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NEWSPAPER OF THE STUDENTS' UNION
OF LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE
ECONOMIC

Man in the News



The D.P., Paul Sithi Amnuai, organized the most successful week-end school ever to reach three-figure participation (107). Lately he has had to obey doctor's orders and resign as D.P. See— Week End School (below).

Beaver

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE - UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

STOP EXECUTIONS IN HUNGARY NOW!

MORE than 150 young Hungarian students are being executed in batches as soon as they reach the age of eighteen. These teen-agers are among the 10,000 still detained in jail for taking part in the 1956 rising. The Hungarian government denies everything. And it would, too. It is eager to show the world that everything is back to normal. The best way it could do this would be to halt the executions. If the reports of executions are but myths, let a Students Report and Information Commission go to Hungary and confirm or disprove these reports.

There is every reason to believe that these reports are true. It is impermissible to identify the sources of information. Revelation of such sources could mean very serious trouble for many people inside Hungary. Besides, the Hungarian government has, in the past, been known to deny such reports of executions, only later to confirm the self-same 'rumour'.

On September 22, 1958, Dr. Endre Sik, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Hungarian People's Republic declared in the United Nations: "As regards the calling into account of the culprits, I can assure you that this has been terminated."

On October 11th, 1959, a Hungarian Government spokesman confirmed a report in a Swiss paper that executions had taken place "for crimes committed during the 1956 rising."

The legal protection accorded by present Hungarian legislation is very small. As an example of the great political pressure on courts the following editorial from "Nepszabadsag" of May 19th, 1957, is illustrative:

Who else but the police or some body by the recommendation of the police!

Three years after the revolution, the present government of Hungary still finds it necessary to resort to executions and secret trials. It is significant that this summer when 35 young Hungarians were being executed, none of the papers in Hungary allowed any space for them. At the same time, other Hungarian students were taking part in the Seventh World Youth Festival.

"We must avail ourselves of all means to make the courts and judges in the spirit of class warfare. This means ruthless, unbending rigour against the enemies of the people."

20th CONGRESS

Note that the Stalinist expression "enemies of the people" is re-introduced. None of the new principles propounded at the 20th Congress of the C.P.S.U. has been applied in Hungary. The most important of these was that Justice would be done and that the power of the police would not make nonsense of courts' decisions.

The situation is such that the Courts are in the hands of the police. Special People's Chambers have been instituted where final judgments of lower courts may be set aside. Severer sentences can be passed on the accused even if the Prosecutor does not appeal. If he does not appeal, then who does?

And if the accused is acquitted by the lower courts, then who brings him to the People's Chambers in order to make sure that he will be condemned?

We students from the West are pestered every day with literature from behind the Iron Curtain about the activities of our fellow students over there. Continued on page 2

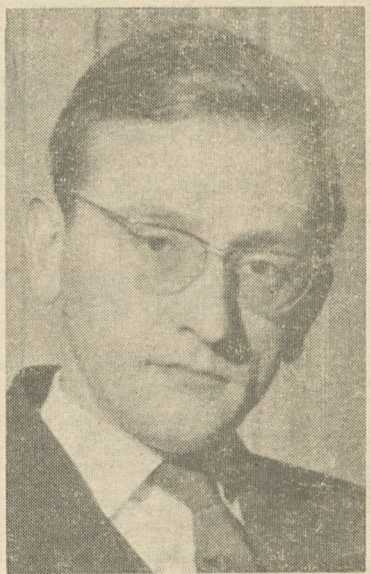
MANNHEIM DELEGATION

The six members of the Mannheim exchange delegation arrived in London for their seven-day stay on last Thursday. They spent the week-end at Dorking, and the rest of the week in the homes of L.S.E. students.

Interviewed on his arrival at Victoria, Mr. Ergenzinger said: "We are very happy to be here, and hope this visit will cement the ties of friendship between our schools."

The delegation returns to Germany today.

WEEK END SCHOOL A SUCCESS

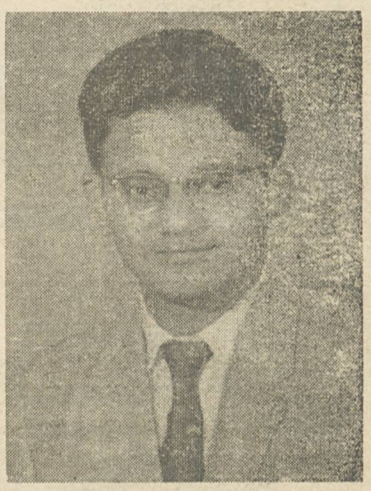


M. Berthoin—Logical Frenchman.

A satisfying experience, both academically and socially, lacking only a pianist to lead the bar social sing-songs. It ranged through the logical explanation of French illogicalities by M. Berthoin to a cultural consideration of European prospects by Mr. Chapman. All the speakers were pleasing and often impressive; without a doubt the best yet. Perhaps the most pleasing feature was that although well organised, no one felt badgered or harassed.

The committee is considering reproducing the lectures and discussions in pamphlet form. This should be done, as the week-end was too valuable to be forgotten.

Akil Marfatia



Looks at Union Finances

Last year's Union Accounts may appear disconcerting to many members of the Union. After a surplus of £148 in 1956/57, and £237 in 1957/58, there has been a deficit of £285 in the year 1958/59. The change of £522 last year has been due to a number of factors. The expected transfer from the Three Tuns Club profits did not materialise, simply because the Club made a big loss. In view of the fact that the Grant from the School will almost certainly remain under £3,000 (annually) in the year 1958/59. The change of £522 last year has been due beyond which an expansion of its activities seems improbable.

But by far the most important problem about Union finances is the loss made by The Three Tuns Club. From a net profit in 1956/57 of £652, and in 1957/58 of £272 it made a net loss of £441 in 1958/59. The fall of profits of more than £1,000 is due to fall in the ratio of gross trading profit in 1956/57 of about 26 per cent. to 23 per cent. in 1957/58 and to less than 14 per cent. in 1958/59. It means that while the cost of goods sold in the Club has steadily gone up, prices have remained unchanged. One wonders why, apparently, no measures were taken in 1957/58, when there was a fall in the profits of £380, because then the further fall of £713 in the next year could have easily been averted. It is gratifying to note that Union Council and Finance Committee have taken a very serious view of the matter, and hope to make a small profit this year. Since the nature of the goods sold in the Club is such that their cost has to be taken as fixed, it will be quite necessary to adjust selling prices promptly, otherwise the Club will once again make a loss.

other eating places in L.S.E. It seems that last year students just did not want to eat and/or drink at the Club despite better quality and lower prices.

Will the Club run into a loss again this year? The answer is yes, if prices are unchanged, because the ratio of Gross Trading Profit to Sales for the period August 1st to October 1st was about 18 per cent. If Sales are £6,000, as they are anticipated to be, we will need to put up this ratio to at least 22 per cent. to break even.

This means that prices of some of the commodities sold will have to be increased.

I believe that a reasonable compromise can be arrived at. If The Three Tuns Club were to have a steady Sales figure of about £6,000, it could contribute about £175 to Union, provided the ratio of Gross Trading Profit to Sales is increased to 25 per cent. (the same as in 1956/57). There is no reason to believe that Sales will diminish, for in 1956/57 they were £6,400.

It will be interesting to note what Union Council does in this matter. Going no further than the increase in prices recommended by Finance Committee, will mean deciding that Union does not want any contribution (which it used to have) from The Three Tuns Club.

The fall in Sales last year was the most important reason for the net loss. This is most surprising when one considers that the quality of the food available is cheaper and better than at

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LETTERS



L.S.E.—TECHNICAL COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY

Sir,
 While agreeing with Mike Fores' opinion of the social superiority, or snob value, of an Oxbridge education, I would like to register my disagreement with some of his more careless and eulogistic judgment, my disagreement being based on three years at Cambridge and three weeks at L.S.E.

Cambridge is essentially donnish, consciously and actually a self-sufficient community, shielded from the hardness of the contemporary world by that last defence of all timid men—tradition. Within this womb of learning the ex-schoolboy or, still worse, the ex-National Serviceman, is expected to go through three years of prolonged, or renewed, adolescence in the pursuit of academic distinction. He is protected from the dangers of life—that is from the possibilities of trying to live according to his own sense of responsibility by College gates (closed at 11 p.m. and a fine of 10/- after midnight) or a kindly landlady (ground-floor windows and outside doors bolted by 10 p.m.) and similar institutions.

By the third year I and most of my friends were very critical of this petty world of restrictions and academic learning in which all one's benefits—and they were, I do not deny, many—were gained in spite of and not because of the system. By comparison, L.S.E., vulgar and anarchic as it is in many of its manifestations, seems to me wholesome and stimulating and, above all, related to the problems of life—in one word, relevant. I know why I am here.

Further, as far as I have experienced them, relations between staff and students seem easier and friendlier here. I still haven't got over a vague feeling of surprise that members of the staff seemed to want me to accept the place I was offered.

I have, of course, only stressed the faults of Cambridge education. On balance, I think a fair comparison would merely stress that the two systems are wholly different. My considered answer to Mike Fores is that an Oxbridge education does have its advantages, but L.S.E. offers much of value that Oxbridge does not. His lyrical description of the intellectual development of the Oxbridge undergraduate is much too complimentary to the fruits of that system and, by implication, unfair to L.S.E.

