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BEAVER

No. 53

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

November

OCTOBER 11th, 1965

3d.

The Coffee House

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77 KINGSWAY

VIETNAM ROW THREATENED

'No Politics' call likely after Union Affiliation Move

A storm is likely to blow up over Union's decision last week to send delegates to the Council for Peace in Vietnam protest meeting later this month.

This is the first time that the Union has affiliated itself to any outside political body.

The decision is the latest move in a policy of 'politicising' the Union, and follows affiliation to the Campaign against Racial Discrimination, strong criticisms of Rhodesian policy, and motions supporting students who have been persecuted in Iraq, Brazil and Portugal.

This policy of political orientation is likely to cause trouble on three fronts.

1. It is well-known that the Director, Sir Sydney Caine strongly disapproves of any political affiliation by the Union, and wishes to avoid creating any image of the LSE student as was the case in the thirties.

2. Council itself is divided on this course of action. External Affairs V-P Dave Adelstein, who forced this decision through, told Beaver "I believe it is very important that a place like LSE, which is devoted to the social sciences, should have a union mainly discussing social topics — instead of the clique's concern with home issues and squabbles."

President Alan Evans, however, has twice voted against any political move. He is personally in favour of American policy in Vietnam (see page two) and in addition believes that any political role taken on by the Union hazards its respectability. He is supported in this by Administrative V-P Alan Cartwright and Treasurer Pete Lamb. Dave replies to this that "no education policy can be divided from politics."

3. Union itself may divide over any political affiliation, however implicit this may remain in the Vietnam motion. As one undergraduate put it, "LSE isn't the hotbed of socialism people think—and there's more than a few Tories here who'd fight any left-wing move on Union's part."

A number of members of staff have given their support

● Continued on back page

BEAVER FRONT PAGE COMMENT CENSORSHIP

President Alan Evans threatened to impound every copy of this issue if we printed certain facts relating to accusations levelled at him during last week's Union meeting.

Beaver can refute some of the allegations that were made. It also has evidence which lends validity to others.

Evans told Beaver that he would not allow publication of these facts because they might jeopardise Union's future negotiations with the School over increased financial aid. When it was pointed out that he had no personal authority to censor this paper, he said that he would act first and gain Union approval for his methods afterwards.

Rather than waste the time, money and effort that has gone into this issue, we have decided not to print all the facts.

QUESTIONS

But we do print the main questions that a number of people—including ex-Council member Dave Armstrong and last year's Presidential candidate Mike Smithson—have been asking:

How was a bill for £20 run up by the Public Business Committee at the Waldorf last year under Evans' chairmanship, and were people invited to this dinner who had no right to be there?

How were people selected to attend the Tring weekend school and were names put on the application list before it even went up?

Why were there no meetings of the Constitution Committee last term, despite the fact that several amendments were made?

How did names get onto the application list for this year's Constitution Committee Secretaryship after the deadline had passed?

On what basis were people selected to appear in last month's TV broadcast, and why would Evans only make this selection as an individual and not as President?

FACTS

Beaver wanted to print the full text of questions, and such facts as we ourselves have been able to uncover. It offered to print any statement Evans cared to make in reply.

Beaver itself has no accusations to make of the President. In fact we feel that the measure of this council's success should easily defeat any petty accusations.

But any attempt to control what the students of LSE are allowed to know of Union affairs cannot be allowed to pass, however trivial the circumstances. One of this newspaper's aims is to provide news. It is not a Council propaganda sheet, in which information is permitted provided it does not implicate the President.

It is argued that such implications might harm the Union's relations with the School. But Union will suffer even more if, through censorship of Council's deficiencies, mistakes are not made known until too late. And any evidence that this paper—and the rest of Union—is keeping a close watch on even minor affairs can only convince the School that in matters of major importance an even closer watch will be kept.

NO EXCUSE

It may well be that the accusations we have heard are unfounded. We hope so. Nevertheless, there is little excuse for hiding them. If they are true, there is no excuse at all. Criticism has a right to be heard, and any attempt to evade it for political or private reasons can only be condemned.



Students dancing in Trafalgar Square on Guy Fawkes night: 137 appeared at Bow Street next morning. Information about several LSE students who were arrested for being drunk and disorderly has been withheld because the School threatened that anyone picked up by the police would be liable to expulsion.

NO LOANS: OFFICIAL

In an exclusive interview with Beaver's political editor Bill Hanley last week, Mr. Crosland's Parliamentary Private Secretary revealed to Beaver that the Minister for Education "is not in favour of loans."

This refutes rumours in the national and student press that government intended introducing them to replace grants.

He continued: "The circular which mentioned them was not a proposal but an invitation to debate on the subject. The idea of loans was introduced to satisfy interested parties—such as the local education authorities—of the impracticality and unpopularity of any such proposal."

Rat-race

"We don't want to introduce a rat-race for money into higher education — universities must be open to all." In this he is supported by the entire Labour front bench.

The problem of loans was in fact "created" so that the government could discredit extremist views, established its own support for grants, and warn off potential opposition through the volume of protest — which it has effectively done.

CARDY VETOES CARNIVAL DANCE

LSE's Carnival Dance at which 'The Who' were billed to appear will not take place after all.

Social V-P Mal Cardy vetoed the idea because he felt that "inviting The Who was inviting trouble. The School would not, in my opinion, approve of giving three floors to a dance involving so many people. There's no precedent for this at all."

Carnival Chairman Max Williams had hoped to stage the dance in the refectory, senior common room, and the Shaw library. Proceeds were to go to the South African Scholarship Appeal.

Hearing the news, Max said, "I am sorry — it would have been a terrific dance."

Decision

The School were not approached by Cardy over the proposal. The Secretary told Beaver "I haven't heard anything about this dance, and don't know enough to judge whether we would have allowed it to go on or not." The decision to cancel it was made solely by Cardy.

Instead The Who will appear at the Bacchanalian orgy to be held by the Carnival on November 27th at Alexandria Palace (see page five). Max Williams has promised that Carnival "will in any case pay as much as it can to SASA" from the proceeds.

INSIDE
SPECIAL
4-Page
Carnival
Supplement
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Film Festival

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This week marks the half way stage in Alan Evan's
 Presidency. Joan Smith interviewed him to discover how
 successful he felt his six months in power had been. . . .

**"I wanted to change things . . . I
 think I've got people to widen their
 horizons about what can be done . . ."**

Alan Evans interviewed by Joan Smith

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Pill

Having visited the Marie Stopes clinic both before and after marriage, I find it hard to believe that the report in Birds' Eye View last issue was written by anyone who had ever visited Whitfield Street.

Please believe that I'm not against 'satirical articles' even of the facetious kind your reporter turned in. But here is a case where a serious attempt should have been made to further the sex education of students; too many of them enter blithely into sexual relations without knowing the first thing about birth control, or without hope of being able to obtain the means.

It would appear that the vast majority of students were ignorant of the existence of the clinic at the time of publishing your article, and will probably be scared off going to the only place in London which will help them without question.

Function

I'm not a prude who disapproves of sex, or of sex as a means of satire, but I do feel the institution fulfils a useful function which should be sign-posted for every student. The doctors there believe that if you can't stop people "co-habiting before marriage", prevention is better than the perhaps later cure of abortion. There are no questions, no judgements, and the whole thing is carried out as clinically as possible.

If your reporter fancies herself as belonging to the new wave of LSE satirists, I hope in her next article she will at least satirise the true facts.

Third Year Undergraduate.

SIMMONDS

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 invective on the barmaid—
 BEAVER welcomes letters (and
 articles) on almost any topic.
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New-Wave Sartirist replies:

*Are you sure we're talking
 about the same clinic?
 Either it's changed in the
 short time since you were
 there, or I need a psychia-
 trist rather than a gynaecolo-
 gist; either way, I did visit it,
 and that's what happened.
 The satire was provided un-
 aided.*

*However, I'll take your
 word that it's got another
 aspect to it—but why didn't
 I see it? Maybe only those
 who go in with marriage lines
 in hand get the top treatment
 —us poor promiscuous sin-
 ners get a different line. I did,
 anyway.*

P.S.—Do they work?

Union Grant

While I am fully in agreement with your editorial last issue, in which you advocate a switch to the per capita system of financing the Union, there is one point which I feel should be made clear before such a decision is made.

If union grants are to be paid by the local authorities, is there any method of ensuring that foreign students who cannot rely upon the generosity of local authorities do not suffer as a result of any such change? It would be a pity if, while the rest of the Union prosper by such a move, those students not resident in this country should find that they must provide union fees from their own pockets. Will Union or the School undertake to pay these fees if the authorities at present maintaining us refuse to increase their grant?

A Foreign Student.

Stickers

Dear Sir,—Whilst giving my full support for those engaged in organising Carnival, it appears that at times they are inclined to make frustrating errors of judgment.

This remark is directed at the appearance of a rash of Glad Rag Ball stickers in a seemingly indiscriminate choice of places. Thus a sticker has been placed in great prominence on the Service board outside the Roman Catholic Church in Kingsway.

One may debate the validity of student atheism, but certainly not its virulence. This sticker

may indicate a justified protest against the R.C. Church, but it is not the function of Carnival to do this in a way calculated to offend a large number of people, the very people whose support is needed if Carnival is to succeed in its real aims.

Surely if Carnival is to give to the general public the impression of a lively, constructive and intelligent way of raising money for charity, then silly acts of thoughtlessness are not the way to set about it. Too often Carnival seems like a sub-public exercise in frustrated stupidity, and daubing things sacred to other people is one of the ways of setting about it.

