

BEAVER

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NS8

18 JUN 1990

NEWSPAPER of the LSE STUDENTS' UNION

No. 160

MAY 10th, 1977

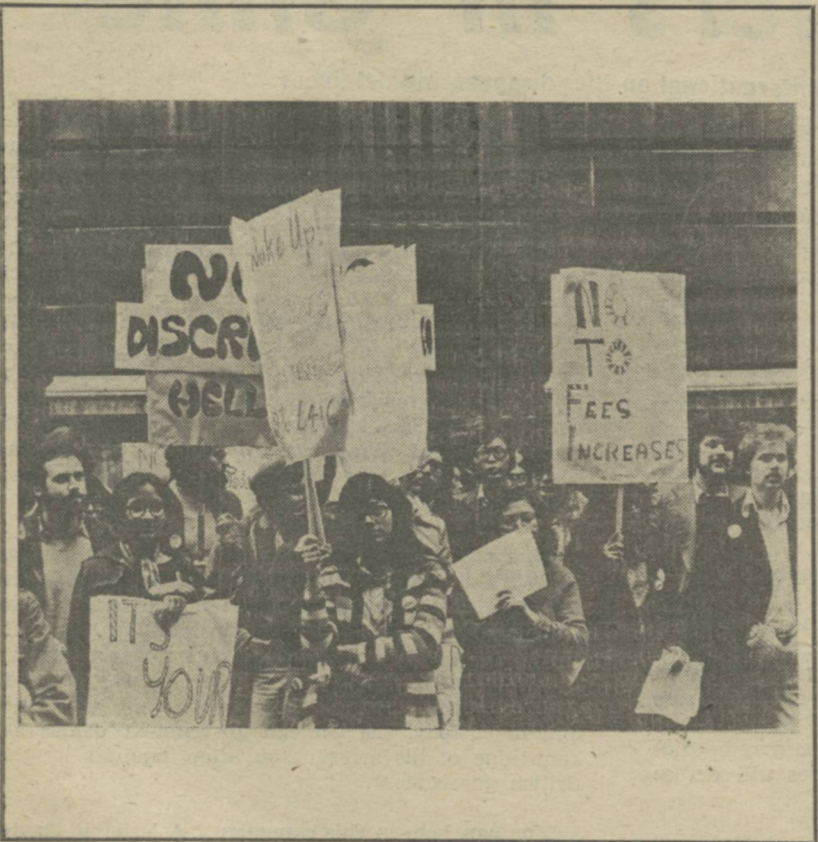
FREE

COUNCIL SCANDAL

BRUCE HOUSE is the sort of place you end up in when you can't sink any lower in the social pile. It's a dossers' hostel for men in Kemble Street, off Kingsway, run by the Social Services Department of one of London's wealthiest local authorities, Westminster City Council.

At the moment, it costs £1.30 a night for disgraceful accommodation, and it is rumoured that the Council will meet soon to decide whether or not to raise the charge to £2.00.

Last Tuesday, one of the 'Beaver' staff spent a night there, to find out for himself what the conditions are like. His report is on page five.



Mass Action in Houghton Street

Fill in your forms!

You may well remember the School's decision, taken last term, to set up a hardship fund, essentially to meet the needs of self-financing continuing students. A laudable desire in its way, but made notably less impressive by the small size of the fund (£70,000) set aside for the purpose, which the Students' Union argued would not meet the financial hardship of continuing students, so that new students would be left totally in the lurch.

Many in the school at the time expressed a qualified agreement that this was probably the case but pointed out that there was no accurate method of assessing the hardship caused by the enormous fees increase.

As a consequence of the representations made by the Stu-

dent's Union, the School is now going to attempt such a measurement by sending a letter to all continuing self-financing students which will provide statistics on general levels of income, ability to meet the increased fees, etc.

It is essential, in order to force the School to increase its proposed allocation to a more adequate level, that all self-financing students reply to the questionnaire put out by the School, as a breakdown will be supplied to the General Purposes Committee (although not individual cases) which contains student representatives who will be (we hope) using the statistics to demonstrate the inadequate nature of the present provision.

The student members of that committee, of course, will be working to expose the total in-

adequacy of the School fund, both for continuing and new students, a debate which will without doubt become central next year, when the need for even greater expansion of the fund will become evident. We will also be pressing for representation with the fund's distributing possibly at an "appeals stage".

It is absolutely vital for the Union's case (and one which we have pursued throughout our opposition to fees increases) that we are able to prove that a fund of £70,000 will not even meet the needs of continuing students, and will leave new students in the lurch, so fill in the form sent, ask at the Registry for a form if you have not received one and send it back on time.

John Cruse

JUBILEE SPECIAL

LETTERS . . .

DEAR EDITOR,

May I crave the indulgence of your letter columns to express my wholehearted support for the Queen's Silver Jubilee? (NO—Ed.)

DEAR SIR,

The freedom of the press is a most precious jewel which cannot be flawed by arrogant left-wing editors. Therefore, in the interests of freedom, I insist that this letter be published whether anyone wants to read it or not.

Anyway, as I was going to say before I was so rudely interrupted, all this criticism of the Royal Family by a crowd of do-gooders and unpatriotic rotters is just simply beastly—jolly unkind. I mean, how would you like it if you just happened to be born with a hundred million pounds or so and then all these nasty people started moaning at you and saying why should you get all these millions for doing nothing whatever (except going on cruises round the world, etc.)? It's just envy, that's what I say. Same thing with Prince Philip. All these carpers and cynics saying that he's just an arrogant, ignorant layabout who gets £85,000 a year for moaning about the workers—well, honestly, what can one say?

Then there's lovely Princess Anne and that sweet Mark Philips (ooh, get you!—Ed.). It makes my blood boil to hear people say they're just a pair of moronic upper-class twits. If only everyone worked as hard as they did, we'd be a jolly sight better off than we are at present.

Now I gather your paper is going to be carrying so-called "spoof" articles (and, if rumour is to be believed, "spoof" letters) which are ostensibly in favour of the Jubilee and Royalty, but which are in fact thinly-veiled attacks on the aforementioned.

Honestly, if this is so, words fail me. If Royalty is no longer to be sacred, what is there left? Anyway, I must just say that some people at LSE will be happily celebrating the Jubilee, and my non-political (Conservative) friends and I have arranged several jubilee jumble sales and garden fetes to raise money which we can then waste—so sorry, I meant spend—on such a deserving cause as Royalty. I hope those LSE students who are not long-haired, left-wing or foreign will do their best to help us. For the Queen is not that well off, you know. Many people don't realise what an expensive job it is, with all these residences with their large estates, all these cruises and other luxuries—sorry, I meant necessities.

After all, inflation hits everyone, and the Queen is no exception. Have you noticed all the tremendous sacrifices she has been making to cut her standard of living?

Anyway, I've gone on quite long enough. (You can say that again—Ed.). OK—I've gone on quite long enough, so . . .

I beg to remain, Sir, Your Obedient, Not to Say Grovelling or Boot-Licking—in fact I might say (All right, All right, that's enough—400 words have been deleted here—Ed.). And thank you for allowing me to express my sentiments. (That's a result of the copy shortage—Ed.) though I wish you wouldn't intrude upon my letters so much (Sorry!—Ed.).

James Gausson

SNIDELINES

REG BEAVER . . . THE BLADDERING BROOK?

I.S. it true that Bladderbrook is planning to resign from the post of Publications Exec member next Christmas due to pressure of work he didn't do this year due to expectations about being General Secretary?

The dynamic duo editors Thrusterman and Carol think he's planning to resign because he needs a part time job to pay off Betasound for the megaphones that the union did not pay for during the occupation.

Good job the clean shaven skier has saved the union two hundred pounds by closing his private ski club. Gray clouds gliding on the proceeds?

BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG JOB

Why has the big roadie returning officer been receiving dirty postcards from Brussels? Perhaps it's from one of the trendies he met in the National Liberal Club comparing essential dimensions, or again perhaps it's from the organisers of the recent Consoc European expedition he attended.

Rumour has it that they came from our next senior treasurer, who offered to spend twelve hours looking after luggage in Brussels station if people paid him twenty pence per piece of luggage.

ENOCH THRUSTS AGAIN

Why has a leading Anarchist (remember the ballot box affair) joined Consoc. Furthermore why did he vote for Enoch Powell to come to LSE and assure fellow Conservatives that he would protect Enoch from any Anarchists out to cause trouble.

Fellow fallen Australian Consoc member is going to South Africa next month to sell biro pens to the natives. Hope Tessa Marcus lets them know he's coming.

SEXISM OR ART

Rumour has it that the film society is planning to show Black Emanuelle next year . . . Lovely picture of Ralf Dattendorf in The Listener complete with accessories . . . John Cruse comments: "I hate most people".

THINE AND THINE AGAIN

Glad to see that even ex-presidents of Carr-Saunders Hall still take copies of Beaver even if they can't get money out of hall society to finance the occupation. Some people were social secretaries in Carr-Saunders Hall before some ex-presidents even came to LSE.

Perhaps Carr-Saunders might organise a garden party like Roseberry for the Queen's jubilee but there again it would be advisable not to copy the Passfield type punch-up.

CAPITALISTS CHOOSE LIBERTYS

It might be a mere coincidence but why has the newly elected Capitalist Literary Expert taken to wearing Jaeger trousers before the first meeting of the committee. Could it be that the Chairman of the Library Committee is also Professor of Accounting?

