTS: Dave Johnson (), Jay (the homosexual one in the front row) and Big Len, whose position is obvious, take the honours here — their problem has been overcoming not the opposition but their hangovers.

The 2nds have done well, only losing one game this season despite having team problems due to the parasitical nature of the 1st XI, always taking their best players and not replacing them, and the paralytical nature of most of the 2nd team on Friday night. Billy The Doog (5th from right, back row) and Chris "Photogenic" Deans (far left, front row) are two dedicated products of the 2nd team, to the parasitical nature of the 1st and tee-totalism in the name of football should be admired, if not imitated. Finally the real reason for our success must be revealed: it's the sinister "Scarface" George (with the sunglasses) our Italian team manager coupled with the inspiration of Dave Porter's tender rendition of "Something in the way she screws" before every match.

FORD ENNALS

(2nd from left, front row, with ball on head)



THE FACTS

DERBYSHIRE Premier League: Premier Division: Position 3rd with seven games in hand and fifteen points behind the leaders Burton Albion.

Record in league: played 22, —
Record in league: played 22 —
W, 11; D, 7; L, 4; F, 55; A, 32;
points 29. UAU Cup: beat Keele University 3-0; lost to Loughborough Colleges 0-2.

Appearances: Ford Ennals and Tony Scrivens both ever present — 28 games.

Top goalscorers: 1, Tony Scrivens — 18; 2, Charlie Forster — 12; 3, Dave Poole — 11.

Own goals: Ian Parker 1; Dave Porter 1; Graham Riminton 1; Chris Deans 1.

Representative honours: Dave Poole has been a regular for the England UAU.

1st team player of the year: Glynn "Moonlight" Murray.

SECOND TEAM

Derbyshire Premier League: 1st Division: position 2nd with four games in hand and eight points behind the leaders Golden Valley.

Record in league: played, 13; W, 10; D, 2; L, 1; F, 44; A, 20; points, 22.

Overall record: played, 22, Won, 13; drawn, 4; lost, 5; F, 65; A, 38. Appearances: Mick Oldham was ever present — 22 games.

Top goalscorers: 1, Big Len Steed — 26 (in 17 games); 2, Jay Yoffe — 5 (in 2 games).

UAU Cup: drew with Birmingham University 1-1; beat Keele University 3-0.

Quarter-final: lost to Aston University 0-1.

2nd team player of the year: Mick Oldham.

THIRD TEAM:

Appearances: Graham Shaw was ever present — 20 games.

3rd team player of the year: Vince Pizzioni.

TENNIS

THIS winter has been a very quiet one, and although several friendly matches were arranged, only two were completed (the others being cancelled by our opposition).

Last December we gained a very good victory over Loughborough Colleges Men's I, beating them 11 sets to 7, Dave Mullarkey and Phil Collins winning 5 of their 6 sets. The second match was played on February 15th against Strathelyde, outside at Highfields. Our team, much weakened by absence, was beaten by quite a good touring side.

Our Men's I team comfortably beat Leicester on Saturday, March 1st, in the Sports Centre. It was finished early so that Leicester could go home, but at that time the state of the match was 5-2 to Nottingham, with the most likely outcome a 6-3 victory in matches (five however still giving us overall victory). Nottingham's first pair, Dave Mullarkey and Dave Ross played solid tennis and overwhelmed both the first and third pairs of Leicester in the two matches they completed. Our second pair, Phil Collins and Dave Thompson, won all three of their matches, clinching the overall win. Our third pair of Jeremy Eastwood and Dave Bisson had a disappointing afternoon, narrowly losing both the matches they played.

This was effectively nearly a second team, so that our prospects for summer victories in UAU, etc., look good.

PMC

TIME OUT — PULL OUT

Films

Sunday, 9th: "Towering Inferno"
Excellent escapism from 20th-Century Fox and Warner Bros. combined. A fire breaks out on the 81st floor of the tallest building in the world—a massive 138 storeys—on the night of the official opening. At the reception on the top floor are William Holden, the builder; Robert Vaughan, the J.F.K. type Senator; Richard Chamberlain, the electrician responsible; Faye Dunaway, the architect's girl, plus another 100 or so dignitaries and guests. Trying to reach them is San Francisco fire chief (Steve McQueen) and the architect (Paul Newman). It is almost three hours long, and professionally directed by John Guillermin and Irwin Allen—the latter responsible for the action sequences—and worth the entrance fee for the stunts alone.

Sunday, 16th: As above

ABC 2:

Sunday, 9th: "Emanuelle"
Overrated soft-porn that owes its success to the publicity man alone.

Sunday, 16th: "The Devils"
Finally passed by the Nottingham Watch Committee for screening inside the city limits, Ken Russell's adaptation of Huxley's "The Devils of Loudun" takes many a liberty with the original text and certainly shocks the soft-centred with its explicit sexual attacks on the Church and its often slightly nauseous violence. Oliver Reed and Vanessa Redgrave.

ABC 3:

Sunday, 9th: "Death Wish"
The appalling assault at the beginning of Michael Winner's latest certainly wins the audience over to the vigilante's (Charles Bronson) point of view. It could hardly fail, despite the rather superficial question posed.

Sunday, 16th: "M*A*S*H"
Robert Altman's tale of two medics in Korea is at times very

funny, at others very poignant. A surprising choice for a cinema which is complaining of its inability to find space for its backlog of new releases (Chinatown and The Conversation as well).

ELITE

Sunday, 9th: "Sex Adventures of the Three Musketeers"
Sunday, 16th: "Truckturner"

CLASSIC 1

Sunday, 9th: "Man about the House"
Sunday, 16th: "Sex Farm"

CLASSIC 2

Sunday, 9th: "Free Love"
Sunday, 16th: "Don't Look Now"

Nicolas Roeg's marvellously chilling third feature and one which surprisingly failed to carry off any of the hardware last year. Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie in the more crumbling suburbs of Venice after the tragic death of their young child and at a time when a ruthless murderer stalks the canals.

