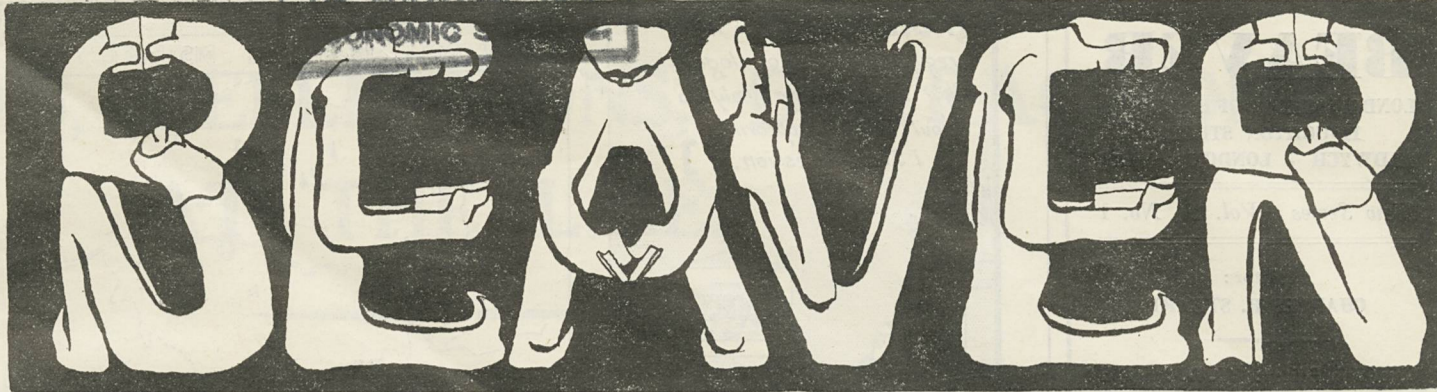


**CONTENTS**

Editorial ... Page 2  
 Almost Hansard ... Page 2  
 Marginalia ... Page 2  
 Letters to the Editor ... Page 2  
 Degrees of Bachelorhood ... Page 2  
 Impressions, Reflections, Distractions at the L.S.E. ... Page 3  
 The Common Man ... Page 4  
 Reviews ... Page 4  
 S.L.F. At Work and Play ... Page 4  
 Communist Policy for the Election ... Page 4  
 Ephemera ... Page 4  
 International Student Week Programme ... Page 4



LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

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**“CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY, CHAPS!”**

**INNOCUOUS SLOGANS : NICE CLEAN FACES**

**Don't let the side down during the International Procession**

**S**TUDENTS are notoriously the most irresponsible and unpredictable section of the community. In a body they are potentially more dangerous than Guy Fawkes himself: certainly the damage caused by Guy's annual celebration is far greater than anything he could have done at Westminster.

Guy now has a rival. Twelve days after the last rocket has scintillated at someone's expense, the students of London regird their loins and, ostensibly in procession, accelerate the hazards of London's traffic. The occasion for this larger-than-life Lord Mayor's Show is the commemoration of International Students' Day, November 17th. Annually at approximately 2 p.m. on this day, an unwieldy mass of some 1,500 students unwinds itself from Malet Street and storms and wheedles its way through London's more dignified quarters. Inhibition has no meaning for this unruly caterpillar; it can shout, it can sing, it can dance.

This year, however, it will shout "approved" slogans only, it will sing "nice" songs, it will dance recognised steps. It will not be too long—there are to be no stragglers—it will not be part mechanised. It will behave itself; it will be another Band of Hope. The Metropolitan Police Force takes no chances.

**NO FIREWORKS**

**NOVEMBER 5th - - - QUIETLY**

"It'll be a pushover," said the Editor, nervously twisting a greasy cloth cap in his toil-worn hands, "all you has to do is to mix with these toffs like what you was one of them" (he had evidently mistaken me for one of his own kind); "then you comes and tells me what you sees there, and we cleans up a packet from them as doesn't want their names mentioned. See?"

I saw. I went. I . . . . . (Complete this sentence. Entries, on a fairly clean postcard, should be sent to Uncle Charlie, who will call in due course and beat you silly with a hockey-stick, and serve you copywell right.)

