

NS8



BEAVER

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14 DEC 1978
OF POLITICAL ECONOMY

JOLTED JULIAN!

But Ingram gets off ... again

SENIOR Treasurer Julian Ingram again survived the threat of censure when the executive withdrew its motion of censure only two hours after it had received notice.

The Executive felt that Julian's four-day absence from the Union to attend a Liberal conference in Brussels was a serious breach of contract.

According to the contract a sabbatical is not entitled to leave during term-time. It was also claimed that the timing of Mr. Ingram's absence one week before the important Annual Budget meeting, was particularly unfortunate.

A week's notice should be given to the other sabbatical for any leave. Julian says that he did tell General Secretary Will Richardson, on the previous Monday, and produced the staff book to prove it. Will thinks it was "Wednesday or Thursday" before he was told, but it is possible he did not see the book until then.

When Ingram returned on Friday he learnt that the executive had decided in his absence to censure him. He had only to mention the possibility of standing again, however, for the executive to reconsider its position.

He would probably win, making fools of them and anyone who had been so foolish as to oppose him.

By lunchtime the executive was wavering. It was decided to call an extraordinary meeting. During the UGM the only mention of the proceedings was when Will Richardson referred to Julian's absence as the reason for censure. Ingram offered no reply.

At the meeting which followed, Ingram offered the compromise of losing four days' pay, the money going to charity. This was scarcely satisfactory, ignoring the principle that he is not entitled to leave during term-time, especially one week before the budget UGM. Even so, the motion was passed.

By then Ingram was warming to the occasion and proceeded to talk freely. His health

was bad, but he would not resign and would stand again. This took the wind out of the sails of his opponents. The censure vote was lost by three to one with five abstentions, only Andrew Smith (Labour) sticking to the executive's previous decision.

So, Julian Ingram remains. For many, this is just another example of the executive's inability to make a firm stand on anything. But there are still questions about the motives and foresight of the executive.

Who, for instance, wanted Ingram's post? Chris Falkner (Independent, ex-Tory) has distinguished himself for his pompous and overbearing manner though recently losing an election for the Court of Governors to outsider Becky Bryan (Liberal). Guy Elliott (Independent) is also known for his rampant careerism and less so for his ignorance, since few students have attended UGM's recently. Andrew Smith and Dave Darton (Labour) might also be ambitious.

What would be the position of any one succeeding Ingram in mid-term? Before moving to censure a guarantee was obtained from the school that any extra sabbatical salary would be forthcoming. This would be the first time since 1967 that the Union had a sabbatical paid for by the school which would no doubt strain the allegiance of any such officer when it came to negotiating with the school on students' behalf.

Perhaps the motion of censure could have been a wee bit more general.

PHIL HEPBURN

STOP PRESS: A new motion of censure has been put forward against the Senior Treasurer and, if not withdrawn, will be debated at the UGM on Friday, 1st December.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DAD!



BARTLETT

HOLDING OUT

—but students step up action

THE strike at the Economist's Bookshop is entering its eighth week and all students are asked to continue the boycott. The assistants' resolve is firmer than when they went in as they sense victory.

The manager, Mr. Gerald Bartlett, claims that sales have been cut by at least half. In addition deliveries from most printers have been blacked while stocks of expensive books which should have been sold at the beginning of term lie mouldering on the shelves).

The staff and students supporting them have stepped up their action with the intention of putting pressure on the school which has a half share in the shop and three directors on the board. Their names are Professors Yamey, Roberts and Prest.

It is becoming increasingly clear that a solution is unlikely to be reached while Mr. Bartlett remains at the shop. Hundred-strong demonstrations on Friday 17th and Friday 24th November produced a new slogan, "Bartlett out! Union in!"

When the LE directors see the full sales figures they may sympathise.

Pressure has also come from another source. Mr. Chris Harrington, formerly Divisional Manager of the EB, wrote to Professor Yamey when he resigned at the end of September, stating, "I am very annoyed at having to leave a very good job at the Economist's Bookshop but I was not prepared to continue working with someone who has such a low regard for his staff."

The two-and-a-half page letter was presented to the Standing Committee last week and caused considerable embarrassment.

There is a petition circulating which you are urged to sign and a collection for the strike fund in Florrie's coffee bar. Interested students attending the classes or lectures of Professors Yamey, Roberts and Prest may like to raise the issue themselves, politely of course.

'Hang 'em all'

"No-one is innocent," claims Left-wing M.P.

"THE British establishment will be blown into the sky," declared Labour MP Brian Sedgmore, referring to the Bingham Report into the breaking of sanctions against Rhodesia.

Speaking to London School of Economics public law students last week, Mr. Sedgmore said that "MPs, civil servants and top industrialists would

all be implicated, and commented that "the penalty for treason is still death."

Mr. Sedgmore, who was recently sacked from his post as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Tony Benn, after he had made public the contents of a policy document on the European Monetary System, whose existence other politicians had denied (Sic—Ed.) attacked the secrecy surrounding governmental activities. Describing the Prime Minister's role as that of a "Godfather," he attacked the closed nature of our society as a whole. The civil service, he argued, was still couched in the conservatism of the 19th century, displaying an unreasonable fear of the left wing.

He called for the formation of 'democratic structures' at every level of society, and for a complete enquiry into the sanctions

scandal, which could prove as explosive as Watergate.

Re-written by Sarah Lewthwaite.

PUBLIC MEETING

There will be a public meeting on Tuesday, November 28th (room S075 at 6.30 p.m.) on the Huntley Street Defence Campaign. There will be speakers from Huntley Street and Hounslow Hospital Occupation, plus a video film of bulldozers and police with riot shields evicting the squatters.

Ten squatters were arrested in the first large-scale attempt to implement the infamous Criminal Trespass Law. Force was used even though they agreed to leave peacefully.

There is also substantial evidence of Special Branch involvement throughout the squat.



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☆☆ All in your independent organ with a heart ☆☆☆	
PLUS!!! ALL YOUR TV NEWS AND FREE POSTER OF JOHN TRAVOLTA AND RODNEY BARKER.	

All Gausson Gaiters

"THE BEAVER ANNUAL", a collection of articles and features from issues of Beaver over the last year, is available now at your local picket-free bookshop, price £17.95.

Bound in exquisite fake "Leatherette" binding, printed on gossamer-type "Andrex" paper, this slim volume is an ideal Christmas present which will thrill relatives, friends, old and young alike. Once they open it and start reading they'll never be able to put it down — and not merely because of special "Ne'er let go" Araldite liberally smeared inside the covers! No, folks, this is THE book the critics are all raving about! Here are just a few of the comments that distinguished and utterly objective writers have made:

"Totally fantastic and incredibly readable, like, and mostly literate (ish) even though I'd've liked a bit more Spurs-orientated content" (Ed Walker).

"Rather frivolous, but I smirked quite a bit. I liked the objective front-page stories" (Carol Saunders).

"Rather serious apart from the front, back and inside pages, but otherwise it's almost nearly not completely dreadful. Pity there isn't more Klappholz-orientated material" (James Gausson).

"Simply ghastly, but it'll be much better next year when

the right person to run it has become Editor. I liked the rewritten articles best" (Sarah Lewthwaite).

The first five million copies will be accompanied by a special "Limited Edition" 7 inch record, pressed in exclusive black vinyl, featuring the noises — sorry, music — of one of Ents page's most regular and best-loved personalities, Roy Harper.

A special "book signing" session will take place next week in the Beaver office, with members of the Beaver collective personally rubber-stamping each copy sold. Be there.

COMING SOON: Three bound volumes containing all the biggest hittedes from "All Gausson Gaiters", plus all the in-depth, behind-the-scenes details of this column's "Shock Exposures" such as when I revealed to an astonished world some amazing facts, with headlines like "Ralf Dahrendorf Is Director of LSE" (1976), "Kurt Klappholz Is Not an Alcoholic Beverage but a (Rather Boring) Lecturer" (1977) and "Jelly Baby Shortage Scandal at LSE — Student Deprivation Horror" (1978).

These volumes will form a valuable and treasured part of your bookshelf, alongside Dickens (Brian), Shakespeare (Ron) and Milton (Harry). Order NOW and get the chance to win a FREE subscription to Beaver for a year.

WRITE OUT

THE BIRTH (AND DEATH) OF A JOURNALIST

A drab Wednesday afternoon, the place the Beaver Office. Here I am twiddling my thumbs. After five minutes, I ask Ed if anything needs doing. "Find Steve Bradbury and ask him about the Haldane Stage. Also try and get a comment from the School," he replied. At last, my break into journalism. Having sharpened my pencil, and carrying a virgin sheet of paper, I leave the Office on my first mission.

Ten seconds later, arrive at Ents. I ask Steve Bradbury about the new stage. "Yes, we're having a new stage," he replies.

"Could you expand? When it is going to be completed?"

"I don't know."

Return to Beaver Office to write up notes. Four lines, what an achievement. Advised to go and see Miss Powrie as she is likely to be sympathetic.

Having reached the fifth floor of Connaught House, I enter the room marked 'Enquiries.'

"Can I speak to Miss Powrie?"

"Sorry, wrong room."

Having found the correct room, I enter apprehensively.

"Can I speak to Miss Powrie—"

"Sorry, you've just passed her."

"Have I? I didn't know."

Having been allowed to wait for her return, I spend fifty minutes staring at the back of Miss Leigh. Dedication, I must get a story.

At last Miss Powrie returns. Yes she can help. There's to be a P.A. installed and the surveyor is working on the lighting system.

"When will it be finished?"

"I don't know."

But, Miss Powrie takes me to a Mrs. Greenaway, secretary to the surveyor. Having promised to mention the matter to the surveyor, and then inform me, I leave.

A drab Thursday afternoon, the place, Beaver Office. No reply from the surveyor's office. Venture forth to the fifth floor of Connaught House. Mrs. Greenaway has mentioned the subject to the surveyor but he's not sure when it will be completed. The person who might know, the Assistant Bursar, is away until Friday. Too late for Beaver deadline.

BUT, Mrs. Greenaway passes the problem to Miss Harden, the Bursar's secretary. She promises to ask the Bursar, but he is busy at the moment.

Return disillusioned to Beaver Office. Half an hour later, there is a message from the Union Office. The message is that a message has been passed to Julian Ingram. Finding Julian just about to leave his office, I wait eagerly for the words of wisdom from on high.

"Ask Steve Bradbury."