ODEON 1

Sunday, 9th: "Bawdy Tales"
Written by Pier Paolo Pasolini and directed by his friend Sergio Citti, the film carries Pasolini's name as a frontpiece to pack in the front stalls. Unfortunately nothing more than a sex romp.

Sunday, 16th: Nothing booked yet.

ODEON 2

Sunday, 9th: "Dirty Mary Crazy Larry"
Rather mundane and predictable "Road film" with Peter Fonda and mechanic who rob a supermarket to buy a racing car, but get lumbered with Susan George who knows too much. John Hough directs.

Sunday, 16th: "Ransom"

Casper Wrede moving to the more contemporary commercial film genre with hijacked airliner and air chief (Sean Connery), who refuses to pay the ransom. A fair effort, but a bigger one to follow the latter half of the plot.

ODEON 3

Sunday, 9th: "Man with the Golden Gun"
Sunday, 16th: As above

SAVOY 1

Sunday, 9th: "Open Season"
Three Vietnam vets. take their annual holiday in the country away from the wives, kidnap a couple of illicit lovers, gang rape the girl and demean the male. Then they hunt them both to death. Pete Collinson directs, with Pete Fonda, William Holden and John Phillip Law.

SAVOY 2

Sunday, 9th: "Straw Dogs"
Sam Peckinpah at his gratuitous worst. Dustin Hoffman and Susan George harassed in Cornish village.

SAVOY 3

Sunday, 9th: "Day of the Jackal"
Highly enjoyable Zinneman adaptation of the Forsyth best-seller on the attempt to assassinate De Gaulle. Edward Fox very cool as the assassin.

NOTTM. FILM THEATRE

Mar. 14th-16th: "Charlie Varrick"
Don Siegel at his best. Walter Matthau and sidekick unwittingly steal a tidy sum of Mafia money from a bank and consequently have to elude a Mafia hit-man as well as the police. The usual Siegel hardware is demolished but nevertheless a great thriller, superbly executed.

23rd-25th: "Two Lane Black Top"
Monte Hellman is becoming somewhat of a cult director after the excellent "Cockfighter" and the N.U.S. paid him the compliment of showing a Hellman retrospective at their festival last month.

Unifilms

Wed., 12th: "The Music Lovers"
Richard Chamberlain as the troubled Tchaikovsky in Ken Russell's rather exaggerated study of the composer's life. Glenda Jackson as the nympho mistress.

Sunday, 16th: "The Omega Man"
Charlton Heston is the man in question as the last "human" left after holocaust hits Earth.

Filmsoc

Tonight: "Pirosmani"
Cancelled.

Tues., 18th: "Monkey Business"
Most critics are agreed that the Lads reached their peak with "Duck Soup", yet "Monkey Business", directed by Norman Macleod in 1931 (let's face it, that's immaterial) is very funny. The four brothers attempt to board a liner all disguised as Maurice Chevalier and Groucho dances with, makes love to and hides from Thelma Todd, all with constant but ridiculous failure. Great.

TV films

Tues., 11, BBC-2: "Moonfleet"
Made in 1955 by Fritz Lang (that alone should warrant a viewing) and his first in Cinemascope, which will be lost on the small screen, it is an adaptation of J. Mead Faulkner's novel of the same name and boasts a cast of Stewart Grainger, George Sanders and Joan Greenwood.

Wed., 12th, BBC-1: "The Face of Fu Manchu"

Oh yes, great stuff! Christopher Lee once again as the dastardly villain who wants to take over the globe. Don Sharp directs without allowing it all to become too silly.

Fri., 14th, BBC-1: "Night Passage"
Billed as "an exciting Western" by the Beeb blur, it gives us James Stewart this time as a trouble-shooter hired by a railroad construction company to protect them from a payroll robbery. Made in 1955, it does have Audie Murphy, however.

BBC-1: "The Balcony"
The screen version of Genet's satirical and controversial commentary on the decadence of contemporary society.

Music

Tues., 11th March:
Amazing Blondel with the University Orchestra recording a live album in P.B., 7.30 p.m.
Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra. Dvorak: Carnival Overture, Op. 92. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 8 in B flat minor. Schubert: Symphony No. 8 in B minor. Britten: Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Purcell. 7.30 p.m.
Further details: Clement Pianos, Derby Road, Nottingham.

Thurs., 13th March:
Procol Harum, P.B. 7.30 p.m.
Stainer's "Crucifixion" directed by Jim Cowell, Great Hall, 1.30 p.m. Free.

Nottingham College of Education Choral Society and Orchestra. Beethoven: Mass in C, op. 86. Britten: St. Nicholas, op. 42. St. Giles' Church, West Bridgford, 7.30 p.m.
Tilford Festival Ensemble. Works by Couperin, Handel, J. S. Bach and J. C. Bach. Co-op. Education Centre, 7.30 p.m. £1.
Mardi Gras Society Band, Nottingham Rhythm Club, Test Match Hotel, West Bridgford, 8 p.m. 45p.

Friday, 14th March:
English Sinfonia. Conductor Bryn Thompson. Soloist: Valerie Baulard. Schubert: Rosamunde Overture. Debussy: Petite Suite. Fall: Seven Spanish popular songs. Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 in F (Pastoral). Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. £1.50, £1.20, £1, 90p, 85p, 75p (50p unres.) from Clement Pianos.

Saturday, 15th March:
Hatfield and the North. P.B., at 7.30 p.m.
Derby Concert Orchestra. Berlioz: Roman Carnival Overture. Weber: Clarinet Concerto (soloist Thea King). Borodin: Symphony No. 2. Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. Clement Pianos.
Nottingham College of Education Choral Society and Orchestra. Same programme as Thurs., 13th. St. Aidan's Church, Old Basford, 7.30 p.m. Clement Pianos.

