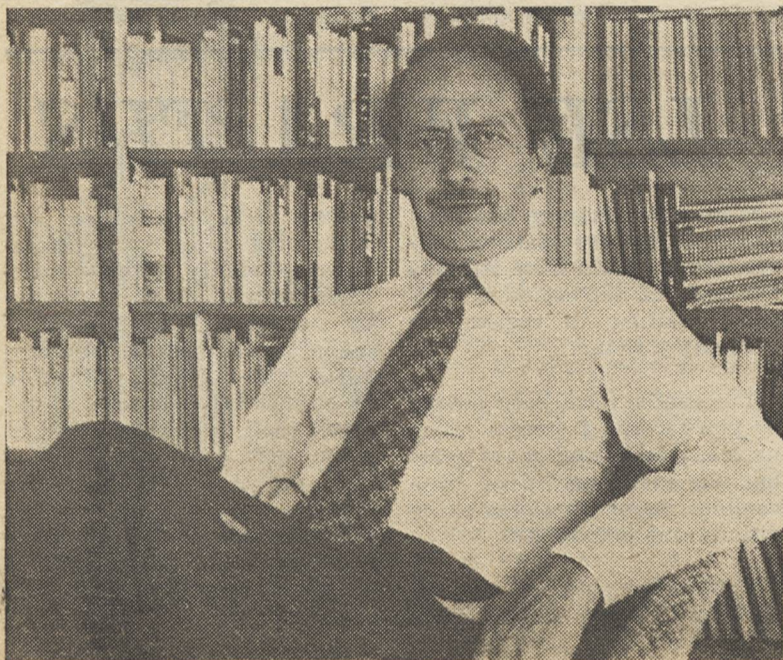




BEAVER

BOYSON AXE FALLS ON L.S.E.



"No account taken of the needs of students"

GOVERNMENT cuts in education spending, announced in the budget last June, are having a disastrous effect on the LSE, according to Director Ralf Dahrendorf. And further cuts, expected later this year, could slash services even further and involve further drastic overseas student fee increases.

Conservative Under - Secretary of State for Education, Rhodes Boyson, however, is adamant that the cuts were essential. "The economic situation of this country is such," he told a packed but unsympathetic meeting, "that cuts have to be made," although he was pleased that the government had already been able to increase defence spending significantly, and hoped that further increases in this field would soon be announced.

The LSE is being forced to make major cutbacks as a result of the education cuts. Thirty-two Social Research Council grants promised to LSE post-graduates have now been withdrawn, and the increase of more than 30% in overseas student tuition fees threatens the essential international character of the LSE, as well as restricting opportunities for thousands of students from the third world who study here at present.

Cuts in the recurrent grant, and cash limits imposed by the government, coupled with the effects of the swingeing VAT increases, will mean that the school is unable to fill many vacancies, including the vacant Chair in Economic History, and that services to students, including the LSE nursery, are now threatened.

Ralf Dahrendorf's reaction is bitter:

"If the cuts continue, I simply do not believe that the LSE will be able to survive. Already we are on the verge of bankruptcy, using more than half of our reserves during the next year. The Government seems very shortsighted in its desire to make arbitrary cuts which take no account of the needs of students or of the contributions those students could make in later years.

"I am very, very disappointed indeed."

Prof Dahrendorf has already been active on this issue, writing to government ministers, and pressurising the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals, which he sees as too ready simply to accept the dictates of government, into applying public pressure. In an article in the *London Review of Books*, published at the end of September, however, he attacked the government's "Bad arithmetic" in arguing that overseas students were subsidised, whereas in fact, "Universities will have to be subsidised if overseas students leave", but disagreed with the frequent student claim that increases in overseas student fees are racist.

The Director's comments provoked an angry response from Students' Union General Secretary Krish Maharaj, himself an overseas student, who told the first meeting of the Overseas Student Action Committee, last week, that "these attacks on overseas students are a racist and imperialist action."

The Director, however, is adamant. To quote his *London Review of Books* article: "The word (racism) might be appropriate . . . if there was a deliberate attempt to reduce the number of Asian and African students to the advantage of North American and European students. However, the opposite, if anything, is the case. No, the underlying sentiment of government policy . . . is not racism but parochialism—little Englandism."

Whatever the government's reasoning, however, there can be no doubt that the cuts have

(Continued on Page Three)

Barbarity!

ON the first day of term, the S.A. Barbarians rugby team flew into Heathrow, supposedly to the displeasure of the Government. The police had banned all demonstrations at the airport, searched cars entering and leaving and instructed Anti-Apartheid demonstrators to leave or be arrested (just for being at the airport). Those who remained and who voiced their opinions by shouting "Racists out" and "No racist rugby in Britain" were arrested.

Two days later, in Exeter, at the Barbarians first match, 300-400 people demonstrated their opposition to the tour. It was the biggest demonstration that Exeter has seen since the war. Why the fuss?

Why pick on South Africa?—There are many other repressive regimes. Human rights are restricted in many countries but South Africa is unique in enforcing its repressive policies in all spheres of life from national politics to sport.

But this team is multi-racial—we shouldn't criticize them. It's a step in the right direction.

These minor concessions were made only after much protest during the Springbok tour in the '70s—so the pressure should be kept up.

(Continued on Page Three)

Nine per cent: NO WAY!

THE first week of term began inauspiciously with a strike of LSE's NALGO workers which was part of a national campaign in support of their 24 per cent pay claim. The strike resulted in massive disruption to the School's administration and inconvenience to students.

The pay claim is based upon a 12 per cent cost-of-living increase and an award of 12 per cent to bring NALGO workers in line with academic related administrative staff. NALGO entered negotiations with the University's Consortium for Non-Teaching Staff in April with a settlement date of July 1st. UCNTS came forward with an offer of an average 8.9 per cent. The offer was rejected and NALGO suggested that the UCNTS should take a joint reference to arbitration in order to obtain a swift settlement, which was rejected. On August 8th the UCNTS obtained permission from the Department of Education and Science to offer 8.9 per cent and take the case to the Clegg Commission for a comparability study. This would mean NALGO workers would be compared with other public service workers who have recently obtained settlements in excess of the original offer. However, NALGO was dubious about accepting this offer because they feared that the commission could not meet the implementation date of April 1980, and would probably take until the winter of 1980 to reach a decision.

On October 1st NALGO held a one-day strike. This was followed on the 2nd by a lightning strike in the Registry which left Miss Myatt-Price and Mr Ashley to cope with queues of students attempting to register. On Wednes-

day the Registry workers refused to open in the afternoon—normal practice, which was to have been waived in order to keep to the registration timetable. On the 4th the Registry closed down yet again. In the second week of term there was a lightning strike in the Library which resulted in counters being left unattended and in early closing.

NALGO will continue industrial action throughout the term, calling lightning strikes, withdrawing goodwill, and working to rule. This means that no branch member will cover for unfilled vacancies, work with temporary staff from agencies, or work overtime.

The disruption during registration probably means that the figures of registered students will not be available for the Universities Grants Commission on time. It remains to be seen what action the UGC would take in this event. Registration was delayed by at least three days, and many students were not allocated classes.

On Wednesday, 10th, NALGO decided to black Warwick University after the authorities suspended 32 members, five of whom they threatened with dismissal.

The NALGO workers in LSE are petitioning the academic staff for their support and so far have been impressed by the response. They are currently awaiting a more realistic offer from the management in response to their action, and apologise to students for inconvenience in the meantime.

The School was not available for comment.

LETTERS

THE FIRST TIME

DEAR EDITOR,

The conduct of the UGM on October 4th did little to encourage freshers such as myself, to participate in the future activities of the Students' Union. It served only to confuse, dishearten and disillusion the first-year students and so warrants criticism.

Many freshers attended the meeting in order to learn how the Union functions and to take at least some part in decision-making. Instead, they were thrown into a chaotic continuation of previous rivalries, arguments and pettiness.

Was it deliberate policy to confuse, so discouraging real dissent? Speakers were often unintroduced, motions and amendments inadequately explained and interruption excessive. All attempts by freshers to question and so to decipher the proceedings were ignored whilst no effort was made by the more experienced members to explain procedure.

On arriving at the L.S.E., we were all told

of the liberation and free-thinking the School is renowned for. The U.G.M. did little to enhance this view. In fact, the very opposite impression was given as the meeting ground on. The dominance of highly political individuals became only too obvious. A small yet potent supply of activists drawn from a small unrepresentative clique was clearly controlling the U.G.M., despite the efforts of our chairman.

On arriving, we were all expected to fight for a copy of the agenda. Then we were asked to choose between two total strangers when electing a chairman. From then on confusion reigned. The voting provided a pleasant interlude before the next motion was "discussed" and chaos once again reigned supreme.

Little wonder the meeting closed with the throwing of paper darts, constructed with great precision, from the constitution of the Union.

A First Year Student

NALGO STRIKE

To the Editor,

THE first day of term at the LSE this year was marked by a strike of the NALGO workers taking action in defence of their working conditions and wages.

Despite the clear presence of picket lines at every entrance to the School buildings, of all the Left political groupings on campus, only one—the LSE Spartacist Society—upheld the most basic of principles of the workers' movement and refused to cross.

A whole range of self-proclaimed socialists at the LSE, from the parliamentary cretins of the National Organisation of Labour Students, to the "honest militant" workerists of the Socialist Worker Student Organisation and the student bureaucrats of the London Student Movement "scabbed" on the strike, clearly believing that the aims of their organisations could be better served by peddling their propaganda at the Freshers' Fair than by demonstrating their solidarity with the workers' struggle.

Once having scabbed, these charlatans attempted to justify their actions by pleading that the picket was "informational" and was not asking for student support.

If this was the case then any honest socialist would still not have crossed as the picket line is the most graphic manifestation of the class line, and to cross it means, bluntly, to side

with the capitalists against the workers.

This is still true with the "informational" picket line, which generally arises from the confusion caused when a pro-capitalist union leadership misdirects its membership's militancy by refusing to put forward a strategy to win a strike. Those who "justify" scabbing in this way are merely covering for the policies of the sell-out bureaucrats, in an attempt to hide their own opportunism and lack of principle.

Students who genuinely seek to concretely support the struggles of the working class must compare the actions of all these Left-talking fakery with those of the LSE Spartacist Society.

On the day of the strike supporters of the Society distributed a leaflet pointing out that the strategy to win any campus dispute is to shut down the whole university until the workers' claim is won and to build united worker-student mobilisations in support of the workers' demands and against any cuts in education or social services.

On Monday October 1st this meant joining the NALGO picket lines and not crossing them.

Those interested in strike support, not strike-breaking, and a revolutionary programme, not hollow rhetoric, will know in future to look to the Spartacist Society and the Spartacist League.

PICKET LINES MEAN DON'T CROSS!
LSE Spartacist Society

October 9th 1979.

IT'S FREE

MY first case at a Supplementary Benefit Tribunal was mildly horrifying. The person whom I was representing, an Indian whose clothes were falling to pieces on him, was virtually accused of having a few thousand pounds stuffed away in a mattress somewhere. How do you prove you're really poor—honest guy? The process was humiliating, embarrassing and offensive.