"Does anybody know when it will be finished?"

Steve Mogano.

EX-MR ZANDER

INAUGURAL LECTURE BID

ON Thursday, 9th November, Professor Michael Zander delivered his inaugural lecture on the subject of promoting change in legal procedures. The lecture covered the methods and prospects of reform and the role of the academic lawyer in this process.

He drew attention to certain recent changes, such as the extension of legal aid and the use of lay people in its administration, which gave grounds for optimism, but at the same time he was aware of a general resistance to change—a belief that "nothing should be done for the first time"—within the legal profession.

For this reason the reformer must be insistent. The appeal to reason usually being the least effective means of implementing a reform, the reformer must be willing to campaign for his idea and not simply leave it in print. Whilst the Professor recognised the media as being a major ally in creating a "climate of opinion favourable to reform," he also pointed out that one is often subject to the circumstances of who holds a certain office at a particular time. Ultimately, the success of one's reform depends on pushing it through the political processes.

He saw no reason why an academic should not participate in this activity. The academic lawyer is paid out of public funds and could therefore be regarded as having a wider function than just teaching students. He must also educate public opinion in general.

The Professor also expressed the need for increased empirical studies in legal matters. To reveal the reality of legal procedures as opposed to unquestioned assumptions about them is the basis of increasing the efficiency and justice of their operation. A successful precedent for this approach has been established by the Vera Institute in the USA.

Finally, he stated that legal reform must be a continuous process. To this end he called for an established body parallel to, but independent of, the existing Law Commission to scrutinise legal procedure and promote change. The latter body is concerned with substantive law. To tack the proposed commission on to it may relegate it to a secondary role which it does not deserve. In Professor Zander's opinion, reform of procedure is more important than reform of substantive law.

STEPHEN CAINE.



—(Picture courtesy of David Ishag)

COMMITTEEEZZZZZZ

DAVID DARTON describes a couple of School Committee meetings he has sat through (yawn) over the last fortnight. Welfare for Overseas Students' Committee.

The students' union put forward the argument that part of the reason for the shambles of freshers' week was that it took place during normal term-time. In the past there has been a residential conference at the Halls and school during the few days before term begins. This was dropped for an experimental two years because of the expense. The committee agreed that a good introduction to LSE was particularly important for overseas students, and the committee agreed to recommend to the school that the residential conference be reintroduced.

Catering Services Advisory Committee

Reports were made on the operation of the various school-run catering services: The problems in the "Brunch Bowl" at the beginning of term were due to non-delivery of such vital equipment as washing-up machines! The problem of overcrowding at lunch-time was discussed, but other than slowing down the speed of service no real solution was suggested.

After a prolonged discussion as to the drinking and eating habits of Frenchmen and automatised Americans it was decided to research the possibility of introducing frozen yoghurt and ice-cream machine, a pancake crepe machine and an automatic made-to-order sandwich-making machine.

The closure of the Pizza-burger were due to staff shortages because as there is only a staff of five, if one person doesn't turn up for work there is 20 per cent less labour.

Up to the present time the catering services have made a surplus of £2,402 on budget, but seeing as a deficit of £5,000 was budgeted for, this is still a loss. The biggest loss-maker by far was the "Beaver's Retreat," and the biggest profit-maker the "Pizza-Burger," so those of you still complaining (rightly) at the high cost of food should try and see the Senior Treasurer (who sits on this committee) with suggestions.



BIAS—Nottingham University.

NOTTINGHAM University Students' Karnival Committee were sickened earlier this term to learn that a hair-brained scheme to sell rag-magazines in the USA had cost nearly £2,000—even though it was called off at the last moment.

Fearing that the magazines might not clear customs the proposed rag-raid was cancelled. But when two members of the party went on ahead the rest decided to follow.

Expecting to sell out of the 12,000 magazines taken within three days, the party soon discovered that Americans were totally uninterested. After 10 days the party managed to sell 350 magazines and 24 tee-shirts—for a total return of 360 dollars.

Speaking of the trip on Radio Nottingham the leader of the party suggested that far from a scandalous waste of charity money, the trip was an excellent public relations exercise.

BEACON—City University

Two students at City University were stabbed on November 3rd after a concert there featuring the Pirates.

The two students were immediately rushed to hospital and are expected to be there for at least two weeks.

The incident occurred as people were leaving the union building after the concert. It is believed that the gang of youths responsible had not attended the concert and had picked the students out at random.

GRIPE-UMIST

Dawda Jaware, son of the President of Gambia, and a second year Civil Engineering student at UMIST, has been reported missing—more than a month after he was last seen in Manchester.

Greater Manchester Police are making enquiries and the possibility of kidnapping has not been ruled out. Dawda is believed still to be in England.

Carol Saunders

Beaver notices

AISEC MANAGEMENT SEMINAR

Date: 6th December, 1978, 2.15-5 p.m.

Place: Lecture Theatre E171.

THE format of the seminar will be a series of brief introductory talks by recent graduates covering various aspects of management.

The aim of the seminar is to give students an insight into suitable careers and courses in management available to them and the type of work required in management.

Firms such as Lloyds Bank, Arthur Andersen and Co., Dunlop, ICI, British Airports Authority, Cape Industries, will be attending. Everyone is welcome.

"THE AMERICAN DREAM" and "ZOO STORY"

These two mini-masterpieces by Edward Albee (Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?) are being presented by the LSE Drama Society on Tuesday, 28th and Wednesday, 29th of November at 7.30 p.m. in the Old Theatre. Tickets are 30p from Wrights Bar at the stall in the Old Building. A high standard is promised!

SQUASH CLUB

There will be squash films on Wednesday, 29th between 7 and 9 in C.108 and on Thursday, 30th at 1 o'clock (same room). All welcome.

DESPAIR IN COVENT GARDENS

EWAN NEILSON examines new developments in the Covent Garden Story

IN 1977 Beaver carried an article on the redevelopment plans in Covent Garden. Since then some striking inadequacies and irregularities have been uncovered. Even more disturbing has been the GLC's determined effort to stifle and destroy local initiative which had tried to rectify the desperate situation.

The GLC's ambitious Covent Garden planning team have attempted to raise the number of residents from 2,800 to 6,000. However, they made no provision for building new amenities or facilities for the residents. An Action Committee was set up on local initiative to try to solve the problem. They decided it would be most useful to build an indoor sports and recreation centre.

Finding no sympathy or aid from the GLC, the Action Committee sought help from residents, local offices, businesses and charitable organisations. By 1974 they had succeeded in raising an estimated £75,000 for the renovation of part of the Jubilee Market which was misused. Having combated these difficulties they then appealed for money to run the Centre. It is a good measure of public sympathy and concern for the plight of those living in Covent Garden that funds were donated enabling the Centre to run at a cost of £15,000 annually.

After so much trouble has been taken by the residents to organise and integrate themselves into their new circumstances, why has the GLC's Covent Garden planning team decided without public consultation to knock down not only the Jubilee Hall Recreation Centre, but also the trading area adjacent to it?

Why do they feel it necessary to use this land to build and accommodate more offices and shops when there are vacant offices on the same street?

And who are the people who have committed this centre to demolition in 1982?

The first two questions can only be answered by the planning team itself. But it is interesting to note that the members who constitute the team live nowhere near the area under question. Only Jeff Holland can claim to live near the vicinity—and he lives in the more exclusive part of Blackheath.

It was with the same attitude towards the anxieties of local residents that the team tried to bulldoze their 1970 plan through the GLC, that they are now determined to liquidate local initiative. It was only through the persistence of local residents in voicing their indignation in 1970 that the GLC were forced to prepare another plan "with full public participation". In this second battle the local residents have so far been ignored.

Whilst sports facilities and a recreation centre were seen to be the best way in which to start constructing a focal point for both the new immigrants and older estab-

lished members of the community, other, more vital, facilities are also lacking.

There are only two primary schools in the area: St Joseph's on Macklin Street and St Clement's Danes, both church schools and both in old premises with restricted sites. Not only is there an acute shortage of play area but the number of children catered for is only just over a hundred, while the potential number of primary school-age children is going to be somewhere in the region of four hundred and fifty children.

Not only that but the adventure playground areas that have provided the only open spaces available to children will all have their contracts terminated in six months' time, with no possibility of renewal the only exception being a very small area on the Dudley House Oasis. As the Information Officer admitted, there seems to be no likelihood of acquiring new ground for them.

Finally, there exists no form of secondary school in or near the area, with the exception of a single-sex school for boys—Sir William Collins School. As the GLC Action Area Plan of 1975 conceded, "the clear deficiencies in the provision of secondary education for the children of Covent Garden and neighbouring areas, keenly felt by local residents with Camden strongly supporting their views, are recognised". But recognising a problem cannot even claim to be the initial stage in solving it.

Since a large number of parents



both go to work and live in flats without playgrounds in the immediate vicinity, they have been subjected to unnecessary anxiety. Schools, whether secondary or primary, and playgrounds are essential. Not only do the children meet friends in their own area, but the parents meet too.

If the GLC and its planning team have taken a decision to enlarge the residential population with

"young families" as opposed to single people and to create an isolated community in the centre of a business district, then they must provide facilities and opportunities for people to integrate and spend their leisure time on.

It would seem to be obviously negligent to introduce new families into a small, traditional and diminishing community without doing so.

UNION RIGHTS

TOM MILLER compares Union Rights in Britain and the USA in the light of the economists' strike.

THE strike of the staff assistants at the Economist bookstore continues, as the daily picket line outside the shop reminds us. Since the beginning, the issues involved have changed little; and since that time, little progress has been made in resolving the dispute. The grievances of the employees—inadequate pay, imprecise job descriptions, supposedly degrading work conditions—have barely even been discussed, much less answered, by the management of the Economist. Instead, general manager Gerald Bartlett has concentrated his efforts on pre-

venting any union from representing the staff assistants.

The question of union representation has emerged as the first step towards a settlement of the employees' complaints. And rightfully so: in capitalist societies, unions have proved to be the only effective means of organising workers and pooling their energies and resources in the face of highly organised, powerful, and well-funded managements. Without digressing into a diatribe against capitalist society, and without

exploring the problems inherent in large, bureaucratic unions—neither of which applies immediately to the dispute at the Economist—we can say with assurance that unionisation is a legitimate response by workers to the near-autocratic control of workplaces by management. (In fact, the degree of autocracy at the Economist seems nearly absolute if we are to believe the accounts of the staff assistants and of two management-level personnel who resigned from the shop a few months ago).

