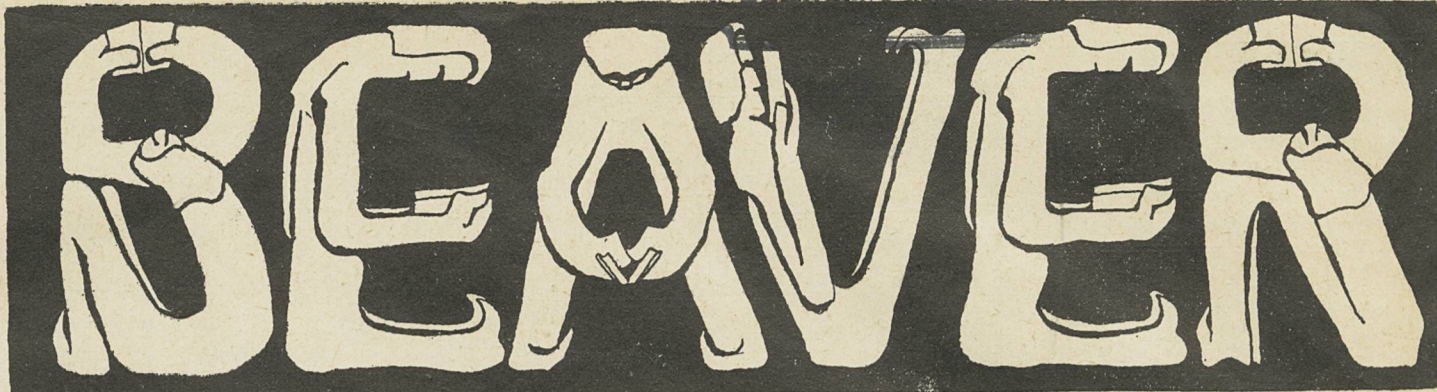


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UNION : WIDE OPEN SPACES — SAME OLD FACES —

“ Ill-attended ? ” “ No Wonder ! ”

A TRACT titled A REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE UNION, prepared, compiled, written and offered up to the Editor of “ Beaver ” by the Executive, the Committee for External Relations, and the sub-committee for Colonial Exploitation of the Asocialist Society :—

“ The Drafting Committee, made up almost entirely of one member, takes, as *a priori*, the fact that Union meetings are more often than not ill-attended. The Committee, after the most searching examination of Union meetings, has answered the question “ Why ? ” as follows : “ No wonder.”

It has been found that the Union debates operate on the theory that nothing is worth saying unless said by an old familiar face. The Chair, i.e., the President of the Union, in its efforts to have its eye caught, apparently has eyes only for its most intimate associates, or others of sufficient notoriety to be known by name. Thus, on any given topic, Union discussion becomes a closed shop arrangement, operating under the cosy and indulgent cloak of mutual camaraderie between the Chair and the recognised friends of the Chair.

DEMOCRACY

A summary of Standard Operational Procedure in Union debates is, therefore, like so:—

(1) The motion is read by the proposer, who, if he is “ known ” to the Chair, may speak for twenty minutes. If not known to the Chair—a mere impostor, in other words—his life-expectancy is equivalent to that of a Second-Lieutenant on night patrol. The same might be said for the destiny of the seconder.

“ SWEET VIOLETS ”

(2) We now plunge into the debate. Here, the Chair embarks upon his task of collecting a nosegay of “ representative opinion ” from the meeting. An analysis of “ representative opinion,” as compiled by our research and statistical sub-committee, reveals some hitherto unknown facts about the “ representative speaker ” in the Union.

PICK OF THE BUNCH

Some of the most startling are:—

- (1) 101% of Union members hate war.
- (2) 66% of the Union fought in the last war, with distinction varying from heroic to utter selflessness.
- (3) 99% of the Union is male.
- (4) .50% female.
- (5) .50% no opinion, or don't know.
- (6) 76% of the Union do not know the difference between a Point of Order and a Point of Information.
- (7) 85% of the Union is on the Union Council.

- (8) 92% of the Union are permanent card-holders in the T.U.C. (*Honoris causa*).
- (9) 87% of the Union fought in the Spanish Civil War.
- (10) 76% of the Union fought in Malaya.
- (11) 99% of the Union are prepared to invent fictions about their past in order to conceal lack of logic with passion.
- (12) 68% of the Union has, at one time or another, been exploited by British Imperialism.

All these would be true, if one accepted the premise that speakers in the Union were representative of that body. The conclusion forced upon the Committee is that not only does the Chair have unusual friends, but has unrepresentative ones at that.

ROOKERY NOOK

To continue now with the Standard Operational Procedure in the Union following the introduction of a motion. Straight off, the Union is submitted to the Front Bench view—i.e., the opinions of the Chair's great and good friends seated in the front and centre of the audience. Such views are prefaced with the unctuous comment, “ There are one or two things I'd like to add—”

PLUTOCRACY

Following this, the motion is submitted for the usual ideological Wassermann from various satellites in ComSoc and SocSoc. And this is followed by—

Mr. Grouse, leading from a Point of Information into a rich, fruity oration compiled, broadly speaking, from random selections from “ The Gathering Storm.” The Chair tolerates any amount of this, so long as Mr. Grouse does not read from the text verbatim.

FILIBUSTER

About this juncture in the proceedings, the floor is won by a large boy who sits in the front row, at the foot of the throne, presumably a Council Member. He wins the floor by grunting—a deep, sonorous, resonant bleat that appears to be a prearranged signal to the Chair that he has something to say. The grunt, the

Committee finds, is much the best part of his speech. This fellow acts in the capacity of keeping the record straight—a veritable omnibus of errata. He points out, within the brief span of ten minutes, whatever errors in dates, spelling and grammar have been made by previous speakers. When he has done with it, he folds himself back into his front bench and joins in the applause.

AUTOCRACY

We come now, whether the Committee wants to or not, to Mr. Paul Sharp, who, in Goethe's words, has many a time had to eat his bread with tears on it.

The Committee feels for Mr. Sharp, since most of his speeches are harrowing recapitulations of some of his private sorrows, beginning with the Puritan trials of the witches in Salem, Mass., including some hectic combat with the Government troops in Spain, and concluding, so far, with a summer spent in Yugoslavia. The Committee agrees that no Union debate could be official without a few personal anecdotes from Uncle Paul.

SHAMOCRACY

The Committee feels it might as well introduce Mr. Aaronson here too. The contribution made by Mr. Aaronson to a Union debate may best be told by repeating a verbatim report of one of his frequent speeches in the Union.

Mr. Aaronson : Shame. On a point of order. Shame.

The Chair : I must remind Mr. Aaronson that it is not a point of order to be ashamed. (Laughter.)

Mr. Aaronson : On a point of information. Just because the Chairman says it is not a point of order does not make it in fact a point of order. (Interruption.)

The Chair : On your point of information, sir, I would point out it is not a point of information. (Cheers.)

Mr. Aaronson : Shame! Mr. Chairman, sir, I—

The Chair : I would point out to Mr. Aaronson that he does not have the floor. (Loud applause, dancing in the streets.)

