

N 58



# BEAVER

## STRIKE!

BRITISH LIBRARY  
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OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC SCIENCE

BY TOM MILLER



"Well, you can go in there, mate, if you want to be a scab."

TEN of eleven staff assistants at the Economist Bookstore walked out of work last Monday in a lightning, one-day strike over inadequate pay, bad working conditions, and failure of the management to recognise their union. These staff members repeated the lightning action on Thursday, after a meeting with the General Manager of the shop, Mr Bartlett, produced no change in the dispute.

On the Friday preceding the walkout, the Student Union voted almost unanimously — only one dissenting vote was cast — to support the workers by boycotting the shop. As General Secretary Will Richardson, who proposed the urgent motion, put it: "The really big beef is over the lack of job descriptions for the staff and the fact that pay rates are not set in writing."

### Treated like 'shit'

According to several of the staff members who walked out, their wages are not the only issue at stake. "I'm looked upon as shit on the floor," said one of the picketing assistants. She explained that her suggestions for improving the operation of the store are ignored by the management, her job involves no formal responsibilities, and that she must obey almost every whim of the managers.

"It's the attitude of the general manager towards the workers that led us to this action," added another. "If they treated us well, and listened to what we have to say, it wouldn't be so bad. We're striking to convince him that his policies are not infallible."

Yet the pay levels do figure largely in the strike. Currently staff assistants take home less than £40 per week, which is less than the minimum government grant to students in the London area. Although the staff does share a commission on the total volume of sales by the bookstore, the commission yields merely £15 per month each, before taxes. "The pay is obviously pathetic," declared one staff member. "I can't manage on these wages."

In addition, a specific job at the Economist — or even a promotion — does not correspond to any agreed upon level of pay. "A person can be offered a new job in the shop and — unless he or she knows the person who worked it before — you might get a cut in pay, even though the new job may entail more responsibilities," explained another assistant to the Student Union meeting.

### Two Managers resign

The troubles at the Economist appear to extend beyond the strike of the assistants. Two top management personnel at the shop have resigned over the past two weeks: Mr Chris Harrington, who had

been with the company for seven years and was — until his resignation — Division Manager; and, Ms Debbie Holland, who was head of the Incoming Books Department and had been employed by the store.

The striking staff assistants have pointed to the high rate of staff turnover at the shop; few employees last even one year, they claim. One assistant stated that the General Manager deliberately made conditions unpleasant in order to maintain a high turnover, which prevents staff unity and allows the store to pay its new employees low wages. "Why should people leave if they're willing to work hard?" asked this assistant.

"Instead of encouraging us, the management seems to keep wanting to get rid of us."

### Management response

THE general manager of the Economist, Gerald Bartlett, claimed that "processes are under way" to consider the staff assistants' complaints.

On the matter of pay levels, Bartlett said: "Our wages compare favourably with the generality of other bookshops in London." He indicated that he is "currently reviewing" the wages and will issue any recommendations for changes in November.

Bartlett has now agreed to hold staff meetings every month, but one staff assistant claimed that Bartlett "merely wants to appear reasonable in order to stall for time." On the resignations of Mr Harrington and Ms Holland — which appeared to be a sore point with the general manager — Bartlett delivered a terse "no comment," saying only that a "series of fundamental disagreements existed" between him and these former employees.

### Union recognition

The efforts of the staff assistants to gain recognition for their union, the Association of Clerical, Technical, and Supervisory Staff (ACTSS), remains a central issue in the dispute. Although ten of the eleven assistants have signed union membership, the Economist has to recognise voluntarily their union.

Instead, Bartlett has demanded that the entire staff of the Economist — about 40 people at four different locations — be balloted on the union question. Said Bartlett: "If true union representation is to be considered, it should be considered by all of our employees." Bartlett himself would be eligible to vote.

As one striking staff member concluded, "Our position is not very good. It all depends on how much pressure can be brought on Bartlett."

## Postgrad grant withdrawn

By CAROL SAUNDERS

ANTON CHAPMAN, an LSE graduate who was due to start an Msc course at the School this term, has had his grant withdrawn at the eleventh hour.

Anton, who was awarded a last minute Social Science Research Council Quota award, was informed by letter on the 28th September — just four days before the beginning of term — that no grant would be available for him.

Grants for postgraduate students are not automatic. Students with at least a 2:1 degree who are accepted by the School on postgraduate courses have then to apply for a grant from the Research Council.

Successful candidates receive a full grant equivalent to that of undergraduates, which takes into account the longer period of time involved.

Whilst still an undergraduate, Anton, who has no funds of his own, applied through the School for an SSRC Quota award and was initially turned down. He then applied, without success, for a

"Pool award" — the "pool" comprising those grants nationally which remain unclaimed.

Finally on the 5th of September he was informed that a quota award had become available. By the 18th September Anton had confirmed that he would take up the grant and had registered as a post-graduate at the School.

Anton was therefore rather put out to receive a letter from the School on the 28th of September informing him that his award had been withdrawn in favour of the original candidate.

Further investigation revealed that the Research Council had mistakenly believed that the original candidate had not achieved the required grade. This second student appealed to the Council and his claim was found to be valid.

The School made a late application for a Pool award, stressing the special nature of Anton's case, but the application was formally turned down on October 6th.

The School is concerned that the SSRC has not so far realised its responsibility to Anton and intends to pursue the matter further.

In the meantime Anton feels that he has been thoroughly messed around by the Research Council and finds himself in a very difficult situation — attending a course he may well have to drop in the near future.

## FIRE!

FARHENHEIT 451

DURING Freshers' Week the Liberals put out a statement alleging inadequate fire precautions in the new Library. Among their specific points were: padlocked fire exits, no staff fire training, no fire extinguishers, no explanation of the meaning of the three different fire alarms, and fire doors wedged open.

The School submitted a point by point reply. Even so, many of the points made in the leaflet were implicitly conceded — for example, staff fire instructions were "in preparation" (ie, are not yet ready).

Finally the matter was discussed in a School committee. At the Building Committee Will and Julian requested assurance on items in the leaflet, and specifically on the question of responsibility for safety in the new building. It was confirmed that this falls upon Mr Wilson, the School safety officer.

A petition is being circulated requesting an investigation in to the Library management. One final point: if you are boiling over about some aspect of the Library, don't scream at the porters or people on the desk. Tell the Students' Union, or the Librarian (Mr Clarke, first floor of the Lyin' Robbers' Building).



# ALL GAUSSEN GAITERS

HEAVEN is "a grotty little dump, populated by toffee-nosed prudes who would prove to be intolerable company for two hours, let alone Eternity." This is the shock conclusion of a special Beaver "Which?"-style probe on Heaven and Hell.

Simply titled "Heaven or Hell—A Guide for Consumers," the report demolishes the traditional myth that Hell is a terrible place, comparable only to LSE Halls of Residence: "One shouldn't rely on the Bible for objective reports on anything. Our investigations have exposed it as God's main propaganda organ, scarcely more reliable than the Daily Express. Thus, for instance, the phrase 'the Eternal fires of Hell' may well just be a God-type exaggeration of a hot and stuffy climate. (See our special guide to Sun Tan Lotions, issue 493)."

Furthermore, the report points out "most of your friends will probably be going to Hell too." This is due to the very stringent entry requirements of Heaven (which 99 per cent of people fail to meet), the main ones being:

- Going to Church at least once a week. (NB: Watching "Songs of Praise" is NOT an adequate substitute unless one is genuinely unable to go out).

- Not doing anything naughty. Naughty things include sex (before or after marriage), drinking alcohol, swear-

ing, listening to rock music, going on left-wing demonstrations and writing snide articles about religion. Reading pornographic, salacious or violent books (other than the Bible) is strictly forbidden. NB: anything which is enjoyable is automatically Naughty.

- Voting Conservative. (God can't stand left-wingers. His other pet hates include stripey socks, jelly babies and long-haired university students).

- "It is harder for rich people to get to Heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," according to the Bible, though some people think that there was a printing error and "pass" should have read "piss" or, more delicately, "pass water." In any case, however one reads it, it spells bad news for Ford workers.

- One must obey the Ten Commandments. These are almost as puritanical as Mrs Whitehouse's beliefs, and regretably, there is no evidence that God has become more 'permissive' or 'liberal-minded.' Merely obeying the Eleventh Commandment ('thou shalt not get found out') is futile, since He is omnipotent and omnipresent.

## CONCLUSION TILT

The report advises everyone to study the options very carefully before deciding irrevocably one way or the other. As it points out, once one enters either Heaven or Hell, it is "very difficult, if not impossible" to "get a transfer" to the other place. If one cannot choose between either place, the only other option is Purgatory, about which little is known, though Beaver hopes to mount a special "Insight Probe" investigation on it in the not-too-distant future.

James GausSEN.

## Rent Act Riddle: a reply

THE last issue of Beaver carried a critical report about 17 universities which are helping landlords to avoid the Rent Acts when they take students for tenants. "The educational establishment takes on the tenancy from the landlord and sublets to the students. Because the establishment is exempt from the Act the student loses his security of tenure, and the right to have a 'fair rent' registered." But so far the extension of rent controls to cover furnished accommodation has made the situation worse, not better, and this loophole applying to students is now closed.