Unfortunately, the right of workers to form a union is not really recognised, legally, in Britain. This may seem difficult to believe when one considers the powers of the Trade Unions Council and the preponderance of union-inspired strikes—among the car-workers, hospital assistants, and bakers, for instance—over the past two months. Yet, according to British law, a business cannot be forced by statute to accept the unionisation of its employees; instead, management must voluntarily agree to bargain with the union that its workers choose.

RIGHTS IN THE U.S.A.

In the United States, things are different. (Here I must confess that a Yank has infiltrated the ranks of this esteemed publication). As long ago as the 1930s, the U.S. government guaranteed the legal right, enforceable by law, of workers to select a union of their own choice. The process is simple: if one-third of the workers in a business ask for an election to secure union representation, a vote is conducted by the National Labor Relations Board. If a majority votes for it, the union is legally empowered to bargain for its members (which does not mean that every worker must join the union); if a majority votes against it, the union must wait at least a year for

another representation election. A business that refuses to "bargain in good faith" with a formally constituted union is subject to civil penalties, which usually take the form of fines.

So if the Economist strike was taking place in New York, Gerald Bartlett could not summarily prohibit the unionisation of his employees. Although the staff assistants would probably still be striking over their particular grievances, they would at least have the comfort—and enhanced power—of a truly united action. Plus, they would have a collective legal status in their dealings with the Economist; a contract that they might secure here in Britain, on the other hand, is not necessarily enforceable by law.

It seems that British reliance on voluntary recognition of unions is particularly harmful to the "little guys"—workers in relatively small enterprises. Large enterprises must almost inevitably recognise a union that has popular support; their very bigness makes the replacement of all its workers impractical, if not impossible—arguments about the "reserve army of the unemployed" notwithstanding. But in a small operation, management can often easily find substitutes for workers demanding a union, merely because they don't have to look for many. One need only consider the problems at Garner's Steak Houses to see some of the discriminatory effects of Britain's voluntary system.

And with Gerald Bartlett in control, the situation seems even more hopeless. In his presidential address to the Booksellers Association on May Day, 1976, he described unions as "modern robber barons" who displayed "the sullenness of the perpetually dissatisfied". The question, however, is: Who is responsible for perpetuating that dissatisfaction? Mr Bartlett himself... should admit that union recognition would be a major step in ameliorating it.



Photo courtesy of David Ishag

SER ON LAW

Q: Our local youth club needs money to repair the building and buy table-tennis tables and other stuff. One of the activities we included was a house-to-house collection. We had already had jumble sales and the like, but we felt this would be the final boost. The problem is that we were stopped by the police who wanted to see a licence. We didn't know we had to have one. Can they prosecute?

A: When anyone attempts to collect money for a charity which involves travelling from house to house it is essential to obtain a licence from your local police station. There are certain conditions to be fulfilled, e.g. collectors must be over the age of 16, they must carry a collecting-box, and also do it voluntarily. The penalty for collecting without a licence can be quite stiff, a fine of a maximum of £100 or six months for the organiser, and a maximum of £5 for the collector. To put your mind at rest, though, these penalties are only ever imposed upon those who are not collecting for any real charity, and it is very, very unlikely that the police will wish to prosecute in your circumstances.

Q: I have discovered, quite by chance, that my landlady has entered my room on several occasions to make sure I haven't spoiled anything. She lives down the road and obviously watches all the comings and goings of the place, but I deeply resent this intrusion of my privacy. What can I do?

A: Where you have exclusive right of occupation, that is, you are not a lodger, but a tenant, you can sue the landlady for trespass, when she enters your room without your permission. Should you succeed you may receive damages and an injunction preventing her from entering again.

Q: I'm pregnant, and I want an abortion. My own doctor refuses to allow me a NHS one. Can he do this, and does this prevent me from obtaining an abortion in a private clinic?

A: You can only get an abortion on the NHS if two doctors genuinely believe that to continue the pregnancy would involve risk to your health, either mentally or physically. If you are unable to obtain your doctors' assistance here then you may go to a private clinic. There are several. Marie Stopes, Pregnancy Advisory Service and the Brooke Advisory Service. These all provide their own doctors and as long as they sign the all important form, you can have your abortion. The problem is they charge. Most will come to an agreement, you pay what you can afford, so it's anything from £15-£65.

The LSE Welfare office have a fund available for those women who choose to have an abortion. This involves a confidential interview with the welfare officer, who once convinced that there is no NHS alternative, will authorise a cheque to the charity concerned. An average of four women a year use this facility, so if you have problems, do go along.

For more detailed and immediate information about any legal problem, please remember to use the Legal Aid Centre at the USE, which is held every Monday and Friday from 1-2 pm in room S101.

SHARON SER

Xmas already?

YES, there's no denying the fact that the Christmas vacation is rapidly approaching, whether you feel quite prepared for it or not! Many students will have plans for the holidays, but for those of you who don't relish the idea of remaining in a London where shops will close, transport cut down to a skeleton service, friends slipping off elsewhere and you can't seem to "get it together" to travel or organise time and finances, what about considering the following alternatives:

1. THE BRITISH COUNCIL CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS FOR OVERSEAS STUDENTS — can take you away to Scotland, the Lake District, Isle of Wight, New Forest etc for a cost of about £55 (plus you pay for your own travel to the location itself) usually for between five days to a week and in groups of 20-40 people.

2. THE BRITISH TRUST FOR CONSERVATION VOLUNTEERS — offers ridiculously cheap (60p per

day for your food) opportunities to be outdoors doing very practical work of planting trees, clearing areas, paths, castles, rebuilding structures in any number of beautiful settings. You must first join the Trust (£2,000 or £3,000 membership fee), bring your own wellington boots and sleeping bag but otherwise transportation and accommodation are provided and the usual time is either 15th-22nd Dec; 22nd-27th Dec; or 27th Dec-3rd/5th Jan.

3. L.S.E. STUDENTS INVITING YOU HOME — is a lovely idea, but as no computer-dating type system is operating, I can only suggest that the UK student thinking about asking an overseas student "What are you doing over Christmas?" and even if you don't think your family environment is always terrifically exciting, chances are it's MUCH BETTER THAN remaining in a half-empty hall of residence!

Elana Ehrlich
Students' Union Welfare Officer.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

Overheard in Rosebery Hall of Residence in the food outlet:

A: Last time I had a yogurt here it had a large ball of green fungus in it.

B: At least you know it didn't have too many preservatives in it.

Q: What the fuck does the Societies Exec. member do anyway? (Paul Whittaker—SWSO Candidate).

A: Shouldn't worry, no-one knows (Mick Wood—Labour Club hack).

Beaver . . .

COLOUR SU

Library chaos

I'M writing this article to express the general discontent felt by students, at least those of my department (International Relations), with the situation concerning the two libraries, particularly the main one. Some of us spent the first six weeks of the term trying to understand how the Main Library (ML) works, and in the search of books. Because of the little success I had to get hold of any one of them, I decided to do a little test with a small sample of 26 books taken from our two main reading lists, to determine how many of them were available.

Of the 26 books, 23 were in the Teaching Library (TL) catalogue and 20 in the main ones. Out of the 23 of the TL, there were only two on the shelf. Although there is a reserve

system, it is often inadequate; when I asked the Librarian whether a book I wanted was out or missing, I was told that this would have required searching through all the slips of the book which were taken out, and that she couldn't be bothered. Maybe rightly so. Anyway, I filled in my slip and after six weeks I'm still waiting for my book, which by now I suspect is missing from the library altogether.

Back to the ML, things seem even worse. Out of the 20 books I was chasing, I only found four, and these were all over the place as our dept hasn't its own section in the Library. Some might have been used at the time by students in the rooms, but I don't believe this was the case with all 16 of them. When I asked one of

the floor librarians about the missing books, he answered loudly to the distraction of those working and to my embarrassment, that all books available were on the shelves, or used, taken out or missing ("during the transfer, many have been lost, and you know, the students steal a lot").

The only useful information he was able to give me in a 10 minutes' soliloquy was that there existed a list of missing books, drawn up every Christmas. The list in fact existed, dated Summer '76 and according to it, there were 46 JX (Int Rel) books missing. I also counted the many slips for books which were out on loans or to be bound: 147 (JX). Anyway I was unable to get my 16 books. So, out of the 26 I aimed to get, I only found two in the TL and four in the ML, this gives an estimate of the inadequacies of the system.

As a conclusion, a few requests: will it be ever possible to devise a system that would tell if a book is out or missing altogether from the TL; this would save students and librarians time and effort. Secondly, will it be possible to make the lucky few who have the right to take out books from the ML to return them within a shorter interval? Finally, will it be possible to draw up an up to date (Christmas '78) list of missing books from the main library, and replace as far as possible those that are missing, maybe with the help of the depts? It would make life easier and the work more efficient.

Maria Carolina Valmarana



HI! I'M LIZZIE, FLY ME!

Highlights of the Library/Airport Appeal: The Queen Mum, Lord 'Two Dinners' Goodman and Lord Robbins (who graciously gave his name to the Library) arrive at a Library Benefit knees-up in the Banqueting House, Whitehall, in February, 1974.

A day in the l

CHARLES WINDSOR spent a quiet thirtieth birthday at the family's Scottish home — a condemned tenement in the Gorbals district of Glasgow. Passing between the trash-cans where a pack of corgies fought over a fish's head, through a damp alley between two crowded terraces we found "Little Balmoral".

We entered the building under the suspicious gaze of an impressive vest-clad, Woodbine-smoking guard. Mounting the stairs, the crying of children gave way to a mysterious and solemn silence broken only by the shuffling of rats.

Did he intend to stay here long? "Yeah well, it's all right here but £16.50 a week is a bit much for a six by seven attic room with a straw mattress." (Lucky he's not an overseas student!) I asked Charles why he spent so much time in Scotland. Was there romance in the air? Charles blushed. There was that Elsie McBonkers in the next street, but it is common knowledge that his heart was stolen by a miner's daughter from Liege whom he met while holiday-

A. Fuckin'

LSE Ant criticisms Against campaign students tively fighting of ha servers confere Beaver, Y it—the de their ars "steering opposing ling their MINUTE SCAN Have you SCAN li SCAN mo have, yo (who is c Have you What ha SCAN sions wit gle and

Hack

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But p of Char truly a

(well, use your imagination!)