**Dancing**

The dance began at 7 o'clock. At 8.15 there were nearly 17 couples present, six of which were dancing. Is this a record? ("No, it's a lie." Chairman, Ents. Com.) However, the news soon spread that Dennis Reynolds was the M.C. (was it, I said not won it) and by half-past the place was full. At 8.15 that Mr. Schur arrived, and we did a Viennese waltz just to mark the occasion. The result amply confirmed my suspicions that Mr. Schur has never been nearer to Vienna than a week-end at Bognor Regis. By this time the dance was well under way, which in the L.S.E. Refectory means that it was quite impossible to move more than 18 inches in any direction without receiving some bony female full in the kidneys. (And yet there are rumours that Mr. Kingsbury and his merry men of the Entertainments Committee, which God preserve, have decided that both the Michaelmas and Valentine Balls are to be held in the School. To the barricades, citizens, in defence of your inalienable right to be sick in St. Pancras Town Hall!)

**Through**

The band, which might have been heard at the far end of Sydenham High Street ("It was," Mayor of Sydenham) at this point decided that enough was by no means as good as a feast of beer and sandwiches, and retired. During the interval we met a charming lady from the Royal College of Music, which made a welcome change. She afterwards retired to the Founders' Room to talk business with Mr. Kingsbury, which was not so welcome and no change at all.

Soon after the interval a new terror arrived. (Not you, Mr. Morawetz, sit down.) This was the photographer, who stalked about, taking the most alarming shots of people doing the most astonishing things. He even got one of the President *talking* (into a microphone), and who ever heard of John Burgh doing that? (That question was merely rhetorical—our postman only has one sack and two arms to carry it with.)

**STOP PRESS**

\* \* \*

**SAVE ELECTRICITY.**—In the interests of Fuel Economy you are urgently requested to turn off all unnecessary lighting. **THIS IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.**

**MASS RADIOGRAPHY.**—Details of the mass radiography scheme for L.S.E. students have now been released. The scheme will operate during the end of November at Birkbeck College, and it is important that all those who intend to take advantage of this opportunity should complete the circular now available at School and return it to the pigeon-hole in the main building.

**PLACE PIGALLE.**—A new venture by the Entertainments Committee. This "night-club entertainment" will take place in the Old Theatre on Tuesday, November 15th. Programme-tickets are available now. It promises to be good.

LORD ALBERT MEMORIAL.



**INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS DAY**

**DR. EDVARD BENES, PRESIDENT OF THE CZECHOSLOVAK REPUBLIC, SPEAKING AT THE ALBERT HALL**

**THE SNOWWHITE CONSTITUTION AND ITS SEVEN DWARFS**

**I**N the first Union meeting of the year, the Union Council wished to introduce a number of amendments to the constitution, which had been deferred since last year. It had not been possible during the summer term with its mental and physical distractions to secure the necessary quorum at the Union meetings in order to deal with the adjustments, most of which were aimed at clarifying Union procedure, improving the wording of the constitution or setting in writing and codifying what had by then become accepted procedural behaviour.

**Sweet Reasonableness**

A large number of freshers, however, objected to what they felt to be an imposition upon them and requested that the matter should be deferred until the following week by which time they would have been enabled to examine the constitution and compare the suggested amendments, so that they might then take part in the discussion and ask questions arising from the proposed changes. Despite the plain evidence to most non-freshers that the intention of the Council was simply to clear away as early as possible the changes, already over-delayed, one or two of the older members of the Union were opposed to the tackling of the amendments on the first night, on the grounds that

**Apparently**

(a) discussion would be likely to generate considerable tedious and possibly prolonged constitutional wrangling;

(b) freshers, unacquainted with the letter or working of the constitution, would be bewildered and bored, and would acquire a bad impression of their first Union meeting;

(c) Union procedure had seemed to work fairly smoothly before introduction of the amendments.

**The Council's Attitude**

Against these points Council speakers argued that

(a) the amendments would have, sooner or later, to be introduced—the sooner the better, since the Union would therefore benefit from the improved procedure earlier. How tedious the wrangling would be would depend upon Union members themselves;

(b) discussion might provide interested freshers with an early insight into the working of the constitution;

(c) although procedure had been relatively satisfactory in the past that was no argument for not attempting improvements.

**The Sincere Seven**

A motion was passed to the effect that the amendments should lie on the table for one week. A special meeting to discuss the amendments was later convened. Seven people attended.

