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EDITORIAL

PHYSICAL CONFRONTATIONS

It has been a well-known fact for some time now that LSE students vote with their feet rather than take an active part in student affairs, whether the latter be Union debates or elections to Union offices. Abstentions from both debates and elections are considerable but to conclude on that score, as some do, that elections are undemocratic and Union decisions unrepresentative is sheer rubbish. Many exercise their right not to vote; others choose a new President. Likewise with Union meetings. Motions which have been 'debated' and voted on must be regarded as an expression of student opinion. Union decisions are representative of student opinion to the extent that they reflect the views of those present, whatever their number.

The question arises of course, what does this 'opinion' amount to anyway?

The article that follows, "Notes from Room R", draws attention to no mere epiphenomenon but a sizeable body of beliefs that has succeeded in alienating a large number of students from Union affairs. Its vindictive, satirical and in places, bitter tone will not escape those on the Left. But its aim is to highlight the situation in which we now find ourselves and to examine the inevitable results of Left wing tactics. As such, it makes no attempt to provide a detailed alternative. The situation is clear enough. The Left is bankrupt but willing; the Right (effectively Con Soc) is virtually non-existent as far as Union debates are concerned; the rest — indifferent.

But if the people who disassociate themselves from student politics consider themselves immune from the follies of the student body as a whole, they are sadly mistaken. Especially is this the case at a time when major issues are being discussed. Never has this been more amply illustrated than in the case of the Union meeting which took place on Friday, April 24. It was inevitable that the Hoch Case should have been granted urgency. It was not inevitable that the majority of students should have been absent from this meeting nor that the majority of those present should have sanctioned the motion proposed. The demand that Paul Hoch be released from prison and that his Court expenses be paid by the School was nothing more than an expression of the wishful thinking and fantasizing that has been typical of Left wing policies this year. In this respect, it is difficult to accept Professor Griffiths' view (p. 5). He thinks it unreasonable to commit a person to prison unless that person has either threatened to harm the

School in some way or has already done so. Fair enough. But there is evidence to suggest that Hoch has done both. Furthermore, the futile flouting of an injunction on three occasions after warnings can only lead to the imposition of penalties. But in any case, is one to wait until the School has been burnt down before taking action? It may be noted, incidentally, that the people recently disciplined at LSE have been principally those responsible for damaging School property, supporting such damage or by attempting in some other way to bring things to a halt. And in this respect, the School authorities, even if by default, have been supported by the majority of this year's students.

It was unfortunate that the students present at this meeting could not distinguish between 'victimization' and a rather elementary point concerning self-preservation. Persuaded that victimization was rampant, they supported a motion which threw a pointless challenge at the feet of the authorities and elected an action group whose terms of reference were vague to say the least. The outcome of this state of affairs was the wilful destruction of School property. When the stage is cleared for a head-on confrontation between the Administration and the Left, perhaps such an outcome is inevitable. The rejection of the School's offer of student representation stemmed from a similar confrontation between two competing elites, this time in the name of some god called Parity.

All of which brings us back to that amorphous entity, the Student Body. There is little critical and rational discussion in Union debates. The fault lies not so much with the Left as with those who rejoice in the name of Moderates. Not only have they forced the Left to adopt ungainly postures in the Old Theatre but, when the chips were down, surrendered the School premises to a bunch of louts and hotheads from outside. Their culpable indifference in those matters which most concern us has left a yawning gap, both in the Old Theatre and the world of critical discussion.

NOTES FROM ROOM R: PROTEST OF A LIBRARY DWELLER

After three days of dogma, howling and physical confrontation the LSE Left has emerged ruptured, isolated and brutally inglorious. For the purposes of those three days, the Left constituted J. Blair, B. Dent, A. Gillie, A. Hinckley, J. McGreal, N. Lockwood, C. Middleton, G. Marshall, S. Vickory and visiting advisers such as the lovable Mr. Tomkinson and the iconoclastic Mr. Fawthrop inter alia. For the past year the various members of this group have stabbed consciences, hurled slogans, enunciated dogma and finally, rushed on lemming-like into the biggest credibility gap of this year's unpolitical spectacle. They have offered some of the crudest determinism possible for self-professed intellectuals, perpetually claimed the hot-line to social 'reality', and indulged in a degenerate policy of character assassination directed at Walter Adams and Lionel Robbins downwards through the administrative and academic body, from Tomkinson's grudges against being outmanoeuvred by Ben Roberts in Committee, trying to sweeten him with two lumps of sugar in his coffee, to Lockwood's protestations that he was "treated like shit" by Adams who refused to speak to him when he interrupted the end of a telephone conversation between the Union President and himself.

The latter trivia are a particularly myopic obsession of but a few leftists, offset by such as P. Corrigan at the other end of this spectrum, who, constantly eager to claim the status of 'scientist', conserves himself more with an 'objective analysis', which as yet merely means an obsession with natural classification such as, 'the ruling class', the 'proletariat', with which he interprets contemporary history in a highly predictable orthodox Marxist manner. Generally, with the whole armoury of Marxist jargon culled from such sources as the paperback literary renaissance of the more degenerate phases of German philosophy, and week by week trends of N.L.R. intent on the post-Stalinist rehabilitation of Marxism, 'contradictions', and the 'dialectic', 'surplus value', 'over-determination', 'organic intellectualism' and 'objective analysis', have been woven into a highly complex web of mysticism, ideology and general confusion until the Left's communicative ability has hit rock bottom.

nically symbolised by the attempts of an ex-LSE ideologue to explain the dialectic on Saturday 2 May at the highly successful 'Sociology and Ideology' Conference. The honest impression that one came away with was that, like the drunken stage-Irishman, its dynamic motion is two steps forward and three back, especially when confronted with historical bottlenecks like the Philippine American Embassy. This was unfortunate for another speaker's account of the dialectic as the method which distinguished between the scientific and the pre-scientific. But through these humorous confusions the whole business is distinctly pessimistic, because that same Left are the only people with sufficient political concern about the way of the world to air their beliefs, however dogmatic, in the increasingly apathetic spectacle of this year's Union meetings. It is perhaps best through the hectoring quakerism of Mr. Lockwood

that the cowardly indifference, non-concern, and irrelevant wallflower gossip of the Right is revealed. He stood like the White Knight after his attack on one example for "gibbering down his shirt front" during an evangelical speech of his on that popular non-issue (effectively) of the political files (March).

LEFT WING WARTS

At the present moment, the Left are in need of severe criticism for completely mismanaging the political vacuum occasioned by a demoralised Right, for retreating into a highly elitist and conspiratorial form of politics, for leaving potential radical-liberal recruits alienated and despairing at their practice of factitious infighting and attempts at elitist coercion. If Mr. Adelstein still cannot understand why certain professors accuse them of fascist techniques, so much for Mr. Adelstein. But properly, criticism should be directed at theories and policies, with

personalities left over for second-order criticisms.

Yet it is the writer's contention that Soc Soc have no theories and derivative policies to speak of, rather, ideological dogma wedded to mindless praxis.

Furthermore, they have consistently concentrated on anti-personality campaigns, with Adams and Robbins as chief targets. We may agree with Professor Griffiths that there is perfection on neither side, but in the light of last week's events perhaps it would be an opportune moment to divert the focus on the warty face of Soc Soc.

A BRIEF GUIDE TO SOC SOC IDEOLOGY

As repositories of culture, science, and ideology the role of the university can perhaps best be described as institutions of criticism, theoretical development and inculcation. For those who do not accept Adelstein's thesis in "Liberalism and LSE", for what Roy Wolff has already termed "its crude determinism" the universities may be seen as both degree factories and places of learning, partially dependent on the attitudes of its entrants. Even one of Adelstein's favourite authorities, Herbert Marcuse, holds an essentially similar view of American universities, pace Ronald Reagan.

The more extreme proponents of the sociology of knowledge — Gerry Marshall and her neurotic rehash of Adelstein's paper in one of March's political files debates; Andrew Hickley and his learned account that "capitalism fucks you up in your day-to-day life," delivered during the Occupation debates — are easily discredited by their very existence in the university. A further regress of problem shifts in this determinist theory will no doubt argue that economic circumstances produce a whole range of automatons, from degree chasers and revolutionaries to play-boys and aristocratic gamblers. As usual the 'mental surplus' explains all of us, and perforce is scientific, goes the dogma. Yet the same advocates of Marxist economic analysis of education are not adverse to using the Marshallian apparatus of demand/supply and investment in the analysis. (Capitalist technocratic society increasingly demands mental skills, therefore the bourgeoisie invests in

WALLFLOWER GOSSIP

One source of the Left's intellectual confusion was

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to see Brian Simmons

(continued on Page 15)

Fire Destroys Priceless Maps

No doubt many of you will have heard certain rumours concerning the fire that was deliberately started in the geography department on Friday, 26th April. The purpose of this article is to outline, so far as is possible, exactly what happened, and the nature of the damage caused.

DESTRUCTION OF 3000 MAPS

The fire started between 10 and 10.30 p.m. (that is before the School was

closed), resulted in the destruction of between two and three thousand maps stored in metal map chases. The maps destroyed represented a large and important part of the original 'Land Utilisation Survey' organised by Dudley Stamp in the 1930s, when he was Reader (later Professor) of Economic Geography at the school. The maps destroyed were the original six inch scale manuscript maps that had been taken into the field by thousands of students and voluntary workers. These were then used as a basis for the publication of the one inch L.U.S. sheets, however, the originals contained many annotations that did not

appear in the published works.

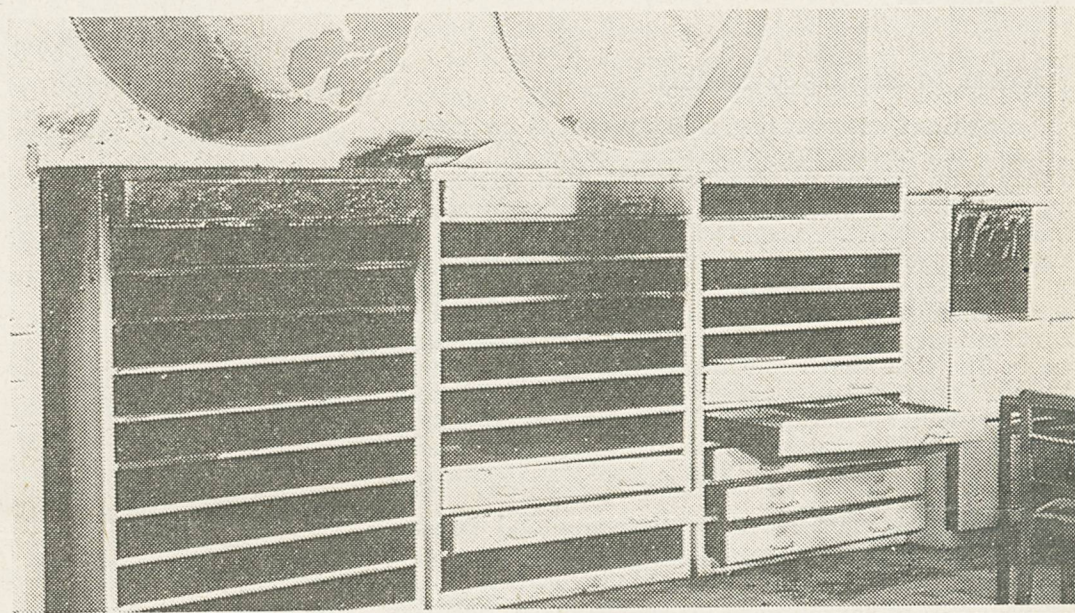
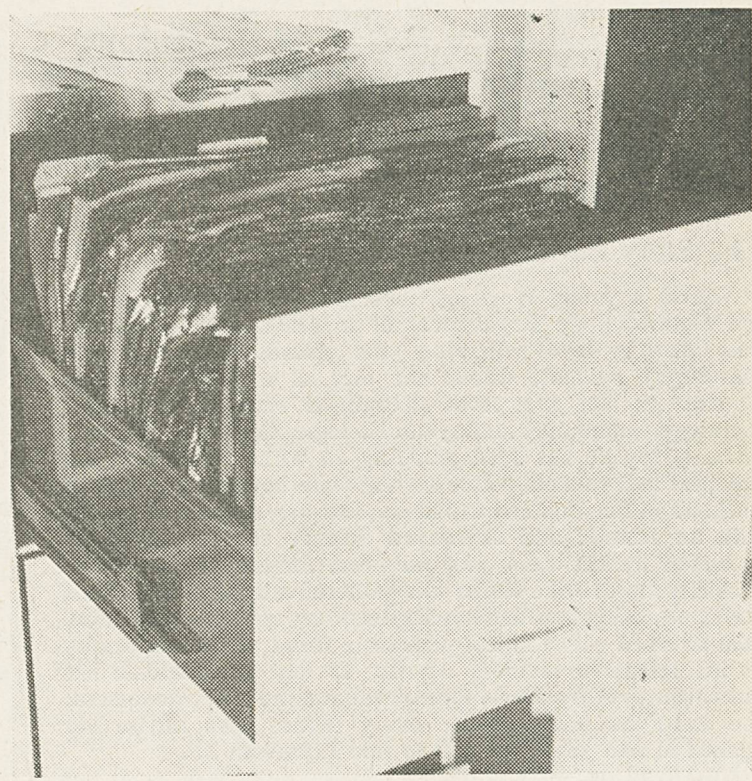
DELIBERATE AND MINDLESS DESTRUCTION:

The loss of these maps is irreplaceable and a disaster for work on land use. Their value was recognised by research workers throughout the world, and the study was still being used as a model for land use surveys in both underdeveloped and developed countries.

There is no doubt that the fire was deliberately started, the pictures below

show the nature of the damage, indicating how the maps chases were singled out for destruction. There can be no excuse for this action which has harmed millions throughout the world, chiefly those in the underdeveloped world; also to be taken into consideration is the fact that the maps were the work of students and voluntary workers, not evil capitalists etc. . . . This writer has no sympathy whatsoever with those concerned, and would ask anybody who might have information that can be of use in finding the culprit, to phone the CID at Scotland Yard, 01-836-1113.

John Andrews



“... AND WE ALL FALL DOWN”

“At any moment in a highly developed civilization, the play instinct may reassert itself in full force, drowning the individual and the mass in the intoxication of an immense game”.

(J. Huizinga Homo Ludens)

A feature of LSE has always been its somewhat arrogant belief that of all university colleges, it was the most mature with respect to rag weeks etc. For the 2,400 who never attend Union Meetings, this belief might still have some semblance of credibility; for the rest it is a tragic illusion.

With regard to Union, the season opened with the A.G.M., usually one of the year's more placid events, being an occasion where everybody thanks everybody else, honorary Union members are elected and the incoming president takes office. In fact, the meeting itself passed off without any major incidents, bar some quorum challenges that were later to prove of vital significance.