The first communique from the Popular Front for the liberation of Bootle (Solkinite) rather vaguely disguised what it meant. We gather that it might or might not adopt a new uniform of yellow underpants.

Revealed by the latest enquiry by the 4th International into Trotsky's murder, links have been established with Broad Left figurehead—Jon "Icepick" McColl, recently rumoured to have gone into hiding following ultra-left attacks on his person. "Person" has also redistributed Paul "Jubilee" Stock's (RAF, FCS, HUNG) assets.

From our science correspondent—Latest ICI pesticide is able to exterminate all known forms of Tory maggots, Liberal louses, Broad Left beetles and Maoist midges. However it does not appear to have any effect on SWP super-slugs.

From Jah Rastaman Sylvesyer—(Bob Marley, man, Bob Marley)—You're fucking racist, man You put dat white mud on ma twen'y pouound brogues.

DEAR EDITOR,

In his letter (Beaver, February 8th), Professor Mishan attempted a comprehensive and searching review of contemporary sexual customs, habits and attitudes. In mentioning sexual aids he drew attention to the "burgeoning assortment of electric-powered gadgetry that is one of the finer fruits of technological progress." While I am not suggesting that he has any financial interest in the companies manufacturing these "finer fruits," I am a little disheartened that he failed to mention the non-profit making British Phallocrypt Fellowship, of which I am the Founder and President.

The Phallocrypt is an admirable device designed to protect the male organs of procreation. It is made from the dried outer covering of a natural "fine fruit"—a wholly organic compost-grown product. It is similar in shape and texture to the maracas—a well-known percussion instrument. It has a hard surface and the inside contains dried seeds.

The Phallocrypts worn by our fellows are exact replicas of New Guinea models and we follow these islanders in using the Phallocrypt not only for protection but as a means of communication. It is used there to facilitate social interaction, often being tapped by the wearer or shaken to signify approval or disapproval during conversations and at meetings, dances and official celebrations.

We tested it in the United Kingdom, and for the purposes of protection, e.g. in crowded Underground trains, we found it invaluable. It is similarly a real boon in certain tightly packed lifts. For purposes of social interaction Fellows have reported that it supplements other channels of communication admirably. Moreover, tapping on the outer surface or shaking the seeds in the inside produces a harmonious sound not likely to irritate non-Fellows in the vicinity.

It may be of interest to your readers to note that there is no model designed for female use in New Guinea. Even the most learned chiefs are at a loss to explain this but like Professor Mishan they have proposed a challenging research. To be specific, they have invited us to bring with us on our next visit to the Islands a female psychologist with long tawney-blond hair. They state that this type of hair is so rare that it has a potent effect on their women. When adorned with a certain kind of wild orchid it creates instant rapport between the investigator and the subject and leads to absolutely uninhibited and truthful answers on all intimate questions.

Professor Mishan may be interested to note that we have made a start by circulating news of this forthcoming project in Scandinavian Universities and several enthusiastic young women have already sent us samples of tresses. Indeed, we are now considering electing foreign Tawney-Blond Fellows. This break with custom would require careful consideration, for as I have indicated in this letter, we in the British Phallocrypt Fellowship do not take tradition lightly.

Yours sincerely,
Jack Harris.

DEAR EDITOR,—I would like to correspond with somebody of your Students' Union. I study law in Belgrade. I don't speak so good English but I shall learn.

Yours sincerely,

ZELJKO VUJOTIC,
1100 BEOGRAD,
BALKANSKA 12,
JUGOSLAVIA.

Prisoners in Chile

Amnesty International on the disappearing detainees

OVER 1500 political prisoners have been arrested in Chile since the 1973 coup, whose detention is denied by the Chilean authorities, according to a recent report by Amnesty International. Prisoners continue to disappear at an alarming rate in Chile even now. Amnesty International is engaged in an international campaign to mobilise public opinion and pressurise the Chilean government.

It is urging the Chilean government to acknowledge the continued existence of these detainees and to release those who are still alive in custody. Amnesty is also requesting the Chilean government to end illegal detentions and disappearances. The LSE Amnesty group is participating in this campaign with other groups around the world.

As acknowledged prisoners are released the problem of the unacknowledged prisoners is thrown in sharper relief. Moreover there is evidence which indicates that the government and its security police (DINA) are increasingly resorting to unacknowledged arrests, which according to Amnesty evidence, rose from 3% in January 1976 to 21% in May and to 57% in August. The Government's hope may be that these secret arrests and disappearances will defuse protests.

Within Chile relatives of disappeared prisoners, the Church and others have attempted to seek legal redress through writs of habeas corpus and petitions to the Supreme Court. The writs have been denied, usually solely on the basis of a government denial that an arrest ever took place. In some cases the denials have been inconsistent or contradictory. In July 1975 the Chilean press cited reports by an Argentinian and Brazilian paper that 119 left-wing Chileans had been killed in factional battles or in battles with security forces in Argentina. However relatives in Chile who were later shown the bodies

denied that they were those of the persons the government claimed. Moreover many of the 119 had previously been named in habeas corpus writs filed in Santiago, and there were sworn eyewitness accounts of their arrest there. One hundred and fifteen of the 119 had also appeared on a list of disappeared prisoners given to the Supreme Court by a church group earlier. Their names were printed in the Argentinian and Brazilian papers with the same spelling mistakes as appeared on the church list. The Argentinian and Brazilian papers turned out to be weeklies with no circulation, no staff and only printed a couple of editions. In August 1975 President Pinochet announced there would be an inquiry into the disappearances. The results of this inquiry have never been announced.

One case of particular interest to Britain is that of William Beausire, an Anglo-Chilean businessman arrested by the Argentine police in Buenos Aires in October 1974, flown to Santiago in a military aircraft. He was apparently held in an interrogation centre on José Domingo Canas Street, where he was tortured. Although other prisoners have sworn they have seen him in custody, the Chilean government denies all knowledge of his arrest, even after inquiries by the British government.

You can help in this campaign. A letter to David Owen requesting that the British government renew its efforts on behalf of William Beausire, would be useful. In the letter you might also ask that the British government make representations to the Chilean government on behalf of all the disappeared prisoners in Chile, seeking acknowledgement of their detention and their immediate release. If you want to participate in the campaign more actively, contact the LSE Amnesty Group via the Societies' Pigeonholes.

Stephen Yeo

Union news and views

Resistance or apathy? Complex or reflex?

THIS is the choice which faces L.S.E. for the next year. As education cuts continue to erode teaching standards, reducing academic staff and cutting the courses they teach; as fees levels skyrocket and attempts to divide the student body between Home and Overseas students grow; as the prices of services at L.S.E. inflate, eating into already devalued grants—we can either stop these cuts taking place by the sort of mass action we saw in the occupation last year or we can meekly accept them, either pleading the necessity of building for the following year's (or perhaps the ones after) campaign or just regarding them as inevitable and retreating into the easy option of irrelevant phrasemongering. That is the stark alternative: MASS RESISTANCE OR MASS APATHY—and in the interests of every student at L.S.E. we must choose the former.

The building of the sort of massive campaign that would really roll back these cuts requires the involvement of large numbers of students such as were involved in the fees campaign last year. The occupation had the support of up to 800 students—an indication of how strongly people felt. Tremendous enthusiasm and self-confidence were generated in the student body, but this was despite, rather than because of the involvement of most of the political groups and more importantly despite the total inactivity of the Student Union Executive.

Token Occupation

Detailing the Executive's behaviour during the occupation—it met only once, on the first day for five minutes; within a week four of its members had resigned in protest (indeed the two Tories had staged a token "occupation" of their own Student Union offices in protest); it paid the princely sum of £3 a day to the occupation funds (this to feed up to 200 people); no Executive leaflets were produced—at best it did nothing, less generously it was an actual hindrance.

What we could have achieved with the active involvement of the Executive with the Student Union's financial resources behind it will never be known. But it can be said absolutely definitely that next year facing even harder battles it is essential that the Executive gives the lead it was elected to give.

One of the reasons for this state of affairs is the remoteness of the Executive from the rank-and-file that elected it and that it is supposed to represent. Structurally, students are discouraged from involving themselves in the Student Union. What should be our means of fighting back over the years has been deliberately emasculated.

Participatory Democracy

In 1972 the Executive was elected from the union floor with turnouts of up to 800 (five times our present quorum). But since then these functions have been progressively transferred to, supposedly more democratic, all day long ballots. I suppose if you think democracy involves just a cross on a piece of paper then this is correct but in terms of students being active in defence of their interests it is disastrous. They are demoralised (what can one vote achieve? What's the point?), their union is weakened (functions are taken away from it and active involvement discouraged) and the Executive is divorced from the rank-and-file that elected it. To remedy this situation the Executive should be elected from the union floor at a Union General Meeting. This would strengthen the union, form organic links between the Executive and the mass of students that are presently lacking, and be more DEMOCRATIC.

People would be encouraged to actually involve themselves in defending their interests. Furthermore those elected to the Executive would know that the number of votes cast represented an actual commitment by large numbers to activity; they would have active support not paper support. What an Executive can achieve, what a Student Union can achieve is wholly dependent on the support of the student body that it can amass behind it. If our fight next year is going to be successful then mass rank-and-file involvement is essential.