Sunday, 16th March:
Derby Hall concert. Programme including Beethoven's Violin Concerto. Conductor: Andrew Speedie. 8 p.m.

Monday, 17th March
Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias, Rock Island Line, Cirrus. University Hall Party, P.B., 8 p.m.

Wednesday, 19th March
English Sinfonia Ensemble. Neville Dikes (harpsichord) and soloists. Co-op. Hall, Broad St., 7.30 p.m., 75p. Clement Pianos.

Thursday, March 20th:
The Spinners. Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. Clement Pianos.

Friday, 21st March:
Lunchtime Proms sponsored by Player's. Jean-Rodolphe Kars, piano. Playhouse, 1.05-1.55 p.m. 25p.

Saturday, 22nd March:
Verdi's "Requiem" conducted by Noel Cox. Soloists: Elizabeth Simon, Monica Sinclair, John Mitchison, Raimond Herinx. Nottingham Harmonic Society. Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. 80p, 60p, 50p. Clement Pianos.

Every Thursday:
Ken Eatch Jazzmen, Old General, Radford Road, 8p.m. Free.

Theatre

Wed., 12th, & Fri., 14th March:
"Chicago" by Sam Shepard in New Theatre, 8 p.m. 15p.

Mon., 17th, - Sat., 22nd March:
A Midsummer Night's Dream. Co-op. Arts Theatre, 7.30 p.m. 45p. (Students 30p).

NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE
Tuesday, 11th March:
"She Stoops to Conquer" 7.30 p.m.

Wed., 12th - Fri., 14th March:
Comedians, 7.30 p.m.

Saturday, 15th March:
Comedians, 5 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Wed., 19th - Fri., 21st March:
"Major Barbara", 7.30 p.m.

Saturday, 22nd March:
"Major Barbara", 4.30 & 8 p.m.

Exhibitions

Until Saturday, 15th March:
Photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, lent by Victoria and Albert Museum. Art Gallery, P.B. Mon.-Fri., 11 a.m.-8.30 p.m.; Sat. 11 a.m.-5 p.m.

Until Saturday, 29th March:
Christine McGegan, drawings and water-colours. Keith Malkin, ceramic sculpture. Gallery, 359 Aspley Lane. Tues.-Sat. 10.30 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Until Saturday, 12th April:
Experiment 4. Events, performances, etc. inside the gallery and at sites in town. Midland Group Gallery, 10.30 a.m.-5 p.m. Mon.-Sat., plus evenings when applicable.

Wednesday, 12th March:
David Coupe. Lecture on preservation of Lace Market and exhibition of paintings. St. Mary's Family Centre, Arnold Arts Soc., 8 p.m. 10p.

Tues., 18th & Wed., 19th March:
An African Exhibition with drumming, dancing, music and poetry. Basil Wanzira, Taiwo Ajai, Elkan Ogunde, Emmuel Jegede. International Community Centre, 616 Mansfield Road, 7 p.m. 30p.

Currently
Exhibition of pop art using photographs and photographic techniques. Warhol, Hamilton, Kitaj etc. Castle Museum, 10 a.m. to 4.45 p.m. Free, except Sundays, 4p.

Association books (i.e. those containing autograph inscription or notes written in by author, or intimately connected with prominent person who may have owned or presented it, or belonging to person connected with contents) on display on Level 2, University Library, including books associated with Robert Owen, Ruskin and Swinburne.

"Owls, Jackdaw, Porcupines". Nottingham Periodicals of Victorian age on display on Level 1, University Library.

Sport

Wednesday, 12th March:
Inter-Hall Soccer K.O. Cup: Cripps v Lincoln. Highfields, kick-off at 2.15 p.m.
Finals of the Inter-Hall Basketball play-off, Sports Centre, at 6 p.m.

Saturday, 15th March:
Notts. County v Bolton Wanderers at Meadow Lane, 3 p.m.

Tuesday, 25th March:
Notts. County v Nottingham Forest, Meadow Lane, 7.30 p.m. (all-ticket).

Societies

Wednesday, 12th March:
Adrian Henry poetry reading, 2.0 p.m. Performing Arts Studio (in P.B.-Trent Tunnel). 15p.

Thursday, 13th March:
Rambling Society A.G.M. Please note time and place have been changed to 8 p.m. in Cripps C.C.R. (by dining-room).

Friday, 14th March:
BUNAC Orientation Meeting. S.S.A. 48 7 p.m.

Friday, 14th March:
John Bibbs-Davidson, Conservative M.P. for Epping Forest, talks on Northern Ireland at 1 p.m. in N.S.Q.R., P.B. Conservative Association.

Next term

Thursday, 1st May:
"Campanero", a film about the Chilean folk singer and poet, Victor Jarra. Politics Society, 7 p.m. N.S.Q.R. Records on sale afterwards (70p from each to Chilean Solidarity Fund).

Tuesday, 6th May:
Eddie Milne on corruption in the Labour Party, in the N.E. Politics Society. Politics Study Room 7 p.m.