One further point, which may evoke more discussions on the system of University education. Why is there not, as in some continental systems, more movement between universities? I would have gained considerably from spending the middle year of my course elsewhere

BRIAN E. HANKINS

SIMMONDS

University Booksellers

Our shop is not the biggest in London, but it is amongst the best.

And it's a place where you will obtain individual attention.

We stock most of the books on your syllabus, and we are five minutes from L.S.E.

16 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4
 (Opposite Chancery Lane)

COMPLAINT

Are you dissatisfied with the refectory and tired of drinking "coffee" out of waxed paper cups? Then do as I did and complain, yes **COMPLAIN**. None of this stuff-shirted, puritanical nonsense. As Paley said last week, **L.S.E. BELONGS TO YOU**.

Whilst in the refectory the other day I gave up trying to digest a hard, stale, cold, "hot" dog for which I had paid ninepence. (Ed.—Eat in Ron's—they're only sixpence). I took it to the receiving counter and asked for the person in charge. I was given an apology and what is more, allowed a credit of ninepence. The only way to bring to the notice of the refectory staff dissatisfaction with their service is to **COMPLAIN**.

The next thing on my list is those horrible paper apologies for cups, recently introduced in the 3rd floor lounge. The "thing" buckles as you pick it up—and the taste. . . .

Why was it that this paper revolution was started? Was it for reasons of economy? If so why not pass some of the benefit of reduced costs on to the consumers.

Fivepence for a paper bag full of "coffee" UGH!

Now I find paper handles have been attached to paper cups. Even plates have become paperized. Surely it is only a matter of time before someone discovers that paper plates fly through the air with ever decreasing velocity. . . .

Do you like drinking out of the "things"? Do you like trying to carry food on those weightless plates? No? Neither do I. Let's complain, **COMPLAIN AND COMPLAIN**.

MITCH WANE

President's Column

One of the most obvious things about the Students' Union is that many students put in a lot of work in various capacities for which they rarely receive public recognition. One of the outstanding examples of this is the Senior Treasurer.

The Senior Treasurer has one of the most arduous and complicated jobs in the Union. Apart from ensuring that the expenditure of the Union is kept in line with its income, and seeing that our accounts are permanently in the "blue," the Treasurer has to recommend any alterations in the Union's financial policy. In fact, we have a non-paid Chartered Accountant, cum financial adviser, as our Senior Treasurer.

This year, for the first time, the audited accounts have been presented at the commencement of the Michaelmas Term, and this is I think some indication of the work Roger Upson has put into his job as Senior Treasurer. After successfully piloting the budget through Union and having completed a full year in office, Roger has found it necessary, through the pressure of academic work, to resign. I should like to take this opportunity of extending to him the thanks of Council and Union for the very able way in which he has carried out his task.

Procedure at Hustings

Near the end of this term the four Vice-Presidential posts on Union Council will once more be contested at elections. As most students are aware hustings play a fairly prominent part in the election procedure. I would say firstly that I am not attempting to decry the use of



hustings at our elections, as I do feel that they are an essential part of a democratic election procedure.

The question must be asked, however, as to how far our present system of hustings tends to deter the more sensible candidates from standing, as well as to turn what is supposed to be an aid to democracy into a weapon of mobocracy.

If the behaviour at the approaching hustings in any way approaches the hooliganism of last year's, then I feel that the Union is certainly losing as a whole from this form of electioneering. For, while not wishing to deter the normal high spirits that arise at election times, if more reasonable conduct is not seen, we shall certainly be quite unable to persuade the serious-minded student who we are trying to attract into the Union, that it is anything more than a rather adult kindergarten.

I would therefore, in making this plea for a more serious approach to the coming Union elections, hope that the Union will go to the hustings to judge the candidate's ability not his frivolity.

Blood Donations

In the very near future, Thursday, November 19th, we shall be asking you once again to donate your blood. I would like to take this opportunity of encouraging all students to take part in this as blood donors. This event will be more heavily publicised nearer the actual date, but I would remind students now that this, being a voluntary affair, it is only your assistance that we can aid so excellent a cause.

Three Tuns

(In the Union Building)

THE STUDENTS' OWN BAR

EAT AT RON'S

Take your lunch in the . . .

THREE TUNS

Rolls and Hot Dogs

and

a large selection of beers, wines and spirits to wash them down.

PARTIES CATERED FOR

From My Desk



WHAT WE FOUGHT FOR

It is fortunate that Union backed emphatically Beaver's budget proposals. The question boiled down to whether publication of Beaver at regular intervals is desirable. The vote showed the Union's overwhelming support of the idea that Beaver should come out regularly and should therefore be financed appropriately.

After all, Union had all reason to support Beaver. Not only has the standard of Beaver improved considerably—in my opinion and the Director's—but also the sales have more than doubled. This time we bring an extra 250 copies. It involves the inevitable loss of an extra £3. But our job is to serve student democracy and this can be done only by preserving an effective and widely circulating organ of a self-governing student body. **THE EDITOR**

All material in Beaver is the work of individual students of the London School of Economics Students' Union. They do not in any way reflect the official attitude of the Union on any subject. It is to the individual students therefore and to Beaver, that all copyright reverts.

Leonard Lyle

86 KINGSWAY, W.C.2

HOLborn 2240

BLAZERS

BADGES

Official Suppliers to the Students' Union

HUNGARY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

WE PROTEST at the cynicism with which the Hungarian Government has refused to accept our Commission to report about students in Hungary.

WE PROTEST at the barbarous obscenity of the Hungarian Government to execute teenagers who, rightly or wrongly took part in the Revolution when they were 14 years old.

Our college does not have the reputation of being reactionary.

We conducted successful marches against segregation in South Africa and the student body in Britain followed our example.

But for us the Hungarian Government's record is such that we cannot possibly consider it a free or a socialist State. To quote Lezek Kolakowski, the leading Polish philosopher:

"Socialism is not a State in which lawyers in most cases agree with the prosecutors; a State which can mistreat people with impunity; or a State in which street maps of city states are State secrets."

From all available knowledge, Hungary is such a State. By no logical distortions can the Hungarian authorities prove that what they have there is socialism.

"Our philosophy demands that we respect the truth even if we hate the reality about which we write the

WOW!

The ever-expanding War on Want Society took over the Barley Sugar Room on Monday last for its weekly starvation lunch. 76 members ate rice and curry for their midday meal.

In addition to supporting the movement and enjoying the meal, it is also quicker to get your food from the War on Want Society on Mondays than to queue for it in the Refectory.

DON'T BUY MAD

Pinch it if you can

MAD NEW MAGAZINE MAD OCTOBER MAD 1/6 MAD EVERY OTHER MONTH MAD

Woman's Page

Ladies of L S E Unite!

Isn't it about time the ladies asked themselves that most pertinent of questions, "Are we giving of our best to L.S.E.?" or must they admit they prefer to sit back in not so splendid isolation secure in the knowledge that as a scarce commodity they will attract attention to themselves as naturally as the last rose of summer entices those poor bees who have yet to give up the struggle against the ever-increasing hostility of their environment.

Instead of being coolly complacent in what female students from other colleges might con-

sider a fortunate position, surely they should look around and find opportunities to make a real impact on L.S.E. The Union Council—that holiest of holies—is this year devoid of all female charm, wit and veracity; and perhaps a touch of feminine intuition would not come amiss during the long wrangles over the Bar and its management. Why, for instance, should not one of their number become chairman of the Bar Management Committee? Perhaps then something could be done to provide room in the Three Tuns where they could sip a Martini

without the fear of having it spilt down themselves by some jaundiced jiver wishing to regain his place in the seething mass of humanity (!?) above.

SERVERS UP

Similarly with other societies in the school, how many of them are content to be just servers up of tepid tea and broken biscuits at society meetings? Must they always back-pedal their talents or is there a real chance that their natural reserve will be overcome to a sufficient extent to find women at the head of college political societies? Have any of them the makings of a female Jim Ackers or are they to provide more fodder for a Primrose League?

Surely, too, something is wrong when L.S.E. is more famed for the beautiful bureaucracy of its administrative staff than it is for its typical female students. Do they use the ready excuse of too low grants to hide what is fundamentally a lack of personal appearance? How many of them creep into this establishment every day in some dowdy dress or shapeless skirt which is hanging on them, rather than being worn?

FAVOURS OF THE FEW

Dreary eyes, too, peering from pallid faces couched under a nonentity of a hair-style only reflects and adds to the sombre tones of our sorrowful surroundings. Perhaps if they had to compete more for the favours of the faithful few of the male students who stick by them a transformation for the better might take place, and lead to an L.S.E. where feminine character in all its facets might shine out as a glowing example to other colleges. Let them stop hiding their lights under bushels.

Women of L.S.E. unite—you have nothing to lose in a change.

HOMO (SAPIENS?) OF HOUGHTON STREET

In the last edition of Beaver there was as you may or may not remember an article on the various types of women to be found at L.S.E. Well, men, stand by—here comes your answer! What about the men at L.S.E., as women see them.

