

ELECT WHO?

THE following is a list of candidates for the Executive Committee for Friday's elections. Opposite each name is a very generalised indication of the platform he or she is standing on. It is important to note that this is a very inaccurate basis for putting a vote on that candidate, and it is strongly recommended that readers attend the meeting and read the leaflets that will be handed out.

Beaver takes this opportunity to tip a hat to the new team and say thanks to the old, who, all things considered, didn't do too badly.

CON. SOC.—

- Paul Howes
- D. Robertson

BROAD LEFT—

- Shelley Adams
- Ray Bourne
- Bob Boynton
- A. Coe
- P. Cockerel
- G. Hoyland
- O. Lomas

JACOSS—

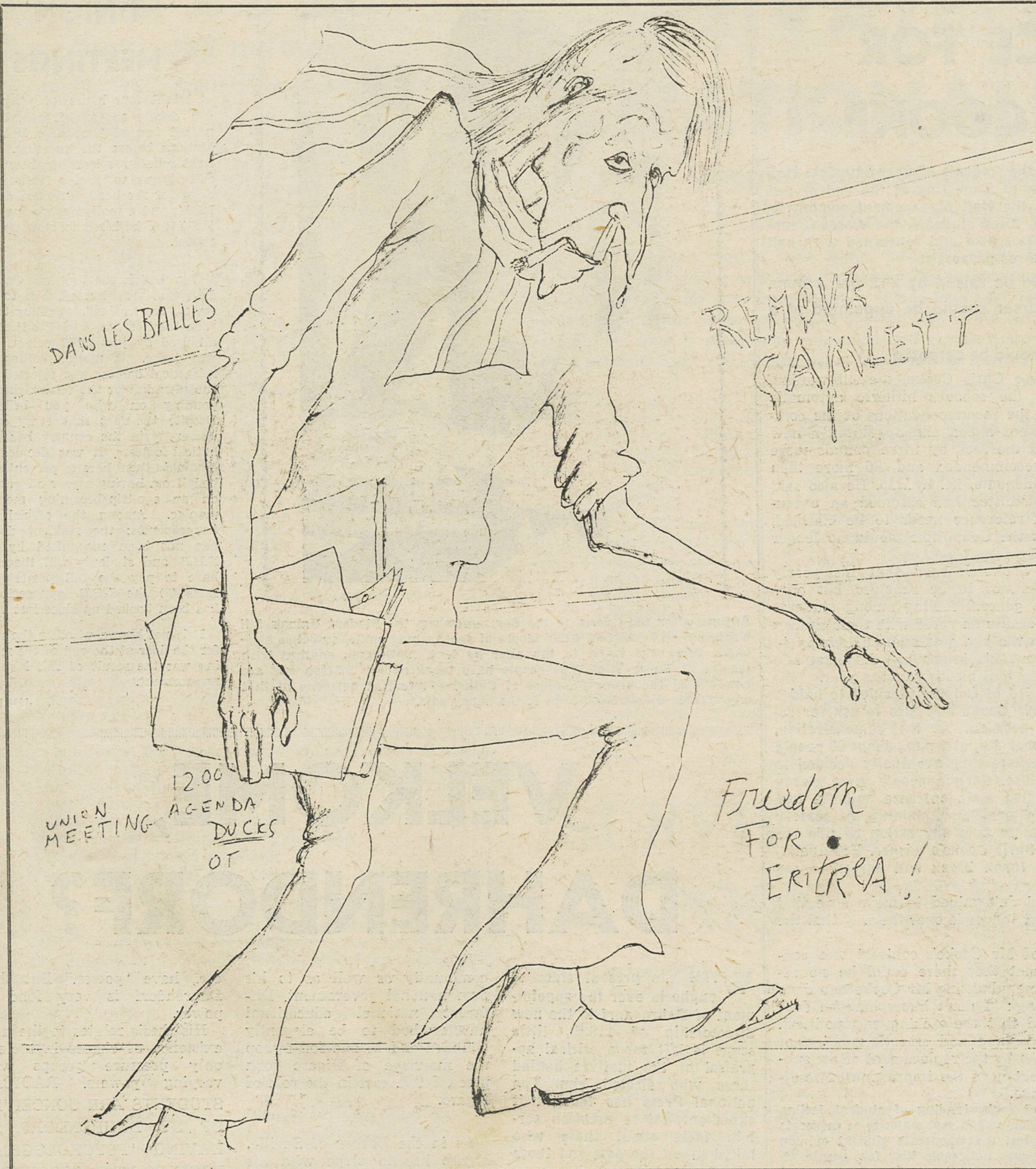
- Raul Stohr
- Ono Isakwe
- R. S. Fahmi
- S. R. Adalti

INDS.—

- D. Pain
- D. Moss (Lib.)
- D. Cocker (Soc.)
- W. Brown (Soc.)
- B. Davis (Soc.)
- V. Burgman (Soc.)
- I. Williamson (Soc.)
- R. Weaver (Soc.)
- P. Wilde
- E. Purvis
- J. Cruse
- S. O'Rourke

GEN. SEC.—

- Elias Noujaim (I.M.G.)
- P. Howes (Con.)



WHAT'S GOING ON? THE POLITICS OF PISS-OFF

TO say people are disenchanted with student politics at LSE would be the understatement of the year. Last year's union meetings were bad enough but at least the first few meetings, which are traditionally crowded, were not declared inquorate like this year's. It is only fair to mention that student politics in a place like LSE labour under the initial disadvantages of an alienating urban environment (as opposed to a unifying campus life), as well as the lack of power available to students, both of which dilute the interest one might otherwise find in LSE politics.

IRRELEVANCE

Nonetheless it is also fair to say that what a lot of people see as the irrelevance of the various political groups to what most students think and want is also largely responsible for the apathy rampant in this college. What are these irrelevant groups?

To list but the most obvious—**Conservative Society**. Well, who takes the Tories seriously? (nobody, but so far they are the only group to have registered a candidate for the elections and nominations closed Friday 19th).

Liberal Society—should, accord-

ing to Gallup, be gaining in strength, but so far they have never committed themselves on anything but an individual basis to seeking the awesome pinnacles of power from the union floor. Their liberal-left standpoint may prove, nevertheless, to be rather more appealing than **Labour Society's** jaded reformism.

Which brings us to the **Communist Party**. Under the inspired guidance of Miss Shelley Adams, Messrs. John Carr and Nick Kettle, the CP has pretty much taken over the union bureaucratic structure, thus achieving the objective of CPs everywhere. The CP has recently joined with Lab. Soc. in a joint "broad-left" coalition which does appear to place praiseworthy emphasis on more democracy in the left-reformist movement. The

question is whether the movement will survive its own width—rumour already has Con. Soc. members attending Broad-Left meetings.

PRAGMATIC

The CP and Co. still manage to remain more pragmatic than our Stalinist comrades of **International Socialists** and **International Marxist Group**, and this is perhaps the main reason for the split between the two tendencies which marked the downfall of Soc. Soc. IS and IMG, of course, are themselves deadly enemies, because IS consider the USSR to be a "state-capitalist society", and IMG consider the USSR to be a "degenerated workers' state". No-one, of course, could expect them to reconcile such essential differences, but they do share certain aspects in common; they believe in socialist revolution under the leadership of a revolutionary elite (them).

So who is left to represent student interests without pressing these interests on to the mould of their own irrelevant dogma? The average attendance at Union meetings last year could not have been over 70, out of a total student body of 2,500. It is very easy to talk

of a "silent majority", but it must exist in this case. Granted there are a lot of people who go to LSE as they would to a nine-to-five job and ignore what community life there is here; granted that student politics are always faced with the problems of getting people interested in issues which are seldom vital to their interests.

Yet these do not explain the fact that only one out of 37 students can be bothered to spend a few minutes each week debating their own affairs.

RELEVANCE

It is the feeling of the vast majority of students (particularly Freshers) to whom "Beaver" reporters have talked that the political groups at LSE have no relevance for them or their interests. In order to verify this premise, BEAVER in this issue produces an opinion poll form which we would like you to fill out and drop into the boxes provided in the concourse areas and in Union Office. Something is wrong in Union politics and this survey should help to establish what is wrong and what we can do about it.

G.F.

UNION NEWS

JUSTICE FOR CHRIS COOKE

THE current dispute between the students of Carr-Saunders Hall and the director dates back to a meeting at the end of last term, of what was then called the Hall Management committee, an advisory body consisting of three students, the warden, sub-warden and two members of the school and concerned with hall policy. The school put forward three proposals:

- (1) That the Hall fees should be raised by £12 per annum.
- (2) That a new assistant bursar should be appointed at a salary of £1,800 p.a
- (3) That the Hall corridors should be carpeted.

These were defeated because Chris Cooke, the sub-warden, voted with the students and the school's hitherto automatic majority was reversed. Despite the recommendations of the committee, the director not only went ahead and appointed a new assistant bursar but also raised the fees by three pounds more than the school accountants recommended and £6 more than the meeting had decided was adequate, i.e. by £15. He also said that the Hall Management Committee had assumed an executive capacity and its terms of reference needs to be clarified, which gave the impression that the Committee would no longer function.

Shortly afterwards Chris Cooke learned that his yearly appointment as sub-warden was not to be renewed but only extended until Christmas. The general feeling among students was that he had been removed because he voted with them against the administration. The mood in the hall was overwhelmingly in favour of some action to prevent his impending dismissal and was forcibly expressed at the first hall meeting of the year.

This meeting, held on the third of October, decided to hold a demonstration in support of Chris Cooke and also to ask for reconsideration of the director's decision. At the demonstration, which was held on Monday, October 8th, at 1 p.m., about 60 people appeared at Connaught House, where they eventually decided to protest outside the Director's office. Certain people were placed at each entrance to the house (the main entrance and the two bridges). These people distributed a leaflet explaining the reasons for the demo. It was decided not to take any action outside the house in the street, because of Chris Cooke's wishes. Eventually, the director appeared from his lunch break and agreed to see a deputation of six students.

The Director himself seemed determined to make sure that students in the hall have no direct influence over the way that the hall is to be run.

As far as the termination of Mr Cooke's contract was concerned, the Director was adamant that there could be no reconsideration, although at one time admitting Mr Cooke had done an excellent job, and later saying: "I don't know how he does his work." Apparently he denied that the sacking was political. He agreed that the happy atmosphere and smooth running of Carr-Saunders Hall would be upset by the replacement of the sub-warden in these circumstances, but gave the impression of wanting change simply for change's sake.

He showed a predictable lack of understanding of student feeling and his actions can do nothing but alienate the vast majority of moderate students. Despite the fact that we feel that moderate student opinion should understand our grievances it was noticeable how few people attended the demonstration. What happened to the people who voted at the Union meeting in favour of taking action? Even more vital, what happened to the residents of Carr-Saunders Hall? Support for possible further action decided upon by the Hall is fundamental. It must be stressed that this is an issue which directly affects the everyday life of students. It is imperative that this should not be allowed to become yet another issue that the Union "politicos" choose to take up.

The position is simply this: we do not see the justification for the raising of the Hall fees by £15, nor do we accept the Director's interpretation of the Hall Management Committee, which makes a mockery of student participation in hall matters. Above all, we cannot stand by and let the Director dispose of a sub-warden who is not only popular but also efficient, responsible and happy in his work.

TERRY NOLAN, KATE JAMES, JOHN PAGE
JOHN CRUSE, WYON

STOP PRESS, WEDNESDAY 2.30 p.m.

