

BEAVER

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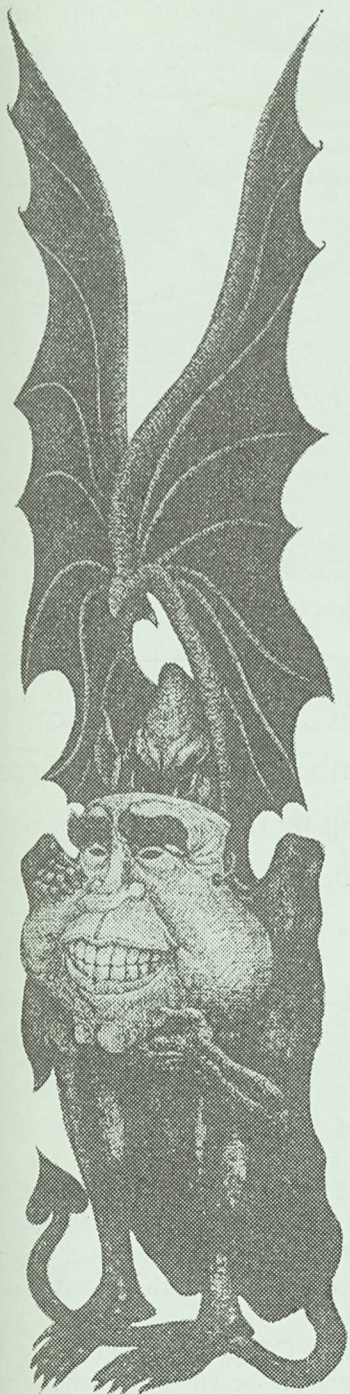
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N58

18 JUN 1990

Happy
New
Year

*But will they let you
complete it?*



NO MURDERER'S INVESTMENTS FOR LSE

TRENDY TREVOR

The N.U.S. politicians have done it again. In the attempt to regain authority for student affairs they have totally misunderstood the roots of student unrest. By their own cynical opportunist standards they have judged their members' views over the suggestion from the Prices and Incomes Board for staff salaries. Have they not yet grasped that the sickening materialism of bourgeois society are what students loathe, the constant affixing of price tags to everything, the concern for visible economic returns? — that's why space research is such a boom business, who's ever had big dividends from famine relief? Each according to his needs is poison to the ears of Fisk and Co. (how much would they get if we had to assess any part of their wages?) But the "anarchist lunatic fringe" who threaten academic freedom when they insist that we should consider the abstract philosophical implications and practical results of research and university education in general will again be attacked by these money-mesmerised future M.P.'s.

Their eagerness to participate whatever the merits of an issue has marked N.U.S. politics since they suddenly realised that most students, academics and politicians accepted the principle of greater student involvement in educational affairs thus N.U.S. vacated their intransigent position not to be involved in "student power" and emerged as the students' "responsible spokesman" on these issues. Their authority to do this is about as tenuous as Hubert Humphrey's to be the Democratic representative in the last elections. The N.U.S. conference was so reminiscent of Daley's Chicago with a 'party' line slogan already over the platform before it began and with sterile procedures that allowed the same old 'party' politicians to be safely elected. For student participation read Vietnam peace moves—but for Johnson and Martin both meaningless gestures avoiding the real demands of those they supposedly represent. Don't worry, Nixon and Fisk are here now.

OFFENSIVE

In Greenwich Village, New York, hippies organised a tour to counter the waves of sightseers—the Tour of Squaresville. They toured the "respectable suburbs" stopping to gaze and stare at people washing cars, watering lawns, relaxing and shopping. For the cultural aspect they visited bowling alleys, supermarkets, estates and laundromats.

RONNIE

*Ronnie the lizard's as green as can be
He lives in a hole in the sycamore tree
His diet consists of spaghetti and soap
So you see for poor Ronnie there isn't
much hope*

WARNING

In case anyone is feeling a bit claustrophobic this term about gates and bars etc. we hope you won't look on the 2nd floor of St. Clements. There stands a metal door for blocking the stairs. Our agents assure us, however, they are to stop drunks from crashing through the refectory, breaking down two sets of bridge doors and

charging downstairs towards the porters during dances.

CREAD

A new poetry and literature magazine called Cread appears on January 3rd to be published monthly thereafter. It has arisen from the success of the Notting Hill Poetry Workshop, and is intended to form a closer relationship between the arts and the immediate social environment in which people live. It will cost 2/6d. and it will be on sale at Beaver.

THE UNIDENTIFIED F.O. OBJECT OR UFOO

Dynamic Michael Stewart, who so deservedly became a Companion of Honour (and very nice she is too) in the New Year's List for er, anyway dynamic Michael Stewart is a man for the diplomatic chance. During the Beirut crisis he jumped into the fray by saying he could not leave his Buckinghamshire home in order to travel to London and dress down the Israeli ambassador. It took three days before anyone of sufficient rank could be found to do this.

Relaxing after this marathon of diplomatic activity the Maestro Michael was unable to see the Russian ambassador who was eager to get a four-power meeting to quieten down the tension, on Tuesday the 31st, and this meeting had to wait until Thursday 2nd, as on the 1st the good Michael (no, not Ramsey) was recording a vital religious programme for Southern T.V.

Palmerstone would have been proud of you Stewball

A further reflection on the great Middle East hypocrisy race is the 'Great Powers' (sic) reaction to events. Lives taken—silence. Property destroyed, like aircraft, with western insurance involved, as at Beirut, and a crisis blows up. Only goes to show capitalists only value property and possessions, they're so much easier to assess than human life.

Short memories the Israeli's have about guerrillas, terrorists, call them what you may. I remember something about a Stern gang (Queen?)—still as long as you win in the end it doesn't matter.

1968 BEAVER AWARDS

THE J. McCARTHY PRIZE for greatest ally of U.S. in a troubled year: the U.S.S.R, for invading Czechoslovakia.

DRESDEN PRIZE for most inaccurate Air Force: U.S.A.F. winning easily from Arab air forces who get a commendation for inefficiency.

J. S. BACH PRIZE for aiding birth control: U.S. armed forces for valiant work in Vietnam in the face of much opposition.

HO CHI MINH PRIZE for aiding Vietcong: the N. Zealand detachment in Vietnam.

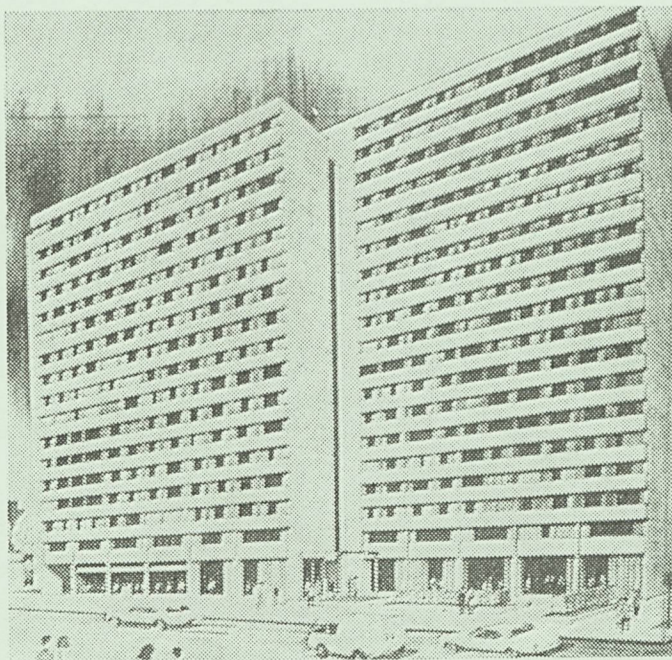
DOMESTIC SECTION

CANUTE PRIZE: to Walter Adams.

MOSLEY PRIZE for promoting fascism: Dr. Dvetaglou.

BEST LIE OF THE YEAR AWARD: Lord Robbins.

HITLER S.S. MEMORIAL PRIZE: Sit-in Security Committee.



