

GONGSTER

NOTTINGHAM STUDENTS UNION NEWSPAPER

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WE CARE FOR HAIR.

Prentice visit: no surprises

By JONNY MARGOLIS

EDUCATION Minister Reg Prentice revealed no surprises when he visited the University last Friday to discuss economies in the education system. Mr Prentice met with the Vice-Chancellor, members of staff, Student Union and Trade Union representatives for an hour. He was told about projects being sponsored by the University, in particular those in some way benefitting the local community and industry. Mr John Madocks, the Bursar, stressed that the financial problems at Nottingham were typical of those faced by most other universities. Indirectly, Mr Madocks supported Union President Keith Hamill's plea for increased student grants.

The Minister said that he is in close contact with the N.U.S. on grants. He realises the new problems faced by students and explained that inflation had run at 13 per cent higher than had been expected. He promised a 2 per cent real growth in education budgets, but stressed that this would have to account for a larger number of students in the future. However, Mr Prentice recognised that universities had been treated unfairly, and he saw universities as "a special case". But as he had said that the education system was facing a four-year period of austerity, he added: "There is no scope for the kind of improvement we want." He told the meeting how he disliked appearing niggardly towards education, but that he was in the hands of the Treasury. "I spend half my time negotiating with the Treasury, and the other half imitating the bastards," he said.

Mr Prentice thanked the Students' Union for the memorandum handed to him by Keith Hamill, Dave Drew and Sonia Ennals. The notes explained the anomalies in the grants system, the reasons why University expenditure should not be cut, and the useful activities that students had been involved in during the present term. The Minister also paid particular attention to representatives of University employees' trade unions, who explained that they could now get higher pay in industry, but

worked for the University out of loyalty. The N.A.L.G.O. representative, Mr Malden Plumb, said that the University would close down in six months if staff kept leaving at the present rate. The Vice-Chancellor pointed out that non-academic staff should be paid by the Government, rather than out of the University's limited funds.

Mr Prentice had lunch in Ancaster Hall with a small group of dignitaries and staff. He also talked with students as they had lunch. He had earlier been presented with a petition by Dieter Peetz, a member of staff and an unsuccessful Independent Labour candidate at the last election. The petition called for such measures as the nationalisation of Oxbridge and the reorganisation of Halls on "a more economic and utilitarian basis", by "phasing out expensive wardenships, treasurerships and secretarieships", and encouraging students to fend for themselves.

The Ministerial visit had to be cut short by an hour, and Mr Prentice had to cancel some arrangements. The Union president thought that the visit had been worthwhile. "Prentice was obviously reasonably sympathetic, but clearly not in a position to meet everybody's demands," he said. The Vice-Chancellor was pleased that Mr Prentice had taken note of academic problems.

He said: "Reg Prentice was as encouraging as a man can be in his position."

CATERING LOSS UP 75% 'Another successful year'

THE Union Executive favours the establishment of a new bar in Portland Building as a partial solution to the huge loss on central catering. The loss last year was £33,000, an increase of 75 per cent on the previous year. When it was discussed at the Catering Advisory Committee an attempt was made to ridicule student

suggestions. An independent observer, on hearing of the loss, commented: "Another highly successful year for the Catering Manager. Few men can increase something by 75 per cent in one year."

The profits in the Buttery have risen, but sales have fallen. It is felt that many people consider the Buttery an unattractive place to drink, and would be more inclined to drink on campus in the evening if an alternative bar was set up.

The Executive has approved the recommendations of the Catering Working Study Policy Group, which include a proposed campaign aimed at preventing the closure of the Lakeside Pavilion, and a petition to be circulated expressing dissatisfaction with University catering.

Attempted murder

THE arrival of the Christmas spirit has left a very bitter taste in the mouth this year. The season of peace and goodwill has been heralded in by a group of brainless sub-humans trampling down five young saplings outside the Sports Centre. You don't need to belong to Friends of the Earth to appreciate the priceless value of trees, nor to recognise mindless acts of vandalism such as this as obscene.

As fate would have it, these particular trees were planted during the Plant a Tree in '73 campaign, and were financed by

public donation. What would the tree planters think of their handiwork now? The Surveyors' Dept. says that it may be just possible to save these trees, but it is not yet certain how extensive the damage to the root systems is.

"Gongster" hesitates to insult the animal kingdom by labelling these mindless beings as "animals." All right-minded students will surely agree with a piece of advice to the perpetrators of this sickening act: get off our campus.

BITTER SENATE SPLITS

DEEP dissension in the ranks of the academic staff and the University authorities over the financial cuts was made apparent at the meeting of the Senate Board on Monday, December 2nd. The Vice-Chancellor and the Bursar felt that certain economies must be made, probably in the areas of heating, lighting, paper consumption, and so on.

The A.U.T. line is that such cuts will only make it easier for the Treasury to impose its current policy of expenditure reduction. If the University were to go deliberately into the red, the Government would be forced to bale us out. Mr Cyril Snell said that "the only result of our present lunatic policy will be an O.B.E. for the Vice-Chancellor. The V.C.'s abrupt rejoinder was, "I've already got one Snell."

Senate was split into two camps when the Report of the Working Party on Disciplinary Procedures was presented, the student representatives all voting against it. Student objections were grounded in the facts that there had been little consultation with them over the report;

The student representatives

considered themselves to have been "shabbily out-manoeuvred" by Pro-Vice-Chancellor Nash who had got the proposals passed by the Senate's Standing Committee, on which there are no students. It was felt that certain members were rude to the student representatives, dismissed their proposals out of hand and ignored the Union President's requests for further consultation on the report.

Accordingly, the student representatives will present a motion to the next meeting in January proposing that there be an independent member of the committee and that hearings should not be heard in vacations.

The student representatives had more support, particularly from the Registrar, over the discrepancies in the exam results for 1974. Keith Hamill was very disturbed by the glaring differences between the results of various departments, especially the very low number of "Firsts" awarded in Law and Social Sciences and the alarmingly high failure rates in Applied Science. The V.C. pledged that talks on this system would take place before the next Senate Board.

V.C.'s Christmas message

CAN one find an apt Christmas Message for over 6,000 students, 700 academics, and 2,000 staff? I wonder?

For first-year students, this Christmas vacation will probably be a time of talking and explaining what Nottingham is all about to friends and relatives. I can only hope that the good things have pleased them.

For those in their final year, this vacation is like the back straight of the course, a time for consolidation or perhaps catching up before Finals. I trust that they will not be too badly distracted from their programmes of work and reading.

For other undergraduates and postgraduates, this Christmas is a break, and for staff it is a breather, a time of recreation and rest.

For most of us, but alas! not all, Christmas is a time of families coming together at home, and I wish them a good feast and a merry Christmas.

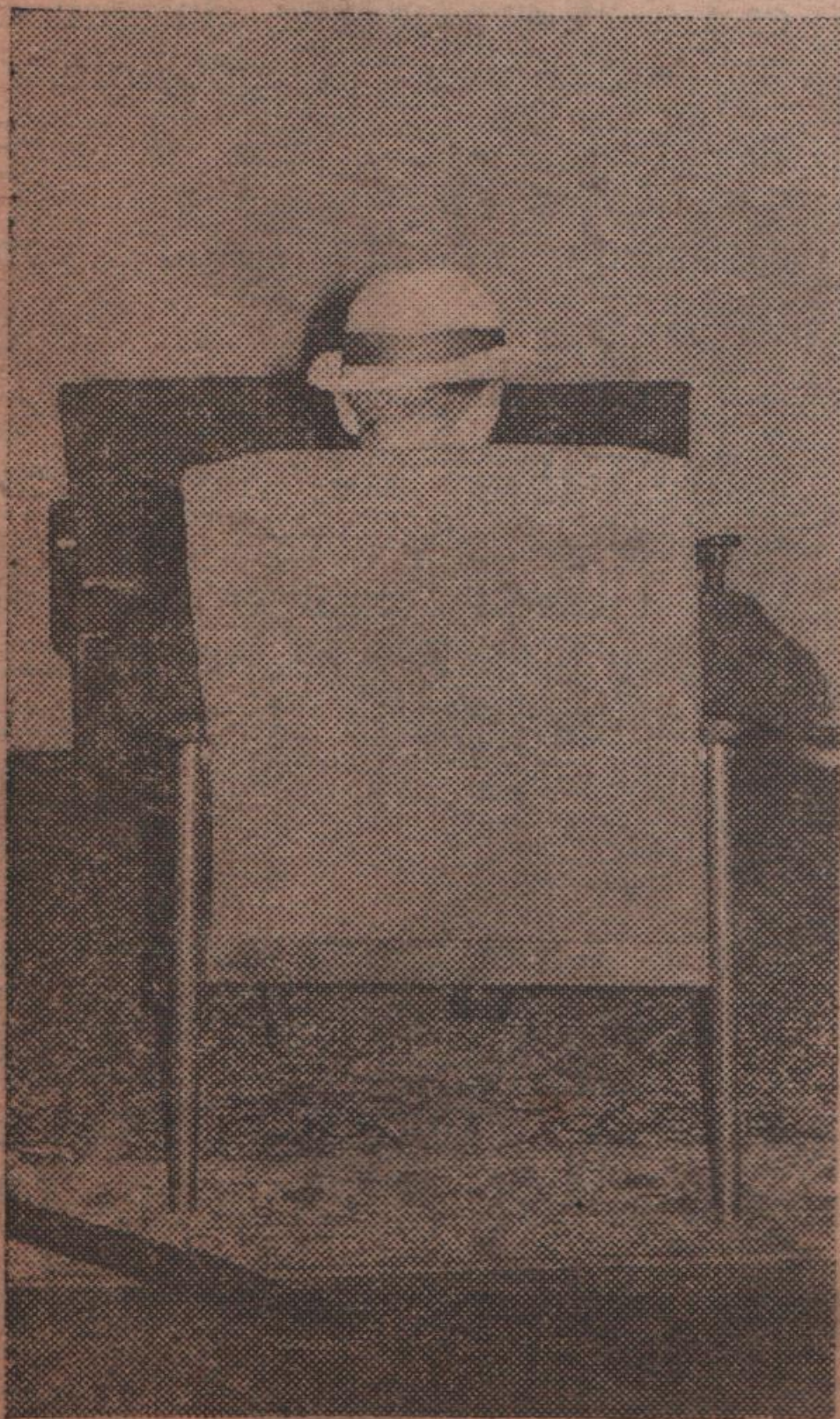
But for others—especially our overseas students—this can be a lonely time in a foreign land with alien customs and rituals. Let the rest of us extend our hospitality to them whenever we can.

Christmas should be a time of charity, when we think about what others lack and need, not only here but in less fortunate lands abroad. We should not forget that Christmas and the New Year are times of re-birth and re-dedication. There can be few of us who could not improve ourselves by some unselfish re-dedication.

JOHN BUTTERFIELD

Christmas, 1974.

Shock decision— Editor resigns



The last picture of "The Editor hard at work" (so he says!)

IN an unexpected move, the Editor of Gongster, David Cohen announced his decision to resign from the post after only a term in the hot-seat. In his letter of resignation, Cohen said that "on average it takes three or four days of thorough participation in order to produce one issue of Gongster, and whilst I have had the backing of a very willing staff, I'm afraid that my workload, bearing in mind my primary aim is to get a degree, has been too great." The present Deputy-Editor, Andrew Clifton will succeed Cohen next term.

Cohen joined the paper in his first year and wrote occasionally before taking on the post of Features Editor last year. During his time as Editor, the paper has increased in size and has expanded its coverage of non-campus events. Thus this term has seen two local M.P.s writing for Gongster. In spite of a price rise at the beginning of the year the paper has enjoyed a healthy circulation and its future for the rest of this year is assured.

WANTED: WARDEN to manage Hugh Stewart Hall

Commencing September, 1975.

Salary by negotiation.

Applications to Mr Hugh Stewart,
c/o University Park, Nottingham.

TAKING CARE OF THE BUSINESS



THE EDITOR AND STAFF WISH READERS A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

AS term draws to a close it is perhaps a good time to look back on the past 11 weeks. It has been a stable term with people apparently getting down to the job in hand. The Union Executive has, unlike past Executives, been proceeding very efficiently—most of the election promises made almost a year ago have been fulfilled.

We've seen three mammoth reports from Union President, Keith Hamill, on Housing, Catering and Academic Affairs. The innovation of a Student Counsellor, Mike Partner, has been very well received.

On the negative side the two General Meetings on Housing, and Racism and Fascism were unfortunately inquorate. The N.U.S. Week of Action on Educational Grants Cuts similarly failed to arouse much interest.

The University's action in raising the residential fee for the Broomfield Flats from £3.95 to £5.20—a rise of 30 per cent—will probably lead to a withholding of part of the fee in the New Year by residents, though the success of this action will depend heavily on the commitment shown by the Residents.

The Catering Manager is to be congratulated in showing an increased deficit—up 75 per cent this year. Perhaps the University will now consider the request by the Students' Union to take over part if not all of the catering in P.B. It would be a nice move for the University would be reducing its liabilities.

For the newspaperman it has been a term with very few sensational stories. The visit of Reg Prentice, M.P. last Friday should have been of interest, but little emerged from the visit other than Mr Prentice's concern for higher education. (A cynical view need not be taken).

So what can we expect in 1975?

Well, this newspaper—now bigger than for the past three years, and selling more, will have a new editor, Andrew Clifton, and I hope that he will receive as much co-operation from the staff of "Gongster" and the Union, as I have had during the past term. It is a very demanding role and I wish him all the best.

On campus things will go on as before. A new President will be elected in February, inflation will continue to hit us and no doubt further cuts in the quality of life will come.

It promises to be a year of interest and "Gongster" will be there to report it, but for the meantime have yourselves a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

GONGSTER STAFF

EDITOR DAVID COHEN
DEPUTY ANDREW CLIFTON
ARTS EDITOR JANICE MULLINS
NEWS EDITOR CHRISTINE SHAWCROFT
MUSIC EDITOR STEVE BARNARD
TIME OUT JOHN BRIDGEMAN
BUSINESS & ADVERTISING:
NICK PEASE, CAROL POLE
DISTRIBUTION DOUG. WHITEHEAD
PHOTOGRAPHS:
RON CATTELL, PHIL HOBSON and MAL BRUCE

The opinions expressed in this paper are not necessarily those of the Editorial Board.
The next issue of Gongster appears on Tuesday, January 14th, 1975. Please submit all copy by Thursday, Jan. 9th.

D. B. C. obituary

DEAR SIR,—I find it my painful duty, as Poet Laureate to the Pines, to find a few words, as might express the grief we all feel, in losing you as Editor of "Gongster".

I have tried to keep this obituary brief, because if it runs into two hundred words of print, it'll be longer than you are. I call it simply

"Reflections on the sad demise of David B. Cohen, currently taking a well-earned breast after a most tortuous spell as Editor of a well-known campus newspaper".

"Well, so-long then, our kid, you've met your own deadline. No more scathing editorials to write last thing on Sunday evening. Never again will you chase after Steve Patrick for pictures to go with his article on the U.A.U. Or was it the motor-club rally? Perhaps you'll have time to finish the washing up, now?"

Still, I'm sure we'll all miss the D.B.C. style "Gongster", with its 18 thrill-packed pages, and a Time Out page which you can pin up in your kitchen or S.C.R., although you can only see half of what's on that way. I said the Personal Column should go on the back of it!

The lady in the fish shop says her customers reckon "Gongster's" better than the "Guardian". It seems the ink doesn't run when the vinegar soaks through, so you can still read while you're eating. Personally I find the corn-flakes packet more interesting, but it's a bit impractical when you're walking along with a bag of chips in one hand, and Bethan in the other.

That reminds me, may I take this opportunity to apologise to Jane? Sorry Jane. And let's keep those limericks rolling in.

BRIAN BARD

November, 1974.

Flat 50,
The Pines,
Salthouse Lane,
Beeston,
Notts.

The dead hand of authority

THE editors of "Gongster" are not alone in their fears that the Union is gradually dying of apathy—I was sufficiently concerned to move a Guild motion on the whole problem, which was accepted at the last Union Council Meeting. Widespread apathy has been with the Union for some time now, and unfortunately it is not going to go away just by talking and writing about it.

What is needed is urgent action and reform in order to break the vicious circle that has been set up. I believe that it is only through change that any significant increase in the effective involvement of Union members in their own Union will be implemented.

Simply stated, I believe that the crux of the problem rests not on the absence of fully mixed halls and similar irrelevancies suggested by the "Gongster" Editors, but on the constitution of the Union itself. This extraordinary document provides for total democracy (Ancient Greek style) in the General Meeting, representative democracy as in Union Council, partial democracy as in the Executive, all plastered together with stultifying doses of stolid bureaucracy.

In theory the General Meeting has sovereignty over the whole Union; in real life effective power seems to lie in an uneasy balance between Union Council and the Executive. In theory the place for full and effective participation is the General Meeting; in practice the most representative institutions are the Guilds. Students who want their views heard normally put the matter to a Guild Meeting and leave it to their Guild Reps. to do something.

However, there are many students who don't want to say anything at all about the Union or its policies. Many of this silent majority came here to get a degree and an easy life in Hall; they reject any notion that in joining the University they have a responsibility to the wider community, or to any one or anything other than themselves. I believe that some of the blame for the current deplorable state of affairs must

LETTERS

rest with these bloody-minded selfish individuals. The rest of the blame I believe must lie with a constitution which totally fails to reflect and structure the real power/participation centres that have grown up in the Union.

What then is to be done? I think that we must start with the General Meeting. At present they are boring and widely regarded as irrelevant, so a last-chance attempt must be made to make them more attractive, so that they do not degenerate into unrepresentative, badly-attended slanging matches with no decision-making authority. Specific measures such as composing complex amendments, raising the number of signatures required to call a meeting, full attendance by Guild Reps and vastly improved publicity ought to be implemented immediately.

In the long term a serious and critical review of the fundamental constitutional basis of the Union must be carried out, with a view to redrafting the power relationships within the Union so that power rests where the active participation is—at grass-roots level in the Guilds. The Executive should be prepared to argue its policy at this level, to allow full participation, greater comprehension of what is going on, an end to the elitist cliques and a genuine sense of involvement of ordinary individual members.

I think that only then will the Union come alive once again.

JON SPECTAR

Wortley Hall.

Blood sports are cruel

DEAR SIR,—I am absolutely disgusted that the editor of "Gongster" felt fit to devote the centre pages of the November 26th issue to a pathetic article entitled "Blood Sports Aren't Cruel".

I have never read such badly-written s**t in all my life. The writer calls herself(?) Ginny Rylatt—who is this misguided drip? I hope never to meet her. She bases her argument on five points:

(1) Blood sports are "resented because they are elitist." Here Miss Rylatt reveals a well-developed sense of snobbery.

(2) Blood sports are fun because "there is the danger of the unknown, a pot-hole, a piece of wire—all of which can bring down a horse with disastrous results."—No comment!

(3) Blood sports are fun because "they are the nearest equivalent we have today of the cavalry charge"—obviously Miss R. sees fox hunting as a substitute for hacking down wogs in 19th century Africa.

(4) Blood sports aren't cruel because "hounds kill by attacking the throat"—Absolute bullshit. The fox is killed by being torn apart, limb from

limb. This act is watched by "respectable" middle-aged J.P.s and their sweet 10-year-old daughters.

(5) Blood sports are necessary because "wild animals must have their numbers controlled." Surely, wild-life control is only necessary because centuries of hunting have exterminated British animals such as the lynx, the wolf, the beaver etc., etc., thus creating an imbalance.

Blood sports are a mixture of institutionalised barbarianism and social snobbery—don't fool yourself Miss Rylatt.

Yours sincerely,
KEVIN AYERS,
and
SYD BARRET.

Lenton Hall,
Stretford,
Manchester.

Basil Brush hits back

DEAR SIR,—I was thoroughly amused and appalled to read Herr (oops, sorry) Miss Rylatt's totally naive monologue on the blood sports. What she needs is a damned good spanking (ho ho, topical joke, eh?) or a fox hound in her knickers.

Yours sincerely,
(2 paw prints),
BASIL BRUSH

The Lair,
Dingley Dell,
Nottingham.

Visual aids will help in careers choice

By JONNY MARGOLIS

VISUAL aids are being used by the Careers Advisory Service in a new attempt to bring the world of work on to the campus. A complex video-cassette recorder has been installed in the Portland Building Careers Information Room. There are now eleven videotapes available for students to view. They are made by companies and universities, and depict many types of job suitable for graduates. The tapes run for around fifteen minutes. The Careers Service hopes to get at least 100 tapes within ten years.

A typical careers videotape is made by a famous textiles company. Narrated by ITN Newscaster Ivor Mills, the tape is professionally produced. University graduates who work for

the company explain their jobs and are interviewed by Mr Mills in a "News at Ten" style. The new system of careers information is similar to other forms of advice in the way it stresses the "glamorous" side of jobs. There are frequent shots of jet aircraft landing and taking off, accompanied by electric, jet-age music.

The man behind the visual aids is Careers Adviser, Ron Newman. He says that demand to view the tapes is low, at less than one person per day. But he hopes that more students will take advantage of these facilities in the future. Mr Newman is secretary of the audio-visual aids sub-committee of a national body of Careers Advisors in Higher Education. The system has cost the University £650.

Keith Hamill: Wardens like Prison Officers

THE Wardens are said to be very upset by a letter sent to them by Keith Hamill. We hereby print the offending paragraph. The Pro-Vice-Chancellor for Student Affairs visited the Union President in his office, and subsequently the wardens are beginning to feel a little less persecuted.

Some wardens are renowned for having a hard line on this subject. In particular the warden of Lenton, the Rev. Dickin, has an especially uncompromising (and un-Christian?) view. At the beginning of this session, when many students found themselves homeless, he refused to allow a student who had managed to find a house to leave Lenton. At the same time, he was ejecting a homeless student from one of the guest rooms.

Only the intervention of the Pro-Vice-Chancellor for Student Affairs resolved the situation, with the homeless student

eventually moving into the room of the student who wished to leave. "Gongster" is informed that the Rev. Dickin is still very reluctant to allow students to leave Lenton.

In F.B. a student is not being allowed to leave despite the fact that she has a note from the Health Centre to the effect that she is suffering from serious pressure, and that her unhappiness in hall is having a detrimental effect on her health.

When questioned about this, Keith Hamill said: "This is a most unfortunate situation, but we feel wardens should be sufficiently flexible to allow students to gain the most from their time at University and should not operate like prison governors. We are confident that if the Lenton case comes to court we will win."

In view of Keith Hamill's letter, it would seem that such an attitude is completely unjustifiable.

Why our schools are failing

ON Sunday, November 24th, Dr Wyn Williams, of Trent Polytechnic, introduced the Christian Association debate on "Why our schools are failing". Dr Williams suggested that there is a crisis in our schools for two reasons: first, because on the one hand the local education authorities believe in concentrating on old "tried" teaching methods (such as corporal punishment in response to a breakdown in discipline, and the importance of examination successes), and on the other the Left-wingers believe in the schools as an instrument of radical social change. Teachers are caught in the middle, suspecting both. In some cases the diametrically opposed pressures on teachers lead to such uncertainty that there is actually collusion between teachers and pupils, to the extent that the teachers will not expect the pupils to work if they don't cause trouble.

Secondly, failure is taking place because more responsibility is being given to pupils, without the techniques to allow this to operate properly. The idea of pupils being responsible for their own behaviour is very good in theory, but difficult in practice.

Looking to the future, Dr Williams predicted that schools would have to become very different places if they were to survive. They would have to be open to all, especially adults, for education is a lifelong process. Schools should respond to the community; at present the emphasis is on revolts rather than social awareness. The curriculum should involve the identification of problems, and the attempted solution of these problems, in the local area.

Recent Government educational policy has been based on the fallacy of "equality of opportunity". This is not enough to make the system fair, for in practice it is not really about quality but fairer competition—giving the children who have the required ability the opportunity to develop and become socially mobile. Those without such ability remain at a great disadvantage.

During discussion many other issues arose. Perhaps the most controversial was his suggestion that politics is an integral part of the educational process. This does not mean indoctrination—which requires belief without examination of the evidence, a system of education where the teacher encourages the children to make up their own minds. Teachers, he admitted, are alarmed about this because it is so unpredictable.

