

redbrick

Birmingham University No. 786 Wednesday, October 7th, 1970 Price 5d.



redbrick

birmingham university newspaper

IN response to an appeal in the first issue of "Redbrick" this term a fairly large number of people turned up and offered to help write for the paper. The vast majority of these were particularly interested in writing reviews because of their obvious attraction.

But, "Redbrick", as a student newspaper, should also contain at least three pages of features a week. It is through features articles that some contact is made between us and people in the city. Too often members of a university isolate themselves and live in their own carefully guarded world. Attitudes like this lead to the assumption of the "student image" and its resulting effects (i.e., unwillingness of landlords to take students).

It is through the medium of a newspaper that an awareness of outside problems can be instigated. The University should be as much a part of Birmingham as the Bull Ring—to townspeople as well as students.

Thus "Redbrick" needs a few people interested in becoming involved in a subject and capable of writing two to three thousand words on it.

To improve "Redbrick's" financial position a large selling staff is also needed. This involves an hour's work on Wednesday lunch-time. Last year the paper over-ran its Guild grant by £500. This is not a situation that pleases us or Guild President Rod Playford.

So if you feel you can help out (especially if you can type) come up and see us in "Redbrick" Office any dinner time.

Staff

acting editor	paul taylor
help	ginette
business	pete donovan
reviews	paul sommers
music	john headon
sport	andy holden
photos	john redfern



OF TIME IN THE NICK

In the '70s Man made a break for it. Just in time. The trap was closing.

Everywhere the stockpiles of weapons were building up. One error of judgment by a general or a politician—and that was it. Pollution and over-population were rampant. No money to combat them: it all went on weapons.

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Information from

Q, 65 Artesian Road, London, W.2.

Atkinson returns to give protest lectures

DICK ATKINSON, whose appointment to the Sociology Department was vetoed by a university committee at the end of last term, has been asked to arrange two lecture series in the University this year. The invitations have come from the Guild and from the Action for Academic Freedom (Ack-Ack), a committee of staff and students within the University.

Guild Executive met on September 12th and decided to send an invitation to Atkinson to put on a series of lectures on various topics with well-known speakers. In a reply to Rod Playford, Guild President, Atkinson stated that the offer "presented a dilemma."

"It could be interpreted as being that of a 'student union lecture-ship'. That would imply only students and not the University authorities were prepared to appoint 'radical teachers'."

"Consequently I take the second and specific interpretation of your offer, namely to see the offer as part of the general protest against the University authorities' decision to veto a formal teaching appointment."

"The aim of such a protest of course is to press the authorities to reverse their decision on the assumption that they are still capable of recognising their gross breach of academic freedom."

The sixteen lectures come under the general title of "Freedom and Constraint in Modern Britain" and will be held in the Council Chamber on Wednesday at two o'clock.

The programme for October is:

EDUCATION
OCTOBER 7th
FREEDOM IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS
with Michael Duane (former head of Rising Hill Comprehensive)
OCTOBER 14th
CONSTRAINT AND ITS RELEVANCE IN THE UNIVERSITY
with Martin Southwold

Tariq Ali at Union

THE Red Circle is dedicated to the struggle against imperialism, capitalism and bureaucracy and for world revolution. Discussions are on the day-to-day struggles in Britain and throughout the world, and on Marxist theory. The Birmingham Red Circle meets every Monday at 7.30 p.m. in the Black Swan Inn, Bromsgrove Street (rear of Bull Ring fruit market). If you are interested in the ideas of the Red Mole, come along to the next meeting.

On Tuesday, October 13th, Tariq Ali is to speak on the Spartacus League in the Union at 12.30 p.m.

On Friday, October 16th, Bob Pundie (International Marxist Group) and Gerry Lawless, Irish militant, are to speak on Ireland—7.30 p.m. in the Union.

TECHNOLOGY
OCTOBER 21st
MAN AND THE APPLICATION OF SCIENCE
with Hilary and Stephen Rose

CONSTRAINT & DEMOCRATIC ALTERNATIVE
OCTOBER 28th
PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY
with Anthony Alabaster.

The day after receiving the invitation from the Guild, Atkinson received a letter from Ack-Ack which said: "The group invites you to give a voluntary course in the 'Sociology of education', which is part of the sociology teaching programme which cannot be offered under the present circumstances."

"In this way you could help the short-fall in teaching resources re-

sulting from your non-appointment and the blacklisting recommended by the British Sociology Association."

Ack-Ack managed to raise a sum believed to be in the region of £1,500 from which they intend to pay Atkinson the equivalent salary that he would have received had his appointment been upheld.

At the moment there were details available as to where lectures are to be held. The University authorities are remaining non-committal about the situation and have said that for a University room to be used a formal application would have to be received. At this has not yet been done the University would make no comment although it is thought that the application would doubtfully be supported.

The Atkinson affair, along with similar occurrences in Warwick, Cambridge and Guildford, resulted in the first meeting of the Council for Academic Freedom at Imperial College, London, on Saturday, October 3rd. The meeting was attended by 150 lecturers and professors and a further 300 have expressed their support in the movement.

University buy 'Sun' space

THE University of Aston is, at the moment, undergoing negotiations with the "Sun", the official student newspaper, regarding the "buying" of two pages of the paper. Although no contract has been signed, it is thought that the University will pay £500 for the use of the pages in each issue of the "Sun" to be printed this year.

The deal was negotiated by the University Information Officer, Mr. Peter Cox, who has also put in an order for 500 copies which he intends to distribute to members of local industry. The content of the two pages has not been categorically stated but should this be contrary to the editorial policies of the staff some means will be made to indicate that the two pages are actually an advertising feature that is fully paid for.

The situation is likely to become interesting around the end of November, when the discussion concerning the city's polytechnic complex will again become a major issue. The students at the moment appear to have lost their fight for the polytechnic site to be at Aston instead of Perry Barr, but it is thought that the editorial policy will be to carry on the fight. It is not yet known how the University will use their space in the "Sun" on this issue.

CHEAP WEEKEND TRAVEL

British Rail are now offering student concessions on their inter-city runs to London, Liverpool, Manchester and Stoke-on-Trent.

The concession rates apply only to certain trains: the 15.45 and 18.45 to London, returning either 18.15 on Sunday or 7.10 and 7.45

on Monday. These trains run between New Street and Euston. All bookings should be made six days in advance and an N.U.S. card must be produced at the ticket office at New Street when the booking is made. The return fare to London costs only 36/-.

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DUTSCHKE APPEALS AGAINST DEPORTATION ORDER

A NATIONAL issue has developed over the past few weeks as to the future of the German student Rudi Dutschke. The Home Secretary decided that it was not in the public interest to allow Dutschke to extend his stay in Britain beyond September 30th.

Now Dutschke is making an appeal against this decision, with the financial backing, if necessary, of the N.U.S. who have called for a meeting with the Home Secretary and for a debate in Parliament.

Dutschke, by his skilful debates, became a Leftist leader at the Free University in West Berlin. He never advocated violence, but encouraged students to continual self-questioning.

His radio and television interviews

brought the weight of the Right-wing Press down upon him and in 1968 he was shot twice in the head by an over-enthusiastic Right-wing supporter—this incident resulting in student riots in five West German cities. He was treated for brain damage in Berlin and Switzerland, and was subsequently admitted into Britain for further treatment and convalescence, on condition that he took no active part in politics in this country.

At the end of July this year, Dutschke was accepted as a Ph.D. student by the Board of Graduate Studies of Cambridge. They also requested the Home Office to change the conditions of Dutschke's admission to the country, enabling him to stay on as a student.

This request was refused and Dutschke was given notice to leave the country by September 30th.

There is no evidence that

Dutschke has any intention of engaging in political activities if his stay is extended. It has been suggested that the Home Secretary is afraid that his presence in Cambridge might increase the present unrest there, although how, being still a near-invalid, he could achieve this, is not quite clear.

