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NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

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All Fools' Day

As of 9.00 pm, February 3rd 1971, Ian Camlett is the duly and constitutionally elected President of this Student Union. After thirteen counts, Union showed its complete rejection of the squabbling political cliques that have afflicted it for such a long time, consigned the whole bunch to perdition, and voted in LSE's own professional clown with an overwhelming majority to the highest post it had to offer.

As the professional "politicians" bit the dust right, left and centre, the highest vote, from the first to the last count, went consistently to the Gay Liberation Front candidate, to a complete unknown who managed to mobilise the AU and residence votes, and to a Pulcinello with the avowed intention of drinking himself silly in the President's chair for the coming year. There is a strong reek of divine retribution about the whole affair.

Galactic farce

The entire Presidential campaign, with its eighteen candidates (not to mention Freddy the canine anarchist, whom we at BEAVER held in great esteem) was a farce of such monumental proportions that it may be well worth going over it and resurrecting some of its better moments.

First of all, those eighteen candidates, a galaxy of names known and unknown, all of whom played at Little Orphan Annie until five minutes to four on the last day of nominations, and then trampled each other in the mad stampede to Union office.

Ten minutes later, when the nominations went up, there was the sudden shock of mutually discovering double, triple and quadruple treachery as all those political whizz-kids who had been walking around looking at the clouds and assuring each other they were virginally uninterested in the horrid, vulgar Presidential race found themselves treading on each other's toes.

And surprise, surprise! there was Gareth Pryce's nomination form, slap in the centre, rubbing elbows with lesser breeds without the law, and slightly above that of his perennial shadow and anointed crown-prince, Michael Tuckett.

Caligula's horse

Consternation and puzzlement among the ranks of the cognoscenti! Had the *capo mafioso* turned and knifed his lieutenant in the back? The final consensus was that Pryce (who, rumour has it around Florrie's, has read and taken to heart the first chapter of Machiavelli but neglected to read the rest,

and so, of the master's many precepts, has only adopted that of deviousness) alarmed at the rumours of a plethora of candidates, seemed to be running interference for Tuckett.

As though in confirmation, four days later Pryce withdrew from the race; that he did so immediately after one of the other promising candidates had also withdrawn (for personal reasons) is of course simply a foul and dastardly coincidence.

And so, in an odour of sanctity and brotherly love, the hustings rolled up again, sure as death and taxes. John Andrews, decked out with his walking stick which doubled as badge of office and elephant gun came into his own as returning officer and presiding deity, the vestal virgins arrayed for inspection on either side of him.

Day oration

The proceedings were inaugurated by a rather harried Adrian Day ("Well, I didn't expect to be called first...") who stumbled through a short spiel and ended with two of the worst jokes this long-suffering Union has ever had to sit through. Day was followed by Duffy, after whom we were treated to the spectacle of Camlett gleefully insulting Union, himself and his potential constituency; his

principal qualification seems to have been an inherited skill at circumcising budget-gargars.

After an unsuccessful attempt at assassination was made by his unpaid mame-luk bodyguard, Camlett revealed his innermost persona as "Super-Schmuk" and was dragged off screaming to make way for Hickley, who found himself the least little bit overshadowed.

Bev Jackson, the GLF candidate, then came forward to a smattering of polite applause and rapidly proved herself the most forceful, confident and emphatic of the candidates; most of her proposals, though at times extreme, made good sense, except for the mention of vigilante groups against theft which rather puzzled her audience, and she retired after making a very good impression.

Downhill goons

Rex Macey also won applause with his energetic attacks on the Union cliques, Morton did his thing and a song and dance, Rumble bored hell out of everyone by harping on his beloved constitution, and Tallack and Baslington made short statements indicating their position on Union affairs.

Continued on back page

LSE: SOLIDARITY WITH POSTAL WORKERS

Over the past year we have experienced four very important strikes, all of which brought home to us in a very real sense the demands of the miners, the dustmen, the power workers and now the postmen. Is it any wonder then that the Tories go around screaming about controlling wages in the public sector? These four strikes underline more clearly than any party political claptrap just who does carry the burden for the shortcomings in the economy. Since Christmas we have witnessed the Tories attempting to vilify the power workers, screaming hysterically about the much neglected "national interest" all in a vain attempt to pull the fig leaf over their non-existent economic policy. Now they are trying to do the same with the postmen, decrying their unconcern for pensioners and various vulnerable groups; industrial relations have been corrupted by the Tories into a series of smear campaigns.

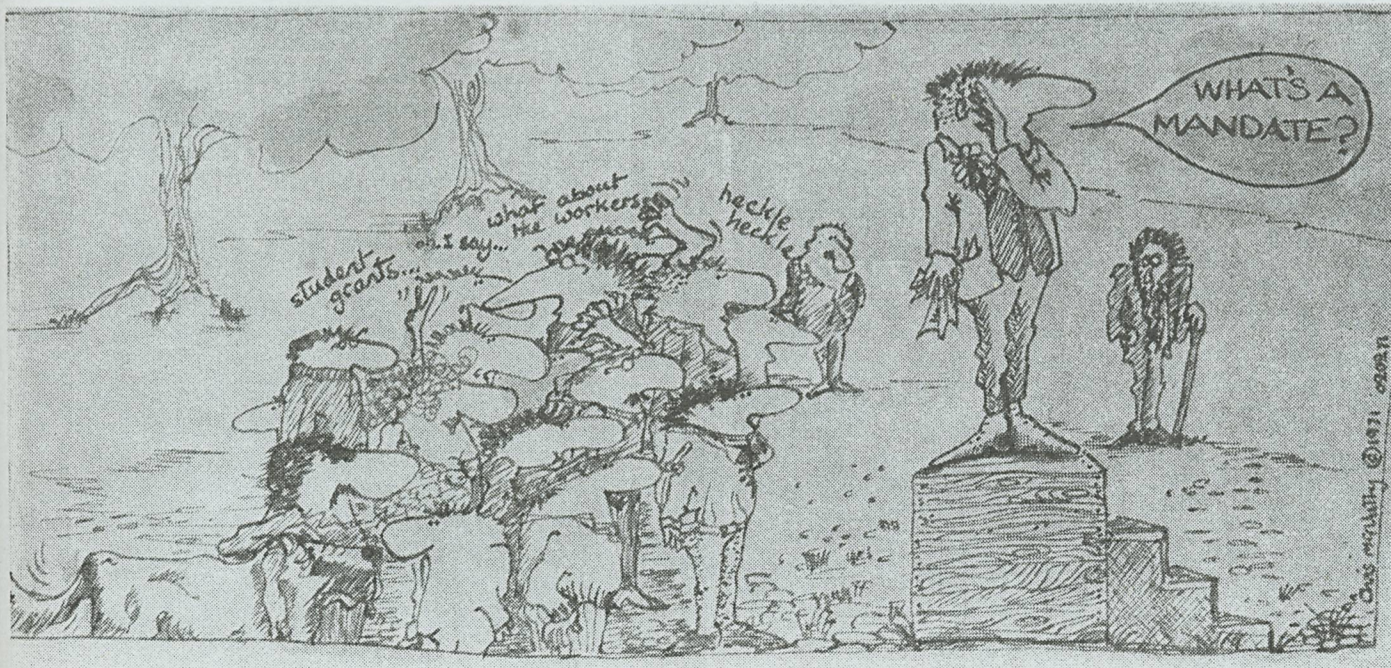
The UPW delayed its strike until after the Christmas rush in order not to spoil the festivities. This public spirited action has cost them a sure 12-13% increase and a quick settlement to the dispute. Had Tom Jackson given in to the demands of the militants to strike over Christmas and cause real chaos in the post office he would have been one step ahead of the government's clamp-down at 10% and the consequences of the present kangaroo court attempting to crucify the power workers on the cross of the national interest. The present strike reveals just how strong the determination of the postal workers is, for without strike pay many of them are enduring real hardship. Many of them are especially bitter about this; families are divided over the strike, but this inevitable tension is lost

when it comes to the choice between no meat for the next few weeks or no meat at all if they accept the Post Office's offer of 8%. This falls between 4% and 5% below the increase of almost 12½% in the wages index for the twelve months on which the claim is based. As the UPW have pointed out this 8% represents a reduction in the real purchasing power of their pay. Moreover, wages were already low. A fully qualified postman earns only £18.18.0 a week and has to work in all weathers. The plight of telephonists is worse — a girl starts off at £6 per week, rising to £17.8.6. The political basis of the present conflict lies in the Tory commitment to achieving real growth in the economy, for without this growth they funnily enough, just like Labour) cannot implement their more self-reliant society, enabling the capitalists and financiers to grow even more richer at the expense of the working class, by cutting taxes and using state power more selectively. Unfortunately, the workers (held down too long by their own party) want the goods and want them now. They are not just suffering from the Revolution of Greater Expectations" as the professionals say but from our politicians' blind-commitment to growth rather than redistribution.

Various political societies in the school have made collections on behalf of the postal workers, the sum so far reaching about £130. This sort of support is what the UPW needs most and is the best gesture of solidarity we can make from within the student movement apart from giving actual physical support by picketing and joining in their marches. Many students have also done that.

THIS ISSUE:

Griffiths on Dutschke—page 3
Industrial Relations Bill—page 6
Problems of the University—page 8



Nemesis of a Union

The proponents of the "Death of God" school of theology were well and truly vindicated on Wednesday evening. For many years now there have been muted murmurings from the student body against the careerist fabian gang which appeared to have a monopoly of the Union Presidency, the successor invariably being drawn out of the previous incumbent's hat.

Socialism seemed to be the answer—especially as it made us aware of the natural conflict between the senior administration and ourselves—until it was effectively defeated by the events of 1968—9 and was revealed as yet another clique. Union retreated into apathy increased by the lack of any popular issues. This latter was itself a sign of the general malaise heightened by the increasing incompetence of the ruling dynasty, and the accelerating alienation of President and Council, as revealed in various ludicrous incidents, culminating in the censure motion of last term.

But now we are acting out our roles in a different setting. We may have elected a self-styled joker as President, but notice that neither he

nor his nearest rivals are a member of any of the accepted groupings. The annihilation of such candidates as Tuckett, Rumble and Hickley seemed to indicate that the electorate had passed judgement on the former set-up.

For the first time in years we appear to have a President elected by popular vote. Maybe we were showing contempt for the whole force, but the point is we now have an opportunity to really get together and work out what we want.

No longer will the President negotiate behind our backs on such matters as representation, the School's investments in South Africa or even Houghton Street. Power may now be in the hands of those in whose name it has been exercised in the past.

Perhaps we will now see a dawning awareness of the true role of a students' union in the life of a college and indeed of its members. New constitutions, student co-operative housing, even perhaps some new schemes for representation. Whatever you can think of—it's up to us now.

Elisabeth Faulkner
(Editor.)

For the psephologists amongst us . . .

First count:	Mike Tuckett	107
Ian Camlett	Nigel Willmott	81
Dave Wallace		
Bev Jackson		
Mike Tuckett		
Nigel Willmott		
John Mair		
Ces Tallack		
Adrian Day		
Eleventh count:		
Ian Camlett		266
Dave Wallace		170
Bev Jackson		157
Mike Tuckett		107
Twelfth count:		
Ian Camlett		277
Dave Wallace		210
Bev Jackson		167
Thirteenth count:		
Ian Camlett		345
Dave Wallace		299
Ninth count:		
Ian Camlett		230
Dave Wallace		167
Bev Jackson		121
Mike Tuckett		104
Nigel Willmott		61
Tenth count:		
Ian Camlett		233
Dave Wallace		168
Bev Jackson		129

We wish to apologise for any misunderstanding due to our referring to a "union fines fund" in the last issue. The fines were of course reimbursed from a collection made among the students. It was only administered from the Union Finance Office.