Brian Soddy.

Sard

From the outpouring of righteous indignation at the Rhodesia teach-in, an observer could have been forgiven for concluding that in England coloured and white people live side by side in perfect harmony, and that nowhere in this green and pleasant land is the faintest sign of prejudice or discrimination to be seen. Whilst most people here seem quite content to listen piously and talk vehemently, there is one society which sees its primary function as action.

I refer to the Society Against Racial Discrimination. SARD believes that, when dealing with a practical problem like discrimination, talk and discussion should be relegated to a minor role. They will investigate reports received about cases of discrimination; visit and write to people who can in any way help; continually bring to the attention of the public, through press and other media, instances of racial discrimination; and report cases where some improvement has been made.

Your help would be welcome; and the problem does concern YOU. If you can bring examples to our notice, have ideas for tackling the problem—or if you just wish to help, please drop a note to Victor Ammoun via the pigeon-holes.

A. David Baume.

The Editor would like to make it clear that the views and opinions expressed in these columns do not necessarily coincide with his own.

In the interview with the Director last issue we quoted the staff/student ratio here as being forty. It should have in fact read fourteen: we apologise for this error, which arose through tape recording difficulties.

At 26 most people wouldn't bother about Union. Why do you?

I thought it was a challenging job and I was prepared to accept the challenge. I'm not an opportunist. Those people who know me better realise that each job I do is for its own sake; otherwise I wouldn't do it. I wanted to change things. I naturally had opposition and I was prepared to fight this to bring about the changes I wanted to see, and some of them I've been able to achieve.

I'm not interested in personal opposition. I'm only interested in changing values. The main reason, I think, why I've become involved in Union activities is that I'll never have another chance to do this job, whereas I can work in the political field the rest of my life.

ACHIEVEMENTS

What made the Presidency a challenge to you?

I thought the Union could do a lot more to change the texture of undergraduate life, if only the President and council went about its job in a more serious fashion.

What do you think you've achieved?

An increased grant of £2,000. The new freshers' reception which I think was one of the best introductions to the School the freshers have ever had.

The main thing is that I've got people to raise their horizons about what can be done. These appointments — the Administrative Officer and the Sabbatical year — will put the Union on a professional basis.

Do you hope to do anything more before your term of office finishes?

I hope that the Long-term Development Plan will be well and truly under way. I hope to introduce the new VPs into this professional form of administration, and that the administrative officer will be in being, and I hope council will get used to him being there to implement policy and push council in ways it didn't want to go. If I can achieve these remaining goals I'll be quite pleased.

IMAGE

When you stood for President a lot of people thought you were left-wing. Did you try to create this image?

No, I haven't tried to change my policies at all. Anyone who knew me knew I was opposed to the sort of thing the Vietcong are doing in South Vietnam. I've always been fairly sympathetic to American foreign policy. I believe in domestic reform, nationalization of steel. But I recognize where Britain's self-interest lies in foreign affairs.



Isn't it true that many people in the Labour Party can be fairly leftwing at home, but as big an Imperialist abroad as anyone?

It might be true of some people but it's not for me. It's just that I feel the Labour foreign policy almost coincides with what I believe in. I think the British self-interest is fairly equated with what Michael Stewart wants. I think that foreign policy is 95% self-interest.

INFLUENCE

Do you think the President can exert considerable political influence if he wants to?

I think that in the day-to-day administration a President can be very powerful and really effective, but on a large scale moral issues — such as Vietnam — he is in a very weak position because the vast majority of Union would — in this case — be against him.

FUTURE

When do you want to go into politics?

I haven't said yet that I want to! But the answer is in my middle thirties, into Education and International Finance. I don't think being President of LSE will help me at all in getting into the Commons.

No President of LSE or the NUS has ever become an MP. It will have been useful in terms of the tools I have acquired but the position itself is meaningless. I haven't made any new contacts. I would like to get a second-class honours degree, but whether upper or lower isn't vital. What counts in politics is one's ability in the political field.

Have you any family connections in Wales in the trade union movement, which you have said you would like to enter?

No. My father has always been exceedingly left-wing. He thinks I'm a right-wing opportunist — which I disagree with.

I think that the society we have in South Wales is far more socialistic than anything in England. It's far more egalitarian, there's less snobbery. I think it's values are far more akin to the sort of society I want than anything anywhere else in Britain.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Cynhelir cyfarfod Gymdeithas Gymraeg ULU, Mawrth Tachwedd 23 yn Adeilad yd Undeb am 7.30 o'r goch. Dewch i gyda dewch mewn pryd.

To whoever handed in the wedgwood ring last week. Thanks.

Welsh Soc. First meeting, Tuesday, November 23rd, 7.30 at U.L.U.

Wanted — Ideas for revue sketches — brainwaves and/or written brilliance to Box 3A, Beaver Office, please.

Sorry, Barry (and Lynda). We didn't mean it.

GLAD RAG BALL—Tickets now on sale at Union Office.

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER . . . so can I have it back? Casement left his Parker 61 at the Fresher's Dance—anyone who picked it up in the Senior Common Room will have me from having to start interviews with ministers by asking to borrow their's, by returning it to S51. No questions asked.

SOCSOC — Hamza Alavi 'Imperialism Old and New' tonight, S101.

Esme — Darling, did you know that some of the most "frightfully" gorgeous young men will be at the Glad Rag Ball on Friday week — tickets are on sale at Selfridge's (I do think they're so reliable don't you — you know you can trust any organisation selling through them) and they're having the most fantastic boutique show there — I just can't wait for Alan Evans to invite me! See you there — Myrtle.

Litter Act Threatens! Anyone wanting Austin 8 for spares (or even to run it) contact MAI 7468 soon as possible. Quite free if you get the Borough Council Engineer off my heels.

Tickets for the Glad Rag Ball — at Union Office Now.

CONSOC — Today — Sir Keith Joseph, Shadow Housing Minister. Nov. 23rd: Angus Maude, M.P.; Nov. 25th: John Boyd Carpenter.

CARNIVAL Film Festival — Classic Cinema, Baket Street. Latenight shows Nov. 22nd-25th. East of Eden, Billy Liar, Look Back in Anger, Ice Cold in Alex; starts 11.15 p.m. Don't miss these Charity Midnight Matinees.

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To Kill A Mocking Bird — Gregory Peck's Oscar-winning classic — Filmsoc's presentation next Tuesday, 7.30.

DON'T . . . forget the Glad Rag Ball.

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Casement's Diary



Stewart : Aid and Academics . . .

Michael Stewart, the Foreign Secretary, gave an exclusive interview to this column after an International Co-operation Year meeting at Westminster last week.

Mr. Stewart, who served on the Fulham Council with Laski, opposes socialist academics who "criticise Labour Foreign Policy—but what do they want in its place? Labour was elected to office to carry out a foreign policy based on our obligations to the Western Alliance. Many of these people want what amounts to a Communist policy, and therefore shouldn't be so indignant when the Labour Party follows the policies advocated in its election manifesto."

How did this opinion apply to students who campaigned for a 'true socialist foreign policy'? "Much of the energy put into efforts attacking us might be far better directed into help for those people abroad who need the necessities of life more than talk of ideological purism," says Stewart.

"Young people who are keen supporters of the cause of peace should remember that the biggest threats to peace come from those nations which feel that life is so bad that war is a risk they can afford to take. By improving living conditions we will help avert such a threat. Therefore peace can be helped by the constructive use of youthful idealism, and not by turning it into a verbal debate on dogma."

The Foreign Secretary believes that "public opinion is being educated towards the acceptance of a programme of aid which will mean, perhaps, a slight loss in material advancement. In Lancashire we have done much to diversify industry and thus prevent the need for restrictions which would damage the textile trade of underdeveloped countries."

Asked further about trade as a form of aid, he said that "Commodity prices are a major form of aid, and the government is doing all it can in the present economic situation to help the trade of underdeveloped countries." What kind of aid? "We want to give aid which will bring the highest returns. An intelligent foreign aid programme can do more than the mere donating of large sums abroad."

ICY is doing much to make the issues of international action clear. From Mr. Stewart's speech to the meeting and in his conversation with me it's evident that the Government recognises the seriousness of the problem.

Turning away from Foreign affairs, he returned to the treatment of political science in universities: "I think that political science academics who play no part in active politics are at a disadvantage. Herman Finer, for example, wastes a considerable amount of space in his books analysing resolutions on the order paper of the British legislature." As a very active politician himself, Michael Stewart told me he hopes to write a book on the dynamics of power "when I retire".

Breaking the Silence . . .

Hugh Gaitskill was offered confidential briefings on the Common Market negotiations by the Tory European team, but refused, according to one leading Conservative. Two top Trade Unionists did, however, though never passed their information on to the Party. If Gaitskill had taken advantage of this information, it's doubtful if he'd have erected the Two Thousand Years of British History barrier as a cause for staying out of Europe.

Support for the European entry within the Labour Party, including Cousins, Brown and Crossland, looks like emerging from its silence; already Patrick Gordon Walker has written a number of pro-Common Market articles for the Daily Mirror.

Bombs and Evasion . . .

The bomb that burst over the South African oranges in Mr. Peter Griffith's fruitbowl was matched by the verbal pyrotechnics witnessed at Birmingham University last week when Edward Heath was asked by an Indian student to withdraw the whip for the member for Smethwick.