Another question arose concerning discipline. As Neill observed, pupils were quite capable of improving self-discipline when it was the most efficient form of organisation. The teacher should create situations in which this is likely to be the response. Experience shows that authoritarianism on the part of the teacher does not necessarily lead to group discipline.

Further criticism questioned the practicability of these ideas. It was suggested by a teacher that schools are not failing at present but they will be if such radical theories are put into practice. Critics of the present system should appreciate the limitations, especially of resources, which have to be overcome if change is to take place.

BRIAN WOOD.

Hu Stu shop stuns the world

Wildcat strike cuts lifeline. (Wednesday, December 4th)
A report by Choc O'Biscuit

HORDES of angry, bewildered, starving, ashen-faced and apathetic students in Hugh Stewart Hall were found hammering on the sternly resolutely closed door of Tesco's (Hu Stu) & Co. Ltd. today. The shop strike had cut their last available line of defence from Mr P. Iacovitti's meals.

A spokesman for the S.O.S. (Serve On Shop) Committee was quoted as saying, "Well Brian, I hit the ball and there it was in the back of the net! I'm opening a boutique — it's better than running a Hall Shop". He refused to comment further but our roving reporter managed to uncover the sordid details of this sorry chapter of industrious relations. For some time, Hu Stu shop, though having an enviable reputation of being one of the

best shops on campus, has suffered from a severe shortage of educated, intelligent and willing people who are needed to open the shop to serve the above angry, bewildered, etc. hordes. As the shop manager, Giz (no, you can't have a 5p for the pinball machine!) Garner, said in a recent Panorama interview with Robin Day, "We can't even find thick, stupid morons to open the shop nowadays."

He emphasised that this drastic measure would not be repeated (unless he felt like repeating it) and would be called off at some unspecified future date — he told me next Wednesday — and denied absolutely and then admitted that it was taken to try to get people to serve on the shop.

It is hoped that peace, tranquility, coffee, sugar, Alpen and candy shrimps will return to Hu Stu as soon as possible.

At N.U.S. Conference: A personal viewpoint by Geraldine Childs

IMAGINE a world where the supreme cause that matters is the struggle of the workers against the horrendous iniquities of bourgeois capitalism, the provision and consumption of alcohol and tobacco coming a long way behind. Where students have nothing to do except wade through a wad of documents six inches thick, sit through 13 hours per day of intense political debate expressed in doctrinaire jargonese, interspersed with frequent procedural wrangles by political groups trying to cut each other's throats, attend political discussions once debate has finished and spend their free time reading or selling the worthy Marxist and Socialist Press. Where academic work is non-existent, so are social activities except for a political purpose, lecturers are there solely for the purpose of being called fascist pigs. Where one's time at college must be spent in one campaign after another, demonstrating, sitting in, rent-striking, squatting, boycotting.

Such is the World of N.U.S. Conference — a world completely removed from that of the majority of students. Coming back from Margate, I really feel as if I have been through the looking glass and back. So it is difficult to convey the atmosphere to people curious or friendly enough to ask me "How was Margate?"

The depressing thing is, Conference seems to have achieved so little. The Grants Motion added little to existing policy except an increased claim of £845 for all and a campaign against education cuts hastily tucked on at the end. The Civil

Liberties Motion covered such a wide field as to be useless. The Women in Society Motion clouds the Women's Liberation issue with too much doctrinaire jargon. Debate on housing fell because conference spent too much time discussing the Executive REPORT on International Affairs. A moderate amendment to the Northern Ireland debate condemning terrorism in stronger terms than the substantive was defeated, even though the Universities proposing it had a massive mandate from their General Meetings. The Entertainments Motion was the only one which did anything — but that was only to set up a Working Party to investigate the possibility of NUS establishing an Entertainments Agency.

Why does NUS seem so far removed from the ordinary student? In my belief, because the ordinary student is under-represented at Conference. Many colleges and universities still send the traditional left-wing militant activist, elected unopposed to the delegation due to the apathy of the majority. This is not to say that the left-wing view should not be represented; merely that it should not be represented to the exclusion of other political opinion, unless that situation truly reflects the opinions actually held by all students.

Unless and until more students of whatever political allegiance take an active interest in NUS affairs, NUS will remain irrelevant to a large section of students.

REAL BEER FOR LENTON?

THE advocates of real beer will doubtless be jubilant at the news that Lenton Hall bar is almost certainly going to acquire Reddles County Draught Beer. This proposal has yet to be ratified, but already a Guild motion has been drafted to put to Union Council that customers at the Buttery should also have such a privilege. Lenton looks like being the first bar on campus to serve "proper" beer.



THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM UNION

The University, Nottingham, NG7 2RD

Telephone (0602) 55872

53011

FROM THE PRESIDENT

KH/BH

25th November 1974

Dear Hall Warden,

Hall Places

The Chairman of the Wardens' Committee has communicated to me that some Hall Wardens are worried about a leaflet sent to JCRs last week. This made reference to evicting people leaving in Halls to find a person who wished to take their place. I am anxious to assure you that this scheme is only intended to regularise and assist with something that has been going on informally for a number of years. It is in no way meant to undermine the position of the Wardens or of the Accommodation Officers. I would like to point out that we consulted the Vice-Chancellor before starting the scheme.

It will of course still be necessary for students to seek the approval of Wardens for any transfer.

I should however, like to point out that our legal advisers (Acton, Simpson and Hanson) have advised us that if a student breaches the agreement by leaving a Hall, then the Hall has a responsibility to seek a substitute student and would certainly not be in a position to bring an action if it refused to accept a reasonable substitute who was in a position to pay the hall fees. This arises because in any action there would be an obligation on the Hall to litigate their damages as a result of any breach of contract. We are further advised that the agreement is not a "regulation" within the meaning of Ordinance XI. Of course if this is disputed we would be happy to test it in the Courts.

The Union would, naturally, prefer its members to have the greatest possible freedom in changing their accommodation. It is of course, a pity that with Halls as they are at present it is necessary to evict people in order to keep them full.

If there are any points you would like to discuss or raise with me, I would be delighted to hear from you.

Yours sincerely,

Keith Hamill,
Union President.

Copies to:
The Vice-Chancellor.
Pro V.C. (Professor Nash).
All JCR Presidents.
The Accommodation Officer.
The Bursar.

COMMUNITY OF UNEQUALS

By **KEITH HAMILL** (Union President)

ACADEMIC COMMUNITY

I SHOULD like to have the opportunity of expressing a few brief words about the idyllic concept of an academic community. This refers to the idea, if not the ideal, of staff and students forming a self regulating community, which governs itself, working together for the discovering and dissemination of knowledge and understanding. It is an idea of which we hear a great deal more of when the Union is causing trouble than when we are making reasonable requests.

Of course, nobody in their right mind is going to suggest that students are the fountainhead of all wisdom and should lecture the staff. However, the concept of an academic community does mean certain definable things. It means that we, students, should be considered as intelligent people who are capable of discovering knowledge for themselves or working with the staff rather than lecture note copying machines capable only of receiving information. It also means that students should be treated as co-partners in the academic experience (an experience which will be more fruitful and exciting if students are more positively involved in it). Finally it must mean that student opinion should be given considerable weight by the bodies which are responsible for the governing of this institution. This should particularly be the case when students are directly affected by the decision. After all without students there would be no University and there would be about 400 ex-academic staff feeling the chill winds of the real world outside.

TEACHING AND LEARNING

This University is slowly and painfully making progress in the development of teaching and learning. Mrs Russell-Gebbet and her colleagues in the Education Faculty have been working for a number of years to convince the staff that just being very clever does not necessarily mean that you are

capable of teaching. The University has now appointed Dr. George Brown, of Belfast University, to take over full-time the work of developing teaching and learning methods and lecture training.

So far, with the support of the Vice-Chancellor, progress has been made. A special course for new lecturers has been established at the beginning of each session. This year part of the course included the tape recorded comments of students upon some of their lecturers' faults. Needless to say many of the comments were very devastating. However, I was very disappointed to hear that some of the University's recently appointed new lecturers seemed arrogantly to assume that they did not need training.

Secondly the University has established an educational technology committee which tries to promote the use of teaching aids to lectures. However, this committee has clearly got a lot of work to do since the University seems to lack a long way behind schools in developing technical assistants to teaching.

The Education Faculty has also been running a number of talks on teacher development. These have apparently been well attended by the staff. However, it does not need much logic to realise that those staff already concerned with their approach will turn up and those who have no interest in it will ignore the lectures and remain ignorant or, or indifferent to, their own imperfections.

Finally the University has changed its criteria for promotion. This is, of course, a reserved area about which I, and you, should know nothing. I shall, therefore, have to ask my readers to keep this a secret between us. Teaching ability will now be given a greater degree of importance, as opposed to research work and publications, in the giving of promotions. Of course, we have no way of monitoring the success or effectiveness of this change but if you have any comments about any

of your lectures which you would like to see affect their promotion prospects please send them to:

Professor John Butterfield
Vice-Chancellor
Trent Building

STUDENT INVOLVEMENT

Some years ago the Prices and Incomes Board suggested that lecturers' pay and promotion prospects should be effected by an element of grading by students. Needless to say our enlightened liberal academics reacted with all the enlightenment of property speculators and all the liberalism of dockers. The scheme, alas, never saw the light of day.

However, if lecturers are to improve their ability it should be measured in some way by their consumers. After all, this is something everybody else has to put up with. Some departments, most recently maths, have started to send out questionnaires inviting student comment. There is a lot that students can be doing in assisting staff to realise what is wrong with courses and what is wrong with a lecturer's own teaching methods. Unless the University is to employ an expensive team of inspectors, to sit in on lectures, we are the only people who can perform this service.

We should, therefore, encourage all departments to follow the examples of the progressive ones like Maths and Education in surveying student opinion and attitudes. Indeed I cannot see any reason why student attitudes, discovered through surveys, should not form an integral part of the planning of a course.

We might, particularly if sensible proposals are not taken up, go further. In some American universities all students are asked to grade their own staff. The student, themselves, then publish a list of the staff by faculty giving marks and rankings.

Of course, any such operation would have to be conducted very carefully in order to be fair. However, in an institution that places

such emphasis on a rather suspect unidimensional grading system, which measures the excellence of students, I cannot see any objection to us measuring the excellence of staff. Indeed such an opinion survey could also be extended to student attitudes to courses and the results could perhaps be compiled and sent to all those who receive the University prospectus.

STAFF TRAINING

It used to be felt that if you had a degree you could teach in schools without the need for any special training. Happily this situation has now been changed and graduates now have to take a one-year teaching qualification. It seems impossible to me that this will not one day be the pattern for lecturers.

In the meantime a far more comprehensive training course is needed. We also need more in-service training in lecturing and small group teaching. Anyone who has sat through a boring lecture or a badly led tutorial will know that it is not just new staff who need training. Of course it will not be easy to convince senior academics that they might benefit from any training or refresher courses, particularly when the University is governed by an oligarchy of senior academics, the Senate, many of whose members are highly favourably disposed towards the status quo.

It seems a great shame that for an institution concerned greatly with the attaining of academic standards, the training of staff should be given less importance than it is in Marks and Spencers.

THE UNFORGETTABLE QUESTION

A member of staff once told me that "being an academic is just a waste of time. But it's a very pleasant way to waste your time". Perhaps this is the case. Yet surely such arrogant complacency is outrageous.

Academic staff and students should all remember the cost of the University to the public. Money is spent here that could otherwise

be spent on mental hospitals, child welfare or housing. I believe that money spent on universities is justified but it could be justified more easily if we worried more about improving the transmission of knowledge.

Further is it not a betrayal of the ideals and aims of universities and even education to complacently accept an easy life. There can be nothing more exciting or rewarding than the pursuit of knowledge and the attainment of understanding which clarifies what we see in our society.

The question we do not ask, the question we are not allowed to ask, is what is the worth of the staff that teach us? Could they do better? Are they good enough?

As a result of the massive expansion of universities in the sixties a great many staff had to be found quickly. Is it possible that at that time staff were recruited who were, what we charitably call, less good? There is certainly a case to be answered if this sudden recruitment, set against the quite extraordinary job security of lecturers has had diluting effects upon the standards of staff, since people had to be drawn in suddenly to fill a large number of newly created posts. But that, of course, is a question we are not allowed to ask.

STUDENT PRESSURE

It is up to us to pressure for improvements in the standards of teaching and learning. It is up to us to encourage the progress of work already started.

The idea is around that we should start to have courses for students on learning methods. Perhaps these could be introduced as part of the Week One progress for freshers. This would undoubtedly be of benefit and might lead to a reciprocal need for a higher standard of teaching.

The academic life of the University is something that we have been silent on for too long. Our union has said little about it and the national union has said little about it. It is now time that our voice is heard.

Beeston flats

DEAR SIR,—Mr Snell, in the last edition of "Gongster", has completely lost the point of the Residents' Association argument against the proposed rise in rents for the Beeston flats.

The ground upon which the occupants are standing against this increase is simply the answer to the question, are we getting value for money for a weekly rent of £5.20 per person per week, considering the fixed income of an undergraduate student? The answer is no.

To pay £5.20 per person per week one would expect a pretty luxurious type of accommodation. The Beeston flats, if indeed they can be called flats, are not an abode that one can call luxurious. The residents are not getting a flat, they are acquiring a group of rooms akin to rabbit hutches with a communal kitchen and bathroom.

It is time that the University started to consider the position of the students in these flats and in particular the nature of the flats (perhaps they should be called bed-sits, for how the University can advertise them as flats when there is no communal living room is beyond my comprehension).

No Mr Snell, looking at the bed-sits from a **totally** financial

point of view is unacceptable. You cannot expect students, who get the minimum in accommodation, to pay excessive rent.

Yours sincerely
Steve Patrick
... (A.U. Secretary)

Flat 30,
Salthouse Court,
Beeston.

In defence of halls

DEAR SIR,—We are writing to protest about your editorial entitled "A Dying Union". To say that the Hall system and Hall students are reasons for a dying Union cannot be substantiated. Far more students in hall turn up for Guild meetings than ever turn up for University Hall Guild Meetings.

This seems to suggest that your conclusion of adopting a new system of representation on Union Council based on Faculties and Departments would result in increased apathy and for smaller attendances resulting in a complete non identification of the mass of students with the Union.

This is further borne out by the fact that the majority of the 100 people that turned up for the London demonstration

last month were from hall, excluding Executive (including not one U.H. Guild Rep!).

The main reason for the apathy of the majority of students both in and out of hall is due to the non-relevance of Union politics to the average student. This is exemplified by the last two general meetings. In the first meeting about housing neither the motion nor amendment contained any firm proposals but just general political platitudes. It resulted in the speeches becoming left-wing orientated, with an adoration of the working class their main issue. Anybody who survived this and went to the Racist/Fascist meeting will probably by now be totally disillusioned. The meeting continued for three hours with many speeches repeating previous ones.

Might we suggest that this Union gets down to affairs that really affect students and appeal to all students, whatever their politics. To remove the so called "cushioned life" enjoyed by hall students the Union should press for its members in hall to be given more control over the halls' affairs.

Yours faithfully,
JIM FLYNN,
Ancaster.
RICH KING,
Ancaster.

In defence of apathy

SIR,—With reference to the article of "Gongster" No. 393 headed: "A Dying Union" in which a complaint was made of the low attendance of General Meetings. Whilst admitting that there is a degree of student apathy in this University, is it not possible that the low attendance of General Meetings may not be so much a sign of student apathy and "lack of political awareness" as a sign of student disinterest in those matters which are being discussed? — and furthermore, if there is such a lack of political awareness should this not be recognised and allowed for?

In relation to the first General Meeting, it is surely hypocritical to demand that students and the "lower paid", e.g. implied working class (yes a class system does exist and will continue to do so) should unite on a common housing policy with one breath and then condemn Mr Jack Dunnett, M.P., because he places housing and supplementary benefits (presumably those very things that will aid the working class) on a higher priority to educational grants. In any case it is logical that any

government that is trying to curb expenditure will cut down on money spent on those institutions that do not show any immediate return on capital invested. Furthermore the majority of students in a University such as this are from middle class families, and it is obvious to anyone who has worked alongside with "the workers" that the working class on the whole resent students and what students stand for.

Finally to show that I am not set on knocking down the Union I would ask that the Union spends more time on trying to put its own house in order before other people's. I would suggest that more be done for the student in this University, e.g. open the coffee bar in P.B. (downstairs) at night, and another bar in competition to the Buttery so that some of the "supposedly intellectual people" can combine their "evening procession to the bar" with intellectual conversation in informal surroundings without having to shout to make oneself heard.

In closing I would also ask for there to be better advertising of the General Meetings as I feel sure that poor advertising also contributes to the present lack of student support.

Yours,
M. MONINSKI,
Botany Year 1



Bloodsports — an environmentalists view

WELL, well, a fox hunter who is prepared to argue on intellectual terms, what a turn up for the books. Thank you Miss Rylatt for your side of the argument. I would like to present the other side as an environmentalist.

When fox hunting first came into being it probably was ecologically acceptable. Before the population explosion, when there were still vast green open spaces and woodlands, the hunt could run free and "jump all surmountable obstacles". Not so nowadays. In an age when arable land is increasingly gobbled up by urban sprawl and intensive farming methods are used almost exclusively in fox-hunting areas, the farmer comes to regard the hunt as a menace.

From my own experience of the Quorn Hunt, the hunters charged across good arable land breaking down hedges and leaving gates open. Not by any stretch of the imagination did they "jump all surmountable obstacles", unless for surmountable obstacles we should read molehills and drainage ditches. In fact I was reminded of an analogy by my old geography teacher where the intensive farmers estate is likened to a factory floor. In this analogy the hunt would appear as a mob of red clad Notts Forest fans creating havoc by charging across the factory floor!

Hunting seems to have a peculiar preference for areas of fine arable farmland particularly the Southern parts of England, Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. Perhaps this perverse trait is as a result of the fact that the land is owned by the self-styled gentry who seek to perpetrate their feudal status by hunting, which brings me to a more philosophical point.

I believe that foxhunting is an elitist sport in the most insidious manner. Not only is it a sport for the filthy rich, for which fact Miss Rylatt gave us ample evidence to support, e.g., £120 for one season's hunting, but also it is elitist in a more insidious manner. For instance the Chief Constable of Leicestershire is a regular member of the Quorn Hunt. The police on duty on the occasion when I attended the hunt were seemingly aware of and prejudiced by this fact. The rich and the not so rich receiving unequal treatment before the law? I wonder.

I was aware of two inconsistencies. First there seemed to be an excessive presence of the "long arm of the law" with the anti-bloodsportists. Secondly there was not then, and I know of very few other occasions when the trespass laws

have been enforced against the fox hunters, excepting of course in a few cases by the League Against Cruel Sports. In fact it has been alleged that tenant farmers, even though they are against the hunt, are afraid to enforce their rights because they know the landowner is pro-fox hunting and are afraid of eviction, albeit illegal eviction.

On another philosophical point, to try to separate the exhilaration of the chase from the sadistic pleasure of the kill is surely naive. One should take the attitude of Sir Roger Cowerley as he obviously did not separate the two in his mind. The difference was that Sir Roger had supernatural control over his hounds and was able in practice to physically separate the chase from the tearing apart of the fox by the hounds. So, therefore he had a completely impeccable attitude to fox hunting and one which modern foxhunters should ascribe to; if they have not got supernatural powers over their dogs then stop hunting altogether.

The argument that foxes are vermin is totally outdated and impractical anyway. As Ginny once again tells us; "Today, however, there is no pressing need to reduce the number of foxes that can account for the large number of hunts"; which seems to be a contradiction with the rest of her article but this is irrelevant to the fact that foxes are nowadays not a pest to anyone.

Firstly there is no need to reduce their numbers as their habitat and food supply has been consumed at such a rate by development that there is no need to cull them, they are being steadily exterminated by the human morass as it is. The fox will soon be in the same position as many other species of British wildlife in that it is nearing virtual extinction.

Secondly anyone who sees the fox as a pet, I feel, personifies him as the evil character of cartoon fame who steals into the chicken run and grabs the chickens for Ma Fox back in his lil' ol' cave. Yet one of the advantages of battery rearing of hens is that it prevents this kind of anti-social activities by predators.

Finally, as I have used so many of Ginny's arguments in my own article I feel there is hope for her yet. She knows all the arguments all too well and they prick her conscience. The fact is that she has been indoctrinated to support the hunt from the age of ten. I would advise her and anybody else who feels either for or against to go along as an objective observer and see at first hand the sort of things which go on and the sort of people foxhunters really are. I was previously uncommitted about foxhunting until I saw one — now I am totally against it.

Anti-Bloodsportist

THE photo shows a vixen that was dug out and shot at approx. 1 p.m. on Boxing Day 1973 by the "dirty work" boys of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt (Jorrock's old hunt) near East Grinstead, Sussex.

She was kept at bay by a terrier while they dug down from above to get her. After about half an hour a captive bolt gun was pointed at her muzzle and fired — her body was then dug completely out of the tunnel and was thrown on the floor for the terrier to

worry at. Her legs were then snapped off at the first joint and distributed amongst the 10 onlookers (including children). A knife sliced through the base of her tail down to the bone and the flesh was then peeled back, inside out until it was free of the bone, shaken to remove the blood given to an onlooker and his kids. One of the girls present at the digging flicked parts of the vixen's blown out brain at people. The remains of the body were then covered up and the party left.

I witnessed all this personally and later went back and dug up the body for the enclosed photograph to be taken.

The usual hunt report of such an episode would be "after a good run the fox finally went to earth and was later accounted for." This sort of thing goes on many, many times a week throughout the country. If a rogue dog received the same treatment the RSPCA would be down on them like a ton of bricks yet because it's a fox it's O.K. DAVE WETTON

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LABOUR CLUB

Jon Dale, Chairman of the Labour Club

The first in a series of talks with the chairmen of the political societies in the University.

"AT the moment we are very small and we take into account our own weaknesses, so we don't expect the majority of students to support us at this stage. What we try to do is win over those students who are looking towards the left to our programme. We've grown over the past two years, this year we have 60 to 70 members." This is how Jon Dale describes the Labour Club which he now claims is the largest left-wing group in the University.

Did he have any connections with the other left-wing groups? "We have some things in common but our policies and our perspectives differ on the most important points, most of all on the question of the role students can play in the fight for socialism. We think it is only the working-class that can transform society and students can help in this, fighting alongside the Labour movement.

The common complaint against the Labour Club seems to be that it is more concerned with National issues than local student issues. I asked Jon Dale why? "We are concerned with local issues for instance housing. But even if Nottingham was the worst in the country (and it is not) it wouldn't be possible to improve the situation so long as the local council was hampered by lack of money because of the high interest rates of banks and finance houses. Take the Union policy of negotiating mortgages for students to buy their own

homes. This might alleviate some student homelessness in Nottingham for a time but it would have no effect on the housing problem in Nottingham as a whole except to worsen it for those people who weren't students and who wanted to buy their own homes, and it would have no effect on student homelessness outside Nottingham.

Wouldn't it be more constructive if the club took part in social work in the City? Jon Dale didn't think so. "I think whilst the motives of the people who do this work are very sincere it's really just papering over the cracks. Take an old age pensioner living in a terrace house, having to make a pitiful pension go further and further as prices go higher. There are thousands like her up and down the country. The only permanent solution to her problems would be a decent pension, at least £35 a week, this is impossible so long as the social services, including housing, education, pensions are regarded as a 'luxury' by big business".

It seems that "Big Business" always gets the blame for social injustice, was that really fair? "Private enterprise exists to make a profit for shareholders, how it does this is purely incidental as far as it's concerned, so if it is more profitable for a business to speculate in land than to invest in industry, then it will do so," said Mr Dale. He went on, "the real power in society rests with those who control the means of production, 250 monopolies control 85 per cent of the economy in this

country and they have the power to determine the future for everyone else. I would say that only when the top 250 monopolies are nationalised could there be a plan of production to meet the real needs of the population. But these industries shouldn't be nationalised along the lines of the present nationalised industries. I think they should be run under Workers' Control and Management, so that people with first hand knowledge of the problems and workings of a particular industry and of the needs of the working class could plan production."