At the next Emergency Union meeting, the A.G.M. was attacked on the grounds that it had been strike breaking (regardless of the fact that it had been announced on the Strike Sheet). Once the meeting had survived numerous quorum challenges business was able to proceed with the report of the Constitutional Committee on a complaint made by Chris Middleton that the A.G.M. had been invalid. This was a reference to the fact that retiring President Chris Pryce, had been using the wrong figure to decide whether the A.G.M. was quorate or not. The complaint was upheld. The Committee found that the A.G.M. had been inquorate from the time of the first quorum challenge (1.30), and hence was adjourned from that point. However, as the Committee could only advise Union their report then had to be debated.

END OF TERM TEA PARTY

There then followed a meeting that provided the worst examples of behaviour seen in Union for a long time. In particular, the way in which points of order were screamed at the stage as though they were mystical incantations. The meeting was a long one, during which Middleton concen-

trated on the spirit of the Constitution, whilst Perry demanded a literal reading of the relevant clauses. Chris Pryce, following demands for him to take the place of his brother, then declared himself touched that everybody should want him back. Eventually it was decided that the report should be accepted, and hence Gareth was replaced by Chris amid scenes that bore a close relationship to an end of term party. As the minutes of the meeting state, “at this point, there was considerable disorder”; in fact the whole meeting had degenerated into a slanging match. The behaviour of some of those participating was such that it was impossible to take the official minutes, and eventually the noise level reached a point where Miss Mate stepped down from the stage in disgust, an act for which she had every justification.

What did all this achieve in terms of changes on Council? Very little. For example, as Chris could not fulfil his constitutional duties he was replaced by Gareth; conversely, Tom Munch-Peterson being abroad, Hick took his place, e.g. no change.

Next term, one might have been excused for expecting a stormy reconvened A.G.M., in fact it was a short peaceful meeting with one significant difference. It had been previously claimed that the only reason Gerry Marshall had not been elected Honorary Union President was the strike. During the reconvened A.G.M. she was elected to that exalted post; whether her non-election had had any bearing on subsequent events during the emergency meeting, I leave you to decide.

The first important meeting of the Summer Term concerned the Hoch Case: as a meeting it produced what can only be described as the ‘War and Peace’ of Union motions, and one which was somewhat optimistic in the demands which it presented to the Director.

Amid shouts of the “Hic, Hoch Rot” and “he’s our student, not yours” (Bedford student) calibre, Martin Shaw proposed a motion. In his speech he outlined the theory that the Administration was testing student reaction to see if the body had been reduced to impotence. Gareth Pryce, on behalf of the Director, outlined the School’s position stating that it had no wish to imprison Hoch, only wanting to ex-

tract a statement from him: the audience had little sympathy for this view. As there was no effective opposition to the motion, the debate soon moved on to Phil Corrigan’s summing up. In this, he declared his opposition to certain people having the right to use their Courts and laws against someone who did not accept their validity.

The motion was carried 116:25:3. With regards to the demands made to the Director, these, somewhat predictably, were rejected. E.g. “Would he attend a Union meeting to answer these points?” Dr. Adams, “No, not under the conditions attached, which I regard as straightforward threats”.

It was after this meeting that a General Assembly called for an occupation of L.S.E. There is little that can be said with reference to this matter, as everyone knows, it was a complete non-event. Despite rumours that a contingent of Essex students were coming to wreck the Students’ Union, all that materialised was an unsuccessful attempt to set fire to two sacks. The School was empty by 10.30 p.m.

On Friday, May 1, there was a march from Lincoln’s Inn Fields to Senate and back to L.S.E. Apart from some idiot throwing a bottle from the Old Building as the group passed by L.S.E., there were no incidents.

The marchers along with representatives from other universities then proceeded into the Old Theatre for a meeting. During this meeting, four L.S.E. students were ejected from the Old Theatre after the audience (the majority of which were non-L.S.E.) had voted to expell them. When Gareth Pryce arrived to start a Union Meeting, he was prevented from doing so by people occupying the platform and pulling the microphone plug out.

At this point, the mood was ugly on both sides; at no other time during the build up to May 1 had the atmosphere of a meeting reached a pitch at which an occupation was conceivable. Those who had spent so long in drawing up the two constitutions, along with those L.S.E. students who had come to discuss it, were justifiably annoyed that they should be prevented from doing so by a group of outsiders with no concern for L.S.E. However, as had happened so often before, the meeting became bored by its own rhetoric and gradually dissolved.

Myrtle's Method

(Part II)

The Story So Far:—

Myrtle, a young Working Class girl who has strayed into the Anthropology Department of a well-known University, has fallen in love with Jim, the handsome, dark-eyed philosophy student, whom she met at a Rapid Reading Course. As Jim goes from strength to strength, devouring sociology, economics and symbolic logic like a tin of ginger biscuits, Myrtle has been plodding on with pre-literacy, her muddles and models, while all the time new dissatisfactions burgeon in her beadwork bodice. Jim has responded to this with an ecstatic and unjustified defence of rationalism, as preached by the fiery and fanatical rationalist, Lottatosh. This Savonarola-like leader has gathered a band of followers, and is attacking and denouncing lecturers of whatever nation, race or creed who will not perform a ritual act of conformity to his scientific method. Myrtle, at first incredulous, has been won over by Jim's enthusiasm for the new Movement; she turns her back on the many friends who advise her against it, and goes with Jim to find Lottatosh . . .

Now read on:—

Welcome to the Open Society

Myrtle's heart was pounding, as she picked up her peasant skirt and ran, rustling up the staircase behind Jim. On and on they went, scarcely pausing for breath until, with a gasp they met the rarified atmosphere of the philosophy department. There it was, the massive aluminium door of the air-lock, glowing with its panel of buttons and coloured lights, and already the faint strains of Viennese waltzes came dancing through a ventilator. Jim put one reassuring hand on her shoulder, and with the other, tapped out the opening bars of The Blue Danube on the array of buttons in front of them. At once the door slid open, and a voice announced: "Welcome to the Open Society. Stand clear of the doors!" They went inside obediently, to be faced with another aluminium door, and on the wall a giant advertisement in purple print.

"That's Lottatosh's new book, 'Raptures and Incantations'," said Jim with an appreciative glance, and motioned Myrtle to smile at the television scanner perched like a six-eyed spider in one corner of the ceiling. Myrtle looked at it glumly all the same, not knowing whether avoidance or a joking relationship would be appropriate: how she wished there had been some action theory in her training for situations like these! But there was no turning back now — with or without a method, she must face the situation, her eyes on the objective, peeled and skinned, ready to vault whatever hurdles presented themselves — she was going to join the Movement! With Jim beside her, what harm could she come to?

Entering The Smokeless Zone

Nevertheless, as the second door opened and they emerged into the grey light of the corridor, the feelings of foreboding increased. There was no-one about and no signs of life except for the continuous musical repertoire, as they picked up their identification tags and moved on. But suddenly, a red light in front of them, pulsing on and off like a heart-beat, lit up next to a large neon sign "You are now entering a smokeless zone: please extinguish all cigarettes and pipes", it said, while the music was interrupted with paroxysms of suffocated coughing. With every cough, the lighting flickered and dwindled in the passage-way, and the neon sign lit up more insistently. Finally the way was almost barred by two ash-trays in the shape of giant clams, and Myrtle and Jim were funnelled through them, the shells sucking gently to each other on either side. Myrtle, who had never trusted cockles, never fancied a jellied eel, and lacked appreciation for the aquarium in general, gave a shudder as she looked back at them, and felt even more uncertain.

"What have I done?" she thought (a good question, for Myrtle had never done anything very much to speak of). "What am I to do?" She was beginning to wish she had decided to do fieldwork among the Chinese peasants instead. This department was altogether too surprising, and where was this Lottatosh, this idol of the minded masses? Where did he hide himself in this fantasy-world of scientific instruments and mechanical observation?

Lottatosh's Office

Suddenly, Jim stopped short (he had never been very tall) for there in front of them was another aluminium door surmounted by a printed name: 'Lottatosh'. They had



arrived! Jim turned to the panel beside it, and this time hummed a few bars of Hungarian folk dances into a microphone. The door, as though wooed by the sound, slid back into the wall, leaving a wide opening for them to walk through. But before they had time to take one step towards it, a little figure entirely covered in a long red gown embroidered with Chinese dragons came tumbling out of his chair to greet them, his hands outstretched in welcome, his eyes and mouth wide with surprise and pleasure.

"Ah! Jim, Jim, Jim, Jim!" he intoned in rhapsodic Hungarian. "I'm so pleased to see you—and you've brought Myrtle. Come in, come in, come in!"

Myrtle was so thrown off balance by this unexpected welcome from the leader himself, that she trod on the hem of her dress, gave a little wail, and fell full-length on the Caucasian carpet. Jim and his leader were at first lost in aesthetic appreciation, but as she struggled to regain her composure and her feet, they both ran forward to help her straighten her skirt and pick up the beads which had fallen from her neck. There was a moment of confusion, as Jim found himself straightening Lottatosh's robe, and Lottatosh tried to put the beads round Jim's neck, while Myrtle looked on, somewhat peeved and crumpled. But soon they were all three smiling amiably at one another, and Lottatosh was offering to take them on a tour of the department, where lectures were in full swing.

"This," said Lottatosh, opening the first door with the flourish of a conjuror producing his tenth rabbit, "this is where we are working on the definition of truth." The room was as full and noisy as a free, departmental cocktail party, but all that could be seen were the tops of a forest of umbrellas — big ones, black ones, plastic ones covered in numbers, parabolas, triangles and circles, a veritable Euclidean Wonderland. Suddenly they all collapsed into their handles, folded their wings, and a gaggle of students emerged, all talking to one another in an incomprehensible gibberish—or so it seemed.

'It is raining' is true, if and only if it is raining'

"Pleut", said one girl, noticeably uncomfortable in a problem shift. "If and only if . . ." said her friend, trying to maintain a difficult position by balancing on one foot with his umbrella raised. ". . . If it is raining." "It is raining," said another, and at once, the umbrellas spun out of their ribs into an impenetrable cloth forest, and the gibberish

started up again. "They are speaking meta-language," said Lottatosh with a wise smile, and turning: "I wonder where Mangrove is today. He's looking after the swans." "Goodness," said Myrtle. "Do you keep swans?" "Of course," replied Lottatosh, looking at her warily. "Only white ones, of course. All swans are white, aren't they Jim?" Myrtle turned towards Jim, in his shining Arctic battle-dress, surprised that he should be called upon as a naturalist, and yet not surprised, because Jim always seemed to know about everything, even though he had never actually done anything himself. Perhaps there wasn't time for both in this world—how pleased she was that she was going to know about it too.

Enter the Poppanauts

They were back in Lottatosh's office again before Myrtle realised she had missed some of the famous treasures of the department. There was the great safe, for instance, in which they kept Original Ideas — always locked of course, and it was rumoured that nobody could remember the combination, but still a famous land-mark of the department. And what about Watnaut, the renowned naval figurehead, who drilled his band of Poppanauts on the roof of Consort House, ready to stave off attack from any direction. It was even rumoured that he slept at his post in full dress uniform every night, in case insurgents should try to invade their stronghold. As if he had read her thoughts, Lottatosh sprang to his feet, ran to the window, and craned his neck up into the corner to look out over the sunlit roof, his gown swirling and glinting in the light.

"Aha! The Poppanauts are in training for our next assault on the Vulgar Marxlanders," he announced, leaping away from the window, and swivelling into position behind a mighty oak desk. "The more highly trained ones will become Poppawuns, and I myself give the rank of Poppatu to the most efficient in our number."

'Let us begin your instruction'

Jim trod firmly to the window, and stood there, oblivious of Lottatosh and Myrtle, as he watched the lines of gleaming Poppanauts marching in the sun. Lottatosh looked at Myrtle, still uncertain, still oscillating between her peasant clothes and the hygienic white lab-coats which the more devoted followers must wear — still squatting in the No Man's Land between the exotic and the scientific.

"Myrtle," he said, "Let us begin your instruction, while Jim meets the Commander of our forces. Go and see him now, Jim. I was only writing my obituary when you came in; in these terrible times, one must be prepared. I will look after Myrtle."

A look of undivided enthusiasm spread over Jim's face, and he sprang to attention, then kissed Myrtle and was out of the door without another word.

The Leader is a swan

Jim was tired after an hour of manouevring in the bright afternoon sunlight, moving from position to position, attacking, rejecting attacks; the sun was not so strong now, and he was beginning to hope they might retreat to the library or the refectory before very long. He looked down towards Lottatosh's room, and wondered how Myrtle's instruction was going. How horrified he was then, when a moment later he saw the window opening, like the door of a cage, and there perching on the sill a monstrous bird. Already the poppanauts were lined up to salute it, and it was waving a huge webbed foot as if in reply. "I don't believe it. It's impossible," he muttered, but he was beginning to feel the ground shaky under his feet. Could it all be a hoax? What was happening? There on the window-sill beating its powerful wings was the impossible, a black swan, and—horror of all horrors—who was that climbing on to his vast, downy back, but little Myrtle!

"Myrtle! Myrtle!" he cried, breaking ranks, and running to the edge of the roof, waving a book of symbolic logic. "Myrtle, come back!" But already her arms were tight around the bird's neck, and they had leapt from the launching pad to climb, wings whirring into the sky perhaps to the Antipodes. Jim had lost everything: Myrtle had been abducted, Lottatosh had hidden the truth from him. The leader was a black swan . . .

THE END

POST HOCH, PROPTER HOC

J. A. G. Griffith

As it happens, Paul Hoch is not my favourite revolutionary — if indeed he is a revolutionary at all, or anything, except being Paul Hoch. During those curious days of the Great Lock Out when the School authorities closed the doors on us — an action of very dubious legality, I wish now I had tested it in the courts, I think I might have got an injunction — and surrounded the building with policemen and we met in U.L.U., Paul and I "had words" at one gathering when we accused one another of this and that. But he is an effective iconoclast and his removal of Robbins's portrait from the wall of the staff dining room and placing it on the floor shows that he has the makings of a genuine humourist.

That incident indeed occasioned one of my happier judicial moments because the School cited it in later proceedings and the judge, peering down his nose at the School's learned Q.C. said: "Surely, Mr. X, you are not asking me to send this young man to prison for moving a picture? I don't think I can do that, you know".

Well, Paul is in prison now for coming into the School and pinning a letter from the School to him on a notice board. Which some may think is even less serious than handling a portrait of Lord Robbins with the care and respect it deserved.

The School authorities would have been wiser over the last years and would be wiser now if they followed the old Conservative dictum: if it is not necessary to act, it is necessary not to act. Paul Hoch was told not to enter the School or obstruct its activities. The purpose of this was presumably to try to stop him stirring up the old place. But he entered — though all he stirred up was a cup of coffee. So the School sends him

a warning letter. So he puts it on a notice board. So he is taken to court and sent to prison. So maps get burnt. So sit-ins and demonstrations are threatened. And so on.

