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LIBRARY SENSATION

In 1896 Shaw founded the British Library of Political Science; since then it has expanded within LSE until today it has 530,000 bound volumes, representing around two million separate items. It is thought that only 40 per cent of the relevant material in the library is available in the British Museum. Many imagine the library to be part of LSE, but in fact since its inception it has been independent of the school and a legal separation exists to this day. However, the school is now the sole surviving trustee, and the library is wholly financially dependent on the school.

As anybody who has used the library must realise it is fast reaching the point where it will be overwhelmed by those wishing to use it. It is now the case that three quarters of the books are inaccessible to readers, being stored either in the cellars or the repository outside London.

However by 1976 the situation will have changed out of all recognition; by that time both the lending and main library will have been moved into Strand House, which W. H. Smith & Son have agreed to sell to the school. The importance of this move cannot be overemphasised — the acquisition will, in one stroke, have enlarged LSE by 60 per cent and provided an extra 158,000 square feet of usable floor

space. Strand House is in fact the best possible building that the school could have bought for a number of reasons. It's site, adjacent as it is to the St. Clements building, means that there are no problems in linking it to the rest of the school. Secondly, it was built to hold a large volume of paper, hence the floors have one of the highest loading factors in London, thus the conversion work required does not involve the costly business of strengthening the building. Another advantage is that Smiths built Strand House on an open plan model; thus, instead of there being a lot of small offices, the building consists of a number of large rooms, easily convertible into the reading areas, a library requires.

For the first time, all the

books will be on the shelves, research workers and undergraduates will be able to look for the book they want themselves rather than having to rely on staff to find the book, which in itself is an immense waste of labour.

The existing library can only provide old-fashioned accommodation which is far below the standards that a library of this stature should be able to provide. Neither can it provide adequate technical services, due to a lack of space and the constraints of the existing architecture. Once in Strand House this will all change, modern library techniques can be introduced along with better accommodation for staff and machines. In fact in one jump the library will have moved from the Dickensian era into the age of technology.

Union Gains

However, whereas the tremendous advantages of this move cannot be overestimated, neither can the gains to the school as a whole. With the move the greatest opportunity for reallocation of resources within LSE

since its foundation presents itself.

At present there are no concrete plans over what use the old libraries should be put to. However it is known that the Lending Library will probably be made into a sports area, and the most of the main library given over to the Students Union. Thus we can start to think in terms of perhaps building a new squash court, a new badminton court or even a complete modern gym within LSE. Obviously the possibilities are endless, what is sure though is that for the first time the Athletics Union will have resources available that go some way to meeting LSE's needs.

Perhaps though it means for the first time LSE will have a proper students union instead of the meagre resources it can claim at present. It seems likely that the union will have most of the existing main library, bar a number of rooms at

the very top. It means that the Union could provide common rooms, a small lecture hall perhaps, it is up to union to decide.

Suggestions

This is not pure imagination, it is fact — the school has announced itself open to any suggestions the students may care to make in relation to the use of the vacated space. Obviously there are limitations, mainly financial but some architectural. Grandiose schemes cost money, which the school is going to be very short of, so these proposals are going to have to be subjected to a thorough cost-benefit analysis. In architectural terms obviously you cannot gut the main library, the place would collapse. It would also be pleasant if some of the rooms could be preserved as they are due to their high architectural standards.

In more general terms if the union motion as passed

on 19th November accepting representation stands, and is accepted by the school, our representation on bodies such as the library committee will become of paramount importance. It is my personal belief that the school is prepared to listen to our proposals, so it is up to us to provide them with ideas. For the first time LSE will have facilities available to its inmates that go some way to reaching the minimum standards one would expect. It will become a university college and not a number of rooms grouped around a library.

We are of course talking in terms of 1976 completion date as W. H. Smith do not have to move out until March 25, 1975 at the latest, though the earliest date is December 1973, everything depending on when their new building is ready.

One of the most satisfying features of this whole epi-

continued on page 4

Representation Passed

Incredible as it might seem to those of us who have discussed this hoary old chestnut for the past few years (and to anyone who has heard ghastly tales of union meetings discussing the issue for hours on end) the Union has at last decided by a very small majority to accept the offer of representation from the Academic Board. Only the last few minutes of the Union meeting could possibly be described as stormy. The motion was at first defeated by one vote and there were demands for a recount.

Then the motion was carried by a few votes and there were more demands for a recount. The President however declared the motion carried and closed the meeting. The meeting itself was marked by sane and reasonable discussion with very few signs of intolerance (which the more cynical amongst you definitely won't believe) and the speeches themselves were of a high calibre. Andy Wiggins, introducing the motion, said that acceptance under the terms of his motion would be a step towards revitalizing interest in the Union and persuading students to participate in the control of their own lives.

The other speakers ran over, cogently, the advantages and disadvantages of accepting this offer and there is no point in my repeating them as we have all heard them before (assum-

ing that we have attended at least one meeting on the subject already). Even now we all have the opportunity of discussing it again as we can review this motion at our discretion and we still have to do battle with the Court of Governors over it. We might still have to take issue with the Academic Board as they are notoriously against the idea of 'mandated delegates'. That remains to be seen. Whatever happens, representation is bound to be a cause of more fun in the Union even yet. Who knows, we could rescind the motion at the very next meeting, or we could censure the President for showing 'bias' during the vote. If you think that the representation offer is worthwhile (or not, as the case may be) it will be in your interests to attend the next Union meeting or so in order to get your own way.

The whole process may sound masturbatory, but it is not. Representation was accepted by the Union. That affects you.

The motion at the last meeting was: Proposer: Andy Wiggins, Seconder: John Andrews. "Union agrees to the implementation of the Academic Board's latest offer of participation on condition that:

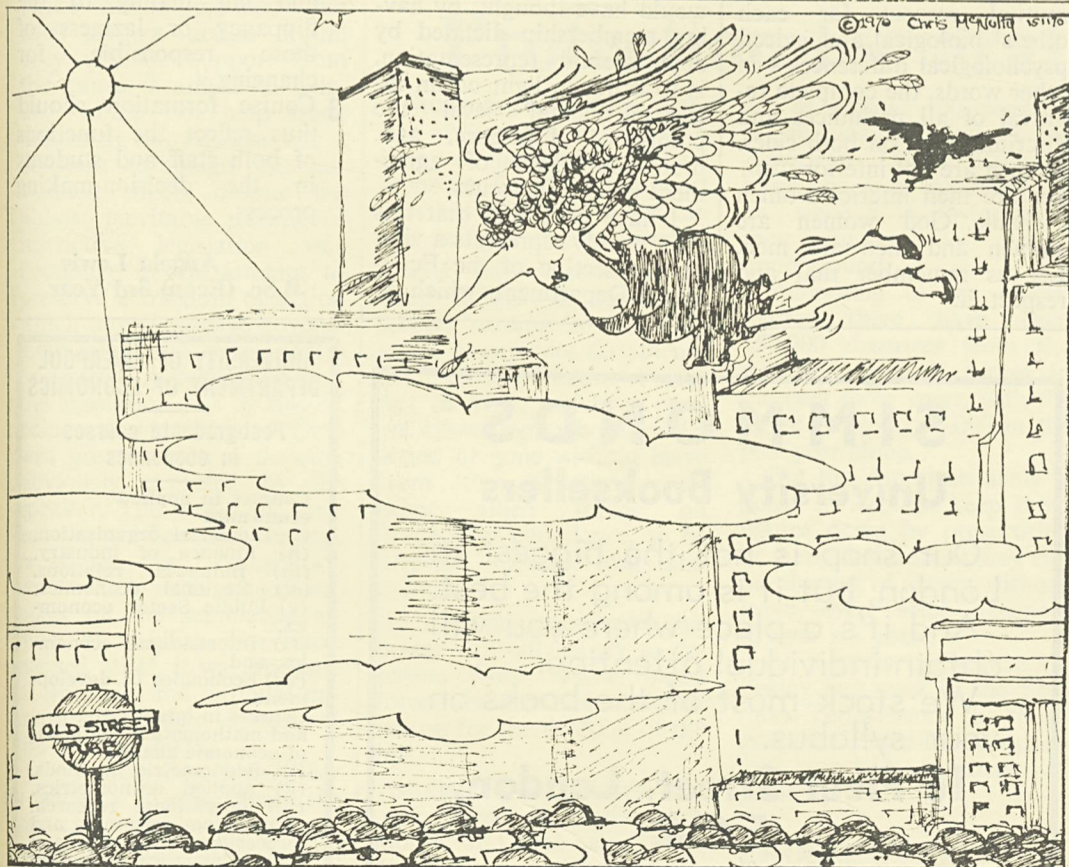
1) students sitting on committees be regarded as mandated delegates when issues on which Union has specific policy are being discussed.

2) Union shall review the situation at its discretion and shall continue to press for greater participation on these committees".

D. Kenvyn

PART 1

The failure rate for Part 1 1970 was down by 2½% over 1969, not up as reported in the last issue of Beaver.



ICARUS REVISITED
With melting wax and loosened strings,
Sunk hapless Icarus on unfaithful wings,

Headlong he rushed through the affrighted air,
With limbs distorted and dishevelled hair.

CHARLES DARWIN

Problems of liberation

Whenever I broach the subject of Women's Liberation with a confirmed opponent of the movement he finishes his attack with the punch-line "Ok. I'm not going to give up my seat on the tube for any female, and you can go out and dig canals with the navvies".

This sums up the biggest misconception a great many men (and women) have about the idea of women's liberation: that it is a drive for equality in the sense that women want to do precisely the same jobs as men in precisely the same way; that freedom is a no-clothes no social restriction concept.

Equality and freedom in the liberation context, however, are nothing to do with such things. Men and women quite clearly fulfill different functions in society.

And the female role is equally valuable, albeit different. To be liberated, is for men to understand this, and to accept women on an equal footing.

The two articles below present two points of view about Women's liberation, on by a man and the other by a woman and attempts to look at problems of this wide-spread need for social equality.

From object to subject

by Barry Buzan

"All LSE women must be fucked again!" "Can you wonder why womens' Lib exists?" Thus runs a sequence of graffiti in the men's basement bog at LSE. They represent quite accurately the two main schools of thought which men have about women. On the one hand, arrogance, cold objectivity and insulting condescension; and on the other, sympathy, curious perplexity, subjective involvement and confusion. Extremes of course, but generally accurate.

The first view seems obviously to be the motive for Women's Lib; the second to be a combination of general maturity and sympathetic reaction / response. Women have become legally emancipated over the last 50 years. The personalization of that legal achievement, its function at the individual level, seems to me to be what liberation is about. As with the slave/racial problem in the USA, the gaining of legal rights alone is not enough.

The problem strikes me as being distinctly two sided: namely, liberation from what?, and liberation to what? The nature of Women's Lib. organizations is necessarily vanguard and extreme. They are products of reaction and creators of awareness, and thus they emphasise the negative, the opposition, the "from" half of the dilemma. This is a legitimate function, but less interesting and less important than the "to" side of the question. The creation of positive alternatives it strikes me, has been neglected.

First off, it is crucial to recognize that the problem,

again similar to that of the ex-slaves, is not one of gaining equality, but rather one of achieving recognition and acceptance of differences. Looked at another way, it could be seen as acquiring freedom to self-create an image of women, rather than conforming, more, or less successfully, to an imposed image.

At present, woman is still largely cast in the role of object. This is expressed in many ways. The ornament of dress (a possible self-expression) creates object of desire, or bait. The role in work tends to be either decoration or subordinate appendage. The role in friendship tends not to be: is either submerged by competitive "objectness" or mimed in shallow ceremony. The role in marriage tends to be acceptance of an institutionalization of subordination. Object is made comfortable and secure for the price of freedom. Femininity is defined in terms of object.

Lavished desires

For those women who accept this system and play it well, it offers considerable rewards. Material and ego desires are lavished, power sensed, and "winning" allowed. Those who accept and lose are cared about and heard about by no one. Those who reject it, are cast into limbo. Appalled by the humiliating parody of femininity, what is their alternative? What is their femininity?

The confusion, the lack of identity, of positive reality base is the great weakness of Women's Lib. Political extremism or militant feminism is an acceptable answer for only a few. If the movement is to grow, it must offer alternatives capable of con-

vincing the majority that there is a better way. How do women viably achieve independence?

How can a woman establish for herself an image that is neither a passive acceptance of objectiveness nor a bad imitation of a man? These, it seems to me, are the important questions.