The point is, of course, that Mr. Aaronson has had the floor for five minutes. We suspect even the Chair knows that.



(BURKE)

Contributor Neville Beale (centre) buys the first copy of the new “ BEAVER ” from Dennis Reynolds on the steps of the L.S.E. Ivor Strong, the recent by-election victor, is seen on the left.

Comes now the Queen Bee of SocSoc, who catches the eye of the Chair unerringly whenever she wants it. After a demonstration of one of Mr. Aaronson's frequent abortive snatches at it, the Committee is profoundly impressed by the ease and grace of the SocSoc's own Miss Pauker's attempt—from all this comes an amendment: “ For the Soviet Union read the United States . . . delete all after ‘ this Union is damn sick and tired of ’ and insert, ‘ struggle of the workers of Malaya against imperialist, fascist colonisation ’.”

ALSO RAN

Having mind for brevity, the Committee has made no mention of Mr. Leveson, who has just returned from a conference on the subject and is the world's leading authority on Wootfi, and a fellow called Marston, who is simply the world's leading authority. Nor does it make specific mention of Mr. Clevenger, since the latter has his own press agent. It concludes this summary—while Mr. Grouse rounds off the debate by reading a letter

from “ The Times,” August 6th, 1937—with the view that The State of the Union is awful.

I am, sir, etc.,
WALTON ALLAM,
Chairman, the Asocialist Society.

STOP PRESS

The engagement is announced between Cyril Spector of the Sociology Department and Renée Nathan of the Intermediate Department. Our congratulations.

Students' Handbook, 1949-50.
Reminder to Secretaries :
Names of Society Officers should be sent to the Editor, P. E. Burke, c/o C.M.R. Office as soon as possible, and not later than Friday, 27th May.

The Refectory Report was accepted by the Union after heated discussion on Thursday, 12th May.

WHAT'S ON

Social Science Social :
2nd Floor of the Three Tuns on Friday, May 20th, at 7.15 p.m. Fun and Games.

In “ Mixed Economy ” :
A discussion led by J. R. Campbell (Editor, *Daily Worker*) on Tuesday, May 31st, at 4.15 p.m., in the New Theatre, L.S.E.

WITH A WIDE AND PROGRESSIVE OUTLOOK, *The Times Educational Supplement* covers the activities of scholarship at home and abroad from child welfare to university affairs each week.

It provides reports of all important educational meetings and conferences, features Parliamentary debates on education, summarizes official publications and local administrative news, and includes many special articles on subjects related to a liberal education in the widest sense of the term, and in many countries. It reviews, books films, school music, drama, broadcasting and other modern adjuncts to practical work in the classroom. Nothing, in fact, that is necessary to a wide knowledge of what is happening in the educational affairs of the world to-day is missing from its pages.

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During the Lent Term Mary Klöpper and John Stonehouse introduced a motion calling upon the Students' Union to provide maintenance for one of the 17 Indonesian students forced to renounce their Dutch scholarships in view of the international situation. This motion received the most searching scrutiny on the floor of the Union, where it became apparent that the basic issue was one of generosity as opposed to financial and material expediency. With commendable courage the Union decided in favour of generosity and Mr. Latuassan, the selected student, is now in London. Listening the other night at the International Cabaret to Mr. Latuassan expressing his gratitude in halting English to an Old Theatre audience more sensitive and receptive than has ever been the case, one could not deny that those who acted in this matter deserve every congratulation for their happy inspiration—the more so since it comes at a time when humaneness of conduct would appear to be so widely discouraged.

The substance of the original opposition is, nevertheless, still present: the expenditure involved in Mr. Latuassan's maintenance is appreciable. The International Cabaret, which replaced Public Business at the Union a fortnight ago is but an initial attempt to defray the cost of our gesture; much yet remains to be done.

In this respect, although the Council can give the lead, the onus is really upon the individual student and the individual Society. If each Society could be persuaded to promote a Social or a Dance or some similar form of general entertainment in aid of Mr. Latuassan, the burden upon Union resources would be correspondingly reduced. And what is more, we could rightly feel that on at least one occasion the L.S.E. has acted wisely, generously, and above all, as a united and corporate body.

The comments, kind and unkind, which we have received since the first issue have persuaded us that the student is in greater need of light-hearted relaxation than polemic pamphleteering. To remedy this error of judgment we are giving pride of place this week to an article analysing "The State of the Union." "Controversy" is replaced by "Pastiche," and two intrepid reporters surveyed the International Wool Secretariat's fashion display.

We are hoping to produce, as an antidote to the Refectory Report prepared by Nino Orebi and Tom Cobleigh, our own inspired investigation into "The State of the Refectory," and later we may venture a dazzling analysis of the Athletic Union.

Ah well! It was a pleasant job editing "Beaver"!

EDITOR.

BRIDGE TABLE No.2

For those of you who found last issue's problem too easy, here is one a little harder.

Spades are trumps; South is to lead and N—S are to make five tricks.

NORTH			
S	—	A	—
H	—	—	—
D	—	J10932	—
C	—	—	—
WEST		EAST	
S	—	S	—
H	—	J5	—
D	—	K764	—
C	—	7	—
SOUTH			
S	—	—	—
H	—	K974	—
D	—	AQ	—
C	—	—	—

Last issue's problem depended on a Club lead from South. North can then discard the Ace of Spades, to allow two Spade tricks and the King of Hearts to be made.

A rather more elegant solution would be to discard the King of Hearts from North on the trump lead, lead the Jack of Hearts through and discard the Ace of Spades. West would then have to lead a Spade, to give South the last three tricks.

DUMMY.



"WATCH YOUR POCKETS CHAPS! CHARLIE'S HAD HIS FIRST BILL FOR BEAVER"

Beaver's Hansard

28.4.49

It was 7 o'clock, all eyes were glued on the doors of the Old Theatre. Suddenly cheering was heard in the distance, it grew louder and louder, a rain of flowers descended, flung by the loveliest girls of L.S.E., led by Miss Singer, hundreds of pounds changed hands for a chance to get near the door, the mixed bands of the Brigade of Guards crashed out—yes, readers, you have guessed it—it was me, arriving to report the Union Meeting for "Beaver." Immaculately dressed in suede shoes and a wrist-watch, I swept to my seat and nodded to the President that the Union could smoke.

Announcements, consisting of the usual inaudible bumbling, came and went as I signed hundreds of autograph albums. Questions followed, but produced nothing more exciting than the announcement by Mr. Grouse that he was of all shapes and sizes and by the President that Mr. Watkins was rather too wide.

BUBBLE REPUTATION

The next part of the proceedings was rather confusing. Among those present I noticed Mr. Perry, who spoke brilliantly either for or against the motion (unless, of course, he was talking about something entirely different), Mr. Sharp, whom I thought was dead (silly me!), and Mr. Leveson, who appeared to be holding a very elusive fort against everybody else combined. The President (long may he reign) chose to make the astounding declaration that Mr. Morawetz had reared his ugly and persistent head. This, at any rate, was what it sounded like, but as everyone was talking at the time, and a young lady was endeavouring to secure a lock of my hair as a souvenir, I may have got it wrong in some material particular.