JAMES BANKS, the (Conservative) Returning Officer, may decide to postpone the elections for another week.

REASON

The reason for this move would appear to be lack of time for adequate preparations (printing ballot-papers, etc.), as well as a technical invalidity in some of the nomination forms, in which some of the nominees were seconded by E.C. members. This is unconstitutional but as the E.C. members were apparently unaware of the point, the elections will probably be delayed instead of disqualifying the nominees concerned.

OTHER

Two other occurrences may cause the postponement if the former points do not. These are:—

- (1) The alleged refusal of E. Noujaim, in contradiction to the C.P.-I.M.G. election compact, to stand down as General Secretary when he is elected unopposed; and
- (2) A C.P. resolution calling (again) for the introduction of sabbatical posts.

These questions should keep C.P., I.M.G., and I.S. at each other's throats for the whole of Friday afternoon at least.



Anyone who's been down to the Bar remembers the Student Union's full blooded Irish knock-out, Olive Moore of the flashing smile, seductive side-looks. Olive was taken to the altar by Nick McGuigan, another Irish feature at Three Tuns. The couple have taken off for Belfast, and are now one of the prime examples of Catholic-Protestant harmony in that city. Beaver wishes Good Luck to the happy pair.

UNION MEETINGS

AFTER four hours of perspiring debate on October 5th, Union passed two of the three Business Motions before the meeting. The light relief was learning how difficult it was to find a steward to cater for the heavy drinkers at the L.S.E., and a motion proposing that the I.R.A. be hired to blow up the school.

The Union meeting on October 12th was very heated. I'm told it was: "frustrating", "exhilarating", "constructive", "a farce"; adjectives all used by just ONE person who was there. A motion calling for sabbatical officers was rejected (by the ultra-left or the ultra-right, depending on who you believe). Despite the fact that every other university in the country has sabbatical officers, it was decided to eliminate them here to prevent anybody from having a year off/getting on an ego-trip/becoming megalomaniac. Among the official announcements: the resident doctor has not been recognised by the N.H.S. and students will therefore have to pay the full prescription rates (2) the L.S.E. gynaecologist has been booked up since last year.

It is not known whether the rush for the door at the end of the meeting was the result of this last announcement.

JULIAN

VELKOME, DAHRENDORF?

WITH the present state of euphoria over the appointment of Dahrendorf to the new directorship of L.S.E., little scope is left for a critical appraisal of the motives behind those who elected him. The national Press has thought it expedient not to mention certain facts about those who failed to get the post and those who declined it.

Notable amongst some academics who declined the post is Christopher Hill, at present in Oxford. Also amongst those who declined the post is Asa Briggs. He managed to scoop up the Vice-Chancellorship of the new graduate school being set up in Florence; a school specifically designed to serve the aims of the E.E.C.

Why Dahrendorf?

No doubt the senate who elected him view his appointment with delight. The growing backwater into which L.S.E. was drifting had to be emerged from. And which better direction in which to push it than the E.E.C.? After all, the growing demand for that new breed of civil servant, the Eurocrat, had to be met.

At the same time he had to be endowed with an academic and practical vision of the promised land which is to emerge out of the Community and which will do justice to the

community as well as to his own national government. Different national educational hurdles had to be elegantly bounded and in one fell swoop the marriage of Figaro took place. L.S.E. cast in the role of Figaro.

As in the Barber of Seville, Figaro has to elope with his wealthy damsel. And so, too, with L.S.E. It has to elope with the E.E.C. to survive. Will matchmaker Dahrendorf bring it off? Senate wishes it, the Government wants it, and the departments which will benefit most will fight for it. All at the expense of the British student who, on leaving school, will not in the future have a choice between L.S.E. and other institutions of higher education for commencing his University career.

L.S.E. is becoming a purely graduate school and Dahrendorf will be the helmsman steering it into this ocean. Already the present incumbent, Sir W. Adams, is smoothing the way by invoking "spirits" out of Government legislation to completely undermine the Student Union, the only real voice of undergraduates. And all this just when the Union is itself emerging out of stagnation into a coherent fighting force. But then, of course, the "spirits" of Phase I, Phase II, Phase III, the decisions of the U.G.C., etc.,

etc., have "power." But then, Dahrendorf is very fond of power.

His thesis relates to the non-existence of classes in society, only pressure groups with varying powers. RADICAL STUDENTS ARE CONCEIVED OF BY DAHRENDORF AS HAVING "PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS." ACCORDING TO HIS STATEMENTS TO THE NATIONAL PRESS, No doubt such academic insight is indeed a boon to L.S.E.

Qualities

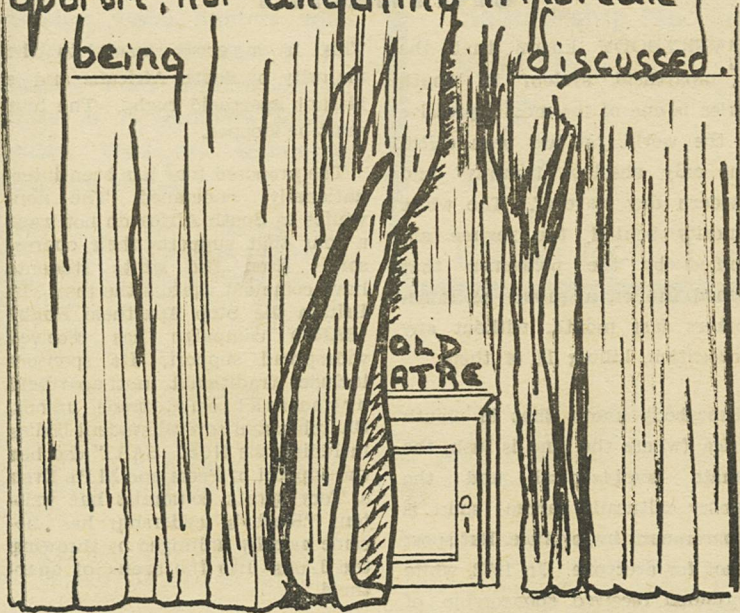
But let us take a look at what is commonly referred to as his positive qualities: (1) Staunch advocate of the E.E.C. (2) Brilliant administrator. (3) Noted academic. (4) Active participant in national politics. (5) Former Social Democrat. (6) Presently a Liberal. (1) E.E.C. Parliamentary member. (8) Author of a seminal book on nature of present day society... to name but a few.

Will these qualities be of help to both graduates and undergraduates? Or will the former category shield the real nature of what will happen at L.S.E.; its transformation into a school for the Civil Servants of Europe at the expense of British and foreign school-leavers?

ABE OPPEL

ARMAGEDDON

As far as Alice could see, there was neither a quorum, nor anything important (being) discussed.



ALICE IN UNION

The story so far :-

Alice has become infatuated with a smiling apparition called the Cheshire Cat.

"How I love you, Cat!" cooed Alice.

But the Cat just smiled and disappeared.

Alice felt quite dejected with no one to talk to, and no one to listen. And then, suddenly, quite by chance, Alice came across a small door in the wall, with the words above "OLD THEATRE".

Now read on :-

Alice looked through the door, but drew back in horror, as she saw a crowd of people all gesticulating and making noises like "quorum" and "urgency", in a most unseemly manner, when, as far as Alice could tell, there was neither a quorum, nor anything urgent being discussed anyway.

"What is going on?" asked Alice.

"This is a Union meeting," replied the Dodo.

"A what?" asked Alice, surprised.

"Why," said the Dodo, "the best way to explain it is to do it."

And soon Alice was shouting "quorum" just like the rest of them, which, if not very productive, was at least fun.

"Order" shouted the White Rabbit

"The chief thing to discuss," declared the March Hare, "is the dismissal of the gardener."

"He was dismissed for painting the flowers red," pontificated the Queen of Hearts. "Anyway, he had been a gardener quite long enough."

"He was a very good gardener," said the Mad Hatter.

"Too good," suggested the Dormouse.

"Shut up," howled the Queen of Hearts. "What do you know about gardening?"

"What about the finances?" shouted a voice from the back.

"What about the finances indeed," encouraged a voice at the front.

"Yes, the finances," said the White Rabbit.

"The finances will be the same as last year," said the Mad Hatter.

"Chaotic," said the Dormouse.

"Shut up," shouted everyone, except the large white egg.

And Alice decided to leave, just as a voice was saying "Of course this will not affect the pound in your pocket" and the Red Queen was shouting "At a stroke. I've cut your budget at a stroke." But no sooner had she got through the door than she came across the Cheshire Cat again.

"Hallo Cheshire Puss," she began. "Would you tell me please which way I ought to go from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't much care where—" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the Cat.

"—so long as I get somewhere," Alice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"We're all mad here," said the Cat, "I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

JEREMY CLIFT.

PRIVATE EYE NATIONALISED

'Lord Gnome receives no compensation'

BY PEREGRINE FOOTHORNE

STEALING Labour's clothes once again, Edward Heath has pulled off what is being heralded in the City as a "masterstroke," by nationalising "Private Eye"—a magazine. Said a spokesman for the Government—"It has long been felt that this essential prop of the opposition should be under community control. We could not stand by and let its vast libel costs martyr what is essentially a juvenile and puerile magazine. The head boy of Shrewsbury, a public school, has already been appointed the new editor."

Lord Gnome has issued no statement, but the socialist millionaire, who owns a diamond mine in South Africa, is known to be receiving no compensation.

'Punch' editor, William Davis, lunatic German with Dahren-

'Punch' editor
William Davis
—"delighted."

dorf connections, has already said that he is 'delighted,' but all that Malcolm Muggeridge said when asked was: "I wish I had gone to Shrewsbury."

J.C.

CAMDEN AND THE DEVELOPERS

RELATIONS between London's local authorities and property developers may never be the same again after the turn-around by the majority Labour Group on Camden Council, a couple of weeks ago, over the Tolmers Square redevelopment deal, which we reported in 'Beaver' last term.

Although Labour councillors have officially "deferred" the deal—which gave Joe Levy's Stock Development a £20 million profit on a £40 million office development in return for subsidised land for housing—Camden are now looking at ways to cut out developers and their merchant bankers altogether and to redevelop the site themselves.

JEREMY CLIFT.

SURVIVAL GUIDE TO UNION MEETINGS

YES, it IS possible. You, too, can attend Union meetings with a certain amount of confidence, free from the fear of frustration, anger or despair. It CAN be done. You may have already gone through a disagreeable experience in the Old Theatre on a Friday evening. But it can be remedied. But only if the Golden Rules are followed to the letter.