"Co-operative Dwellings Scheme see page 4"

RAILROADING

The plotting bureaucrats at British Rail's H.Q. are trying to destroy another monument their philistine minds cannot appreciate. With the famed Doric arch at Euston already to their credit they are after George Gilbert Scott's Gothic-revival masterpiece, St. Pancras station hotel. This incredible product of Victorian taste reflecting the new found self-confidence, almost arrogance, of the railway entrepreneurs eager to display the new techniques and materials of the late period of the industrial revolution. It has been categorised as a Grade I monument as it is one of the keystones of Victorian architecture, being originally the design submitted by Scott for the Foreign Office; but the excesses of romanticism in the plans led Palmerstone to reject it in favour of a more restrained and traditional Italianate design. Scott himself is a figure of immense importance in the Gothic revival, given impetus by the construction of Westminster's Houses of Parliament (designed by Barry and Pugin). Scott's firm designed and renovated an incredible number of churches, whilst renovating many abbeys and cathedrals in the religious revival following the furore of the Oxford Movement. More famous is his Albert Memorial designed when neo-Gothic was fully accepted as a secular form.

Nonetheless B.R. have already removed the famous clock which was an integral part of the building without consulting anyone and now ominous scaffolding encloses the whole edifice. Since the decision to maintain St. Pancras as a station and not turn it into a museum all architectural enthusiasts, historians and romantics have watched the building with increasing trepidation.

R. Sutton.



St. Pancras Station Hotel

Willy the lamb's got a fat woolly face
He leaps and he gambols all over the place
By practicing jumping he thinks he'll get better
Not knowing he'll soon be a meal and a
sweater

POLICE 5 POLICE 5

Who's better, the Scotland Yard Press Bureau or the C.R.S. public relations team?

Scotland Yard arranged a meeting between the famed kicked constable and his student rescuers (there are some good ones, you know) and to have a Christmas card from 'old lags' to reach him, but strangely enough not one between the policemen who said a blood soaked boy was covered in paint (headlined throughout the press) and the young man in question.

In France one job of the C.R.S. is to run camps (not concentration) for teenagers in the summer, another is to act as lifeguards or as emergency relief forces in floods and snow.

Student Layabouts

How much longer must we tolerate the scruffy so-called students who infest our noble pillars of learning on the money earned by hard working taxpayers. If they don't like the system their betters have devised for them they can choose to work! that would shake them. Whatever the blame laid at the door of television and weak religious leaders the main problem is the deference paid to them — if the press did not print puerile, half-formed second hand theories the obvious publicity seeking would finish. Then they could be dealt with without the rising protest by communist misled "liberals" when firm measures are employed.

The responsible students who make up the large majority of responsible students are the only hope of salvation if they will only emerge from their

The point of this page has become rather superfluous due to the visit of the National Front to the Rhodesia teach-in on Friday. Although itching for a fight, armed with knuckle-dusters and steel-tipped umbrellas, etc., they saw they were outnumbered and as fighting against superior odds is strictly against National Front policy, they just shouted "Blacks out".

They pleaded democracy and free speech — their deadly enemies — in order to try and take over the meeting. A fat Goering-like figure began a rambling "What about?" speech asking why we didn't protest about this-or-that (as though they cared about the issues) instead of about Rhodesia. Finally, a small figure, reminiscent of a sort of super-annuated Teddy Boy, tried to speak but was drowned by shouts of "Seig Heil" from students. "The boys" at the back of the gallery were directed by a neat "respectable" man, obeying his every gesture to the letter like a male-voice choir. He was escorted by a large booted figure all night. Keohane, speakers, Soc. Soc. members and other students deserve congratulations for the way they reacted to the visitors.

hard work in the libraries to combat the childish antics of bearded wierdies inspired by the comic-strip exploits of Che Guevera — a murdering insurrectionary. Cannot the moderates and the Church combine to oust these work-shy ruffians who wish to prevent free-speech — we must draw the line of liberalism somewhere and these thugs should be beneath it where the full

condemnation of society can fall on them. They must be banned from meeting, publishing or disrupting! Let their civilised fellows form and prevent the destruction of our precious heritage of apolitical universities and crush them — metaphorically of course. Then the proper channels of communication can be restored where a free exchange of progressive ideas is possible.

TWISTED MEMORIES

Love is all, trilled Deanna Durbin in the days when young people held hands in private and kissed in the cosy warmth of fire-lit parlours.

Love is all, scream the pot-happy hippies who sleep in their grubby anoraks and don't believe in marriage.

Love is all, mutter the mindless throwbacks as they mate like alley-cats in the name of "personal freedom".

Somehow, somewhere along the way since Deanna Durbin was my unattainable sweetheart, love has been turned into a different sort of four-letter word. Damn their windowless eyes, they have made it sound like a habit. An aimless habit, like pulling your ear. Or, worse still, an offensive habit, like spitting on the carpet. There's no doubt about it. The Permissive Society has a lot to answer for.

from the Sound and the Fury by Douglas Fairey
in WEEKEND



PITY!

Lord Robbins and Dr. Adams have nothing to say.

This was the reply handed to Beaver after this newspaper attempted to interview both these gentlemen this week on their plans, feelings, forecasts for LSE and 1969.

Beaver contacted the secretaries of Lord Robens and Dr. Adams and suggested interviews, giving them the option to concentrate on any particular topic they wished, or to withdraw statements afterwards which they made at the interviews.

Both secretaries told us that their masters declined.

IDENTIFICATION

Fascist trends to watch out for: Beware of men with naked ears. They have haircuts that leave little naked strips around their ears so that they emphasise the way they stick out. A man with naked ears is frequently a Fascist, and not infrequently mad.

Beware of men who rock to and fro on their heels in pubs. These heel-rockers frequently have an additional habit of rubbing their hands together briskly on first entering a bar before ordering their drinks. They also tend to have pin-striped arses and loud laughs.

Extra caution: If you bump into a heel-rocking hand-rubber with naked ears, run.

JAHWOL!

Sayings from Commander-in-Chief, Western Fleet, Admiral Sir John Bush: "It would be better for the long-haired and unwashed of this country to protest for more nuclear submarines instead of talking the rubbish they are at present."

Mary Bell, aged 11 years, was sentenced to life imprisonment today. She was described by the judge as evil and a danger to society. The girl was submitted to intensive questioning for long periods of time and often broke down.

Let he who is without guilt cast the first stone.

"Angel Face" Probyn wrote in the 'People' from Durham Security Wing "Mary Bell is a slum child whose environmental conditions retard development. Are the unfortunate not only to have ignorance inflicted upon them, but must also bear the consequences of it".

"Was it really in the service of society that this little girl was publicly flayed in the dock?"

... Does society feel satisfaction now that it has warped and crippled the unformed personality and hung the tag of "menace to society" round her neck?

... Are we not, all of us, the parents of this girl in the sense that we all have a social responsibility to all children?"

UNIVERSITY OF HOT AIR

Remember the following names. They belong to the venerable reactionaries of this institution, who signed the report suggesting a 'true independent' university should be set up. Financed, and thus controlled, by investment conscious bodies renowned for their enlightened views—like big firms, trusts, etc. They hope to undermine the growing acceptance amongst most people that further education is a right by setting up an institution where it is only a right for those who are acceptable monetarily and in mental attitude. A university would be established where docile chimps would be processed to conform to the requirements of reactionary capitalists, itself becoming a latter-day Public School for turning out those most acceptable to their future employers. As education there would not be a right acceptable standard of administration and control could not be demanded by the students who would be entering into a business contract, paying for the honour of being treated as the authorities saw fit. The signatories say they would hope to "attract . . . more mature students whose motivation to work and achievement is strong and whose capacity for self-discipline has been enhanced by experience of gainful employment" — we all know what this means yet these Victorian relics go on to claim they can quieten the student unrest and demands which they see as caused by the "virtually complete" dependence of staff and students on public funds by their rigid egotistical, career orientated capitalist scheme. This illustrates their pathetic understanding of these phenomena.

They want students taught not educated and any too 'leftist' could be thrown out with fees repayed in a very business-like manner thus ensuring nobody too Bolshy seeps into the upper echelons of the business world (if they pass the economic barrier and acceptance obstacle) as is the ever present danger today.

