PULSE

№ 2.

INNIT!



INSIDE –

Fulham's manager

Alec Stock

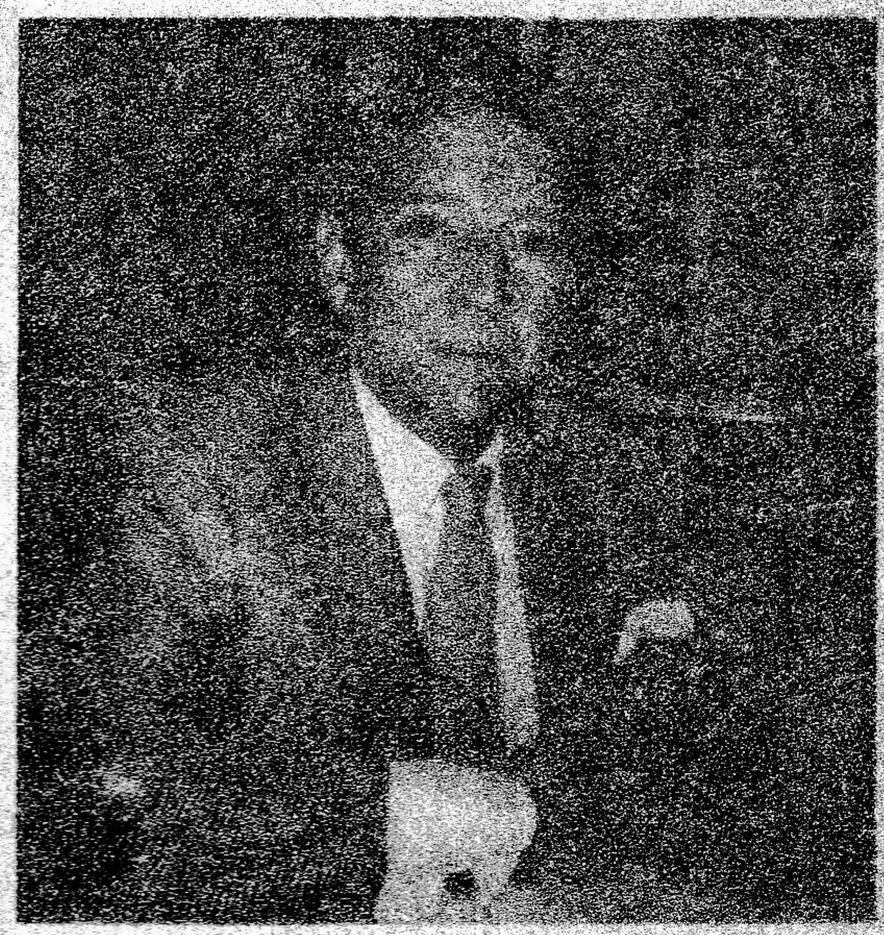
talks to Pulse

Price 2p.

ALEC STOCK

An Interview by G.Verby.

'...I would like to see more fun in the game...'



G.V. How long have you been in Professional football?

A.S. Well we are going back a bit now. I became a pro footballer in 1936, and then I started managing when I came out the army, let me think, well next week is my anniversary and I am in my 29th year.

G.V. Who were the first team you managed?

A.S. Well I came out of the army and I did not know what to do so I managed Yeovil Town in the Southern League.

G.V. They beat Sunderland.

A.S. Yes that's it, 25 years last Saturday, quite a while ago.

G.V. What has been your greatest personal achievement in football?

A.S. Well I suppose the best season I had was when I was at the Rangers - Queens Park Rangers - and the year we won promotion by 10 or 12 points and won the Football League Cup at the same time. That was an interesting season because one likes to do little things called historical things and that was an interesting season because one likes to do little things called historical things and that was the first time a Third Division side won at Wembley; and then of course the following year when we went straight through to the First Division, that also equalled history because that was done the first year I was at Charlton Athletic in 1936.

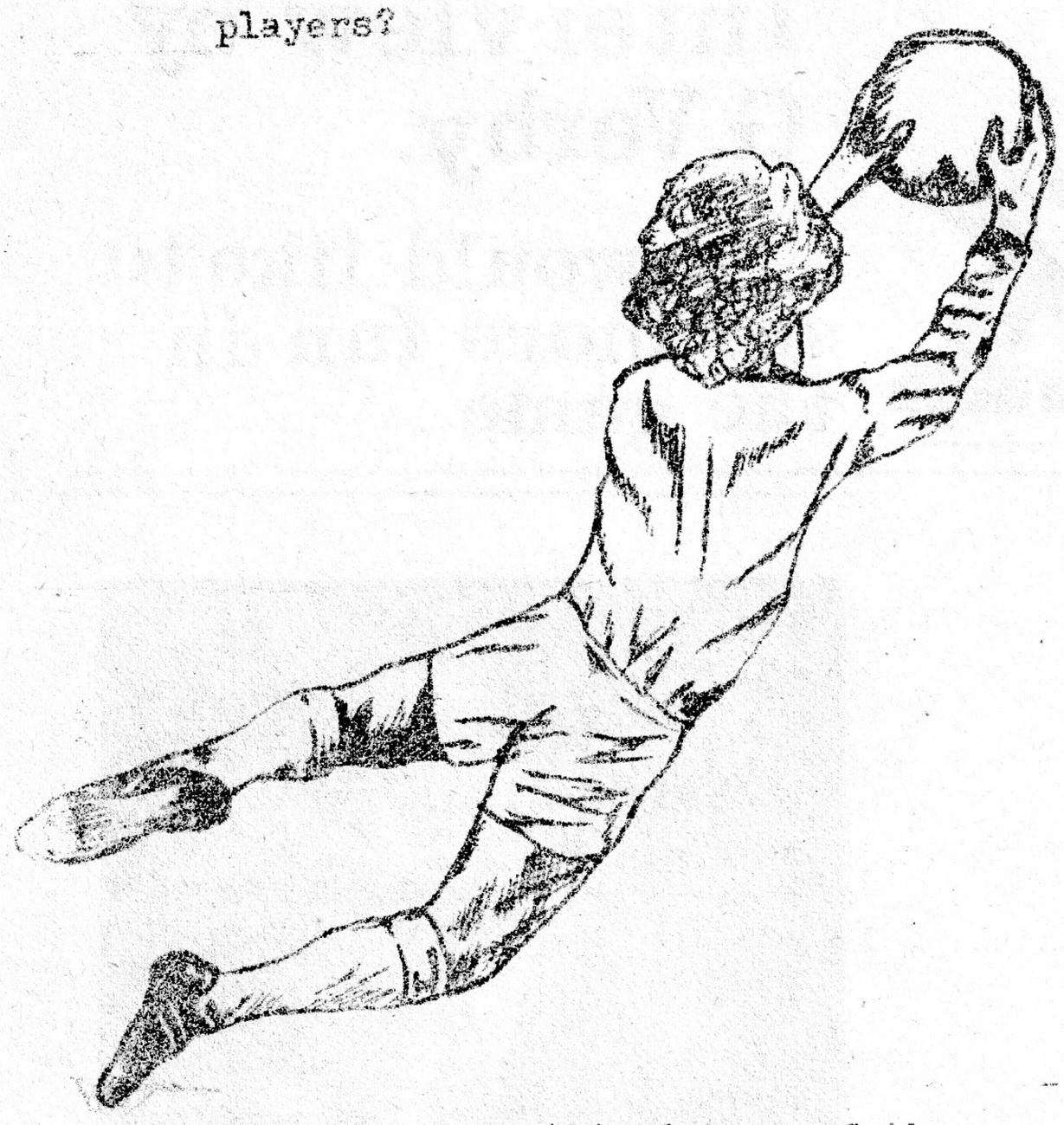
G.V. Do you think that this season coming Fulham will be strong enough to achieve promotion?

A.S. Well you can never tell, that's the aim all the time. That is what those two fellows next door - Ted Drake and Terry Medwin - are employed to do, their job is to look for players, which is of course extremely difficult these days.

G.V. Do you think the new riverside stand is, as some newspapers have labelled it, a white elephant?

A.S. You have got stupid people on the press as well as anywhere else, the stand was built two years ago costing £350,000, now if you tried to do it you can double that, so it might turn out to be the best investment that Fulham F.C. ever made.

G.V. Do you think having two successful first division clubs so near to Fulham is destrimental to the players?



A.S. Well of course this is one of the great problems, it has always been the same. What you have got is three first-class teams in the same area and there is therefore competition for spectators. I mean it is possible, but it has its problems, only a limited number of people watch football. That is what it's all about.

G.V. Do you encourage players to coach youngsters at local schools?

A.S. I think most of our players to this in the afternoon, probably 90%.

G.V. A question which I know is often put to you is, do you think that Fulham has been a little disloyal to her fans be selling some of the Club's stars like Steve Earle and Paul Went?

A.S. Well you know loyalty acts both ways. Last year we got third in Division Two, had a good win against Villa and we played to 9,000 people, so you see your job is to keep the club in existence. I mean, if 9,000 people were up here, the loss for the week £1500, so keep tossing up £1500's and you may have to sell someone, that is what it amounts to, no one likes selling players. It is a very difficult proposition, it is not as though you say 'well we will sell a player for a £100,000 and got £60,000 to go and spend on a new player.' That is not so, you sell for a reason - finance. I agree with you on what you say, everytime a player is sold one breaks faith with 'a' spectator. They do not like to say they gave Stevie Earle the bird of 6 years and the day you sold him they all said what a cracking player. If over a period, spectators get that much more difficult to get, you have got to balance the books, that is a terrible phrase to use, but you have got to keep the club in existence and how can that be done if the amount of customers that come do not equate the expenditure of the club by say here, £50,000 a year. Add up a few £50,000 say over a period of 3 or 4 years and then you decide that someone has got to go, and that has always been the way in football, but the selling of players is fatal, because as I say you break faith with your customers.

G.V. There has been some talk for years that neighbouring clubs should use the same ground, do you think there is any hope for that?

A.S. Well, who can think of a more stupid thing from a business point of view, having 3 stadiums so near one another and they are all trying to build bigger and better stadiums, spending vast sums of money. Take Chelsea and Fulham, why could there not be one wonderful stadium and clubs play on alternate Saturday's, that is the common sense.

G.V. When you are ready to sign a player do you go to watch him or do you take the advice of the Chief Scout?

A.S. You know we probe around, a lot of people see a lot of players and someone says this is the one and

A.S. then probably we all go and make the final decision, but that is naturally mine. Someone might say this one, and then we go to see, and invariably we have a difference of opinion.

G.V. What would you reply to the critics who say it is better to be a fairly successful second division side season after season, just perhaps missing promotion, but getting fairly good crowds of say 15,000 to 20,000, than a struggling first division club with continually falling attendances?

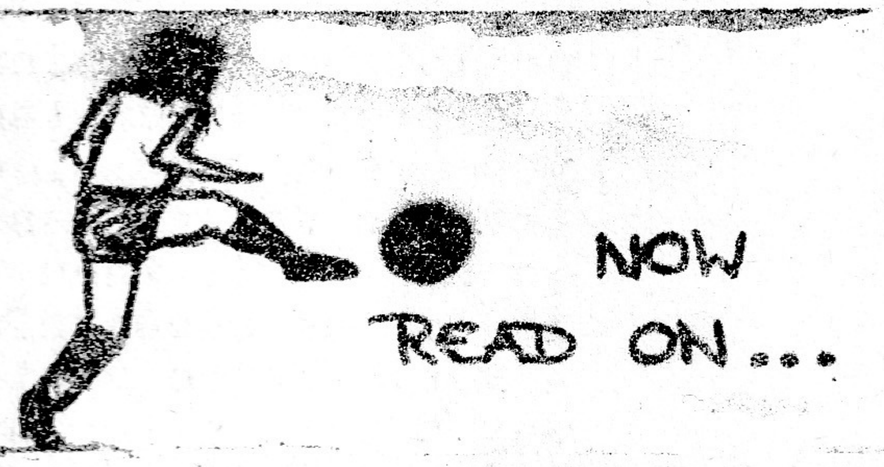
A.S. I do not think you are right there, I do not believe anybody has continually falling attendances and there is only one place to be and that is in the first division and quite frankly it is like all walks of life, the further you go the easier it gets.