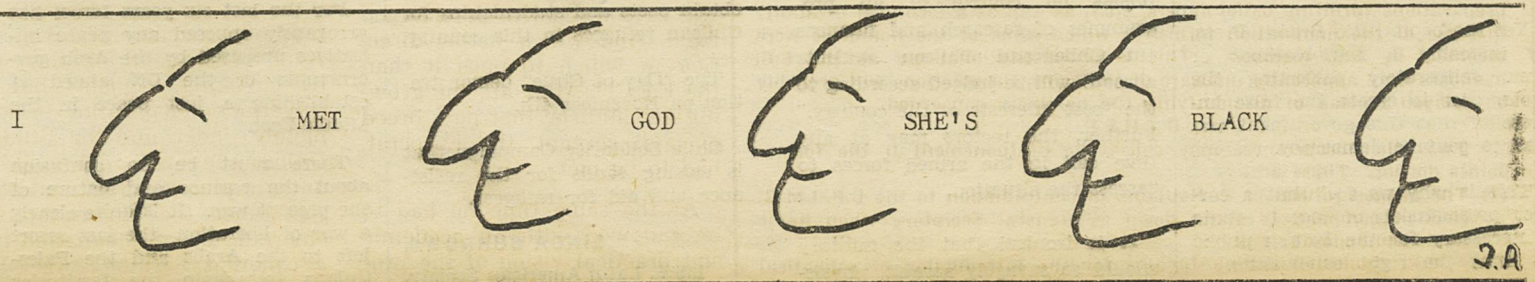
- (1) **NEVER EXPECT ANYTHING TO GET DONE.** The logic of this first rule is unassailable. It completely cuts out any danger of disappointment.
- (2) **PLEASE DO NOT READ THE MOTIONS.** This is solely for your own good. By the time you get halfway through reading the first motion, you will have to vote on the third. Any sensible person can see that this is plainly a nuisance. Better not to know anything at all than be mistaken. Then you can always plead ignorance. The obvious thing to do is vote straight away. Don't bother to think about it. We have it on reliable evidence that about eighty per cent of the floor swear by this method. Attempting to ascertain what you are lending your support to has been pointed out as insane, and is not a practice to be admired.
- (3) **PLEASE DO NOT STAND UP AND SPEAK.** For a start, it's bad for your

health. If you're not used to it all, you could lose your voice and temper in three minutes flat. And anyway, this rule is essential if all these measures are to be passed anywhere near in time. Leave all the talking to those few who know how it's done. They'll be inundated with paper aeroplanes or clapped outrageously according to merit. So just don't worry. You'll find that strangely new faces appearing at the mike will only annoy and exasperate our leaders. And that is evidently intolerable.

- (4) **WHEN IN DOUBT, LOOK ABOUT.** If ever you find yourself in the all-too-common situation of not being able to decide which way to vote, look around you. If most of the chimps near by are smacking their hands together gleefully and generally showing their approval, you are advised to follow suit. You can't go wrong here. The consequences of not keeping to this rule may be odious. Chimps like to be imitated. After all, Rule 4 has been the custom for aeons, and we see no reason to reform.

It is hoped that new students will try their best to follow these few, simple rules in the usually commendable manner in order that the traditions of the School Union be kept up.

D.S.



FOREIGN NEWS

GREECE

GREEK WEEK

N. U.S. is organising a Greek Week starting on Monday, November 19th to support the students' fight for democracy in Greece.

During this week various activities will take place in colleges throughout England. There will be films, speeches, photographic exhibitions, concerts, pickets, and other events.

We wish in this way to express our solidarity with the struggle of Greek people for democracy by revealing the new mask that fascism has taken in Greece.

Resistance against the dictatorship has taken many forms in the past six years. The Greek people, politically mature and with strong democratic feelings, do not believe the junta's promises that its tyranny was only temporary, or that it could possibly restore democracy in Greece.

ECONOMIC MIRACLE?

The military resistance reached its climax in the student demonstrations of this year. These, together with the serious challenge to the regime's power basis of the naval mutiny in May 1973 and the complete falling apart of the internationally advertised "economic miracle" (awarded first prize by the "Financial Times" last year) would normally have led to the collapse of the junta.

But the direct and indirect support of the so-called liberal democratic governments of the west, helped the regime to prolong its grip on Greece under a new face.

IMPECCABLE ELECTIONS

The newly-appointed Prime Minister, a man well known for his contempt for democracy, has promised "impeccable elections" in 1974. Even if such elections take place, the hold of the military junta on Greek political life will remain intact. The dictator will still have exclusive powers in foreign affairs, defence and internal security and the rubber stamp: "parliament" will have no say whatsoever in these matters.

The right of the political to exist will depend on the Constitutional Court, the members of which have already been appointed by Papadopoulos for life. The court may also disband any party at any time and deprive any citizen of his civil rights.

Yet the capitalistic British Press, by imposing a news-blackout or even deliberately distorting the facts, tries to create the false impression that this government can lead to genuine democracy.

This is why we feel that a correct presentation of recent events is necessary for the British public to draw the right conclusions.

CHILE

IRON FIST IN THE RACIST RUGBY

THE generals have taken over the universities, and the whole system of higher education is to be completely reorganised. After the violence, the bombings, arrests, torture "for the elimination of Marxism", comes a document and an official announcement from Rear Admiral Hugo Castro, the new minister for Public Education. Both express the junta's attitude towards the old universities and the plans for the restructuring of the system through legislation by decree. (Source: Mercurio, Oct. 3).

Castro says of the existing universities: "The country has witnessed how far the universities have departed from the true nature of their calling, as centres of research and advanced studies." In terms that could equally well be applied to his government, he goes on to accuse the universities of "sanctioning violence and illegal arms bearing." Not content with this, he pronounces a still more dire charge: "Much of the extremist agitation which has pushed Chile to the brink of a tragic abyss originated in the universities."

It soon becomes clear that the junta are slinging such accusations in order to justify their own arbitrary processes, for he goes on: "the junta have therefore deemed it necessary to directly appoint university rectors, since the country cannot afford the luxury of this 'politicking' and disorder in the universities."

ARMY RECTORS

The new rectors are all from the armed forces and have "the full confidence of the junta." Each one has "the broadest powers for restructuring the system; powers to appoint one-man authorities, form committees, control administrative and economic policies which would facilitate the fulfilment of the present decree."

The junta particularly condemns the lack of co-ordination between universities in the past. The emphasis on control of all programmes of research and finances (in Chile and Chilean students abroad) will be judged according to the "best interests of the country." Further, the rectors may at any time call in the armed forces to "assess the situation."

It is ironic that the military should so savagely assault, phys-

ically and institutionally, a sector which was by no means united in support of the Popular Unity government. The agitation which took place in the Universidad Catolica and Universidad de Chile (Santiago) for more student participation (which the government condemn as "political movements") took place between 1966-68 under Frei's administration.

In fact, Allende came to power in 1970 to find the overall university allegiance drastically polarised with only two universities (Concepcion and Tecnica) firmly behind the U.P. Almost everywhere else conservative forces presented opposition. Academics even resorted to manipulation of technical data on occasions to propagandise against the U.P.

Despite these reactionary tendencies (which appear to have grown over the Allende period), left wing forces were very active. In particular they co-operated with the organised working class at times like the bosses' strike and helped to set up alternative education programmes in the "problemas" (shanty towns). All this came to be seen more and more as the real focus for action, rather than the sterile struggle within the universities.

Contributory factors to the reactionary upsurge are considered to be: the drain of left wing academics for Allende government; the increasing activity of left wing students outside the universities; and the fundamental pressure of class interests on the mainly middle class academia.

WHAT NOW?

There is little news from the left: the iron fist has eliminated any trace of democracy from the universities. Keerberg and Enrique (directors Technica and Concepcion) have been dumped on remote Dawson Island. Keerberg has since been murdered. Plans are being made to move the remaining detainees from the National Stadium into the already overcrowded jails. Virtually nothing has been heard from Concepcion and fears are widespread for this former centre of the extreme left. "Le Monde" reported on October 16th that the left wing groups are preparing a front of resistance.

Action must be taken in Britain to demonstrate our solidarity with the resistance in Chile. The following proposals need your support:

Trade union action in impeding the delivery of shipping to the Chilean navy from the Clyde and Tyne.

Efforts by British academics to obtain posts and studentships for Chilean refugees in this country.

The "Day of Chile" demonstration on November 4th.

Chile Solidarity Campaign that is raising funds for the resistance and aid for refugees.

LINDA BURROWS,
L.S.E. Latin American Society.

SOUTH AFRICA

LIONS SUPPORT FOR UNIVERSITY

EVERYBODY knows that the apartheid system in South Africa is one of the most repressive in the world. It has been called "the only absolute tyranny" and "modern day slavery". The white minority behind the regime are typified by the policemen that opened fire on a group of mine-workers last month, without any provocation, killing 11 of them.

Everybody knows that in South Africa (where the land is lush, the climate semi-tropical and the country culturally barren) sport is of paramount importance. But sport is not for everyone. In 1972, white sportsmen received sponsorship of £1,300,000; black sportsmen, by far the majority, received sponsorship of £50,000. Blacks are never allowed to play whites and even have to obtain special permission to play other blacks. And on October 5th, the white government issued a proclamation banning mixed sport on private ground, hitherto the only venues where multi-racial sport was permissible. The chances of an enlightened policy towards mixed sport are rapidly disappearing.

The reason for this is that South Africans regard acceptance into international sport as a vindication of their racist policies. Conversely, isolation in the past has prompted concessions to the non-whites. Nearly every country in the world refuses to play against teams selected on race and not on merit. Britain, of course, is an exception. And it is the proposed rugby tour by the Lions next year that is strengthening the despicable policy of racism in sport.

In May, 1974, the British Lions are due to start a tour of South Africa. They will play three national teams separately: white, coloured and black. But only the match against the whites is to be regarded as a full international.

This is a gross insult to the majority of South Africans and is blatant apartheid rugby. The tour must be stopped.

The proposed tour has been internationally condemned. The non-whites in South Africa do not want a tour that supports their oppressors. Even the white students have come out against the tour. In Britain the Stop Apartheid Rugby (SART) campaign has received widespread support. Its sponsors include traditional anti-apartheid organisations, trade unions, Churches and several student bodies including the NUS. SART also has the support of Peers and M.P.s Even a Tory sports columnist has written: "Rugby's leadership has become morally unhinged by throwing the Lions into the arena of apartheid."

A South African daily said of SART: "The display at the Press Conference was impressive and almost certainly wiped out all complacency about the security of the tour's chances... is heavily reminiscent of Peter Hain's STST. It raised similar threats, but on a far wider scale." This anxiety expressed by a pro-government newspaper is understandable because racism in sport has become the Achilles Heel of the apartheid regime.

There have been successful campaigns against racist teams in Australia and New Zealand. And it is worth quoting what The Halt All Racist Tours campaign wrote to the English players during their recent tour of New Zealand. "If you must go to South Africa, at least do it with the full knowledge that you are actively working against the majority in that country and their struggle for peace, freedom and justice."

On November 17th the English team will be playing Australia at Twickenham. The Australians refuse to play South Africa, but the English team must be shown the contempt and disgust that they, and other racist rugby players, deserve. Rugby teams from Holland, Australia, New Zealand and the Argentine have severed sporting links with South Africa; but Britain, one of the principal beneficiaries of the profits from exploited labour, insists on sending teams there. SART is therefore organising a demonstration at that game.

JULIAN BRUTUS

MIDDLE EAST

THE present war in the Middle East was inevitable and comes as a logical consequence to the stubborn refusal of Israeli Government to withdraw from territories occupied by their forces since June 1967.

For the last six years Israel has arrogantly opposed any peace initiatives proposed by the Arab governments or the UN aimed at establishing a just peace in the Middle East.

There must be no confusion about the essence and nature of the present war. It is quite clearly a war of liberation—the last resort left to the Arabs and the Palestinians to regain the territories

Israel had openly annexed before the War, and to restore the legitimate rights of the Palestinian peoples. These rights have been endorsed by the international community, and by major bodies that reflect world opinion. There is a necessity imposed on all supporters of liberty, democracy and human rights to support the just struggle of the Arab people in their war against the expansionist tendencies of an imperialist and aggressive Israel."

FOCUS ON PALESTINE WEEK
a series of
Lectures, Films, Seminars on the
Middle East

CON TRICK

SOME accommodation agencies in London have latched on to another con-trick to get money out of the homeless—this time probably within the law.