The turn of the screw, and the turn of the worker

On page 6 of this issue we have an article on the Tories Industrial Relations Bill. It is remarkable how only a short while ago the hierarchy of the TUC frowned when a relatively small number of trade unionists came out on one day strike against the proposed legislation. Now we hear Hugh Scanlon of the AEF recommending a series of such strikes.

The reason for this increasing militancy even among the bureaucracy of the trade unions is of course the increasingly more blatantly class-orientated Tory government—yesterday's men wheeled out of the sarcophagus of privilege. In an attempt to restore to full (capitalist) vigour the chronically ailing British economy they have decided the problem is one of cost-inflation (i.e. wages, by the Law of Carr and Barber, are rising too fast).

The solution to the conundrum is therefore obvious to all right thinking men—any group of workers who in future dares to ask for an increase in wages will find ranged against it the full might of the bourgeois establishment, and of course in the near future, the very near future now we've put an end to the games of the PLP by using the guillotine) we will have the Industrial Relations Bill. They reckoned, of course,

without the effect their industrial and social policies would have on the working class. What we only suspected from the affair of the power workers' strike and the resulting tribunal has been proved right with the post office workers. The UPW, a small union representing low-paid workers, is rapidly assuming the role of the miners in 1926. The employers—a nationalised industry at the beck and call of the government in this (whatever did you imagine the relationship between Whitehall and state industry to be)—are adamant, but so are their employees. The affair of Rolls-Royce proves the government to be more concerned about exports and its defence programme than the people who will be made redundant.

In April income tax will be cut, benefiting Sir Donald Stokes rather than Fred on his production line. Indeed, he will be affected by various increases in social service charges all in the name of standing on your own two feet.

A General Strike is now discussed as a serious possibility. One doubted before if it would be a wise tactic; too much seemed to be against us. Despite the great heightening of the political consciousness of the working class recently, I still wonder.

Elisabeth Faulkner
(Editor)

POEMS WANTED for publication

£1,000 in cash prizes for best poems published. Small subscription involved. Send poems and s.a.e. for free editorial opinion and prize details:—

Cathay Books (AH),
1 Euston Road,
London, N.W.1.

FILM SOCIETY PROGRAMME OT 7 p.m.

16 February La Motte (Antonioni)
23 February Elvira Madigan
2 March Round Up (Eastern European classic)
9 March Alexander Nevsky
16 March Citizen Kane

LABOUR SOCIETY

Thursday, 11th Feb.—Stan Orme, M.P.
Thursday, 18th Feb.—Norman Atkinson M.P.—
The Industrial Relations Bill.
Friday, 19th Feb.—Party—Old Board Room—
7.30 p.m.
Sunday, 21st Feb.—TUC Demonstration against
the Bill
Thursday, 25th Feb.—Douglas Jay, M.P.—
Common Market.
Wednesday, 3rd March—Anthony Howard of the
New Statesman.
LabSoc also has discussion groups on economic
policy, foreign policy, industrial relations, educa-
tion, etc.

Watch the notice board for further details.

All Welcome

JOIN THE RADICAL LAB. SOC.

Letters

Dear Liz,

Of the various Students' Unions I have met over the past century or so, LSE seems quite clearly the most cannibalistic. Symptoms are as thick on the ground as personal vendettas in the air at General Meetings. But causes there must be also. Could it be:—

(1) **Physical claustrophobia?** When the rabbit warren releases its prisoners at 4 p.m. on Fridays, where else have they to fly but at each others' throats?

(2) **Frustration**, arising from failure to radicalise people effectively and get the Revolution moving: leading to aggression directed at the nearest and most convenient targets, the elected representatives: the age-old custom of scape-goating, in effect?

(3) **Careerism?** But surely not all the cannibals have seats being kept warm for them in Kentish constituencies or Transport House?

(4) **Exhibitionism?** But there must be other audiences for these euphoric displays of verbal diarrhoea—other theatres apart from the OT for their Dionysiac dances and President-bashing Bacchanalia?

There is, however, a serious aspect to the matter: these weekly blood-lettings must weaken the power of the student body to take itself seriously—let alone be taken seriously by those who are at long last coming round to the principle and even the practise of participation in the government of the School.

Could we not, for a start, ask the incoming members of Council to declare an amnesty, a moratorium on cannibalism, a self-denying ordinance on masochistic murderings of their mutual reputations? We

might then get down to the mechanics of working out "Participation", if it is still thought desirable, with the knowledge that proposals presented by elected representatives will be considered on their merits and not vilified or discounted by smear campaigns, ad hominem arguments or outbreaks of anti-personality cults.

Isn't it just conceivable that such a step might contribute to the creation of something like a community out of what appears to be a mere neophyte on this scene a Tower of Babel in triplicate? Judging from your last—and the first Lizethan—issue of BEAVER, you may be sympathetic to such a move.

Best wishes,
Graham Dowell.

Dear Sir or Madam,

Concerning your article in the last issue of BEAVER about "gullible first years" being persuaded about the virtues of reaffiliation to the NUS may I be allowed to make a couple of points:—

1: I reject the hypothesis that anyone who does not agree with the editor is "gullible". I am a first year student and I do possess a mind of my own despite the ceaseless brainwashing that is attempted by so-called more influential members of LSE.

2: I have never met David Wynne nor do I particularly want to. But despite that, I still believe in the merits of rejoining NUS.

And just for extra information, I am not a member of his newly formed Communist Society and thus am not part of his fiendish Communist plot.

Yours faithfully,
Mike Youngerwood

BEAVER

EDITOR: Elisabeth Faulkner

SUB-EDITORS: Norman Bergel, Barry Buzan,
Martha Greenyer

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT: John Stathatos.

FEATURES:

Joseph Sydenor, John Mair,
David Kenyvn, Nick Spurrier,
Stephen Kelly.

ARTS:

Diana Villiers, Norman Bergel,
Barry Buzan, P. Corfield Godfrey,
Clive Attenborough.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Martha Greenyer.

SALES MANAGER: John Andrews.

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Political freedom and the Home Office

I suppose the Dutschke affair may have slightly distressed what is laughingly referred to as liberal opinion. I met two senior civil servants who were shaking their heads sadly and expressing bewilderment at the Home Secretary's decision. On the other hand the Parliamentary Labour Party showed the disunited front it keeps for display when questions arise of political principle or concerned with unpopular minority groups.

Even the sight of Jim Callaghan being held up by Michael Foot and Richard Crossman so that he could speak in sorrow about his successor at the Home Office should not — bizarre though it was — bring too much hope and warmth to those overseas students amongst us who now wonder what happens next.

The Home Secretary Mr. Maudling took the opportunity during the debate on 19 January to offer a "statement of how I believe freedom can be protected and preserved in this country". His creed is not too difficult to set down. He would still, I think, like us to feel that he is a generous-hearted teddy-bear though the image wears thinner now.

He said: "To use freedom of speech or protest in order to undermine organised lawful society is something that is unacceptable... Freedom to impose by force one's views upon others is not a freedom that any democracy can accept... The threat to freedom may come from those who wish to overthrow or discredit democratic government itself".

The Home Secretary then talked of "many groups of determined people openly devoted to the use of force in one degree or another for political ends". He referred to North America, Latin America, the Middle East, the UK.

You may wonder what hijackers and kidnapers have to do with the application by one invalid student of revolu-

tionary opinions for permission to study at Cambridge. Here comes the politician's trick. Now you see it, now you don't. The next sentence reads: "There can be no doubt that there are contacts between these various groups, whose circumstances may be different but who are united in the belief" — watch it carefully — "that they are entitled to promote their own political purposes... by imposing their will on others".

Here it comes, the link that is not a link, the middle that is undistributed, the quickness of the hand that deceives the eye. Next sentence: "Any country is entitled to anticipate and forestall activities by such political groups. To do so is not to deny freedom but to protect it". And the trick is done.

Dutschke is associated with Arab nationalists and those who killed the Canadian Minister. And so freedom is served by his exclusion. The Danes ought to read that speech, they really ought. Still, what can you expect from Scandinavians? They haven't our long tradition of political freedom.

Two more sparkling gems from R. Maudling. No government, he said, had "a right to take risks where national security is involved by admitting people as residents of this country who have no claim themselves upon our society and whose presence may be harmful or could be exploited by others for harmful ends". The italics are mine. Think about it.

The other is this. We must, said Mr Maudling, act on the principles he had set down for only so "can we hope to guarantee freedom of expression against the inevitable backlash which will come from right-wing views and which many would like to stimulate for their own purposes". It was at this point that I had to put my head out of the window for air. To be told that Rudi

Dutschke must go because he is a risk to national security is injury enough. But to be told that it has to be done so that R. Maudling can save you and me from the right-wing backlash is more than insult. It is false and hypocritical.

As Michael Foot quoted at a public meeting that week: "What can happen to anyone can happen to everyone". Indeed John Donne would have said "What happens to anyone **does** happen to everyone". All the signs are that we shall need to fight during the next few months and years more vigorously than ever if we are to retain that amount of freedom of speech and action still left to us.

Paul Hoch, deported by the Home Secretary a few days before the Dutschke decision, is not everyone's pin-up. He and I wrote to one another quite often during his six months in prison and I saw him a couple of times before he left. His sentence after the Senate House demonstration was of course disgraceful — about on a par with the sentences for the Garden House affair at Cambridge. But as I have long ceased to expect punishments to bear any relationship to offences, I was not surprised either. I came to admire Paul's courage and his honesty.

These cases (and others affecting students at LSE and elsewhere) tend to polarise views. The left of centre become more radical and the right of centre more reactionary. That is why there is no political argument any more at LSE — anywhere. A former professor wandered into the Senior Common Room bar the other day at lunchtime. "It all seems very quiet" he said (nostalgically, I thought). Somebody agreed that it was quiet. I agreed that it was quiet. Not so much quiet as still. They made a wilderness and called it peace.

Prof. J. A. G. Griffith

Ethics for investigators

The British Society for Social Responsibility in Science held a symposium on the Uses and Abuses of the Social Sciences at LSE on Saturday 30th January.

There were three speakers — Liam Hudson of Edinburgh University, the educational psychologist; John Rex, the sociologist and Brian van Arkadie, of the Institute of Development studies.

Liam Hudson spoke on the Social Scientist and his Data, charting the progress of his disillusionment with behaviourism. He propounded his own Laws concerning the selected perception of data: the more ideologically relevant a particular subject is, the more likely is the social scientist to systematically distort given data.

John Rex discussed the political implications of race relations research, with particular reference to the impact of Rose's "Colour and Citizenship". His own view appeared to be that of a neo-Marxist, or Marxist revisionist — and he pleaded for a more theoretically sophisticated sociology. The ensuing discussion revealed the lack of agreement as to whether the social scientist should step outside his role to make political judgments or should make them as a scientist.