I do not see how the cause of justice is promoted by sending Paul Hoch or anyone else to prison for coming into the School when he was told not to. (Some of us have also committed that offence). To which it may be answered that he was sent to prison not for that but for disobeying a court order. Yes, but why did the School authorities seek to have him sent to prison when he had done nothing to worry about? Why not (and this I would have thought was the whole purpose of taking out an injunction) wait until he had taken or was threatening action to-worry-about and then use the power? Why do something which it is not necessary to do when doing it is certain to lead to unpleasant consequences? How is the School better off with Hoch in prison? Is not the School manifestly worse off?

Perhaps the School authorities have been infected by some form of political or legal puritanism. But, on past record, this really does seem unlikely. Perhaps they wanted to show their strength — and have merely succeeded in showing their weakness.

The main consequence of Hoch's imprisonment will be a worsening of relations with the School. I had thought this was hardly possible but I see now that we may have to descend yet further before things begin to improve. Indeed no improvement can be hoped for under the present management. You can believe that their intentions are admirable and their motives pure. But the job they have to do is to administer a University college and this, when emergencies threaten, is what they are not good at.

BUNAC, CIA, and PROFIT

BY NEIL LOCKWOOD
GSA PRESIDENT

The NUS after the war was primarily a union representing student interests nationally. With the de-politicized nature of students during the 50's and 60's, their only activity was negotiating with the government over grants, or simply indulging in the usual bureaucratic in-fighting. However, the travel side rapidly expanded and relatively became very important. The NUS with its low affiliation fees during those years was unable to take on the financial risk of a year by year expansion of its travel dept. Secondly NUS was unable to run transatlantic flights because the Civil Aeronautics Board in the U.S. considered it to be too large an organisation for chartering flights. They were of course looking over their shoulder at the U.S. student body which provides a hefty slice of the passengers carried by the U.S. airlines, and who by switching to charter flights could let the bogey of competition into internal flights, with airlines scrambling for the market and no fixed fare schedules to guide them.

B.U.N.A.C. AS A CHARITY

This situation now is of fixed I.A.T.A. international fares due, in part, to the heavy fixed investment, whereby the rule of a free price would put the Jumbos back on to the drawing board, and the "necessity" of numerous flag carrying airlines (one 707 and a seat at the U.N. gives trappings of sovereignty).

The impotency of N.U.S. and the I.A.T.A. fixed fares was seized upon in 1962 by two students, Chris Harbour and Martin Truscott. British Universities North America Club (B.U.N.A.C.) became the Club Side of the activities to fulfil chartering requirements, and British Universities Student Travel Association became the travel operating side. The latter tried to register as a charity but was refused and the Inland Revenue treat it as a company for tax purposes.

It was immensely successful, so much so that an invitation was made "to N.U.S." to join with them in a comprehensive organisation in November 1967. The invitation was hardly to N.U.S. since the executive was not introduced into the debate until July of 1968 when Geoff Martin, the then President informed them of the state of the talks. The executive on hearing the conditions rejected them and negotiations were shelved. Geoff Martin subsequently went to work for B.U.S.T.A.

NO COMPROMISE WITH N.U.S.

The conditions were that N.U.S. would take a "more active role" in B.U.S.T.A., which as the non-commercial side would have a majority share holding of a new com-

pany B.S.T.S. (British Student Travel Service) and senior management having the rest. Clearly, N.U.S. would not have had control.

A reason for this, given by Chris Harbour, was his fear that N.U.S. might fold in a crisis situation as has happened in Italy and Canada, taking with it any travel section. But another reason is that these people are professionals and realize the potential of the student travel market. To become employees of N.U.S. and sacrifice their 'company' was inconceivable.

The new commercial organisation they set up without N.U.S. is called the British Student Travel Centre (B.S.T.C.) and is a registered company, but as of now has not filed its accounts with the Board of Trade. The old working agreement with N.U.S. carried out by Presidents who have subsequently joined B.U.S.T.A., is now a dead letter so we can confidently expect B.U.S.T.A. and its commercial arm B.S.T.C. to enter in the European charter scene. N.U.S. retaliated by setting up 8 transatlantic flights but since it left it late has had to charter from a non-scheduled carrier Laker Airways (further information about this airline in recent issue of Private Eye) and is having to charge higher fares than B.S.T.C.

TROUBLEMAKERS

We might usefully look at some further organisations. Keith Young was President of A.I.E.S.E.C. at L.S.E. some years ago. Unfortunately he had trouble in handing on to the next President adequately completed accounts. The next year he formed the North America Students Association (N.A.S.A.) which charters flights each year to the States. Anyone virtually can charter flights providing they have around £600. Keith Young operates even cheaper flights than B.S.T.C. He does this by not chartering until quite late into the year knowing with some certainty that there is usually spare capacity westbound in June and July (most Americans are flying eastbound in these months) and that he can beat down the hiring charges. However it has problems. Firstly the I.A.T.A. regulation states a minimum 6 months membership before departure, which is difficult for N.A.S.A. to fulfil since its flights are not announced until late in the year. This invites the possible banning of N.A.S.A. by the C.A.B. This could happen even a few days before N.A.S.A. flights leave. Secondly the uncertainty could one

(continued on page 12)

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REFECTORY RESULTS

Whatever happened to our Price Experiment?

Well, it failed. People didn't eat enough. But recriminations won't help us in an attempt to ensure that we get meals as cheaply as possible whilst making sure that the Refectory breaks even from year to year, according to the University Grants Committee Regulations. A survey was carried out by the Refectory committee to find what would encourage more turnover.

Most people didn't know that the Refectory had to be self-financing by the U.G.C. regulations; many suggested that the school should subsidise the Refectory. Mr. Pike, the School's Financial Secretary, was consulted about this, and he informed us that the school does subsidise the Refectory in every way allowed. Some suggested the School dissociates itself from the U.G.C., but as we get approx. 70 per cent of our income from them it wouldn't be advisable. Therefore the Refectory must break even annually.

People suggested various changes in the menu which

the student reps intend to discuss with the Committee and the new Catering Manager when he arrives. So if you would like to see some new cheap dishes on the menu please tell either the Welfare V.P., the Senior Treasurer, Tony Williams, the Refectory Officer or any student member on the Refectory Advisory Committee. (And if you've got any complaints about the food, i.e. its not cooked properly, report it immediately. They'll have to do something then).

One point must be made before I finish. Prices are only rising to the pre-August level so meals will still be cheaper than they were at the beginning of the year. One dish will be sold each day at the experiment price level. So something has been saved from the debacle. I doubt if any of this will make the price rise more acceptable, but I hope that this, coupled with the statement issued by the Refectory Advisory Committee might make it more understandable. When a new manager arrives there will be a further price review, so all ideas please to the welfare dept.

David Kenvyn

"The Floodgates of Anarchy" by Stuart Christie and Albert Meltzer

This comes by way of an explanation of the Anarchist view of existence, rather than as a propaganda piece, though it may well persuade some.

The first chapter is excellent: a masterpiece in the manipulation of bourgeois metaphors to slander bourgeois institutions. The last chapter has a sense of sincerity that will surely do the converting if there is any to be done.

But alas, like a badly cooked cake, the middle has gone stodgy. Thoughts are jumbled together, often to the point of incoherence. In the more concise passages the argument loses much of its force when it is not dragged out to its logical conclusion. The exercise may be turgid for a writer who sees the wisdom of his convictions, but the imagination of the uninitiated is apt to wander in contrary directions unless carefully manouvred down previously prepared paths.

Since anarchists see Governments as the root of all evil, the authors should have devoted some space at least, in trying to explain the origin of the species. One chapter is given over to a well-illustrated description of the types of government to be found, but this is not really adequate. If one is to verbally demolish such institutions, it is important to start with the birth, and only end with its death; not drift from adolescence to old age.

However, this is by no means a droll book. It is really worth reading to discover what anarchism is about. It is much better in this respect than (for example) the "Anarchist Black Cross", and might even be used as a handbook for understanding such publications.

Kahn and Avrill, 21/-.

"Incident on Hill 192" by Daniel Lang

War provides the inspiration for many literary works, and not least, works of propaganda. The Vietnam war is no exception, and while it continues, so does the flow of propaganda attacking one side or the other continues and growing larger every day as the authors find more and more to condemn.

One such writer inspired to reach for his Olivetti Portable is Daniel Lang whose attack is published by Pan at 4/- This is propaganda with a difference, for in it Mr. Lang does not subordinate his art form for the "message", but compliments the two producing a weapon of greater strength that is usually found in the leaflet war. Instead of attacking the war as a general concept he has chosen as his example an incident as anonymous as the title suggests.

A reconnaissance patrol, of five young soldiers decide to take advantage of their position as partial conquerors by abducting and raping a South Vietnamese girl. Rather than dwell in sordid detail on the plight of an innocent woman being savagely attacked and then murdered by war-crazed brutes (which no doubt would have made a best seller) Lang illustrates with Shavian skill that the real tragedy is what the war—indeed any war—does to humanity; and that the real scandal is that such incidents are accepted as part of the spoils of war.

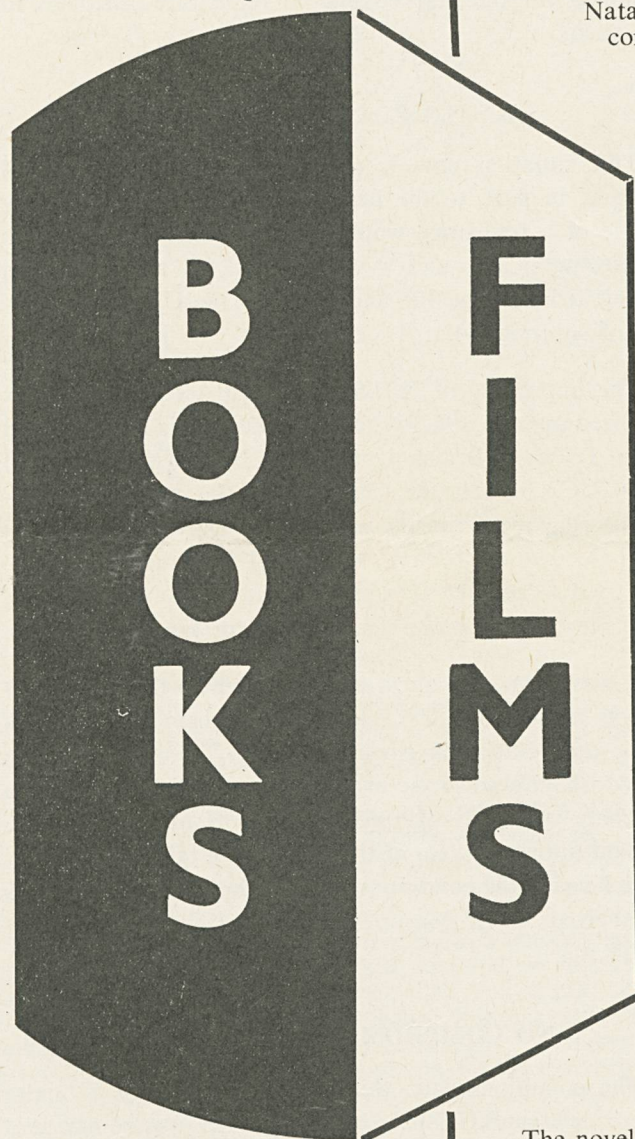
He describes a degrading process in which hatred and killing bring man to the level of animals. Human dignity and morality are swept away and replaced by a ruthless society of survival of the strongest.

Pan 4/-.

"The Politics of Ecstasy" by Dr. Timothy Leary

The introduction to "The politics of Ecstasy" is by Rosemary Leary and reads "Timothy Leary is the sanest, wisest (etc) man I have ever met". She may be right; Leary manages to claim the acid trip as everything from the upmost religious experience to the possibility of talking to history through the cosmic memory of the cells of the body: they live, the cells are there to be played with and acid is the implement of awakening. The awakening is politics, is ecstasy, the Politics of Ecstasy.

Drop out—the message is scholastically disguised, wistfully elaborated in short well written and wrong. To ignore everything that is not the supremacy of the individual in isolation is to abandon him to sterility in context of the group—even if the group is also out of their collective/individual minds. The cross communication of the awakened brains is the supreme ego trip but it is not the free choice politics that Leary claims for it. Choice yes! Free yes! but possibly reactionary possibly stagnant, all things to every one who turns on. Acid does not give direction. Acid gives beauty, the chance for choice and the complete disinterest in using the choice. Acid is the highest point of negative politics. But there are heads with hope. When you come down the vision is expanded, the person in this state is a potential but he was likely to be this to have taken the trip in the first place. Nothing is gained except in internals. Its fun but only by accident; politics. For anyone with a definite view of society, with an idea for progress and with the meddling mentality to try to effect more than just himself, it is about as much good as a jock strap in a convent.



Paladin 10/6.

"The Damned" by Luchino Visconti

An unusual film, totally different from previous works of Visconti. Germany 1933, Hitler is in power: exile or cooperation are the only choices. This dilemma reaches a great industrial family. The struggle between ambition and the conscious follows for every member of the family. Some leave Germany, another chose the SA but for them the consequences are fatal. Those who follow the regime are the winners: Visconti does not hesitate to show what kind of people they were. Incest, adultery, homosexuality, crime are all mixed in to reach a maximum of violence. A very complete painting where vulgarity never shows up. An astonishing performance by Ingrid Thulin and Dirk Bogarde and the rest of the cast.

"Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice" by Paul Mazuisky

This seems to have been made with one eye on the box office success of Midnight Cowboy and the other eye on Natalie Wood. There is not so much a story as there is a message, and the message is that emotional problems are best solved by group therapy. The plot, such as it is, revolves around two married couples (played by Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliot Gould, Dylan Cannon) who travel from Hollywood to a health resort.

Soon the two couples reveal their mental hang-ups, and a large part of the film is spent deciding if they should switch partners for the night. This culminates in a confused scene where all four are in bed wearing little else than sheepish grins on their faces.

Natalie Wood is the most convincing in this film which knits together comedy and drama in unfamiliar doses

**"Babriskie Point" by M. Antonioni**

A love story, simple that could happen to anybody any day, but with a very special touch by Antonioni. The pictures are poetic and the colours beautiful. Antonioni has successfully analysed a definite part of the American generation. The beginning of the film is stereotyped, but it soon reaches its own personality.

Antonioni has not tried to be intellectual, and with few exceptions, he remembers the failure of Blow-Up.

The love scene is not shocking, and I believe that it fits in nicely. The music is excellent and very adequate.

The acting is spontaneous, and even if you can see that its unprofessional, it is pleasant.

"The Adventurers" by Lewis Gilbert

The novel by Harold Robbins of the same title was interesting because of the very vivid style of the author, but the film has not got the same quality. Extremely long and violent, it has no suspense, no definite aim. The characters seem indifferent to what is happening, their only interest is how to make more money and to seduce more women. The film starts with the murder of a dog and it ends with that of its master.