Hapless home hunters who wander through the door of the Computa-Flats accommodation bureau at 23 Denmark Street, London, WC2 are seemingly given two choices:

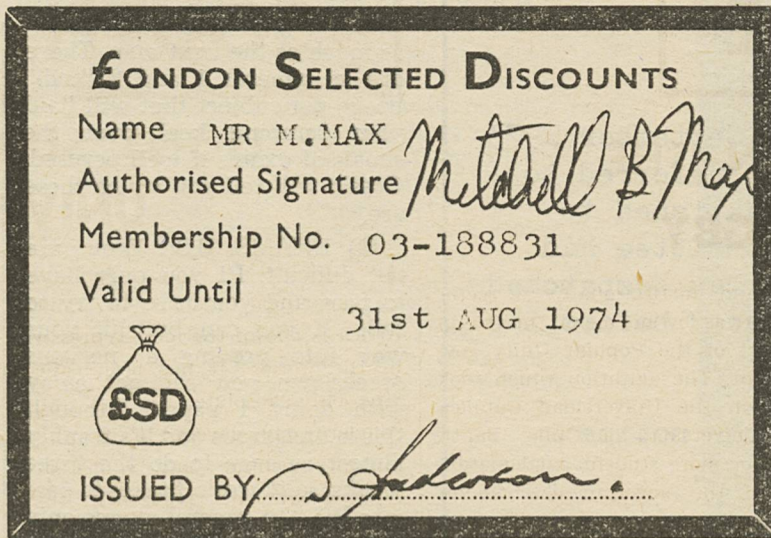
They either pay a week's rent for the agency's services—which is illegal because the landlord has to pay their fees—or they can pay £5 to join a club called the London Selected Discounts.

L.S.D. (there's Capitalist wit for you) operates from 50-51 Wells Street, London, W1, and offers discounts on such items as clothes, films, private medicine and escort agencies.

It looks quite fair on the surface, even though the chances are that if you are homeless you will not have any spare cash to spend on such things, as one American student who tried out the scheme found out.

Mitchell Max, a 24-year-old medical student from Harvard, Boston, arrived in London a few weeks ago to spend a month studying cardiology at Hammersmith Hospital.

Fed up with tramping the streets he decided to try Computa-Flats. Like many overseas visitors he did not realise it was illegal for agencies to charge those looking for flats a fee. When he was asked to choose between paying a week's rent or the £5 membership of the discount club, he naturally opted for the latter which was cheaper. And it seems this could be within the



law (agencies are resorting to psychology to get their money). The next part of Mitch's story reads like a second-rate comedy.

After paying over his £5 and receiving a green membership card in return, Mitch told the agency he needed somewhere close to the hospital.

The first address he went to was nowhere near the hospital and about £6 a week more than the agency had said. The landlord also asked him for an extra week's rent in advance. Why asked Mitch? "because I have to pay the agency a fee for sending you along," replied the landlord.

The next address in a "family atmosphere" offered him the use of the bath every other day. His third attempt was no more successful. The landlady refused to interview him until three days later, and when Mitch arrived at the appointed time he was told the room had been let.

Two days later, a rather disgusted Mitch was on a plane back to New York. It seems that the N.U.S. Strand area branch has now taken up the cudgels against the agency and the "London Evening Standard" has stopped taking their advertisements.

Students should also beware of the Aberobb Ltd. agency operating from 71 Oxford Street which is also involved in L.S.D.

Take "Beaver's" advice and avoid flat agencies. Stick to adverts in the evening papers, notices in the School and shop windows, and friends.

If you are really desperate the B.I.T. organisation (no. in the book) will put you up for three days, and the union will do all it can to help.

If the problem is no money, then you can always advertise for a room in return for babysitting, or walking the dog.

CHRIS TILLEY

RENT REBATES

Some free money from the Government...

DO YOU know that it's possible for a student to get a rent rebate?

Mr Steve Wilcox, an officer from Camden Housing Authority, spoke to some students about this on Monday, October 8th. Unfortunately, there were far too few people present—it is quite likely that a case for a rebate could be made out for most students of the LSE.

The Rent Allowance Schemes in the Government's Housing & Finance Act (1972) have been extended by the Furnished Lettings (Rent Allowances) Act 1973.

Rebates can be granted to:

(1) Applicants over 30 years of age without dependants who have lived in the Local Authority area for a minimum of six months;

(2) Applicants of any age with dependants (which means children, not just a wife)

who have lived in the Local Authority area for a minimum of six months.

The majority of students are excluded by these provisions but there is another provision, that of "extreme poverty".

This definition is interpreted at the discretion of the various boroughs. In Camden, the plight of students is viewed sympathetically.

Now, the only way in which you'll find out about your local authority's attitude will be applying for the rebate from them.

An example will be useful: a student getting a grant of £15.50 and paying £5 per week rent may get a rebate of as much as £3.65. That, friends, ain't peanuts.

For further information, see Jane Ayton, Welfare Officer, at the Union Offices.

JOE CUMMINGS

Community room

THE Community Room, S117, is available for your use and offers comfort, peace and civilisation. If you want somewhere a bit different from Florries with something of a common-room atmosphere, it's open every afternoon from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. and at other times can be booked through the Union Office which is immediately opposite.

There are facilities for making music, friends and coffee

(please wash up afterwards). If you want to organise a poetry or social evening, folk-group, Encounter group or suchlike it makes quite a good setting. There's lots of information around about voluntary work, community action and agencies for helping with social and personal problems and there are people around who will try and find out what we don't know already. This is **your** room so feel free to use it.

JANE AYTON

The bite in a Lyons pie

Clare Market

An anthology of prose and poetry from around the world published annually by the LSE Students' Union.

Included in the current issue is Morning, a poem by George Seferis, and Project, a tale of future urban decay and reclamation set in London in 1993, by Thalys Argyropoulos.

Copies of Clare Market are available in the Beaver Office and Union Shop. Price 20p.

THE NEXT time you bite into a Wimpy, a Telfers sausage, or a Harvest Pie, remember this story.

About three years ago J. Lyons and Co. (who make all these products and a lot more) were having trouble with their labour force at Cadby Hall, W.14; the latter wanted to become members of a Union. Being a law abiding firm, Lyons weren't bothered about the principle of joining a union, but were very bothered indeed about which union their labour wanted to join. For, if asked, most workers said the Transport and General Workers' Union, while Lyons were just so sure they wanted their workers to join the Bakers' Union.

I haven't enough space to go into the details of how Lyons got their way, but they did. If you're wondering why they were so keen on one union rather than the other, you can make up your own mind after reading the following extracts from an agreement signed by directors of Lyons and officials of the Bakers' Union on February 12th, 1971.

SECTION I (iv) The Company and the Union have a common objective in using the process of negotiation to achieve results beneficial to the Company and its employees. They agree to refrain from lock-outs, stoppages of work and any restrictions affecting normal working and production requirements, and the Union will use its best endeavours to prevent or dissuade its members from any form of indus-



trial action, until the agreed procedure for settling issues has been exhausted (the procedure is a model for bureaucrats everywhere). In the event of a stoppage of work occurring it is agreed that such a stoppage will not be timed so as to incur damage to any materials in the process of being manufactured.

3 (iii) ... Employees are expected to work a reasonable amount of overtime. (Lyons believe that working on a production line for 69 hours in a week is "reason-

able", for this is what happens at times of high demand).

8 (i) ... the names of all elected shop stewards shall be furnished to the Company, which may, on good and sufficient grounds, indicate to the Union an objection to such an appointment. (The "grounds" aren't defined further).

But the men aren't as daft as Lyons seem to have thought they were; they told the Bakers' Union they wouldn't consider accepting a union that would make an agreement like that. The London branch of the Bakers' Union, keeping to its tradition of listening to its potential members, hasn't been seen since. The TGWU can't come in, for they too are law-abiding, and under the stipulations of the Industrial Relations Act, they have no right to canvass for support at Cadby Hall. So that leaves the workers to fend for themselves. How have they fared? Very badly indeed. That's not surprising, for the resources of J. Lyons and Co. are so great relative to their own that the comparison is either odious or ridiculous, depending upon your sense of humour. For instance, a man can work a 60-hour week and still take home less than £30, while in the trading year 1972, Lyons group profits were £11,356,000.

So next time you buy one of the products I mentioned at the beginning, or a meal at a London Steak House, or a fruit pie from Sainsbury's, the Co-op., Macfoods, Tesco,

or any of the other supermarket chains who buy Lyons products and sell them under own name, I hope you enjoy eating it. You may as well get some enjoyment from Lyons products. The workers never did.

C. R. PICKERING

WELFARE

WELFARE, as you have probably realised, is a service distinctly lacking in LSE. We still need people to help with disabled students—we have several blind students who need lectures taped and basic textbook readings taped, and also to be shown round LSE. The Director has consented to the principle that five tape-recorders should be available on loan to disabled students. If you have need of one or would tape for blind students please see Emma in Room S104.

We also have a large number of places on Welfare Committee—especially the General Welfare Committee. This should be the year that Welfare Services take a step forward—we need a larger health service, a Nursery, better Refectory. It's no good moaning about lack of facilities—it's up to us.

JANE AYTON

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS & POLITICAL SCIENCE
(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON)

TELEPHONE: 01-405 7686

PERSONAL

HOUGHTON STREET
LONDON, WC2A 2AE

20 September 1973

Dear Mr. Muller,

Your letter and application form dated 13 September 1973 for the post of Director of the School has been referred to me as secretary to the Selection Committee established to make recommendations on this question. The Committee had concluded its deliberations before your letter was despatched and your application could not therefore be placed before the Committee.

I enclose for your information a copy of the notice about the Directorship which has just been issued.

Yours sincerely,

J. Pike
(J. Pike)
Financial Secretary

K.C. Muller, Esq.,
8 Beverstone Road,
London, S.W.2.

In the letter printed above the Bourgeois selection officer of the school betrays proof of the blatantly fascist tactics capitalism uses to repress the just struggle of the oppressed masses of students and workers. This is something every LSE student has known about for years, but it is typical of the "acceptable face of capitalism" that they should attempt to hide this perfidy behind the sham democracy of the British tradition.

But now "Beaver" can expose

their treachery with incontrovertible proof. The Selection Committee, comprising all the heads of LSE, who are also the captains of industry for which LSE is the training ground, met behind closed doors for several weeks. Yet only three days after the application of the only LSE student to have tried for the post was received, the application was turned down on the grounds that it had been made too late. Of course the fact that Mr Ken Muller is a well-known militant socialist and

member of IS did not have any bearing on the decision; nor did the fact that Mr Muller had written down his application before the deadline. THIS WAS A PURELY POLITICAL DECISION MADE BY THE FASCIST CAPITALIST INDUSTRIALIST HEADS OF LSE TO SUPPRESS THE JUST STRUGGLE OF THE WORKERS AND STUDENTS FOR THE POWER WHICH IS DUE THEM! ALL OUT ON THE PROTEST DEMONSTRATION ON NOVEMBER 5th!

LIFE AT LSE

Part 12 of our series by Leif O'Riley

THIS newspaper has come out so late, dear Freshers, that any information we could give about LSE would hardly be news to you. We can, however, draw from the vast well of our experience over three-odd years at LSE give us in order to dispel some illusions and hand out a few tips that may prove useful to you. The Union handbook, whose job it is to do this, was a vessel of glaring omissions even on the superficial level, and no in-depth info was furnished at all, at all. The few paragraphs that follow (divided per subject) may help to fill this gap.