Dr. van Arkadie spoke on the special case of development economics, noting the schizophrenic nature of the subject and the even worse predicament of the anti-

imperialist.

All three talks were strongly autobiographical, perhaps because the social sciences are young compared with the natural sciences, but other possibilities are the more direct link between the social scientist, his data and the people he might affect, and a still developing consciousness of the uses and abuses of their work.

The fourth session was a panel discussion between representatives of the British Sociological Association, the Royal Economic Society and the Association of Social Anthropologists (the Political Studies Association refused

to send a representative as this might have compromised their neutral position). Unfortunately the ensuing debate showed these august bodies wished to preserve their role as learned societies, although a nascent professionalism could be discerned. On the role of professional associations in matters of political judgments, the consensus was that it was useless to legislate standards for the individual member. The audience seemed to disagree with this — there was recognition of the fact that social science research can have political applications in certain circumstances.

Inertial proceedings have been instituted

Last term the Union passed a motion accepting the Academic Board's offer of representation. Since then we have not heard one word about the issue. Now, as we have a President who has been pushing this as his major political plank this inactivity appears most strange.

It becomes even stranger if you consider that the Director probably knows that Union has agreed to the offer because Union minutes are sent to him.

So what is going on? Academics do not seem to know nor do the students involved in Union administration representation. Some

people are suggesting that the Academic Board have turned down our terms of acceptance and no-one wants us to know.

These rumours thrive because of the President's failure to report back to the Union on the present state of negotiations. We know that if the negotiations had been successful arrangements would have been made for delegate elections.

Lack of communication is creating a situation where trust in negotiation is going to be held in contempt and derision because the majority of even the politically active students are being denied information. **David Kenvyn**

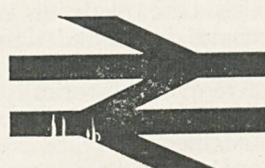


Clearway to Management with British Rail

"Every major firm will follow this lead" predicts Monty Meth, Daily Mail Industrial Correspondent, describing the British Railways Board's search for young high flyers to manage the railways of the future.

If you think you measure up to the challenge of the 70's — the era of the Advanced Passenger Train — with British Rail, find out about the management opportunities for graduates in the Traffic, Engineering, Finance, and Estates departments, and in the fields of Planning and Marketing, Operational Research and Data Processing.

Ask the Secretary of your University Appointments Board for booklets describing the opportunities and have a talk with the railway representative when he visits your university, or write direct to: The Principal Management Recruitment Officer, British Railways Board, Royal London House, 22-25 Finsbury Square, London EC2 P2BQ.



Education: TUC's answer to IR Bill

TUC chief Vic Feather spoke on the Tory Industrial Relations Bill at LSE recently. Re-stating TUC opposition, he said the Bill would lead to more disorderly industrial relations. Unlike the Tories, Mr. Feather started from the position that the UK strike record was better than many countries. He suggested the government should look at the low rate of growth as a major factor in causing our economic problems. He had no illusions and said the Bill would go through, but predicted difficulties in implementing it. Turning to TUC opposition to the Bill, he reaffirmed his belief in the democratic process, and said that the trade union movement had always been — and he hoped would remain — law-abiding. Being a practical man he dismissed the tactic of one day strikes as irrelevant because the problem of the Bill would still face trade union officials when the lads returned to work. The Bill could best be countered by telling the lads what the Bill really amounts to; this TUC "education" programme is already under way.

Cinema

Les choses de la vie by Claude Sautet

A car crash. One of those things that we fear more than atomic attack. A car crash probably does not have the same range as the latter, but somehow or other, its repercussions are much greater. Claude Sautet has very wisely understood this. Nevertheless it is his first film, and one feels that he has not completed yet the distinction between academic cinema and his own style. Surrounding the relationship of the two lovers, with the typical French touch of bored happiness on the lines of a Delville or a Lelouch, he manages with originality to limit the extent of the consequences of the accident.

In fact one can hardly speak of happiness in this film, it is merely comprehension between two human beings, who try desperately but without success to get away from their static and inoffensive lives. It is useless to run away from life, from realities that will always catch up with you. When the two lovers have reached a decision, it is too late — they have waited too long. Happiness cannot be told to wait in the lobby.

Technically, Sautet has directed the best car accident ever screened. It involves not only the frightening pictures of the accident itself, but the semi-consciousness of the victim, who finds himself surrounded by

ghosts who were never part of his plans. The accident involves the end of all illusions, a certain sense of the absurdity of the human will.

Romy Schneider, Michael Piccoli are the ideal participants of this twentieth century tragedy.

Performance by D. Cammell and N. Roeg

Performance is a very unusual picture. It is far more complex and difficult than most films, and correspondingly far more interesting. It is not a work that needs to be, or can be, interpreted. Its importance as cinema demands that it be analysed and related on a scale larger than itself.

Perhaps the most striking feature of **Performance** is its unorthodox cinematographic style. Usually, you can identify easily the style of any particular film. Having identified it as documentary, underground, spectacular, a standard Hollywood genre, new wave or whatever, you can then slip more easily into the flow of the film. Style is thus similar to language. You understand or do not understand its various dialects according to your familiarity with them.

Performance, however, takes a fairly radical departure from this form. It presents not a single style, but a subtle interweaving of several. Cammell and Roeg have used their cameras to present different subjects in the style most appropriate to them. The tense, cynical, brutal world of petty gangster Chas is given to us in the tightly controlled style of the best Hollywood de-

fective films. By contrast, the decadent, timeless, recluse life of Turner, a 'retired' pop star, is examined in the intimate, but objective and non-sensational style of the true documentary. The extraordinary interaction between their two universes is pure underground: a succession of quite staggering images ranging from a beautiful mixing of faces in mirrors, through the thundering journey of a bullet through Turner's body, to the enigmatic shot of Turner's face where Chas' should have been.

Thus, on the primary level of film language, **Performance** is initially difficult to understand. It demands a considerable expansion of our range of perception, and presents us with both more, and more powerful types of images.

The second level of difficulty with **Performance** is the compelling complexity of its subject. Chas and Turner are both extreme expressions of the human 'demon.' In Chas, the demon is crudely manifested in his dedication to arrogant, personal, physical violence. Turner's demon had been that of the charismatic pop star: his 'violence' that of loud 'dirty' rock music; screaming concerts; outlandish behaviour; and 'rocker' style nihilism. Chas runs from the consequences of the demon, while Turner hides exotically from the realities of having lost his.

The film happens in the interaction between these two. It generates an enormous number of suggestions, possibilities, images, comparisons, parallels and ana-

logies. "Is there a relationship between Turners' violent music and Chas' social violence?" "Is Chas Turner's demon personified?" "Was Chas' murder of Turner a return 'laying on of trips' or a simple violent impulse, or revenge for imagined betrayal, or a fusion of the two personalities, or . . . ?" This fascinating intricacy is further increased by the unavoidably powerful suggestion of Jagger playing a role that is a credibly possible future for him. Both involvement in this intellectual puzzle, and the beautiful cinematography compel at least a second viewing.

Performance is, I think, a major addition to a new, as yet unrecognized genre of films. These are establishment productions that explore the nature of man's awareness as their theme, and draw from a wide range of film styles for their technique. They are, in a sense, a fusion of styles, a re-integration of cinema, or perhaps a co-optive recognition of other filmic evolutions by the commercial mainstream. They are all difficult but compelling films. They assault the viewer with unexpected combinations of straight and underground images, standard and extraordinary subjects, and classical and experimental techniques.

Kubric's **2001** was probably the first major expression of this new genre. Guy Green's underrated, under-shown and almost unknown adaptation of **The Magus** made a profound exploration of its potential. **Performance** is its coming of age.

Barry Buzan.



(Left to right, main characters) Jess Thomas as Walther, George Shirley as Hans Sachs, and other performers in a scene from the revival of "Die Meistersinger" at Covent Garden. Beckmeier

theatre

Kean Globe Theatre

Edmund Kean was the hero of the London stage in the early 19th century; an actor of great persuasion, sweeping gestures and melodramatic postures — a man debt-ridden, drunk and debauched.

The play is borrowed from a plot by Alexandre Dumas, but Jean-Paul Sartre revarnishes the historical situation so as to provide a piece of pure fiction. The ambassador's drawing room, the Black Cock Inn and Drury Lane hold les coups de théâtre of Buechner or Boucicault. A seemingly incongruous background for a 20th century philosophical author. Yet the relevance of flippancy and fancy to life is revealed in the use of Kean as a vehicle for portraying the dilemma between the reality and illusion. Is life a lie with a gesture for every occasion, what is true man? A ponderous problem is made comprehensible in the artificial poses of Kean the

actor, harassed by the contradictions in his private life.

But if the meat of the play is weighty, the sauce is infectiously gay. To an English audience, French wit may lack the pungency of G.B.S. but it is nonetheless pertinent. There are remarks which amuse and others which hurt. "Nobody is more punctual than the woman you don't love." Apart from the satire, there is romantic intrigue and baroque flourishes which all contribute to a most entertaining performance.

Alan Badel as Kean is a superb actor, totally convincing in his use of 19th century gestures and tones of voice. Without overacting he provokes laughter and pity with the ease of a man who is perfectly at home with the part. Felicity Kendal plays Anne Danby with sprightly charm and verve that is highlighted in the dramatic last act of Othello where, acting for the first time, she forgets her words and causes furor.

The play provides excellent entertainment, demonstrating royalty, beauty and genius the flourish and fancy. The wit lies in their interplay, the philosophy in their translucency

Henry VIII

Aldwych

There's humour in history; scintillatingly displayed in the R.S.C.'s production of Henry VIII. It is magnificent entertainment as well as a penetrating insight into the characters of the last Plantagenet Court. For the constant bustle of activity, processions through the auditorium, the coronation, banquets, trials in palace halls and anti-chambers convey explicitly the intrigue of court life and commotion of historical events. One scene rapidly moves into another with no break in the plot but rather a continued build up of excitement.

The acting by the large cast is superlative. Donald Sinden is the vibrant image of Holbein's Henry VIII. He strides with the assurance of omnipotent power, banishes dissidents and raises the wronged. In the four trials which take place he never becomes judge and thus remains uncontaminated by the verdicts. Historically this is inaccurate, but it is understandable that Shakespeare should wish to portray his

patron's father in most favourable light.

Peggy Ashcroft's Katherine of Aragon holds the fire of a strong woman, resilient at her trial. She brings forward the calm wisdom of a princess who has endured much sorrow and the tragic quality of a doomed queen. It is a breathtaking performance in its utter sincerity.

Wolsey is superb and I was struck by his similarity with Andrew Undershaft. Besides the command and strength which Brewster Mason brings to both parts there lies the dedication by both to a cause dictated by reason not by principle. Both are hard headed ambitious men who know what is right but do what is just.

The eulogy on the birth of Elizabeth is an unnecessary appendage in a modern production, but the R.S.C. perform it religiously. Would its omission truly evoke the wrath of the Head of the English Church? Nevertheless the production as a whole is strong and clear, it captivates the imagination and absorbs one's attention; this is Shakespeare in finest theatre.