As isolated individuals making crosses on ballot papers students can achieve little and therefore will be passive and demoralised. On the other hand if this institutionalised passivity is prevented by collective involvement, by participatory democracy, then we will have a self-confident, enthusiastic student body capable of defending its interests and stopping the cuts. Mass resistance is what is needed; participatory democracy and mass rank-and-file involvement are the means to that end. THIS MUST BE OUR CHOICE.

Jim Gee (L.S.E. I.S. Society)

FOLLOWING two very significant events of last term, both of which hold a great many implications for the Students' Union (i.e. the Fees Occupation and the elections of students to School Committees) I should like to draw out some ideas which indicate the direction for the Students' Union in the future.

First, I believe, we must develop a much more sophisticated attitude both towards the complexities of the school's administration and towards the methods of operation of the Union. An obvious point, perhaps, but one with a great many implications, is that the school is no more and no less a monolithic organisation than the Students' Union. For the permanent administrators the school is a hierarchical system, with Dahrendorf at the top with his advisors, while for the academics the professors enjoy prestige, facilities and a total security that is denied to letter mortals. In addition, there are personality clashes, different political views, ambitions, etc.

"Particular Approach"

The Students' Union, therefore, both collectively and through its representatives, must seek to use the "liberal ideology" if I may thus term it, which believes that we are all one happy family, and each with a place. I believe that this demands a particular approach both to Academic and non-Academic staff, because the Union can use its position, which is outside the job-promotion circle of the school, to promote the views which challenge both the decisions which the school makes, and the way they are carried out.

An obvious example is the recent demise of part of the Language Department, and the failure of the school machinery to make this clear to new students, both events were essentially without justification and could have

been altered if the Union had wide access to the School machinery. Students have the immense advantage that we have nothing to lose by the widest possible exchange of views, and breaking out of the "small circle of people in the know" mentality which pervades the School (in common with many establishments).

New Direction

However, this clearly involves a new direction for the Union, both on the part of its officials and in its membership (which takes me back to my original point) as at the present almost all our communication is internal to students. In my view a major priority of the Union Executive and especially the Sabbaticals should be the building of personal relationships with all those who work in LSE. We should not allow the academic's role to be pupil-teacher (i.e. passive on our part) nor should we view non-academic staff, porters, librarians, etc. as pure functionaries. It is clear that any real change in these roles will only come from pressures from the students, and that will require a positive act of will on our part, as the Students' Union members will personally have to initiate discussion with their tutors (class teachers, etc.) also using the channels of course criticism, the administration, etc.

The Executive will have to ensure that everyone at LSE is widely informed of how and why decisions are made, the alternatives, etc. (which is clearly time-consuming) and again this will only happen if Union demands it.

Finally I believe that students, if they want to have any real control in LSE will have to develop a far less self-obsessed attitude towards themselves as students in LSE, and realise that while unity is strength may be a hackneyed expression, it is essentially true, and that unity is achieved only after dialogue and exchange and will not happen as some accident of birth.

John Cruse.

Two Notes:

- (1) The Hardship Fund is open until May 13th.
- (2) The J.U.R.C. is having a public meeting on May 10th.

BILL AND BEN--YON L.S.O. REPORT

THE fight for free abortion on demand is a critical part of the fight for women's rights. Despite the development of contraceptives, access to abortion is still necessary as a last resort when contraceptives don't work or aren't available. The right to abortion means that women would finally be able to control their own bodies and be free from the burden of unwanted children.

Much progress has been made in abortion rights, as seen in the 1967 Act which made abortion legal and freed many women from the possibility of a cheap abortion on the NHS. But these long fought-for reforms are under attack. William Benyon, a Tory MP, has submitted a Bill to Parliament, which would greatly restrict the availability of abortion.

Some of its major proposals include:

- (1) The time limit within which women can get an abortion would be reduced from 28 to 20 weeks.
- (2) Two doctors would be required to authorise an abortion, one of whom has been registered for over five years.
- (3) Police officers would be allowed to examine the medical records of people who've had an abortion.
- (4) Medical staff would be able to refuse to have

anything to do with an abortion if they have a personal objection, without having to substantiate that objection.

- (5) Charity clinics' operations would be restricted, forcing many to close down.

The restrictive effects of the Bill on abortion are aggravated by the cuts in the NHS. Many hospitals, even if abortion was legal, cannot afford to give abortions. The Elizabeth Garret Anderson Hospital which once gave an average of 350-400 abortions a year now gives none.

The Benyon Bill has forced us to take a defensive position. Rather than pushing for completely free and safe abortions for all women who want them, we have to fight to preserve what rights we have. The defeat of the Benyon Bill is an essential first step, from which we must move on if we are to extend the availability of abortion, and women's health care in general on the NHS.

Its third reading will take place this session. The Benyon Bill passed its second reading on February 25th. A demonstration has been called for by the National Abortion Campaign on May 14th to mobilise people against this bill. Only a militant campaign by pro-abortionists will defeat this bill, for Labour MPs in Parliament have not led a very successful opposition—46 of them voting for Benyon's Bill.

Bonnie Vandesteeg (L.S.E. I.S. Society)

THE Conference highlighted both some of the major strengths of the London Students' Organisation—its expanding membership, the development of Students' Unions in the Technical Colleges and Colleges of Further Education and its acceptance by the Inner London Education Authorities as the representative student body, and some of its weaknesses—a low and insecure income, most geographical areas are underdeveloped, major obstacles in the health sector, a certain lack of direction or identity.

Following a talk by the I.L.E.A. Education Committee Chairperson, the elections for next year's Executive took place, and our delegation voted by 3 to 2 to support the National Organisation of International Socialist Students' candidates, second preferencing Broad Left candidates, where appropriate. However, Margot James broke the collective mandate and voted for the Tories for Chairperson and Secretary. Our very own Roger Galloway stood for Treasurer of L.S.O., but failed to be elected. In fact the Broad Left won the three Executive Officer posts (Ms MacTaggart is the next General Secretary) and shared the ordinary Executives, one each, the the N.O.I.S.S.

However, following the outrage of the individualism of Margot James, the Delegation was shocked when neither Roger Galloway nor Jim Gee returned for the afternoon session, which included the Executive Report and the motions. Incidentally, they also took the delegates cards with them.

The Executive report showed some healthy developments—the incorporation of U.L.E.S.A.—the student teacher section, and the growth amongst Polytechnics. However, the L.S.O. was criticised for its failure to initiate action in the Fees campaign, and the Treasurer and Finance Committee were censured (moved by me) for failing to audit the accounts, or report on the role of the Finance Committee.

John Cruse

JUBILEE BRIEFS

OVER-PRICED JUNK

TO commemorate the Jubilee, lots of ordinary common-or-garden objects will be inscribed with the words "Silver Jubilee" (scratched on by hand with a safety pin or biro) and resold at several times their ordinary price.

Examples of the things (obtainable from the Beaver office) are: a Jubilee biro (Bic), 75p; a box of matches, 40p; envelopes, 10p each; a box of 20 cigarettes, £3; and popular records (Bay City Rollers Greatest Hits) £20 each—with this latter item the "Silver Jubilee" is inscribed on the playing surfaces of the record. In addition, items which you want inscribed can be brought to the Beaver office and done within 24 days for only £1 per item.

Proceeds will go to a charitable organisation (Beaver Publications Limited — Alcoholic Parties Dept.).

Top of the Bores

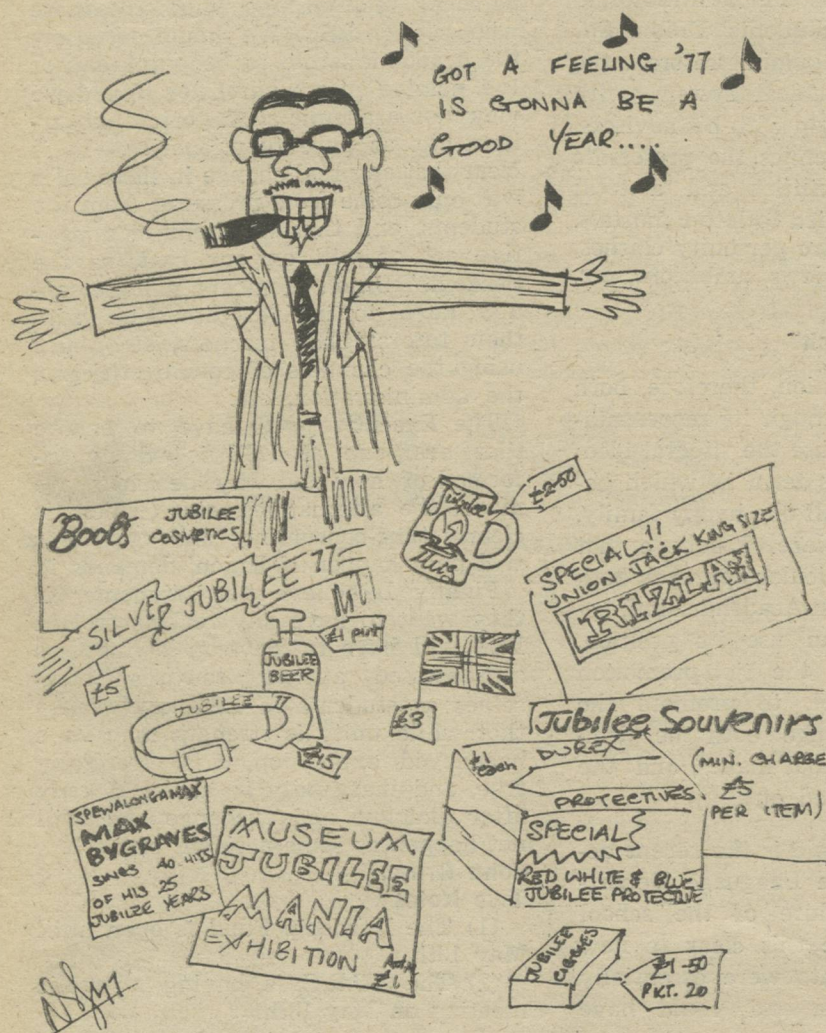
The Queen's special Jubilee Award for the

best British Boring Event 1977 has gone to — the Royal Family! This is for the consistently high standard of boringness of the Jubilee and the wave of speculative boredom that has grown over Princess Anne's forthcoming foal.