"I disown the use of race in elections," Heath replied. "But I have no power to discipline anybody." It's interesting to compare this statement with one he'd made earlier that evening, "I am the person who makes policy in the Conservative Party, as our constitution will show you."

Even the most ignorant government student would equate the power to make policy with the power to withdraw the whip. Sir Frank Medleot lost his nomination for supporting the anti-intervention lobby during Suez. Could it be that constituencies and Central Office choose only rebels on the left to slay as examples to the faithful? The fate of those who voted to stay in Suez is far more encouraging; among the Tories it seems it's right to be right.

You and whose Army? . . .

There in the middle of the Strand in stands: the window display that captured the hearts of us all. "Stand by Russia in the fight for independence against China—we who fought beside you in two world wars! From parody to reality—that Rhodesia House display is sickening.

Fact: more black Rhodesians fought for Britain than white. Fact: there's always been plenty of armchair Generals to fill the coffers of the GPO Telegraph from their service pensions.

Fact: I doubt if a brick through the middle of it all would do much more than add fire to allegations that anyone opposed to immediate handover to Smith must be fascist, illiterate and blind. A duplicated handout giving the true facts would be simple and effective, and rather more within the rule of law than the gentlemen depicted in the window display.



Harry Gardner — local answer to Hyde Park Corner. "The only things Harry hates are dockers and LSE students".

In the middle of Lincoln's Inn Fields most Lunch-times you'll find a crowd of middle-aged office clerks, surreptitious barristers, and various other assorted males, gaping at the girls playing netball.

On Friday, however, many move up to the far corner to gape at an equally intellectual, though good deal funnier spectacle: Mr. Harry Gardner.

The attraction of this Conservative orator is for the cynic—you laugh at, rather than with him.

The mainspring of his unintended humour is his style of oratory. He learned somewhere that to speak effectively you've got to pause between each phrase, to let the full meaning sink in.

But when the phase happens to be something like "Two unmarried mothers moved next door to me a few months ago", by the time he get round to plugging Conservative policy on unmarried mothers, the pause has been amply filled by his more radical audience.

Illogicality

When he gets round to politics, logic supplies the laughs. Most politicians tend to twist facts and stretch arguments to fit a logical proof of something. Harry twists facts and stretches arguments, but ends up with complete illogicality. Last week he nonchalantly reconciled Socialism with Conservatism, admitted being both, and went back to his attack on Dr. Ramsey, leaving us to draw the logical conclusion. Someone in the crowd summed him up: "He's a left-wing Conservative centralist with right-wing deviations".

Disbelievers

His lack of factual knowledge doesn't help, either. Statements such as: "The small farmers of this country grow two blades of grass where the large-scale ones grow only one" were not backed up by statistical data, and I fancy there were some disbelievers in his flock.

Frustrated

But with Harry you don't get angry—just rather frustrated. You think that beneath the blase contradictions, the infallible non-answering of questions and the completely unwarranted assumptions, there must be some viable political philosophy. One was suggested to me: "The only two things Harry hates are dockers and L.S.E. students." It's logical.

WEEKEND SCHOOL— MOSER 'DELIGHTED'

Housing Minister Richard Crossman professes to know nothing about economics.

This was one of the things that emerged from the 2-hour session with him which brought to a simulating climax the Weekend School on "The Future Policies of the Labour Government", held 10 days ago at Tring.

Veteran weekend-schoolers were agreed that it was one of the most enjoyable they had ever attended, and all ex-Hoddesdenites were pleasantly surprised at the standard of the service at Pendley Manor.

Lucidity

The best session was undoubtedly Crossman's, who gave an interesting and entertaining talk on his plans for housing, and then answered often hostile questions with great lucidity and obvious relish. Other speakers included Sir Edward Boyle on "Education", and Douglas Houghton on the "Social Services", both of whom were very well received; and there were contributions on economics and finance from Harold Lever and Jeremy Bray, on foreign policy from Christopher Rowland.

"Delighted"

About forty students and ten members of staff attended this intimate, academic occasion, where all speakers voiced far franker views than they would ever dare do in public. Professor Moser, whose idea the whole thing had been, was "delighted" with its success, and hopes that it will be possible to hold a similar school next year. All those who took part this year would certainly endorse this suggestion.

PRESSVIEW

Private Eye, first in the line of satirical magazines, just brought out its hundredth issue. Alex Finer discusses its conflict with obscenity.

Private Eye is one hundred issues old. Its staff must be interested and amused to see that 'Poetmeat', an off-beat poetry magazine, was recently raided by the police, confiscated and censored. Private Eye goes on. As its adverts put it, it's got staying power.

Subversive

Its history is chequered with accusations of obscenity and libel proceedings. Sir Cyril Osborne would call it subversive.

Money

The purpose of P. E. is to make money. Lord Gnome in his editorials reveals this with amazing regularity. However, the stagnant political cess-pool in 1962/3 inspired sincere social protest. Initially Private Eye shocked, and met instant success.

Craving

There are two reasons. The Establishment thirsts for insults. The craving comes from the desire to be with-it, and the narcissistic pleasure of achieving notoriety. More important, Private Eye met with success and shocked people because it itself was shocked by the creeping decadence associated with the government that produced Profumo as Minister of Defence, and tolerated Rachman and his thugs. It was shocked by the society that hounded Ward to suicide, discovered Challenger, and sprinkle call-girls everywhere. Many people agreed with Private Eye's sentiments.

Quagmire

The magazine unfortunately felt so frustrated and powerless that they prostituted their cause by developing an unhealthy preoccupation for the quagmire of perversion. The high-handed action of W. H. Smith and Son in refusing to retail the magazine played into the hands and pockets of Charing Cross Road purveyors of the Kama Sutra, nude photographs and surgical supports. It was content for the time to adapt to the only market it could reach without the patronage of "Britain's leading booksellers."

Neo-pornographic cartoons of flabby men wearing suspenders and stilettos flourished next to advertisements for 'Married Men would like to meet spirited young nympho — photos returned'. Peter Osborne confided to me that the heterosexual ads received up to sixty replies a

week—enough to tire the most virile of advertisers. The police had shown no official interest. Sir Cyril nearly had apoplexy. Sales soared in the Charing Cross Road and W. H. Smith remained adamant.

Grotesque

In spite of these lapses, Private Eye retains a definite role. Their campaigns are amusing, grotesque, and occasionally brilliant. The 'Grocer'-Heath-campaign and sour-grapes-Smith-campaign have been good examples of this. It was Eric Buttock who best showed P.E.'s self-created and dominant role. He turned politics into pre-school proportions with as much skill as Orwell displayed in Animal Farm. Mrs. Wilson's diary continues to lampoon that sacred cow, politics, in colloquial, image-shattering style. Harold, Gladys, and the ever-faithful Inspector will never seem the same.

Watchdog

Issue number 100—and one that has just followed it—show renewed creativity towards sex, religion and politics. Just as Which? protects consumers by exposing faulty products, so Private Eye acts as watchdog over the Establishment, unsilenced by the tentacles of the state.

With sales of 41,000, it's now too prominent to follow the unpublishable fate of 'Poetmeat'. Sir Cyril may still object, but Private Eye is back in bona fide business.

DENIAL

It was alleged at Friday's Union meeting that questions raised by Mr. T. Gopsill were motivated purely to provide material for Beaver.

The Editor would like to refute all such allegations, to make it clear that Mr. Gopsill's presence at this meeting was purely his own affair, that he has at no time acted for Beaver in a reporting capacity, and that both the editor and Beaver dissociate themselves from any influence or prior interest in each or any of the questions raised.

APOLOGY

Mr. B. Kirkham and Miss L. Garrod, featured earlier this term in an article entitled "A Guide for Lovers," wish to make it clear that they left LSE of their own volition, and not, as was stated, at the request of the School.

Magnus

Carter

is on holiday



BS.

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2. To prepare the entire system for the pea season, from the receipt of peas into the factory, to payment of farmers, and to be responsible for its operation during the season.

This period was probably the most hectic that I will ever experience. It was beset with difficulties—long hours, a seven-day week, the first season for almost everyone.

However it was a thrill to be given an assignment, and finish it knowing I could be trusted. It was a challenge, and surely that is what trainees are looking for. I gained enormous self confidence, and felt that I was making a definite contribution. *I also learned a lot about peas!*"

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BEAVER SPECIAL PULL-OUT SUPPLEMENT

Carnival '65

INTRODUCTION FROM MAX

To those people outside LSE who have contributed nothing but harrassment to this year's effort, I give my Christmas message:

GO OUT AND HANG THYSELF!

To those others who have worked their guts out helping to organise this year's festivities, I send my sincere, if inadequate, thanks.

Those who travel by the tube, listen to commercial radio, or read posters and hand-outs will know the scale of Carnival's activities this year.

Remember, the Charities we support need the cash desperately, and I can't keep a Hampstead penthouse going on air, either. (You think I'm joking? Joking schmoking, I need the money!!)

With a little bit of luck, this year's Carnival will be a thumping success. With a lot of luck, it's not going to be its farewell performance.

I hope that when it's all over, the Charities paid in full, and photostatic copies of the receipts sent to all colleges, London students will not regard Carnival as having the corporate tone of the medieval papacy (say—there's a career!) and will be prepared to co-ordinate their activities. They must start organising next year's at once if a lot of money is to be made.

This Carnival is easily the most intensive that LSE has ever seen. I think it's going to be the best. And I hope its going to be the most profitable.

That's up to you. Get out there and spend!