At this point I rose, and after the cheering had died away, I summed up the position with a few crisp, well-chosen words. As I sat down, I noticed Mr. Standish taking notes of my more brilliant phrases, with the intention of passing them off as his own. The motion was then either passed or defeated and we proceeded, after I had given my assent, to the next business. This was a motion to the effect that we should send a delegate to a Student Conference in Norway, which was not (*horribile dictu*) being attended by students from Eastern Europe, who were all in Paris, calling for peace, or war, or *Filet de Sole Mignon*, as the case might be, and almost certainly is.

SOAP OPERA

It was at this stage that someone stated quite explicitly that he had taken the trouble to wash Mrs. Orebi carefully, which I myself would not consider any trouble at all, unless, of course, Nino, out of sheer spite, would insist on hiding the soap. Mr. Marston wound up in his usual coherent manner, which always reminds me of a sheep with pleurisy, by screaming himself black in the face about other people's bad manners, a performance which I might (but won't) describe in terms of pot and kettle. However, we are all going to Norway, despite Mr. Marston's support.

Messrs. Clevenger and Levin occupied the next ten minutes demonstrating, most successfully, that they, too, could make fools of themselves. The incident was considerably enlivened by the President's announcement that he was unable to understand what Mr. Ball was talking about, a position in which I feel many of us have from time to time found ourselves.

After this the President called for three cheers for me, and I was borne out on the shoulders of a sea of humanity, throwing smiles and largesse to left and right, though won-

dering a little, as I feel everyone else must have wondered, at what I may describe as the Great L.S.E. Mystery. No prizes are offered for its solution (entries should be accompanied by a cheque to "Beaver" for £5,000)—Does Miss Spanjer smoke a pipe because she likes it or because she can't help it?

LORD ALBERT MEMORIAL.

5.5.49

A casual observer at the meeting, in fact an observer with half an eye, would have seen that both whips were out, even finalist Geoff. Palmer was there, so *something* was going to happen.

It seemed that various members were worried about Danny K. and the President was peppered with questions arising, questions to officers, and motions. Frantic negotiations went on at the back. Bernard O. moved that he be given a mandate to go and collar the guy in person. The amendment that a suitable gift be sent by the Union to help assuage Mr. K's damaged condition after his brush with G.B.S. was negated.

RIGOR MORTIS

Somewhere around 1945 hrs. the air stirred and the body politic of the Union stiffened. Miss Jill Cranage introduced the U.T.C. motion on behalf of the Council, her voice quiet and clear. She said that although the Council and the Union were agin' it, it had definite advantages for some individuals, hence, therefore, the motion was agin' it, but wouldn't or couldn't stop it coming here or people joining it. She went on to say that there were personal advantages in joining the U.T.C.—one might even become an O.C.T.U. candidate!

From Mr. Aaronson we learned of intellectual honesty, but this rare commodity was unfortunately well wrapped up in a cottonwool cloud of words. Lacking the charm and nuance of one Bernard L. he failed to convince and please everybody, however, but got his amendment through.

One person whom he failed to please was Lionel G., who, in spite of the now truncated motion, had no objection to the U.T.C. or any other outside organisation infiltrating and sending its nonsense into L.S.E., "so long as the Conservative Central Office can continue to send its nonsense into L.S.E." (Official quote). L.G. sat down amid a cloud of ostrich feathers.

After a message from the Adonis of the L.S.E. we were willing to be kind, sweet and reasonable people. The Voice of the Turtle reduced us to the state of nervous Spring Debutantes and admonished us to bend this thing for our own ends and see if we jolly well could not get something out of this for ourselves. ("Not quite British—but a perfect Englishman"—was the remark I heard.)

Following this heart-warming speech we heard an official statement from the Society of Beasts. Their spokesman said that the U.T.C. was vital for defence, and that defence was vital. "Let us keep politics out of defence," he said. "Let us remember the joy with which the Oxford Union motion was received in other places; can one but doubt that a similar motion from the L.S.E. will be noted in other places, too?" (voice from the rear—foolhardy but gallant—"Yes... M.I.5"). In winding up his speech against the motion he made a heart-searching appeal: "Let us be decent, gentlemen—let us be British." (Laughter and applause—British, of course.)

DEAD END

In the confusion of congratulation which went on following the Berkean speech, your reporter found it difficult to follow the proceedings. One remark, however, falling from the sagely lips of one Kenneth, stung my ear like an enraged wasp seeking the strawberry jam. He claimed that the Right Hon. Member for the Society of Beasts was attempting "To draw a red herring across the issue." The Right Hon. Member protested most vigorously: "Not a Red herring, gentlemen!"

As the time now approached dangerously near 2015 hrs. the motion that the motion lie on the table was carried—neither side being confident of a clear majority.

LEONGINNI.

LETTERS**'GRATTERS, OLD BOY!**

Dear Sir,

To offer my congratulations to you on starting up a new student newspaper would smell of patrons and peacocks. After a fortnight's editorship of "Varsity" (the World's Second Greatest Newspaper) during our examination term, I think it is appropriate to offer a last minute appeal to desist or, failing that, my sincere sympathy.

I could describe at length the corrupting, vitriolic effect which printer's ink has on the mind and body. However, as you have been rash and energetic enough to start, my very best wishes indeed for your future success.

It's Hell—but it's Fame!

Yours sincerely,

MICHAEL TILLSON,
Editor, "Varsity," Cambridge.**GOOD CLEAN FUN**

Sir,

Mr. Sherman's article in "Controversy" of the last issue of "Beaver" was guilty of at least one piece of misinterpretation. In exhorting us to "fight back" and tell the brasshats what we think of them he asked us to follow "the lead given by the Aberystwyth students."

There are a number of circumstances which should show that this was no pacifist or Communist demonstration against conscription. I have the personal testimony of a number of "Aber" students that the disturbances were no more than student festivities. In short, Mr. Shinwell's visit was taken by many as an excuse for a "rag," and the equivalent of our Union Council later issued a severe rebuke to the students who took part.

A second relevant circumstance is the presence of a relatively strong Welsh Nationalist element at Aberystwyth. It is true that these people were sincerely demonstrating against conscription. But they demonstrated because they have no wish to be entangled in the foreign commitments of a nation other than their own. To confuse this attitude with that professed by Mr. Sherman is nothing less than deliberate and pernicious distortion of the truth.

When Mr. Sherman asks us to follow Aberystwyth's lead one can only presume that he is asking the L.S.E. either to fight to the death for Welsh Dominion status or to indulge more often in good-humoured, if noisy, ragging. In which case (especially the latter), good for Sherman!

Yours, etc.,

PETER ANTHONY.

LIVERISH, ANDREW?

Sir,

May I beg the hospitality of your columns to join issue with your Film Editor over his review of "Angelina, M.P." which, to put it mildly, strikes me as totally misleading, unfair and unworthy of publication in "Beaver"?