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PERSONAL

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IT'S not the fragrance I like so much, but the ways it's applied.
IS the new revolution a wash-out?
HAS Gary's communist ardour been damped?
TONY and Fiona wish to announce the long-awaited arrival of a ring.—Cripps/Cavendish.
"CALL any vegetable" is Beeston's hot potato".
CAN anyone suggest a suitable place where all Hall Librarians could meet for a communal bath (with boy/girlfriends) at noon this Saturday?
CLEANLINESS is next to Godliness, but couldn't one of you have waited?
HAVE you tried prune juice to relieve the tension?—Luv, T.R., K.C.C. or D.?
TYPIST is near to Sports Sec.—wants game with big red spots! Your move now.
WILL the onset of revolutionary fervour last the course?
D.K. quote: "I declare this Gongster published at 6.17 p.m."
WANTED: Honey for husky bagpipes, or maybe he should try whisky in future.
COULD Mary really hold the key to the ballot-box mystery?
PHONE—a-Prezi Disco 2928 int.
DAVE, have you remembered to lock your door?
INTERNAL telephone directory inquiries.—D.K. int. 2928.
IS SARA really a pseudonym, Kevin?
WE'RE taking over the Planes—hands off, it's mine.
HONARY biskits make good shoulders to cry on.
AMAZING pink elephants would like to thank funky gibbons.
THE garages are still disgusting but it's not as bad as looking through keyholes.
WHERE was the D.J., P.J.? OIC, hiding under the bed.
TWO irate members of Cavendish: Space is very short—all was to be resurrected as soon as possible anyway.
DID "Cat" Friends use a reef knot to get in
CAN it be an elephant or a kangaroo? If the latter is it going to gird its loins? Sorry.
HELEN, you did a SOUPER job for methylated spirits and next year won't be much ado about nothing either.
IMPORTANT announcement: Carol was beaten at Scrabble Sunday morning, 16th February—or was it June? Argh.
IS it a singing pram going up a one-way street, or a nazi being chased by a microwave oven?

MR RUSTY communicates using a Miss Selfridges bag while Zebedee stops at home and says Miaow.
IT'S all lies He of the soggy reeds.
THOUGHT OF THE WEEK: He's just another scripture-thumping hack from Gallilee. The difference is they call him King, the difference frightens me.
THERE is very little truth in the rumour that Flat 22 are opening a butcher's shop. Now a cafe perhaps! Bacon and eggs for breakfast Ochel . . . ?
THE Bestest loves every square centimetre. "Aw, let me put my tongue in your mouth". (French accent).
ESCORT Service.—Apply The Vicar, Z block, Hu Stu.
Z BLOCK silence rule ends, O.K.?
THE pink elephant is pining for a ride on your shoulder.
PHIL, so now it's black stocking and 105's is it now.
HAVE you taken any lonely fire exits recently?
P.R.: Try a 69 on a 175 out.
THANKS for introducing me to Dunkirk chip butties.—L. from L.
EATEN any bouling cherries recently?
WELL-KNOWN Ancaster double act with speciality in hand, heart and feet breaking.—Apply Misses (?) Bone and Mercenary.
IS the Hemlock Stone a mushroom or just a sandstone butty?
CHAIRS are easier in Cavendish—why not try one?
THANKS a lot June.—From four well-fed friends.
GLAD girley's got back in.
COLIN grows into lusty loofah effect. Salubrious people's invitation evening. Three codes? No a code of threes initially!
AL: You need something more than squeaky toys for "something warm against your rug!"
JUST because the lady loves . . . you don't have to go all the way and have black soap!
DID you know that Jeremy can't even find one about himself?
DRIBBLE'S forces between unlike bodies have not yet reached dampened oscillations.
LOOKING forward to having Girley and Dreamer back.
JANET, put your trousers on!
DO Dai and Dave always bath together?
HOW lucky stones find diamonds, even if not close quarters.
YOU'VE been dipping your fingers in ink again, Carole.
IS it true Johnnie's installed traffic lights in his room —B.R. Boys.
COUNT a pube.—Contact R. in Sherwood.

JANE: Has your bed still got a hard bit in the middle? Rumour has it that it's gone away.
VACANCY for skilled Computer engineers to operate latest addition to Ancaster laundry. Position includes four-star catering and exotic dancer.
WHO are the Brown-enders in Lincoln J/K block?
THREE down, is Dr. Wheeler getting left on the shelf?
TOO much "work" makes you short-sighted, Chris!
DOES Elge know where Science City is?
JOHN, over the Hill and far away?
HAVE block XI really got more beans?
F.N.: I see figures every night—do you compute?
THE Kid strikes again, but we can't see him for dust.
IN Block V, silence is golden, Lynn.
F.N.: Certainly an "I"-catcher, Gill.
JOHN: Please return whatever it was you fished out of the lake—just what did they make you read at school?
A LIGHTED candle's no cure for a hangover Viv.
DAVE: Is Barbara still as passionate as ever?
YOU'LL go in T2 pond one day, Bob!
LOST: Last seen swinging through the trees near Wortley.—Apply West Lodge.
WHERE'S Galen's mate? Faaaag!
RENT a Jiff.—Jim, D3.
FRED never leaves his mate's behind. What a boy!
REPELLING boarders, Steve? Where's the crowbar.—Ask Porker.
WHAT a pity you never saw all those men you spent that night with, Sonya!
KEV: Who's for Lenton annexe to-night? Form a queue.
DO you miss it now you haven't got it, Sonya?
YES John! Some people are more equal than others. In fact you're ego-litarian.
MR JONES: Do you play cricket? Or are you just a poseur?
BROGDON! Did the Loch Ness monster break your bed or was it the wrath of Hell(en)
OOOOH! Noooo! You just don't understand me, you heartless persons. I'm the most normal person I've ever met.
WILL Big Bill and Eyern get genned up on Utopia or will Onanamon triumph? F-floor turns white with horror—report by Dr. Necro Norris.
WHY, for the sake of Cain, is Graham never Abel to clear away his plates?
NOMINATIONS for Sabbatical stallion.—Ring 2600.
MIRROR, mirror on the wall, Who's the ugliest of them all? Ask Imogen.
DAVE: Does she really drip dry?
DEAR F.F.: What is coming off in Derby this week?

