

BEAVER

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N.U.S. march: thousands misled

LAST Friday's march against Government financial threats to Student Unions' autonomy brought thousands of students together in London.

Estimated attendance reached the NUS target of 20,000. Coach loads of students from colleges throughout the country congregated under the arches of Waterloo Bridge. A carnival atmosphere prevailed in the sunshine despite the bitter cold. Banners were unfurled while hot-dogs and fringe news-sheets were hawked side by side.

But as the waiting continued and "officials" tried to hustle us into line the mood began to falter. Soon after the belated start the snow came down in driving blizzards. Sour jokes about this latest manifestation of the capitalist conspiracy quickly turned into anti-Government slogans. Maggie was wished "Out, out, out" and Rhodes Boyson six feet under.

The march meandered through the back streets of Pimlico, avoiding all government buildings and infuriated mid-day traffic. The odd Roller rounding Marble Arch had to run the gauntlet of Leftist rhetoric and the police warned the occupants not to drive through the ranks.

Despite high morale throughout the two-hour march some demonstrators filtered away to pubs and tubes—defeated not just by the weather but by the lack of purpose to the exercise. No focal point was ever reached



Students march to save their Student Union autonomy.

despite marching within yards of the Department of Education and Science offices. One lone cry of "Occupy Buck House" was ignored.

The weather curtailed rally in Hyde Park took the concourse away from public view. The spectacle of Dave Aaronovitch reading a polite and platitudinous letter from Clive Jenkins was enjoyed by a few hardy dog-walkers. The final indignity to all those colleges that had come miles to attend this fiasco was Aaronovitch's inability to remember who was there until members of each delegation reminded him of their presence.

The L.S.E. faction had dwindled by this time to a handful of the 60 or so who had answered the Union's low-level call. Many faces were missing at the morning roll-call, including several members of the Executive. Quietly-mooted suggestions that

report by
Rowena Whelan

the fire alarm should be rung to swell the numbers on Houghton Street had been responsibly declined. The caucus that reached Hyde Park peeled off for a cup of tea before the finale rather than listen to Aaronovitch's "usual rubbish"—a separatist sentiment that had been prevalent throughout the day.

In all the N.U.S. wasted the manpower that had gathered in response to the call for solidarity. The "national" mobilisation had left individual Student Unions to rally support. There was no nation-wide lecture cancellation and the "radical" new approach appeared in the form of 80 duo-tone posters from Endsleigh Street.

Nevertheless the response was remarkable, the commitment as clear here as on Saturday's march in Liverpool. Only in London student capacity outstripped the organisers' capability and the weather's inclination.

likewise. Mark Kirby, ex-Labour Club Secretary and Union Chairman argued that the matter had been blown out of all proportion, saying "He fucking belted him—so what" and "it's not a big thing". He also accused Jacob of being concerned only because Benfield is a personal friend of his.

It should be pointed out that Clavane apologised to Benfield, but the point remains that two members of the Executive were involved in a violent incident, and the General Secretary is determined that such an event shall never happen again.

Colin Bates

Director's evasion over fee increases

IT is now apparent that overseas students' fees will be increased yet again in the next academic year. However it is not clear when the decision is to be taken, or the exact sums involved. But it seems apparent that the proposals currently being discussed in the School are more advanced and more specific than Students' Union Officials have been led to believe.

At a meeting of the General Purposes Committee on November 12th, the Students' Union reiterated its policy of opposing all fee increases. However after Student reps left the meeting in order to attend another meeting, the rest of the committee made the following suggestions.

- (1) All overseas students' fee increases to match the rate of inflation.
- (2) Continuing students to pay old fees but new students very much higher fees.
- (3) All new students to pay the "economic fee" (£3,000-£5,000), with a hardship fund available.
- (4) Differential fees for different courses.
- (5) Different fees for overseas undergraduates, post-graduates or diploma and general course students.

These suggestions were passed on to the Academic Board for discussion. However there seem to be some puzzling inconsistencies. First of all it was by no means clear that the GPC would meet to discuss the issues, since the meeting was cancelled and then reconvened with two days' notice. Secondly, we understand that the Academic Board (which has no students' representatives) has already had some discussion on the question of fees increases on October 29th. We understand that the Director spoke in a lengthy agenda document which considered L.S.E.'s future financial situation. The Director apparently considered that it would be impossible to raise student numbers in the next session. In considering the fees that should be found for the next session, we understand that when U.M.I.S.T. decided to charge higher fees than average as they had suffered a large short-fall in students compared to similar institutions. However he seems to have wound-up by saying that he thought further expenditure cuts were probable in 1981, and that therefore the School would still need to generate further income.

It was not clear how much money LSE could expect from the U.G.C., but apparently the Board was presented with a paper which estimated the number of students needed to cover a small cut in L.S.E. resources or a large cut.

K.H.

(Continued on Page Three)

Student stabbed in Maple St. flats

THE transvestite disco at Carr-Saunders Hall last week turned sour when an L.S.E. student, Guy Stnnet, and his friend, were attacked and stabbed.

The incident took place at 12.30 as the disco in the hall common-room was finishing and people were leaving or going to a private party which was taking place on the sixth floor of the Maple Street flats. Guy and his friend had just entered the flats building when they became involved in an argument with two outsiders one of whom produced a knife. After the stabbing the assailants ran off.

Guy was stabbed in the wrist and abdomen and was rushed to University College Hospital by a passing motorist. There he was operated on as the knife had severed an artery. His friend was stabbed three times; in the leg, the chest and the stomach. He was taken by ambulance to Middlesex Hospital where he also underwent an operation and a skin graft. Both are expected to recover completely.

A police spokeswoman said they were looking for two males, both aged around 21 and about five feet ten inches tall. One was fair haired and wearing a sheepskin jacket, the other had dark hair and was wearing jeans and a donkey jacket. It is thought they may have been part of a larger group who had earlier been drinking in a nearby public house.

Dr E. Kuska, warden of Carr-Saunders, has already discussed the matter with the hall committee. They are seeking a solution to prevent anything of this nature re-occurring. One idea that may be considered is to restrict all social activities to students and their guests. They may also prevent students having private parties on the same night as hall activities as the latter tend to attract outsiders who may then try to enter parties to which they have not been invited. Dr Kuska has said that the bar will not be closed although some modifications of procedure will take place.

By MARTIN LUNN

Executive assault

AFTER a meeting in which there were disagreements over Executive policy, tempers flared and one member of the Labour Club on the Executive assaulted another Labour Club Executive member.

The incident happened after the meeting on Wednesday, 12th November. As Welfare Officer Martin Benfield and ex-Welfare Officer Helen Fawcett sought to clarify a point which had been at issue, Overseas Students Officer Martin Clavane lost his temper and assaul-

ted Benfield. Benfield was struck three times in the face and suffered a black eye and a knocked out tooth, as well as being kneed in the groin.

Although certain Executive members believed Clavane to have been provoked, Jacob condemned Clavane's actions, describing the attack as a vicious assault. The General Secretary has continued to deplore Clavane's actions, and was shocked by the refusal of some of his Labour Club colleagues to do

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CROSSING THE FLOOR

Dear Sir,

APPARENTLY there is some speculation among Union hacks as to why I left the Conservative Association. I thought in the interests of their over imaginative minds that I would explain my actions, especially as the FCS are no doubt concocting some terrible diatribe against me.

Since May 1979 I have seen the Government, which I helped to elect, sacrifice much of the last thirty years of social progress in the worship of an obscure banking statistic which cannot even be measured accurately. With unemployment now heading for 2½ million the demoralisation and deprivation of each and every one of those who finds himself a victim of this Government's policy is an appalling tragedy.

Education too has been a victim of this Government. Their only education policy is "cut" and this rules all other considerations. We are already seeing the drastic effect on our Universities and schools. At one time FCS would have argued against these cuts which are threatening to make our education system even more elitist.

Instead Peter Young, the National Chairman of FCS called for the closure of "at least one University and a couple of Polys". He also called for the grant to be replaced by a loans system. The wealthy will bene-

fit while the less well off will have to repay enormous debts (if they can afford to come at all). I find the Federation's stand intolerable in an organisation supposedly representing the majority of students.

I believe also that my views on social policy are untenable in a party whose Government has introduced so much legislation, the effect of which has been to make life so much more difficult for many groups in the community.

The end of my term as LSE FCS Chairperson provided me with the opportunity to reassess my position completely. I decided that I could more usefully work on areas of interest to me, and against this Government's ludicrous policies, inside the Labour Club, with people of similar views.

Some people have said that it is hypocritical of me to join the Labour Club. I would say to them that, on the contrary, it is more honest of me. I am now working with people I can broadly agree with. In the coming year we face challenges on many fronts; attacks on Union autonomy, the implementation of loans, further fee increases and a continued decline in the standard of our education as well as all the wider issues raised by this Government's bloody minded policies. I hope that together we will be able to bring people out into active opposition to the Government.

Yours etc.,

STEVE GALLANT,

Labour Club, ex-Chairperson, LSE Conservatives.

RESIGNATION LETTER

Dear Sirs,

ON Tuesday 18th I resigned the post of Societies Officer on the Union executive, not because of any one overriding issue but because I felt I was wasting my own time and sacrificing my academic work for a Union which daily alienates its members and becomes more and more ridiculous.

The summer holidays started with the sacking of a Union employee, Mr Jeff Staniforth. The real reason for Jeff's sacking was not any failing on his part but because he was identified with the period as Senior Treasurer of Julian Ingram and Richard Shackleton. It is disgusting that Union hacks, from all sides of LSE politics, should take their revenge on Mr Shackleton by sacking an employee hired by him. The way in which Jeff was only given four days' notice, or "asked to resign", as they put it, and in which the CBI were consulted over the Employment Protec-

tion Act only makes the affair more sordid.

The Union has continued in this ridiculous direction throughout the term. I feel no need to dwell on the idiotic attempt to carry on with the rent strike even though it is opposed by a large majority of people living in halls. What I want to point out is the vast amount of stupid behaviour which goes on behind the scenes at the Union and which remains unknown to all but a few of its members. How many LSE students know, for example (unless this issue of Beaver picks the story up several weeks after the event) that one Labour Club member of the Executive severely hurt another Labour Club member of the Executive in a fight after the Executive meeting of Wednesday 12th? How many are aware of the intense intrigues between our Labour Club saboteurs over such issues as whom should chair the Services Committee? Why are people such as Mark Withlers and Keir

Hopley, who have been committed to the Labour Party all their lives, hated by the majority of Labour Club activists who see the Labour Party even under Foot or Benn as impossibly "wet"?

It is a shame that at the same time when (to be fair to them) Ed and Kelvin are working very hard on administrative matters, this Union should fall into chaos because of the daft policies and antics of their supporters. If anyone wants to understand the people who have influence in the Union I recommend they visit the Executive room E 207 and see the animal-like graffiti on the walls. It is about time that some of the more intelligent members of the Labour Club bring their supporters to their senses. If they fail to do so, then the Labour Club and, given the Labour Club's dominant position within it, the Union, are liable to fall into total discredit and ridicule.

JEREMY SMILG

DEBATEABLE REVIVAL

Dear Sir,
I WOULD like to draw the attention of all readers of "Beaver" to the recently reformed Debating Society. A number of eager 1st years were surprised to find, on arrival at the L.S.E., that the Debating Society was in a sad state of disrepair. And so with the help

of knowledge from many well-established school debating societies we hope to encourage enthusiastic, lively and informed discussion on a wide variety of subjects. We have arranged a knock-out competition to add that vital element of the "fight": we hope to be able to organise debates between guest

speakers and we have already had a number of invitations to participate in debates at other universities both here and abroad.

We look forward to seeing anyone at our meetings, whether or not they have had any previous experience, who is interested in an open discussion and takes delight in the art of public speaking. We hope that with your support we will be able to create a dynamic debating society which, surely, one would expect from such an institution as the L.S.E.

ELIZABETH DUNNE,
L.S.E. Debating Society

ABSENT REVIEWER?

Dear Sir,
SINCE, I presume, your reviewers receive some form of reimbursement for the cost of their tickets, might it not be a good idea to ensure that they have actually seen the play or film which they are purporting to review?

The issue of 30th October contained an unaccredited review of Godard's "Slow Motion" printed in extra-heavy type (so that it could not fail to attract our attention?) which led us to believe that Godard, in the end, leaves us with our faith in Life, Humanity and Mutual Understanding reaffirmed. Is this a joke? The reviewer cannot possibly have seen at least the end of this film, when the mother and daughter walk desultorily off into their anomie, totally unmoved by the violent death, of the man who was ex-husband to one and father to the other, which they have just unblinkingly witnessed, all to the halfheartedly ironic, almost mocking accompaniment of the vio-

lins of an orchestra whose very presence is poignantly absurd. A final scene which presents a vision of life so pessimistic as to be ridiculous. Life as bathos, not pathos.

The visual and positional prominence of the review, together with its content, make me wonder whether I am being unfair in my criticism. Perhaps it was just a polemic intended to see what it would take to provoke the culturally apathetic students of LSE into leaping to the defence of Civilised Values etc, etc. Alternatively, can the reviewer's own view of life be so dismal that Godard's is bloomingly rosy in comparison? If so, I can only apologise and offer my sympathies.

If, however, none of these (nor any other) mitigating explanations apply, I wish merely to register my disagreement with the mysterious reviewer's interpretation of the film and to make a request for the remuneration of £2.50 because at least I did see the film through to its very end.