He states that this film "is based on a trite script given a social twist as it has the slums of Rome as its setting" (my italics). Setting aside the fact that his judgment of the script is questionable owing to his ignorance of Italian (his German is shaky too—Küche is the word, not Kurche), this quotation reveals a peculiar approach. The film did not just happen to be set in a Roman slum; the story is about a slum community. And in the working out of the plot (somewhat misrepresented by Mr. Burke) there is an unusual realism which requires that a mother of seven or so children should not enter upon a fairy-story political career *à la* Hollywood.

A notable omission on Mr. Burke's part is any reference to Anna Magnani's brilliant acting and characterisation. The film is worth seeing if only for that.

His criticisms (unsubstantiated) are furthermore that the film "is slackly directed, loosely constructed and unduly repetitive" and "technically appalling even for an Italian film," and is badly photographed. These have a strangely spiteful flavour, particularly the general reference to Italian films. The photography is not glossy, the direction is not slick, but the film has more to say than a gross of technical pot-boilers such as are now current in our cinemas. Mr. Burke's valuations appear to be technical, not to say superficial. I suggest that, if he wishes to be a just critic, he bear in mind that the method and technique of film making supply a medium for expression; what is expressed and its sincerity are surely as important (or perhaps more important) than their medium.

Finally, I would exhort him to be honest.

Yours, etc.,

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

CORRECTION

In the article on N.U.S.S.A. in the first issue, two errors unwittingly appeared:—

(1) Mr. Broady (of Liverpool), not Mr. Jarvis, is responsible for the collation of material on curricular reform.

(2) Miss R. Nathan (L.S.E.), not Mr. G. Marlow, is responsible for investigating the post-graduate employment of Social Scientists.

We regret these errors.

HER SUIT HIRSUITE NO LONGER I.W.S. EXHIBITION AT DORLAND HALL

ONE of childhood's blackest memories is that of hairy winter woollens. It was with this common experience in mind that we went to see, with curiosity and, we confess, a certain sadistic anticipation, what the International Wool Secretariat could possibly offer the "Modern Miss" in the way of fashion. The Exhibition, at Dorland House, is a display of women's travel and holiday clothes as comprehensive, to our unsophisticated ideas, as any complete outer wardrobe.

For at least an hour six mannequins (delicious creatures all) displayed their personal charms and an exciting collection of thirty models, all of them fashioned from wool fabrics, ranging from jodhpurs to negligees, not forgetting, as if we could, playsuits. Meanwhile, there we sat, gaping and gasping, adrift in a sea of femininity, with the growing realisation that our conceptions of woollen clothes were as antiquated as the mediæval hair-shirt.



Drawn by
R. MOODY

From a collection of so high a standard as this it is not easy to pick out one or two creations and talk of them as outstanding. There were several attractive travelling outfits including (1) this dress of lightweight tweed in pale grey striped in blue, green, red and brown, worn with a loose top-coat of matching grey fabric. This particular model, by the way, "is for the traveller by rail," but the technical basis for differentiation is not an obvious one. Next came a delightful group of playsuits (disappointingly modest), brightly coloured jeans and sweaters, a not-to-be-forgotten lounging pyjama in purple wool with the provocative title "Turkish Delight," and, wonder of wonders, a white wool negligée with a cyclamen wool nightdress that was as glamorous as anything our weary eyes had set on for many a day (or night).

It was in the dinner and evening dresses, however, that the tremendous advances made by wool textile manufacturers with lightweight fabrics were most apparent. An evening dress in oyster wool crepe was an achievement of science, as were the originals of the two sketches: (2) a very beautiful evening dress in black, yellow and white "Sylvana" wool with a two-

tier skirt and a stole to match, and (3) a charming dinner dress designed, so we were told, for the teen-ager (Social Science Dept. please note). In a yellow check, the bolero has a striking Puritan collar and cuffs, while the dress underneath is backless with a halter neck-line.

The collection as a whole, we decided, showed three distinct fashion trends. First, that styles are definitely much simpler with the change from

the hour-glass silhouette to a less curvaceous version; second, that many of the garments shown were capable of two or three variations (one cocktail dress had a reversible neck-line); third, that the most popular colours appeared to be greys, yellows and navy blue, with some fairly restrained checks. All the garments exhibited, with the exception of evening dresses, are now available on the home market at prices below the Board of Trade ceiling, and the Exhibition is open to the public until June 17th.

These last few mundane considerations, we need hardly say, were not our reflections as we turned from this holiday atmosphere into the hurrying world of Piccadilly. For my part I was pondering deeply on the engaging singularity of that purple lounging pyjama.

R. L. D.



Exit R.L.D. having made his selection.

NALSO: MORE SOCIALISM GRADUALLY? INEVITABLY!

BEATRICE WEBB HOUSE, Surrey, is a picturesque country house, nestling coyly (in the Fabian manner) amongst the trees on the side of a hill. The L.S.E. delegation, speeding swiftly through the smiling countryside in a luxurious car, began to feel twinges of remorse as they saw the awe and respect in the peasant's eyes—perhaps they ought to show that they, too, were proletarian.

Our chance came half-way up the aforementioned hill. Less fortunate delegates were sweating along with heavy suitcases. We pulled up with a squeal of brakes. "Heave your cases inside."

We watched them stride away and felt ourselves glowing with satisfaction—"one for all and all for one." The starter was pressed. No response.

We entered the drive in style, five comrades with shoulders to the wheel, pushing a car full of luggage.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOODS

The first evening was devoted to regional committees. L.S.E. found, much to its surprise, that it is regarded as the big bad wolf amongst London colleges. Our timid proposals, tentatively submitted, were treated with uncompromising hostility. We huddled together in a corner and sulked.

The Conference was strenuous. Motions, amendments, emergency resolutions, accusation and denial, point and counterpoint. Many were the creeds propounded under the sheltering umbrella of Labour. "Wherever six Labourites are gathered together, there are seven definitions of socialism—two of which are Mr. Crossman's."

The first motion dealt with NALSO relationship to the Labour Party. NALSO began three years ago in order to express the views of students who supported the Labour

Movement. The Conference decided to press for affiliation.

This was a logical introduction to "l'affaire Zilliacus." The National Executive of the Labour Party was castigated for its attitude. Delegates stressed the need for latitude to express sincere views within the Party, in view of the above-mentioned decision to affiliate, verily a triumph of principle over expediency!

UNFUNNY GARTH

It is with a deep sense of shame that we record the successful motion, seconded by L.S.E., "to press for more nationalisation, not less." This, in complete disregard (ignorance?) of the pleas, exhortations and teachings of Profs. Hayek, Plant and Robbins.

Turning our backs on the peaceful domestic scene, we entered the troubled field of foreign affairs, where the writ of Queensberry does not run and even party members may be hit below the belt and stabbed in the back.

We didn't like the Government's foreign policy. We strongly disapproved of the Government's foreign policy. We denounced the Government's foreign policy Left, Right and Centre (delete according to taste).

Interjections were frequent. A Durham delegate endeavoured to move that Bernard (I Chose Freedom) Garth acquire a sense of humour. Bernard seconded.