Because the possibilities for rented accommodation coming on to the market are so limited, what there is has become harder to find, lower quality and more expensive. For people who want to find accommodation which is neither overcrowded (e.g. sharing bedrooms) or very far from London, the situation is desperate. The impression from talking to people who used to rent in the 1960s (when furnished lettings were exempt from control) is that the situation was better in every respect.

It is hard to believe that the rent of tenancies has been increased by legislation intended to reduce it. In the controlled market the rents dictated by rent officers tend to move in line with market pressures, and this has led even some controlled rents to be higher than before.

Some houses still have sitting tenants paying less than £5 per week for a floor of a house. Provided that these tenants still want to live in the same area (there is no way they can afford to move) they have done well. At the same time, young people are paying £14 per week and more to share a bedroom. From the business side, rent legislation has hit landlords—which may have been one of its aims.

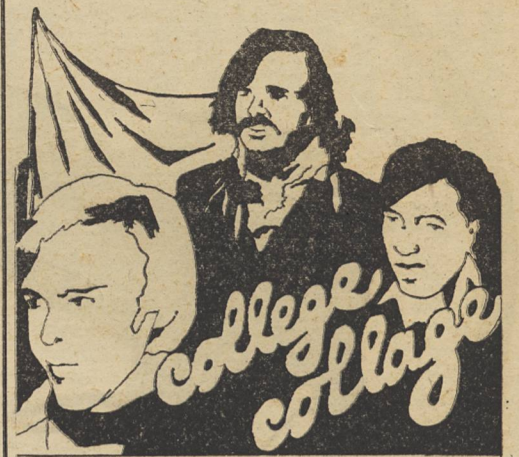
A group of foreign students at the LSE might be able to get a whole house share for a year, on the strength of a promise to leave, but English students are too great a risk and are likely to find the house has gone to someone else.

As a generalisation, the more powerful the letter of rent control legislation is, the worse the situation is for people wanting to get accommodation.

Students coming to London are one of the groups harder hit by the Rent Acts. When universities use their exemption from the Acts as a "loophole" (the provision was, of course, deliberate) they are weakening the Rent Acts in a way which specifically affect students.

Universities do not help landlords to avoid rent controls because they want to help landlords: they do it because they think their task is to help students find accommodation the best way they can.

A lot of the housing the universities get under this scheme would simply not be available to anyone if the universities did not operate the scheme. Campaigns against the scheme may be good politics but can only be bad for next year's students.



MUCH of the blurb from other colleges this issue concerns the DES's attempts to destroy Student Unions by close control of their finances.

Oxford Polytechnic's "The Last Edition," for example, includes a detailed four-page pull-out on the DES proposals, arguing that the current NUS response is inadequate.

Thames/Poly's "Links" describes the present proposals as "more subtle but as potentially dangerous" as those of Margaret Thatcher in 1972, and argues that the authorities see organised student unions as "a threat they cannot tolerate."

As well as roundly condemning the British Youth Council as a "reactionary organisation" for its attempts to organise "Boy Scouts Against the Nazis," Links urges students to support the call for a rent strike against Hall fee increases, which it describes as "cynical and insidious manipulation."

"Do You Want to be Editor?" pleads the banner headline on their second page, in a vain attempt to prove that there are people who are worse off than the unpaid, overworked and underpaid (sob! sob!) Beaver collective.

Don't trust the teachers, girls! That is the advice to students in the New University of Ulster's paper "Invoice," which details a case in which "the lecturer mentioned several times that he hadn't marked the students' exam paper yet, in between asking her to go on a week's luxury holiday with him in the South."

The article concludes with these words of wisdom: If you are approached by a lecherer, the only advice we can give is to make sure you get nothing lower than a 2:1 out of him." You have been warned!

Birmingham's Redbrick, on the other hand, focusses on student housing problems, commenting that, although new Halls are being planned for the future, "this year is even worse than previous years." (Nothing, I am told, can be worse than the LSE Halls!)

And just to prove that, the LSE isn't the only crushingly tedious place in the whole world, some quotes from Oxford Poly's "The Last Edition," about their Fresher's Week:

"I suppose it was mildly amusing."

"I don't like queueing or being inundated with information in duplicate or triplicate."

And finally, comrades: "It was pretty—no, bloody—boring!"

Sarah Lewthwaite

**ACCOMMODATION** hunting has been the major preoccupation for most students, but hopefully quite large numbers have settled into warm and cosy rooms for the winter. If not, do come along and check the Welfare Office Accommodation lists as advertising will NOT GO ON FOR EVER (but only until the end of October). Meanwhile, perhaps those of you who HAVE found places to live could come back to the Welfare Office (S100) and volunteer a FREE HOUR a week towards reading to blind students!

**WILL** all those students who sent in cards, Countdown Cards, and Film Society membership but have not yet collected them, please go along to the Union office between 10 and 12 o'clock to pick them up.



BEAVER COLLECTIVE AT WORK: A disagreement is resolved peacefully, as James explains to Ed why he doesn't think his column should be cut.

## INDIAN TEST TUBE BABY

TWO months after England produced a test-tube baby, India followed suit.

The overjoyed parents had been married nineteen years during which time fate had shunned them.

This progress in medical science is truly remarkable for India, a country burdened with the multifarious problems of overpopulation, poverty, poor industry and agriculture. The shadow of acute financial shortage has never strayed far.

For me, the test-tube baby symbolises achievement, a modern era, running parallel to the traditional and religious one.

This baby is a clear demonstration of the dormant power lying in the palms of India. India will always be the Rising Sun.

MALIKA RAJ KUMAR

## PARENTS NEED HELP:

As the half-term holidays begin on Monday, 23rd October, all school aged children will get a week off school. In order to help parents who will be studying, the Students' Union Welfare Office (S100) is again organising a PLAYGROUP. Any parent in need of this service, or volunteers willing to assist the qualified teacher supervising, please sign up on the Welfare Office Noticeboard, or see Elana.



# THE DES PROPOSALS

**ED WALKER** examines the case against the proposed new system of SU financing.

**THE present attack on student union autonomy in the Department of Education and Science proposals must be rejected as totally unacceptable. Contrary to their ostensible aim of greater public accountability, they run contrary to the public interest. That public interest we believe, lies in greater educational opportunity. This can only be won if student unions are free to organise and campaign in defence of their members.**

The government believes that it can more easily push through cuts in education if it controls our union organisation. It believes that now is the time to win that control since student militancy has weakened in recent years.

Furthermore, student unions may be regarded as being used as a test case for similar proposals to be introduced in all public sector unions, and ultimately all unions. In short, it is one more step along the road to a corporate state.

In the late 1960's the character of student unions changed rapidly from that of purely social clubs to organisations which gave collective strength to students on vital political issues.

## THATCHER

Confronted with this change in character, the DES under Margaret Thatcher attempted to impose tighter control of S.U. financing in 1970-71. But faced with a massive fightback, the Tory government was forced to drop its proposals.

However, the present government has drawn up a scheme every bit as pernicious as that of its predecessor.

Indeed, van Straubenzee, who masterminded the 1971 proposals has said "It seems to me that these are Tory proposals revamped and, as such, I naturally wish them well. In politics, timing is all important and quite clearly the student climate of opinion is far more receptive to such proposals than in 1971."

Under the present system, a student who receives a mandatory award has his union fee paid for him as a part of that mandatory award, by the Local Education Authority.

Ninety per cent of that award is reimbursed by central government through the Rate Support Grant.

The size of the per capita subscription is determined as follows: The student union draws up a budget submission, which must be vetted by the college. The LEA's are then obliged to pay the required per capita sum.

The level of fees varies enormously between colleges. The range for universities is between about £20 and £50, and in the maintained sector between 50p to over £40, with small colleges of Further Education

at the lower end and Polytechnics at the upper end of the scale. Our fee at LSE is £31.

## NEW PROPOSALS

The main DES proposals which have been agreed to in principle by the NUS are these:

(a) A maximum per capita fee of around £15 for universities and polytechnics, and a suggested minimum of £1.25 (25p for part-time students) at smaller colleges.

(b) In the case of universities, any sum above the maximum should come from the University Grants Council (UGC) block grant; in the case of polytechnics and the smaller colleges from the LEAs.

The effect of this split financing will cripple student unions. Firstly, the LEAs will have greater say in what goes in and what stays out of the maximum fee, i.e. earmarking on an unprecedented scale.