Yours faithfully,
NICHOLAS KAUFMANN

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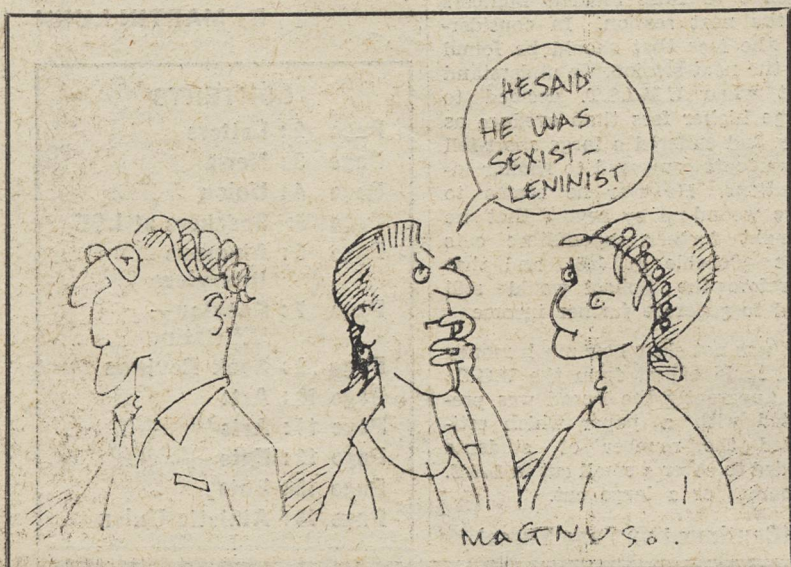
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All articles and letters
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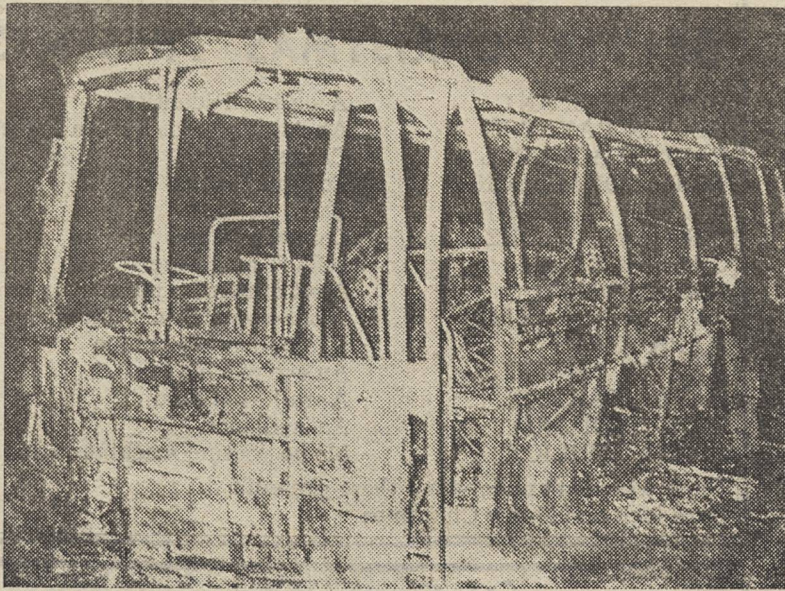
35 from L.S.E. escape bus blaze

THIRTY-FIVE members of the LSE Athletic Union escaped unhurt from their coach last Wednesday night only minutes before it was engulfed in flames.

The coach was carrying rugby and football teams back from matches in Reading and was almost past Winnersh, on the M4, when smoke started billowing from the engine compartment. AU President Stan Walters said that the first sign of the blaze was "a banging noise in the engine followed by smoke from the door area; flames then came up from the driver's side and while we were still aboard the driver attempted to use a fire extinguisher."

According to another student, Colin Perry, smoke and flames quickly covered the front part of the coach and the driver shouted for all to escape through the emergency exit at the back. Some tried to grab their bags on the way out and Walters said that "everyone was very calm as we evacuated—people didn't realise the danger at first."

Tom Denyor, another passenger, said on Thursday that he



The gutted bus.

and several others had thought at first that a flat tyre was the reason for the stoppage and that everyone was getting out to help jack up the coach. "Only when we saw the flame from the road did we realise what had happened," he said.

The teams gathered on the verge about 80 yards from the coach and watched while it turned into what one of them called "a metal skeleton" in under fifteen minutes. Grass within 20 yards of the coach caught fire and the motorway was blocked for 20 minutes be-

fore three fire engines got the blaze under control. The police later closed the east-bound carriageway of the M4 for two hours while they cleared the remains of the coach and spilt fuel away. No-one had any idea what caused the blaze but the assistant manager of the Dix Coach Company, from whom the coach was hired, said on Thursday that he plans to hold a full-scale enquiry.

A replacement coach delivered the sportsmen back to the LSE shortly after midnight.

Simon Garfield

Too big for comfort

DURING the past week a petition set up by LSE Academic Affairs Committee in response to growing student discontent over class sizes, has collected over 600 signatures, including those of Tony Benn MP, and several academics.

LSE's short-sightedness regarding the effects of increasing student numbers by 405 this year, has led to a situation where people have had to stand in several lectures, faced difficulties in communicating between staff and themselves, and the lack of participation by other students.

The School advertises its classes as being 10 in size. Many of the numbers quoted by students on the petition are considerably larger than this. For example, International Economics (3rd Year) is reported to have a class size of 25. The Economics, Maths, Statistics and Computing departments are those most maligned. Statistics took up the option open to all departments and used additional funds from LSE to provide more classes which reduced sizes to an average of 17.

"The time-table office has refused to give us exact numbers for

each class," said Julian Chaffey, SU Academic Affairs Officer, "so we went to see Ashley [Registrar] but he said he couldn't release the exact figures without Dahrendorf's authorisation." However, Dahrendorf was unable to be contacted and is now thought to be outside the UK.

Exact figures of class sizes are crucial if a report to be compiled by the committee is to have any substance in initiating discussion with the School, as one problem is that class lists do not include general course students, who make up the bulk of the new level of registrations.

Graduates also are frustrated by what they regard as the "inferior level of education" being introduced at the LSE, due to the pressures caused by the increases. Peter Kane and Robert Dawson, Graduate Students' Committee, felt strongly that the campaign is to be fought jointly by undergraduates and graduates. Both agreed with Chaffey that "the situation should not have arisen; either give us more classes, or increase the workload for existing lecturers or hire part-timers."

Stella Orakwue

Raison disrupted

ONCE again, the firecracker principles of democracy and freedom of speech have been thrown on to the very top of LSE's political bonfire. Once again, the cracker has gone off in a Conservative politician's face.

In a now familiar show of bully-boy strength, the Union Left last Thursday successfully prevented Home Office Immigration Minister Timothy Raison from speaking on the government's controversial immigration policy to the Grimshaw Club of the International Relations department.

Ex-General Secretary Krish Maharaj's motion to interrupt the meeting accused Raison of giving his wholehearted support to the present nationality bill which, it said, aims to "completely strip national minority persons of full citizenship by introducing the new second class citizenship status of 'British Overseas citizen.'" After opposition from PCS-member Paul Blacknell, a comfortable majority supported the emergency motion.

Meanwhile, in a small lecture room, after a last minute change of venue, Mr Raison had already been heckled by a multi-racial audience. In an extremely hostile atmosphere, cries of "No to racist immigration laws" and "Out with the racist Tories" followed his every comment.

After barely ten minutes, the entry of over one hundred people from the postponed UGM prevented Raison from continuing.

Unlike the LSE interruption of a speech by Under Secretary of State for Education Dr Rhodes Boyson at Kings College in March, Raison did

not attempt to hold his ground. Jostled and abused as he made his way to the door, and seeing the impossibility of an adjournment to another room, Raison left the LSE with a clear picture of left-student activism at work.

While the reassembled UGM hailed the minister's departure as "a victory for anti-racism and anti fascism," Rick O'Fee, Grimshaw Club President responsible for inviting Raison, expressed serious worries over the damage to LSE's reputation: "All club members I have spoken to and many non-members agree that this tarnishes LSE's standing as an academic institution —its impropriety is particularly acute at a time when the LSE needs to maintain and foster good relations with people outside," he said.

Mr O'Fee further added that he disapproved of the methods used to silence Raison: "Ideas are only properly challenged by rational debate, and not by the mechanics of force."

Mr Raison was opposed according to the LSE Union's policy of "no platform for racists and fascists" and accused of having "a sordid history of reactionary speeches equal to those of Powell, Joseph and Thatcher" in a leaflet distributed by the London Student Movement before the meeting.

Following the introduction of the government's Nationality bill and the accusations of racism that have been levelled against it, it seems unlikely that any serving Conservative minister will be able to take up invitations to speak at the LSE without similar disruption ensuing.

SIMON GARFIELD

Directors evasion

(Continued from Page One)

Student Fees	Cut in resource's	Cut in resource's
	Min.	Max.
Student	1,330	£2,500
Numbers	1,000	£3,600
		£4,500

It was noted that the maximum figure was the more realistic. We understand that in discussion many academics expressed the view that the School should not contemplate increasing student numbers as the School's academic resources are already pushed to the limit. Some made the point that L.S.E. would lose its reputation if it increased its students' numbers every time it was in financial crisis. Others are reported to have supported the view that further increases would damage the intake of overseas students in the light of the large sums necessary to live in London.

The Director is reported to have requested academics to consult departments about these issues. This has clearly not taken place, and indeed it is interesting to note that the Director denied that fee increases had been discussed anywhere in the School before the meeting of the GPC, whose agenda document was substantially less detailed than that which is under-

stood to have been presented to the Academic Board.

Furthermore, at the Joint meeting of the Standing Committee with the student governors, the academic members seemed to deny that the issues which academics raised at the Academic Board, as causes for concern, were important. They denied that class sizes were intolerably high, that registrations were now far in excess of 400 more than last year and that academic standards had fallen.

However, it seems that there are some dissenting voices in the school. The Academic Policy Committee will present a paper to the next Academic Board on December 3rd which seems to take the view that new overseas students should be charged £2,500-£2,700 dependent on the government fee for home students. It seems not to favour the idea of differential fee levels, but feels that fees for continuing students should rise.

We understand that at the October meeting the Board was urged to reach a speedy decision at its next meeting on December 3rd. However it seems that the Board will be requested to take a decision in principle at this meeting, so that new students can be warned of "unspecified" fee increases and the Academic Board will take a decision

about the exact amount of the fee increase at one of its meetings in the Lent Term.

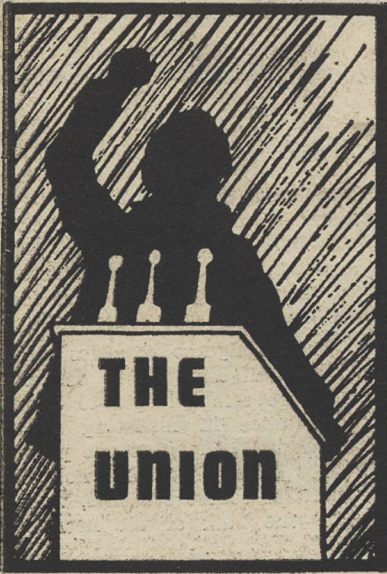
It is clear that overseas students' fees will rise, but perhaps not by the vast sums which were initially discussed. However, it is far from clear when the decision will be taken or whether there will be student participation in that decision. If academics and School administrators accuse Student Union officials of making misleading statements on the issue, it would perhaps be better if they fully informed them of their intentions.

by our special correspondent



Mr Maharaj shows Mr Raison the way to the door.

Colin Bates



Union General Meeting November 20th NUDES & BORES

ONCE again our venerable General Secretary was away sick, thus adding further substance to the rumour that Ed had taken the first plane to Albania. Meanwhile, back at base, the UGM Chair was in the capable hands of Mark Kirby, who managed to eat the microphone as usual. The slow start to the meeting was soon enlivened by the NUS Women's Aggregate representative who was unable to deliver her report through heckles and slowhandclaps. She abruptly ended with a condemnation of the "disgusting behaviour" of the students present.

More heated exchanges were to follow over the Gardners Right to Work Campaign. An outside speaker (one of 2,500,000 unemployed) could only stand up and say that having witnessed the present scenario he could only describe L.S.E. students as very boring. Unmesh

Desai, being as brief as he knew how and gathering pace with every word he uttered, summed up by asking for support for the campaign. The proposal was carried although the financial motion to pay travelling fees of £7.60 for those wishing to go to the Liverpool demonstration failed dismally.

Keir Hopley, who never stands without applause, proposed that distribution of London Student be resumed. At this point the Senior Treasurer jumped up asking that the motion be deferred as the matter had not been fully discussed. A vote was taken and carried. However, Keir, in an unusual display of anger, produced his trump card. A copy of "Club News" (a paper bought by the Union for the Bar Manager) flashed before the meeting. In it, so the UGM learnt, there were "at least three photos" of nude women, which indicated the "hypocrisy" of the Union Executive. Kelvin could only reply rather meekly that "I didn't know about the paper" and then received sharp words for placing the blame on predecessors. Cries of "scandal" echoed from the gallery and the old theatre reawakened to this new exposé. Obviously the matter will rear its ugly head very soon. Further developments are awaited.

U.G.M. November 27th

WITH great haste Krish Maharaj proposed an adjournment of the UGM, because a simultaneous meeting of the Grimshaw Club was being held and it had been decided that it was "MP Bashing Time." Those present were urged to protest at the Speaker, Timothy Raison MP. The group who stayed in their seats in the Old Theatre were the wisest since the departed were no sooner gone than back again. Mr Raison had wisely made a swift depart-

ture and a gleeful Krish was able to proclaim victory for the L.S.E.