SUPPLEMENT

A. N. L. Fixation

Fuckin' SCANDalous

LSE Anti-Nazi League has strong criticisms of the Student Campaign Against the Nazis. We feel that a campaign orientated specifically to students has little chance of effectively fighting the fascists. A meeting of hacks, bureaucrats and time-servers (euphemistically called a conference) was reported in the last Beaver, yet nothing at all came of it—the delegates preferred to sit on their arses or stand for pointless "steering committees" rather than opposing the Front, who were selling their "newspapers" just FIVE MINUTES AWAY!

SCAN has achieved NOTHING! Have you ever come across any SCAN literature? Or heard of a SCAN meeting or campaign? If you have, you must be Julian Ingram (who is on the steering committee). Have you had a report from him? What has he done?

SCAN is divisive—creating divisions within the anti-fascist struggle and losing potential supporters

in a jungle of initials. We must shake off the assumptions of student elitism and fight within the broad movement of the Anti-Nazi League to eliminate the menace of fascism.

WHAT DOES THE ANL DO?

At the LSE, we could do a hell of a lot. But we must have more active support from our supporters. We have meetings every Monday at 1 pm in S75 at which everybody is welcome. We are planning various activities—and these can only be successful with YOUR involvement. The anti-fascist struggle cannot be fought by a clique—mass participation is essential.

DID YOU KNOW

That thousands of NF thugs paraded through the streets of Central London on Armistice Day, virtually unopposed. That they are terrorising the local communities all over London and throughout the country. That blacks and Asians are living in fear of these thugs?

The Front no longer seem to be such big news for Fleet Street, but they are still very dangerous. Don't be complacent just because the Front aren't in the headlines. They have had no success through the ballot box, and are reverting to classic Nazi tactics. A manifestation of this change is the recent NF 'book': "Lifting the lid off the Anti-Nazi League," in which the anti-semitism of the Front becomes blatant and overt.

LOCAL NEWS

STOP PRESS SHOCK HORROR FASCISTS AT LSE. So you think you're safe? Forty quids worth of badges, stickers, etc. has been stolen from the ANL locker. Fascist slogans have been daubed on walls in and around the LSE. Who is doing this?

FOR YOUR DIARY

There is an ANL stall every Thursday outside Florries from 11 till 2.00. Please come to our Monday meetings at 1 pm in S75.

There is still a lot of fun to be had at Brick Lane, Chapel Market, Hoxton, etc., where the Front mobilises every weekend to intimidate and sell their filth.

LSE ANL GROUP.

This was NOT written by Sarah.

THEATRE

Look out . . . here comes Trouble

by Mary O'Malley

"LOOK OUT . . . Here Comes Trouble" — at the Warehouse, Earham Street — is the new play by Mary O'Malley, author of the successful "Once a Catholic". Unfortunately, it is not as good as her previous play; there is a certain lack of the more indefinable elements that make a good play, elements generally embodied in terms like charm or depth of involvement.

The story is of patients in the least crazy part of a psychiatric hospital, with very little psychiatry being practised but a lot of social interaction. The patients are by and large, neurotics, with specific problems that apparently distinguish them from the normal people, who, in the play, have their own particular brands of neuroses. This makes it easy to substitute stereotypes for characters, the alcoholic, the bitter spinster (or, as Arlo Guthrie put it, "mother-rapers, father-stabbers, father-rapers") and for us to cry "Aha! Stereotypes".

Yet Ms. O'Malley has done pretty well with her stereotypes, and turned them into living, talking, walking people, and one character at least I found to be a perfect representation of someone I know.

The characterisation isn't bad, the writing quite good, also the staging, and the acting is occasionally good and always competent, yet shares the fault of the

other aspects of the play; it is uninspired.

One likes the people; they are harmless, irritating perhaps but also easy to feel sympathy with, but it is hard to feel that one really cares. This situation is not helped much by the fact that this is a sort of slice-of-life play, one ordinary week in the life of a funny-farm, so to speak; there's no tension or crisis, no trials overcome, no trials even, no one achieves anything, no beginning, no end. It's even slower-moving than life. In the end, nothing has happened, except the exposure, one by one, of the neuroses and phobias of an equal number of patients and "normal" people.

By the way, this is a comedy, a play with a low-key level of humour running through it rather than a construct of constant one-liners. It is gently amusing and occasionally very funny, and this does make it quite enjoyable to watch. It's a longish play, 2½ hours, but I sat through it without any of the restlessness that comes with, say, Edward Bond, and was even, strangely, sorry at one point that it would end. It is enjoyable, not badly-done, but, ultimately, it is not a great play, cosy and quite amusing, but lacking in charm, inspiration, and, to a degree, professionalism.

Roddy Hallifax

Hacks lash out at students

"I'm an ordinary student", boasted a friend, "and people like me are fed up with the elitist attitude of the union executive.

Anyone who thinks that it is an ego-trip to sit in an executive meeting discussing for the most part, boring administrative tasks, phoning bureaucratic government departments or sitting on equally bureaucratic school committees trying to fight for "ordinary students' interests, should try it sometime.

Of course all of us stood for the executive believing that it would create an opportunity for us to carry out reforms. That is why we were prepared to put up to 20

hours a week into working for the union as well as doing our degrees.

Despite an impossible constitutional position which leaves the executive no clearly defined role anyone who bothered to read executive minutes or officer's five-weekly reports, which should be available in S102, would discover that a surprising amount is done.

As for arguing and bitching between executive members, it is hardly surprising that we should occasionally express verbally our frustration at those who don't do anything.

However, many of the problems of the union are the fault of "ordinary students" themselves. The union runs a welfare service used by "ordinary students" and still students moan that the union is irrelevant to them". When the union organises debate on a subject by inviting speakers, the "ordinary student" demanding good debate miraculously disappears.

Approaching 1,000 students voted for this executive last year. Virtually none of them are prepared to constructively support it. If this

continues the executive will soon be regarding the "ordinary student" with as much contempt as it is itself regarded, and then the break-down of participative union will be complete.

To support this union you should take the trouble to approach one of the sabbaticals to find out how to bring business up in the Union meetings. Union meetings have degenerated into what they are because "ordinary students" haven't been prepared to give up some time on Friday afternoons to ensure that they're run efficiently. It's no good attending one union meeting, deciding it's a shambles, and therefore never coming again. It's going to take your active participation for at least five years to transform the Union meetings into an effective debating arena. Executive meetings take place on a Wednesday afternoon.

We hope the "ordinary students" of LSE will stop complaining, and instead contribute to re-vitalising the organisation which provides most of the facilities they use. After all the people running that organisation are also "ordinary students" who are sick of banging their heads against a wall of non-participation."

Three Exec Officers

Peter Pan LSE Old Theatre

THE L.S.E. Drama Society's production of Peter Pan commits, in a rather blatant form, the usual crime of leaving nothing to the imagination. They have scavenged the original text of J. M. Barrie, left only the bare bones of the plot, and have added their own brand of comedy consisting of, what else, huge shovelfuls of sexual innuendo.

Wendy, played I must admit convincingly by Lisa Phillips, is portrayed as a young nymphomaniac forever chasing after the pants (or tights) of Peter Pan. The advances of this stereotype of the male chauvinist fantasy are easily spurned by a Peter Pan hovering disagreeably between effete hero and some kind of chaste alien life-form. As a further indication of what to

expect, the whole Darling family is ridden with incest and perversity, concentrated in the drunken father (Richard Shackleton). There are, mercifully, some moments when the play is temporarily freed from this load of inanity, particularly the scenes involving Captain Hook (Jeremy Moore) whose single-minded pursuit of revenge is refreshingly pure.

Perhaps all these changes to the Victorian text reflect only a desire to jazz it up, but this reviewer can't help wondering how badly these peoples' minds are fogged by sex. This reviewer certainly doesn't wish to presume on the tastes of the L.S.E. populace. But I was heartened to notice a lone member of the cast repeatedly shaking his head and saying "Oh, how perfectly tasteless".

Prudence Greystone

Prayer for my Daughter by Thomas Babe Royal Court Theatre

The play, by a new American playwright, is set in a New York police precinct squadroom in the early hours after Independence Day 1978. Both of these circumstances are significant: conformity and liberation are important themes of the play.

The central concern is with sexual self-deceit and the distortion of masculine relationships. At the outset there appears to be little in common between the two tough cops and the two junkies they have just arrested for murder. The identity of the latter appears insecure—a false mask or artifice. By the end of the play this position is curiously reversed. It is now the two detectives who seem to have artificial identities. As they become aware of this, all four men come to realise a common dilemma.

It is in the subtlety of this change and the insusceptible growth in complexity of the relationships that the play is so noteworthy. For these reasons, a review such as this cannot do it full justice.

The production runs until December 2nd. As with many downstairs presentations at the Royal Court Theatre, advance tickets are available to students at only 50 pence each (on showing a valid student card). Alternatively, stand-by tickets at £1 each go on sale half-an-hour before each performance (subject to availability).

Stephen Caine

Peter Pan LSE Old Theatre

PETER PAN, the L.S.E. Drama Society's Christmas Pantomime, promises to be a lot of fun. According to the producer, Toby Rose, there will be some very special efforts including a chorus of academic pirates, a crocodile, mermaids, aspects of good and evil, violence on a Shakespearian scale, hints of sex, and something called catharsis.

Upon attending a rehearsal I was puzzled to find that my copy of the script bore little resemblance to the action on stage. The Director (Wesley Wark), when I managed to pin him down was not forthcoming and would only

mumble that "some changes have been made".

Later some Lost Boys commented "when the cast read through the play we noticed some unmistakable and irresistible allusions". They then went off to practise their giggling. Apparently they meant sexual allusions. Indeed Act I opens with a bang on just this theme. The subsequent revelations of childhood gropings did not flap the unflappable Mrs Darling (Emma Hamilton-Brown).

Having seen nothing of the rest of the play I can only urge the audience to attend with an equally open mind.

Two performances are scheduled for December 6 and 7 in the Old Theatre at 8.00 pm. All proceeds are to be donated to charity.

Seth Bean

in the life of . . .

spent a quiet the family's condemned district of between the lack of corgies lead, through two crowded "Little Bal-

ing in Torremelinos. There had been rumours of marriage on that occasion but they were lucky.