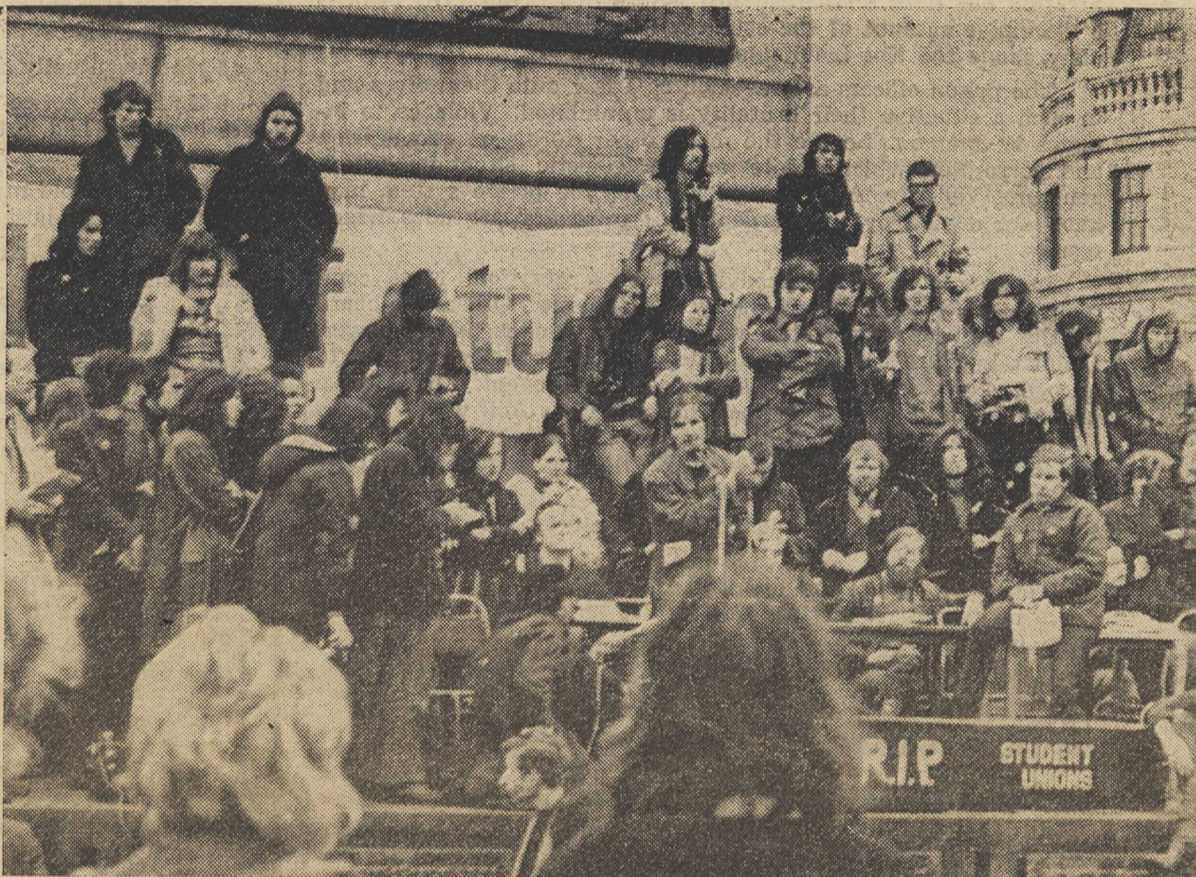
The other claims will be in direct competition with any desire for more lecturers, better libraries, staff wages or whatever. Subventions would, in short, mean that we could be diverted into fighting the colleges, rather than the government which is responsible for the general attack on education. Furthermore, as it will appeal that S.U.s are financed by the colleges, colleges are likely to demand a greater say in union affairs.

Student Unions would be reduced to the status of college departments, ultimately controlled by those who hold the purse strings, the UGC and LEAs.

## AUTONOMY CRISIS

The government is using the pretext of "public accountability" (a social-democratic euphemism for greater state control) to destroy union autonomy. In fact it is patently obvious that no government would spend as much time reviewing the trifling sum of £13m of public expenditure purely on the grounds of insufficient popular control.

And I say "trifling" with some justification since the U.G.C. loses



1972-73: Students Demonstrate against the Thatcherite proposals.

£40m in "noise" (each block allocation is rounded up to a multiple of £5m) every year. Besides, what is so "accountable" about Quangos such as the UGC?

Polys and FEs will be in an even worse position whilst 90% of the £15 maximum per capita grant is returned to local authorities via the RSG, only 60.5% of any subvention will be returned. This reduced return to the LEA will encourage gutter politicians aspiring to be councillors to compete for votes by offering cuts in student union funds. Of course the sums of money involved are negligible from the point of view of the individual ratepayer. But politics rests on public deception not public accountability.

## NUS DECEIVED

In return for all this the smaller colleges will receive the much vaunted (by the NUS Executive) minimum fee of 25p for part-time students.

However, even this paltry sum is only suggested, not guaranteed. Nor do the LEAs seem likely to index-link these fees.

Since many small colleges have mainly part-time students, the NUS Executive have deceived themselves if they believe any gain has been made.

One of the most crucial aspects of Union financing is the legal status of student unions. Charitable status, which provides considerable savings in tax and rates, nevertheless places great constraints on finance and intolerable liabilities on Union officers. The main requirement is for the organisation to have virtually purely educational aims. Legal action is often threatened over outside payments (ultra vires) no matter how crucial to student interests. Since unions do not have limited liability, officers can be held responsible to repay donations considered ultra vires. Clearly, the fight for union autonomy must

include a fight for a more acceptable legal status, in the light of the changed nature of student unions. This must allow student unions total control over the "objects" clauses of their constitutions, and the legal rights afforded to trade unions. In the meantime, we must look into schemes such as trading co-ops as a means of by-passing objections to ultra vires payments.

We maintain that student unions should be controlled by their members, and not by the state. For their members share the public interest — a better deal in education. The state, with its recent massive cuts in education expenditure, has much baser interests.

The only way the DES proposals can be thwarted is through a national campaign. This proved successful in 1971.

If students do not actively campaign, they will deserve this lousy deal which is being imposed upon them.

## STARS, STRIPES & ANL

By David E. Durchfort

I WAS very impressed with the turnout for the anti-Fascist rally and march held in Kensington and Brixton on September 24th. The rally consisted of various Socialist youth parties, women's groups, labour unions, and sundry other political factions from all parts of the country all come together to denounce the up-and-coming National Front. I stationed myself in Hyde Park in order to view the march clearly from beginning to end. For forty minutes one continuous, unbroken procession passed before me, at least fifty people deep and, in some instances, up to one hundred persons in depth. The assembly in Brixton appeared equally impressive. Estimates of the rock-listening audience ranged from eighty to one hundred and twenty-five thousand persons.

That event marked the fifth day of my arrival in London. Witnessing the emotional fervour of the march and the relaxing atmosphere of the concert afterwards was sufficient, in and of itself, to leave one with

lasting impressions. But the campaign left me with a far more broadening experience, in a political sense. The demonstration made me acutely aware of the disparity that exists between the two political movements currently found in Great Britain and the United States. The solidly-organised political scene in Britain provides a stark contrast to the United States' invisible, virtually non-existent one. It wasn't always that way.

In the early 1970s a series of annual May Day demonstrations was held in Washington, D.C., to focus national attention on the war in Vietnam. I participated in the second march in 1972 along with three-quarters of a million others. With the march on Washington, Americans could no longer ignore the solid opposition to Nixon's policies in South East Asia. That unified lobby proved instrumental in putting an end to the aggression abroad.

Much has changed since 1972. The crucial difference between then and now is: In America today, in place of the peace movement apathy reigns, whereas in Britain a

highly organised and politically motivated culture remains.

In the United States there exist several small factions of politically and socially orientated dissidents concerned with issues such as nuclear proliferation, women's rights, minority rights, poverty, and equal educational opportunity to name a few, but their mutual interaction and interdependence remains marginal at best. Most groups function solely within the confines of their chosen field of specialisation. For example, university-level Chicano students in Los Angeles involved in opposing the Supreme Court's Bakke ruling maintain little or no contact at all with the Los Angeles chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People's struggle with the bussing of minority children to predominantly white neighbourhoods across town. And yet, ironically, both groups share a great deal in common. The issues of equal opportunity in education and racially integrated classrooms they both face are practically identical. However, the former affects institutions of higher learning and the latter deals primarily with elementary levels in the educational system.

The luxury of separateness between liberally aligned groups in America holds parti-

cularly severe consequences for their future. Both the NAACP and the anti-Bakke students are now in need of dire support. If you have been hearing anything at all about these two exemplary campaigns then you probably know that the conservative movement sweeping the United States of late, is beginning to undermine seriously their already meagre liberal bases. The isolationism that exists between the two liberal camps weakens their ability to confront the new conservative trend effectively. These are just two examples. In many other cases important issues are being debated without sufficiently viable and coherent liberal-sided representation.

In general, liberal thought and society in the United States is on the wane. The signs are everywhere: the Bakke case, anti-bussing dissent, the failure of the equal rights amendment, the "tax revolt", and the call for reinstating capital punishment are all symbols that herald the renewed onslaught of conservatism. Americans who would like to counter effectively that conservative tide should take special note of their British counterparts who demonstrate mutual support by rallying in numbers and voicing their protests in unison.



# BOOKS

Stephen Caine reviews:

## "WHO GUARDS THE GUARDS,"

by Brian Stratton

IN 1969 the inmates of Parkhurst Prison staged a riot. Brian Stratton had been discharged just before this revolt. His book is a discursive account of the conditions in Parkhurst which, in his view, made the riot inevitable.

The prison officers are revealed as a law unto themselves and in such a situation their brutality is uninhibited. Violence to inmates is common. So are the many other forms of provocation and corruption which create an antagonistic situation, which generates violence. Any therapeutic aims the prison system may have are denied by the hardening of prisoners' attitudes which results.

Inmates have little remedy for such a situation. Most complaints are dealt with internally by the Governor. Others are heard by the Visiting Magistrates, who have no independent power. Ultimately there is the Home Office, which has little motive to uncover situations which it is supposed to prevent. All of these procedures are cocooned in the Official Secrets Act, which makes the media reluctant to handle prisoners' complaints (and accounts for this book being published by PROP—the prisoners' union—and not by a commercial publisher).