The national papers have tended to use Dutschke's case as an opportunity to attack the Government's policies on foreign students and immigrants, rather than bringing their influence to bear on helping Dutschke.

The fact remains that the University of Cambridge has decided that Dutschke is suitable to take a Ph.D. and, moreover, that he is acceptable as a member of that university. One asks what qualities Dutschke has which render him acceptable to a British university and yet undesirable as a resident in Britain.

PERSONAL COLUMN

Will we all live happily ever after one day or will God use the ultimate weapon and blast us all off the scene before next Christmas—be in Founders tomorrow from morning onwards for the next exciting episode, and I can't even light this bloody cigarette.

Progressive Underground and Rock Soc. Membership 5/-. John Peel is President. Monday, October 12th. 7.30-10.45. Lesser Hall.

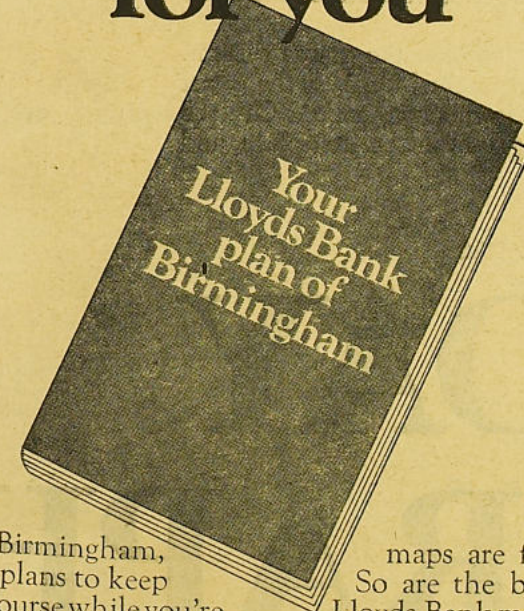
Birmingham University Sweat Shirts. On Sale in Refec, Thursday lunchtime.

G. Sorry about Sunday night.—P.

Flat Dwellers! Homeless male journalist (age 24), clean and house trained, seeks room in flat: furnished or unfurnished—grads or undergrads—mixed or unmixed. "Redbrick," Box No. 22.

Happy birthday Ali. P.S.: No room on Sports Page.

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University of Birmingham branch: New Refectory Block



LODGINGS CRISIS—NEAR THING

BIRMINGHAM'S two universities were on the verge of an accommodation crisis at the end of last week. On the campus here, by Thursday morning, there were still about 40 freshers with no digs fixed. Emergency preparations got under way and 60 beds were put up in the Sports Centre and provision for a further 20 were made in Saint Francis Hall.

However, during the day the majority of the homeless students were found places by the Lodgings Warden so that in fact only 12 students spent Thursday night in the Sports Centre. On Friday the number had been reduced to four and it was decided to move these people to Lodgings Warden Bob Hughes's house as the Sports Centre tended to be a rather noisy place.

By Sunday evening there were no freshers left who had not been found at least temporary accommodation. About twenty people have been put up by members of staff who responded to a circular distributed by the Lodgings Warden. Some of these are only of a temporary nature, some are for a period of a term, and it appears that some members of staff have even become full-time landlords.

The situation is being regarded by the Lodgings Office as much worse than previous years although it is felt that it could possibly have been even worse. There are several reasons put forward for the apparently decreasing availability of accommodation for students in the city. The number of landlords on the Lodgings Warden's books is continually dropping due to demolition of large houses frequently used by students and also by a reluctance of new landlords to come forward as a result of the "student image".

The closing of Chancellors Hall has probably heightened the shortage of accommodation this year. The hall previously had 150 residents, of whom a fair proportion were freshers. Although the building of the Griffin Close flats has offset this with regard to second and third-years, nothing has been done to compensate the loss to freshers.

It is also felt that the traditional landlady is becoming an obsolete breed and that the days of lodgings are numbered. It is becoming more profitable to use large buildings as bed-sitter accommodation.

The plight of second and third-year students has not yet been fully assessed as a large majority of

them are leaving it until the last minute to return to Birmingham. This attitude was criticised by Bob Hughes, who felt that these students should have come up early in September to fix up accommodation.

"Some people turned up Monday and just couldn't understand why they could find nowhere to live," he said.

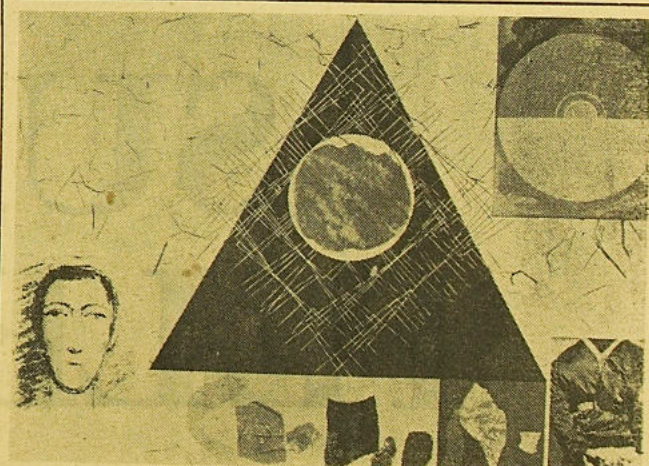
Welfare, in the Union, circulated a note appealing for crash pads at the end of last week, to which the response was good. They still have a number of crash pads on their books for people who have yet to find somewhere to stay.

The slowness with which students follow up addresses given to them by the Lodgings Warden has also been looked into. It seems that when an address is given at the same time to students here and at Aston, the students at Aston are usually quickest off the mark and get the accommodation.

The position at Aston has been said to be much more desperate. The Press has quoted figures as high as 360 homeless during the past week. However, this figure includes a very high number of students who had been given addresses to look at and had not reported back. A large number of these would have been fixed up, so reducing the figure considerably. If similar figures had been quoted here they would have been in the region of 600 at times.

When Mr. Fox, the Aston Lodgings Officer, was asked about the situation, he said that there was no real scare now, although it looked at times as if there might be.

During September the Lodgings Office at Birmingham sent out over a thousand letters regarding accommodation, and have conducted about eighty interviews each day with students. A massive advertising campaign was launched and a sum in the region of £650 was spent on this. However, it is quite probable that the situation is going to arise again next year, and one of the only ways around this seems to be a greater number of university-owned properties such as the Griffin Close flats.



"I've balled every waitress in this club."—screen print by R. B. Kitaj.

This was one of the prints exhibited by Guild Arts Society in Saint Francis Hall during the Freshers' Conference. The exhibition included work by Kitaj and Paolozzi.

Both of these artists produce a visually striking impact. Kitaj incorporates a series of images within one picture producing a "story" effect. Paolozzi enjoys the use of dots to formulate his work which makes a liberal use of colour.

Student affluence-or squalor?

An easy life on fat local authority grants, all expenses met by the ratepayers, and with parents to fall back on—Britain's "spoonfed" students have attracted public envy amounting to positive dislike. But is it the real picture? In a special two-part investigation, the SUNDAY TELEGRAPH has set out to discover how students in our universities actually live.

How far does the grant go? Do students look shabby because they like themselves that way, or because they can't afford to dress better?

The annual panic rush to find lodgings is intenser than ever this year. What kind of digs can a student expect to find at the end of his search? How much work does he do when he gets there?