If you are interested in how to make war in South-America or how the jet set lives then you will probably enjoy this film. It is what the Americans call a 'great movie', not because of its quality but because of its length and cost.

The only remarkable thing about this film is Candice Bergen.

"Chicago, Chicago" by Jewison

'Chicago, Chicago' is yet another film about a young ingenu losing his innocence in the big city. But don't let that put you off. It's a magnificently funny and entertaining film that is well worth seeing. Our hero, Ben, an all-American boy, because he is having sexual fantasies which turn 1960, 4th July celebrations into a débâcle decides to depart for the big city in order to cleanse his soul. From here the plot gets rather complex so let it suffice that he meets Queen Lil, a brothel-keeper, (Melina Mercouri) and a host of other corrupt influences.

The film is distinguished by some beautiful performances. Beau Bridges (Ben) is the very picture of innocence. Melina Mercouri ('In my house every guest can feel safe') gives the performance of a twentieth century Aspasia with panache, and the film is well worth watching just because of her presence.

Carol Channing at the Drury Lane

Carol Channing has just opened in London a one woman show. It actually seems that there is a crowd on stage; her thousand-and-one personality makes this two hour show one of the big events of the season. The first time I saw her was in a secondary role next to Julie Andrews in "Thoroughly Modern Milly". Since then Miss Channing has become a star like Barbra Streisand, she's got talent.

Her show is based on imitations and they all surpass each other, from Mae West to Brigitte Bardot. Our grandchildren will hear us talk of Carol Channing in the same way that we hear our parents talk of Judy Garland and others.

Miss Channing is accompanied by the 'Ten stout men': a remarkable and original selection. A delightful evening.



Henry IV (Part I) at the Mermaid

Shakespeare and the student is a current topic among learned authors just now, but while they underestimated the student influence on Shakespeare the Mermaid theatre's production of Henry IV Part I does not. Bundles and carts roll in, the stage is set up in an eighteenth century barn by a garrulous group of strolling players. Noisy, commotion and little colour prevail until Henry III stings us with the plot by his firm stand and quivering voice. The follies and flippancy of Hal are the moans of a father for his irresponsible son—the theme is familiar.

Throughout the performance time and countries change with all the commotion of an English market, but the strength of the play is not daunted by these distractions. Rather they add to its vitality. While a trough of water calms emotions, flying tankards of sack revive it. A violin tunes with the pitch of battle and strikes the note of an air-raid siren to whip up tension. The play moves fast and drums, spinet and violins catch the audience up in the flow.

The finest performance is Sir Bernard Miles as Falstaff. Fat and jovial, cheated but never sour his performance gives a warmth and understanding to the buffoon who could have become chancellor of England had he more finesse but preferred the unremunerative post of jester. His shrewdness had shown him the emptiness of kings and the hollowness of honour.

Ballet Rambert at The Jeannette Cochrane Theatre

A totally new expression of art appears through the works of the Ballet Rambert. Modern ballet is no longer a mysterious art reserved for a certain sector of the public. The creative works of Bejart, Anna Sokolow, and others are now reaching a very large audience.

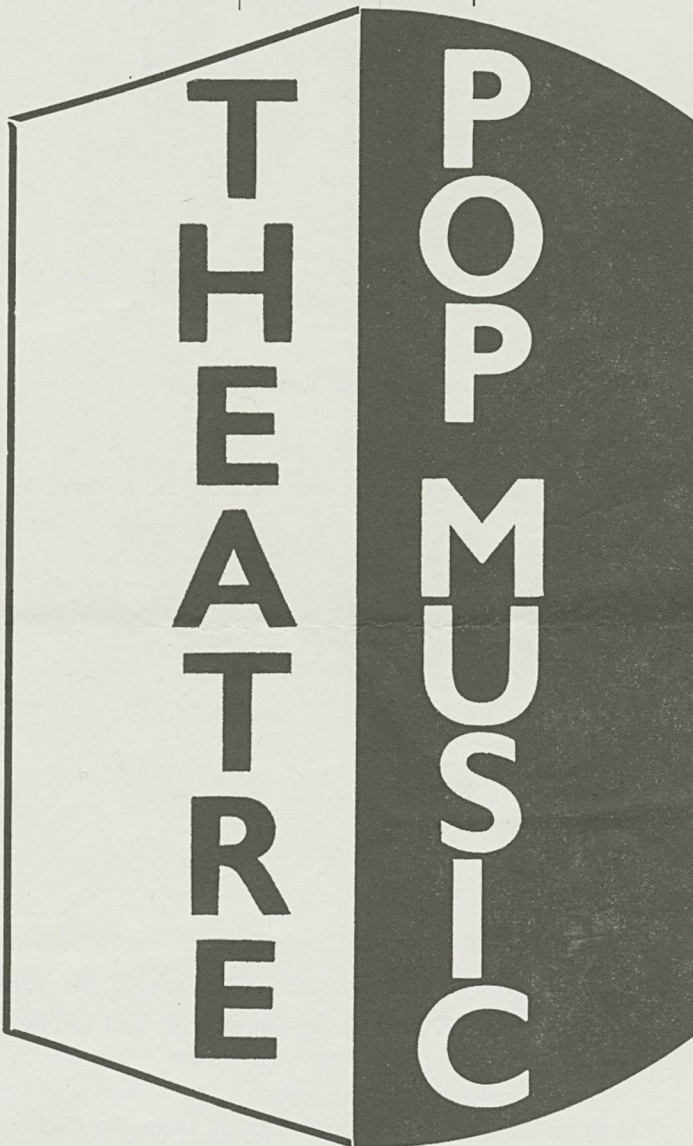
But the Ballet Rambert are special: they intend to create controversial art. The classical movements do not lose their importance, but additionally the dancers are actors. The mimicry and poses are all being studied in such a manner that the choreographer becomes the real creator. Classical pieces like 'L'après midi' of Debussy gain new dimensions in the choreography of Nijinsky (first performed in Paris in 1912).

The programme opening at the Jeannette Cochrane theatre, includes Opus 65 by Anna Sokolow. She was one of the original creators of the dancing in 'Hair' on Broadway. The dancers jump into the orchestra pit at the end of the ballet.

Other programmes include the world premiere of 'Four According' by John Chesworth, which is an extremely creative work on sexual relations. A very interesting piece is 'Embrace Tiger' an extremely disturbing dance, violently aggressive and with a beautiful solo by young dancer, Amanda Knott. Norman Morrice, manager and creator of some very interesting ballets, told me the difficulties that the Ballet had to overcome on account of its originality.

The Ballet Rambert are opening on the 14th May, and prices range from 5/- to £1-0-0.

Sandra Craig and Christopher Bruce in Living Space by Christopher Bruce which will be shown in the third part of the programme.



"Fully qualified survivor": Michael Chapman

"Fully qualified survivor", Mike Chapman's second L.P. and the recent launching of his new group marks his final break from his old folk blues style and has established him as one of Britain's leading contemporary folk singers. His unusual vocals sound like a more melodic Leonard Cohen and the song arrangements are superb. His inventive acoustic guitar work which is heavily featured at his live performances gives way to a more varied backing including electric guitar, a solo violin and a full string section.

My favourite tracks are "March Pain", which has a beautiful string accompaniment, "Soulful Lady" and "Kodak Ghosts", which feature the guitar of Mitch Rowson. Chapman's two solo acoustic guitar tracks are very much after the style of John Fahey and although technically good, they lack the intensity of his songs. However, the L.P. as a whole is one of the best I have heard for a while and rates with recent albums by Renaissance Quintessence and Family which all show that there are many new directions for progressive music to move into. The only unfortunate thing about this particular record is that fewer people will hear it now that "HARVEST" has increased the price of L.P.'s to 45/-.

"Smafu": East of Eden

A very exciting album from the much improved East of Eden. Beginning with the bluesy "Have to whack it up", East of Eden progress to produce some inventive rock, backed up by a strong jazz influence from the talented Ron Cainer and excellent violin from Dave Arbus, although, for me, the album is slightly let down by the seemingly pointless electronic tricks.

"Volunteers": Jefferson Airplane

Although this album is not as inspiring as their previous 'After Bathing at Baxter's' it has an overall togetherness which the west-coast group, Jefferson Airplane, always exhibit in their productions. Particularly good tracks are the powerful 'Hey Frederick', the acoustic-backed "Good Shepherd" and "Wooden Ships", the Crosby, Stills and Nash number.

"Fill your head with Rock"

In this double album CBS offer us what they believe is "the sound of the seventies". Ranging from the pulsating tight rock of Chicago, the simplicity of the Byrds, the earthiness of Janis Joplin, the poetry of Leonard Cohen through to the beauty of Spirit and Tom Rust, CBS are offering, for 29/11d., all that is best in music now and for the future.

"Feelin' Free" Pacific Drift

For the budget price of 28/6d., this new group, under the influence of Jack Lancaster, produce a simple, pleasant sound, which is a refreshing change from the abundance of hard rock that seems to be around these days. Certainly worth a listen.

Ladies of the Canyon

Joni Mitchell's long awaited third L.P. will be greeted with more than ordinary rapture by her admirers. It contains eleven new tracks, many of which she sang at her Festival Hall appearance in January. The twelfth track is her first recording of one of her earliest songs—"The Circle Game"—which I first heard about three years ago, sung by Tom Rush at Cousins, since when several singers have covered it. Other extra fine tracks are "Blue Boy" (about Graham Nash), her amazing rock and roll song by "Yellow Taxi" and her own heartening interpretation of "Woodstock" (don't miss the film). On this latter track she plays a beautiful piano accompaniment, as on several other tracks; in addition to her usual styling guitar.

Finally a sentence about Johnny Cash's new single "What is Truth". I am told it is "an old cow showing the young how to sing protest songs."

"The least we can do..." Van De Graft Generation

You may have been unfortunate enough to have read the excellently produced adverts for this L.P. I very much regret to say that my faith in the reviewers musical taste has diminished. The LP does perhaps suffer from its advertising and the group have become a trifle infatuated.

Put bluntly the LP is not very good. The vocal style of the singer lacks distinction of a pleasant kind but rather tends to become annoying, a fact not aided by the banality of the lyrics. It may be alright for the Incredible String Band, they after all sing no better, but when they attempt poetic profundity unlike the Band, they fail to grasp any principles of lyric construction or meaning. The fault in the voice is to some extent remedied by the excellent musical backing, which is when appropriate the mood the singer is struggling to convey and well phrased in relation to the words.

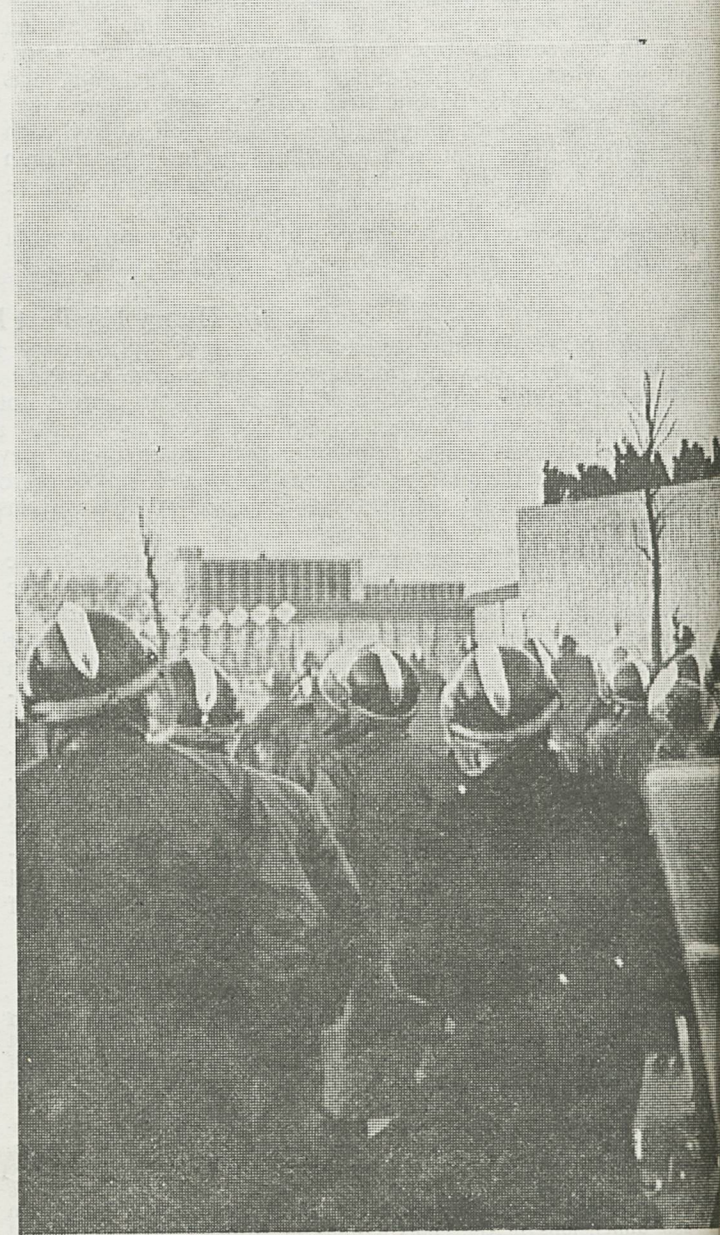
I wouldn't recommend this LP unless you wish to believe those who can hear music where I can hear none.



Above: A CRS (armed police) is driven back by a group of students of the Faculty of Law of Nanterre.

Right: Well protected police forces make their last attack on the occupied buildings. Students are seen on the terrace of the building hurling objects at the oncoming police.

Far Right: Authorised protest meeting staged by UNEF just before being attacked by right wing extremists.



France has become the European centre of student revolt. But the French students are no longer fighting for any wild ideal, but for an internal political system where their interests will best be served. The present government has tried to follow that line: President Pompidou has confirmed this: "We shall now see if the teachers and students are capable of governing themselves."

FASCISM ON THE MOVE

Trouble started at the Faculty of Law of Assas, where the right wing students (F.N.E.F.: National Federation of French Students; A.F.: Action Francaise) organised a fascist meeting which was to be chaired by Mr Pierre Sidos (the French Nazi leader). A very strong campaign preceded the meeting: posters, virulent speeches, violent physical attacks on members of the U.N.E.F. (National Union of French Students). This left minor-

ity of about a 100 students faced constant defeats and many were injured. This led the Director of the School, Mr Verdier, on February 28th, 1970, to cancel the meeting and to close the School.

The first reaction to this decision came from the students of Nanterre. The pro-fascist movement of the Faculty of Law did not lose time in physically provoking the left wing students of the Faculty of Economics; pieces of broken glass, paving stones, fire extinguishers were used by the two sides; the estimates of the damage are of about 400,000 N.F. (£30,000). On the 2nd of March the Director of the University, Mr Ricoeur had to call the armed police (C.R.S. specially known by their violence towards students in May 68). A group of right wing students broke into the Director's office and began an exhausting job of throwing chairs out of the windows on the newly arrived C.R.S. Holding the Director down in his chair, they rammed

a dustbin over his head.