The Queen will be presenting the award to Prince Philip (the boorish bore), which will be a special machine designed to measure people's degree of boredom (it is attached to the jaw, and records the movements). This Boredometer (or Yawnometer as it is sometimes known) is one of the finest achievements of modern science.

Other awards for British Boring Events 1977 have gone to the Labour and Tory parties for Devolution and Elections to the European Assembly; to Lord Bullock for the Bollocks Report; to the BBC and ITA for their general output on TV; and to Rod Stewart for singing to Princess Anne "Oh No, Not My Baby" in a horse (sic) voice.

James Gausson



The Silver Jubilee

John Osborne once in angry youth

Declared the Democratic Truth

That monarchy exists today

Like gold when healthy teeth decay

Though Britain's teeth need urgent care

This silver fills us with despair.

Let us, with Justice, seek to be

A healthy, true, Democracy.

© N. Racine-Jaques, 1977

("Monarchy is like gold teeth in a mouthful of decay")

—John Osborne.

FEE SOUP

NOW that the activity has died down over the fees campaign and the heated days of the occupation are over I think it would be useful to look at some of the lessons learned and how we can move on in continuing the campaign and using the intense militancy and general raising of political consciousness to spur on other campaigns. Before going on I must stress that the views expressed are my own and not the collective views of the Broad Left or the Labour Club, though obviously they have been conditioned by the fact that I am a member of these two societies.

The fees campaign at LSE was one of the earliest and most intense in any college. The fact that the campaign was one of the first to start meant that the CO's in NUS were looking to LSE not for a lead but to determine the action they would take on the basis of our own success or failure.

Further to this, students in our own union were also looking at the victories or defeats of the activists in such a way that whether they became involved in this or future campaigns depended on the results we achieved. Thirdly the government and educational establishment's attitude to the planned fees increases for years after 77/8 would depend on the number of students involved in the campaign nationally.

What then did we achieve? On the financial side a totally inadequate hardship fund of £70,000 which will not even be sufficient to keep the fees for current self-financing students at their present level. However on the less concrete side, we achieved mass involvement of students at a sustained high level for two or three weeks. Where then did we go wrong?

To me our most important mistake was the rejection of the 50/50 negotiating committee to determine a new fee structure on the basis of the findings of the working party looking into school financing.

It is true that the offer was conditional on the termination of the occupation and it has been argued that this would have fundamentally changed our position from one of strength to one of weakness, I don't agree and shall attempt to explain why.

and it was a formative experience for Alfonso. But again there were the psychological pressure; people who disappeared in the night and never returned. There were cases of people condemned to death who were constantly given false dates for the execution. This led to complete mental breakdown.

In 1974, as a concession to international pressure, the Junta proclaimed a decree 504, which allowed political prisoners to serve their sentence in exile. Prisoners must apply for 504 status, then gain a visa for a foreign country, then again have their right to leave confirmed by Pinochet and the "Controlaria". Some prisoners already hold visas but are considered too dangerous to be free, even in exile. Alfonso applied for 504 status and

During the occupation I was one of the six students on the school's General Purposes Committee. While recognising that I was powerless on this committee, what could be gained from this position was first-hand knowledge of the way the academics were thinking and more importantly how the Director grew more and more desperate until he resorted to his ultimate weapon—bringing in the Police. It was also obvious from the knowledge gained on the committee that there were few academics fully on our side though there were a significant number who were potentially sympathetic. However, the size of the right-wing on the committee was distressing.

From this it was obvious to me that unless the offer of a negotiating committee was accepted the police would be in and the occupation would have failed. However I do not think the Negotiating Committee is a purely negative structure, it had several positive points on the side.

- (1) It would have shown the academics that student participation was a beneficial thing.
- (2) If accepted it would have provided a device whereby we would still in fact be fighting for a settlement.
- (3) I believe students would have benefited financially.
- (4) It would have encouraged other colleges to start or continue their own campaigns as they would have seen a positive result come out of our own campaign.

The question is where do we go on from here? I think most importantly, future campaigns and issues if they are to be successful, must be backed by the maximum number of students possible. I also think that the most constructive way we can go forward is to concentrate on increasing democratisation of the LSE's structure. This will involve a greater proportion of students on all committees of the school but also Trade Union representatives on these committee.

I believe that the benefits gained will lay the foundations for an open and democratic educational institution where working people and students can really determine what they are taught. This will not be won on an institutional level and must be seen within the framework of a national campaign.

Jon McGill

(LSE Exec, Broad Left and Labour Club)

gained it. He tried for visas to France, Sweden, Germany and England.

While waiting for the visa, he received special permission to marry in August 1976 so that his companion PATRICIA CARTEGENA would be able to travel into exile with him. In February his English visa came through and he was sent to a transit prison in Santiago for a month while last minute details were sorted out. He was escorted to the airport by International Police.

When the plane landed at Montevideo, Alfonso walked off it free again. It felt strange he said not to be surrounded by any guards. It had been 3½ years since he had last known this experience.

ALFONSO ARRIVES

ALFONSO ALVEREZ, the Chilean prisoner adopted by the union arrived in England on Wednesday, 6th April.

Alfonso is 22 and has been in politics since he was a boy. He belonged to the youth movement of the Socialist Party in Chile, and at the age of 14 took a leadership role, since at that time, a large number of the youth members transferred to the adult section and Alfonso was one of the three youth members left! Eighteen months later he formed part of the regional secretariat consisting of nine people. At the age of 17 he attended the sectional congress of the party as an adult member and then became leader of the socialist party in San Felipe, his home, a small town, not far from Santiago.

Alfonso identified with the left wing of the socialist party. In San Felipe they worked closely with the MIR (Revolutionary Left Movement). His ideas came more in

line with those of the MIR and eventually he came over to them.

The coup fell on the 11th September, 1973, only a few months later. Alfonso was arrested within 11 days. He was interrogated for three hours and forced to sign confessions whose content he was not aware of. Later he was told what he had confessed to, what the charges were and the sentence they would ask for: 8 years. Then he was taken to San Felipe prison where he stayed until 19th of January. This was the worst period of his imprisonment.

The prisoners slept in communal cells of about thirty, in tiered bunks. At 8.30 in the morning they were taken out on to a basketball pitch. The temperature was 38 in the shade. At 5.30 they were taken back to the cells. But much worse than this was the fact that prisoners were constantly being removed, generally at night, to be tortured. Apart from beatings elec-

tric shock was widely used: the temples, the mouth, the eyes, the genitals. Others had internal injuries from the beatings.

Alfonso was court martialled in November, along with 16 other members of the MIR, the prosecutor was an illiterate second lieutenant. While the defence spoke, the members of the panel played noughts and crosses and dozed. Alfonso was sentenced to 11 years prison under the law of state security for the alleged making of maps, and 540 days under the law of arms control for alleged dismantling of grenades. No evidence was brought forward. Later the military judge confirmed this sentence but lowered the 11 years to 10. No reason for this was given.

In January, Alfonso was taken to the penitentiary in Santiago where all those political prisoners who were serving more than five years were sent. Many key political leaders were imprisoned here,

DOWN AND OUT IN LONDON

FROM the outside, Bruce House is really quite an attractive place. White paint against a background of red brick almost produces a splash of colour in otherwise grey surroundings, and a great many narrow windows create an impression of light and space which cruelly belies what exists inside; for conditions in some parts of the building are indescribably bad.

Entry is by two small turnstiles exactly like those in football grounds, at which you buy a cubicle ticket for £1.30 and which leaves you in no doubt that the hostel's primary function is control rather than positive support. A few men stand around with nothing to do, in a passage which leads to three main ground-floor rooms.

Neither the small, dark television room nor a common-room utterly devoid of recreational facilities is particularly comfortable; yet both are made to look palatial by a dining-room which is a disgrace. The dining-room is the largest of the three rooms and, like the other two, is open for most of the day. It is rectangular in shape, and built around a broad central pillar. Its walls are of yellow tile and the floor of dark, hard wood. There are tables and chairs arranged along three of the walls and the canteen's serving-hatch in the other.