Mrs. Warren's Profession National Theatre

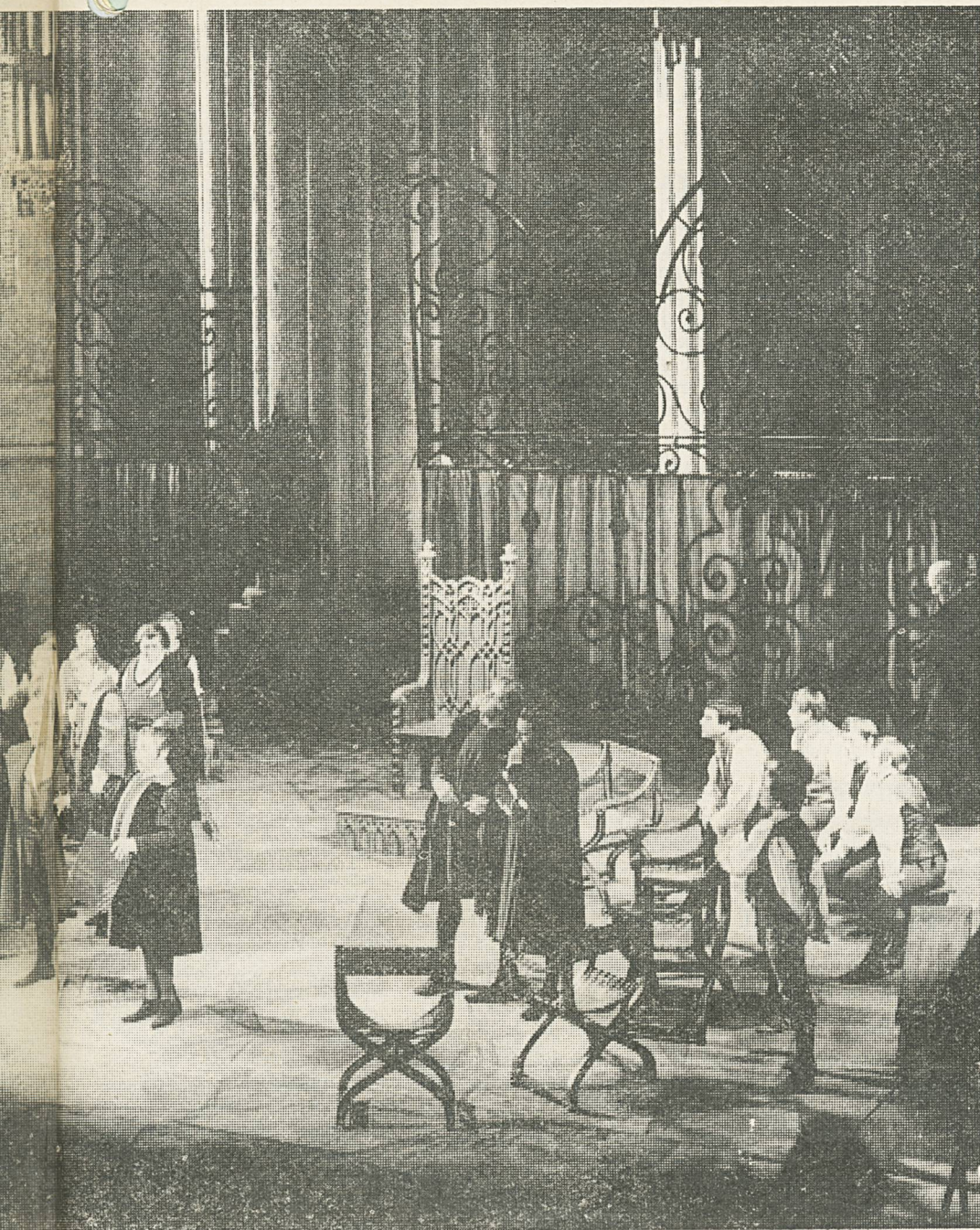
"A really good performance of Mrs. Warren's Profession would keep its audience out of the hands of the women of the street for a fortnight at least," wrote Shaw in 1917. If the aim of the play is to condemn the capitalist society which forces underpaid and overworked women to prostitution G.B.S. fails. The play may well condone Mrs. Warren's reasons for taking up her profession, but it glories in the achievements of a formidable woman with power.

This is due to the calculating spirit and presence which Coral Browne brings to the part of Kitty Warren, but the fault lies mainly in the fact that Shaw was personally ignorant of prostitutes and misjudged the economics of that profession. Prostitution brings gains of various kinds; sex, power and security, but infrequently wealth. Despite the fact that the National Theatre's programme devotes pages to articles on prostitution and reactionary Lord Chancellors, the main theme of the play is surely the personal

tug of war between Mrs. Warren and her daughter Vivie.

Vivie, blue stockinged and brilliant with her first class honours in mathematics is the antithesis of her mother. The daughter, antiseptic, virginal and highly disciplined contrasts with a vulgar, voracious and sensual mother. Yet both are ambitious business women and both enjoy dominance over men — it is their professions which differ. Brought up apart Vivie learns the secret of her mother's success and the source of her own income. She refuses further financial support, not out of disgust for her mother's habits (this is only prudely hinted at on a slip of paper) but out of determination that she too can make a success in chartered accountancy.

Sarah Badel as Vicky (Alan Badel's Kean daughter) is weaker than Coral Browne, but this does not upset the balance in the struggle for she is sympathetically supported by Praed (Edward Hardwick) a romantic idealist and Frank (Ronald Pickup) her slangy nit-witted suitor. Nevertheless she is finally beaten. While her mother will continue the management of her



Georgina as David, Herbert Hoffman as Sachs and Sir Geraint Evans as Beckmesser in the present production. Beckmesser, holding the slate, declares that Walther's song was intolerably modern.

opera

Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg
Opera House, Covent Garden

This was a very satisfactory revival of the production which opened under chaotic circumstances two years ago—to be precise, on January 24th 1969. The sets were magnificently decadent in the way that Wagner obviously wanted, and the production was remarkably intelligent, considering that it was rehearsed by Covent Garden's own production department, which is hardly renowned for its high dramatic standards—and much of the singing was excellent.

To say that the leading singers sometimes fell short of these standards is but a minor criticism—but Hubert Hoffman was a very weak Sachs, far too often drowned by the orchestra, and it is surprising that Norman Bailey, whose interpretation of the role has been heard to such praise at the Coliseum and at Wagner's own theatre at Bayreuth, could not have been engaged for the role. Heather Harper and Jess Thomas were not very suc-

cessful as the pair of young lovers—Harper was too maternally and Thomas too stiff—but the comic lovers were excellently taken by George Shirley and Noreen Berry.

The Mastersingers themselves were excellently led by Donald McIntyre and David Ward, but Sir Geraint Evans transcended everyone in his depiction of the fussy and pedantic Beckmesser, and his acting was always totally in character. It is a great pity that more operatic artists could not combine acting and excellent singing in the same way that he does.

The Covent Garden Orchestra, recently so insipid under Mackerras in Turandot, played magnificently for Josef Krips, and the chorus sang with great power and force.

Götterdämmerung

London Coliseum

This evening was one long (6-hour long) evening of pure, unalloyed delight. The production was everything one had dreamed of: a surrealist landscape, almost lunar in its fantastic appearance, which allowed all Wagner's theatrical strokes of genius to come off with a sure touch and yet did not hinder the actors from performing in a realistic manner, a combination which gave

more bite to the drama than a purely abstract production like Covent Garden's notoriously ugly one can do.

The final climax, with the Rhine rising above the beams of the ruined hall and the blazing fires in the heavens, were of a magnificence unparalleled. And the musical side was also excellent: Rita Hunter and Alberto Remedios as Brunnhilde and Siegfried rivalled the performances of Kirsten Flagstad and Set Svanholm in those roles: Norman Bailey was a truly kindly Gunther—a bit too old, perhaps?—and Clifford Grant stalked about the stage with a true menace, although his hippie gear jarred at first.

Beyond this it becomes invidious to mention the other singers, singling out only Derek Hammond Stroud's Alberich (a disembodied bald head) for its marvellous acting and the three Rhine Maidens, who blended beautifully in their lilting music and gave a very good impression of swimming at the bottom of the river—a somewhat difficult thing to portray.

Reginald Goodall's conducting was massive and overwhelming. The production runs for another month, with seats available on the night. It is not to be missed.

poetry

Robert Lowell's Notebook—a review

In view of the success this has met with, this may be the time to briefly go over Lowell's earlier work, since it is only recently it has received the recognition it deserves in this country.

The early poems brought together in the volume mentioned above, though tense and inflexible by contrast with his later work, clearly show the absolute control of language and the carefully considered, almost lapidary construction which characterises all his poetry; they also indicate the main directions in which it was to develop: the complete empathy with his environment, the use of personal attitudes to illuminate specific experiences, the references to the past, both personal and historical, and the very free translations he calls "imitations." The influence of Wallace Stevens can be detected in the style and language, as well as the obsession with the common New England heritage. "At the Indian Killer's Grave" may well have been inspired by Stevens' "Extraordinary References." Poems like "In Memory of Arthur Winslow" (. . . shell / On shell of our stark culture strikes the sun / To fill my head with all our fathers won / When Cotton Mather wrestled with the fiends from hell.) and "Winter in Dunbarton" pre-

figure the personal search for time lost which culminated in "Life Studies."

1956 saw the publication of "For the Union Dead," the high-water mark of Lowell's first period. The terseness is still there, but this time the language flows easier, the style is less restrictive, and the effect altogether more immediate. Two poems in particular stand out, the title poem (**Two months after marching through Boston, / half the regiment was dead; / at the dedication, / William James could almost hear the bronze Negroes breathe. / Their monument sticks like a fishbone / in the city's throat. / Its Colonel is as lean / as a compass-needle. / He has an angry wrenlike vigilance, / a greyhound's gentle tautness; / he seems to wince at pleasure, / and suffocate for privacy.**), and "Jonathan Edwards in Western Massachusetts" (. . . In Western Massachusetts, / I could almost feel the frontier / crack and disappear. / Edwards thought the world would end there.).

"For the Union Dead" was followed in 1958 by "Imitations," a collection of translations from the work of eighteen European poets, and in 1959 by "Life Studies," which also contained "91 Revere Street," a long autobiographical study in prose. "Life Studies" included "The Banker's Daughter," a historical tour-de-force on Marie de Medici (**Ring, ring tired bells, the**

King of France is dead, / who'll give the lover of the land a bed? / My son is adding inches in his sleep. / I see his dimpled fingers clutch Versailles. / Sing lullaby, my Son, sing lullaby. / I rock my nightmare son, and hear him cry / for ball and sceptre; he asks the queen to die . . .), but is notable particularly for those poems in which Lowell reconstructs fragments of memory, specifically of his family and early environment. Among the most effective are "Grandparents," "Commander Lowell," and "For Sale."

Others, still in the same vein, deal with friends and acquaintances ("Ford Madox Ford," "For George Santayana") and recapitulate past experiences, as in "Memories of West Street and Lepke" which deals with the poet's year in prison as a conscientious objector ending with a description of the murderer Czar Lepke, then awaiting execution: **Flabby, bald, lobotomized, / he drifted in a sheepish calm / where no agonizing reappraisal / jarred his concentration on the electric chair — / hanging like an oasis in his air / of lost connections** . . .