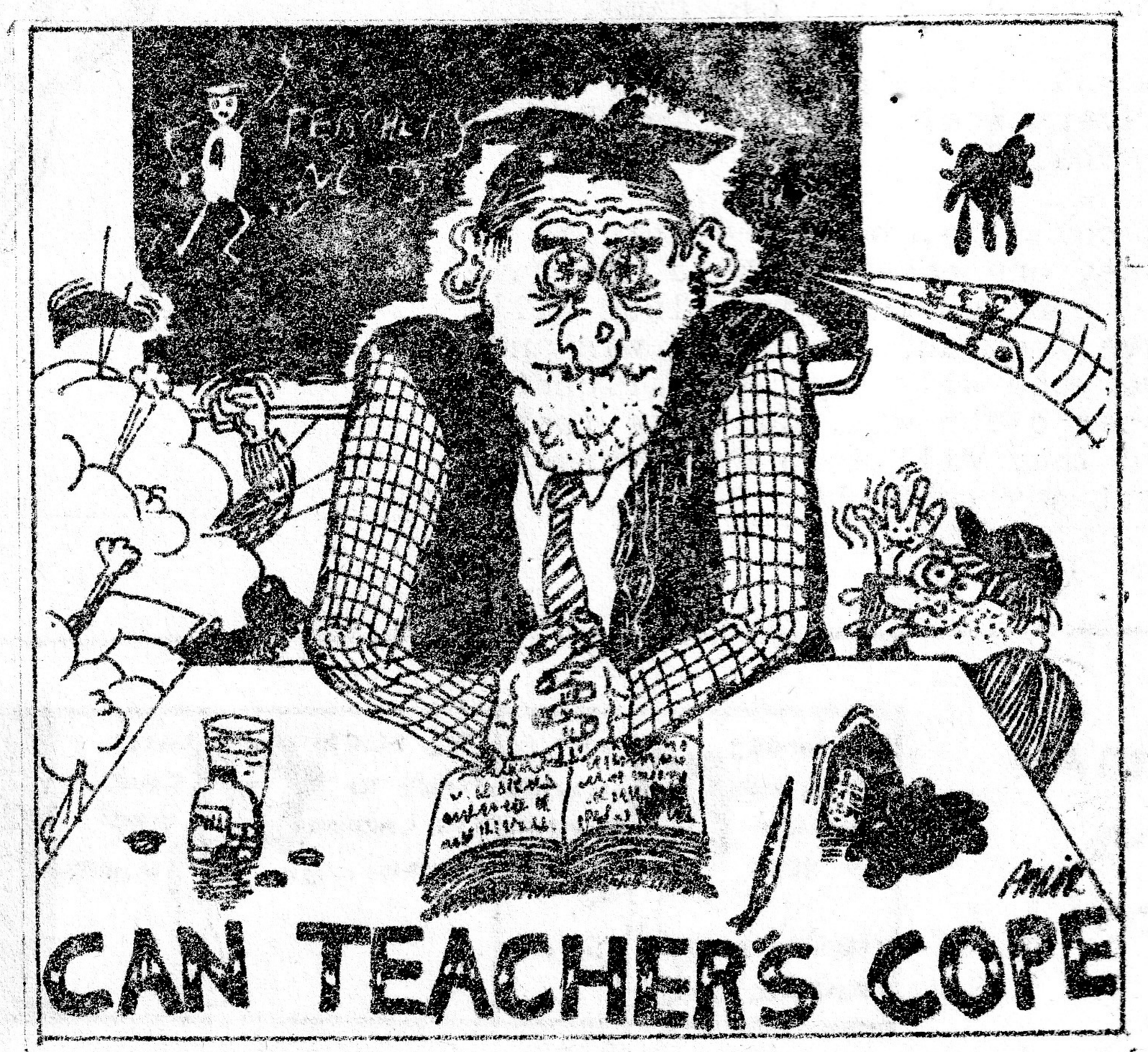
G.V. Would you say you are a believer in an attacking style of football to please the crowds or do you prefer a more cautious approach, winning perhaps 1 - 0.

A.S. If you look up your records you will find that defences win things, so you have got to start from a sound defence. But that does not mean you play defensively, however, if you can stick on the top of that a very virile looking forward line that can get goals, one has got the complete answer. But every record book you look at say matches were won on the basis of a sound defence.

G.V. In what ways do you think football worldwide needs reforming?

A.S. I think the most criminal thing about it is the money aspect. There are a lot of fears in football that never used to exist, there used to be a lot of fun but I do not see too many reforms quite honestly. We have got to get back to where we entertain people and you know the average spectator when he says entertain, he means that his side won, and sometimes the side that





wins are not entertaining, so it is a very illogical subject, you can dream up lots of dreams, but they all fall to the ground. Spectators have changed, they are not loyal people any longer, they float around and watch someone who is successful. So, there is a complexity of things. I would like to see a little fun back in the game again, that goes from the spectator to the player to the official, in fact right the way through football, where it was not a damn great crime to lose.

G.V. Where does that start from?

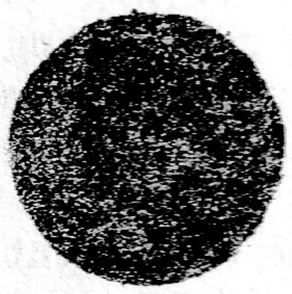
A.S. It starts with the media, I think, as a matter of fact. One of our greatest weaknesses in pro-football is the media. I have said this loud and clear on lots of occasions before. The press understand one thing, you are a good side if you win, this is not necessarily so. It is now 1974, when the spotlight is to the successful and it is a very fierce spotlight, so I say a little fun back in the game and a lot of recognition that the game is not a bad old game.

G.V. Do you think the import of foreign players would be good for English football?

A.S. It could be, but once this is done, one comes back to the same old conclusion, some clubs will have them and they will win and everyone will say, magnificent, other clubs will not have them and they will lose and everyone will say rubbish.

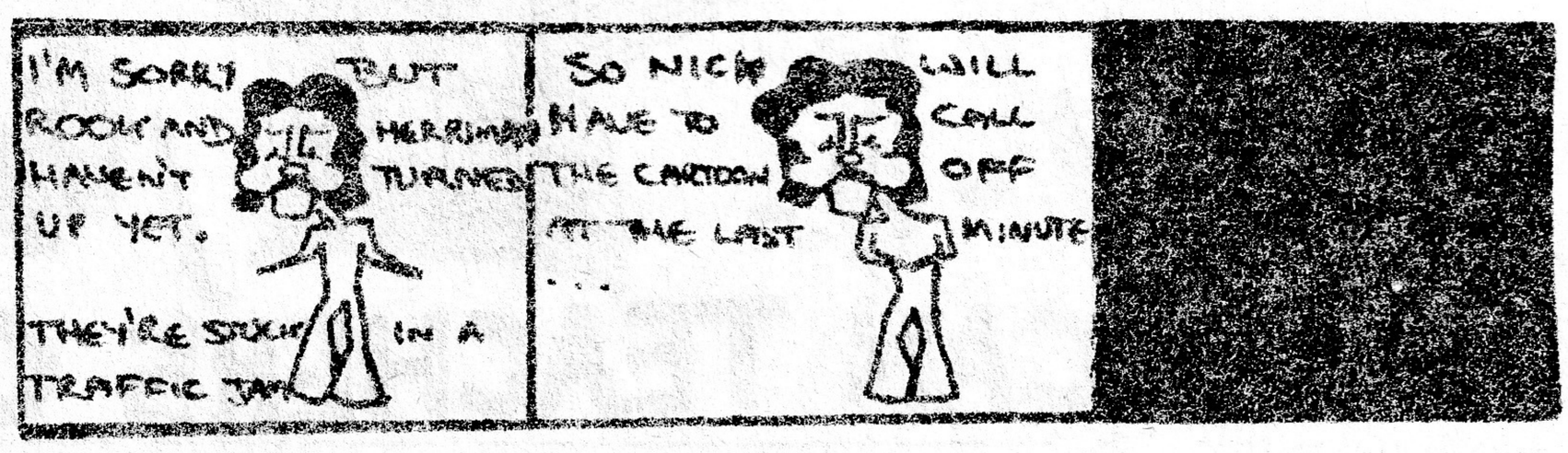
G.V. Therefore you would not specify any particular reforms?

A.S. All the things one thinks of, which are logical, break down in this game. You can think of marvellous ideas and have Pele and Uncle Tom Cobbly and all and one can still lose.





HERRIMAN AND ROOK.



The interview continued and among the interesting comments made by Mr. Stock were the following:- among past and present managers he admires Herbert Chapman of Arsenal and Huddersfield (look up your record books and see what he achieved), Bill Nicholson of Tottenham Hotspur, Sir Alf Ramsey (you must remember him), Don Revie and Bill Shankley.

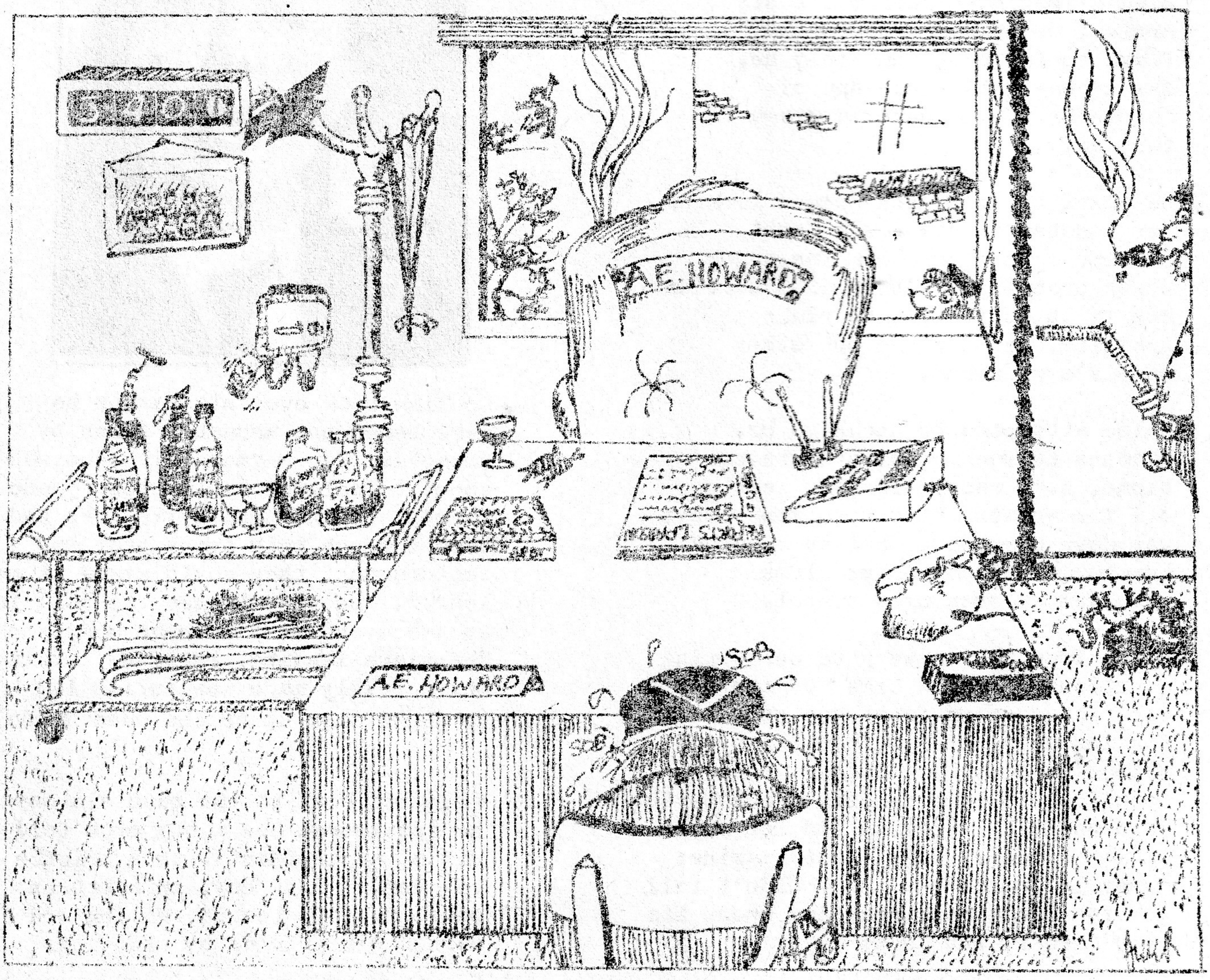
Mr. Stock felt that the British players who had had the greatest influence in world football were Tom Finney, Stanley Matthews and Bobby Charlton. His tips for the World Cup are Italy and West Germany, but keep a careful eye on the Communist countries.

To all you budding footballers Mr. Stock says, if you think you are good enough come down and we will give you a trial.

On our way out we were introduced to the Chairman and we naturally thought it was a joke, as we were shown a scruffy old man with an old cap on his head, but it really was the Chairman - Tommy Trinder, but he is a marvellous fellow really.

We would like to extend our gratitude to Fulham F.C. for granting us the interview and in particular thanks are due to Mr. Stock for putting up with us and answering questions which he no doubt has been asked hundreds of times.

Interview by Graham Verby.
Photograph by Edmund King.



Shock news – notorious teacher freed from Wandsworth

'Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never, I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.'

As everyone must know by now, Ted Bacchus left us at the end of last term.

He has been the Lower School Headmaster since 1956 when it was decided that he was "good with the little ones". He had previously been a French teacher since his arrival at this school in 1947 (days so far back that only he, Mr. Aubrey, Mr. Lince and of course Mr. Payne have survived to this day).

He plans to spend the summer looking for a house on the South Coast. In September he might look for a job which probably won't be in Education but if it is it will be plain teaching, not sorting out other people's problems.

Pulse attempted to speak to Mr. Bacchus between constant interruptions, e.g. second-formers letting off fire-hoses, kids screaming their way down corridors, not to mention the normal chaos and problems involved in running a school.

Apart from the answers to our boring questions he found time to give us some interesting facts and stories. For instance, did you know that our school used to be situated in the Technical College opposite Wandsworth Town Hall? It had an old ice-rink as its Assembly Hall (just imagine: Assembly on ice")! He wouldn't tell us (for censorship reasons) about his army career, but as he says:

"It wasn't my war, my guardian angel saved me up so I could fight the Comprehensive War."



Looking back over his career he remembered one assembly taken by ex-headmaster Raymond King who was about to deliver his customary end of term's speech. The sixth-form had been through this every year and decided that they could stand it no longer. So they bugged the hall loudspeakers and said through a microphone: "Martians landing, Martians landing" which really made the pupils laugh (or woke them up as the case maybe).

Thinking back to the good old days he remembered how a boy once told him of an incident with a science teacher. This boy, in a lesson once, saw the teacher coming and warned his friends by shouting:

"Look out the old b...ger's coming." The teacher heard this and clouted the boy saying (would you believe) "don't call me old". Also if boys didn't like a teacher they had certain ways of getting the message over. For instance, some old boys used to meet every Tuesday evening in their old geography teacher's room and they used to use his Rain Gauge for a purpose it had not quite been designed for!

We asked him about his feelings of the school, he said: "I know I'm an old man and old men always think days past were better than days present but you must have noticed changes here you'd rather not have had.