Leaving aside those who are either married or engaged—although they, no doubt, will object to this for, after all, there's life in the old fellow yet—the men of L.S.E. fall into various fairly well defined types.

Firstly, there are those whose only ambition is to acquire a degree and, to this end, all their days are spent in the library and are, therefore, of little interest to most women. Fortunately for us, few of these exist!

There are those who have just left school and have come to L.S.E. in search of the further pleasures of life just a little unprepared. By the Christmas of their first year, however, they have lost that look of mass production and have begun to acquire indivi-

quiet in manner, approachable, Mr. Leonard says, "Hairstyle is a part of personality, but it is not a good thing to stick to one



style. Variety is better for the mental outlook."

Mr. Taylor, senior, founder of the business, who runs the gentlemen's side of the establishment, has strong views on men's grooming, says that the British M.P.'s are badly dressed and badly groomed, including Mr. Macmillan, although he has improved of late. Mr. Taylor considers it is far from effeminate for men to care about their appearance; it is not "sissy" or "pansy" for men to have well-cared for hair, and he has found that many men confess to him "the girl-friend made me come."

England is now leading the Continent in ladies' hairdressing (with the U.S., incidentally, some way behind), but men still need educating before they catch up with some of the European countries.

MISS BEAUTY PARLOUR

The most surprising and pleasing thing about the Taylor Salon is something near to all our hearts—the prices are well within the reach of students (see below for details). Several students at L.S.E. are styled by Mr. Leonard, including "Miss Beauty Parlour" of our last issue.

So, ladies, when you look round the bar and see a model-girl hairdo, there is no need to wonder how anyone's hair could be so perfect, for its owner has probably just visited Mr. Leonard. If you feel your hair isn't quite as much of an asset as it could be, why not visit him and see just what a difference it can make. If it can improve a "Miss World" competitor, what might it not do for you.

GET BOYFRIEND

Oh, and by the way, why not

LEONARD TAYLOR

Exclusive Interview with "MISS WORLD" Hair Stylist

If you have ever looked in Vogue, or Vanity Fair, or just at the models in any advertisement, and worshipped from afar, wondering why you cannot look as the models do, glamorous, bewitching, always perfect: if you have ever looked at your escort at the theatre, at dinner, or at a dance, and wondered just what is missing, or what is wrong with him, this article is for you.

In his salon at 42 Old Bond Street, Mr. Leonard designs many of the hairstyles of today's leading models. This year his outstanding qualities have been recognised and he has been appointed coiffeur to the "Miss World" competition, 1959, which took place on the 10th November at the Lyceum Ballroom.

STRENUOUS

In our interview with him at his salon, Mr. Leonard told us of the work involved, which was strenuous. There were 47 contestants, and each girl had to be given an exclusive hair-do adapted to her looks and the country she represents.

On the Sunday before the contest, Mr. Leonard interviewed each girl at the Savoy and designed an individual hairstyle for her. This, he says, was not difficult, because each girl gave him new ideas and inspirations as he studied her. The next day the contestants arrived in batches of 20, and he and his staff began to work, carrying on until late evening, and over much of the next day, so that each potential "Miss World" could face the judges and T.V. newsreel cameras, knowing that her hair, at least, was perfect.

Last year Mr. Leonard styled the hair of the girls chosen from the dance floor by a spotlight in Lou Preager's show "Dream Girl 1958." The pictures of the girls before and after were displayed in the next show, and the transformation was amazing.

JUST FOR YOU

If you feel you need transforming, that you need a hairstyle which is "just for you," or if you are a fresher and have not yet found a hairdresser to suit your taste, then Leonard Taylor is the solution. Twenty-nine years old, recently married,

AUNTIE MABEL'S COLUMN

Dear Auntie Mabel,

I have been going with a boy for the last two years, and until yesterday our relationship was perfect. Last night at the Independent Democratic Radical Republican League for the Preservation of Celtic Culture film show he tried to hold my hand. Naturally I repulsed his advances but this assault has shaken my faith in him. Can it be that at heart he is not a true Independent Democratic Radical Republican?

(signed) Worried (L.S.E.)

Dear Worried (L.S.E.),

My dear, your suspicions were fully justified. He is obviously a very badly brought up young man. Perhaps you are also a little to blame. Think back over the last two years. Have you never given him any slight encouragement that could have led him to think that he was Mr. Right



for you? However, I quite see your problem, and if you write to me again giving your full name and address, I will send in a plain sealed envelope something to help you deal with this problem should it arise again—a good sharp hatpin.

(signed) Auntie Mabel

In brief:

Blondie,

I can understand your worrying, two months IS a long time. I suggest you perm four from six with Fulham and Chelsea as bankers.

Auntie Mabel

Ginger,

I am sorry to hear that what you have been told about the birds and the bees upsets you as much as this. Try not to think about it, after all they don't know any better. If this fails you will just have to be brave and face facts, give up collecting birds' eggs, and try foreign stamps or cheese labels.

Auntie Mabel

with them it is just as well to ascertain WHERE they want you to have coffee with them.

There are many other types—such as those who learn the Constitution of the Students' Union, word for word, on their arrival at college and spend the rest of their L.S.E. life jumping up and down at Union meetings with cries of "Point of Order" and/or "Point of Information," such as those who spend their entire three years travelling to and from Malden or running round athletics tracks, or such as those who live in the bar of "The Three Tuns" and never even discover there is a library until a fortnight before Part I.

(I make no apologies if there is any resemblance to any past or present member of L.S.E. It is neither coincidental nor deliberate, it just happens to be the type of men we have here!).

JACKIE DANIELS.

PRICES

Ladies

Style, shampoo and set 12/-
Shampoo and set only 8/6

Gents

Cut, style ... 3/6
Cut, style and shampoo ... 6/-
Phone: GROsvenor 4697.

C. GOODALL,

ZOE DRAKE.

VICE IN LSE

Joe Paley reports . . .



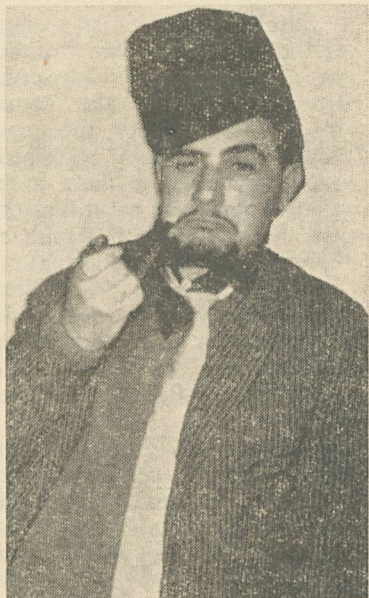
Take a good look at these pictures. They're not from Marlon Brando's latest. I am ashamed to admit that they were taken on a typical Friday night at L.S.E.'s Three Tuns Bar-Room. The cameraman, plucky Peter Salathiel, has just come out of Guy's Hospital and in spite of damage to the camera, we are publishing photos which lift the lid off the Three Tuns set. They were taken after an amazing interview with "Ray"—the man shielding his face from the camera.

He blantly admits to being L.S.E.'s Baron Vice. Victims are mainly unsuspecting freshers. "M.E.," polished smoothie, is his con-man, a respectable city type who encourages beginners into fixed poker-games and heavy betting on the dogs. Once in debt, the mugs risk a visit from "Alec," known as "Muscles" (right in photo) who in Civvy Street was a stone engraver.

BETH-DIN

I first got interested in Ray's activities when reading through Beth-Din files. He is the last of the old Common Room set. The Common Room was closed down in 1958. You all remember the year of the lift shaft incident when Reggie Trelawney was found dead in the shaft in women's underwear and clutching a tote slip. Unfortunately the college did not check on the consequent moves of this obnoxious crowd. We hope that our exposure, made in spite of threats, will put a stop to this blot on L.S.E.'s public image.

On Friday, October 30th, heavily disguised as a student, I interviewed Ray at the bar:—"Don't you think that your activities are somewhat irregular, Ray?" I snapped. "That's a pertinent question, Joe," he grimaced. "How about giving the kids a break, most of them are



How long will he exploit us with impunity?

And this is my way of getting kicks. And it pays off, too!"

"Let them sit up there in their espresso tower talking big and singing the Red Flag where they can't do any harm. Those birds are jealous of me because I'm in the swim and I don't even speak their language."

"You're bitter, Ray." "That so? Listen Dr. Freud, they give out the big intellect till it gives me the big ache! When they come face to face with ordinary people they fumble their coffee cups like they're going to have a baby.

Above his bed he has a portrait of the Queen. He likes girls to remind him of his mother "my first love and still going strong."

YES, MORGAN EDWARDS HIMSELF!

Turning round I caught the eye of M.E.

"How about a photo for the readers?"

"You know I can't stand that sort of publicity, Paley. Anyway, you can't pin anything on me."

"That so, Edwards? Since when did business-machines have slots in them?"

"I know nothing about that, damn you, I earn my living the clean way, with the Frith Street Business-machine Company."

"Sure you do, that's why all your cheques are stamped medicated germicide, rat!"

"Do you want Beaver subsidy cut, you hack?"