Unfortunately, it proved not to be an isolated case. I've seen people interrogated about their moral worth, forced to demonstrate hardship, harangued by the respectable members of society who sit on the tribunals, angry, upset and ashamed but re-

presentation makes a difference. The fact that a representative is there means that the process becomes less intimidating for the claimant; the discussion is more likely to be on the points that are relevant; and much of the heat and emotion can be taken out of the hearing. It gives the claimant a much better chance of success.

The Free Representation Unit is a group of volunteers who represent people at a variety of tribunals — mainly industrial; National Insurance and Supplementary Benefits. If you're interested, come to one of our meetings; details are available from myself, Paul Spicker, in the Graduate Common Room.

LSE WRAITHS

AN in-depth enquiry has been launched into the spate of sudden deaths which have afflicted the tens of thousands of students waiting to register in Connaught House.

The deaths have been caused by petrification, a process which normally takes millions of years but has been speeded up by a combination of atmospheric conditions and immobility.

Upon investigation, it was discovered that the serried ranks of freshers were attempting to gain access to the Registry in order to join the queue for their grants which were to be dispensed in an inner recess of Connaught House, which was built in the style of the French Bastille.

As intrepid firemen attempted to carve their way through the bodies to discover the cause of the hold-up, they came across evidence to suggest that the

process of "dying in line" had been going on for many generations—students with "Beatle-style" haircuts were further up the stairwell. When they eventually broke into the Registry, all that they could find were a series of skeletal figures slumped across their desks. Our resident pathologist has indicated that they probably date from the inter-war period, and that it was this on-going death situation which proved so fatal to the teeming millions wishing to register.

The General Secretary of the Students' Union, the Maharajah of St Clementi, indicated in no uncertain terms that this was yet another example of the Thatcherite-style attacks on the student body in particular, and the working people in general. He has called for an occupation to show solidarity with our late lamented, unregistered fellow students.

Guy Elliott

CUTS CONFERENCE

AGAINST a background of savage cuts in education, student leaders attending the conference listened sleepily to predictions of further cuts and massive reductions in options and services. The atmosphere, if not rather morgue-like (appropriately, I suppose, for the funeral of education services) at least resembled the ruminations of Lower Bagshot Women's Institute.

There were rousing speeches, of course; soft pleas for reason from N.U.S. President Trevor Phillips; dry wit from Treasurer Dave Aaronovitch; and the inevitable lengthy expression of the view that "only by smashing capitalism can we achieve our aims." Prime offender on this score was L.S.E. General Secretary Krish Maharaj, whose repeated calls to "make the rich pay for the crisis", reminiscent of many a fascinating tirade at L.S.E. Union meetings, were greeted first by indifference and later by positive hostility.

Many delegates obviously felt it was more honest—if less easy—to put forward reasoned arguments than simply to spout clichés.

Though thoughtfully prepared, with excellent—though in some respects patronisingly simple—briefing papers, the conference seemed disastrously mistimed. Many delegates were too exhausted from

organising freshers' weeks to play a major part in the conference.

And, with certain members of the lunatic fringe apparently eager to act as undertakers, NUS seemed nearer to attending its own funeral than organising a national campaign.

Sarah Lewthwaite

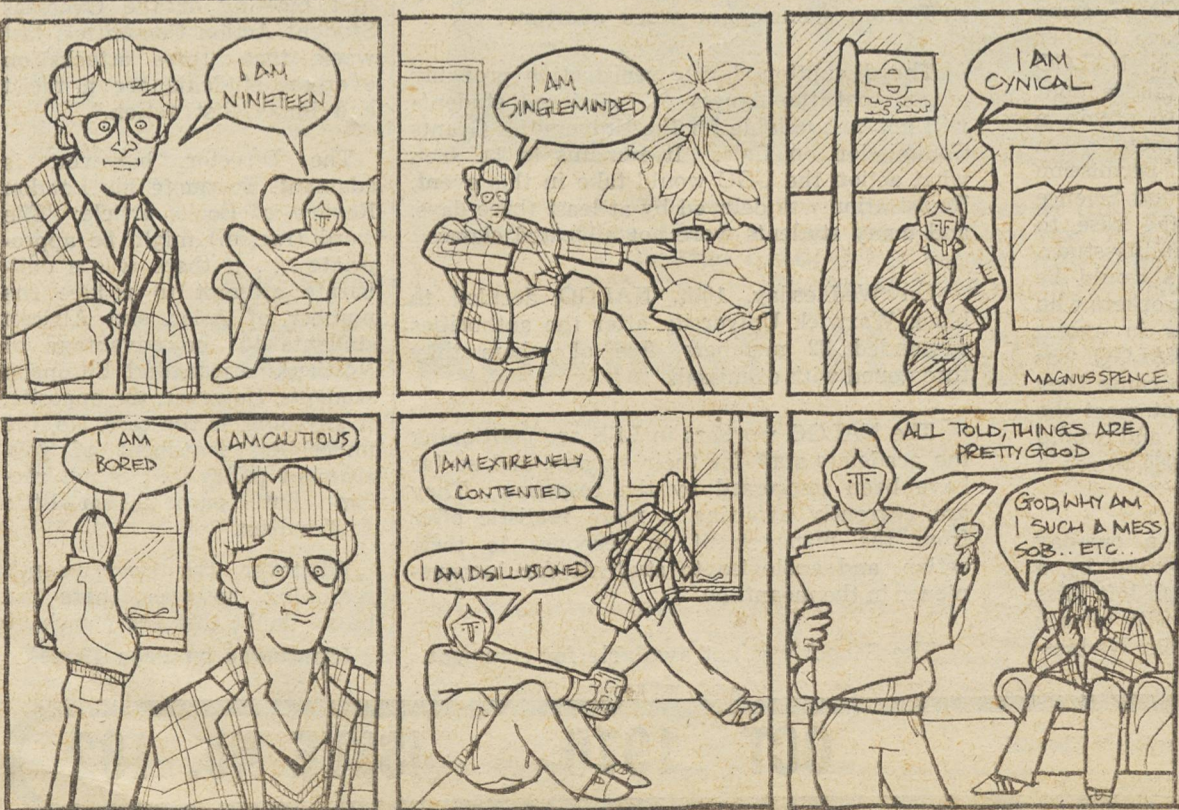
THE SPARROW'S SANCTUARY

A sparrow fluttered in a church
And settled on a sunlit perch...

Without a feeling of remorse,
The vicar (C. of E. of course)
Proclaimed at once the bird
should be
Destroyed for fear the B.B.C.
Would let the sparrow's chirp
impair
Some secular recording there.
And even then his bishop said
How right they were to shoot it
dead.

Did Jesus mind when Jesus
heard
The music of a chirping bird.

© N. Racine-Jaques, 1979



NO TO CORRIE BILL

PEOPLE have always attempted to control their fertility and before contraception was widely available drastic methods were used to prevent unwanted births. Contraception reduces the need for abortion, but no method is 100% safe and free from side effects. There will always be a demand for abortion. Women should have the right to choose about this aspect of their lives and should not be forced to bear unwanted children.

The 1967 Abortion Law Reform Act was passed after 30 years of campaigning. It stated that two doctors should decide whether or

not a woman was entitled to an abortion on a number of grounds, including the risk to a woman's physical or mental health if she gave birth. This allowed doctors to perform abortions because the risk to life is greater in childbirth than during an abortion operation. The death rate from N.H.S. abortions is 0.0017% before 12 weeks. However less than 50% of abortions are performed by the N.H.S. There is a great regional variation with women in the Midlands finding it practically impossible to obtain a free legal N.H.S. abortion.

John Corrie, a Tory M.P., has introduced a private members bill seeking to restrict existing abortion legislation. These restrictions will significantly affect the accessibility of abortion within the public and private sector.

Firstly he seeks to reduce the legal limit from 28 weeks to 20 weeks. Less than 1% of abortions are performed past the 20 week stage and yet the anti-abortion campaign seems to concentrate on the claim that live foetuses are found in incinerators. No proof has been found to support these allegations.

Often nobody knows the exact date of conception, hence it is difficult to estimate the age of the foetus. Doctors may leave 3 to 4 weeks for possible errors, therefore a limit of 20 weeks may really mean 16 to 17 weeks. Reducing the time limit will affect women who hide their pregnancies out of fear, those with irregular periods, women believing the signs of pregnancy to be menopause. These women are not animals and neither are the doctors seeking to help them.

Clause 1 of the 1967 Act allows doctors to measure the risk to the life and health of the woman against the risk of continuing the pregnancy. In 1978 approximately 90% of abortions were performed because the continuance of pregnancy was considered a risk to the physical or mental health of the woman or her children. Corrie wants to change this: the risk to the life of the woman will become a "grave risk", the injury to her or

her family will become a "substantial risk" or "severe" injury if the pregnancy is continued.

The changes will alter drastically the 1967 Act. Ill-defined words such as "grave", "severe" and "substantial" may mean something different to a woman unwillingly pregnant and a doctor afraid of breaking the law.

The Corrie Bill would restrict charities such as B.P.A.S. by separating counselling-referral services from organisations performing abortion operations. The bill also seeks to establish a precedent by requiring a doctor to be qualified for 5 years before being permitted to perform an abortion, although they would be allowed to take decisions in other areas of medicine from the day of qualification.

The 1974 Lane Committee investigated the workings of the 1967 Act and found that it had "relieved a vast amount of individual suffering." They considered that restricting the Act would "increase the sum of human suffering and ill health and probably drive women to seek the squalid and dangerous help of the back-street abortionist."

Some women will be more affected by the Corrie Bill than others. Rich women have always been able to pay for abortions. Students are also sometimes in a better position to obtain an abortion. Is it right that some women should be deprived of access to abortion facilities? For most women having an abortion is a traumatic upsetting experience. Shouldn't women have the right to decide this issue themselves? The Corrie Bill threatens us all.

A L.S.E. campaign against this bill has been formed. Facilities need to be extended not reduced. If you are interested meet with us every Monday 1.00 pm in S421. A public meeting is planned in the week beginning 22nd October. Join the T.U.C. sponsored march on Sunday, 28th October, 11 am, at Speakers Corner moving to Trafalgar Square. An L.S.E. delegation will be present.

L.S.E. Campaign Against the Corrie Bill.

Barbarians

Continued from Page One

The team is not multi-racial—it's made up of three racially exclusive groups, whites, blacks and coloureds, chosen not on merit but by the white Rugby Board who co-opted players from two small (official) black rugby groups, an attempt to pacify international opinion.

About 90% of all 'black' rugby players belong to the non-racial Rugby Union, which has denounced the tour.

At the club level, and in the schools and colleges, all sport is organised on rigidly racist grounds. Laws such as the Group Areas Act (1966), the Separate Amenities Act (1953) are also used to harass non-racial sport. The idea of three racially exclusive L.S.E. A.U.s is repugnant to most staff and students here. It is just as repugnant in South Africa.

But after all, say the players, it's just a game, but it is South Africa which has mixed politics with sport. They introduced Apartheid into club sport, school sport and college sport. Playing with Apartheid is never just a game.

L.S.E. has a long record of concern over international issues. Professor Dahrendorf has described this as one of the benefits of education in an internationally and socially mixed community.