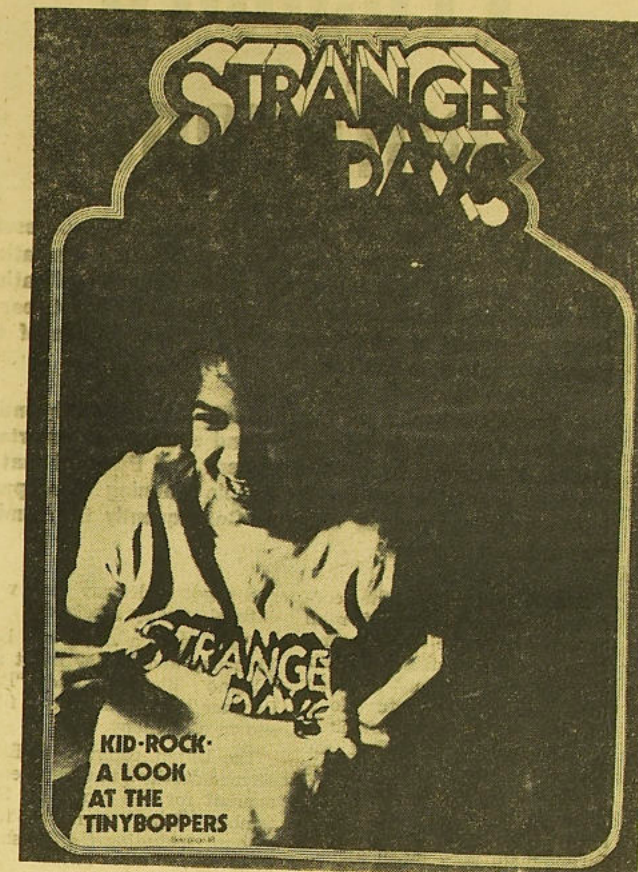
The first article appearing on October 4, examines some of the seedier aspects of student life and assesses the effect that these conditions have on students' work.

The second, on October 11, will look closely at the grants system. How much help do students get from their parents? What is the effect of the lowering of the age of majority to 18 in this connection? Can the grants be fiddled? Who fixed the scale of grants in the first place, and on what principle? Does it, in fact, work?

this Sunday in the

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

STRANGE DAYS AGAIN



TO those people who have been in Birmingham for over a year the name *Strange Days* may already have some familiarity. That a rock magazine should appear with that name is probably not too surprising when included in its staff list is Mark Williams.

by
paul taylor

Williams was one of the founder members of the Birmingham Arts Lab, which in its early days attempted to raise money running dances under the name of *Strange Days* (*Strange Days* actually originates from an old Doors album). After helping to get the Lab going Williams left Birmingham and moved down to London and became interested in the newspaper scene. He was on the Rolling Stone English staff, and later edited the music section of IT. This was in the heyday of IT, but the paper is now sadly on the decline.

Extensive coverage

Strange Days was formed as an attempt to fill the gap between IT and New Musical Express. It was felt that there was no music paper catering specifically for rock and that there was a real need for one. Although the underground papers usually carry extensive rock coverage, they are often regarded as scaring off people by the high emphasis they place on sex, drugs and anarchy in the rest of the paper.

The fact that IT's circulation seems to be continually dropping is, perhaps, an indication that the direct frontal attack is not successful and more subtle ways are needed for introducing revolutionary ideas.

Music has always been at the forefront of rock culture and the aim behind *Strange Days* is to build up a large readership, based on music, and gradually introduce the ideas. Other papers have failed to maintain a high circulation due to distribution problems, and it is perhaps significant that *Strange Days* is being handled by Smith's (who absolutely refuse to handle IT, OZ, and Friends, on moral grounds).

However, being handled by Smith's obviously has its drawbacks; namely censorship. To many people it must seem that *Strange Days* have sold out to Smith's and it was interesting to note that an article on M.C.S. used a word printed as Mother F---ers several times.

Williams says that he doesn't envisage any real problems regarding censorship as he doesn't feel the need to use much material that could cause trouble between his paper and Smith's. There seem to be two sets of values in the eyes of Smith's: one for Fleet Street publications (after all, they handle the News of the World, which can hardly be described as good, clean, family fun), and one for the underground Press, which they won't handle. It appears that at the moment they regard *Strange Days* to fall in between the two, but the situation could develop into something interesting.

I.O.W.

The first issue became available on September 12th with a print of 60,000 copies. However, prior to this an attempt had been made to acquire the rights for *Strange Days* to produce the Isle of Wight official programme, in which case the first issue would have had a first issue print of over 80,000. Every Creations wanted £2,000 in advance for the privilege and although a compromise was reached on a verbal basis, the deal fell through and the Evening Standard published the programme.

The eventual first issue sold out to the retailers, al-

though the number that the public actually bought is not yet known. For the second issue 65,000 copies were printed.

With these the only two issues out to date it is hard to criticise as the paper is only in the process of finding its feet. The layout is similar to the Rolling Stone/Friends type which still seems to be good enough to be adapted for many other publications.

The articles, especially the longer ones in the second edition, are written on a personal level that doesn't quite come off (they seem to be rather nearer to New Musical Express than IT). This is not a real drawback, as it will probably be easily solved when the list of contributors grows slightly longer.

Return to Birmingham

The essence of a good rock paper must be its reviews pages and at the moment this is the one part of the paper that is sadly lacking. This may not be entirely the fault of *Strange Days*—it may be a reflection on the lack of good records being released lately. But if this is the case it is easy to expand book and film reviews; both equally essential to the ideas of rock culture. But perhaps these things will remedy themselves in time.

Although Mark Williams has temporarily left Birmingham it is not his intention to make the break a permanent one. London is a town that has just about everything going for it—it's already got a vast range of facilities open to it. Every night can be a Saturday night down there providing you've got the money. The pull of the provinces is a different one. Williams looks on towns such as Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, etc., as vast areas of potential energy.

He has already tried to stimulate this potential in Birmingham but was not too successful, partly because he feels the people of Birmingham need to be actually handed the situation on a plate before they can grasp it and develop it with their own energy.

This is one of the reasons for *Strange Days*—to raise the money to provoke this release of potential energy and break down the social dichotomy that can be seen in the city.

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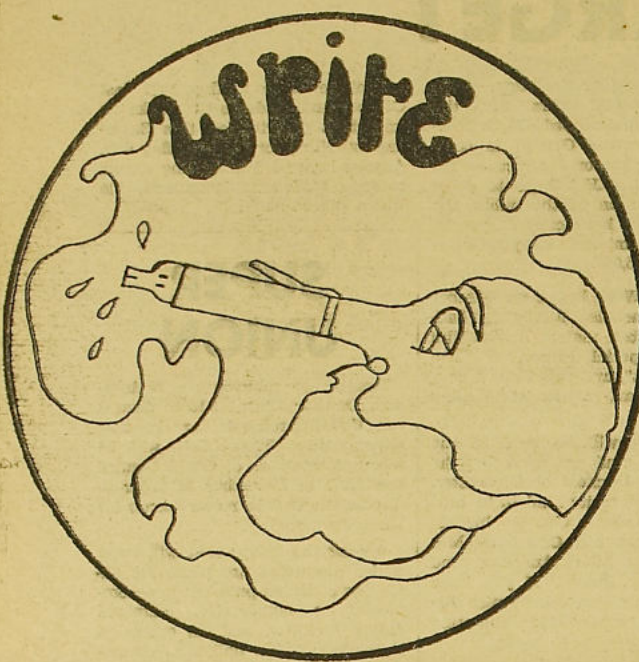
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THE REVIEWS PAGE



DEREK-ERIC CLAPTON



KEITH EMERSON

MUSIC

Before the performance of "Derek and the Dominoes" at the Town Hall on Monday, I sat resigned to hearing little of Eric Clapton's guitar. By the end I was amazed to have to conclude that, brilliant though his playing was, it had been too prominent throughout!

"Blasphemy," I hear you yelling, and much of the audience would probably agree, but they were not enthusiastic enough to bring Derek back for an encore which is very unusual in these days of obligatory, even planned encores.

To be fair, Eric's playing has lost none of its bite and fluency and he has gained musical maturity involving contrasting subtleties. The problem to my mind was lack of material of any strength. The only songs to stick in the mind were "Have you ever heard" (more or less "Have you heard") and "Nobody loves you when you're down and out."

The opener was straightforward rock to no specific tune and was a showcase for—guess what? The solo was longer than any I've heard when Eric was with Cream—and I thought, "Perhaps he's just getting that off his chest before starting the genuine act." But no, every song featured long solos.