Since the Labour Club is so involved with National issues I asked Jon Dale how involved they were in the Labour Party and which figures in the party they associated themselves with. "We are affiliated to the National Organisation of Labour Students, which is itself affiliated to the National Labour Party. We have close links with the local Labour Party and the Young Socialists. We formulate our own policies at Labour Club meetings and these policies go forward to the NOLS conference. Our programme is a consistent one so that on any particular issue we take the same attitude, we look at it from the point of view of what will benefit the working class and what will help in the fight for socialism."

"We support the Tribune group against the right-wing but we think their programme is completely inadequate. Twenty years ago during the boom capitalism may have been able to concede re-

forms and rises in standards of living for the working class but now in an international crisis which is deepening it can no longer do so. Unless a "Tribune" Cabinet was prepared to completely break with capitalism, the pressure of the CBI and the international bankers would force them to attack the working class, just as Healey has done. There is no middle road. A large part, perhaps the majority of the Parliamentary Labour Party has no interest in socialism, they reached their positions at a time when the labour movement was fairly quiet as a result of this economic boom in the '50s and '60s. Now the situation is quite different, on the industrial front there has been a great upswing in action and now workers are coming into the party. Griffiths, Mayhew, Taverne are just the first signs of what will happen more and more. They are entitled to their views but there is no place for them in the Labour Party. If they are Labour M.P.s they must fight for the interests of the Working Class. I would like to see M.P.s paid the average wage of a skilled worker and forced to abide by the decisions of the Labour Party Conference and subject to instant recall by their constituency party."

What of the future of the Labour Club at Nottingham? "I think that as the economic crisis worsens in the next few years and more and more cuts are made in education spending, including the value of the grant, students will realise that our problems cannot be isolated from those of the working class.

At that point in time the Tories will have lost much of the support they have now, said Mr Dale. "I don't think they have great support in University anyway."

"I think that to some extent the Tories have got control because the candidates of the left who (in the past) failed to explain all the issues involved, for example, in the grants campaign. There have been rent strikes and sit-ins when the mass of students whilst perhaps passively supporting the small number of activists haven't been convinced that these tactics provided a solution. It's not been the Labour Club who has played the leading role in these events, and I don't think it is just a local issue either, for example, one of the reasons John Randall was elected president of the NUS was the right-wing feeling that there were demos, rent-strikes and general appeals which weren't getting anywhere."

"At the moment we think it is more important to build up the strength of the Labour Club than get involved in the Union, but we do put forward the socialist viewpoint and when the Union does things which are in the interests of students and education we support them. When they fail to provide a lead as they ought to, then we attack them for their inadequacy."

Would there ever be a Labour Club member as president of the union? "It's a bit early to say... we'll have to wait for more general meetings before we can see how much support there is for our programme."

THE TRIALS OF BEING A POST-GRADUATE

THE Post-Graduate has always been something of an enigma. Balanced precariously between staff and students, his/her position has been, to say the least, ambiguous. This situation has caused many problems for P.G.s

It must be noted, first, that there is of course a big difference within the P.G. student body between research students and those on taught courses (for example the one-year Certificate course in Education, or courses in Planning Studies and Applied Social Science). The latter students share many characteristics with undergraduates in terms of working patterns. They also tend to mix socially and academically within their course group, to a much greater extent than research students do. It may be assumed that the problems outlined in this article tend to apply more to research students than other P.G.s, but that is not to say that other P.G.s are not affected by them too.

The fundamental problem for P.G.s would appear to be that they themselves do not know what their status is. A report on P.G. affairs based on a survey carried out by the Students' Union in 1966 concluded:

"The postgraduate is torn between two reference groups: on the one hand the undergraduate, from whom he seeks to escape and fears forcible assimilation, and on

the other hand the academic staff to which he aspires, but where he is convinced he is not wanted."

From the point of view of finance, the P.G. would seem to be justifiably identified with undergraduates rather than staff. Apart from a few who receive salaries from the University, P.G.s are grant aided, or rely on part-time earnings for their source of finance. If it was true in 1966 that the P.G. did not want to be identified with the undergraduate student body, it is likely to be less true now. In times of increasing financial stringency, when they receive a grant which works out at less per week than an undergraduate grant, P.G.s may be realising that they must swallow their misguided pride and work with undergraduates simply to achieve a realistic level of grant.

In addition, of course, P.G.s pay the same per capita fee to the Student Union as any other student, so they might as well try and get their money's worth by using the Student Union's facilities to the fullest possible extent. Here they face a problem in that the Union itself tends to be oriented much more towards the needs of undergraduates, though this may be the P.G.'s fault for failing to assert themselves in the past. For instance, during undergraduate vacations, when P.G.s are still working, Student

Union activities grind to a halt, leaving the impression that far from the P.G.s having rejected the Student Union, it has rejected them!

It cannot be denied, however that there are other characteristics which P.G.s share with academic staff, rather than undergraduates. For instance, many undertake demonstrating and tutorial duties, for which they are paid, by the University at a rate calculated from the salary of a lecturer at the bottom of the scale. It is now possible for P.G.s to join the same union as some academic staff, T.S.T.M.S., although the day of the P.G. member of the A.U.T. has not yet dawned!

On a social and academic level, too, P.G.s may be accorded more respect than undergrads, by academic staff, and treated, if not quite as equals, at least as potential colleagues.

The working pattern of the P.G. is also more similar to that of academic staff than undergrads: the research student is expected to work a 9 to 5 day, on his own, with very few timetabled activities. It is here that another problem is found, that of inadequate working facilities. In this area it is difficult to generalise. In some facilities, such as Pure and Applied Science, it is common to find P.G.s with their own studies in the library, but these are intended for temporary use, and not as long-term individual

accommodation, and are thus only occupied for a month at the most. Most P.G.s would agree that the need for a study is based on the need for some secure, personal, place, where research material and important written work can be left undisturbed overnight and at weekends, instead of having to be packed up into a bag and taken home; during which process both the student and the material usually end up considerably the worse for wear!

Some P.G.s have said that they would not like private studies, since they feel isolated enough as it is. It could be argued, however, that isolation in academic work is in a way an inevitable consequence of doing individual research, and will occur whether the P.G. has a study or not, but this could be alleviated by providing more communal recreational facilities rather than restricting access to working accommodation. In fact, it could be that if P.G.s were allotted studies their isolation could be lessened since they would have a permanent "home" where they could be easily contacted, and if these were in departments, links with staff and undergraduates would be strengthened.

The absence of a specific place for P.G.s to work in is reflected in the absence of adequate social facilities. At the moment there is the P.G. Common Room in P.B. which

boasts a TV and plush chairs, but that's about all. There is very little opportunity for P.G.s to meet each other socially and exchange ideas and information. Departmental or faculty based coffee bars might help here, as in the T2 P.G. and Staff coffee bar, but again the success there depends on P.G.s having a working place near to them.

These problems lead to a considerable lack of political activity among P.G.s in the Union. This is reflected at Guild Meetings, which are usually very badly attended and characterised by a lack of discussion. (The last two have been an improvement however). There is now a Union P.G. Working Party which will be issuing News Sheets specifically for P.G.s, and hopes to conduct a survey of P.G.'s conditions and attitudes next term. The group meets on Tuesday at 5 p.m. in the Union Secretary's office, and would welcome suggestions, opinions and information from anyone who is interested. It is hoped that these moves will revitalise the P.G. body, and the Guild, but it is really up to P.G.s themselves to start thinking constructively about their place in the University, and using their position between undergraduates and staff in a way which will benefit everyone, not least themselves.

JULIE WOODIN

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

How to be satirical

HOW TO UNITE NATIONS; HOW TO BE INIMITABLE by **GEORGE MIKES**.

(Published by **Coronet** at 30p each).

ALTHOUGH both books are now somewhat dated (written in 1960 and 1963) the wit of George Mikes (pronounced Me-Kesh) loses none of its flavour. In *How to Unite Nations*, Mikes describes his attitude to that well established body of conversationalists, the United Nations, before going on to elaborate on certain individual anecdotes, such as the dispute at Broadcasting House between the Dishwashers and Ash-Collectors which almost led to a full-scale nuclear war.

On Europe and the Common Market, Mikes is more direct and more cynical—some may say more realistic—writing as he did in 1963 and as an obvious anti-Marketeer he blandly lists all the things that one has come to love in this green and pleasant land: "Britain," he says, "is the only country in the world which has bank holidays." To join the Market would mean a series of disasters. Decimal coinage would come and our whole Ready-Reckoner industry would collapse as one simply moves the decimal point as opposed to the duodecimal system in which 12d equals one shilling and 20 shillings equal £1.

Worst of all there is a nasty Continental habit, says Mikes, called work.

I enjoyed "How to Unite Nations" more than "How to be Inimitable" — perhaps because in the latter book Mikes is giving his impressions and knowing England as a new Hungarian immigrant. This is not to say that Mikes doesn't use his satire to the best possible effect. Take, for instance, his views on free speech: "You may say whatever you like as long as you circulate in one copy only." "To make any real impact you would need the freedom of the 'Daily Express' . . ."

Especially recommended is the opening chapter of "How to be Inimitable," in which Mikes describes "How to be Prosperous." "You must hide your richness in an ostentatious pseudo-modest manner, as if you were really poor."

Two very good books for those who like satire and for those upper crust people who enjoy masochism. For mere mortals, I recommend them as good reading matter — especially to further one's conversation in those embarrassing moments of silence that inevitably occur at sometime in one's life.

D.C.

Dates, dates and more dates

ANY student should be pleased if Santa leaves L. C. Pascoe's **ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF DATES AND EVENTS** (Teach Yourself, £1.75). If you want to know what happened some year between 5000 B.C. and 1970 A.D. (and there's a pre-history summary too!) you just turn to the date and consult the four columns: History, Literature, Arts, Science. And if it's the date you're after, you look it up in the index at the back. Pretty neat, huh?

We-e-ell . . . because of space limitations — with 830 pages you can hardly blame the editors — and also the overlapping of some history with science, questionable classifications do turn up. Science for example can include "Foundation of Dutch East India Company" and "Mini-cabs operating in London"; and T. S. Eliot's "Family Reunion" is literature but his "Confidential Clerk" is Art. Such confuse-the-perusers don't matter too much though if you stay alert: they might even help you to browse.

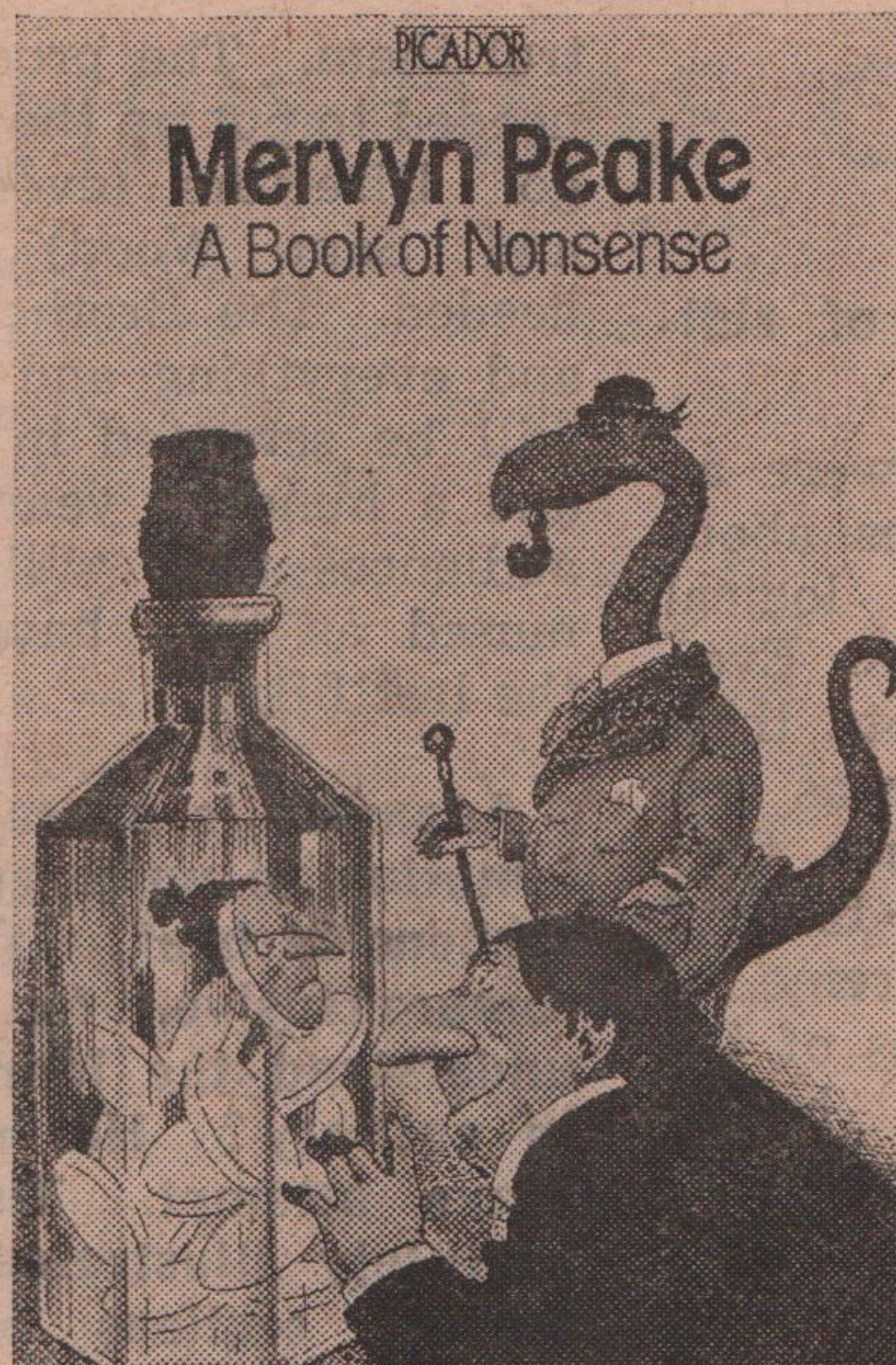
More of a problem is the necessary selectivity — principally in the humanities through recent years: e.g. which books should be included for quality, commercial success or social significance? In 1961 we get Masefield's "Bluebells and Other Verse", but not Heller's "Catch-22". Only four of William Faulkner's works are listed: these include "Knight's Gambit" and "Requiem for a Nun", but not "Absalom! Absalom!" or "As I Lay Dying".

Classical music and filmed musicals are reasonably well represented, but rock music barely gets a look in ("Beatles 'pop' group achieved international fame") while Cage and Stockhausen get no mention at all. These may be good value-judgments, but they do fractionally lessen the book's value as a reference-work to have at your elbow if you want to look up recent dates in the arts. On the other hand even this local awkwardness has its spinoffs, as you can personalise your copy by going through with a pen making your own entries, no doubt memorising scores of facts as you do. I'm already finding it addictive and very valuable.

Now's the time for hard-boiled eggheads to be browsing around Dillons drawing up their Xmas list. Likely-looking hardbacks include Galton and Simpson's "Hancock Scripts", Milligan's "Rommel? Gunner 'Who?'" and maybe Pirsig's "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance" (must be worth reading from the title alone, even if it hadn't been acclaimed by all the reviewers as a superb philosophical novel). And of course a six-star rating goes to "The Best of George Orwell" (Penguin paperbacks, £2.10). Buying them in a set appears to cost the same as buying all six books separately, but yes they do look more impressive boxed.

SUE DEE

(Think about it)



A BOOK OF NONSENSE: MERVYN PEAKE.

(Published by **Picador** at 50p).

AS the title suggests this is a book of nonsense, though really why one should spend 50p on a very thin, very boring book, one doesn't know. Peake's reputation has been built largely on *Titus Groan*, a book which I admit I haven't read, but if this book is a genuine sample of Peake's creative genius I am afraid that I am not missing out by not reading and digesting this book. Take, for instance, the poem, "Crocodiles": She stared at him as hard as she Could stare, but not a single

blush
Suffused his face like dawn at sea
Or roses in a bush—

For crocodiles are very slow
At taking hints because their hide's
So thick it never feels de trop
And tender like a bride's.

Nonsense it is, nonsense it will be and nonsense doesn't appeal to me.

Perhaps avid fans of Peake will not be disappointed but for me it's not interesting reading—albeit nonsense.

D.C.

Apocalypse: D. H. Lawrence

(Penguin: 35p)

WRITTEN in 1931, *Apocalypse* is an attempt by Lawrence to attack the Christian values existing at that time. *Apocalypse* is a commentary on the Book of Revelation and within the space of one paragraph the reader has an insight into the course the book will follow: "My very instincts resent the Bible" says Lawrence.

Lawrence examines the effect of having the Bible forced down children. The most testable of Books of the Bible, continues Lawrence, taken superficially, is Revelation. From this standpoint Lawrence vigorously attacks Christian doctrine.

Then in an attack on Christianity he lists his major complaints: "No man is or can be a pure individual" and "The state cannot be Christian". Here Lawrence is attacking everything in sight and one may question the value of such a destructive work. It is thought provoking but only to the non-believer, who is not likely to change his views — nor have them strengthened by this book.

D.C.

JUDGEMENT

"Judgement" by **Barry Collins** (Faber, 91pp., 95p).

BARRY COLLINS begins his dramatic tour de force 'Judgement' with a quotation from Kafka: "Only a party to a case can really judge. Hence there is no possibility of judgement in the world but only the glimmer of a possibility."

A characteristic premise which Collins substantiates through an eternal human situation.

Andrei Vukhov, a Russian Army captain addresses his judges—the audience or the reader. His is a fiction based upon the germ of a fact. Certain details are related to an episode in the second world war when, abandoning a monastery in Southern Poland, the Germans left seven Russian officers locked in a cellar, naked and without food and water. Two of the prisoners managed to stay alive by killing and devouring their companions. The two survivors were found insane by the advancing Red Army and shot, as George Steiner says in "The Death of Tragedy", "lest the soldiers see to what abjection their former officers had been reduced."

Collins's play is built around the premise that one of the survivors was sane — whatever sanity might be in such a situation—and explores both the personal, moral and implied social reaction of both Vukhov and us the judges to his predicament and his solution to it.

Cannibalism has of course become a minor craze lately after Piers Paul Read's efforts with the Andes survivors, but Collins's book is an altogether more sympathetic, moving ex-

ploration of the phenomenon and its consequences for all concerned. The book succeeds in being about life rather than death, or for that matter the sensational qualities of eating people.

Vukhov's noble defence of his guilt and his insistence that "I do not seek your pity" combines with a passionate sensitivity for his fellow man which extends into the realms of self-sacrifice and the inability of man to determine his own reaction at times of extreme pressure. Essentially the monologue, and the never-ending moral dilemmas it contains is a test of the capacity of rational processes to deal with irrational events; and in its twists and turns, and creation of a justification and its unsatisfactory conclusion in his own mind and ours it calls into question the complete moral bedrock of reader and narrator.

Testifying as "the man who came through", terrified of the reasons why he came through—trying to justify his sanity to his peers—and himself after such an experience, Vukhov earns both our admiration and, in the context of Collins's excellent graphic description of the monastery, our pitiful disgust.

"Judgement" is a literary event of some consequence for, given the state of contemporary British writing today, Collins has succeeded in moving outside the eternal, boring complexities of English provincial life to confront certain unaccountable, unidentifiable dilemmas of existence, that are always on the edge of experience, always prepared to strike through the unjudgeable, uncontrollable agony of events.

I.M.

Science fiction

"RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA" Arthur C. Clarke

'RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA,' (Arthur C. Clarke's first science-fiction novel since "2001") is a fascinating account of a massive perfect cylinder discovered hurtling through space. By the year 2130 technology is sufficiently advanced so that a landing and consequent exploration are quite feasible.

The imagination that he shows in his description of the fantastic world found within this cylinder is counter-balanced by a sense of proportion whereby he maintains a familiarity with the 1970s; one of the crew members is a "Christer", a religion believing basically that Christ was an astronaut, and natural phenomena such as typhoons are a constant menace.

It seemed to me, however, that the emphasis must fall heavily on the term "account". Clarke's reticence to confront the peoples of Rama and the "United Planets" severely limits the level of human interest and dramatic possibilities. Even the story's actors (interplanetary as they are) remain very rigidly in their normal stock roles as their job suggests.

PHIL HARRISKINE

"THE DAY IT RAINED FOREVER" Ray Bradbury.

THE short story always seems to me one of the most difficult literary genres in which to write. There is very little time to develop characters or plots and as such they often become boring and pointless.

Ray Bradbury always dispels these doubts, usually managing to overcome all of these basic problems. Even in his very short stories of only four or five pages he provides significant insights into the personalities of his characters, aided by the very macabre situations he conjures up for them.

This long-awaited reprint, "The Day it Rained Forever" proves to be no exception, each story containing an extraordinary element has to be considered for itself, for its ponderous credibility and for its meaning too. I hesitate to classify him as a "science-fiction" writer for he seems as capable writing about a man's encounter with his hero Picasso, as the rather more sinister titular story. Both, however, contains a compelling degrees of magic leaving me more fulfilled than I often am after reading a full-length novel.

PHIL HARRISKINE

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

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The Marx Bros.

"Groucho, Harpo, Chico and sometimes Zeppo", by Joe Adamson (Coronet, £1.10).

"Clark Gable", by Rene Jordan Star Books, 60p).

"Bette Davis", by Jerry Vermilye (Star Books, 60p).

"The Original Sin", by Anthony Quinn (Star Books, 75p).

"Director's Theatre", by Judith Cook (Harrap £2.15 paperback, £3.95 hardback).

Chico: Who are you?

Groucho: I'm fine thanks, but who are you?

Chico: I'm fine too, but you can't come in unless you give the password.

Groucho: Well, what is the password?

Chico: Aw, No! You gotta tell me. Hey, I tell what to do. I give you three guesses... it's the name of a fish.

Groucho: Is it Mary?

Chico: Ho ha! Atsa no fish!

Groucho: She isn't, well she drinks like one. Let me see... is it sturgeon?

Chico: Ah you crazy, sturgeon he's a doctor, he cuts you open whenna you sick... Now I give you one more chance.

Groucho: I got it! Haddock!

Chico: Atas funny, I gotta haddock too.

Groucho: What do you take for a haddock?

Chico: Wella, sometimes I take-a aspirin, sometimes I take-a Calamel.

Groucho: Say, I'd walk a mile for a Calamel.

Chico: You mean chocolate calamel. I like that too, but you no guess it. Hey, whatsa matter, you understand Engl'sh? You can't come in here unless you say swordfish! Now I give you one more guess.

Groucho: Swordfish... I think I got it. Is it swordfish?

Chico: Aah! At's it! You guess it!

Groucho: Pretty good eh?

Just a little sample to indicate what you are up against when you "attempt" to read Adamson's glorious book on the Marx Brothers. Written in a quick moving (quick moving? More breakeck!) style, incorporating much of the flavour of the zany, incomparable humour of the Brothers themselves, Adamson, an ex-director and friend of the Marxes, has compiled probably the best of the many books written on the boys. The Marx Brothers' humour is there (it would be ridiculous to assume the responsibility of undertaking such a complex task without including their "humour"), but there is an in depth characterisation of the three ("sometimes Zeppo" is inaccurate; it should read "occasionally") their private lives and background, and their relationships, if it dared be called a relationship with the numerous directors, sacrificed for the sake of another ninety minutes of sheer lunacy and un-

predictable holocausts of ridicule and enigma.

The Marx Brothers were an enigma; make no bones about that. They defied logical analysis by film theorists. Even if they thought that their illogicality of humour was getting too predictable then they went off at yet another tangent ad libbing to the extreme of changing whole sections of the film scripts seconds before shooting, and if Groucho or Chico failed to pick up the sudden changes, then who would care; the Marxes certainly wouldn't.