THE SMELL

What strikes the newcomer immediately is the smell. Conceivably it might have been the men themselves and not the room, but since the floor was only brushed and not washed while I was there, it might have been that too. Then I noticed the backs of the chairs. I nearly sat on one damp with urine, and couldn't avoid sitting in another covered in what looked like bird excrement. Sure enough, a number of pigeons and sparrows busied themselves feeding on the remains of the many meals which lay scattered over the table-tops and the floor, while the pigeons swooped around chasing each other from skylight to skylight. Early the next morning, before too many others were in the room, I watched a flock of birds coming and going through a couple of windows which seemed permanently open and quite unguarded. One man told me how a dead sparrow had once fallen into the breakfast, and he wasn't joking. With no heating in the room, it was too cold to laugh.

A whistle blows every half-hour after seven p.m., and men begin going to bed. The alcoholics usually go first, simply because they've nothing else to do. You can follow their painfully slow progress down concrete and tile passages, stepping gingerly over pools of urine and vomit, until they reach the stairs. Then it's up to the dormitory floors, where you look for the cubicle

whose number is marked on the ticket bought at the entrance. An iron gate shuts with a clang as the last man of each batch goes through.

To be quite honest, my own cubicle was surprisingly clean. It measured only about seven feet by four, and was built of thin partitions which reached neither the floor nor ceiling. There are rows of them constructed along the sides of a central passage, and all reached by a central staircase. The bed was six feet by two-and-a-half, and covered with one sheet and two extremely thin and tattered, grey blankets. There was a chair, but no pillow and, although the linen appeared clean, I did hear accounts of some appallingly unhygienic conditions. Beds still damp with urine are not, it seems, unknown, and if you don't want

come and go at any time during the night, and when there are only eight lavatories and six washbasins to serve each floor of about 140 men, there is going to be a lot of noise. Doors banged, voices cursed, and feet scuffed until at least two o'clock in the morning—and there are, of course, all the other noises usually associated with chronic bronchitis, asthma, consumption, masturbation and cider. Quite often, the drunks just burst open the window and urinate on to the roof below. Then there is the sound of a match being struck, a brief flare as he lights his cigarette, followed by a nauseating bout of coughing. The risk of fire is obvious and the possible consequences frightening; yet fire-fighting equipment is unobtrusive, to say the least. Bruce House does its best to hinder anyone determined enough to break out of the vicious

trally-heated rooms, cleanliness, proper sanitary facilities, and a proper social work back-up service. At Bruce House there is apparently only one full-time social worker to see to the needs of over 700 men.

Not all those in Bruce House, of course, need exactly the same sort of help, for there is a surprising variety of types living there. There is an infinite number of gradations in the down-and-out stratum, ranging from the irrecoverable drunks who spend their waking moments clutching bottles of cider, wine or meths, to the young with jobs who are there only temporarily. There is a surprisingly large number of men who defy the image of the dosser, men who still take a fierce pride in their appearance and in the maintenance of their standards. Pervading the lives of all, however, is an atmosphere of despair, inevitable decay and resignation.

Bruce House's old alcoholics spend as much time as they can either in bed or huddled around a huge iron range in the centre of the dining-room. They need the heat and, even though the evening was not exceptionally cold, there were squabbles over who got to sit at the warmest end. These are the ones dressed in the filthiest rags and shoes tied up with string. Their eyes are permanently moist and bloodshot, staring back lifeless and uncomprehending. Some of the younger ones manage to move away from the range, and sit dejectedly, their heads between their knees or propped up on elbows which only just still respond. Their conversation matches exactly the sound of the low hiss of the gas jet inside the oven. It is a sullen monotone, only rarely punctuated by a rasping cough or an argument, never a joke or laugh. The alcoholics are a group apart. Nobody wants to associate with men who are waiting around to die.

THE DEAD

Then there are the old. In the dining-room society, they keep to the margins of everything, occupying tables and chairs close to the walls. They sit mostly in couples, frail old men looking for all the world like dead reeds washing inoffensively up and down on the beach of their particular backwater. They talk about leaving plastic bags full of belongings here and there, about friends recently died, and about the same things over and over again. They shuffle limply along, as if reluctant to get anywhere before they have to. Why should they? Like their conversation, they have nowhere to go.

There are middle-aged men determined not to sink any further. Often, they are the loners, carrying about with them articles associated with past happiness. One man, dressed in an old but recognisable suit, came into the dining-room, late on Tuesday night. He made his way, as if by right, to a table near the centre, and began unpacking a cardboard box. Taking out a teapot, a cup and saucer, a plate and a toast-rack, he arranged with fastidious deliberation these precious possessions around him. The following morning I watched another man dressed in casual trou-

sers, a cardigan and slippers, come downstairs and make his tea. Then he tied a scarf round his neck, called to an imaginary dog, and went out to buy a paper. Even if the rest of their lives have become unrecognisable, these men fight to retain a fragment, a ritual no matter how trivial, which reminds them of better days.

The young in Bruce House usually make straight for the centre of the hall. Not for them shadow or anonymity. After all, they have nothing either to hide or to hide from. They're only here for a week or two, or a month, perhaps; if the worst comes to the worst, a year. They're just here until they get fixed up with something better. While the old dither and stumble forward to join the tea queue, the young march confidently up to the hatch and demand to be served. They talk loudly, call cheery greetings to one another across the room, and slap each other on the back. Sometimes they mix with the old sages around the range, reassuring themselves that they won't end up like that.

But how long will they be able to continue working? How long will it be before sleepless nights and the other contaminated rigours of Bruce House sap their strength and will, reducing them to the status of the no-nixed-abode unemployed? Bruce House achieves the exact opposite of what it intends. The longer they remain there, the less likely it is that they will get out.

THE DESPAIR

Despite their confidence, not even the young can dispel the overwhelmingly pervasive atmosphere of despair which settles over everyone like a plague. The whole way of life there is impregnated with a dispirited resignation, a pathos makes its presence felt most savagely among the proud; especially among the proud recently-fallen. I remember one elderly man with silvery hair, immaculately dressed in a black suit and tie, white shirt and highly-polished shoes, march into the dining-room and imperiously ignore the rest. Nobody took any notice. No-one cared for his vanity. When the whistle went, two men walked towards the stairs in front of me. One, well groomed in a sports jacket, a fawn raincoat, polished shoes and neatly-trimmed moustache, looked as if he had been in the Guards. The other, a withered Scot of uncertain age, decidedly but by no means hopelessly down at heel, was drunk. To the obvious pain and agonised shame of the Guard, the Scotsman kept repeating:—

"I showed 'em, Sammy, I showed 'em. I worked hard and got on. I snowed 'em all right."

"Yes, you showed them. That's the way to work it, boy, that's the way to work it."

Just as we were leaving the dining-room, a quarrel erupted between two men at the range. A chair rattled across the iron top, sending one of them scuttling for the door. He dropped a piece of paper which he had been using to light a cigarette and, as a measure of the hopelessness of the place, even the flame didn't try to stay alight. It went out without a struggle.

John Emerson



your clothes soaked, you don't leave them on the floor. In the morning I saw trails of urine seeping out from under several doors.

THE HEATING

That they are clean, though, is scarcely enough. There is no heating at all, as far as I could see. My window, like those in several other cubicles I tried, was jammed open, and a cold draught succeeded easily in keeping me shivering and awake all night. Last Tuesday, moreover, was quite a mild evening, and I dread to think what it must have been like in January. For alcoholics in particular, cold presents a potentially lethal hazard, since they tend to lose more body heat more quickly than the rest of us. In medical terms, perhaps, the distinction between death due to alcoholism and death due to hypothermia may be blurred, but in terms of responsibility, there is all the difference between this world and the next.

Not that I would have slept even had I been warm. When men can

circle of being down and out.

To take advantage of this social service costs a mere £1.30 per night, or as much as most students in London have to pay for a decent flat. Food, of course, is extra. Quite a reasonable breakfast can be bought for about fifty pence but, since catering seems to be run as a separate account and makes its own profit, there can be no question of a high price for accommodation being used to subsidise cheap food. Other services come at a sometimes unofficial rate. Ten "Woodbines", for instance, are sold at 27p, and ten "Players" for 33p. There is always somebody around willing to provide whatever is needed. A call in the morning is alleged to cost 15p, and if you wet the sheets you've had it.

Compared with the tariff of a comparable hostel administered by Camden Borough Council, this must appear to the dosser to be daylight robbery. At Parker House, less than half a mile away, the charge per night is about 45p, for which he can expect armchairs in cen-

NEWS DIGRESS

It's your telephone bill

Following the example set by other world leaders Jimmy Carter and Jim Callaghan, Professor Ralf Dandruff, Director of LSE, recently had a "phone-in" in which "ordinary members of the public" could publicly ask him questions on any issue under the sun.

Surprisingly enough Dandruff had an easy ride. For instance, a large number of people who got through congratulated Dandruff on the "excellent job" he was supposedly doing, and many callers, who claimed they were "just ordinary members of the public" (Reginald Maudling, Sir Arnold Weinstock etc.) urged Dandruff to resist "wreckers and trouble-makers" and to "get on with the job which you were unelected to do."

For some reason which no-one (except, of course, a handful of extremists, misfits, subversives, conspiracy theorists and LSE students) seems able to explain, a large number of student callers who wanted to ask Dandruff why he had done absolutely nothing to resist the Government's education policies (closing down universities, barring overseas students from British education, etc) were "unable" to get through". And when one student actually managed to get through, and was in the middle of asking Dandruff some awkward questions, some odd clicks and clunks were

to be heard and suddenly the student's voice stopped. Mr Robin Day, the impartial referee, said regretfully that "some technical fault" was responsible, and passed on to another call.