The next few songs had strong rhythmic openings vaguely reminiscent of the Four Tops! The first change in musical policy came with the slow blues, "Have you ever heard," during which Eric played a couple of lines straight from the 1965 album, and his voice had occasional Mayall-like inflections.

"During 'Nobody loves you . . .'" Eric's solo was based strongly on the theme and chords of the song (as were those on one or two songs immediately after this) and was all the more enjoyable for this.

If, up to now, I haven't mentioned the other three members of the group it is because they played such a small rôle in the proceedings. So-called organist/pianist Bobby Whitlock seemed to know only one chord accompaniments and his one short solo was uninspired. His voice, however, proved quite strong in ensemble passages. The bassist and drummer were competent and solid, but didn't need to be any more than that. I suspect they are both capable of much more.

The finale climax was a rhythmic exercise of the kind which Santana do much more effectively. A few freaks gyrated and it was warmly applauded and cheered but I'm afraid it didn't get through to me. Perhaps I wasn't in the right mood.

JOHN HEADON.

This week and last week the D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. has been presenting a Gilbert and Sullivan series.

Their repertoire consists of a number of old standards such as the "Mikado," "H.M.S. Pinafore," etc., but also includes lesser-known operettas such as "Patience"—which is perhaps fairly topical considering the recent "trendy" revival of interest in the Pre-Raphaelites.

The company opened with the "Mikado" last Monday and performed to a full house—as it has at all performances. Although there was nothing particularly new or startling about the performance, it was lively, colourful and entertaining.

John Reed was amusing and animated as Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner of Tipu, and Kenneth Sandford was a very pompous and avaricious Poo-Bah.

John Aydon did not come over very strongly as the Mikado, but, later in the week made a far greater impression as Sergeant Merly in "The Yeoman of the Guard"—perhaps because there is more opportunity for developing character in the latter.

SHENA LATTO

DESPITE growing concern for the future of the orchestra of Britain's second city, we find that the CITY OF BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA for its 51st season continues to flourish with a large repertoire of interesting works and many international soloists.

Compositions of interest throughout the season include Bartok's Music for Strings, Percussion and Celeste in two weeks' time and, in November, Rachmaninov's Second Symphony, a vast overblown piece of late-Romanticism and Nocturne ad Alba, a new work of John McCabe, the distinguished Merseyside pianist and composer.

In December there are two works of Ravel in one concert—the "A la Mozart" Piano Concerto in G (Ravel's conception of Classicism) and Bolero. Guest conductor Jascha Horenstein should conduct perhaps the concert of the season on December 10th, with Bruckner's Sixth Symphony and two "bleeding chunks" (as Ernest Newman called them) of Wagner—Siegfried's Rhine journey from Act 1 of "Götterdämmerung" and the orchestral version of the Prelude and Liebert from "Tristan".

Hans Richter-Haaser joins the C.B.S.O. on December 17th for the Beethoven "Emperor" concerto and in January Ida Haendel performs Bartok's Second Violin Concerto.

On February 11th, the University Choir comes together with the C.B.S.O. under M. Frémaux for a rare performance of the complete "Romeo and Juliet" symphony of Berlioz, a work containing much of the composer's finest orchestral music, as well as choral and vocal passages. With such experienced soloists as Barbara Robotham, John Mitchinson and Michael Rippon (all Promenade Concert singers), this should be the other "essential" concert of the season.

Later in the year the C.B.S.O. is joined by John Williams (in Rodrigo's Concerto for Guitar) and Simon Preston and Wilhelm Kempff playing the Schumann Concerto in A minor. Raymond Leppard conducts the English Chamber Orchestra in four of the Brandenburg Concertos of J. S. Bach, whilst playing the harpsichord continuo himself.

There will also be several "gala" concerts which should not deter the snobs of the musical public. Sir Adrian Boult gives an Elgar evening with Marjorie Thomas singing the wistful "Sea Pictures" and, later still, Harold Gray is joined by a leading lady and gentleman of the Welsh National Opera Company (Josephine Barstow and David Hughes) for a splendid opera night. Malcolm Arnold and Andor Foldes, in a concert (programme to be announced) for the C.B.S.O. Benevolent Fund, will doubtless provide something spectacular.

On seeing so many great names and works, which will no doubt be received with Birmingham's customary lack of enthusiasm, we may wonder whether it is not, indeed, the orchestral standards, but public apathy, that threatens the orchestra's future.

THIS WEEK'S CONCERT

Tomorrow night's C.B.S.O. concert is a sandwich, with Lutoslawski's "Paroles Fissées" and Bach's Suite No. 3 in D between the Beethoven works associated with all the profundity and tension of his middle years—"Coriolan" overture, an heroic look at Shakespeare's Roman general beset with a family of politicians, and the Mass in C, his earlier setting of the text, and perhaps in a style that is rightly questioned as "undevotional."

Despite the misgivings of an audience better acquainted with Bach or Palestrina, though, it's still Beethoven, and Maurice Handford has four worthy soloists in Janet Price, Jean Allister (of Sadler's Wells), Bernard Dickerson and Roger Stalman, with the Worcester Festival Choral Society.

HOWARD C. FRIEND

MERMAID

"MERMAID"—in the context of a perpetual state of cultural sterility and non-campus mental apathy—a suitable case for extenuating circumstances. A slim volume containing slim pickings it may be, but there's a limit to what can be done with leaves and fishes by mere mortals.

With a bit of luck, this review of the current issue (price two shillings) will read in the spirit in which it is intended, and that is, that what matters is not so much whether you win or get walked over, but how you play the game.

What we are given—the first fruits of the new Ratcliffe/Streeter team—is very much a "warts and all" issue. Apart from a tepid piece of tub-patting from Mike Terry (last year's President, lest any ingrate forget); a short, shining and magnificent thingy from Robbie Hannam ("Primacy of the Object" alone is worth two bob of anybody's money); and a sympathetically erudite critique of Joseph Losey from Neil Sinyard, the whole issue—including "Port Makes You Part," a piece of brown paper—stumbles along under the dead weight of much self-consciousness and pretentiousness.

"Mermaid" has been for aeons the preserve of an articulate minority. Whereas in years gone by it erred on the side of smug esotericism, it now suffers from gaucheness born—perhaps of a misplaced sense of its rôle.

Too often it gives the impression of trying to get much-needed supplies through to the front-line troops, when it is, practically—repeatedly, practically—more suited to mopping-up operations.

Over-articulation in expressing basic emotions can be embarrassing, then boring. By a kind of dialectic, such polished pieces become inarticulate, and so gain a new, unintended value. And to deride, as do both editors in separate articles, "Rolling Stone" and "Friends" without either acknowledging the indebtedness of "Mermaid's" present ethos to these and similar publications, or knocking us in the aisles with anything in the nature of an improvement, is an example of the short-sighted particularism which is, in essence, an antiprogressive trait, and a dangerous one for a self-styled experimenting medium to adopt.

That front cover, though, really is unpardonable. And the apology thereto reprehensible. To swathe a magazine in such a clichéd, but Naughty Nudes for all that—and then blandly to assert that "the cover illustrates that taking your clothes off does not necessarily bring people together—all the figures are rigid and stilted"—makes the balls ache on two counts.

First, it summons up a feeling of pity for the poor, trusting tits who gathered to be photographed; and secondly, the whole thing smacks of edge-of-the-bed porn. For the sake of a quick counter sale, then some repent-at-leisure moralising when you have time to drag your eyeballs down to the small print.

It goes without saying that the acknowledged masters in this field can make a much better job of it than can "Mermaid."

Look out, soon, in the "News of the World" or "The People," for more evidence that the minds of a whole generation are rotting (Choose your generation according to inclination). Subject: The cover of one "Mermaid," an occasional student magazine.

GRAHAM BARKER

THE REVIEWS PAGE
NEEDS REVIEWERS FOR
ART GALLERIES IN THE
CITY.