SMALL ADS

SNOOPY picture computer programme wanted.—Please contact Oliver Lane, F17, Lincoln.
THREE places available now in a house midway between campus and city centre.—Apply Jim Poll, 30 Johnson Road, after 6 p.m.
POSTERS for sale, 38in. x 28in., in colours, all sorts, 30 different to choose from 10p - 30p each.—Apply John Boyce, Civil Eng. Room T2-125. Hurry before they are sold.
CREDIT NOTE worth £9.70 at McCullough's the Jewellers, Beeston, for sale, £6. With it can be purchased regular and digital clocks and watches, jewellery, cut glass, sterling silver etc.—Richard Cranston, Cripps K2, phone 2011.



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SPORT

NETBALL

1974-1975. Nottingham Win Netball! Alas, this headline is not to be ours this year. Despite this failure we head on unbeaten in spirit. Recent flagging of attendance does not dampen this irre-doubtable spirit.

Inter-hall netball has become very popular and the club would hope that members of these teams could benefit from the **Tuesday Night** practice, 7.30, despite the fact that they may not wish to play for the University. We feel justified in pointing out that the partial ban on University team players in inter-hall matches is tending to draw away valuable support from the club.

The club while seeking to represent the University in W.I.V.A.B. is not primarily match orientated. Social intercourse has this year become more a feature than, first team and the rest, we strive to present an enjoyable evening for those with surplus energy or those wishing to build up some, and hope that those willing to will play for the University.

It may seem trite to say it but "The club needs you." (pointing finger!). One does not have to be a superbly fit, county level player, the basic requirements are knowledge of the rudiments of the game, possibly desire to lose some extra inches and a general desire to participate in some form of athletic pursuit.

RUGBY

THE Rugby Club has had its most successful season for quite some time. The first team were unfortunately knocked out of the U.A.U. by Loughborough Colleges and Birmingham who both went on to reach the semi-finals. The results of all three teams in the rest of their figures have been really good with both the first and second teams losing only six of their 22 games and the 3rd team recording 10 wins out of 16.

This term the first team have had some impressive results notably victories over Leicester University and Heaton Moor R.F.C., and if their form continues they must stand a good chance of winning the Nottinghamshire K.O. Cup which takes place in March.

The representative honours haven't been as good as expected but special mention must be made of Steve Johnson who was travelling reserve for the full U.A.U., and of Alan Ashworth who played for Midlands U.A.U.; also Ashworth and Andy Clements played for the County U-23s.

A final comment on the season would be that the "spirit" in the club has been very high this year and all the players should be congratulated on their improved standard of off-field activities and undoubtedly this must be the first year that the Rugby Club hasn't had some form of complaint made against them.

RIFLE PUFFS

LAST year the activities of the Rifle Club culminated in Mike Wort becoming National Individual U.A.U. Champion and Nick Bacon and Mike Wort becoming National U.A.U. Pairs Champions (fame at last). A team of three under the name of "Mike's Loons" also won a couple of rapid-fire Sharpshooter competitions. (In these knock-out competitions the first team to hit ten one-inch clay discs at 100 yards proceeds to the next round etc.)

Not bad, eh? Now just wait 'till this year's championships on May 3rd. Old hands are learning to fire on only their own targets whilst new acts are benefiting from strict dieting in preparation for the big event. (Five a night does wonders for the trigger finger).

At the moment we are on the look out for new turns to join in our social but sometimes rewarding sport. Beginners are always welcome, especially now that the start of the year rush has subsided. Never done any shooting before? Come down, we'll supply all the equipment free and make only a small charge for ammunition. Monday and Tuesday nights are rifle shooting and Thursday night is pistol. If you want to try either rifle or pistol shooting come to the Sports Centre foyer at 4.30 p.m. on the relevant day, any of the staff will point us out to you. Alternatively contact John, Cripps K21; Phil, Cripps A24; Graham, Hu Stu Z4; or Nick, Beeston Flats, 58. A map of how to get to the range is displayed on our Union Noticeboard if you feel like coming down to say hello (5 p.m. to 7 p.m.). Post-grads, Lecturers, etc., all welcome; we also have special lightweight equipment for girls and puffs. Mine's a pint. Cheers.

NICK BACON

BRUM BRUM REPORT

WITHOUT doubt the highlight of the Motor Club year was the Ship-sides Trophy Rally in November. With an 18 month lay-off since the event was last run, the organisers were somewhat lacking in experience so the services of veteran Steve Rogers were called upon to co-ordinate the rally.

Despite the short time available for organisation, everything ran smoothly and the rally saw a win for Mike Hutchinson and Eric Cowcill in an Escort RS2000. The event was a round of the 1974 East Midlands Road Rally Championship, in which the club fared well, coming 7th overall with 151 points. In the competitors' championship, Graham Daws once again excelled, picking up third place in the navigators' section.

Within the club, two 12 car rallies have been run, with a third planned for March. The club rally championships look like being resolved in favour of Kev Gibson (drivers) and Jackie Walker (navigators), while the ever popular Social Rally Championships has been the preserve of Messrs Hubberstey and Barker.

Other events organised include the termly Saltby Stages — a chance to display loose surface driving skill, out at Saltby Airfield.

Club President Tim Keen is furthering his career on the race-track with consistently good performances in his formula Ford Merlyn. His plans for the forthcoming season are rather uncertain although Formula Super vee looks like a possible goal.

Generally an active and successful year for NUMC.

Football Cup Preview

LINCOLN

THE Lincoln side to play in the 1975 inter-hall cup final is as follows: Goalkeeper: Bob Shipman — agile, quick, courageous goalkeeper whose only weakness is his calling which can puzzle not only the rest of the team but also himself at times. He will be hoping to keep a clean sheet against Cripps.

Full-backs: Sid (Bites your glasses) Crossley and John (call me Johnny) Gorst — solid, fast full-backs with Sid having the edge on skill but Johnny being the harder in the tackle. A good indicator of the team's performance is Sid's nose, the harder the game the redder it glows.