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

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

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# BEAVER

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS  
HOUGHTON STREET  
ALDWYCH - LONDON - W.C.2

New Series Vol. 2 No. 1

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CHARLES R. STUART

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Sales Manager: W. Greenwood

Photographic and Film Editor: P. E. Burke

Art Editor: Ronald Moody

Music Editor: Cyril Ehrlich

Theatre Critic: A. C. Bernel

Film Critic: J. H. Smith

Photographer: Alan Kingsbury

## "The brief chronicles of Time"

There has been but one issue of "Beaver" this term. Those of you who are new to the School will have no clear conception of the function played by the Union newspaper—of which you have heard so much and seen so little—nor, I fear, will this issue offer enlightenment. I will try to explain why this curious and regrettable position has arisen.

For many years now, the Union has had a weekly newspaper. At some periods this newspaper has been printed, but generally it took the form of a wall-newspaper; during the last few years this wall-newspaper became something of a tradition and fearless controversy was written large upon the walls of the Three Tuns. Much of it was personal, and the range limited, but there was an undeniable vitality.

None the less, it was decided that a printed version should take the place of the older "Beaver," and in the Summer term last session the first newspaper appeared. It was, perforce, experimental, as those who produced it had had little previous experience, but it enjoyed a fair popularity. Certainly, if one considers the actual sales figures alone, it reached a far greater number of students in its new guise than it had done before. But it lacked vitality—and it lacked money.

At the beginning of this term I explained to the Council that it would be injudicious to produce another printed newspaper until financial stability was assured. There was, at the time, sufficient money to produce one issue, but I felt that, if there were to be any delay in the sequence of "Beaver," it was far better for the delay to come before rather than after the first issue of term.

Accordingly the Council drafted a motion for the Union so phrased that "Beaver" could have gone into immediate publication. Unfortunately the Union postponed its decision for a further week. This delay meant that some of the copy became dated, and further smaller delays arose preparing new copy. It was almost impossible to judge the eventual date of publication.

Thus it is that the vitality and confidence which was gradually asserting itself before the end of last term has been sapped. This issue has no polish, nor has it vigour—nor could it be expected to have. It is far better, however, to be judged in the flesh than as an abstract reference—as has been the case in every Union decision on "Beaver" this term.

EDITOR.

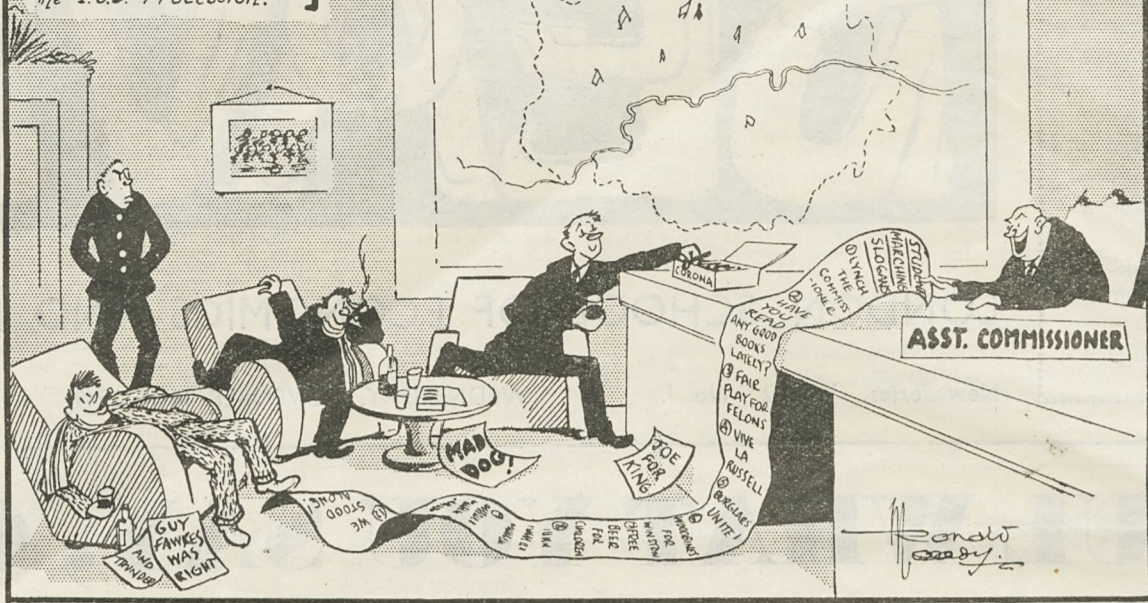
## LETTERS

### Arms and the Man

Dear Beaver,

Mr. Hemingway's letter in your last issue, has given us a series of emotional, and not unjustified pleas that war is undesirable. No-one, I imagine, would contest that aggressive war is an immoral and illegitimate way of executing national policy. This, unfortunately does not mean that no