(Continued in next column)

Pastiche: SPANISH JOURNEY

By STEFAN G. MAYER

Contrary to all beliefs current in the world, Spanish trains always leave on time. The fact that they arrive from one to three hours late is usually due to "exceptional" circumstances, mainly the lack of coal and the old engines which cannot drag the train uphill. We certainly left Murcia on time. It was 8.30 in the morning, it was still cool, and the countryside was still green.

Now the first thing one notices about a Spanish local train is that it is not only a train, but also a market, a place where people meet to gossip, a place with a social atmosphere. From the very first, vendors crowd in. Before one can settle down one must get used to the perpetual movement of people and baskets, of beggars boarding the train exhibiting whatever deformity or sore they think will arouse one's sympathy. One is hardly aware when the train is moving and when it is in the station except that at every station a sickly smell invades the carriages, which the movement of the train quickly dissipates.

DROUGHT

In our compartment a friendly atmosphere now reigns, as if everyone had known everyone else a long time. A young soldier going home on leave, excited, talkative, with the nervousness of a child returning from a holiday; the woman opposite, apparently an experienced traveller on this line, as she knows a lot of people and all about the train. The rest are peasants, who do not stay with us very long, opening their baskets and digging about for food as soon as they enter the train; to be sociable one must have food and wine.

The drought. Everyone speaks of the drought. It has not rained for a year. It is hot now. Everything is brown, sunbaked mud, even the villages and towns do not stand out. Occasionally there are patches of

green when we pass over a bridge, fields in the very river bed, while the stream is dried up or reduced to a mere trickle. On the hills, shrivelled shrubs give shelter from the sun to some skinny goats. Yet there are villages, lost in the brown, dry surroundings.

ORANGES

The country becomes more mountainous, even drier, the heat more intense, the train ever slower as it toils up the stiff gradients. A peasant woman comes in with a huge basket of oranges, her face deeply lined and tanned, nay burned, to a brittle, brown parchment. One wonders how they came by these oranges in this drought-ridden land, yet her hands, lacerated and burned by these unkind hills, tell the story. But she leaves one little time to wonder, her shrill voice dominates all as she haggles with a customer whether there should be four or five oranges for a peseta.

SOLDIER'S HOMECOMING

The hottest stretch seems past, and we have climbed into a high plateau; occasionally the engine picks up speed and sends a welcome draught through the carriage. The soldier is now beside himself with excitement and he shouts and waves frantically to anyone in the fields. When we pull into the station he piles out his luggage and jubilantly runs out to the crowded platform. They receive him in the friendly, warm, Spanish manner, yet he seems disappointed. Somehow they do not share his excitement, the overwhelmingly joyful event of his homecoming, and suddenly he calms down, coolly picks up his bag and walks away, surrounded by a few of his friends.

The train picks up speed again, as if the refreshing evening had given it more strength. Two peasants, an old

man and a boy, have settled down in our compartment and seem to be travelling a long distance. Yes, they are also going to Granada. The old man is silent, a thin, emaciated man, about whom there seems a certain rhythm in his economy of motion. When he eats he holds a slab of bread and a piece of garlic in his left hand, a sharp knife in his right hand, with which he pares off the bread and the garlic, achieving a steadiness in the chewing and in the movement of his arms only interrupted by an occasional gulp from a bag of wine. The boy is more talkative, he is going to Granada to look for work, there is nothing to do around the family farm because of the drought. . . . He realises there are unemployed in Granada, too . . . but it is a city. . . .

GRANADA

At Raza we have a long wait. The train is empty now, no more peasants come in as the train does not halt often at night. Another type of passenger has now joined us. They are town people who talk quickly and excitedly. They learn that we come from England. Indeed, the war; of course we had a war too, but thanks to Franco we avoided the worst; ah, but where will we stay at Granada, and how do we like Spain; the pace of the conversation has changed. It all gurgles forth, it seems as if every man was guilty of something, as if each wants to justify himself by quick, logical talking. The peasants are asleep. The market is closed for the night, they are no longer interested. They do not share this guilt. They need not justify themselves, they are the reserve of innocence on which the country can draw. Perhaps one day their turn will come to start with a clean sheet. . . .

We arrive at Granada just after midnight. The train was one hour late.

GERMANY: YEAR ZERO

The new film by Roberto Rossellini, made two years ago in the British, Russian and American zones of Berlin, is at last in London. Addicts will be familiar with Rossellini as director of "Paisa" and "Open City," two of the outstanding films of recent years. "Germany, Year Zero," though disappointing, still leaves him the most significant director of the post-war period.

The theme is the agony and death of a small boy against the background of a shattered and demoralised city. His simple eagerness to take part in the struggle for existence is effectively portrayed. He accepts the trips to the Black Market, the raids on the railway yards, the ugly and twisted environment, as part of the natural order of things. But despite the family's efforts, the needs of his father—too sick to be of any use, not sick enough to be safely out of the way in hospital—become more and more difficult to satisfy, and he goes for advice to the old friend he recognises. This is his old schoolmaster, a cynical perverted Nazi, who tells him that in such cases one is better off dead. The child takes him at his word, goes home, poisons his father and then commits suicide.

Rossellini develops his story in a brutal and uncompromising manner, and the final sequence in which the boy, wandering through the streets of the city, becomes more and more aware of the emptiness and despair of his world and then finally, as his father's coffin is carried from the house, realises the horror of what he has done, is an unforgettable piece of cinema. But on the whole the film is disappointing; partly for its neglect of visual opportunities (the treatment of the Berlin background compares unfavourably with that of the German film: "The Murderers are Amongst Us," and more regrettably, with a second-rate American spy melo: "Berlin Express") and more particularly for its lack of compassion. This is not to deny that Rossellini is still one of the most exciting things to happen in the cinema for years; but this lack of feeling means that despite its theme, despite its force, the film is unmoving, and in its more uneven sequences, as empty as the life it depicts.

J. H.S.

(Continued from previous column)

We were all from seats of learning, that was apparent from our careful choice of words: "downtrodden workers" are now "lower income groups," "bread for all" has been changed to "re-distribution of income to ameliorate wide discrepancies and to maintain stable demand." Euphemy, what crimes are committed in thy name!

On the last day the delegates were standing in the roadway waiting for buses. We swept past in our car, giving a bowlerised version of the signal made famous by Winston Churchill. Response was acid and instinctive—"blasted capitalists." We had pierced the veneer, we were comrades under the skin.

WILLIAM BALFOUR.

REVIEWS

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING

By Christopher Fry

Directed by John Gielgud and Esmé Percy.

(Tennant Production in association with the Arts Council of Great Britain.) Globe Theatre.

Is Mr. Christopher Fry an author who likes to be understood? In these days when it is possible to make a most lucrative living by not being understood, there is a very obvious temptation to any writer. Ordinary mortals (and I believe that a few of these still go to the theatre as well as to the cinema) will probably find "The Lady's Not for Burning," his new political drama (or is it political comedy? I never was certain which) so simple in structure but so complex in language that it will fail to register an impression with them. Words are no substitute for stagecraft and the words which Mr. Fry has put into the mouths of Mr. John Gielgud, Miss Pamela Brown, Mr. Peter Bull and company are of that kind of English which sounds foreign to all but the author's immediate circle of friends.