The need for L.S.E. staff and students to demonstrate their abhorrence of Apartheid is stronger now than ever. If we do not meet that need, L.S.E. will have a lot to answer for.

Peter Crockford

L.S.E. Anti-Apartheid Group

For details of the coaches which are going to demonstrate against the matches, call into the Union Office S102.

CUTS

(Continued from Page One)

hit LSE very hard. Although the School is attempting to preserve its present "no redundancies" policy, vacancies are not being filled and most School services will be cut.

The Hardship Fund, desperately needed to offset the effects of the overseas students fee rises will be increased, however, and no limit has been set. To quote Ralf Dahrendorf "We have deliberately not set a ceiling... We recognise that we were wrong to do so in 1976. We aim to do as much as we possibly can, within our limits."

Professor Dahrendorf admits, however, that there is considerable "feeling within the School that if cuts have still to be made, the Hardship Fund should be one of the things that is cut. The majority view, however, is that the student mix is an essential feature of LSE, and that we should try very hard to preserve it." The position of the Nursery, however, was "frankly much less certain".

While Ralf Dahrendorf presurises the Social Science Research Council (who so far have been too stunned, in his opinion, to react sufficiently) in to taking action, the National Union of Students has launched an anti-cuts campaign. This will include a series of marches and pickets in early November.

Although we can be certain that the NUS campaign will not achieve Krish Maharaj's objective of "making the rich pay for the crisis" it may perhaps succeed in reducing the scale of future cuts.

by Sarah Lewthwaite



THE ROAD TO RECOGNITION

AFTER nine months of strikes and boycotts, workers in the Economist Bookshop won trade union recognition. Beaver looks back on the strike that "everyone wants to forget."

The Economist Bookshop is one of the best social science bookshops in the world. Yet for the whole of the last academic year, the shop was torn by a union recognition dispute, with the management, including three Directors from the L.S.E. refusing to grant union recognition.

The dispute began last October, with the first one day strike on October 9th, and escalated into a full-length strike on January 2nd. The management conceded the principle of individual union representation, with a trade union official representing a single worker before the employer, but refused to grant collective bargaining.

This position remained unchanged until late June of this year, when events began to move very quickly, culminating in a meeting on June

29th, at which the union recognition agreement was signed.

LSE Director Ralf Dahrendorf has said that he was "surprised" at the length of the conflict. So why did the strike go on for so long? And why were the Directors so unwilling to accept the simple principle of union recognition?

To the strikers, the answer is simple—the company never intended to grant union recognition, and would only do so because they were forced to do so by economic pressure.

To some extent, this is borne out by the facts—as Ralf Dahrendorf admits: "After about three months, sales were very badly affected indeed," confirming the union's view that "they definitely gave in because of the money." The strike was not only affecting the shop because of the immediate boycott—even Prof Dahrendorf himself has said that "there were many books I did not buy during the dispute, which I am buying now"—but also because many unions supported the strike by blacking supplies to the shop.

The strike committee further states that "the Directors wanted

as weak a union as possible, if they were forced to have a union at all." This intransigence was caused mainly, the strikers argue, by the Directors blind support for the bookshop's General Manager Gerald Bartlett, who has since left the shop. Bartlett was "allowed to exercise control, and build an 'empire' for himself. His right wing, anti-union views did not preclude the Directors from giving him complete confidence for 10 years."

When questioned on this point, LSE Industrial Relations (sic) Professor Ben Roberts refused to comment, saying only: "The dispute is over. Everyone wants to forget about it."

LSE Director, Ralf Dahrendorf, however, was more forthcoming, saying that he was pleased, though surprised, that an acceptable solution had been found. "The directors," he said, "faced the stark choice of closing the shop or accepting the Union's demands. I am glad they chose the sensible option."

Yet the strikers see Dahrendorf as "the eternal man in the middle... who could support union recognition in one breath and advise the Court of Governors to vote against it in another." They added: "He's a politician who is totally pro-establishment and he knows the

right principles to pay lip service to, but he has no commitment to them."

And, significantly, Dahrendorf's position on the dispute has changed over the last few months. At the General Purposes Committee on May 9th, he reiterated the School's position that granting collective rights to union members would give them power over non-union staff, who would be forced to accept the results of union negotiations. He added that his personal opinion was that such a move would be totally unjustified. In a letter to Judith Hart, MP, the Director stated his view that the strikers should only be granted individual union rights, though this might be extended to collective rights later on.

Perhaps the most contentious point of all, however, is why the union did not go to the Arbitration and Conciliation Advisory Service, as many people, including members of the other LSE unions suggested they should do. The strikers justify their refusal to take this advice by saying "we certainly didn't accept ACAS was impartial."

They point out that those people who were most keen to use ACAS to 'resolve' the dispute were those who were most opposed to union recognition, i.e. the Directors. They also thought that other people in

LSE Unions who recommended the strikers to accept ACAS failed to appreciate that since ACAS aims to gain an agreement by obtaining consensus, it would mean compromising over such a basic issue as union recognition. Such a compromise was unacceptable to the strikers, and so no common ground existed between the two parties.

The strikers also reject Dahrendorf's assertion that "the conflict could have been resolved in the first two weeks"; to quote one striker: "The Board was too pig-headed to overrule Bartlett; in the circumstances it is laughable to suggest that an early solution could have been found."

Union members also emphasise that while the management talks of "the need for everyone to work together to make the bookshop a success," many of their grievances remain, with members of the staff still receiving less than £3,000 per year.

Despite management intransigence, collective (rather than individual) bargaining rights have been granted. It is a pity that the LSE with all its claims to being a liberal institution should have to be forced into granting basic trade union rights.

SARAH LEWTHWAITE

AUTUMN BOOK BARGAINS ★ ★ ★

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- WOOLF : The Italian Risorgimento PAPER £0.30
- AMBROSE : Rise to Globalism CLOTH (at PAPER price) £1.75
- ULAM : Stalin £8.75

OVERSEAS STUDENTS' ACTION COMMITTEE

LIFE OR DEATH?

By ABHAY DESAI

THIS session sees a rise in fees to £949 for overseas undergraduates (£1,230 for graduates), an increase of more than 100% on '75-'76 levels of £416. The Labour Government pushed our fees over the £600 mark. Now the Conservative Government has embarked on a plan to arbitrarily increase fees, penalising non-compliant schools with crippling penalties through the Universities Grants Committee. An already odious system of charging discriminatory fees has become a question of "do they really want us here?"

Government proposals to reduce overseas students numbers to 1976 levels by 1982 (D.E.S. circulars estimate at least 3% short fall by 1982), together with the falling numbers of home students threaten courses, even colleges, with closure. Moreover, a working party of the

"London Conference on Overseas Students" suggests that in fact overseas students subsidise the UK economy to the tune of £50 million. Using marginal costs rather than gross costs, the working party refutes the Government claim that they subsidise overseas students by £100 million.

The LSE is sympathetic but of the view that governments must be obeyed. Promises to mitigate hardship amidst an atmosphere of general cuts in education are admirable but not enough. Overseas students are suffering and, like others, are left with little room for manoeuvre by government action. Reorganisation of overseas students to protect their own interests is vital.

The Overseas Students Action Committee was formed in response to government fee increases. To prevent a repeat of the debacle of the 1977 campaign, where mouthed platitudes, changing allegiances, and inaction were the order of the

day, OSAC must be given new life. It not only informs overseas students but provides a forum for representation. This open committee of the Students Union is the only adequate body for our representation. Overseas students form a sizeable minority of the LSE population at just under 40%. While the SU can make general representations, overseas students have a particular problem in which we need a greater say. A special problem requires special answers, special representation—OSAC.

The strength of OSAC comes from the ranks of overseas students, enabling us to withstand outside attack and the opportunists who let us down in times of crisis.

The problem and its solution are purely practical. Political connotations, problems of class, colour, ideology and creed are secondary. The emphasis in OSAC must be commitment not ideology. Vehement at all times, militant on occasions, OSAC is the only answer.

By KRISH MAHARAJ

THE Call for the re-establishment of OSAC (Overseas Student Action Committee) at the UGM on Thursday 4th represents an important step forward for students at LSE. In the past, OSAC has proved to be an organization capable of uniting broad sections of students around a fighting programme to defend their interests.

OSAC can do this because the guiding principles in the Union Motions, including a general acknowledgement that "education is a right and should be available to all who seek it," find universal favour.

These principles include injunctions to direct action towards the "government and not the school administration." They also resolve "to support the UGM Week of

Action against cuts from November 12th to 17th (and) to support the NUS International Week of Action from November 5th to 9th, and to organize events at the LSE as a part of this campaign."

There are various opportunistic and self-styled overseas students' leaders who are trying to latch on to OSAC in an attempt to sway the efforts of students from the aforementioned principles into their own individualistic channels. In addition to ignoring these principles, they urge that it is too extreme to ask for no fee increase at all—we should ask for fee increases "in line with inflation", or that "the struggle must not be directed against" the LSE for they are sympathetic.

The issue facing students is to unite to implement the principles of OSAC, develop a broad and powerful movement against all attacks and defeat the attempt of these elements to liquidate students' resistance.



THE LSE

(Extract from EUROPE ON 16 DOLLARS A DAY)

THE LSE was discovered at the turn of the century by a group of intrepid explorers who risked the hazardous journey from Hampstead to investigate the uncharted depths of the area south of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Although civilization has made its mark to a limited extent, the area still retains some of its original ferocity and wildness that so daunted the early heroes. The area is populated with savage animals, which can be seen from time to time stirring from their lairs and prowling the corridors of the main building, looking to pounce on the unwary. Disease is rife, and the person venturing into this forbidding zone should be prepared for the worst—the common cold, the dreaded lurgee, and the unspeakable illnesses caused by contact with some of the denizens of the dark hallways.

On occasions, one may come across a seasoned traveller, given to tell lengthy stories that will keep you up late into the night if you stop to hear them. "I remember", he will say, "the time when the second floor was the first floor, and the bar was on the

third floor and when you were able to go direct from the third floor of the main building to the fourth floor of St Clement's . . ." But do not be misled; directions from these people, in a habitat where the smallest storm can change the landscape beyond recognition, can be a fatal trap. People have been known to wander for three years without getting anywhere. Be warned!

Nevertheless the place holds hidden delights for the tourist. The ambiance of the quaint and bizarre slum quarter on the first floor of St Clement's; the bijou offices littered along the corridors of the main building; that masterpiece of primitive architecture, the East Building, based on an original idea by Lewis Carroll; even the seedy den of the lowest elements of society, the Three Tuns, has a charm all its own. The place seems to have an irresistible magnetism for its inhabitants, many of whom seem unable to escape from it for years at a time. Perhaps you too will experience its fatal attraction—an attraction all the more terrible for the fact that the life of the LSE is wholly unconnected with the real world around it.

PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE

SIMON Riquelo was twenty days old when arrested with his mother in Buenos Aires in July 1976. His mother has been illegally transported to a prison in Uruguay. There has been no trace of him since.