"This idiotic business of putting up the school leaving age and all these reluctant 15 year olds stomping about the place trying to take it to pieces. I'd sooner have it down. I'd say most boys could leave at 15, certainly some at 14 and a few at 13! You'd never sell that to the theorists though!"

"The tempo of life then (back in the old days) must have been gentle to a degree."

He told us of a letter he recently got from a parent. "The letter said: I am amazed that the state of discipline is such that boys should presume to tamper with fire-equipment." "I mean what does he think it is, a branch of the Civil Service or something? We're not allowed to tamper with boys so they think they're allowed to tamper with anything."

The conversation then turned to school-kids as he mentioned how they seem to be sophisticated much younger now. He said, I think in a regretful way:

"On Monday morning no boy tried to



make an April fool of me. They now grow out of it when they're eight I suppose."

I think he finds a sad part of his job is that he never meets any "normal boys" (as he puts it), its always the problems. I asked him why he'd stayed with the job so long if it was as bad as he portrays, to which he replied:

"Oh there are... there were some good points to the job. Mostly it was all the fun of running a school without some of the tedious things that headmasters in their own right have to do, which wouldn't attract me. Both Mr. Howard and Mr. King have always given me a perfectly free hand, though now we're less self-sufficient over here."

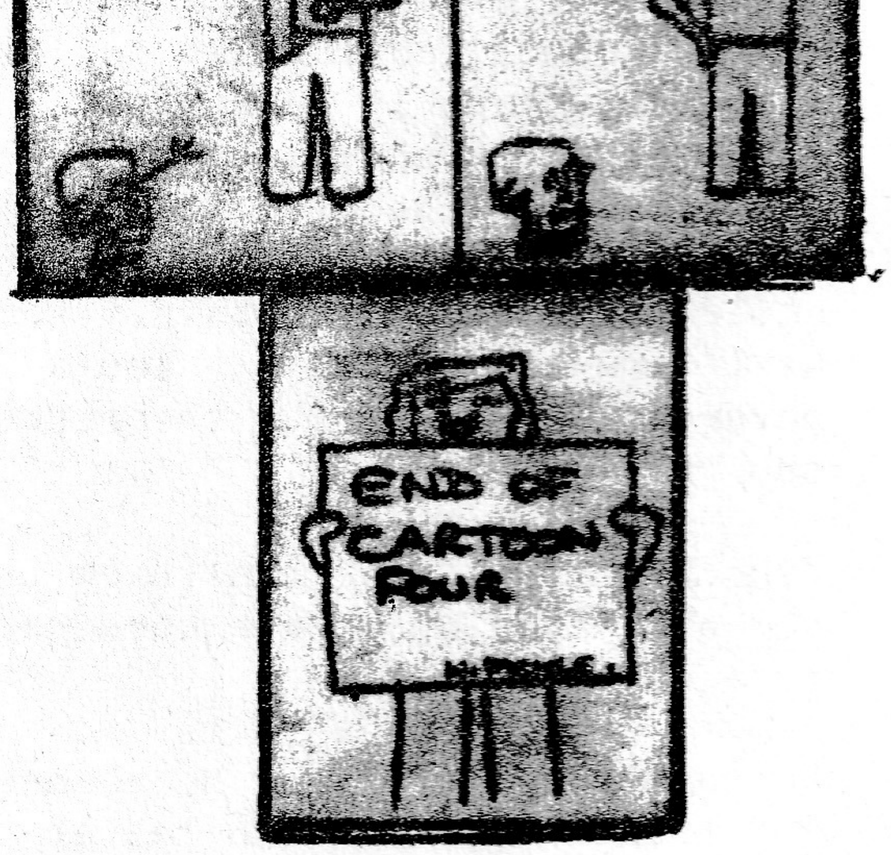
I gathered he didn't like the change in using the Lower School Hall as a snack bar instead of for proper meals, as he commented:

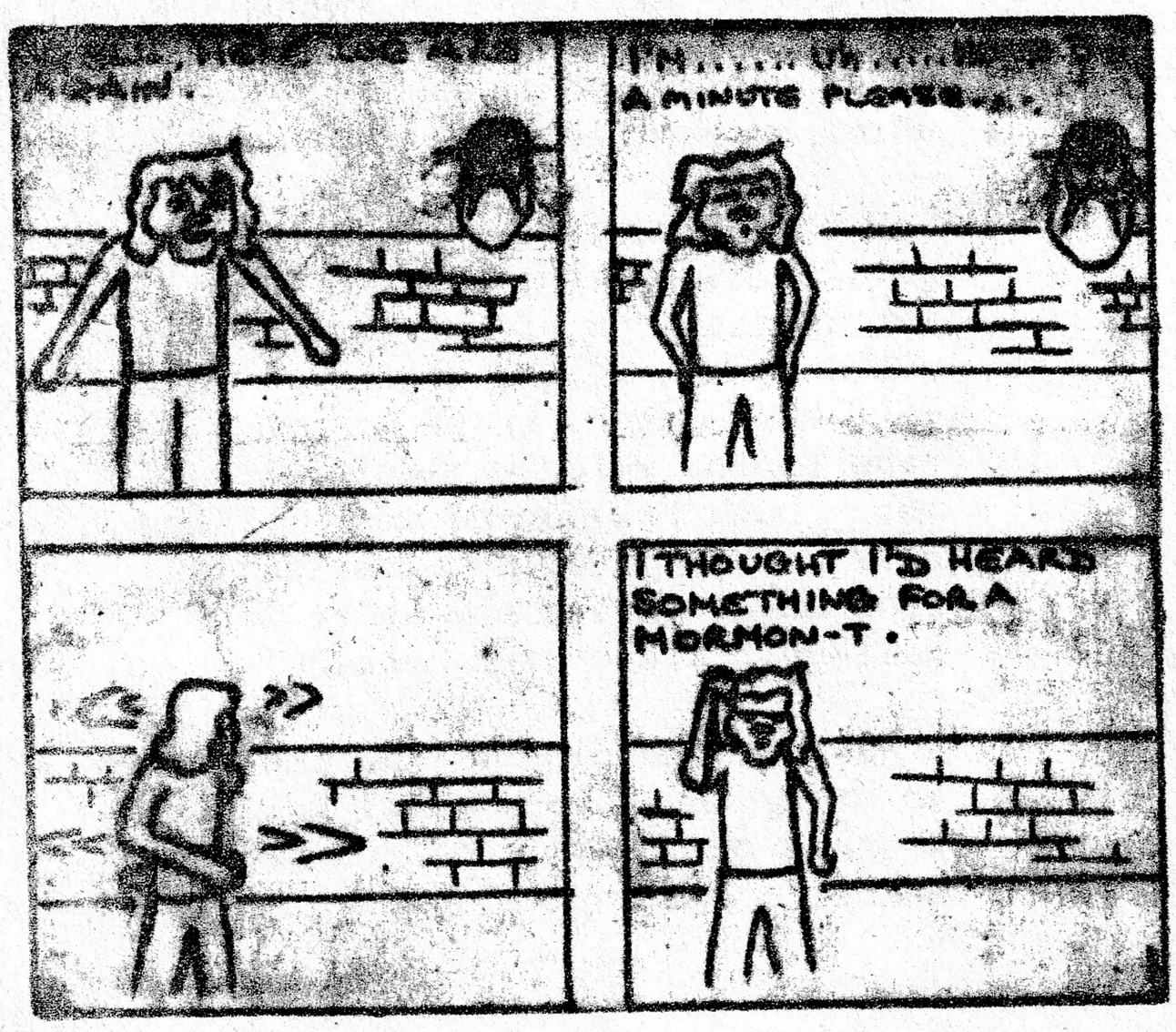
"It happened when I was in hospital in 1969, the only time I've been away, alas the deed was done."

We would have liked to hear his opinions on many things but unfortunately he wasn't in a complaining mood. Though he did say that he felt the formation of all these committees was going a bit too far. He said he's all for consultation but with all these committees it seems more time is spent talking than getting anything done.

In addition he felt the abolition of school uniform would only attract the "least ambitious boys" (i.e. whose standards are very low) to this school. However he went on to say that there are exceptions to this, even in this school at the moment.

As far as the sixth form he said: "I haven't had any real A level sixth-formers now as pupils for about twenty-four years, I'm sure they've changed a bit since then". The sixth formers may have changed quite a bit but he never seems to have done. He has always been that seemingly angry, burdened man who storms about the lower school in that unique way. Now that he has left one thing is certain: the Lower School will never be the same without him.





To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

A young Chilean friend has asked if I could find him a penfriend in England. He is 18, and in his final year at school before going on to University. Anyone who is interested in geography, politics or travel might find him an entertaining correspondent. Any reader who would like further information could see me in the maths. basement.

Miss Hawkes.
(Maths.Dept).

FROM OUR UGANDAN CORRESPONDENT

Dis heres de one an' only President Idi of Uganda, politishen, skolla, Hed o' de Nashnul Presbiterian Synogogue an' Poet Laureate, o' de Gents (wots really de hollow tree) in downtown Kampala.

I's been asked by de Misser Wilson, who is de noo Prime Minister in Britain in case you fought it was Peter Hain, to,write de innerlectual article lake wot I's bin accustemmed to doin' for de last Oppersition to read out in de House O' Commons.

I wanna begin by sayin' dat I's got de reel sorry feelins for de Misser Heef 'cos of de hefty boot up de jacksie 'e got from sum o' de electorate peoples wot'e mussa payed to vote an' den didn't vote for 'im. We's got a way roun' dat here in de Gateway to de Souf-aw hush ma mouf, I's getting' de swellin' head agin- I means dat in Uganda when we holds dem elections we's got de voters baa de short un' curlies 'cos mines de only name on de votin' slip!

An anudder ting, I didn't lake de way de removers chukked all de misser Heefs stuff out de nummer ten wivout sweepin' de pavement first an' hidin' de Watergate tapes wot 'e mussa 'ad somewheres 'cos de tricky Dicky Nixon is swearin' blind on de family Post Office Savin's Book dat 'e ain't got 'em.

But I's jus heerd dat de noo gumment's goin' to scrapp de Concorde.

As de successful holda o' de C.S.E. Grade fowa in de engineering an' de degree in rocket research wot I bought off dis guy in a bar for de two Ugandan Shillins, I reckons I's got de best qualifications in de street for tawkin' on de subgrject o' de Concorde scrap'eap.

Anyway, as I sees it de ole aircraft bilders as gotta find de way o' usin' up de aircraft widout offending de snivellin' frogs on de comminent. Dey orta join all de fuselages together to form de channel tunnel. Deys even



got de winnows to look outa at de fishes an de raw sewage. But bess o' all deres de cocktail bar every hunnerd yards an lots o' de seats to put de feet up on while yous walkin' de twenny miles or so unner de sea. But deres no point in de British Gumment sending de Princess Anne over to beg me to take her maws place 'cos I's got too much to do now like runnin' de gumment, not to mention cleanin' de cars in de parkin' lot an' delivrin' de milk every mornin'.

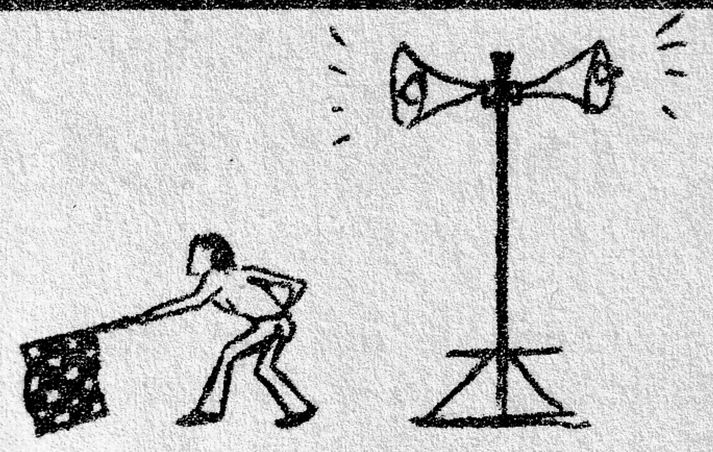
An' anyway, despite all de nasty fings de correspondents in Private Eye say 'bout me, I ain't got de hide so fick dat de bullets bounce off it an' I's no wish to have de winnscreen smashed on de Royal horsebox like wot de Princess an' de big grinnin' Mark Philips 'ad de over night.

I also want to menshun dat I's sorry 'bout de shootin' incident an dat I was really after de Jeremy Forpe. Hey hey, dy says dat I looks like de gorilla but dat bloke is de spittin' image o' de chimpanzee if EVER I saw one. An' wiv de ears stickin' outa de sides o' his head, from de back he looks like de Ugandan Army lorry wot some koolie lef' de doors open on.

Well I's gotta go now an' help de pilot overhaul de presidential biplane wiv de chooin' gum.

J.S.H.

SPEEDWAY REPORT.