Following complaints by students that the phone-in was biased and that hostile callers had been prevented from talking to the Director, an impartial Committee of Inquiry, consisting of the Court of Governors and headed by Professor Ralf Dandruff (no relation), has been set up to look into the matter. It is not generally expected that it will uphold the students' complaints.

Sue me if you dare!

The new President of the NUS is the Communist Ms. Sue Sliperson, 39, a "moderate". She succeeds Mr Charles "Bank" Clarke, 47, the balding, genial, unpopular Maoist, who was President for God knows how many years.

In an exclusive interview with Beaver, delightful, lissom Sue said that she was "awfully pleased" to have been elected—"it's really super."

Asked about her policies, Sliperson said she wanted to see a "democratic Communist society, like Russia for example" in Britain. To do this, Sliperson said, it was necessary to "root out Trotskyists and other subversive extremists" from all national institutions, including

the NUS. Asked how this should be done, Ms. Sliperson said that this could only be done by "democratic debate—but if there's any danger of losing the argument, sinking pick-axes into Trotskyists' brains might be made necessary." Otherwise, Sliperson claimed, "the Trots might take over and destroy democracy."

We have just heard that Ms. Sliperson has received a telegram of congratulations from Mrs Thatcher for her remarks above: "Keep up good work stop help us root out extremists stop love Margaret."

That Market Again

Owing to the low level of student grants and the high cost of food in the Pizzaburger, another couple of EEC "mountains" have been created—a pizza mountain and a hamburger mountain—according to a recently-published report by the European Commission.

The high cost of pizzas and hamburgers is because, under new Common Market rules, LSE is not allowed to buy them cheaply from America.

If the GAP fits . . .

And under the Common Agricultural Policy—well, let's not get technical or go into details—basically, as with everything under this ludicrous "system", the object is to keep prices as high as possible so that no-one can afford to buy anything, so

that food mountains can be made as large as possible and therefore as much money as possible can be wasted trying to reduce them.

LSE has been objecting because, rather than lower the price to reduce the "mountains", the EEC has instead proposed to sell large quantities of pizzas and burgers at a quarter the LSE price to the hated capitalist enemies across the road, King's College London.

Worse, apparently, is to come. The prices of pizzas and burgers will have to rise still further to bring LSE "into line" with the rest of the Common Market. However, Ralf Dandruff has promised to "have a word with my old friend Woy Jenkins to see if something can be done, bearing in mind that LSE students are not quite as well off as some of us".

STOP PRESS: The EEC Commission has told LSE that in future it will not be able to describe its chips as "French fries". To be so described they would have to be fried in France. A spokesman added: "We in the EEC like things to be described accurately—why not call them 'English greasy soggy badly cooked potato'?"

Straight Jack

Yet another society has been set up at LSE, the Straights Liberation Front. It is intended to provide a counterweight to

the Gays' Liberation organisation.

Launching the new society the chairman Jack Mishan (no relation) made an eloquent plea for tolerance of straights.

"Being 'straight' is no less valid than being gay, you know. We may be in a minority, but we are a sizeable minority nevertheless" he lashed. "The idea that it is somehow 'nasty' or 'unnatural' for couples of differing sexes to indulge in you know um"—here he blushed—"er well um, anyway it is a notion which must be repudiated as forcefully as possible".

"The outmoded assumption that there is something 'wrong' with heterosexuality—that it is some form of illness, for instance—is plain silly. So are some of the stereotypes of us; you know, the husky-voiced man without a limp wrist who never dresses up in women's clothing. Or the woman with the high-pitched voice and a large bust who isn't eternally moaning about being 'repressed' by fascist male chauvinist pigs. I for one know several heterosexual male transvestites, and plenty of straight women who are eternally nagging.

"To conclude", Mr Mishan concluded, "I can only quote the immortal words of my illustrious predecessor, Monty Python: 'Let's get it out in the open. I know I have!'"

James Gausson

Communist University

The Communist University of London has now become the biggest Marxist theoretical event of the year. Last year over 1,000 people attended the nine days of discussions around various aspects of Marxism.

The main aims of the university is to provide an opportunity for students to study an alternative Marxist approach to their discipline from that taught in the colleges. Most colleges in this country either ignore the Marxist approach to their subject or teach it in a totally biased way. The creation of a strong Marxist approach to disciplines must be part of any alternative to create a democratic education system.

The success of the CUL in developing this area of work through a whole range of specialist courses, including literature, economics, history, sociology, science etc is well known. But recent additions to the courses offered include Industrial Relations, Science & Ideology, Anthropology, Sexual Politics and Recent Developments in Marxist Theory, thus enlarging the areas covered.

The other main aim of the CUL is to provide an opportunity for the discussion of current political issues from racialism to the theory of the revolutionary party. Marxism is neither static nor monolithic and the CUL is an example of

the way that Marxism develops in relation to many current issues. This approach is also important because it allows everyone to participate fully within the discussions at the Communist University whether they just have a general interest in Marxism or whether they have written books on the subject.

This non-dogmatic characteristic of the CUL allows many

leading Marxist theoreticians to contribute to the CUL whether they be members of the Communist Party or not.

You can obtain a prospectus for CUL at the Communist Party bookstall every Thursday 12 noon to 2 pm outside the library, asking the "Morning Star" sellers on Tuesdays or by writing to Sally Hibbin, CUL organiser, at 16 King Street, WC2.

An introduction to social geography by

E. Jones and J. Eyles

AN Introduction to Social Geography reflects the growing importance of the study of society to the geographer. In the foreword the authors say that research and teaching have both shown "the total inadequacy of equating social geography, human geography and the need to relate studies more firmly to processes in society itself." Their intention is to fill a gap created by the lack of textbooks on social geography, to provide a framework for further study.

The book starts with an introductory chapter in which the concepts and the structure are defined. This part is rather dry compared to the rest of the book and could do with some editing. Continuing, there are chapters on space, on patterns in social geography and their significance, and on process including discussion of migration and segregation. Finally there are two chapters on planning which contain economic and political considerations. In showing how government intervention, eg in road building, housing improvements etc.

affects society, the subject is shown to have a degree of application.

Throughout there are large numbers of interesting examples, together with well-drawn maps and diagrams which show, for example, how cholera spread from a street pump in Soho in 1854. There are many insights into the way religion affects behaviour, such as different names given to the same area by Protestants and Catholics in Belfast. Included in examples of time studies are Hagerstrand's rather novel ideas on time-space movement.

Although rural and Third World subjects are not really covered, something which the authors admit and a general trend in social geography where concentration has been on urban and the Western world, this is a comprehensive and well written work which I would recommend as a must for all social geography students and, if nothing else, as an absorbing book to browse through for other social scientists at LSE.

Jonathan Richmond

POETS CORNER

IN my experience
jagged pieces of the moon,
seldom fall into my breakfast,
lunar cockroaches
seldom dart from fissure to fissure
in the dry Sea of Tranquillity.
This ceiling
is like the landscape of the moon
formed from the wierd shapes of peeling paint.

M. R. Pillsbury
LSE Poetry Group

LAMB (after William Blake)

LITTLE Lamb, who ate thee?
Dost thou know who ate thee?
Took thy life and sat to feed
With mint jelly, drinking mead;
Took thy coat
And spun it out
Left thee naked
Tail to snout?
Little Lamb, who ate thee?
Dost thou know who ate thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
He is large,
And red, and gruff.
He has never
Meat enough.
Thou poor remnant of playing lamb,
Coated all with minty jam.
Surely it's a pity.
Surely it's a pity.

M. R. Pillsbury
LSE Poetry Group.

The LSE Poetry Group invite poetic contributions.

ENTSNEWS AND REVIEWS

SUMMER SCENE

ENTS PRESENTS PAUL BRETT AND GUESTS — SPECIAL QUIZ

Fri, 27th May, 7.30 pm: PAUL BRETT AND GUESTS

PAUL began his career in the early Sixties playing rock and roll with Neil Christian and the Crusaders, changed to the Overlanders, before playing in one of Arthur Brown's first bands. From Brown, Paul Brett joined the now legendary Elmer Gantry's Velvet Opera splitting from there to play on the Strawbs' classic "Dragonfly" album. He then took time away from the rock scene, played a summer season with the Cyril Stapleton Orchestra, followed by a stint in Lonnie Donnegan's back-up band. Then came two years fronting his own band Paul Brett's Sage, followed by a further two solo albums. His album "Phoenix Future" was voted by Melody Maker as Folk Album of the Month.

Just over a year ago Paul Brett picked up a twelve string guitar. He recognised the instrument's potential soon after he'd mastered the different playing techniques. One thing I can say, like it or not, there is nobody else doing what I have done with "Earth Birth". It really is the first ever suite for 12 string guitar, a totally original idea. Now the capabilities of the electric guitar have been explored there are only electronics to play with, so I just hope that a guitarist listening to "Earth Birth" might be sparked off. The album is the first of a projected trilogy for RCA.

Tickets are £1 from the Union Shop. Guest artists on the night will include Jonny Joyce (Thanks to Robin Eggar and the RCA Press Office). Record company generously allows us to announce a competition which gives you the chance to win one of 10 copies of Paul Brett's current album. Submit answers in writing to the following questions to S118 before the day of the concert—May 27th—when the names of the ten winners will be posted in the Union Shop window.