This distraction over, it was back to business. Questions to officers degenerated into a slanging match. "Beaver" Editor, Keir Hopley answered complaints about the newspaper staff's food account, saying that he thought Steve Gallant had

better things to do than play the Mole in Macdonalds. Following this came Ed, who validated the rumours that the two Martinets, Benfield and Clavane had engaged in a fight after a Union Executive Meeting. However, when asked whether he condoned this action, Ed replied "I condoned this action then and I have condoned it

ever since." A short silence was followed by mutterings of "Does he really mean this?" Perhaps Union funds could stretch to purchase a dictionary for Ed at Christmas since he has not yet learnt the distinction between "condone" and "condemn".

Despite problems of audibility, the next motion passed was a resolution to organise a Gay Week of Action. During this proposal, the UGM discovered that in addition to all their other faults, certain L.S.E. students are homophobic. On a lighter note, an emergency motion was announced, drawing students' attention to the unruly behaviour of the American Colonists and asserting that President-Elect Ronald Reagan is a pretender to the English throne. Krish Maharaj reared his head and called for next business on the grounds that the UGM should not be concerned with such trivialities. (Shouts of "Boring" went unheeded).

After support was given for the NUS march on November 28th, the Meeting came alive. First, the well-known "Quorum" cry was heard. This was defeated and Martin Clavane commenced his speech on Ireland. Another call was made. Mark Kirby refused on the grounds that 15 minutes had not elapsed between calls. "Constitution" Hopley was on hand telling Mark he was wrong (again). Following a move of "No confidence in the Chair" nominations were gathered for a substitute, which resulted in Helen Fawcett taking office. Her reign was short-lived. After much procrastination, numerous points of order and general rumpus, Mark Kirby again reassumed the Chair and the Meeting was finally declared inquorate. People dispersed asking themselves the intriguing question: "Will Mr Kirby be wearing his red jumper next week?"

MARGARET CAMERON-WALLER

BEAVER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

STEVE GALLANT
KELVIN BAYNTON
PAUL BLACKNELL
TONY DONALDSON
MARTIN CLAVANE
SIR DAVID McNEE
CHAS HOLMES
MARK CUNDY
PAUL WHITTAKER
MARK KIRBY
MARTIN BENFIELD
DAVE BEARMAN
NICK GODDARD
ELANA EHRLICH

A political identity
An Air Mauritius Season Ticket
Charisma
Commonsense
Bail
Commiserations
"Club" magazine
A set of marker pens
A one-way ticket to Liverpool
Microphone technique
An eye patch
A wall location unit
An audience
Memo writing machine

Those who don't understand these presents
Hard luck and Merry Christmas



BRIEFLY

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

CHRISTMAS spirit was hardly in evidence when the eagerly awaited debate on "London Student" took place in the U.G.M. No doubt Marie Claude feels unloved by the majority of Union hacks, but I am sure that she will survive. The lack of Christmas Spirit, though, seems to be being extended to the author of this august column and all his "Beaver" colleagues, with new Labour Club recruit Steve Gallant leading the assault. Nevertheless, this column will continue to provide the true replies and keep the readership informed.

CHRISTMAS CHANGE

Of all the Christmas presents which will be given and received this year, one of the most visible at L.S.E. is the very generous donation that the Conservatives have given to the Labour Club. Fairyland has been in turmoil with the decision of F.C.S. Godfather Gallant to cross the floor and sit with the donkey jacket faction in the Labour Club. Chief Elf Black-

nell now rules the roost in Fairyland, but Mr Gallant's future activities will no doubt continue to interest all of those who voted for him to sit on the Finance Committee when he stood as a Conservative.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

It is a well known fact that this column has not got a high regard of the talents of Post-graduate Affairs Officer Mark Cundy's literary talent, but we were happy to hear that he has decided to admit responsibility for the graffiti which disfigures the walls of Rosebery Hall. One trusts that he will write to the Bursar and Hall Society and express his intimations and, when calling in future, note that my first name is spelt "Keir" and not "Kier".

CHRISTMAS CLOUT

Some unappreciative souls have suggested in the past that this column is unkind to Overseas Students Executive Member Martin Clavane. Our function, though, is to report happenings, and when Mr Clavane hits fellow Executive members and then gets arrested, we cannot fail to bring it to your attention. One in-

teresting view of the first incident in which there may be considerable interest was put forward by Union Chairman and ex-Secretary of the Labour Club Mark Kirby: "If they want to beat each other up, why don't they do it in the Labour Club meeting."

The meetings of that body should indeed be interesting next term!

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Cheers were certainly not what were voiced by members of the Union when they succeeded in adjourning a meeting and going to shout at Timothy Raison, the Tory Minister responsible for the new proposals on immigration which are widely believed to be racist. Mr Raison shut up shop immediately and left the building. This action of departure provides an interesting comparison with the techniques of Dr Rhodes Boyson at King's College last year. Boyson stayed for some minutes and attempted to continue his speech, but Raison was far more sensible and did a U-Turn. Is this a new departure in government thinking?

UNEMPLOYED AT L.S.E.

IN days of old when Bernard Levin was a student at L.S.E. it was possible to "invent" a fictional student and stand him in an election. Today it is easy to do the reverse.

The L.S.E. of 1980 is open to anyone who cares to stroll down

Houghton Street and enter its hal- lowed portals. Anybody is free to attend any lecture, and many students do take advantage of this.

The same situation applies to classes. With the permission of the class tutor students may sit in again here. There is nothing to stop anyone wandering in and making use of these facilities.

Why should an outsider stop there? Union meetings, political activities, gymnasium, bars, shop, even writing for Beaver... the list is endless. If any such outsider were to attend regularly he or she would eventually be regarded as just another student.

I spoke to someone in this position. "All you need is a friend at L.S.E. to show you around and introduce you for a while," the "student" explained. "I soon became accepted as an individual in my own right. Starting near the beginning of term helped but really anyone can do it." This individual has been looking for a job for three months and would have nothing else to do with his time. "I'm going to be bored as hell over the Christmas holidays if I don't find a job."

We are all here to study for some sort of qualification and that is one thing outsiders cannot get. Though the rights and wrongs of the situation are a matter of contention it is good to see that some unemployed people are making the most of their time while searching for employment.

K.H.

MIKE STONEHILL

A week of speakers



Colin Bates

Derek Robinson in the theatre.

Fabian Flash point

MR REES, L.S.E. alumnus and ex-Labour Home Secretary, was to speak in favour of the motion, and Stuart Holland MP, was to speak against. But a third party was present. Having first covered the room with posters and leaflets supporting political status for "H Block" prisoners in Ireland, a small but determined group awaited the arrival of their hero.

The ominous question "Who killed Blair Peach?" was on the blackboard, rather confusing the issue, but the general feeling among Whittaker's Irish Army was evidently that poor Merlyn is somewhere near the root of all evil. He may even have shot J.R.

The entrance of the (incomes policy) combatants was greeted with un-Fabian hisses. Mr Rees looked unhappy and Mr Holland looked at his shoes. A brief protest ensued involving a red flag, two girls, and a coat stand. Finally the debate commenced.

Gordon Marsden, an immaculately dressed young man who seemed to be obsessed with morals, proposed the motion. Apparently to be Incomes Policyless is to be Godless. But Mr Marsden has a firm grasp of the cliché and was able to lighten the weightier passages of his speech with references to the economics "of the madhouse" and of "the cattle-market".

Opposing the motion was an earthier breed of Socialist who works as a shop steward at Fords. After initially losing your correspondent with his peculiar pronunciation of the

word "penchant", the Ford man seemed to put together an impressive argument. He avoided morals and stuck to cars, which seemed a better plan.

Finally we reached the moment all had been waiting for — Merlyn Rees rose to second the motion. Whatever your opinion of the man, it was difficult not to be impressed by his ability to silence (almost) the Whittaker Army. After pledging himself to private discussions with Brother Paul on the Irish question, Mr Rees continued with his speech on Incomes Policy.

Brother Merlyn showed himself to be a connoisseur of the blistering acronym. The Ford man was smothered by a stream of letters denoting the various unions to which Mr Rees apparently belongs. He even quoted from David Basnett. And as a tour de force he informed us that the company that made his suit is soon to go out of business — this last bombshell leaving hardly a dry eye in the house.

Stuart Holland was an equally impressive speaker. It seems that Rousseau (his rendering of "Jean Jacques" put Ford's "penchant" to shame) is one of the many philosophers to come out against an incomes policy. But perhaps the most impressive aspect of Brother Holland is that he looks like a Tory. There is something immensely gratifying about watching a grey suited, hard faced, clean shaven, Oxbridge silver-tongued young man talking about the "transfar of paar to the Waarking Class."

Perhaps the biggest surprise of the night came when Paul Whittaker rose to make an elo-

quent contribution from the floor. Mr Rees looked flabbergasted as the Scourge of Moderation made a statesmanlike attack on incomes policies in general and Mr Rees's role in Ireland in particular.

In recent weeks, students at L.S.E. have had the privilege of listening to two major left-wing figures putting forward their views on Britain. On 18 November, L.S.E. Communist Students presented ex-BL Cars convenor Derek Robinson, followed a day later by the School's presentation of Tony Benn M.P. lecturing on Parliament and democracy.

The format for such lectures has become depressingly familiar. The speaker spends the bulk of his time explaining how and why Britain has become what it is today. A tantalising glimpse of what should be done is given and then we adjourn for questions. While this writer accepts that it is impossible to be as certain about the future as about the past, the lack of concrete plans for action is disappointing.

The other problem Derek pointed to was the rivalry and fragmentation on the left. He called on "Marx's 57 varieties" to settle their differences and unite in the common cause of socialism.

Though very vague, Derek gave the impression that socialism could be achieved in Britain through Parliamentary means. Labour's proposed Alternative Economic Strategy will provide the key and should be carried through on a wave of optimistic support from the working class. Little indication was given on how this support would be whipped up or what the Communist Party was doing about it.

Questioners criticised his lack of internationalism through his comments on restoring Britain's living standards again to the highest in the world, and in his support for import controls implicit in his advocacy of the A.E.S. In defending the indefensible (from a socialist point of view) he did a fair job. Import controls, he argued, will discriminate against other capitalist countries (despite the fact that most calls for import controls are directed against cheap Third World goods such as textiles). He assumed that we all wanted a strong U.K. economy with low unemployment and felt that this was the best way to go about it. In reply to another question, he said that the Communist Party would like to affiliate to the Labour Party but

was prevented by the latter from doing so. With these views the Communist Party in Britain seems to have become part of the established political system, much as has happened in Italy and France.

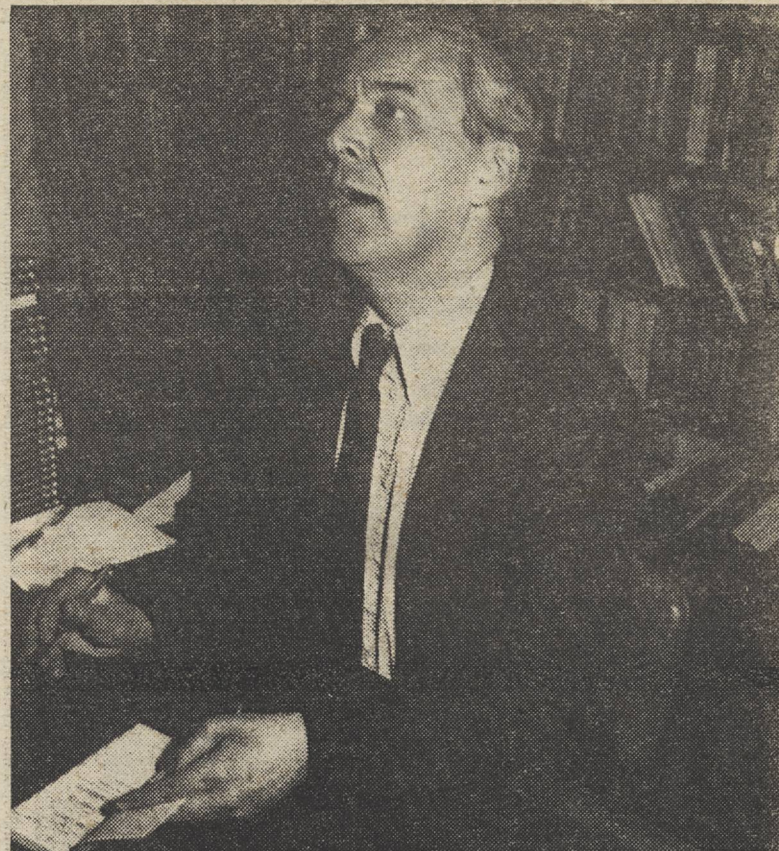
Asked a questioner, "We should analyse power, not be mesmerised by it," Tony replied and proceeded to talk about what was being done in Poland. We should not give up against superior forces.

He put up a sound case for the abolition of the House of Lords and how the next Labour government would go about it, pre-empting Lord Denning's views on the subject the following week. Almost inevitably he was asked about his views on the media and its treatment of him. Apparently he always tape-records his interviews from fear of being misquoted so it was no surprise to see a tape recorder on the table during his lecture.

"The media are the modern church," he replied. They preach to us and tell us what we should and should not believe. He pointed to newspaper owners as being part of the existing power structure that he wanted changed.