The formulators of the proposal at this college are allied with famed reformers such as the headmaster of Eton and Harrow or our old imbecilic friend Sir Sidney Caine. They are:

Prof. H. G. JOHNSON	Economics
Dr. W. LETWIN	Political Science
Prof. D. G. MacRAE	Sociology
Prof. M. J. OAKSHOTT	Political Science
Prof. B. C. ROBERTS	Industrial Relations
Prof. A. A. WALTERS	Economics (Money and Banking)
Prof. J. W. N. WATKINS	Philosophy
Prof. B. S. YOUNG	Economics
Prof. A. U. JOHN	Economic History
Prof. CRANSTON	Political Science

at London University:

Prof. G. C. ALLEN

Prof. Mark BLAUG

Prof. PAISH

Readers of Lipsey note he is a signatory too.

"As a self-taught sceptic, I have learned by bitter experience that there are entire libraries of humbug, entire books consisting solely of lies . . ."

Rostard

STUDENT HOUSING

It is to be hoped that most students reading this are by now settled in some kind of accommodation for the new term. It is another matter how many of you are happy in these abodes or with your rent, conditions and facilities. Further, many of you will probably face the soul-destroying search for new accommodation next September, along with many new students, to whom the mammoth task is yet unknown.

What, if anything, is the Housing Committee of the Students' Union doing about this? In 1967 a survey amongst L.S.E. students confirmed that a majority would prefer term-time accommodation in flats or flatlets rather than lodgings or Halls of Residence.

At the beginning of last term the Hous.Comm. considered an offer made by the G.L.C. for the sale of seven of their hostels. Most of these proved on inspection unsuitable even for conversion. However, plans for two of the hostels have been applied for. Even if after further consideration either of these two hostels does appear suitable for habitation considerable difficulties of finance and administration will still have to be overcome, and it will therefore be a matter of at least one year before students could occupy a hostel.

It is the general opinion of the committee that without a full-time Housing Officer and considerable financial backing it will be very hard to do anything substantial in the area of housing.

It is with this rather depressing general background that the committee, after some deliberation, decided to back the Student Co-operative Dwellings Scheme mentioned in this paper last term. This was set up permanently in June 1968 and is modelled on a similar scheme in Canada and another in Finland. It is registered as a charity with the aim of building blocks of flatlets housing from 800 to 2,800 students (depending

on the site chosen), which would, over a period of three to four years, be handed over to the inhabiting students to run entirely on their own. The dwelling would be entirely self-financing, with cleaning and maintenance organised on a complete-floor basis. The rents will be low, the Scheme hoping to achieve a 25 per cent reduction in residence fees.

Several sites have already been suggested for this scheme, all within a reasonable distance of LSE (furthest being Hammersmith). The flatlets would be available to all ULU students and those from ILEA colleges, with priority to students in need.

Although the scheme has almost enough money to pay for essential administration expenses over the next three years it is badly in need of money to print a brochure outlining the scheme and appealing for donations from individuals, trusts, industry and the government.

Money for this has already been donated by other colleges. QMC have given £100, UC £200 and the Goldsmiths Company £500 whilst other colleges have given sums ranging from £3 to £100.

Any money LSE Union donated to the scheme would have to be regarded, it is likely that LSE students will benefit should the scheme come to fruition. This is partly because LSE is such a large college with a large proportion of graduate and mature students suitable as applicants at the beginning and partly because LSE is central and likely to be near all the sites considered.

The Housing Committee has therefore, after considering all the points, suggested that a sum of £250 is donated to the scheme. This will be formally proposed at a Union Meeting on Friday 17th January at 4 o'clock.

Diane Denny
(Welfare V.P.)

Nigel J. Baker
(Housing Officer)

EGYPT

The most violent student unrest for 16 years broke out in Egypt in the middle of November as a result of decrees made by the University of Mansura. These new regulations, the students assert, make it more difficult to gain an academic degree. In clashes with the police in Mansura four people were killed and forty-three wounded. According to official sources, it was the police who first opened fire in order to defend the security authorities building against plundering demonstrators.

On 23rd November the disturbances spread to the port of Alexandria, where, according to official sources, 400 people were injured. Thereupon, on 24th November, the authorities closed the Egyptian universities and institutes as well as all schools of further education. However, the students occupied and held several buildings, among them the School of Engineering in Alexandria. When on 25th November, students attempted to start a demonstration march after a sit-in, they were attacked by the police. The disturbances quickly spread throughout the town. The demonstrators are said to have thrown stones at police vehicles, to have stormed and set alight public transport vehicles, to have torn-up lamp-posts, to have stopped and burned a fire service vehicle and to have devastated a filling station. According to reports, the police employed tear-gas, grenades and machine-guns. The student demonstrators are said to have had the support of workers and other sections of the population; for example, housewives are reported to have poured boiling water on the police. Result of the confrontations: 19 dead, 247 policemen injured, and 167 civilians injured.

Student hand-outs claimed that the authorities were responsible for the disturbances in Mansura; they demanded political freedom and a say in school and college matters, and the abolition of the strict censorship of the press. President Nasser has sent to Alexandria an investigating committee, which includes several ministers. The government claims that elements" and the Israeli government are responsible for the disturbances. At an extraordinary meeting of the National Congress of the "Arab Socialist Union" (ASU) on 2nd December, Nasser warned against "subversive elements".

From Telegraf, Berlin.

THE TROUBLES

The most active place in Britain that appears superficially the most revolutionary is the conservative area of Ulster. No revolution is in fact in the offing of the sort much discussed in England and Western Europe. The question is who will drag the Six Counties into the twentieth century despite the political pressures to do otherwise. Unfortunately the moderate 'reformism' of the arch-Tory O'Neill does not seem to be capable of appeasing anyone except the 'Times' and 'Express', but the rights demanded are not any more than we enjoy in this country. A critique of the society is not operating to deepen the struggle which is so limited by the history and tradition of the area.

Can the situation improve given O'Neill's obvious desire to put down the Civil Rights demonstrators under the guise of attacking all extremists? He has attacked the marchers viciously but has not ever dared to really attack the fascist Paisley and this attitude, combined with the one-sided attitude of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, cannot alleviate the distress. Furthermore, when the situation worsens and the police reservists are called up the whole thing could explode, for these reservists are nearly all Protestants with frightening powers (one of the few armed police reserves in the world) deeply enmeshed with the Orange Order.

"Membership of the B Specials is confirmed to persons professing the Protestant faith who are also members of the Orange Order, that is supporters of the Unionist Party".

Report of Civil Liberties Commission, 1962.

Sheamus Android.

U.S.A.

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D. GAIRN, undergraduate pigeon holes.

MIND AT LARGE

The Willem de Kooning retrospective show at the Tate justifies his status as a key figure in America's surge to the forefront of Western art.

People who claim de Kooning's art is banal should take care when they question his ability. American Abstract Expressionists, not to mention later Pop artists, deliberately chose banal themes as slipways for their work. And early paintings on view show his firm technical mastery of traditional academic techniques.

De Kooning's work can be divided into various inter-linked stages. Recent paintings, for example, are erotic studies of women as ambiguous and carnivorous sexual idols. But it is his colour and black and white abstract work of the immediate post-war period which seems the most significant.

It is interesting to compare de Kooning in this respect with another Dutchman, van Gogh. With van Gogh (as could be seen in the recent show at the Hayward Gallery) the lines of a drawing have great power and energy in their own right; but they are all precisely related to the portrayal of recognisable objects and people.

With de Kooning, it is as if the workings of the mind itself exist alone before us. Its paths and connections, its alterations and corrections, are laid abruptly onto the canvas. Fundamental marks and lines stand uncorrupted by any attempts to make finished art works.

In these paintings, lines are convoluted and fretted, but they are also uncontrived. With them we arrive at a deep level (possibly the deepest where ability to express it can follow) on the long journey, begun in the precise embellishments of Art Nouveau, towards perception of subconscious forms.

There are still links with recognised shapes, especially bodies and parts of bodies, but we are released from superficial appearances. Inner elements — sexual and other — are freed for us to gaze on.

In a work like 'Night Square' (1949), though patterns are dark and gritty, traced through by white undirected lines. In 'Pink Angels' (1945), flesh coloured sexual shapes, contorting and copulating as they swim in the brain, float up from the depths.