There is a need for independent inquiries in these cases, Stratton concludes.

This is an angry and disturbing book, colloquial in style but grave in its subject matter. Copies will be on sale at the Union Shop (price 60p).

## "HOMOSEXUALITY"

### Androgyny and Evolution

by Bob Mellors

**SUBTLY** using the graffiti sketch on the cover and centre pages to imply that his subject is still suppressed in society, Mellors presents a cohesive introduction to his analysis and argument.

**Developing then into attack, he takes the precaution of arming the reader with information central to his ideas.**

Thus we are persuaded to abhor the attempts of science to categorise humanity and to teach that certain physical features are command related, and socially established, functions. Social codes that disregard sexual individuality serve as a recurrent target, alongside virtual disrespect for the "sympathetic" psychologist: "He stubbornly ignores the contents and speaks only about the packaging".

As an ex-sociology student of L.S.E., and a "gay", Bob Mellors is able to argue that homosexuals, by forming a "substantial part of humanity", qualify for further investigation and understanding from society. The theme develops later to his intriguing claim that evolution's failure to reject homosexuality

as irrelevant proves deviant sex to be the theatre for experimenting with new ideas and ways of behaving. Deviant sex thus becomes the mainspring of evolution.

Before reaching this peak in his argument, Mellor proposes that society remains unaware of the complex relationships deceptively enveloped by "homosexual". He declares the original, and thus the real meaning of the term—"attraction-to-same-ness", to obliterate the more intricate edifice of some "gay" relationships: "If a feminine bitch male goes for tough butch blokes . . . it's more attraction to differentness."

Within the movement, he warns gays from condemning each other for role-playing; the fundamental principle and ultimate aim is to adopt that image, and to foster that relationship, which suits you personally.

Perhaps too extensive is Mellors's use of two pages of film-screen relationships to emphasise and illustrate these variations to relationships. He does on one occasion, lapse into a tirade against homosexuals being ignored or rejected as inconsequential, though more important is the earlier accusation that psychologists only go beyond sympathy to "prescribe mind-bending drugs, or strap them [gays] down for electric shock-treatment."

As a whole, these eighteen pages introduce aspects of homosexuality deserving of further consideration. Mellors creates a treatise for the equality of homosexuals that is both fluid to read and provocatively beyond the norm in its suggestions.

# FRESHERS' WEEK

A new student embarks on a great career at LSE . . . whilst the

DEAR Students' Union,

I am a little confused as to what happened to Freshers' week. Let me describe my first day:

8.30: I eventually found LSE.

8.45: Saw a notice instructing freshers who had lost their host to go to S100.

8.50: Asked old man by door what a student host was.

8.51: Old man shrugged his shoulders.

9.10: Found S100.

9.25: Joined by 50 other students also looking very lost.

9.35: Allocated to a student host in my department.

9.45: Found room. No host, but a dozen confused freshers.

9.50: Found freshers' programme on desk. Went to Director's speech.

10.00: Bored to tears.

11.00: Return to host's room. Told to go and see Tutor, and then Registrar.

11.05: Student host departs to drink freshers' money in Three Tuns Bar.

11.15: Realised I didn't know who my tutor was.

11.30: Arrived at Student Union Office.

11.35: Referred to Registry in Connaught House.

11.45: Arrived Registry. Notice on door "Moved to Clare Market."

11.50: Joined queue for Registry.

12.30: Registry closed. Re-opening 2.30.

3.00: Reached front of queue. Referred to Admissions Office.

3.15: Found Connaught House.

3.30: Discovered Tutor's name. Appointment was two hours ago.

3.50: Found Tutor's Office but no tutor. Made appointment to see Tutor 2 p.m. Tuesday.

4.00: Went to see his secretary.

4.20: Set out to find out about accommodation.

4.30: S.U. Office, referred to Welfare Office.

4.35: Nobody there.

5.00: Returned to Welfare Office. (Referred to YMCA).

Tuesday, arrived 10 am: Wandered around for two hours; discovered I had missed A.U. Ball.

2.00: See Tutor for three minutes.

2.30: Join queue for Registry.

4.00: Told since I had no evidence of Local Authority Grant could only register temporarily. Returned to grotty YMCA.

Wednesday: Went to see Accommodation Officer. Found address in Amersham. Rent £20 a week, but after YMCA anything would do.

Thursday: Went out to Amer-

sham. Began to think YMCA not so bad after all. Phoned home: Found out local authority denied they were responsible for my grant.

Trekked out to Amersham (1½ hours).

Friday: Returned to school to pick up NUS card, etc. Told to return next month. They might be ready. Had paid £4.50. Anyhow, who was this Hamilton Brown woman? Told should buy Freshers' Ball ticket. By now I'd do anything to meet people. Went to Library to have a look around. Refused admission. Drew remaining money out of Bank.

Went back to Amersham. Saturday: Stayed in bed until 5 o'clock, I mean, what else had I to do in Amersham.

5 o'clock: Began trek to LSE. 8 o'clock: Arrived at Ball. What happened to the film?

Someone actually talked to me. (The highlight of the week) but discovered he only wanted a cigarette. Funny things started happening to disco. Someone ripped off my money and everything I had spent all week collecting.

Spent all night on station platform.

Yours,

John Smith.

P.S. — Does anyone have the Samaritans' number?

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## Sociology: the one your mother warned you about

I WAS warned not to do sociology. My mum still won't speak to me and I've been doing it for four years now. My careers supervisor advised me not to do it. He told me that each subject in the careers library had a pigeon hole and that they were all brim full with job vacancies — all that is except sociology which was always empty. He was lying of course — I counted at least one vacancy in three years. No-one could put me off though, because I had this absurd notion that if you're going to spend three years at university you might as well study something you enjoy. Silly isn't it?

My mum tried to put me off sociology by saying all those things that mums say when they know what's best for you, as: "But what are you going to do afterwards? It's hard to get a job with that kind of degree."

What a feeble argument — who needs a job when you've got sociol-

ogy? She gave up in the end and decided that it was far easier not to bother talking to me at all.

My dad, as usual on all such world shattering issues, remains a staunch no comment man. He still asks me to pass the salt occasionally.

So I changed courses from a solid

upright member of society doing an Economics and History Joint degree to a single subject wash out. I lost all my friends (both of them) and my hair dropped out but I was enjoying myself. Doing sociology. I was and am a no-holds barred theory man. I've no time for courses on the sociology of education, on race relations or the sociology of rear entry positions.

Abstract, long winded and totally obscure theory books are where I get my kicks. I actually managed to read all of Jurgen Habermas's books twice.

For the uninitiated, Habermas usually makes most sociologists flinch in terror as they recall the one and only time (praise be to God) they happened by sheer mischance to attempt to read any of his stuff and ended up being carried out of the library on a stretcher suffering from a severe case of brain explosion.

The trouble was that I was caught with a Habermas as usual.

PAUL WATT

## BEAVER FOOD

Abhay Desai

### MUTTON CURRY

GENUINE North Indian Recipe — fairly hot.

Abhay Desai gives us the first of what we hope will be a series of genuine recipes from abroad. Overseas students — your recipe will be very welcome!

1lb of Beef or Mutton (Diced).  
2 large onions.  
½lb tomatoes.  
½ tea cup oil.

### Spices

3 tablespoons turmeric.  
4 tablespoons cummin seed (ground).  
4 tablespoons ground coriander.

2 tablespoons chilli powder.  
2 sticks cinnamon.  
5 or 6 cloves.  
5/6 bay leaves.  
4 cloves of garlic.  
largish piece of ginger.  
¾ fresh chillies (green).  
2 cups of yoghurt (natural).  
2 lemons.

### METHOD

Empty the yoghurt into a large pan. Mix in half the quantities of turmeric, cummin seed, coriander and chilli powder. Add the meat. Squeeze the juice of one lemon over it and mix it thoroughly. Leave for at least 3 hours.

Chop the onions finely and add the oil to them in a large pot. Brown the onions at low heat. As they are browning add the bay leaves, the cinnamon and the cloves.

In the meantime put the chillies, the fresh ginger (peeled) and the garlic through a grinder till fine. Add these and the onions as they start to brown. Make sure you stir the mixture to prevent it from sticking to the bottom of the pan.

Leave it for about five minutes. Then add the rest of the spices till the aroma is distinguishable. Then add the meat and yoghurt. Turn the gas up and turn thoroughly. After about 10 minutes turn the gas down and leave to simmer. Quarter the tomatoes and add them. Squeeze the juice from the second lemon. Then cover the pot, stirring periodically. Cook till the meat is tender. Boil the rice in the meantime and serve hot.

(Optional). Serve half a chopped onion, fresh green chillies and salt in vinegar.

A poem in anapaestic monometer . . .

### WHEN THE MAID BROUGHT THE TEA TO THE MASTER

Not afraid  
Of a mouse  
Or the shade  
Of a ghost,  
Yet the maid  
Of the house  
Was afraid  
Of the host  
When he said  
With a yawn:  
"I can see  
That you'll stay  
At my bed  
For the dawn  
And the tea  
On the tray . . ."

© N. Racine-Jaques, 1978.