CINEMA

IN "The Collector," Terence Stamp and Samantha Eggar play out a sexual fantasy given a touch of horror by director William Wyler. Freddie, a sexually repressed and not too bright bank clerk is given the opportunity, by winning the pools, of making his dream of carrying off Miranda, the (in all things) bright and beautiful art student, to a country retreat by force come true. He hopes she will eventually fall in love with him. He has the physical advantage, she the mental one.

The bank clerk, afraid to meet the world, is perfectly normal, and at the best of times it is surprisingly difficult to communicate a wish for a loving relationship. Freddie is totally incapable of doing this. His only resort is to violence.

The art student is at first quite unsympathetic toward him. She is unable, in spite of her intelligence, to cross the class and educational barriers between them (Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye" is used as a symbol of this).

Freddie and Miranda are really Caliban and Miranda tragically unable to understand each other. She assumes he needs only physical love and she is wrong.

The metaphor of the butterfly collection (life and beauty preserved in a dead state) works well especially in the scene where Freddie chloroforms Miranda when she attempts to escape. She is seen straddled on the table amidst the strangled butterflies and as she is carried out the door bangs and the draught flutters the insects momentarily across the table.

Freddie's capture of Miranda as a butterfly is exploited throughout. Freddie lays verbal traps for her (when he proposes marriage, for instance, and she accepts, he snaps back that he knows you need witnesses to get married and her idea of escape is shattered).

This process of verbal trapping—it is seen also in the dialogue about "Catcher in the Rye" and Picasso—is one of the means by which Freddie gradually uncovers Miranda's cheap morality. It culminates in her attempting murder, an ironically corrupt act.

Both performances are good. Stamp with his stooping, subjected walk, trying so hard to make the girl understand him. Eggar using her intelligence only as a means of escape, yet capable of moments of sympathy.

In many ways the film is unsatisfactory, particularly in its ending. There is an awkward clash of characterisation in Freddie who is at times supremely human, at others confusingly devoid of all reaction. Sometimes the film is boring, and after you've worked out its not very subtle message there is a danger of being left with the will-to-escape suspense—but you already know how it will end.

"King Rat" was shot in black and white. It is one of those films that cannot be imagined in colour. There is hardly a long-shot in it, never a panoramic view; almost always the close-up and carefully placed mid-distance shot are used. The individual is picked out from the majority, the majority never becomes a nameless mass of faces.

The situation is Changi Jail, a Japanese P.O.W. camp for British and Americans in Malaya. The story tells how the prisoners manage to keep alive under brutal conditions.

In order to survive each person must make some sort of moral compromise. The most successful survivor is Corporal King (George Segal) who is totally amoral. While officers are found stealing rations from the men through the stores, while the provost marshal (Tom Courtenay) enforces an irrelevantly honest morality, living by the book

and supervising an uneasy lawfulness among the men, Corporal King bends and uses the rules to his own advantage.

He does not steal, he exploits. He neither hates nor loves, he estranges himself from human relationships. He is a capitalist and while every other man in the camp is emaciated by half-starvation, while men die of disease in a hospital without medical supplies, Corporal King remains well dressed, well fed, healthy and normal.

Central to the film is the relationship formed between King and student, to a country retreat by force come true. He hopes she will eventually fall in love with him. He has the physical advantage, she the mental one.

While other men's lives depend on bonds of friendship, on their building their own worlds within the horror, sometimes becoming deeply introverted and building a totally imaginative world of non-existent people, King accepts the situation and exploits it. He bargains across the wire with the Japanese guards. His life depends on material comforts.

Bryan Forbes's direction and screenplay are both restrained; the bland humour given to Marlowe is especially effective. The narrative climaxes are carefully pointed by increasingly insistent music culminating in a freeze shot. This happens three times, and the effect is disturbing, because each scene is one ending on a temporary happiness—which becomes sinister as the music rises and the action is suddenly stilled.

Violence and the threat to survival are as much from within for the men to Changi as they are from the Japanese. It is the choosing of a morality to live by, and the degree of compromise to be made, that is the most important thing that faces them.

ROBERT SABIN.

AS the title suggests, this film tells of Cromwell's revolution—his fight for democracy against the tyrant Charles I, with religion and in particular the divine right of kings being the influencing factor.

Richard Harris plays Cromwell who, as a firm supporter of the king, gradually realises the harm that the monarchy is doing to the country and so resolves to transfer the power from king to parliament. Harris puts a great deal into this rôle and makes some dramatic and emotional speeches in a rather hoarse voice which seemed to fit the character admirably.

Sir Alec Guinness portrays a rather prosaic King Charles, who is greatly influenced by his Catholic queen, silently played by Dorothy Tutin. So "quiet" is the rôle of the monarchy in the film that the exciting Roundheads seem to dominate the picture.

After two insipid battles, the Roundheads eventually triumph, and the King refusing to sign the proposals of Parliament, is sent for trial. The formalities of this are skimmed over and Parliament quickly sign the death warrant.

The high spot of the film is the execution and, helped by rolling cymbals, a great climax is reached, ending with the fall of the axe and the King's head being held up (at a distance) for all to see. The proceedings years then hurry by quickly and the actual end of the film is very similar to the end of "The Untouchables", with some offstage voice informing the audience that Cromwell was successful, but that Charles II returned to the throne in later years.

Although lacking in outstanding scenes, the film seemed to keep the audience totally absorbed and was both entertaining and educational.

JOHN TUSTIN.

THEATRE

TOM STOPPARD'S "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead" is still in the National Theatre's repertoire after three years, but apart from the occasional tour, it has not been widely seen outside London. The Birmingham Rep production, which opened last Tuesday, will at least bring the play to a new audience, although reproducing London successes will never give provincial theatres the independence that the Nottingham Playhouse or the Prospect Theatre Company have achieved.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are summoned to the Danish Court at the beginning of the play, and spend the rest of it following the inevitable course of "Hamlet" in which they play minor parts. If they have a separate existence outside "Hamlet" it is the play which gives that existence meaning. They sit on the stage waiting for the other characters to make their entrances, but the course of events is beyond their knowledge and perhaps their control. Their actions are therefore never culpable, they are merely out of their sphere. Words are all they have to work on.

On the surface it's a complex intellectual joke working on many levels. You are watching two actors, in a play about two characters in another play, talking to an actor playing an actor about the difference between actors and real people. In the rep production one of these levels, "Hamlet" was very obviously isolated from the action. Curtains descended to drape the inner stage and "actors" made up to look made up strutting on to deliver their rhetoric with admirable gestures, but "Hamlet" is already divided from the rest of the play by its language and the sweep of the action and the further emphasis made it seem an interruption. It was no longer an accessible level of reality. The mime sequences, directed by Geoffrey Buckley, were superb, but the rest of the production seemed uneasy.

In an effort to find moments of emphasis James Hazeldine and Keith Drinkel (Rosencrantz and Guildenstern) became at times almost hysterical, but the crises are logical rather than emotional. Gordon Gostelow gave a brilliant histrionic performance as the Player King which would have been better against a cooler intellectualism from Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

The movement of the argument and the humour are extremely fast, and the complexities of the word games and the circles in the logic require a fine control which is very difficult to achieve. The first act seemed slow and in the later exchanges the speed often destroyed the timing. The play is a brilliantly sustained piece of writing in which every line is important, and so many were lost.

All this apart the Rep production is well worth seeing, perhaps more than once, and if you enjoy the play enough, it's still on in London.