They were a director's nightmare. Getting them on the set together would be a miracle in itself. Chico would be embroiled in his fanatical addiction to gambling either playing bridge or poker, at the dogs or the race track or even laying odds on car registration numbers. Half the Marx Brothers movies would never have been made if Chico had not been in debt. There was Harpo the womaniser, hundreds in tow, in the early years at least and when he was not in the clutches of some dame, he was being arrested for impersonating Kaiser Wilhelm on the way to a fancy dress ball to which he hadn't been invited. You don't tell a patrol cop that your name is Harpo Marx in that situation! And of course there was Groucho, today the only survivor of the group (they weren't a team — nothing was farther from their minds), the true disciple of the throw away gag, arguably the most unpredictable, wittiest, darned right rudest of the bunch. He didn't give a bugger about anybody, not as far as conformity and manners were concerned anyway. But he was the one who was in for the money, the shrewd businessman, who told the gagmen what he wanted, the directors what he wanted and most of all the producers. The Brothers were in Hollywood at a period in the industry's childhood, when the producer, not the director, said what was law. The Marxes showed as much respect for this as they showed for the critics who attempted to rationally define their movies as surrealism or the such. The Marx Brothers films were nothing of the sort. They were Marx Brothers films and that was it. No more no less. Unpredictable illogical and supremely funny they defied all criticism beyond the laugh rating. A Marx Brothers movie was either funny very funny or a rupture. Sure they made bad movies. Adamson (who's he, Oh yeah the author) argues that after "Duck Soup" the Brothers' movies had passed their zenith and the decline had begun. They made bad movies since, just as their first "Coconuts" was bad; but they were still head and shoulders above everyone else, even in decline. They were unique. They tore Hollywood apart in the '30s and '40s and neither Irving Thalberg nor Louis Mayer could con-

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

trol them. The producers only needed to put up the money and go. Directors (even McCarey and Sam Wood) were not needed. The Brothers were all and everything and their films will be screened in fifty years and a hundred years time and audiences then will be as bemused as they have been for the last fifty.

Adamson is a brave man attempting to write such a comprehensive book. It's not truly comprehensive, for who can understand the Marx Brothers in entirety? He has made a brave attempt. The book is profusely illustrated, with admirable sections of dialogue successfully transcribed from film to print. Over 400 pages and a giveaway at a quid.

The "Illustrated History of the Movies" series kicked off with Bogart and Hepburn and now two more follow for the Christmas rush. Both "Gable" and "Davis" follow the same chronological sequence that the first pair did. Both unfortunately made a large number of films. Gable had finished his sixty-sixth when, an ailing star with a heart condition, he strained his way through the completion of Huston's "The Misfits" in 1961. Twelve days after completion he was dead, and the cast list from his final film looked like an obituary column, Marilyn Monroe and Montgomery Clift adding theirs.

Gable's rise had been as swift as it was successful, culminating in "San Francisco" in 1936 and "Gone with the Wind" three years later. Both marked the peaks in Gable's career. They also reflected the background politics and bitchiness that tend to stereotype the film world. Gable got on fine with Selznick and the other "Big Boys" of Hollywood. He got on fine with his directors and he certainly encountered some of the best. Clarence Brown, Raoul Walsh, Howard Hawks and Van Dyke, all brought out the best in Gable, yet unfortunately with this kind of book — what I term "hero worship" analysis, Gable can do no wrong. If the film fails, it is because of a weak story, wooden direction, but never Gable's acting.

One person who failed to fall under Gable's charm (and there were few whether male or female) was Spencer Tracy and the irritation that he experienced playing second fiddle to Gable's sexual hypnotism that enthralled his leading ladies. There existed a "friendly hatred" between the two, but never to the point of disrupting a picture. It simply reached the stage where Tracy refused to work with Gable.

Bette Davis in the same way could do no wrong. She was able to manipulate Jack Warner round her little finger and if she thought that a leading man was unsuitable for the part (or unfit to appear on the same set, it appears) then she would run along to Jack and after some initial arguing have him changed. A very proficient and very talented lady says Verm-

ilye, but she made more bad films than most bad artists did. Again this was nothing to do with Davis herself, but lack of direction, being forced under contract to play a role she never wanted and so on. Any number of excuses are offered.

Still both books are very readable, amply illustrated and reasonably priced. But here is always a omnipresent dilemma. How do you do justice to two stars who made over 170 films between them in about as many pages? *Gone with the Wind* is dealt with in about 200 words. Surely that is indicative enough?

Mr Quinn's autobiography does fall into those categories of a compilation of "events that fashioned my life" (as dear departing Ed Big DC amply illustrated). Quinn gets laid at an early age gets drunk, etc., etc., and seemingly would have made an admirable partner to David Niven. Not enough on his films however and the public are going to buy this three hundred page paperback to read about Quinn's film career. Still it is amusing reading often blatantly crude and the narrative accounts of his boxing career are brutal and honest, but only helps to show up the ordinariness of the remaining text.

It is a pleasure to have a book on the theatre even though it is a book than won't sell purely because of its price. £2.15 is a lot to pay for a thin 140 pages and Harrap would be well advised to consider reviewing their prices. That apart Judith Cook's collection of interviews makes illuminating if rather limited reading. Still published interviews always present problems. Even after rejecting material one can be left with a series of interviews where the subject concerned is being purely bloody minded. Abrupt and condescending answers satisfy no-one. Most directors (whether cinema or theatre) think that critics stink and know little or nothing about the material under study — note Lindsay Anderson for example, but in presenting entertainment, art, call it what you will, for the consumption of a fee paying public then they are under obligation in many respects to answer their critics — whether they think they are ignorant morons or not. John Dexter seems such a man and his interview seems the most inadequate, but glad to say that in Miss Cook's compilation, he is the only one.

Not surprisingly Peter Brook offers the most enjoyable and at times exacting material. His work at the International Centre of Theatre Research is unorthodox to say the least and proves categorically that as the cliché goes you might hate him, but you can't ignore him.

Judith Cook realises that she can't cover everything in one interview, and her reproduction of the most controversial areas of theatre tell us a considerable and surprising amount about the directors she has chosen.

A more than competent compilation, but oh so expensive. J.B.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

An Index of Possibilities —

1. Energy and Power (An Index of Possibilities — Books, £2.50)

BUY this book. Buy it yourself and for your friends. Buy it for your children, your children's children. It is a living encyclopaedia of possibilities. It is a complete new concept in the dissemination of information. Although sub-titled Energy and Power the index does not restrict itself to these. It takes in spheres of life — providing explanations, theories and ideas on the creation of earth; growth of man; the growth of thought processes; religion; body; the mind and so on.

The index is full of questions, full of illustrations, at no stage does it seek

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Possibilities

influence the reader's mind. The index is explicit in every detail (as the photo shows) — taken from the "Chapter" on Ecstasy). There's an interview with an astronaut, a short story by Michael Moorcock, an examination into witchcraft; a look at Hitler's ice and fire theory and even a picture of the Guru Maharaj ji with a custard pie in his face!

Especially welcome are the indicia in the index — providing sources of further information — addresses, reports and books.

If it's been thought, imagined, discovered or only suspected it's in "An Index of Possibilities" (N.M.E. Dec. 7th, 1974) — who am I to disagree with it?

D.C.

WINEMAKING

Amateur Winemaking & Brewing (Teach Yourself Books 60p).

THE title of this excellent book is self-explanatory. It is a do-it-yourself guide to the preparation and subsequent enjoyment of home-made wines and beers. Apart from the do's and don'ts of winemaking, this book examines some of the more unusual ingredients which can be used in making wine — such as bananas or tea. At the end of the book there is 20-page list of recipes, which, coupled with the advice on bottling, storing and serving wine, makes for a very valuable book. Recommended for beginners.

David Nixon

CHRISTMAS CRIME

"Burnt Offerings", by Robert Marasco (Coronet, 45p).

"Death Wish", by Brian Garfield (Coronet, 40p).

IT is necessary, I always believe, to treat "pulp" novels with respect. They are unpretentious, light and make a welcome change from a course textbook or literature read for pleasure. They are the sort of thing that can be read in hours or so (depending on one's reading speed) and then thrown. Anyone who sneers at Ed McBain for example, is as far as I'm concerned, a snob. Mickey Spillane is pure rubbish if attacked from a literary angle but, as his stories are not written from anywhere approachable to a literary point of view, why push up one's nose in disgust?

Pulp is written purely for entertainment and should be viewed as such, and if you've never read a Raymond Chandler thriller, then try, for you may surprise yourself. Christmas is a good time as any, and a selection of four books from Coronet illustrate the best and worst in light reading.

A superior horror story to curl up with this festive season is Robert Marasco's **"Burnt Offerings"**. Unfortunately bearing a frontpiece which associates it with "those who enjoyed 'The Exorcist'," a comparison may seem inevitable, but nevertheless unwarranted in this case.

Fortune telling

"Book of Fortune Telling: (1) What your head and hands reveal", by Madame Fabia (Coronet, 50p).

"Book of Fortune Telling: (2) How to read signs and portents", by Madame Fabia (Coronet, 50p).

UNDOUBTEDLY not for those who treat astrology, fortune-telling and water-divining with humorous disdain, Madame Fabia's brief but concise introduction to palmistry, phrenology, reading handwriting, cards and dreams (not to mention mixing cocktails and turning your postman into a toad) is unfortunately nothing new. Set out rather like a car manual, both catalogue interesting points to note on your subject's head and hands, amply aided by diagrams showing what heads look like and how they differ from hands both in size and mystical uses. She seems obliged to include a short and thus inadequate section on dreams, only a short analysis on gibbons for example, smearing yaks with peanut butter or playing "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" on the top plate of your dentures. What more need be said?

Believe it or not, I do take Madame Fabia (whoever he/she is) and her subject-matter seriously. Unfortunately, she is breaking no new barriers with her work. A quid will give you a basic idea of "fortune-telling" but both are too general and clinically presented to be of any real worth.

It is a contemporary American horror tale, told elegantly, if at times laboriously, and with that the comparison with Blatty's tale ends. As with the majority of horror the plot is plain and simple. A young couple take their son and mother-in-law for a summer away from the city, in a large country house. A large structure out of true Poe tradition, it is nevertheless in a state of inexplicable disrepair. The old couple who live there for three-quarters of the year, lease the house and the accompanying rich and splendid adornments, to the couple for a ridiculously small fee.

The husband, who was not taken with the place from the first, is discouraged even further by the odd couple's offer, yet his wife is conversely absorbed since she first set eyes on the place and, as the saying goes, proves to be the power behind the throne. The elder couple explain the "givaway" rent to the enraptured and strangely captured wife and her dubious family. There's the mother, who

remains upstairs, in her room, silent and untroublesome. All the summer tenants have to do is look after her, by leaving her meals outside her locked door three times a day. No more, no less.

Garfield's **"Death Wish"**, however, is a thoroughly nasty piece of work that has the "honour" of being filmed by Michael Winner and is now, quite understandably so, causing worry in the States for reasons that will become apparent.

Paul Benjamin is a successful New York accountant, whose routinized life is violently disturbed when his wife is fatally beaten in their home and his daughter pulverised into a vegetable state, by a gang of hoodlums.

Benjamin buys a gun and taking the law into his own hands begins the vigilante campaign to rid the city of crime, murdering hooligans as well as muggers and thieves. Again slow to get moving, it has the distinction of revealing all on the last page. But that's all.

Right wing sludge that is designed to appeal to our animal instincts. It fails and just leaves

CHRISTMAS PUNCH

"The Punch Book of Women"; "The Punch Bedside Book"; "The Punch Guide to Good Living."

(All edited by William Davis and published by Coronet at 50p).

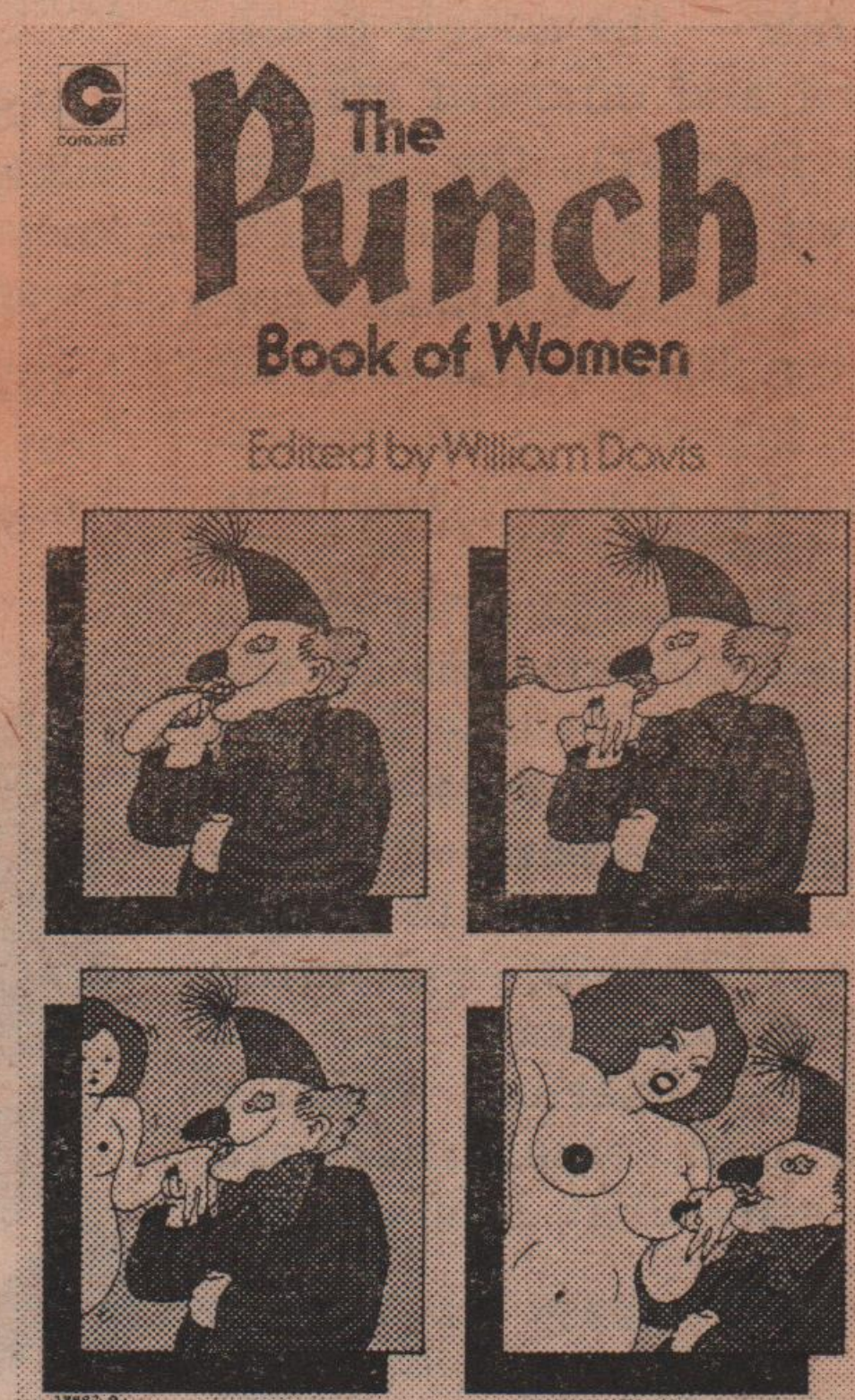
A SUPERB collection of articles taken from **Punch** magazine, edited, and put into three modestly priced paperbacks which every avid **Punch** reader will want to have. In essence, the books are condensed versions of **Punch** minus the advertisements. The long-established wit is present with articles from regular contributors such as **Alan Brien, Alan Coren, Humphrey Lyttleton, Patrick Campbell, Keith Waterhouse** and many more. **Bill Tody's** cartoons are also in abundance plus the Country Life news snippets.

"Women," someone once said, "are the sort of problem men like to wrestle with"—the cover introduction to the **Punch Book of Women**, written by men, who have devoted much time to studying the opposite sex. This is a book which gloats, successfully, on the idiosyncracies of the sexes, with a distinctly chauvanistic bias if the names of the contributors are any guide.

Alan Brien's "A Secretary is not a Toy" is one of the better articles—it's almost pro women! At times rather tedious, it's still a very enjoyable book.

But the best of the three "Books" is the **Punch Bedside Book**. How can the following newspaper extract be beaten:

"Mrs Maureen Trunks, of Costead Manor Road, Brentwood, who claimed that she had been raped by a Metropolitan policeman admitted wasting police time today." (Southend Standard). Or the excellent **Bring Back Virginity** article by **Keith Waterhouse**, on the latest group, "Virgine for Industry"—a satir-



ical look at the not so funny Aims of Industry.

Also recommended is an article from the late **Kenneth Allsop** on Teenage Magazines, in which he examines the attitudes of such magazines to—you've guessed it—SEX, and what a reaction you get!

If the Bedside Book is the best of the three, then **The Punch Guide to Good Living** deserves the award as the most varied in content. Contributors range from George Melly, P. G. Wodehouse and Jonathan Routh to Lord Mancroft and Basil Boothroyd.

Variety, they say, is the spice of life, and assembled here are articles to suit all tastes. Plus a fair number of cartoons thrown in.

It is really impossible to break down each book any further. If you like reading **Punch**, you'll like reading all three of these **Punch "Guides"**, and as the sleeve note of the Guide to Good Living says, **"This is an extremely dangerous book. It may well get banned"** — What better recommendation can you have?

D.C.

AS BOOKS

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ARTS



The Speckled Band

THE Playhouse Company delights its audience with a splendid evening of professional "amateur theatricals". The humour and absurdity of the inimitable Holmes are both well captured in this Indian flavoured yarn of the Speckled Band.

All the delightful ingredients of a perfect Holmes crime are in evidence — the double death, the young and innocent maiden (Brenda Fricker), the violent and evil step-father, Dr. Grimesby Roylott (icily portrayed by Ralph Norsek) all gathered together in the inevitable English country mansion.

Donald Gee's characterisation of Holmes showed most of the eccentricities of the agile-minded sleuth, true connoisseurs have come to expect — a performance second only to Roger Sloman's Watson, arousing kindly amusement in the audience of Sherlock Holmes' good natured, straightforward thought somewhat less perceptive friend.

High standard of set design sustained through no less than four complete scene changes makes a major contribution to the success of the production.

Watch the building of character and plot-thickening

through each successive scene — don't be dismayed if for once you know "who did it" — it's HOW that really matters. In true Holmes manner, the truth is exposed in the final scene — with the invaluable aid and abettance of the still-baffled Watson.

Congratulations Playhouse — I never realised before how warmly funny Sherlock Holmes really is.

P.S.: The Speckled Band might be solved but a particularly baffled audience left the theatre.

What did happen to Act III Scene 3 — the "imaginary" scene billed in the programme? **GAYNOR MORGAN**



Women beware women

SPECTACULARLY colourful seventeenth century costumes etched against a simple background of black drapery produce maximum effect in the English department's production of Thomas Middleton's "Women Beware Women", the first play to be staged in the Performing Arts Studio of Trent Building. Bawdy comedy, singing, dancing and a sword fight together with tragic elements combine to make this a lively and enjoyable tale.

Produced in conjunction with the University of Leicester, the action of the play hinges on Lady Livia, a Florentine widow excellently portrayed by Ann Davies, Psychology lecturer at Leicester. While playing a game of chess, very well arranged on stage, she is told ironically, "You are winning at the game" and it soon becomes apparent that she extends this quality to the game of love.

To relieve the tedium of her idle life she acts as a "damned Bawd" in the Duke's seduction of Bianca, a married woman, and promotes an incestuous affair between her brother Hippolito and his niece. As the plot thickens Livia seduces Leantio, Bianca's betrayed husband, but her meddling results in ultimate tragedy for all concerned, including herself as her lover is slain in a duel with Hippolito who has heard of the affair and wishes to defend Livia's honour.

Thenceforth the action becomes rather obscured in a mélange of assassination plots and suicides. The play is reminiscent of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" for, not only has it a "play within the play" but the final curtain descends upon a stage scattered with the corpses of the six leading characters. This ending is somewhat unexpected in view of the relatively

The Sorcerer

GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S comic opera "The Sorcerer" tells of the amusing effects of a love potion on a village.

In the first act Sir Marmaduke's son Alexis is married to Lady Sangazure's daughter Aline, and so that the whole village may share in their love Alexis approaches John Wellington Wells, a reputable sorcerer with a view to secretly administering a love potion to the whole village. The effect of this potion is to make the person unconscious for a while and on waking he loves the first woman he meets. Similarly a woman who has also taken the potion, will love the first man she meets.

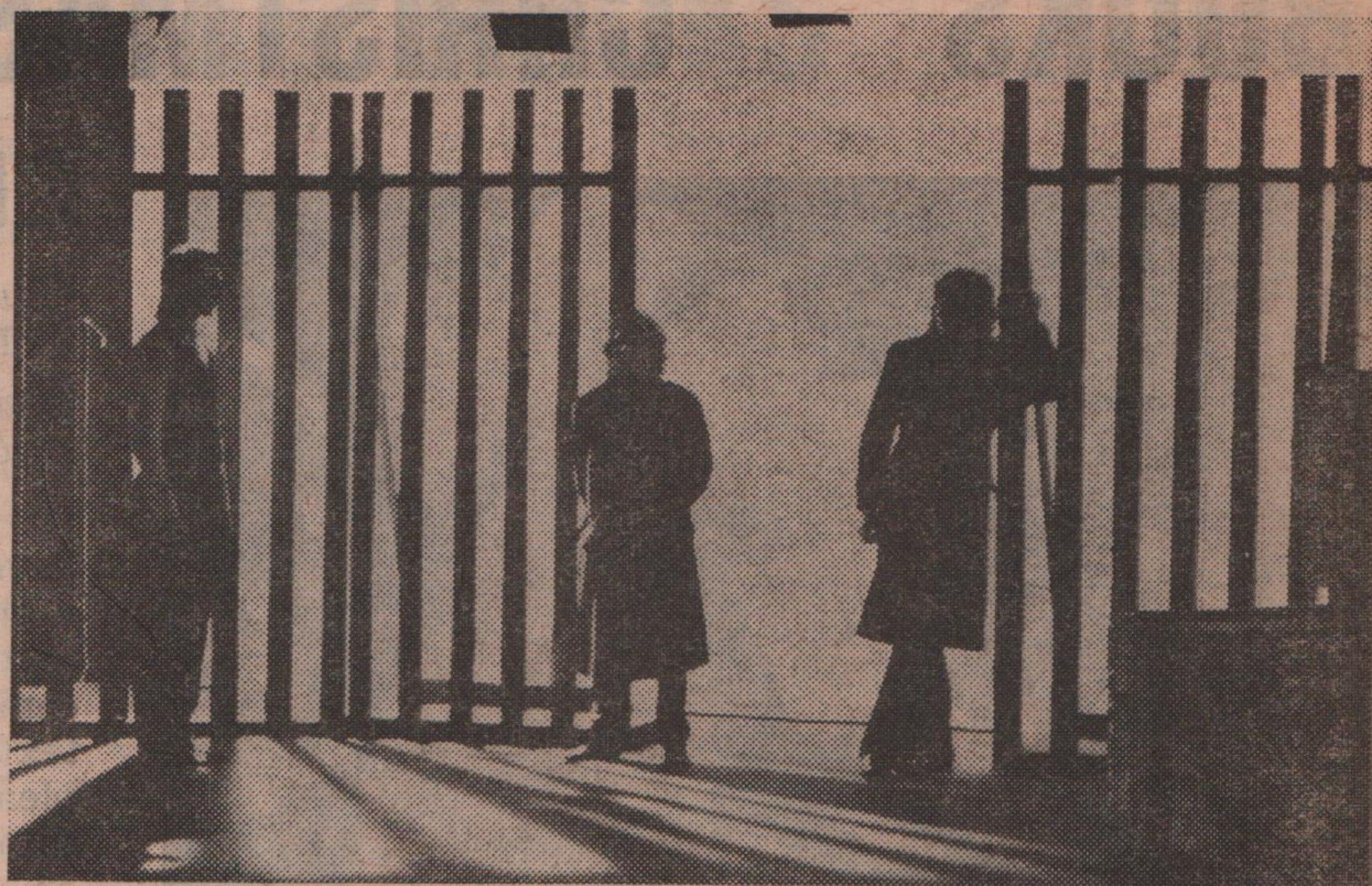
The potion is taken by the whole village when they drink the Vicar's tea and they fall asleep. In act two the villagers awake and in a short time all become engaged, but Sir Marmaduke courts old Mrs Parlet and not Lady Sangazure, Mrs Parlet's daughter now loves the old and decrepid Notary when previously she loved the Vicar, and even Wells becomes the object of Lady Sangazure's attention.

Alexis fears Aline's love may not be everlasting and persuades her to drink the potion too. This she does, only to find when she wakes up she loves the Vicar and not Alexis. The only way out of this mess is for either Alexis or Wells to die. The villagers are given the choice, they point to Wells who lurches off stage dying. The spell is broken and all return to their former lovers.