POLICE STRIKE

Fighting between students went on all day and the College of Law and Economics were occupied by students all that night. The police violence started early morning on the 3rd of March as they couldn't get hold of the students that were occupying the buildings they beat up the in-coming morning students that hadn't taken part in the struggle of the preceding day. They set fire to the cars and motor-bikes parked near the campus without trying to find out who they belonged to (included in the number were press and private cars). Casualties were heavy: 187 were injured and 2 sent to gaol after being recognised by photographs.

Only late in the evening with the resignation of Mr Ricoeur did the situation gain some normality: the ministry of Education ordered the police to close the University, and students dispersed.

THE NEW FRENCH



That evening Mr Rene Remond, history professor at the Institute of Political Science, known for his reactionary position during May 68 (he was charged with the sacking of all left wing journalists in the French Radio and TV), was offered the following unacceptable conditions were the following:

- a) Total freedom of action on the campus for him and his team.
- b) The creation of an armed University Police Force.

FRENCH APATHY

Officially this out-break was considered unexpected, with no real causes or consequences. Mr Olivier Guichard, Minister of Education announced to the press a few days later, that the 'New' reorganisation of the University of Paris would put an end to the rioting; seven autonomous units are to be set up, each of them conducted by a council, to replace the Directors, formed by the Academic staff and the students. The elections were to be held at the beginning of the spring. "This is a jig-saw puzzle,

the only problem is that it has an infinite number of pieces to it. If we wanted to overthrow the University system, we would have done it long ago, but what is the use of it if the French people are not capable of overthrowing the whole establishment," says an U.N.E.F. student from the College of Economics at Nanterre.

BUT GOVERNMENT IS IN CONTROL

Now that the situation seems to have been re-established (whether by force or not) and that the May 68 anniversary is approaching, the students are restless. Revolutionaries don't seem to be in the best of positions, the Prime Minister Mr Jacques Chaban Delmas is taking the situation in hand: the students in favour, are those that support the government policy, and they seem to have very definite views on the situation. A student from the right wing F.N.E.F. represents this position: "What we really

want is a firm majority in the government, and this will be a direct cause for a peaceful University. The French University is much too political for any other solution.

THE MAY ANNIVERSARY

President Georges Pompidou has put out an ultimatum: "The government is going to do what it must to maintain order, the violent elements by nature and by principle must be brought back to reason." Nanterre has been the last chance; political observers don't believe that May 1970 will bring any more clashes. The new laws that are coming into force foresee that kind of situation. (These laws were set up by Mr Edgar Faure, Minister of Education just after the May events). None of the two student Unions want this reform, but they don't, on another hand want to fight against it. The struggle has now been taken to the parliamentary level.

N. BERGEL

CH GENERATION

MUSIC AT L.S.E.

APRIL 16
SATURDAY

ARTHUR BROWN
Principal Edward's Magic
Theatre Upstairs: Hawkwind

8.00 BAR 10/-

P.E.M.T. LIGHTS
ANDY DUNKLY

Pop music has, in its gradual process of maturing into some sort of 'cultural respectability' been forced to shed parts of its now disowned heritage. This includes its tradition of 'an act', an attitude reminiscent of the days of matching suits and well groomed looks. However despite the swing away from this image most groups still feel the need for an act; Black Magic is one escape, multi media another. It is true that some can survive solely on the value of their musicianship, the Traffic for example have no need of frills.

This state of affairs is not true of all, so attempts are made to hide their deficiencies under a bushel of pretentiousness, unconnected with any musical content. The most usual way is for a promoter to hire a light show for the evening to provide the necessary visual entertainment. This is not wholly satisfactory as the two are often uncoordinated, and unsure of each others activities. Occasionally the two will be familiar to each other and the lights will coordinate effectively but the lights tend to be relegated to a secondary role.

The solution to the problem is to have ones own light show and thus the two become a single performing unit. Perhaps the most ambitious of these is Cliff Charles and Colin Smith who employ a geodesic dome into which they project lights whilst playing and dancing. However due to the poor standard of the music and the indifferent dancing, despite the total frontal nudity of the dancer, the effects of the artificial environment which are sometimes very good, are ruined.

The Incredible String Band certainly surmounted any complaints over the musical value of multi media in their staging of 'U' at the Roundhouse. Very nearly all the songs were very good, one or two were bad, but forgivably so. The lights, because of the time for rehearsal were effective and in time with the music changes. The dancing was bad, despite excellent costumes, and all the nasty things you should have read about it were true.

Having dealt with two partial successes I can now turn to a complete success, that of Principal Edwards Magic Theatre. They are a group of 14 Exeter university students on a sabbatical, (nearly all are students) for a year. They can offer an excellent well coordinated show in which the technology has been mastered and the bugs ironed out of the system. The end product is without a doubt the most professional and entertaining thing of its type in Britain. It would be impossible to describe their

act, suffice it to say that I agree with John Peel when he said he would travel far to see them.

They combine dance, song, and light into a continuous spectacle in which each unit complements the other giving an effect greater than the sum of the parts. Most of the usual musical instruments are used but with the addition of extra percussion and occasional violin and flute, but the bulk is built around the lead, vocals, bass, drums, quartet. Next Saturday (16th) when they play at L.S.E. the light show will also illuminate Arthur Brown who was in many ways the forerunner of P.E.M.T., although they feel their cultural debt to him is only limited.

ANDY ROBERTS . . .
HOME GROWN
R.C.A.S.F. 8086

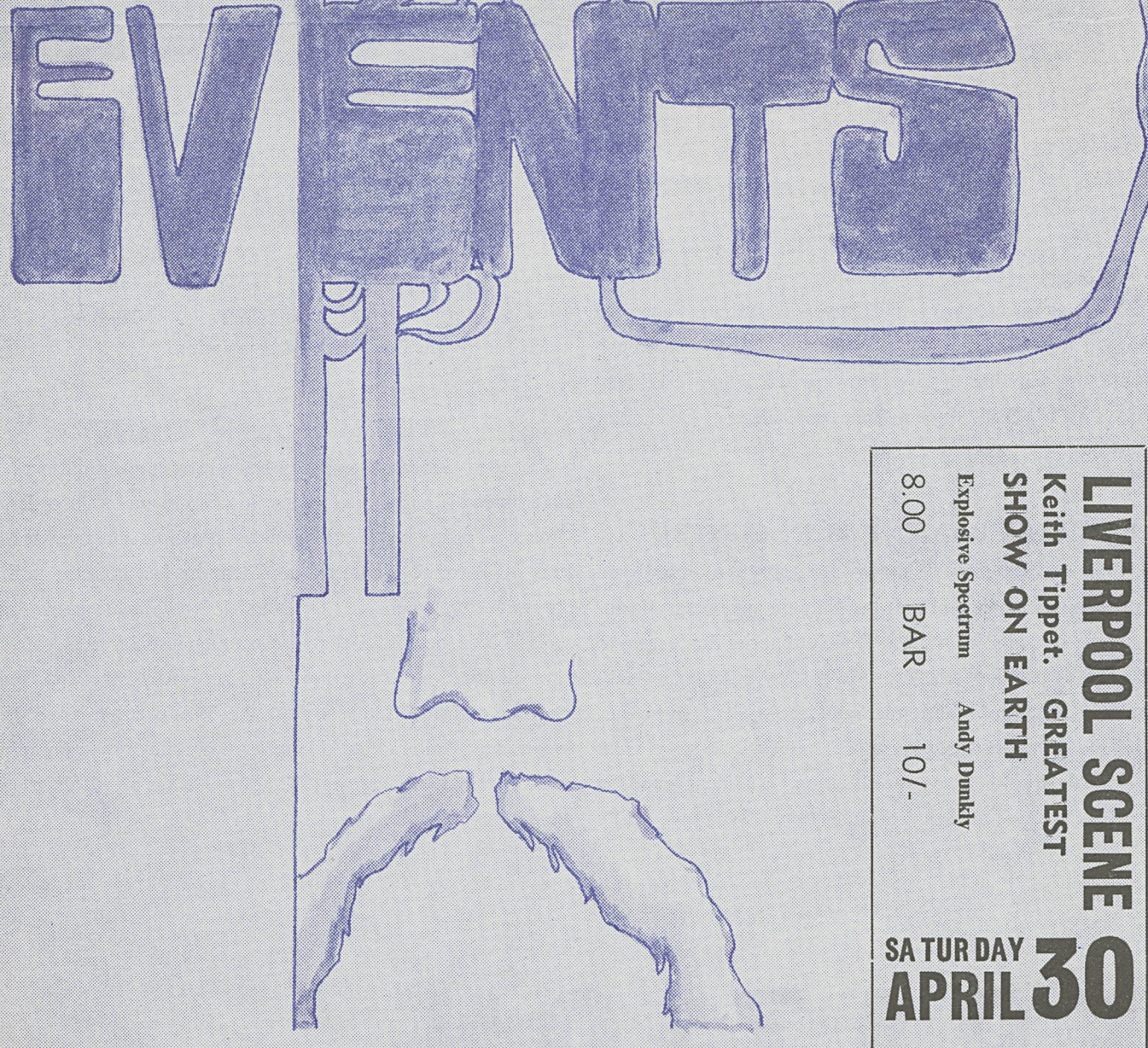
Andy Roberts has produced his first L.P., its excellence is not wholly unconnected with his musical ability, that is to say, it is very good. Those of you who saw the Liverpool Scene at L.S.E. last term will remember him then. On first impression much of the music seems over-orchestrated, but this was due more to my expectations of him as a solo performer than as a fault of the arrangements.

The L.P. cannot be considered a stylistic whole in the sense of a sameness of sound but it possesses a unity of presentation and structure. The combination of acoustic and electric is a success as Andy obviously understands the differences in technique needed, and indeed his ability is wide ranging as demonstrated by the Country sound on 'Home Grown', the title track and 'Just for the Record', an instrumental, a track with several moods and sounds well combined in one.

The typical folk heritage of accoustic players comes out in several tracks, for instance in 'John the Revelator' and 'Where the Soul of Man Never Dies', both also featuring Ian Whiteman on vocals harmonising with Andy. The sound achieved seems both authentic and musical, a combination not always found in this type of song.

R.C.A. are not famous for their covers this one is much what one would expect, a couple of folky cover photos and then on the inside one of electric Andy overlaid with the dramatis presonae of the other musicians. On the reverse of the sleeve insert the words are printed, confusingly, in the wrong order of titles.

Overall this L.P. can be recommended for its excellence and musical diversity and deserves several listens. Your next opportunity to hear him live at L.S.E. will be on May 30, when he appears with the Liverpool scene.

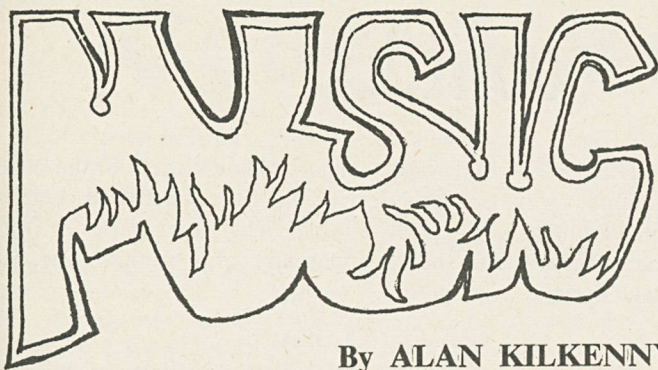


LIVERPOOL SCENE
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SATURDAY
APRIL 30

A.F.K.



By ALAN KILKENNY

I asked Bobby Dylan
I asked the Beatles
I asked Timothy Leary
But he couldn't help me either

Pete Townshend—The—Seeker—1970

Disillusionment and contempt have always been common in the music industry. Cynicism and despair; depression, and, above all, helplessness have resulted from the realisation that materialism and untold wealth leave a gaping hole in one's life.

These insecurities have been exploited, in some cases commercially, for some time—remember the Maharishi, Little Richard, etc. But how serious has anyone ever been?

John Lennon insists he is a Christian—and a Buddhist, and a Mohammedan and a Hindu. Pete Townshend has been an ardent follower of Meher Baba for some years, and his music often reflects his beliefs and spiritual aspirations. But very few meaningful songwriters show any optimism at all. Perhaps optimism kills artistic tendencies, and all meaningful art is bred in an environment of strife. A starving poet once told my predecessor that he picked girlfriends that treated him badly so that his resulting mental tensions could be exploited poetically.

However, pop music is becoming far less academic and much more commercial. After a phase of investigation and resulting despair the music business is now reorienting itself towards its previous gravitational pull—money. And in line with this trend are the present spring releases of Island. Amid a mass of publicity, and more than a little encouragement many of the new generation of pop musicians are releasing new albums. These are all post-bubblegum, and generally anti-reggae. But however cynical one is, these records have been beautifully produced and most are extremely pleasant to listen to.

Jethro Tull's album 'Benefit' is one of the nicest LP's I've listened to for some time. A genuine product of London 1970, this has all the characteristics of a potentially huge-selling LP.

As long as admiration and criticism stay on the same level, and provided the present value for money maintains itself that all the esotericism and sarcasm of the 'underground' will merely prove their narrow-mindedness and intolerance—two facets of human behaviour that they are often the first to criticise.

For those with minds of their own

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APOCALYPSE

AGRO AND BOVVER

The letter printed below is perfectly genuine; it was sent (with eightpence due on it) to Union office, and whether you believe the threat is a real one must remain an individual judgment. It could be a sick joke, or it could be evidence of the way the South African tour has split the country into pro and anti factors.

Personally I am inclined to consider the matter a hoax, however it is worth remembering the occasion when skinheads beat up an L.S.E. student, outside St. Clements building, in broad daylight. The few who saw that attack, and those who, have witnessed such events elsewhere, know just what might be ahead if the threat is a real one.

STUDENTS BASHERS ASSOCIATION
SOUTH LONDON BRANCH,
LONDON.

Dear Ser,

300 of my mates are coming to protect the Police and South-Africa Cricketers against comunist thugs like you. All my mate are paki bashers but I am student basher. We will be bringing our Bover boots and nuckle dusters but we will not be bringing meat cleavers or bowie nifes. I am not bringing my cut throat razor because I broke it when I put our old allsation dog to sleep. I cut his throat. My friend Bill who has just come out of a mental institution for hitting an old lady with an iron bar wil be there. He says he likes kicking girl students in the stomache because he likes the squelshy sound.

No hard feelings

See you there,

JOHN.

PS: Better then smashing up trains.

THE WAR STOPS

Due to the lack of people available 'War on Want' is unable to continue with it's programme of events. Those who want to put their consciences to practical use, and are hence interested in reviving the society, should contact D. Kenvyn via the undergraduate pigeon hole.