[NOTE: The Police have requested a list of slogans that students are likely to shout, before approving the I.S.D. Procession.]



"BRILLIANT STUFF, LADS! HOW'S ABOUT INCLUDING: "Back to Anarchy!" OR "Crime for Ever!," EH, BOYS?"

## DEGREES OF BACHELORHOOD OR LITTLE BY LESS

The ancient and historic city of London has many places of fascinating interest to commend it to the discerning tourist and among its various boroughs none, perhaps, is more intriguing or diverse than Westminster. As one crosses from the City into this town of magnificent palaces and impressive cathedrals at Temple Bar, the site of the pillory in which, amongst others, Daniel Defoe suffered the jibes of the rude eighteenth century mob, one immediately becomes aware of a subtle change in environment, a change at once light and heavy, frivolous and sober, invigorating and soporific. Ahead lies St. Clement Danes', associated with both Wren and Dr. Johnson, now an island of calm in a seething stream of traffic, and Australia House, a grandiose reminder of the greatness of the Empire. Hard by the Law Courts on the left, an engaging little arabesque in the Barrister Gothic or Early Wedding Cake style, is one of the most charming of old London passageways which, running past the Olde Economistes' Bookshoppe with its bow-front, brings the surprised explorer straight out upon the doorstep of Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe, made famous by Dickens, as the inscription upon it so graphically proves. South-south west, as the lug worm might crawl if he were crawling that way, is the Air Ministry and halfway between these two monuments, one to the past and the other to the future, rise the twin piles of the London School of Economics (and Political Science) constructed upon the most impeccable Late Lavatorial lines and, Cleopatra's Needle excepted, easily the most important edifices in Westminster.

Let us, then, with the proper emotions of awe, enter the imposing portals beneath the sign of the Scarvéd Beaver, symbol of Industry wrapped in England's traditional staple, wool, and surrender ourselves for the moment to the quite intoxicating, the independent, indescribable, intangible and individual atmosphere of an International Seat of Learning.

### Gunther

It is half-past three. In the Long Room, Gunther Hafensteinel, the economics specialist and a recognised Younger Hope, sits compiling elaborate charts. About him, battalions of forbidding books lower down from rows of beetling shelves striking terror and confusion into the hearts of common men. Red they are, green, blue, often in uniform leather bindings, sometimes boldly self-assertive, sometimes coyly reserved, sometimes adipose and sometimes consumptive. But to Gunther they are but friends whose kinks and personalities he knows well and who he loves with the expansive love a Pope extends to his spiritual children. And it is amongst them, in the Long Room that is always so empty, that Gunther feels most at home, and in their immediate presence that he is most happy.

state will wage an aggressive war, though doubtless, our own country is—both for moral and material reasons—unlikely to do so. In the case of aggression directed against this country, only two possibilities exist. Either we can allow ourselves to be occupied, or we can resist. If we mean to defend ourselves—and I find it hard to imagine that anyone would be willing to submit to either "American Imperialism" or "Red Fascism"—we must be ready to do so. Mr. Hemingway's claim that preparedness merely precipitates an arms race is irrelevant. If country B. is sufficiently aggressive, as is the case in the illustration he uses, as to be only awaiting the moment when she reaches military superiority to launch an attack on country A., then the latter cannot save herself from attack by not possessing defences. This will merely accelerate the assault. At the worst, to be armed postpones the evil day, and there is always the hope that sufficient strength will act as a real deterrent.

The rest of his letter, and nearly all abortive discussion in the Union requires a more general answer.