Apart from that the last few years have not been happy ones for Charles. He left the navy under mysterious circumstances before his term was up and has since been unable to obtain regular employment. In moments of despondency he blames himself and dreads the thought of spending twenty six years on the dole like his father. To cap it all his sister, of whom he had always thought highly, married an idiotic stable lad from Northampton and his aunt ran off with a hippy.

Does he look forward to taking over the family haulage business? (They carry money.) Well it might be a long time yet though the old girl had been seen to stumble under a couple of sacks last week. It is not always an encouraging prospect to be faced with the task of restoring a crumbling family business.

But perhaps this is only a sign of Charles' great modesty. He is truly a representative of us all.

Phil Hepburn

A CRY FOR IRAN

This article was written by an Iranian student who for obvious reasons cannot reveal his name

LAST week a professor returning from Iran delivered a message to the union on behalf of the Iranian students at Pahlavi University (in Shiraz). It says:

"We are dying. The Military crackdown is complete. Martial Law forces enter every office and treat everyone rudely. Please communicate that we are experiencing the death of Prague Spring. To the outside world and Kurt Waldheim—Martial Law forces are picking up at will both staff and students and other demonstrators. Oppression has become three-storey oppression. Please let them know, whatever they can do, that the Fascist regime of the Shah exceeds the worst time of Nazi Germany. We are unable to communicate with the outside world, either in writing or telegrams since the military took over."

A brief history

The present Shah ascended the Peacock throne in 1941. The Iranian Constitution of 1906 is in theory similar to the British constitutional monarchy and provides for a parliamentary system, with a prime minister holding the power and the Shah as the head of State.

In 1953, Dr Mossadeq, then prime minister, who opposed the Shah, nationalised the oil industry and also tried to cut off foreign intervention in Iranian affairs (no argument with opponents of Massadeq!). He revolted against the Shah, the Shah fled abroad. Then, as now, the interests of Britain and the West lay with the Shah.

The CIA staged a counter coup, leading to the arrest of Mossadeq and return of the Shah. The Shah took charge, created SAVAK (the terrifying secret police), and set up a political system in which he became the sole decision-maker. He outlawed the Tudeh (Communist) party. Mossadeq's socialist party, the National Front, collapsed and the Shah arrested all his opponents.

In 1963, he introduced the so-called "White Revolution," of which the main objective was Land Reform; which now, after 15 years, is a recognised failure. This "White Revolution" caused opposition among religious leaders and landlords which resulted in bloody confrontations. Ayatollah Khomeini, who was calling for the overthrow of the Shah, was arrested and exiled to Iraq. The Shah continued to rule by force.

In 1973, when the oil prices went up, a new sudden wealth poured in and ambitious plans, without considering their practicality, were added to the revised Fifth Development Programme. But by early 1976, things began to turn sour. Foodstuffs were heavily imported, inflation soared, basic materials were not available, housing problems were severe, and most of the pressure was on the people with low incomes. Corruption reached its highest level, the new wealth going to the pockets of a small minority. Iranians were under pressure in every way.

On the streets

The situation became so deplorable that in 1977 people started to react by demonstrations and riots. Last November, when the Shah visited Washington, a historic demonstration by Iranian students in America was held outside the White House in opposition to the Shah's 36-year rule. At Tehran and Aryanehr Universities meetings were held, and thousands of Iranians participated. Police and thugs attacked the students and hundreds were arrested and killed.

In January, 1978, in protest against an article in a newspaper attacking the highly

respected religious leader Ayatollah Khomeini, peaceful demonstrations were held in Qom. Troops opened fire and hundreds died. This tragic event led to nation-wide protest and mass demonstrations all over Iran.

In February, the Shah, on a state visit to India, was confronted with thousands of Iranian and Indian students in Delhi. Forty days after the Qom killings, in accordance with Islamic tradition, Tabriz took to the streets to mourn the dead and the government buildings were occupied. The people held the city until the troops from the nearby towns arrived to regain control and to kill.

On August 19th, according to officials (!) nearly 400 people were burnt to death in a cinema in Abadan. The government blamed the so-called "religious fanatics," but everyone in Iran believes that it was the work of the government itself.

Opposition continued and in September

In Teheran and other cities, angry Iranians came back to the streets, despite the martial law. Nothing could stop them. Workers in key industries who were on strike were joined by thousands more workers, teachers and bank clerks. They demanded an end to martial law, release of all political prisoners, expulsion of American military advisors, abolition of SAVAK. They did not accept the government wage rises. They wanted "Death to the Shah," not a "deal with the Shah." The revolt reached its climax on Saturday, November 4th, when troops opened fire in Teheran university, and Sunday, November 5th, while government buildings, banks, parts of the British Embassy were set on fire, portraits of the Shah were being burnt throughout the capital.

Past mistakes

The next day, the Shah, playing his last card, appointed a military government. In a nation-wide broadcast the Shah said: "I promise that the past mistakes and unlawful-

ly, friends and himself? Promises of this kind were made before.

Looking at the media in the West, and the way Western countries have supported the Shah, give the notion that the religious leaders in the forefront of the struggle are reactionary, backward and fanatical. That they are against the Shah's so-called "modernisation" and "westernisation."

But it is not only the religious leaders who oppose the Shah, but all Iranians, including the Marxists, Communists and Moslems. Are all Iranians fanatics?

The reason why people went to the religious leaders was that there was no-one else—the mosque was the only independent alternative. Religious leaders are not reactionary and anti-modernisation. They, like others, want modernisation, progress, and prosperity to be for all not for a minority of aristocrats.

The wrong ways of modernisation and westernisation have resulted in the loss of Persian values, tradition, and culture as well as Iranians losing their identity. Anyway, where is this "modernisation?" More than half of the population of 35 millions, live in villages and rural areas. These are the ones neglected, facing poverty. Many of them still live in conditions like those of over half a century ago, whereas in the capital some live in palaces even better than the western ones.

Where is all that money we got for oil? Where are the schools and universities needed for educating people? If we had enough, thousands of us would not be studying all over the world. Where are adequate hospitals and health services? Where are the public services?

Human rights

Every time people asked for social justice, they were answered by violence, bullets and torture. Where are those "human rights" and "Democracy" you value and talk about so much? Is it only to be for you? Sorry, I forgot about Northern Ireland. Your Foreign Secretary even writes a book on human rights, though he appears on TV, shamelessly calling Iranians "fanatics" and disgracefully puts the economic interest of a bankrupted economy above the issue of human rights.

No wonder the British Embassy in Teheran catches fire. President Carter also supported human rights. He really has done too much for Iranians! I did not expect Imperialists to care for human rights, but it would hurt less if they just shut up. Ironically, the Russians and the Chinese support the Shah too. Chairman Hua could not have chosen a worse time to visit Iran. The world has turned a blind eye to Iran and that the Shah is ruling against the will of Iranians. This is why the religious leaders are successful and popular. Because they have always been independent.

Lord Chalfont says that Iranians are not ready for democracy. Who the hell is he to judge and decide for us? Iranians, by recent events, prove that they have the ability to decide for themselves. They are not only sacrificing their lives for the overthrow of the regime, but also for the independence of the country. Why should our Prime Minister be approved by the Americans? The West talk so much about the "strategic and geopolitical" position of Iran. They said the same things in Vietnam too.

To finish this, I leave you with the Guardian editorial:

"However, if we have any respect for the rights of people who want to remove a repressive and corrupted government and to try to build democracy and to find a system which will combine material prosperity for all its people with the maintenance of traditional Persian values, then we should stop supporting the Shah and selling his tanks."



mass peaceful demonstrations were organised in Isfahan and then in Teheran, accompanied by national strikes.

Bloody Friday

On September 8th, "Bloody Friday," hours after martial law was declared in Teheran and 11 other major cities, thousands gathered in "Martyr Square." "Death to the Shah, Long live Khomeini" shouted the crowd. The troops and tanks, supervised by the Shah from his helicopter, opened fire. Over 3,000 innocent Iranians were killed.

A week later, earthquakes hit Tabas, in the Eastern province of Khorasan. Twenty-six thousand died. The inadequacy of relief and aid angered the broken people, so that the religious leaders and other organisations set up their own relief camps.

ness, cruelty, and corruption will not be repeated." He said that the military government was temporary and promised free elections in the near future. The Shah was admitting what Iranians had told the world for years.

Then came the arrest of officials: former head of Savak, former Prime Minister for 13 years, past ministers. Orders for an inquiry into the financial activities of the Royal family were issued later. The Shah is now trying to save the Monarchy at any cost. The generals are arresting both the opponents of the Shah as well as those who served him, without any specific charges. But in Iran it is the Shah himself who is responsible, as nothing happens without him knowing. He knows well that these promises and arrests cannot root out corruption. How can this be done without touching his fam-

LEWTHWAITE LASHES OUT!

Beaver reporter
exposes the
Liberal Party

DAVID STEEL and the current Liberal Economic Policy were attacked bitterly by delegates to the Union of Liberal Students' Conference which took place at Imperial College, Chile, last weekend.

Mr. Steel, who had begun the session with a speech in which he lauded the "period of stability" which the Lib-Lab pact had given the country, clearly did not expect such sharp criticisms from the student wing of his own party and the molotov cocktails came as something of a surprise.

The first questioner was applauded when he said "I don't want this to sound like an attack on you, Mr. Steel—it's an attack on the entire Parliamentary Liberal Party, and the socio-political system which oppresses the working classes.

He went on to argue that "the Liberal Party has contributed nothing to the economic policy of this country" and challenged Mr Steel to provide an example of Liberal influence. Mr. Steel mentioned the re-election of Julian Ingram as LSE's senior treasurer.

Steel continued by citing the maintenance of incomes policy, and the reduction in income tax introduced in the last budget and provoked an angry reaction amongst the delegates. Dick Wilson, a former Young Liberal executive member and friend of Norman Scott, summed up the feelings of many when he asked: "How can you say that a reduction in income tax is justifiable when there have been cuts in education, health, social services and canteen facilities in the National Liberal Club?"

Steel responded by saying that "in the long term, our policy is to argue for a strictly regressive tax system" and that the recent cuts were unavoidable. "Remember," he shouted, "the highest form of order is Anarchy."

A motion which condemned the Lib-Lab pact and put forward an alternative strategy was narrowly defeated.

Commenting on the vote, Dave Lee from Warwick who had proposed the motion, said "It's all very well being critical, but you musn't rock the boat... after all we are all Liberals."