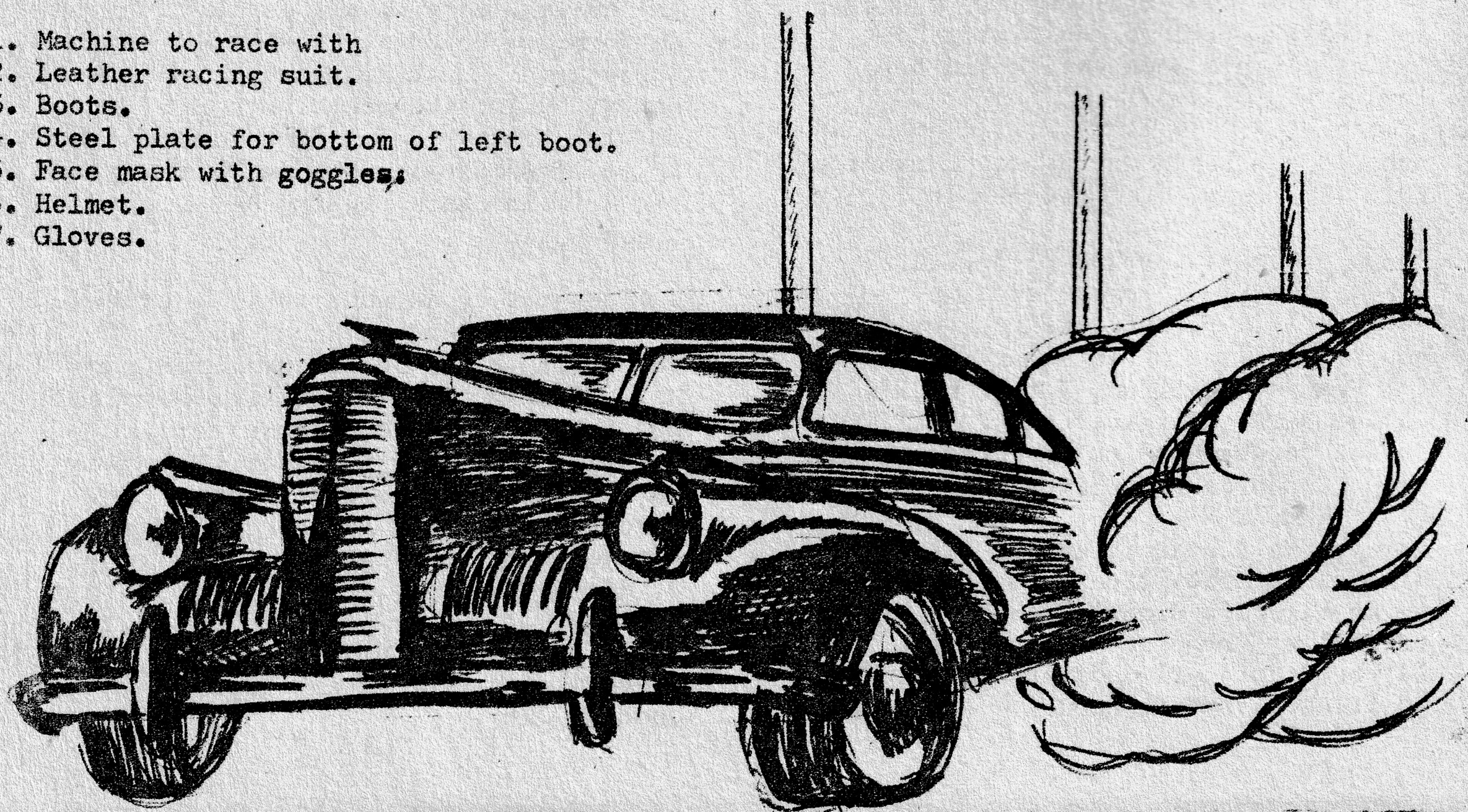


SPEEDWAY

Speedway was introduced to Great Britain by the Australians in 1928.
There were very few rules, and sometimes very serious accidents and even deaths occurred.
In the First Division each heat has two riders from each team and are decided over 13 races on a points basis. The Second Division is the same except it's over seven races.
There are seven riders in each team No.1 or 3 being the Captain because they are heat leaders.
In the league each team plays each other home and away twice.
Some people seem to think that there is nothing to speedway racing, but this is not so. You need skill, judgement and good throttle control. You don't just jump on a bike and start racing round like a mad man. You have got to be trained but before you start you have to have certain things.

1. Machine to race with
2. Leather racing suit.
3. Boots.
4. Steel plate for bottom of left boot.
5. Face mask with goggles.
6. Helmet.
7. Gloves.

The first type of machine was the Dint Track Douglas, driven by a 250cc engine. Nowadays the Jap with a 400cc engine, running on alcohol, drip fed for safety, is one of the most popular. This has a diamond frame for strength. The Jawa, another good bike with a 500cc engine and a $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallon fuel tank is also one of the best. The bikes have fixed gears, clutch and accecelera-tion but no brakes.
Today Speedway is the second largest non betting sport but many tracks are disappearing. You can help by coming to Speedway meetings in London. Wimbledon, Hackney and sometimes Wembley are still racing. The Wimbledon season starts Thursday, 21st March and every Thursday till October.



Rock Climbing



The date was 18th of November and it was a fine Sunday morning. We were meant te set off at 9.00am but Mr. Jordan and Co. did not come until 9.10am, tut, tut.....

We were all surprised that Neil's (tank) carmade it to school but it did. It also made it to Harrison's Rocks. When we finally arrived the first climb was quite hard and was called Root Route because of the tree roots at the top. Starting off was the hardest part of the climb. The next climb was called Dark Chimney. This was the easiest climb and Mark Andrews did it without the rope.

The next climb was called "I don't know off hand" said Neil. This climb was very hard and only Tony Blake could climb it.

The next one was called Easy Clefts, we all climbed this one since it was quite easy. Whilst we were climbing a man fell from the top of Hell Wall and smashed his back on the rocks at the bottom. He was carted off in seconds (!) by an ambulance.

On the walk back to the car Paul Holbrook and Mark Andrews got lost and Steven Barnes and Steven Eyles had to find them.

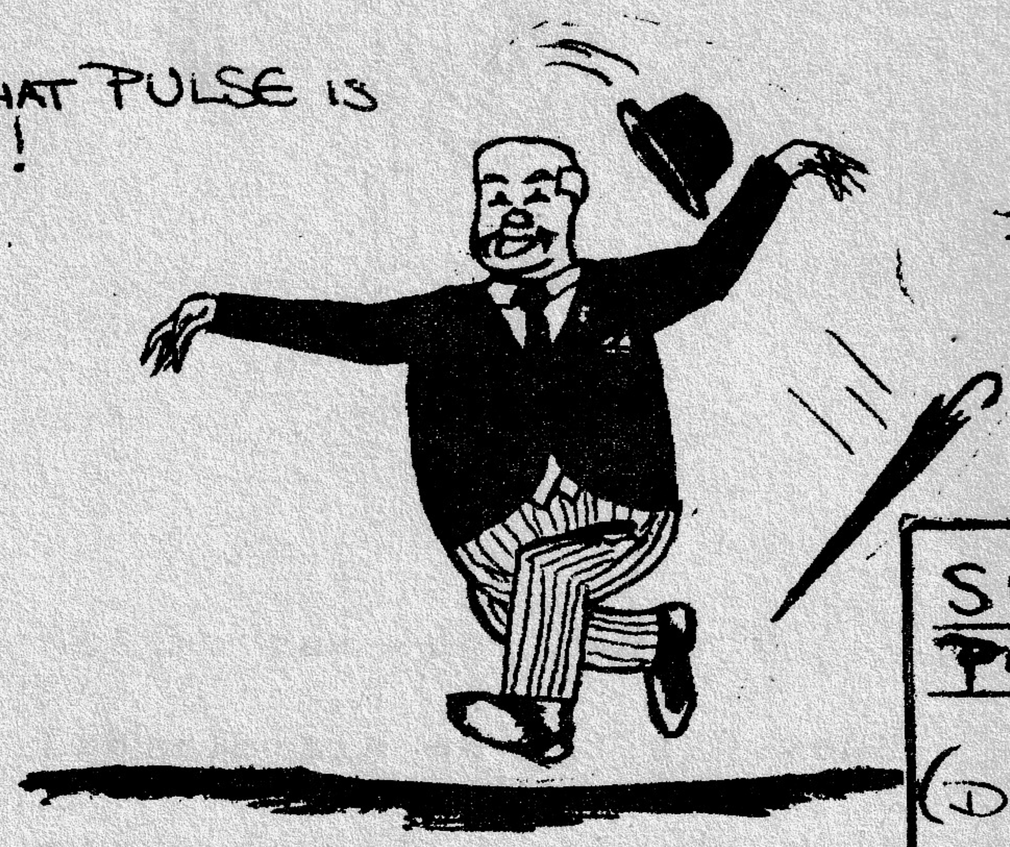
We popped into Terry's Cafe for climbers for a cuppa and rolls and a bash at the table football. Mr. Jordan and Tony Blake beat hell out of Mr.Sealby and Mark Andrews.

Then we hopped into the cars and the Whackey Races began.

MORE PLUGS FOR

PULSE

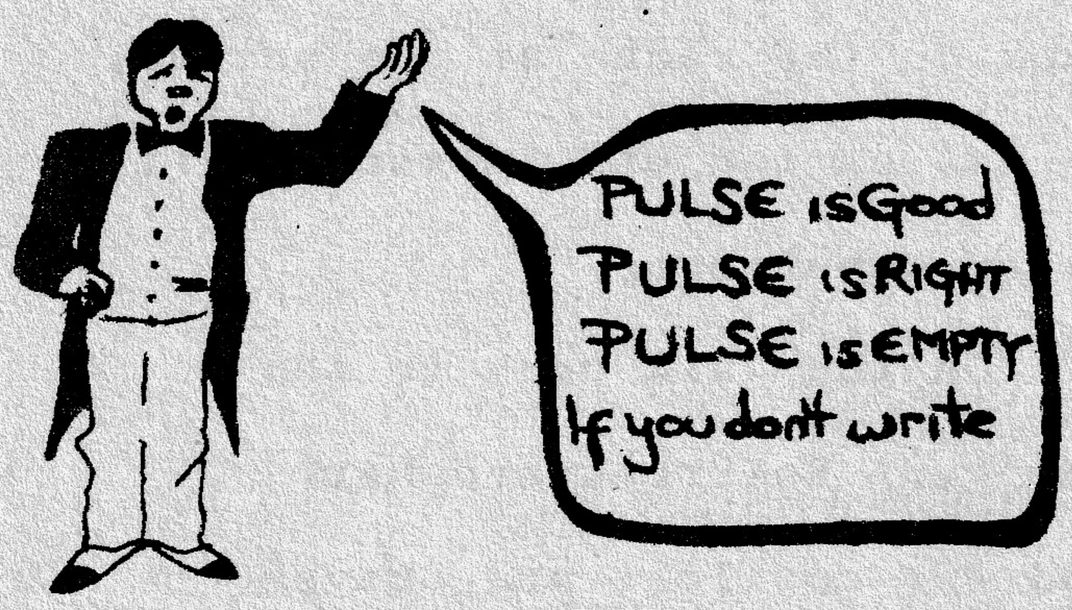
LIVING IS WHAT PULSE IS ALL ABOUT!



PLEASE CONTRIBUTE TO PULSE. IF YOU DON'T FILL IT HOW CAN IT BE YOUR PAPER?

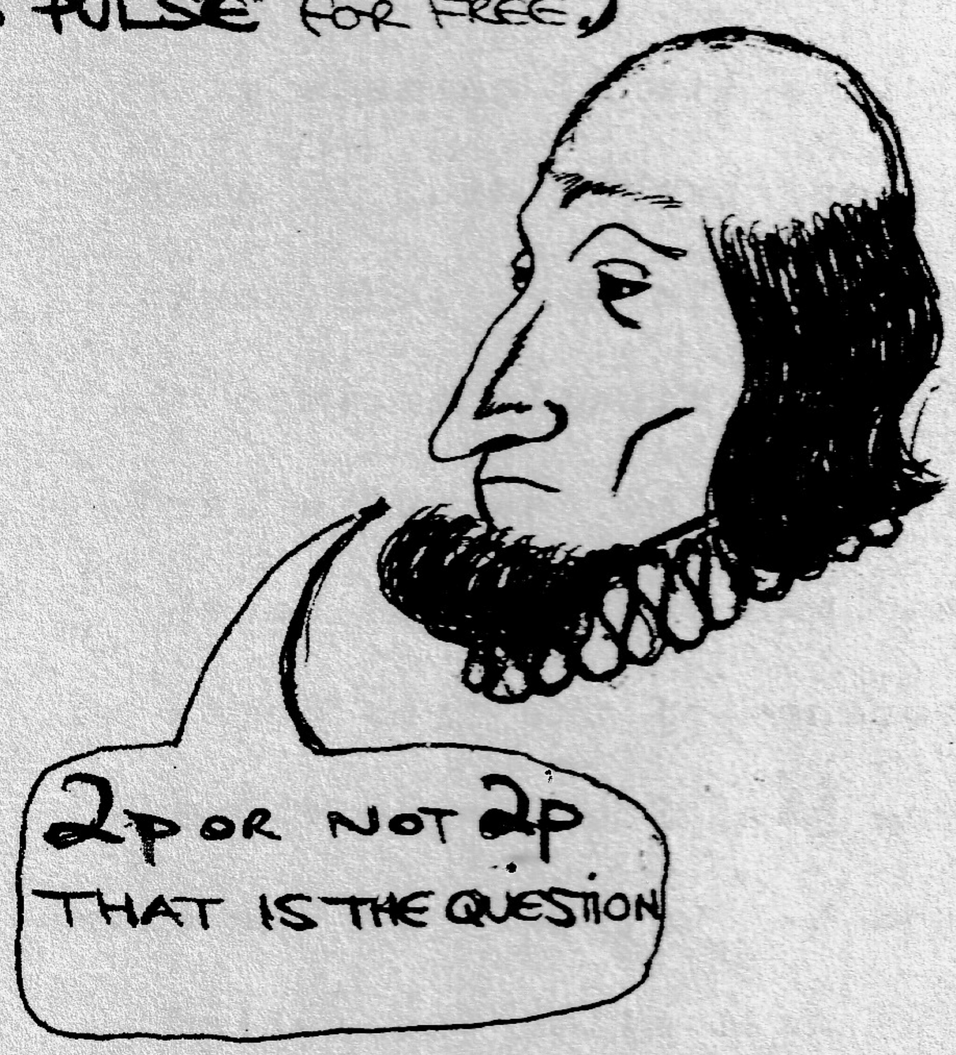
YOU KNOW IT MAKES SENSE!