THE LEFT OPPRESSORS

There is much talk from certain sections of the left, on the need to liberate the workers from the oppression of capitalists. One might deduce from this line of thought that the left would set everyone an example by doing all possible to alleviate the situation of the workers. However curenrtly within L.S.E. it is not the capitalists who are making life extremely difficult for the worker, but that very group who are meant to be carrying out the process of Liberation.

A few of our arm chair revolutionaries might find it interesting to talk to those porters who have to get rid of the revolutionary frafelli that proves so virulent an art form at L.S.E. A trip on the St. Clements lift last Thursday would have involved travelling in an atmosphere, so charged with cleaning spirit fumes, and it almost made one sick. Yet a porter was going up and down in this atmosphere, trying to remove the slogans: the lift meanwhile was kept in operation chiefly for the convenience of the students.

Who knows what effect this type of work has on a man's lungs, but if this is the liberation of the working class, someone has a severe case of delusion. If the slogan painter had any real concern for conditions of work, they would stop making extra and hazardous work for the group in question.

The same goes for all the slogan sprayers: it is not Adam's etc who will clean the walls but the porters, who amazingly enough, still take pride in the clean appearance of L.S.E. internally.

There is nothing easier than spewing out political rhetoric, talking of the rights of workers' etc; it would be more constructive if those ideals were got into practice in a way not oppressive to those you are trying to help.

Or are the porter's not workers? are their lungs a necessary sacrifice for the long term good of the revolution? Somehow I feel the workers might disagree.

WHO NAB'D WHO?

After the recent wave of kidnap threats against Royalty, some well-meaning Noddy of the crime world decided to do his thing by threatening to remove that glamour miss of the B.Sc. (Econ), Sarah Nabarro.

Said Sir G.: "I am in a vicious frame of mind about these utterly deplorable threats to Royalty, and now translated to my own daughter, this brings it very close. It underlines the desperate nature of crime in this country." (*Evening Standard*, April 28).

Following the failure of Sarah's campaign to reform the left—bring unto me those who have strayed from the path of righteousness, and I shall give them "Monday World" (sic), the incident sparked off a spate of rumours in School circles — anything to relieve boredom and pre-exam sloth!

Among the more scurrilous that came to the ears of 'Beaver' were included the following:—

(1) Sir Gerald had kidnapped his own daughter to protect her from Leftie (unconverted) criminal elements—remember the Parliamentary propagandist?

(2) Sarah was to be held incommunicado and bartered for the release of Paul Hoch — fair exchange, no robbery?

(3) She is incarcerated in the vaults of Barclays/Lloyds/Westminster Bank, reading the political files for daddy.

(4) After 6 months of white heat (no blacks? browns? yellows?) academic endeavour, she is at home in Much-Binding-in-the-Marsh telling Dad how Government and the economy really is.

The more sophisticated and better informed members of Beaver's staff attach no credence to any of these rumours. Come back Sarah—all is forgiven!

now you can SEE
anything you want
at...
**"ALICE'S
RESTAURANT"**
where the heads of
all nations meet

"ALICE'S RESTAURANT"
starring ARLO GUTHRIE
featuring PAT QUINN · JAMES BRODERICK Special Appearance PETE SEEGER · LEE HAYS
with MICHAEL MC CLANATHAN · GEOFF OUTLAW · TINA CHEN · KATHLEEN DABNEY
and Police Chief WILLIAM OBANHEIN Original Music by ARLO GUTHRIE
Screenplay by VENABLE HERNDON and ARTHUR PENN
Based on "The Alice's Restaurant Massacre" by ARLO GUTHRIE
Produced by HILLARD ELKINS and JOE MANDUKE Directed by ARTHUR PENN
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BUNAC, CIA, and PROFIT (contd.)

day materialise, with little chance of chartering an aircraft at short notice.

STUDENTS' TUPPERWARE

Another organisation is "Camp America" which some of you may have heard about. Its sponsors are a somewhat less than glittering assemblage of academics from such institutions as Extra Mural Studies St. Andrews, Centre of Adult Studies Bath, the English Speaking Union etc. The whole project is run by the National Student Marketing Organisation (N.S.M.), a corporation which sells products on the campuses of North America through Student agents (a bit like Tupperware). The corporation recently developed into a holding corporation and set up a branch in England, International Student Marketing. This company obtained the sponsors through the American Institute for Foreign Studies (I.S.M. performs Services for A.I.F.S.) The students who go on Camp America are paid \$90 pocket money plus a free charter flight (say \$140). In return the students work at Summer Camps, a contract for labour being given to the parent organisation in North America, by the Summer Camps organisation. Student councillors are generally paid between \$360 — \$400, so Camp America is making \$130 — \$170 per student. So much for these academic sponsored organisations.

IF YOU'RE STAYING IN LONDON OVER THE SUMMER VAC., and like the idea of meeting some of 60—100 groovy foreign students who are working here, and you like the idea of going on parties on river boats, or in groovy discos, or of mystery tours or similar thingies, then why not contact us.

AIESEC L.S.E. 01-242 8468

1—2 is the best time to phone—ask for reception officer. We know it's a long time to go, but contact us soon . . . we like to plan ahead).
P.S. We live in 5-6 St. Clements Inn . . . drop in and see . . . don't forget, between 1 and 2.

N.A.S.A. recently set up L.O.C.U.S. which at the moment we know nothing about, though a girl was giving a blurb outside L.S.E. which says it provides the "vital work visa".

C.I.A.

This is not correct. The organisation for dishing out the temporary work visas is the Committee for International Educational Exchange (C.I.E.E.) which took over from the United States National Student Association (U.S.N.S.A.) when it collapsed. This was after Ramparts (Mar. 1967) revealed that it was C.I.A. financed, and that its international section was staffed with agents. On leaving U.S.N.S.A. personnel went straight into the C.I.A.'s Covert Action No. Five, a department dealing with student affairs, domestic and international. A former employee of the U.S.N.S.A. Mr. Jim Glendenning a Scot who worked for the travel department is now working for a BUSTA/BUNAC department called Intergrad. This is not to say that BUSTA/BUNAC is another C.I.A. financed group as was Encounter (the culture mag.). It would need another article to discuss C.I.A. methods including the whole Foundation/international conference scene.

However a few more tit-bits. Another organisation that was C.I.A. financed was the International Student Conference (I.S.C.) which included at one time virtually all of the Student Unions of the "free world", including N.U.S. With the disclosures it collapsed.

The commercial arm of BUSTA/BUNAC (if you still remember), BSTC, has as one of its directors a Mr. George Foulkes who worked for I.S.C. Another director, ex I.S.C., is Meta Ramsey. She is also a member of the Fund for International Student Co-operation (F.I.S.C.) which has 3 trustees, Sir Berkeley Foley Gage, a (former ambassador), Mr. Gerald Woods (a Midland banker) and our old friend Mr. John Butterworth (the V.C. of Warwick). F.I.S.C. holds

conferences to which right-wingers plus waverers in the NUS factional fights (see Private Eye No 138) are invited. Lefties are verboten. An Essex Student newspaper reporter was bodily thrown out, being apparently of a pinkish hue. So much for the stirring.

CONCLUSIONS

What questions can we ask? Firstly we have to question the role of companies on campus (profit making or even though non-profit making, those that can pay in expenses and salaries what would otherwise be profits). These companies often go under names which would lead one to suppose they were student organisations and altruistic in their dealings. This is plainly not the case.

The second question is what do these "parallel student organisations" portend for the 70's, given also their susceptibility to C.I.A. financing as happened in the States. Since travel is at the moment such a large part of a student union's activity, these parallel organisations could form the base for a new student movement if N.U.S. collapsed. B.U.S.T.A. is for example supported by the Scottish Union of Students, traditionally a right wing organisation, opposed even by the "leftie" Jack Straw (the N.U.S. president), and former N.U.S. executives. If Jack Straw became too militant he would literally be out on a limb, given the present apathy of the vast majority of students. The silent majority of teacher training colleges, technical colleges and backwoods universities would withdraw, and, given the existence of the student travel facilities outside of N.U.S., have few problems. In fact the setting up of a new National Student Union would find a ready ally in these "parallel student organisations".

The motto of the C.I.A. in the States is to have its finger in every pie, so that whichever way opinion moves, the leaders, its leaders, will do the leading. N.U.S. withdrew from the C.I.A. financed International Student Conference, but who finances F.I.S.C.? Ask them and the reply is "just people interested in students and international co-operation" (Private Eye 138) and that is the extent to which they disclose their sources.

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FROM THURSDAY MAY 21st CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES

Geog. Hitching a Ride

"You do WHAT?" is the usual response if you self-consciously tell someone "I do geography". Still sadly obscure, Geography at the L.S.E. is one of those disciplines which seem to have hitched a ride, barnacle-like, on the hull of the art of orthodoxy as it ploughs down the socio-economic mainstream. For long an international mutual-admiration society of aesthere essayists on landscape, geography has only recently been embraced by the bear-hug of scientific method, and not without problems, either. Convulsions marked this transition from a rule-less art to a sort of science, and although victory has clearly gone to the quantifiers and mathematical model builders the course at the L.S.E. reflects the still insecure new self image which followed a traumatic philosophical puberty. To paraphrase the old quip about the politics of a certain Balkan nation, three surviving geographers after a holocaust would surely have four views of their subject. Consequently there is a considerable variety of permitted methodologies united only by a common spatial background of orientation, distance and relative position at one or more time periods.

Course contents reflect the views of the lecturers. The range is enormous. "It is the last great universal discipline. Geographers are renaissance men, straddling fields as diverse as physics, philosophy, geology, psychology, history and biology," says one second year enthusiast. "Economics too," he adds, looking almost embarrassed. Others feel hampered by this supradisciplinary catholicism, and would prefer to con-

fine themselves to narrower fields such as meteorology or regional analysis. But the fact is that after a general first year an almost free hand is given to combine and specialise, and few geographers are critical of the syllabus. The course is arranged in units; this also is popular. A first year geograpette told me: "I'd go mad if my finals result depended on how I felt during one fortnight in June." The faculty is unique in that it forms a joint school with King's College in the stand, and this effectively doubles the available teaching staff. Good staff-student relations are fostered by activities such as week-long field trips — at Easter, the first year froze on Dartmoor while ecstatic lecturers enthused over misshapen crags, an apparently satisfactory division of labour.

So what do geographers get out of it? Apart from the varied mental diet, they emphasise the independence. "Not only can you choose your own work, but you can choose its philosophical and methodological basis. There are so many conventional wisdoms that effectively there are more, and your own, if you can defend it, is as good as anyone else's." If this seems a recipe for academic anarchy, consider some of the research topics currently being reached: communications linkages between offices in central London, spastial aspects of the Sociology of Westminster, the effects of oil slicks on the environment, and the configurations of central business districts in various cultural contexts. No wonder one geographer modestly told me: "I'm the best-read person I know."

PROTEST OF LIBRARY DWELLER (cont.)

university education to supply this demand, therefore our mental structures reflect the demands of their own ideology).

One can only comment that the internal rate of return at LSE must be historically depressing when discounted against the national rate of human interest. However, if we grant the Left consistency in their schizophrenic attitude to 'bourgeois economics', we may be able to offer a rational reconstruction of their failure to raid the vaults of the Westminster Bank for the dread political files. Give an 8% liquidity ratio, it was obvious that 92% would be in public circulation and in reserves with the Bank of England.

THE AREA OF FREE PLAY

So by refusing to accept their economic determinism, 'bourgeois economics' and sociology of knowledge on the grounds of their pseudo explanatory power, it is still possible for one to be dismayed at the way of the world, concerned about the use and abuse of science and pseudo science in such areas as psychology, sociology and economics, to devote oneself to a critical appraisal of the precise role of, and distinction between, ideology and science and to believe in the possibility of eeking out an area of free play in the university to pursue those ends. Of course the universities are subject to a certain amount of control from societal/capitalist forces; of course their dominant function is recruitment for middle class technocracy and professionalism.

For instance, all 1st Year BSc(Econ) students undergo the usual ideological courses in Government, Economic/Political History, ideological partly through methodological problems, but more sadly and by virtue of countervailing time pressures tending to prevent any rigorous and well-developed critical analysis of the ideas presented in these lecture courses. But as to being determined into blind acceptance, this foregoes the possibility of a pragmatic acceptance for the purpose of vaulting the absurd Part I exam hurdle. O.K. A veritable 'contradiction' vis-a-vis liberal academic ideals. At least student mechanical engineers in Britain are spared counterparts of the one-year's Marxism-Leninism obligatory in countries like Rumania, one of the most liberal of Marxist states. Yet, such suggestions of the 'Red Peril' are obviously no argument against the popular socialist thesis that the history of Socialism is a history of the gross perversion of its utopian ideals. But back to more domestic issues, are we then to accept the leading personalities of Soc Soc as yet more examples of the 'mental surplus'? Mr. Shaw has already dissociated himself from this analysis. After the handling of the occupation/non-occupation issue, we may wonder.

JOURNALISTIC ARGUMENTS

The above journalistic ribaldry is, of course, nothing more than a response to countervailing sloganising; the central attack should more seriously be one on the epistemological eclecticism which dominates Left wing ideology with its most perfect embodiment to be found in the hack quiltwork of "Liberalism and LSE". How is one to read such products of sociological diseducation, (to employ the pamphlet's own mechanistic view of education)? At the most sympathetic level one could at least go through the bibliography (which the writer has not done) and trace the sources of eclectic confusion; or, to be more cynical, one could put in one more cheap jibe about the abstracted empiricism of the English sociological tradition — especially the tradition of holding the carrot of scientificness before the noses of its intendants while failing to concern itself with epistemology, the range of its applicability and the sway of its mythology. One can only hope that present attempts to amend this will be successful. But at present, this sad lacuna goes a long way to explain the time wasted by some students and the Lefts more gifted members on the amazing discovery that social theory happens to be riddled with ideology. A quick glance at an otherwise highly damaging critique of 'bourgeois' race relations studies (Ref. "Ideology in 'Colour and Citizenship'" by P. Corrigan and J. McGreal) displays this thesis amply — even more so for its replacement of 'bourgeois' pseudo science by historical interpretation posing as science. But of course, the intention of the paper was really political. The carrot dangles, the bourgeoisie at midnight trembles whilst competing ideologies stay locked in the Cartesian seed-bed.