(1) What does the abbreviation "E" stand for in LSE?

- (2) Which prestigious college was the venue for Paul Brett's only other 1977 London venue?
- (3) LSE ENTS raised £500 towards a "RELEASE" campaign in favour of legalising which substance?
- (4) Who is the eminent LSE academic bass player who fronts the IRVING STREET BAND?
- (5) Name the overworked/underpaid manager of the 3 TUNS BAR. Clue *** he was once a bit of a rocker!
- (6) Which famous rock'n'roll still ain't paid his Library fines yet? (see the next shock horror News of the World probe) COMING DOWN AGAIN . . . ?
- (7) What's your name?
- (8) Where do we send the album?

There are plans for concerts at LSE by several important American acts after the exam period is over. Our current problem is concerned with amassing sufficient financial backing with which to underwrite such a venture although Tim Oake of OASIS RECORDS is anxious to help out in this respect, so watch the usual publicity outlets. Likely to be confirmed soon is a further RELEASE benefit concert, this time showcasing the diverse talents of Alexis Corner, George Melly and Spike Milligan.

We are currently negotiating with the neighbouring Sound Circus for special price reductions to LSE Union Card holders who wish to use the new entertainment complex. A reminder to all Union societies the ENTS disco can be hired for £8 a night inclusive of DJ and records (all bookings to S118).

Fri, 20th May, 1.00 pm, Old Theatre—Free lunch-time concert with "Stripjack"—a three piece band with a difference, led by Lee Jackson, former bassist with "Nice".

Andy Cornwall

KEEPING IT UP AT KILBURN

WHEN Lindsay Kemp opened at the Round House last December, he was a cult hero; now, at the end of a wildly successful season there, he is a star. Brian Rix, whose company controls the Kilburn Broadway, has invited Lindsay Kemp to take up residence at the theatre.

The Kemp Company made its debut at Kilburn on May 2nd with "Salomé", in which Lindsay plays the title part. Adapted from Wilde's play by David Houghton, this show contains the usual Kemp elements of music, mime and dance, together with dialogue. From Bacchanalian beginning to Salomé's dying fall, the show is very Kemp, very camp.

Later in the year "Salomé" will be shown in repertoire with

"Flowers", and a new show. Films will also be shown at the theatre, for which Lindsay is creating a new interior design. A Parisian-style Late Night Cabaret will be performed from August.

Lindsay Kemp is a man of inexhaustible energy and talent. A ballet which he is choreographing with Christopher Bruce will receive its première on July 5th. It will be performed by Ballet Rambert, as part of their season at the Round House, which will run from July 5th to 16th.

Lindsay Kemp has been an entertainer for years, but when we talked a few months ago, he told me "I've only just started, it's really just begun." He was right!

Richard Vines



David Houghton

THEATRE NOTES

"IN THE RED" is another standard British stage comedy by William Douglas Home. It is the story of a bankrupt playwright who tries to gain a larger overdraft from his bank manager, well-played by Norman Rossington, by getting him to seduce his wife, unglamorously played by Dinah Sheridan. Gerald Harper, who plays the lead, seemed more bored than I was, although to be fair he had a pretty lifeless script to play with.

Alan Ayckbourn's situations vary little from play to play. His portrayal of middle class suburbia, the failure of married couples to communicate one with another, and the middle age rut are all things that he has portrayed before. However, "Just Between Ourselves" does have its more serious side—the problems of old age, of the conflict between two women (the mother and wife) over the man, and lastly mental illness. One cannot fail to be moved by the

performance of Rosemary Leach as the wife, whom as the husband says at the end of the play, it is difficult to believe is only 42.

The one serious play to open in the West End this vacation was "Stevie" with Glenda Jackson playing the lead. Stevie Smith was a poetess who died only quite recently having spent much of her life living in Palmers Green. The play tells the story of her life—quite an uneventful life as it turns out to be, save for a suicide attempt that failed and which in no way is explained to the audience. It all leads one to ask why Hugh Whitmore took the trouble to write the play for the West End in the first place. Glenda Jackson I felt was miscast in the role of Stevie. The evening was, though, redeemed by the performance of Mona Washbourne who played the aunt who at first mothered and was then mothered by Miss Jackson.

Paul Wilce

Manenet's werther

The new Copley ENO production of Manenet's "Werther" has two casts. I heard the second. Based on Goethe's "The Sufferings of Young Werther", it is a work full of sentiment, and also drama. The emotive music is truly descriptive of the feelings of the characters, culminating in the awful irony of the ending as the suicidal Werther dies with suffering, encroached upon by children singing a Christmas carol.

John Brecknock is ideally cast as Werther, lyrically singing of nature and love, dramatically fiery, tormented by suffering. Sarah Walker as Charlotte also displays feeling well, though at times she and her character have not got the strength required. Joy Roberts makes Sophie a bright character and Harry Coghill is a lively magistrate. The children sing delightfully.

The sets, very suggestive of nature, are excellent with good lighting effects. The period costumes are also well designed. David Lloyd-Jones conducted, bringing out the subtle tones required.

J. E. D. Richmond

Cookery corner

This week's menu: Beaver Opera-Review.

INGREDIENTS: Rummage through an Italian dictionary for long, unintelligible words. Mixed with a smattering of freshly-peeled drivel, this will provide some authentic-sounding names. Secondly, obtain a plot. This need not be particularly brilliant (indeed, it does not really need to make sense at all). Add plenty of newly-plucked verbiage. Lightly garnish with wild punctuation. Important: add no grammar at all.

METHOD: Stir all this together—the order of appearance is unimportant. Some cooks say that "spelling" is important, but not for Beaver as the chief chef (A. Chapman, no relation) will repair any major mistakes made.

Half-bake for a considerable period of time. There is a danger that the mixture will swell disastrously, sometimes spilling all over the office floor. In such situations, throw away unwanted surplus (usually about 70 per cent). Leave to curdle.

WARNING: Those with fragile constitutions may find this recipe somewhat indigestible.

James Gausson (no relation)

FILMS

SEVEN BEAUTIES

This film is in Italian and subtitled, but don't let that put you off. Basically it is as the advertising blurb told us, "the story of a man who suffers every degradation in order to stay alive". The hero of the film, played superbly by Giancarlo Giovanni, is a deserting soldier in Germany during the second world war. Captured, he is put into a concentration camp, where only his willingness to submit himself to every sort of humiliation keeps him alive. There are many flashbacks to his former life and the atmosphere of the Italian family is beautifully conveyed. Despite the serious subject-matter, this is a very warm and amusing film. The music used throughout was haunting and did much to enhance the atmosphere. Since those of us who have seen the film already could agree on nothing except that it was good, I suggest that you see it yourself; you won't regret it, even though this cinema is expensive. (Curzon St. Cinema).

THE CURSE OF THE STARVING CLASSES

All I can say about this play is: don't go. The play was frankly boring and had nothing whatsoever to say. The play was unnecessarily crude, at one point a male actor even urinates on the stage. In fact the whole theatre (Royal Court, Sloane Square) smelt of stale urine all the way through; we could not decide whether or not this was a legitimate piece of staff effects or just due to the presence of a toilet right next to us. The only high-spot of the play was when a live lamb was brought on stage. This proceeded to bleat in between the actors' lines, much to the audience's amusement. So, unless you happen to like being bored to tears or are an ardent animal lover (?), this play is a definite miss.

Carol Saunders

BEJART TRIUMPHS

MAURICE BEJART founded his modern dance company, the Ballet of the Twentieth Century, barely ten years ago. Yet it is already a company of international stature, attracting such stars as Suzanne Farrell and Luciana Savignano.

This year's London season opened with "The Triumphs of Petrarch", based on the Italian lyric poet's collection of poems relating the successive triumphs of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time and Eternity, inspired by Laura, the subject of the poet's unrequited love for much of his life.

Jorge Donn, as the poet, was passive, yet dignified, progressing serenely through time, resigned to the inexorable succession of Triumphs. Suzanne Farrell was more forceful at Laura, dominating the stage with quiet confidence. With precise and graceful steps, she vanquished Love, only to fade away in the face of Death.

The London Festival Ballet has now succeeded Bejart at the Coliseum with a ten-week season, including five weeks with Nureyev. New works include Dame Alicia Markova's version of "Les Sylphides" and Nureyev's "Romeo and Juliet".

The season started with "The Golden Cockerel" and "Etudes".

The former is based on a children's fairy tale—with lurid designs and simple choreography—which, not surprisingly, failed to hold the attention of the predominantly adult audience, despite some seductive dancing by Patricia Ruanne as the Queen of Shemakhan.

By contrast, "Etudes" gave the company a chance to show off its considerable collective virtuosity. Silhouetted steps and symmetric patterns of bar exercises raised this work above the level of mere studies.

Michael Cleary

THE MUSEUM OF LONDON

ALTHOUGH the Museum of London (in London Wall) opened last year, it is clear that building has not quite finished, for one has to step over bags of cement and piles of sand in order to reach exhibits illustrating every aspect of London life. The museum poster invites one "to wander through the past as you wander through the London of today."

There are displays depicting London during the Ice, Stone, Bronze and Iron Ages, during the Roman occupation, the Middle Ages and up to our own time. There are many reconstructions, such as of a Roman sitting-room, a late Stuart interior and "the London area during an Ice Age," the latter consisting of pictures of mammoths and sabre-toothed tigers wallowing about in swamps.