The second of the two graffiti, with which I began indicates that the liberated woman does not exist in a vacuum. Men, in fact, may have responded to the necessity for womens' lib, better than women. A self-realized woman is invariably a fascinating, if difficult encounter. A too-rare pleasure.

The battle lines should not be drawn between the sexes. There are barriers enough there already! Rather they should be drawn along attitudinal lines. Supporters of the old systems are of both sexes, as are opponents of it. Women cannot liberate themselves except by complete convent-like withdrawal. Conversely, men alone cannot liberate them. The solution is obvious.

Woman's view

by Lis Faulkner

Some of my best friends are men: I think they're the greatest invention since the ball point pen with which I'm writing this.

It is over fifty years since women gained the vote, and the principle, at least, of equal pay for equal work has been given legal recognition in most European countries. And yet, although we are by law emancipated, a small but increasing number of women have raised the banner of womens' liberation, from a position of psychological and social inferiority.

I suppose that all LSE

girls are very much the product of the 19th century feminist movement, one of the greatest achievements of which are surely the recognition of a woman's right to higher education. Moreover, because we are the vanguard, we can appreciate the discrimination against us in applying for the jobs our qualifications should fit us for, and later we may experience the difficulties a single woman encounters in, for example, buying a house.

And yet when all is said and done, I, as an emancipated woman, find myself rejecting the Women's Liberation Movement, — and not just because of my figure burning my bra would leave me feeling extremely uncomfortable! It is really a diversion from the main problem which is surely that of PEOPLE liberation. Two wrongs do not make a right and the success of these Amazons would leave intact many of the problems men experience in acting out the specific "male" role society allocates them.

Economic and technological changes during the last century have forced a greater equality, both legal and in practice, between the sexes. Surely we have sufficient maturity because of this to work out together the lines on which this movement should advance to what must be the ultimate position of mutual respect for each others' biological and indeed psychological differences - in other words, the complete removal of all prejudices and discrimination on both sides. Women are not inferior men, nor are men inferior women — thank God women are women and men are men. Let us remember that and respect it.

A case for open diplomacy

Dear Editor,

I was most interested to read your headline article in last week's **Beaver** concerning the proposal for a 'new' B. Sc. (Econ) course, as advanced by various members of the Economic Department. My immediate reaction was annoyance at the stupidity and short-sightedness of such proposals which ignore the increasing importance of interdisciplinary courses by placing arbitrary divisions in the field of social sciences (e.g. economics/politics/sociology).

After this initial reaction, however, I read the whole article over again, and became increasingly incensed when I realised that these discussions have been floating around the Economics Department for some time.

I had better explain at this point that I am a member of the Committee of Undergraduate Studies, the one 'major' committee at LSE on which students have parity. I had joined the Committee believing that participation, even at this level, could help in bringing about an undergraduate school which reflected the wishes of the students involved not merely those of the administration or staff. I now see how naive I was.

The CUS has long been discussing the relevance of the B. Sc. (Econ) course—it seems in fact to be a regular agenda item — with a view to recommending an improved scheme, yet not only have we already spent hours of fruitless discussion on the subject, but are apparently unaware of the various plans which seem to be circulating the various departments. The very advantage of the CUS, I would have thought, by having membership dictated by departmental representation, is to bring to light on an interdepartmental level the points of difference, and, more important of agreement on certain issues.

I have been told that this plan merely represents a view of one section of the Economics Department, which it-

self is split over the matter. Nevertheless, it is advantageous at least to know that such ideas do exist, when considering such a complex matter as the whole B. Sc. (Econ) course, especially in the light of a recent meeting of the Committee, when, while discussing the perennial problems of Part I, we were told by one prominent lecturer in the course that he thought the Part I course was 'bloody awful', but could not himself be bothered to think up a new scheme. (This was in fact the attitude of most of the staff members).

This is certainly not the only time when a breakdown in communications has existed. It happens even in the so-called "staff-student" committees, where students, unable to understand the complexities of 'political bargaining' in the process of course formation, rarely see their suggestions put into practice (unless they are prepared to stay on the course for the next ten years).

This is not to ignore the potential and small successes of these committees. But there are fundamental weaknesses, which if not rectified soon, will effect the death-knell of all student participation. If student apathy is to be fought instead of reinforced, some basic misperceptions held by staff must be corrected :-

- 1 Staff are teachers and as such should be responsive to students' opinions and suggestions. Far too many university staff seem to forget this basic function.
- 2 With this in mind, the undergraduate course should be seen to respond to students' wishes and needs and not mainly to the flippancy or laziness of those responsible for changing it.
- 3 Course formation should thus reflect the functions of both staff and students in the decision-making process.

Angela Lewis
B.Sc. (Econ) 3rd Year

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Free legal advice

The LSE legal services Association

Lawyers, by and large, are not noted for having the broader interests of the community at heart. Similarly Law faculties can be criticised for the constrictive discipline provided by most undergraduate law courses. It was encouraging therefore that a large number of law students showed interest in the initial meeting of the LSE Legal Services Association held by Mrs. J. Reid and Mr. M. Zander.

The Association, which aims to fulfil a number of advisory and research functions within LSE and outside, is unique in this country as yet, although certain US Law Schools do run similar projects.

Inside LSE it is proposed to run regularly a free advice centre manned by students, but with the assistance of qualified lawyers on the staff. The largest number of problems will almost certainly in-

volve housing with matters such as eviction, rent increases and particular difficulties encountered by coloured students in obtaining accommodation. It is in the area of housing that there is a particular need for people to be aware of their legal rights. The Association would however provide advice in other fields, to those involved in demonstrations and foreign students in difficulties with immigration regulations. In short, the Association aims to provide a competent and comprehensive legal advice system within LSE.

The Association should also prove valuable externally. At present it is not possible to obtain legal aid for matters that are dealt with by tribunals as opposed to the courts. Yet tribunals deal with a huge volume of work of considerable importance to those claiming for example, the 1946 National Insurance (Industrial Injuries) Acts, which provide benefits amongst others for unemployment, sickness, retirement and industrial injuries, set up machinery for claiming through a system of tribunals and assessors. Without legal assistance, for which he has to pay, the person claiming is frequently at a grave disadvantage but it would be quite possible for a suitably trained law student to represent a claimant before a tri-

bunal and present an articulate and legally coherent claim.

Groups like the newly opened North Kensington Neighbourhood Law Centre and Child Poverty Action Group could benefit from the provision, at short notice, of detailed background information. Some Law Schools in U.S. do research for and preparation of the written instructions for lawyers working on Civil Rights cases. The LSE Legal Services Association could undertake similar tasks. In this country there is not perhaps the same degree of concern as in the USA with those who are not availing themselves fully of their existing legal rights. The mere giving of information in areas of poverty and ignorance is often little improvement because a person is still unable to enforce his legal rights. The preparatory work that could be done by students with immediate access to a large library and some free time could go a long way to providing the sustained follow-up to the giving of information which is vital if free legal advice centres are to have a real and lasting impact within the community. Finally it is to be hoped that students with legal problems will use the facilities of the LSE Legal Services Association.

Richard Fawls

LSE Strike

Tuesday, December 8th has been appointed by trade unionists as a day of nationwide protest against forthcoming industrial relations legislation. The students union meeting of Friday, November 13th passed by an overwhelming majority the proposal to stage a strike at L.S.E. on that day.

Speakers in favour of industrial action spoke of attempts to castrate the unions, and developed the theme of the exploitative relationship within British industry.

United action against consultative document strategy would, it was claimed, be most effective since unanimity on this issue by the industrial workforce could not be ignored.

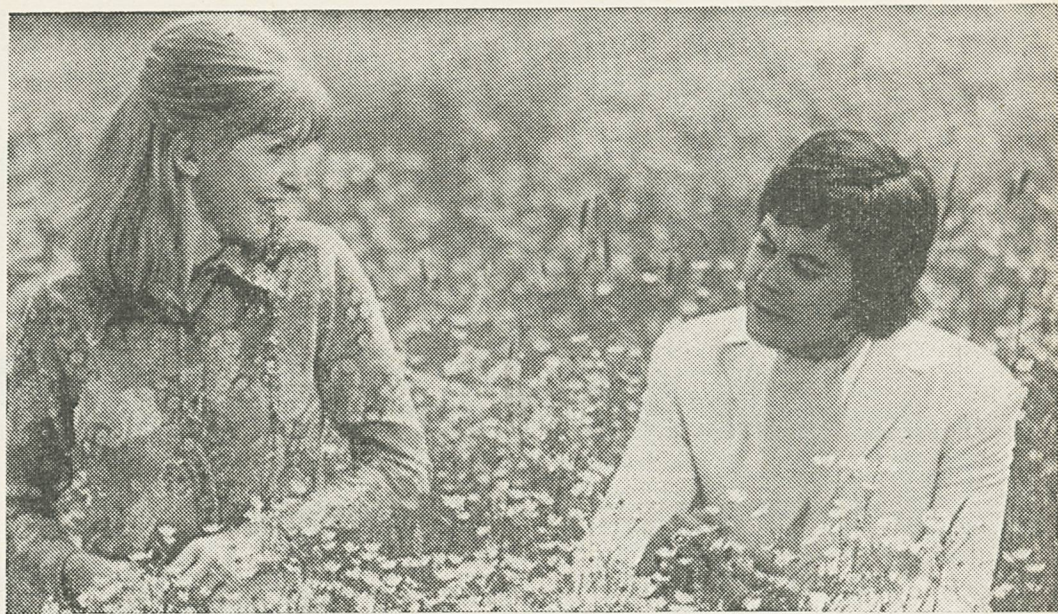
Moreover, it was claimed, beyond the attack on unions loomed even darker threats to fundamental liberties.

'The spectre of Powellism' someone warned, 'is haunting England'. Doctrinaire decisions should be prevented in the industrial relations sphere as in other major political areas.

A brief intervention against strike action claimed that such student action would only alienate support from the cause it aimed to help, and would not help trade unions at all. Against this a constant campaign was advocated which, despite the almost inevitable passing of restrictive legislation was necessary in the attempt to preserve a freedom of action which any successive government might seek permanently to restrict. A suggestion that the legislation was by way of being a humanitarian reform was greeted with a derision obviously expected by the speaker. The world of student intrigue has many strange creatures, by comparison with which such masochism takes on the semblance almost of nobility. For once, blessed relief, it was an issue of principle and national importance which concerned the student body.

One waits breathlessly for a phoenix to arise, from the ashes. Concern with national issues will not, it is hoped, prove a short-lived first flame.

Jennie Horne



Leigh Taylor-Young and Hywell Bennet picking flowers in "The Buttercup chain"

The RA's of Thor Hayerdahl

Thor Heyerdahl, the leading explorer of modern times, who sailed across the Pacific in the frail raft "KON TIKI" several years ago; once again took to the high seas in another sea-craft of ancient design, last summer. As before, he undertook this hazardous adventure in pursuit of one of his theories.

While on Easter Island, he noticed the striking resemblance of reed boats on Lake Kittiakaka with the ones depicted in ancient Egyptian reliefs. Another striking discovery made by Heyerdahl was that the reeds of Easter Island were of the type that cannot be propagated by birds, winds or the sea; and this led him to the conclusion that they must have been brought there by man: possibly from Western Africa or Egypt.

In ancient Egypt (Nineveh) river and ocean going craft were made from papyrus, which is now extinct there. In the Cairo Museum Heyerdahl found models of these

boats, which were three thousand years old; and also countless reliefs showing all the details of these papyrus boats.

In order to prove his theory that the Egyptians or West Africans could have crossed the Atlantic in ancient times, Heyerdahl set about making a papyrus boat, exactly similar to those of Egypt.

RA. Heyerdahl got the 12 tons of papyrus for his boat from Lake Tana, the source of the Blue Nile. He then imported four skilled reed boat makers from Chad, and set them to work beneath the Pyramids of Giza. In order to prevent the reeds from absorbing water, the ends of the reeds are tied with rope: the Egyptians did the same. RA was built to scale, using the ancient reliefs as the base. Like the Egyptians Heyerdahl took dry biscuits and meat, plus a few live birds. Water was carried in 160 earthen pitchers also ancient in design. When RA was completed, 500 musclemen from Cairo University's Gymnasium pulled it, in the ancient manner, along logs of wood to the neighbouring city from where it was trucked to Morocco.