"Life Studies" seems to have finally exorcized Lowell's obsession with his private past; unlike Proust, who did not survive his own emancipation from a similar obsession, Lowell was now free to go on to other things.

records

Don't Crush that Dwarf
The Firesign Theatre
Columbia

This is a brilliant album; go to One Stop or Phonograph (off Oxford St., near Tot. Ct Rd Underground) and buy it before it's too late — it may be already. The Firesign Theatre's third album is unlike anything you have ever listened to: if 1984

company in Brussels, Vienna & Budapest, Vivie will sit asexual and spinster-like in Chancery Lane.

This play lacked the verve and wit of Shaw's masterpieces and Ronald Eyre's direction fails to revive an outdated socio-economic problem. I learnt more about 19th century prostitution from the programme than the play, appreciated a familiar struggle between mother and daughter, but was principally intrigued by the self-reliance and aim of two women who would have made superb leaders of today's Women's Lib Movement.

isn't Amerika 1971, it's probably because you've had your head glued in books and the mass media without looking up and noticing what's happening around you.

The value to the British listener is that you may be fairly sure that what has happened in Amerika is already happening here or will come to pass within the next five years. Don't Crush That Dwarf forces hilariously frightening flashes of totalitarianism and drug culture through the insensitive shells of unawareness that most of us have wrapped around our minds in order to remain sane (ie, inhumane) in the insane world of Western capitalism.

If you think you can listen to it on acid, maybe you will be able to break completely through a few of those shells and emerge a human being.

The Lady and the Unicorn
John Renbourn
Transatlantic

This is John Renbourn's first solo LP for nearly two years and it comes like a breath of sweet air, at a moment when the music scene seems dominated by an amplification and electronics.

Once again Renbourn follows the medieval theme which he used so effectively on 'Sir John Alot.'

The musicianship on this record is of very high standard, not only from Renbourn himself but also Terry Cox—hard drums and glockenspiel, Don Harper viola, Lea Richolson concertina, Tony Roberts and Ray Warleigh flutes and Dave Swarbrick violin. The production is excellent, each instrument comes over remarkably clearly especially Renbourn's double backing on sitar and guitar. The tracks include a couple of fourteenth Italian viola pieces followed by few French medieval tunes.

Side one concluded by the Sarabande in B Minor, by Bach. The second side is in keeping with the first side. It has three folk songs and a Renbourn original. The stand out track for me at least is Renbourn's arrangement of Scarborough Fair which manages to keep a healthy distance from the Carthy-Simon-Garfunkel arrangement.

Delicate and simple are the two best adjectives to describe this record. The essence is quiet contemplation. A beautiful LP and one to fly away from today's cares.

The Industrial Relations Bill

What the bill says

- * The Bill assumes that employers and workers are equal.
- * The setting up of National Industrial Relations Court (NIRC).
- * Commission on Industrial Relations placed on a statutory basis.
- * A registrar of trade unions to lay down rules and see that they are adhered to.
- * The right of an individual to or not to belong to a trade union.
- * Safeguards against unfair dismissal of an employee with maximum compensation of £4,000.
- * Strikes subject to conditions as laid down in contracts.
- * Only registered trade unions protected if their members go on strike. In cases of unofficial strikes, both shop stewards and unions will be liable to prosecution with fines up to £100,000. No limit for unions not registered.
- * Power to halt a strike for 60 days if in the national interest.
- * Power to call a secret ballot.
- * Collective agreements to be legally binding.
- * Closed shop to be made illegal.
- * Removal of unions immunity in the courts.
- * Changes in the picketing laws.
- * Actions contrary to unfair industrial relations liable to prosecution.
- * Sympathetic strikes illegal.



What they say

If the Bill goes through the penalty for not registering will be to have withdrawn the legal immunity which has been in existence for nearly seventy years and for which our predecessors suffered persecution, imprisonment and deportation.
Hugh Scanlon, President AEF.

The Bill seems to ignore the research work in recent years by experts of many different viewpoints . . . It is little less than amateurish to borrow legal regulations introduced in 1935 to promote collective bargaining in a country (USA) where even now only a third of the work force is covered by collective bargaining.

Professor K. W. Wedderburn, Professor of Labour Law, L.S.E.

'A crude attempt to import the American system of labour relations at a time when the American system of labour relations itself is undergoing severe strains.'

Vic Feather, Gen. Sec. T.U.C.

'It seems to me that Mr. Carr and his colleagues have tried to restrict the scope for industrial action much too severely by their broad definition of what constitutes 'unfairness' in industrial relations.'

Andrew Shonfield, former economics editor of the 'Observer'

'The document is so restrictive that it is difficult to place in its historical resting place. Certainly its home is not in the 20th century. If the T.U.C. had discussed these proposals with the government it would have been a conversation between a condemned man and the executioner on the relative merits of the axe and the rope.'

Draughtsman's & Allied Technicians Association (DATA)

In June 1968, the first attempt at re-shaping the trade union movement was made with the publication of the Donovan Report. The following year, the Labour Government made a determined effort in legislating against trade unions with the introduction of 'In Place of Strife.' The collective strength of the trade union movement however was able to persuade certain misguided Labour Party leaders that they were taking the wrong course of action. But 1970 will go down as the year when the Tories presented us with a logical and philosophical bill which they are determined will become law. This piece of legislation begins with the basic premise . . . 'We shall smash the unions!' and continues in subtle and devious ways to do just that.

Until Robert Carr left Securicor to build a Securistate, a union was an organisation formed by its members, run by its members, to rules written by its members.

Now that the new registration clause a union must have its rules vetted by an appointed registrar who will decide whether the union conforms to standards of behaviour designed by the government. Registration is not now to be ours by right. To get a licence, the rules must please the government.

New inquisition

NIRC, a new Inquisition will supervise. The employer can initiate action against you on request. Members who threatened a strike without permission will be liable to damages or imprisonment. Thus democratic control ends on the simple intervention of the employer.

The code of 'unfair' practices destroys basic traditions such as sympathetic action and 'blacking.'

Courts can be used to stop drivers from refusing deliveries to strike-bound factories, dockers from supporting seamen etc.

It will be illegal for a newspaper columnist to induce a strike and employers will be rid of militants at the cheap price of £4,500.

Often immediate action is the only remedy but that will be breaking a legally binding procedure agreement. The only fair strikes will be those called by 'registered' trade unions and will be confined to the employer where the dispute commenced, or is not in breach of any contract and not on the list of forbidden acts.

The last point covers such matters as the government's

What we say

power to order a cooling off period or a ballot, if national security is involved or someone doubts whether everyone wants a dispute. The state would pose the questions and the intimidating atmosphere of state intervention would affect the outcome.

The ultimate in political chicanery is achieved. Without actually outlawing strikes, the bill will make unofficial action 'unfair' and therefore illegal, and official disputes practically unattainable. Such measures are designed to destroy the right to strike effectively and thus tilt the balance in favour of the employers.

Startling implications

I've read this Bill a number of times and have read virtually everything that has been written about it so far and yet each time I read it, I discover, tucked away in the corner of a clause, something new with startling implications. For example, the Tories argue that this bill will provide benefits for many workers, protecting them against unfair dismissal. Clauses 26 and 27 however define that this excludes those who work 'less than twenty - one hours' a week and 'those employed for a period of not less than 104 weeks.' This would immediately account for almost half the working population. The vast majority of women workers are part-time and mobility of jobs amongst the young is extremely high.

If a worker believes that he has been unfairly dismissed, then the onus is upon him to prove this to the Industrial Tribunal. This of course is difficult and any rate, clause 22 states that a

dismissal, 'shall be regarded as having been fair if . . . related to the capability or qualifications of the employee for performing work of the kind which he was employed by the employer to do . . .' In my mind, that legalises any dismissal.

The Bill also makes anything 'short' of a strike illegal. This means no banning of overtime, no working to rule, no walkouts, etc.

The BMA however have managed to persuade the Tories to change certain clauses to protect them, and allow them a closed shop. After all, we couldn't have gas fitters working as doctors! But there is nothing to protect draughtsmen from having welders doing their jobs or vice versa. That's different, or so the Tories say.

One could go on endlessly delving into this bill and querying interpretations and no doubt during the next few years, the labour lawyers will spend much time and make much money doing just that. The bill is open to interpretation and the only satisfaction that I get from reading it is in knowing that I'm not the only person who doesn't fully understand it.

The main points have been listed above and their implications are obvious to those well-versed in trade unionism or with some imagination. But the reality of this bill, will not I believe become really apparent until it is seen in operation. And it is upon this fact that my only optimism for the defeat of this bill rests.

Failure of opposition

How does one defeat such a bill? Clearly it is not go-

ing to be defeated in parliament, despite all the rhetoric of Barbara Castle and Eric Heffer. What a ridiculous idea anyhow to put Barbara Castle in charge of the show after her abortive attempt to introduce the previous set of legislation. All the determination in parliament will not stop this bill becoming law.

Defeat of the bill by industrial action before it becomes law is looking more and more remote. The December 8th strike was a bold gesture by the left but it is unfortunate that so many unions need the TUC to guide them. Only a few unions have been prepared to take a lead. The only lead that will come from the TUC will be for 'constitutional' action for they will not dare risk a general strike which would also be a political strike. Hugh Scanlon and Jack Jones have failed to wield the might of their organisations into action, although there is the possibility that the engineers might yet take decisive action.

It therefore appears that the bill will become law and then the real fight will commence. Certain sectors of industry with traditional militancy, such as the dockers and car workers might be able to halt the legislative effects but for every one of these militant areas there are two under-unionised areas and here the bill will have a steam-rolling effect. One can only hope that as the injustices of the bill become apparent, the ordinary trade unionist and worker will realise the meaning of it and take effective industrial action to defeat it.

Stephen F. Kelly



The atrocities continue

Shh . . . you know where!

Some three years after the second session of the International War Crimes Tribunal, the monstrous criminal acts committed by the American military and its mercenaries in Indochina continue unabated. Untold numbers of atrocities against humanity are added daily to the sickening stories recounted in *Against the Crime of Silence: Proceedings of the Russell International War Crimes Tribunal* (New York, Simon & Schuster).

The evidence brought before the Tribunal was suppressed by the self-censorship of the mass media, but since then isolated incidents occasionally have been forced into the liberal press. Even Time Magazine reported that "Telford Taylor, who was the chief US prosecutor at Nuremberg . . . said that (America's former commander in Vietnam, General William) Westmorland could be found guilty of Vietnam war crimes if he were to be tried by the same standard under which the US hanged Japanese General Tomoyuki Yamashita."

The mass media present slaughters such as My Lai as mistakes, which they are not; the American military try individual soldiers, when the war itself is the overwhelming crime and Nixon and his generals stand out as the criminals doing the dirty work of American imperialism for their master, American capitalism.

That atrocities are not mistakes but rather an integral part of the American war plan is made agonisingly clear in Noam Chomsky's brilliant indictment of the war, *At War With Asia* (now available in paperback from Fontana). Chomsky exposes the lies which the American government is still repeating and the mass media of the free world is still pathetically printing as the truth.