"Get hep," joined in Ray, "we've got the Council room miked, there's a wire running down to this bar just so those stooges don't forget their lines. Listen, Joe, we're a holding Company like, with half the

guy's philosophy. Is that a crime?"

"If it involves a certain 'Dr. Carstairs' evening classes, in gas-meter engineering and landlady orientation, or even a



Craig Dixon. Is neo-epicureanism a cover front?

mutual information service on perks and sinecures in Union?"

"Print that," he screamed, dropping the big smile, "and I'll break your fingers."

"How about buying a round on your £400 proceeds you earned running a black market in seats for that phoney Queen Mother's visit stunt? Big deal, Craig, big deal."

"What did they expect," he jeered, "a real life-show?"

THE GREAT "X"

I moved towards the doorstep. I needed a good clean air before I forgot what it felt like. But I was destined to bump into X. You couldn't mistake that white face, long lashes and full red lips. I call him X to save him embarrassment, but he is better known as the Phantom armpit-exposer, who stalked the Mezzanine floor. When he first came to college he found it



Miss "X"—scintillating 3rd year female personality! If you spot the body anywhere in college stop her and claim a free kiss!

societies here as subsidiaries. Three stoolies on Council are still on my books. They've got to pay for protection same as if they were rank-and-file. Who do you think was behind last year's resignations?"

He winked. Alec lit Ray's King-size Will's Whiff.

CONSOC AN' ALL!

"Just how do you control societies, if that's not a trade secret?" I sneered.

From his inside pocket he took out a hyperdermic. "The monkey," I breathed.

"Sure, we get it from a pedlar in the — society, studying on a fake passport. Half the pigeons in Lab. Soc. need it to keep themselves going from each five years to the next. All the high-ups in Con. Soc. need it to bolster their faith like. You're a Tory intellectual, see, with no contacts, see, and your old man's a dustman, so you need the fix 'cause there's no prospects for you."

"So that's the student of today," I thought, "book in one hand, needle in the other."

EPICUREANS

At that moment I collared Craig Dixon walking in. "Is it true you're running an Epicurean Society, Craig?"

"Sure," he scowled defensively. "To propagate the old

"What do you mean?" I hedged, trying to humour him.

"You see, people have got it all wrong. John and I are only good friends."

Baffled I stepped out into the night.

MY CONCLUSIONS

These disturbing revelations mean that we must all search our consciences.

Do we really make Freshers feel at home here?

Are there enough attractions for boys from non-cultural backgrounds with plenty of spare time on their hands and feeling out of things? Are you prepared to vote extra subsidies for a television, a darts board and possibly a pin-table to be installed in the Tuns Building? How many of us have inadvertently snubbed people with accents and backgrounds different to our own? Is L.S.E. really an open society? I fear that people like Ray and X would be fulfilling themselves better if only they could be encouraged to visit old people in hospitals and help in running boys' clubs; but how to attract them to lead fuller, richer lives?

These are problems we must tackle immediately. The first thing is to clean up the Union and investigate all alleged deviations. Or perhaps this whole problem is just too big and we're pawns in the grip of nationwide trends. In this campaign YOU can rely on Beaver for fearless investigations and to bring YOU the FACTS



"I want a fix bad." "Who sent you?" "Big man. On Council. You know who."



Pay night for the vice barons. "Big deal boys! That's right. Smile."

frightened to write home for more money."

"Don't give my a sob line, Joe. Most of them birds have never had it so good. So I take a little surplus mintage. That's beating inflation. I am a good Britisher."

His cronies cackled. Then his face hardened.

ESPRESSO TOWER

"Listen, most of the birds at L.S.E. sit up at the Arthur Askey forum shooting off their kisses about the starving Asians. That's their way of letting off steam. But I wised up long ago. That isn't real life, Joe.

I resigned from the main stream at L.S.E. and I haven't looked back. I've got security now and my own high-class chick."

Monica Maltravers smiled at me over her stall. Chipped in Alec bluntly: "Those high-class amateurs give me a pain, taking the bread out of hard working girls' mouths."

Winked Ray: "Alec still belongs downtown."

RELIGION AND HELL

In his personal life I found that Ray believes in religion, but not in God.

"Hell, that's different. It's real . . . cool."

Personal Ads.

FOR SALE
LAMBRETTA, 1956, 150c.c., painted new, with double exhaust. £85. Apply P. A. Thomopoulos through Pigeon Holes.

YOU, TOO, can advertise in this space: 2/- first line, 1/- for each additional. Apply Business Manager, "Beaver."

TYPEWRITER: Olivetti, late model portable, in excellent condition, £14 only! Apply P. A. Thomopoulos.

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS! Have you got any books to sell? If so you can advertise through these columns: read by 3,000 students per issue. Apply Business Manager.

An Answer For Democracy

It was interesting to read Mr. Lindley's timely article on "The Paradox of Democracy." However, it cannot be allowed to pass without comment.

I do not accept his initial definition of Democracy. It is not "government by the will of the majority" only, but rather, government by the will of the majority after the many opinions of other people concerned have been heard.

This is the most essential feature of Democracy which Mr. Lindley seems to disregard. Democracy is a practical form of diverse opinions co-existing and resolving into peaceful deliberation. Hence, for example, the House of Commons' practice of being divided into two sides, serving to remind its members that they are there to talk and listen, and then act after deliberation. This is the elemental theme of Democracy which must always be remembered when considering this question.

SEEDS OF DESTRUCTION

And again, the claim that Democracy is a system containing "the seeds of its own destruction." These words used by Marx are all very well in academic theory, and this is just the point with Democracy. It is a live, practical form of government which does not exist in the mind of the political theorist solely. Yes, it is fallible, but it is also adaptable and elastic, which is of more importance than theoretical impregnability.

Then the suggestion that Democracy has evolved is liable to be corrupted to anarchy. Let it be remembered, and especially with an eye on British History, that Democracy has evolved in this country out of what seems to be an inherent state of tolerance in the British people, and furthermore the ability to resolve the extremes of political theory into a workable form of

government. As far as a minority being crushed into silence, surely our two-party or even multi-party system is designed, or rather has evolved to prevent what might otherwise be totalitarianism. A perfect example of a minority being represented and their grievances voiced has been seen this last election, that is the Labour Party championing the cause of the Old Age Pensioners.

Now a word about anarchy. Mr. Lindley so neatly comes to the apparent logical conclusion that Democracy is anarchy in disguise, that its neatness made it suspect. Because Democracy allows all opinions to be expressed (both majorities and minorities) its final result, based on compromise, is as far from anarchy as anything could be. With anarchy there would be no solution to any problem, just lawlessness.

Mr. Lindley attacks bureaucracy and follows up with stressing the current problems of individualism versus society.

Now by bureaucracy it is not always correct to think of it "per Kafka." In fact, in a complex modern society the position of the administrator is of paramount importance. However, this does not necessarily presuppose complete control by the bureaucrat. Democracy is the one safeguard against this undesirable state of affairs.

THE CAKE

Then he says that "the area of conflict is growing." But is this not the result of our Welfare State? The cake can only be divided according to its volume, no more, no less. If the people want a Welfare State there must be a certain amount of individualism withheld in order to make the conception practical.

If they do not want a Welfare State, or even a less wide application of the principle, then throughout the organs of Democracy the matter may be remedied.

DESMOND JONES.

HOUGHTON STREET RUMOURS

ASSOCIATE EDITOR RESIGNS

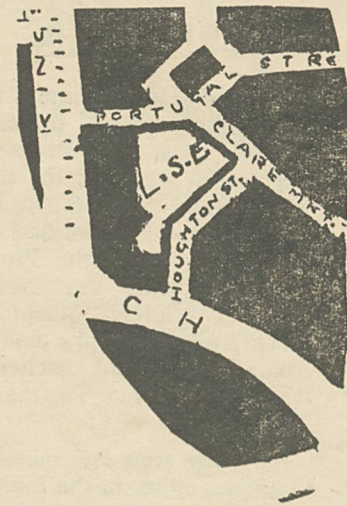
Brian Levy, our associate editor, is leaving for that refuge of semi-retired Beaver journalists, Clare Market Review. Brian, a Beaver veteran of four terms' experience, becomes editorial assistant to Uncle Sam Wolf.

WHAT MADE HIM DO IT?

Why did John Fryer join Con. Soc.? Was it for prospective employers? For Jill? Or was it disillusionment? Or the free booze-up for Top People? A prize will not be given to any reader who can suggest an answer.

MY FRIEND EROTICUS

Whilst walking home last night my friend told me a small girl, no more than four and totally unknown to him, stepped out of the shadows and said "Hallo, mister." It just goes to show that they ask for it. Well, don't they?



I SAY LOOK HERE!

Wasn't the Union Meeting about the N.U.S. motions fun? We stayed awake just long enough to see John Moore trembling with indignation at doubts expressed at Council's scheme to propose an N.U.S. art exhibition. We remembered that the L.S.E. Arts Club is defunct, then fell asleep.

IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW

Clive Hewitt and Colin Bird have not been invited to tea by Lady Lewisham.

HEARD IN WARDOUR STREET

Eroticus, up on a charge of immoral earnings. Rebuked by the magistrate, Eroticus shrugged and said: "Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Ponce."