(1) WORK. According to rumour it's what we're here for. First of all, don't be intimidated

by thick book lists and self-important lecturers, whose art, like a witch doctor's, consists in large measure in mystifying the subject with esoteric incantations in order to conceal their own ignorance (Economics is a case in point; the first lesson you learn here is that you know

ALUMNI NEWS

John MORTON, B.Sc.Econ. 1973 (failed), has just been appointed NUR shop-steward for NEASDEN NUR.

Ralf DAHRENDORF, M.Sc. Sociology 1952, has just been appointed Director of the London School of Economics.

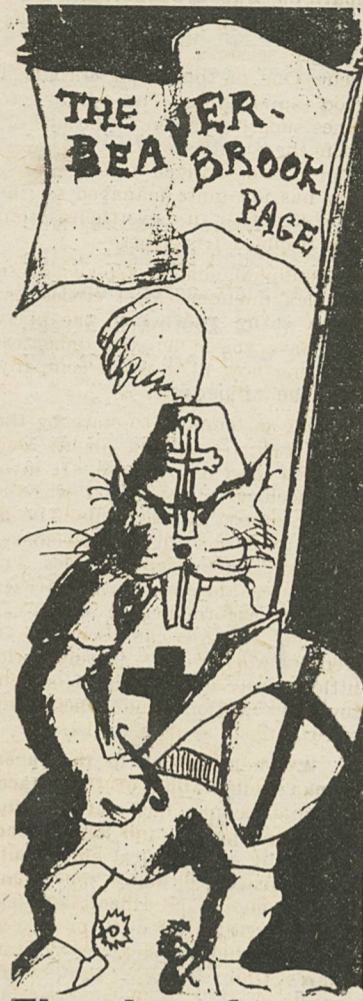
as much as the next man. There are in general 1 and 2 "crib" books per subject that will haul your scraping keel over the shoals of exams if well perused. Gossip will tell you which these are.

(2) EXAMS, B.Sc. Econ., are not difficult, P1 you only have to pass and you have to try to fail. If you can bullshit your way into proving a nervous breakdown you can get away with doing 1 paper, although this is dangerous and it's frankly almost as easy to do the three weeks' solid work it takes to pass into PII. In general exams only require a rather bare minimum of familiarity with a subject; a good piece of advice is to concentrate on ideas and thought processes if you want an upper degree. Don't be intimidated by the "fail" statistics—they include those who left because they couldn't hack the social hell that is LSE.

(3) SOCIAL LIFE. For this, the bar and Florries. It is almost impossible to meet anyone there, unless you're already "in" a group, so the first thing to do in order to make friends at LSE is to join some society, club, or... uh... union committee.

(4) LONDON LIFE. A place to stay must still be objective number one for many. You can try the notice-boards or the Student Union and ULU accommodation bureaux, but your best bets are the evening papers (to be consulted as soon as they come out in the morning) or agencies. Remember it is illegal for them to charge you a fee. Objective 2 is having a good time. There are plenty of opportunities and the best guides are Time Out and/or some of the student guides to London.

(5) HELP. This is what you need if you can't get into LSE or London life. IT IS VERY DIFFICULT TO DO EITHER AND IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT IF YOU DON'T MAKE IT. THERE are people who have been at LSE for years and have seen nobody but the librarian. Your tutor is theoretically always available, there is a legal advice team on hand Thursdays at 1 in SIOIA and if things get too bad you can go cry on the delectable shoulder of the Union's Welfare Officer.

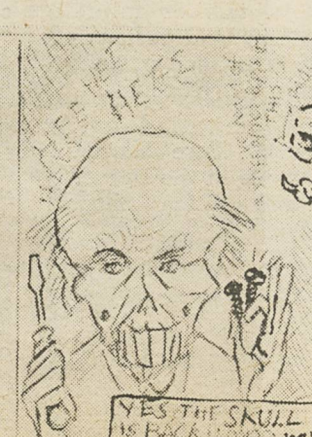
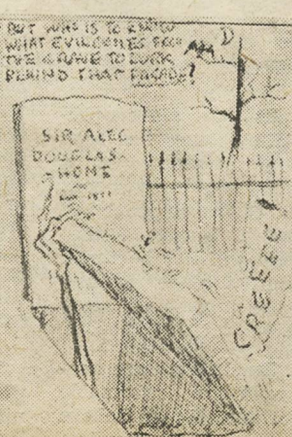
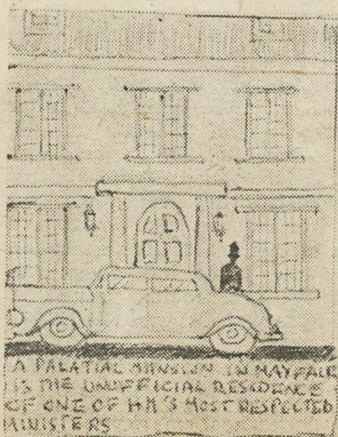
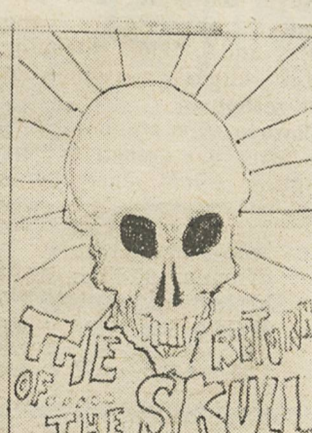
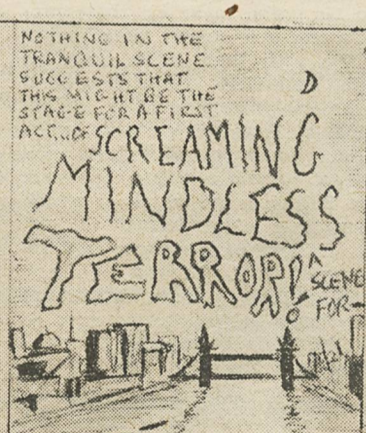
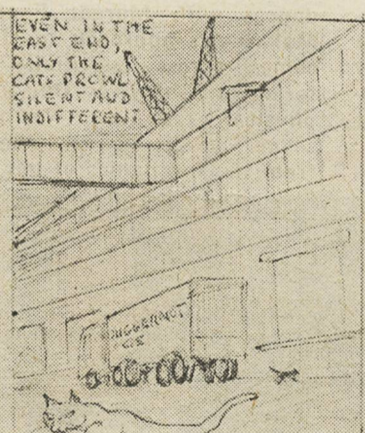
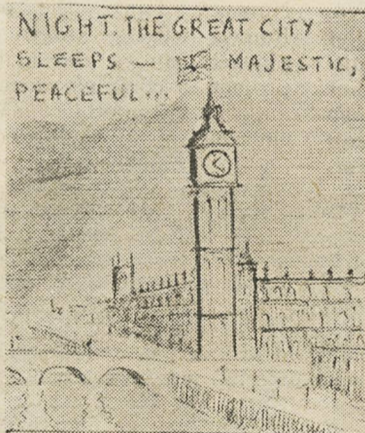


Election fraud

WHAT do elections MEAN if the committee which runs a student union of 2,500 people is elected in a union meeting by 300 people at most?

What does this fact imply about the stated concern of our executive committee to revitalise student interest in union affairs?

Why was a proposal to make the elections a two-day ballot box affair, which is the only way to involve the maximum number of students in union politics, turned down by the casting vote of that union bureaucratic institution, Dave Kenvyn, the chairman of Friday 11th's union meeting?



SIMMONDS

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LONDON THEATRE

DUE to the infinite boredom the London theatre scene has been arousing over the last few weeks, one was more than pleased to hear that the R.S.C. were opening their new season at the Place. Inevitably certain expectations on a new creative surge in London theatreland and its tinsel commercial fortifications was aroused, but the situation so far has little hope of presenting a new direction to the Company's own work, let alone that of London theatre.

The season's first play "Cries from Casement" came thus as a major disappointment. One of the major chronic illnesses of British theatre was revealed—a dearth of good playwrights. The production never succeeds in rising above the loose and sometimes superfluous simplifications of David Rudkin's play, which acts as a strong restraint upon the abilities of the R.S.C. as a company. Blakely's performance as Casement, the Irish patriot hanged for treason, borders on a spontaneous brilliancy, and though the play has not quite managed to rid itself of the limitations the television media imposed upon it earlier, it nevertheless comes across in some moments as a worthwhile glimpse of a troubled Irish past.

Philip Magdaleny's play "Section Nine", is a play that provokes a somewhat more complex dilemma. Most critics have been visibly taken aback by the keen and often bawdy satire with which the playwright makes inroads upon the American conscience, and have voiced lengthy didactics on the moral unsuitability and obesity of the play, stressing how ill it fits a company with the stature of the R.S.C. to consider including it in their repertoire.

One is tempted to state by the very nature of their verdict that they do not know what they are talking about. Magdaleny's play does not (quite) frankly deserve that elevated level of response. It involves an American scientist with homosexual leanings, who decides to vanish off with a secret blueprint weapon capable of annihilating the world, tattooed on his penis. The play emerges as a satire not only on American sexual inhibitions, but further develops into a manipulation of caricatured American stereotypes and hackneyed attitudes. The rhythms of Magdaleny's wit find a striking parallel in Charles Marowitz's deft strokes of direction, and an amazing coherency of supplementary performances from his cast—Judy Geeson's sugarsweet and naive Vivien, David Waller's all-American Senator Caldwell, and Colin Blakely's barking portrayal of General Muster—all superbly caricatured. Altogether the play generates much laughter little definite impact, but if obscenity seems to be the criteria that London critics adopt towards "Section Nine", then I must categorically state that it is a charge that is as self-righteous as it is foolish.

Which brings us to the repertoire of the National Theatre at the Old Vic. Wole Syinka's adaptation of the "Bacchae" is decidedly one of the creative failures of the National. Syinka has methodically stripped the play of Euripides' compelling power of image and poetry, and has instead succeeded in creating what can only be described as an artistic and cultural abnormality, by substituting a vague diffusion of Yoruba chants and devisualised dance movements. A criticism of Syinka's adaptation is only highlighting one of the aspects and levels on which the play completely fails. Either due to a lack of creative direction or to a severe vacuum in the National's acting talents, Roland Joffe's production is absurdly superficial, flashy and totally devoid of emotion. Martin Shaw's Dionysus is a weak and frayed performance, and John Shrapnel's Pentheus sprouts rhetoric in the manner of bad grammar school delivery, thus lacking credibility.

The wild Dionysian frenzy of the choral Bacchantes is converted by Joffe into a limp and insipid portrayal of pubescent frustration, which leaves one amazed at the total lack of a concept of dealing with group theatre. Only Constance Cumming's Agave impresses with its subdued and resilient tones of strength. Otherwise Syinka's adaptation of the "Bacchae" emerges as a creative disaster for the National and a poor theatrical experience for its audiences.

In contrast, John Dexter's production of the new Peter Shaffer play "Equus" is truly one of the brilliant masterpieces in the

National's repertoire. Others have successfully linked Shaffer's new play thematically to his other efforts, but what is vital to realise is that artistically and in terms of technique "Equus" represents a new dimension for Shaffer.

Realising his own limitations as a dramatist, Shaffer imposes upon the play the figure of Martin Dysart, the psychiatrist, with rather accepted views and definitions on human impulse, who is drawn towards this compelling and once again, almost Dionysiac ecstasy of life. It is through Dysart's eyes that we will see the play, it is through his conscious-

ness and his definitions that we will attempt to discover the motivation behind Alan Strang's act, which culminated in the blinding of six horses at the local stables.