The Conference later rejected the NUS emergency conference on the DES student union financing proposals as, in the words of Gavin Grant, NUS executive member, "an exercise in self-justification by loony-left-wing political ego-tripping." Next the "exercise in self-justification by loony-right-wing political ego-trippers" elected Julian Ingram and Sarah Lewthwaite (that's me) to go on a fact-finding tour of the Outer Hebrides.

"The NUS Winter Conference is devoting six hours to discussion of the DES proposals," he continued. "Holding a hacks gathering the weekend before is the most ludicrous suggestion I have heard since the one about airline pilots shooting dogs."

Sarah Lewthwaite.

PS—Last week our comrade, Sarah, suggested that alternative targets should be found for Beaver to attack apart from Julian Ingram... excellent idea. The article is dedicated to all those who have had their articles "sub-edited" by Sarah (political) lightweight.

GREAT BORES of LSE No. 4. THE AMERICANS



"GEE, HOWARD, I GUESS MORISHIMA'S ARGUMENT ABOUT THE LABOUR VALUE OF DOMESTIC WORKERS IS KINDA SUPERFLUOUS IN THE CONTEXT HE TRIES TO GIVE IT. THE WHOLE ETHNIC SOCIOLOGICAL CONCEPT OF DOMESTIC DUTY COMES UNDER QUESTION HERE ESPECIALLY WITH THE QUINTESSENTIAL DOCTRINE HYPOTHESED BY FRIEDMAN IN HIS LAST (fuck it!) ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN INDUSTRY CHIEFS IN CHICAGO, I MEAN. THIS PUTS A WHOLE NEW PERSPECTIVE INTO THE CONCEPT OF LABOUR VALUE, ANYWAY DO YOU WANNA GAME OF POOL....."

Jolted Julian

(to the tune of Jilted John, with apologies)

I was going to the U.G.M.
Reading the Agenda,
I saw the Exec. was going to
Censure our Glorious Senior Treasurer.

He said: "Listen, fans, I like you,
But there's this job I fancy,
I ain't gonna work for you,
So it's the end for you and me."

"What's this job?" I asked him,
"Jerry Thorpe's one," he replied.
"Not that turd," I said, dismayed.
"Yes, but he's no turd," he cried.

"He's better at shooting dogs than you'll ever be!"

I was so upset that I laughed
All the way to Florries,
When I got there, there was Julian
Hacking with the Tories.

—And guess what he was doing?
That's right, canvassing—
And he gave me a leaflet.

Oh, he is cruel and heartless
To leave us for the Liberals
Just 'cos he'll get more money that way,
Just 'cos they're gay and trendy.

—But I know he's an opportunist,
He's an opportunist... etc.

Oh he's a tit, a Liberal shit,
He loves the power, five quid an hour,
He likes to shout what he's about,
But he's a bum, 'cos he can't come.

—We're so upset!
Yeah, yeah, it's not fair... etc.

—You know what,
I'll get Cyril Smith on to him,
'Cos he's bigger than us—
Trouble is, he's a mate of Julian's.

Yeah, yeah, it's not fair... etc.

Naf and Jippo

The real French Foreign Legion exposed

IF France ever had to mount an Entebbe-style anti-terrorist operation she would call upon a crack unit of the Foreign Legion. The Operational Group of the Foreign Legion—known by its acronym of GOLF—is just one elite of the 8,000-strong legion which is now equipped with anti-tank missiles and helicopter gunships instead of the muskets, sabres and camels of yesteryear.

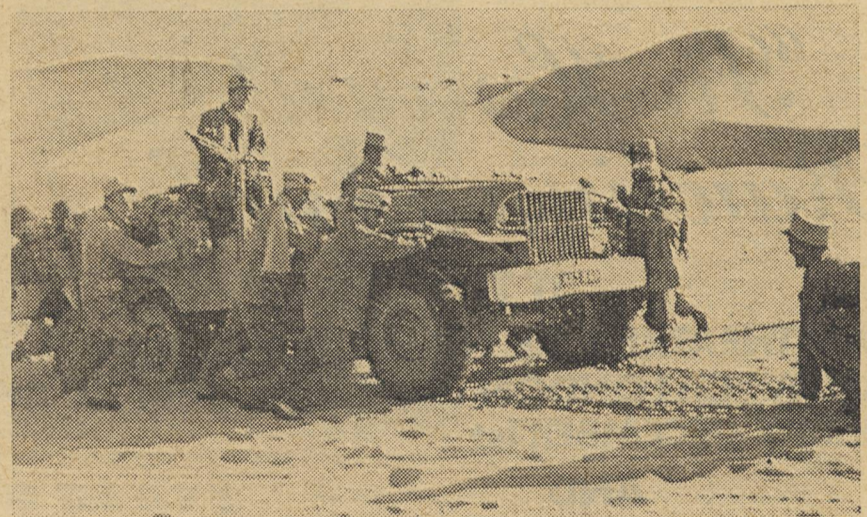
Many French army chiefs would doubtless like to believe that this is a far cry from the Beau Geste era when the legion was a sanctuary for criminals signing on under a nom de guerre.

The truth is that in many respects things are still the same. Although checks are made on applicants to ensure that none have criminal records, it is believed that many are deserters from foreign armies, murderers without previous form and political refugees from Eastern Europe.

Discipline, for one thing, is as harsh as it ever was. Barry Galvin ran away from home in 1973 and was duped into enlisting. His mother, Sadie Galvin, devised an ingenious escape plan in a converted ambulance and sprang Barry from Corsica as described in her book, "Operation Sadie".

A day in the life of a legionaire would run something like this: Reveille at 3 am followed at 4 am by a 15-kilometre hike into the mountains with orienteering practice; 6 am, leisure activities such as barehanded rock-climbing and 1,000-metre sprints; after a lunch of cloudy vegetable morass a 10-mile run up to the mountain shooting range would be usual. Small-arms and rifle practice would carry on into the night after which there would be frequent ambushes by the trigger-happy sergeant on the hike back: no minibus excursions here.

Barry Galvin arrived in Corsica with a batch of 54 recruits and after four



Algeria, 1958. Bugged down in desert sand during the war against Algerian nationalists

months only 24 were left; the others were dead or invalidated out.

Surprisingly, people are still "dying" to get in. The recruiting posters of bronzed, barrel-chested warriors in Paris railway stations attract three times as many men as there are places. The legion still seems to have the lure of adventure and mystique that it did after Gary Cooper starred in Beau Geste in the 'thirties.

Times have changed and so have missions and duties. Legion paratroopers hit the headlines in May when they dropped into Zaire's Shaba province to protect French nationals from the fighting between Katangan rebels and General Mobutu's troops. They made a spectacular dash across arid bushland to head off a convoy of insurgents holding 60 white hostages on their return to Angola.

The motto, "Legio, Patria Nostra" roughly means, "The Legion is our Country" and is solemnly printed in the parade ground at Legion headquarters

near Marseilles. The rugged mountains around Camp de la Demande, the cypress trees and the searing heat are all bitter reminders of Algeria, the 1,800 men lost fighting for the *pieds noirs* in the civil war and De Gaulle's granting of independence to the former Metropolitan territory, a change of heart which the Legion considered a stab in the back.

For the younger man who wants to leave and still make his pot of gold, he can become one of the many dogs of war selling his services to the F.N.L.A.—still fighting in southern Angola—and the Rhodesian armed forces. Faced with a shortage of manpower and increasing incursions on its borders, Rhodesia approached the Legion to seek permission to recruit legionaires at the end of their service. The request was turned down but a BBC Panorama report has said that unofficial recruitment of foreign mercenaries is under way. Ex-legionaires would be more than eligible to apply.

SIMON MARKS

EXISTANSHALLISTE VISIONS

RALPH BROWN visits the ex-Bonzo down by the river

"SOMEBODY shoves a mike in your face and says 'YOU ARE VIVIAN STANSHALL' and you say 'Am I?' and you unzip yourself and try to find . . . 'NO I'M NOT!' but I've GOT to be for the purposes of this interview! — Christ it's really terrifying."

The master of Rawlinson is alive and bubbling. "I used to fight a lot — I was a Teddy Boy — drape jacket, kicking boots; I used to nip out at night — and that protected me through grammar school; You see — Whilst I spoke like the middle class kids there I didn't actually share that kind of home or background — all of my friends, people I felt blood ties to were yobbos. I was expelled from Southend High for fighting. Twice!"

"Which you've since given up?"

"Well . . . I've got a lot of worry Ha! Ha! I deeply regret not fighting more, I think fighting is tremendously healthy as long as you get meat at the end of it. Mellowing? I'm not so aggressive — more compassionate — I can't think of many people that I want to be rude to or upset. If someone is a perfect shit I feel sorry for them . . . Besides my body is so broken up now with operations and bits and pieces out I can't run away! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Nestling in green nowhere, a converted 1914 submarine chaser

bobs lazily on the passing Thames. Below deck it is snug and cosy and as I peruse in wonderment the collection of eccentricia — Standshall — mind — museum — the wandering eye alights upon a glass tank of shellbacked turtles.

"Galoshes? All of those I brought over in an American lunch box actually — You tell them: if you open the bag it's going to let the Cosy out; and they accept that." Poet, painter, scribe and jester, ex-Bonzo and notorious recluse, the creator of Rawlinson End tugs reflectively at the neatly-drawn knot joining the orange strands of his reluctantly tamed beard together. "People really want you to be a star, be different, and they get pissed off if you don't behave like a conceited lump. It's like being dipped into a wind tunnel or something and you see a hotel, a car and a load of sycophantic wankers telling you this and that — It's so incredibly incestuous and involved in a sense of . . . rapping . . . sclerotic . . . I find it really offensive."

The Bonzo Dog (Doo Dah) Band — originally the Window Smellers (!) — was formed by Viv with fellow Art students Rodney Slater, Neil Innes, "Legs" Larry Smith and Roger Ruskin-Spear in 1966, when they took the country by storm with "Do Not Adjust Your Set" — first children's TV satire show — with the Monty Python gang. Four

albums followed: "Gorilla" and "The Doughnut in Granny's Greenhouse" being true masterpieces of anarchic eccentricity and cutting satire; and a top five single: "Urban Spaceman". "I found Urban Spaceman terrifically depressing — not because it WAS a hit, but because THAT in particular was taken up — we'd just play the first few tootles live and — "HOO-RAY" — it really used to piss me off. I think the Bonzos split because we were becoming what we'd set out to parody — it seemed wrong to stand up there pontificating to Impressionable Young Folk about something we didn't know anything about . . . the perversity of it appealed at the time."