AND NOW A MESSAGE FROM OUR POET-LAURIATE...



SHAKESPEARE CAN'T BELIEVE THAT PULSE ONLY COSTS 2P.

(DON'T FORGET THAT YOU CAN CONTRIBUTE TO PULSE FOR FREE)



YOU HAVEN'T LIVED TILL YOU'VE TRIED PULSE!

PLEASE CONTRIBUTE ***drawings*** (IN BLACK INK ON UNLINED PAPER) AND ***written pieces*** (IN CLEAR WRITING) TO THE "***pulse***" BOX IN ROOM 19 OR YOUR ENGLISH TEACHER.

THE STRIPPER

"Good grief!"
"What's the matter?"
"It's still standing."
"What?"
"The school."

Not many people have realised that Wandsworth, has a very nasty and personal problem, people never notice what's wrong because they see it every day they enter the buildings, perhaps some have nightmares. The problem is that, I'm sorry to say, the school is falling apart and it could quite possibly fall on you!

Have you noticed the cracks in the ceilings?

The broken furniture scattered about your feet?

No?

Well, it's there, in both the main and the lower school. Most of the walls are dirty, blank, dull and cracked. The paint that has been slopped on seems to have an aversion to the walls, it seems to peel away, baring all. Then, of course, those ceilings, covered in plaster repellent and cracking into ludicrous half grins. Surprisingly, the lower school seems to be sturdier than the main school, even though it's about as bright as a soggy sardine. The windows have survived rather well; only ten seem to be broken or have simply disappeared. Alas what's gained on a window frame is lost in the blackboard stakes, six are damaged beyond recovery.

Now, the saga of the disappearing desks and 'Kung Fued' furniture co-starring broken chairs and those sturdier-than-thou balsawood lockers. All have succombed to those unknown Kung Fu fiends. The worst problem, many feel, is the superb rainbow colours that burst like water-bombs all over the school, postbox red, dull green and brilliant puce (sorry white). The ghastly ILEA colour torture! Inspired by their obvious control of some paint factory in some long lost suburb. (Disregard that last sentence I've got the 11+ in a few weeks).



Action and paint is needed, Fast!

Does anyone know where to buy 4,000 gallons of tartan paint and some brushes?

"Young Wandsworthian".

FREAK-OUT

A WANDSWORTH SAGA

The Wandsworth School Pop Festival - or, the aftermath of the School Concert.

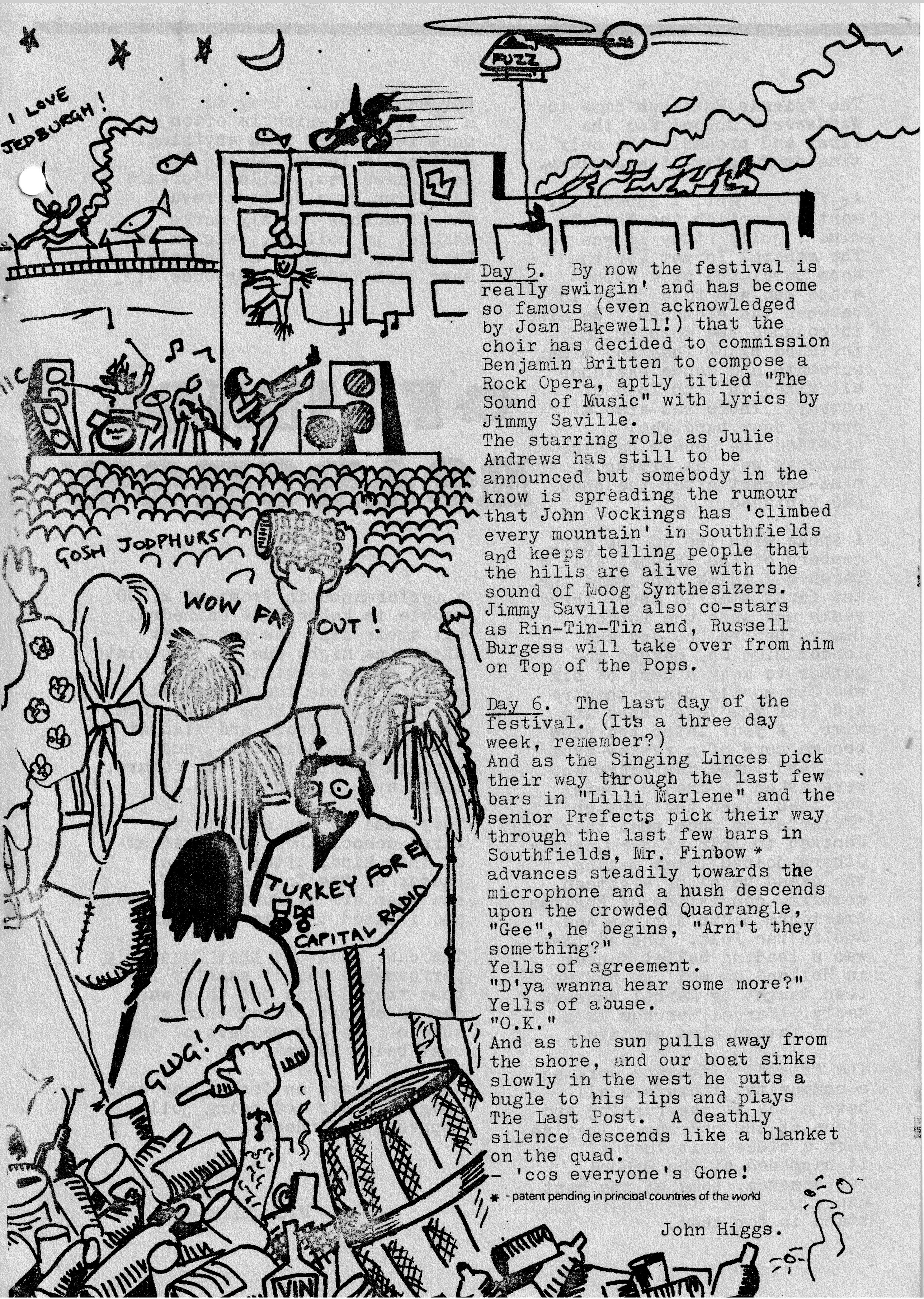
Now that winter is almost over lets skip Spring (No, it's not a Gay walk!) straight into Summer and the recently proposed (Now, in fact) Wandsworth School Pop Festival.
This mammoth excursion into the realms of tranquility is designed to last a fortnight - Nonstop - everyday from nine A.M till ten to four.
Here's a programme to give you some idea of the various styles of music so you can decide when to bring rotten fruit and when to bring charges.

Day 1. For those of you on an Arts Course this numeral signifies the start of the wildest, most rip-roaring Phantasmigorical event since Peter Hill did his impersonation of Mick Jagger last year.
(Incidentally, Pete cannot repeat this outstanding performance because he dislocated both hip joints last time. Anyway, he'd only hired the teeth and lips for a one night stand and now Mohammed Ali wants them back).
Instead the Headmaster will start the ball rolling with the theme from 'A Clockwork Orange' played on a couple of octaves worth of beer bottles purloined from the Sixth form Common Room.

Day 2. You may have heard the rumour that David Bowie is coming out of retirement especially to do a live show for us. Well. Every.....Word.....is..... RUBBISH!
Instead we've got Faz Dar and his singing camel.
Let's have a big hand for Mr. Dar - and a bag of oats for the camel.

Day 3. Now the real acts are beginning to appear: Strippers, Junkies, lost children and a somewhat confused Mr. Hollis - newly returned from his escapology trick in the Main School Hall (see Keith Ryan's send-up in last year's Link). Rapping his knuckles on the domile Hells Angels' Nazi helmets and demanding to know why they are not in school uniform.

Day 4. No Concert.
The one and only Idi 'Stardust' Ahmin has had to cancel his appearance because his steel band has metal fatigue.



Day 5. By now the festival is really swingin' and has become so famous (even acknowledged by Joan Bakewell!) that the choir has decided to commission Benjamin Britten to compose a Rock Opera, aptly titled "The Sound of Music" with lyrics by Jimmy Saville.
The starring role as Julie Andrews has still to be announced but somebody in the know is spreading the rumour that John Vockings has 'climbed every mountain' in Southfields and keeps telling people that the hills are alive with the sound of Moog Synthesizers.
Jimmy Saville also co-stars as Rin-Tin-Tin and, Russell Burgess will take over from him on Top of the Pops.

Day 6. The last day of the festival. (It's a three day week, remember?)
And as the Singing Linces pick their way through the last few bars in "Lilli Marlene" and the senior Prefects pick their way through the last few bars in Southfields, Mr. Finbow * advances steadily towards the microphone and a hush descends upon the crowded Quadrangle,
"Gee", he begins, "Arn't they something?"
Yells of agreement.
"D'ya wanna hear some more?"
Yells of abuse.
"O.K."
And as the sun pulls away from the shore, and our boat sinks slowly in the west he puts a bugle to his lips and plays The Last Post. A deathly silence descends like a blanket on the quad.
- 'cos everyone's Gone!

* - patent pending in principal countries of the world

John Higgs.

FRIENDS ROADSHOW

The Friends Roadshow came to Wandsworth School for the first and probably the only time on Tuesday 15th January.

As for the act, I especially want to mention the "stool mime", jolly nifty it was too! The general format for the show consisted of a front-stage man who told jokes in between the sketches. He also introduced the acts which included Black Theatre, mime, acrobats and dance sketches all mixed in with lots of comedy. There was also a pretty neat band who provided the show's backing music as well as giving a mini-concert after the show had finished.

I spoke with two of the girl members of the troupe, Jill & Barbara I think, who said the act first started about three years ago when the London Black Theatre Co. and the London Mime Co. merged together to make a cast of six who did mostly Black theatre and (yes you've guessed it) mime. A year later the show became more of a review-type act, and three designers who were asked to create 'sets' for then liked the idea of 'Friends' so much that they decided to join it permanently. Others joined later making the grand total of eighteen members, consisting of English, American, South African and Australian folk. One of them was a leading ballet dancer in Holland as well as having been taught by Marcel Marceau, tasty. (Marcel Marceau is a world famous mime artiste).

The 'friends' live and work as a community, therefore all have a say in the running and ideas of the company. They're such a close unit that if, as it happened at the School performance, some of the cast can't make it, the others can stand in for them.

For small venues they do a small show which is often more improvised than anything. However in larger places they do a fixed set, called "Forward 74" which is a 2½ hour revue. The 'Roadshow' mainly works abroad, in Holland, Belgium and Paris for example, as there's more work there. They once did a performance in front of 2,000. people in Notre Dame Cathedral but their stay was cut short after one night due to complaints of it being sacriligious to perform inside the Cathedral! No matter, they hope to perform at Brixton Prison, and also at the Vienna-, Helsinki-, and Tunisia festivals in the future, maybe even a tour of U.S.A.

They came to our school, the first school they've played at of this kind, after Pauline Badder of the English Staff saw them at the Tunisia festival and invited them to play here.

The cast admitted that Tuesday's performance wasn't exactly the best they'd done but this was due to amongst other things, some of the key members of the cast being absent.

When they are on form I can well imagine their act being jolly impressive, indeed.

Nick Fickle.



MUSIC

by
Nick Fickle

Bonzo Dog Band

It is accurate to say that the Bonzos are the Monty Pythons of music (even though they started as an act well before Python's did). At first they were a vaudeville band but now they're a rock band with a difference, (sounds ominous)! In their songs they satirise anything from Rock music itself down to the "Sound off Music" (you know Eamon Andrews and the "Hills are alive").
Neil Innes and Viv Stonshall (whom you might have heard on Mike Oldfields "Tubular Bells") are the masterminds of the group, which has frequently split and reformed hence the title of one of their later albums "Let's make up and be friendly".
Apart from the two relatively sane singles "I'm the Urban Spaceman" and "Equestrian Statute" they've made several L.P's. These include "Tadpole", "Let's make up...", "Gorilla", "Urban Spaceman" and (would you believe) "The Doughnut in Granny's Greenhouse". Apart from the first two, all of these L.P's are on sale for around 90p. If you like variety in music (and Monty Python's) you should try and listen to a Bonzo Dog album.

"STRICTLY PERSONAL"
by
Capt. Beefheart

As anyone who has heard Beefheart will know, every album of his has a different style moving from his early "rough-Beefheart-unconventional blues" into the smooth sophisticated sound of his latest L.P.'s (which still contain the surrealism and complete originality of his earlier work).

Despite his progression in style I find this, his second album, a superb example of what Beefheart is all about. The guitar work of Alex. St. Claire and Jeff Cotton on "Ah feel like Ahcid" and "Son of mirror man - mere man" is probably the wierdest, most original you could ever hope to hear. Other members of his group are John French (Drums) and Herry Handley (Bass) plus, of course, the good captain himself: Don Van Vliet (vocals, mouth harp). Beefheart's voice (which must be the best in the world) along with the surrealist words really fit in well with this strange music they produce.

"Strictly Personal" came out in '68 on Liberty (label) which went bust, so the album was deleted, but now you can buy it new for just 90p. in the record shops.



BLUES GUITAR

This article is written for beginners of the guitar.
In this edition:

Playing in the Key of E.

Blues rhythm has a very definite pattern, it is the same pattern found in true rock and roll songs. (the very early rock and roll is good for hearing this pattern)

Although it is the same pattern, blues puts a lot more emphasis on the beat of the progression and is more often than not slower and a bit more subdued.

The chords used when playing blues in the key of E are: E, A and B.