Centre-backs: Chris Wingrove and Mick McQueen (capt.) — have only come together at the back in recent games, but have kept the goals against down to one in the previous two rounds. The team will be expecting Chris to win everything in the air whilst Mick takes everything on the ground.

Midfield: Kev (Sniffer) Bragg, John Collins and John (Rubber Legs) Dixon — a lot will depend on these three and all-out effort, as well as a 9 o'clock curfew Tuesday night, will be expected from them. The team will be hoping that Sniffer Bragg can extend his goal a game run in the cup, in the final.

Forwards: Mick Healy, John (Harvey's Mad) Waters and Dave (3 times Ref.) Cockcroft — a lot of goals will be expected from this attacking line-up, especially from Cockcroft whose tally this season already amounts to 10 league goals (five from the penalty spot), one own goal and six job rejections.

Speculation as to whether John Waters will be in Nottingham on the day of the final, and not abroad on his travels, will leave the rest of the team guessing until kick-off time, but the eager Mick (Yes, Yes, Yes, My Ball) Bloss will be ready to step in if needed.

CRIPPS

NEXT Wednesday, March 12th, Cripps 1st XI take on the might of Lincoln 1st XI and K-Block in the final of the Inter-Hall K.O. Cup in what could prove to be a very entertaining game at Highfields. The game was due to be played at Wembley, but a groundsman said the pitch was already booked.

The often underrated Cripps reached the final by beating St. Johns 4-0, S.B. 5-0, Lenton 6-2, and U.H. 3-1 after extra time in the semi-final, and the team to play Lincoln will be from the following:

In goal, Pete HAIGH, the well-known contortionist who is said to sleep-walk shouting "keeper's-ball". He had a traumatic experience at the start of the season when he lost his rubber bands. At full-backs are the two iron men of hall soccer, Mark SUTTON, whose bursts down the wing give opposing full-backs nightmares, and Mike ROBERTS, the quiet Welshman who is often seen having a leek before a big game. At centre-half the "Colossus" Andy POOLMAN who has fantasies about leaping like a salmon, and trying to organise them all at the back is Bobby "bites yer legs" TREW who has been seen doing training runs in the vicinity of Cavendish at all hours of the morning.

In midfield Cripps have the very skilful trio of Dave ROSE, the gentleman of hall football and team idiot, Dennis "twinkle-toes" SKILLICORN who once played with Kevin Beattie but doesn't like to talk about it, and Andy WILKINSON whose performances on stage (but not on field) earned him the name "Oscar".

Up front, Cripps have the speedy Pete SIMON, who was reared on shredded wheat and still makes it part of his training diet, John "Knocker" HARPER, a defender turned forward who says he prefers sticking it in these days, and Ian ALLAN, the team's good omen. Completing the squad is Mr "Play-anywhere" Brian PEAT whose efforts on and off the field have been greatly appreciated.

Cripps wish Lincoln the best of luck, and hope to please both of their supporters by winning the trophy on Wednesday.

BOBBY TREW,

Captain, Cripps 1st XI

LATE GOALS SEE COUNTY WIN

NOTTS nearly went ahead in the first minute but Vinters header went just past the post. York were the better side once Holmes began to control the mid-field but poor finishing by both sets of forwards kept the half-time score to 0-0.

York went ahead after an hour as the County defenders looked at the linesman as they thought Calvert was offside. Macmanus saved his shot but Seal put in the rebound. Ten minutes later County manager Jimmy Sirrel substituted Les Bradd for Ian Bolton and it brought immediate life to the County attack. Bradd equalised in the 85th minute when he headed in a cross from Steve Carter. Needham shot in the winner in the last minute and Scanlon should have made more of a good chance just before the final whistle. Final score 2-1.

JIM POLL

CRIPPS STROLLS THROUGH

FOR the second year running Cripps have proved themselves to be the best hall rugby team on campus, being undefeated in any game against another hall side, scoring 178 points to 14. Notable victories include matches against the Medics (60-0), Hugh Stewart (7-4), and Derby (10-0). On a wider front Cripps recorded victories against Notts Police 1st XV, St. John's College Cambridge 2nd XV, Sheffield Polytechnic 3rd XV, and Leicester University 3rd XV.

With rumours of an interhall league beginning next year, things look bright for Cripps Rugby, although it is hoped that a league will not force a cutting down of the outside games which have featured greatly in the building of a strong Cripps side.

Final Figures: Played 20, Won 15, Lost 5, For 362, Against 188.

Captain: Jon Blackwell; Secretary: Rick Charles; Treasurer: Dick Granston.

R.A.C.



Ladies' Inter-hall Cross-country victors.

TABLE TENNIS

ON summing up the table tennis this year, the congratulations must go to the University 'C' team, who have only lost one match all season. Their regular squad of four players — G. Pride, C. Tan, M. Hazlehurst and L. Stalbow — have proved far too strong for division seven, as shown last week by a convincing 10-0 victory over Green Lane 'B'. This team is now almost certain to finish top of the division.

The 'A' team have also been doing well this season, and, although out of the promotion battle for division one, the threesome of R. Bell, B. Devereaux and J. Kennerley have been winning matches consistently. Randall Bell has been the "driving" force behind this team, but, as he has shown on away matches, it's a good job he doesn't need gears to play table tennis!

Their latest result was an unfortunate 7-3 defeat against a strong Nalco 'C' side.

It must be stated at this point that the presence of a can-opener (?) in Mr Kennerley's room has no effect whatsoever on his play.

The University 'B' team, after having a bad run in the middle of the season, have now found a new lease of life, winning their last three

matches convincingly. This was due mainly to the skill of M. Bishop, and excellent (?) navigation of C. Iacopi in giving unguided tours of Mapperley.

Finally, the University still has one team left in the Journal Cup — a mixture of 1st and 2nd team players — who won their 3rd round draw by a colossal 4 points, and will be playing their 4th round shortly.