Looming over the entire play is the "Equus" force, an image of great strength and potential beauty. The Equus force emerges as that part of a child's sexual and religious awareness, a feeling of such depth and intensity that we must inevitably regret its suppression by the mature and balanced rationale of adulthood.

The play ensues as an exploration into Alan Lang's behaviour—his identification between Christ and the physicality of the figure of

a horse in a painting hung over his bed—a fusion that creates the Equus spirit, an overriding force of such sexual frenzy that its very presence, triggered by the sexual inadequacy Alan feels within him, leads to the central act of the play—the blinding of the six horses.

John Dexter's brilliant and profound interpretation of Shaffer's play has as many perspectives as there are responses, and to elaborate upon them is not within the scope of this review. One wonders whether to stress the magnificent emotive impact of John Napier's design, or Alec McCowen's subdued, controlled and moving portrayal of Dysart.

EQUUS

One thing is certain. The National has a compassionate performance of surrender from newcomer Peter Firth, whose projection of the bewildered, defiant and sul'len Alan Lang is one of the most moving performances from any actor at the National this year. But these are less than complete reflections on a masterpiece. Let it be known—Dexter's production of "Equus" is a major breakthrough in dramatic technique, modern stagecraft and emotional dimension. This may portend yet greater things to come from the National when it moves under its new director next year.

BALLET

THE news that Natalia Makarova was to dance with the Royal Ballet for four performances of "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Sleeping Beauty" elicits a somewhat mixed response.

Makarova, who created a sensation after her defection from the Bolshoi a few years ago, is

probably one of the most over-rated ballet dancers this side of the Iron Curtain. Technically, her performance has tremendous strength. Each movement, each gesture emanates from an iron-clad discipline. This, in fact, is a discipline which is so obviously reflected in facial expression and movement that one is immediately aware of her conscious, as opposed to spontaneous reflection of dance.

The performance of "Romeo and Juliet" with Makarova and

Nureyev from the very beginning told of visible strain. The detachment that underlies most Makarova-Nureyev contact created an almost crystalline physical fluidity that forced one to compare it with a spontaneous warmth when Nureyev dances with Margot Fonteyn. Makarova's approach to Juliet comes across essentially different to Fonteyn's. Due to her physical restraint, Makarova seems unable to free herself from the mechanics of her per-

formance. Her gaiety appears harsh compared to the youthful exuberance Fonteyn still brings to the part.

It is necessary, however, to rescue this review from the continual but unavoidable Makarova-Fonteyn dichotomy. Nureyev dances the part of Romeo with as well known physical agility and brilliantly projects a complex visual language of Kenneth MacMillan's choreography. The production on the whole throbs with dy-

namic emotion, rising with the terms of Prokofiev's music until the final scene in the almost surrealistic beauty of Nicholas Gorgiadis' Capulet family crypt. Despite Makarova's lack of contribution to the emotional tempo of the production, the Royal Ballet production comes across with an amazing lucidity and dimension of tragedy that one could not have conceived as totally possible, and is to be highly commended.

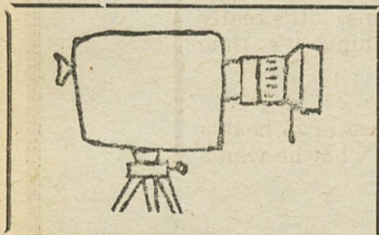


REVIEWS

FILMS

"STEELYARD BLUES"

A FUNNY and entertaining film about a demolition-derby expert (Donald Sutherland) who sets out to realise his life's ambition of wrecking every car, combine harvester, tractor and caravan made between 1940 and 1960, using either a '58 Studebaker, or a reconditioned Seaplane. Sutherland and partner Jane Fonda seem to be getting overly type-cast as (respectively) "the free freak" and "the tart with a heart", but no-one can deny they play the roles well. Jane Fonda's unassuming role is, however, eclipsed by Peter Boyle's portrayal of the slightly schizoid henchman.



The photography is often unimaginative and the director unfortunately seems to have sacrificed continuity for the sake of cramming in more short scenes, but the film makes up for this by its low-key, sympathetic, and unsteretyped treatment both of the characters and the underlying "message".

"DON'T LOOK NOW"

They tried hard, but I've seen less gripping films create a greater mood of eeriness and fear out of a far less suitable background. (Robert Altman's "Images", for example). It is the director and scriptwriter who are responsible for this, however, not the actors. The story could be summed up as a psychological thriller revolving around the central figures of an art-restorer (Donald Sutherland,

who, by the way breaks the stereotype in this film), his wife (Julie Christie), and two psychic sisters who can sense both the past tragedy of the couple's dead daughter, and a future tragedy hidden in time. The film is set in Venice but the overpowering eeriness of the setting is insufficiently exploited by the director, and a good part of the film's atmosphere is restricted to the local Hilton, whilst a lot of the local colour is wasted by close-ups of the four foreigners.

Recurrent symbolisms do not heighten the mood to the level it could attain. Nevertheless, good performances by the main characters give the story some depth, and some feeling of the tragic fatality the film's meant to be about.

"PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID"

It could have been a great film if. If it had been better directed. If people would stop hiring singers to act, which is even more fatal than hiring actors to sing. If someone had hired a real scriptwriter to make a decent story into something better.

Otherwise it is just a pecked-and-pawed version of how the Old West (Billy the Kid, alias Kris Kristofferson) was shot bah that gun-totin' outlaw (Pat Garrett alias James Coburn) who sold out to the forces of capitalism and modernity.

The medium is would-be modern, too, with lots of electronic bloodshed, carefully aged gunbelts and cinematic-realiste-type poses, but the story is too loose, and even Bob Dylan (when he isn't talking) struck me as a better actor than Kris Kristofferson. He still sings better than he acts, but he didn't bust no guts on the score, and how they managed to stretch three songs into an L.P., I'll never know.

LET'S have Sabbatical officers. "The work load is such that full-time committees are required if an effective union is to function." So goes the official line.

Why is the work load so heavy? The Union at the moment has to fight—well let's take three important issues. One, the union finances; two, the grants campaign; three, hall management.

Surprised about the last one? The director has just flung that into the stew-pot. It may be a diversionary tactic to prevent a long-term concentrated effort being directed at securing reasonable union finances. It may be just part of the directors' happy attempt to minimise the union.

That doesn't matter. What is demonstrated is how quickly an issue can appear—dramatically

increasing the work load. And it has not been effectively mentioned at a Union meeting—that's how well the Union functions. No doubt the argument is that sabbatical officers would research and construct a co-ordinated plan of action, relevant to the resources and acceptable to the students.

AMATEURS

At the moment badly armed amateurs are struggling against full-time professionals. Is that why the Union is ineffective? Or is it because students are not involved in its affairs? An executive is not needed let alone sabbatical officers. Let the people have power! We have the talent and the numbers to overwhelm any gerontocracy.

But not dedication. Or organisation. As attractive and idealistic "the peoples" proposals are, they are not practical. What is

required is direction, consistency and discipline. That's why there is an executive. That it cannot arouse the students is a product of inefficiency. The excuse for such lousy service is lack of time.

Remove this excuse! Divest in sabbatical officers! At least there will be new reasons now for malaise.

The only problems are that sabbatical officers will be political appointees, accrue power or become a new form of London tourist.

But dear brothers — the answer lies with the people, oh great power maniacs. Sabbatical officers will be judged by results, not ideology. If the goods are not forthcoming can you or I resist voting them out of office?

PETER TIMMINS



WE USED TO BE JUST GOOD FRIENDS . . . BUT NOW I'M A
SABBATICAL OFFICER

WHAT PRICE DEMOCRACY?

SABBATICAL officers were rejected by union on the 12th of October for a multitude of confused reasons, perpetrated by a collection of individuals concerned with the effects of sabbatical officers to the habitual piss-artists.

However, the discussion—if it can be called that—failed to make clear the case for sabbaticals.

The two main arguments involve the question of bureaucracy and power and whether a year off is just an ego-trip for those elected.

There are two kinds of bureaucracy: one we face with the school authorities which is impossible to understand, usually unco-operative and completely unaccountable to students for its decisions and behaviour. The other kind of bureaucracy is set-up, not with the intention of encasing every molecule of its machinery in red-tape, but to make your own organisation more effective.

However, to make sure it doesn't develop into the former type you ensure control of it, and that the bureaucracy is accountable to you.

It is argued that the range and quantity of work to be done requires full-time Union officers, which raises the question of sabbatical officers becoming too powerful.

These fears stem justifiably from experience, and believe it or not the proposers of the motion were aware of this, so

the motion specifically provided:

- (a) That sabbatical officers would be elected by a ballot vote to take place over two days—as opposed to the present system where elections take place during one Union meeting.
- (b) That any sabbatical officer could be removed by a simple vote of no confidence.
- (c) And to ensure they do not think themselves better or different from other students, they would receive a maximum undergraduate grant pro rata for 52 weeks, as opposed to 30 weeks.

It is argued that a sabbatical officer can gain power in other ways, such as the amount of information he or she can acquire, but since the proposal suggested more than one sabbatical officer, no one officer would have an absolute hold on information.

More importantly, it was suggested that the editor of "Beaver" should be a sabbatical post, and for this reason he or she would be able to ensure better communication on the widest range of issues. Since

the editor could not be a member of the executive committee, this also provides a check on individual officers.

The most important point remains, that neither the Executive Committee nor individual members of Union, whether sabbatical or not, have any decision-making power whatsoever. That power remains vested in general Union meetings.

On any campaign, whether it be an internal one such as Union fees, or a national one like the grants campaign, if we want to fight it efficiently we need people who can consistently give detailed attention to research and organisation. We need full-time officers to deal with the day to day issues which are often shelved; full-timers who students know they can go to for help—whether for person or general problems, such as the present difficulties over room bookings.

None of us like Union being in a mess, and introducing sabbatical officers is no magic formula to solve our problems. Yet these opposing sabbaticals have yet to suggest alternative ways of improving Union.

Sabbaticals are only a beginning. There are two sides to democracy—one is having the freedom to participate in decisions, the other is a reciprocal freedom which ensures that decisions, once they are made, are efficiently carried out.

SHELLEY ADAMS.

BOOKS

RECENT PAPERBACKS

"THE VERTICAL SMILE," by Richard Condon (Penguin, 40p).

A savagely funny satire on American politics by the author of "The Manchurian Candidate"; high camp when it first appeared just before the Watergate shit hit the fan but definitely unsettling to read just now. Like the man said, "no matter how paranoid you may be, they are doing something even nastier."

"THE DICK," by Bruce Friedman (Penguin, 35p).

The public relations man in the Homicide Bureau of an unidentified East Coast city decides to take the plunge and join the psychopathic killers charged with maintaining law 'n' order. Though lacking Condon's subtlety (the scalpel is replaced by the bludgeon), Friedman's fantasy-satire also cuts very near the bone . . .

"BECKETT," by A. Alvarez (Fontana, 50p)

Alvarez's recent book on suicide must have helped put him on the right wavelength to understand Samuel Beckett's obsession with depression and "his own limitless negation." Compared with the recent spate of critical writings on Beckett, Alvarez combines understanding with a sense of balance; how refreshing it is to read that "The Unnameable" gets perilously close to being "The Unreadable". His analysis of the novels and plays does not come up with any spectacularly new insights (quite properly; it is hard to think of a more spectacular author than Beckett), but is solid, lucid and readable throughout.