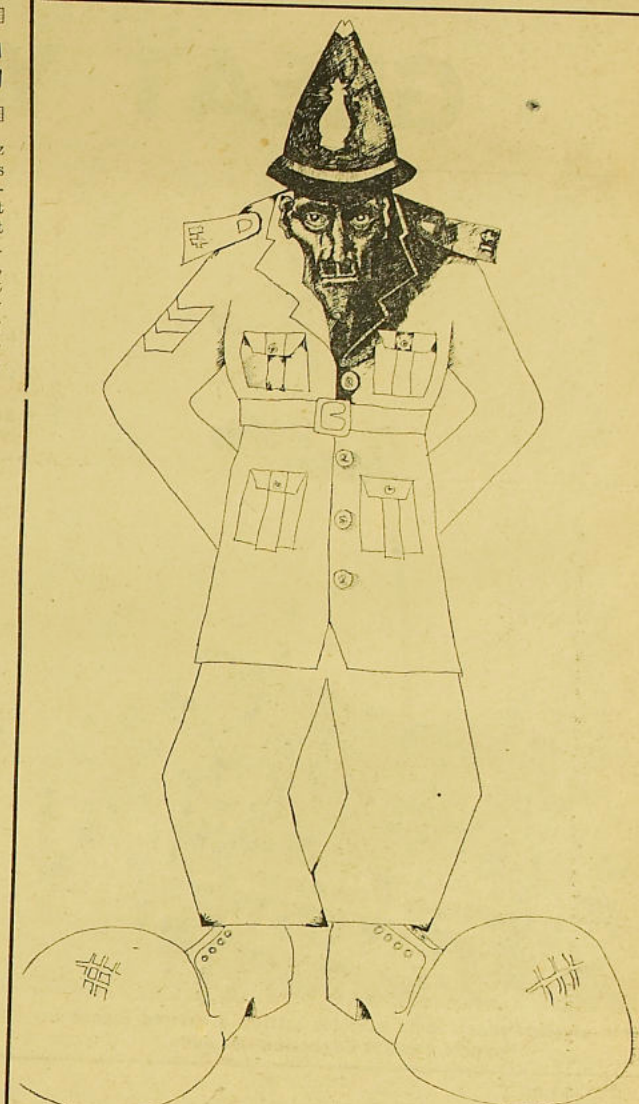
PAUL SOMMERS

The D.A.L.T.A. touring season for 1970 is at the Alexandra Theatre at the beginning of November. It includes a week each of the Welsh National Opera Company and of London's Festival Ballet. The Bristol Old Vic Company is another visitor and they are presenting Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" and Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

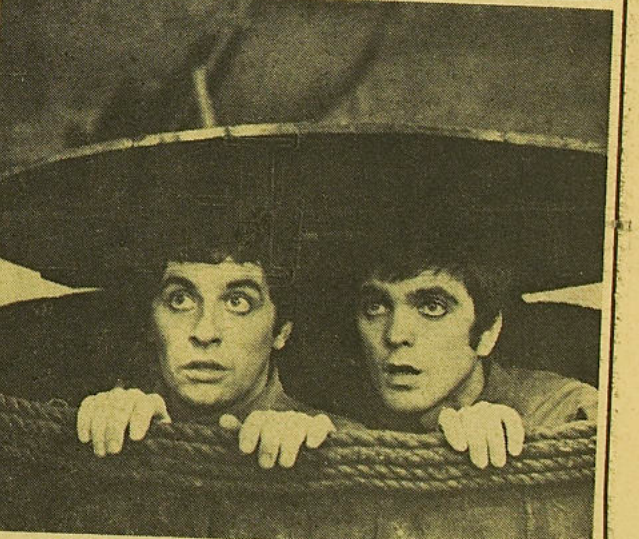
Most interesting of all though will be the production of "Kean"—Jean Paul Sartre's adaptation of Alexandre Dumas' play which was written a few years after the death of this great English actor who was also a bankrupt and a drunkard. This is the first performance of the play in English and Alan Badel plays the title rôle.

SHENA LATTO

REVIEWS PAGE



THE YEAR OF THE PIG



ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD

sport 1

ATHLETICS

GREAT YEAR FOR A.C.

by RANDY SOUTHAM

THIS year there need be no banging of drums or blowing of trumpets in praise of B.U.A.C. The facts of the season speak for themselves.

Loughborough Colleges were topped from their throne as U.A.U. champions for the first time in living memory. Mike Hayes grinned solidly for three months. Five athletes were selected for their national teams for the Commonwealth Games at Edinburgh, whilst three went to the World Student Games. Countless U.A.U. and B.U.S.F. individual medals and representative honours were gained. County representatives came by the score.

Who are these heroes? Top of the list comes "Golden Wonder" Andy Holden, steeple-chaser. His spoils include the A.A.A. title, Student Games silver medal, 5th in the Commonwealth games, and a time of 8 min. 34.6 secs., which makes him the third fastest Englishman ever.

Jim Aukett, in the one-lap race, reached the A.A.A. final, won the Midland A.A.A. title, made the Student Games and has a "split" relay time of 46.5 secs., which was the fastest by a Briton this year.

Long lay-offs due to injury cut Ralph Banthorpe's chances of having a good season. He still made the 200m. semis at Edinburgh running 21.1 secs. Much to his own surprise he reached the Turin final, but had to be content with 8th place.

Ruth Martin-Jones did three

events at Edinburgh. In her speciality the pentathlon she scored 4,497 points which put her a superb sixth.

Rog Richardson and Geno Griffiths hurdled and steeplechased respectively for Wales. Unfortunately the opposition at Edinburgh in these two events was very strong and this year their best was not good enough.

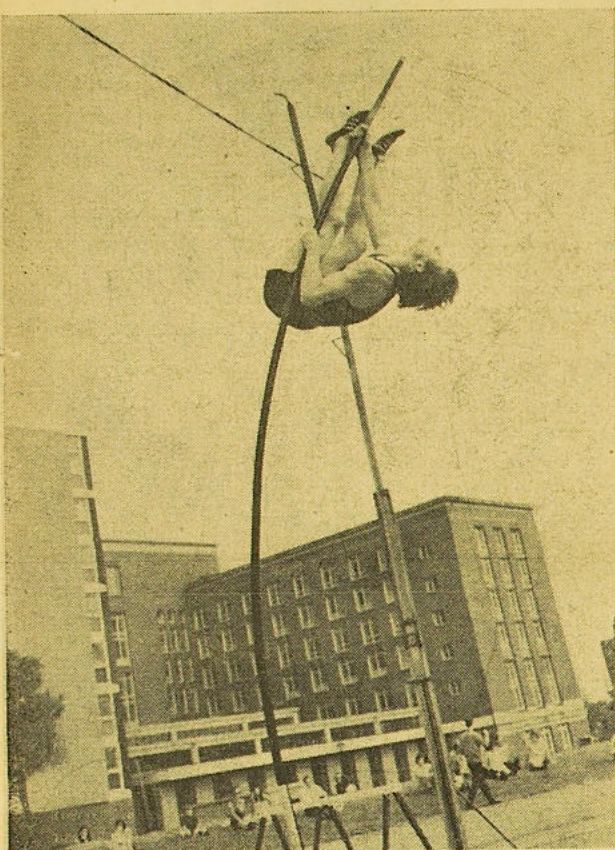
Many other stars made their presence felt. Laughing, smiling Herbie Sewell broke the club triple jump record with a polydimensional 48 ft. 6 ins. Nigel Bailey overcame the wind resistance due to his beard and established himself as the No. 1 800 m. man. Pete Cornes produced power-house 100 m. dash form without ever stopping the clock, at an impressive time, but did collect a

U.A.U. title.

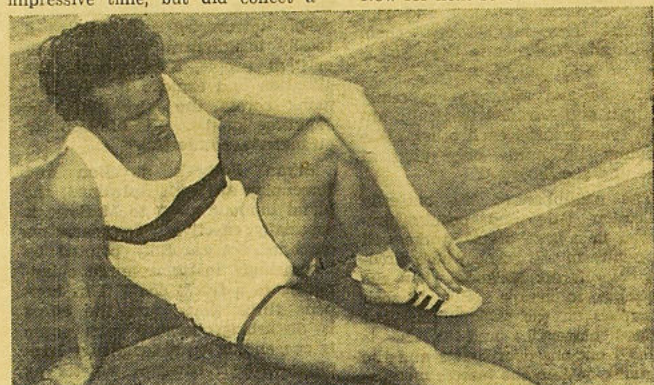
The anonymous middle-distance runners led by that dynamic trio, Gibbons, Wallis and Eley never once let the team down in its quest for points. A troubled Skybrant threw his hammer 176ft. whilst Trev Scrase's industry in the Hurdles was rewarded with the Warwickshire hurdles title.