Doris me vertically.

VOLLEYBALL

THE men's team is doing quite well in the East Midlands League, and will probably be joining the National League next year.

It also came sixth in the U.A.U. championships this year.

Total record: Played 19, Won 11, Lost 8, Sets For 36, Against 26.

We welcome men and ladies of any standard.

SQUASH

ALTHOUGH on the sports side we didn't do too well, losing in the early stages of the W.I.V.A.B. tournament we have had a good social scene mixing with the cricket club for a disco and the rifle club for a wine and cheese party.

GONGSTER

NOTTINGHAM STUDENTS UNION NEWSPAPER

INSIDE

MUSIC FEATURES SUPPLEMENT
including
Steely Dan interview
and **How P.B. Events**
are organised.
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VARIOUS VIEWS BY WOMEN'S LIBERATIONISTS

Page 6.

BUSF ORIENTEERING CHAMPIONSHIPS

RECENTLY members of the Orienteering Club have been spending most of their spare time preparing for the British Universities Orienteering Championships which we organised in the Peak District on February 22nd/23rd. When we offered to stage this event, in November, none of us really realised the amount of work involved in organising two races on consecutive days, or arranging for an evening meal and social for 300 competitors.

Unfortunately only one of the two forests we had decided to use already had a map suitable for the competition. So our first job was to resurvey the second area, and then to redraw a five-colour map; we completed this task just before Christmas and the maps were printed over the Christmas vacation. Next we planned the courses the competitors were to run on; these were then checked by external controllers, who were responsible for the overall standard of the event, and then all the maps went back to the printers to have these courses overprinted on them. Meanwhile entries were arriving from all over the country; the programmes were duly printed and despatched and before we knew it the weekend was upon us.

Saturday was the relay race in "Rivelin", about six miles west of Sheffield. Fortunately we'd managed to secure the services of the tech. committee PA system and a relatively unknown, but nonetheless expert commentator (Steve Patrick) who herded the competitors round at the registration point. In relay races it is customary for all the first leg runners to start "en masse" and so at midday 130 competitors headed off into the forest; with baited breath we all waited to see which team runner would be back first. Oxford's first leg runner was first to return in the Men's A race, but their second leg runner lost the lead to Sheffield I. However, Oxford regained the lead to win in 126 mins. 13 secs., with London I in second place followed closely by Sheffield I. In the Women's race, Aberystwyth looked like being the favourites after the first leg, but Edinburgh pulled up from sixth position to take the lead after the second leg, and kept this lead to win in 119 mins. 42 secs. with Aberystwyth and St. Andrews in second and third places respectively.

We'd managed to get an extension at an inn adjacent to the car park, which the competitors were very thankful for. Then they moved on to Sheffield University where we'd arranged for the meal and social to take place. (Fortunately, they have a permanent AU administrator who'd been able to give us plenty of help!). Dr. A. Cannell from Sheffield University, presented the trophies for the relay during the social.

On Sunday we held the individual

race in Hope Woodlands near Castleton. This time, the competitors started off at minute intervals and their times calculated and compared after their return. Due to the fact that the forest was on a steep hill, the courses were planned shorter than usual. The Men's A course was 7.3 km. with 1,650ft. of climbing and 20 controls to locate; the winner (Joe Sherriff, Manchester) completed the course in 53 mins. 37 secs., while the second runner (Mick Ligema, Aberystwyth) was only 20 secs. behind. The Women's A race was 5.5 km. with 850 ft. climbing and 14 controls, and was won by Fiona Jolly from Edinburgh in 51



mins. 12 secs. with a good 8 minute lead over second, Sue Baker from Manchester.

All in all, the events were deemed to be very successful and most of the competitors had a very enjoyable weekend. Due to the large number of helpers required, Nottingham could not be represented in the competitions, which explains why we didn't win any of the trophies. The committee of the Orienteering Club would like to thank all members and friends who put a lot of hard work into making the event a success.

PETE CONWAY

(P.S. — If anyone doesn't know what orienteering is all about and is interested to have a go, they should contact T. Harden, A3 Derby Hall, for information about the sport, and when we'll be going to have events, etc.)

JUDO 74-75

THE "hard sell" approach employed in Week One seemed to pay off, with more than fifty beginners attending the first training session, and despite the fact that this number dropped significantly in the first few weeks of term it was still necessary to run two sessions each Saturday in order to fit everybody in.

This scheme has never been used before and the necessity of introducing it clearly indicates a rise in popularity for the sport. By the end of November we had enough good beginners to put up a second team in addition to our first team of graded members, and our first fixture was a three-cornered match with Leeds University and Lincoln YMCA. Avid readers of the sports pages will already know that after being beaten by the Lincoln teams (which contained four second Dans) with scores of 1-4 and 2-3, we beat the Leeds firsts by 3-2 but lost to their seconds by 1-4.

The highlight of the first term was the grading at Hyson Green on December 8th, when the following grades were awarded: C. Curle and M. Ledwidge, 7th Kyu (upper orange belt); M. McCall, K. Ryder, N. Holland and P. Hayhurst, 8th Kyu (lower orange belt); A. Quick, 9th Kyu (yellow belt).

...This enabled us to put up two full teams of green and orange belts in our next match, in which we fought a team from Cambridge University with great success, our first team drawing 3-3 and our seconds winning 4-2. A welcome addition to the Nottingham team club's 2nd Dan instructor. At the time of writing the club has two more fixtures, both at home, against Sheffield University and Trent Poly.

Finally, a word of thanks to Tony, Mike, Danny and Mac, one or more of whom have managed to crawl out of bed every Saturday to take the beginners' session, to Keith for looking after the Thursday night sessions, and to Phil of the Aikido Club, who saved us the bother of putting the mat away for a few Saturdays!