In more ambitious works, like 'Excavations' (1950) and 'Attic Study' (1949), great torn and clotted masses—worked over many times—twist and rasp against each other. It is as if the greater the depth the more fierce and dense the elements. Can the centre be even more compressed and powerful, the source of energy?

The show ends on January 26. A good one to start the new year with.

Peter Inch.



Two De Kooning Portraits above and below Two Figures in Landscape.

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION RELIC

London is about to lose one of its most interesting economic history monuments with the official closing of the St. Katherine Dock next

to the Tower. It was opened to allow the easier unloading, secure storage and protected mooring of ships instead of their mooring out in the

Thames where they were the victims of squalls, thieves, rats and unreliable lightermen. Thomas Telford designed the frightening, utilitarian warehouses that line the wharves and now are the witnesses to the heartlessness of the society they were to serve. No novel of Dicken's could horrify one as deeply as a walk between these bleak walls.

Small and useless as the dock now is at one point handled most of London's bonded goods and sparked the wholesale development of the Thames Basin that stretches so far today. Those

"Many a man thinks it is his goodness that keeps him from crime when it is only his full stomach. On half allowance he would be as ugly and knavish as anybody."

Thomas Carlyle.

SEVENTH SEAL

This term the film club will be showing Bergman's epic 'Seventh Seal'. The film is probably the Swedish director's best being made at the peak of his popularity in Scandinavia, a success that has now waned as Bergman becomes more and more introspective whilst not adopting the techniques of his contemporaries. The individuality of the man is shown off to its best advantage in this film as it develops the theme begun in 'The Virgin Spring'. Again the setting is Medieval Sweden but at the time when the Black Death was sweeping Europe and the atmosphere created is claustrophobic, electric and unbelievable. The story follows a knight back from the crusades who feels he has to find himself and God, or Truth, before he dies and thus when Death comes to claim him the knight plays for time by challenging Death to a game of chess, that if the knight loses he will go with his opponent to the dark world.

The search for "truth" is continued in Bergman's later films and on in London recently was Hour of the Wolf which studies the conflicts within the human mind that obscure reality, if such can be said to exist and that that which is apparition. Again there is the expert use of atmosphere, horror and medieval imagery reminiscent of Bosch.

interested should hurry if they wish to see this important monument to the Industrial Revolution.

T.P.



CRYPTIC MESSAGE

For those interested in the arts and their contemporary development it would be a valuable experience to visit the Crypt, situated under a church at 242 Lancaster Road W.11. Every Wednesday at 8 there is entertainment ranging from lights to poetry, including music and theatre often being that which is loosely termed 'underground' but the situation of the place means that the different nationalities within the locality often add their own artistic forms to the entertainment. One

sometimes has to endure budding poets of mediocre standard, or worse, but this is the one drawback to the participation by all encouraged by the meeting. And this participation often draws out hidden talents of a surprisingly high quality apart from making the whole relationship of art to the individual more intimate and close, whilst bringing out the concealed qualities within oneself.

Admission is 2/6d. and refreshments are available.

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SOC-SOC GLOSSARY

For those members who confuse the terms so necessary for a successful socialist revolution.

- 1) **TEACH-IN** that which should precede 2)
- 2) **SIT-IN** happening begun by others and taken over by us
- 3) **OCCUPATION** happening similar to those above but involving more Gestapo
- 4) **DISCUSSION** masturbation
- 5) **STEERING COMMITTEE** PolitBuro
- 6) **MILITANCY** sitting in bar cursing Keohane
- 7) **I.S.** form of socialists old boy network, useful for getting jobs especially at Enfield
- 8) **MARX** someone we all keep meaning to read (N of W joke)
- 9) **SUCCESSFUL REVOLUTION** one where other people don't keep trying to carry out their own ideas.

Career Date

January 29th

January 29th is THE day to find out about a career characterised by professional standards, early management responsibility, and excellent rewards. A career in H.M. Inspectorate of Taxes.

This is work that can bring you a salary of £1,746 within four years and of £2,200 in another two. To succeed, you must have a penetrating mind, sound judgement, and an ability to get on with people—for an Inspector is very much part of the business life of his district. His task is to apply tax law at the higher levels, and to see to it that the contribution we each make from income to society's costs is right and fair.

If you think a job with a real challenge in it could be the right one for you, you should meet Mr. Harman, who is the University Liaison Officer for the Inland Revenue. Mr. Harman is visiting the London School of Economics on January 29th, and the Careers Advisory Officer or the University Appointments Board at Gordon Square can arrange for you to see him then. If you can't make the 29th, contact the Appointments Board or Mr. Harman himself (telephone 638 6020, address Room 513, Finsbury Square House, London, E.C.2.), or write to the Civil Service Commission, Savile Row, London, W1X 2AA, quoting 320/23, for the booklet 'In Command at 30'.

NOTE If you're interested in economics, you may well be interested in this work, but you don't have to be an expert in taxation now; the Revenue will give you a professionally thorough course of training.

GAME FOR ALL!

Who is the Special Branch detective assigned to LSE? Anyone seeing this gentleman should contact Beaver who will award a prize consisting of a Dr. Adams do-it-yourself School closure kit (seven plastic Governors and a connecting phone) plus a postcard sent from ex-Nazis to PC99 wishing him a speedy recovery from the blow he took whilst evicting two gypsy children.

TRIBUTE

Those venerable fellows who are our leaders are, despite their attempts to imitate past men of note, fail to instil in us much faith in their abilities. To see Harold Wilson is to wonder where Victorianism ends and to see Heath is to weep. On a more domestic level, we are given no inspiration, what with Dr. Adams trying to emulate Louis XIV in turning back the inevitability of his actions at our very doors, and the governors throwing us the cake of minority participation instead of the meat we want and is ours. One is supposed to respect these anachronisms as they utter the phrases, liberal I am sure to those of their day, but so lacking in understanding or grasp of fundamentals.

Trying to do Adams' job and act as a buffer between governors and students are King Keohane's Klan, sitting round a table like Arthur's Knights pursuing a goal as outdated as the Holy Grail, tilting at windmills to show their determination to do battle with our society's ills. Led by the laughing leprechaun they preach responsibility with the fervour of Jehovah's Witnesses as the Gates of Hell, with no idea that they represent dumpings in a hot cauldron of stew rather than the Bismarck's they imagine themselves to be.

It is unbelievable that these people then appeal for us to trust them, hoping we will buy our Indulgences to society and to success with our compliance to their will. Instead we ask why they ask us.

Adams descended into the lions' den on Wednesday and found that the lions' teeth were his own iniquities

tearing back at him with the fury of their content. Reassuring though it is to know that he can still talk, and shattering the remote Victorian father figure image he was cultivating, the extent to which he was a puppet on the strings of the governors, not the students' interests, was obvious to all. One could have an inkling of respect if he had defended the sincerity and ideological validity of the students' views despite his disagreement with them, instead of using public media as a weapon with which to beat us — making more statements to the press than ever to us. Yet he will not do so. He must defend the system which hires him, in the way de Rohan's footmen could be relied on to beat Voltaire, against those who seek to change it. He will concede reform only if he is in command of it and lets it increase his power.

The fiddler over a burning LSE will be Colin Jordan, not Lord Robbins. While we are contained we are the best possible advertisement for the "tolerance system that leaves him free to have fellow governors who bolster apartheid, minority rule, Biafran murders, etc. These figures, who would be beneath our contempt were that range of feeling adequate enough to express our disgust, expect us to believe in them, hoping we don't notice that they invest in the Tory Party while gushing liberal sentiments.

"It is impossible but that offences will come, but woe unto him through whom they come." Luke XVII, 1-2.
C.C.

WHAT'S ON

PUBLIC LECTURES

Spring Term

February 4

5.00 Alternative Models of Geographic Space
Prof. Haggett (Bristol)

11 Tuesday

5.00 Alternative Models of Geographic Space

13 Thursday

5.00 Crisis of the International System
Prof. Jaques Freymond (Geneva)

5.00 Alternative Models of Geographic Space

25 Tuesday

5.00 Theories of Myth
Prof. Cohen (London)

All at the London School of Economics and Political Science.

Soc.-Soc. have arranged a series of forums, for details see any member.