# WEEK FARCE

... whilst this one discovers the wonder of SU democracy

AS an innocent little Fresher, I had the great pleasure (?) of attending the Introductory Union meeting and the first UGM of term. Thoroughly bored, I jotted down a few impressions and snide comments. If you find me hanging from a lamp-post in Hackney, you'll know why!

"We on the Union executive don't do very much..." The crowing voice was followed by a drowsy silence, as another Fresher fell off his chair, fast asleep. Even the question of "Why did you stand for election then?" had no effect.

Liz Baltiesz, after her passionate avowal on the Tuesday that she'd done nothing all year, intended to do nothing, never thought about the Students' Union, and cared even less, stunned us still further with the announcement that she had done "nothing" during Freshers' Week!

They didn't do very much at the first Students' Union meeting of the term, either. Even those of us who thought we were immune to chaos, boredom and disorganisation found this fascinating meeting hard to take.

It wasn't just the fact that we

had to vote six times on every motion. Nor that we had to listen to, at the latest count, ten speeches from Will Richardson (yawn) and fifteen from Julian Ingram (snore! zzzzz) who apparently not only guards the constitution but owns it!

What was really killing was the sight of universal hack candidate Guy Elliot arriving three-and-a-half hours late, apparently with the sole purpose of yelling 'Quorum'—which for those of us who, relegated as Freshers to snide comments and wearing shorts (official Students' Union policy, would you believe!) don't know, means that Emma Hamilton-Brown counts the sleepy folk in the gallery and declares that there are only ten of us left. So we all go home.

After the initial insults, we got on to Questions to Officers. Enter Kay Forrester, who, after a largely unsuccessful smirking match with the General Secretary, started on her list of questions—all 17 of them.

What were Julian Ingram's domestic arrangements? General murmurings. A red-faced Ingram changed the subject to student housing.

Would the General Secretary...? Did the members of the executive...? and so on, and so on.

This was followed by the only serious part of the whole meeting: business motions. This provided us, at least, with some different voices—the Trade Union convener at the Economists' Bookshop, and Duncan Campbell, News Editor of Time Out, instead of ongoing Will Richardson (a great improvement!).

Pity most of the hacks used this bit of the meeting merely as a chance for another rant. Without Kay Forrester's 13th speech of the day, it might actually have been interesting!

But finally, after a long discussion as to which motions we should take before we became inquorate, we discovered we were well below quorum anyway, so we all gave up and went to the bar, which would probably have been a much better idea all along.

And no, Will—your invention of a near-extinct South American tribe is by no means original. I know someone who dreamt (or drank?) up an entire country; torn by the triple curse of counter-revolution, a malicious neighbour and a 15-year drought (plus most likely a gaggle of gossip columnists and a surfeit of Student Union hackery)—and got away with it!

Sarah Lewthwaite.

## Don't count on your Countdown card

ALL students at some point might encounter an entity known as the National Students' Discount Scheme. If you do (and it is not a very well advertised service of the N.U.S.) you will find out that a 10 per cent discount is available on a variety of goods from certain shops, a list of which is given out with the Countdown Card.

Those are the cheerful facts. Whether they remain cheerful is an entirely different matter. If you are new from school, and have thrown away all your material belongings in an effort to forget that institution, then you will find yourself in need of our fantastic card.

If you are prepared to buy a whole wardrobe of clothing, eat in all the West End restaurants, do everything expected of a student (i.e. subscribe to the Guardian, the Economist, the New Scientist and Punch!) and buy innumerable car tyres, you will have, by the end of the year, saved around £10.

If, however, you are like me, and decided to keep your "School Days" clothes, stifling an overpowering desire to burn them, and don't collect car tyres and prefer a shower to a carwash spray, think twice before you invest in our Card.

After you have thought twice, you might realise that you are quite normal, and like all of us, read the Economist only when it belongs to someone else... well, think twice more, or if you haven't the time, forget it!!

Sreela Banerjee.

## Beaver classified...

**VOLUNTEER WANTED:** Could anyone collect a three-year-old child from the L.S.E. nursery at 5.30 p.m. and watch him until 6.00 p.m.? Please see Elana in the Welfare Office.

**RIFLE CLUB:** University of London team trials. Small-bore rifle—7 and 14 October at Imperial College Sports Centre.

Pistol—14 and 21 October at University College Rifle Range.

Full-bore rifle—4 March, 1979. Details from Rifle Range, Imperial College Sports Centre, Princes Gardens, London SW7. Tel 589 0463.

Further details available from your Union, or from UL Union.

**CHILDREN'S WELFARE:** Any parents whose children's half term dates are 30-10-78 to 3-11-78 (ie, one week after I.L.E.A. dates); please contact Jacky Jones (2nd yr student parent) at 428 4060 or see Elana in S100.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY:** There will be a meeting for all those interested in room 101A, behind Concourse Area, on Thursday 19-10-78.

**Interactive Computer System for the Solution of Non-Linear Differential Equations Involving Subharmonics.**

Professor S. Hirst (University of Adelaide) will give this Special University Lecture in the Board

Room at 5.30 pm on Thursday 19 October.

**BEYOND PHYSICAL ANTHROPOLOGY:** Professor J. S. Weiner (London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine) will give this Huxley Memorial Lecture in the Old Theatre at 5 p.m. on Wednesday November 8.

**MODERN DANCE:** The Movement Group at the University of London Union, Malot Street, WC1 offers classes Wednesday evenings at 7 pm. Subscription to the M.G. is £1. Classes for students with a ULU card are 50p. £1 to others. Beginners welcome. Several dance projects are undertaken in term time.

**PROMOTING CHANGE IN THE LEGAL SYSTEM:** This is an Inaugural Lecture by Professor Michael Zander, in the Old Theatre at 5 pm on Thursday, 9 November. The Chair will be taken by the Director, Professor R. G. Dahrendorf.

**TAXATION AND THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND:** Professor Peter Mathias (All Souls College, Oxford), will give this Special University Lecture in the New Theatre at 5.30 pm on Thursday, 23 November.

BEAVER will be pleased to publish any ads or notices submitted for the "classified" section.

## Passfield: a Separate Reality

PASSFIELD has got into full swing again these last two weeks and most people seem to be settling down into the cosy Passfield routine. The most attractive L.S.E. Hall is at the same time the most ill-equipped, but this helps to add the homely touch and provides for hours of conversation.

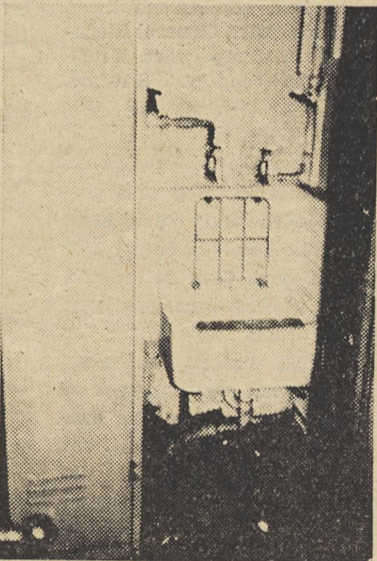
The faults of the Hall are a subject which unites the residents and gives them a sense of oneness not found in the other more modern halls.

Heating installation is a cross inhabitants have to bear, there are little warrens in all sorts of strange places as a result of the heating engineers burrowing between rooms and floors. Noisy boilers audible for rooms around and tepid water are also a common problem, but Passfield struggles on, with what can only be described as something resembling the Dunkirk spirit.

Passfield continues to attract a wide cross-section of cultures and ethnic groups; only last week we had a special Brum evening. Also for all homesick Liverpuddlians there was a Cilla Black soiree in the Bar.

The Cilla Black Society formed by Brian Wirrel pro-

vided the music with many vintage Black recordings including "Oh you are a mucky



Passfield's newly installed de luxe bathroom unit.

kid". A good time was had by all and we hope to hear more from this active group.

John ("I visited the States this summer") Sweeney, Hall President, has certainly created a distinctive image for his post. Aided by his close friend the Demon Drink, the President has made many back-slapping whistle-stop tours of the crowded bar.

His policy is to speak to every person he falls into using an apology by way of introduction. By careful pitching of his voice at 100 decibels he manages to reach a much wider audience than those unfortunate enough to be crashed into.

Food is maintaining its reputation and there have been reports from the annexe of outbreaks of "Passfield Tummy," quarantine regulations have been enforced: our Medical Correspondent writes in most cases attacks reduce people to an "on-going going going situation."

Despite any minor inconveniences mentioned, Passfield residents in the true British tradition maintain a stiff upper lip and look forward to the coming winter safe in the knowledge that they will be glowing contentedly in the warmth that the new heating will provide. Some cynics have suggested that it won't be completed until the summer, but I, like most, remain faithful, comforted by the knowledge of Passfield's tradition for smooth efficiency.

Toby Rose

### QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"THERE is nothing wrong with wanting to dominate other people"—Peacock (an anarchist ex-editor).

"I am not an egotist."—Will Richardson.

"What really worries me about the Soviet Union is when they start persecuting Socialists."—Will "libertarian Socialist" Richardson.

Overheard in a City Accountants Office "... and you might get trouble from socialists and other fringe groups."

## Build a better LSE with your caring, sharing Beaver

IF you share the Beaver Collective's view that the introduction of disposable cutlery and plates in the Brunch Bowl is unæsthetic, wasteful and awkward, please sign on the dotted line and place this coupon in the Brunch Bowl's "Suggestion Box."