America has found the way to win a people's war: simply eliminate the people. However, parts of the free world are not ready for genocide, so the American military has collected millions of Vietnamese in concentration camps (known as 'pacification' camps) and in the urban slums of Saigon and other cities. This policy is called 'urbanization' by the Americans who direct it, and consists of demolishing the society of South Vietnam by bombing the countryside until those who remain in Viet Cong controlled areas must live in caves and tunnels. It is also called 'modernization': here is just one account of what it actually means when applied to Vietnamese peasants:

"In one such removal, during Operation Bold Mariner in January, 1969, 12,000 peasants from the Batangan

Peninsula were taken to a waterless camp near Quang Ngai over whose guarded gate floated a banner saying 'We thank you for liberating us from communist terror'. These people had been given an hour to get out before the USS New Jersey began to shell their homes. After 8 weeks of imprisonment they were ferried back to what was left of their villages, given a few sheets of corrugated metal and told to fend for themselves. When asked what they would live on until new crops could be raised, the Vietnamese camp commander said, 'Maybe they can fish.' (p. 229, *At War With Asia*).

The effects of 'modernization' on the Vietnamese countryside was reported in the press (some five or six years after it started) on 31 December, 1970. The International Herald Tribune's article was headlined "Results Not Yet Conclusive". Some excerpts:

"A study of defoliation in Vietnam, undertaken for the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS), has shown a catastrophic effect on some parts

of the country . . .

The records of 4002 abnormal births in Saigon Children's Hospital from 1959 to 1968 show a sudden rise in two forms of defect after the start of heavy spraying in 1966. . .

At least a fifth of the 1.2 million acres of mangrove forest in South Vietnam have been 'utterly destroyed'. Furthermore some unknown factor, which the investigators call 'nutrient dumping' (!), may make it difficult for the inland jungle to recover, once spraying has caused its leaves to fall . . .

The military policy of only spraying food crops in sparsely populated areas is not being adhered to . . .

Read *At War With Asia* if you think these atrocities are mistakes. If you are disgusted by America's war with Asia, Chomsky has a message well worth listening to.

"A person who takes seriously the responsibilities of citizenship will refuse to be a passive accomplice in crimes against humanity, and will undertake and support direct resistance to the lawless violence of the state."

The inhabitant's guide to London, or . . .

Alternative London is one of those books that are so obviously a good idea that one has to wonder why they weren't done before. In a city this size even life-long residents will know only a few areas in detail, and newcomers are inevitably lost for at least six months. Sources of information are themselves so numerous that they are unhelpful to most, even if they know about them.

Given this, it is peculiar that the innumerable guides to London are nearly all written for tourists. *Alternative London* fills the gap by being a guide for the rather larger number of us who actually live here!

It is neither more nor less than a guide to the inexpensive, the practical, the unusual and the "underground" as they relate to problems of living in London. It contains information for everyone; but the more left, hip and poor you are, the more useful you'll find it.

The book covers a great variety of subjects, ranging from the commonsense to the esoteric. For the practical-minded there are chapters on flatfinding, interior decorating and maintenance, food shopping, general bargain hunting, money (acquisition of), transportation, rights under the law, using the telephones, and the social security system.

For the more offbeat, there is information about food cults, travel, communes, re-

treats, cults and interest groups, homosexuality, sex, drugs, crafts, publications, and children. All of this is very well organised in an easy to read, simple to use style.

Perhaps the best comment that can be made about *Alternative London* is that you use it. I could list innumerable examples of information from its pages, but I think it better to compare it to an A-Z street atlas: having one simply makes life much easier.

On the whole then, *Alternative London* is excellent value for six shilling (that's thirty new pence to progressives) but that's not to say it's perfect. Any book of this type is open to criticism for errors and omissions. I found a few errors relating to my particular areas of knowledge (karate, hitching in Eastern Europe, virtues of motor cycles as transport), and I'm sure any Londoner could do the same.

Omissions are more a matter of personal priorities: I would have included a chapter on late night/early morning restaurants, loos, pubs, petrol stations and so on.

However, this is only the first edition, and it isn't fair to criticise too strongly until the second edition comes out. Then we can see how the author has reacted to the feedback he requests.

Barry Buzan
Alternative London, written and published by Nicholas Saunders 6/- (30p).

music

YES to LSE

YES are a quality music band and have a lot going for them at the moment. They are appearing at LSE on Saturday 13th February. They are a highly esteemed group: "One of the best groups in the Northern Hemisphere," Chris Welch—Melody Maker, with a good long stage act made up of distinctive arrangements of others' material and their own strong songs.

YES are also highly regarded musicians. The line-up is Jon Anderson, vocals; Bill Bruford, drums; Steve Howe, guitar; Chris Squire, bass; Tony Kaye, organ.

The group have recently finished a highly success-



ful tour with IRON BUTTERFLY at the Royal Albert Hall, YES were given a standing ovation although they were only second on the bill.

They are soon to tour the USA, so this may well mean that you would be advised to see them in their pre-superstar days at LSE at a non-superstar price of sixty pence. Also on the show is the 'Supershow' film starring, among others LED ZEPPELIN and ERIC CLAPTON.

For those of you who have never been to an LSE

concert, YES and 'Supershow' will be in the Old Theatre, as will the EXPLOSIVE SPECTRUM LIGHTSHOW, while DJ MUZZ will be in the Refectory only a comfortable distance from the bar.

Just to clear up some confusion: FACES did not appear because Rod Stewart had laringitis (they have been re-booked for 1 May); the HENDRIX film was not shown because the film was damaged at another show; advance tickets are sold in the Union Office S102.

Beating sickles into crosses

For some time there has been a misguided dichotomy between religion and revolution — between Christianity and Marxism. The two are in fact differently emphasised sides of the same coin.

The Christian ethic enjoins mutual help and assistance—not as a substitute for faith ("works" cannot bring salvation) but as a necessary corollary to it. For instance in Acts we read that the early Christians gave their possessions into a common pool, to

be distributed "each according to his needs". This was so important a concept that two died for violating it.

Political radicalism is inherent in Christianity—you "cannot serve both God and Mammon" and under capitalism this antagonism is felt in every pore of the society. The profit motive—based on selfishness, greed and the exploitation of other human beings—is an anti-Christian and base foundation for society.

The dialectical position of Marxism in capitalist society seems little understood by Marxists themselves. Religion

as the "opium of the people" seems to mesmerise them. Institutional forms adopted by an exploiting class in order to attempt moral justification of their exploitation is simply another epitaph on their tombstone, not an argument against Christianity itself. The method by which capitalist materialism and self-help are to be transformed into an ideology of community and love is little understood by most Marxists. Being spiritual this change must come through a spiritual revolution.

Marx preached material revolution; Christ material revolution through spiritual revolution. He gave the how to the destruction of what is evil. The kingdom of God on earth (the socialist millenium) is an impossibility without this spiritual regeneration.

The Marxist faith as now propounded is analogous to Catholic claims to universalism—this article is intended to be a sort of Protestant revival in Marxism. For instance, the humanist basis of political radicalism had its origin in Christianity and especially the reformation.

Remember Christ's two commandments — love God with all of yourself and all men as yourself. Pure humanists (including Marxists) extravagantly believing themselves to have found something new, simply miss the lynchpin of morality—God. For if a universal morality exists (which is obvious) it must emanate from a supreme being—who by definition is God, otherwise it is merely subjective or socially determined.

So we find the basis of this insane misconception is nothing less than a genuine determination to be irrational on the part of supposedly rational beings. Is this the height of creation?

Disquiet on the Gay Front

Fifty sisters and brothers were dancing, necking, talking and having a nice time at a GLF 'Come Together' in a room over a pub near Euston. Almost at closing time five plain-clothes policemen in overcoat came up to see us. One of them claimed they had had a phone call and they were obliged to investigate. He refused to say whether the call was anonymous or not.

The sisters and brothers were very cool and carried on dancing until the music was turned off. All the police except one, named Coles, refused to show identification and were unnecessarily cagey about why they'd come. One by one we were searched as we left.

The search was only half-hearted. An older brother with short hair wasn't searched at all. Some of us were asked where we worked—someone from the Ministry of Housing wasn't searched either. There were no women police so they only searched the sisters' bags. Nothing was found.

After it was all over two brothers spoke to a couple of the fuzz and asked them why they were harassing us. Eventually both of them said they were 'Showing the flag' and refused to say any more.

One brother was later taken down to the police station and was questioned about our connections with AgitProp and what he knew about people from there.

It's clear that if the police want to know what GLF is doing they have more subtle ways of finding out. It's clear they weren't seriously looking for drugs. It shows the power the drug laws give the police to aid political repression.

Also, a homosexual man was murdered by a gang of youths on Hampstead Heath last week.

Gay Liberation Front demands an end to all this oppression! The oppression of homosexuals is a political oppression.

It is only a part of the general distortion of sexuality for the purposes of social control.

GLF wants liberation for all people now!

Problems of the University: two new books

Masters and Scholars: reflections on the rights and responsibilities of students. Sir Eric Ashby. Whidden Lectures for 1970. O:U.P. 18/-.

This is a fair and balanced treatment of a contentious subject, but since the topic has been analysed to shreds, as Sir Eric acknowledges, one may fairly ask whether he provides a satisfactory answer to the questions raised and whether his reflections — the product of some twenty years in university administration—advance the debate on higher education in the universities.

It is as well to be clear about this second point since much of the polemic that has been bandied about recently has served only to divert attention from a central consideration — the future of British education on the tertiary level. A measure of the author's awareness of the urgency of this matter is provided by the comparison he draws between the utterance of a nineteenth century master of Trinity College, Cambridge: "A student should entertain a docile and confiding disposition towards his instructor", and the attitude of present day educators: "to provoke a disciplined critical attitude towards knowledge". (p. 47). "We must not be surprised", Sir Eric continues, "if this attitude is adopted towards our universities and even towards ourselves". Not surprisingly, therefore, he notes that the days when protests were entertaining are over.

Rise of students

The implications of the "widespread re-distribution of influence" within the university — more particularly, the rise of the student estate — are considered in a series of discussions on the administration of the university, its constitutive elements as a corporation, the history of the student movement in Britain and finally, the rights and responsibilities of students. Lest anyone think that the author is complacent about the responsibilities of the masters, at a recent Commonwealth Universities Congress Sir Eric recommended some form of Hippocratic oath for university teachers, a code "which lays down a teacher's duty to his pupils as the main feature which distinguishes a university from a research institute".

Fortunately, we are not treated to the outpourings of a dispirited academic. recent years have witnessed a flow of articles from such people. Ashby looks to the future with guarded optimism and would not, I suspect, share Max Beloff's fears of a new 'Dark

Age' in the universities, nor subscribe to the view propounded by Dr. Devletoglou that "the Socratic ideal is dying a violent death in the hands of the new barbarians and (that) the Great Academic Depression of the 1970's is gathering momentum".*

Doubtful future

It is the future of the university as Sir Eric has traditionally known it which is in some doubt. The question raised at least implicitly by the author is whether the corporation defined in the Cambridge Charter (and in the charters of many of our universities) can adapt itself to modern conditions within the frame of reference outlined in *Masters and Scholars*. One should take seriously the observation made in Sir Eric's longer work on this subject that "British universities have not evolved in step with British society without periodic proddings from governments". The historical analysis presented in this work — part of which is summarised in Ch. 2 of the work under review — makes very interesting reading and goes some way to vindicating the claim that student participation in the administration of universities has in the past brought marked improvements to the efficiency and morale of our universities. See, for example, the development of the S.R.C. in Scotland. No doubt too, Sir Eric finds some justification for his optimistic outlook in being able to put contemporary student activity into its proper historical perspective (of the Introduction to the *Student Estate*. "The surprise is not so much that a student estate has emerged as a power to be reckoned with, as that it has taken so long to emerge".) Nevertheless, I think it a fair criticism of this kind of book that just as British universities have failed to keep pace with British society so too historical studies like this fail to relate student activities to contemporary culture. I think, for example, that a detailed historical study of this kind might relate, as Raymond Williams has done in his essay 'The Teaching Relationship: Both Sides of the Wall', the development of student unrest in this country to the adult education movement which sprang up in the inter-war years.