"I don't keep in touch with the others much now — I rang up Roger and we started cackling like a couple of old hens — real over-the-fence stuff and he's pulling the jam out of his organ because Justin's a punk and needs it to Destroy in the bedroom! . . . I mean it's really cosy — we just flop in to each other."

Since the Bonzos split Viv Stanshall has spent his time painting and writing and doing radio; has made a few solo recordings produced by Keith Moon:

"We were pretty close for two or three years", and was Master of Ceremonies on "Tubular Bells". A first solo album "Men Opening Umbrellas" was released before the



Rawlinson saga — first glimpsed on "Doughnut" and "Let's Make Up and Be Friendly", (the Innes-Stanshall revival in 1971) and more recently on oft-taped John Peel sessions — finally made it to disc: "Sir Henry at Rawlinson End" released last month.

Sir Henry himself stars: "I don't know what I want but I want it NOW!" with Hubert, Great Aunt Florrie, Reg Smeeton and old Scrotum, the wrinkled retainer, among others; multi-voiced wanderings across the stream-of-consciousness poetry that laces Miss Havershambling Rawlinson End.

"Until a thing is recorded and printed it's not finished — not that I ever finish anything — but I find that final commitment terrifying. It comes out in gouts and vomits to some extent, but that is the result of a synthesis that's taken a

long time, at the end you want the thing to flow like elastic.

When I've done Rawlinson End blithers on stage though, it's been mostly extempore . . . improvisation . . . what? Extemporori? reri? rari? ra ra ra taradiboomdiay? . . . made up on the spot you know . . . good god I can't rehearse improvisation! With the Bonzos I could just take off in any direction and if I started flapping at the end, someone would lunge in with a chord or another reference and save me: it's like insurance."

He now narrates "Rawlinson End" backed by a small group of musicians (including Roger Ruskin-Spear) a dog and a few other surprises for the Old Theatre shows.

"Old Theatre . . . mmm what's it like?"

I couldn't resist. "Pretty cosy." "Ah! But is it ricoco?"

BY PUBLIC DEMAND

VIVIAN STANSHALL

*"Sir Henry at
Rawlinson End"*

AT THE

OLD THEATRE, L.S.E. HOUGHTON STREET
ALDWYCH LONDON W.C.2.
FRIDAY DECEMBER 1st

AND

SATURDAY DECEMBER 2nd ALL TICKETS £1.50

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"The GREAT BRITISH eccentric, whimsical confusing, brilliant STANSHALL should be performing this show nightly".

Evening Standard

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N.M.E

"Charisma have the taste to release an hour's worth of Rawlinsonia as a testimony to STANSHALLS wayward genius"

Evening News

"Its certainly the wittiest record I've heard for a long time"

Sounds

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Record Mirror

"It's very humourous"

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MUSICAL NOTES

And now what you've all been waiting for...

Steve's Xmas speech

HAVING had my first draft of this thrown out by a grossly unreceptive (and mostly illiterate) Ents. committee, I feel loathe to go back to the beginning and start again. As you may or may not know (depending upon your upbringing) the Queen makes a speech on Christmas Day. I am of the opinion that if that she can do it, then why the fuck can't I. However, as there isn't a Christmas Day edition of Beaver, I'll have to put it in this one.

Here we go. I think it's only right and proper to devote most of this speech to thanking the people who have helped Ents this term. First and foremost, I feel it is my duty to thank the miserable buggers who made me write this out again, your very own team of hangers-on (Ents. committee). Should I name names? Should I allow the Ents. committee tutors to know the reason behind their students not getting that class paper done on time? YES! This is a fitting revenge for them not taking to my literary skills? Thanks to: Gerry, Jane, Heather, Matt, Anne, Karen, Martain, Charlie, Woof, Fran, Ralph, Richard, Dave, Aiden, Miffy, Nick, Max, A.C., Liz, Nina, Naf, Diane, Zaf, Wendy, Tony, Jon and many others who I've forgotten. There's so many of the buggers I can never remember their names!

On a more serious note, we here at Ents would like to thank those people not directly involved in the committee without whom we couldn't survive—especially...

Barbra Powrie and everyone in the Bursar's department, Cheryl, Will, Tom Bruin and Angela Craig (special thanks to Tom and Angela for putting up with our dreadful treatment of things financial: best wishes for the future to both of you), the Beaver staff, Film soc., Jazz soc., Ted (for keeping us all pissed), Passfield (for trying to keep us all pissed despite the combined iron hands of Sweeny and Nail box), the DV's for the best LE gig of term (apart from Fresher's, Aswad, Smirks and John Martyn), the porters for their co-operation on gigs nights, Kate and Hazel from the Union shop for selling our tickets, Andy and Ian (soc. secs. from City and Kings respectively) and everybody else in the whole world.

Happy Christmas to y'all, love and kisses plus stuff from Steve.

Jane's agony column

ONCE again I wonder whether the "agony" referred to in the headline above is yours or mine. Once again it is Wednesday morning; once again copy time looms large, pushing dutiful thoughts in re express trusts to the furthest corners of my mind — which some might consider their rightful place.

Upon reading the last edition of Sennet (aka The Flaccid Organette), I note that a certain reviewer has been pinching all my best phrases, or to be precise, my best phrase, you know the one... Even worse, she likened the absolutely wonderful Graham Parker to old cheese. She's totally wrong because I'm allergic to cheese but I can't get enough of GP.

As this is our Christmas issue, I feel that I should wax seasonal, after all everyone else is. Our great, glorious beloved and correct leader has delivered his merry Xmas tirade elsewhere on this page, so what more can I say? Except to congratulate the modest little chap on a ravingly successful term when we've actually ended up in the black. Which is no mean feat I can tell you.

As I squirt grapefruit juice in my eye and rummage around for inspiration, I realise that

there is a song about the YMCA. I must be getting old. Is this the approach of middle age?

And so, while "Treebeard" risked life and limb to review the DV's stunning (sic) performance at a certain hall of residence not a million miles from Endsleigh place, Ralph will have travelled far and wide, over hill and dale in search of Viv Stanshall's houseboat and an interview.

By the time you read this the Bishops and Blast furnace and the... will have come, seen and conquered (though not necessarily in that order) and Viv Stanshall will be imminent. Rapid purchase of tickets for the latter gentleman is strongly advised, judging from the number of phone calls from Lytham St Anne's and John O' Groats etc, making enquiries about the same.

Finally, seeing as this is the season of fellowship and goodwill, this is the Princess of Cool hoping that you all have White Christmases...

THE PRINCESS OF COOL

PS: Is it really true that the Welfare Officer is having some hairdressers to stay this Christmas.

SCREAMING FOR SIOUXSIE

by PETER WHITEHEAD

THERE'S every reason to have great respect for debut albums. They're collections of songs which the band have been playing for some time. The strongest of all accumulated material is used. The songs on "The Scream" have an added maturity because of the problems the Banshees have had in securing a recording contract.

Siouxsie and the Banshees have a sound of their own. John McKay's guitar, at its least hostile, is as bleak as a moonscape. It has peaks, but they're jagged, sharp and incisive. The rhythm section is disconcerting. It doesn't float like Public Image. It's shifting, it grinds, it eventually mesmerises. The instrumental breaks on "Jigsaw Feeling" provide no relief from Severin's fraught lyrics. The album's pace is disturbing.

Siouxsie Sioux chants: sometimes barking, sometimes howling like the wind. The Ice Queen

commands, but she's committed, impassioned, yet mechanical. This is the band's appeal: they combine passion with cold detachment. It's frustrating. On stage they won't pander to the audience. There's no compromise, and that's exciting. On vinyl they retain this intensity. The sound is claustrophobic and threatening, but even suffocation can be exhilarating. However, too much can lead to desperation.

This is a criticism. The pace is relentless, the formula is overwhelming. Titles like "Carcass," "Nicotine Stain," "Suburban Relapse," and "Switch" give some indication of the unpleasant quality of the subject matter of the songs. There is no respite: the band never smiles. The album's title is poignant.

The L.P. is oppressive, but primarily intense. More importantly, it's radical, original, innovative. The Banshees must rate alongside Wire as one of the major pioneering units of the last two or three years. This is modern music. It's also Siouxsie and the Banshees' last debut album.

CURRENT HAPPENINGS AT THE ENO

by JONATHAN RICHMOND

IN the Barber of Seville, Count Almaviva attempts to rescue Rosina from her guardian Bartolo, after her himself, and is aided by Figaro.

His aide, Don Basilio is a cunning and unpleasant schemer. A master of the art of slander, if you wish to learn how to destroy your enemies, go and take a lesson from him. He is easily won over by anyone able to offer the "irresistible argument" of money.

In the middle is Rosina whom we

see metamorphose from an obedient, subservient girl to a woman whose heart will not be controlled for her. In fact she is one of the first exponents of women's lib. Barber has four performances in the next few weeks at Covent Garden.

In The Marriage of Figaro, Figaro is engaged to Susanna, on whom, however the Count wishes to exercise the "droit du seigneur." But the servant outdoes his master with brain power—wealth and privilege are no longer enough. In the

new Jonathan Miller ENO production there are compelling performances by Lillian Watson as Susanna and Valerie Masterson as the Countess who show these two ladies as Mozart's two most intelligent. John Tomlinson is in good voice, but is not a dominant Figaro.

Christian du Plessis has a nice touch of arrogance as the Count. Stuart Kale's Basilio is beautifully acted.

The production is, however, fairly conventional, although there is some originality in Act 5 as human hearts are dissected in a garden of heart-shaped shrubbery. Part of the problem is the outdated Dent translation, in need of replacement. All the same—it's great fun.

Richard Strauss was a great admirer of Mozart and, following his tragedies Elektra and Salome, Der Rosenkavalier was composed in complete contrast, a sort of mixture of the zest of Johann Strauss operetta and the deeper study of humans Mozart-style. Opening at ENO December 6th.

Towards the end of the month Janacek's The Adventures of Mr Broucek opens to complete ENO's cycle of his opera. Gently inebriated, Mr Broucek drops off to sleep to find himself transported to the moon. Blast off is at 7.00 pm, December 28th. And why not drop into Covent Garden two days later for their magically drunken Die Fledermaus under the mischievous baton of Zubin Mehta.