On Thursday 16 the Film Club present Marlon Brando with Lee Marvin in the film 'Wild One.'

ICA

At the ICA from January 24 a series of pop 'chamber' concerts will take place involving leading progressive groups. On the 24th the Family perform to a members only audience but on the 4th February at 8 p.m. the Nice and Van der Graaf Generator appear. Two more concerts for February and March are planned. Each group was offered two hours to play whatever they wanted on a non-profit making basis. The idea for such concerts is not new as in America top groups play regularly at the Museum of Modern Art and the organiser of this concert wants to create the right atmosphere for development of this musical form.

REPORTERS NEEDED

FOR the Incredible BEAVER

Come to Room S.116 in St. Clements and live!

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON

One of the fallacies of our traditional British sporty way of life is all that "manly, fair fight with bare fists" nonsense.

If men must fight duels, the fairest way seems to be the old-fashioned way, with weapons, with the man who is challenged having the right to choose his weapon. The bare fists way is just a cover-up for the cowardly bully.

Harry is a miner. He is physically strong. He has spent years unconsciously developing his muscles while working in the mines. In his childhood he did a lot of street and school-yard fighting, and while at his youth club he took boxing lessons. His friends generally agree that Harry "knows how to handle himself—he knows how to use his fists."

In other words, Harry is armed. He has learned, and practised, how to use his fists as weapons. Used properly, fists can be most effective, as good a weapon as a cudgel.

Bill is an office worker. He is physically weaker than Harry. He never became involved in many fights at school and never learned any form of combat, armed or unarmed.

And, as a member of modern industrialised society, he has not been taught—like the frontiersman or yeoman—how to use any kind of weapon. He has never thrown a punch since the age of eight and would swing his arm around clumsily in a wide hook if he had to. His fists are not effective as weapons. He is unarmed. He is not a coward, however, and can screw up his courage, a little nervously, when he has to.

Harry approaches Bill at a dance or pub and makes himself offensive in some way. Bill asks him to stop. Harry then challenges Bill to a "duel"—he says: "Do you want to make something of it?" or grabs Bill by the collar or something like that; in effect, a challenge.

Modern society leaves Bill helpless in this situation. He cannot call a policeman without first escaping from Harry and being laughed at. If he grabs the nearest bottle (to arm himself against Harry's first-weapons) the magistrate will take a poor view of this unsporty, cowardly fellow. The only thing convention really lets him do is say "Come outside"; in other words, to accept the challenge and fight a duel.

But then he will be pulverised, because Harry is armed—his fists are skillfully-handled weapons—and Bill (who does not know how to use his fists as weapons) is unarmed. The duel will be as cowardly and unfair as a wild west gunfight in which one of the adversaries has no pistols. In fact, there is a good chance that Harry only picked on Bill in the first place because he thought he could beat him at his own (Harry's) practised sport of fist-fighting. Therefore, convention hands it to the bully on a plate—anyone with time, inclination, strength to transform his limbs into weapons is allowed to walk the streets armed while everyone else must go unarmed; knocking a man down with a fist is regarded as illegal but only slightly and smilingly so, whereas knocking someone down with a stick or other non-limb weapon would be regarded with horror and disgust.

Supposing, however, that Bill took the whole incident to its logical conclusion. Supposing he accepted Harry's challenge by saying: "Eight o'clock tomorrow, behind the warehouse, with knives. First to draw blood wins."

Harry, meeting a new situation, falls back on his proud-to-be-British tradition because, like all Harries, he's just a working-class Colonel Blimp really. He feels justified in calling on Bill to fight with his bare hands "like a man", to fight "fair" which really means on Harry's terms.

The current craze for unarmed combat skills means that more people are becoming "armed". The way to fight them, therefore, is with weapons. The old duelling rules now seem more logical. We can now see how they attempted to defend us against the skilled bully. According to them, the man who is challenged has the right to choose his weapon. Bill did just that when he chose knives instead of fists. The old rules stopped a bully becoming skilled, say, in sword-fighting and then challenging some poor fellow who hadn't the same skill—like a skilled tiddlywinks player grabbing you by the collar in a brawl and saying: "You want to make something of

it? Put your tiddles on the table!" and then flipping hell out of you in front of all your friends because you've never played that particular sport. If the tiddlywinks expert was really fair, he'd say "Choose your weapon" and let you pick something like dominoes, which might give you a better chance.

It would take a lot of courage for Bill to risk being jeered at by the conventionalists, and to choose to engage Harry in combat over a chess board. It would take courage to face Harry with knives, or with staves, or brollies, or any other weapon you care to think of, but it would even things up a bit—and might give the bar bullies some nasty shocks.

George Short

DEADLY POT

Once again, a group of people has been instructed to investigate the effects of cannabis, has done so, and has stated in its own official, cautious way, that pot is about as dangerous as raspberry jam.

Once again, presumably, and according to most press predictions, the statement will be ignored and people will go on being locked up for smoking it or possessing it or happening to own or rent premises on which somebody, perhaps unknown to them, happens to be smoking or possessing it.

The report, by the Wootton Committee, advocates cutting the penalties for unlawful possession, sale or supply of cannabis, and recommends that the maximum imprisonment for conviction on indictment should be reduced from 10 years to two. Most newspapers have forecast that the report will be unfavourably received by the government, and William Hardcastle on the radio's World at One programme thought it would end up on a dusty Whitehall shelf.

Why will the government give it this cool reception? Probably because it wants to keep out of the pot controversy, feeling that it has received enough knocks already during the past few years.

For the government would undoubtedly make itself very unpopular if it relaxed the harsh laws against pot at this moment. A minority of people would praise the government for being liberal-minded, but the vast majority of the British public would mark down yet another notch of grievance against it. Whether the government deserves it or not the public hates the present one for totally irrational reasons, ignoring the issues that really matter. Seething inwardly about breathalysers, the fact that Wilson hasn't gassed the wogs, and the unspeakable horrors that his child faces going to school on dark mornings as opposed to the presumably safe alternative of coming home from school on dark afternoons, the average voter will be ready to oust 'em as soon as election time comes.

Therefore the government has no intention of hammering another nail into its cof-

fin by giving the Wootton Report a sympathetic hearing. Added to this is the complication that Britain is a member of an international signed agreement to clamp down on "drugs", and may annoy other nations by backing out.

Make no mistake about it, in the present Fascist climate of public opinion in Britain, people would rather see hanging reintroduced for murder, immigrants forced into convoys of barbed-wire-cage-trucks and sent "home", demonstrators jailed automatically and pot-smokers jailed for even longer terms, than face any more liberalisms or listen to any more appeals to their consciences.

(Perhaps, after all, we were never the cool, reasonable, fair, free, commonsense-minded Britons we always . . . but no more of that.)

The average man-in-the-street will say, in that Final way he has of stating Infallible Truths he has half-read somewhere or half-heard in gossip, that pot is a deadly, twitch and orgy producing drug that leads inevitably to heroin.

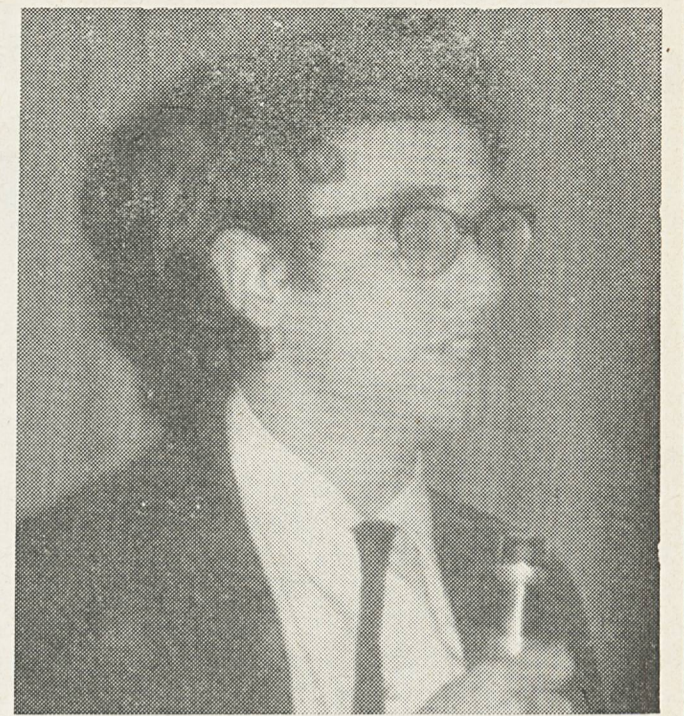
An example of the way he has been conditioned to think this way is the 'Evening Standard' front page the day after the Wootton Report was published.