On 25th May, 1969, RA set sail; being carried by the Trade Winds and the Canary Current, both of which go to Mexico. Fate worked against Heyerdahl right from the first day. The delicately intricate steering mechanism broke, followed by the yard arm; and to top it all the navigator fell a victim to 'flu. The steering oars and the mast defied all attempts at repair, and finally Heyerdahl left RA at the mercy of the elements; however RA kept on course, making good

speed. After about three weeks, water began to seep in. To remedy this the crew cut up their only life raft, and tied the pieces to the reeds. Evidently they had more faith in the buoyancy of the papyrus. Soon a third of the boat was under water, and after it ran into a series of storms 600 miles from Jamaica, Heyerdahl and his crew abandoned RA. RA II

Not deterred by the ill luck of RA, Heyerdahl set to work building RA II. This time he got Almira Indians from Peru to make the boat. Their's was a technique quite different from that of the Chad tribesmen: in that the Indians used one single spiral rope instead of the many hundreds used by those from Chad.

RA II sailed out into the Atlantic on 17th May, 1970, covering 360 km in the first two days. Migrating birds of Nordic and tropical origin alighted on RA II from time to time; one ringed Spanish pigeon hitched a ride right up to South America on the boat. RA II sailed on without giving too much trouble, and after 57 days it reached Barbados, covering over 6000 km.

OCEANIC POLLUTION

One of Heyerdahl's disturbing finds was the large scale pollution of the sea. On RA I's trip Heyerdahl calculated that over a tenth of the distance between Africa and Jamaica was polluted with oil. Of the 57 days that RA II was on the ocean, Heyerdahl came across pollution on no less than 43 days. Mostly the pollution was in the shape of solidified oil and other proofs of civilisation: beer cans, bottles, etc.

The reed boats were named after the Egyptian and Polynesian sun gods, who were also called RA.

Heyerdahl gave an illustrated lecture the other day at Westminster, the only one in Britain, from where this description of the two voyages was gleaned. When asked if he had any other similar trips planned, Heyerdahl replied that after completing his documentary on RA he would consider some other exploratory epic. He thinks it quite possible that the ancient Egyptians had crossed the Atlantic in similar reed boats and might possibly be the forefathers of the Middle Americans. Perhaps the 'ancient' Egyptians were not that ancient after all.

Protection for draft dodgers

Students from many London colleges took part in a lobby of the House of Commons on Tuesday in support of a bill to protect American war resisters in this country.

The bill—introduced by Lord Gifford—as having its second reading in the Commons. It provides an amendment to the Visiting Forces Act of 1952, which at present allows men who have deserted or gone without leave from the American and other allied forces on grounds of conscience, to be arrested, handed over and extradited.

Under the amendment this power will only apply to deserters from British based forces, which was the original reason for the drafting of the bill.

Scotland Yard estimate that one arrest is made each month, and that many more people are turned back at the ports. Lord Gifford makes an arbitrary estimate that there

are at present 100 deserters in this country, but as the American War Resisters point out, it is impossible to tell, since it is obviously in their interest to remain underground.

According to the official figures there have been 150,000 deserters from the American armed forces in the past three years, with the figure rising to 73,000 in the past year alone.

But the American army is doing its best to keep these figures down by prosecuting as many deserters as they can on charges of absent without leave—even after absences of over six years.

At a press conference on Friday last week in the Feathers, Tudor Street, the "Support the Gifford Bill Committee" launched a campaign of publicity.

PROSECUTION?

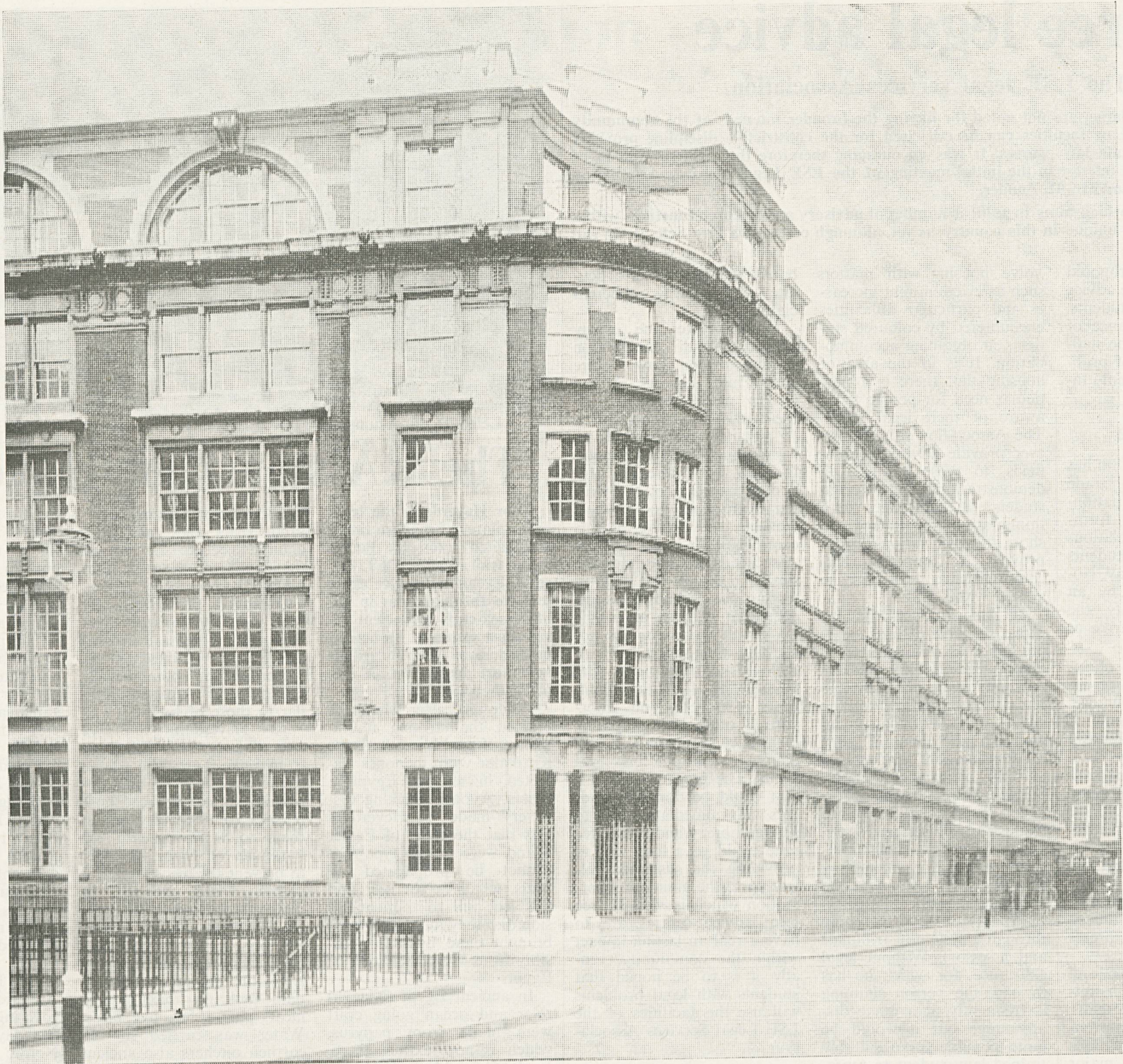
There they introduced Mrs. Mary Haygood, whose Amer-

ican soldier husband, Richard, was arrested in September 29 and flown home three days later, where he is now awaiting court martial.

He went absent without leave in May of this year, five months after his return from Vietnam. Mary, who is expecting a baby in six months, said, "He deserted for my sake. He thought we would be safe here being married to a British person. He obtained a work permit and worked for sixteen months".

She is still waiting to hear if he will be prosecuted for going absent without leave, with a penalty of one year's imprisonment, or for desertion which carries a five year sentence.

The American musician Larry Adler, who was himself blacklisted in 1948, was also at the meeting. Among the many messages of support were two from Miss Joan Lestor, M.P. for Eton and Slough, and Mr. Michael Foot, M.P. for Ebbw Vale.



Strand House: future library

continued from page 1

sode is the way in which the school has been able to get the finance required. Negotiations have been continuing for the last five

years (e.g. throughout our local difficulties) and the University Grants Committee has remained prepared to underwrite the cost. The UGC will meet the cost of the building (£1.98 million)

so long as the school can meet the cost of the site and endeavours to obtain sufficient funds to contribute towards the cost of the conversion. Thus the school has to find £2½ million.

The cost of acquiring and developing Strand House will be around £4½ million, just under £2 million will be for the building and £1.8 m for the site, the rest going towards the adaptation of

equipment etc. We have an assurance of just under £2 million as a grant from the Government, and it is hoped to launch a national and international appeal for the remaining £2½ million. Thus

it looks as though those looking for some spare cash to redecorate their office in LSE are going to have to wait for a few years now.

John Andrews

DEBATES SOC.

Sorry if nothing appears to be happening, we assure you we are still around and will be shortly announcing our new programme. You can contact the society via Society Pigeonholes outside union office.

PSYCHOLOGY SOCIETY

Mr. A. R. Richardson

(University of Western Australia)

‘The relevance of mental imagery studies to social psychology’

Room S177 — 7 p.m.

TAWNEY SOCIETY

W. H. Chaloner

‘Working class history and middle class historians: the Webbs, the Hammonds, the Coles’.

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MEN 4/-

Wow Walking Revolution

War on Want is privileged to support the Bhoodan and Gramdan movement in India, where followers of Gandhi are putting into practice his ideas of rural development and co-operation. They walk from village to village, urging the rich to give up some of their land to the landless. They also teach village industries such as spinning and weaving, and making everything that village life requires. The idea is to redistribute wealth by appealing to the tenets of Hindu faith, and to make the community self-sufficient.

This is a revolutionary concept for a developing country, where up to now the emphasis has always been on industrialisation and on growth spreading downwards from the top, the Westernised, "modern" sector. India has herself suffered from the prestige projects, the reliance on foreign help which turns out to be tied so much as to be of limited value, but still repayable with interest. She has built a steel plant which produces the dearest steel in the world. She has created towns with almost as many unemployed as there are workers. She has forged ahead with an elitist, Western type of academic education, which turns out unemployable graduates but few technicians or agriculturalists.

Self-Reliance

The Bhoodan movement is similar to the Tanzanian experiment in self-reliance. Both rely on the grass roots for their impetus. Both are based on the village as the basic community. When a new co-operative village is set up under the Bhoodan system, it is given extension services and equipment for the improvement of agriculture and cottage industries. Which is where WOW comes in. It gives grants to individual villages, and also helps to finance the Agrindus Institute, the first of a series of centres for area development. It offers medical, family planning, educational and technical services to a hundred villages over the surrounding area. Since development, whatever that is, is an integrated process, such centres seem to be the most likely way of getting the rural economy moving.

No-one would claim that any voluntary project can solve all the problems of rural India. Their value is largely in the demonstration effect. Government programmes tend to lag far behind new ideas appearing in the field of development, and in any case no new scheme can be effectively introduced from above. The people of the Third World have only one solution to their immediate problems: self-help on their own initiative.

The Bhoodan movement will be the focus of the

WOW lunch on Saturday, 28 November in UC. An exhibition of photographs and leaflets will be set up, and there will be speakers on the development problem by among others, Harold Wilson and Jeremy Thorpe. If you are concerned about the lack of real progress in the Third World, come and have some bread and cheese with us, and tackle the members of the Establishment who will be trying to convince people that they care.

This lunch is part of a Forum on poverty, race and armaments which UNSA is holding in UC on 26-28 November. The first day is entirely devoted to world poverty, so come and talk about the political problems of aid and trade, against which the voluntary movement is fighting, both here and in the Third world.

Wow Rolls On

There used to be a thriving WOW group in LSE which put on bread-and-cheese lunches on a regular basis. If anyone is interested in starting this up again, please telephone me at 242-3411. These lunches are good information centres for development topics, and they make good money as well! If you sympathise, but wouldn't be seen dead buttering rolls, there's plenty

more to do. On 12 and 13 December WOW will be selling a few thousand Christmas trees (for a fat profit) in Petticoat Lane. A rota will be appearing on the WOW notice board—could you spare a couple of hours?

If you get in touch with me, I'll let you have the tins, and leaflets about any project you'd fancy supporting. There's one we rather fancy, which is planting trees on the edge of the Sahara to stop it advancing and provide a wind-break for market gardening.

And, after all, the Sahara could be made fertile again with only as much money as was spent on one month of World War II!

Barbara Rogers



Scab Union at LSE ?

In June, 1969, LSE Union disaffiliated from the National Union of Students. This was done for several reasons. Firstly there was a long history of bitterness towards the NUS as a result of their lack of support for the LSE since the troubles of 1966/67; indeed at times the NUS had specifically condemned and opposed the activities of the LSE Union. There was also a general feeling that

NUS did not have the potential to become a mass student organisation and that its only function has been to provide cheap travel, a few concessions and a platform for Transport House careerists. For this the Union paid about £750 a year.