But perhaps greater interest will be shown in the displays devoted to 19th and 20th century London. No activity has been left out. The history of London's hospitals, its cemeteries, its theatres, department stores and political campaigns—all are included. Excellent use is made of reconstructions of Victorian London. There is a dingy, cramped import office in some riverside warehouse, with high desk and stool, inkpots, quills and ledgers, where some unfortunate clerk was occupied in weighing, processing, tallying and storing goods.

There is also a Victorian pub, the "Bottle and Jug," with splendid beer engines, decorated glass and red velvet curtains; a barber's shop, advertising "singeing and shampooing," with a marvellous marble sink, chequered floor and collection of cut-throat razors and shaving mugs; a tobacconist's shop, with snuff and matchboxes, tobacco jars and pipe cases; a sombre bank manager's office of around 1850 with enormous desk and accessories.

There are shop signs, theatre costumes and programmes, Victorian stage props, as well as objects from hospitals, Salvation Army hostels and apothecaries. The "Votes for Women" case, besides having posters and leaflets, also has a prison plate, spoon, knife and cup. In other cases, faceless models display Victorian and Edwardian clothing, including the predictable soldier in uniform with bandaged head and arm in sling. The early days of radio and gramophone are captured; there is a cat's whisker radio and early copies of the Radio Times, as well as candlestick telephones and small tins of gramophone needles. Extensive use is made of pictures, postcards, photographs, magazines and posters to lend atmosphere to the exhibits. The displays end around 1939, and some of the more recent objects are coming straight from rubbish tips—a rusty set of traffic lights, an early Ford, etc. There is the twin lift installed in Selfridges in 1928, a massive golden contraption covered with iron signs of the Zodiac. Elsewhere, surrounded by a moat of water to keep children away, is the Lord Mayor's state coach.

One can see a working model of the Fire of London of 1666, complete with wind, flame, smoke and sound effects, all over in 4½ minutes with a running commentary. Newgate prison is also reconstructed, as is a Victorian street with gas lights and shop fronts. The museum clearly has more space than it needs, and in a huge room labelled "Rest Area," one can sit on tea-chests at trestle tables and "rest." The museum's poster says "each exhibit tells its own story"—true, because most are not labelled. The museum is open Tuesday to Saturday from 10 to 6; Sunday from 2 to 6. Admission free.

Jim Nason

Obituary LSE rowing

This was the last issue produced under the guiding hand of Anthony David Chapman. Born in Liverpool in 1957, nobody knew that this Mersey-lad-made-good would reach the exalted heights of Beaver Editor. However, under his personal dynamic driving qualities Beaver has weathered the storms of the sit-in and the election of Reg Galloway as Publications Officer. Beaver won't forget Tony and will always find a place in its heart for his unique memory. No flowers by request.

The new editors are Martin Peacock (remember the ballot-box incident?) and Carol "Libertarian not Liberal" Saunders.

Paul Brown

For the first time in several years the LSE entered an eight in the University of London Head of the River Race. Finishing ninth out of 16, we confounded the pundits who predicted disaster for our crew, most of whom have rowed for only six months. Lisa Lynch must also be congratulated for her double win in the University Women's first boat.

Under Patrick Wallace's coaching we have two fours training for summer races. We are looking for more members, male or female, to row or cox. Experience is not necessary, but a willingness to row twice a week in the evenings. Contact us via the AU or call me on 736 6669.

Charles Baden Fuller

CLASSIFIED

HOLIDAY in the sun or fly to the States at vastly reduced price. £180 Credit Note for current Swans holidays catalogue for sale. Offers to Paul Brown at Carr-Saunders or the Union Office or 580-6338.

GEOG. ASSES

THIS year Geog. Asses with the help of a few non-Geog. Asses once again managed to send teams to face a threatening UC challenge and a not so threatening QMC challenge, in the annual triangular sports match.

Leaving Saunders at 10 am on a Sunday morning, teams and supporters were at Shenley Sports Ground ready and raring to go by 11. But alas, as usual, UC managed to field their teams of rugby giants (including the netball team) and they succeeded in defeating the masterly skill of the LSE teams in rugby, women's and men's hockey, and netball. With QMC not turning up as usual, poor second became poor last.

Not all was lost though—men's football was won on goal average and the ladies' football team took a masterly 2-1 victory. The most disappointing loss of the day must have been the three-legged football—UC scoring the winning goal in the last minute.

After losing the tug o' war and throwing the welly, the Geog. Asses did not give up; they went on to lose the women's boat race, the men's boat race and the darts. At the end of the day all was not lost. Gamain won the President's boat race and teams of sack racers and orange passers won their events.

At 9 o'clock an exhausting day was not to end quietly—a Naf-style disco was still to come, and it did.

Christine Edwards

People's news service

After 124 issues it seems likely that the People's News Service will be forced to close. It was started four years ago as a non-sectarian weekly bulletin, its aim being to provide news and information on areas generally ignored by the existing media and left Press, and it specially highlighted community struggles. For the past eighteen months it has been produced fortnightly due to the lack of interest in the production side and a general absence of feedback.

Its stopping would be doubly unfortunate as financially it is very stable. There is a definite place for an alternative newspaper and it is especially sad that in London of all places there is so little interest in what has been a tremendously informative venture in the past.

Anyone with offers of help or support can get in touch with the PNS collective, through the Rising Free Bookshop, 182 Upper Street, N1. Do it quickly because they are on their last legs. And can I remind everybody that actions speak louder than words.

Anton Chapman

BOOKS

The Grading Game by Brian King

THIS is an excellent book for anyone concerned with the questions: Are degrees academically meaningful? Do they serve a valid social function? Should profiles replace grading? The author critically evaluates the current degree grading system, explains the notion of an assessment profile, and discusses ways in which profiles could be used. He suggests that instead of degrees (which should be abolished) students should have the option of receiving "individualised" profiles—although he cautions that a profile system could be even worse than traditional grading. This book makes for very stimulating and instructive reading and I suggest that anyone who is seriously concerned about the role and quality of higher education should read it.

Elizabeth Galloway

The National Front by Martin Walker

MARTIN WALKER of the Guardian has produced this study of the National Front after four years of inquiry. A deeply analytical study, it chronicles the rise of the NF from the numerous lunatic fringe groups of the post-war era.

Its ideology, tactics, personalities and divisions are all dissected with painstaking accuracy in the best book to come out on this party. Particular attention is paid to the split which led to the formation of the National Party and the milking off of the most experienced political leaders at a time when a united National Front could have doubled its harvest of racial hysteria.

The NF can no longer be treated as a joke. Next election it could be the third largest party in England. Its philosophy capitalises on the racialism, and authoritarianism implicit in our society. The Front can reflect the disillusionment and despair of our society in a way in which our "rational-liberal" parties can no longer do.

Remember ten years ago the prospect of a tiny band of former Nazis, Empire Loyalists, racists and cranks becoming a major political party was unthinkable. This is the book to explain the phenomenon.

Martin Peacock

FILM SOC

TOP entertainment arranged for next year includes a season on the development of the musical from Fred Astaire to Bugsy Malone including a student premier of The Sound of Music; retrospectives on Kubrick and Mel Brookes; short seasons on Clint Eastwood detective movies and James Dean; and of course the best films from '76-7. We have an exclusive showing of 2001, and are currently negotiating the world 16mm premier of Jaws.

DISCO

SEVERAL years ago, during a state of heavy abandonment, our Union purloined several large (and heavy) orange boxes, some black plastic objects and a stoned freak. This was christened the ENTS Disco. Over the years, the orange boxes became more brown, members of the Union began using the records as Frisbees and the disco was put out to stud. The stoned freak became an accountant.

It was in this state that I found it hidden in the coffers of S118 (the ENTS Room). A bit of spit and polish, some loving care and about £35 soon put it right, and the Disco was reborn. Determined to make full use of this machine, but equally determined not to allow it to be ruined again, the Disco is once more available for hire anywhere in the LSE and its Halls of Residence at a cost of £8 an evening.

Several stipulations have, however, been made—all DJs now bathe regularly, and both copies of "White Christmas" by the Sex Pistols have been sold. Therefore, if anyone is interested in hiring Denis the Disco, please contact either myself or Neal Smith in the ENTS Room.

Marc Gardiner

THANKS

THE Beaver staff would like to thank everyone who has contributed to the newspaper this year and everyone who has helped at all on the production side. Special thanks must go to our printers, Ripley Printers, who have been extremely helpful and co-operative when faced with late, scribbled and virtually indecipherable copy. Without them Beaver would never have appeared.



THIS BEAVER was produced by Anton Chapman, Carol Saunders, Peacock, Liz, John Emerson, Richard Kitchen, James Gausson, Jonathan Richmond, PB, Reg Galloway, Stuart Lawson, Jim Gee.

All opinions expressed in this paper are those of the writers.

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Clare market

IT now seems likely that a revival of Clare Market Review will be possible in the autumn. Would those interested in contributing or helping in any other way please contact me via U/G pigeon holes.

Jonathan Richmond

TICKETS

REDUCED TICKETS FOR STUDENTS!

ROYAL COURT THEATRE, SLOANE SQUARE, LONDON SW1. 50p tickets on the second night of every performance for students.