A prominent headline at the top of the page announced: "Pot can be killer says doctor". The average reader will interpret this as meaning: "Infallible Doctor knows all pot kills".

The "Standard" quoted Dr. Elizabeth Tylden, of University College Hospital as saying: I believe the report is going to cause the loss of young lives".

She had carried out two surveys, had done a three-year follow-up of 20 young cannabis smokers and compared them with a group who did not take the drug. It was clear, she said, that a far greater percentage of the smokers had "dropped out" of society (fate worse than death).

There may be something in what she says, however, for "eight out of 100 were suffering from a severe mental illness known as cannabis psychosis for which the only known treatment was removal of the cannabis. They were quite out of touch with



Keohane addressing Union

reality and even had trouble with walking. And three of the eight had really dangerous panic anxiety".

This panic-stuff occupied two-thirds of the "Standard" report. No attempt was made to give the weighty doctors' evidence on the other side—that says cannabis is hardly as harmful as tobacco or alcohol—although it did, in the last paragraph, quote the Wootton Report's own verdict that cannabis was "probably no more and possibly less dangerous than alcohol".

William Hardcastle on the radio stressed that we didn't yet know everything about pot. We probably know as much about it as the birth control pill, however. ("Wives jailed for pill-taking").

During the Christmas holidays I saw a copper, off-duty, drinking in a pub. He was a typical Straight. A suit the colour of old chocolate. A white, mother-washed shirt. A strangular collar and shiny, fish-scaly tie, over the top of which loomed this great manly naked chin, close-shaven and gleaming like a baby's bum.

He had been on the drug squad in Torquay, he was telling somebody.

"I saw some sights, I can tell you," he said, posing the hero who relentlessly hunts out these vicious Moriarties.

The off-duty policeman was drinking whisky and smoking a cigarette.

His admiring listener, holding a pint of beer, replied: "I don't know what it's coming to. Why do they NEED drugs?"

G.S.

SHOCK!

A report issued today states that "over ninety per cent of people who smoke marijuana started smoking with tobacco, thus leading us to the inevitable conclusion that tobacco is the first stage on the road to addiction". This shock conclusion is after 20 minutes research at the Drug Addiction Centre, Ch e a m. Furthermore of 5000 mental patients interviewed over half admitted to smoking cigarettes. Again the report concludes that tobacco is a prime cause in causing mental illness. Dr. Crippen - Smythe, the expert on the report, said that he was "terrified at the results tobacco was reaping on the nation. I know that amongst others our last ten Prime Ministers smoked, thus proving our conclusions". He added "N o b o d y who smokes will go through life completely unaffected. As our last report showed that all alcoholics and 'trippers' began on water there isn't much hope for mankind".

S.116
(Beaver)
wants
reporters

JD

DJ

Well, dear readers, here we are at boring L.S.E. again. I did, however, have an interesting experience last week; someone brought round Bob Dylans' Big Pink tapes for me to hear. Although the sound quality was pretty rough, being the tape of a tape of a tape, etc., it was clear that none of Dylan's artistry and skill with words has been lost. His voice sounds much better and more at home with the Band's backing than perhaps it did on John Wesley Harding. On the emotional "Tears of Rage", and on the slow "Wheels on Fire", both writing and performance reached new heights. Other songs on the tape are:— Nothing Was Delivered, You Ain't Going Nowhere, Million Dollar Bash, Tiny Montgomery, Down In The Flood, I Shall Be Released and four other titles of which I can't remember. The session was originally done in Dylan's basement at Big Pink, using the Band and Al Kooper and was intended as a demo to sell the songs. However, although the sound is not very good, the performances are so great that they should be released on record. It is rumoured that C.B.S. have been so badgered by requests that they are planning to do just this.

During the vacation yours truly had a job in a record shop, which really gave me an insight into the problems such organisations face. A woman actually came in and humed a tune inquiring if we had got it on record! Worst of all were the gigglers, groups of moronic office girls who edge up to the counter giggling and finally ask in cultured tones "'Ave yer go' Buil' Me Up Bu'ercu' ". I'll never complain about record shops again! But it justified my moans about manufacturers who don't deliver on time, don't deliver what you ordered and who are generally inefficient and apathetic.

Blue Horizon has sent the new Buster Brown single 'Sugar Babe' which is a typical product of the blues influenced negro pop sounds which flourished in Chicago in the 50's. The backing is not particularly enterprising but Buster blows some nice harp. The other side is diabolical.

Also received a collection of Nonsuche electronic music albums, and the Lennon/Ono 'Two Virgins' L.P. It is interesting that these albums should be received at the same time because it seems to me that the Lennon effort is a very poor attempt at what the skilled Nonsuche composers, e.g. Cage and Gaburo, are doing so well from a classical background.

P.S. to Blue Horizon. Now that you've made a bomb out of the Fleetwood Mac single, I hope you are going to invest some of it in releasing Cobra and Kent material to which you have rights.

FROM THE SONG SHEET OF LSE'S MUSIC AND READINGS FOR XMAS SERVICE

Verse 2 of "As With Gladness"

As with joyful steps they sped

To that lowly manager-bed,

There to bend the knee before

Him whom heaven and earth adore.

Verse 3

As they offered gifts most rare

At that manager rude and bare,

SPORT? BANG!

As part of the AU's investigation into the facilities that are and could be provided within the school, I should like to hear from anyone who would make use of a 25-yard range for small-bore shooting. (The more shot the better, Ed.)

The actual provision of such a range shouldn't be too difficult or expensive, if it can be shown that there is a demand for it. The range would be used for 25-yard prone (for the majority), 25-yard standing and kneeling (for the keen) with the appropriate rifles, and 20-yard pistol shooting.

LSE is the only major London college without a range. There would not be a specific range night, the facilities being in continuous use, as with the squash court. There are inter-college leagues to provide competition, and, if we can find a team strong enough, national leagues.

So, if you have ever indulged in small-bore shooting, or ever fancied trying it, please drop me a line via the undergraduate pigeon-holes, giving name, course and experience (including, if available, averages).

There are, however, two disadvantages. When they learn you shoot for pleasure, people assume you are (i) incredibly rich and/or (ii) a bloodthirsty militarist.

Forget it.

On the first point, a new rifle costs from £35, a second-hand one from £10, but if (if!) we get a range there is no reason why we shouldn't get one or two club rifles, which will cost nothing to use, and ammunition will probably cost 2s. to 5s. a week — making small-bore shooting the cheapest sport bar one. On the second point, you may well be a bloodthirsty militarist, but it will hinder your shooting. This type of shooting, slow, deliberate fire with a low-powered rifle, is no use whatsoever for waging war or making revolution.

One last thing, LSE has had a Rifle Club off and on over the years, and I should be interested to learn what range they used. Nobody seems to know.

Philip R. Chastney

A VIEW

If the revolution is to be born of joy not sacrifice then we must consider the implications inherent in the tactics we adopt. It is not for me to say what you should do—that answer lies within each person. What is important is that though we can succeed by violence its consequences will be that the hate we generate, and the status given inevitably to our methods, will cause much opposition of a similar kind. This one will only be able to suppress by oppressive means. Thus the negation of our aims. Here it has been assumed that the vast majority have not sided with the revolution but a bare majority or less. Obviously if the former is the case then the point may be academic; though liberties may have to be removed from those who still oppose.

A further question is will those who support the overthrow of the present system but differ from the majority of their comrades in the course to be followed be eliminated or suppressed? They will constitute the greater danger with their status as allies, contacts and understanding of the new leadership. Leadership is the crux of the matter.

If each person is allowed to develop as he or she desires without infringing upon the similar wishes of others leadership as we construe it, today is out of the question.