ROCK 'N' ROLL AND THE D.V.'S

by TREEBEARD

To those who weren't at London's newest, hottest venue (The TV room at Passfield) on Saturday, 18th, the letters 'D.V.' will connote little more than an antisocial disease in reverse, but those who patronised the nitespot are fortunate indeed in knowing the true significance of the letters. "D.V.s" are fun, noise, music—the future of rock 'n' roll.

The band comprises four L.S.E. men—Naf Flame (one of the founder members), Lone Wolf, Walter Ego and Sam Snyder. They began their ambitious set with "I saw her Standing There" before being joined by special guests "The Blow-Jobs," backing musicians on sax and trumpet, who added depth to the music for the rest of the set and creating a truly original sound. Originality is a word that can be applied to all too few bands these days, churned out as they are on the "punk" production line, but the D.V.s have it. They are truly in a class of their own.

Although clearly nervous at first, as this was their debut, the band put up a good performance; high points being (tongue out of cheek for a moment) "Sunbury" (song about the birthplace of frontman

Walter), shout-a-long-a "P.P.A.L.F.", anthem of the society of the same initials, and "Do The Steve Judson," a lament for a lost amigo.

Although no major record company has snapped up the band, it is hoped that "Steve Judson" will shortly be released on the small, independent "Limp" record label. (A limited edition 12-inch in vomit-coloured vinyl should also be available—a must for all collectors).

Chart success may well evade the band at first—their sound is far from commercial, and the aura they produce on stage may well fail to be reproduced on record. Their charismatic performance of "White Man at Hammersmith Palais," for example, has to be seen to be believed, and the energy of "Anarchy" (written before the Sex Pistols' song, by original D.V. man Max Madness) simply could not be recreated in a recording studio.

If you want to see them for yourselves, before they hit the superstar status when they'll play only venues the size of Wembley arena, you can catch them in the "Three Tuns" shortly. The provisional date is December 8th—but watch out for ads in the music press.

You'd better be early—it won't be long before the D.V.s play to packed houses every time. They're easily the best things since sliced bread. (Or do I mean Jam? ...)

ATHLETIC UNION

LIFE IN E65

HAVE you ever wondered how the sports in the college are run so efficiently? Have you ever wondered how these self-sacrificing club captains pick their teams without bias or prejudice? Can you imagine the number of hours your executive have spent in the AU office industriously working through the mass of bureaucratic paperwork and high level negotiations? Have you ever been in the AU office? Do you know who your executive officers are? Do you even know the names of the captains of the clubs you have joined?

If your answer to the last three questions is Yes, then you'll know that the rest is a load of rubbish. The organisation is not particularly efficient, in fact very near chaotic, in fact people who are to be found in the AU office know a great deal about very little, however, they certainly know who might know about something in particular, it's just that they don't know where he can be found. A hypothetical example may serve to illustrate:

An enterprising new student at the LSE wants to join the Badminton Club so he goes to the AU office and knocks on the door.

A.: Come in, you twat!

E.N.S.: I'd like to join the Badminton Club.

A.: See the guy behind the desk.

The enterprising new student goes into the inner sanctum of the AU

E.N.S.: I'd like to join the Badminton Club.

B.: Can't you come back another time?

E.N.S.: I'd rather not.

B.: Oh, all right! Fill in the card and give me 30p.

E.N.S.: When can I play?

B.: You'll have to check the gym timetable... but, however, the only copy is missing.



Friendly welcome from AU headquarters

E.N.S.: Who's the captain?

B.: He's a short guy—takes football training—can't remember his name—he can't play badminton though—however, he's a bloody good footballer—by the way you don't want to play football do you? I think the 3rds are a man short this Saturday.

The enterprising new student walks out baffled; he is no longer enterprising and is rapidly coming to the conclusion that he'd rather do the Christmas pantomime.

The best (or worse depending on your point of view) thing about the AU office is the characters that can be found in it. E65 is a sportsman's haunt, a place where you can meet fellow athletes, where no-one cares if you haven't combed your hair that morning or haven't had a bath in the last week, a place where the major topic of conversation is who's turn it is to get the teas. The occupants continually play a subconscious game of musical chairs, the

winner is the one who stays the longest, and everyone wants to win. Endearing terms of abuse greet the arrivals and departures, and anyone who has spent more than an hour in the library is frowned upon. The regular occupants are the executive, all six of them for the un-informed, and one or two club captains and top players, as well as those people who haven't found anywhere else to doss out. Conversation ranges from who was arrested the night before for stealing a road sign or breaking a window, to certain people's sleeping arrangements.

However unkempt the office and however obnoxious and boring some of the people may be they do serve a function: they give every student (and staff member) the opportunity to play sport. However despotic and off-hand some of their behaviour may seem without them putting in the hours, at the risk of their own degrees, sport at the LSE would come to a grinding halt. Do you want that?

SERGIO.

IT has become a tradition over the past years to award Christmas presents to certain members of the AU and as this is the last edition of Beaver here's this year's helping—names have not been changed to protect the innocent...

Ray Elliott—£75.

Ronnie Patterson—A packet of slimming biscuits.

Mike Johnson—Lydia.

Sergio Perrigrinelli—His very own AU.

Lydia Lidbury—Sergio's Body—Bit grim eh Ron!!!

Juill Arnold—A set of fairy lights for her new hair style.

Phil Valentine—An Orange box for his girlfriend.

Derek Philpott—A dream of a trophy for Somerset.

Paul Knowles—A vasectomy. (No comment. —Ed.)

Phil Waring—Liz Harry.

Gareth Thomas—A packet of smelling salts.

Matt Kirby—A weekend pass from his girlfriend.

John Lewis—A new bed.

Tim Roff—10 minutes in bed with Poly Styrene.

Ralf Dahrendorf—Poland.

Steve Abercrombie—State drug addiction card.

Paul Delaney—A pair of slippers and a fire-side chair.

Ian Draine—A couple of squashed balls.

Andy Tebb—His very own Hockey team.

John Glennon—A Big Brass Plate.

Naf—A decent moustache.

Pete Burbridge—Hair Restorer.

Richard Mooney—A First Aid Kit!

NETBALL

THE "great and glorious" LSE netball team have begun the season well with a league victory over King's College (51-22) and two wins in friendlies against The School of Pharmacy (34-12) and King's again (43-16). We also managed a draw against Surrey University (34-34).

Unfortunately, we failed to win the WIVAB tournament by only one goal and one point overall. Our results in this were: lost to University College 3-4; beat Chelsea College 9-3; beat Westfield College 6-1; beat the School of Pharmacy 5-3.

The main problem this term has been the large number of postponements and cancellations which means that we will have a very full fixture list next term.

We play on Wednesdays and Saturdays and practise in the gym on Mondays between 12 and 1. New players are always welcome.

RUGBY

AT last victory in the UAU championships for the LSE Rugby Club. Having beaten Sussex and Kent to qualify as runners-up in the South Thames division, they were faced last Wednesday with the formidable task of beating University College.

Despite the wind and the blatantly anti-LSE referee, in the first half the score was kept down to 9-0 to the opponents. In the next half, with the advantage of the

wind and slope, the LSE was able to affirm its superiority (despite the captain Gareth Thomas going on a walk-about half way through the match). The final score was 19-9 to the LSE. Next week it's the quarter-finals, and LSE will have to travel to the South West.

Congratulations to D. Gavins, G. Moxon and S. Abercrombie for being selected for the South Thames UAU squad, which is playing the South West's UAU squad at Bristol on Sunday.

Finally, it's nice to see that the 2nd XV's reputation is spreading. Ealing Tech were even too frightened to turn up and play them.

CONVERSATIONS WITH CHILDREN

CHILD at rugby match: "Why are we here?"

R. D. Laing: To observe gross motor patterns amongst organised sets of males.

Play begins (action).

Child: What are they doing?

R.D.L.: Re-experiencing earliest maternally induced abrogation of responsibility.

Child: Why are they doing it?

R.D.L.: I will explain. First the tackle represents the flying rape. Next the scrums—these are similar

to characteristics of baboons submitting to male dominance, and thirdly, the violence, a manifestation of psychomotor epilepsy. Finally is rucking, a replacement of manufactured emotions in the reality of the world.

Child: Does it matter, will they remember?

R.D.L.: Doubtful. (End of physical proceedings).

Child: Where are they going?

R.D.L.: To Bacchanalian revelries. Are the observations adequate for your questing mind; what is your opinion of the views stated?

Child: BULLSHIT!

(Slow cutting of blue for black and the substitution of now inhospitable tundra, zonal, sojus landscape campus world).

CRICKET

THE first club meeting of the year was held last week and David Mason was elected as the new 1st XI captain.

It was decided that elections for the vice-captain and 2nd XI captain should be left till after the club nets. These will be held at the excellent MCC Indoor School at Lords from 7 till 9 pm on Monday evenings on the first five weeks of next term.

In addition it is hoped that a party will travel down to New Malden on Wednesday afternoons to use the two outdoor nets there and to take part in the all important field practice.

The structure of the cricket calendar is such that we have three important UAU matches very early in the final term. In the past players have not had time to find form. So if anybody wishes to book an extra net at Lord's this term or next term, then come to the AU office and ask for Dave. The cost of an extra net is £4.50 per hour (£3.60 this side of Christmas) which could be divided between a group of us. Whites will be needed though these can be borrowed from the club by members.

HOCKEY

On Wednesday 15th the men's 1st XI lost to Kent University 5-0. There were two candidates for the man-of-the-match: Andy Tebb for breaking a new hockey stick, or Tony Howard for littering the Garden of England with his cagoule, which blew away during the match.

On the same day, the women's team played an undecided game against St George's Hospital: the umpire, Christopher Boughton, did not realise that women play to different rules from the men.

On the 19th, LSE's mixed team beat the School of Pharmacy 6-3. Fatti Patti managed to waddle down the wing and score a hat-trick on his debut.

The men's 1st XI lost to Guildford 13-0. Our goalkeeper, Hamid Imtiaz, despite having the build of Ronnie Corbett with pads reaching well above his navel, managed to keep the score to a minimum.

FOOTBALL RESULTS—

First XI 1, Imperial College 2
First XI 3, Goldsmiths College 2
Second XI 2, Imperial College 4
Second XI 1, Goldsmiths Col 1
Third XI 3, Goldsmiths Col 3
Fourth XI 4, Guy's Hospital 2
Fourth X 10, Westfield College 3
Cosmos 6, Goldsmiths Fourth XI 1