It is significant that LSE students have taken a leading role in the creation and development of alternative national student organisa-

tion, the medical student Alliance and the Revolutionary Socialist Student Federation. Hull and Essex, also disaffiliated from NUS, have similarly participated actively in the RSA and RSSF. But both organisations, after a brief but well-publicised spate of activity, are now effectively dead.

Effects of Disaffiliation

The effect of disaffiliation upon the LSE has been minimal. We can still obtain cheap travel through the International Student Identity Card, and have been able to take advantage of most of the services offered by the NUS, eg advice to an individual student on, say, grants or Union participation in the Drama Festival or Student Journalists Conference, though NUS is now seeking to prevent this. To all intents and purposes the only disadvantage LSE has suffered from disaffiliation is the inability to attend the NUS twice-yearly National Conference.

NUS Benefits

At the same time any benefit which NUS secure for students, eg the £6½ million grant award which was won last May, applies to LSE students as it applies to all other students. We are as grateful as anybody else for a grant increase, albeit only of £20. Any results of NUS negotiations with the Government or campaigning activities, eg in support of the teachers' pay claim or against Barclays Bank involvement in Southern Africa will affect and involve LSE students as much as any others.

Re-Affiliation

But in this aren't we acting rather like a non-union scab in a union factory by allowing other students unions to finance and support an organisation whose campaigns and activities will benefit us as much

as them? Isn't our present position characteristic of that of the scab—selfish, inward-looking, and a weakening influence? Perhaps we should try to establish an alternative national student organisation, but the two previous attempts have failed miserably. I believe we should consider re-affiliation to NUS.

Has NUS changed in the last two years? The press would have us believe that there has been a dramatic swing to the left. Certainly NUS has given active support to Unions in dispute as at Swansea and Manchester Universities and Hornsey and Guildford Colleges of Art. It also campaigned actively against the white South African rugby and cricket tours, and now has a policy of supporting the African liberation movements. The November Conference at Margate will probably ratify the establishment of a legal aid fund of 6d. levy per head (passed at the previous Conference) which will be used to finance the law-suits of individual students who have been victimised or suffered injustice.

The Future

But this is to over-state the picture a little, for the NUS political position is not any way clearly defined, but the subject of continual debate. Although the press have seized upon election results as indicative of change the NUS has not yet come to grips with the problem of whether it wants to remain an organisation primarily interested in minor educational reform or to move towards becoming a mass campaigning union. I do not believe that, given the failure of the supposed alternatives of RSA and RSSF, the LSE Union, or any other Union for that matter, can afford to be removed from that debate, for its result will effect all students.

Dave Western

OPPORTUNITIES FOR GRADUATES IN THE PROBATION AND AFTER-CARE SERVICE

If you are concerned about people, would you like to offer a professional service to the community and face the challenge of helping offenders and their families? The probation and after care service offers real opportunities for young men and women graduates. This is demanding but satisfying work which calls for an unusually high degree of initiative and personal responsibility if effective help is to be given to a wide variety of people. Training before and after entry helps the new officer to develop his skill and confidence in dealing with difficult problems of human relationships.

Career prospects are good and there are opportunities for work connected with research, training and administration.

There are vacancies for trained probation officers in most parts of England and Wales. Training combines academic and practical work, and lasts between seventeen months and two years according to the course chosen. If, however, your degree is in social studies or allied subjects you can complete training in less than a year.

Students taking a professional course for probation and after-care work will be treated as trainee employees of the service and paid a salary. Graduates will enter the trainee scale at a minimum of £1,089.

After appropriate training graduates enter the probation officer salary scale at not less than £1,215 increasing to £1,851. Officers working in the London area receive an addition of £90 a year. Senior Probation Officers' salaries rise to £2,331; the salaries of higher grades range up to £4,200 according to area (£4,950 in Inner London).

For fuller information write or telephone:

CHARLES DODD, UNIVERSITY LIAISON OFFICER,
INNER LONDON PROBATION AND AFTER-CARE AREA,
350, OLD STREET,
LONDON E.C.1. 9NB. Telephone 7394761

ballet

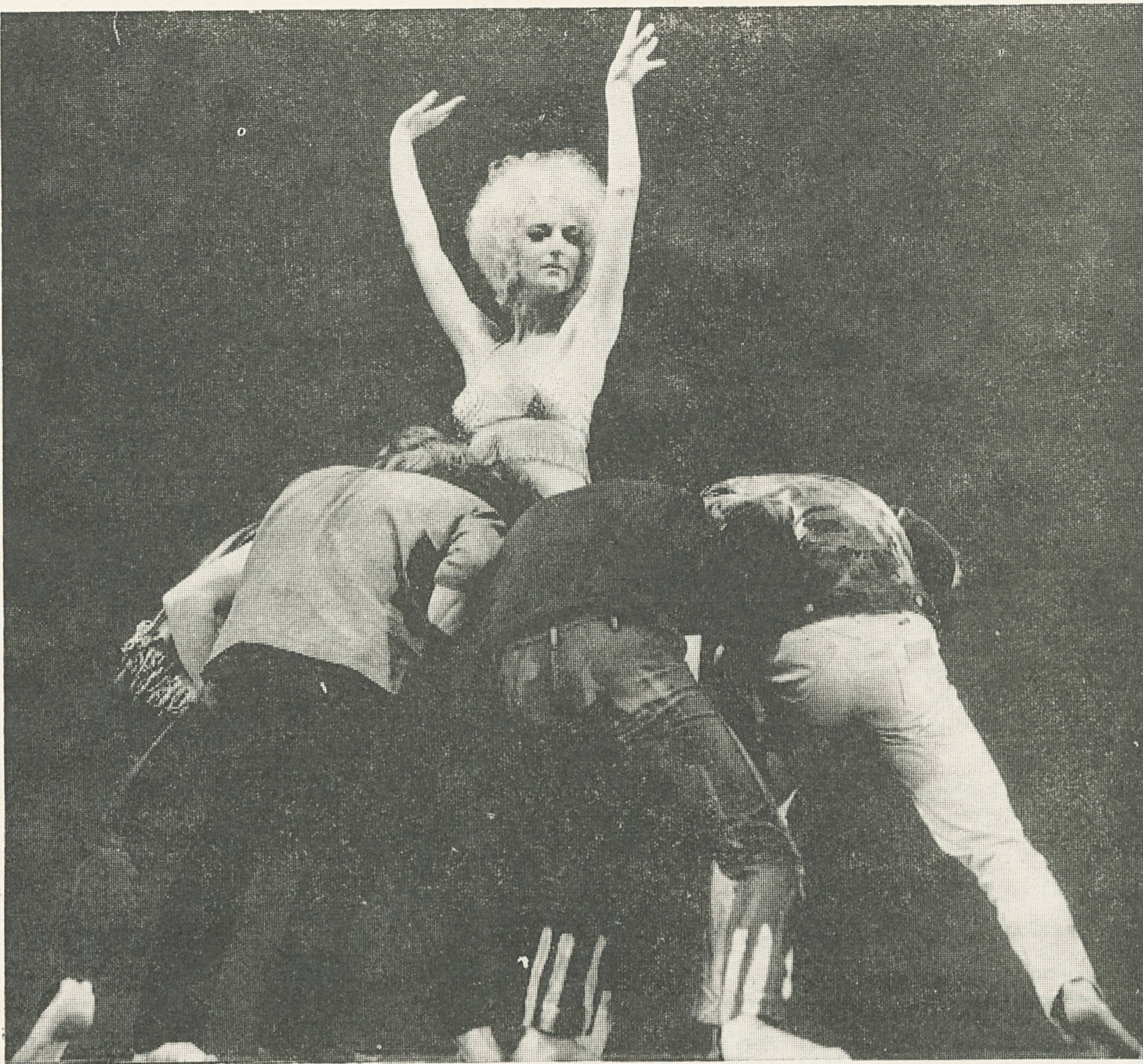
Rambert's new season

Ballet Rambert is back at the Jeanetta Cochrane theatre for a short winter season from 26 November to 12 December. As usual the programme is made out of some of last year's ballets, but two new ballets are included: Jonathan Taylor's *'Tis a good sport*, and the London premiere of Norman Morrice's *The empty suit*.

Ballet Rambert is probably the only company in Britain that tries to bring something new to every programme: this time the music and the songs played at the court of Henry VIII will accompany *'Tis a good sport*. For those that did not manage to see last year's repertoire there will be a chance to see Anton Tudor's *Dark elegies* and Anne Sokolow's excellent piece *Opus '6*, which opened last season, and has been brought back because of its success.

Anne Sokolow became famous for her choreography of *Hair on Broadway*; *Opus '65* tried — with success — to describe the violence and protests of the young American generation.

The programme consists of four different repertoires: details can be obtained from the Jeanetta Cochrane theatre in Southampton Row. Price range from 7/6 to 21/- and, as special favour to students, 7/6 seat can only be booked on the day of performance.



theatre

Exiles: Mermaid

"It is exciting. But even to read it takes very close concentration of attention. I don't believe an audience could follow it or take it in, even if some damned impracticable manager were to stage it."

Ezra Pound to James Joyce
6-12 September, 1916

At long last we have an "impracticable manager" prepared to stage Joyce's only play *Exiles*. Harold Pinter's production is a credit to Joyce's memory, and to his own position in the contemporary theatre. *Exiles* displays Joyce's weaknesses as clearly as it does his incomparable command of dialogue.

Richard Rowan, played by John Wood, returns to Ireland after leaving it in disgrace with his wife Brigid (Marjorie Wilde). His best friend Robert Hand (Timothy West) has taken it upon himself to establish Richard in Dublin Society. Robert's motives, however, are mixed, for beneath his friendship with Richard lies a passionate desire to possess Brigid. Richard, moreover, has developed a "deep" relationship with Beatrice Justice, Robert's cousin, and corresponded with her during his ten-year exile in Italy. Beatrice (Lynne Farleigh) has been brought into the house to take Archie, Richard's son, for piano lessons.

The relationship between Richard and his wife is compounded of cru-

elty and coldness, for though Brigid keeps nothing from her husband, telling him every detail of Robert's advances to her, he remains incapable of bringing any warmth into his relationship with her.

The climax of the play comes in a confrontation between Richard and Robert, after Robert has arranged to meet Brigid at his cottage and Brigid has revealed this to her husband.

Exiles is far from being an easy play to produce, for in the end characters remain unrealistic. Pinter, however, has avoided the obvious danger of making a salvage operation of the play and presents it for what it is, an incomparable exposition of the complexities and confusions which beset the condition of exiles.

The Great Waltz: Drury Lane

The Great Waltz is probably more of a musical than any other musical before. This implies that it has the qualities and more precisely the enormous defects of the 'musical' genre.

Two years of the life of Johann Strauss, probably the most important ones, are turned into a five-minute story; the romantic side takes up about half. The original music of Strauss appears in all its beauty, when not soiled by some childish lyric.

The only satisfaction one can get out of this show is the brilliance and luxury of the last scene which takes you back a few decades to the spectacular music-hall.

The plebians rehearse the uprising (Gunter Grasse): Aldwych

1955: Berlin is in revolt against Ulbricht. The workers need an influential spokesman — who better than the internationally renowned writer and producer, Berthold Brecht, alias Boss?

But the Boss is rehearsing Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* and, like that hero he remains aloof from the Roman peasants in revolt. He knows their passion and realises their weakness.

Boss is not Brecht, but the embodiment of the rational man, intellectually superior and famed for his creative skill. The man who could inspire and give weight to the revolt against oppression, but who chooses to stand aside. The leader who offers beer and sandwiches instead of rhetoric.

Emrys James as Boss is a persuasive actor: sceptical, temperamental and for one brief moment passionate. Peggy Ashcroft, as Volumnia, gives a very fine performance. She manages to bring out the emotional drive of a woman, with the cool-headedness of the intelligent friend who knows that current frenzy and unsubstantiated clichés will achieve nothing with her Boss.

Un-Boxed Pinter

The Basement and *The Tea Party*, both written for the television, are now produced with elaborate decor at the Duchess Theatre.

Pinter has written better plays, but both these plots are well contrived, though slightly ludicrous. In *The Basement*, a queer old bachelor welcomes a long-lost boy friend out of the pouring rain. A short interval follows while the newcomer dries his hair and socks, then his unknown girl friend is whipped in, both promptly strip and jump into bed. There's no time lost in telly plays.