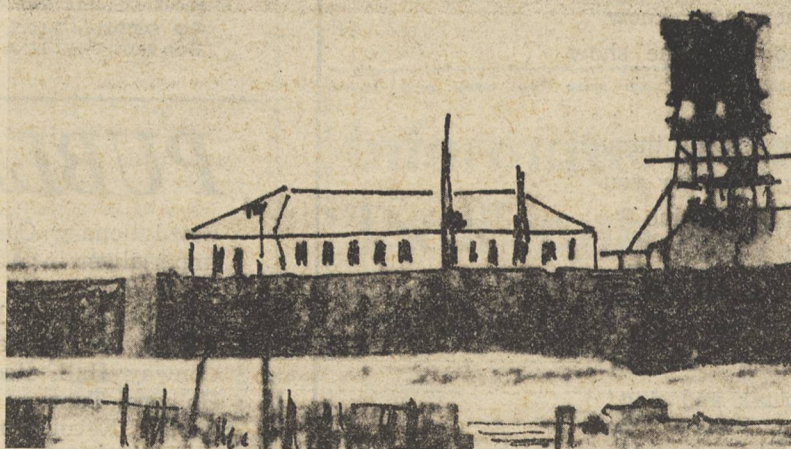
In the Central African Empire, schoolchildren who had allegedly stoned the Emperor's car were rounded up and thrown into army lorries where they were beaten with batons. Dozens of them were held in such crowded conditions that, in one cell alone, all but two out of thirty were reported to have suffocated to death. Other children were bayoneted or beaten to death with sharpened sticks and whips.

Amnesty International campaigns throughout the year for the release

of Prisoners of Conscience and for the just and humane treatment of all political prisoners. For one week each year, however, a concerted effort is made to increase public awareness of work done. During this week, AI focuses on a specific theme within their general concern. Since 1979 is the International Year of the Child, the theme for Prisoner of Conscience Week (October 1st-20th) is children.

A new publication from AI entitled 'Children' will coincide with this week. It documents the way in which children throughout the world have been killed, tortured, kidnapped, imprisoned, forcibly removed from their parents, turned into refugees or harassed because of their parents' or their own political ideology, race or religion. Other recent violations of human rights include Chile and Ethiopia.

A team of doctors has studied the problems of children who have



been exposed to prison and torture, concentrating on Chilean refugee children living in Denmark. A significant number show psychosomatic symptoms owing to imprisonment and torture of one or both parents; 33% were found to have difficulty in sleeping or have their sleep interrupted by nightmares

about police, soldiers, murder and death. Other common complaints include introversion, depression, aggressive behaviour, headaches, aversion to food, repeated stomach aches and nervous constipation.

In 1977, massive attacks were made on gatherings of young people

suspected of planning an anti-government demonstration. The Save the Children Fund reported that: "One thousand children have been massacred in Addis Ababa and the bodies, lying in the streets, are ravaged by hyenas . . . bodies of murdered children can be seen heaped on the roadside as one leaves the city."

It is vital to remember that AI is documenting the torture and mutilation of infants, the appalling treatment of their mothers, including one who was handcuffed and beaten in a prison cell while giving birth, and the agony of families torn apart by acts of political or racial hatred on the part of the state. From this distance it is easy just to condemn, but AI attempts to do more: AI is a politically neutral organization which consistently works for an end to such wrongs and is increasingly effective. Please help us in our work. We meet in Room A506 (formerly 404) in the Old Building at 1 pm on Mondays. You will not regret your decision to become involved.

PHASE THREE

WELL, here I am embarking on what appears to be yet another "most important year of my education", my final year at L.S.E., knowing full well my achievements at the end will consist of a lower 2nd degree in geography, a hotch-potch of very confused political ideas (mainly gleaned from snatches of conversation in Florries) and a few extra pounds (in weight) from drinking in the Three Tuns at every available opportunity. Now I find myself composing my memoirs or rather my impressions of L.S.E. to date.

Unfortunately my impressions have changed very little since my first day spent watching a multitude of people rushing in every possible direction, caught up in the atmosphere of total disorganisation, with seemingly little regard for destination. Over the next few days I too became immersed with complete abandon in dashing around busily with initially no idea of where I was going.

At specified times of the day lecture rooms at least provided a physical goal to head for and after 60 minutes of desperately trying to hear the words that the lecturer was determinedly attempting to drum into our heads, impressing upon us the necessity to "head around" the subject, and his subsequent, but

usually unanswered, pleas for "any questions?" (I really must try to sit nearer the front this year). A cup of tea from Florries was definitely in order.

Ah, Florries. Many a pleasant hour spent here, relaxing with elbows on the table (if you could find a dry patch), listening in on the heated political discussions of the day from the "let's try to be democratic about this, but make sure that we're not in case anyone thinks we're boring" Brigade. Though I must admit over the past year moderation (as some like to call it) or sheer disinterest and apathy, as it seems to me, is more in line with life today at L.S.E. Obviously some movements are very much in evidence, such as the Anti-Apartheid League, and work very hard for their cause, so it can't all be bad.

I've met many people at L.S.E., ranging from the Academics amongst us who spend every moment in the Library (after all, that's what they're here for, isn't it?) and those determinedly pursuing a social life in the "3 Tuns" unable to open a book without knocking over a bottle of beer, although many strive for a happy medium and usually succeed. (By the way, wot's happened to the Juke Box?)

Despite moans and groans, I've enjoyed my previous two years at this establishment, making many friends and even more acquaintances, have worked reasonably hard (although there are those who would dispute this fact) and have learned, in the recent words of my tutor, to work hard and play hard (but there's no denying which I like best).

Welcome to LSE

In these times of Nalگو strikes
Closed registries, smelly men on bikes,
The normal, average student likes
To avoid LSE
Such unsportingness is below
The dignity of freshers you know
They won't let Nalگو steal the show
You wait and see.

The freshers' fair will struggle through
The Catholics will say mass for you
Conservative students in all-blue
Will out-talk the left wing.
Excitement might mount up when
Department parties are held. Then
Some will praise, others condemn,
When the staff get drunk and sing!

Pointing this out might seem mean
But soon, you'll fall into routine
And learn to snatch a drink between
Your lectures and your classes.
To this end I very much fear
Students converge from far and near
Yes, already one can hear
The clink of beer-glasses!

Sreela Banerjee

SIDE SALAD

Inside view Simon Garfield

THERE'S only one thing worse than the first day at University and that's having the first three days off after the start of term. For various reasons I was faced with such an unfortunate predicament—being unable to attend the first official days of a new term at a totally alien university. All those to whom I had previously spoken informed me that my absenteeism would be of minor importance: certainly I wouldn't lose any ground academically and indeed it might even be an advantage to avoid the multitudes of Freshers busily signing Film Society membership cards with one hand while filling in baffling registration forms with the other.

Thus it was, with such reassuring thoughts in my head, that I first walked down the Aldwych and turned the corner into Houghton Street. I was already vaguely familiar with the School's layout from an Open Day and had agreed to meet an old friend (also a Fresher) on the steps of Clare Market Building. We met and enjoyed a relatively relaxing drink in the local pub. (May as

well start as we hope to carry on, we thought).

During the course of the conversation, I became seriously confused by some of my friends' vocabulary: "registration" was easy enough (I hadn't done it, but at least I knew what it meant), certainly the news of the NALGO strike didn't shock me very much, but what went on in the Three Tuns bar? Where was the Haldane Room and the Freshers' Fair? What was the "teaching collection"? Where was the Graham Wallis Room and Florries and who was the "Ralf" bloke I had heard so much about?

ACCIDENT

Having actually missed Freshers Fair by a day I had to join the societies I fancied by running around frantically in search of each respective secretary and finding a person you don't actually know is never easy. Fortunately a fair amount of my old school pals were already at the L.S.E. and, as they introduced me to some of their friends, finding initial friends was not too difficult. Of course I had to go through the obligatory "What name . . . what course . . . want a cup of coffee?" . . . routine, but that was to be anticipated. I found it becomes quite enjoyable after a while. I found great enjoyment (the sort of enjoyment one has from reading someone's

diary) in listening to other people's ways of making introductions.

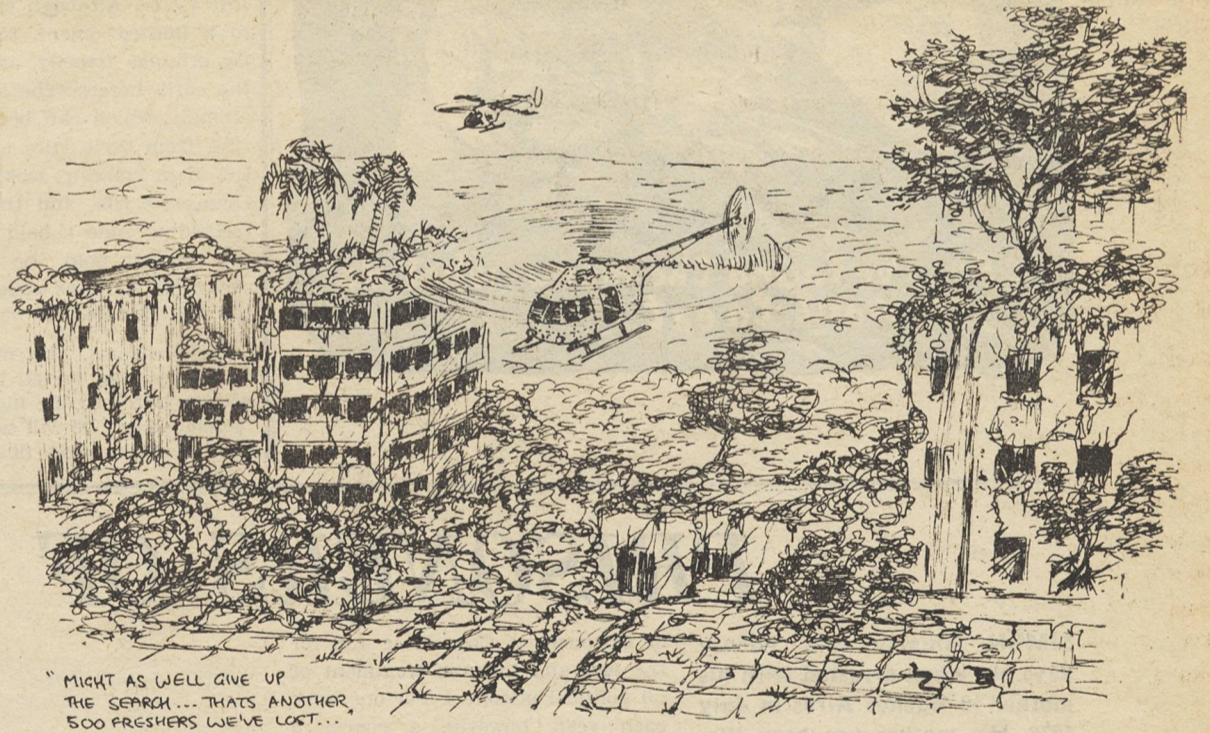
The best one I saw was when a friend of mine "accidentally" dropped a whole bowl of sugar over a girl whom he wished to get to know better—it turned out that she was a post-graduate and sitting next to her boyfriend.

I had heard a lot about the radical politics at the School but was unaware that it was a radicalism visible in all three of the major parties. I found extreme Tories as well as extreme Liberals and Socialists and although clearly the latter are in the majority I found it refreshing and healthy to see such a wide spread. I met one fresher who proudly sported badges supporting all three major parties so as not to alienate anyone from the start. "I need all the friends I can get," he informed me optimistically.