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

It befell in the days of Harold Macmillan, when he was Prime Minister of Great Britain and pleased soto be, having his platitudes mightily propped for a further five years reiteration, that he made a visit. This time, he vowed, since my attempts at averting Hola have failed, I may with greater success, and with the help of my crusading worthy knights prevent a holocaust. To this end, then, I proposed to bend my energies and thereto my principles if need be in the hope that thus I may achieve for my people a life which, if it be not worth the living, may yet be said to have been brought

in by a Conservative Government. For why had it been put in if not to raise the nation in the eyes of all men?

The visit was thus prepared, and with many a longing backward glance at the mist-girt shores of the land of his birth, he soared to do battle in the Chancellories of Europe, accompanied by the klokkeklinging, wayward, erstwhile brilliant righthand man beyond all doubt, for to show, and have to his account, some miracle of a universal flinging down of arms. And thus they journeyed, peering through lenses (forgive the anachronism) not best designed for the myopia to which they were a party. And communing one with another 'they were agreed upon peace.

Forward, then, they went to join first Harold's giant quondam ally, owner of lands beyond the seas surrounding him that, in truth, he had but recently attempted to pacify under the guise of rule wise and firm. Hand in hand these two, with many quips of their friendship as in days of gore, joined their ally third, the ageing warrior of a former enemy nation, whose acumen of politic, now being of the nature of sclerosis, in these most high and palmy days, was yet felt not to be a hindrance. Little recked they, these valiant Sanchos all 'forgive the anachronism—but it needs that the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, windmills in especial, be supported) with dauntless resolve to pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear of a nation whose numbers near doubled the combination of their own, that entourage and worthy thoughts were not enough for the cause whereunto they had pledged themselves.

With common bond of western fellowship, rightfully to be called so if naught else yet a geographical unity through propinquity alone, pressed they on to debate of all that they held most dear, with passed good women, past good women and passing good women all behind. And they met with the fourth, gross but mighty and yet with

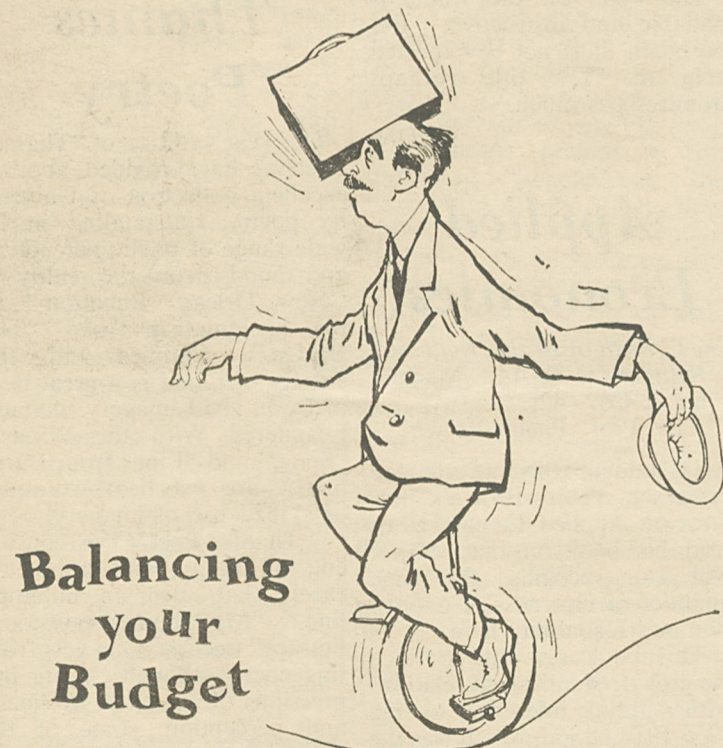
the common touch, resolved not to admit in any thing deference one to another. So do men, seeking among themselves for resolution, and determined only that they shall not bow their heads unto themselves sufficient, reject the very help that alone might bring about all that for which they most do hope. (In other words, Ike wasn't there.—Ed.). So met they, and thus resolved, yet together climbed out of the ruts of the passing of mediaeval ideas, stood manfully almost shoulder to shoulder and, with steadfast intent returned into the arms of sovereignty, each by his own route.

For they said, when we are in fear and trembling of the other, may we not indefinitely live on our nerves, squat on our stockpiles? since it is plain, even unto those that squat at our heels, that this mutual fear doth, of itself, cancel our activities in future time. Then spake they, handing back to the troubadour his tenson, let the old earth take a couple of whirls.

Thus being absolved from almost direct blame, retaining yet their mutual esteem as near arbiters of the world's destiny, our valiant four, having recked not their own rede gave thanks to the God of a world no longer in existence that, despite all temptation, they had not relinquished the prestige of their own nations. And they slumbered in the embrace of their former glories.

It is nonetheless wondrous what may, in future rime, rise from these ashes.

CARNOT.



Practice makes perfect—or does it? For most of us, the task becomes no easier however often we attempt it, but a bank account at the Midland can be a considerable help. It provides a simple method of keeping track of income and expenditure; and it may very likely act as a kind of automatic savings box as well. If you'd like to know more, ask any branch for the booklets "How to Open an Account" and "Midland Bank Services for You".

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HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

When LSE Migrated

THE migratory habits of L.S.E. students were suddenly transformed this year as in unprecedented numbers they forsook their usually not too distant destinations and poured into Greece. It became impossible to walk through Athens without meeting someone from L.S.E., whether it was Wally Fields growing his beard on the Acropolis, Michel Geoghean getting drunk at the Daphni Wine Festival, Bill Dinan swimming naked in the moonlight at Vouliagmeni, or Hazel Stern being pinched on Constitution Square.

LOST IN KNOSSOS

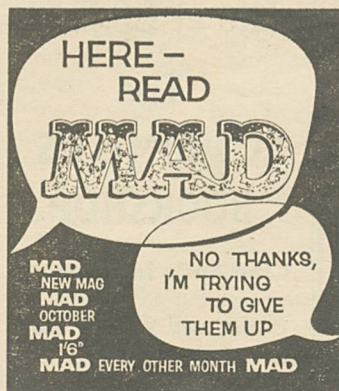
Even on the islands one might have run into Eddie Matthews flirting with Kousathana's two beautiful daughters on Myeonas, Geoff Ogden lost among the ruins of Knossos, or any one of numerous others.

In the small towns and villages through which the Dramatic Society's bus passed legends will grow and be handed on from generation to generation about the strange beast which was seen in the summer of 1959. In fact, so many Union members were in Greece that the President, John Moore, decided to stay half the vacation in Athens and set up a Union Office.

BUT WHY?

But why was there this invasion of Greece? Many people went so far because they were awarded free trips by the Hellenic Society; others because they wanted to see the mother country of their strange Greek friends at L.S.E.; some because they were crazy; some because they were sane; a few because they were actors.

RIGAS DOGANIS.



Passfield Warden Speaks

(Passfield Hall's fame has not only spread in the British Isles, but all over the world, wherever the top people (ex-L.S.E.—Passfield) congregate. For the first of the series "Meet the Prof" for this year, our News Editor, Akhil Marfatia, interviews Passfield's handsome 35-year-old bachelor Warden, Mr. Raymond Chapman.)

Any one who has met Mr. Chapman either in the lounges of "The Three Tuns" and "Ye 'ole in the 'all" (Passfield's de luxe bar) or in the "Art of Writing" lectures will notice the easy accent and disarming charm of Mr. Chapman. For he always manages to take time off his lectures and classes in English, and the arduous duties as Warden of Passfield, to meet students socially whenever he can, and to help in Union activities, as the Debates Committee, for instance, will testify.

Educated at Oxford (Jesus) and London (Kings) Mr. Chapman joined the staff of L.S.E. as Assistant Lecturer in English. At that time English was a part of the old B.Sc. (Econ.) degree course and, foreign students whose native language was not English, had to do a compulsory paper on it. Mr. Chapman considers it a good idea that foreign students should do a paper in English.

THE ART OF WRITING

If they are good at it, no hardship is involved, whilst it is a good training for those whose English is a bit shaky. Mr. Chapman gives the general lectures on "The Art of Writing" with which most of us are familiar, and also conducts classes mainly for foreign students who wish to improve their English. He also conducts the foreign language class for the Trade Union Course and the preparatory course in English for Civil Service examinations.

Mr. Chapman has always been very helpful to the Union. He has conducted Debating classes and will be giving guidance to this year's L.S.E. Debating team. On numerous occasions he has helped the Drama Society, the Church Society, and the Liberal Society.

But I think the association he cherishes most is with the Wine and Food Society, at whose meetings he is not infrequently present!

MAIN INTEREST

But his main interest is undoubtedly Passfield, where he has spent the greater part of his life since 1950, when he became Warden. Under him the Hall has increased considerably, and now accommodates 140 as compared to 65 in 1950.

He feels that the 'optimum' size of the Hall has now been reached, and in view of the fact that there is such a heavy demand for accommodation at Passfield (only about a fifth of those who apply are admitted) he is in favour of another Hall for L.S.E.

It is said that a Warden can make or break the spirit of a Hall. As a member of the happy community residing at Passfield, I questioned Mr. Chap-

man on the policy he followed. And here to a very great extent (Socialists, please don't frown) "he who governs the least, governs the best" has paid rich dividends.