Subsequently the scene jumps from the basement to the seaside, to a cafe, to the blasted heath and back to the now mod-geared bed sitter. It's brisk, very professional and not unduly disturbing. There is certainly no time to day-dream.

Donald Pleasence is most convincing, both as the solitary basement worm and the affluent manufacturer of loos and bidets. The poor man, frustrated by his inability to keep up with his new wife, finds great excitement in the sensual provocations of his secretary, played by Vivien Merchant.

By the way, the management don't let any latecomers in is due to the "intimate nature" of *The Basement*. This could well be an advertising gimmick, but at the price of tickets you should not miss the first play. That is unless you have seen it before on the Box.

Born stubbornness

The Winslow Boy by Terence Rattigan opened at the Lyric Theatre in May 1946. The new version at the New Theatre has not lost any of its actuality and verve.

Basing his play on the Arch-Shee case (1910-1912) Rattigan has taken the opportunity to introduce his views on the British legal system. "It is less difficult to get justice than to get right" says Sir Robert Morton, in the last act: is the Crown always right? does it always act within the boundaries of justice? Are the people of this country allowed, in practice, to challenge the authority? It is possible, answers Rattigan, you have "born stubbornness".

In Rattigan's play all the characters seem to find the answer to what is right and what is wrong. In fact, as Rattigan explains, they only managed to do this by fighting logic. Logic does not by all accounts lead to justice. Rattigan is mainly concerned with the people that have to sacrifice part of their ambitions to achieve a moral satisfaction.

Frith Banbury has managed to create with his directing the feeling of social unease that existed in the 1910s, which is necessary to understand Rattigan's play. All of the components of the play contribute to illustrate the situation of the middle-class family in Britain at the turn of the century.

Kenneth More brings to the role of Sir Robert Morton a new and intelligent proportion. In fact, the whole cast responds beautifully to the witty and cunning dialogue.

Arden of Faversham

One of the plays featured in the RSC's season at the Roundhouse, *Arden of Faversham*, a play with a

exhibition

Perceptive diarist

The deciphering of Samuel Pepys's diary in 1819 gave a new insight into the Republic and the post-Republic in England. The exhibition at the National Gallery, small but beautifully light and well laid-out, attempts to re-create these times as seen by the man himself.

Not only do we learn of the vanity and meanness of Pepys, but also of the characteristics of his contemporaries. His remarks, biting and to the point, spare no-one, not even Charles II and his usual train of mistresses — in particular "pretty, witty Nell" whom Pepys admired greatly as a comedienne, a point which is often overlooked.

Advances in the theatre, which saw a revival under Inigo Jones and John Webb, are well illustrated by realistic engravings, as is the Great Fire of London. An interior of the period accompanied by music indicates the comfort and voluptuousness of the 17th century life, and on leaving one feels that one's perception has been increased by this dramatisation of history.

concert

Dramatic morality

Tuesday, 3 November,
Royal Festival Hall.
London Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult.

Vaughan Williams' 'morality' *The Pilgrim's Progress* was premiered at Covent Garden in 1951. It

weak plot which hardly does credit to the Company.

The story involves the efforts of an unfaithful Mrs Arden (Dorothy Tutin) to murder her husband (Emrys James) in favour of a more exciting lover (David Bailie). So many accomplices are dragged into the scheme that the play becomes a farce, instead of the moral lesson it was intended to be.

Dorothy Tutin did her best with the weak character part of Mrs Arden, and Emrys Jones successfully solved the problem of giving personality to a Thomas Arden in which it was sorely lacking. The rest of the cast appeared like ineffectual shadows in the background, relieved for added moments by chief villains Black Will and Shakebag (Geoffrey Hutchins and Morgan Sheppard), who after much shilly-shallying executed the dirty deed with the aid of five accomplices. Their frequent appearances lent amusement to a performance which would otherwise have been a turgid flop.

Young Vic: Round House

A father's reputation can help to launch his progeny in the world, but after that the son must prove himself. The Young Vic has a renowned current in the National Theatre, and from what I have seen, enormous potential for developing successfully in their own style. The building is roughly built, thin-walled but spacious. The audience sits round on three sides, and with tickets at a uniform price you see well from

was universally condemned by the critics as being insufficiently "dramatic" for an opera, and after 1952 totally vanished from the repertory. Sir Adrian Boult's concert performance at the Festival Hall was therefore the first time the music of Vaughan Williams' largest-scale work had been heard for seventeen years. Some of the score is familiar in the guise of his (contemporary) *Fifth Symphony* and the (earlier) *Tallis Fantasia*; but there was also much of the music which was totally unknown and as enchantingly beautiful as these sections.

The performance started badly, with Raimund Herinx's Bunyan horribly unsteady, and John Noble's Pilgrim very brusque in tone. But with the second scene, *In the House Beautiful*, the performance came to life and continued to engender excitement right through to the end, especially in the scene of the Pilgrim's fight with Apollyon, with the bass soloist (amplified) roaring over the shrieks and moans of the chorus (a scene which in itself puts paid to charges of lack of drama), and in the meeting with Mr By-ends, a marvellous caricature of the bourgeois religionist, splendidly sung by Gerald English.

After the conclusion of the work there was a long pause before the roar of applause. Sir Adrian's magnificent conducting was justly acclaimed, and when, at the end, he held up the score, the cheers of the audience could leave no doubt that Vaughan Williams' last opera had been thoroughly vindicated. The performance is acting as the basis for a recording of the complete opera by EMI; when this appears, it will be well worth hearing.

Tippett

Michael Tippett's third opera *The Knot Garden* has its world

everywhere. Acoustics too are good. The stage in the centre arena can be manipulated in a variety of ways, which gives great possibility for the Company to produce the classics in their original setting, as well as to experiment with new productions.

Oedipus, translated by W B Yeats, is a very fine production. The Greek Tragedy makes a strong impact in the vigour and throb of the performance. The constant tension is maintained not only through the tautness of language and the acting, but also by the rhythmic beat of drums, and other percussion instruments.

Another means of maintaining this high voltage is the pace of the speech. While the principal actors carry this off with clarity, the chorus tends to break sound barriers, which makes it difficult to follow the superb poetry of the play. Gordon Jackson as Creon is the finest actor in the performance, but ably accompanied by Ronald Pickup as grief-stricken Oedipus.

The Soldier's Tale: Stravinsky wrote the music for this charming fairy tale in 1917 and it still provides the mainstay for this current production. Michael Flanders and Kitty Black wrote the English version but their script is somewhat corny. Fairy tales need not be told in nursery rhymes.

The tale describes a young soldier's travels to find the simple pleasures of home and a girl friend, but he is waylaid by the Devil dressed up as a most sinister fascist general. His offer of untold wealth is accepted but the consequences are dramatic.

premiere at Covent Garden on 2 December. The cast of seven (there is no chorus) consists of Josephine Barstow (Denise), Jill Gomez (Flora), Yvonne Minton (Thea), Robert Tear (Dov), Thomas Carey (Mel), Thomas Hemsley (Mangus) and Raimund Herinx (Faber).

Knot gardens were intricate, formal patterns, made usually of tiny box hedges in Elizabethan gardens. In reality, such a garden was very small in scale, but the characters of the opera find that at times of crisis, the delicate love knot grows to become a threatening maze in which they cannot find each other. The opera analyses the difficulties of relating to each other in the 'knot garden of the modern world'.

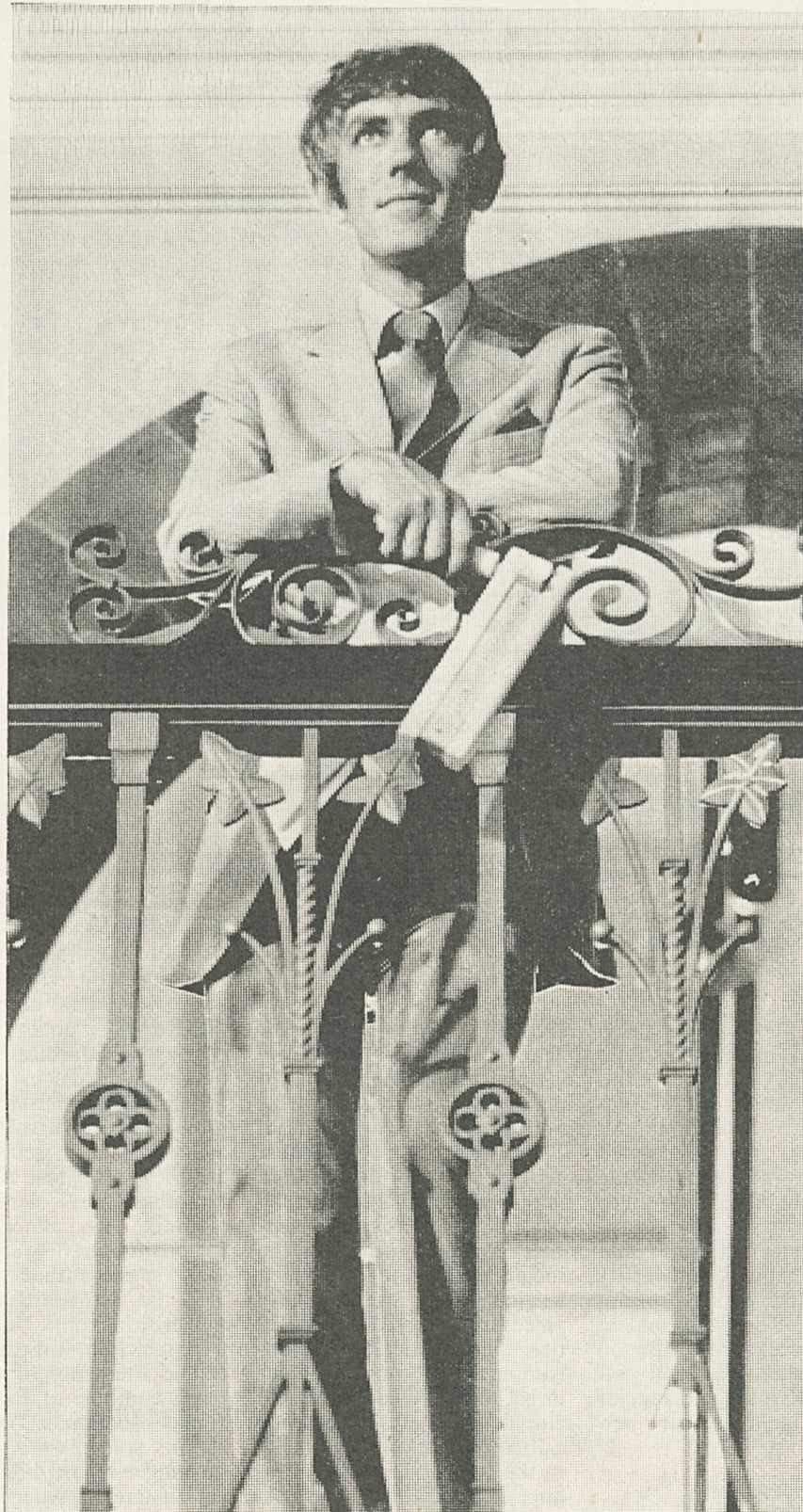
cinema

Canned Cream

The Cream: Last Concert is an extraordinary film. But then the Cream, as their name immodestly declared, were an extraordinary group.

Such a subject might sustain incompetent direction and still be carried through by the immense power of the music alone. In this case, however, the direction is not simply good or bad—it is at both extremes. Tony Palmer has somehow contrived to explore the outer limits of both the weaknesses and strengths of the documentary style. On the one hand, he has fused picture and sound into a brilliant, absorbing image of his subject. On the other he has allowed an unbelievably mundane and inappropriate commentary to thread its way inane throughout the film. Making picture complement sound is peculiarly difficult. Sight is the grossest of senses, and it too easily dominates other inputs.

That The Cream's music is stronger than most in no way detracts from Palmer's achievement in creating this synthesis. The film consists almost entirely of rapidly-cut shots of Jack Bruce, Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker, their audience and instruments. The location is their last performance in the Albert Hall, and the trick is that it's all cut very perceptively to the rhythm/feeling of their playing.



Peter Cook (alias Michael Rimmer) on the up and up

The result is amazing: cumulatively, a glimpse of the absolute relaxation of being best, an insight into the arrogance and involvement of the group, and a very intimate sense of having participated in something almost sacredly unique.

Mostly, the technique is very good. In giving dominance to the sound Palmer allows some interesting experiments with focus, angle, superimposed light shows and the inevitable zoom lens.

You have to watch out for where this film plays. It isn't on a regular circuit, but pops up fairly frequently at film clubs and late night shows. Worth the effort.