NAME .....

YEAR .....

Could the School not employ a hard-up person to do a few hours' washing-up each day?



# THE LONDON ARTS

## CINEMA

Tom Mullen

FRANCE'S most memorable police inspector is out for blood in *Revenge of the Pink Panther*, and chaos has rarely been so well disorganised. While just whose blood is not made

## NON-FICTION

Naf Farey

### PARLIAMENT AND PUBLIC SPENDING

By ANN ROBINSON

TO begin with a cliché: this is not a book to be tossed aside lightly; it should be thrown with great force!

Seriously, though, this slim volume (whilst not slim enough by some 150 pages) is a mine of information to those who delight in mines of information. Did you know, for instance, that there's a table showing the figures of Wit-

clear, the incongruous sincerity of the man — and his constant rapport with the audience — is sufficient requital for a plot which, by comparison, is an unseasoned left-over. Even the "Mob" is no match against a role that Sellers now fills to perfection. As an impressionist painter he sings, "Oh Thank Heaven for Little Girls" and calmly

nesses giving Oral Evidence 1970-1974 (to what is not specified) with such revealing headings as T & I, E & HO, and such other enlightening facts.

"Factors in the Determination of Public Spending" it announces pompously at one particular Chapter Head which caught my eye. (A formidable achievement, unequalled by the rest of the book). Or, if you find this sort of thing too elementary, there's always "Parliament and Other Factors in the Determination of Public Spending" Amazing isn't it?

"No", I hear you cry?  
Yeah, that's how I felt.

asks his companions, "Did you order a Bimb?" A what? As the victim of a pasty mugger, he assures us that he is no ordinary transvestite. As the Godfather, wearing an inflatable double-breasted pin-stripe, he is one grape-mouthed heavy who is lighter than air. As a Chinese holiday-maker, he is simply Lo Kee. Dreyfuss slips off the deep end, Kato Falls on his face, the police burn and Hong Kong explodes. Now what was it that someone asked about Blake Edwards' latest film — anything for a laugh?

Three nights in the life of a wheelman known as *The Driver* are sufficient to transform Los Angeles into the man's personal carnival. One light show follows another as the quiet protagonist grits his teeth and puts down his foot. The pursuit scenes easily take one back ten years to the classic choreography of *Bullitt*; they are simply that good. And, more surprising, there is also a plot. Personal victory at any price is the empyrean quest of characters who are so strongly defined that their names are left void. When the granite was cut, so were the edges. Life becomes a question of gamesmanship, of total role identification, upon which the Detective briefly excogi-

tates with a reference to the local sports page. The ethereal calm of the players contrasts sharply with the amphetamine-charged current of events, creating real pressure for the viewer. The final car chase and the end scene will chill the sweat and loosen your terra firma. Not for those with high blood pressure; this cowboy plays to win.

Avid cinema fans will find pleasure in many of the midnight features which are circulating around London. Chopsockey fans will exercise their adrenal glands with *King Boxer* and *Five Fingers of Death*. Often shown as a double feature, they may be best described as one long arm hassle after another. *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* concerns rural Californians being grown by plants. No one believes the one normal (?) survivor — would you? Some of the dialogue: "You don't need to be sick to need a psychiatrist" and, "Hmm, this sounds like some sort of infectious mass neurosis. Hope we don't catch it". Clint Eastwood receives *The Eiger Sanction* to eliminate a treacherous double agent, but the spectacular mountain-climbing sequence leaves one breathlessly in search of a purpose for it all. That also goes for the albino chap who lives in an infra-red refrigerator. To

reach the *Vanishing Point*, a total loser named Kowalski bets a friend five dollars that he can drive from Denver to San Francisco in thirty hours. Flashbacks reveal an authentic existence (?) which has failed to mean anything to anyone. Avoiding his last roadblock at the beginning of the film, K. decides to go out with a bang at the end. This is one for cult film and sports car fans alike.

*Odd Job* has nothing to do with the inscrutable villain from *Goldfinger*, although he could have been put to good use. It concerns a little four-eyed fellow who does his hired killing with the same near-sighted alacrity with which he repairs pinball machines. Monty Python's Graham Chapman meets this underfed and undefined sociopath while attempting to waste himself in a patio chair which has been plugged into the chandelier. Does this make sense? No. There is also a wife, who is the catalyst for a vacillating suicide pact, and a chap named Tony, whose premature neck injury solves the unexplained gonad troubles from which he had been suffering. The cast is rounded out by your typical promiscuous next door neighbour, a Mafioso with a speech impediment, a caretaker with a taste for poisoned milk, and a skinhead who apparently left either the Gestapo or the Hell's Angels to become a toilet snipe. The sound track was probably written for an insurance company.

## THE BIG SLEEP

Iain Smith

WORD came Friday that somebody big was in town. Guy called Marlowe, Philip. From L.A., way back. I figured he'd need my dough and drift my direction, which is out of town.

I gave him a week, then another. Still no call. He was playing hard to get, but then so was I, and that's no way to run a paper. Saturday p.m. I gave up and pulled the phone my way. "Eight fifteen," the man said. "Sharp. Tonight."

His place was over on Shaftesbury Avenue. It was not quite as big as the Natural History Museum,

but it held more bodies. Most of them were human, and all were alive. Unusual, if what I'd read about Marlowe was true. Certainly, going by the crowd, it looked like he was pretty high in the popularity stakes round here. Somewhere above Moses at a meeting of Jewish historians, past and present.

Most of his fans were parked in foldback seats. I joined them, sipping some hooch I'd bought on the way. Next thing I knew the man himself was there in front of us, larger than life and louder, too. Maybe it was the liquor, but I managed to keep my trap shut while he told his story.

He'd had a rough time in London. Seems like he'd got himself hired by an old bird called General Sternwood out at a dump called Knebworth, in the country. Straight gum-shoe job, but it got less

straight the further he got in. Nothing was like it looked, or looked like it seemed. A couple of crazy daughters, an oversize Merc and a platoon of artillery-men got in Marlowe's way. But Marlowe got wise and came through alive. I'd heard he was hard, but I'd got it wrong. He had all the cuddly softness of Cleopatra's column.

But don't believe me. Out of the mouths of hacks and movie-scribes came forth lies. Go see for yourself, down on Shaftesbury, or at your local. Tonight. Take a peep at the Big Sleep.

## OPERA

Jonathan Richmond

English National Opera at the London Coliseum

IN a setting of inspired trelliswork, enhanced by Robert Frith's sensitive lighting, we are transported to Turkey for the ENO's version of Mozart's happiest story of love, *Il Seraglio*.

Anthony Rolfe Johnson sings an ardent Belmonte, Valerie Masterson is a devoted Constanza, though strain in some of the more difficult passages did not make hers a brilliant performance. Terry Jenkins makes Pedrillo into a sort of cockney version of Figaro, aided and abetted by the cheeky Blonda of Sandra Dugdale, a true English girl with a mind of her own.

Dennis Wicks shows that Osmin, the wicked and grotesque steward who prevents the escape of the two pairs of lovers, is also human. Carl Oatley looks forward to Sarastro as he recreates Mozart's magic spirit of forgiveness and nobility in the character of Pash Selim.

The dialogue has undergone considerable modernisation, but this only helps give the performance life, and though purists may moan, it helps contribute to one of the ENO's greatest virtues, the ability to give pleasure.

## ROCK

Paul Ramone

ONE, two, three, four! Yes folks, as soon as Dee Dee shouts out those hallowed words you know that it's time to lock your granny in the attic, because The Ramones are back in Britain with THE most skull battering rock music on the planet. This was the first time that I had seen the Ramones in London and the first time that I had been to the Hammersmith Odeon and I had heard grim reports that the Odeon heavies didn't let you stand up or even rush the stage.

As I was seized upon by one of said heavies and told to get into my seat, I was certain that this place was a "more tea vicar", tap your feet and clap politely affair. Thankfully I was wrong because everyone in the stalls stood up as soon as The Main Band hit the stage.

They started with "Teenage Lobo-

tomy" or Blitzkrieg Bop and perhaps ended with "Suzy IS a Head Banger". Who knows or cares? The sound could have been better and Joey's voice got lost occasionally in the guitar/drums apocalypse, or maybe it's just that he can't sing. They played what was expected of them, i.e. big chunks from the first three albums and a few songs from the new one. They also played the Searchers "Needles and Pins" which allowed the audience and themselves time to get their breath back. Has the Ramones' live act changed, progressed, diversified in the nine months' gap since they last played in the U.K.? Has it hell — this is The Ramones not the Pink Floyd. The only difference is that they probably played quicker than ever (if that's possible). They are simply the best straightforward punk band ever playing music. You either love or loathe them, depending on which side your brain is pierced in. Three encores and gallons of sweat later and it's all over. You can let your granny out of the attic now. And the message to all you political punters out there from one of The Brothers' best songs is: "Don't talk to Commies"!



... was you there at Forest gor fuck me what a ruck there was just three of us like standin' on the corner giving Forest the old come-on and like 27,000 of 'em suddenly appeared behind us but did we run fuck off mate they're just all maff well the old bill tried to give 'em protection but we broke froo and gave 'em a good hiding I know these bourgeois wankers say it's mindless violence but it's only hard-up workin' kids trying to express themselves by the way when's my Operational Research Seminar ... ?