Dave Berry, the star heel and toe performer, never looked happy on the track over 3,000m. although he won the U.A.U. Not surprisingly he walked 20 miles in 2 hrs. 55 mins. to win a Midland R.W.A. Team medal.

The irrepressible Peter Cox starred in the U.A.U. triumph collecting 6 pts. in the walk, just about the winning margin over Loughborough. Now for next season.



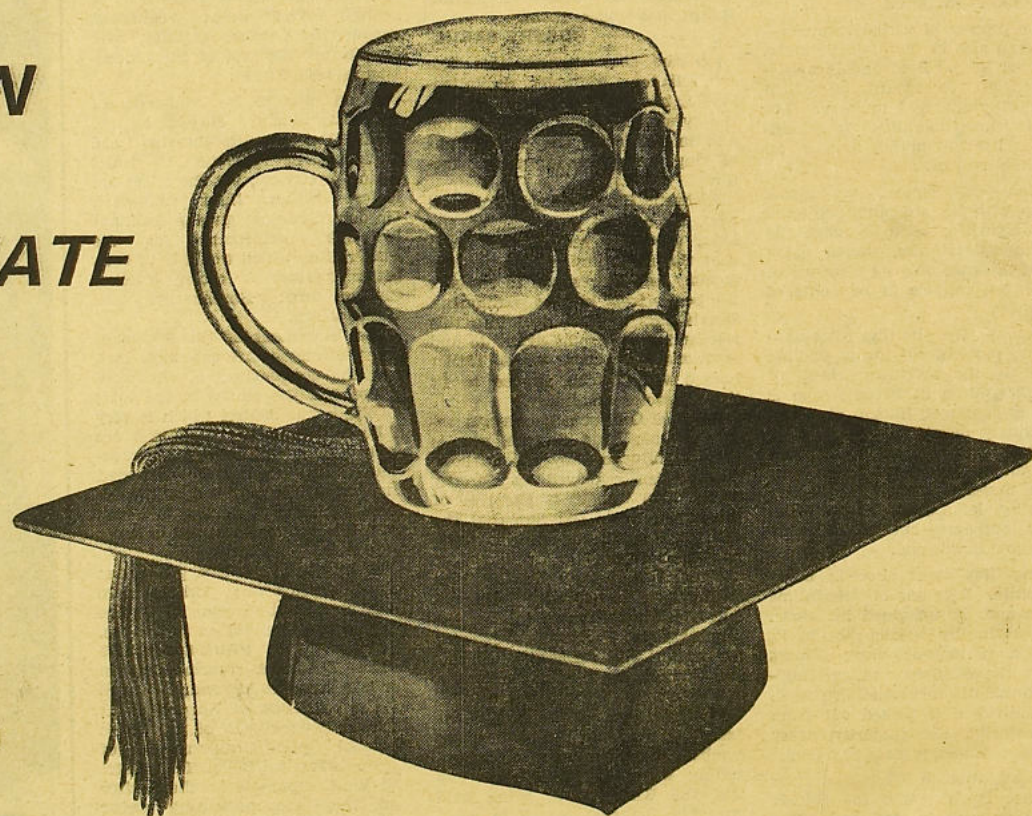
One of the Pennsylvania athletes setting a ground record in the pole vault at Edgbaston last June.



Jim Aukett (A.U. Chairman) 46.5 400 m. Relay Leg in Turin.

From FRESHMAN
To GRADUATE

M&B
BREW
XI



ALWAYS A FIRST

sport 2

If you go down to A.U. today...

When you venture into the sports centre you are almost certain to come into contact with several strange people not a million miles away from Athletics Union (from henceforth to be known as A.U.).

"Redbrick" Sport feels that it is their duty to give you the lowdown on some of these people and hence prevent a few nervous breakdowns. Several of those people you will always see hanging around the A.U. office, whether it is because they have no homes to go to or they have nothing better to do has never been clearly established.

What is certain is that they will continue to plague the existences of anyone unfortunate enough to be one within their domain. So be warned.

JUM 'AUKETT

Chairman of Athletic Union.

Aged 14 (estimated). Born, somewhere down south. Part-time Dental student and full-time pessimist. Always moaning about something (last week it was money—he'll probably find another topic before long). Megalomaniac and bar. Rumoured to have a taste for a bit of Scotch.

(*See Guild Handbook).

BRIAN RIPEMORF WALKER

Permanent sec. of A.U. Aged 25 (and has been for at least a decade). Found lying in the Bull Ring and someone was silly enough to nurse him through to adolescence—a stage which he is still struggling to get over. Tries to dazzle the opposition with his flowery basketball shorts, and then wonder why strange men keep approaching him.

(*This is believed to be the first time the secret of the R has been revealed).

GERALD LOBBLEY

Permanent. Aged 55 (looks more like 60). Born somewhere in the Biochemistry block and has every intention of dying there. Once took off his Keds to go to bed, but now refuses to do so on the grounds that they may disintegrate (never actually specifies whether he means his feet or his Keds).

MIKE HART

I.D.S. Chairman.

Age unknown. Found under a counter in Woolworth's. It has always been reckoned that the post of chairman of I.D.S. is filled by the most subnormal idiot within a five-mile radius of A.U. For two years now Mike has striven to prove this.

DAVE STARLING

Captain of Rugby Club. The tallest twelve-year-old in captivity. God knows where he came from, although it's rumoured that he was found on a French tour. Known to have a partiality for wine gums and is often to be seen under their influence. He still won't admit the real cause of the strapped-up wrist he sported last year.

ANDY HOLDEN

Captain Athletics Club. Aged 45 (a poor estimate—Ed.) Born in the vicinity of the main bar. Struggling hard to provide some sanity in A.U. (Yes, "sanity", darling—we've got plenty of bogs). He hasn't yet found an ally. However, he hopes to keep on trying. (Some reckon he is too trying).

ORIENTEERING

INTELLECTUAL
ATHLETICISM

BIRMINGHAM University Orienteering Club (B.U.O.C.), has now been active for nearly two years. The sport was imported from Scandinavia eight years ago, has spread rapidly in this country, national and regional events being held regularly each week throughout the year. It may briefly be described as competitive way-finding, using a compass for navigation, and is practised to all levels of attainment by runners and wayfarers of both sexes. The requirements in a competitor are intelligence, at more advanced levels, a high standard of fitness.

The club has developed a strong nucleus of regular runners. Three members of the club have competed in internationals abroad and the University team was third in the British Championships last year. They are out to better this next year but will possibly need some fresh (i.e. Fresher) blood to achieve this. Although the competitive aspect is emphasised, there is also a trend towards increased wayfaring.

The Club is organising a Training Event on the Lickey Hill on Sunday, October 11th to introduce newcomers to the sport.

Your round
Dave

THE freshers' trials on Saturday proved to be an interesting display of forward talent and presented the club once again with a complete lack of centres. The strength of the freshers' play seemed to be in the front row, scrum-half and full-back positions (which added to the dismay of Jules Bond who hasn't overcome the loss of his wife as yet).

The atmosphere prevailing at West Hills was one rich in Tartan and Guinness fumes, as those on the touchline had not overcome the previous week's training. The number of players falling over with split scalps only added to the

astonishment of the skipper (fastest puke in the West Mids.) Dave Starling.

The standard of play throughout the trials was perhaps the best observed in recent years and with strenuous training programme the club can look forward to a successful season.

A fatal game was played by the experienced members of the club, in a pre-season run out in the course of which Walsu (master of the French-neck-no-tackle) proved again that he has an elastic stomach. Attempts by all present failed to restrain Dave Starling from running off with a fresher woman without buying a round in again.

EDITORIAL

IF anyone could make head or tail of the Editorial on the sports page of the Freshers' edition, then he's a better man than I am. However, with a bit of luck, and provided the printers don't wield their indiscriminate choppers once more, you might be able to make a bit more sense out of this one.