One is forced to wonder whether making Labour M.P.s and their leader more accountable to the extra-parliamentary movement will be sufficient to change this state of affairs or in Derek Robinson's case whether just the AES and his mythical "wave of optimism" will suffice. As a questioner asked Derek, is it possible to change the capitalist system by working from within it through Parliament? Derek pained off the question (due in no small part to the rambling fashion in which it was asked) so we must stay in the dark. Said the French academic Raymond Aron, "If there weren't so many Marxists there would be less confusion over what Marx said."

Can't we expect resistance to this, especially from the army?"



Simon Grosset

Tony Benn in the Book Shop.

Fabian Mark Withers agreed afterwards that the evening, after lurching towards the brink of disaster, had finally been quite a success. Mr Withers had earlier been seen operating the ceiling fans with a wistful expression on his face as if he was willing them to

drop on Brother Whittaker's head. Luckily for the fans they hadn't. Cynics may add that the meeting of the Fabians and the Young Liberals at the House of Commons on December 3rd could be something of an anticlimax after the events of last week. On hearing of the opposition in this debate, Whittaker's Irish Army voiced some comprehensive descriptions of the Young Liberals. Sadly none were printable.

Justin Webb



JEAN FLOUD tells a humorous story that describes the atmosphere of L.S.E. in the 1930s. When the General Theory was first introduced in 1936, Floud's immediate fear was that it would be included in her examination. Still naive and somewhat impetuous as a third year student, she rushed off to find Abel Lerner, who was then a graduate research student and is now a prominent economist, in order to arrange a tutorial on the General Theory.

Floud explains this intellectual zeal which permeated the L.S.E. by a few factors. Unlike other universities, L.S.E. held its graduate students in special regard. They were the *creme de la creme*, creating the standard of academic excellence to which all undergraduates aspired; indeed, the greatest compliment an undergraduate could be paid was an invitation to join a graduate seminar. Moreover, the study of the social sciences has built into it a certain radicalism. During Floud's undergraduate years at LSE, Marxism for the first time earned a place on the curriculum. But even before that the social sciences had demonstrated great vitality. It was only natural, therefore, for students to view society critically. "In the 1930s it was a bad world just as it is now. We took it for granted that it could be made better, and also that the sorts of things you learned at the L.S.E. equipped you to do that."

At the same time that the L.S.E. generated intellectual and political enthusiasm it built its own identity as a truly special place. Floud explains that "LSE made one's life — It made an absolutely indelible im-

This week, educationalist and academic JEAN FLOUD talks to BOB ERNST. Floud took a B.Sc.(Econ.) at the LSE in the 'thirties and taught sociology here and at the Institution of Education from 1947 to 1962. She is now the Principal of Newnham College, Cambridge.

pression just as everybody's first undergraduate experience. It was the great liberation. It was the great place. I still feel it when I go back. I breathe a natural element when I walk in the door. It's a very remarkable place."

If the air to us seems a little less healthy, the graduates a little less special and the intellectual pitch a little less frantic, it may not be the fault of L.S.E. itself, but the result of general social trends. The expansion of higher education has intruded upon the cozy atmosphere enjoyed by university students before WWII. Those who climbed to the top of the educational ladder in the 1930s felt privileged in a way that most students today cannot appreciate. Floud continues, "But apart from that, I would say that social sciences are not as exciting as they were for the reason that there is much more of them. Also, I think many people would say that they have not proved themselves as policy sciences."

But if the L.S.E. has changed, so too have its students. In the 1930s the far left, of which Floud was a member, were ideologically driven to seek social change. They were dogmatic, persistent and concerned with the structural issues which determine human affairs. "We didn't want to run the kitchen," admits Floud, nor did they want to run the school. The university was a respected institution, and movements like rent strikes were considered a terrible bore. Despite their impetuosity, it is clear that the Left in the 1930s gave a dimension to social protest which was conspicuously lacking among the Left of the 1960s. As a professor at Columbia University during the height of the Vietnam War, Floud observed the student militants: "I

was rather disgusted because I could not get an argument out of them. They didn't have an ideology so you couldn't argue with them. We were Talmudists — we went for the word and argued about it. We had our sectarian positions, and hated thoroughly and loved unthinkingly."

They also were not politically apathetic in the way which many are today. In the 1930s, however, politics seemed the means of achieving social progress and the Left seized the opportunity. Today students of all ideological stripes realise the restrictions of politics and the social sciences in general. The tendency to retreat into oneself rather than to act in a positive way has been well documented. "It is much harder than we used to think. The theoretical problems are more complex. The possibilities of abuse are much greater."

Mrs Floud has been involved in academics and education throughout her life, returning to L.S.E. after World War II to lecture in sociology. While some of the rough edges of her student radicalism may have been smoothed down, her social concern led her to take part in David Glass' "National Enquiry into Movement between Classes." The study's finding with regard to education showed that although there was an absolute increase in the number of working class children who found their way into the upper classes, education had only a slight effect on lessening class differentials. It also demonstrated that as educational opportunities expanded middle class children benefited proportionately more than their peers from working class families.

Most recently Mrs Floud has continued her involvement in educa-



Jean Floud

tion as principal of Newnham College, where she has become concerned about a rationalisation of education by the present government. Once free to plan their development, universities are increasingly losing autonomy to governmental authorities who control financial allocations and, therefore, can effectively take over the planning role. The situation in Mrs Floud's estimation is significant

within democratic industrial society, which must preserve "individual centres of social criticism." Although she seeks social change in ways different from those which she advocated in the 1930s a twinkle of the ideological radicalism which Mrs Floud acquired at L.S.E. shows through when she says, "But I certainly haven't lost the fascination with the questions we tried to answer."

COMING OUT PROBLEMS

FOLLOWING the Union decision to hold a Gay Week of Action in the Lent Term, LORNA VASSILIADIS spoke to several gay students at L.S.E. about the problems encountered.

It was with a sense of uncertainty that I met the group of gays who agreed to talk to me. I realised from the beginning that many straights must feel the same way as I do. It became apparent during the interview that gay people sense the fear of straights to communicate and come into direct contact with gays.

There are many gays who even when they have come to terms with themselves cannot "come out." The fact that there are gay people around who are afraid to "come out" is the chief pre-occupation of the current members of the LSE Gaysoc. "The presence of gay students must be asserted in an active political way," says John Munford, a first year student.

It appears that other universities have done more to help gays. Derek Atkinson criticises the students' union for not doing as much as it could and should to help gays.

The LSE Gaysoc was revived last year by Derek Atkinson and Gordon Rainsford following what was described as a "degeneration in 1978." It has thirty to forty members at present including about ten women. I visualised the society as a forum for discussing their problems but it is not quite like that. It is a means of communication but in addition to this it deals with specific questions and issues. The main aim of the society is to help gay people who have not yet come out.

Ideally the members would like to see a situation not just at LSE but society in general, when people

can openly admit to being gay. How, I asked, had gays at L.S.E. come together before the society was revived? The answer is simple: by wearing a gay badge. "Once you've come out" says Nigel Ryan, another first year student, "You don't worry about wearing a badge." To wear a badge then is a positive move, an act of defiance against those who oppose gays.

The group I spoke to are perhaps atypical of homosexuals in that (with the exception of Martin Cursue who came out at the end of the first year) they had come out before coming to L.S.E. It is a gradual process of recognition, accelerated or slowed down by various factors in a gay's life. John for example came out two years ago at the age of sixteen at a time when the Punk scene was taking off. Punk, he says, seemed to be the ultimate outrage with people more willing to experiment with themselves. Yet it is not the case that people who wear unusual clothes and "look" gay are gay, whilst it is also wrong to assume as Rory Connolly pointed out that people like Bowie with his blatant eccentricity helped the gay movement in any way.

I sensed a bitter resentment on the gay part against society for depicting homosexuality as a problem and regarding homosexuality as a sort of illness. Undoubtedly the media has had a hand in this, for if it chooses to show gays, it is either as stereotype characters on the lines of Larry Grayson or it presents them in the context of "problematic" documentaries alongside suicide, drug addiction, cancer and racialism. They resent being treated as a "social problem" indicating that they do not regard themselves as "not being natural."

On the contrary they feel that there is nothing wrong with them. They feel that society is at fault for rejecting them, suppressing them, forcing them into a ghetto.

No doubt gay women would have more to say on this subject. At this point it must be stressed that although there are many similarities between the problems faced by lesbians and homosexuals, there are also many differences. Women certainly feel that they should not be organised by gay men. The gays I spoke to felt that in any case they were not qualified to talk about women.

What are the problems that gay students have to face? First of all accommodation. When Derek was applying for accommodation at the L.S.E. he wrote a letter saying that he was gay so that this could be taken into consideration. Result? Indifference. He was allocated a flat with an anti-gay student. After two weeks Derek left. It is incidents like this that create a deep feeling of bitterness amongst gays. "If only a little more understanding could be shown," says Nigel. Understanding is what people seem to lack. Derek was beaten up in a Hall of Residence in Leeds for being gay. Rory, who is at Commonwealth Hall was told by a barman: "Either you f.....g shut up or I'll smash this bottle over your head."

It seems that the problem for gays is two-fold: First to be accepted by society as a part of society and secondly to be accepted as human beings. The fact is that homosexuality exists, and even if you do not want to agree with it, even if you do not want to accept it, to persecute gays and ridicule them, helps neither you nor them.

GAY SOC. MEETS TUESDAY LUNCHTIMES IN A012.



THIS picture of a British Movement supporter was taken on last Sunday's march by STEVE HUTCHINGS, of "London Student". Just as when it is difficult to take a bad picture of something because of its overwhelming beauty, so it is hard to take an uninteresting snap of BM members so great is their ugliness and almost total suppression of any sort of external humanity, though this is not meant to detract from the above shot.

One particular BM member has become something of an anti-superstar — his picture, or rather his tattooed right arm's appeared in Time Out's report on the Bexley Heath demo. . . . The arm contains the complete range of Nazi logos and slogans, including "Perish Judah" and the initials N.S.D.A.P. If the figure of a 400-strong BM turnout given in the national press is to be believed, there was about one photographer for every BM member last Sunday.

A.W.

WHY IS THIS FILM AN 'X'?

The recent decision of the British Board of Film Censors to award the film "Babylon" an 'X' certificate means that it will not be seen by many of the teenagers whose lives it concerns, against the hopes and wishes of the people who made it. **ALEX WYNTER** looks at the politics behind film censorship.

THE BBFC is an independent body set up and financed (through viewing fees) by the film industry itself and carries out that industry's self-regulation. It awards certificates using certain criteria, mainly the level of sex, violence and profanity contained in them. It is not, given that Britain is a democracy, usually concerned with the political implications of a film.

By giving Franco Rosso's "Babylon" an 'X', the BBFC seems to have departed from this practice. James Ferman, BBFC secretary, admits that the level of sex, violence and profanity contained in "Babylon" merited an 'AA' — so why was it given an 'X'?

The film concerns the lives of a group of black teenagers who run a reggae sound system called Ital Lion which they are entering in a sound competition. It opens with the semi-final and builds up to the show-down, with Ital Lion's main rival, the Jah Shaka system. The central character, Blue, is the only Rastafarian member of Ital Lion and his fortunes constitute the main story. He is presented as "a very moral guy — more sinned against than sinner", as Ferman put it. His white friend, Ronnie, is accepted into Ital Lion through him; he is horrified when some black friends of his mug a gay white man in the West End one night, is betrayed by his girlfriend, arrested on sus and beaten up and eventually leaves home.

Ital Lion rent a railway-arch lock-up (where they keep their equipment) adjoining a council estate on which live some racist white tenants who regularly taunt the group and at one point throw milk bottles at them. One day, returning to the lockup alone, Blue dis-

covers that it has been broken into by National Front supporters and everything in it wrecked. When the rest arrive, one of them turns on Blue's white friend in a fit of racist anger and nuts him to the ground. Incensed by this, the break-in and the endless hassles of which his life seems to consist, Blue later stabs one of the racist whites on the estate whom he assumes to be responsible.

It was this stabbing incident which the censors felt put the film in the 'X' category... "We don't think the average 14 or 15 year-old black kids going to appreciate what a tragic moment it is when Blue stabs the white racist," they told the distributors, Oisris films. "A final scene of Blue sitting in a police cell to emphasise the futility of violence might have enabled an 'AA' to be granted — we knew the makers were looking for an 'AA' so we said, 'make sure this (stabbing) is perceived as a tragedy,'" added James Ferman in an interview with "London Student".

After an initial viewing of "Babylon", the BBFC were unsure what certificate to award. All five censors, plus Lord Harlech (President of the BBFC) and Ferman saw the

It leaves the young with the impression that "turning the other cheek" is no longer a viable option, say censors.

film and liked it. But to help them decide they called in the Commission for Racial Equality, who they felt were the relevant experts. The CRE refused to be represented officially but agreed to send eight of their community workers (seven blacks, one white and all over eighteen) to see "Babylon" and give an opinion. At first, five of



Scene from "Babylon": Ital Lion in their wrecked lock-up.

the workers went for an 'A', but after a second showing and some discussion at the BBFC's Soho HQ the vote was six-to-two in favour of an 'X'. Lionel Morrison, principal information officer at the CRE, said that "the consensus of opinion was that the film might foster the idea that you can only get things through violence."