# ENTERTAINMENTS:

## Roy Harper's Bizarre

### THE RIGHT TO SMIRK



Smirks: Playing at LSE 28th October.

THE Smirks are Simon Milner (lead vocals, guitar), Neil Fitzpatrick (lead guitar), Ian Morris (bass/vocals), and Mike Doherty (drums). I interviewed them in the bar at The Marquee a couple of weeks ago, and they had plenty to say for themselves, much of it unrepeatable.

As my tape-recorder was in a non-going situation, I was reduced to laborious longhand, which didn't help matters. Even worse, I spent ten minutes casting furtive glances in their direction before I plucked up the courage to ask them if they were actually THE Smirks. In my enthusiasm at being granted an audience, the small problem of separating the Smirks from the goats (so to speak) never crossed my mind. Maybe I should have worn a red carnation.

The Smirks played their first gig in Manchester, their home town on December 10th, 1977; coming in the vanguard of the New Wave. Their ante-cedents are colourful, if somewhat vague. Simon and Neil were apparently on their way to Australia, but finding that the streets of Paris were paved with gold, if you happened to be a busker, stayed on and made their fortunes.

It was in Paris that an American percussionist suggested that they call themselves the Smirks. As they were called The Crabs at the time, they ignored him. However, upon their return to England, they found Punk was flourishing and that there was another band called The Crabs. Despite much racking of brains, no-one could think of a new name, so they gave up and called themselves The Smirks.

They first made their mark by playing at one of the "Stiff Tests" (organised by the philanthropic Stiff Records as a sort of happy hunting ground for A & R men). After that, or so they claim, they had to fight the record companies off. They eventually signed for Beserkley, an American-independent label, because it was small and homely(!) as well as being very prestigious (mainly as the home of Jonathan Richman).

They have a single called "Rosemary" out soon and they will shortly be going into the

studio to cut their first album, which should be out sometime in the New Year.

When I asked what type of music they played, they said "Smirkrock," which wasn't dreadfully enlightening, but better than being told that "We aren't into categorising our music." On stage I thought that they came on like a cross between The Yachts and The Shadows on an ether binge—very nifty footwork, indeed. Musically, they also resemble The Yachts but without the organ and the songs are more complex, in less of a throwaway style.

They cite their influences as BEER, Andrew Jasper (a Manchester club singer) and Nick Lowe, showing maybe that their hearts are in this year's place.

The present tour is their first major one, headlining clubs and colleges; although on their last tour they supported Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias. Incidentally, C. P. Lee, of the aforementioned band and wit extraordinaire, is supporting The Smirks on their current tour. They find that student audiences, like most others, vary from place to place, although colleges are harder to play. Their opinion of the Marquee, especially the dressing room, is best left unrecorded.

The Smirks have recently hit the headlines with their "Smirks Against Travolta" Campaign. They object to Travolta, because, as the high-priest of disco, he has been instrumental in closing down live venues the length and breadth of the land. So far their most successful gesture was playing to the milling hordes outside The Lyceum at the party after the premier of "Grease." Simon was arrested for obstruction but Mr T. vowed never to go to another premier.

As to the future? The album should be out early in the New Year. They're optimistic as they have every right to be. As the Smirks themselves say, "Today Travolta, tomorrow the World (or should that be Olivia Newton-John).

The Smirks will be playing in the Haldane Room on Saturday, 28th October, supported by C. P. Lee. Tickets 80p advance, £1 on the door. Be there or be square.

Jane Clemetson.

### Mungo's Greatest Hit

DESPITE the fact that I was waiting all day for Something Dreadful to happen (as it invariably does on such occasions), Saturday's concert went off relatively smoothly. The absence of a projectionist, although it meant the cancellation of the film, did enable most people to see most of Mungo Jerry's set and still catch the last train home, thus relieving the pressure on Carr-Saunders common-room.

"MARCH HARE" were first. A ceditlh band, rather than a straight-forward, finger-in-the-ear, John Barleycorn-must-die type folk band. Once the audience had shed their inhibitions, they joined in avec gusto; aided and abetted by the Ladies of Pleasure, who later gave a display of Morris dancing in the Cobden Room for everyone who could get in.

"Fusion" would have had people dancing in the aisles, had there been any aisles to dance in. As it was the Haldane Room was full of happy souls dancing the night away. It's a fair bet that Viscount Haldane would be revolving in his grave if he hadn't been cremated. Personally, I thought they were great and it's a pity that they couldn't have played for a lot longer than they did, especially as the disco was in a somewhat delicate condition.

On to the—er—highlight of the evening. I enjoyed Mungo Jerry immensely for what were probably the wrong reasons. Afterwards, and indeed at the time, I could not decide whether they had perfected the art of self-parody, or whether they genuinely believed in what they were doing. The shirt open to the waist, the tight trousers, the eye make-up—to say nothing of the alarming reference which Ray Dorset bears to Charles Shaar Murray (or is it vice-versa?)—but then what can a poor boy do?

The hits stood out from their more recent work. "Lady Rose", "Long Legged Woman Dressed in Black", "In the Summer Time", etc. ("But why," asks irate reader A. Roose of Finsbury Park, "no 'Baby Jump'?).

However, despite my reservations, an almost full Old Theatre enjoyed the band on their musical abilities alone, or so it seemed.

All in all, congratulations to all parties concerned seem to be in order. Low points were putting up all our lights in the Old Theatre only to be told that Mungo Jerry had their own lights; discovering that we would have to cancel the film; what the disco sounded like at 5.30 pm on Saturday afternoon; getting to the bar and the last tube home.

High points: "Fusion", food by Liz and Nina, my ex-flatmate dancing a Five Hand Reel with panache, our great, glorious, correct, beloved and uncool leader pogoing to Mungo Jerry, Arthur (back to the cesspit) and actually catching the last train home.

Finally, a word of thanks to all those too numerous to mention for doing all the boring jobs like sitting on and behind fire exits (Heather Rodgers, this means you too) and also the people from the A.U. who risked life and limb to stop people from taking drinks into the Old Theatre.

Jane Clemetson

### Jane's agony column

ONCE again, the well oiled machine that is L.S.E.'s ENTS Committee, glides (creaks) into action for another year.

As you may have noticed, this page is all my own work, apart from the photo. I hope that the next one won't be. This is an appeal to all those of you with any creative bent, verbal or photographic, to come up and see me sometime soon, because two thousand words every two weeks can be a bit of a strain.

On with the rest of the news:

On Friday, 27th October, Max Steuer, doyen of the Economics Faculty, and his band will be playing in the Three Tuns Bar at 8.00 pm. Admission is free. "Black Cat" (if they are still called that) are mainstays of Fitzrovia and some of you may remember him playing at the Freshers' Ball two years ago at about 4.30 in the morning. I don't, but I wouldn't let that put you off.

Our next major event will be on Friday, 20th October—a benefit for the Legalise Cannabis Campaign featuring ASWAD and Friends. It is the first in a series of events organised by our ex-social secretary Andy Cornwell on behalf of the Campaign. Andy hopes to have jugglers, clowns and acrobats etc. to enliven proceedings even further and sounds will be by the Silver Camel Sounds.

Tickets are £1.50 and available

from the Union Shop and Daddy Kool Records (who are shortly moving to larger premises in Dean St. from their present shop in Hanway St.).

LOC are also organising a concert at Dingwalls on 28th October with Merger and possibly Roger McGough, Albertos Y Los Trios Paranoias and a cast of thousands.

That's all for this week. If you didn't get round to joining the ENTS Committee in the last couple of weeks for any reason and are still interested, don't hesitate to come along to S118.

Jane Clemetson

### Film Soc. announcements

MEMBERSHIP of the Film Soc. entitles you to free admission to Other Cinema films (those shown on Wednesday afternoons). The films the Other Cinema will be showing for the next fortnight are:

Oct. 18: Gries and Whispers.

Oct. 25: Les Enfants Terribles.

Nov. 1: The Battleship Potemkin.



# Union Sketch

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6th, 1978

THE first Union Meeting of the year was relatively poorly attended, with only about 200 people turning up. Although normally only about half that number attends the average Union meeting, the first one of the year is normally packed and overflowing as hundreds of new students vainly attempt to determine exactly what is going on. When they have abandoned such a futile ambition, the Union Meeting returns to its usual (steadily shrinking) size, consisting mainly of a motley assortment of hacks, careerists, cranks, loonies and distinguished journalists (modesty forbids me from naming members of the latter category).

The first business on this occasion was the election of a new Chairperson. Faced with a choice between Margot James (Tory) and Andy Raffel (who has in the past been vaguely associated with the Labour Club, but for vote-catching purposes only), the majority plumped for the latter.

Andy strikes me as being an eminently suitable Chairperson. For his disarming honesty—he frankly admitted that he knew nothing of Union procedures—and his quasi-benevolent air of amiable confusion whenever procedural points were raised, was agreeably down-to-earth in a Meeting which all too often verged on the surrealist.

This element of fantasy was strongest during the debate on Business Motion 3, which proposed that in future all union policy "will become null and void after three years unless renewed."

## Will Lashes Out

Will Richardson, General Secretary, made a spirited defence of the motion, pointing out that, according to past Union motions, freshers should wear shorts and third-years should wear gowns. Well, for myself, I think that this would not be a bad thing—and it would certainly be quite a hoot. But then Will became more serious and pointed out that the Union "might be bound by previous political commitments."