Mr. Fry has been astute enough to set his play in "the 15th Century either more or less exactly," which is just sufficient to put off any prying historian. Mr. John Gielgud and Miss Pamela Brown meet: he is a soldier recently returned from foreign wars, she the daughter of a rich alchemist and a fugitive from the local witch-hunt. He is interested in death and despondency and wishes to be hanged for the crimes of men. She is a rationalist (at a very important time) and is interested in cause and effect. Not unnaturally they talk, and this being a play, they talk for three acts. I went away with the suspicion—only partly shaken by the retort, "Tell that to a soldier on a horse" and the numerous 20th-Century quips about the "necessary form"—that this was a morality play in disguise.

Too much time was spent by taking seriously Mr. Gielgud's request for death by hanging—although someone did suggest that he was a lunatic even if no further steps were taken to get him certified. In the last line of Act I, Mr. Gielgud hints that he may come to love Miss Brown. Act II sees them talking the matter over as if it were a Third Programme radio debate. In Act III there is a suggestion of a 15th Century local Chelsea Arts Ball: then Mr. Gielgud retires and leaves Miss Brown to hold the stage until he returns and proclaims love triumphant and they exit—hanging forgotten and rationalism not looking too hot, either.

Given the play, it would be less than gracious not to praise the acting. Mr. Esmé Percy, one of the directors of the play, was a sheer delight all of the three minutes that he was on the stage, and Mr. Peter Bull was outstanding in the role of the justice. The female lead by Miss Pamela Brown—red, flowing hair, wild eyes, a se-

(Continued in next column)

DAPHNE LAUREOLA, by James Bridie, at the Wyndham's. With Edith Evans, Felix Aylmer, Frank Pettingell, Peter Finch.

One is often sorry not to see more of the minor characters in a play. But minor characters must not appear frequently, cannot be other than cross-sections of personality, "typical representations," if they are to remain as secondary figures. In a comedy with a serious theme the skill with which they are used to heighten the central characters is a good measure of the playwright's ability to shape and construct his drama. They can be, and usually are, the means for providing the comedy; we are meant to recognise them as soon as they appear; to laugh immediately they speak. In "Daphne Laureola," Mr. Bridie has tried to add together a baker's dozen of these cross-sections to become a wider and vaguer profile of our times. The result is artificial . . . but effective, mainly because these characters are usefully amusing and nothing more.

The two main characters, however, revel (one might almost say "wallow") in rich dramatic sequences which in the midst of the humour never become trite or shallow. There is the Polish art student, very capably portrayed by Peter Finch, who is driven by a sense of exaggerated chivalry to smiting a large butler over the head with a complete edition of "The Wealth of Nations," and whose egotistical romanticism involves him in an absurd crush on a woman of twice his years. Edith Evans, as the middle-aged, discontented lady of leisure, cannot be praised any more than to say that one imagines the part to have been written for her. Consummate poise, charm and freshness are blended into an excellent piece of stagecraft. There is never a movement when a hint of a movement will suffice, never any trucking to an audience who, from the beginning, were in complete sympathy with her.

For Felix Aylmer the role of ailing octogenarian was second childhood's play, and not a line of his dialogue was wasted. "Did you sleep well, dear?" asks Edith Evans, as his wife. "I couldn't say," is the non-committal reply, "I was unconscious."

Of the complete story and the significance of the title much more could obviously be said, but "Daphne Laureola" will be enjoyed equally for its intelligent composition and commendable acting.

Still running at the Savoy is the absorbing dramatic version of Simpson's discovery of chloroform, "The Human Touch," with Alec Guinness, Sophie Stewart and John Laurie leading a very competent cast.

SMARTIE.

(Continued from previous column)

ductive look, a pleasant voice and far too much cleavage for any rationalist—was a joy to see and hear. Mr. Gielgud's performance was forceful, except for the occasion when he fluffed his lines, although he acted like an actor responsible for far too large a hand in the production of the play.

J. G. SCHWARTZ.

"I SHOULD LIKE TO, BUT . . ."

says **DANNY KAYE**

ACTING upon the mandate given to us by the Union on Thursday, May 5th, we proceeded to the Palladium in order to decide once and for all the issue which has been gently smouldering since the last Annual General Meeting. In company with a stalwart henchman, whose task originally was to overpower the guardian of the stage-door entrance while we slipped furtively over the threshold, we strolled gently along Regent Street until on the stroke of nine we found ourselves outside the theatre. At five minutes past nine we stood in the auditorium listening to a fellow by the name of Theodore Ray (well, that's what he said) who was furiously "Fiddling and Fooling" all over the stage.

In the intervening five minutes your scribe passed through the hands of two American gentlemen, one of whom was none other than Mr. Dukoff, the manager of our prospective Hon. President. He it was who gave us the sad news that Danny could not accept the office to which we had elected him. Apparently we were not alone in our idea, and as similar offers from Cambridge and London University had already been turned down, he was unable to do otherwise in our case. In his own words: "We appreciate the very great honour, and we don't want to slight anyone, but—." We were of the impression, however, that if ours had been the first offer a convincing argument could have won him over.

In order to soften the blow he invited us to step round and see the show, and with elaborate swaggers we passed out from among the scene shifters in the wings to join the boiled shirts in the stalls. There we obtained a programme which, duly signed by Danny himself, we have now presented to the Union. At last the great moment arrived and to an accompaniment from a lot of laddies in yellow coats called the Thunderbolts, or the Flying Rockets, or something like that, the man of the evening made

his appearance. Never have we heard an artist receive such thunderous applause before he had even started to earn his bread and butter, and never have we seen anyone so completely master of his audience. At one period Danny slowly seated himself on the edge of the stage, said: "Gee, I'm tired," asked for a cigarette and then just chatted to us, as a man might chat to a few friends in his own home. When someone asked him how his ribs were getting on, he produced an X-ray photograph and proceeded to give a short lecture on anatomy, which he ended by deciding that he had a spine. There were songs, new hits and old favourites like "Ballin' the Jack," a personal appearance by Sid Field, and a lovely moment when Danny looked bashfully at the lights and said: "Make me seductive." The atmosphere was so completely informal and friendly throughout the act that we began to imagine that we had known him all our lives. To put it into a nutshell, we are quite sure that if Good King Jeroboam were alive still and knew of this local Daniel he would again come with his whole court "to see and hear this wonderful man."

OWENS & SLATER, LTD.
(Contact Men).

BLOTTO CUP: PORTER'S DART DECIDES MATCH

YOU see, I only said I would go down as a spectator, to see this annual match between the A.U. and the Porters at Malden. So they appointed me goalkeeper, and said that I could spectate from there. Which I did, to a degree. I really don't know who scored for us—someone must have done, for when they woke me up at half-time the score was 2—1 for us. Apparently their photographer had scored their goal with a truly magnificent shot, so they said, from three feet behind our goal-line.