It was the inclusion of the CRE in the censorship process that particularly upset Mamoun Hassan, of

On hearing of the BBFC decision, angry workers at Osiris films issued a press release: "We protest the BBFC rating but most of all we protest the methods by which it was arrived at... The inclusion of black social workers in the process is a blatant acknowledgment of the racial and political context in which the film has been judged."

For Franco Rosso, the problems with "Babylon" represent a continuing trend of suppression: his film "House on the Hill", about a black borstal boy, was banned by the ATV network; his "Omnibus" documentary on the black poet Lynton Kwesi Johnson, "Dread Beat and Blood", was postponed until after the 1979 general election for political reasons; now "Babylon", banned at this year's New York Film Festival, has picked up a controversial 'X'.

The greatest contradiction in the BBFC's position is that they freely admit, in a letter to the National Film Financing Corporation, that "Babylon" presents a "truthful" ac-

count of the life-experience of young blacks in London today but feel that it leaves the young viewer with the impression that "turning the other cheek" is no longer a viable option. The censors also accuse Rosso of racial stereotyping. The BBFC, in a written summary of its policy, claims that, "we seek to be as generous as possible with a film which seriously sets out to examine the problem of violence or of sexual relationships in modern society," as opposed to exploitatively. This generosity apparently does not extend to "serious" examinations of the race issue. By contrast, in the United States the "Roots" TV series was actually recommended educational material.

Most people who were involved in "Babylon" are very disappointed that, as Mamoun Hassan put it, "the first really good black movie to have come along for years will not now be seen by the very people whose lives are reflected in it."

B.B.C. AT L.S.E.

THE major leg-over news story of the year—the Prince Charles sex-siding affair—dominated the B.B.C. News Quiz at L.S.E. last Thursday, as it had done the papers the week before.

Question after question had Fleet Street Livelies Coren, Bakewell, Dempster and Hoggart dwelling on

the weathered journalistic cock-up, to the virtual exclusion of all that was witty and amusing.

What had promised to be an entertaining evening turned out to be somewhat of an embarrassment to audience and participants alike. Designed as a quiz about newspapers by newspapermen, the invited guests laden down heavily

with scripted jokes, often proved less amusing than several members of the L.S.E. crowd. Most of the witty ad-libs were edited out before the programme was transmitted over the weekend.

The Guardian's Simon "I like Now!" Hoggart managed to tell a pre-planned gag in answer to the wrong question; Alan Coren produced the only truly amusing comments although apparently bored out of his mind; Nigel Dempster resembled Leonard Rossiter in looks but was only one-quarter as funny and Joan Bakewell inspired a lot of support but probably for the wrong reasons.

Chairman Barry Took seemed delighted with the raucous audience and jazzed up what would otherwise have been a horribly dull evening.

In reference to constant hissing, Mr Dempster said that "This place has changed a bit since I was here with Mick Jagger", and most regretted that the bulk of the evening's jokes had not seen similar transformation.

S.G.

Camden's first co-operative

THE "Last Days of the Raj" opened last week in Drury Lane amid a modest fanfare proclaiming itself to be the first co-operatively run Indian restaurant in London.

Amin Ali, the Assistant Manager, explained that their motives in opening a co-operative was not simply to make money but to increase confidence amongst the Bengali community. A workers' co-operative, if successful, would provide a focus for those people hit by unemployment and racial prejudice. The implications of this should spread beyond the Indian community to all minority groups.

Co-operative members have worked closely with the Bengali Workers Action Group in conducting a local housing survey, helping newly arrived immigrants to settle in and in liaising youth projects. The BWAG now has 300 members and their activities have encouraged Camden Council to employ three Bengali social workers.

Despite their contacts with Camden Committee for Community Relations the restaurant has not been financed by public funds. "We could have asked for a grant," said Mr Ali, "but the group thought that would be wrong. In the end Camden Council acted as guarantor for the loan we got from a private

company. We wanted this project to be a success on its own. If we make money our constitution pledges us to open other restaurants employing more people from the community."

Camden Council's record on minorities' housing and welfare issues is better than most Boroughs. The co-operative feels that if more Local Authorities were as helpful, many of the problems of disadvantaged communities could be solved.

The eight man team are not social crusaders. They have worked for many years in the catering trade with traditionally long hours and low wages. Now they want to make a profit. Organised as a Friendly Society rather than as a limited liability company, policy decisions are made by staff Council meetings not by separate management.

However there was a difference of opinion on the reasons for the choice of an apparently imperialistic name rather than the second favourite "The Empire Strikes Back." Mr Ali stressed business-like implications of service, elegance and discretion but others said that the "Last Days" were the end of an era: now workers would work for themselves, not bosses — even Indian ones.

ROWENA WHELAN



Colin Bates

Alan Coren stifles a yawn as Joan Bakewell tries to look interested.



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£5,000 for a reading list

Our is-life-worth-it department looks at value for money at the LSE

ONE American student has come to the conclusion that he's paying 10,000 dollars (the cost of a year's studying at the L.S.E.) for a reading list. Comprehensive a list it may be, but he expected more.

Many students come to the School with high expectations about both university in general and the L.S.E. in particular. Now that they are here, and have passed a couple of months, or years playing the role of young seeker after knowledge, they wonder why they're not satisfied. What happened to the young minds

tion of the School, but subsequent inquiry reveals that he just found a ten-year-old copy of the Sunday Express, doesn't like students and has never met a product of the School. Anyway, he has the impression that they only study Sociology at the place. In general employers don't seem particularly impressed by our school, but they won't refuse a job application form

the bars, throw beer at discos, read Beaver, party, vote and do all the things outsiders think students do and shouldn't. If you hang around the bars and canteens you might wonder when students ever get time to study. Listen to conversations about sex, the Union, Maggie and Tony, films, friends and enemies, and, occasionally, to gripes about classes and lectures. But what about the great questions, the Red Shift, the meaning of death, monetarism? Where's their intellectual payload?

One member of the academic staff said that he had a lot of admiration for the students, and enjoyed teaching them, although he admitted that classes could be a problem when a bunch of quiet types turned up in one. Although he did say that students were, on the whole, considerably less intellectual than he would like them to be, and that they were often unresponsive to suggestions as to how they might exploit the opportunities here, he saw such apathy (at least as compared with the attitudes of students elsewhere) as being a defence mechanism against the superabundance of choice in courses, and reckoned that students worked harder today than they did some years ago, with more classwork demanded of them and less free time to pursue studies privately.

The students that I interviewed were occasionally vehemently dismissive of the intellectual standards of their fellows, the more honest among them admitting that since they were not themselves very involved in either their courses or in general intellectual pursuits they might not be all that well qualified to criticise others. Most people were more reasonable, more sorrowful than anything else about the intellectual atmosphere. Not surprisingly perhaps, those who were most articulately critical of the School had had the highest expectations before coming. One student said that he had heard that there were some great scholars here, had come across their works before arriving at the L.S.E., and was disheartened to find that these men were on the whole unexciting in person and in

lectures, and that some of those relatively unknown outside were much more stimulating.

Many people were critical of the standard of lecturing, one suggesting that most lecturers had little to say, and knew it. One very common criticism, perhaps the most frequently heard, is on the lack of mental organisation displayed by lecturers; it is rare that a clear argument is expounded in an ordered framework, many lecturers doing little more than present loosely patterned sets of data. To be fair, one could possibly make similar criticisms of many class presentations by students, and a couple of interviewees did blame students for failing to respond to

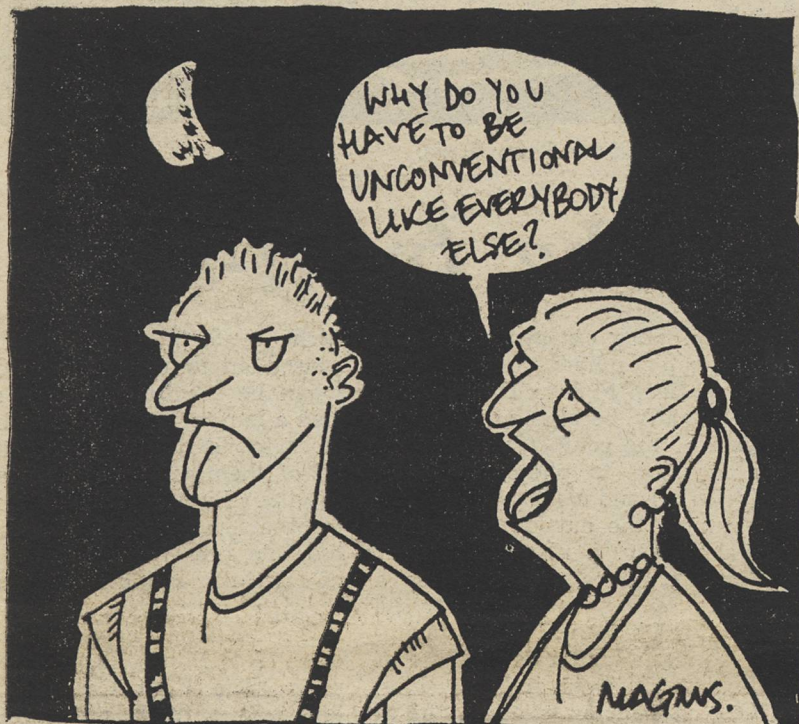
thought to be the answer to the world's ills. One student called the L.S.E. "a failed vision" and thought it a mistake that the L.S.E. had ever become a general undergraduate-teaching institution. He suggested that the academic atmosphere of the School was distorted, the limited range of disciplines studied making the social scientists too confident, as they forgot the generally synthetic nature of their subjects and their dependence on their antecedents in the sciences and humanities.

Three of the people I spoke to mentioned the advantages of taking at least one year off before attending university, and many others agreed that it was an important adjunct of going to university when I mentioned it. One person even suggested making the year's gap compulsory. As an aside, the number of failed Oxbridge entrants is noticeable at the L.S.E.

One student expressed himself surprised by the level of self-importance exhibited by some students, and suggested that a period of life out in the "real world" before university might correct this attitude. He also said, unusually, that he was not disappointed by the level of intellectuality of students but found "their level of awareness of life-styles, even slightly removed from their own often abysmal."

It could be argued that students should motivate themselves and must develop beyond the need to be spoonfed, sink or swim. But given the fact that the few of the people who take the B.Sc.s, LL.B.s or B.A.s and run are ever going to need to be intellectually creative, perhaps we should accept that students do not care to be academically adventurous. They are only interested in a good time, a good degree and the good job that that brings, so why not accept that a degree course is, as one person said, nothing more than "21-plus". Leave it to the graduates and staff whose role it is to be original and whose work gives the L.S.E. its academic reputation. On with the bibs and raise spoons.

"GROPER"



gathered around Socrates or falling in love with the theory of the firm or the joys of finding out that Popper is wrong?

Talking to outsiders about their image of the L.S.E. or the reputation that the School has in their professional group or discipline is as dispiriting as thinking about it. Occasionally a merchant banker will vomit projectively at the men-

merely on the grounds of attendance here. The L.S.E. is a very middle-of-the-road place, with a middle-of-the-road reputation as a reasonably good university.

Whatever the L.S.E. is, however divergent the images of it, undergraduates must be held responsible for that aspect that they experience. Undergraduates fill the place: they demonstrate on the streets, bicker over issues that lie on the ground like post-divorce confetti once they graduate, crowd

other than a huge international poetry reading, it's safe to say that it's not going to be as competitive as it sounds. As far as I know there won't be events like "50-line iambic pentameter" or relay races (collaborative alternate-line poems). Horowitz envisages a series of international celebrations in which poetry, now sequestered in literary journals, regains the mass audience it seemed to be attracting in the summers of '65 and '66 when marathon poetry readings filled the Royal Albert Hall.

It's not clear that the success of those readings 15 years ago showed, as Adrian Mitchell put it, "a natural hunger for poetry in everyone." It may have been a natural hunger for big quasi-competitive "happenings." This fear motivates Seamus Heaney's critical reaction in a letter to Horowitz which is reproduced in the latter's introduction to the anthology. Heaney suspects that "the world which disregards or is inimical to poetry—the world of big promotions, showbiz, business etc—will not be won over to poetry by such a large international event. Rather the event itself will be co-opted into 'news' into a 'happening', and the mythical intentions become tourist opportunities." The gist of Horo-

vitz's response is: "If the events and yes, maybe the 'happenings' we envisage are 'co-opted into news,' if it's the true voice of feeling being co-opted, then all the better for news." This is an issue which must be faced by poets in a media-soaked culture, and in this anthology Ted Hughes, Kathleen Raine, and others express their views on it.

As for the poetry—Heaney's dissent was apparently not militant enough for him to begrudge Horo-

"Stand", Vol 21 No 4, edited by Jon Silkin (from 19 Haldane Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, NE2 3AN, 70p; also available at Dillon's).

A LOT of the writing here has that frustrating impenetrability which turns potential poetry-eaters into anorexics. It's on the second reading, a day later, that you start making inroads, and in some cases it's really worth the trouble.

The new Israeli poetry is the

A grey tiled roof, slanting.

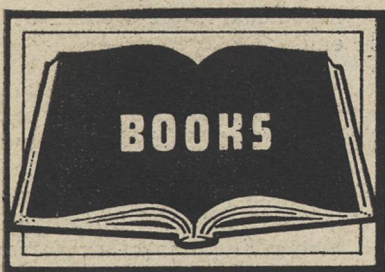
And bullets rolling bean-like off it.

Close by the wall lay father and my brother Yehoshua protecting me; ramparts.