Two hundred minds started boggling at this point. What commitments, pray? Did the Union, in 1643, take the side of the hated, imperialist Royalist lackeys against Cromwell, People's Hero and leader of the peace-loving freedom fighters, namely the Roundheads? Or, more recently, was there a Union motion passed in (say) the mid-1930s, praising the great, glorious and correct Comrade Stalin for his heroic leadership. . . . ? And were we bound by such dubious stuff?

## Carol's Bid

Our daydreams were quickly shattered by Carol Saunders and Richard Stanley, who dismissed the motion as "irrelevant", as indeed it was. The masses appeared to share this view, as it was overwhelmingly defeated on a show of hands.

James Gausson

# LSM 'shock' arrests

SEVEN supporters and friends of London Student Movement have been found guilty and fined by the courts for their stand in participating in the anti-Fascist struggle. One LSE student, Krish Maharaj, was arrested while canvassing for the East London People's Front in the Ilford North by-election.

Krish, along with two others, was arrested by the police while canvassing. He was then taken home, his passport seized, and the police tried to ransack his home and beat him up when he protested.

The other six, amongst them another LSE student, Pete Bains, were arrested at a picket organised by LSM on the day of the first hearing. They were all charged variously with "assault" and "obstruction".

In the courts, the anti-Fascist students clearly stated the facts of their arrests, and pointed out that they were acting perfectly legally. The police evidence was completely contradictory. One anti-Fascist was allegedly rolling on top of someone else, standing behind him and standing 15 yards away, all at the same time. The magistrate decided that this was quite in order, and declared her "guilty". In the case of Krish, the magistrates bypassed all legal precedent and declared that refusing to give names and addresses unless arrested was "obstruction".

By finding them guilty the role of the courts was completely exposed as carrying the police attack, and not as upholders of justice. This anti-people function of the courts is shown even more clearly in the case of the Kirk brothers in East London. They were jailed for periods of up to seven years for the crime of defending themselves against an NF attack. At the same time Fascists like Kingsley Read are let off scot-free.

The total fines on the seven supporters of LSM amount to £190. These fines are totally unjustified, and we call on students to support the stand of the anti-fascists and assist in paying the fines.

So it's the first cartoon of the new year, and in this situation it's always desirable to make an IMPACT . . . .

Have DYNAMISM!

Show some flair, A bit of ingenuity and originality . . . .

Hasn't worked, has it?

# ATHLETIC UNION

## New AU President

Mike Johnston has taken over the post of President of the Athletic Union, due to the unfortunate deferment of Pat Moon, this summer.

Mike moves from his post as Assistant General Secretary to become our new figurehead. Fortunately, he has agreed to carry out his former duties until a replacement can be elected to fill this office and complete the membership of the committee.

**DEREK PHILPOTT (General Secretary)**

## NOTIFICATION OF MEETING

AU Budget Meeting, Tuesday, October 31st, 12-1. CO18.

If you want to know where the AU's meagre budget goes, then come along and find out.

## AU Disco

DESPITE last-minute problems of lighting and sockets for electrical equipment, the AU disco was once more a resounding success. When it reached 5 pm, and we had no disco lights and only one socket for the DJ's gear, we started to panic and seriously considered calling the whole thing off. However, due to the skill and initiative of the LSE electricians and Entspeople, the impossible was achieved and the evening went off quite smoothly.

Thanks to all of you who came along, but most of all thanks must go to our lighting wizards from Ents who really brightened up the whole evening.

## BADMINTON

### Sergui (Captain)

THE Badminton Club is one of the biggest, yet most underused of all the AU clubs. Its membership is over a hundred, yet average attendances on Tuesdays and Thursdays (2-6 pm in the School Gym) and on certain Wednesdays at Orion Hall is 10 to 15 people. Contrary to popular belief YOU don't have to be County standard to come to the Badminton Club practices and smash shuttles to smithereens. The complete beginners are always welcome, so please do come.

We have a number of teams in the University League and we desperately need support, enthusiasm and players. If you are a member or would like to join, and would like to know more about the club, pop into the AU office (E16) and ask, someone will be able to help you. In any case look out for notices pinned on the noticeboard outside the Union shop.

Hope to see you soon.

## WOMEN'S CROSS-COUNTRY

### Kathryn Binns

YES, this sports club does exist, although so far it can only be described as a branch of the men's team. However our male counterparts have relied on us at various times in the past to pull the points score through, and we certainly haven't let them down!

As far as fixtures go, there are none for LSE alone, but we have a number of matches for London University during the winter, and anyone wishing to compete against other University women will be very welcome, regardless of standard. Surely the main idea is to get away from studies and London for the odd afternoon.

Even if you are only a jogger or a "run for fun" fiend, please come along on Wednesday afternoons to the Colleges' League fixtures where no-one worries if you give up halfway. It's the best way to meet athletes of your standard to run and train with.

The first League fixture is on Oct 25th at Parliament Hill fields, but there is a UL match on the 21st at Cambridge. Would all those interested please sign the list on the board in the Old Concourse area or get in touch with me: Kathryn Binns (253 6720), or leave a message for me in the AU Office.

## HOCKEY

THINGS are looking good so far this season, but will be even better once teething problems are ironed out (sic—Ed.). We may be running two XIs on Wednesdays and possibly a mixed team on Sundays. The first trial saw twenty persons battle it out at New Malden; apart from John ("What day is it?") Mead, everyone had an enjoyable time and people quickly settled into positions. On Saturday the 1st team played King's "Stranders" and drew 2-2. Encouraging debuts were made by S. Narvi and J. Mead (recovered from Wednesday).

In the future we shall venture into the realms of the University of London League, UAU and Surrey championships, along with the friendlies! Notices about training on Mondays between 5 and 6 (compulsory for first-team players) as well as about games etc. will appear on the notice boards outside the Union shop, in the St. Clements building, so do make frequent visits there. If there are any problems please see Andy Tebb in the AU office.

## RUGBY

### Matt Kirby

Now the trials are over and done with, we are looking forward to an active season of rugby and socialising, or socialising and rugby. Both teams had their first fixtures on Wednesday, 11th against City of London Poly.

We are still in the process of organising training facilities for Thursday nights in the gym. If you missed the trials, and have an original excuse, e.g. "I tripped over the garden gnome and sprained my ankle", come into the office and see me or Gareth Thomas. If you have not been picked yet, don't despair—we will give everyone a chance of a game in the next few weeks before the important UAU matches.

## NETBALL

### Tina Wilkinson

UNFORTUNATELY, the netball team got off to a bad start. This was due to the "moving" of the Concourse area—the first year students met outside the Students' Union Shop, and we wondered why no new players had turned up. We hope this has not put off potential players and if they have not done so already, that they will get in touch with Tina Wilkinson, or turn up to training, in the gym, Mondays between 12-1.

## FOOTBALL

### A Footballer

THE Football season at the LSE got off to a good start with the first XI producing the best performance of the day with a fine 4-0 victory over the Economicals. The 2nd XI were rather unfortunate to lose 3-2 while the 3rd XI lost a two goal advantage and had to settle for a 3-3 draw. The 4th XI season got off to a flying start with a 5-2 victory.

## VOLLEYBALL

THE ULU Volleyball club meets in the ULU Gym every Tuesday from 7.30-9.00 pm. Players of any standard welcome. It is hoped to start a coaching session for beginners on Saturday mornings if there is sufficient demand.

ULU is situated in Malet Street, WC1. Any inquiries to the sports secretary there, please.

## WHO TO CONTACT

FOR anybody who would like to know a little more about a particular club, we have compiled the following list of the names and phone numbers of the people to contact for each sport.

Athletics: Steve Satchell, LSE ext. 622.  
 Badminton: Sergio Pellegrinelli, 883 3277.  
 Basketball: Richard Mooney, 580 6338.  
 Boat: Charles Baden Fuller, 263 5050.  
 Cricket: Derek Philpott, AU office, E65.  
 Cross country: Steve Satchell, LSE ext. 622.  
 Gliding: Kiran Wadhwa, 580 2936.  
 Golf: Mazher Batla, 648 8685.  
 Hockey: Andy Tebb, AU office, E65.  
 Judo: Piers Butler, 946 5413.  
 Karate: Chris Tilley, 24 Woodlea Road, N16.  
 Lawn Tennis: Ian Drane, 580 6338, Janice Parker, 580 6338.  
 Mountaineering: Simon Mackay, 455 3945.  
 Netball: Tina Wilkinson, 501 2637.  
 Parachuting:  
 Riding: Ian Johnson, 637 7671.  
 Rugby: Gareth Thomas, 580 6338.  
 Sailing: Neil Ericsson, LSE ext. 278.  
 Snooker: Andy Coleman, 368 3251.  
 Skiing: Steve Whayt, 278 3251.  
 Soccer: Ronnie Patterson, Three Tuns.  
 Squash: Ian Drane, 580 6338.  
 Table Tennis: Shashin Shah, 204 7290.  
 Yoga: C. H. Christodoulides, U.G. Pigeonholes.

Many of the above can, from time to time be found in the A.U. office which is on the ground floor of the East building, E65. If they are not available, a member of the committee may be able to help, or take a message.