Logical terror

L'Aveu or *The Confession* is one of those rare films which involve you not only as a human being in a social context but also as an individual. An intelligent film where each shot has its own purpose and logic.

Costa Gravas has created a new style in motion picture: he is filming everyday life with the simplicity and the right proportions that each event has. The crudest and most snuffing scene looks like a child's game, compared with some in other political films. But reality is the disturbing factor of this film. Brilliantly acted by Yves Montand, Simone Signoret and Gabriel Ferzetti.

Waterloo via Cannon Street

Waterloo: I couldn't make out whether it was an advert for "After-Eight", a reminder that we could all learn a thing or two about clothes design from the nineteenth-century French aristocracy, a demonstration of that new stereo by Decca, or a touched-up, slowed-down rejected rush of an Eisenstein war film that the master had found no need to shout about.

Calculated man

The Rise and Rise of Michael Rimmer: the comfortable decor of the new Warner Rendez-vous will greet you when you go to see Kevin Billington's film.

Opinions will vary, some will think it far-fetched, others will consider it rigorously plausible. In any case almost everyone will agree that it is original and witty. Michael Rimmer is a "calculated man", he does not seek power, he gets it by coincidence. One knows that this is false, that it is difficult to argue the opposite. The major quality of the film is its subtlety. How to become President of Great Britain when you are only a co-ordinator in an advertising firm that has gone broke with only one weapon: statistics. The efficiency of opinion polls doesn't seem to be the main worry of Mr Michael Rimmer. Corruption, violence, sex are all means to achieve the desired result.

In fact Michael Rimmer does much more. He manages to convince people that democracy should come from the people themselves. By having a referendum on every governmental issue he manages to destroy all democratic feelings that the people have.

The acting is outstanding, Peter Cook, Arthur Lowe, Denholm Elliott, Ronald Fraser, the screenplay is witty — but one wonders why David Frost is executive producer.

Christian socialist as devil's advocate

by Jacquie Sarsby

G.B.S., autocrat and democrat, notorious no less than famous, playwright, moralist, Fabian and co-founder of the L.S.E., holds the platform in Allan Chapelow's new book, *Shaw "the Chucker-Out"*. His book *Shaw the Villager* was about the man, off-stage as he was known to his friends; the latest one shows him in the glare of publicity, denouncing Western democracy, arguing for equality of incomes, for political education to prevent dictatorship by the proletariat, and for such things as freedom in the theatre and a new phonetic alphabet. It tries to pick out the consistency from the apparent inconsistencies in views expressed at different times during his long life.

Shaw made himself unpopular by denouncing the Treaty of Versailles, defending the efficiency of the Fascist regimes, describing himself as a Socialist, while flatly rejecting a great deal of Marx's theory. Quoted out of context (as in the cartoon) and as he often was by a hostile Press, he can appear not only arrogant, but autocratic and even misanthropic; but by emphasizing Shaw's lecture on Christian Economics, the author points to the conception of Christianity which is the mainspring for all his ideas, however curious.

Apart from his political views, Shaw's letters and speeches on women, sex and the sanctity of marriage make interesting and, on the whole, more entertaining reading — I have to mention his description of Victorian women, not dressed but upholstered like luxurious sofas!

Private Life

But how does all this fit together? On its own, the book does not straddle the public and private lives comfortably, leaving out as it largely does, the relationship between the plays and the public speeches, and only hinting at details of his private life which would throw light on his social theories. It is as though we are taken in to see the man at his desk, and before we get a chance to sit down, are thrust out into the front row of a hall where he is a public figure.

Artistically therefore, it is at fault: I suspect that the author assumes that we have followed him through *Shaw the Villager*, and that *Shaw "the Chucker-out"* is by way of a supplement. Constant references to the previous work confirm this impression. But if this last book is anything to go by, *'The Villager'* should be worth the trouble of following up those references.

Academia in experiments

by Nicholas A. Sims

In the last three years LSE has sprouted a network of staff-student committees, mostly at departmental level, but also the Committee on Undergraduate Studies with parity of elected staff and student representatives from groups of departments. It is the staff and students on these committees — and those who elect them, which is everyone — who will benefit from reading this recently published Penguin Education original.

If you have a vague feeling of dissatisfaction with the methods and standards of L.S.E. teaching (and who hasn't), Ruth Beard's book will crystallise it for you. As Director of the University

Teaching Methods Research Unit, at London's Institute of Education, she knows full well the inadequacy of present higher education; but she knows, too, how much research is going on (some of it in her Unit) into finding improved methods of teaching and learning, and how keen many university teachers and students — not just the NUS establishment — are on experimenting in learning situations and setting up adequate and regular training facilities for new staff.

Learning Theories

Dr Beard is an educational psychologist, and it is not

surprising that the chapter dealing with the main theories of learning and their applicability in higher education is outstandingly good. The converse criticism must be made as so often when the London Unit's short courses for new university teachers are discussed, that the social context within which teaching and learning take place is neglected. In practice, the social context is obtruding all the time: whether in parental pressure, political climate, money or housing difficulties, or 'academically' in the form of rigid timetabling, inflexible degree structures, inadequate library facilities and change-resistant authority. In the book, there

is a tendency to ignore the dire effect these factors may have on attempts to improve teaching and learning.

Change must come, says Dr Beard, if only because of the mixed-ability groups that will increasingly make up university intakes where until not long ago only the affluent and/or school-leavers of the highest academic attainment were to be found.

Unlike the Black Paper merchants Dr Beard appears to welcome rather than regret the democratisation of higher education: "Competitive selection, together with public financing of the colleges, combine to exclude affluent dilettantes; and the serious students who remain no longer regard higher education as a privilege but as a social right and expect correspondingly more of their teachers. Thus in an increas-

ingly professional world amateurism in teaching is no longer acceptable."

Reappraisals

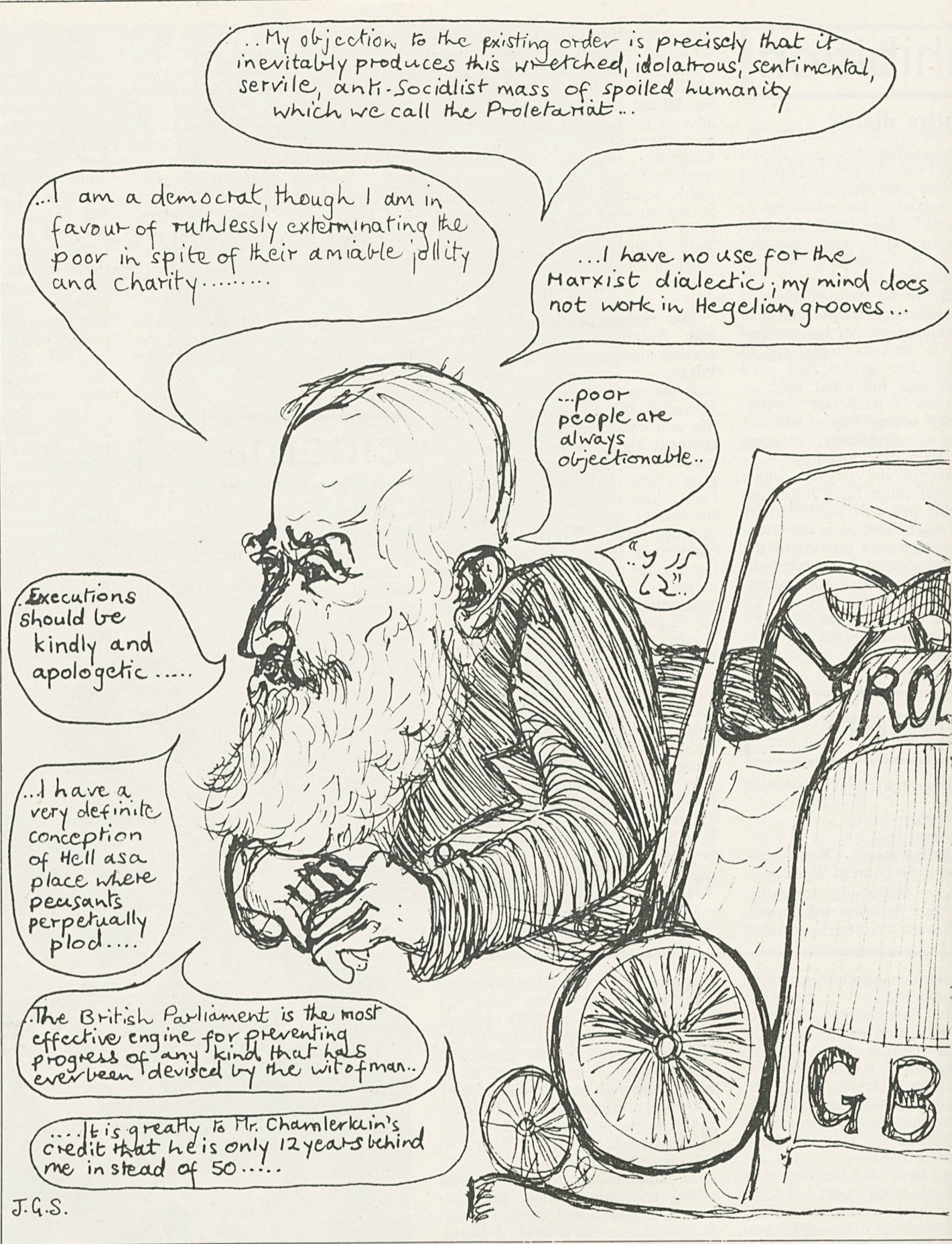
The changes she wants to see include: a conscious and radical reappraisal of course objectives, with assessment (by exams or otherwise) brought into line with the new aims; students being helped to think, analyse and communicate efficiently rather than to soak up quantities of facts only to spew them out in unimaginative tests; constant evaluation of old and new modes of teaching; and a general shift away from the lecture to small groups (seminars, tutorial — and even T — groups) as the main teaching situation.

She does not write off the lecture totally, but approaches it (in another ex-

cellent chapter) largely by detailing its proven drawbacks and the faults that are most commonly found in lecturers' performance. Here as throughout the book she makes a strong case for training university teachers, as much to help them gain confidence in developing the appropriate skills as to eradicate their faults. She refers frequently to NUS support for the idea of training (not so frequently to the pressure for it from the Association of University Teachers, and in official reports) but does not dwell for long on the forms it should take, which are currently being worked out by a small sub-committee of the CUS with staff-student parity.

Pitfalls

There are chapters, too, on visual aids, laboratory (continued on page 9)



Canned heat

What a fine sleeve this album has! The inside spread depicts Californian Redwood trees and Alan Wilson has written a plea for the preservation of these beautiful trees. With only 10 per cent of the original areas of redwood still not 'harvested', at the present rate of lumbering all the remaining trees, apart from those in National Parks, will be felled during the next ten years, to be used for purposes which other trees could fulfil.

The social consciousness of the centre-spread is cynically countered by the cover photographs which show Canned Heat conquering the moon. The preservation appeal comes as a refreshing change from the over-played political role that so many bands are assuming.

The recent death of Alan Wilson will give a special significance to this album, for to Canned Heat followers it represents his final contribution. Alan who played rhythm guitar and harmonica will probably be better remembered for the clear, mellow qualities of his voice. He will be sadly missed, as those who have seen the band since his death already know.

The music in this album is driving blues in the usual Canned Heat style. Harvey Mandel uses lead guitar to good effect on an eight minute track called 'So sad the world's in a tangle' and there is some particularly pleasant Wilson vocalising on 'My time ain't long'. Canned Heat's last single 'Let's work together' reappears here. Dr. John is featured on piano for a couple of tracks. All round a better album than their recent live album. Shaun Maguire

End of the game

PETER GREEN

At first I thought it was the cool June evening—the summer's first flying offerings glinting in the spotlights and setting a fairytale scene. Or was it the atmosphere—the smoke from wood fires awakening memories of previous occasions that must, by now, be latent in all of us. Or the setting—that all too familiar combination of speaker cabinets and scaffolding, like some strange sort of fortification, highlighted only by the gleam of the amplifier's neon lights. Perhaps it was just the atmosphere—that strange intangible presence one always feels in an expectant crowd.

But tonight Peter Green was leaving, and all eyes were focused on the frail anthropoid crouching against the wall of speakers. A small, almost diminutively thin figure, hair festooning his head, neck, face and shoulders. Just a grin betraying his species.