On the other hand, the issue contains some experimental prose and poetry by Dennis Silk which I find uninviting even on second reading. His "Traces of Mr C" is intentionally fragmentary, but artlessly so. When William Faulkner uses the isolate sentence "My mother is a fish" as an entire chapter of "As I Lay Dying", there is the world-view of a fully-developed character behind it. When Silk uses the lines "Hat rack/parliament" as an entire section of this piece, it is not similarly anchored.

The issue closes with a story by Timothy Weston which goes down a bit too easily, but comes as a relief after Silk's prose and the scholarly article by Claude Gandelman on the interrelations of the Semitic scape-goat ritual, Greek tragedy, and the Christian mass. There is also a cute, sheiks-wife-of-a-Jewish/English-poet/professor's-eye-view of Jerusalem, and several reviews of new English and American poetry.

WILLIAM SHEBAR



"Poetry Olympics Special" (from New Departures, Piedmont, Misley, Stroud, Gloucester, GL6 7BU, 75p; also available at Dillon's).

IN additions to a nicely varied selection of contemporary poetry, this publication contains the seeds of a debate on the place of poetry in contemporary culture. The anthology comes out of a reading at Poet's Corner (Westminster Abbey) which celebrated the idea of a Poetry Olympics, and in it several poets express their reactions to the idea, some of which are quite critical.

The Poetry Olympics was conceived by Michael Horowitz and Martin Stansfield. Though Horowitz is a bit vague about what it will be

Poetry in print

vitz a contribution to the publication. Other heavies are Ted Hughes, Samuel Beckett, Stephen Spender, and R. D. Laing. There are two contrasting contributions by West Indian poets: a carefully crafted, image-laden poem by Derek Walcott, and a more sing-able if less thoughtful pair of poems by Linon Kwesi Johnson. And there's a lot of clever light stuff: a Ginsberg-ish one by Gregory Corso, and a poem called "Sorry Bobby" in which Fran Landesman wags a finger at Bob Dylan for going Revivalist.

main attraction of this issue. The thirteen poems by Amir Gilboa (Polish-born) have a warm, expansive quality with some very fresh imagery — "the sun stood, thick/and silent, like a bull"—and breathing rhythms—"Of a sudden a man wakes in the morning/ and feels himself a nation, and begins to walk." Much of his poetry deals with war, but in a way that shows the aggressive impulse being deflected by human bonds and an appreciation of nature, as in the opening lines of "Lead seeds":



Mother Ireland

THE biggest problem in this play is set by the pattern of the plot that Ron Hutchinson adopts. An Irish club in Coventry pays off its debt to the brewery and celebrates with a week of Irish culture and bingo, the Grand Finale being a play about the Norman Invasion of Ireland.

Given that the play they want to produce is clearly going to be a fiasco, and that all this is made clear by the middle of the first act, the problem is to keep the play moving for the rest of the evening, which Hutchinson does on the whole very well.

It is an uproariously funny play with some glorious dialogue, and constant rowing and wrangling between the club's committee members. These are a bunch of incompetent, pettifogging, self-important swindlers whose obsession with the forthcoming elections sends

them scrambling to prove themselves greener-than-thou (as long as nobody mentions the IRA).

The play steers a clever line between satire and farce, which reaches its peak in the acting out of the play itself. There is some tremendous parodying of sub-Yeats blank verse, which is deceptively difficult to do both well and at length, and a wicked though not destructive send-up of Irish culture as a whole.

It does flag at times, when the Secretary howls "Who killed Michael Collins" at the Treasurer for the twentieth time, and Ron Hutchinson never completely escapes from the satirist's trap of creating only two-dimensional characters; but the play is still well worth seeing for its strong humour, for the energy thrown into the production by a very strong cast, and for a very different perspective on the problems of the Irish.

S.J.

This Great Movement of Ours . . .

THE political guru of the Guardian, Peter Jenkins, premieres his first play at the Lyric. It will come as no surprise to our readership to learn that its subject is the Left/Right schism in the Labour Party, and the disintegration of consensus politics. Thus one approaches the play with a certain sense of trepidation, anticipating the transformation of Peter Jenkins' column into a three hour play, and leaves with a certain relief after finding that Jenkins has restrained himself and has written an extremely competent and amusing debut play.

The play is set during the office of an unspecified Labour government which is facing a deepening economic crisis (shades of the 1974 Wilson era). The Party Leader ("grandad") is on his last legs and speculation is rife as to who will become his successor. The two pretenders to the throne are the Home Secretary/the Fabian intellectual, Gucci socialist (with affinities towards the Jenkins/Crosland genre rather than the thuggish Healey variety) and the Employment Secretary/a tough Tribuneite from a petit bourgeois background, who does not correlate to either Foot or Benn very easily.

Against this background, we arrive in Blackpool for the annual conference to find that the Left are moving a motion which would disbar from party membership anyone who sends their children to a public school. The motion is a trap for the Home Secretary (played by Paul Eddington) whose son attends Charterhouse, but actually his divorced wife has custody of the child

and is responsible for his education. However, Martin Grayle, the Home Secretary, refuses to explain himself or allow his private life to be discussed in public.

Jenkins does well to separate the political rights and wrongs of the issue from the private passion and remorse it inflicts on the Home Secretary, but praise is really due to Paul Eddington who gives the character a great deal more depth than is otherwise apparent from the dialogue. At the same time, Jenkins does show how the behaviour of the right wing often verges on arrogance and an obdurate refusal to play the game except according to the rules they lay down.

The play is a magnificent entertainment with superb performances all round; however, that must be qualified by saying that the play fails on any more substantial tenet. If, as the anarchic ending suggests, the Labour Party is on the point of disintegration, the play should have produced more substantial evidence to persuade the audience of its verdict. Secondly, the use of stock characters may amuse, but the resultant drama is devalued by such convenient devices. Lastly, it is unfortunate that Jenkins produced an entertainment at the expense of producing a work of real depth and power which would seek to explore the motivations of its main characters—the real characterisation, such as it is, owes more to strong performances than to a challenging analysis of the conflicts and contradictions which beset politicians.

H.F.



"The Irish Play" by Ron Hutchinson, directed by Barry Kyle.

Shots on the front-line

IT isn't possible to offer a review or judgment on this exhibition at best all this can be is a fleeting, shattered impression. McCullin himself is opposed to his photographs being appraised as part of an art form—referring to them personally as "snaps" according with the wire-service ethical code.

What his photographs are is a challenge—all being taken expressly for this purpose. They were designed to affront, assault and outrage our senses, to make us physically flinch over our Sunday "brunch" before we turned to the more serious business of the Sunday papers, the reviews and commentaries.

The total effect of the exhibition is to reincarnate the horror felt when his pictures originally appeared. Even those which have been reprinted world-wide or have become photo-journalistic "classics", impart a fresh feeling of outrage.

The most obscene element of the exhibition is a layout of two complete Sunday Times magazines, containing photo-stories by McCullin (Vietnam—Old Glory Young Blood March 1968. "The Accusing Face of Biafra" June 1969) and the advertisements which they originally appeared next to. Despite the obvious attempts of the picture editor, to minimise the effect, the impression leaves a particularly nasty after-taste.

Although the exhibition arouses a very obvious sense of horror, the most striking and visible element of McCullin's photography is its great tenderness and gentleness. Like that other great British photo-journalist Larry Burrows, he has an immense respect for all his subjects—for the dignity of professional killers, the injured and the dying alike.

The more extravagant breed of photographers, such as Tim Page, Sean Flynn or Dana Stone, eventually became an intrinsic part of the conflict they originally came to photograph but McCullin and camera always remain on the outside looking in—a voyeur, a mercenary. At times it gives his pictures a brutal and sinister objectivity, applying as much to his photographs of Britain as to those of foreign conflicts and tragedies. One particular picture, of a dying Cambodian, was taken while he himself was being conveyed to hospital, severely injured.

There is much argument today about the role of the photographer or journalist in

such conflicts—Tim Page caused an uproar at the I.C.A. when he admitted he had carried a gun in Vietnam. Michael Herr in "Dispatches" classified all of them as "parasites" earning their livings off the miseries of others. A sense of guilt about his role seems to pervade all of McCullin's pictures, giving them a masochistic and even more challenging edge. However, if as Philip Knightley asserts, "The First Casualty" in any war is truth, then McCullin's photographs may go a small way in redressing the balance.

The horrific reflection is that such "truth" does and will continue to exist.

Deborah Gudgeon

Macmillan's Manor at Covent Garden

THE sensational dancing of Anthony Dowell and Jennifer Penney with Macmillan's choreography to the music of Jules Massenet all came together to make the performance of Manon at Covent Garden one of the best this season.

Manon recounts a love story with the inevitable tragic ending. Jennifer Penney danced the title role with charm and grace but at the beginning she lacked some of the sexuality which adds to the role. The pas de deux with Des Grieux (Anthony Dowell) was quite comic as we saw Manon happily in love. While in a later pas de deux we see passion overtake her, the choreography and her movement have a violent and powerful tone. The sweet Manon

at the beginning of the ballet become a tragic woman at the end.

Anthony Dowell was a powerful hero, he had perfect control and strength. Not only does he physically dance well, but his emotional portrayal is never lacking either. Dowell is in fact giving one other performance as Des Grieux.

Lescant, Manon's brother, was danced by Michael Coteman. He was good and sound, especially in the scene where he was drunk; but he was nothing spectacular or out of the ordinary. Monica Mason was full of comedy, bringing a great sense of fun and humour. The corps de ballet too were excellent.

Jeremy Rosenblatt

£1,000 RAISED AT BOOK SALE

Last week's book sale and auction in the Cobden area of the Old Building raised over £1,000. Books were donated by LSE staff to raise money for the School's "1980's

Fund". Assistant Appeals Officer Debbie Rogerson called the event "a great success" and wished to thank all those who bought books and helped with organisation.

The Shadow Warrior

SIXTEENTH century Japan, the Shogunate is weak, Shingen of the Takeda clan, one of the strongest warlords in the struggle for supremacy, is mortally wounded and in his will decrees that his death be kept a secret for three years in order to deceive the rival warlords. A double is put in his place — a petty thief saved from hanging by Shingen's brother because of his great likeness to the lord — this is the Kagemusha, the shadow warrior.

The story is fabulously staged by Kurosawa, in true epic format, alternating its two levels: that of the characters — the double, Shingen's brother and the Takeda generals; and that of the history of Japan and the warring clans; to create what has been called, already, the best film of the decade. But how "Kagemusha" hits you really depends on your childhood dreams. If you read Tolkien, the Narnia books, Henry Treece's Viking novels, and all those other fantastic books; if you thoroughly enjoyed Star Wars simply because of the excitement it generated in you and if you used to dream of charismatic leaders, and glorious battles; then this film will hold you enraptured for the full 159 minutes of its length and for god knows how long after that. Both the scenes of battle and marching armies, set to a swirling soundtrack, and the scenes, at a more intimate level, of the Kagemush's development stir up the emotions and keep you enthralled at the sheer beauty and wonder of the film.

Using the largest budget ever for a Japanese film (thanks to Coppola and Lucas) Kurosawa has created a mighty spectacle — a stunning film of great visual splendour, with lavish period costumes and suits of armour (loaned directly from museums) and a marvellous photography, like few I've seen before. But "Kagemusha" is more than an epic, there are several underlying themes which are obviously what initially attracted Kurosawa. Never has he cast such an acute look at Power: the power of a single person in the political scene

of his country (even after his death), the power of an actor to change and deceive, and the power of the all-seeing and all-knowing spectator. Kurosawa takes great interest in the double as the ultimate actor, "It must have been very difficult for a person to become another person suppressing all his own feelings"; and he carefully maps out those moments of folly when the actor the character become one.

This happens at one of the emotional climaxes of the film, the Kagemusha is alone with his attendants, who are of the few who know the secret of their real master's death. They jeer and laugh at the double for thinking himself too great, reminding him of his origins and as a riposte he adopts one of the late Shingen's favourite postures; everything clicks, the double has rediscovered those internal mechanisms that create and control appearance, which create the sadness of a face and the intonation of a voice. The attendants are overcome with grief, it is as if they beheld their master. This is indeed a tremendous sequence.

Kurosawa also likes to play with the spectators, often hiding the main action from us so that we have to imagine what is happening or get a "second-hand" account from some intermediary characters. He is constantly reminding us that he is the master story teller and that if in some cases we know more of what is happening than the characters do, it is only because he has told us. For Kurosawa is an expert, he has been directing films for 37 years having made 27 in that period, although only three in the last 15 years. He is now 70 years old and he is still very ambitious; with two projects in mind, a film of an Edgar Allan Poe book and an adaptation of King Lear. Having been able to muster the courage and strength to make such a masterpiece as "Kagemusha" only a few years after a depression in which he almost succeeded in taking his own life, I think that Akira Kurosawa still has a lot to offer.

"Kagemusha" is showing at the Gates 1 & 3 and a collection of pastels and water-colours drawn by Kurosawa during the preparation of the film can be seen at the N.F.T.

CHRISTOPHE ARMERO

'Six Characters . . .'

THIS term's production of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author", was in keeping with the L.S.E. Drama Society's monotonous pseudo intellectual image, which is broken only occasionally by the Christmas pantomime. I wonder when the Drama Society will move away from this kind of self indulgence, which the majority of the L.S.E. students do not appreciate anyway. After all, L.S.E. is not Oxford or Cambridge who have regular productions and are thus in a position to indulge themselves.