In the second half I spectated a lot and goalkept some. We attacked to the last ditch (ours) but Rowntree managed to score. This was not really fair of Brian, I thought, for he was a half-back, and there was Tug Wilson starved (metaphorically speaking, of course) on the wing with pints depending on each goal he scored. He eventually had to buy all his own. Tug was our most dangerous forward. You should see the bruises on the Porters' shins. I'll say he was dangerous. But the Porters were rude to him and often left him without a leg to stand on. Tug was also responsible for a glorious move when he got his three-quarters going and Rogers touched down far out, but the kick was taken by the Porters! I didn't understand this at all, but it wasn't the only thing I didn't understand about the game.

PLAIN CLOTHES MEN

I was slightly put out in the second half by the number of plain-clothes referees that appeared on the field. I counted 10, and I'm willing to swear that all their deflections of the ball were not accidental, particularly the referee called Alf who played left-wing for the Porters. The photographer referee again had a good half.

Oh yes, I must try and make excuses for the other two goals I let in. Their second goal was due to brilliant positional play by their centre-forward, Mr. Red Someone or other. He stood on my toes. The other goal was due to my St. Bernard spirit at helping a man in distress. I was busily safety-pinning together a huge rent in the seat of Jim Hillan's shorts

THE L.S.E. TABLE TENNIS CLUB REPORT

One can look over the past season's achievements with mixed feelings. With a lot of good Freshers it seemed as if the L.S.E. was once again going to be supreme in the London University Table Tennis. Right from the beginning, however, our third team could not win its matches, and is therefore likely to be relegated into the third division. Our second team just managed to retain its position in the first division, and our first team appeared certain champions until it was beaten 5—4 by Northern Polytechnic in a grand match. As Northern Poly. was then beaten by Imperial College, whom we had previously beaten, the present position is very interesting. The three leading teams have all dropped six points, but at the time of writing only the L.S.E. has finished its programme. The women's first team is in a similar position at the head of their division, having lost only one match in the season—against Westfield College.

In the University championships, the holder, Pender, of the L.S.E., was defeated by Greenburg, of Northern Poly. Janet Lumsden reached the semi-final of the U.L.A.U. women's championships.

THE WOMEN'S CLUB

This year saw a considerable increase in the activities of the Club. Members numbered 30 (double the figure of the previous year), three teams were run instead of two, and more matches were played. The Club arranged a College tournament and it was won by Janet Lumsden, with M. Garrett the runner-up. Several members took part in the University tournament, and Janet Lumsden did very well to reach the semi-finals. She later succeeded O. Hopkins as Captain, and J. Gilbert became the Secretary in place of P. Myers.

The Club participated in each of the three divisions of the University League, the first team winning six out of its eight matches. The second and third teams did not do as well as this, largely because at least half of their matches were played against first teams—only one other college being able to maintain three teams.

This is evidence of the attempt to spread our activities throughout the Club as opposed to concentrating it in a nucleus—an attempt which achieved success due to the greater degree of enthusiasm shown for table tennis both in the L.S.E. and in the University as a whole.

Acoustics in the Shaw?

Mr. Katchen, for whom it would not be rash to forecast a brilliant future, will, I suspect, turn out to become one of those musician's musicians with a very personal style and original interpretation winning for him a fervent band of admirers and provoking no less fervent criticism from those whose prejudices he upsets.

Mr. Katchen opened with the D minor Fantasy of Mozart, which he treated romantically, thereby unfortunately losing what little unity can be found in the composition. The same mood prevailed in the op. 110 of Beethoven which, in his hands, became somewhat excessively dreamy and introspective. Granted that the last period sonatas and quartets show an increased subjectivism in the composer, I still think it a mistake to emphasise this aspect too strongly. Beethoven was an intellectual in the strictest sense of that term and if, in later life, he was increasingly driven upon himself by physical disabilities and misfortune, his preoccupation remained to the end with forms and ideas; he may be lyrical but he is very rarely dreamy. Hence I would quarrel with the lushness of Mr. Katchen's first two movements, although I know that he has eminent precedent on his side and have myself nothing but admiration for his Fugue and Finale.

The Brahms bracket of two Rhapsodies and three Intermezzi was, however, sheer delight. Particularly praiseworthy was the rhythmic control in the E flat Rhapsody and the exquisite phrasing of the little lullaby Intermezzo which, incidentally, showed up the lovely rich quality of the centre and upper registers of the new Bluthner in the Founders' Room. Similarly magnificent was the grueling "Pictures at an Exhibition." In truth, it is extremely unpianistic in parts where the effects, in the piano version, tend to get lost, but Mr. Katchen managed as clear a performance as is ever likely to be

heard. Without going into details, I might remark that his rendition of "Il Vecchio Castello," "Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle," "The Market Place at Limoges" and the concluding "Gate of Kiev" was quite extraordinarily evocative.

PETER LENGYEL.

Mr. Katchen was certainly at his best in the Mussorgsky, to which he brought that dash and verve so essential if the work is to be at all convincing. The prodigious technical difficulties of "Limoges" were mastered with consummate ease—altogether a breathtaking performance, though marred at times by an ugly tone.

Unfortunately the earlier part of his recital was not so pleasing. The Mozart was rendered with conspicuous lack of style—over pedalled and crudely precised. The Brahms rhapsodies were flamboyant and lacked depth. But most disappointing was Mr. Katchen's superficial reading of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 110. With the Diabelli variations the last three sonatas represent the sum of Beethoven's experience and the very peak of all keyboard music. The great pianist approaches Op. 110 with that homage due to such a masterpiece; mere technical difficulties must submit to a mind nurtured by a wealth of musical experience. Mr. Katchen was not able to penetrate beneath the surface of the work; attempts at "interpretation" as in his exaggerated rubati in the scherzo, revealed themselves as afterthoughts, superimposed upon the logical structure of the sonata. The inner parts of the fugue were lost in a confused welter of sound and the mighty climax, where the great subject tears itself from the confines of strict fugue, became a mere laying of fortissimo upon forte. A piano is a machine in which hammers hit wires. Mr. Katchen demonstrated this to perfection.

CYRIL EHRLICH.

INTERNATIONAL CABARET

I regret to say that I am not an expert on art which does not have an Occidental flavour, but it was clear, however, to both myself and the rest of the audience that the items presented to us had "K" value. What also was quite clear was the fact that the dance symbols used in the East Indies have little or no relation to those used in the West. That I know sounds trite. It is, however, the essential key to any appreciation of the art which is so widely different from that to which we are accustomed in the West. If more people had considered this, then perhaps more would have found their way into the Old Theatre instead of assuming their reactions beforehand.

"HUTCH"

Mr. Hutchinson acted as our master of ceremonies and guided the show smoothly through its course. One might have called him the British contribution to the show. He was suave, yet convincing; he joked, yet was sincere. He tried to explain the obscure to us with the easy air of one who is all too familiar with the obscure.