"THE BOOK OF BOSWELL: AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GYPSY" (Penguin, 35p).

Born in 1895, Gordon Boswell took to the road from his early teens. This affectionate and unsentimental account of Romany life in England should prove of equal fascination to sociologist and casual reader alike, and is doubly welcome at a time when the law and emerging middle-class conformity have almost succeeded in killing the gypsy's way of life.

"THE AFRICANS," by Basil Davidson (Penguin, 60p).

Still under the influence of Victorian arrogance and insularity, the vast majority of Europeans persist in thinking of native African societies as unsophisticated, static, and above all, lacking all historical development; in other words, they maintain Dean Farrar's division of humanity into the Savage and Civilised races. Drawing illustrations from some 65 African tribes and societies, Davidson makes use of sociology, anthropology and history to show the complexity and functional sophistication African cultures developed in order to tame the most inhospitable of continents. Highly recommended.

"A DICTIONARY OF POLITICS" (Penguin, 60p).

A reference book invaluable to anybody involved in current affairs. The entries are concise and up-to-date; the necessary lack of depth may be objected to by some, but in an age of increasing specialisation within a given field even experts on EFTA or the Congo may well be glad of the chance to look up the entries for, say, "International Co-operation Administration", "Maphilindo", or "Subversive Activities Control Act, 1950".

JOHN STATHATOS.

NOBODY knows exactly what LSD does to the psyche, partly because it has different effects on different people. The only certainties are that it changes the brain patterns and that it increases the concentration 100 per cent. Consequently, the object that is concentrated on becomes the world; and to switch concentration to something else is like stepping into another world. This, as you can imagine, is a very desirable state of affairs because its akin to being born again, every second. Or as often as you like.

Your awareness and your environment combine to produce the thoughts that enter your head. This is especially noticeable on acid when you become aware of your awareness. Your consciousness reaches new heights which climax with extraordinary sensory impressions of what may be a mundane environment. Your perspectives are so revitalised that small incidents or casual words assume meanings out of all proportion to their true nature. Your mind therefore links up random thoughts to give new meanings to everything. The following is about an acid trip I took during which a nod from a friend convinced me that I had just died.

My friend and I were in a boat with more Indians than was comfortable, being ferried across the

human either, more like a perfect being. I want to ask him what happened, but before I can speak, the sun shines inside my head and seems to smile at me. Before my eyes the scenery changes into the dream world fitting for perfect beings and I drift silently on . . . I got nothing to say. Going down the road there's nothing on my mind, not the least conception of time. The westering sun has given the sky an orange luminiscence and the myriad colours are reflected in the river as in a mirror. I don't feel anything: bliss is not a feeling, it's a being.

"So you're in Heaven," I say to myself and immediately Heaven turns into Hell. I'm in semi-darkness and my friend looks like a corpse. "When I think," continues my voice after a while, "the bliss I've found disappears. Was I not told that Enlightenment comes when the tireless waves of thought cease? Does that mean I'm merely on a journey through a purgatory where joy can be lost?" I feel helplessly tangled in a web of questions and it's hardly the type of matter I can ask my friend's opinion on. In any case he is by this time a foul-smelling, wraith-like imitation of his former self. "Can I inflict my panic on someone else?" We are in a dense fog and progress is difficult. I feel pain, an intense, indescribable pain all around me. "It's really getting bad," says my friend, "I think it's time you. . . ."

I don't wait for him to finish because I can hear a horse galloping behind me and I know what he wants

TRIP THROUGH DEATH



Ganges. The Indians were all pilgrims and in their best clothes. Everyone had sad and serious expressions however, and I formed the opinion that it was a funeral; my funeral. I turned to my friend questioningly and he nodded, probably merely to recognise my existence. But I took it as confirmation of my worst fears. A momentary panic was dissolved by the feeling of my consciousness fleeing, and with it all knowledge of my identity. From then on I was convinced that I was a spirit with a form that no one else could see.

A word needs to be said here about the place I was in. 'Twas a small village called Rishikesh (Place of Wise Men). Rishikesh is built on the Ganges where it leaves the mountains and is a place of pilgrimage because it is said that the wise and holy men of India settled here originally because it is so beautiful that it gives one the impression of being in Heaven. The village has the foothills of the Himalayas to the north, jungle to the west and fertile plains to the south and east. And the holy river, a colour for which there is no word, flows through the centre.

I find myself walking, nay floating, through the plodding Indians beside the river with a glow around my body/spirit. My friend no longer looks like a

me to do. I turn and face a demon-possessed horse bearing down on me. Snorting, blowing, sweating with dilated eyes the horse thunders in my brain. Next moment the scenery is restored to its former splendour and the horse is sedately pulling a carriage down the road away from me.

Feeling beautiful and blissful, I trip gaily down the road. Then a voice, not mine, starts whispering inside my head: "You really tried hard for Enlightenment. Well, everybody makes it one day. It's as natural and inevitable as death. Nobody knows what you have achieved, but who cares for the praise of others?"

"Man has become so hedonistic that joy and beauty are being driven out, Rishikesh is one of the few unspoilt spots. Go on your way and be as a candle in the dark for men with faithful hearts tonight. Go slowly, be at peace, for God can never be destroyed. And when the morrow comes you will rise as the sun, bringing peace and light and love."

I reckon that Death is the greatest thing that could happen to anyone. Or, if not that, definitely the freakiest trip you can expect.

J.B.

Red Wine or Rosé?



with a distinct feeling of confusion and anguish developing in this thick fresher skull.

But the ordeal is not over yet and Paddy just has to stop at a book stall that is selling all the books that he has already seen.

"Are you a society?" he asks.

"No."

"Does that mean that you are not selective about the books that you have?"

"No."

"Ten what are your views?"

"Marxist-Leninist."

Petrified Paddy contemplates for a moment and then takes the plunge.

"Er... why ten don't you join another Marxist-Leninist party, I've, er, just seen two."

"We only wish to sell books and further the aims of our beliefs."

"Thanks," says Paddy and goes to another stall.

"You are the Afro-Asian Society?"

"Yus."

"Er... what are the views of this party?"

"Marxist-Leninist."

"Again?"

"Er... yus. But we also believe in English Communism, and support the Afro-Asian parties."

"Anything else?"

"Yus, very good... we oppose British Communism."

Paddy swallows his resentment and says "Tanks" in what he hopes is an English accent, and then moves off in despair.

Poor Paddy O'Brien was confused. Here was he, one of the potentially great Communist theoreticians, with no idea where he belonged. Paddy sat down and drank a glass of water—the Guinness had run out in the bar! Things had been simpler at home. For a start, there were no Haggis eating Scots, or loud mouthed Yanks, or curried wogs.

So O'Brien decided that things must be made simpler, and he decided to take a walk. Just as he came to the door, Paddy was apprehended by a short, bespectacled, rather good looking young man. He promptly told Paddy that all his troubles were at an end if he joined the Liberal Party. Wee Paddy at once concluded that this was it, and quickly parted with the 30p which he had been clutching rather furtively in the bottom right hand corner of the pocket on the left leg of his brand new jeans. He was in!

DAVE & WYON

The political struggles of PADDY O'BRIEN

PADDY is a simple guy. Born in green green "Ayre Land." He knows all about the Protestants, the Catholics and Irish Stew... I almost forgot about the real ones, the provisional ones and God knows what ones. He has come a long way—right down South to the London School of Econometrics and knows he has to make a cataclysmic decision—a decision most important in the creation of his image. Paddy has to choose a Party.

Wee Paddy is politically minded. His auld friend Patrick O'Faulkner, from County Keegan, once told him that everyone from the school was a Communist, and knew all about Eyesaneck, whoever he was. So Paddy decides to become a Communist.

Having made this monumental decision, Wee Paddy unassumingly strolls down to the L.S.E. Communist Society, and after spending a few anguishing moments trying to gather self confidence, sweltering under the tropical monsoon climate of the society stalls, he timidly asks:—

"What are te views of this party?"

There are two people behind the desk, quietly chatting, but at once the thick sweaty atmosphere becomes electrified, the bored look on the girl's face changes to a look of indifference, and the more intellectually-orientated, enthusiastic male (sic) jumps up with a gleam on his face and a domineering smile, with just a trace of sardonic humour, that makes poor wee Paddy visibly shrink.

"AAAH!" he begins, "Er... (good question, look)... We want a socialist revolution in Britain."

Paddy remains expressionless.

"Yeah... we want to initiate a violent revolution in Britain."

Paddy seems baffled.

"Er, yes," he says, "but how do you differ from the other parties here?"

"Well, we can't define the essential difference... (pause two three)... we have a different relationship with the other socialist parties... er... kind... er, world communism."

Little Paddy thinks.

"If you can't define the essential difference between this and other parties, how can people like me decide to join?"

"Ah, well, you don't decide until you've gone to our meetings and know what we think."

"But have any joined without doing that?" asks courageous Paddy.

"Er... yeah, we've seven freshers join this term."

Paddy says "tanks" and moves off with a slight, but definite nucleus of confusion blotching his brilliant young revolutionary thoughts.

But he does not move far. About two yards in fact, for there he finds the answer to all his aspiring revolutionary dreams.

"The Young Socialist Student Society."

Squeezing his way through comrade after comrade he quietly whispers in a tiny squeaking voice:

"What are te views of tis party?"

"Trotskyist... (pause for effect)... we fight for the principles of the Bolshevik movement and the Russian Revolution."

"Wow!" thinks Paddy, "I'm really mixing with the world's cream of intelligence now."

"But... er, what about Britain?" he quietly asks.

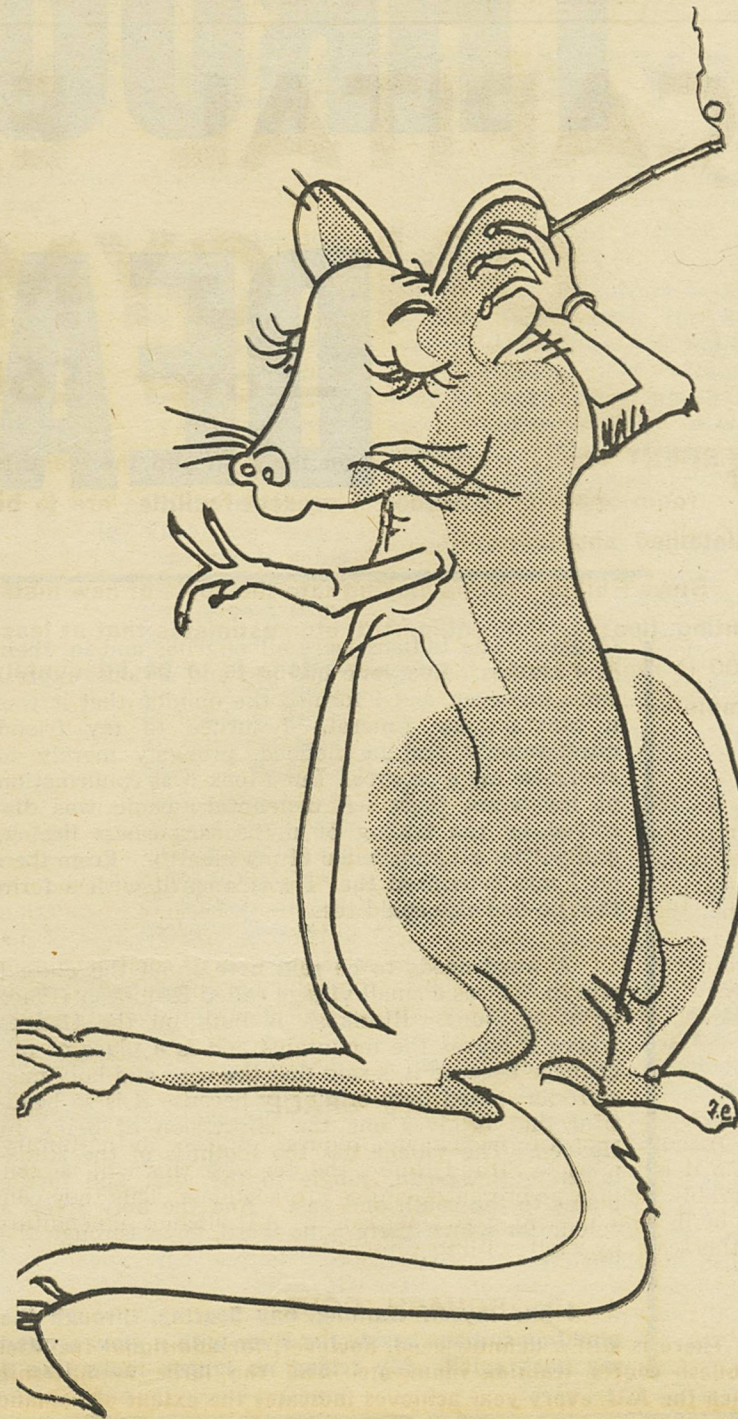
The intellectual on the other side of the desk looks at him for a moment with considerable contempt.