Pete Townsend of The Who — Stars of Carnival's

CARNIVAL WEEK HIGHLIGHTS

Friday, November 19th — 9 p.m.-4 a.m.
GLAD RAG BALL
 Televised by ATV
EMPIRE POOL WEMBLEY

Monday 22nd—Thursday 25th
CARNIVAL LATE NIGHT FILM FESTIVAL
 Monday (James Dean's last great classic) East of Eden
 Tuesday (Waterhouse and Holt's tragic sidesplitter) Billy Liar
 Wednesday (John Mill's Desert War Epic) Ice Cold in Alex
 Thursday (Osborn's greatest drama) Look Back in Anger

All at **BAKER STREET CLASSIC**
 11.15 Each Night — Admission 4/6
 Programmes end before last tubes go.

Tuesday, November 23rd, 7.30
CLASSICAL CONCERT
 in the
KINGSWAY HALL
 AEOLIAN STRING QUARTET with THEA KING, Clarinet
 Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. Broadcast by the BBC.

Friday, November 26th
BACCHANALIA
 at
ALEXANDRIA PALACE
 with
THE WHO

As much Wine and Beer as you can drink
As much Food as you can eat
 Dancing all night : Cabaret - 30/- - Togas

bacchanalia

It all started with a suggestion that Carnival should open a training camp for suicide failures.

At the time of going to press, this event is something between an orgy and a teach-in.

We found that food manufacturers are prepared to give away tons of grub in the interests of Charity and the 'Image' publicity which accrues to them. Booze firms can also be prevailed upon.

"Something different" is always the cry. This is different.

Prices are going to be stiff—thirty bob! But this is what you get:

As much food as you can eat.

As much booze (spirits excluded) as you can get down.

Dancing all night with The Who.

And a cabaret.

Togas are compulsory. This is Bacchanalia! And for those—if any—too ignorant to have had a classical education, this is a Roman Orgy.

Togas are the simplest form of fancy dress invented. Ten seconds' work on a sheet produces one. It can be rolled up in a paper bag, avoiding incredulous stares on the tube. For the utterly toga-less, a few will be provided by us—our thanks to the London College of Fashion.

Free coaches will leave Aldwych and Park Lane (one minute from Marble Arch) to take orgiasts to Alexandra Palace Palm Court. They'll leave dead on nine—be warned.

All other events for this year's Carnival are already finally arranged. Bacchanalia has the teach-in environment. Dozens of people are typing letters and making phone calls for yet more food and drink, and also for experienced chefs looking for a laugh. Our thanks go to the National College of Food Technology for their offer of help.

This event is a combination of the standing staff and preparations for the (now legally barred) Hyde Park Car Park Rave, and the beer cellar, with new conceptions heaped on top. Make this 'eat-in'—or should it be orge-in?—a must for your Carnival Final Friday. In the meantime, anyone with energy who wants to help out 'phone TER 3140.



DONOVAN

GLAD RAG BALL



A scene of incredible chaos.
Coffee cups, cigarette stubs covering the floor, empty bottles, beds.

In one corner of the dimly-lit garret a man is babbling incoherently—"Donovan—Birds—Tickets . . ."

It's this year's Glad Rag Ball Organiser. The administration for this vast pop empire is centred in what was once a 'nice flat' in Holborn. Now it's a neurotics' paradise.

Organising Glad Rag Ball requires colossal energy, a willingness to work for nothing and sheer masochism. The small group of people destroying themselves at the moment needs help on the project as the nineteenth draws nearer. If you think you're the budding pop mogul, contact Lydia Hammond or Elliot Cohen at LSE; for those of you who have a homicidal streak Ken Hewison's looking for bouncers for the Empire Pool—with free entry thrown in. If you're practiced in Karate, a Judo expert, or just a plain thug, he'll be happy to meet you and fit you out with regulation knuckledusters.

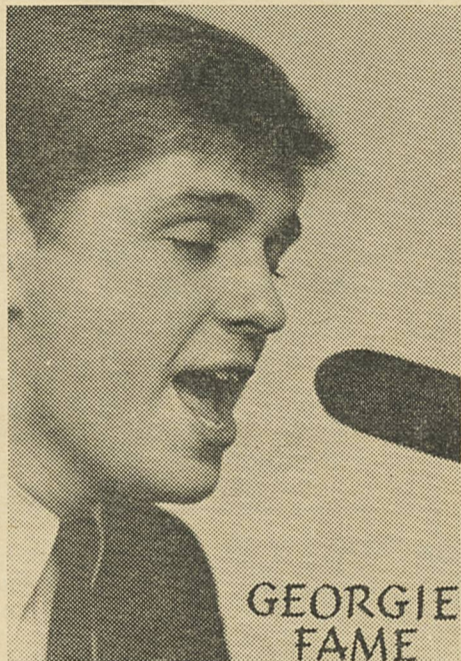
Those of you who survived last year's Ball will know what's involved, but for those who don't, here's the details:

Glad Rag Ball is held at the Empire Pool, Wembley, from nine at night to round four next morning. It's televised by ATV; there's twelve bars, and breakfast is provided by Lyons.

A fantastic list of stars (see the list) will play non-stop for your entertainment, and, for the birds, there'll be a fashion show staged by at least six of London's leading boutiques. In addition, this being Glad Rag Ball, there's bound to be a number of unscheduled attractions even we don't know about yet.

Tickets are thirty bob from Selfridge's or Wembley Pool; or you can write to Pioneer House, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.I.

P.S.—Don't think this is the final list of stars. ATV have yet to release their TV Bill which will bring at least another two top names to the Empire Pool in addition to these.



- Donovan
- * The Who
- * The Hollies
- * The Merseybeats
- * The Kinks
- * Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames
- * Wilson Pickett
- * The Barron Knights
- * Ted Heath & Orchestra
- John Lee Hooker
- * The Birds
- * The Masterminds
- * Geno Washington and the Ram Jam Band
- * Golden Apples of the Sun
- * Cathy McGowan
- * Ugli Ray Terret
- * Danny Piercy
- * Tom Lodge



CATHY MCGOWAN

CARNIVAL FILM FESTIVAL

Among the innovations in this year's Carnival week is a Film Festival (if you'll excuse the term). Warner Film Company has kindly let us have some famous films at negligible rates and we've booked the Classic Cinema, Baker Street, for four consecutive midnight matinees, Monday - Thursday inclusive, during Carnival week.

BILLY LIAR

Billy Fisher (Tom Courteney) escapes from the drabness of his home and his work in an undertaker's office, into his own imaginary world where he enacts a series of heroic characters in a republic where war provides the ground for heroic actions. But for him the barrier between reality and imagination is practically non-existent and he sets off a chain reaction by his complete inability to be truthful about anything.

He has another problem in that he is engaged to two girls at the same time with an engagement ring running a busy shuttle service between the two. Neither is really suited to Billy's ideal . . . So Billy is feeling oppressed by his work, frustrated by his love-life; and exasperated by his family consisting of a browbeating father, persistent mother, and a grandmother who always refers to him as if he was not present. Only Liz, a free as air roving girl, has any sympathy with him . . .

Robin Bean (Films and Filming).



Billy Liar (Tom Courteney) dreams he leads the revolution against everything about his drab home life he hates. A scene from one of the Carnival Film Festival Productions.

(Photo: Warner-Pathé).



LOOK BACK IN ANGER: Jimmy (Richard Burton) tries to rouse his wife Alison (Mary Ure) from her negative attitude to life—with little success.

(Photo: Warner-Pathé).

EAST OF EDEN

This is an ideal opportunity of seeing whether the incredible posthumous James Dean Fan Club is still the force that it was for years after he died. Those who have seen this film before will not need to be reminded of Dean's outstanding intense performance. Those prepared to forego the Land of Nod on the Monday night of Carnival Week can hardly do better than to turn out for this epic.

ICE COLD IN ALEX

War film lovers will remember this film as a classic of the desert war. It was probably the first of the new wave of war films beginning in the late fifties based on the principle "let's not be utterly beastly to all of the Germans all of the time."

Naturally, there's a girl in it, smuggled in in the guise of a nurse, demurely played by Sylvia Syms. Anthony Quayle as a German Spy with the best South African accent this side of Johannesburg puts on a performance which would convince anyone up to and including Herr Strauss. A must for anybody whose nocturnal subconsciousness resounds to the thunder of imaginary gunfire.

LAST WORD

max williams

It can't be any fun being chairman; I mean, chairman of anything.

Take Chairman Mao, do for instance. Obviously a sensitive fellow, what was it he said? "Let a hundred flowers bloom, let a hundred thoughts contend."

Chairman K. was another sensitive one, an art critic to the marrow of his bones. Alack! The rough hand of fate forced both of them into the ruthless struggle against the revanchist capitalist reactionaries.

It hurts me that such sensitive men should be called such names. The old insults, "Blackmailer!" "Swindler!" or even "Moral and Financial Bankrupt!" are never heard these days. Instead, an elaborate and damaging code has been invented.

This tour de force was a real demonstration of real-politik. Being contrary to the prevailing zeitgeist it enraged the gathering. Woo us! they cried. "Defence is the sine qua non of the avante-garde chairman!" His outburst was a cause célèbre and en passant, an outrage. The conseil social determined on a quid pro quo. Was this man really regirungsfahig, or did this force du frappe constitute a de facto belli based on the rule by fiat of a deus machina?

One can see why these broken figures retreated to such pastimes as solitary flower-watering in Peking's Hyde Park, or to tramping the deserted corridors of the people's cavernous art-galleries.