The mass of bodies assembled in the sports hall on Saturday morning brought a reminder of the basic principles of University sport. Not all these people will be hitting the headlines of "Redbrick" sports pages during the next three years. However, all of them should be able to play some part in the sporting life of this University.

If you can't make the University team then there are always faculty and Hall teams. Sport isn't only for the internationals, U.A.U. champions and suchlike figures, but for everyone. It is basically for enjoyment so no matter what your standard go out there and enjoy it.

The new year brings fresh hopes to the different clubs in A.U. The clubs who have done well in the past few seasons will be hoping to emulate the successors of past seasons, praying that the new intake will replace the key stars they have

by Andy Holden

lost. The clubs who have been starved of success will be raking through their lists of freshers hoping that somewhere among them will be a future international star who will be all set to revive the fortunes of the club.

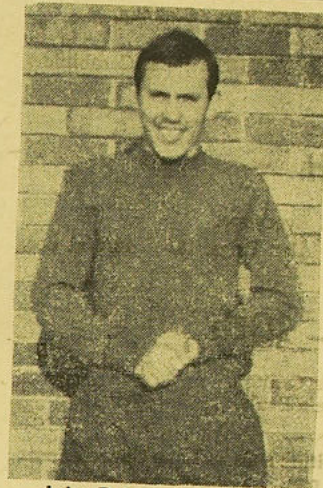
Judging by the reactions at the Captains' meeting on Saturday there are going to be some stormy A.U. meetings on the issue of registration fees for playing members. In the past clubs catering for minority interests with only very few members have been receiving sizeable grants from A.U., often for expensive equipment.

The new twenty-member rule will mean that the minority clubs will no longer be such a burden on the A.U. and their larger brethren will be able to receive a more realistic grant.

The sum of 10/- is not very great when one realises the benefits that playing members of clubs receive—the facilities, the travel and the entertainment.

A few difficulties in the running of the scheme are bound to arise. For instance the Squash Club which has been so successful over the past few years can only cater for a limited number of playing members as there aren't any leagues available for more than two teams to compete regularly.

In this case, and many similar cases, some discretion will have to be exercised. However, if a modicum of good sense is used there is no reason why the idea would not be made to work for the ultimate benefit of all A.U. members.



John Payne, this year's Soccer Club Captain.

MOOR GREEN 3, BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY 0

ON Saturday last the explosive start to the season made by the University 1st XI came to an illogical halt when, having not managed to produce the same giant-killing form in the replay of their F.A. Amateur Cup-tie and lost 3-0.

In the first encounter, the previous week, the 1st XI completely outplayed their more illustrious opponents and the University 1-0 lead throughout most of the game hardly reflected their undoubted superiority in every facet of the game. However, an unfortunate penalty with only two minutes to go allowed Moor End an undeserved replay.

In Saturday's replay Moor Green set about mastering the University's midfield trio, who had so dominated the first tie, and never allowed the "Moors" to get into any kind of set rhythm. Then, after only about five minutes, the "Moors" went ahead through a hotly-disputed goal. A high centre from the left was well caught by goalkeeper Jock Lyle—but while still in the air he was unfairly charged by a "Moors" forward, the ball ran loose and was struck into the net. Despite protests from the University defenders the referee refused to acknowledge the foul and allowed the goal.

The University immediately counter-attacked to try to get on level

terms but could not find the form of the previous week which had so disorganised the "Moors". Midway through the first half the "Moors" went further ahead when their centre-forward ran between two defenders to latch on to a centre from the right and score from close in.

In the second half the University gave a much better account of themselves and fine solo runs by Ray Barlow and Bob Stookly exposed the "Moors" defence down the wings. Trying hard for an early goal, a succession of corners followed and from one of these Andy Maile rose above the defence only to head on to the bar. Midway through the second half the University were still 2-0 down when Moor Green scored from the penalty spot to increase their lead to 3-0 and finally wipe out any hope the 1st XI might have had of progressing further in their first-ever year in the F.A. Amateur Cup.

If only the University had nailed Moor Green in the first tie they would have been a step nearer to Wembley, but such is football.



The scene from the A.U. balcony last Saturday morning.

around

WEDNESDAY OCT. 7th

Mothers: ARGENT.
Aston: DISCOTHEQUE 3/-

THURSDAY OCT. 8th

Town Hall: C.B.S.O. Maurice Handford, Janet Price, Jean Allister, Bernard Dickenson, Roger Stalman, Worcester Chorus.
Haworth Lecture Theatre: FILM SOCIETY: 'Les Carabiniers,' Jean Luc Goddard 7 p.m.

FRIDAY OCT. 9th

Mothers: Pete Drummond and Everyone.
Aston: COMING-UP BALL. Alan Price. 10/- 12/6 at door.

SATURDAY OCT. 10th

City Art Gallery: Orchestra da Camera. Archive Players with Angela Beale.
Mothers: Tir Na Nog.
Birmingham and Midland Institute: Carrs Lane Church Centre Tessa Nicholson (piano). 7.30 p.m.
Deb. Hall: GAS/EVENTS DANCE. Arrival. 6/6. 7.30 p.m. plus Shoot/Shock Disco.

SUNDAY OCT. 11th

Mothers: DADDY LONG LEGS.
St. Martin's (Bull Ring):
MAN ALIVE — CANON BRYAN GREEN.

MONDAY OCT. 12th

B.M.I.: THE ARTIST & THE COMPUTER. 6.30 p.m.
Haworth Lecture Theatre: 7 p.m. FILM SOC.: "Battleship Potemkin" by Sergei Eisenstein. "Chapayer" by Brothers Vasiliev.

TUESDAY OCT. 13th

Town Hall: THE SETTLERS.
The Union Committee Rm. 2: STUDENTS' INTERNATIONAL MEDITATION SOCIETY. 7.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY OCT. 14th

Mothers: STRAY.
B.M.I.: POETRY READING: Jeni Couzyn and Norman Hidder
Town Hall: TYRANNOSAURUS REX 7.45. 12/-, 10/-, 8/-, 6/-
Aston: DISCOTHEQUE 3/-

CINEMAS

Arts Lab: "MEDIUM COOL."

Jacey: "KING RAT"/"THE COLLECTOR"
(Until Sunday).

Odeon New Street: "M*A*S*H" (today)
"GOODBYE GEMINI"/"GIRLY"
(Sunday for seven days).

Odeon Ringway: "PATTON—A LUST FOR GLORY."

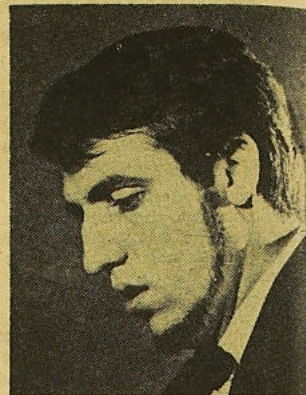
A.B.C., New Street: "BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE"

A.B.C., Bristol Road: "PAINT YOUR WAGON."

Gaumont: "CROMWELL."

Futurist: "THE QUEER, THE EROTIC."

Coming soon



Jacques Loussier
Town Hall Oct. 16

THEATRES

ALEXANDRA

Wednesday, Oct. 7th: "THE GONDOLIERS"
Thursday: "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD."
Friday: "PATIENCE."
Saturday: "THE GONDOLIERS."
Monday, 12th (for two weeks): "BOEING, BOEING."

BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE

Wednesday, Oct. 7th: "BARRATTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"
Thursday, for seven days: "ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD."

BELGRADE (Coventry)

"THE VISIT BY FRIEDRICH DURRENMATT."

GALLERIES

IKON, until October 24th—

JOHN BOWDEN—One-man Show.

COMPENDIUM, until October 17th—

Upper Gallery: ANNE THISTLEWAITE.
Central Gallery: WINIFRED FLANAGAN.
Sculpture Gallery: PHILLIPA THRELFALL

NEW ART GALLERY, until October 24th—

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