Inadequate analysis

In the final analysis Sir Eric fails to provide us

with the necessary reassurances in this matter of the university's future, not because of the precariousness of the student movement but because student unrest is considered in isolation and the whole question of student participation, discussed in some detail in Ch. 3, raises issues of greater consequences than he and many others are prepared to admit. Thus, it is not enough to say, as Professor J. Gould does, that student participation "involves many students in forms of consultation that are always harmless" and that new forms of representation could "recreate in the university that sense of moral community which alone can guarantee academic freedom." This is true but more is at stake. This becomes most apparent in Sir Eric's consideration of the implications of the 1940 Charter on student rights and responsibilities and the draught proposals on 1967.

Students' role

Ashby cites five reasons for favouring 'apprenticeship participation' as he calls it. Briefly, the student has the competence of a consumer and feedback from the student improves the quality of education; the presence of students on academic committees insures against isolation; the process of self-renewal within the university requires participation; participation is an educative process and finally, participation makes consent meaningful. This is fair enough and the author goes on to criticise those academics who overrate the importance of the work ethic and attempt to dissuade students from interfering in matters which they do not understand. He makes the valid point that in academic matters the critical approach is encouraged but often discouraged when it comes to the first hand experience of higher education. The attitude he condemns has, I think, something to do with the reluctance of many students to come forward and provide the stabilising element which many university unions require. However, if one is to follow the author's advice in these matters then I must register a complaint about his treatment of student participation since it overlooks one of the most important reasons for participation, namely, the opening up of our universities to new ideas and more particularly, to those sections of the population, *professional bodies included*, who are at present denied the benefit of a university education. The future of the Corporation as an academic community will depend on whether the authorities face up realistically to this question. Sir Eric is of the

opinion (p. 48) that students have to decide whether they intend to form a trade union or remain members of an academic community consenting to common ends. I would advocate the second alternative and at the same time, endorse most of the author's views on 'student power'. The latter concept, in this country certainly, is representative of much of the woolly thinking that plagues the whole debate. But if it is to be a toss-up between the T.U.C. and Sir Eric's Corporation, I suspect that the decision will be largely determined by the actions of the Government and the committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals. Lord Butler has pointed out that we need a "fundamental re-

The Student Revolt, by Colin Crouch Bodley Head. £1.50.

One is bound to form certain preconceptions about a book merely by looking at the title and the author. For an LSE person picking up *The Student Revolt* by Colin Crouch, such preconceptions are likely to be stronger. Many will have witnessed the events at LSE which Crouch describes; some will have helped to shape them. Many will know Crouch for an unsuccessful scourge of the revolutionary left in the LSE Union. Some will share the attitudes and beliefs of the student revolutionary left, while others will find them repulsive. Yet all are equally caught up in the argument and in the events. No claims can be made, then, that this review is in any way objective and dispassionate — any more than Crouch could make such claims for his book.

The potential reader is warned not to turn to *The Student Revolt* for light relief. The following points, when considered separately, are no more than petty gripes, but when considered together do make the book far less enjoyable than it might have been. First, the narrative proceeds with all the zest and vigour of afternoon tea in a Brighton hotel in November. Second, careless use of the personal pronoun "we" which is liberally scattered throughout the description of the student revolt at LSE makes it difficult to know to whom Crouch is referring. Sometimes it is the student body as a whole, and sometimes the particular student grouping of which Crouch was a member. Since Crouch changed his political views during the course of the events, the difficulty is made more acute. The task of unravelling the 'dramatis personae' is not too great for someone with background knowledge of the events, but a reader without that know-

ledge is likely to be left drifting helplessly in the maelstrom of LSE student politics. Third and last, the system of footnoting is intensely irritating and distracting.

* (Spectator 24 Oct. 1970)

Contribution

Masters and Scholars makes little contribution to this debate. This is unfortunate since it would have provided a useful perspective for Ashby's treatment of the problem of 'relevance' in the curriculum. Sir Eric concludes that the task of the university is to "provide an education, not an identity" though the search for a moral content in academic studies may be partially satisfied by the 'inner

integrity' of scholarship. One does not, therefore, expect the Master of Clare College to propose a detailed programme for the abolition of the binary system in education but one does look for an awareness of the implications of democracy in our universities. One certainly balks at the suggestion that "the procedures for the day-to-day running of universities are on the whole good ones and (that) there is no need to change them". (p 71) If they are not suitable instruments for "achieving major reform or for reviewing the purpose of higher education", then it is high time that the appropriate instruments were devised.

Revolt, not revolution

The general theme of the book is that we are witnessing a revolt and not a revolution. The student movement, Crouch says, is an unfruitful response to the problems and ills of Western society. He justifies this conclusion by first making reference to the new left's rejection of the traditional and the modern bureaucratic models of university authority and community. He is careful, however, to go on to explain the positive aspects of the response, which he does by developing the ideas of charismatic authority and the activist community. These, he says, are characterised by their transitory nature, and unlike our modern university have no inbuilt mechanisms for survival and permanence. Nor could they have, for to introduce them would contradict the prior rejection of bureaucratic forms of authority and organisation.

Parallel developments

Crouch's analysis is not confined to the university. He also relates the thinking of the new left to trends in modern British politics which developments in universities inevitably tend to parallel. Just as the new left rejects the prostitution of 'Warwick University Ltd' so it rejects a political system which fails to live up to its own ideals of democracy and freedom. The political system seems geared to answering the question 'how?' rather than 'why?' and in the same way university education, the new left argues, is becoming increasingly geared to meeting the technical requirements of state capitalism.

No solutions

Of course none of this is particularly new. Indeed,

much of the time Crouch seems to be hacking at open doors. What is more serious, however, is that his analysis is closed, in the sense that he does not offer any indication as to the way in which the student revolt may evolve in the future, and he makes no suggestions as to what the alternative pattern of response should be. It is quite true of course, that a messiah is more likely to be found among the revolutionary left than in the Labour Party. "The student movement", he says, "has drawn attention to various emerging problems for the politics of the advanced western world, and no one who is concerned for the future stability of our pluralism, democracy and civil liberty can but be deeply interested in these matters". Is it enough, though, for a person who takes these problems seriously — as Crouch almost certainly does — to be "concerned" and "deeply interested"? And is it really good enough for a person of Crouch's experience and erudition to reject the new left's counter-models of university authority and community without attempting to analyse what will happen to universities in this country — and what he believes should happen? There is a very strong temptation, in the light of *The Student Revolt*, to believe that Crouch is a Conservative.

Michael Tuckett

Crouch and the revolutionary left sometimes appear to be squabbling like jackdaws over the shiny objects which glint in the sun. They can afford to joust with each other since for them—relative to most other people in the world — the quality of life is assured. Their battle of words is ultimately as important as the schoolboys' war on the island in Golding's *Lord of the Flies*. And it is not unnecessarily melodramatic to suggest that in the light of the Dutschke Case, both sides may yet be the losers. David Christie

End of a Dialogue

“We have seen this film”

The title of the film (shown at LSE on Feb. 1st.) means that the time for discussion and mere talk of action has ended. No longer will a white South African be able to say to us, “How do you know what South Africa is like—you’ve never been there.” We can say we have seen this film.

Our government is to sell those arms we saw in the

film to the Vorster regime. Is it too much to wonder if this might be the last example of appeasement with the racist minority? John Sprach of NUSAS urged us to see that “End of Dialogue” was circulated as widely as possible. But did you know that South African sherry and oranges are sold in the school?

Action week against Racism

The Action week against Racism was arranged so that people who wished could hear what they might do to end apartheid and what others are doing at present.

Bizo of the African National Congress spoke about the guerilla movement in South Africa, which is growing all the time. We can help them either by collecting money, or those really committed can perhaps themselves join the movement.

Possibly most of all we can help in preventing the sale of arms to the white regime. In any confrontation the helicopters which our government is considering selling would—as in Vietnam—be extremely useful weapons against the freedom fighters.

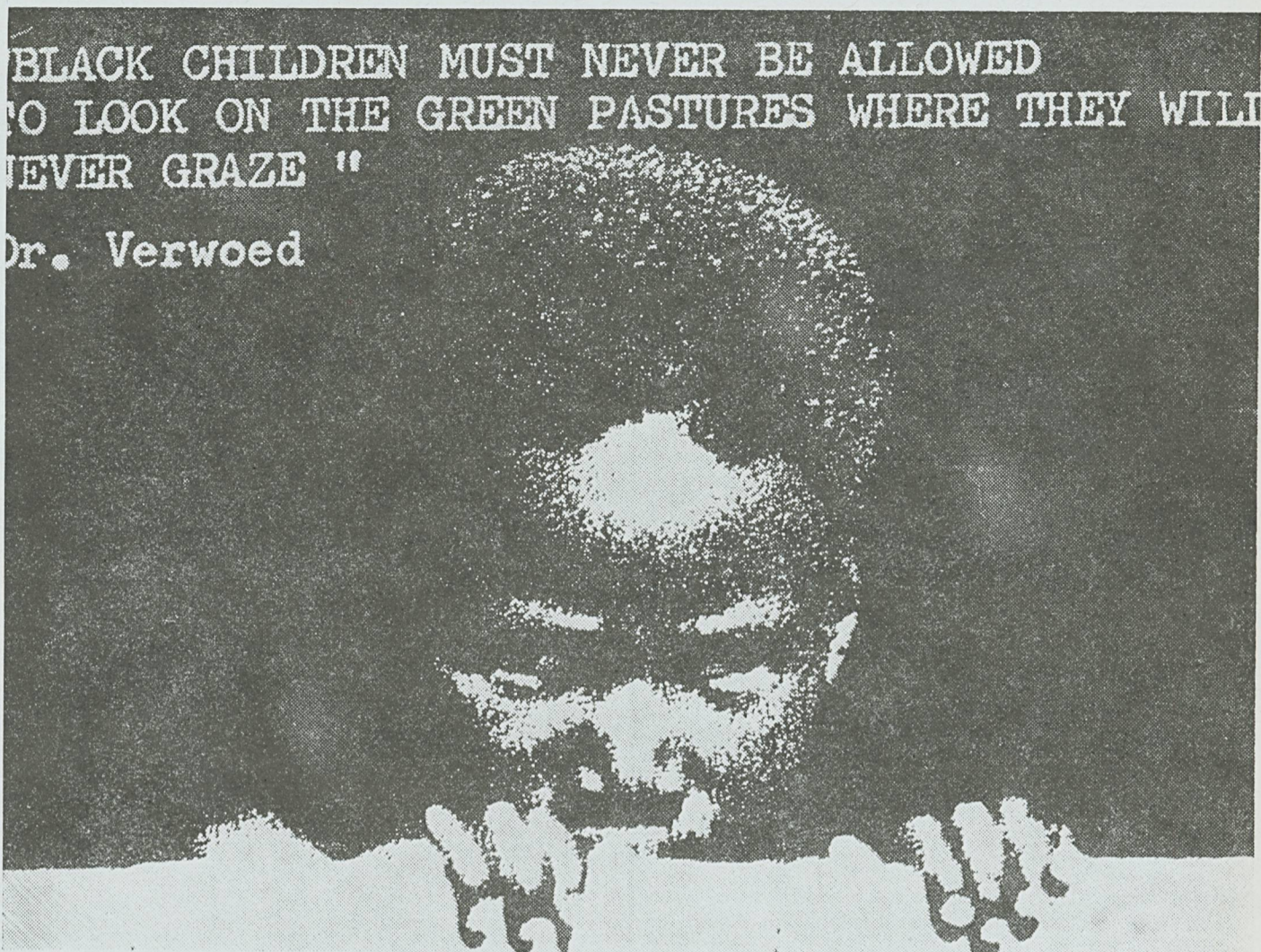
Dennis Brutus of SANROC, who has been fighting against apartheid for many years both in South Africa and in Britain, praised students for their energy in demonstrating against the

South African rugby tour last winter, but also blamed them for their tactlessness in dealing with workers.