ELUSIVE

The numerous well-organised concerts, dances and receptions were impressive by their diversity and quantity, if not their quality, but I did enjoy all those that I attended and I hope "Ents" can keep it up for the rest of the year.

After a week here I still haven't met Ralf, but I'm slowly beginning to find my way around. Maybe tomorrow I'll find my way to a lecture.



"MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP THE SEARCH... THAT'S ANOTHER 500 FRESHERS WE'VE LOST..."

PUBLIC MEETING

Revolutionary Communist Tendency
Imperialism in Africa—Extend the Anti-Imperialist Struggle to Britain
Speaker: Frank Richards
Friday, 19 October — 7.30 pm
Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1
Holborn Tube.

JUST out! Revolutionary Communist Papers No 5, The Battle for Africa. The recession is forcing the imperialist powers to compete ever more fiercely for control of raw material sources, markets and areas for investment. Frank Richards' analysis of the material forces underlying the new scramble for Africa is complemented by articles on imperialist rivalry in Zaire and the struggle for national liberation in Zimbabwe. Also, reviews of recent books on African mineworkers in Central Africa and on the history of the fight against apartheid in South Africa. Available from the Revolutionary Communist Tendency: BM RCT(C), London WC1V 6XX. 60p plus 15p postage. Make cheques payable to Junius Publications Ltd.

Roseberry Avenue Hall of Residence

DISCOTHEQUE

Friday, 19th October

8.30 pm till VERY late
half price drinks (come early)

VERY LATE BAR!

50p admission

buses: 171, 172, 38, 19. tube: angel

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A fresh view

'Lorna'

WHAT goes on inside the L.S.E.? The institution with a prestigious title and a red-hot-simmering reputation? I thought I would find out when I came for an interview in the middle of December. All I found, though, was a crazy lift in Clare Market Building. No ardent political followers, no demonstrations, no sit-ins, no students even.

"Oh don't worry, you'll have plenty of THEM," I was assured by numerous acquaintances. In fact I began to wonder how anyone who hadn't even been to A university could possess such detailed run-downs on what one encounters at THE L.S.E.

REDS

Yet within the space of five seconds on my first day—I hadn't even entered the building—I encountered, or more accurately I was approached by, and even more accurately was surrounded by the very 'phenomena' I had been warned about: the "reds", the "communists", call them what you like. They turned out to be human, far more human than verbal or written reports allow them to be. They were eager that I

should offer my innocent ears and heart to their cause.

I made sure that the right-wing news magazine, the product of a capitalist, imperialist state was safe in my bag, whilst admitting that yes, I did have socialist ideas. This I gathered was the cue: "Then no doubt you'll want to buy our paper." No doubt.

Had I refused the paper I would not have obtained an invaluable piece of apolitical advice: spend now as the money runs out in the winter. Something along this line appeared to be the general policy of all the societies. The crowds, the confusion—deliberate or coincidental?

BAFFLING

The bewildered and lost Fresher found himself lured into joining society after society with the distant hope but immediate assurance that this—namely the signing of name and payment of membership—was the right/the only/the best way to find prospective company to last through your university career. What a relief it was for myself and all the other Freshers to receive that pink folder, cryptically entitled 'L.S.E. Student's union survival kit'.

It appeared that most of the societies were to a certain extent politically-orientated. But most prominent of all, most confident and most eager for

new recruits were the strictly political parties.

'DO join,' pleaded one of the Conservatives.

'Sorry, but I've just joined Labour.'

'So?' came the reply.

Baffling.

There is no end to being baffled at L.S.E. and enjoying yourself in the process. Anywhere you are, particularly if it is a lift (of the sane or insane species), a queue or a canteen, you run the risk and perhaps the pleasure of being caught up in a fit of discussion.

There is only one way to discuss politics and that is not to keep your voice down; there is more than one way to learn about politics, but the most amusing is to keep your ears open!

Students' Union Hardship Fund

Applications for the Students' Union Hardship Fund are now available from the General Union Office (S102) or the Welfare Office (S100). Applications must be returned to Martine Mann in S102 before November 1st. Notification of interview appointments will then be sent to respective pigeon holes (i.e. undergraduate or post graduate) so please mark your form accordingly. The fund is open to all self-financing students, but please give as much information as possible on your form.

Half-term playgroup

The first half-term for school-aged children is 22nd October (Monday) until the 28th October (Friday). Any parent wishing to use the Students' Union playgroup for this week must sign up on the playgroup list posted on the notice board outside the Welfare Office, S100, so we may know in advance how many children of what ages will be participating. If your children have a different week off, i.e. the week of October 29th, then please let us know because we will run a second half-term if a minimum of seven parents require it. **Volunteers are also needed—PLEASE!**

NEW STATESMAN

25p

EVERY THURSDAY
Labour Club

Bookstall — Ground Floor
St. Clements A.M.

WELFARE

Elana Ehrlich — Welfare Officer



MORE than half the student population of LSE live outside the central London area, and yet far too many students may feel that they are the only LSE student living in a particular area. This cannot possibly be the case. Accommodation offers coming through the Welfare Office service of extensive advertising at the beginning of term prove that enclaves of students will exist in numerous localities.

What use, however, is this information, if you still don't know whoells in your tube carriage every day is REALLY A FELLOW LSE TRAVELLER? Not much. You could wait the entire year to find out—but why not find out sooner?

The purpose of the coupon below is to set up a local network where students who may think they are isolated, can discover the other LSE students around the corner or even in the house next door. Rather than enter a pub in a bewildered lonely fashion, help us to help you by telling us the name of a pub in your area. We will then publish in every Beaver issue, the name of that pub and recommend that ANY LSE student in the area drop in on the first SUNDAY of the month to meet other LSE students. Remember—MANY STUDENTS FEEL JUST AS YOU DO—but by completing this form, you will alleviate the myth of being the "only student" living somewhere and meet interesting people within an easy distance of your home.

Information received will be published in the next Beaver so you will know YOUR local and feel free to drop in on Sunday, 4th November.

Information on your 'local' pub

Name of Pub:

Address:

Nearest tube station/bus route:

I have checked that it is open Sunday evenings from this time:

My name is, and I promise to show up and wait 1/2 hour:

THE LONDON ARTS

Children of the Sun?

THE RSC's production of Maxim Gorky's "Children of the Sun" grabs your attention right from the start and keeps it throughout—a rare feat. Surprisingly, the play has not been produced in Britain before, for it reveals Gorky at his most subtle.

The underlying theme is the divorce from reality of the Russian middle class. They dream, they moralise, they search, but cannot give respect to the common people whose discontent lurks in the background of Gorky's society and finally bursts upon his stage. When the play was premiered in Moscow, the audience thought the mob on stage was real—a measure of the unease of the time. The picture drawn is not of conscious oppression, but a separation in society of one class from another.

Norman Rodway's portrayal of the hyperactive scientist searching for the origins of life is both effective and comic, though one wonders if such manic figures really exist. Alan Howard, I feel, steals the limelight. His portrayal of a man tortured by love and by cynicism is excellent. He has affection and hope and yet his love is to be destroyed by tragedy. Depressing stuff.

Carmen du Sautoy gives a compelling and sensitive performance as the wife of Pavel, a scientist. She finds a sort of solace in the temperamental artist, John Shrapnel, and yet preserves a dignity neither he nor her husband can achieve.

This is Aldwych Theatre at its very best. Terry Hands has to be congratuated on his fine and sensitive direction. Superb entertainment.

Pravin G. Mirchandani

"FOR SERVICES RENDERED"

is a sharp, witty play about a smart middle-class English family suffering the consequences of the First World War. Set in a fine country house in 1932, the play follows a climactic two weeks in the life of the Ardsley family.

The father, Leonard, a remote and rather vacant solicitor, is played by Leslie Sands, his wife Charlotte, a warm and sympathetic woman touchingly played by Jean Anderson, and their three grown-up children. Their only son, Sydney, has been blinded in the war, and has

been nursed dutifully by his older sister Eva ever since. The younger sister, Lois, seeing little future for herself in the rural confines of her family's existence, is ready to elope with a much older, married, friend of her parents.

It is around Eva that the specific tragedy of the play revolves. Nervous and neurotic, Eva has lost her fiancé in the war and appears bound for a lifetime of looking after her brother. The one man Eva cares about, a discharged but successful wartime naval commander, is running a failing garage, on the verge of bankruptcy, and unaware of her total devotion to him. Eva is played with conviction and feeling by Alison Riske, who gives the most notable and moving performance in this excellent cast.

The mood fluctuates between the comic and the tragic, but despite the comedy, the direction of the play is wholly tragic, especially when taken in the context of its time. The exchanges, for example, between Eva and the man she loves, when she is fishing for a proposal, are pathetically sad yet elicit only laughter from the audience.

Despite this seeming lack of sympathy, Maugham uses this technique successfully to emphasise both the internal tragedy of the play and the external tragedy of the time between the wars. He highlights the sadness by contrasting it with laughter. Eva's powerful, stormy speech in the last act can leave one in no doubt at all as to the real sentiments of the author.

Mark Nieman

THERE is a sense of trepidation which accompanies my visits to the National Theatre. Not only do I know that vast sums will be demanded to enter two of the theatres, but also there is the uneasy feeling that after I have made my way through the sumptuous theatre complex, admired the lavish sets, and noted the illustrious names of the performers I will walk out feeling singularly unimpressed and dissatisfied with the actual performance.

However I am pleased to report that anyone who visits the Lyttelton Theatre to see ARTHUR MILLER'S "DEATH OF A SALESMAN" will not run that risk. Willy Loman (Warren Mitchell) is the ageing salesman of the title. He is still on the road working on commission and cannot get a job based in New York. He lives in a house he still does not own surrounded by appointment blocks. His eldest son bums from job to job, his second son's greatest achievement seems to be seducing the fiancées of his company's young executives.

Loman is imbued with a sense of false dignity. He seeks respect and liking for his sons and for himself. Loman is unaware of his essential uselessness the realisation of which comes upon him at the end of the play is shattering and incomprehensible. Success for Willy is embodied in his brother Ben the pioneer creaming off Alaska's wealth, and his father who embodied a similar frontier spirit. There is also the image of success in Biff the hero of the football field—another dream by which Willy seeks his own identity.

Willy has very clear ideals and the fact that they are not realised is driving him mad and it is this realisation that leads to his suicide.

Warren Mitchell has clearly been wasted. He has the immense vitality of Willy when he is expounding his ideals but is pathetic and exasperating in his present condition as his illusions are relentlessly shattered powerfully portraying a man "with all the wrong dreams".



ALAN HOWARD AND SINEAD CUSACK AT THE RSC

Saint Jack

Classic Haymarket
Classic Poly

IN *Saint Jack*, the latest in a run of brothel movies, Ben Gazzara plays Jack Flowers, who is approached twice by a shady American fixer: initially to run an official Army brothel. When this deal falls through the fixer, played by Peter Bogdanavitch, hires him to set up a Senator for blackmail. Having accomplished the task with photographic evidence, he finally makes his moral choice as to the acceptance of 25,000 dollars blood-money or refusal to participate.