Firstly before attempting the progression, try out the chords (if you have never played, or tried to play, a guitar before, the strings may hurt your finger tips until their skin gets a bit tougher.)

Just try changing from one chord to the other as cleanly and as quickly as you can, making the change smoothly, (also it is best to start off with a very simple strum to begin with so all your attention can be devoted to the chords).

The best way is to count out loud (or if you prefer in your head) a very slow timing i.e. 1, 2, 3, 4. 1, 2, 3, 4. etc.

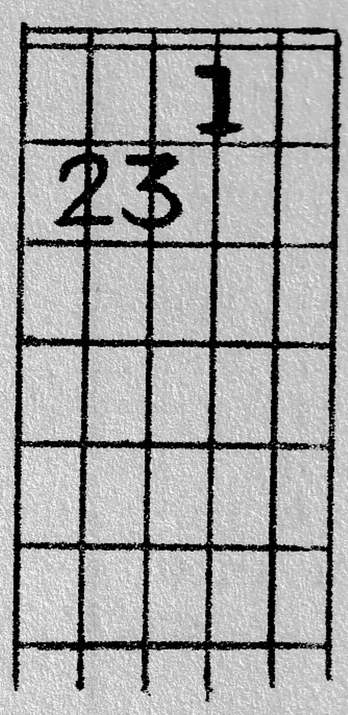
Starting on the E chord strum once for each beat and stay on this chord for 4 lots of 4 (1, 2, 3, 4) beats, then change to the A chord and stay on it.

Johnny B. Goode is a very clear example of a chord progression akin to blues; A for 2 lots of 4, then change back to the E chord for 2 lots of 4. Then go to the B chord (or B7, whichever you find easier) for 4 beats, then the A chord for 4 beats and back to the E chord for the final 4 beats + 1 extra beat to end it.

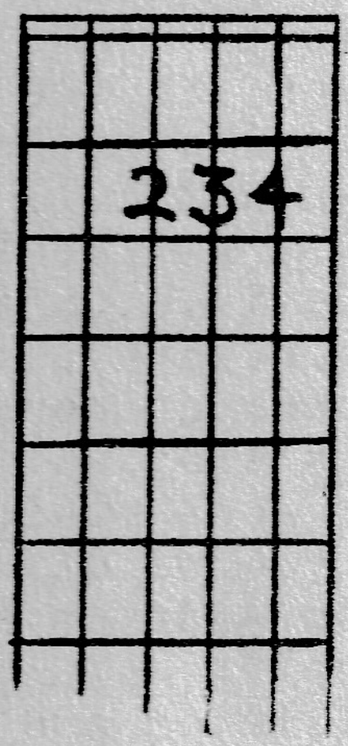
No more space in the edition to go into it in any more depth, so in the next issue, I'll cover some strumming techniques and variations of the chords used in the key of E which make it sound more interesting.

Meanwhile keep practicing these chords.

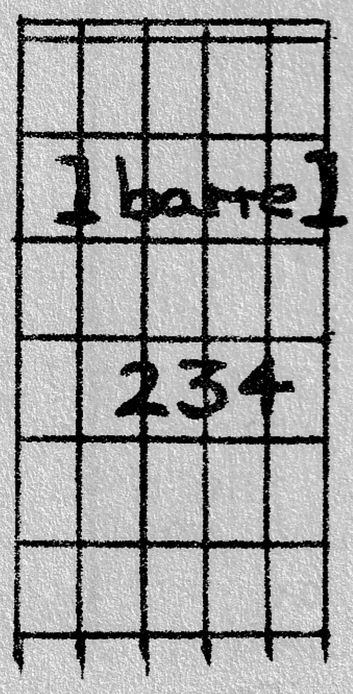
E CHORD



A CHORD



B CHORD

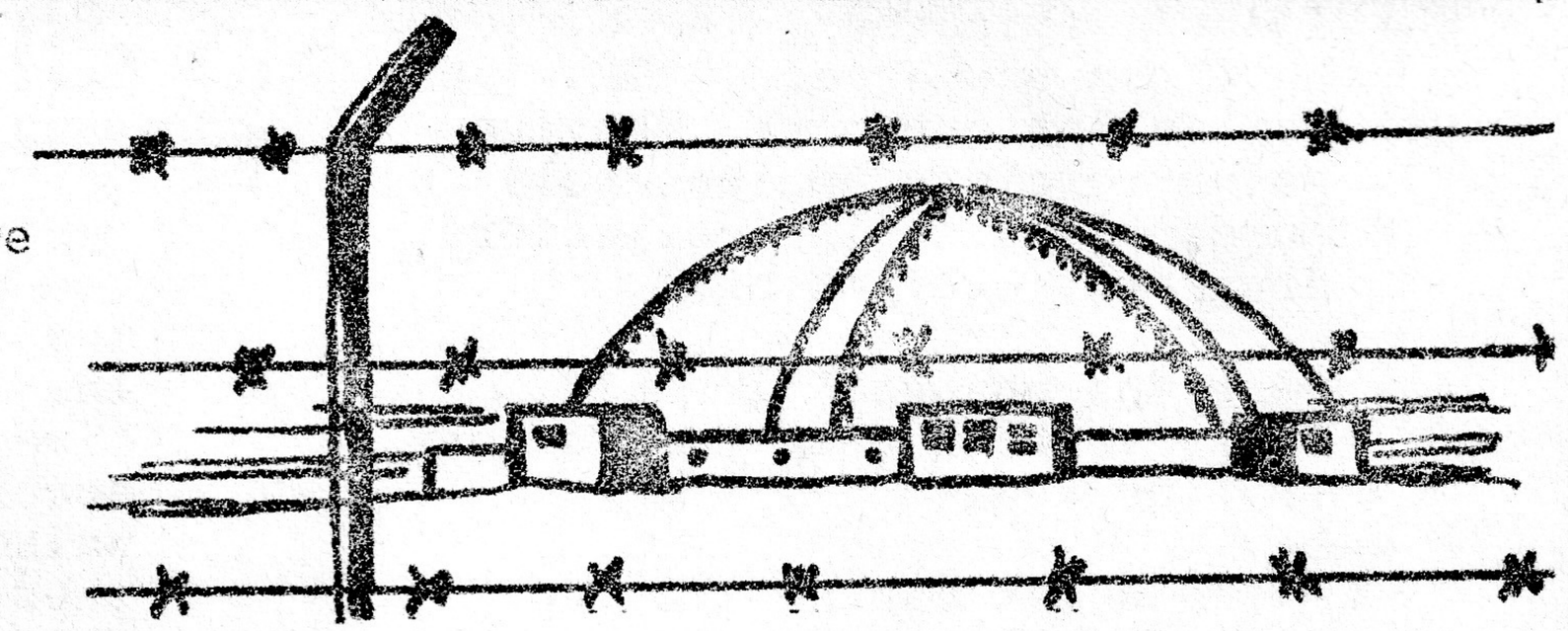


(The numbers correspond to your fingers, i.e.

*
1= index finger
2= middle finger
3= third finger
4= little finger

Barre= pressing one finger over more than just one string.)

MICELLE.



The men pulled out their weapons, one a length of chain, the man in the centre a bottle of black acid, the third and last a length of piping. They advanced menacingly into the lamp-light. I put on a pair of shades to protect my eyes. I had to deal with that acid-man. I sprang into the attack and swung my blackjack, looping to his jaw. A crunch of bone and spurt of blood. The two others began to circle like vultures trying to find an opening. My defence held firm, my blackjack swished towards another bare head, it struck, a groan then silence. The last turned and ran leaving his two battered comrades to die or recover. I continued on my way.

The 'Ace Centre' loomed like a giant in the darkness. I went in after handing my black-jack to the door bouncer. I sat at the usual table, none of the brood were there, I began to chew some blacknuts I waited.

Blackgin came in. He looked pale. "Where have you been?" I asked.

"The others", he gasped, "they've been busted. Busted by the white hairs".

"What do you mean?"

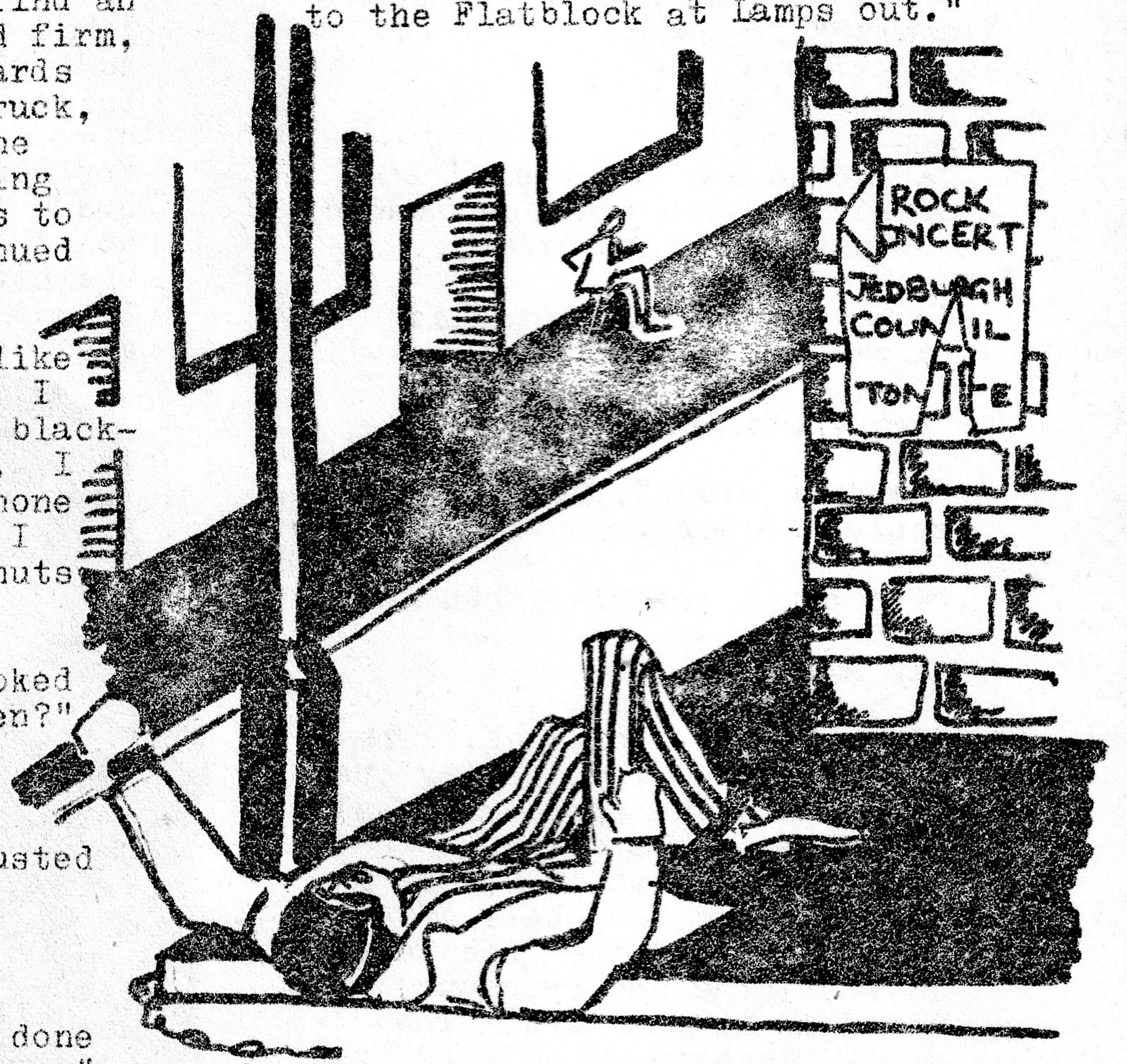
"The Bus depot, they got done for it, they'll be put down."

"What's put down?"

"A new law, got passed as soon as the Brood got nicked. I think it means they'll be suffoed."

"Killed? Does that include us?"

Blackgin nodded. "Yes. They're really hot for us. They've got the flatblocks covered. It's you they want most of all. They're waiting for you to go to the Flatblock at Lamps out."



"Thanks for the warning", I said, "I don't think I'll be going back there in a hurry, no matter, it'll blow over in a week."

Blackgin shook his head, "No, I don't think so. The Narco's have got new orders. They've got to nab anything. They're going to clean up the whole Bura; Pimps, thigh collectors, druggers, everything."

"Why the change?" I asked, "They've been easy for so long. Why the heat?"

"It's a new man at the top."

"He sounds a right bazzie." We both laughed "Yeh", grinned Blackgin.

"I suppose we shouldn't meet again?"

Blackgin nodded.

"A last drink together?" I asked and once again he nodded, I pressed the autodrink.

"Order", came the metallic voice.

"Two victories."

"None in stock", screeched the reply, "Order".