A small, withered member of this downtrodden race will shortly be sighted wandering round the wastes of beat-dances, film festivals, chamber music concerts and bacchanalian orgies, not to mention the streets of London, tin in hand. "Aidez-moi!" he croaks in a pathetic attempt to emulate his articulate and cultured adversaries. Do not let him wander alone—remember, his Balls are in your hands.

AEOLIAN STRINGS AND THINGS

Classical Music Concert

From Tim Gopsill.

"Well, what exactly are we in this business for anyway?"

I asked Max in the third floor lavatory. "I think it's time we asked ourselves a few searching and obvious questions."

"To make money out of students to help the starving Indians."

"Wrong," I said, "students haven't got any money."

"You're right," he said.

"The only people who've got money are the bloated bourgeoisie—"

"The idle rich, you mean."

"That's right. We must milk the middle classes."

"Good idea. But how?"

"How—by something highbrow," I replied. "They'll only pay for status. But you have to be fairly extravagant in selling it to them. In polythene bags isn't sophisticated enough."

"Some kind of entertainment which doesn't cost much but draws the pseudo-rich, is that what you're getting at?"

"That's it. Classical music. There's a great boom going on at the moment. They all go dinner-jacketed to posh country houses to hear dead boring chamber music concerts. And pay the earth."

"But we couldn't afford the risk of holding a concert miles out in the countryside."

"So we find a swish place in the West End. Posh, but above all minute. The essential thing about music chambers is they must be small. Because few people go anyway; and those that do must be given their élitist money's worth."

"Let's book the Reynolds Room in the Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly."

"Sounds all right; but on the other hand it's quite possible that the arrangements for booking it might fall through. And Reynolds may not be too keen. So how about the Kingsway Hall instead?"

"Isn't that just a couple of minutes up the road from LSE? A brainwave."

"We could get a top string quartet and soloist. How about the Aeolian String Quartet?"

"Haven't they frequently performed on the wireless, and made several records?"

"Yes. And we could get Thea King too."

"She's the well-known clarinetist who's played many times with top orchestras."

"Right again."

"We could get them to play Haydn's 'Joke' Quartet, and perhaps the Mozart Clarinet Quintet—that's always a big draw."

"Indeed. And then they could end the concert with Beethoven's String Quartet Opus 59 No. 1, in F Major."

"That's sometimes called the First Rasumovsky isn't it, number one of a set of three?"

"That's right. I reckon we could get away with charging 10/-, 6/- and 3/6 for the tickets, don't you?"

"In that puritancial methodist barn? Not likely."

"Anyway we'll put the tickets on sale at Kingsway Hall, and how about selling them at Ibbs & Tillet, 124, Wigmore St., as well?"

"Fair enough. And then we can get the BBC to come along and record it, and broadcast it on the Music Programme some time after Christmas."

"Sounds a great idea," I said.

"Yes it is; but don't just stand there—go and get on with it."

I walked out of the lavatory.

PROGRAMME

Quartet in E Flat Opus 33 No. 2 The Joke . . . Haydn
Clarinet Quintet. Soloist Thea King Mozart
String Quartet Opus 59 in F Major Beethoven

JAZZ

MILT SHAKES

"Four morbid men in morning suits, hitting little bells with little hammers."

So said one famous jazz critic on hearing the M.J.Q. — and who can blame him? The quartet files onto the stage in dress more fitting for the Lord Mayor's Banquet than for a jazz concert, looking very sombre in spirit, and after a polite bow commence to play.

From the word go it's obvious that this isn't going to be one of those wild abandoned evenings. The music rarely simmers, let alone boils with excitement. Glancing through the set programme (unheard-of at any other jazz concert) it isn't surprising to see the odd Bach fugue. But then I'm past being surprised by this organisation.

Appeal

Their music can best be described as "polite" jazz. No other form of negro jazz has ever achieved this mass appeal among non-jazz lovers. Mr. Average's record collection would never be complete without the M.J.Q. — together with the Reader's Digest albums of popular classics and Russ Conway playing hits of the 1950's.

If the M.J.Q.'s aim is to produce inoffensive, polite jazz with mass appeal I suppose they must have reached the pinnacle of their success when their "Vendome" was chosen as introductory music for Women's Hour.

Effect

For me the M.J.Q. hold no interest, craving too much for an overall effect rather than playing good improvised solos which are, surely, the essence of small group jazz. Their music can best be likened to Brussels Lace: fine, beautiful and intricate, but very thin.

Studying the audience at a recent concert of theirs, I noticed that they were a totally different crowd from any other, obviously being won over from the pop and folk cults. This is, I suppose, a good thing in that it helps them appreciate an art above the usual humdrum rubbish of the pop world.

Respect

The M.J.Q., if their aim is to gain more respect for jazz, are obviously members of the same crusade as Louis Armstrong, although using a slightly different approach.

Where Louis does it more subconsciously by playing good, lively, happy, extrovert music, the M.J.Q. create an artificial intellectual atmosphere for their basically simple jazz, relying on people's pride to do the rest.

The group has now been together for over ten years, and still gets full houses. If it's winning people over to good listening and to understanding jazz, it's to be hoped they continue their good work for another ten. It's also to be hoped that their converts go on to discover the more varied aspects of jazz.

Lee Conway.



KEN DODD (and £100,000 worth of teeth)

talks to Jimmy Beck

"Thrilled! Excited! Full of plumptiousness!"

Ken Dodd (who else?) reacting to the news that he'd been selected for the Royal Command performance. To make sure I'd got the message he spelt it out for me. "P-L-U-M-P-T-I-O-U-S-N-E-S-S."

It's been quite a year for Ken, with 'Tears' staying at the number one spot for seven weeks and a new release coming out tomorrow which, he thinks, is "as good, if not better than, the last one. And Tears could be my first to sell a million — I've got a silver disc for it already."

What ever the future of his new release (called 'The River'), it's as a comedian that Ken, with automatically-controlled hair and teeth insured at £100,000—is best-known. Born in "a little village called Knotty Ash" in Liverpool, he rose to the top with his own brand of goon-type radio show which introduced the Diddy people to Britain ("The Diddy people live in Knotty Ash," he explained. "They work in the Jam Butty mines, the Black Pudding factory, and the Broken Biscuit repair works there.") At the moment Ken heads the bill at the London Palladium.

"The show's broken every record there is to break," he told me. "We've had a hell of a long run here — thirty weeks so far — and we're going on till Christmas. An average run is about twelve weeks.

"On a long run like this has been you get very tired. Actually, some of it is my fault as I could easily do far less time on stage than I do — and the management would be far hap-

pier. But I like to get an audience really rocking."

Reactions

Ken keeps a last-detail analysis of reactions to every joke he's ever told. "I write some of them myself, contract some of them out. I try to be original, not to follow any trends. Generally I like to do a family music-hall type of show, but I do try to be somewhat different for TV."

"What would you do if you left show-biz? I asked.

"Starve!" Ken joked. "I'd like to stay on till I'm an Old Contemptible — though some people say I'm contemptible already! — but not always in the same job. I'd like to try some producing—especially on films as this allows you to do things exactly as you'd like to. In fact I'm recording some shots on film for the BBC at the moment.

"But I prefer live perform-

FOLK SCENE:

Debut at 88

An 88-year-old folksinger with no previous public appearances to his name opens at the London Folk Centre on December 4th.

He's Charlie Wills, a farm labourer from Bridport, who's been singing traditional music for over seventy years. Apart from a few recordings hoarded by the British Folksong and Dance Society, he's completely unheard of—as yet.

The Folk Centre, in a jewellers' basement at 38 Goodge Street, has only recently opened its doors to become, the proprietors told us, "the beginnings of a new and exciting project in folk music." They welcome singers like Charlie Wills as part of this venture.

They're aiming at the ideal folk club, a place where singers and groups can make their own, in which they can feel free to rehearse as they wish without interference from non-addicts. It's run on coffee-bar lines, and sells records, tapes, instruments and accessories.

New Developments

The Centre caters for both those interested primarily in new developments in British folk music, and those drawn by big names in the folk world. Guest spots by Bob Davenport and Ewan McColl will be interspersed with regular appearances by a young British group, the New Tradition.

Also planned are film-shows taken from folk festivals. Open six days a week, continuous over the weekend, membership to the Centre is 10/- a year. Guest nights cost 4/- for members, free at weekends.

ances to doing TV shows — I like to have an audience. They act as a tuning-board for jokes, and they can help an artist a lot in this way."

Relax

Ken plays the saxophone "to my own amazement and everyone else's disgust. It's an ill wind that nobody blows good!" How does he relax? "Lie in bed," he says. "Seriously, though, I like to go horseracing, read, go to the cinema. As far as TV's concerned I'm not so keen; occasionally there's something decent on, but a lot of it is rubbish." Favourite singers? "I like people like Andy Williams, Dean Martin, Sinatra, Tony Bennett — also some of the mo-town records."

Keeping serious, I asked him how he felt about playing in countries practising apartheid.

"About this I have very strong feelings. I admire anyone who has very strong convictions, especially if it leads them to do a controversial act. However, this is always providing they know what they're doing. What do annoy me are artists creating hot air about something they don't understand, and thereby showing a lack of integrity and responsibility. My own feeling is that if you do understand the situation — or think you do — then the thing to do would be to either stay away from the problem or try to do something constructive about it. Even then I don't know that it's up to us to judge someone else's problems."

Back to Knotty Ash for a final question. "Who's your favourite comedian?" I asked him.