"We want to unite the student movement with the working class and demand a labour government with communist principles."

"Demand?"

"Yer, demand... the peaceful road to socialism is a bloody road to socialism (sic 2)."

"Tanks" says poor wee Paddy and shuffles off



THE DIRECTOR MAY YET SUCCEED, WHERE JOHN CARR AND THE STUDENTS' UNION HAVE FAILED, IN BRINGING ABOUT AN S.U. - A.U. ALLIANCE.

THE ATHLETIC UNION PAGE

ATHLETIC UNION FINANCES

Clubs share a record low sum

At a meeting of the A.U. clubs on Thursday, October 18th, record low budgets were allocated, as a result of the Director's decision not to decide on anything—forcing the clubs to work in terms of last year's figures, which in real terms are now hopelessly under par with other universities and colleges.

The situation is further exacerbated because of the need to set aside £400 as a capital allocation, and also to absorb last year's deficit in this year's budget—unlike the Students' Union, the A.U. cannot write off deficits against reserves.

Although the larger clubs have not really been affected, some of the smaller, high cost clubs have been hit very hard, and clubs like the Ski club have been totally disbanded.

'You can expect not to get less than last year'
DIRECTOR POSTPONES DECISION ON GRANTS

In an extraordinarily enigmatic meeting with the Director, the President and the Treasurer of the A.U. were able to get nothing out of him except a statement to the effect that the union could expect not to receive anything less than last year.

If no inflation allowance is made this will effectively cut back Union activities by at least 10 per cent. Although this now seems unlikely, not least because the Students' Union have now negotiated an inflation allowance, it does look as though the Director is straining every muscle and pulling out every stop in an effort to achieve what has hitherto been regarded as impossible—an S.U. - A.U. alliance.

His desire not to commit himself to anything is strange to

say the least, as the School knows its own income for five years in advance. This is meant to facilitate planning.

JEREMY CLIFT.



A.U. DISCUSSES AMALGAMATION WITH S.U.

'Grant from L.E.A. rather than School'

The A.U. is at last discussing amalgamation with the Students' Union, in an effort to cast off the shackles of School control, by getting its grant from the L.E.A.

Although the A.U. is particularly wary of doing anything with the S.U. according to the L.E.A. there need be no formal amalgamation, although at other universities this is usual.

The chief reason for A.U. reluctance to co-operate with the Students' Union is the fear that the A.U. would lose out when money was distributed, at the beginning of each financial year. Safeguards can, however, be built into the system.

THE A.U. OFFICE

is in the
ST. CLEMENTS BUILDING
on the Second Floor
S110.

CONTACT US FOR
RUGBY
SOCCER
SQUASH
BADMINTON
GLIDING
CROSS-COUNTRY
AND MANY MORE...
ALL WELCOME!

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE ON GYM URGENT
—over £600 needed'

URGENT capital expenditure on the gym and the weights room opposite is needed if present facilities are to be maintained and improved.

Steve Philips, who is looking into the costs of new mats, lighting, flooring, P.T. equipment, etc., estimates that at least £600 is really needed if any work done is to be adequately completed.

DELAY

As with the grant, the Director has delayed any decision concerning capital expenditure on the gym. His excuse was that he was unsure whether he could use certain monies for expenditure upon sports facilities. Yet the longer he postpones his decision, the higher the cost of improvements will be, both because of inflation, and because present facilities will fall into a greater state of disrepair. He seems to think that he is doing students some favour by allocating them money, when in fact students should not have to fight for improvements in facilities which most universities take for granted.

LIBRARY SPACE

Although the A.U. has put in a request for space in the library, when it is moved to Strand House, the need for this will be considerably reduced if present facilities are adequate. This they cannot be in their present state; nor can the A.U. finance expenditure on this scale, by itself, with its present budget.

SQUASH COURT

There is still a definite need, however, for additional facilities—squash courts, training room, etc. And the large membership which the A.U. every year achieves indicates the extent of demand for sporting facilities at the School. It should never be merely an academic institution.

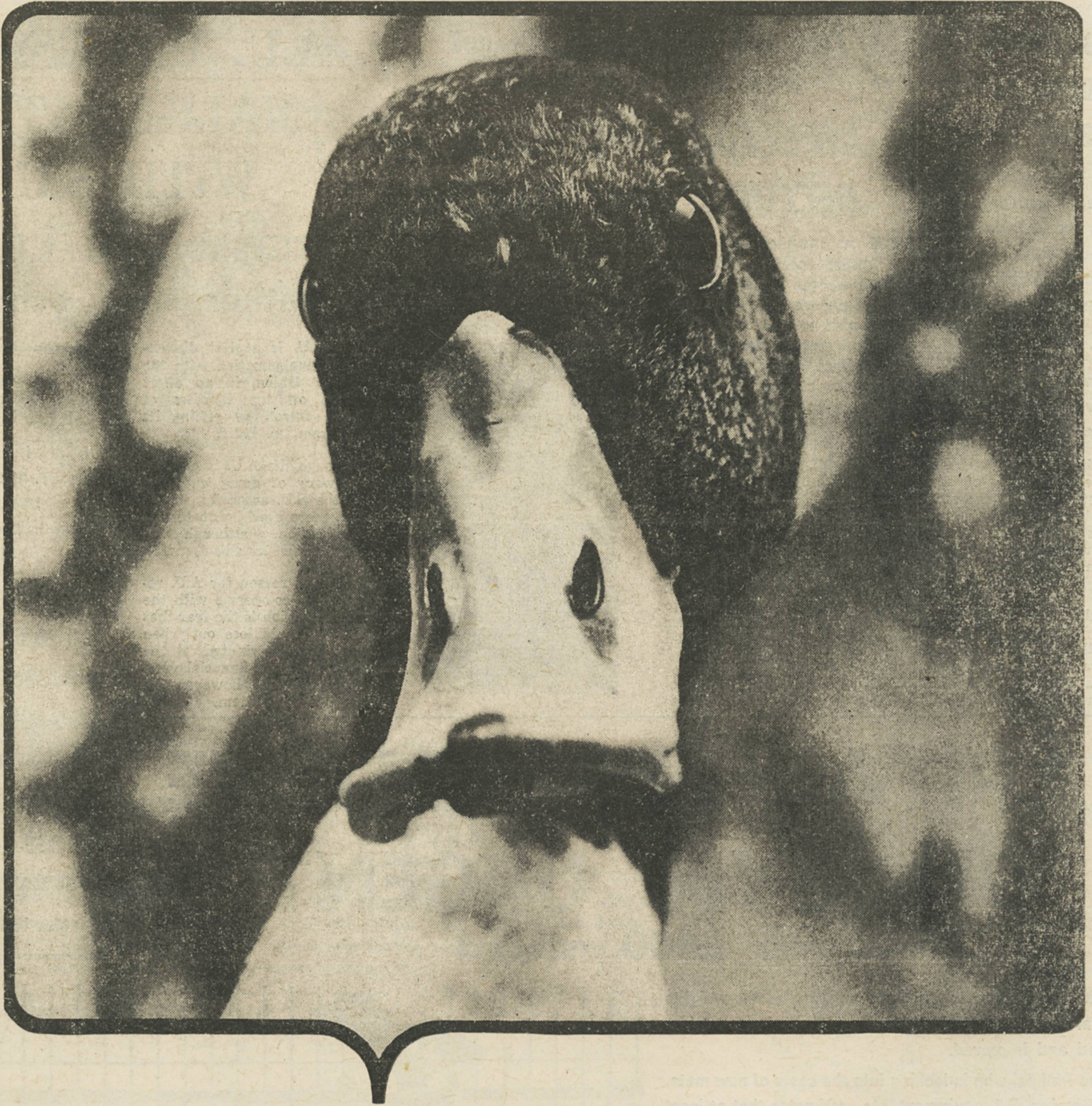
J.C.



BEAVER EXCLUSIVE:

THE TRUTH BEHIND UNION

ELECTIONS



Well frankly, duckies . . .

SEE it's election time again and for those of you who are new here let me warn you now, you are in for a bit of a shock. Us old birds have hardly recovered from last year's Bacchanalian festivities but you newies had better get your constitutions preened before you enter the Old Theatre this Friday afternoon.

For a start-off, the damned fellows punch a cute little hole in those shiny, brand-new plastic cards you got when you registered. Then the fun really begins. Armed with your ballot-paper you join the end of a queue which stretches from Clare Market to the Aldwych, as for once every member of the Union eagerly awaits to perform his democratic privilege.

By the time it is your turn to enter the Old Theatre you can hardly stand having stoically walked the tight-rope of alcoholic beverages (hic!) and low women which each candidate foists upon you as you wait, in an effort to subvert your high-principled judgements and humble demands.

The act of registering your vote is over in a trice as a large hand grips your pen and a melancholy voice whispers sweet nothings into your ear.

Everything, of course, is incredibly democratic.

Flushed and reeling you make your exit heading one only hopes to the peace and solitude of the Three Tuns, desperate for a double Scotch to settle trembling hand and loosen tongue for the anecdotal action replay, or post-mortem.

You may think that that's it for another year but you'd be sadly wrong. Last year no sooner had the ballot boxes been sealed when a vicious incendiary attack was made by none other than John Morton,

Esq., B.Sc. (Econ.) (failed), Bamber Gascoigne Bum-Boy, two bars and stripe. The papers were retrieved just in time from this malignant arsonist but not before some of the papers had been singed by his devilish flame. Paradoxically, these papers all seemed to contain votes for John Blundell, that notorious Tory Party magnate with sixteen pocket boroughs.

Speculation of a re-election soon seemed to be substantiated as one after another of the successful candidates dropped by the wayside. First to go was Maria Cadaxa, after attending the celebration party and realising the dreadful responsibilities of her high office.

However, it was at this stage that the high principles of British Parliamentary democracy and Union representation saved the day when the Exec. Committee leapt into the breach (pip, pip) and revealed their plans to labour on with depleted numbers thus postponing action until "Union could face the daunting prospect of further elections."

Of course, this year's elections will be something completely different.

QUACK, QUACK.