This play was an attempt to distinguish between reality and its subjective interpretation and enactment. Pirandello created a situation where a rehearsal by a group of actors is disturbed by six characters who claim to have been created by an author in an unwritten play. They demand to have their tragedy staged and succeed as the producer of the play being rehearsed grows enthusiastic. While this play may have been meaningful in the early part of this century when it was written, I fail to see its relevance to modern theatre where reality is usually the norm and where the character submerges the actor.

In spite of it all, the play was interesting with a high level of acting exhibited. The director, Nisha Pillai, managed through hard work and imagination, to successfully pre-

sent flowing and demanding drama. However, I was sometimes disconcerted by the lighting arrangement which tended to distract attention.

Nisha Pillai used the contrasts of the play to create stereotypes among the actors who watch the six characters enact their drama. Penny Holdin gas the leading lady of the play to have been rehearsed, is shown as a beautiful, vain and egotistic actress, with the leading man, George Papaconstantinou being ascribed a similar character. Both created comic relief in their highly stylized and very well acted portrayals, as the author contrasted reality and subjectivity.

Margaret Ramsay, as must be expected by the play-going audience of L.S.E., once again stole the acting honours, with a consistently good and sensible portrayal of the step-daughter. Michael Gill, a first year, played the lead male role of the father, brilliantly, and must surely be a major find for the Drama Society. Christian Hodelge evoked great audience appreciation for his short farcical role of Madame Straub. Helena Whalen was good as the mother. Simon French, David Guadauskas, Alastair Smith, Raj Chatterjee, David Fanger, Claire Hyde — all lent admirable support.

It was a play which was enjoyable, but I wish (and I probably speak for a lot of fellow students) that L.S.E. Drama Society may produce a comedy next time.

ALOK VAJPEYI



Kurosawa's "Kagemusha", starring Tatsuya Nakadai.

Pissarro at the Hayward

TO celebrate his 150th anniversary a major retrospective of Pissarro's work is now at the Hayward Gallery; a surprising choice of locus since he hated London ("here there is no art, everything is business").

If your taste is for the grandiose or heroic, for the sublime or visionary, for what—upon a glance—will change your conception of the world, then Camille Pissarro (in his early years he signed himself Pizarro, for he was of Spanish origin) is not an artist for whom you will brave the vile and pestilent winds of Waterloo bridge. But if you are susceptible to the charm and gaiety of a modest, warm and human (above all, human) eye whose inspiration, never dominated by a single vision and inclined to be sequacious, rarely fails to delight, then this well-hung orderly and comprehensive display should really be seen.

The works are arranged chronologically which in Pissarro's case is of especial importance, given that he changed—or rather, if it is not too cruel to say so, his models changed—over a life that spanned the larger part of the nineteenth century. At the start he was influenced by Corot, so much so that he signed himself as his pupil. So not for him were the idealised landscapes dreamt up to fit preconceived strictures; the call was to a direct contact with nature.

The results were mixed. He seems to have had a morbid talent for insipid green; a green not unlike the ghostly pallors of our own Pre-Raphaelites. But where he excels is in the studies of snow, of trees and their shadows, of autumnal avenues and in his depiction of the wintry streets of Pointoise. They are so, so, alive; the intimacy of the scene is such that one can almost feel the frosty closeness of the streets. This is Pissarro at his best. His portraiture is indifferent, he is unable to paint the nude with anything like the life of Renoir or the originality of Cézanne and as for psychology, he is devoid of it. An autodidact amongst draughtsmen, his rural figures evidently inspired by Millet have nothing of this artist's strength.

Yet move on to the twilight years, past a flirtation with pontillism and what he called "scientific impressionism", to the splendid Paris paintings which abound with the city's vivacity. Take the Avenue de L'Opéra, evanescent in the rain—"silvery" was the adjective he used, the Pont Royal or the Boulevard des Italiens. Surely no artist, save Utrillo, has evoked so delightfully the elegance of France's capital. Rouen too, phlegmatic Rouen, comes alive under the brushwork of this by now venerable artist. "He was one of my masters and I do not deny him" wrote Gauguin from Tahiti, and at an exhibition in Aix an artist listed himself in the catalogue as "Paul Cézanne, pupil of Pissarro".



DISRUPTIVE EMERGING PATTERNS

THE college which brought you Mick Jagger, and more recently, The Jive and Alien Kulture now boasts another band, Disruptive Patterns.

The L.S.E. connection is Paul Cummins who plays guitar with the five-piece group who hail from Guildford. They have been together for six months and have now played eight concerts performing a self-penned set. Bruce Foxton of The Jam has expressed an interest in the band and he was in attendance at their recent Marquee date when they were on the same bill as the Vapors. They hope to release a single shortly but finance is proving a problem.

On seeing them recently, at the Music Machine, I was impressed by the tightness of the sound and the quality of playing. Some of the lyrics are slightly dubious, and the vocalist's stage presence leaves a lot to be desired, but these are not major handicaps for a new band. Perhaps our very own Ents Committee may soon see fit to offer them an opportunity to play.

NICK GODDARD (Dr) REPLIES

NEXT term, I hope to start organising the London band talent contest in conjunction with other colleges, along the same lines as it was organised last year.

"Up and Coming" bands with college connections will be given the opportunity (Venue and power and audience?) to pit their talents against each other in a number of heats at various colleges.

The Final will be staged at ULU.

Applications to Ents. Room, E 206.

P.S. — Even Fred Uruguays are welcome!

RAG WEEK APPEARS . . .

This will be our third LSE Rag Week in as many years, despite the usual feeble (sic) attempts to wreck what should be an enjoyable and rewarding week. (You can expect the traditionally pathetic UGM motion (Props. Albanian Maoists).

Rag Week WILL Happen!

The planning and preparation of the events has to start NOW! The more people who are involved, the more enjoyable and successful it will be . . . two meetings have already been held.

Rag Week needs YOU!

The all-important meeting will be at the beginning of next term, so watch out for notices.

Rag Week doesn't damage your health!

REMEMBER—Rag Week, Mon., March 2nd to Sat., March 7th
NICK GODDARD (DR.)

The not so silent night Festive bop

END the term in style at this year's Yuletide Fling on Friday, 5th December. Even Father Christmas himself never had this much fun! There'll be plenty of music, booze, and general fun and games for all. Just look at the line-up. . . .

ROY WOOD'S HELICOPTERS

Roy Wood initially shot to fame with the Move (they had a total of 5 hit singles!), but he is best remembered for his "Glam Rock" Superstar stint with the legendary Wizzard (7 hit singles). He has also had four solo hits and was Electric Light Orchestra's supremo for "Roll Over Beethoven" and "10538 Overture" . . . "Blackberry Way", "California Man", "See My Baby Jive", "I wish it could be Christmas every day" — all the hits from "the old days", plus more new material from his latest band, Helicopters.

THE MARVELETTES

If this trio had decided to pursue their recording careers

instead of their family ties, they would be one of Motown's top acts today! Their performance is immaculate and stunning. Easily one of the most professional and accomplished supports you will ever see in the Haldane Room.

ROBER RUSKIN SPEAR & HIS KINETIC WARDROBE

Yes, it sounds odd, but read on . . . Now free from the confines of the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, he has taken musical 'A' one step further with the aid of computers, saxophones, pyrotechnics and his ever popular robots. The Professor now presents his own 60 minutes of electronic Vaudeville. A genuine English eccentric, absolutely nuts and a real "riot"! Don't come late, or you'll miss this lunatic!

Also, the Ents. Disco providing all the latest sounds, plus plenty of laughs with the film "Belles of St. Trinians".

Make sure you're there! Get your tickets now from the Union Shop—only £2 each.



The Elder Statesman's Column



GREETINGS, regulars!

I must say that the life at L'Ecole Economique de Londres has been lacking in spice and vice recently. Still, in the great tradition of direct democracy I would like to communicate to you all the goings-on of that wacky body, the Court of Governors. I arrived late unfortunately for the first meeting, due to an earlier engagement at ULU Swimming Baths, but I was only temporarily delayed. Palpitations filled my

breast as I ascended in the lift precious minutes late. Pre-occupied with the awaiting embarrassment, I was rather shocked when the lift door opened and I was greeted by the Rent-Strike Committee picket.

Trying to maintain new composure, I swept toward the Porter-barred door to the supreme body's chamber. There seemed to be no coherent chant, just a cacophony of directionalist noise, but seemingly voicing the desire that I should not pass. Unfortunately this was the Porters' intention as well, because they did not recognise me as a Governor of the School (instant dismissal in 1894, but compromise in the ACAS-1980s).

Seeking to produce documentary evidence of my Governorship in the form of my question paper — this was immediately seized upon by twenty begrimed mitts as if they were starving urchins in sight of some bread. Trying to "stay cool", I struggled and nearly scuffed my blue shoes, which were aimed at the grasping mob. Consulting an official in the ante-room, with credentials verified, I was allowed to pass; not before my carnation was mauled and misappropriated. Still, they could probably make more use of it than I! My maiden speech on

the Court was dazzling, and I enjoyed sitting through the Standing Committee but not getting to my seat through the thicket of pickets.

I was pleased to see that Michael Foot was elected PLP leader — this will hopefully now turn my neighbourhood into the Pacific Palisades of the U.K., with secret servicemen around every corner. I wonder if his parliamentary colleagues have signed the incumbent's cast with such messages as "Get well soon, Eric and Doris Heffer". Still, less of the corny jokes about Michael Foot, eek!

Anyway, folks, as you may already know, it's Christmas time, and this year's seasonal offering from the Drama Society is "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". It will certainly be a racy and witty production with plenty of gags and action! Yours Truly is playing the part of Prince Charming, so place your orders with Interflora now, and all telegrams please address to the Dressing Room. I hope you are all going to come along and reward the cast with the laughter they so richly deserve. Tickets are on sale during the day in the St. Clements Lobby for Wednesday 4th and Thursday, 5th December in the Old Theatre starting 8 pm. All proceeds to charity.

News extra: Cundy admits to Rosebery graffiti in U.G.M.

RESIDENTS at Rosebery were left in no doubt that there was a rent strike on after the disco on Friday, 1th November. Pro-rent strike slogans were daubed on walls in the common room, corridors and toilets, and some of the toilet doors were removed. At the Union General Meeting on Thursday, 27th November, Union Executive Member Mark Cundy admitted responsibility for some of the vandalism, and another person was apprehended by Hall officials. The authorities are now looking into ways of proceeding: some of the graffiti is so bad that it cannot be removed and repainting will be necessary.

Old Curiosity Shop

immortalised by

Charles Dickens

SUPPORT THE RENT STRIKE

Album reviews . . . Album reviews . . .

Not so sound affects

"WELLER'S FIFTH"

PAUL Weller of The Jam is 22. In just over three years he has written and performed on four of the most highly regarded albums ever to have appeared out of this whole "punk—new wave" thing.

"In The City" was inextricably tangled up in the ropes thrown out by the Pistols and The Clash and reminiscent of the nostalgic sets at the Red Cow and the 100 Club. "This Is The Modern World" recalled the ideals of the beach-fighting mods of the mid-60's. "All Mod Cons" inspired a new parka movement. And "Setting Sons," released in the thick of last year's economic recession, lamented the decline of Great Britain and the Great British.

Last week saw the emergence of "Sound Affects" — Weller's fifth. Sadly, unlike its predecessors, it fails to take the Jam forward.

That said, "That's Entertainment" is one of Weller's finest ever—acoustic, chilling, and violent—and "Dream Time" is another worthy addition to the "pent-up frustration" file, but the overall "Sound Affects" picture is blurred and confused. The album cover—a clever pastiche of the old BBC "train-in-tunnel" effects—underlines the lack of any coherent concept. Twenty-two pictures of images mentioned in the songs, ranging from a screaming baby to a long bus queue on the Strand, show a far less direct line of thought than on their previous efforts.

"Start!" the single, is here, and the repetitive lyrics suggest a ghastly lack of new ideas. Despite the Beatles and The Who influences, this is still very much a Jam sound, but the musical content is too simple and sparse to provide sufficient entertainment when the lyrics fail.

While his themes remain stagnant, Weller's words are still crucial. The depiction of the social ills of this green and pleasant land reached saturation point with the bulldog guarding the Union Jack

deckchair on the back of the "Setting Sons" cover, and "Man In The Corner Shop" and "Boy About Town" on "Affects" are carbon copies of "Smithers—Jones" and "Waste Land." It seems that the peak reached on "Eton Rifles" will never be equalled.

Weller's dislike of class hatred and the lack of idealism hasn't simmered since his bitter statements on "In The City" in 1977:

"We're gonna tell you about the young ideas

And if it don't work at least we can say we tried."

Now, on "Scrape Away" he asks:

"What makes once-young minds get in this state,

Is it age or just the social climate
You're talking like some bloody hardened M.P.

You're saying power's all."

What you see when you look at "Sound Affects" is a band still heavily committed to their early ideals of socialism, equality, and a "better England." The Condition of England question fostered by Dickens and Disraeli has come to the punk age. Underneath the ideals is a picture of a band who, like all those who formed in the summer of '76, have realised that nothing committed to vinyl, just as nothing committed to canvas, will ever change the world.

At the end of side one, Weller comes to terms with the fact that only society can change itself. Ironically he accepts social ills as today's ultimate free amusement:

"A smash of glass and the rumble of boots,

An electric train and a ripped-up phone booth

Paint splattered walls and the cry of a tom-cat

Lights going out and a kick in the balls.

That's Entertainment!"