Malayan songs were sung by Zulkifli, and although I was unable to follow the words, a certain air of sympathy was sensible. Maybe I'm wrong, but that's what I felt. The guitarist was reasonably well accomplished, gave good support for the vocalist, and minimised skilfully the divergences between the scales to which the guitar was tuned and the scale used in the songs.

A.A.A. and F.A.O.

This divergence between the scales used came out most clearly in the group of Nigerian songs sung by A. A. Ademola and F. A. Ogunsheye. It did not, however, prevent them from singing with gusto . . . when they remembered the words. For this minor matter we, the audience, were forgiving; broad smiles all round.

Rounding on to the subject of the dances again we were delighted with the "Tari Piring," a candle dance, in which the central dancer has to dance with a plate in each hand upon which stands a lighted candle. His job is to wave the candle around himself and then to roll himself around the candles, each in turn, and not put them, or himself, out.

The other noteworthy dance was the "Penchak" or Sumatran sword dance. The large number of anthropological influences shown in this dance is quite remarkable, yet it has a distinctive character. I'll not say more or I'll run my head into a hornet's nest of anthropologists. Still, if you don't believe me you'd better have a look at their next show.

RUM AND COCA COLA

Calypsos, sung by H. Griffith, were highly popular. This, of course, is to be expected when an audience has little or no soul; we joined enthusiastically in singing "Rum and Coca Cola" and "Stone Cold Dead in De Market."

Mr. Latuassan thanked us for our welcome before the show began and he is now well received as one of us in this hive of learning. We say welcome Latu and we hope that you will spend an enjoyable and profitable time with us.

L. R. H.

L.S.E. CRICKET CLUB

Our fixtures opened in brilliant sunshine on the lovely ground at Beddington on May 1st. A fairly comfortable victory for the L.S.E. was made possible chiefly by the imperturbable Oliver Browne (91 not out) and J. A. Marryshow, whose deliveries proved to be quite as formidable as his terrifying run up. The pleasure, however, with which we opened this season was somewhat dimmed by the injury which has so far kept our Captain, G. B. McLean, out of the game. We hope to see him back soon.

The following Wednesday, the L.S.E. 1st XI had to struggle to hold a strong University College side to a draw—Bill Lister saving the game with a splendid 28 not out, whilst the 2nd XI opened their season with a match against C.W.S., Woodlands, in which the L.S.E., though decisively beaten, were neither discredited nor discouraged.

IAN OGILVIE

N.U.S. Summer Farm Camps

The following is a list of N.U.S. Farm Camps so far arranged:—

	Opens	Closes	
(a) WYE AND SEVERN VALLEYS.			
*Goodwins ...	June 25th	Oct. 1st	Work in a canning factory near Hereford.
Goodrich ...	June 25th	Sept. 3rd	General farming near Ross-on-Wye.
Breinton ...	July 2nd	July 30th	Fruit picking.
Vowchurch ...	Aug. 13th	Oct. 1st	General farming.
Wormbridge ...	Aug. 13th	Sept. 17th	General farming.
*From July 23rd to August 20th this camp will be run by the National Association of Labour Student Organisations. Applications for this period accepted only if endorsed "N.A.L.S.O."			
(b) LANCASHIRE.			
Lathom ...	July 2nd	Sept. 17th	Pea picking.
Boundary Farm ...	July 2nd	Sept. 10th	Pea picking.
Bispham (Ormskirk) ...	July 23rd	Sept. 3rd	Pea picking.
Kirkby ...	July 2nd	Sept. 3rd	Pea picking.
(c) YORKSHIRE.			
Sherburn-in-Elmet ...	July 30th	Oct. 15th	General farming.
Sandtoft ...	July 30th	Oct. 8th	General farming.
(d) ISLE OF ELY AND NORFOLK.			
Weasenham Lane ...	June 18th	July 30th	
Leverington ...	June 25th	Oct. 1st	
Tilney St. Lawrence ...	July 2nd	Oct. 15th	
Walpole Highway ...	June 18th	Oct. 22nd	All camps in this area are on fruit picking early in the season and general farming later on.
Hughenden ...	June 18th	Oct. 22nd	
†Newlands Farm ...	June 18th	July 30th	
†Priory Farm ...	June 18th	Oct. 22nd	
†Westwick ...	June 18th	Oct. 1st	
Hickling ...	July 9th	Aug. 13th	
Wattlefield ...	July 2nd	July 30th	
†This camp will be run by the Student Labour Federation and applications will be accepted only if endorsed "S.L.F."			
†There will also be a certain amount of work in the associated plant. All except the last three camps in area (d) are near Wisbech (Cambs.).			
(e) ESSEX.			
Kelvedon ...	July 2nd	Sept. 24th	Fruit and general farming.

HOW TO APPLY FOR AN N.U.S. FARM CAMP

Consult the Farm Camp Leaflet. Copies are available from your Union or, by sending a stamped-addressed envelope from N.U.S. (Farm Camps), 3, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

ART AND

BOX OFFICE

American films shown by Film Society !!!

The A.G.M. held this term brings to a close the second season of the Film Society's activities—a year in which art and the box-office were successfully married. Membership, unavoidably limited to 190—the comfortable seating capacity for film shows in the New Theatre—was quickly taken up at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term, despite the rather high membership fees necessitated by the hire charges of a projector. The School has, however, within the last few weeks, purchased a 16mm. Bell and Howell sound film projector and if the Society is permitted to use it, the fee next year will be substantially lower.

The ten film programmes included three series:—Fritz Lang's "Siegfried" (Germany, 1924) and "M" (Germany, 1931); Paul Rotha's three major documentaries, "World of Plenty" (U.K., 1943), "Land of Promise" (U.K., 1945), and the film sponsored by the Manchester Corporation, "A City Speaks" (U.K., 1947); and "The Critic and the Film" series (U.K., 1948), as well as productions from the leading motion picture producing countries—U.K., U.S.A., Germany and France. Apart from the composite film "Russian Story" (compiled in the U.S.A., 1942), the U.S.S.R. productions had to be omitted—this was unavoidable as it was impossible to get a booking of a Soviet film classic on a Society play-date due to the exceptionally heavy demands for these movies by the other film societies, and was in no way due to any political prejudice.

FUTURE EMPHASIS

In the ten programmes there was a noticeable (and perhaps rather regrettable) trend towards the feature film of the later sound period, so it is to be hoped that in next year's programmes more emphasis will be given to historical and silent films and especially to the Soviet classics.

Lectures, under the auspices of the Film Society, have been given on "The Art of the Motion Picture" by Ernest Lindgren (Curator, National Film Library); "The Soviet Cinema" by Catherine de la Roche; "The Art of Film Production" by Filippo del Giudice (motion picture producer: Pilgrim Pictures and late of Two Cities); and "Film Music" by William Alywyn (of the Royal Academy of Music) and John Huntley (of Denham Studios).

Owing to the extra duties entailed by his adoption as the Labour candidate for Southend-on-Sea, the Presidential address to be given by the Hon. President, Mr. R. J. Minney, has been postponed until October. The subject of Mr. Minney's talk will be "Is there a future for motion pictures?"

P. E. BURKE.