Notable performances in this competent production were given by Wells, played by Gerald Payne and Aline, Jane Cole. The orchestra was rather limited by the small space available in the New Theatre but nevertheless provided sufficient musical accompaniment. The audience found the show humorous (particularly the Notary played by Stephen Windas) and it was altogether a successful performance.

J.L.S.

The Threepenny Opera



BRECHT'S plays, and in particular "The Threepenny Opera", demand very careful staging if a reasonable balance between the drama, and the ideas behind it is to be preserved. Crispin Harris's production in the New Theatre maintained it well and offered a nicely-judged, if somewhat low-key, version of the musical. At no point was the message blatantly obvious, and yet we were never allowed to forget that the play has something important to say.

The use of a narrator helped to achieve this. Introducing the play, and not often off-stage during it, Kevin Buxton made the part detached, cynical and slightly menacing. His world-weary observation of the other characters threw their hypocrisy into sharp relief. Brecht intended his characters to stand for the respectable as well as the villainous, and the narrator neatly made the idea clear.

There were, however, one or two anomalies in this and other aspects of the production. Brecht stresses MacHeath as a business man rather than a cut-throat, and this did not quite come over. Charles Barnecut made a splendidly debonair, and very vicious character of the "Captain", but missed something of the respectability needed to make Brecht's point. Neither can it be said that Audrey Mullender's Polly was a complete success: she lacked a little of both sensuality and, in the scenes where she takes control of the gang, hardness. In addition, the makeup emphasised the grotesque more than the play warrants. One of the themes of the play is the terrifying normality of the criminals. However, both Larry George and Fiona Brown as Mr and Mrs Peachum brought this quality out beautifully in colourful performances.

Musically, Kurt Weill was well-served by the excellent band and Mr Harris's conducting. Brecht's insistence that the break between dialogue and song should be obvious was obscured. However, at times the singers could not be heard clearly. Unfortunately this marred Margaret Dickinson's otherwise very convincing Jenny.

However, these are really quibbles in the light of what was an excellently conceived and executed production. Sets and lighting were both well up to the usual New Theatre standard. If Dramsoc can produce as good as this next term, there should be an interesting programme ahead.

HUGH LOOK



Bazaar

BAZAAR is the Christmas exhibition just opened at the Midland Group Gallery, well worth a visit if you haven't already bought all your Christmas presents, or have been searching for something original.

The exhibition includes jewellery, glass, ceramics, prints, toys and cards, bamboo flutes and painted ties.

There is some very attractive and unusual pottery which is reasonably priced (even poverty-stricken students could afford them!) The prints and jewellery are rather more expensive, if not over-priced, that is if you think a stainless steel necklace at £60 over-priced.

On the whole this is a very

entertaining exhibition, full of good ideas for Christmas.

Don't forget the other exhibitions in the City. . . . There's Oil Paintings and Water Colours by members of the Trent Art Group at Bell Inn, Old Market Square, and Wolds Hotel, West Bridgford. Paintings by Bruce Hurn at International Community Centre, 61a Mansfield Road, Nottingham. Works by Local Artists at the Castle Museum and Art Gallery, Nottingham, and The Free Photographic Omnibus by Daniel Meadows at Hyson Green Library, Nottingham. All on most of December, at least to the end of term.

At the University there is an exhibition of Recent Work by Peter Deakin, the Fellow in Fine Art at the University.

JANICE. X X X

ARTS

A Student Carol

ON the last day of Christmas, the nation gave to me :

wealths of education,
lessons in deception,
tendencies to drop out
"nein" for an answer
hate for the bourgeois,
severance from reality,
sexual inhibition,
fines for the sit-in !
for my hand a pen,
free enterprise,
too little grant, and
a certain regard for anarchy.

MICHAEL DRAPER.

The Old Straight Track

ALFRED WATKINS

OLD STRAIGHT TRACK—

THE county of Herefordshire has produced many intelligent men, Gongster being privileged to include one such in its ranks, but one of the most extraordinary was Alfred Watkins.

An enthusiastic photographer, walker and delver into local customs, at the age of 65, he had a flash of inspiration which led to his certainty that Britain is covered with a network of perfectly straight prehistoric pathways—the old straight tracks.

The main book extolling his (in those days) startling theory is "The Old Straight Track," first published in 1925, when it created a storm of controversy. It has been out of print for many years, but this new edition is just as fascinating and informative to read as ever.

With the help of a great many photographs and diagrams, Mr Watkins shows how ancient burial mounds, mark stones and old churches can be proved to align on straight "leys," which were old and in a state of decay when the Romans arrived. Place names occurring on alignments are gathered together and analysed, in many cases indicating what kind of traffic used the tracks. Perhaps one of the most interesting references is to old straight tracks in other countries, notably the East.

Mr Watkins quotes references to them from the Bible, and his photographs include one of a track, straight as a die, in the Gaza Desert. Perhaps subsequent research will show that a network of paths exists all over Europe and Asia, and possibly even the world.

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The Party

"The Party" Trevor Griffiths
Nottingham Playhouse, December 4th-5th

THE National Theatre Mobile Production of "The Party" by Trevor Griffiths was presented at the Playhouse for two nights last week. The play, specially commissioned by The National had a mixed critical reception at its London premiere in December of last year; but the production last week was sustained through both the qualities of the drama itself, notably its intellectual and emotional power, and the excellent work of the principal actors. The play is set in 1968, in Paris the événements — the student rising — are taking place. In the London drawing room of a successful T.V. producer a group of people meet to discuss the implications for them, their beliefs in a socialist society and how it can be achieved. All the revolutionary "types" are here — Andrew Ford, a smooth, intellectual product of the New Left, up for a chair at Sussex, a disciple of Marcuse, all velvet suit and eyebrows. Richard Maine, Soc Soc candidate at one of the London Universities, suitably attired in tie, flannels and sports coat, on the lookout for connections in Transport

House. Kara Massingham, the "committed" "Guardian" Features Writer (a sort of political Jilly Cooper) a very rich left-wing literary agent, the producer himself, Joe Shawcross, and his friend Sloman, a semi-alcoholic playwright. Both successful, but both unsure of their roots and reasons for leaving the North for the literary bright lights of London. And finally Terry Reynolds, hard-line Trotskyist and experienced organiser of the Social Revolutionary Party, a rigid dogmatist whose doctrine is simply "if reality is not up to scratch reject it".

The Playhouse production used back projection of the Paris situation to excellent effect as a mode of contemporary reference, and managed to portray the ambiguity between events as implicit in any intellectual political dialogue. The actions of the Paris students compared to the endless verbal meanderings of intellectuals caught in the morbid dilemma of "biting the hand that feeds you but never biting it off". For essentially Griffiths' play is concerned with commitment and the questioning of devotion to any form of political, formalist theory; whether one

subscribes to Reynolds' version of revolutionary truth elaborated with a brilliant passionate intensity by Fulton Mackay in this production, or the smooth, insinuating, intellectual grasp of events which Ford propigates. The play unlike many of the dramatic, political vehicles written in the thirties mirrors a cynicism with all forms of orthodoxy. This conflict as portrayed in the searching character of Shawcross, the producer, or the playwright Sloman just about saves the play from the obvious criticisms of its lack of dramatic structure, or its subservience of that structure to a series of contrived disembodied political ideas. Ultimately the difficulties of writing this kind of political drama were made manifest in the plays lack of any real characterisation and emotional attraction for as Ford comments: "personality is the ghonorea of the left". But the quality of Griffiths' singularly relevant arguments and the quality he possesses in placing these ideas in the context of living characters involved in their own personal search for commitment, make both the play and the National's production a fine success.

I.M.

Dramsoc's Campus Tour

DRAMSOC'S decision to tour the halls is a brave one involving as it does such tricky problems as picking material that will appeal to members of all halls, choosing props that can be set up rapidly before an audience in a varying amount of space from night to night and so on. But it has paid off: "Temptation Sordid or Virtue Rewarded and other true stories" is an immense success.

I saw the show in Lincoln J.C.R., their second venue. The show runs for just over an hour and is divided into three parts. The first, the one that gets closest to being anything to do with the ambiguous posters for the occasion, is a Victorian melodrama in which our hero Clarence (Simon Reynolds) travels to America to seek his fortune so that he can marry Arabella (Caroline Finden), daughter of the aristocratic Lady Lucre (Karen Rookwood), but he is hampered by Arabella's evil cousin "once removed and twice convicted", Sir Jasper (now what else could the villain have been called-) played by Guy Mullin, and Fanny, a woman of ill-repute, acted by Elise Dunitz. There—I knew I could get it all in one sentence.

Of course, it is all terribly over-acted and played, successfully, for laughs. Some of the most hilarious moments are the

simplest—e.g., the actors swaying from side to side, to convey the motion of a ship, gradually getting out of rhythm with each other, and their artificial stances such as Simon Reynolds' arms-folded-behind-the-back-and-chin-up position. The three ladies all had to put on distinctive accents: Karen's throat must have been terribly sore after putting on that high-pitched upper-class voice, Caroline had a "vewy weasonable" lisp but Elise's American accent was very unconvincing... pardon?... oh... is she?... yes, well, as I said, Elise's American accent was very authentic.

This melodrama was followed by a more serious (but equally melodramatic and amusing in a macabre sort of way) one-act playlet called "Thinking Aloud". Sue Compston played the actress Syria Dale who has just shot her husband, and Nick Frost the man who she thinks is following her because he saw the gun when he picked up her dropped handbag for her. He is in fact a fanatical but shy fan of hers. They sit at the same table at a railway station and think aloud. Sue convey's Syria's increasing terror and Nick the man's love-hate for her excellently in such a short play. The shock ending is very effective.

The final part was the funni-

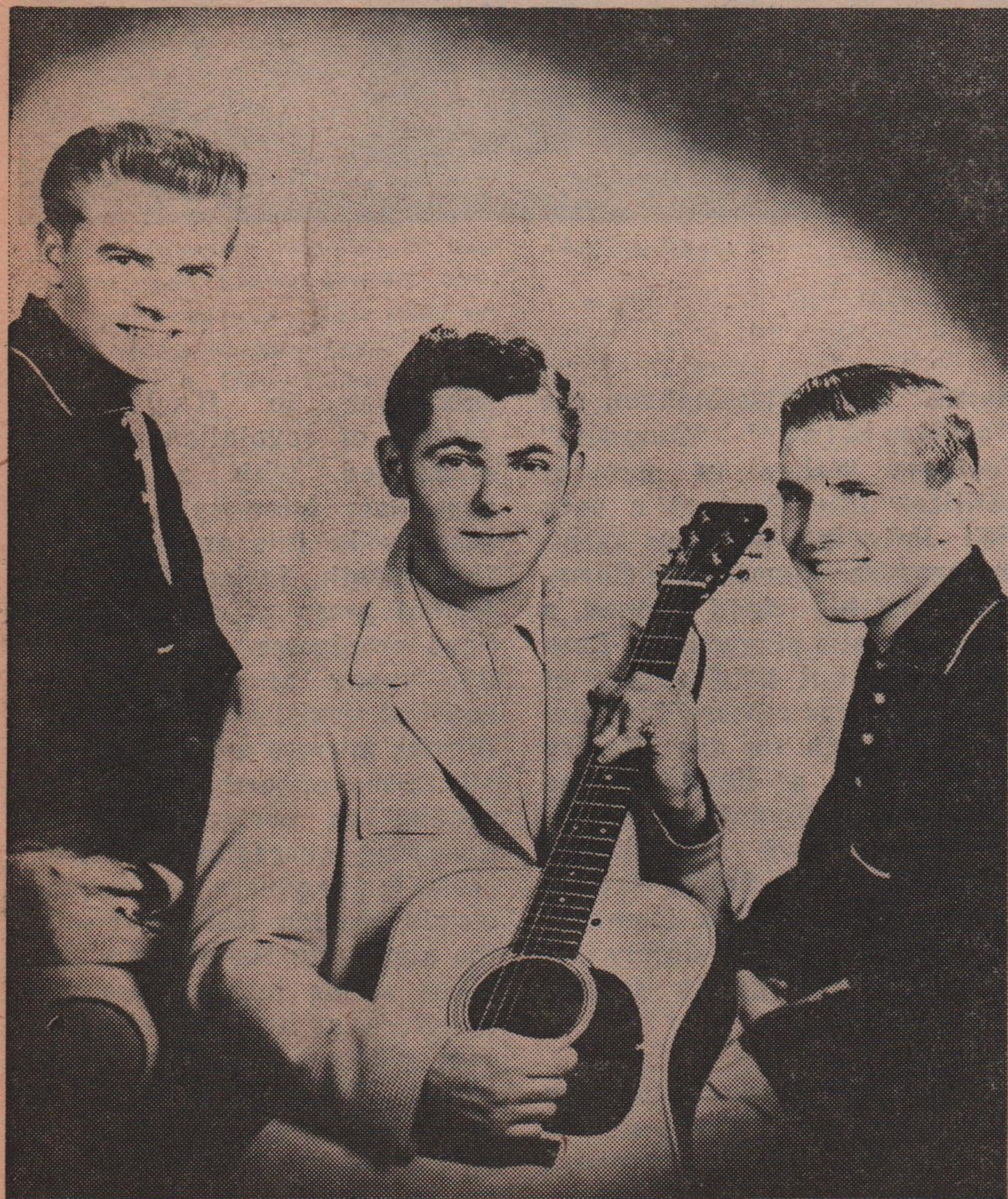
est, a short revnue by Clive Tyldesley and John Hallam. Tehy opened with "The Fairly Magnificent Two", a parody of low-budget film westerns. After destroying the film trailer by continued qualification they proceeded into a camp-fire scene. It's incredible how they made the use of two chairs (as horses), a tin can and an endless succession of "Yup!"s so funny.

The two ended with "The John Hallam Story", telling of his rise from his local School of Sexual Perversion through football hooliganism to commentating and super-stardom. The highlight was probably the interview by chairman (and director) of the show, Ric Shield, of John Hallam as football hooligan through his translator, Clive.

The idea was not wholly original but this variation was outstanding with the two fighting and swearing across the stage and then calmly sitting down for Clive to tell us the artistic and philosophical reasons why John drove his Churchill tank through the Highbury crowd.

If you missed the show when it visited your hall find out where it's going next. You'll get an hilarious hour free. You'll regret missing it. All credit to Ric Shield and producer Lucy Ormesby. Let's hope the idea is repeated soon.

MUSIC



"There are two men in my life . . ."
(Charlie Feathers and friends)

Gary Glitter

GARY GLITTER/Birmingham Odeon.

"OH, yes, you're beautiful, Gary," that nobody could deny as the Paul Newman of the under-sixteens strutted and gyrated through a show of incredible excitement and entertainment, featuring silver stairway, motorcycle, costume changes—the lot.

We were frisked for bombs at the door, descended upon by jobsworths if we threatened to stand up, but you can't dampen the enthusiasm of insane students that easily. We chanted before the concert, we told the Glitter Band to piss-off, some of us kissed the stage he walked on and ceremoniously turned towards Banbury, his birthplace; others just screamed when he arrived.

And what an arrival! The dim light focusing on that part of his body we'd all come to see, before he descended the steps and exploded into frantic action.

J.S.D. Band

WELL, would you believe it! Here, for the first time I can remember, was a band who came on stage in P.B. without looking the slightest bit pissed. Remarkable. A good time was had by all, particularly by some engaging loonies in the audience who insisted on boogie-ing (if that's the right word) to even the slow numbers, and it was a nice way to round off the term concert-wise.

Slack Alice came on first, a sort of cross between the Sweet (or a heavier version of them, anyway) and Babe Ruth, with a lead singer looking like a female version of Mick Jagger (even more so than Carly Simon) and sounding like Maggie Bell (don't they all?), all sex and self-consciousness. She did gimmicky things like collapsing to the floor and

"Sidewalk Sinner" was a masterpiece of frenzied activity on stage; "Leader of the Gang," a rock anthem interrupted only by Gary's rebuke, "I am the leader," when we began to sing on our own. "Do you wanna t-t-t-yeah," oh, and didn't we just, when he returned chest bared to tell us we were beautiful. Then as that haunting chorus faded, he re-entered in red for a final climactic encore closing with "When you dream of me tonight, remember me this way" and departing gloriously via the steps down which he had arrived.

No, the latent energy might have died since that wonderful night he came to Nottingham two years ago, but the stage performance, the material, the confidence has come on in silver leaps and bounds, and that new throat is about the best you will see on "Top of the Pops" this coming year.

simulating a human activity we all know and love — and with a microphone, no less. The band was akoq, though, pretty fair support.

J.S.D. were more straightforward and their material more familiar. Most of the time they sounded like an updated Lovin' Spoonful and even did an old Spoonful number called "Fishin' Blues", but their repertoire included two Beatles songs ("I saw her standing There" and "You can't do That") and "Barrytown", a Steely Dan favourite from "Pretzel Logic", for good measure. J.S.D. play good, clean country - flavoured American-styled rock, the sort of music that can be appreciated in any frame of mind, pissed or otherwise. A fun evening all round. S.B.

Depression hits Hu Stu

THE long-held assumption that university audiences are the most receptive of all and the "best listeners" a musician can expect to play to was finally shattered at Hu Stu on Friday night. The occasion was a rare concert given by one of rock music's great unsung heroes, Tim Hardin, the folk-rock singer who at one time several years back was second only to Bob Dylan in terms of record sales and general popularity in America.

As his songs betray, Hardin is a sensitive man with a tough exterior, someone who has always refused to allow either himself or his material to be compromised for purely commercial ends. When Bobby Darin recorded "If I were a Carpenter" he publicly dissociated himself from it, saying that if he could have his way nobody, but nobody, would be allowed to record other artists' material without the consent of the writer concerned.

When the hip people of New York's Greenwich Village (home of Bob Dylan, Simon and Garfunkel, the Mamas and Papas, James Taylor and a whole lot of others) voted him in 1967 the man most likely to take over Dylan's mantle as the world's most original singer-performer, he took himself into self-imposed retirement complaining he wasn't the new anything, just plain old Tim Hardin, who wrote and sang and if people didn't like that then to hell with them, he was his own man.

For about six years following this he was forgotten, although many of his songs were picked up by other artists, Rod Stewart ("Reason to Believe"), Colin Blunstone ("Misty Roses") and the Four Tops ("Carpenter") included. Then

last year, with a severe illness and a broken marriage behind him, he moved to Britain, recorded two albums and set out on the road again, playing colleges and folk clubs.

The trouble on Friday night was that so few people in that small audience (only about 100 to start off with) obviously knew who he was or what he'd done, and those that didn't decided to make their presence felt in the most disrespectful manner — by walking out and by shuffling around, fidgeting, chattering, knocking over glasses like bored little kids.

To make it worse, there were half a dozen or so people congregated near the door (all of whom had presumably paid 50p) who persisted in making inane and unfunny remarks about Hardin's performance, out of earshot of the performer but loud enough for almost everybody else to hear.

The point is that Hardin is a very idiosyncratic performer and writer, he needs time and patience and is the sort of artist who benefits the listener by repeated listening, being very much an acquired taste. As with so many people — Joni Mitchell, Dylan and Randy Newman included — unless you do know what to listen for you're not likely to be too impressed first time round.

But even so, there's little excuse for the treatment he received from small sections of that audience. He was not drunk, either, whatever you may have heard: he may have a reputation for not being the most sober of people when he performs, but this was certainly not true of him this time. If he had been drunk he would not have walked off stage completely disillusioned with the audience reaction, neither would

he have attempted to explain his new approach to interpreting his older material. It was the atmosphere that was completely wrong. Twice he appealed for an end to the noise, each time to no avail. By 11.30 there were only about thirty people left, a smashed beer glass had ruined his performance of "How can we hang on to a Dream" and he stood, guitar in hand just looking at the audience with a mixture of disdain and controlled exasperation. "I don't think I'd better say anymore," he said, finally, and walked off stage. There was an awkward silence and some guy, perhaps the concert's organiser, got up on stage and — understandably angry — apologised on the hall's behalf for the treatment Hardin had been given. After some persuasion Hardin came back, did one more song and left.

It was a depressing scene and when I think of the rapturous applause given to some of the mediocre acts that appear with monotonous regularity in P.B., I feel angry too. Here's a guy who opted out of the starmaker machinery that still has a stranglehold on rock music and made a worthy decision to get back to doing what he was always happiest doing, just playing for small fees to small audiences, and he gets treated like some inexperienced amateur from some folk club north of London. There were people at Hu Stu on Friday who had come to listen, who knew and appreciated his work, probably the majority that audience: but the others ruined the atmosphere, and I for one wouldn't blame Tim Hardin for never playing a university gig again. As it happened, it was certainly the most depressing evening I've spent this year. S.B.

ALBUMS

Selectadisc for Christmas

WELL, if you're wondering how to land that shapely little piece from the Beeston Flats you've been fishing for all term, scrape the last couple of quid of your grant together and buy her an album for Christmas.

You might try the latest offering from Yes, entitled "Relayer" and featuring Patrick Moraz on keyboard doodlings in place of that blonde guy.

An interesting album with a heavier, jazzier feel to it, notably from Steve Howe on "The Gates of Delirium." Some of the instrumentation is still a bit too complex and lacking in character, but the record provides a promising pointer to the band's future.

The Asylum label releases two excellent new L.P.s for the more romantic types. Firstly, there is Jackson Browne's "Late for the Sky," a soothing, relaxing record from one of America's most thoughtful and articulate songwriters; and secondly Joni Mitchell has a brilliant new double live album called "Miles of Aisles." New treatments of old favourites, two new songs and a good quality recording make it a must for anyone who wants to buy me a present.

CUB REPORTER,
TYLDESLEY.

"Dragonfly": Jefferson Starship (RCA Import).

When you listen to this album you'll realise how much is lacking in English music. This album is perfection realised. Through the eight tracks on "Dragonfly" the various talents of Grace Slick, Paul Kantner and Papa John Creach emerges. Miss Slick is especially powerful on "Be Young You" and "Hyperdrive" but viewed as an album, ignoring the individual artists, "Dragonfly" surpasses anything I've heard this year from either side of the Atlantic.

The opener "Ride the Tiger" is a five-minute long track revealing a tight concept superbly produced by the Starship themselves. For me the worst or should I say the least enjoyable track on this album is the seven-minute long "Caroline" spoilt by weak vocals of Marty Balin. That apart, "Devils Den" and "All Fly Away" (the "title" track) stand out.

"Desolation Boulevard": The Sweet (RCA)

Ugh! Why must a group such as the Sweet attempt to do "My Generation"? It's a dismal failure. My main complaint about this album is that several tracks are reminiscent of other bands — there's "Solid Gold Brass" which reaches the standard of that well known four chord Wonder Band — Status Quo, or the nine-minute "Man with the Golden Arm" which begins with an extremely Zeppelinesque high pitched whine, and ends up with a five minute Baker/Jones/Rich drum

solo. Stick to making singles of the calibre of "The Six Teens" lads. D.C.

TRUSTMAKER THE TYMES (RCA)

SWEET, soulful sounds have been coming out of Philadelphia recently and the Tymes are responsible for at least some of them. Very big in the 'sixties, the Tymes's comeback is ensured by their new album "Trustmaker".

There are a great variety of moods and tempos here, ranging from the slow soul numbers like "The Crutch" and "Are You Lookin'" (the latter delivered in low sexy tones which tend at moments to sound as if the lead singer has laryngitis) to bouncy, catchy, frankly rather commercialised single releases such as "You Little Trustmaker" and "Miss Grace".

Rock fans, who like to think they have a monopoly of musical opinions worth taking notice of, will have labelled "Trustmaker" as bubblegum as soon as they noticed who it's by. However, discerning soul lovers (those that dare admit it) will recognise this album for what it is — pure music.

"Trustmaker" heralds a British tour by the Tymes. Anyone with any sense will want to go and watch this superbly professional group perform once they've heard the record. (If you go, wear dark glasses and pull your coat collar up and your friends'll never know). Well, I've admitted it now, I like soul.

G. SHAWCROFT

MUSIC



There must be easier ways of selling Christmas trees.

Yes competition

YES, well, er... I'm sorry about the deliberate error in the Roxy Music Competition, I forgot to tell you I was going to make one. They have, of course, had five bassists, Johnny Gustafson, John Porter, Rick Kenton, Graham Simpson and John Wetton, so any four sufficed for Question 2.