Results

Hockey	
2nd XI lost to Liverpool University 2nd XI	1-4
1st XI drew with Burton Hockey Club 1st XI	3-3
2nd XI beat Burton Hockey Club 2nd XI	2-0
3rd XI lost to Burton Hockey Club 3rd XI	2-3
Golf	
U.A.U. team beat Warwick University	5-4
Netball	
1st VII beat Manchester University 1st VII	28-6
1st VII lost to Leicester University 1st VII	6-13
Table Tennis	
"C" Team beat N.A.L.G.O. "E" Team	10-0
"C" Team beat Green Lane "B" Team	10-0
"A" Team beat Fernvale "A" Team	8-2
"C" Team beat Bingham "B" Team	9-1
"A" Team beat Player's "A" Team	9-1
"A" Team beat Co-operative "B" Team	9-1

Gentlemen's hockey

A SEASON of mixed fortunes and what might have been. For the record, the 1st XI got to the County Semi-Final, the Midlands UAU Semi-Final and should finish tenth of the 35 clubs in their section of the Courage Midlands League. The 2nd XI reached the semi-final of the UAU before succumbing to Liverpool, who were flattered by their 4-1 victory. The 3rd XI were annihilated once or twice, destroyed the opposition on other occasions and in their finest hour beat a Clifton 1st XI containing two county players. The 4th XI, when it existed, had a remarkable resemblance to a mixture of the 2nds and 3rds whose games were cancelled. The indoor side came runners-up in the Notts Knockout

and won the East Midlands Championship with ease.

They also were given a pennant by Benson & Hedges for driving 140 miles to play a half-hour game and then travelling 140 miles back on the same night. (Note to other club treasurers: B & H are paying for the petrol.)

Our thanks go to Sid Spray and his ground staff for providing a superb surface despite the rain, and to the University for making sure we didn't get too much hockey by providing neither an all-weather pitch nor adequate drainage on Highfields, thus making Sid's job ten times more difficult (and expensive). We must also pay our compliments to Mrs Spray for her sandwiches, to the girls of FB for their post-match hospitality(?) and to Sub-Sid for his tactful and sympathetic approach to the umpire who wanted flags on the 25-yard line.

Incidents of note during the season include Alderson's half-hour hairwash at Burton (where Mike Harvey had a bit of trouble with his shorts, the deadly finishing from the penalty spot of the 1st XI (well two out of seven isn't bad). Mike Regan's one attempt at umpiring a 3rd XI game, the first victory over Nottingham HC for more than ten years and the bizarre happenings at Loughborough where goalkeeper Penn made a 50 yard sprint after the College's centre-forward when play started before he (or four other Nottingham players) were on the pitch.

Representative honours gained during the season: Barrie Gill — Notts, Midlands, Midlands UAU (capt.), UAU; Mike Harvey — Notts, Midlands, Midlands U-22 (capt.), UAU England U-22 squad; John Watson (pre-depatellisation) — Notts II; Jeremy Stanyard — Notts II, Notts U-22, Midlands U-22, Midlands UAU; Ian Fenn — Surrey U-22, Midlands UAU; Micky Alderson — Northumberland, Midlands UAU.

Gentle ladies

THE Ladies Hockey Club has had a fairly successful season with a membership of about 50 people. On average the 1st and 2nd XI have won over half the matches played and several of our members entered the trials for the WIVAB team.

Unfortunately the WIVAB rally in Birmingham was cancelled this season, so we did not have a chance to see if we could improve our efforts of last year when we reached the quarter-finals.

Just lately many matches have had to be cancelled due to bad weather and waterlogged pitches but the club still holds the Thursday evening training sessions in the sports centre and any interested hockey players would be very welcome to come along. We have also attended a Hockey Umpire's Course held by Notts Women's Hockey Association and a few members have taken their Umpire's Test, which will be a great asset to the club. Finally we hope that the club will continue to expand its membership and have every success in the coming season.

ALLEY CATS REPORT

THE main competitive activity for the tenpin bowling club as a University entity is within the Universities and Colleges Sunday League. We are in the Midland zone of this league along with Birmingham, Cambridge and Lanchester Polytechnic. We played each team both at home and away during the last two terms. Each match is played involving three men's teams and one ladies' team, all of five bowlers. We managed to field complete and fairly consistent teams for most of the matches but unfortunately our standard was a little below that of Birmingham who, as in previous years, managed to dominate the zone and progress to the semi-finals. The final placings were as follows:—

	Played	Pinfall	Average	Points
BIRMINGHAM	6	51,419	8,570	56
LANCHESTER	5	38,316	7,663	20
NOTTINGHAM	6	44,173	7,362	20
CAMBRIDGE	5	33,914	6,783	14

For some reason Cambridge and Lanchester did not play one of their matches.

Apart from the Sunday League, however, much good bowling was enjoyed at the University tournaments. We entered tournaments run by Sheffield, Hull, Brunel, Manchester, P.C.L. and even Portsmouth. Although not always good enough to claim the prizes the teams always gave a good account of themselves.

At Portsmouth, two of our bowlers did make a killing. Roy Malkin and Brian Marshall won the handicap doubles prize and Ray took handicap game and Brian handicap series as well.

Within our own Wednesday League it was good to see so many newcomers gaining B.T.B.A. awards for high games of 175 and 200. In particular Martin Banham is to be congratulated on his achievement of a 233 games within a 546 series, this being the best performance this year. I would like to thank all who have supported the activities of the Club this session and hope that they have enjoyed their bowling and will continue to do so.

WANTED

SPORTS EDITOR for the next issue is needed. The present Sports Editors, Steve Patrick and Janice Dickinson, have sensationally resigned, to do more pleasurable things on a Sunday evening. Anyone interested should see either Andy in "Gongster" Offices or Steve at the AU desk.