"Sound Affects" itself is an "entertaining" album, but little else. It leaves you in a sort of no-man's-land; it is difficult to dance, the words are mixed down and barely audible, and the brave fighting passion riddled through the other albums is sadly lacking. The Jam and Weller are definitely changing, but the change here does not take them forward.

On this showing, Jam yesterday is a far more satisfying proposition than Jam today.

SIMON GARFIELD

Factory funksters

MINNYPOPS — AU PAIRS — A CERTAIN RATIO

OLD THEATRE — Monday 10th November

"WHO'S this band Minny pops then?"

"Dunno — I think they're Dutch or something."

"What you drinking?"

"Mine's a creme de menthe; ta mate."

"Reckon they'll be any good?"

"Na."

(A good few pints later).

"Right, let's go over and take in the Au Pairs then."

"Seen them before?"

"Yeah, they were excellent."

"Not many Americans here are there?"

"S'about five years too early, innit?"

The Au Pairs are a great rock band; while most of their contemporaries are moving towards a stark, austere and in some cases depressing sound, the Au Pairs still manage to generate excitement and an air of optimism. Along with Delta 5, they create a music based on strong rhythm, strong emotions and unusual melodies and hook-lines. Although live they've been somewhat erratic in the past, they seem to be firing on all cylinders at the moment, and the audience here at the L.S.E. this Monday night were treated to what must be one of the best gigs the band has played. This was reflected in the way people were jumping around as if Thatcher had just resigned. On stage the band hit an early peak which they managed to maintain and increase as the set developed. Lesley Wood made frequent mad forays around the stage whipping the fans into a state of near frenzy at times. She certainly is a great mover and an excellent visual point in these days of static "Numanesque" poseurs. The Au Pairs take the rock 'n' roll format to its ultimate end, where it doesn't sound like rock 'n' roll any more—just pure excitement.

And so to the headliners, A Certain Ratio. Certainly, coming on after such an excellent band as the Au Pairs couldn't have been easy, but C.R. provided such a musical and visual contrast that they managed to jump over the "breach" and be quickly accepted by the audience.

Visually, the contrast was not really to the band's advantage. Whereas the Au Pairs never stop bouncing around, Ratio stand rooted to the spot, so unassuming that they almost apologise to you for having to look at them. They make Madame Tussaud's look like Oxford Street in the Christmas rush. But somehow this provides the space needed to actually listen to what this band is doing, which is breaking down the walls of rock's melodic dream and erecting the superstructure of the new rhythmic funk. As soon as the audience get the message they're off jumping and leaping as if Sir Keith Joseph has just caught terminal syphilis.

Indeed, they are so geared to things rhythmic that the climax of the show sees four of the five members playing percussion to a background of a solitary guitar and tape loop. This works astonishingly well, and it's hard to describe the effect properly as there's nothing comparable around today. Trumpets are also employed, but are kept to short dynamic blasts, sometimes echoed, which heighten the intensity of the music. A band you can listen to, a band you can dance to, a nearly bloody perfect band. I know all the pseuds are raving about them, but for once they've got it right. A Certain Ratio are worth raving about and I hope they go on developing and end up massive!

Michael Foot is 37.

MAX SLEDGE
(Hammer of the Ents Collective)

THE PANTOMIME 1980 SNOW WHITE & THE SEVEN DWARFS

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4th and

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5th

8.0 p.m.

In the OLD THEATRE

Tickets 50p from Stall in St Clement's Lobby

All proceeds in aid of charity



Fa . . . fashion

TURN to the left . . . and catch a glimpse of the latest way to wear your antimacassar . . . Turn to the right . . . and there's Archbishop Cranmer's brother queuing at the bar. What is this? Auditions for "A Man For All Seasons"? Have you just walked into an advert for a fancy-dress hire firm? A bad dream?

No, you're simply enjoying a night out with London's latest in-crowd, the un-named group of Steve Strange acolytes who are currently leading the fashion scene in London town on to hitherto unexplored heights of extravagance. The Blitz Kids (for such is their spiritual home) are into fantasy clothes — forget your black leathers and safety pins and get out your mother's spangled ball-gown, or that Queen Elizabeth 1st costume left over from the school play . . . and make sure your friend has got a mantilla to go with her floor-length Edwardian dress, complete with bustle, that she's just slipped into.

The progress of the anti-establishment fashion scene in London has been charted by the magazine "I.D." From humble beginnings in the St. Moritz Club and Billy's, the group has grown in size and diversity to fill clubs such as Hell, Gossips, and of course Blitz, and now even that doyenne of the French "scene" in London, Le Kiltie, every night of the week.

So if you've been wondering where those weird people walking down Kingsway have been going, then don't just listen to me, go and see for yourself. Get your make-up on and parade a new identity this week, 'cos nightclubbing and taking a real pride in the way you look are back in fashion. The Thin White Duke has returned, alongside sleazy extravagance, and they're waiting for you to join them.

"DREADLOCK"

LSE FILM SOCIETY ANNOUNCEMENTS

* DUE to Drama Society productions the rest of the films this term have been cancelled, except:

2 Dec. LENNY by Bob (Cabaret/ All that Jazz) Fosse, with Dustin Hoffman.

* The Annual General Meeting will be held on Tuesday, 2nd December at 6.00 pm in the Old Theatre.

* Due to the overcrowding that occurred at the more popular films this term, the following films will be for members only (i.e. No guests and no temporary membership will be available):

- 6 January THE GODFATHER
- 13 January ROLLERBALL
- 19 February GONE WITH THE WIND
- 24 February BLAZING SADDLES
- 23 April MANHATTAN
- 5 May HEAVEN CAN WAIT
- 7 May ALIEN
- 12 May MIDNIGHT EXPRESS
- 19 May THE DEERHUNTER



Simon Grosset

Maggie practising U-turns on stage in the Haldane room.



Fit for what?

ON Mondays and Thursdays the serenity of the East Building quadrangle is shattered by the screams and lamentations from the Gym. The Masochist Society has met once again under the more respectable guise of General Training.

Torturer in chief and true sadist... orchestrates the proceedings, and when he's got hold of all the balls the session is truly under way. The prospective victims jog round and round the enlarged postage stamp known as a gym, avoiding each other (not difficult when only three show up) and at the trainer's glance like trainee contortionist they bend and stretch following the example of the rubber man in the centre. The art lies in stopping when it hurts yet facially expressing excruciating pain and moaning now and again to add that touch of authenticity. Such performances could win Oscars.

Then comes the skipping, hopping, jumping, side stepping, sprinting etc all done at break-neck speeds. The more observant realise that despite his demonic semblance the trainer doesn't have eyes in the back of his head and the appropriate short cuts are taken. Press-ups are great fun if done in two stages:— shoulders up then arse up, arse down then shoulders down, and after a while forget about the shoulders—reminiscent of something? Sit ups are easier if hands and feet meet half way or if achieved by implementing a rocking motion. Bunny and squat jumps are less strenuous if the feet never leave the ground. The most essential principle is that only prime numbers count. If only then tutors realised the level of genius required to survive a similar ordeal, they would forgive them for the garbage they put in their essays.

Totally exhausted these LSE sportsmen adjourn to the Three Tuns, and over a few pints recall the good old days when men were men and women were women and training didn't exist.

SERGIO

MENS HOCKEY

A TURN FOR THE BETTER?

SINCE losing 9-2 to Kings, things have taken on a more favourable complexion. Admittedly we lost 4-0 to Sussex in the U.A.U., 7-0 to U.C.L., 10-1 to Surrey and 3-1 to Kent in the U.A.U., but these statistics are yet another of those equivocal examples illustrating how grossly misleading statistics can in fact be and should be taken with a pinch of salt, if not even pepper or anything else you are into. Fear not. Things are brightening up. (Of course I realise that you do not really give a damn, but it is nice to delude oneself that you do.)

The Sussex match was totally farcical and highlighted both the mental and physical superiority of Sussex students over those from L.S.E. . . . they were bigger than us and had hairy chests. Two of their goals were due to unforgivably stupid errors on the part of the defence—one cannot help but feel sympathy for the defence who give their all but by a sad quirk of the human biology just happen to be bloody helpless at hockey. "The Guardian", predictably, did not report the match but stuck to the red-bricks and the what-hoe, jolly good showing of Oxford v Durham.

The less said about the UCL match the better—so I won't say anything. The Surrey match should never have been played since it was bloody freezing and some flakes of snow even made a guest appearance. This match was humiliating with Surrey totally controlling midfield; three of them at a time could have gone off for tea and biscuits without any appreciable loss of dominance. But at least we had a good 10 minutes at the end; they had probably lost interest by this time. Tony Curran scored for us.

The Kent match saw the beginning of the present LSE "psychological wind-up" phase. While Kent did their "co-ordinated press-up/run around" bit L.S.E. ran up and back to the halfway line in a file brandishing their sticks in the air and shouting "Dre-zee-coe, Dre-zee-coe etc" — don't ask me what it means because it is personal. Anyway, the few spectators had a good chortle amongst themselves before dispersing at a tactfully appropriate moment for their mid-afternoon glass of Guinness and beans on toast fortified with the knowledge that the rumours about L.S.E. being a bunch of wankers were in fact true. . . .

The team was given a pep talk — for a change — on just exactly what that wooden object in their hands was meant to be: "No Charlie, you do not swat flies with it."

Anyway, we played like a team and brilliant efforts were made by Martin Foard and Scottie on the left. Tony Curran and Simon Hall played well and Charles Baker scored. We gave away two goals in the last five minutes.

Last week we drew 2-2 with KCH with goals from Jacques Steffens and Charles Baker. Things are looking up; KCH lost 1-0 to Kings, we lost 9-2!! It was a fun match and we had brain haemorrhage when we scored — rather like the Yanks do . . . I am very bad at précis.

RUGBY

HARWOOD RAMPANT

ESSEX 2nd XV 12,
L.S.E. 2nd XV 18

(After Extra-Time)
(Full Time Score 12-12)

CARWYN (James) Harwood's men overcame the sterling opposition of Essex 2nd XV to emerge victorious in the South Eastern group eliminator of the U.A.U. by a goal, a drop goal and three penalty goals to a goal and two penalty goals.

The victory was owed to skill, determination, luck and above all, to the pre-match preparation, which consisted of the entire team stuffing itself with food less than forty minutes before kick-off.

and the final whistle blew with the L.S.E. six points clear.

P.S.: Well done.

P.P.S.: Thank you for attendance Mr Tephty.

In less than three minutes, Paddy Holdich had intercepted in the centre to storm away for a try (courtesy of the Essex full back). The conversion was a mere formality for (I may be American by proxy, but I can still kick — just —) Mark O'Gorman.

Thereafter, L.S.E. came under increasing pressure, which bore fruit for Essex in the shape of two penalties, one just before half-time.

The second half saw L.S.E. go 12-6 up through more penalties — before Essex unleashed a devious scissors move, to score and convert and equalise at 12-12.

And so to extra-time — with all concerned totally knackered — especially so the referee, who sought refuge from his mounting fatigue by giving penalties to the L.S.E. As a result of the first of these, Mark O'Gorman dropped a forty yard goal — to the amazement of Essex, the Ref., the spectators, and not least the kicker himself.

The final 10 minutes were occupied again by L.S.E. penalties

Cricket

A LACK of communication within the club has led to an inadequate flow from the grass roots level to the inner sanctum of the polit-buro with the result that not many people got to the nets this term. Could all interested parties leave their names and list of Monday's convenient to them for this purpose during the Lent Term in the Cricket Pigeonholes, outside the AU (E65) before the end of term?

This, we hope, will remedy the situation and allow talent to be assessed and the club to gel before the process of actually winning matches on the day, on the field descends too swiftly upon us.

MH KHANT

KARL MARX WALKS!

A 2½ hour guided walk including commentary on details of his daily life and visits to the places where he lived, worked (including a stop at his local pub) and is buried. Meet on the front steps of the British Museum, Great Russell Street, 10.30 am, Saturday, December 6th. £1 (plus bus fares 76p).

A.U. XMAS PRESENTS

PHIL BLUNDELL	His very own brickwall
PETE BURBIDGE	A wellington boot
ROY COLES	A wee stoatter
THE CONF	Legal Aid
RICK CRESSWELL	A lock for Saunders TV room
PAUL DAVIDSON	A linguaphone
CERI DAVIES	A waist high vanity mirror
DAVE DURHAM	A faggot
MARTIN EASTERBROOK	Anti-female spray
GILL HARRIS	Ceri Davies
PAUL HENDRY	Half a haddock
DAVE KNIGHT	A wallet
CARWYN HARWOOD	Pills for staying awake
SERGIO	A sense of humour
IL PRESIDENTE	A rag doll
MIKE QUINN	A place in the seconds
PAT RIMMER	A grip
MARK TOMPKINS	A prile of threes
DEREK THOMAS	Private compartment on British Rail
THE CAT	A tube of superglue
MARTYN LUNN	Anne from Nottingham
MARK ROBERTS	A muzzle

WOMENS HOCKEY

Team come back!

THE hockey season seems to be falling into its familiar pattern of a low turnout and high scoring (by the opposition). After the promising start to the season we were then thrown into the UAU competition and duly thrown out again after some disappointing results (not disappointing for the crowd who had probably never seen such a fast moving game in one direction). But a good time was had

by all; I always wanted to see Kent University anyway.

Obviously disillusioned, team members are crying off into the unexplored areas of the library on Wednesday afternoons; it is amazing what people will do to avoid a game of hockey. Any new players will be very welcome.

A quick aside — the mixed hockey team has won both its matches this season very easily.