The other answers were 1 The Numberer, 3 Eno, 4 Paul Thompson, 5 Lighting experts on road crew, 6 1962? or twenty years on, 7 Table, 8 Anthony Price, 9 Bungalow Ranch-style, 10 Mother of Pearl.

There were lots of correct answers, not so many good captions, and the winner was Len Byatt for "There must be easier ways of selling Christmas trees", nice and topical, and he deserves it for spending half his time writing to us.

And so to "Relayer", the new Yes album, and these questions—

- 1 What was the line-up on their first album, "Yes"?
- 2 From which band did Steve

Howe join Yes?

- 3 Who prophesied the success of Yes and Led Zeppelin in Melody Maker in 1969?
- 4 Who formed a band called Badger on leaving Yes?
- 5 Where would Colin Goldring play his recorders?
- 6 At what time of the day is one likely to lie between a silence and sold sources?
- 7 Which football club does Rick Wakeman support?
- 8 Name the only Ritchie Havens song Yes have recorded?
- 8 What is the English word for Suritis?
- 10 What is that along the drifting cloud searching down on the land?

Answer as many as you can and then in not more than 100 silly words explain to me what "Yesterday a morning came, a smile upon your face, Caesar's palace, morning glory, silly human race" means. And don't get too intellectual. Answers to Clive Tyldesley, "Gongsfer" Offices by Friday if you can, ta.

Barclay James Harvest

BARCLAY James Harvest performed with the professionalism and skill that has brought them their well-deserved fame. They played most of their "classics" culminating in the oft-requested "Mockingbird," creating their distinctive though hardly unvarying sound.

The only adverse criticisms were the disruptive presence on stage of the roadies (see picture), who seemed to cause as many difficulties as they were supposedly suppressing, the perhaps resultant lack of continuity and the fact that Wolstenholme was almost completely hidden from the audience by his stack of keyboards. Those of the audience who had seen B.J.H. before in the group's recent visits to the city voiced the opinion that this performance was not as good, but this is judging relatively by B.J.H.'s own high standards.

The playing time of just over

seventy minutes might justifiably have been called "short," especially after Seventh Wave were denied an encore so that the stage could be cleared (with over three-quarters of an hour to spare as it turned out).

Seventh Wave could be said to BE Ken Elliott. The album is this musician over-tracking himself but he has got together a competent band to go on tour. Their music live sounds like rather jagged, too loud Green-slade material. There are three keyboard players, a bass, drums and a female backing vocalist, who has a few bangs on some tubular bells, in the group but there is also a heavy emphasis on staging, far too heavy in fact. Some of their music was played to introduce them as they came on stage, leaving many of the audience wondering whether they were miming once they eventually appeared to be playing.

Fairport Convention

HAVING begun by accompanying himself on the mandolin, supporting act Bryn Howarth then switched to electric guitar and taped percussion. I found his work unarresting, but perhaps you have to know his songs and see him with a band to appreciate it. He played some useful slide guitar anyhow and I couldn't really size up his set properly as half way through the crowded conditions forced me to take refuge in the bar. (It's an excuse).

Fairport Convention launched their half with a zestful version of Dylan's "Down in the Flood" and kept right on producing winners all evening. Thinking back, it's not so much the songs that come to mind as the dexterity of their performance. The familiar Fairport line-up set up a bright, hard sound out of which burst the artful solos of Jerry Donahue on electric guitar and Dave Swarbrick on fiddle and, during the obligatory "Sloth", Dave Pegg on bass guitar too. Possibly Dave Mat-tacks' drumming was less discreet than usual, but possibly I was just standing in the wrong place. He certainly retains the quality which distinguishes him

from most drummers in rock bands. They only whack the drums. He plays them. Un-sung hero of the performance must be the guy in charge of the sound: the solos in particular were enhanced by the clarity and tone that he achieved.

Concerning Sandy Denny I must admit reservations. She does contribute by adding occasional keyboard, a female voice and some gentle songs, as well as that cheerful personality. But I honestly find the voices of Swarbrick and Trevor Lucas more expressive. On stage the lady renders lyrics unintelligible by her trick of continually swinging from soft inaudibility to a volume likely to punch the back wall into the car park. And the fact that she does retire off-stage for so many pieces makes the billing "Fairport Convention with Sandy Denny" a bit too accurate.

Also, it would have been nice to have had a longer set from the band and a bit more response from the audience. Last time the Fairports were here people clapped along and there was plenty of pseudo folk-



Dave Swarbrick

dancing towards the end. Could be something to do with inflation, I suppose.

Anyway, I enjoyed it and the people I knew there enjoyed it and the people I know who weren't there would have enjoyed it if they had been. Yes... I think I've seen the group do better concerts in terms of material, patter and duration, but I don't think I've seen them play so well and with so much verve as they did this time. The sell-out of tickets in advance was just.

C. SHARP

Stage band of the year

INGREDIENTS: One Rainbow Theatre, packed to capacity on four consecutive nights, at the same time the Floyd are twiddling knobs and projecting aeroplanes on to screens at the other side of town.

One former world champion Grand Prix racing driver called Stirling Moss to introduce in a serious tone a show that is at no point serious, crack weak jokes about the Beverley Hillbillies, tell us that Ian Anderson is Playboy's top "flutist" of the year, generally make a fool of himself and retire disillusioned with modern youth.

One troupe of dancing girls named Pan's People, noted far and wide for their nipples and lack of co-ordination, gyrating to Jethro standards and wearing first costumes with artificial breasts sewn to them and then T-shirts revealing a fair vision of the real thing.

One all-female support band, suitably titled Fanny, playing god-awful music, but displaying enough thigh and adopting enough suggestive poses to keep the blood flowing.

One lead guitarist, appearing in a cloud of smoke jamming

furiously chasing Cherry (or was it Deedee?) offstage. Must be short, cuddly, balding and have the most hideous suit/pair of pyjamas on. Enjoys leaping about.

One bassist, appearing in a similar cloud, dressed in a black and white diagonally-striped outfit with matching guitar and double bass. Preferably looks like Zoot Horn Rollo and talks to dogs and little schoolgirls. Enjoys leaping about even more.

One percussionist, prepared to wear short red trousers and hit wooden dogs with gigantic bones.

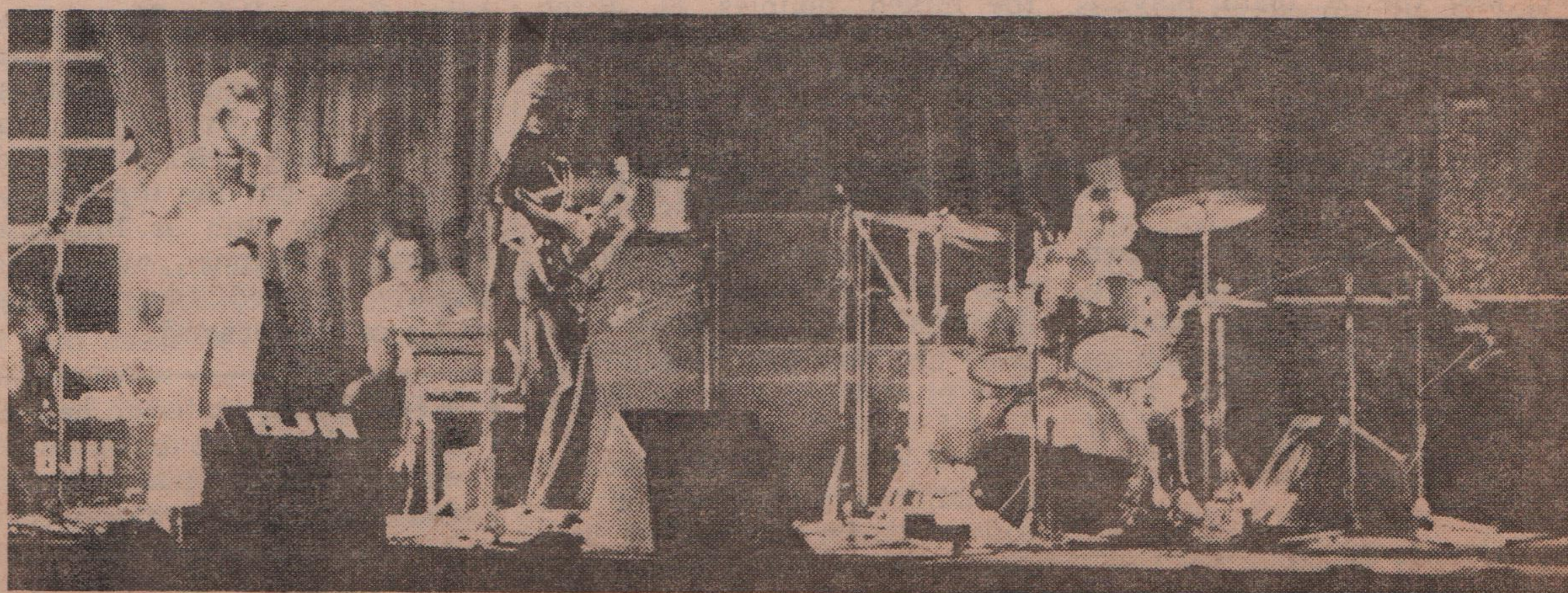
One organist with university education, sporting white suit, braces, silly tie and absent mind. Must be totally insane, juvenile, feverish, lost and have ability to play accordion, drums, imaginary guitar and hands. Preferably capable of a somersault or at very least a head-spring.

One master showman and band leader; basic requirements—incredible flautist, competent saxophonist, bewitching vocalist, writer of albums, designer of cover, international standard of gymnastic ability, no backbone, one leg, tights, a codpiece, hun-

dred and one ways of holding a flute and crude sense of humour.

Plus one bunny girl to bring on instruments and dust cod-piece, four violinists in blonde wigs, a pantomime rabbit, a wooden dog that talks and is urinated on by a wooden tree, a wooden tree, two lifeboatmen and a balloon "to balance on the tip of your nose like a sea-lion with a ball at the carnival."

METHOD: Enter in smoke clouds of excitement and rock straight into the heavier parts of "Wind-Up" and "Passion Play." Then as the masses cheer, start-up into "Thick as a Brick" and the rest is easy. Boil furiously for two and three-quarter hours, throw "God rest ye merry gentleman" into the flute solo, walk round the stage with the lead guitarist's head under your arm, laugh as the organist urinates into a bowl attached to his keyboards, scratch your head as the bassist sings "How much is that doggy in the window?" Pump out a constant stream of old favourites and new favourites, of heavy and soft, of humorous and serious. And when it's all finished, come back and play "Back-door Angels" and "Locomotive Breath" for fifteen minutes. Call yourself Jethro Tull and my vote is all yours.



SPORT

SUSPENDED—

KARATE, CYCLING AND SWIMMING

IN a surprise move at the 5th meeting of Athletic Union Committee on Monday, December 2nd three clubs have found themselves suspended from the Athletic Union. The Cycling, Karate and Swimming clubs have been banished from the Athletic Union for the period, December 4th, 1974 to January 23rd, 1975. The effect of the suspension will be that no Union support, financial or administrative, will be given to these three clubs.

The recommendation for suspending the three clubs was proposed on behalf of the A.U. Executive by Steve Patrick, the A.U. Secretary. He stated that the reason for the proposal was very simple. All three clubs had contravened part of the A.U. Constitution which states that clubs are liable to suspension if they are not represented at two consecutive meetings of A.U. Committee. No representative of either club had been present at the last two meetings of A.U. Committee. It was also stated the Swimming and Cycling club had only attended one meeting this year. It is usual for the President or Captain of each club to be the club's representative at each meeting.

The following debate was one of the liveliest seen this year. It was noticeable that during the debate no passionate outcries were heard from the three clubs concerned. The reason was farcically simple. NO REPRESENTATIVE FROM EITHER OF THE CLUBS WAS

PRESENT AT THE MEETING!

The Cycling Club has dwindled over the past few years and the ending of its existence can be foreseen. However, both the Karate and Swimming Clubs are thriving clubs each catering for over two hundred students every week. The suspension will hit these clubs particularly hard for they will not be able to subsidise their weekly events, from their grants.

Why is it important that no club should miss two consecutive meetings? At the beginning of each academic year a huge sum of money is handed to the Athletic Union by the Union to finance all sporting activities on campus. Without the central administrative Athletic Union Committee, there would be no distribution of money at all, so sport would just stop dead. The Committee tries to be a democratic body, but with the support there is from some of the clubs this is often impossible. It is essential that a representative from each club is present to put forward the views and opinion of his own members and to press for anything which is helpful to all the people on campus who use the particular facilities of his sport. The meetings are also times when information is collected and delivered. The Executive and some of the Committee are striving to improve things all the time, but are bogged down sometimes by lack of information and help from everyone else.

TABLE TENNIS

AS the last two Table Tennis reports in "Gongster" have been written by 'B' and 'C' team members respectively. I thought it was high time the 'A' team had their say.

While we must agree that the 'C' team have done very well in the 7th division to win all their games — the latest including 7-3 against Green Lane 'B', 8-2 against Beeston OB, 8-2 against Carlton Forum 'C' and finally 6-4 against Boots Beeston 'D' after being 4-3 down — and that the 'B' team have been unlucky in the 4th division to lose to the strong teams of Manor Farm 'B' and Y.M.C.A. 'E' 9-1 and 8-2 respectively and also to draw with Keyworth 'D', we feel that the 'A' team, playing in the strong 2nd division claim the honours, since in the last

five games we have only lost once to the reinforced 'A' team of Players (7-3) whilst claiming convincing victories over Carlton Forum 'A' (8-2), Fernvale 'A' (6-4), Mac 'A' (6-4) and Y.M.C.A. 'D' (9-1).

This week sees the start of the handicapped "Journal" Cup and at the time of going to press the 'B' team had won the first round, the 'C' team lost but the 'A' team have yet to play.

Finally at the U.A.U. and W.I.V.A.B. finals last weekend at Salford University, our two girls, C. J. Acopi and L. Stalbow won the women's double title and they also both reached the semi-finals in the women's singles and the semi-finals in the mixed doubles, D. Birch and R. Bell being their respective partners.

England representative

DAVE POOLE has been selected for the England Football UAU team to play against the Welsh UAU at Cumbran on Monday, December 9th after starring in the Midlands UAU 4-0 defeat against Midland Colleges.

Dave was reprimanded by the England selectors for turning down the possibility of representing England last year

on the grounds of academic pressure (2 or 3 essays left until the last week of term!) so that his selection again this year must be strictly on merit.

Dave has been a consistently outstanding performer for the University for the past 2½ seasons and was last season recognised by a gold award from the University.

SUB-AQUA COURSES

THE Derbyshire Education Committee are holding a week-end course for active divers in the Derbyshire area. The course, lasting from 6.30 Friday evening to 3.30 Sunday afternoon, costs £10.40 inclusive, or slightly less if full board for the weekend is not desired.

The course has been designed solely for active divers and as well as covering general aspects of diving there will be plenty of time to cover one specialised area such as underwater cine photography.

Anyone interested should see Steve Patrick, the A.U. Secretary, who will provide further information.

RUGBY ROUND-UP

AS the season is almost half over it is probably time for a report on the progress of the Rugby Club. In contrast to previous seasons the on-field activities...have...been...more dominant than those off the field, but this is not due to a lack of budding "artists" but to a lack of away fixtures.

The first team have won 6 and drawn 1 out of 13 and with some easier fixtures next term they are hoping for a good finish to the season. Their best win was the recent 18-9 victory over Old Paviers, a Nottingham side who were previously unbeaten. The University played some exciting rugby and scored two tries, one by J. J. McGregor and the other by his namesake "Fatty" McGregor. Alan Ashworth, despite his shape, kicked the two conversions, two penalties and a stray dog that wandered on to the pitch.

Two freshers who deserve some mention for their performances are Big John Race, for his powerful play and after-match singing and "Bertie" Ford for his excellent kicking and chundering.

The second team has a good record with 7 wins out of 12, whilst the third team have played really well to win 8 out of 11. However the team with the best record in the club is the Sunday morning football team Sweet F.A. Their commitment to total football has produced 44 goals in 7 games. In one game the goalkeeper Dave Johnson (who?) grabbed a hat-trick, but the top marksman in the club is full-back Leighton Turner who has already claimed two wingers and a centre-forward!

STUDENTS wanted to help at Toddler Club on Tuesdays from 2 to 4 p.m. in the old Gym (opposite the Arts Library), involves playing with children aged one to three years.

A.U. SPORT

AS the Christmas Term is drawing to a close, the time is ripe to reflect on the activities that have taken place since October.

One big change occurring in "Gongster" is that there is now **more sports coverage than ever before**. This issue of "Gongster" contains **three wholesome pages** of reports on a wide variety of Nottingham University sporting activities. I believe it has been a long time since "Gongster" has contained a large section devoted entirely to sport.

The first issue of this session's "Gongster" was typical of past issues, with only two-fifths of a page, out of sixteen pages, devoted to sporting matters. However, improvements in the sports coverage has occurred with all subsequent issues having two pages of sport.

U.A.U. CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Universities' Athletic Union (U.A.U.) organise knock-out team competitions in most men's sports, for all the universities in England, excluding Oxford, Cambridge and London Universities. The country is split into seven regions, each region providing one University to go into the quarter-final stage of the competition except the Midland Division which provided two teams.

Nottingham is a member of the Midland Division along with Leicester, Aston, Birmingham, Warwick, Loughborough, Loughborough Colleges and Keele.

To find which two teams go forward from the Midlands section into the quarter finals there is an internal Midlands competition. The eight Universities are split into two leagues of four teams. Included in the league with Nottingham are Birmingham, Keele and Loughborough Colleges. The winner of this league then plays the runners up of the 2nd league, to produce one representative, while the other representative is the winner of the match between the runners-up of our league with the winners of the 2nd league.

David slays Goliath

AFTER suffering a few heavy defeats so far this season, the Lincoln team were given little chance by the pundits in their game against an Ancaster team which has recently caused major upsets in the Hall Rugby scene.

However, Lincoln were not to be over-awed by any reputation and went out determined to win this their last match of the term. Inspired by threats of "hanging up me boots if we don't win" (in a thick Leeds accent), the Lincoln side gave everything they had.

An epic encounter ensued in

In this year's competition Nottingham has only provided three teams to go forward to the quarter final stage. They are the **Volleyball, Badminton and Hockey 2nd XI** teams. The Badminton and Volleyball teams give great hope of doing well in the final stages of the competition as both teams have had very clear cut victories so far in the tournament.

W.I.V.A.B. CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Women's Inter-Varsity Board (W.I.V.A.B.) organise the ladies' team championships for the English and Welsh Universities, excluding the inevitable trio of Oxford, Cambridge and London. It is formulated along the same lines as the U.A.U. championships, with Nottingham being included in the Midlands Section. However, the competition in the Midlands Section is slightly different in that there is only one league with the top two universities in that league going through into the quarter finals.

The Ladies' teams have done better than their male counterparts. They have managed to get three teams through to the quarter finals out of eight, the chauvinist males only managed three out of twelve. The Badminton, Fencing and Table Tennis teams are Nottingham qualifiers.

The next round draw of the competition has been made and is as follows:—

Barminton Club v Southampton

Sussex v Fencing Club

Table Ten. v Liverpool or Hull

ATHLETIC UNION

In a bid to tighten up the administration of A.U., the A.U. Executive succeeded in suspending the Cycling, Karate and Swimming Clubs from A.U. for four weeks, for failing to undertake their obligations. This surprise move certainly came as a shock to members of A.U., but the biggest surprise should surely be that none of the clubs have lodged any complaint about the suspensions.

S.J.P.

Result:
Lincoln XV 10 pts.
Ancaster XV 8 pts.

PERSONAL

COZ I like showing myself off. **WHAT** were G.A.D. and A.N.W. doing for two hours in the attic?

DEAR Mandy—Your letters are very interesting. Love all at Block VI.

SHERRY,—You'll lose Jeremy if Ken keeps cuddling him that way!

COME along to Sonj's burrow and see how her carrot got bent.

LESSONS in fiddling—Apply BEV.

IS Cuddles really coming back Hush?

CAUTION: It's fatal in An-caster bar!

IT was a lovely leap Den. Do it again—Some of us missed it.

WILL the real Biggles please stand up!

IF we spread your rumours with a Spitfire, Dave, you **COULD** become a EUNUCH.

D.M.D.H.: Monkeys who chew bananas in the same trees tend to forget how many they've eaten!!

LYNDA—Been to Cripps lately, or was it Coventry?

MIKE—Is there room in a Sherwood bed for you as well?

KEV!—Have you really had a blow shave today.—Luv, Fuzzy B11.

JANE—Do sinks really break that easily or was it just your delicate state!

WOMAN O.N.O. Wanted for masculine male. Must like muscley calves and hairy lips.—Apply Walt Sherwood B13.

ANNE R. Wishes all her clients a Merry Christmas.

LINDA—Is there any relevance in je t'aime following nights in white satin?

BORED? Why don't you join the milling masses by 'phoning "Vince" in Lincoln B24!

STOP PRESS—Wortley Bar world yard of squash record now only 3 minutes 17 secs.—N. McWhirter.

A JOINT announcement from Mr and Mrs Middleton: The answer is "No," we are just good friends.

IF anyone is still interested in Roxsac, please write as soon as possible to Virginia Plain, Hu Stu.

COLIN—You know you can't win!

AREN'T there any delicatessens in Wigan?

LENTON Hall wig experts: VI 23, VI 24.

STEVE—Many thanks for the liqueur chocolates.

HELLO Jill, hello Jill, oh hello **PETER**, your first year History set are grateful for terms entertainment. Half-hour joke graphs available on request for 2p.

HOPE the Shop strike serves its purpose, Giz.

IF I could stick my pen in my heart, spill it all over the stage, would it satisfy you? I know it's only rock 'n' roll!

ARE you really wonderful, John?

Jill! (No photographs, please).

CCH and **JRE** wish to announce their engagement, wedding at next Nuts meeting.

WITH whom does Hu Stu Hall President have his bath?

WRECK a Room Ltd. Any room wrecked for the price of a cup of coffee any time: Ring 2031.

COULD the alarm clock be in your trousers Mick?

IS Asweetooth John's reason for shopping in the Delicatessen?

SHE doesn't show it though, does she, Tom?

THE Editor wishes to deny that his relations are anything less than above board—but a Continental quilt does help!

MAXI: Was it Yellow Kung Fu you were doing the other day or were you just breaking up more chairs? Two female admirers.

WILL the one-third of the Paul D. Brierley Appreciation Society with the pink boots please contact Kev.—Please hurry.

ANNE: For the amount of work you do you might at least have a male to show for it or is it something to do with having 5 Brov's?

HAVE you got problems? We now have the incredible Roger. Give us a... with your... for loan. It works wonders. Ask Ian.

FRIAR Dave—Still ALtering your services?!!! Never mind, you've still got masses of hymns for conversion... but you've got no congregation!!

WALKING Tours of Nottingham: For a comprehensive tour.—Apply Al. Cavendish.

PETE—the triangular inequality just doesn't work when Christine and Mary are on the vertices.

MARY—We should never have let you see Canterbury Tales and Confessions of a Window Cleaner.

DAVE—Have you put on your sheeet yet?

PAUL: I bet the Nurses on the Planet of the Apes don't use soft loo paper for their delicate bottles.

EXPERT football tuition available.—Contact Stanley. Sherwood H10.

GAROLE—If you can think of such words, why don't you lay them yourself?

DAVE—How's your Russian herb going on? You'd better not let your secretary find out about it!

STEVE: What about the provisions of the Miscellaneous Provisions (Hares) Act 1974?

DEAR Mandy—We think your letters are very interesting.—Love from all at Block VI.

JERRY didn't use it as a rule, but his 12 inches saved Ann's day or was it night?

GIRL from Uncle?—Room 98.

WOULD the President of Cath Soc kindly stop littering the lawn outside F Block, Derby.

I WOULD like publicly to thank everyone who made my 21st birthday such a fantastic occasion.—Thanks. (Such a little word but it means so much). I love you all.—Rosemary.

JUST like to say a big thank you to that exceptionally funny person for his bomb scare at Barbara's party. Really liked it, ha-ha, such a laugh, what a wag, had us laughing in the rain.

HARM Soc lives—if you have a harmonium in your room, see Jim or Richard.

HENRY—Thank you for the loan of your room after the party, even though no-one believed it was used.