I believe no Soc-Soc member wishes to be a Stalinist but when his dream, once realised, was seriously threatened would he not suppress dissenters? He will only be put in this position if he is a 'leader', representative, delegate or whatever the current phrase. He will suppress his own and other people's development by responding in the sterile duplication of his capitalist predecessors.

The free development of each individual is now however but a dream as the corruption visited upon us means that we are not able to start from scratch, all untainted. Many will inevitably be corrupted, misled or bewildered and this may prevent us from giving them their full liberation in the interests of the majority.

Another problem. Who

REVOLUTION AND ART

The artistic aridness of the 'Communist' bloc has often led many people, basically against western standards and society, who could be allies to distrust the revolution. Neo-realism, or socialist realism, does indeed reflect the ugly society of the still Stalinist U.S.S.R. and its minion states but to say art does not flourish within the shadows, like a hidden flower of a Wordsworth poem, is to be blind to the explosion of good things from Czechoslovakia during the 'liberalisation' period. This was obvious in 1956 Hungary and post-war Finland.

In many an art form restriction often leads to high peaks of achievement—the conceptual limitations of Bach leading to his great works and many a poet was only captured at his best in the Ode—and thus it is in the Bloc. The film has become the medium, inspired no doubt by the early flourishing under Lenin, and the lack of pre-conceived ideas in the minds of the bureaucratic arbiters of good taste, who like bureaucrats everywhere ape only what is acceptable to their masters. Particularly the cartoon has been made a vehicle for expressing the pent up feelings of Czechs, Poles and Hungarians, etc.

Even in western society much of what is best is 'underground' with the merging in some cases of popular and 'artistic'. Godard is a leader in this field but history is full of the artists who have been in the forefront of revolutionary events. The bourgeois revolutions of the mid 19th century were led by them—Mazzini, Giobert's in Italy for instance and more particularly in France.

The artist who rejects society is on the way to a form of revolution and when his thoughts can be given shape and hope put in his heart he is the most committed revolutionary—see Hornsey or Guildford. In Russia the writers lead the struggle for freedom in a far more committed fashion than many students.

The 'underground' flourishes everywhere, whether publicly in this part of the world as capitalism tries to absorb it and corrupt it—the contradictions in our society allowing its partial acceptance; or quietly in the flats and rooms of Moscow, Kiev and the Siberian prisons.

Chinese reaction to the great artistic treasures in their country have been disappointing. The Maoists have, quite understandably seen any such relic as a symbol of previous oppression—but if we destroyed all the relics and photographs of Nazi Germany would we be safer? Are they not a lesson?

Cannot lessons be divined from the beauty in some past monument? Cannot beauty come through hands devoted to the task before them—even by chance? Does one have to be a Christian to see the beauty in the Jacobean Prose of the Bible, or in Winchester, St. Pauls or St. Peters? Do only Moslems appreciate the Moorish architecture, Turkish prose or Mosque mosaics?

decides the criticism for this assessment? We must evolve towards the answer.

Thus the basic problem is reached. What do we mean by evolve? Certainly we do not consider the 'liberal democratic' interpretation or even the traditional socialist one, but one that allows each to make his protest (whether alone or in concert) as he sees fit and this emphasis on the individual's decision must be maintained as we evolve.

WHAT'S ON

1. Tuesday, Jan. 28th, 4.30 p.m. Prof. D. Johnson (London University) "The Problem of the French Revolutions".
2. Tuesday, Feb. 4th 4.30 p.m. P. H. Sawyer (Leeds Univ.) "Towns and Treasure; Medieval Urban Renewal".
3. February 14th—16th. 4.30 p.m. Weekend School on "Nationalism". At Windsor Gt. Park.
4. Tuesday, Feb. 18th. 4.30 p.m. Colin Cross ("The Observer") "Was Hitler Sane?"
5. Wednesday, Feb. 26th. Theatre trip to "40 Years On" at the Apollo Theatre.
6. Tuesday, March 11th. 4.30 p.m. Canon Shields on "The Renaissance Concept of Universal Man" (illustrated with slides).

A FABLE FOR OUR TIME

I was there. I was living at the time in a small hovel, close to the walls, by the eastern gate of the city.

It is not easy now to explain what Jericho was like in those days. The effective government consisted of a few city fathers and a whole bunch of foreigners drawn from all round. The city fathers seemed to accept this, though no-one knew why. Maybe they couldn't think of any better arrangement. Maybe it suited them for some reason. Maybe they were afraid of alternatives.

Some of us who had lived in the city for some years had tried from time to time to change both the organisation and the life of the city, but we didn't have much success. We got called the usual names, and anyway it was pretty well sewn up from the inside. You know how it is. You get a few resolutions approved in the market place which would change the set-up. But although the market place decisions are supposed to be binding on everyone, including the city fathers and the foreigners, they never seem to get implemented. When I was very young we used to play a game called "hunt the slipper". Everyone sat in a ring on the floor facing inwards, close together, hands behind backs. One person was put in the middle. Then those in the ring passed a slipper from hand to hand behind their backs. If you didn't have the slipper you pretended you had. And the one in the middle had to guess where the slipper was. Looking for the place where power was situated in the city was like that. It was always somewhere else. Very slippery.

Anyway. The first time they marched round the walls, no-one even knew. The second time, one of the Insight team happened to be showing a dolly the view from the battlements, if you know what I mean, and he saw them and there were about two inches at the foot of a column on the back page. The third time they made a lot more noise and even the city fathers and the foreigners heard them and started inquiries. It was after the fourth time that the guards were doubled on the walls and contingency plans began to be made for the defence of the city.

My own view was then and is still that the victory would have come a lot more quickly if they'd thought about it a bit more. And if they'd worked out, first, what they were trying to achieve and, secondly, how to achieve it. They wasted an awful lot of energy and ammunition by displaying themselves — some even went in for the old-fashioned public breast-beating and got picked off from the turrets—and by using peashooters against the barricaded gates. All this marching round looked pretty good but it wasn't all that clever. One reason their planning was almost non-existent was because they didn't like the idea of having leaders. I can sympathise with that myself, but it does confuse people, not having objectives or ideas on how to achieve them. They kept saying "if we march round again maybe something will happen and maybe it will be something to our advantage". But of course all that happened was that the city fathers and the foreigners strengthened the defences more and began to pick off the breast-beaters more often. After the sixth march round, what anyone could have told them would happen did happen. The city fathers ordered a foray and a commando unit shot out of the eastern gate, just under my window, killed about 150 and captured some important hostages. There were arrests within the city too. And that was the end of the war for quite some time.

O.K. So I know what you're saying. You're saying "still, later on when they did eventually march round the seventh time, the walls did fall down and we did get a better city". Sure, that's right. But don't believe that kids' stuff about it all being done by trumpets and a bloody great shout. There was a lot of hard work done before the seventh run-around. A very great deal. And a lot of hard thinking. Both inside and outside the city. When it happened, it looked easy. But there's no easy way, ever. Not for taking cities.

J. Griffith

FREEDOM? DIARY OF EVENTS

For those of us who were misguided enough during the fascist excesses in Chicago to harbour slight feelings of superiority about the British way of doing things should think again. Why do we in this country not have the same transparent manoeuvring to avoid public opinion with its inevitable conflict? Why do we not have the obvious crushing of dissent with realpolitik severity? Is it our marvellous police? Or our enduring democratic institutions? Many renowned political observers said it was because of the checks in our system that allow public opinion to be felt. In fact it is the very absence of any such checks or response, the very curbing of the channels of communication, the charisma of response embodied in compromise and then only compromise to sections of interest. In this country can we vote for who is to be party leader or local candidate? can we vote for OUR choice of Prime Minister? This conspiracy that allows us only to vote for candidates already chosen by a narrow committee of party hacks faces us with the only solution possible—overthrow of the whole system. In America it appears one only has to reform the local and national party rules to reach true democracy, a reform effected merely by voting in primaries and other local elections. Thus with the carrot dangling so easily before them the American Democrats seemed to grasp it—and it was here that the illusion was shattered by the forces that really run the show, the same powers as in Britain — Unions, business, military, political bosses, patronage employees and the rest. Daley's Blitzkrieg followed, and once the people

are disillusioned a still tightly reined business races to the fore. Nixon's the One. Our people don't know what to hit and it is only when a Biafra comes up that the populace begins to doubt the utterings of the Commons Herd. The intricacies of party control defy comprehension and as candidates mutter the things that people say everyone thinks the system works despite the 'academic' imperfections — all bloody theory you students, politics are practical and our democracy works practically and that's the test —and when, lo and behold, M.P.s vote differently everyone believes its the unseen pressures and secret facts never disclosed.