"Me dad," said Ken.

20-year-old Veteran



Bert Jansch (centre) talks to Dave Kershaw last week

At last it's happened—regular folk at LSE. Thanks to the strenuous efforts of Stewart Edwards (President of Folksoc) and his committee, LSE has a bouncy new society sworn to spread folk throughout the School.

Attempting to achieve this aim, Folksoc last week turned the Old Theatre into a folk den to present Bert Jansch, the well-known blues singer, ably supported by Karl Klare, John Fieldhouse and Les Bridges.

Over a few bottles of Newcastle Brown, I asked Bert about his new LP, "It don't bother me". "It'll be released on November 12th," he plugged. "My favourite number, 'Come Back Babe', is on it."

No Guitar

I asked him for details of background. "Born in Glasgow," he said, "but brought up in Edinburgh; I started playing the guitar when I was sixteen."

Sue, Bert's brunette of a girlfriend, chipped in here. "Bert never had a guitar of his own

until the day before this concert at LSE. John Bailey made one for him specially."

Donovan's a personal friend of Bert's—"I think he's a good guy,"—but refuses to make any comment on Dylan. "I like folk blue in general," he said, "but I'd rather not say what I think of Dylan."

Everyone agreed that it was a knockout of an evening. The only grumble came from Les Bridges, who felt the audience didn't enter into the spirit of the meeting as much as they might.

I temporised by buying him another drink . . .

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the arts

CULTURE OR COMMERCE?

By Judith Goldman

The popularity of the London Film Festival, sponsored jointly by the B.F.I. and L.C.C., increases annually. It is not strictly a festival in the same sense as the international festivals of Venice and Cannes, but professes to select the "best" of these and others. It is non-competitive and shows films for interest rather than for prestige, although prestige over recent years has grown tremendously. At least it hasn't developed into a cinematic stock market, but remains a cultural event. Yet it seems that the face of the international festival is acquiring a new mask to hide behind. Venice this year was strikingly changed, though whether for better or worse remains at present an equivocal point.

Looking objectively, the most striking feature was the difference in the type of film shown, compared, for example, to 1962. The director of the festival, Dr. Luigi Chiarini, who is responsible for compiling the programme, has endeavoured to include a majority of films which, in his opinion, are of a greater intrinsic cultural rather than commercial value. Gone are the days of the starlet parading the terrace of the Excelsior Hotel, flaunting her "talent" before the rotund, cigar-smoking businessman on an expense-accounted-for trip with or without wife and family. Indeed, gone are the greater/lesser production magnates themselves.

Granted, Chiarini wants an "art" festival; but has he gone too far in this respect? His only film of any great commercial value was Dick Lester's "The Knack", which was "fuori concorso". But many commercial films show great artistic talent, and yet there are few if any included in "serious" festivals. Should the commercial element of the cinema be so obviously excluded?

It appears that an increasing sector of the film-conscious public is showing a greater curiosity in the extraordinary phenomenon of the "festival" cult. The "serious Sundays", plus cousin "Guardian", have devoted much time, space and effort towards (sub) consciously aiding this.

The Observer of September 5th donated the entire front page of its Weekend Review section to Tynan's tirade on Venice 1965. The Sunday Telegraph recently published an article on the increased interest in—and lack of availability of—festival films . . . while the Guardian has published a programme of the current London festival, and created a booking crisis, with so many people clamouring for so few tickets. How does this current interest in "film at art" correlate to the current Jack Lemmon cult, for example, which may be regarded as "film as commerce" from the industry's point of view.

Ambivalent

This leads us back to the above-mentioned question of whether the commercial film shows any great artistic merit. It is a fact that the cinema industry both in Britain and on the Continent relies on this type of film to bring in the major portion of its revenue, and thus affords the would-be artistic experimentalist a chance. The cinema occupies an ambivalent position between commerce and culture, and Dr. Chiarini, in his efforts to create a purely artistic festival, seems to intimate that these two elements cannot mix very well.

New Wave

Let us examine the British New Wave for a moment. The films of the late 50's and early 60's brought us serious cinema as commercial entertainment, and succeeded to a certain extent in bringing "Cinema" with a capital "C" to the indoctrinated masses . . . and much of it was largely acceptable. Ergo it is possible that Cinema=culture+commerce.

This was acceptable to the festival audiences. Why then have festivals gone four steps further by showing purely ART films? In my opinion, this has

overstepped the mark . . . it was even possible to walk into a cinema at an evening performance this year in Venice, and obtain tickets easily. Previously this couldn't be done for money or even love.

Half-way

We have yet a further definition of "Cinema". In a TV interview recently Godard stated that cinema occupies a position half-way between life and art. It takes elements from both and combines them. Serious cinema tends to rely too much on the "art" side, and it is often overbearing. Life, however, contains certain monetary considerations, together with dreams and fantasies. Godard tries to combine all these elements. His two most recent films, both are to be shown in the festival, are fairly worthy examples.

Automation

"Alphaville", or to give it its original and more explanatory title, "Tarzan vs. IBM" combines the director's fear of automation ruling his home city of Paris, and the lives of its citizens, with his fascination for 1930-ish gangsters. Alphaville is a city without love or feeling, where the women have numbers stamped on them, and perform the task of executing traitors. It is ruled by the computer brainchild of Professor von Braun (significant)—Alpha '60—which has a voice similar to a Dalek and a super-human intelligence. Into this world comes Ivan Johnson alias Lemmy Caution (Eddie Constantine), a reporter for Figaro-Pravda, whose mission is to kill or capture Von Braun, and therefore destroy the computer in order to prevent it taking over the world and sanity. This he succeeds in doing, where three other agents have failed, and takes away the Professor's daughter Natasha (Anna Karina of course) with him. The unfortunate Alphavillians, left with their diet of vitamin pills, cannot adapt to normal life, and live as imbeciles.

"Pierrot le Fou", Godard's other film, is even more of an exercise in fantasy. Anna Karina and Jean-Paul Balmendo discovers that she doesn't love him, he paints his face blue, and



Anna Karina in a shot from Godard's 'Pierrot le Fou' — reviewed left.

Brotherly Lust

The English title of Visconti's "Uaghe Stelle dell' Orsa" has been somewhat loosely translated as **Of a Thousand Delights** (Cameo Poly), presumably to suggest **Claudia Cardinale's** role in the film. But instead Cardinale emerges as a character wrought with indecision and perversion.

Prompted by the suspicion that her mother conspired to cause the ultimate death of her father, she revisits with her husband the family home only to be confronted with the ghost of her past: a ranting, domineering mother and a brother whose love for his sister borders on the incestuous. Tragedy looms when Miss Cardinale reverts to her old relationship with her race off to the Cote d'Azur in order to follow a set of gangsters. However, after Belmondo

blows his brains out. Gruesome? (no, just Godard). This film is, in fact, rather sad in some respects, for beneath the veneer of make-believe comedy, real life shows through. The characters do not assume fictitious personalities, they even use their own names. Together with other characteristics this seems to indicate that this film is more autobiographical than most, and that the director is more closely connected with the characters than is usual in a film of this kind.

brother, whose affection for her has by now turned to lust.

The real theme of the film is to trace a woman's attempts to redeem her sin by both symbolism and deed. The trouble is that the film takes rather too long to set the stage for this, and rather over-emphasises the rather obvious fact that brother-sister relationships are not what they should be. Once this is accomplished, however, Claudia gives a stimulating performance, struggling to retain her husband's devotion, and finally clothing herself, nun-like, in white, the epitome of purity . . .

CHARITY CONCERT

The LSE Music Society will present a concert at St. Faith's Church, Dulwich, on November 21st in aid of Muscular Dystrophy.

The Concert, organised by LSE porter Mr. W. Payne, will include Royal College of Music piano soloist **Nada Grindea** and LSE trumpeter **Max Weaver** under the direction of **Gordon Kirkwood**. The Programme will be:

Overture, Magic Flute **Mozart**
Trumpet Concerto . . . **Haydn**
Piano Con. No. 2. **Beethoven**
Mass in C **Haydn**
Admission, 4/-, is by programme obtainable from the Shaw Librarian. Your support for this worthy cause would be greatly appreciated.

NOVEMBER AT THE ROYAL COURT

By
Bill Martin

Fancy a cheap evening at the Theatre? Then you could do worse than visiting the Royal Court, home of the dynamic English Stage Society.

E.S.S. is, by its own admission, "incredibly difficult to join—five shillings for student membership, and the valuable concession of being able to buy for a song any seat left unsold five minutes before the curtain rises." Chances are that you could be lording it up in the guinea stalls for 5/-.

"Shelley"

"Glory", Shelley wrote in 1812, "glory is a bubble." Ann Jellicoe, who has basked in the glory of the innovatory "Knack", should have heeded this warning before attempting to write a stage history of Percy B. Shelley, a fiery renegade poet too amorphous to be analysed on the stage of the Royal Court. The Jellicoe bubble has burst and "Shelley" displays little of the originality abundant in her previous work.

Lethargy

The play starts well, exhibiting pace and humour, but seizes up because of its choleric construction; the numerous lethargic scene changes check the flow of the action, and "Shelley", regrettably, stagnates.

Miss Jellicoe has attempted tragi-comedy but has succeeded only in producing comi-tragedy. The essence of tragi-comedy is that the laughter should be a

natural product of scenes of human degradation. Jellicoe, however, tries to force everything too much, attempting to gain laughter from human activities which are not basically funny. Consider the scene in which Shelley, horrified by his wife bottle-feeding their progeny, grabs the baby, rips open his shirt and tries to suckle the child.