CAROLINE: Could you really not go any further? H Block top floor is most interested to hear of any future progress.

GRAHAM: 4.57 p.m. Sunday, Dec. 1st. Lucky I didn't have a red card.

MERRY Christmas to the Walnut Whips and happy birthday, Titch and Slack Aljce.

YOU must have known for a long time the shape of things to come...

KIDDIES! Come and see Santa in the Grotto B. Block.

AS Pierre de Posite once retorted: "Please, Mr Porter, wot kan eye doo?"

DAVE: I don't even trust eunuchs, so don't bother applying—The Sheik.

THE present economic situation dictates that the bad company do not send individual Christmas greetings. Phil, Nick, Gren, Andy and Brian wish their friends and enemies a suitably Bacchic festive season.

BABYSITTER required.—Apply Lincoln B. Block.

HIRE PURCHASE terms available. Book early for satisfaction.—Stan F.B.

GO to bed on a Mars bar.

YOUNG man with quiver tip seeks ballroom dancer with view to sharing Willoughby kitchen.—Apply Pete, Sherwood.

ARE trees all that Betty axes in her spare time?

DO you belong to the Sue Free-stone Admiration Society?

DOES John (JMC) really collect leaves late at night or is he the Mad Rapist?

MUMMY: Thank you for a wonderful weekend from Smiler Teddy. But Stan, I give Green-shield stamps, quadruple on Thursday.—Roll us, roll up.

ARE Dozy and Sneezy really sharing a sleeping bag?

JOHN—Not even a piss-up in a brewery!—Your ever thirsty members.

PRINCESS wishes to meet big grizzly—will provide own table.

BLOCK VI is better than L Block.

NO, she has not exploded yet, but I am trying hard and I have so far only removed the detinator once.

D.J.—Are you Von L of a ukelele player?—A.M.P.

O.K.—Who's taken over the personal column then?

MAGGIE, if you had a kit like that you'd make a hash of it.

FIRST year Theologians/Mathematicians **RULE** O.K.???

IAN, did you have it polished?

CONGRATULATIONS, John & Ro on your engagement. (May you have many more).

WANTED: Large wooden spoon—last one overworked. Flat 50, The Pines.

BIG JOHN—Is it true you're moving out of X Block at the end of term?

WHAT happens in X10 at weekends Alf? Why not ask X9?

RUPERT, bearing Christmas greetings to all his friends, wishes to? Express concern for Carol.

WILLIAM—I've found an angel with a broken wing. Its trail led from Sherwood Forest.

WITH the amount of digging you do, why not apply for the job of head gardener at Cavendish, Mollusc?

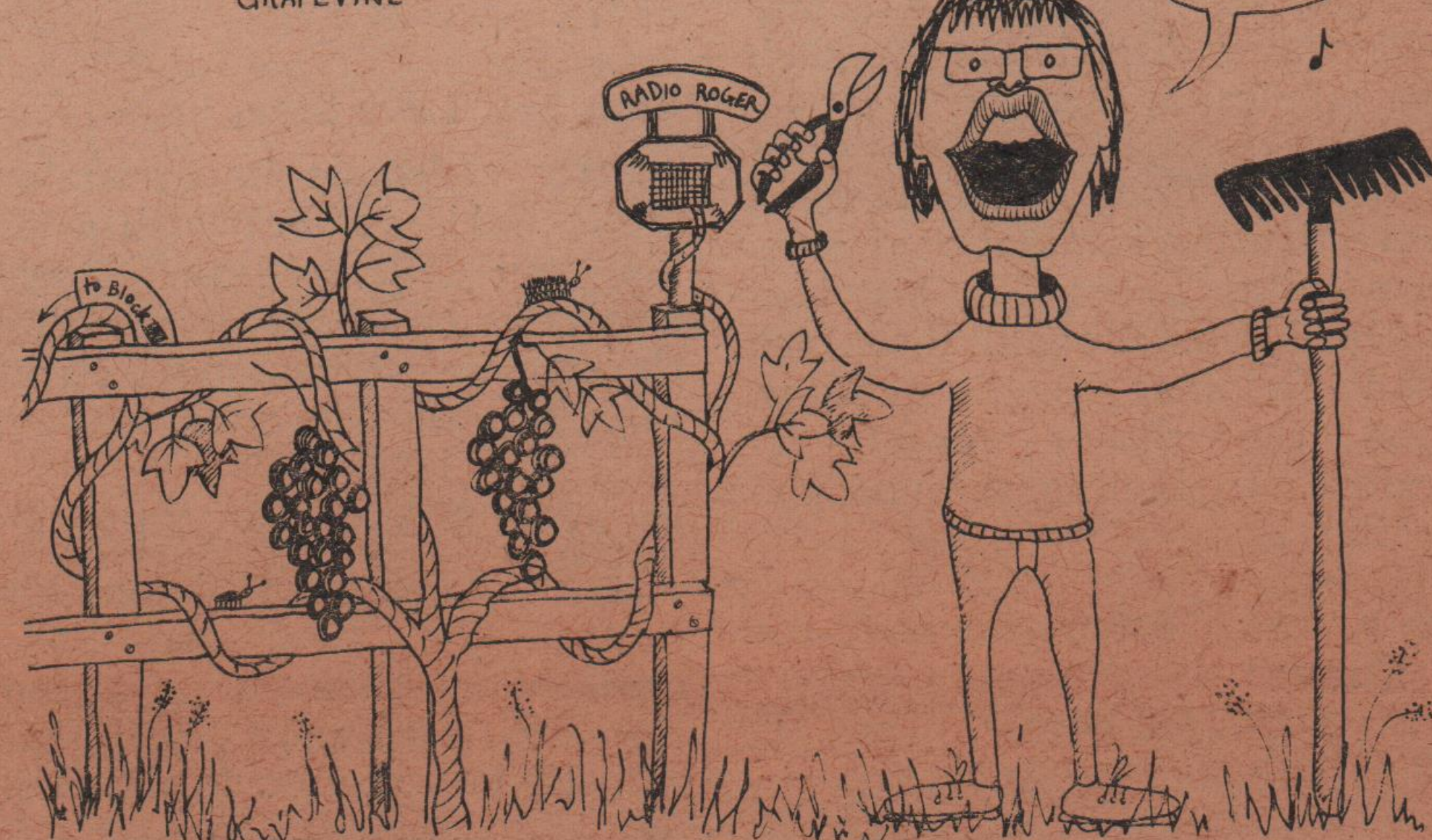
JUST how did you work off those extra inches, Christine?

THOUGHT for Christmas: Is Orinoco a tiny clanger?—M.M. J.G. says "Cons eat at Wimpeys."

CALLING J. S. & R. in F.B. We love you.—From three admirers **SUBTLY** is not your strong point, is it, Brian?

RADIO ROGER

TENDING THE GRAPEVINE



JANE (Willoughby)—How about a party game—Spot the peanuts.

F.B. Hall President now has a telephone: Tel. Toytown 3378.

PEOPLE who wish to preserve their hats and sanity are advised not to visit Flat 43—The Famous Hat-stealing Mob.

LOST at Karnival Disco: Ro's little Dutchman without his bell—great sentimental value. Please, please return to FB.80.

KEEP up the pure thoughts, Toby. You never know where (or who) they might get you.

CLASSIC Pseud Nige but what colour is it (essentially)?

A PICTURESQUE saga of a motley band of rabbits?

WELL, Kathy—Did you measure up to Chesty Morgan?

STEVE—Haydock off yourself.

WAS that really a shepherd in the pie? Haven't seen Verity lately!

ON the whole Elge is not bad, says Lawrence.

HAVE you heard? It's in the stars.

Next July we collide with Mars. Say, did you ever? What a swell party...

H'ALISON—What is it you give in exchange for beer mats?

HAS F.N. gone mixed? Or is it just Room 318?

C.E.D.: Have you really got nits or are they crabs?

HAVE your J.C.R. really gay. Crash into action with a Lenton patented red light. Pierces the thickest smoke screen. Powered by a Douglas dynamo.

WELL, well, what a lot of CON-ning. It was all a big hoax really, wasn't it, lads—this one's going to blow up in your face.

P.S.—Come to the next Nuts trip to see Richard and Christine on their honeymoon.

J.C.W. would like to wish all those who have appeared in the Personal Column a Happy Christmas and an eventful New Year. We look forward to renewing our column next year. Z Block rule O.K.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT: Nigel the warchild sweeps Sandra into his arms at the latest Linwell Theatre production of Come Dancing. Congrats. on your engagement.—C Floor Bridesmaids.

SUPERMAN wishes J and B a Merry Christmas.

STEVE—Let it grow.

WANTED: Faust L.P.s. Preferably scratched or broken. (Can John really tell the difference?).

ANKLE first, knee next, now your a**e, what's next, Bullworker?

WARNING to limerick competition entrants—Booby prize is the freedom of P. Rodgers.

D.A.C.—Have you got the Dead Sea scrolls? No, I always look like this—it's because the lady likes Milk Tray.

DON'T forget to tap your rod, Paul, it puts Roger off!

JOHN, are you an industrious worker? Has her big end gone yet? And keep the N.U.T.S. well oiled.

ARE Big Al and Robin still into the whipping scene, Steve? Or are umbrellas the in thing, man?

PAUL—What's up, Mon? Steve: it's only me.

F.S.H.—Are you really a West Coast Irish Womble or are you the local sub-Marxist?—D.J.L.

WANTED—Any used bog rolls (preferably Andrex Super Soft)—please forward to Pete, Chris, Andy, Mac and Ian.—Flat 43.

MARTIN—Have you got your mark yet.

Any suggestions on what F.N. girls could do with sausages?—Ideas to Trudi Warner: 114.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB—Too old for rubber ducks now Taff?

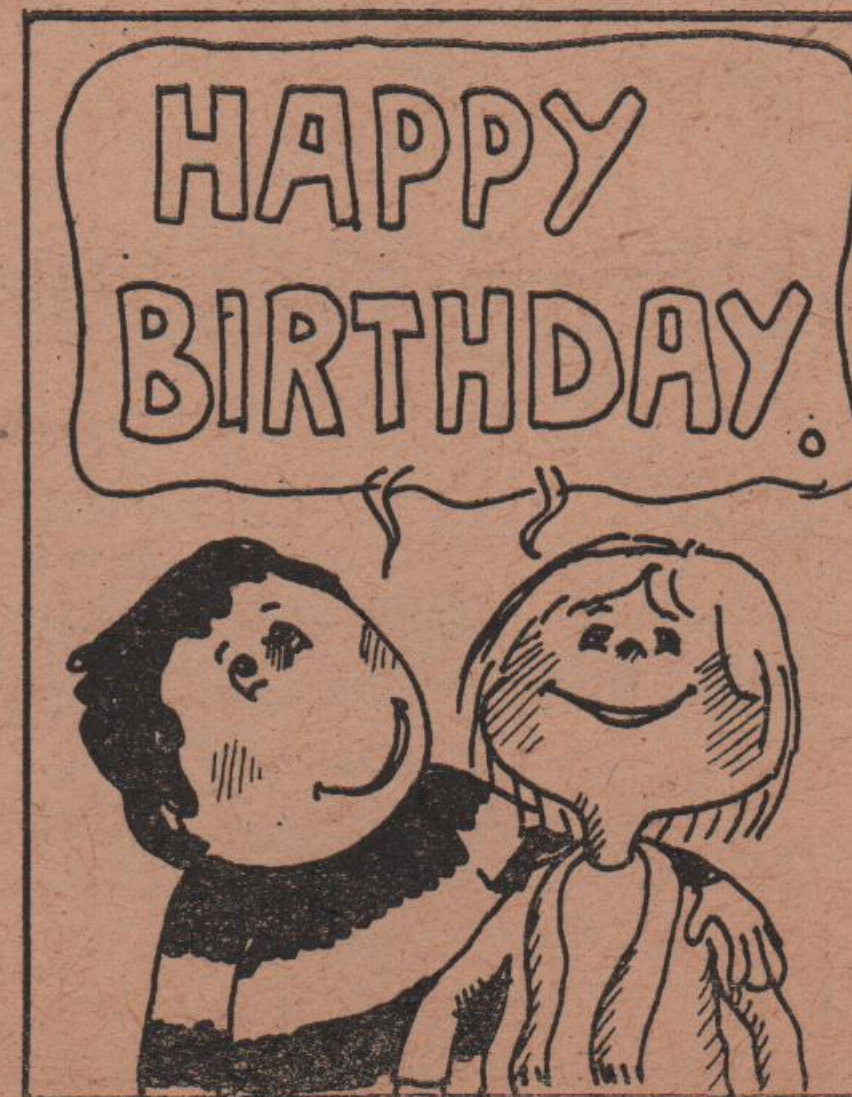
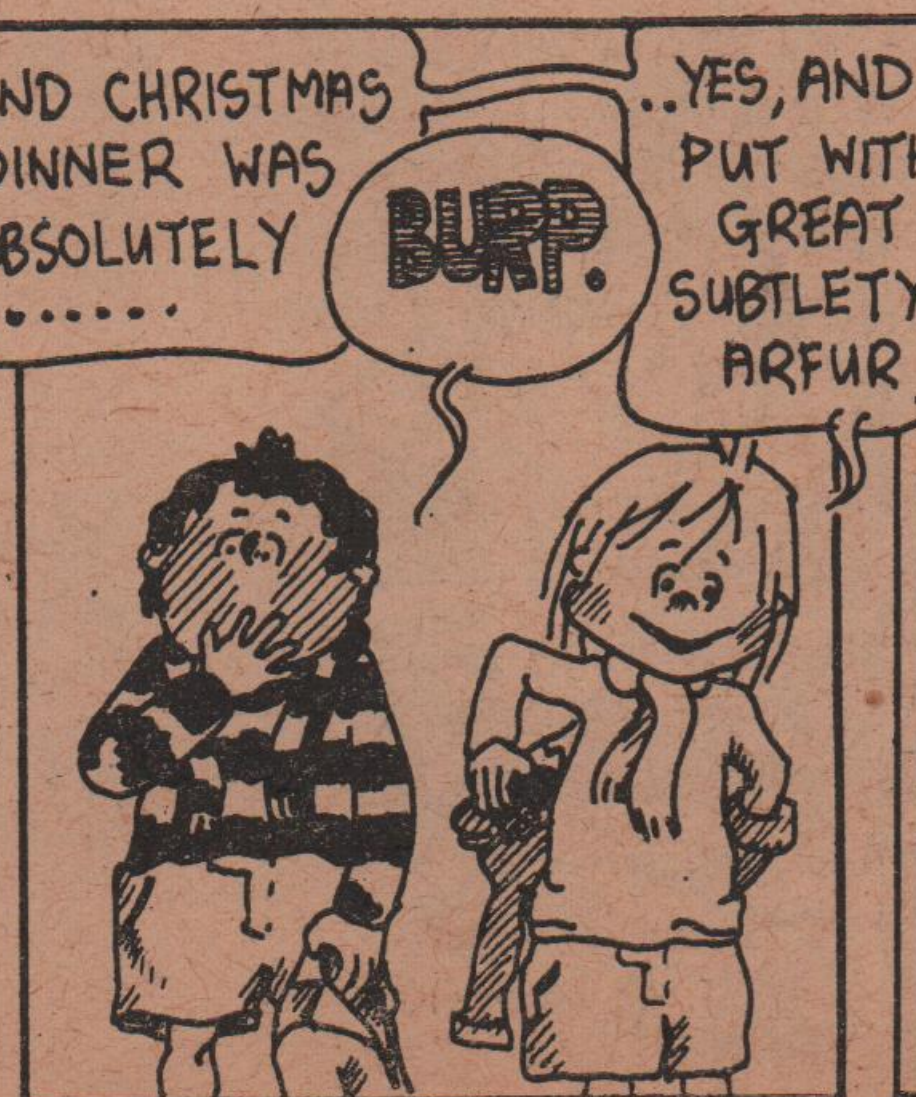
WAS the beard only a two-day wonder, Steve?—The super sexy soccer star?

J.F.G.—Was that really a Bunny Club tie?

BILL—What do you carry in your briefcase?

THANKS to the er...er... Soc. ...er... Sec... for...er... whoever they were (the Band).

EUNUCH for hire.—Apply Mark Willoughby.



TIME OUT

John Bridgman's film scene

CITY FILMS

ABC 1, Sun. 8: "Murder on the Orient Express"

Nostalgia once again with Lumet's enjoyable rendering of Agatha Christie's "whodunit". All star cast, glamour and professionalism from all concerned.

Sun. 15: As above

ABC 2: Sun. 8: "Golden Needles"

American quai-Kung-Fu. Joe Don Baker and Burgess Meredith. Dir. Robert Clouse.

Sun. 15: "That'll be the Day"

Ringo, Essex et al preceding "Stardust" due here in January.

ABC 3: Sun. 8: "Black Windmill"

I am an avid fan of Don Siegel, but his journey across the water disappoints for such an admirable director.

Michael Caine, British agent investigating international arms syndicate, hunts for his kidnapped son. Donald Pleasance and Delphine Seyrig co-star, and the sooner Mr Siegel returns to familiar ground the better.

Sun. 5: "From Beyond the Grave"

Star-studded horror. Cushing, Pleasance (again) and Co.

Savoy 1: Sun. 8: "Magnificent Seven"

John Sturges classic adaptation of Kurosawa's "Seven Samurai". Brynner, Coburn, McQueen, Bronson and Vaughan the notable gunmen and Eli Wallach the Bandit chief. 1961 and lives up to its title.

Sun. 15: "Touch of Glass"

Overrated award winner. George Segal and Glanda Slag having a bit on the side.

Savoy 2: Sun. 8: "Paper Moon"

Bogdanovich monochrome tale of Depression can-man (Ryan O'Neal) duping his way through America's Mid-West with the aid of cheeky kid (Tatum O'Neal). One of the better films of '74.

Sun. 15: "Love Story"

Erica a female impersonator meets Doris a Woolworth sales girl and fall in love. Doris tragically killed by stampeding rhinos in Richmond Park. John Ford directs with feeling.

Savoy 3: Sun. 8: "Dr. Zhivago"

David Lean carried on his love of the "epic" with this spectacular saga of Russian Rev. Plastic snow and all climatic effects used to the full.

Julie Christie and Omar Sharif. **Sun. 15: "Legend of the Seven**

Ruptured Tree Sloths"

Classic 1: Sun. 8: "Language of Love"

Sun. 15: "Best of Benny Hill"

Classic 2: Sun. 8: "High Plains Drifter/Play Misty for Me"

Admirable Clint Eastwood double bill as director and lead. High Plains a tribute to his mentor Sergio Leone, with a striking use of colour and location.

Sun. 15: "Erika the Performer"
Futurist: Sun. 8: "Carry on Dick"

Sun. 15: "Love Thy Neighbour"

Odeon 1: Sun. 8: "The Bank Shot"

Appalling U.S. comedy about stealing a whole bank (George C. Scott).

Sun. 15: "Oliver"

Odeon 2: Sun. 8: "Planet of the Apes"

Anthropoids rule O.K., where spaceman Charlton Heston liands. First of the series, which gets progressively worse.

Sun. 15: "Island at the Top of the World"

Walt Disney newbie for the kids.

Odeon 3: Sun. 8: "Gold"

Well, there's a surprise! Peter Hunt making himself a fortune with Roger Moore fancying South Africa's mining boss's daughter (Susannah York) and having to single handedly rescue trapped miners

to get her. Why didn't he just ask her out?

Sun. 15: Three guesses ???

NFT, 13-15: "O Lucky Man"

Well I must admit I'm rather biased towards Lindsay Anderson, but I do like what he does. O Lucky Man, a masterful satire on everything from the church, big business and the law to scientific research and the army. Malcolm McDowell, Arthur Lowe, Sir Ralph Richardson and excellent sound track by Alan Price. Not to be missed.

20-22: "Psycho"

Probably Hitchcocks most chilling thriller. Mfgnificent in every department. Janet Leigh and Anthony Perkins. 1960.

Peachey Street 12: "The Last Laugh"

Murna's fourth film made in 1924, dispensing entirely with subtitles. Emil Jannings as lordly hotel porter degraded to washroom attendant.

19: "Student of Prague"

First of the adaptations of the old German legend of a man who sells his soul to the devil. Paul Wegener 1913.

Film Society

Tonight: Christmas Show of the man himself WC Fields

"Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Never give a sucker an even break" made in 1934 and 1941 respectively is Fields at his best as the enigmatic rednosed intolerant.

TV films

Wed. 11: BBC 1: "Them"

Adequately timed as Saul Bass' "Phase Four" is doing the rounds, the last in the Beebs Sci-Fi season excels for its special effects alone. Huge ants in cities drainage system provides the setting, but James Arness and James Whitmore play second fiddle to the insects. 1954.

BBC 2: "Laughter in the Dark"

Adapted from Nabokovs novel, Nicole Williamson stars as wealthy London art dealer whose passion for a ruthless cinema usherette leads to a breakdown in his marriage. Anna Karina and Jean-Claude Drouot also. 969.

Fri. 13: BBC 1: "The Tall Target"

Run of the mill historical thriller based around plot to assassinate Abe Lincoln on the way to his inauguration in Washington. Dick Powell and Marshall (Daktari) Thompson. **BBC 2: "M"**

Fritz Langs first talkie and one of the most memorable German films of the '30s.

Based on a real life case, Peter Lorre plays a psychopathic murderer, pursued by both the police and the underworld.

"I discussed with my wife what was the ugliest most utterly loathsome crime and we thought at first it was the sending of anonymous letters; I think we even started to write a synopsis. But then we both decided that the most horrible crime was that of a child murderer" (Bogdanovich: Fritz Lang in America).

Blunt Needle
Steve Mr. 2928

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Theatres

NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE

Tues., Dec. 10 to Fri., Dec. 13:
The Plotters of Cabbage Patch Corner. 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

Tuesday, Dec. 10: The Speckled Band. 7.30 p.m.

Wed., Dec. 11: The Speckled Band. 7.30 p.m.

Thurs., Dec. 12: Oh, What a Lovely War. 7.30 p.m.

Fri., Dec. 13: Oh, What a Lovely War. 7.30 p.m. (Last performance).

Sat., Dec. 14: The Plotters of Cabbage Patch Corner. 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. The Speckled Band. 8 p.m.

Mon., Dec. 16 to Friday, Dec. 20:
The Plotters of Cabbage Patch Corner. 11 a.m. and 2.30p. m.

Mon., Dec. 16 to Friday, Dec. 20:
The Speckled Band. 7.30 p.m.

Sat., Dec. 21: The Plotters of Cabbage Patch Corner. 11 a.m. The Speckled Band. 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. (Last performance).

Mon., Dec. 30 to Thurs., Jan. 2:
The Plotters of Cabbage Patch Corner. 2.30 p.m.

Mon., Dec. 30 to Thurs., Jan. 2:
Canterbury Tales. 7.30 p.m.

Fri., Jan. 3rd: The Plotters of Cabbage Patch Corner. 11 a.m. Canterbury Tales. 2.30 and 7.30 p.m.

Sat., Jan. 4: The Plotters of Cabbage Patch Corner. 11 a.m. Canterbury Tales. 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Mon., Jan. 6: The Plotters of Cabbage Patch Corner. 11 a.m.

Tues., Jan. 7: The Plotters of Cabbage Patch Corner. 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

Mon., Jan. 6 to Friday, Jan. 10:
Canterbury Tales. 7.30 p.m.

SPORT

KARATE MEMBERS GRADED!

THE recent phenomenal growth of Kung Fu and Karate into major interest sports has been reflected by the large increase in the number of people joining the University Shotokan Karate Club. Last year we had over 90 members and this year about 150 people have been attending the beginners' class.