GUIDE TO GUERRILLA ACTION FOR MILITANT STUDENTS

Having attempted a brief polemical review of some of the elements in the Left's 'mystification of the masses' at the level of pseudo-theory, to avoid the charge of 'concealed ideology', one must make explicit one's own perspective. As stated previously, the writer's theory of the role of the university amounts to support for the realisation of that good old 'liberal myth' of institutes of social criticism, cultural transmission and an inevitable amount of inculcation — I don't think any of these are separable. The twenty-four-hour critical rationalist is patently full of straw. Its inhabitants are there by the grace of ability — inborn, socially derived, God-given or whatever — conjoined with sufficient examination technique. On the basis of the notion that today's 'man in the street's common sense' is yesterday's most fashionable theory, it would seem plausibly simplistic to think that if one does not like 'the state of society' as exemplified in that common sense, then given that ability, the most useful way for the aspiring social scientist to change social perception is to change the writing on the tablets being handed down. The pursuit for some objective scientific standards implies the pursuit for a blade that cuts two ways, against both the producers and the consumers of ideology and its scientific or pseudo-scientific superstructures. But ideological slogans slide off these theoretical superstructures like insults off the long-suffering Lord Robbins. The man who undermined Lord Robbins's economic analysis of the depression was not Neil Lockwood, but Lord Keynes. (Kapital saved once more, so back to Room R for Neil, you've got the wrong peer). But a handful apart, instead of getting down to the brass tacks of theoretical criticism and construction, the 'objective analysis' of the university espoused by the majority of the Left seems to miss the point entirely; consequently they abnegate their most important critical role for the emotional excitement of the demo, the sit-in and what Weber termed something akin to coffee-break gossip posing as sociological analysis. One lunch-time meeting called to discuss the role of the intellectual in society (ref current NLR Gramsci trends) amounted to a self-referential discussion of what to do with their M.Sc's after the acquisition of the 'worthless scrap of paper'. Meanwhile the same round of 'bourgeois ideology' is perpetuated with business-as-usual almost completely unscathed.

THE PROFESSIONAL

Of course the situation is pretty daunting. To take an example from economics; armed with Benthamite wisdom and a higher learning of econometrical methods, lecturers such as Max Steuer successfully transmit the pie-in-the-sky optimism of nineteenth century utilitarianism. To recall his reply on the purpose of examinations, one of the consequences of this is that we may have a snappy answer if broached in the street on a random point in economics, no doubt something like maximising welfare, subject to constraints of course. Successfully countering all criticisms, the neo-classical synthesis of Prince Hamlet and Renaissance man leaves the stage of the Old Theatre to yet another standing ovation, having delivered a dazzling combination of American folklore and graphic wizardry in one hour flat. The undereducated critic is forced to bite his tongue, mutter next year he will manage to unravel the plot, or drop everything else, do a quick course in maths, statistics, and linear programming, and back to the classics to find the core of the rot, he is so convinced of. But he bites through his tongue when one radical member of the audience, Jonathan Blair, who warned students against the conspiratorial nature of Mr. Steuer's attempts to involve them in a national

SUMMER SUB-LETTING

Will any student who has accommodation to sub-let for all, or part of the summer vacation, please give details to the Union Office (S.102) as soon as possible.

TRAVEL

The new INTERNATIONAL STUDENT IDENTITY CARD can be obtained from the Union Office, price 6/-. When applying your LSE Admission card and a passport-size photograph will be required.

CON SOC SHADOWS

During the vacation at the Annual Conference of the Federation of Conservative Students, held at Surrey University in Guildford, an L.S.E. student, Roger Mountford was elected Chairman of the Federation for the coming year. Roger Mountford was at one time Vice-Chairman of L.S.E. Con-Soc, as well as being Senior Treasurer of the L.S.E. Union. Last year he was International Secretary to the federation, amongst other posts.

It is the third-year running that an L.S.E. student has been elected Chairman of the F.C.S. However, it is unlikely that this trend will continue, since no member of the L.S.E. delegation was elected on to the G.P. committee this year.

Several motions were passed by the conference, relating to many topics. Regarding student affairs, the most important motion was one calling on the next Conservative government to abolish the parental contribution and give all students full grants. Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, the shadow spokesman on Education, in her address to the conference stated that she could give no promises on this motion, but that when the time came the role of the parental contribution would be re-assessed. She also pointed out that there was scope for changing the method of assessment in other ways. For example the age at which a student could be independently assessed could be lowered. Also the period spent in full-time employment necessary for independent assessment could be reduced. Such changes, conference was informed were being seriously considered by the Shadow Cabinet.

scheme to test the effects of economics teaching methods, curiously asserts the marginal costs=marginal revenue during a discussion on the American Film Industry. Naturally, the individual idiosyncracies of both a Blair and a Steuer are neutralised in the aggregates of large numbers.

THE AMATEUR HOG

The point is simple. The devoted amateur is confronted with the devoted professional. His only possible area for effective guerrilla activity is in the classes. Such as Mr. Corrigan have realised this long ago, with the brilliant tactic of completing the bulk of his course before enrolling and using the classes for counter education directed at the worst excesses of structural-functionalism and behaviourism. But, Mr. Corrigan goes the whole hog. Not only is ideology to be substituted for ideology, but students are to be organically linked with the Black Panthers, Workers, and the 'oppressed' in general, apparently without any thought for the 'problematic' of the very real differences in their work situations. The implication is that whenever they mobilise, we are to occupy and be occupied. (Ref. 'The History of Outsiders at L.S.E.') Why we must occupy.

ENTER THE HISTORIOGRAPHERS

The logic of these arguments is organically related to Mr. Corrigan's somewhat uncritical acceptance of the writings of Marx as Gospel-writ-large. But unfortunately for the critical detector of ideology he professes to be, he reveals himself rather as a creator of other people's ideologies. The administration has never presented any such 'scapegoat theory of history' as he imputes to them, not even as much as a 'ringleader theory of the situation', which however it might have stood up in previous years, would have been highly predictive of 'post Hoch' events. That contemporary L.S.E. political activity is the work of a small band of dedicated activists is unquestionable, and is the case with most forms of political activity. The new developments this year are that they have completely failed to recruit any popular support for their wilder ventures. In an apathetic union craving gladiatorial spectacle and political seduction, monopolised by effective socialist demagogues, the Left have never got beyond emotive demagoguery, and have become, in their ords of one of their ex-comrades, "intellectually flabby". But this is flabbiness by default, with such as Lockwood continually attempting to start debate on the issues which have concerned him, almost continually left to argue the case alone or with his comrades. One hardly has the heart to suggest to him that the proper conclusion to this might be that for the rest of us they were non-issues. However, the Left's support for the academic thuggery of Hoch and his theatricals may be viewed as part of the trend of this years low standards. 'Ringleader', or 'supposed ringleader', what needs demystifying is the assumption that Hoch could be any kind of leader, whichever camp are supposed to believe such. As already argued elsewhere, 'post Hoch, propter Hoch' arguments are nothing if not flabby; when have courtiers ever waged war over the court jester? Hoch's Oration Day eloquence still echoes in many ears; elsewhere he has commented on the place being torn apart; guess the boys outside are putting the screws on.

(Continued on Page 16)

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE REQUIRED FOR ACADEMIC YEAR 1970-71

REMUNERATIVE and INTERESTING
If interested, call: Mr. PIRIE, 589 3223

HISTORY SOCIETY

TUESDAY, 26th MAY.—Professor M. R. D. Foot from Manchester on the 'Gladstone Diaries'. 4.30 p.m.

CONSERVATIVE SOCIETY

FRIDAY, 29th MAY.—End of term Sherry Party, 5.30 Graham Wallas' Room. Free to members, 2/6 to non-members. Celebrities in attendance!

PROTEST OF A LIBRARY DWELLER (cont.)

THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

The action started on April 24th, the day of Hickley's speech on the damage to be done to the school if the administration did not comply with Union demands. Not that one can link this to the arson later that night, save through the Action Committee's post facto statement deploring this action on what appeared to be the grounds that the destruction of the 'irreplaceable' work of both staff and students was insufficient, a trivial target. So we may conclude that although such an action, whoever the actor, whilst inconsistent with respect to means, was consistent with the ends of their particular brand of Socialism. In fact the key characteristic of the Left's Socialism seems to be pointless praxis, solidly backed up by a thoroughgoing theoretical void. With the dynamic motive force of this theoretical vacuum pushing this dedicated band of pseudo-scientists into the middle of the following week, some of their leading astrologers came up with the prediction, after several hours debate on Wednesday, 29th, that occupation was not on. The subsequent events through to Friday provided an illuminating focus on the various leading personalities of Soc-Soc. The Lockwood-Corrigan splinter left us with something of an impressionistic cross-sectional view of the 'party', the account given here is not based on any detailed knowledge of the positions of its various members, is not that of a consistent political observer, but rather that of a well-informed library dweller who occasionally wanders along to the Theatre of the Absurd for the show. The moment for concern is when the eccentricities of the actors begin to impinge on the lives of their audience. Not that the week's events made any serious indent on the school's functioning, notwithstanding more attempts at arson, and vague plans to carry out a guerrilla bombing campaign on the school. Where does the fantasy end, and reality begin? Where is the demarcation between repression and defence? Would Soc. Soc. care to draw their line for us, so that the rest of us know where to stand?

THE PIGS LEFT THE FARM AND SPLIT

At least Wednesday, 29th and Thursday 30th, April sorted out the fanatics from the moderates, the elitists from the populists, and the principled from the unprincipled. Out of the twelve people already mentioned, it transpired that, the issue of occupation under the circumstances presented, divided them fairly equally into almost six versus half a dozen with the ambiguous Mr. Middleton straddling his umbrella. Understandably, it separated politicians from sledgehammers, humanists from humourless. Anti-occupationists emergent from late Wednesday to early Thursday, included Shaw, Gillie, Vickery, Marshall, and Tomkinson; the occupationists being Corrigan, Lockwood, Hickley, Dent, McGreal and Blair. The latter were assisted by a pack of howling hard-liners from such places as Chelsea Tec., U.C. Goldsmiths' and probably Piccadilly Circus who successfully shouted down most opposition to the occupationists. The themes were well-worn, the pleas all negative outside the conspiracy theory of history as adopted by Mr. Corrigan, to the effect that our identification with workers and Panthers was necessitated by our being commonly 'oppressed' by the conspirators of the ruling class: but the funniest cry was that all the London colleges were waiting for LSE — "vanguards of the Revolution" — to occupy, waiting for LSE to give the cue. Oh, how they waited! Mr. Corrigan's 'small band of outsiders', became increasingly frustrated, their pleas for occupation more urgent, their howling more desperate as it became more clear that LSE wanted to debate before deciding on a course of action, if any at all.

THE POPULISTS

When Tomkinson spoke on the need for getting down to the concrete details of strategy, Corrigan and friends agreed this was a subtle ploy to filibuster and blunt the sense of urgency they were trying to communicate. Alan Gillie criticized his some-time allies for their theoretical deficiencies, spoke of occupation as irrelevant, and stressed the need to get down to the work of academic criticism through the Social Sciences rather than making sporadic and ill-thought out attempts at occupations, sit-ins, and mindless praxis in general. In place of Lockwood's attacks on Lord Robbin's personality, which by now have become virtually psychopathic, Mr. Gillie offered Joan Robinson's criticism that during the major unemployment periods of the '30's, our Lord was still talking of economic scarcity. Unfortunately, the vultures in the stalls heckled and howled once more, but at least the first person to use his head had spoken, not that the feet reconsidered.

Respectable revolutionary and I.S. 'spokesman', Martin Shaw looked strangely conservative amongst the anarchists as he performed his usual glib delivery. This time opposing occupation on tactical grounds. It was becoming increasingly clear that the party was over before it had begun, Shaw retained his credibility and the Lockwood-Corrigan splinter quickly moved into isolation. But it is difficult to estimate the precise degree of co-ordination between these two, especially with Lockwood trying to confuse us by sitting with the Right nowadays. His last minute union motion attempting to prolong the Union meeting had been simply rejected by Pryce, yet another political suttler by ignoring the motion on his desk until after he had closed the meeting. Following Mr. Lockwood's heartrending account of his failure to mix socially with the administrators, Miss Gerry Marshall — the Great Socialist Mother — burbled on in her delightfully sincere manner concerning the audience's frustrations at the hands of the Unions bureaucracy. Oh, how we had been left needy, how we had warmed her heart by staying behind to listen to Neil and take suck from the Left, like children we'd come for political nourishment from Soc Soc, cornucopia of politics. Expecting the offer of at least a left breast, yet again we were left gasping as Miss Marshall resumed her seat, stage right. After her previous escapades into an emotive rehash of Mr. Adelstein's rehash of the 'mental surplus', (during

a political files debate), Miss Marshall had returned quite resoundingly to her own territory. It was just unfortunate that we could not manage one last sit-in before her departure to sunnier climes. For this we sincerely apologize. However, she herself was later to accuse Mr. Corrigan's minority henchmen of practising vocal coercion on her brood, a dastardly practise in the eyes of the populists. Among the women Sue Vickory also joined the populists with an early speech against the occupation of Thursday because of the patent lack of support for such action and the moral dubiousness of going ahead with it.

So the anti-occupationists seemed to be united for an assortment of reasons, principally lack of support, but also because it was a bad tactic in the given circumstances apart from this, such that there would merely be more disciplining, more repression, and back to square one. Generally, then, five leading Soc Soc personalities had decisively dissociated themselves from the elitist and sledgehammer principles of the far left by Thursday tea-time; meanwhile the sitters-in had decided to carry on regardless and left the Old Theatre to theorise elsewhere about their sitting.

THE DESPERADOES

The hard core occupationists would have gone ahead even if supported by nobody but the outsiders they had called in to bully us into following — and go ahead they did. By 10 p.m. that night there remained but a small band of despair, about thirty in all, addressed by Mr. Fawthrop in a backs-up-against-the-wall speech of pure anarchy. Noting the fact that there was no support in LSE for their brand of politics, they had to realise they were a small minority and devote themselves to guerilla activities, forming small bands to carry out bomb attacks on the School. Warfare or theatre? Later, concerned that the police would "pick them off one by one", they decided to march out en-masse at 10.30 p.m. which they did chanting revolutionary and solidarity slogans. Corrigan had returned at the last minute and apologized for their having been invited down to such a non-revolutionary occasion. Nevertheless, a good party had been had by most, with the now commonplace attempts at arson, this time on the Mezzanine Floor; but fortunately the caterers had forgotten to lay on the Molotov Cocktails. This absurd bunch had only a handful of LSE students within their ranks, thus vindicating the Administration's "interference by outsiders" thesis once more. Lockwood was still speaking of solidarity at 9 p.m. that night, when not one other London college had made the lightest attempt at occupation, tied down as they are to the theory and praxis flowing from high command. As we have already seen, there was no coherently articulated body of theory in the first place, other than congealed blobs of reaction to administrative action, which merely fed back onto pointless repetitions of the same mindless praxis from which such pseudo theory had been derived in the first place.