Funny? On paper it might look it—but on the stage, it was ludicrous. It should have been a moment of climax, charged with theatrical electric. But the scene had the power of a spent battery and the only laughter was from a couple of embarrassed old ladies in the front row.

Cardboard

Further, successful tragi-comedy requires credible characters. Too often Jellicoe erected cardboard figures distinguished only by their synthetic quality: the doddering Master of an Oxford college, the cleric scheming for a bishopric. You name them, Ann Jellicoe had them. Even the centrepiece of the play—Percy Bysshe Shelley himself—was just another angry young man who never came to life despite a vigorous portrayal by Ronald Pickup.

Ann Jellicoe, as the hand-out politely informs, "contrives to astonish". The only astonishing thing about "Shelley" is that she wrote it.

"Cresta Run"

How is it possible to consider Simpson's theatre the Theatre of the Absurd?

In his newest play 'The Cresta Run' at the Royal Court he advances the logic of spying to its rational conclusions.

If espionage is to inculcate patriotism . . . then why not advertise? If the big-time spymen at the Ministry need to be super patriots then turn them into naturalisation junkies.

And what better vehicle for these superb thoughts than one of Simpson's suburban couples who build old Baileys and form Cabinets in the normal run of things anyway.

At least this is the husband's norm — he takes to spying as the public takes to Bond; whilst the wife (as condescending as all Simpson's wives) knits her way above the irritation of spies in her front room.

Unfortunately the director Keith Johnstone has attempted to parody the terrible Bond-type acting. Now this does need and deserve it, but Simpson's play would be better with it out. Still for the only worth-while comment on the web that ensmeshes us all — this play is worth seeing.

SICILY

At Castoreale, near Messina, we have selected a tourist village for our 1966 Anglo-Italian Centre for young people. The village is situated by the sea within easy reach of the main tourist resorts like Taormina or the Aeolian Islands, and in an ideal geographical position for excursions to sites of Archaeological interest.

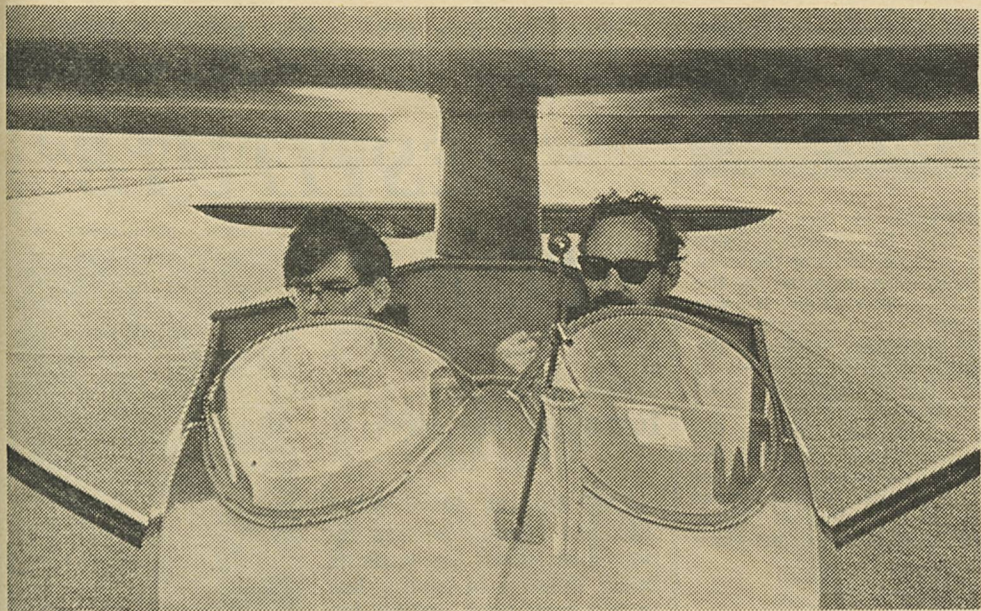
A fortnight there at the beginning of September will cost 49 gns. by air and on full board basis.

For an additional 4 gns. you can have 20 hours tuition in Italian.

This holiday is also being widely advertised among North Italian University Students. For additional details write to

Discovering Sicily

69, New Oxford Street
London W.C.1



LASHAM TAKE-OFF

The day: Saturday. Place: Lasham, near Basingstoke.

Occasion? LSE Gliding Club Fresher's Introduction Two and a half hours from London, a club hut with bar and some accommodation, an expanse of runway, a towrope, a glider, and enough air for anybody.

Twelve flights in all took place, giving everyone a chance to experience the 'exhilaration of gliding'. The craft used is an open cockpit T31, piloted by a resident instructor. The more skilled of LSE could pilot themselves once safely 'off the hook', at about 1,000 feet up. Instruction on the mechanics of gliding had been given earlier during the morning.

Opinion

Universal opinion from the freshers was that they'd thoroughly enjoyed their first flight. There is no reason why many more shouldn't take advantage of what the Gliding Club at LSE has to offer — gliding isn't a sport for the idle rich alone—at least at LSE it isn't. Fantastically-reduced rates make it possible for anyone to participate. Well, almost anyone. Contact Keith Taylor if you're interested.

JUDO

LSE Judo Club started the season with victory over Imperial College, the National College Judo Champions. With 27 points to I.C.'s 20, LSE scored through Jim Maucker, Pete Lane and John Hansel.

With successes like these the Club looks like maintaining the reputation it built up last year, when it came top of the ULU Judo Club League.

Cross-Country

U.C. SUCCESS

Good running by all members of the Cross-country team gave LSE fourth place in the UC Relay which opened the season. A fair enough start.

In the first League fixture sparkling performances from Guy Ogden, Kevin MacCahill and Neil Donkin brought the first team up to third position in the First Division, narrowly behind Borough Road and IC; the seconds raced well to take the lead in Division Two.

LSE's successes resulted in nine of the team being selected to run for the University of London against Cambridge, where Ogden and Derek Pratt were to turn in particularly fine performances.

Later games have kept up the standard of racing, with a one point victory over RC by a depleted first team of which Ogden again starred, closely followed by team captain Alan Willis.

On this form, teams look set for a successful season, with a good chance of medals in the University Championships to come.

HOCKEY

Although both teams could muster only ten players, the Women's Hockey team fought an exciting game against Bedford College last week to win six-nil. Goals came from Cambell (5) and Cox. It seems that Cambell easily makes up for the loss of a player.

Soccer

SHOCK DEFEAT FOR 1st XI

The First XI were thrown out of the Cup by a first-round shock defeat at the hands of Woolwich Polytechnic. LSE, leading 4-3 at one stage of the match, eventually fell foul of the Woolwich attack and lost by five goals to four.



Captain of LSE's first XI, Mick Cooper.

LSE went ahead by a goal from Martin Davis from a fine right-wing run by John Shepherd. Higginbotham, Cooper and Shepherd himself took extra space in the net to make the game seem ours. But gaps in the usually sound defence let Woolwich forwards hit the mark too often, and failure to clear corners added two goals to the opponent's scoreline to reverse the result.

Credit

Only player to emerge with credit was hard-tackling newcomer Bill Wilkinson, who shows signs of becoming the linkman LSE so badly needs.

The seconds also started this last fortnight with trouble. Injuries to Dave Ratcliffe, Jeff Hughes and Graham McCullum led them to a 5-1 defeat at Trinity, Cambridge.

LSE's sole compensating goal came from the toe of fresher Tony Kirbell, maintaining the consistency that characterised his earlier games. With Gordon and Weston, it was Tony who shot the seconds to a splendid 3-2 league victory over I.C. to make up for that Cup humiliation.

The Badminton Club went down 6-3 after a closely-fought match against Imperial College last week. Ex ULU captain P. Lamb gave a particularly noteworthy performance.

Rugby FIRSTS STILL UNBEATEN

SPORT

The First XV continue their unbeaten run, with seven wins out of eight games to their credit. Beating a very strong Blackheath 3rd side by nineteen points to thirteen, they displayed excellent open rugby and commendable teamwork. Tries came from Boyes, Heaton,

Alban-Davis, Garrat and Richardson.

Storm Finish

Last season's Gutteridge Cup winners Battersea were the next to fall to LSE. An 11-8 victory, with two tries in the last three minutes, proved one of the best for

several seasons, and bodes well for Cup success this year. Garrat and Williams scored for LSE, with Thomas in his usual immaculate kicking form, notching up a penalty. An exciting game, a useful victory, and something for other college teams to think over.

Your Career

Perhaps you haven't decided exactly which career you want to follow. But the odds are that your *general ideas* on the subject are fairly well worked out. Perhaps you have a list of requirements in the back of your mind. These, at a guess, would be some of the items in that list:

- 1 A large organisation** (you may have been thinking of the giants of commerce or industry, whose names are household words). One of the reasons why this is a reasonable requirement is that, especially in modern conditions, large organisations tend to offer much more scope than small ones.
- 2 Good pay and prospects.** You expect to work hard, and it is only fair that this should have some tangible and obvious recognition.
- 3 Security.** You do not want to be forever wondering whether your job is about to give you up!
- 4 Variety of work.** The idea of strap-hanging in the same train every morning, sitting at the same desk every day, doing the same job year after year is probably repugnant to you.
- 5 A chance to see something of the world.** The idea of travel is attractive, and if it can be part of your job, so much the better.
- 6 Congenial company.** You expect to apply yourself to your career, and want to be able to relax among people who share your interests and can discuss your problems against a background of common knowledge.
- 7 A sense of purpose.** You are, above all, anxious not to waste your talents and your time. You want your work to have some meaning and significance; to amount to something.