We can't influence parties as conferences are closed to the public whilst power blocks and party employees masterbate to gain official notice—and even their conservative motions aren't followed! Party leaders are elected by the party bosses and the Premiership is for the leader of the successful party, uninfluenced by public opinion and thus the public is not frustrated watching in bewilderment the charade, our only function to choose which of two identical monoliths we want, with no chance of a change for the next five years. That is unless the other monolith gets bigger by the votes of a small section of local opinion, called by-elections. It takes money to put up candidates (capitalism again) thus ensuring none of the plebs get too uppety. Let 'em demonstrate then they can be ridiculed or smashed. Oh, what a lovely system.

David Thing

STOP PRESS

The C.I.A. are reported to be sending "advisers" to the LSE to allow the population to prevent the spread of Communism there. Edgar J. Hoover was reported to have recovered from the stroke that laid him low when an aide licked only one boot and said the LSE are going to have a teach-in. 7,000 agents landed secretly at Heathrow but were spotted by a spy on Black Friars Bridge. The guerrilla movement will be crushed in five days was the estimate of one un-manned gentleman orbiting around 10 Downing Street. After we saved Rhodesia and South Africa Houses on Sunday the British are hopeful that Enoch Powell will be King before Spring.

What a week of excitement last week was but this one threatens to be bigger!

Hardly had we entered the hallowed precincts than we were assailed by plans to do everything the conscientious revolutionary should. Teach-ins on Biafra and Rhodesia (how Pretoria, Lagos and Whitehall must have trembled) protests, sit-ins, etc.

A few stout Englishmen protested that this term has exams in it and could we please delay the revolution until a little later but the majority were firm—we would print leaflets this term and be damned!

How did Soc-Soc contain themselves over that terrible bourgeois period, Christmas? They soon made up for their idleness though. We were going to force Dr. Adams to answer questions when he opened the Rhodesia teach-in and put requests before him. These were that the connections of LSE with the fascist regimes of Rhodesia and South Africa should be severed immediately by selling all LSE's investments in those countries (shouldn't the money received go to the freedom fighters?) and governors who were directors of companies trading in, or with, those countries must either resign those directorships or leave the Court of Governors.

When Adams began his speech it was full of the same ambiguous nonsense and vague moralising but when questioned from the floor the hypocrisy of his position was exposed. He thought the Rhodesians nasty cos they were illegal but the South Africans lovely cos they're legal. **Come back Hitler all is forgiven!**

Pressed to ask the governors our requests he prevaricated and said it would take much time—to which the question "how long does it take to contact the governors when the School is to be closed?"

The director then left to do the searching promising to return on Friday.

We were entertained until then by two teach-ins, one on Rhodesia imparting absolutely nothing new except the fact that many liberals only dislike Smithy because he's illegal.

The other was more informative if less well attended.

On the dreaded Friday the Old Theatre was packed, tense and excited—like an opening night for "Sleeping Beauty". In the difficult lead was a hitherto little seen prima-ballerina who after a faltering start tried gamely to master the part but it proved too much and she left the stage in a huff.

The audience was in consternation. Some wanted to force the return of the star but some said they had weak stomachs. Thus a group of commandos left to have a sit-in and the site they chose was indeed comfortable.

Unfortunately sitting-in slowed down the production of posters and reluctantly the effort was abandoned. However if we could have been sure the police were going to come in then they would have stayed. More American martyr complexes to follow "Just call me Jesus" Bloom.

After a tiring week-end everyone was back on Monday ready to do war with the intransigent Wally. Tactics as always was the stumbling block. Strategy's easy we win. A request to the man upstairs was fruitless and we were entertained by a gentleman whose father's business was ruined by apartheid, so it's obviously not a product of capitalists. His father made liquorice jelly babies.

Wally declined to appear and thus the tired minds elected a Royal Commission into Guerrilla Tactics in the Environment of LSE. It will report in 1978.

Sitting with his old colleagues on the Commission is the expert on guerrilla warfare Francis Keohane and his aide, John 'Che' Perry. With such respectable pedigrees how can we fail?

WHO MURDERED COCK ROBIN?

Sometime during the dark, deathly quiet hours of the Xmas recess, the hysterical forces of the Establishment rose up and engulfed another victim. Paul Hoch, anarcho-socialist editor of Sennet, was politely murdered by the ULU bureaucracy, not with a bang, but a whimper. The end of this brief period of light in Sennet Board of Governors (also known as the Board of Censors) notified Hoch that he had not been re-elected editor for the coming term: Hock had long expected the axe, and told Beaver, 'When I wrote the story linking NUS to the CIA, I knew the end was near.'

Sennet's new, Establishment approved, editor is Harriet Crawley, daughter of right-wing Tory M.P. Adian Crawley. She had the strong backing of ULU president Roger Bingham, King's union president David Vanstone, and U.C. president John Shipley. By a very odd coincidence, these were the only three college presidents who turned up for the election. LSE president, Francis Keochane, a member of the Sennet Board of Goves, prudently ducked the whole affair and thereby let Hock drown.

According to Daily Express columnist William Hickey, the ULU Establishment has been tirelessly looking for an excuse to get rid of Hock almost since he first took the job. One of those most adept at raking the editor over the coals at Sennet Board meetings was none other than our old friend Colin Crouch. He certainly had plenty of reason! After the final guillotine fell, U.C. president Shipley, smiling broadly, told us: 'Sometimes bureaucracy moves slowly, but it moves efficiently.'

As for Hock, he is in the process of publishing a national student newspaper, appropriately called "THE AGITATOR." He is assisted by Black Dwarfs Maureen Teitlebaum, IS organiser D. Widgey and R.S.S.F. Convener Regan Scott. Sennet is now good for a new use.

SOMEONE SOMEWHERE.....

A JOKE TALE FOR ALL

If you do not often have letters, you'll be thrilled to learn that dear old Wally is thinking of you.

Our ace crime reporter, who must remain anonymous, last week infiltrated Connaught House, centre of an international plot to launch LSE into a revolution of bloodshed and anarchy.

In a cupboard on the 4th floor the Doc has 3,200 letters in envelopes, each addressed to a student. They say that they regret that the School has been closed, but that events made it necessary.

These letters have been ready for over a week, and someone somewhere must be itching to close the place and go to visit his investments in the sun.

WOWEE!

Britain is now firmly established as the reactionary centre of the Commonwealth. Gritty Harold Wilson spelt out the British viewpoint in no uncertain terms. "We will pay for South African windows and British police will defend the illegal Rhodesian flag."

After this momentous utterance, followed by thunderous applause from Dr. Hastings Banda and his dog Woof, the PM waited for absolute silence before attacking Mr. Trudeau, who tried to disentangle himself from a Miss Lavinia Pluckbucket. He called the young (86 year old) jet set playboy a defeatist for talking to a coloured man, believed to be a Dr. Kuanda.

"This sort of slacking when everybody must pull together to get Prince Philip's finger out, before the Gnomes cut off his extension of credit, is not on. We must protect South African shares more passionately than the socialist ideas I hold so close to my fart."

All this was confirmed by a disinterested party reported to be called Vorster. He said that "Britain" can be depended on up to the hilt—the permissive society has some benefits".

Four thousand Africans were rounded up and gave three great shouts of "Long Live Chairman Verwood" to the accompaniment of clashing chairs and cracking whips (defensive weapons from Birmingham) held by the happy grinning police. The Africans later wrote a letter to Mr. Wilson thanking him for saving them from Communist terrorists who had come to take away their liberties.

B.I.I.B.

**NEITHER OCCUPATION
NOR REVOLUTION —
BUT POSTERS AND LEAFLETS
(POLICY OF THE COMMITTEE FOR GORILLA WAR)**