CONTRADICTIONS AND OMISSIONS

There has never been any Soc Soc pamphlet or Soc Soc speaker to give any constructive theory of what exactly the role of the university is to be in their model society. All we know is that they don't like the way it is, but does this mean they reject the actuality for not meeting the requirements of Colin Crouch's ideal type or that they reject academic autonomy altogether? Their utterances and activities seem to denote the latter, and their solidarity or theories concerning the relationship between those inside and those outside certainly have these implications. But for a political group some of whose members profess scientificity, with analyses of institutions and structures as opposed to, 'scapegoat theories of history', one glaring contradiction is their, 'conspiracy theory of history', whereby the, 'present wave of repression against students' is the result of manipulation of the forces of law and order by capitalists with vested interests in the universities. The other sin is that of omission. When will they decide whether they want academic freedom or external restraints, and then articulate coherent policies based on the role of their model university? One suspects this year's model will exhibit a certain Gramscian influence. No doubt Dr. Hoch is busy on his prison tract right now.

Earlier on Thursday, after unsuccessful attempts by one hopeless moderate to start a debate on the role of the university, the issue was once more avoided by reassertions of the mythical student/worker/Panther coalition, with its implicit consequences of the curtailment of academic autonomy. There were perfunctory attacks on the Crouchian concept of the university as havens of academic freedom from outside interference, the logic of the argument being that if they did not match up to Crouch's ideal type then the latter must be abandoned and they must be completely subordinated to outside interests. On this issue, Corrigan once more enunciated the dogma, and Mr. Hickley was galvanised into yet more of his stereo-dynamic oratory. Personally as politically relevant as Timothy Leary, the Left make extremely good use of Hickley's aggressively dictatorial speech-making. He usually follows up the ideologues with pointed, hard-hitting incitements to 'radical action' despite the disastrous incident which occurred shortly after his last flourish. Not that he himself is unaware of his own political shortcomings, merely being dedicated to the blind action wherever he can find it — at the card table or in the Old Theatre. However, he suffers severe role conflict in the political arena, as distinct from the gambling circuit, being one of the first of the occupationists to disappear after the meeting. Voice Without Mind, Advocacy devoid of both Praxis and Theory, have no more perfect embodiment than this dedicated aristocrat, who consistently reveals himself to be a veritable tinkling symbol.

ACADEMIC NONSENSE

After the majority of the audience had either gone back to the library or to discuss occupational tactics elsewhere (the fastest disappearing trick in the history of religion), Martin Tomkinson

revealed his true colours. Although after the decision had been taken, following two days of vocal coercion, Mr. Tomkinson put his case for opposing the occupation with sweet reasonableness, and invited anyone within the non-Marxist Liberal spectrum to come and put forward their arguments for not occupying, asked people in fact to do what none of his successors, save Mr. Lockwood occasionally, had ever done previously this year; he invited them to enter into an exchange of ideas, with glimpses even of the Socratic dialogue when he stated his aim as being to change any such person's ideas by this process. One person jumped at such a chance — foolish, because he forgot that Mr. Tomkinson is somewhat unique and estranged from today's Left. He provided a glimpse also into the possibility of political debate in the Union of the London School of Economics and Political Science. But it happened that the vociferous outsiders were not interested in academic reasons for not occupying, Jonathon Blair managing to shout down the 'academic nonsense' to great effect. It required fellow members of the national student movement who met in the Old Theatre on Friday, when the heat of urgency had gone, to make exactly the same point and actually get a hearing for 'academic nonsense' spoken in a university students' general assembly. No less than five speeches stressed the general theme that the work situation in the universities consists of intellectual activity; that if students have any sympathies whatever for the "oppressed" they must justify their much greater opportunities by criticising the intellectual values, theories and ideologies which support that 'oppression'; that to put physical action first and foremost was an abnegation of their critical functions and so much wasted opportunity; that the most useful activity was counter-education, confronting lecturers on their own terms and promulgating critiques of basic texts. One brilliant humanitarian speech from a German student (perhaps inevitably a German student) was pure Goldmann, stressing the need to return to philosophy, to the grounds on which 'bourgeois social science theories' built their distortions and restrictions of 'Man'. He communicated something totally alien to student discussion, a sense of dignity and MORAL concern that the social sciences were losing their critical functions in modern technocracies. He was not concerned because they were non-Marxist but because they were non-humanitarian, because somewhere along the line they cut off debate and posed as unquestionable certainties, thereby forgetting Man; they were no longer moral sciences. It seemed a case of the Student Movement against the Human Movement. After two days of domination by vicious dwarfs, this speech somehow returned one from the circus ring. Looking back on the performance what conclusions are to be drawn?

POLITICAL LIFE STYLES

The most important conclusion is that the failure to work out coherent policies leads to an obsession with reaction against the action of the competing elite, the Administration. In LSE it is the authorities that set the pace, using the bait of LSE coffee. But when students see both camps panicking, stamping out blindly, they turn their backs on the whole time-wasting nonsense and leave it to the competing elites. Hence, no sympathy for Hoch. Into this vacuum, Presidents like Pryce Brothers Ltd. would gladly step. At least they speak our language.

Into the political vacuum at the beginning of the year stepped the twin disasters, Lockwood and Corrigan with a handful of newcomers clustering around them. The absence of any debate in the Union stems from the absence of any similar nucleus on the Right, or in the Middle, for which, of course, the Left are blameless. They have offered the gauntlet often enough. But Lockwood's empiricism is at ground level at the best of times, concentrating on the personal life styles of the administrators; he appears as the little boy who got locked out. But at least he talks to us, mixes humility with absolute certainty and asks the opinions of others. Cardinal Corrigan will have none of this; part of his programme is quite simply the destruction of the university in its present form. With a constant siege mentality, for him, the administrators and academic employees of the School are, ipso facto, non-human. Not here to learn, because he knows already, he must struggle ceaselessly against the prattlings of the ignorant. Having successfully severed the already mangled staff-student relations in his own department earlier in the year with majority support on that occasion, he attempts to proceed from the particular to the general, prepared to use any means whatever to these ends. The General Assembly offers the possibility of extending the dominance of his will, no doubt Soc Soc the possibility of disciples. But his inflexibility has impressed no one. The extension of his will recedes to his own person.

RETHINK?

So in what now must be the great rethink, the policies of non-negotiation and the elitist elements must be radically modified and developed before next year. Since it seems that the Socialists are the only body with the will to lead, they must dissociate themselves from this year's final display of elitist conspiratorial politics. They will only alienate non-Marxists still further by the present fashion of upholding the prophet's utterances in conjunction with the Doctrine of Infallibility. By now the new blood will no doubt have achieved partial reformation although one doubts whether they will ever throw the latter doctrine out. One 'problematic' they might like to apply themselves to is what remains of Marxism after the rotten edifice of the dialectic is removed. Finally, a thorough analysis of the implicit ethical basis which they seem to think grants them licence to speak in categorical imperatives would go a long way towards making political debate possible in the LSE Union. At present it is merely a degenerate version of Parliament. The writer is naive enough to think that LSE politics might offer alternatives to party rhetoric and ideology, might actually use the social sciences in political debate. (E.g. What IS the effect of investments in South Africa?) The past year has been one of small hopes for such expectations. Might this be the last Polemic?



NEW A.U. EXEC. TAKES OVER

Last year saw the first addition to the Athletic Union's facilities, the provision of E29 as a circuit room, for many years. This was undoubtedly one of the major achievements of the year and our thanks for it must go to the retiring A.U. Executive of J. K. Ashcroft (President), R. Woolhouse (External Affairs V.P.), A. J. Pearson (Malden V.P.), Viv Williams (Senior Treasurer) and Sue Harris (General Secretary), who remains in office until the end of the summer term. May I take this opportunity of thanking them all, not only on behalf of the new Executive, but also, I hope, on behalf of all A.U. members for their success in gaining E29 and, more generally, for the capable way in which they administered the A.U. last year. The new Executive is as follows:

President, Andy Wiggans; General Secretary, Sue Harris; Malden V.P., Pete Murrell; External Affairs V.P., John Ellwood; Senior Treasurer, Ann Kiernan.

(Please note there are still vacancies for a Junior Treasurer and Assistant General Secretary).

OPEN DAY

Open Day takes place this year on Saturday, June 13th, a date carefully selected in order to avoid any clash with the World Cup matches.

This year's programme of events has not yet been finalized, but plans have already been made to include a six-a-side Soccer Competition, an all-day Staff v. Students Cricket match, a mixed Rugby match and various other activities, including, for the more gymnastic or youthful element, a trampoline.

Transport to the playing fields in New Malden will be free and refreshments will be available throughout the day. This year we hope to provide a false floor for the marquee so that drinks can be made more readily available for those who stay behind for the discotheque and barbecue in the evening.

If Open Day is to be a success, then YOUR support is needed whether you come as a spectator or a participant. Should you decide to come, I am sure you will enjoy it.

Although membership of the A.U. is stronger now than at any time in the past, the increased trend towards participation in college-based activities, together with a decline in the fortunes of the Soccer and Rugby clubs, has meant that facilities in the School, particularly for squash, are vastly over-extended, whilst our playing fields at Malden are under-utilized.

SQUASHED SQUASH

Although the acquisition of the circuit room, E29, has considerably reduced this problem, the School still has about 300 people competing for the use of one squash court. Since this shortage of space is not likely to improve for some years, I feel justified in trying to channel my own efforts in the direction of increasing the utilization of our Sports Ground at Malden.

This, I think, can be done in two ways. Firstly by encouraging club captains to gain recruits at the Freshers' Conferences and secondly by persuading graduates to join in club sports rather than simply competing amongst themselves.

These proposals, I realize, will not be easy to implement, yet I feel that they could result in increasing interest throughout the School, not only in the Soccer and Rugby clubs, but also in all of the activities of the Athletic Union.

A.U. ON STEAM RADIO

If you were tuned in to Radio 1 last Saturday at 5 p.m. you would have heard speaking on the show several members of the L.S.E. Athletic Union. The programme was Jimmy Saville's "Speak Easy": the topic "Sport." How did we get on? You may well ask.

On Friday last a "terribly" urgent phone call was received to the effect that several witty, intelligent and refined students were required that very night to question a panel consisting of: Ted Dexter and two Fleet Street journalists (whose names I have forgotten).

Having decided that 5 minutes was not enough time to have a drink before we went on the air at the Paris Theatre in Lower Regent Street, we asked for some tea

in the B.B.C. Coffee bar. The waitress said that tea was 6d, but in order to avoid increasing the T.V. Licence fee to £10, a cup to drink it from was 5/- extra. We were suddenly no longer thirsty.

At this juncture we were ushered into the studio and having held the programme together for 45 minutes were told to hand in our names to the producer's secretary who promised us all a free ticket for the live recording of the "Epilogue" on the 30th May (all channels 11 p.m.).

Those of you who did listen will remember that the issue of the Cricket Tour was not raised. This was because we were told that on May 29th the whole show is being devoted to the subject: Pete Main, Chairman of the S.S.T., the Rev. David Shepherd and two M.C.C. representatives will be there. Those interested in going please contact Andy Wiggans. S110.

SAILING CLUB

The summer term is the time of year when everyone wants to sail, and also the time when everyone is overwhelmed by the approaching exams. Consequently we have no formal fixtures arranged but there will be plenty of opportunity for members to sail. Towards the end of the term, the exact date not yet decided, we will be staging our annual Regatta, including races for both the novice and the experienced sailor, plus the possibility of the grand return of an Old Lags team, to show us all what sailing is about. In the evening we will be holding a social.

Yet another highlight of our term's sailing will be the twenty-four hour race organised by our old 'friends' the Sea Scouts.

The everlasting problem of maintenance looms even larger than ever after a series of accidents caused by the recent high winds. Thanks to the unselfish efforts of the retiring commodore, Bernard Meakins, we now have two boats in excellent condition, but the club still needs all the help it can get from its members to have all six boats in working order for when League racing starts again in the autumn. So when you get sick of the stuffy Library,

the photo before your eyes demonstrates the effectiveness of being a dab hand at Judo on a dark night, should you come across a predatory male pursuing you with unwelcomed vigour. It also illustrates a useful method of inviting a pass, if the desired male is somewhat slow on the up-take. Of

course, the connotations of such action are varied and we can't give you a full run-down of the likely events thereafter in the space allowed; so suffice it to say that the girl involved in this rigged attack has had call to use judo as a self defence—(self defence of what—honour or notoriety—is left to the imagination.)

Even accepting that most beginners couldn't use their new-found tactics as a defence, there are obvious advantages of joining the club on Thursday evenings. For instance, a dishy instructor—recently promoted Tony Green (Black Belt 2nd Dan) seen here obliging the cameraman, who is John Wyeth, the club's captain. Then there's the social atmosphere; even the most aggressive female members of the club can expect a drink in the Bar.

And there's the slimming effect of warming up and of chucking twelve stone blokes about. Similarly, there's a self contained course in dozens of useless Japanese phrases. And last but not least, the judo suit jacket makes a marvellous dressing gown.

USEFUL WAY OF PICKING UP THE DESIRED MALE



ANYONE FOR TENNIS?

This season there is a very full programme of men's 1st, 2nd team matches plus a few mixed matches to provide a little light relief.

The fixture list is a strong one. Includes matches against most of the leading U.L. Colleges as well as several Oxbridge colleges and the Universities of Southampton, Kent, Reading and East Anglia.

The 1st 6 is prospectively a strong one with several of last season's team still available and we have some very useful newcomers. We are, however, always pleased to hear from anyone interested in playing for one of the teams (including any girls interested in playing in the mixed matches).

The very excellent grass courts at Berrylands are available for anyone at nearly all times whether it is for a warm up before Wimbledon or just a bit of healthy exercise.

D. Butler (Sec. Men's Tennis) STOP PRESS!

1st result L.S.E. men's 1st beat U.C. 1sts 9-0.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The Cross-Country Club finished their season in the Isle-of-Man during the Easter weekend at the annual Athletics Festival, the team of four having to run three times in three days. On the Friday evening the team did well to come 7th in a 4-mile road race, and this was followed by 9th place in the 4 x 3 mile Road Relay on Saturday. The toughest race of the week-end was the Fell Race up one of the steeper hill-sides on the Island, with L.S.E. again coming 9th, to give us 8th place overall for the Festival.

The evenings were also spent competitively with bar races etc. and here L.S.E. fared far better, but the rough boat journey back to Liverpool on the Monday morning gave some stomachs a rough time.

BRAIN TEASER

Three foreigners were sitting in a Somerset pub drinking cider and playing dominoes. Julius came from a country Zanzania in which recently 10,000 people were massacred; Willy was a visitor from East Germany, a country which had surrounded itself with minefields in order to stop its people leaving; finally, Pieter had travelled from a far off Southern land owned by a capitalist minority.

Question: If the East German wore blue underpants, and one of the others had B.O., who do the locals demonstrate against, and who wins the game of dominoes.

Answers by telegram, please, to External Affairs U-P A.U. Office, S110.

Do you want to me a

General Secretary

or perhaps a

Junior Treasurer

If so apply to

A.U. Office, S110

Free Nomination papers for first 50 applicants.

Girls are you interested in Keeping Fit

Why don't you find out about the new plan to keep your weight down by consulting your nearest A.U. Office.

Room S.110 any lunch-time