"Two black treacles then"

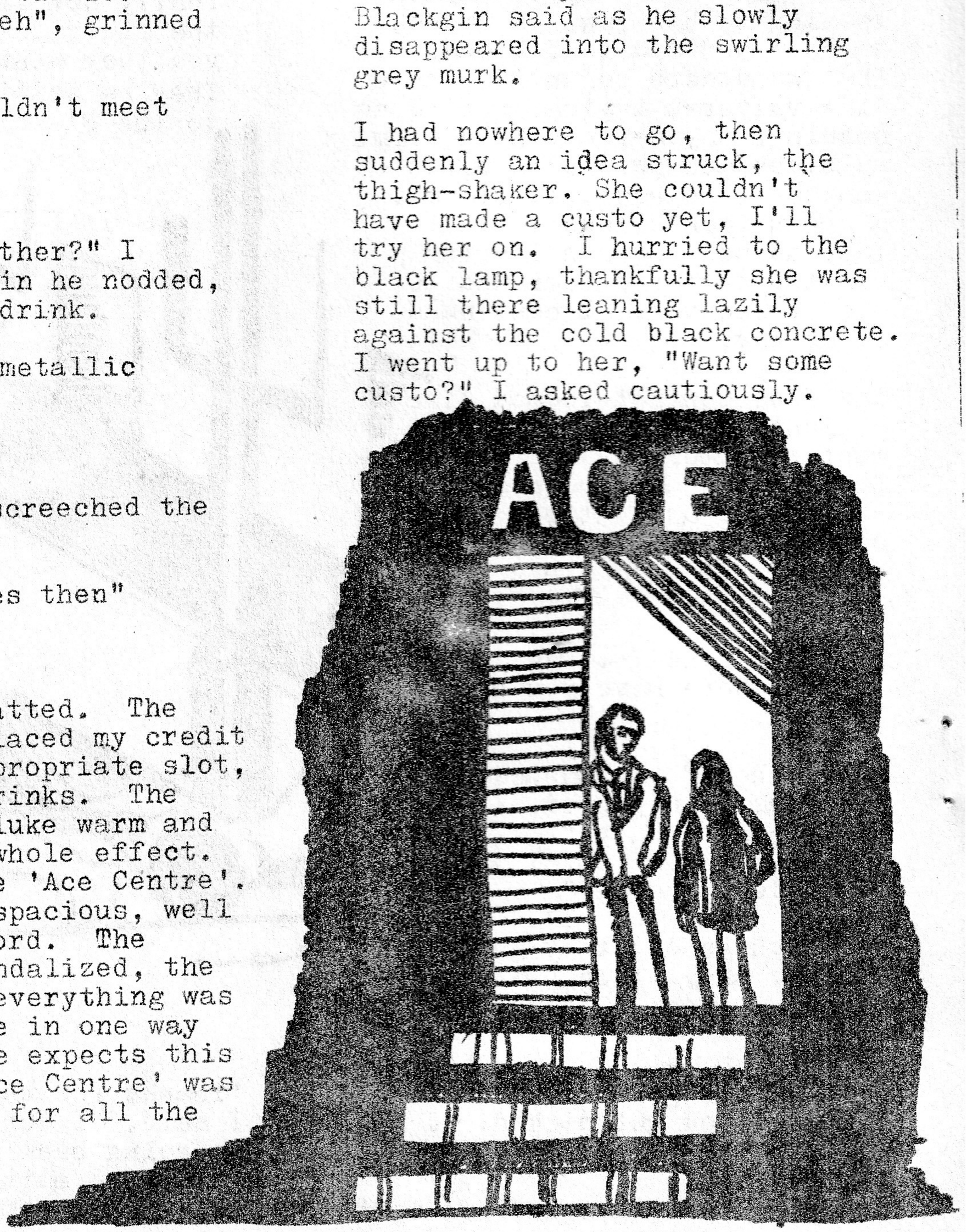
"In stock".

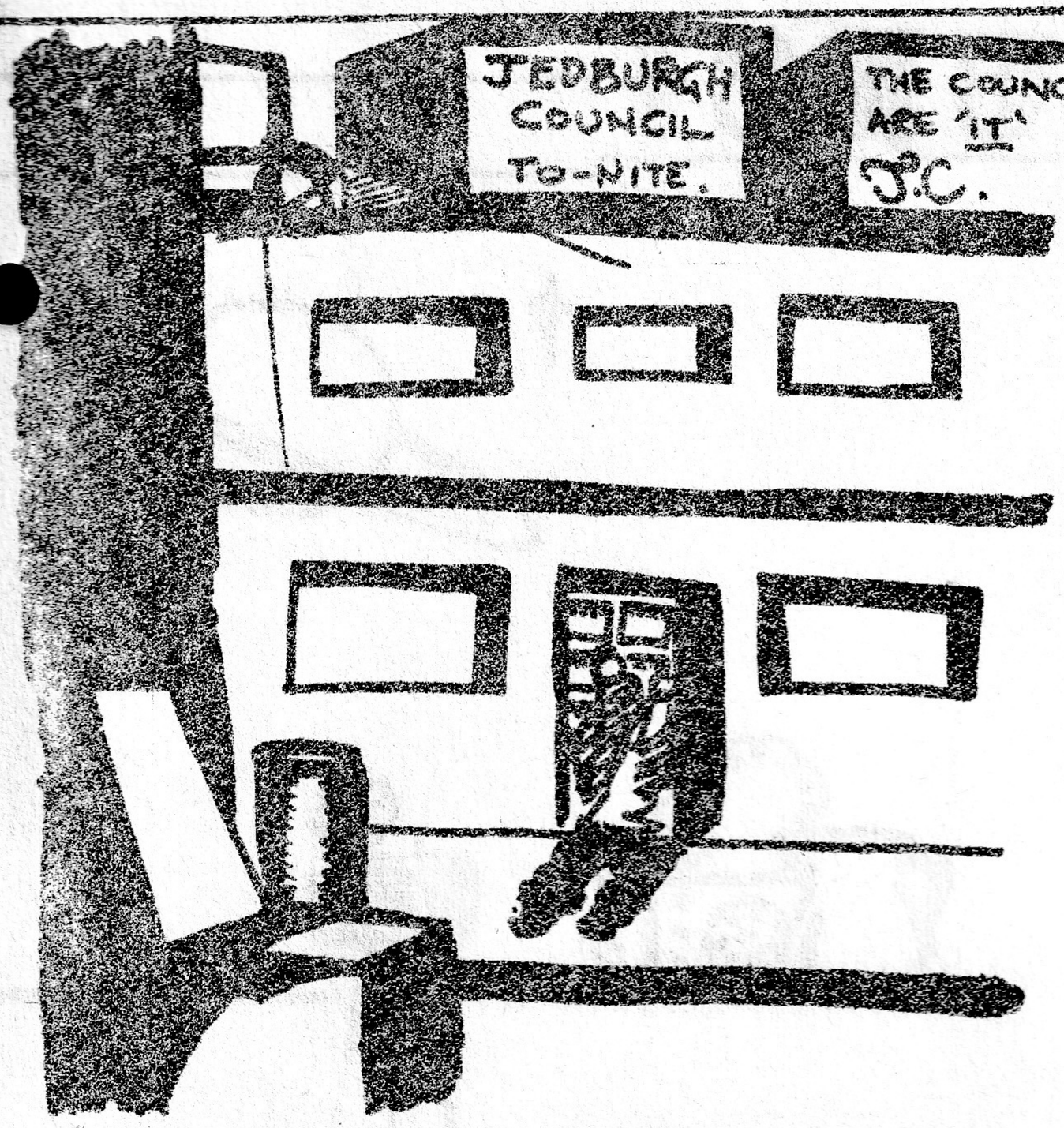
Blackgin and I chatted. The order arrived I placed my credit discs into the appropriate slot, we received the drinks. The drinks were both luke warm and that spoiled the whole effect. I gazed around the 'Ace Centre'. It was large and spacious, well lived in is the word. The seats slightly vandalized, the glasses chipped, everything was slightly defective in one way or another but one expects this nowadays. The 'Ace Centre' was the meeting place for all the Blackhairs.

We finished our drinks. "Best be off then", I said getting up, "You never know when the Narcos will raid.

Blckgin nodded and made for the exit, we picked up our weapons and walked out into the lampblow. It took some time for our eyes to become accustomed to the gloom. We walked a little way together then, "Well, see you around", we parted and went our different ways. "Sure", Blackgin said as he slowly disappeared into the swirling grey murk.

I had nowhere to go, then suddenly an idea struck, the thigh-shaker. She couldn't have made a custo yet, I'll try her on. I hurried to the black lamp, thankfully she was still there leaning lazily against the cold black concrete. I went up to her, "Want some custo?" I asked cautiously.





She smiled then nodded "Why not?" We linked arms. "Where to?" she asked, "Mine or yours?"

"Yours"

"Okay".

We walked along the dirty greasy paves then down a small alleyway. Surprisingly there seemed to be more light. Perhaps the drink was working overtime.

"Here we are", she said darting into a badly lit doorway."Thigh block III," she said. I looked into the building. She must be expensive. We walked up two flights of Durafoam stairs, that stuff seemed to magnify light.

We arrived at a flat. She opened the door and went in. I followed. A large bed was against the far wall, above it an even larger mirror. The floor was carpeted, wall to wall. Expensive indeed. A black plastic seat, large enough for two, had pride of place in the centre of the room. Dull lamps gleamed, she closed the door. "Take a seat", she said.

I sat on the plastic. "Before we begin", I said, "let's make something clear. I don't really want to bed you. It's not as if I don't want to but, "I continued apologetically, "things are turning nasty out in the Bura, the narcos are clamping down and I'm at the top of their lists. Do you know what I mean?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I need a place to sleep at lamps out. My Flatblock's being staked out", I said matter of factly.

"Don't you like me?"

"You look ultra-professional".

She looked deflated.

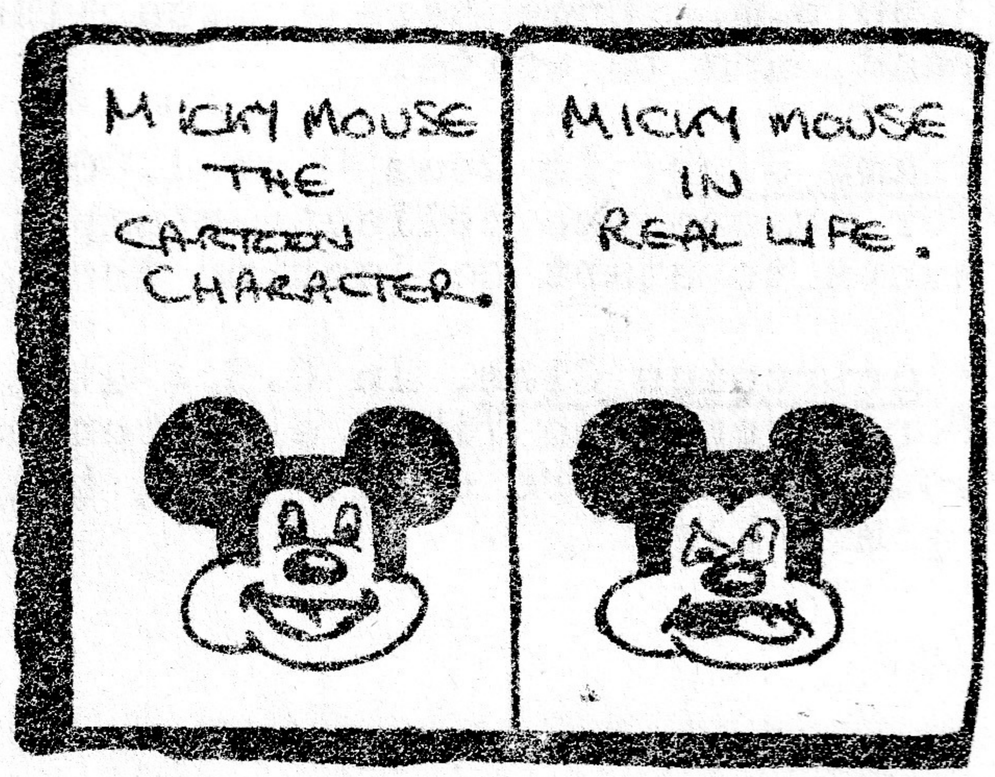
"I mean it as a compliment", I added quickly. "It's the narcos you see".

"Ah the Narcos", she said. It seemed as if everything slotted into place. "It's new man I suppose?"

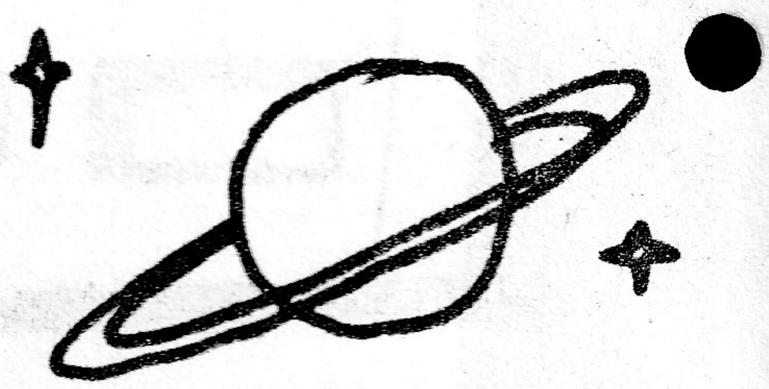
"Yes", I nodded.

(To be continued next issue).

Lee Br



CLUBS!