For all the realism of the street and bar scenes and the menace of Triad pressure on Flowers, the rest of the film is so sunny and neat that it creates the impression of episodes of sentimentality mixed with melodrama.

The ending is far too pat: Flowers's friend dead, his ashes in the post to Hong Kong, his long-time business colleague and lover off home to Sri Lanka, evil rejected, the devil confounded, Jack Flowers moves back into the relative purity of Singapore street-life.

We move from year to year, seeing only a few days each winter when Denholm Elliot as accountant Mr Leigh comes to Singapore, as though the other 360-odd days of the year played no part in determining the Flowers character. The central interest seems therefore to be the relation between Flowers and Leigh, but strangely the relationship is not all that deep for, other than a little deathbed-side grief, Flowers displays no reaction to the death of his friend. The audience, similarly, has little sympathy with Leigh for, brilliant though Elliot's performance is, he appears as nothing more than a character with a few foibles and dreams. The other characters are ciphers without even the colour of Mr Elliot's.

There are many scenes to be appreciated in this, and it's a pleasant alter-

native travelogue for Singapore, but the story is far too neat, episodic, and there are many inconsistencies in emphasis, such as the frequency with which people throw their cigar butts. The scenes of innocent joy around the swimming pool, pinball machines, and the football between the girls and boys in the GI brothel reminded me of nothing so much as a better version of "Hair". Ben Gazzara, Peter Bogdanavitch and Denholm Elliott turn in competent performances in tune with their type-casting.

Reddy Halifax

Woyzeck

Paris Pulman
Phoenix

Werner Herzog's "Woyzeck" is a faithful adaptation of Buchner's story of an army private's destruction. Woyzeck is overwhelmed by the horror of his life and is tormented by a sense of impending apocalypse. He is a romantic driven to despair by the oppressive system which surrounds him, and is chastised by society for his non-conformity. The infidelity of his mistress Marie, sensitively portrayed by Eva Mattes, brings about the climax of the tale when Woyzeck's frustrations finally break through and he murders his mistress.

It is a film of incredible simplicity and economy. The entire theme of the film is contained in Klinski's (Woyzeck's) face which is ravaged by his emotional turmoil and anguish. Herzog builds upon a series of tableaux to articulate the story; the end result is an unrelenting impression of anguish and despair.

The film presents an almost unbearable vision of an individual's suffering and eventual rebellion.

Herzog's direction is sharp and stylised: his conclusion severe.

STILL RUNNING

ALIEN

A SLICK commercial space-horror film. The chief quality is the artistry of the design, and the effectiveness of the special effects, but considering the technical possibilities they aren't all that amazing. The story is a pretty straightforward one of horror by haunting in the night transposed into the situation of seven people locked in the space-vessel with an indestructible, deadly monster. A few gruesome scenes, tension in chase, nasty deaths off-screen and good scenery do not make up for the unimaginative story, the minimal acting talent displayed, the obviousness of the ending and poor dialogue. Go and see it, but don't expect too much.

PRETTY BABY

A PRE-RELEASE cacophony of puritan rage, and a post-release consensus that it's really all very tasteful. No scenes of sex, no sordid ravishment of prepubescence on screen, a little tasteful nudity, not avarice and lust, but awe in the eyes of the men who bid for the young Violet's virginity, a recognition of a vision of beauty. Let's not get too spiritual about it, it is about a twelve-year-old girl in a brothel in New Orleans, but there is no denying that this potentially smutty and depressing subject, is treated with discretion and taste by Louis Malle. Brooke Shields, although a little inflexible as an actress, is startlingly beautiful and creates a remarkable performance of innocent sensuality and coquettishness. The interiors are sumptuous, the other performances, notably that of the reliable Mr Keith Carradine and Miss Susan (Rocky Horror Picture Show) Sarandon, are of a very high quality, and the combination of the direction and Sven Nyqvist's camerawork evokes the grace and knowing innocence that matches the atmosphere of the original photo plates of the brothels and the age of the Impressionists.

SCUM

'SCUM' comes to the screen following the banning of the original TV film. Like many institutional movies using the dramatised as opposed to the documentary form it has the difficult task of reconciling comment with story line. Scum is set in a borstal and concentrates on the key characters' efforts to survive by operating a protection racket as "the Daddy".

Despite some lack of balance and credibility, Scum is redeemed by skilful moments of high drama. A boy goes berserk when hearing of his wife's death (the authorities assuming that 'Candy' was his pet). Another whimp of a boy commits suicide in his cell after being raped. The ensuing prison riot demonstrates the terrifying energy of over two hundred bitter and frustrated boys.

Scum questions the concept of institutionalisation, demonstrating its dehumanising effect on both wardens and boys. The film asks whether borstal training is effective in changing a boy's behaviour. It suggests that any effect could prove to be negative—resulting in anger rather than the stated borstal aim of integration.

THE EUROPEANS

A STYLISH, witty evocation of gentle culture-clash in 19th century suburban Boston. Beautifully acted, brilliantly adapted from the Henry James novel, very funny, extraordinary camerawork in the beauty of Fall, New England. Very much under-played, with so little movement it could almost have been played straight on stage, the only slight criticism can be of the lost opportunity to be more coolly witty in missing out the voice of the narrator of the book. But narrators are always a tricky inclusion in films and overall James Ivory has produced the film of the year. A minor masterpiece of a comedy in manners.

MANHATTAN

NOT entirely like anything Woody Allen has done before, but back from the pure-direction of the Bergmanlike interiors to that more than familiar world of the eccentric, egoistic, witty, keenly sexed, deliberately non-phoney (a possible paradox that occasionally seems to trip up Mr Allen himself), Woody Allen persona. That persona, autobiographical or not, has matured from the craziness of such as Bananas and even from the Alvie Singer of Annie Hall. The film is apparently, primarily a paen to Manhattan, and the black-and-white photography of the topless towers of Illyium is very effective. The story is the situation of our hero involved with three women (at least), a violently antagonistic ex-wife exposing the sores of their marriage to the world in a book, a 17-year-old girl, and the on-off mistress of his best friend. The old regulars, Michael Murphy and Diane Keaton are here, and all play very well. Sure the film's self-indulgent and egotistic, but its honest, if painfully so, and very funny, less deliberately comic and more cynical and sardonic than Annie Hall. It can irritate with its arrogant, easy attacks on such targets as art-pseuds and the Woody Allen obsessions, but it is funny and brilliantly directed, filmed, written and acted. Well worth seeing.

LONDON CINEMAS

THE information given in the Time Out Student Supplement and in the regular weekly Time Out film columns is pretty full, but I'd like to add a few more bits of advice/information on London cinema based on my own experiences.

The ICA is not all that easy to get to and doesn't usually have the kind of programme that makes it likely you'll go often enough to justify an annual membership (there's a one-tenth cost daily membership), but it should not be neglected if you're at all interested in anything outside the commercial, English-language mainstream, and they do show some ordinary films too.

The Essential is a repertory theatre, changing its programme every day, but with the same films often coming round the same month or within the next few. Since the films they've chosen to stick to in their limited programming are all good, classic late 60's/70's second-run features you're pretty sure to find something worth seeing most nights of the year. And they do show some stuff that doesn't turn up often elsewhere, particularly rock-concert movies and ones with Pink Floyd soundtracks like The Valley Obscured by Clouds and More.

Both the Screen on the Hill and Screen on the Green have interesting late shows, with occasional all-nighters on weekends, with straight block-runs of new releases during normal hours. The Gate and Gate Two (very convenient for people in central London Halls of Residence) have new releases during the day, and a different double-bill (or occasional long, single show) each night. Both have good atmospheres, and the Gate Two is especially good for late surreal or horror shows, being apparently underground, very isolated and push. They also serve Benigna's ice-cream, which just about completes the scene of hedonistic perfection in retreat from the mundane world of late-night studying and sleep.

The Scala's programming is unusual, with a change every day and the chance to see something very different, sometimes rubbish, but always interesting. And their late-night and all-night weekend shows are usually good value.

The EEC and NFT are similar, with extensive, varied and interesting programmes, worth keeping an eye on, especially for their seasons of the work of particular directors, although the EEC doesn't come near matching the completeness and cineastic seriousness of the NFT—but who needs that?

All the West End circuit cinemas are roughly equal in prices (high), appearance (plush) and programming (the entire spectrum of brand-new, English language, commercial, studio output). Most of the "independent" art-house-type cinemas are a lot cheaper and have just as good, if not better, movies on, so don't pass them by.

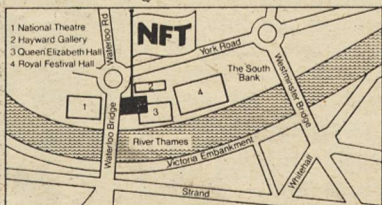
Roddy Hallifax

What does the creature from the black lagoon have in common with dirty Harry?

And the answer isn't that they've been shown in the same season at the National Film Theatre—but that might give you a clue...

It just goes to show what an amazingly wide range of films are shown at the NFT. You can get a choice from nearly 40 every week—from as little as 90p per seat. But it isn't just the best cinema club in London, it's a restaurant, club-bar, coffee bar, and bookshop. It's a place you can go and meet people like you—whether they're film nuts or just like going to the movies. Because since being set up by the British Film Institute in 1957, the NFT has become one of the most influential cinema clubs in the world.

That means it shows all sorts of films. Recent programmes include such diverse works as the original 70mm versions of 2001 and Close Encounters, a tribute to the respected French director Marcel L'Herbier and a season of English Hitchcock films. In fact, you'll probably find they're showing the sort of films you want to see—and a lot you won't get the chance to see again.



The NFT is easy to get to on the South Bank, between the National Theatre and the Royal Festival Hall.

And if you like films and film people, there are celebrity lectures by people like Charlton Heston, John Williams the film composer who wrote the music for



the world's most respected film magazine, for a subscription of £3.30.



Fill in the coupon now and get next month's programme brochure free. Or call at the NFT for more details. We're open Monday-Saturday 11.30am to 9.00pm (Sundays 3.30pm to 9.00pm).

Incidentally, 'Dirty Harry' Clint Eastwood had a walk-on part as a lab assistant in 'Revenge of the Creature'—as if you didn't know!

Free programme brochure. Post coupon now!

To: Membership Dept. NCI, The British Film Institute, 81 Dean Street, London W1.

I am a first-year student. I enclose £5.50 the specially reduced price for 3 years BFI student membership. This entitles me to purchase tickets for the NFT with up to three guests, use of licensed bar, clubroom and restaurant, illustrated NFT programme brochure, BFI News sheet and advanced booking for the London Film Festival.

I enclose £2.40. Please make me a Student Member of the BFI for 1 year.

Please send me next month's programme free.

Name _____

Address _____

College _____

Course _____

The National Film Theatre



The British Film Institute
Have you missed any good films lately?