A long wait while the instruments were tuned. But no frustrated throwing of cans; no savage verbosity or frayed tempers. Everyone was waiting—but for what? How many were expecting a selection of Jeremy Spencer's bottleneck blues numbers or perhaps even a couple of Rock 'n' Roll standards? Who wanted Albatross? Or even Black Magic Woman? Who knows! What was for certain is that the crowd were waiting for Fleetwood Mac. But they got Peter Green.

He must have played for an hour without a break; or was it longer—much longer. The audience were mesmerised. He gave the impression that he could have gone on for ever, the relaxed style betraying the concentration and effort. And no-one would have minded if he had gone on. No-one, that is, except the Chief of Police. I have seldom felt more sick than when the power was cut off and Mick Fleetwood's

rhythms came bounding and bouncing through the darkness as a solitary consolation—a sad obituary on the death of something beautiful.

Since that evening the experience has been recreated in my mind many times; each time decanted a little more perfectly, the all-pervading presence of nostalgia eroding the burrs, smoothing the corners and ironing out the flaws, until I had a memory to treasure, and a hope that I should someday have the experience repeated.

When Peter Green's first solo album (**The End of the Game RSLP 9006**) appeared I was almost afraid to listen to it. I expected all my dreams and memories to be shattered. Even if the music was brilliant, it was destined

to fall far short of my expectations. But the moment I heard the first wailing chords, breach the silence I knew I wasn't to be disappointed.

This is one of the most beautiful albums I have ever heard. It has all the ingredients for monotony—a limited range of instruments, no vocals, and complete dominance by one individual throughout. This recording is virtually an hour guitar solo. But it's not an extension of the breaks we are so accustomed to with Rory Gallagher. It isn't even like Clapton's improvisations with Cream. These are compositions in their own right. We were given a hint of what was to come with Green Manalishi—this work must surely be the quintessence of the electric guitar.

Alan Kilkenny.



The new music ?

IF's first LP has been available for five months now. Most of its sales must now be made (the LP only just failed to reach Melody Maker's Top Thirty LP chart) but it is a valuable LP which is unlikely to sink into obscurity with time. Why is this, especially when IF can be heavily criticised for their efforts on objective musical grounds.

As a recently 'converted' jazz fan, I am grateful to the whole bunch of 'jazz-rock' groups for pointing the way to better things. Of course, this was not totally an altruistic exercise; their aim was to utilise something different in music and make money. Some very good and interesting music was produced in

the process.

What convinces me of the validity of the whole jazz-rock exercise is the apparent movement from the other end of the spectrum, i.e. rock-jazz, which utilise some of rock's time signatures, rhythms and have some of its urgency. Examples are Miles Davis 'In a silent way', 'Bitches brew', Tony Williams' 'Lifetime's emergency' and 'Turn it over', Gary Burton's 'Throb', Michael Gibbs, Frank Ricotti, Nucleus — to mention names that have achieved some degree of publicity.

IF is an interesting album and for the value of its solo passages it is likely to be remembered.

The solos are predominantly from Dick Morrissey (flute) and Terry Smith (guitar). To those who saw IF at LSE on 3 October these solos will spring easily to mind — for their length as well as for their fluidity and jazz influence. Some of the playing on this LP is reminiscent of a soul band—especially the riffing of the saxes and in part the vocals of J. W. Hodgkinson. IF have evidently retained some of their style from when they backed J. J. Jackson, the soul singer.

IF can be criticised justifiably enough for sounding samey—even the solos sound similar. The main criticism, however, is the one that has been applied to all jazz-rock groups: the music is neither one nor the other. Good rock music should be exciting, moving and interesting without necessarily having to be complex. Good jazz frequently combines technically complex music to convey higher and more intense emotions. Jazz-rock often contains elements of both but succeeds in neither, providing neither excitement nor complexity. IF's music falls easily into this category.

Clive Attenborough.

at Bradford reported by Smithers (*Universities Quarterly*, 1970, pp.330-336) who found that students tend to look for the same qualities in lecturers (see also Foy and Cooper, *Universities Quarterly*, 1969 p.345). As he himself noted, his findings on reliability do not prove student ratings should be introduced: their validity and desirability may be much lower.

Where we should all be able to agree with her is further down the same page, where she writes that discretionary awards "would be likely to distract attention from the important matters of providing some training for new lecturers and attempting to improve teaching throughout the university schools even among those who would never be likely to gain a teaching award."

Anti-separatist Panthers

by G. M. Appa

Bobby Seale's 'Seize the time'—the story of the Black Panther Party (BPP) is an invaluable document on Black Panthers. If you are interested in the struggles of black Americans you cannot afford not to read it. I shall never respect the views on Panthers of anyone who hasn't read it.

From the start you learn through the words of the Minister of Defence (of the BPP), Huey P. Newton, and Chairman, Bobby Seale, that the party does not believe in black power. It is not a cultural nationalist group. In fact black nationalists are their major political rivals. One also learns that they do not believe in violence other than defensive violence to fight racist police brutality, that

the party has been instrumental in preventing many riots. The major programmes of the party consist of community programmes such as the Free Breakfast for Children Programme, free medicine and medical care, free legal service, and civil rights programmes such as voter registration.

In the foreword Bobby says:

"There are a lot of misconceptions about the Black Panther Party. I wanted to write this book so people could have better insight into the inner workings of the Party, so that people would have a more true understanding of the Black Panther Party—

what it really does, the kind of people who are in it, their everyday lives, the things that have happened to the Party'.

And the reader does get a better insight. In addition he also gets lot of fun. The book is full of chilling confrontations with the police, amusing encounters with naive party workers and treasureable anecdotes. (My favourite one is about Eldridge Cleaver getting 5000 girls training to be nuns at a Catholic girls college to chant "One, two, three four: F . . . Ronald Reagan" Can you beat that?)

Today it seems incredible that the BPP was established in North Oakland in October 1966 by two semi-literates:

Huey P. Newton, the driving force, who could read but not write; and Bobby Seale who wrote the first party manifesto: 'What we Want and What We Believe' and got someone's advice about punctuation and so on. Until May 1967 it was nothing. But then the press noticed it and boom! The panthers were world famous. They coined the term 'pigs' for police, and today it is a household word.

There is a lot more to the book. A warning to the readers though: the presentation in the first fifty pages of Bobby's regard for Huey is very naive! But don't be put off as I nearly was. Because if you do, you would miss reading one hell of a good book!

(Continued from Page 8) and practical work, and independent study. Dr Beard ends with a biting attack on the "statistical naivety" of the Prices and Incomes Board in their ill-fated 1968 proposal that student ratings should play a part in deciding the allocation of special payments to 'good' teachers. The proposal was hastily dropped, and indeed the whole system of discretionary payments — discriminating between staff members on ill-defined criteria — is still being resisted, after a fashion, by the AUT (which managed to hold up its introduction into LSE for several terms).

When it comes to student ratings, Dr Beard's contention that these, applied to assessment of lecturers, have a low statistical reliability is challenged by recent findings



South African jazz blues

On Friday, 4 December the Jazz Society will be presenting Chris McGregor's new band 'The Brotherhood of Breath', an event which should provide some of the most exciting music heard at LSE for a long while. Since its formation in June of this year The Brotherhood has been receiving sensational reviews, having been described by one reviewer as "the most exciting band of any kind playing in London at the present time", and has recently recorded its first

album due to be released shortly on the Vertigo label. The nucleus of the band consists of Chris McGregor on piano, Dudu Pukwana (alto), Louis Moholo (drums), and Mongesi Feza (pocket trumpet), a group of exiled South African musicians who came to Europe in 1964 and have been playing together in a variety of bands ever since. The rest of the band is made up of Marc Charig (cornet), Harold Becket (trumpet; flugelhorn), Malcolm Griffiths, Nick Evans (trom-

bones), Mike Osborne (alto), Alan Skidmore, Ronnie Beer (tenors) and Harry Miller (bass) who constitute some of the finest young musicians in Britain today.

The unique playing style of the band is based to a large extent on South African Kwela-type music, with intricate rhythms acting as a foundation for rocking melodies and superb solos. All this adds up to a magnificent musical experience which is not to be missed.

Malcolm Masso.

Everyone's gone on the air

On 20 November, University of Nottingham Union radio magazine **Campus** goes out on Radio Nottingham. This is the first of four fifteen-minute weekly spots, to be followed next term by eight half-hour programmes, if all goes well. Three groups will make one programme every three weeks in an effort "to alleviate some of the misunderstanding and prejudice that is all too evident in the town". (VHF 94.8)

In an atmosphere of great political heat at Birmingham University, with controversy over the new Head of Department for German and the administrative ban on Dick Atkinson's Sociology of Education course, BBC Radio Birmingham are negotiating for a weekly half-hour programme by students in and around Birmingham, to start in January.

BEAVER confidently expects to be approached in the near future by local radio, and is preparing for a twenty-five minute series on a student view of London—to be called perhaps **Causas**.

A meeting in memorial of the late

PROF. MORRIS GINSBERG

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—★—

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A P O C A L Y P S E

Pooh Society

Rabbit is pleased to announce that the following have been elected as Honorary Officers of the Pooh Society:

Pooh: Mr. Mike Hill

Christopher Robin: Alex Duffy

Owl or Wol: Sir Walter Adams

Kanga: Mrs. Alice Carter

Roo: Diane Westley

Tigger: Trevor Jones

Piglet: Gareth Pryce

Alexander Beetle: Andrew Hickley

Small: Dr. Percy Cohen

The Chief Heffalump: Lionel Lord Robbins

Ordinary Heffalumps: Ken Wright, Robert Mackenzie,

Harry Johnson, Frank Hahn, Antony Forge

Fiercer Animals: Eve Myatt-Price, Dr. Anne Bohm,

Imre Lakatos, Ragnild Hatton, Mr. Brown (the House

Manager)

Friends and relations of Rabbit: The Union Staff, Iris,

Audrey, Pat, Mary, Angela, Florrie, Alice, Ben, Perla and

Ray) and Miss Alison Emmott

Society Exposé

Have you had a seminar disrupted by loud cries of "Worra worra worra worra"? Who pinned a notice reading "Trespassers W" to the President's door? Why is Lord Robbins known as the Chief Heffalump? Who is the mysterious Rabbit? These are the real burning issues in the Hundred Acres Wood (known to the uninitiated as LSE) at the moment.

The Pooh society claims full responsibility for the first three disruptive events, and only members know who rabbit is. With great daring this "Beaver" reporter has penetrated to the highest echelons of this mysterious and dangerous society, I have attended their meetings, even their committee meetings, and will now reveal all.

Nearly every Friday at 1.00 p.m. a small group of determined men and women assemble in SO67 to "read the works of Winnie the

Pooh and other small animals, and to promote private insanity within the LSE." They sit very quietly and listen whilst one of their number, sometimes Rabbit, sometimes Eeyore, sometimes another of them, reads from Pooh.

So far they have read the whole of "The World of Christopher Robin" and they do not intend to stop there. The equally mysterious Eeyore has bought for their collection of debauchery "The World of Pooh". Sometimes they sit and eat bread and honey. If this sort of thing spreads the moral fibre of LSE will collapse.

The authorities do not seem willing to act to crush this sort of thing — they positively encourage it. All right-minded people must united to prevent the spread of this debauchery before the whole basis of our society is undermined.

DERMOT MACNIT.

Useless Info. Dept.

1 Name of Albanian Secret Police is s.s.sh. (you know who).

2 LSE local genius once described economics as a matter of injections and withdrawals. Long live HAL, the computer brain.

Beaver Censored

We are perfectly aware that many of you believe "Beaver" to be over-mild for LSE. However, would you believe we have actually been censored (gasp)?, not by the school but by our printers, no less.

It had been hoped to bring to your attention a representative sample of LSE graffiti — not a chance. The printers and block-makers took general offence to your work and refused to see it in print. The local rector, who was asked to give an opinion by the printers, described it as blasphemous.

So you Norman Mailers of LSE buck up your ideas and present us with some presentable graffiti: if you have to deface the walls at least do it in style.

It is disquieting to know that words used in the LSE context can have a real meaning, but are found to be offensive by outsiders; but even more so that outsiders can take such decisive action without knowing the circumstances in which the work is produced.

Kentish Meg Warblings

Delighted to hear that we have a champion in our midst — no less than the

greatest Meg Warbler of them all. To be honest I had long since assumed this great sport had died out, but I am delighted to have been corrected. I am led to believe that the Centaurs played havoc with the barbarians Meg in the last cup final. Some of the reports I have heard lead me to believe that the digital dexterity of their chief warbler has never been the same since J.C. was forced to amputate the offending portion of the field.