These are all eminently reasonable requirements. And the R.A.F. meets every one of them! More than this, the R.A.F. is especially attractive to the graduate. As a graduate in the R.A.F. you have specially favourable terms of entry, back-dated seniority, and every possible encouragement to make the most of your potential. In the R.A.F., unlike civilian organisations, all the top jobs have to be filled *from within*. And as a graduate, you are in line for promotion to the very highest ranks.

WHICH OF THESE CAREERS IS RIGHT FOR YOU?

Flying and executive? If this attracts you, you should find out more about the Flying Branch.

Engineering? In the Technical Branch, the R.A.F. has vacancies for electrical, electronic and mechanical engineers, to work on some of the most highly developed equipment in the world.

Teaching? In the R.A.F. you could teach, according to your qualifications, at any level from G.C.E. to post-Graduate. The R.A.F. Education Officer is the focus of many extra-mural activities.

Management? Much of the day-to-day management of the R.A.F. on the ground falls to the Equipment and Secretarial Branches which offer excellent careers to graduates. Equipment officers are the logistics experts, and deal with the planning, supply and movement of all *matériel* used by the R.A.F. throughout the world. The Secretarial Branch is concerned with general administration, personnel management, accounting and intelligence.

For more information please contact the Secretary of your Appointments Board or write, giving your qualifications and your age, saying (if you can) which Branch most interests you, to—Group Captain J. W. Allan, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F., Adastral House (EXE 288), London, WCI



RESULTS TO DATE		(excluding yesterday's games)					
Team	Pl.	Won	Dr.	Lost	For	Ag.	
SOCCER	1sts	9	3	1	5	16	22
	2nds	8	6	0	2	26	18
	3rds	—	—	—	—	—	—
	4ths	5	2	1	2	12	19
	5ths	5	3	0	2	12	8
RUGBY	1sts	9	8	0	1	122	58
	2nds	8	7	0	1	187	35
	3rds	7	2	0	5	87	105
HOCKEY	Men's	7	2	0	5	9	16
	Women's	3	2	1	0	10	0



Geoff Jordan

U. S. PRESS SLAMS LSE TV-TEAM

Ex-Debates Chairman "nastily rude"

A team of LSE students who appeared in a six-nation TV broadcast a fortnight ago has been condemned by the New York Journal-American as "uniformly rude, generally ugly in style and manner . . . aggressively ugly in mood."

The broadcast, organised by America's CBS network, linked students in Belgrade, Paris and Mexico City by satellite with LSE in London and General Eisenhower in Washington to allow criticism of US foreign policy.

Ex-Chairman of Debates Geoff Jordan slammed Eisenhower's refusal to give direct answers on Vietnam policy. In the New York newspaper article he is described as "the LSE bohemian type, nastily rude, a thorough little pipsqueak who didn't ask a question but hurled machine-gun series of accusatory statements . . . an apprentice Ugly Englishman."

Jordan has in addition received a number of letters from both Americans and exiled British deploring his outspokenness on the programme, which was screened live throughout the United States.

Mrs. Hermann Moser-Soper, a British subject resident in New Jersey, says "Did CBS pick the team for their offensiveness . . . or did the team manage this all by themselves? Whatever they had to say was totally lost in shock waves of disgust . . . I think these students owe President Eisenhower, a good friend of the British, a public apology."

"Delighted"

Jordan told Beaver: "I was forceful because we asked to be as outspoken as possible. Both CBS and the BBC were delighted by the programme, and the general opinion was that only London really made the most of the opportunity to speak out and ask frank questions. If I was rude it was only due to Eisenhower's constant refusal to answer these questions."

The team for the programme was taken from members of the LSE Debates team, plus additional members chosen by Alan Evans. The programme is due to be televised on BBC-2 later this term; four other programmes involving similar international link-ups are planned in the future, though LSE participation in these now appears doubtful.

INDIA VISIT

The Indian Government has invited a team of four students from LSE's Debates Committee to visit India some time in the future at their expense. Fares will probably be paid for by the Foreign Office; further details await the clearing-up of the present confusion surrounding the Debates position.

CONNAUGHT PROPOSALS

Following the announcement last issue that Connaught House is to be taken over by LSE, School Secretary Mr. H. Kidd revealed to Beaver this week what changes the proposed new arrangements will involve.

The Departments of Industrial Relations, Philosophy, and the Personnel Management course will be among those to move into the new building. Also moving will be much of the Administration of the School, including the Registry, the Directors' Office, and the Students' Health service. "We hope to be able to provide the services of a dentist before very long," Mr. Kidd said. "Until now we just haven't had space for one."

Much of the room vacated by the Administration will be taken over by the Library "though this may have to wait until the summer vacation when the necessary construction work can be carried out."

The move will mean extra class-rooms, with a number of staff moving from the Main and St. Clements buildings; this may mean that additional room will be cleared for the use of Union.

Continued from page one

VIETNAM

to Dave in his attempt to move into the political field, and the Vietnam decision was made by an overwhelming majority of Union members at the meeting last Friday.

Dave has said that he is determined Union should branch out into fields of action other than those in which it has so far remained un-troubled.

"We must be able to discuss political issues, and to act and demonstrate our beliefs," he said this week. Whether Union will be allowed to do so without incurring severe opposition remains questionable.

LABSOC: STILL NO CHAIRMAN

The Labsoc Elections story continues . . . Returning Officer Geoff Jordan declared invalid the unopposed election of J. G. Vyse as Chairman, because "no one knows who is; he hasn't turned up yet, and he had no proposer at the election."

A General Meeting of the Society tomorrow will decide upon the future of the Chairmanship. Meanwhile, acting-chairman Ronnie Millet told Beaver "I am very pleased with this committee—it's like nothing I've ever come across before, keen and intelligent."

"Now all we need is members to come along to meetings to prevent a recurrence of last year's half-hearted performance. This year's going to be all dynamic, I hope."

REPORTS FOR PARENTS PLAN

Annual university reports keeping parents in touch with their children's academic progress are proposed by the Association of University Teachers.

In the "British Universities Annual" it is argued that parents, footing most of the bill, are not consulted by undergraduates anxious to show independence, and that university teachers concur because "they fear a possible intrusion into academic freedom by a back-door method".

Two main suggestions are made: that parents are sent a brief, realistic report on their children's progress each year; and that parents should be encouraged to play a greater part in the struggle for student lodgings. The report says that many parents accept "the smug paragraphs in prospectuses and assume that all students are well provided for and well cared for."

NEWS IN BRIEF

RUMOURS in the national press that Sir Sydney Caine might become the first Ombudsman have been rejected by the Director as 'incredible'. He was described by one newspaper report as fulfilling "precisely" the necessary qualifications — "a public figure held in high esteem, but away from politics."

Sir Sydney, who was on the committee which examined the Ombudsman project, has stated that he intends remaining at LSE until 1967, when, as Beaver announced last issue, he plans to retire.

THERE will be no Commemoration Ball this year, it was decided at a Council meeting last week. The Ball, which lost £200 in 1964, attempted to achieve a "new-look" last year with little success, and its demise was described by one Council member as "something none of us will complain about — or even notice."

WITH the increasing individuality of colleges within the University of London framework, LSE is to introduce revised syllabuses of its own. The first of these changes will be the LL.B. Law syllabus, which it is proposed will become independent for the next session. Information regarding the change may be obtained from the registry.

SCHOOL secretary Mr. H. Kidd told Beaver last week that "We are a little uneasy about people who do not belong to LSE using the buildings, especially the Library, and attending lectures here."

In order to combat this, it is possible that card-checks on people entering LSE will be stepped up this term.

CARD CHECKS at Bar Socials came into operation last week after the Bursar, Mr. Collings, complained to Social V-P Mal Cardy that a number of non-students — some under age — were entering the bar on Friday nights.

Mal explained to Beaver that "Our licence only covers students and their guests — if anything happened we could easily lose it." Union Cards will have to be produced, and guests introduced at the door, until further notice.

ARRANGEMENTS for the Lecturers' Directory (announced last issue) are already under way, but Academic Affairs V-P Pat Slater tells Beaver that volunteers to carry out this survey are still urgently required. Anyone willing to help is requested to contact Barry Thorpe via pigeonholes.

THE Economics Society have complained that their grant from the Union should be increased to at least that of other societies. They argue that as LSE is most famous for its economics, it is unfair that other fringe societies receive more money than they.

Treasurer Peter Lamb has pointed out that only £5 of their grant last year was actually used, and that the union can hardly subsidise purely theoretical economics.

CLARE MARKET REVIEW has been granted a provisional £80 for the forthcoming session in order that it might appear again before September 1966. Last year's editor Heather Russell commented, "Without an edition this year I don't see how CMR could have survived".

DAVE DENIES "DESTITUTE" STORY

Back here a fortnight, he says

LSE student Dave King (pictured here), who was reported in Sennet last week as being missing in Spain, has in fact been back at LSE for over a fortnight.

The letter which Sennet quoted as saying he was destitute and asking for money from the Barbadian government was in fact merely a request from Dave that his grant for this session be sent to him in Madrid rather than to London.

He told Beaver this week "I don't know what all the fuss is about. I was never starving in the streets of Madrid."



Dave King pictured at LSE earlier this week to prove it.



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