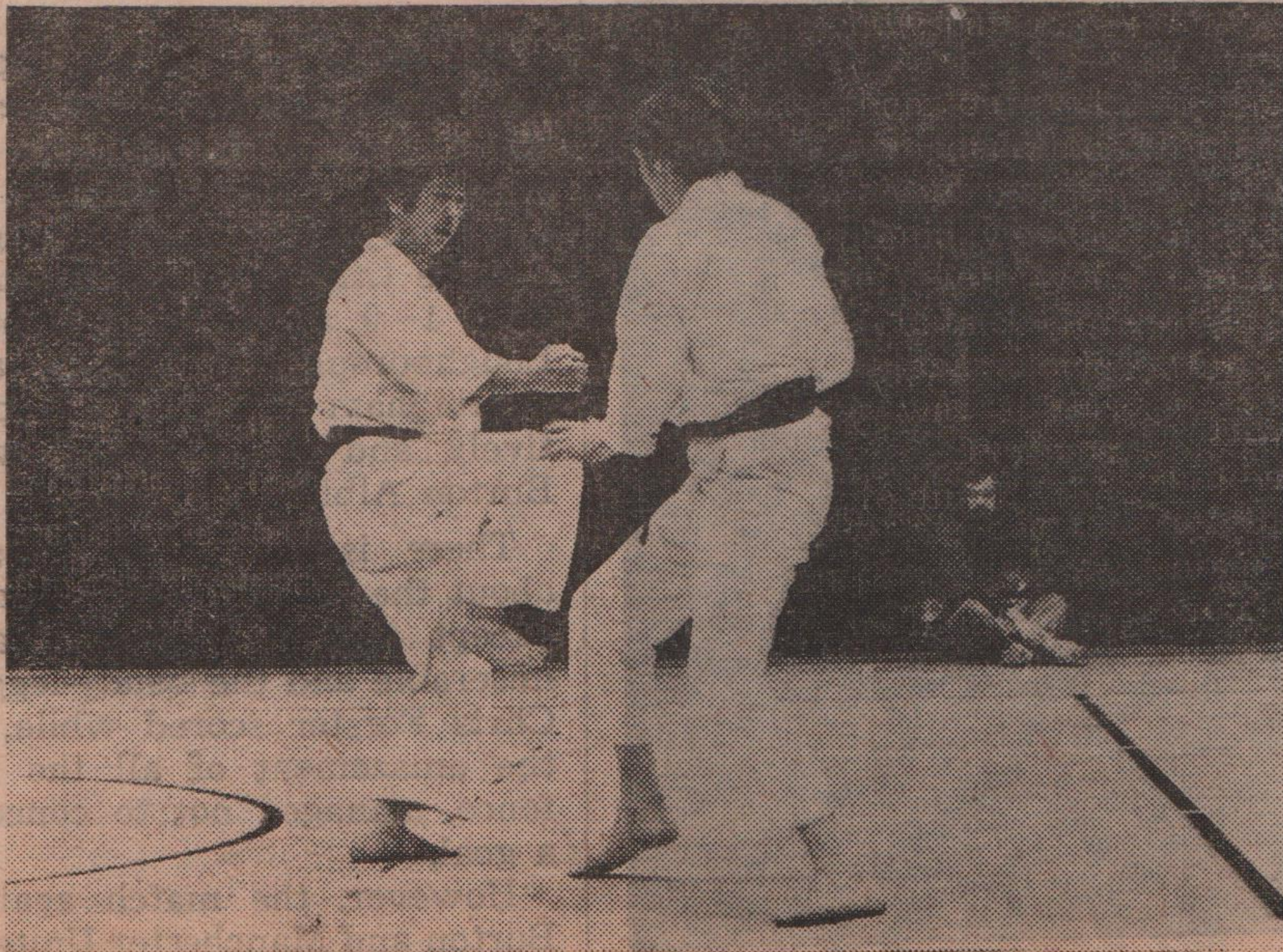
Last Sunday the club held a grading examination at the University Sports Centre, for those who have been training for the past year. The grading was judged by Mr Shiro Asano, 6th Dan (a 6th grade Black Belt), one of the top Karate men in the country and a leading Japan Karate Association instructor.

Mr Asano took a training session beforehand which was attended by over 100 people, and then 27 members took tests for their next grade in the scale up to the coveted Black Belt.

The club is now well placed in University circles having several high grades and a very

strong background of intermediate grades, so we should be able to field a very good team in forthcoming competitions.

G.F.J.
(Secretary)



Next term's Hall sport events

JANUARY 30th—

Inter Hall Table Football Championships to be held in the Buttery.

FEBRUARY 23rd (provis.)—

Inter Hall Cross Country — Sunday afternoon trot around Wollaton Park.

MARCH 6th and 13th—

Inter Hall Darts Competition for men and women in the Buttery.

MARCH 2nd (provis.)—

Inter Hall Rugby Sevens—K.O. Tournament.

INTER-HALL LEAGUE TABLES

(Up to and including Nov. 30th)
1st XI Football—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	P.
H. Stu.	10	8	1	1	44	16	17
Lincoln	8	7	0	1	37	12	14
Wortley	9	6	0	3	30	25	12
Lenton	8	5	1	2	23	11	11
Ancrutt	8	4	1	3	20	14	9
Cripps	9	4	1	4	18	14	9
Clifton 3rd	10	4	1	5	27	42	9
U.H.	9	3	2	4	25	17	8
S.B.	8	3	2	3	14	15	8
Sherwd.	11	3	1	7	21	40	7
Derby	9	0	2	7	13	33	2
Will.	8	1	0	7	12	59	2

2nd XI Football—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
Lincoln	6	6	0	0	33	8	12
U.H.	7	5	1	1	21	12	11
Wortley	8	5	1	2	32	31	11
H.S.	6	5	0	1	40	6	10
Clifton 4th	9	5	0	4	37	29	10
Ancrutt	6	4	0	2	19	15	8
Lenton	7	2	0	5	14	22	4
Derby	8	1	0	7	19	31	2
Cripps	6	1	0	5	10	29	2
Sherwd.	8	0	0	8	1	39	0

U.A.U. MIDLANDS DIVISION

Final League Tables

SOCCER, 1st team—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
L'boro Cl.	3	3	0	0	8	2	6
Birm'ham	3	2	1	0	7	3	4
Nottm.	3	1	2	0	3	5	2
Keele	3	0	3	0	1	9	0

SOCCER, 2nd team—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
L'boro Cl.	3	2	0	1	9	1	5
Nottm.	3	1	1	1	4	6	3
Birm'ham	3	0	1	2	4	5	2
Keele	3	1	2	0	3	9	0

RUGBY, 1st team—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
L'boro Cl.	2	2	0	0	52	4	4
Birm'ham	2	1	1	0	18	29	2
Nottm.	2	0	2	0	10	47	0
Keele (No team)							

RUGBY—2nd team—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
L'boro Cl.	3	3	0	0	114	14	6
Nottm.	3	2	1	0	34	82	4
Birm'ham	3	1	2	0	31	38	2
Keele	3	0	3	0	28	71	0

HOCKEY, 1st team—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
L'boro Cls.	3	1	0	2	4	1	4
Nottm.	3	2	1	0	5	4	4
Birm'ham	3	1	1	1	5	3	3
Keele	3	0	2	1	2	8	0

HOCKEY, 2nd team—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
Nottm.	3	2	0	1	7	3	5
Birm'ham	3	2	1	0	16	4	4
L'boro Cl.	3	1	1	1	8	5	3
Keele	3	0	3	0	0	19	0

BADMINTON—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
Nottm.	3	3	0	0	21	6	6
Birm'ham	3	2	1	0	20	7	4
L'boro Cl.	3	1	2	0	13	14	2
Keele	3	0	3	0	0	27	0

BASKETBALL—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
L'boro Cl.	3	3	0	0	181	147	6
Birm'ham	3	2	1	0	170	125	4
Nottm.	3	1	2	0	201	139	2
Keele	3	0	3	0	69	278	0

FENCING—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
Birm'ham	1	1	0	0	17	10	2
Nottm.	1	0	1	0	10	17	0
L'boro Cl. (No team)							
Keele (No team)							

SQUASH—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
Keele	3	3	0	0	10	5	6
L'boro Cl.	3	2	1	0	5	5	4
Birm'ham	3	1	2	0	7	7	2
Nottm.	3	0	3	0	3	7	0
* Won or Lost by default.							

VOLLEYBALL—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
Nottm.	3	3	0	0	9	1	6
Birm'ham	3	2	1	0	6	4	4
Keele	3	1	2	0	3	6	2
L'boro Cl.	3	0	3	0	2	9	0
* Won or Lost by default.							

TABLE TENNIS—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
Birm'ham	1	1	0	0	13	2	2
Nottm.	1	0	1	0	2	13	0
L'boro Cl. (No team)							
Keele (No team)							

NO-HOPERS GIVEN OFFICIAL STATUS

'THIS COULD BE THE START OF SOMETHING BIG'

THE Inter-Hall Sports constitution was last revised in 1971, and no doubt few if any present-day students knew of its existence. With the new revival in

Hall sport it was generally felt that it was necessary for the constitution to be revised. A new constitution was proposed and this was discussed, amended and passed at the Hall sports secretaries' meeting on December 3rd, and came into force from December 4th, 1974.

During the meeting much of the controversy was over the definition of Hall sport, and it was finally decided that Hall is a sports service for students who are not of University standard or do not wish to play for University teams, and thus the constitution was structured according.

The new constitution, passed by the Hall sports secretaries on December 3rd, 1974:—

(1) The competition shall be competed for by the following Hall teams:

(a) Men's Hall teams: Ancaster, Cripps, Derby, Hugh Stewart, Lenton, Lincoln, Sherwood, Sutton Bonington, Rutland, Willoughby, University Hall, Wortley;

(b) Women's Hall teams: Ancaster, Cavendish, Derby, Florence Boot, Florence Nightingale, Sutton Bonington, Willoughby, University Hall.

(2) Points for the Overall Championship:

Football (1st & 2nd XI only), Squash, Table Tennis, Darts, Cross-country running, Athletics, Basketball, Table Football, Netball, Five-a-side Football:—
12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

(3) Any player who has played for a University 1st or 2nd team in Football, Squash, Table Tennis, Cross-country, Basketball, Netball, in the last 14 days is ineligible for an inter-Hall league or k.o. match in his/her own sport. Playing for the University 1st or 2nd XI football teams also brings about ineligibility for Hall Five-a-side football.

(4) Basketball will be run on two leagues:—

One: Ancaster, Cripps, Derby, Hugh Stewart, Lenton, Lincoln,

Two: Sherwood, Sutton Bonington, Wortley, Rutland, Willoughby.

5. Squash will be run on a knock-out competition basis during the spring term.

Only knock-out competitions in Squash and Table Football shall count towards the overall championship.

(6) Cross-country running: All teams shall field a maximum of runners, the first eight to count towards final team placings. Team placings to be totalled up to find overall team placings. Any team fielding less than eight runners shall score one more than the total field number for each vacant place.

(7) Athletics:—

Events: 100m., 200m., 400m., 800m., 1,600m., 100m. hurdles, 4 x 100m. relay, long jump, high jump, triple jump, shot, javelin and discus. No athlete to compete in more than two track and field events—excluding relay.

(8) All fixtures will be played on the date stated by the Hall Sports Co-ordinator on the official fixture list, unless an alternative date is agreed upon between the two teams and the Sports Co-ordinator, and the latter is informed of the change at least 48 hours before the original or new date, whichever is the earlier. If the match is not played the offending team will forfeit the points to their opponents. The Hall Sports Co-ordinator's decision on these matters will be final.

(9) The Hall Sports Co-ordinator shall not be eligible to vote on constitutional changes, except in the absence of any representative from his Hall.

(10) Any sports secretary has the right to send a representative from his Hall to a meeting of the Hall Sports Committee/Secretaries and the delegate then has the right to vote on his behalf.

(11) Inter-Hall sport is a sports service for students who are not of University standard or do not wish to play for University teams.

(12) Any constitutional change must have a two-thirds majority vote of members present at the meeting.

Gary Longman
Hall Sports Co-ordinator.

Hugh Stu destroy Sherwood

LAST week on the Beeston Lane quagmire, Hu Stu II made a mockery of those who say there aren't enough goals in league football, by disposing of a suspect Sherwood II by seventeen goals to nil. Though the heavy mud and blustery gale were not suited to the subtle skills of the Hu Stu team, they soon gained control and with unrelenting pressure ripped open the opposition's defence with almost monotonous regularity.

At half-time the score was 8-0, and any hopes of a Sherwood revival died some ten seconds after the restart, as number nine was slotted home. The game continued in similar fashion with Hu Stu mercilessly punishing defensive errors up until the final whistle, at which point computers estimated the end result at 17-0. The main goalscorers were Angus "the referee said I was on-side" Kennedy, who claims seven, and Brian "give me the ball and I'll do the rest" Carrick and Chris "Chard—captain? You must be joking" Robson who both scored hat-tricks.

It might also be mentioned (but perhaps should not) that Hu Stu I won as well — beating Willoughby 11-0.

GONGSTER

NOTTINGHAM STUDENTS UNION NEWSPAPER

INSIDE

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

Pages 7, 8 and 9.

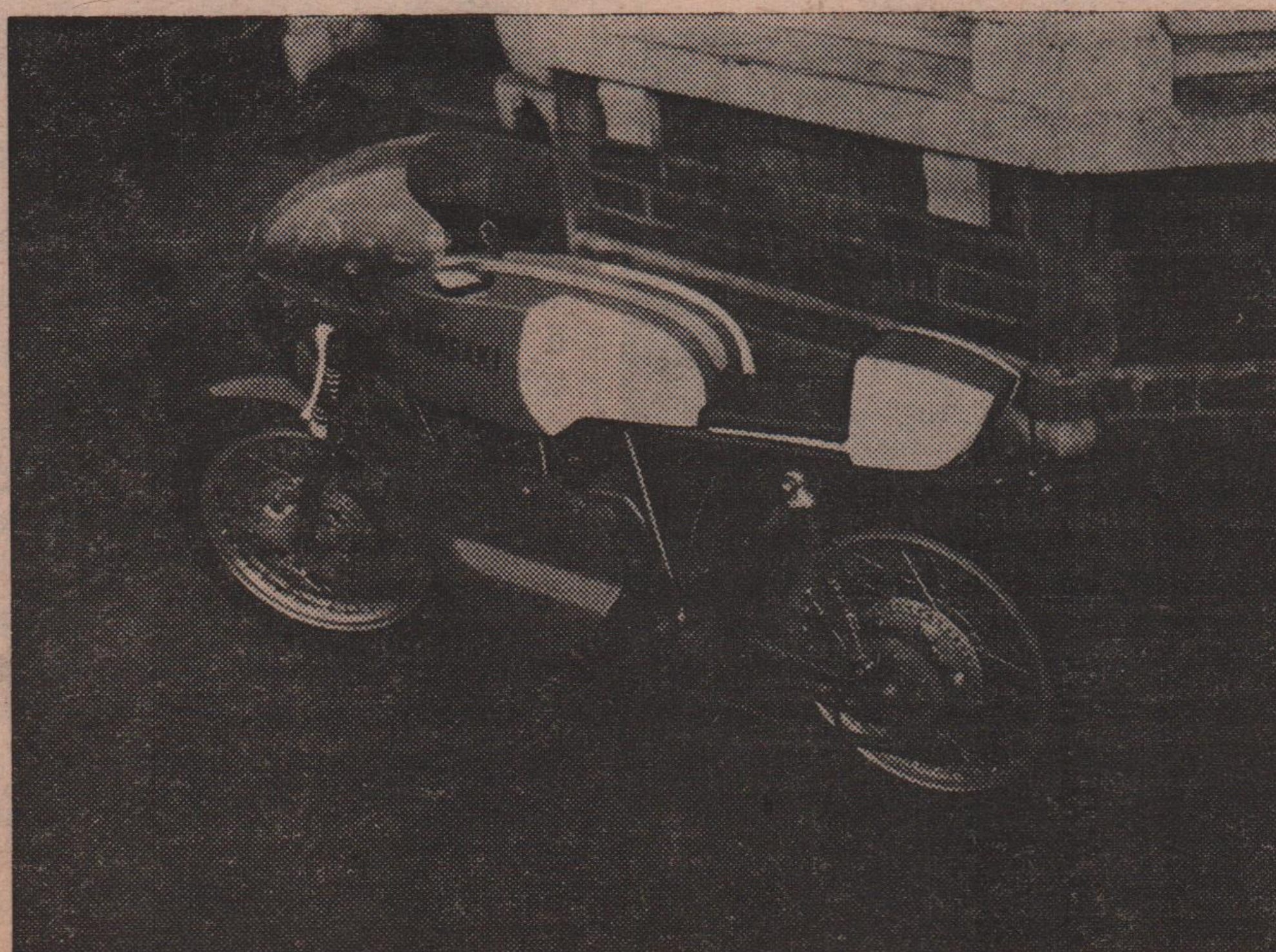
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PERSONAL

Page 16

MOTOR-CYCLE CLUB GOES RACING?

AFTER two years of carefully conserving their resources, the University's Motorcycle Club has stepped into the racing world and purchased a 250cc. Kawasaki racing machine. It has been designed and equipped purely for use as a track racer, and as such is a piece of very specialised machinery.

Now this bold step has been made, most of the club resources for the year have been utilised, the question left is how the machine is to be used. Obviously there is no immediate intention to enter it in any local clubman's races, as both knowledge of the machine and students' riding ability takes some time to acquire. But it is certain that as many members as possible will get a chance to



test their skill on local tracks during the coming year.

A less obvious and perhaps more important side-effect of the project will be that several of the club's "amateur mechanics" will gain valuable knowledge in the assembling and tuning-up processes involved in the maintenance of a racing vehicle.

Now that the Motorcycle Club has set this precedent in the University, it will be interesting to see how the project progresses. As far as "Nottingham University" appearing as an entry on the circuits, this is not a likelihood until 1976.

The machine is a race-tuned and designed Kawasaki 250cc. with a twin-cylinder, disc-valved engine. Purchased secondhand, the racer and associated spares cost the club £250.



Uninspiring Forest

Nottm. Forest 1 — Fulham 1
(Martin 13min.) (Belfitt 65min.)
Attendance: 10,057.

WALK down Arkwright Street to the City Ground and you will get a feeling of depression caused by the fading away of a once bustling community; walk into the City Ground and your depression will be reinforced. Forest, only recently a good First Division side, seem to be slipping slowly down the Second Division with only brief pauses such as last season's 4-0 defeat of Manchester City to satisfy their supporters.

Forest's game with Fulham on Saturday did nothing to change their view of them; against Fulham's mediocre opposition all Forest could manage was a 1-1 draw. The home fans began to shout for the removal of Alan Brown, Forest's increasingly unpopular manager, and it appears that a few more games like this one will seal his fate.

Forest's great failing is lack of organisation, especially in their back four (or is it five?).

The recent recall of Chapman has added some toughness to the defence, but the sooner he realises that he's no midfield schemer, the better it would be for Forest. The one bright spot is that all the team worked extremely hard and no-one more so that Butlin, so keen to justify his £110,000 fee. It was Butlin who made Forest's goal with a forceful run ending with a low cross to Martin, who placed the ball into the net.

Fulham's goal came from one of Les Barret's crosses, which Belfitt, a Sunderland reject, was well positioned to take advantage of.

The gaps on the terraces tell their own story, as large numbers of Forest fans "vote with their feet" on the entertainment value of their side. But Forest have a good potential and some excellent players such as O'Kane and Dennehy, whose ball skill brings back memories of happier days when Duncan Mackenzie held the team together. Perhaps Alan Brown ought to read "Gongster" more often... Charlie Partridge

Hockey Club ko-d in semi-final replay

Nottingham 0, Loughborough 1

WE was beat!

Despite the 11 superb Loughborough players on the pitch, Nottingham were beaten only 1-0 in their Midlands U.A.U. semi-final replay on Wednesday. The game started well with a subtle kick from Stanyard winning a free hit in the first few seconds. The game continued fairly evenly (says Jerry), but with Loughborough taking the major role to score from a short corner in the 21st minute of the game, but from then onwards Nottingham began to take part in the match.

After a rousing lecture at half-time by captain Stanyard, Nottingham took more control of the game in the second half, and were very unlucky not to score from the five short corners they won. A substitution was made twenty minutes into the second half, but Staigh was given very little to do.

Despite previous rumours about his ability, Dwarf Davidson did some reasonable destructive work on the right wing, as did Harvey on the opposition sticks as left inner. The evil Irishman, the delectable Sharman and Mr Opie had fair games, and were very well backed up by Bryant and Gill. Alderson did some fine work on the right, and surprisingly did not to take too many ankles with him. Lightning Adamson managed to spark our attack although he lacked support on many occasions. Goalie Fenn had very little to do.

Men of the Match: Julie, Jane and Margaret (played very well in support).

P.S.: Loughborough University Hockey Club wish the man in the red Mini (Driver of the Year 1974) a very Happy Christmas and many more scooters in the New Year.

SOCCER 1st XI ROUND-UP

I AM happy to be able to report that in the last couple of weeks the 1st XI have remained unbeaten in their campaign for the Derbyshire Premier League title. The results have been 1-0 and 4-2 wins over Loughborough University and Nottingham Colleges respectively and a 4-4 draw with Burton Albion.

There is not much to say about the Loughborough games except that it was cold and miserable and the bandy-legged Chris Forster scored while, to the amazement of all the defence, managed not to concede a goal.

However, the match against Burton and Manchester United's current form display everything that it good in football. What with eight goals it's not surprising that the crowds are flashing back to Highfields. The lads, fresh from Cripps Hall Party and Derby Pyjama Party, swaggered on to the field with all the zest and enthusiasm of a morning after a night on the job. Before the team had even awakened we were 2-0 ahead both from unexpected sources. The Dribbler, still looking happier in the labs pushing back the frontiers of science, nodded one home while the debonair tony Scrivens knocked one in, standing miles offside.

At this moment the defence took it into their heads to insert a bit of excitement into the game and gave away two soft goals. But before half-time one of their defenders gave certain members of our side a lesson in finishing when he volleyed a fine drive in, unfortunately into his own net.

At the interval it was a frightening sight to see the centre half, who could be described as a subtle blend of Attila the Hun, Ghengis Khan and Jim Holton, being tossed raw meat instead of fresh oranges. He was the central figure of the second half, scything down everyone who came within forty yards of goal and it took a kamikaze effort by Scriv to extend our lead. Then after this gentle giant had been

shown the yellow card he got up to head a last-minute equaliser following more errors and a certain desire for self-preservation in our defence.

An interesting match though, in which we once again saw the University's answer to total football: "When in doubt give it to Scriv." In fact, Scriv was in fine form and if it wasn't for his preoccupation with the Irish problem and his inability to dribbel around the goalkeeper he might score now and then.

Man of the Match: Tony Scrivens.

Last Wednesday's contest with Nottingham Colleges was notable in that Dave Poole, who had just been picked for the England U.A.U. retired 'injured' before the match. Well, that's the problem, folks, of temperamental superstars who adopt George Best complexes. Little lustful Chris Forster scored a hat-trick and when asked about his return to form could only muster a wistful, romantic expression. It has been said that maybe Sunderland aren't the only love in his life but anyway I'll avoid nauseating you by describing his three goals except to say that I suppose they were not bad as 30-yard drives go.

Both Jey, Joffe and Glynn Murray made triumphant returns to the side, while newcomers Bob Thompson and Graham Aimson both impressed, Bob scoring a penalty and Rim volleying a cracker of a goal too. Parker had a nervous breakdown after the excitement of hitting the bar with an overhead kick and took himself off to enable Chris Deans to make his return to the big time.

Men of the Match: Christ Forster and Jey Joffe.

Squad: Bob Thompson, Ford Ennals, Richard Smiff, Ian Parker, Dave Porter, Dave Poole, Glynn Murray, Christ Forster, Tony Scrivens, Jey Joffe, Graham Rimiston, Ian Coldwell, Mick Wisell, Christ Deans.

Footnote: Sorry, Dave, only kidding. Congratulations on your selection. Ford Ennals

NOTTS COUNTY

Notts County v. Millwall
COUNTY went ahead after just 2 minutes when defender Bolton headed in from the first corner of the game. Millwall's equalised came 6 minutes later when County defender Richards, making his home debut, deflected a cross into his own net. Two minutes later Randall made it 2-1 to Notts. The superb form of Millwall goalkeeper King prevented Notts from further increasing their lead. Half-time: 2-1.

In the second half, Millwall

came more into the game but goalkeepers were on top. Richards cleared off the line as Millwall pressed for a late equaliser and then Notts had a goal disallowed. Final score: 2-1.

County's home record this term: player 5, won 4, drawn 1, goals for 15, against 6.

Jim Poll

Coming home games:
Saturday, December 14th:
Notts County v. Bristol Rovers.
Saturday, January 11th:
Notts County v. Blackpool.