He laid down rules which were absolutely necessary. The great advantage is that when a student has to go far to break a rule the odds are that he won't venture. But if there are a large number of petty regulations, breaking them becomes inevitable at times, and then almost any and all rules will not be kept.

SELF-DISCIPLINE

Mr. Chapman also believes in the tremendous virtue of self-discipline, and the principle he has consistently followed is to enable the resident to feel that he is living in a community, and give a chance to the individual to develop and create his own personality.

By keeping formal rules to a minimum and believing in mutual trust, he has had no major clash in his nine years at the Hall.

There had no doubt been minor incidents (some of them unmentionable) but the memories he will always cherish are those connected with trivial conversations, and



the experience of meeting so many different people from different parts of the world and from all walks of life.

He has received wonderful backing from the School and owes a lot of his success to both Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders, the former Director, and Sir Sidney Caine.

It is interesting to note that nearly a quarter of the residents are overseas students. And even U.K. is well represented, geographically speaking.

In order to prevent any regional groupings Mr. Chapman always spread the students in the Hall. The result has been a very interesting community, multi-racial in character, a hall of "jolly good chaps".

For those who are wondering how these students fare at examinations, I might conclude on the happy note that the average annual failure rate has been hardly one or two.

AKIL MARFATIA

An Indispensable
Feature of
Life at L.S.E. —

The
ECONOMIST'S
BOOKSHOP

Clement's Inn Passage

Come and see the new
Law section

Books Makyth Man

About Keynes

The Keynesian Theory of Economic Development.

By K. K. Kurihara, Allen & Unwin. London, 1959. 21s.

HOW can a backward country achieve economic development? This is the greatest challenge for economists of today. Much has been written about it. If Keynes is alive today his keen mind would certainly not have ignored the challenge of the 'thirties. It must therefore be said from the outset that there is nothing inherently Keynesian in what Kurihara set out to say in his book.

HARROD-DOMAR

He makes use of Harrod-Domar growth theory and J. Robinson's works to show that a *laissez-faire* economy operating on the capitalistic rules of the game cannot be relied upon to achieve the rapid and continuous economic development that the under-developed countries urgently needed. He therefore advocated that the State should participate actively in promoting economic development. This Kurihara believes, is basically Keynesian. Had not Keynes advocated an active role for the State as a stabiliser of the economy. The solution to the problem of economic development merely requires an extension of Keynes' recommendations to give the State a developmental role also. The State he believes is fully able to promote development; the method of doing so is to influence the parameters that govern economic development, namely, the capital-output ratio, the savings ratio 3, labour-output ratio, etc. Kurihara did not make an attempt to elaborate on these parameters but he says very little towards how they are to be changed in practice. This is the crux of the problem that Kurihara ignores but which is indeed extremely complicated. Most economists took these parameters as constants in their analyses.

ATTRACTIVE FEATURE

Perhaps the most attractive feature of the book is its concern with the fundamentals. Kurihara is already well known for this in his earlier works on Keynes. Mathematical models abound in his book. They are, however, simple algebraic models which can easily be followed. It must be warned, however, that there are a few printing errors which might confound an unwary reader. The logic behind these models are, however, not very satisfactory. They not only lack the elegance but are often frustratingly meaningless. Cause and effect relations are not paid their due respects.

UNSTABLE NATURE

The Chapters, 'Capital Accumulation and Productive Capacity', and 'Dual unemployment in under-developed Countries', are by far the best chapters in the book and deserve close attention. In the former chapter, Kurihara distills the growth theories of Harrod-Domar and J. Robinson and makes many useful remarks and observations. His main intention was, of course, to draw attention to the inherently unstable nature

of a *laissez-faire* economy. In the latter chapter Kurihara goes nearer the heart of the problem of the under-developed countries, which is the need for fuller employment of resources. In this respect Kurihara differentiated between the unemployment due to cyclical forces and unemployment due to lack of complementary factors. This is very useful and helps to point out the gravity of the problem of high reproductive rates in the under-developed countries.

SKETCHY

The chapters on Monetary, Fiscal and Redistributive roles in economic development are not very outstanding and are rather sketchy. An interesting model on the inter-relationship between consumption patterns of different income groups is, however, found in the chapter on 'Redistributive role in Economic Development'. It is also necessary to point out here one serious misconception entertained by Kurihara with regards balanced growth of an economy. His notion of balanced growth "involves the balancing of the growth rates of effective demand, productive capacity, and —labour population" (p. 192). The contemporary conception of balanced growth, however, is quite different and its advocacy arises from the observation of distorted rates of growth in different sectors of an under-developed economy. Indeed, if the rate of effective demand is not balanced with the rate of capacity there may be no growth at all in certain cases rather than unbalanced growth.

The book on the whole is readable and instructive. But too much must not be expected from it. The title perhaps promises too much.

T. NYUN.

Applied Economics

The Growth of British Industrial Relations (1906-14). Macmillan & Co. 42s.

By Prof. Phelps-Brown

ANY student who has attended Professor Phelps-Brown's lectures on Applied Economics or read his book on that subject will soon recognise the same qualities of clearness of expression and readability here.

This book sets out to trace the growth of industrial relations with special reference to the 1906-1914 period, which was the turning point in the history of this ever-important subject. But of course Professor Phelps-Brown does not limit himself to this period. The causes of events, the histories of the trade unions, the health, unemployment, and other social problems are adequately discussed so that throughout the book the reader can always picture a balanced yet full view of the general position of the time under discussion.

This book is not only valuable in that it covers a lot of



ground previously neglected by economic historians, but that it will surely become the nearest thing to a text book yet given to the over-read student of this difficult yet at times fascinating subject.

BRIAN LEVY.

... those thoughts!



Thought and Action. By Stuart Hampshire. Chatto & Windus. 25s.

In this book the Oxford philosopher makes an attempt to prove that practical reasoning, if pressed to its conclusion, must always end in arguments that belong to the philosophy of mind. It is a work concerned mostly with the moral aspects of philosophy and mainly with the problem of "free will."

Before reading this book, I had never decided for myself whether there was such a thing as free will or not. Having read it, I am still undecided. I do not think that it is instructive from this point of view. If anything it is confusing. But what it does do, is to throw some light on the question of freedom of thought; and if thought can be seen as an energy of the mind and the various philosophies as "free creations of the human intellect" to quote Einstein, then this philosophical inquiry, like many others, is itself "a necessary part of extending men's freedom of thought."

JOHN ENDELL.

Thames Poetry

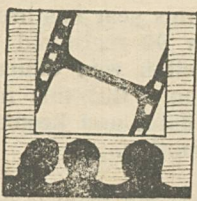
This year's edition of "Thames Poetry" has provided another excellent collection of University poetry, outstanding in its wide range of poetic perception and mood: from the reality of "New Orleans Function" to the enigmatism of "The Bridge." Coupled with the variety of mood is a great deal of fresh, vivid imagery. "Stand Leaguered With the Winds," "Song," and "Lines from Burnham" are excellent examples of skilled use of imagery.

"Thames Poetry" is consistent in quality, and it is only rarely that such an unhappy line as "My laboured powers of literacy" occurs. One gets from this poetry, though, strong impressions of sincerity, liveliness, and perception, some of the very basic requisites in any poet.

WERNER KAPP

BAN THE BOMB?
BAN MAD NEW MAGAZINE MAD OCTOBER
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Pictures and You



North by Northwest. Director Alfred Hitchcock.

THIS is a very long picture: it lasts for two hours and sixteen minutes. But there is no feeling of boredom, for Hitchcock has as usual made that impossible. In spite of its length this film had me on the edge of my seat all the way through. There is, of course, no message to be put across, no feeling of social consciousness, but that is not what Hitchcock is out to provide. He is in the entertainment business, and he knows what he is about.

Only for a moment is there a suggestion that there are such things as moral problems in this fast-moving, dangerous, exciting world, when Cary Grant, an ad-man inadvertently caught up in counter-espionage, learns that to help win the cold war the beautiful Eva Marie Saint must re-



A still from North by Northwest

turn behind the Iron Curtain with hateful, sinister James Mason. But the protest "If that's the only way to win the cold war you'd better start thinking up ways of losing it" is not meant seriously, and the game of international cops and robbers goes rollicking on its breathtaking way.

And it is breathtaking. The much-publicised hunt in the desert, where Cary Grant on foot is chased by an aeroplane is only slightly more spectacular than half a dozen other crises. The climax is a dizzy chase over the huge rock sculptures of former American presidents high up on Mount Rushmore, and I still have the marks of my nails on the palms of my hands.

Altogether excellent value in pure entertainment, even at the price you have to pay at the Empire, Leicester Square, where it is now being shown.

TWO STUDIES OF YOUTH

I do not know if the inclusion in the same programme at the Curzon, this autumn, of "We are the Lambeth Boys" and "Les Cousins" was intentional. It could have been so because two films have seldom so well supplemented each other.

Each enters a different world, examines with equal directness and intensity the post-war generation in different settings, of different social classes, in different countries.