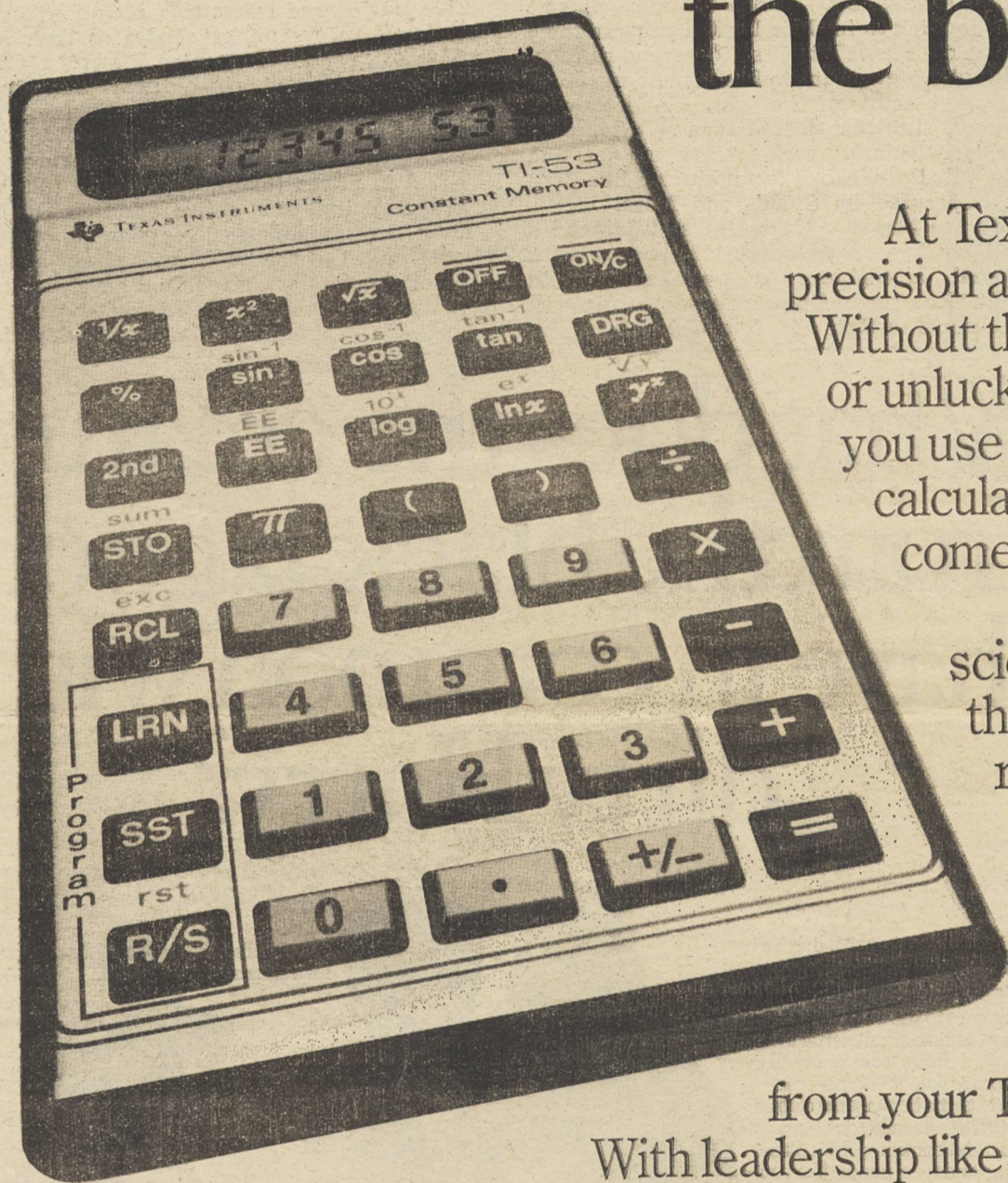
The only cinema in London with clubroom and restaurant.

Student members can also use the Information Department and Book Library. They can get Sight and Sound,

See the films and the film people: Charlton Heston at the NFT.



We wish any student who doesn't own a Texas Instruments calculator the best of luck.



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Our powerful new scientific calculator with 32 step programmability and constant memory that protects your programmes and data even when the calculator is switched off. Offered with the TI-53 is a new Applications Library of 84 pre-written programmes in maths, finance, natural sciences and areas of general interest. Calculator-book combination £29.95, including VAT.

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A 60-function scientific with statistics and factorials. This unique machine retains data in its two memories as well as statistical registers even when switched off. £27.50, including VAT.

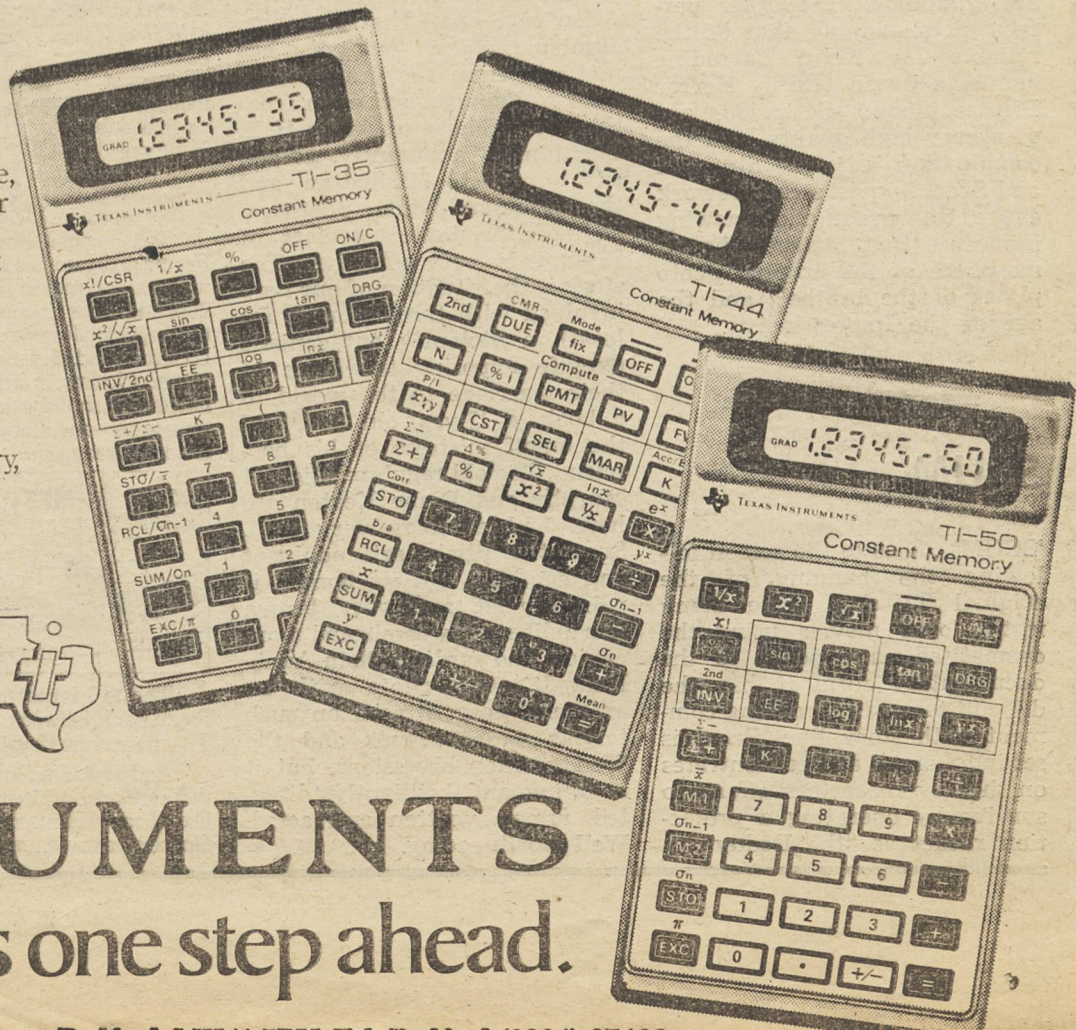
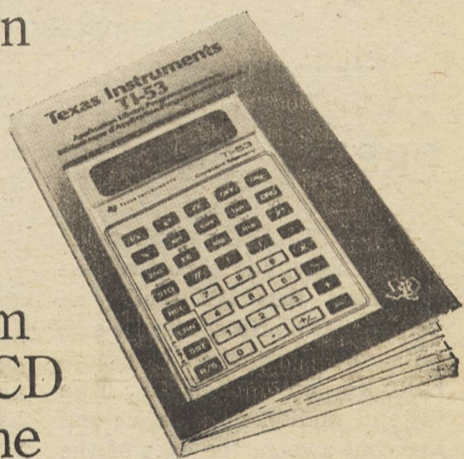
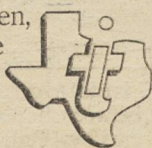
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For students and professionals alike, a pre-programmed financial calculator with powerful statistics and constant memory. Ideal for time/money, profit margin and forecasting problems encountered in business studies. £36.95, including VAT.

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Our economical new 54-function scientific with single constant memory, statistics and factorials. £19.95, including VAT.

All new TI LCD scientifics feature the time-saving algebraic operating system (A.O.S.) which allows you to enter problems as they're usually written, from left to right. LCD scientifics and the TI-44 also have battery life of more than 1,000 hours with automatic switch-off and battery level indicator.



TEXAS INSTRUMENTS

Always one step ahead.



HELLO!

I'M Toby Rose, Social Sec. of the Union and responsible for the thrills or otherwise so far this term. If you want to complain or comment, come along to the weekly open ENTS committee meetings at 1 pm on Tuesdays in S118. Everyone is always welcome.

TOBY

FRESHER'S BALL

IN which everyone has a good time except Cygnus who forget to bring a P.A. with them and don't get paid...

The V.I.P.s were absolutely appalling, which meant they consequently went down a storm and got called back for two encores. Their set consisted mostly of annihilations of oldies, each song hitting a new depth in badness. I enjoyed them.

Putting the V.I.P.s on with Hi Tension was a criminal piece of programme planning.

Whereas the majority of British black bands have been led astray by the more lucrative markets of reggae (hi Merger! hi Reggae Regular!) and disco, Hi Tension have remained loyal to the cause of true black music, i.e. the Soul Funk bracket. They have, in no small way, proved the others wrong.

Hi Tension have claaaas maaaaan! With two drummers flanking the stage, their music has a really tight, rock steady beat, embellished with driving, funky bass, scratchy guitars and sax.

Their two hit singles (they have a new one out now by the way)



HI TENSION
Aren't they gorgeous?

REGGAE NIGHT MERGER

L.S.E. students like their reggae bland; do they like it bland! I mean, for Jah's sake, Merger were so laid back they could have easily passed without notice on "Sempri's Serenade"

The evening started off well enough with a lively set from London R & B band the Roaring Eighties. The true definition of a good-time band, a few years ago they would almost certainly have been treading the watermill of the London pub circuit. Now that that outlet has been consumed by the punk explosion, the Eighties and their ilk have been forced into the anonymity of supporting second-rate (reggae) bands. Pity.

I suppose Merger are, in a way, indicative of a general trend in British reggae towards a sort of commercial "west coast" type sound, which is a damn shame. There are exceptions, of course, notably Aswad & Misty, but for one repentent there are many sinners — the regulars, Matumbi and Steel Pulse in particular.

Merger's music is almost totally guitar and vocal orientated, a quality

most akin to rock. At times I had to struggle to hear the bass at all. Consequently Merger came across as Fleetwood Mac toying with reggae.