CLUBS

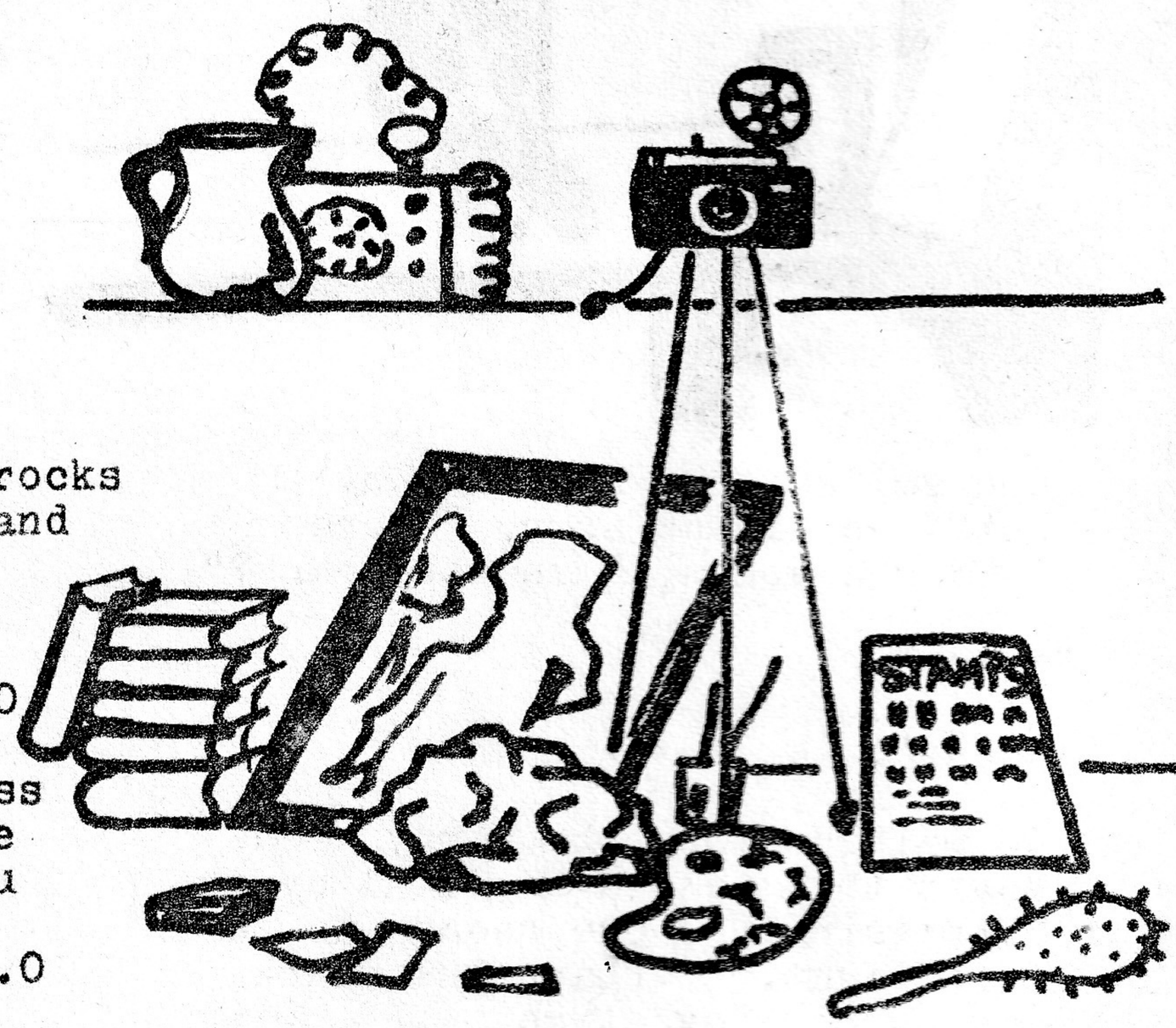
Not many people know how many clubs and societies there are in the school, so here is a complete list, in order through the week.

TUESDAY

Photography Club. In G.S.4 at 3.50 p.m. For anyone who wants to make films and take, develop and print still pictures. Their first film is just about to be released.

Geology Club. In Room 41 at 4.00 p.m. Here you can look at rocks mountains and many other things and go on trips to Museums and other places.

Art Club. In Art Room 5 from 1.00 to 1.30 p.m. For any painters who want more time to paint. Miss Thompson is there to organise the equipment, but not to teach - you have to look after yourself. It also happens on Wednesday from 1.0 to 1.30 p.m.



WEDNESDAY

Pottery Club. In the pottery room at 4.00 p.m. For anyone who wants to do pottery. It is run by Miss Wright.

Library Club. In the Library at 3.50 p.m. Come here if you like to read, and to write.

Stamp Club. In Room H at 1.00 p.m. For anyone who collects stamps, or wants to start collecting them.

Electronics Club. In G.S.4 at 4.00 For anyone who likes electronics you can do more of it here, helped by Mr. Elms.

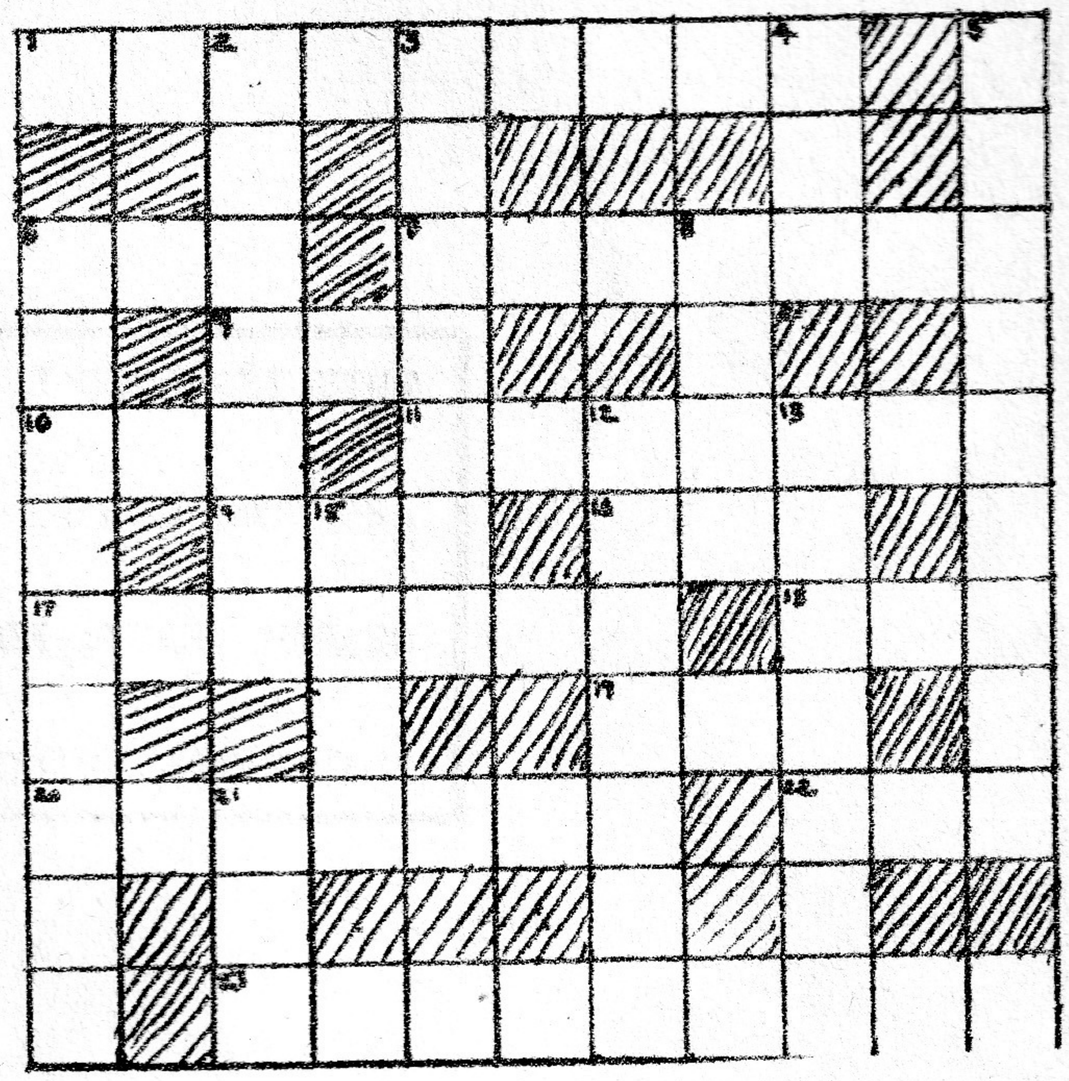
FRIDAY

Astronomy Club. Outside the Planetarium at 4.00 p.m. For 2nd years and up. Here you can see films, look at stars, and find out about the sun, the moon, the stars and many other things.

Bridge Club. In Room 23 at 4.00 p.m. For anyone who can play bridge or wants to learn how to.

Coming soon. Starting from the beginning of next term, you can play or learn to play the guitar, with Mr. Sheahan.

CROSSWORD



CRYPTIC CLUES

ACROSS

1. Experimental presentations before a critical audience. (9)
6. American brain bureau? (3)
7. As a stained, mucked up replacement. (7)
9. Found in a big underground armoury. (3)
10. Said to be alternative water propulsion. (3)
11. State of a political ban I approved (7)
14. Arab street name, we hear (3) (Apologies to John Clegg)
16. What we gather yearly for drink. (3)
17. After South Africa she is in the Holy Land (7)
18. Secure a draw (3)
19. Tom messed up the act (3)
20. Choice of a lolly for climbing (7)
22. A great deal of land? (3)
23. Poines lay around in the East Indies (9)

DOWN

2. Less accurate, though clearer drawing (7)
3. Its a meagre tune or nothing (4, 3)
4. Term applied to some of the sheep (3)
5. Divine guardian? (7)
6. Chinese version of a pale-axe (9)
8. A flat carrier (4)
12. The central wreck on a bank now has dry vegetation (7)
13. Lets ten become nasty plants (7)
15. Net quite ample light (4)
21. Especially useful to a former illusionist's stage trick.



EASY CLUES

ACROSS

1. Season of good will (9)
6. Lout (3)
7. Replies (7)
9. Prohibit (3)
10. One way to travel in the snow (3)
11. Varying extents (7)
14. Same as 10 across (3)
16. To total (3)
17. Substance which dissolves fat (7)
18. Ulster terrorists (3)
19. Allow (3)
20. Infectious illness (7)
22. Steam, water, --- (3)
23. Reverberation (9)

DOWN

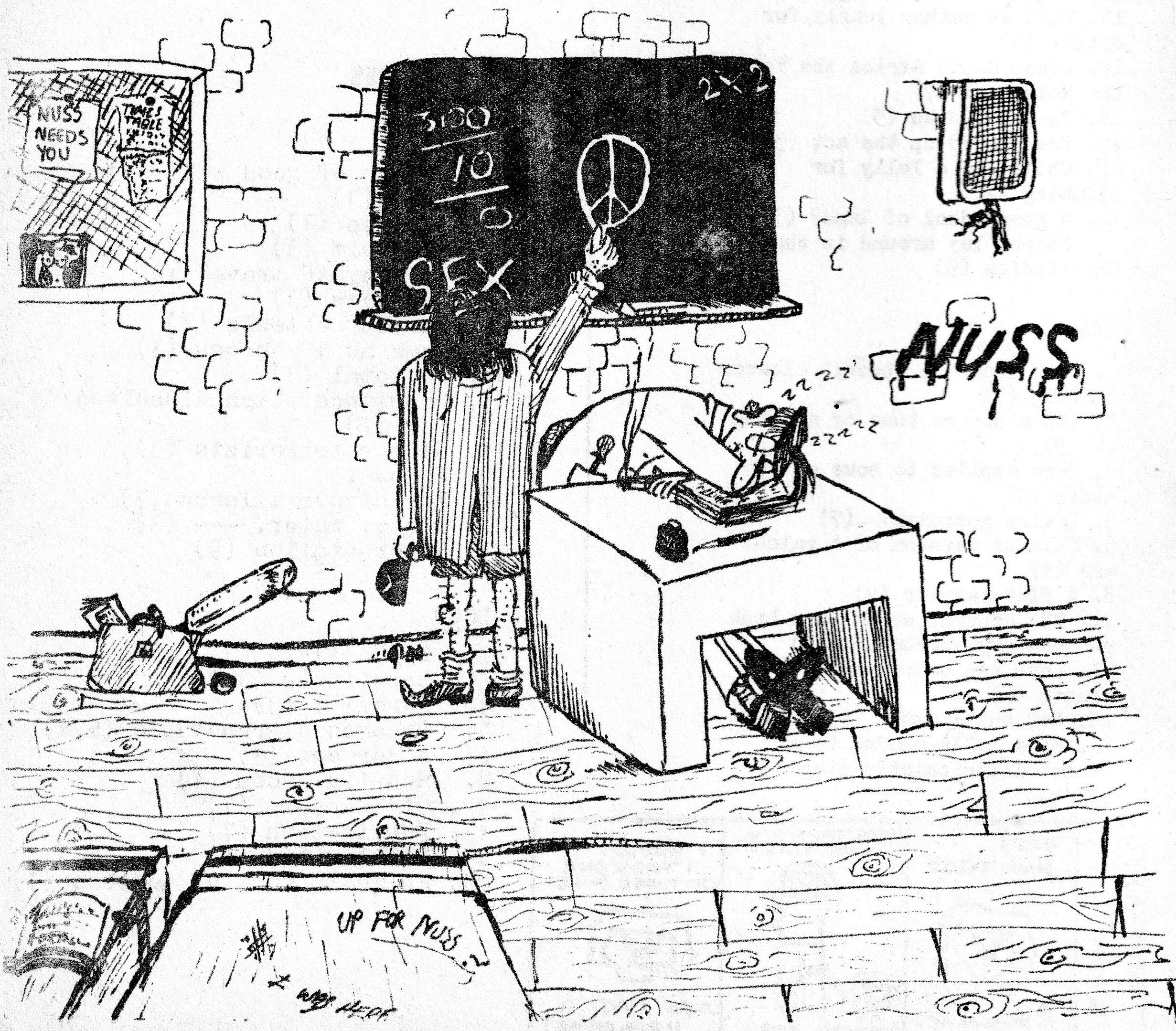
2. Trash (7)
3. Substitute (5,2)
4. Perceive (3)
5. Becomes disreputable (5,4)
6. A day ago (9)
8. Hospital room (4)
12. Old warship (7)
13. Publication (7)
15. Cattle food (4)
21. Knight's form of address (3)

THIS ISSUE OF PULSE WAS WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED

AND PRODUCED BY LEE BRAY, JEREMY ROSIE,

GRAHAM VERBY, EDMUND KING, JOHN HIGGS,

AMIR WAHAB, RICHARD GOODWIN AND TONY SALDJI.





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