Both films are documentaries of the way in which young men and women, some of them well-off students in Paris, some Cockneys from Kennington, canalize their energy, perform the necessary functions of youth, and are confronted with the meaning of their actions.

The socially privileged youths of Paris, where "Les Cousins" takes place, are made to demonstrate in their extreme form trends present in the majority of their kind in most of Western Europe.

They fall back on the animal, the desperate enjoyment of the senses and the cult of the tough.

Their sophistication cannot conceal an acute "fed-upness" with the lives they live and the insufficiency of their *raison d'être*. Actions continue to be performed with no purpose or meaning, just to fill the space of time, leading to moral death.

These adolescents have the equipment to comprehend, but are untouched by anything of no direct relationship to their own personal problems.

CUL DE SAC

"Les Cousins" leads us into a cul-de-sac. Their heroes are bored, finished people. The "Lambeth Boys" take us from the Quartier Latin to a poor quarter of London where the "boys" live. Having to work early in their lives they become a mixture of child and adult almost without passing from adolescence. They act with the freshness of children and the certainty of grown-ups.

Yet they are on another level. "Les Cousins" presents us with crystallised personalities, the "boys" are on the move, they embody hope, future, potential. Conditions are hard; forces tend towards a levelling and stereotyping of the members of their class; but the real toughness of the external world gives birth to a defence of the integrity of personality.

In the richer layers the lack of material problem weakens the resistance, people become neurotic or they become beasts. Perhaps one could go too far in generalizing. Still one cannot help asking the question why the more advanced classes of the developed western countries have lost real taste for life.

PANAGHES VOURLOUMES

Earl Hines

JAZZ GREAT

Gala—GLP 316, 12 in. L.P. 16s. 9d.

On this L.P. Hines proves himself yet again to be in the top line of jazz pianists. He is accompanied on four of these tracks (recorded in 1953) by Dicky Wells, Gene Redd, and Jerome Richardson. The other features Hines with bass and drums.

The band tracks are the best, driven on by Hines' infectious swing. "Hollywood Hop," and "The Web" are excellent, the former a blues with a boppish flavour, and the latter a real swinger, also with a bow to the contemporaries. The only minus on the record is some regrettable singing by Richardson.

This is an important Jazz release by any standard, and the low price will undoubtedly make this disc a best seller.

Pieces of Eight

The new review at the Apollo provides two and a hour hours of sparkling entertainment. Kenneth Williams has all the best numbers, and his translation from "Hancock's Half Hour" will please live theatre-goers. All the same, the standard of the rest of the show is high, too, even brilliant.

Memorable scenes include an old dullard at a coffee stall, recounting interminably how he sold his last copy of the evening paper; an amiable idiot in a railway carriage at great pains to convince his fellow travellers that his parcel contained a viper, "not an asp," and a Guards officer with a violent aversion to eating foreign food, because it's not "British."

Ken doesn't have all the plums—perhaps the highlight of the show is a number by Fenella Fielding, a call-girl, confined to her room, singing "Outdoor Girl."

Lord Wolfenden should see this—it's better than the Report.

DISMAL OUTLOOK

New forms are at least as suspect in music as they are in painting and sculpture, and that is no doubt why our leading concert halls are cautious in planning their programmes. Their problem, which is mainly one of balance, is a difficult one to solve and there will always be people who are dissatisfied. But it does seem, judging from programmes now available for the winter season, that new and potentially important works, whether by new or established composers, are given too little attention.

Sir Thomas Beecham has noted, in another context, that the Festival Hall has a virtual monopoly "and any monopoly of this kind is vicious." It is all too easily taken for granted that the public only wants to hear Bach and Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert. Certainly these are popular, and little wonder, but both Leeds and Liverpool have shown that box-office considerations can be equated with imagination. A great responsibility rests with our concert halls; let us hope they discharge it in future with a greater sense of enterprise and concern.

The Artist and His Public

Perhaps the most remarkable achievement of the last half of the century has been the increase in the opportunity for each individual to expand his or her personality, and experience a fuller life previously only enjoyed by the privileged classes. However, it remains true that within the field of artistic appreciation, where may be found many of our highest attainments, the man of average education and intelligence is a rare creature. This lack of contact is particularly evident in the relationship between the painter and his public. This is all the more remarkable since an artist is to a large extent dependent on society—to provide him with inspiration and atmosphere.

RETIREMENT

We might well ask if the artist has abandoned his responsibility to society by his apparent retirement into a world of his own. The truth is that the artist is in no way obliged to take upon himself the burden of pursuing the social good by restricting his expression within the bounds of the general public's understanding.

His object is surely the realization of truth and beauty and not communication with his public. If it were so, the practical application of his work, not the act of creation, would be his primary concern. Where the artist's unrestricted search for truth and beauty has been prevented, as in Russia, art has "withered away," but for the occasional revolt like that of Pasternak. It would seem, therefore, that if the artist is not to prostitute his work, he cannot be asked to discipline it unnaturally. It is not his task to educate the public; his is the task of providing the fruits of education.

INADEQUATE

Instruction with a view to enhancing the "Good Life" of the citizen is a function of the State, and the government has, in principle, accepted his obligation regarding art appreciation. However, the teaching of the subject in our schools cannot be described as anything other than grossly inadequate. The dutiful cramming of city art galleries is misdirected, since the majority of them receive few visitors.

If the State, having replaced the aristocracy as patron of the arts, is to successfully carry out this function, its servants must understand the nature of that patronage. The cultural benefits enjoyed by the wealthy in the past were those which sprang from a personal association between the artist and his public.

REMOTE

The house of the 18th and 19th century gentleman was designed by a leading architect, furnished by leading craftsmen, and adorned with the words of his favourite artist. Their work was his home. Today, leading architects design public buildings, and leading artists have their work piled together in the art galleries—where they are just about as remote from the appreciation of the general public as they were in the house of the wealthy. Of structures and furniture within the reach of the average man's pocket, only the consideration of economies of uniformity seems to occupy the

minds of builders and manufacturers.

How then is the State to spread the appreciation of art, in the home? During the last war some notable young artists—including Henry Moore, John Piper and Paul Nash—were commissioned by the government as War Artists, to record their impressions of the struggle. Many memorable works were painted, and it seems a pity that this direct patronage should have been allowed to lapse. It seems a pity also that painting and art groups generally are not financially assisted, and the work of young craftsmen and artists subsidised to enable the average person to buy their pictures at reasonable prices.

NATIONAL COMPETITION

Why shouldn't the work of government patronised artists be allowed into the homes of the people, through a national competition? Why shouldn't the government make the designs of leading architects available to people wishing to build a house? Consider the contribution to art in the home of the production of first-class art prints, distributed through public libraries at really low prices; this would be a revolution comparable to that of paper-backs in the book world.

Surely this is a more intelligent field of exploration in the furthering of art appreciation than those traversed today.

D. J. MANNING.

Jazz and Poetry

Poetry has been with us a long time; even in the English language poetry has been kicking around for over six hundred years. It has developed what is in fact its own language and its own music, and has carved itself a very substantial niche in literature. Poetry can be very simple or very complex; there is some great poetry, and a lot which is extremely bad. It is, perhaps, the most demanding literary form, from the point of view both of the writer and of the reader.

Jazz, on the other hand, has been in existence for a mere 60 or 70 years. In order not to offend any tender consciences, it is better to describe the growth of jazz as a spread rather than a development—the latter has an overtone of progressivism.

MERGING

Thus, any merger of jazz and poetry is the mingling of a popular art-form with one which is usually thought of as high-brow. One can, however, see some similarities between certain forms of poetry and some jazz. For example, there is a propensity to quote in both. Eliot quotes from the Bible, from Dante, from Street Cries, and so on. One has only to think of the number of times the Sheik of Araby has reared his giggling visage to realise that this is true in Jazz also.

But this type of similarity is hardly enough to justify a union of the two, and the reasons must be more profound. The "Jazz and Poetry" movement started in San Francisco about 10 years ago.

WOLFENDRAMA AT U L U

On November 22 the London University Drama Society will present a new play, *The World Doesn't Love You*, by ex-Beaver columnist and Features Editor, Sam Wolf.

The play is produced and directed by the author who gave Beaver this comment on his work, "My play is

not about an angry young man who is sorry that there are no more good causes left. It concerns a bewildered young man who wonders if there were ever any causes to begin with."

Admission to the performance next Sunday is free and it takes place in the University of London Building at 3 p.m.

LSE in the Alps

Rain, that almost forgotten feature of the normal British summer, cursed much of the Mountaineering Club's meet in the Swiss Alps during the summer vacation. Thunderstorms, accompanied by heavy rain, which higher up was falling as snow, kept us in the valley for five days and restricted our activities even after more equable weather had returned. Despite this, however, we did manage some fine climbs.

The starting point of the meet was Saas-Fee, a small Alpine tourist resort in the Mischabel range of the Valaisian Alps. From here two peaks were ascended: the Allalinhorn and the Rimpfischhorn. Neither presented any technical difficulties, both being very pleasant snow climbs demanding normal Alpine techniques.

They did, however, provide a convenient method of acclimatisation (both being over 4,000 metres) and fitting up. On the Rimpfischhorn one of the L.S.E. parties was caught in an electric storm with a party from Oxford. Luckily the storm did not continue for much over half an hour and both parties were able to descend to the col before the weather turned bad for the night.