In this country we are known as long-haired thugs, yet in America students infiltrated the Polaroid factory and persuaded the workers to protest about the presence of a subsidiary of the firm in South Africa following the racist laws of the country. In the end workers and students joined together to instruct the subsidiary to give its profits to the guerillas.

Could we do the same in this country: I doubt it. Students are too worried about their own political theories. We can do similar things here if people are willing to sacrifice some of their spare time.

If you want to receive information about the activities of the Action Committee against racism give in your name to the Union Office or at the literature stall which we hold every Friday from 1 pm to 4 pm.



Rerum Pervertere Causas

The biggest social event of the year must have been the engagement party of prominent socialists (socialites?) Bob Dent and Maggie Wellings. Highspot of the evening (early evening that is — what happened afterwards is unrepeatable) was surely our decorous Michael Tuckett jiving to the Rolling Stones.

Incidentally, I can now reveal what before was only surmised. Mike and the Black Fairy were incarcerated for some time in the President's office, drinking Union sherry.

Evidently Gareth's much vaunted political sense dissolved in the stuff—he persuaded Mike to assume the mantle of Pryce—Keohane—

Crouch — Walker, Adams, et al. Fired with Messianic mission and Gareth's assurance of victory, Tuckett took out nomination papers on Monday.

The cliques may be dead, but not yet buried. Chris Bazlinton is pursuing his vendetta against Pryce in the next Union meeting while Gareth himself refused to let the new President into his office.

Rumours of keys and padlocks reached us in *Beaver* and when at last at 4.15 pm he opened the door, he told Ian to “Fuck off” and then “Come back in 15 minutes.”

As a social democrat one is frequently disillusioned by the hierarchy of the party.

A Mariner Bold am I
My brother was at My Lai
The things we have done in the name of freedom
Would make old Beelzebub cry
(sung to the tune of “A bachelor gay am I”)

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“The Grapes of Wrath” tells the story of the woman who feeds a starving man with the milk of her own breasts while banks were burying six million pigs in the ground, so I just cannot write about “pop”. Not that “pop” is so bad, it is just music. I believe in music.

If you really want to read something important sing a song, take acid, make love, walk in a park, drum on a desk in Room D until everybody stops working and starts thinking. Then write your own article but first burn this one! Try stealing records, say “I’m with the group man!” at your next freaky, underground 20/- pop party.

GOODBYE.

The Very Rev. Jock Macstrapp (author of “Hypocrisy made Easy” and “Positive Thoughts for Beginners”)

One such occasion was last Thursday when Richard Crossman spoke to LSE. The Guru of Great Turnstiles treated us to a display of verbal and ideological acrobatics, revealing as hollow rhetoric his frequent exhortations to the Labour Party to rediscover its socialist purpose. He was seen to be an elitist cynic wishing to preserve the status quo. I leave you with a quote on Labour's graduated pension scheme. “Some people wish to preserve their higher standard of living after retirement,” and one on the possibility of a wealth tax: “we would lose our constituents”.

Finally, congratulations to Felicity Mate (former administrative assistant to the Union) on getting married; to our former Editrix Martha (on attaining the grand old age of twenty-one) and to Patrick Gorman-Breslin on increasing his commitment 9.98 recurring% during the two weeks since the last issue appeared.

Rodens Regina
Monetary Economics Society
Professor H. G. Johnson
“Trade and Growth”
15th. Feb. O.T. 5 p.m.

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HEC beats LSE

LSE BASKETBALL

After eight and a half hours travelling to Paris, two fantastic meals, and a good night's sleep, the LSE Basketball team were prepared to meet the HEC (Haute Ecole Commerciale). Our centre, Dick Horner, had slept off the detrimental effects of a generous amount of wine graciously placed in front of him by our French adversaries. Anyway the LSE team, minus one, stepped on to the Court to meet the Challenge. After a rather slow start the score at the end of the first half was 17-18 with LSE on the short end.

Now to our surprise out walked sleeping Joe Barnett. He had been nursing a bad ankle which he had sprained during a mid week football match. The second half became much more active as Barnett, Latella and others ran at a blistering pace. After HEC sprinted into an eight point lead on some fine outside shooting, the LSE trailed 24-32 but a spirited rally tied the score shortly thereafter.

Then with the score at 40 all HEC made their final move and the LSE, amidst the confusion over the referee's lack of consistency and a certain amount of fatigue,

could't keep pace. Despite the fact that Marty Finkler stopped the clock at every possible opportunity, the L.S.E. couldn't catch H.E.C. as the French school scored in the last seconds to win 50 to 42. The rebounding of Dick Horner, John Latella, and Howie "The Broom" Arnett gave L.S.E. much inspiration and led them on to their best effort of the year—but it wasn't good enough. All in all, everyone had a great time and enjoyed the champagne after the hard-court struggle. All members of the L.S.E. look forward to a return match at the beginning of May.

AU NOTICE ATHLETIC UNION NOTICE

Nominations are invited for the following positions:

- President
- 2 Vice-Presidents
- General Secretary

All nominations open on Monday, 8th February, and close on Thursday, 18th. The elections for the above posts will take place on 22nd to 23rd February.

All nominees must be members of the Athletic Union.

Watch the Notice Board outside the Athletic Union Office for further details.

AU Election

The annual election of the A.U.'s officers is undoubtedly a far less bitchy, comic affair than that of its alter-ego, the Students' Union. The informality of the A.U.'s elections (our returning officer has no such headaches to deal with as multiple choice between candidates) is worshipped by all as sacrosanct, though the lack of candidates to stand as understudies to the Treasurer and General Secretary has in recent years been disappointing. Perhaps this year the situation will change?

The positions to be filled—President, two V.P.s., General Secretary—have traditionally been contested by the rugby and soccer clubs, though with a much increased and more active membership, we may find that one of the smaller clubs may bring forth a "David" as a candidate to challenge the Olympian gods on high. Doubtful though this may be, I am reliably informed that the prospective candidates for President are actively engaged in securing the block vote of ConSoc, LabSoc, LibSoc and SocSoc in a concerted attempt to split the whole lot down the middle (it should be pointed out that the backing of the new Union president ought to be worth at least three votes).

Our militant socialist AU

In a letter in the last issue of "Beaver", a member of the Socialist Society called for "a more thoughtful renewal of militancy on a wider basis linked up with the struggle against the Conservative Government and all it represents". Not wishing to miss out on anything the well-known Militant Socialist Athletic Union Co-ordinating Committee of L.S.E. has instructed its members to thoughtfully destroy the rampant racism and class bias in ULU sport and extend the struggle throughout society.

Numerous plans have been formulated by the Committee which is confident of bringing the Conservative lackeys to their fat, neurosis-ridden knees. Some will never be revealed for obvious reasons, but I can give you examples of the form our thoughtful militant action will take.

Our multi-racial soccer club (one of our centre-backs is Welsh), is toying with the idea of thoughtfully planting mines in the pitches of teams which are not integrated racially on a 50-50 basis. Further action will be taken unless the ULU League is abolished. As we all know, the idea of a league is a subtle capital ploy to instill into its

unwary members notions of inequality and—dare I mention it, competition. Victory Socialist Athletic Union Soccer Club.

to the thoughtful Militant Our comrades in the Riding Club were at first flummoxed as to how they could continue the struggle. After giving the subject due thought they decided that on all future demonstrations they would ride as escorts to the marchers repulsing the "Peterloo"-type charges of the frenzied lackey police horses. Victory to the thoughtful Militant Socialist Athletic Union Riding Club!

Members of our revolutionary Giding Club have decided to concentrate on the thoughtful aerial bombing of the homes of prominent Conservatives. Nothing will deter our intrepid flyers as they show those pompous puppets of property the way the glorious British proletariat thinks of their nineteenth century economic policies. Victory to the thoughtful Militant Socialist Athletic Union Gliding Club.

The Splendid People's Judo Club (just back from a successful tour of S.W. China) will lead thoughtfully destructive attacks on prominent monopolistic companies (e.g. ICI, GKN, Courtaulds) until these merchants of misery and death, with their sore behinds and bruised kneecaps, succumb to the pressures of public opinion and the industries back to the people. Victory to the thoughtful Militant Socialist Athletic Union Judo Club.

The message to all property owning, racist lackeys is that the Militant Socialist Athletic Union Co-ordinating Committee of LSE will through thoughtful militancy, bowl out class distinction, trot on competition, fly at monopoly, batter racialism, row away from prejudice, squash oppression and kick out the Conservative government and all it stands for. Then and only then can we climb the highest peaks of human achievement, running arm in arm with comrades of all nationalities, shapes and sizes. All power to the people.

J. Ellwood.

Continued from page 1

Tuckett came in for some heckling as he took a hard line on the same subject. Wallace, Wilmott and Mair rounded off the presentations, the last two presenting a joint candidature.

Question time failed to shed particularly new light on the candidates; everybody rather self-righteously gave a "Yes, but..." answer to a question about whether their conscience was not bothering them about aspiring to join a bureaucratic elite.

The show ended with another memorable Camlett quote when he was asked his opinion concerning the recent presidencies: "The good point about the last two presidents is that they are longer here; the bad point is that they were here in the first place."

Election day came and went, the passage outside the OT choked with candidates, their supporters, John Andrews' numerous minions, and even, now and then, an occasional voter. Wednesday evening at 7.00 pm the votes were counted in public under armed guard, and the rest is history.

One by one the old brigade bit the dust, and as count followed count, Camlett, Wallace and Bev Jackson soared ahead of the rest. The three jokers in the pack had come up trumps. The day of wrath was here, and Union had shown its teeth.

Looking slightly dazed, Camlett accepted the frenzied congratulations of the populace, and wandered off in the direction of the bar in order to come to terms with himself. Next day he was to call his by now famous press conference — It was, however, noticeable that before giving his usual public performance, he went into semi-private conference with the reporters; and we have the evidence of reliable eye-witnesses that he spoke seriously for over five minutes, and that words such as "reform" and "constitution" were banded about.

Could it be that Camlett is about to betray his constituency and take his presidency up in earnest. The coming year promises to be interesting if he is.

TAWNEY SOCIETY

W. A. Cole on

"Industrial Growth and Industrial Structure in Britain 1870-1914"

Monday, 22nd February
4.30 p.m.

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