Anyway, Kent for the Meg. I always did believe a Kentish Warbler could knock the digit off any other self-respecting Meg.

Rabbit Exposed

Rabbit is using Pooh as a towel rack after feeding him up and getting him jammed in the doorway of Rabbit's house. Shame on you Rabbit. Also he is very superior to the other animals "because he has education".

Twin Debauch

Ever since I met the terrible twins I have been very concerned that the mighty atom has been showing signs of extreme debauchery. Now I recognise that to some this is perfectly normal, but for HAL to play along is somewhat disturbing.

If Western civilisation is to mean anything this type of behaviour must continue. Keep it up twins!

Robinson Room

Cold Fact; last years profit £900. Think about it folks.

Robinson Room

Let it be quite clear that the Robinson Room menus presented in the last edition of *Beaver* were not intended as a compliment to the meals or the prices of that restaurant. The catering manager and his henchmen should be quite clear that most students are displeased at having to pay a shilling for a small cup of coffee and sixpence for a minute wafer biscuit.

It must also be spelt out that a quarter of a chicken and rice at six shillings and sixpence is regarded as scandalous. Even grilled ham, pineapple and chips at six shillings arouses equally hostile comment. Mushroom omelette and chips at four shillings and ninepence; the notorious "today's special" at nearly seven shillings; egg, bacon and a slice of toast at four shillings and threepence; a banana at eightpence; a cup of tea at eightpence; two pork sausages at two shillings and fourpence; just a piece of buttered toast

at ninepence is almost beyond belief.

Something must be done about this service. After all, it is not an answer to say that trade is brisk and students will pay these prices because they keep coming. We are not all from North America and we don't all come from the middle-class and have financial aid from daddy's bank account. What about the majority of students who are just living on their grants; if universities were geared up for students to "work" their way through college, then this would be a different matter. But courses and vacations are not so designed, although students eating at the Robinson Room may indeed get money from work of one sort or another.

When will we see some sign that the management of the Robinson Room are going to respond to continuous criticism? When will a statement of justification or policy be made?

Forthcoming Lectures

December 1 Tues. 5.30 p.m. **The Exploration, protection and management of the world ocean — a challenge for the 1970's** by Dr. S. J. Holt — Second of two Special University Lectures — University College, Anatomy Theatre.

December 3 Thursday 6.00 p.m. **The Law and individual liberty** by The Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Salmon — Birkbeck College Haldane Memorial Lecture — Senate House, Beveridge Hall.

December 8 Tuesday 5.00 p.m. **Special University Lecture in Economics** by Professor A. G. Hines (Durham) — (Title to be announced) — Queen Mary College.

December 9 Wednesday 5.00 p.m. **Commodity trade of developing countries** by Dr. E. M. Ojala (Rome) — Special University Lecture — London School of Economics and Political Science.

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Basketball bounces back

Imagine, if you will, the big game of the Basketball season. It pits the LSE against the ULU team (bad guys). The LSE Beavers out on the court at Crystal Palace, are resplendent in their gold and black uniforms. The thousands of LSE fans are screaming themselves hoarse. The big man on the team is 6ft. 9ins. tall and can jump to the Moon. He's flanked by two 6ft. 5ins. leaping forwards and two shorter guards who had a basketball in the crib before a rattle!

Imagine that and you're probably freaked out on Mescaline. But while the team is not quite at that stage, we are alive and kicking, and expect to be going strong one of these days.

Understand, it isn't all that easy to play Basketball in London. First of all there is the assumption that it's only played by seven foot tall Americans. Not true we've been trounced by some outstanding English teams. The game itself is played only with the hands — no feet. Sacrilege in a country that lives and dies by football. Also there's a sad lack of tall men who haven't even heard of the game. For that matter there aren't a whole lot of shorter men either!

In spite of the handicaps, the LSE club has already started its season. Our last two games were against two of the better English Clubs, the Hitchen Harts and the Romford YMCA. Both games were close until the last five minutes when the other guys started cheating, broke the game wide open and doubled our score. We've made a note not to play them again!

The rest of the season (which generally picks up during the winter) will be a varied schedule. We'll be playing local clubs and Universities. Also on tap are a couple of games with Universities outside London, so we'll pack some wine and cheese, bring along the guitars and see some of the English countryside.

We usually get together on Wednesday evenings for a friendly workout, usually at the gym at ULU which, while not much bigger than

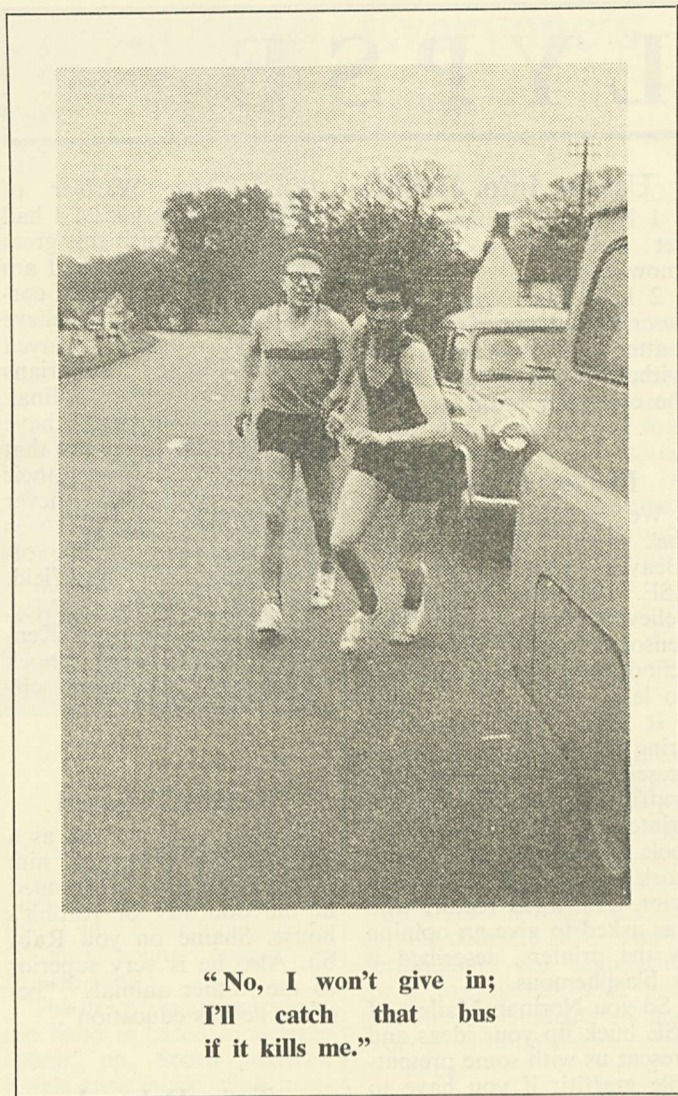
an apple-crate, is vastly superior to the so-called gym at LSE, a former boiler room declared unsafe for humans to enter. There's usually a good pick-up game where everyone gets to work on their "can't miss" shots. Games are played on different days according to the availability of gyms and opposition. In any case it is usually a good excuse for not studying — as if any excuse were needed!

We have a pittance from the AU to support our club. What we need now are people to spend it on! If you are over 6ft. 10ins. and have played Basketball in the Olympics, we just might have a place for you on the team, even if you're an inch or two shorter. Seriously, our squad has a flexible membership depending on who is sober, and we would welcome anyone with a real interest in the game.

The Club is just getting re-organized and things aren't all that smooth, but if you have a desire to play ball, I'm sure you'll enjoy being with us. Check the Basketball noticeboard in the Concourse area of St. Clements Building for current news. Or feel free to contact me—Dick Muller (Pres. V.P. Treas. Sec. and Chief Embezzler), c/o Grad. Pigeon Holes, Three Tuns Bar, Florries Refectory, Robinson Room or even the Library (but only after 10 p.m. Sunday nights!).

So let's hear from you out there in LSE and maybe we'll be able to challenge again for the University and League titles we had two years ago.

Dick Muller



"No, I won't give in; I'll catch that bus if it kills me."

AU revolution

A quiet revolution has recently proceeded in the Athletic Union. Unknown to most of the members, a secretary has been employed for the purpose of streamlining the AU and giving a better service to its members. But this appointment raises a number of posers.

What the new employee will actually do is open to question, as is the future role of the elected AU officers, who will be to all intents and purposes redundant. Suggestions have been mooted that with all their extra time, the latter can search for that 'El Dorado' of our athletics world, namely a vacant squash court in near proximity to LSE, or they can spend their spare time in the City, lobbying for the Covent Garden scheme. Another idea for them, is that they pour over the accounts having hallucinations concerning the distribution of the Union's Grant (can anyone do the loaves and fishes trick?)

It is regrettable that a reorganisation of the AU

was necessary, it had to be done in this way, without any attempt at marshalling the available resources to this task. Further the fact that a secretary has been employed means that as years go by, this person will acquire more and more knowledge about AU affairs, and it will take a very strong executive to veto any arguments such a person proposed. In effect many decisions now taken by students could be taken or engineered by professional bureaucrats — a participation in reverse.

A final poser concerns the opportunity cost of the secretary. Although the new employee is not being paid an exorbitant sum, the amount that is being paid could be used to abolish the fee paid by AU members for coach travel, or to abolish the membership fee for the AU; further it is £100 more than was devoted to foreign travel last year.

Although amateurism is dying a protracted death in every aspect of sport, it is a shame that in the LSE Athletic Union, it could not have remained, cocking a snook, (as legend has it) we radical students do at professionalism, its efficiency and facelessness. Notwithstanding a better service you may well get at the new streamlined AU supermarket.

J. Ellwood

(AU External Affairs VP)

Rugby club claims flower power

The Gay Liberation Front has just made one big new recruit — all members of L.S.E. Rugby Club. Whoopee! Flower Power Keith Turner is back again after a long absence. In fact, the Club is alive and well as usual. The Strollers are going from strength to strength with the best record of all the teams, with that incredible young, gifted and black player Rudi Mendoza. What a player, as the captain of the Strollers he has led them to inspired victories over, wait for it, London Scottish amongst others.

After Maurice Fletcher's injury the Firsts have been led to some fine victories on the field of battle by WEBB! Webb, the most useless captain since Robert E. Satchwell, better known as Flanagan. Keith Turner makes a welcome reappearance after his hip injury — he is still trying to convince us that it happened on the field of play!

The membership of the illustrious Strollers Club has swollen with the communal three man lifts as performed in the Three Tuns Bar over the past four weeks. Yes folks we are alive and well!

The Second XV's now deserves a mention for its non-existence. Those big-timers who have long deserved a kick in the pants are now being led by the able Keith Turner.

The Vs have broken their long period of isolation by contributing heavily to the sides. Those particularly deserving mention are "Duty" Dick Muller, "Bomber" Bob Iverach and "Scorer" Steve Baumgartner. Unfortunately Pete Benenson dislocated a shoulder early on in the season and may be out until next season.

The First XV has fine young blood in the form of Horsthuis, Morgan, Clarke and Mr. Richard Todd, of film star repute! Considering the large number of pooves that LSE has recruited this year we seem to have done all right, yes we've got them all! The fight for the best team in College is still in progress, results to be announced at the end of term Drink-in!

All in all, we have had a fairly good start to the sea-

son, we'll roughly equal numbers of victories and defeats. Next week the Firsts see action in the first round of the Cup, and depending on the ferocious form of D. Ford, we're going to be tough! GO BEAVER GO!

Rudi Mendoza
Keith Turner
Robert Webb
Maurice Fletcher

Equestrian expansion

Get back to nature; forget London Transport, British Rail and taxis, learn to ride horses. You needn't be wealthy, frustrated or bow-legged to ride. Come along to our Thursday 1 p.m. meetings in the bar annex and find out how you can learn to ride — cheaply.

This year has seen unprecedented expansion of LSE equestrian activity. Whether you are of class A jumping standard or an absolute beginner we can teach you about horse riding. We arrange thirty rides a week for all classes of rider at two London riding schools. You can gallop through Epping Forest or trot sedately round an indoor riding school. You can spend a week in a Nottinghamshire riding stable getting to know all you want about horses and a bit more and have a great time for only £10 in the Easter or Summer Vac. You don't need jodhpurs or a hacking jacket or any other expensive clothing, but you do NEED to join the riding club. An extra perk for male members is a high proportion of female members.

Marat-Sade

by Peter Weiss will be

presented by Kings College

Drama Society.

25 - 28 November

7.30 p.m.

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Kings College

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Sir Isaiah Berlin
"Origins of Culture
And Nationalism"
Thursday 1 December
4.30 p.m.

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