ZERMATT

After moving round to Zermatt and waiting for the weather to clear we ascended to the Rothorn hut to attempt a traverse to the Zinal Rothorn by the Rothorngrat and the Leslie Stephen's ridge. Conditions did not, however, immediately allow this so two days were spent climbing the smaller peaks around the hut.

Since the Rothorngrat is for the most part a rock ridge it was necessary to wait for the snow and verglas (a thin covering of ice over the rock) to clear. When we actually ascended the ridge, however, conditions were ideal. The rock was dry and sunlit and only cold in the shadow of the West face. Alpine rock technique differs considerably from British methods in that in Britain only one climber moves at a time, the other safeguarding him with a rope.

In the Alps this is not possible as so much depends upon speed, and therefore on a climb such as the Rothorngrat both climbers move together, only stopping when a more difficult move presents itself. One of the L.S.E. parties in particular moved very fast, surprising many of the experienced Alpine guides with their speed. From the summit of the Zinal Rothorn one party descended the Leslie Stephens ridge to the Mountet hut while the other returned to Zermatt via the ordin-

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON MARXIST SOCIETY MEETING

on

Friday, 13th Nov., at 5.30 p.m.
U.L.C. COUNCIL ROOM
(2nd Floor)

Alasdair Macintyre

(Lecturer in Philosophy, Leeds University, Broadcaster and contributor to New Statesman, Editor of U.L.R.)

"Theory and Practice of Marxism"

(Watch Notice Boards for details of Study Groups)

ary route and the Rothorn hut.

The whole meet re-assembled in Zermatt the next day and then split up again to attempt the Weisshorn and the Matterhorn. The fates, however, were against the three that attempted the Weisshorn. After an exhausting walk to the hut, their alarm clock failed to function and instead of getting up at 2 a.m. they rose two hours later.

When they finally left the hut the sun had already risen and in addition to finding the glacier unpleasantly wet with the crev-



asses already opening up they were involved in a considerable stone fall and were forced to return to the hut. Those on the Matterhorn, however, were faring better. Starting at the end of the daily "pilgrimage" (50 to 60 strong) up the Hornli ridge one rope had the doubtful distinction of overtaking all the other parties and arriving on the summit half an hour before anyone else.

Despite being rather spoilt by the fixed ropes and the heavy traffic the climb was very enjoyable. Descending by the Italian ridge both ropes were caught in cloud and snowstorms but by following a guide both managed to get down into Italy.

BAD WEATHER

This was the last climb of the meet. Bad weather certainly affected our plans and curbed our ambitions but everyone seemed to enjoy it and already the club is beginning to think about the Alps in 1960. In all events the Valaisian meet was not affected by rain as the second Alpine meet at Chamonix in the French Alps.

There only two climbs were completed in a fortnight—the rest of the time being spent drinking beer or lying in a tent listening to the rain beating on the canvas. Not an enjoyable two weeks!

D. GARRETT.

No Room at the Top

Rumour has it that one of the most active clubs in the Athletic Union has constituted itself an all-male body. The club in question is the Mountaineering Club, whose members seek to preserve the idea that the "top people" in L.S.E. are behind the times! Have they not heard, women now have the vote? Possibly a fabled event of some female and a pair of pyjamas in Wales still leaves shuddering memories in the Victorian atmosphere of their all-male tents.

But readers must not consider for one moment that the women of L.S.E. will be daunted. A rival club may be formed, for ladies only. Nor are these ladies mere social climbers. They will attempt difficult climbs as readily as the men.

Anyway, as a means of settling the argument, why not send your views to the Sports Editor? Selections from letters received (if any) will be published next time. How about a Summit Conference?

U C RELAY

In the University College Relay held at Parliament Hill Fields, the college slumped from the second position they had held for the past two years to 11th of 28 teams. Nevertheless, there were signs that some of the newcomers will mature as the season goes on.

Mick Heck from Sheffield ran very well on the first leg of the 1.6 miles course, and was lying seventh in a leg that contained some of the best runners in the University. The pace told in the next three laps, though Geoff Fair, Jim Smith and Geoff Roberts ran quite well.

Even with a good time of 9 minutes 9 seconds on the penultimate lap, David Allen could only gain one place. Brian Cakebread ran the last lap all alone, with no one in sight in a storming 8 minutes 37 seconds, but as two runners in front had gone off course he finished in 12th place. Roger Heeler in the second place, ran a very good lap in 9 minutes 14 seconds.

Mike Batty had come down Oxford for the day, and unfortunately had to witness his lap record fall to the international steeplechaser from Birmingham University, Shaw, who did 8 minutes 1 second!

Times: Heck, 8.52; Fair, 9.25; Smith, 9.45; Roberts, 9.53; Allen, 9.09; Cakebread, 8.37.

NEWS AND COMMENTS

Congratulations to ex-Sports Editor **MAL SCHOFIELD**. Mal, who graduated last June, was married recently. The Athletic Union send their best wishes to him and his wife.

News of two "exiles." **MIKE BATTY**, last year's University captain of cross-country, is now at Lincoln College, Oxford, where, no doubt, he will soon be adding a "blue" to his "purple." **VIV ANTHONY** is at Fitzwilliam House, Cambridge, and is keeping in trim for the rugger season.

Elsewhere on this page is an article from **JACK DAVIS**, vice-captain of the University lacrosse team. Another L.S.E. player, **COLIN DUNMORE**, is the captain. Both are Essex county caps. Another University success item is the splendid showing of **BRIAN SHAW**, boxing for the University against Sandhurst. Brian won his bout decisively with a knockout, and was one of the only two University victories. It is to be hoped that other members of the college will be encouraged to find at University level some of the sports that are not provided by the college, due to lack of numbers or facilities.

This year's fixtures against Mannheim will take place in Germany on November 19th. The clubs will be flying by chartered aircraft from Southend the day before. The next issue of "Beaver" will bring you complete coverage, as well as (we hope!) some action photographs. The very best of luck to the teams taking part!

The President, Alan Torevell, wishes to thank on behalf of the

Darts Team

Prospective members of the London School of Economics Dart Team are wanted. Badly. Please contact B. Shaw for further details. Most matches will be held on a Thursday evening, in the Three Tuns Bar. Further matches with other colleges away are being arranged.

Rugby Booms

The popularity of rugby in College this year has broken all records, and consequently we have over 90 registered players. The numbers available make team selection very difficult, and competition for the 45 places very keen. But this makes it possible for team selection to be very fluid, and keenness and good form can be recognised by promotion.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of our playing strength this season is the number of forwards available in comparison with outsiders. It is no exaggeration to say that there is very little to choose between the 1st XV and the third team scrums.

This situation is perhaps a pointer to the season's prospects, and I see our strength forward rather than in the backs, though this must not imply any great weakness outside.

EXCELLED

The 1st XV started well enough when they lost to a strong Blackheath XV by 6 points to 8. This was followed by a win over "S" Division Metropolitan Police by 19-6, in which the forwards excelled.

There was, however, some weakness in the tackling, which showed up even more in the match against St. Peter's Hall, Oxford, which was lost in the last five minutes by 11-18. Another fault also showed up in this game, some very wild passing.

The second team is definitely on the winning trail, with fine victories against Royal Dents (17-8), Borough Road (17-nil) and St. Peter's Hall (31-3). They are to be congratulated, and may rest assured that individual performances do not go unnoticed.

May I close by thanking the great number of freshers who have showed so much interest in the club so far and ask for their continued support throughout the year.

Results:—1st XV v. Kings, won 18-0. 2nd XV v. Kings, lost 3-11.

JOHN EVANS.

Lacrosse

"I always thought it was a girl's game," is the usual comment of a friend observing one's lacrosse stick. In men's lacrosse the goalkeeper wears shin guards, strong body padding, a cap and a face mask, and every player wears large padded gloves. They need them, too! The game was introduced from North America, where the Indians had invented it as a relaxation from scalping.

ROLE OF HONOUR

The University has a team in the South of England First Division, and finished in third position last season. Matches are also played against Oxford and Cambridge, as well as the other main Universities. Three L.S.E. men play for the Purples at the moment, Colin Dunmore, half-purple, Jack Davis, a team purple, and fresher Jeff Medlock. As there are 12 men to a team, it is obvious that L.S.E. provides its share, but if anyone in the college has played the game before he would be very welcome to apply for a trial.

JACK DAVIS.

International Festival

For the first time in L.S.E. an International Festival is being organised on November 26th. This was one of the promises the Deputy President made at his hustings, and he is taking good care to see that it is a complete success.

A meeting of the representatives of the principal national societies is being arranged for Thursday, October 22nd, at 1 p.m. (Room 38), and any student who can help with its organisation is requested to attend this preliminary meeting.

ANGLO-AMERICAN SOCIETY

On Monday of last week the first of the newly formed Anglo-American Society was held. It was well supported by over 50 potential members and if the initial meeting is any guide then the society may well expect a bright future.

Ideas for programmes ahead include speakers, dances and socials. Any person who is interested in the society will be most welcome, especially if practical help is forthcoming.

G. K. R.