Reggae music is dance music. Merger were strictly for armchairs and expensive stereo systems.

The only thing that Merger did pick up from their Jamaican peers was, yes you guessed it, their religion! It amazes me that people can so vehemently criticise Bob Dylan for becoming a Christian while at the same time turning a blind eye to the absolute twaddle mouthed by these Rastafarian baboons.

It's bad enough coming from Jamaican artists, but from third-generation British blacks it just sounds absurd; I mean, Merger's entire set consisted of wet beatings about Africa, Jah, Natley Dread and quotations from the Old Testament.

Thank God (whoops!) for Linton Kwesi Johnson. Merger's set was like a reggae version of Stars on Sunday. Living proof that cannabis can serious damage your health.

Patrick Eggleston

BERLIN BLONDES AT LSE

ARE Blondes electric? Haha, yes, good catchphrase—drum machines, Mumanesque synthesizers, spoken vocals...

Lunchtime is not exactly the best part of the day in which to catch a band, nor the Old Theatre the most suitable location. However, evenallowing for these factors, the BB's proved to be one of the least encouraging new bands I have seen this year.

Though the Tubeway Army connection already exists, the band probably takes more from Cabaret Voltaire and to a lesser extent, the Human League.

However whereas those two bands convey depth and emotion within their songs, the Blondes appear cold and unattractive. This can

largely be attributed to the misuse of both synthesizer and special effects.

Both the Cabs and Human League, as well as Gary Numan use electronics carefully and calculatedly with great effect. The Berlin Blondes however clutter up their music with unnecessary noises, producing a generally incohesive sound.

Furthermore they seem to suffer a dilemma as to whether they want to be a guitar based rock band or an electronic, experimental one, a problem which seems to split the group right down the middle.

I'm loathe to criticize new bands, especially when they do the gig free, however the Berlin Blondes failed to show they had much future on this showing at least.

DEE D. JACKSON AT SERREVALLE

DURING my recent sojourn in southern Europe, I found myself at a festival organised by the San Marinan Christian Democratic Party. San Marino is one of the friendliest places I have encountered, and as I sank large quantities of Tilus I learnt that everybody goes to everybody else's festival in San Marino—my informant being a Communist herself.

And indeed everybody was there, people of all ages had flocked to the square of Serrevalle to see the cosmic Dee D. Jackson (of "Automatic Lover" fame).

So we get the robot coming out on stage to a familiar backing

track ("He's our automatic lover") and out of the dry ice rises Ms Jackson and her entourage of male dancers. Hereafter we are primarily concerned with sex. Hey! where are the boys of the band. No backing group, just prerecorded synthesizer stuff and Dee D. and friends gyrating to a variety of lighting effects in a suggestive manner. She sings of love and sex in an extraterrestrial dimension, borrowing from mythology here, Flash Gordon and pulp comics there. Fundamentally we have the intergalactic superwoman putting Venus out of business. Costumes (minimal), range from minimal to macho (minimal).

The San Marinans love it, despite the linguistic complications. Ms Jackson is OK north of the Alps, but her Italian isn't so hot. Pre-recording (plus language) makes the encore difficult, and there's only these rowdy Maldonians screaming for more. Afterwards the San Marinans apologise to us—will we explain to Ms Jackson that they loved her but didn't understand a word she said in between numbers—so couldn't go ape for an encore. Italian, they tell me, isn't a very good medium for rock music.

Before I left England there was a lot of discussion about live music and discos. In terms of spectacle English audiences are missing something. The problem lies in musicians, and their union is quite right in sticking out for them. Mc Jackson gains a certain liberty by not having a band on stage, however—seeing Gary Numan recently I thought he looked cluttered. Here the problem zooms off into aesthetics, but I wonder if it could be overcome by performance royalties? (What about the aesthetic satisfaction of the musicians? Oh well...)

Wed. 17th:

THREE TUNS BAR PARTY.
CHEAP beer.
DISCO.

Fri. 19th:

ROSEBERRY HALL DISCOTHEQUE.
8.30-2.00 am, bar extension till 1.00 am. Half price drinks. Only 50p so come early!

Sat. 20th:

FISCHER Z plus RAY SUNDHOLM BAND.
Doors open 7.30 . . . Late Bar. £1.25 in advance (Union Shop) £1.40 on the door.
HALDANE ROOM.

Wed. 24th:

ORIGINAL MIRRORS plus THE TOURS.
Disco. Doors open 7.30 pm. ONLY 99p!
OLD THEATRE

Fri. 28th:

Anti - Apartheid Benefit Disco.
GLAM ROCK BOP
All your early '70s fave raves. Gary Glitter, Wizard, Sweet, Slade etc. not forgetting the Osmonds! ONLY 50p
HALDANE ROOM.

COMING SOON

THE ORIGINAL MIRRORS . . . credited by the NME as being the only band able to fill a support spot for Bowie.



NEWS FROM E65

ATHLETIC UNION

Hi and welcome to the AU page. In future this page will be covered with the news of our wonderful sporting achievements, but since this is being written on October 2nd nothing has happened yet.

This gives me the opportunity to fill in our space with trivial matters.

First I'd like to thank all of you who came to our disco and helped to make it the success it was (?). A special thanks to ENTs, who provided the music at the last moment.

Second, if you haven't already joined the AU, you can do so at any time at the AU Office (E65) behind the porters' lodge in the East Building.

Third, elsewhere in this organ is an advert for a sports' sale. We hope you will support this sale. It's very good value.

Fourth, for further information keep looking at the AU notice-board which is situated opposite the Union Shop on the way to the library (What's a library?) in the St Clements Building or call in at the AU Office and demand information (keep clear of Sergio —he has a health hazard).

Fifth, happy birthday to our very own internal vice-president Jill Arnold who was 21 (?) on 1st October. Best wishes from all the AU.

Sixth, thanks to all the helpers at the disco and in the gym on the Monday and Tuesday of last week.

Seventh, if you've read this far, congratulations!
Phil Valentine (AU President)

CRICKET TRIUMPH

LSE cricket team won the University of London cup in a close and dramatic final against King's College London played at the University sports ground Motspur Park at the end of last term.

The LSE captain David Mason won the toss and decided to bat on a good batting wicket. However with the score on 12 runs we lost our first wicket. Then Derek Philpott and Fayaz Alimohamed shared in a quick scoring stand. Alimohamed looked set for a big score when stumped going for a big hit. LSE then lost 62 for 4. With Philpott batting solidly and Terry Hamer scoring with some lovely shots we recovered to 90 for 5 when Philpott was eventually out for an all-important 45. Hamer then added quick runs with Farouk Panni and David Mason with overs running out. Mason and Panni were both going for big hits and the tail-end then

collapsed so LSE were all out for 147 runs, Hamer on 35 not out.

So King's were faced with an easily reachable target of just over three and a half runs per over. In the second over of the King's innings, Mason struck with two wickets in four balls removing the number 1 and 3 batsmen. King's still only needed 4 runs an over but steadily lost wickets. Alimohamed finally killed any chance of a King's recovery when he took two wickets in two balls. Mason then bowled the number 11 batsman and King's were all out for 123 runs, 25 runs short of their target.

The team then celebrated with champagne and Pepsi for the non-drinkers. This fine team performance capped an exceptionally successful year for the cricket club.

Badminton Club

THE introductory meeting was held on October 3rd, and I was pleased to notice the enthusiasm displayed by first-year students in their turnout. I would like to thank all those who turned up.

Last year results for the University of London League were as follows:—

Ladies' Division:

L.S.E. third out of six colleges.

Men's Division 1:

L.S.E. fifth out of six colleges.

Mixed Division 1:

L.S.E. third out of six colleges.

Men's Division 3:

L.S.E. fifth out of seven colleges.

Men's Division 4:

L.S.E. sixth out of seven colleges.

I don't think I have to add much as the results spell out the grim situation. But this season, under a new committee and with the injection of some talented first-year students into the teams, there is already this sense of promise that threatens to produce some exciting results for us.

Note: The gym is open to all members of the club on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 2 pm until 5 pm.

Abhay Raichoora



Back row: B. Whitworth (Groundsman) J. Spencer (UL) M. Folly (UL) A. Beddall J. Chapman (Inset) R Khan (UL) O. Kosling (Scorer). Front row: F. Alimohamed (UL) L. Nichols D. Mason (Captain) (UAU, UL) D. Philpott (UL) S. Naqvi (UAU, UL) F. Panni.
UAU — English Universities; UL — University of London

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON CUP FINAL

LSE v King's College, at Motspur Park, 27th June 1979.

L.S.E.

D. Philpot, st Tebay b Palmer	45
P. Delisle, b Hobbs	5
F. Alimohamed, st Tebay b Palmer	21
R. Khan, c Hobbs b White	3
L. Nichols, c Gale b Palmer	0
T. Harmer not out	35
F. Panni, b White	8
D. Mason, b Hobbs	15
S. Derbyshire, run out	3
A. Beddall, c Gale b Hobbs	0
J. Spencer, b Haines	0
Extras (b6 lb5 nb 1)	12
Total (37.2 overs)	147

Bowling: M. Hobbs 9-3-20-3, D. Haines 8.2-0-33-1, A. Palmer 10-1-47-3, S. White 10-1-35-2.

King's College

D. Watt, c Nichols b Mason	2
J. Singh, b Derbyshire	22
J. Tebay, c Nichols b Mason	0
M. Hobbs, b Beddall b Derbyshire	16
A. Palmer, b Derbyshire	17
N. Gale, lbw b Derbyshire	0
P. Atkins, c Nichols b Alimohamed	34
D. Haines, b Debryshire	12
S. Flint, not out	10
S. White, b Alimohamed	0
M. Collard, b Mason	2
Extras (lb5, w3)	8
Total (37.5 overs)	123

Bowling: J. Spencer 7-2-19-0, D. Mason 8.5-0-26-3, S. Derbyshire 10-1-30-5, A. Beddall 4-0-15-0, F. Alimohamed 8-1-25-2.

(L.S.E. won by 24 runs)

ROCK AGAINST RUGBY

THE Football Club kicked off their Rock Against Rugby tour on Wednesday after two warm-up gigs. They received a mixed reception from a capacity crowd at New Malden. Six teams were on the bill, ranging from the 1st XI with Stan Rotten on lead vocals to the 6th XI with Hippy Burbridge on bass. Other budding musicians are still welcome, especially those with their own instruments and

plenty of beer-money, so sign the availability list on the AU notice-board or pop into E65 and see punky Tim.

The footballers have already consolidated their position as the biggest piss-heads in London, having already plundered Saunders Bar, The Carpenters, Berrylands and the Marquee hopefully tonight (the Mekons are playing). Happily vice-cap-

tain Thomas is back and already spreading scrot-rot amongst the unsuspecting Saunders freshers.

Other notable figures have resorted to double vodkas in an attempt to keep their athletic form. The rugby club captain has been sighted in a Wimpy bar on several occasions. The next piss-up is at the next game.

Ronnie Patterson

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Cricket Club has entered a team in the M.C.C. Indoor League at Lord's and will run nets for all those interested in playing for the club in the last five weeks of the spring term. All those interested are asked to join the Cricket Club and see David Mason in the A.U. office.