We come to the University to learn the art of citizenship. One of its responsibilities is national defence in time of war or crisis. There is nothing aggressive about the U.T.C. or the T.A. I find it hard to imagine Capt. Moreton or myself waging aggressive war against the U.S.A. or anyone else. Nor can I see how it can be argued that any aspect of a citizen's responsibility comes outside the purview of an active student's union. I hope that we are as active

in our own national defence as in advocating self-determination for Thailand.

It is hard to see why students wishing to join any outside-sponsored organisation—whether religious, political, or merely patriotic—should not be allowed to have such an organisation recognised by the Union.

### Union Recognition of the U.T.C.

If the political Societies, all connected with and inspired by outside bodies, are allowed to be affiliated societies of the Union, it is perfectly proper, pace Messrs. Hemingway and Burgh, that the U.T.C. should be allowed the same facilities.

I believe it to be our duty to accept the responsibilities as well as the privileges of British nationality. In no other major country in the world would Mr. Hemingway and I have the freedom of controversy which we enjoy as a natural condition here.

It is wrong, I am convinced, to attempt to prevent recognition of a body which, since it is not exclusive on grounds of race, colour, creed, or politics, is in every way consonant with Union policy for affiliated societies, and which is as spontaneous and voluntary as any political society in the college.

We have no right to attempt this, and I hope that when this matter is again raised in the Union, or if it appears again in these columns, those of us who are not lashed too firmly to false doctrine will raise our voices in opposition to the unholy alliance of the Council and the Communists.

LIONEL A. GROUSE.

that he came for a mug of tannine lotion and a hunk of granulated Portland cement, his habitual afternoon snack, but is reminded in time when a charitable freshette pours half-a-pint of tepid coffee carefully down his hitherto immaculate grey cords.

### Hilary

The Culture Department has been considerably placed out of reach of the hoi-polloi on the fifth floor, but nevertheless in one of its comfortable armchairs there languishes the shape of Hilary Stugg, probably the most widely-read, sensitive man ever to have lowered himself to the study of political science. His face, it is true, is hidden behind the latest "Skyline," a periodical which, as everybody who knows knows, is absolutely the most elevated thing intellectually that ever managed to contain itself between only two covers, but what is visible of the rest of his anatomy proves that, if he had the money, he would be the most spectacularly tastefully dressed man, and that even as it is and the income of Britain's élite being what you and I live on, his shoes almost exactly fit the shape of his feet. Furthermore, upon his lap there lies a choice selection of the works of Guillaume Apollinaire in French (limited edition, decorations by Braque) Ford Madox Ford, Luigi Pirandello and the venerable Dr. Kinsey, which in their turn prove, if proof were needed, that Hilary is no one-sided specialist. While he reads, this paragon of civilisation keeps an ear cocked for Bach's Art of the Fugue, which is being played on the gramophone by a very foreign-looking type indeed.

### Stirring . . .

But now it is four o'clock. Gunther shuts his books and strides briskly from the Long Room. Anthony wanders thoughtfully from the Calory Department, still munching and immersed in his paper and finally Hilary slinks down from his heights warmly-wrapped in speculation. The bells of St. Paul's toll in the distance. Doors open. The staircases become busy. We are on the threshold of great events . . .

(To be continued.)

### Budapest

Dear BEAVER,

May I through your columns elaborate the points I made at the Union meeting of October 13th.

I maintained that Yugoslavia never intended to go to the World Youth Festival at Budapest. Last May, the Executive Committee of the World Federation of Democratic Youth decided that no members should organise any major activity conflicting with the Festival. A few days later the People's Youth of Yugoslavia issued a document stating their support for W.F.D.Y. and inviting youth from many countries to work in Yugoslavia on the Belgrade-Zagreb highway, at the same time as the Festival was taking place. This document gave the impression that the invitation had the backing of the W.F.D.Y. The Executive Committee of the World Federation of Democratic Youth pointed this out to Yugoslavia, but the latter persisted in organising brigades.

During the summer, although Yugoslavia had two members on the preparatory commission of the Festival, no publicity was given to it in Yugoslavia, and no applications were made for visas. However, Yugoslavia refused visas to Albanian youth who wished to cross Yugoslavia to attend the Festival.

Just as the Festival opened, Yugoslavia protested that no visas had been granted by Hungary, and made a great show of exhibits and cultural performances alleged to have been prepared for the Festival and passports said to have been ready for the youth to go to Budapest.

## Almost—Hansard

Regarding the tea-pot speculatively I am put in mind of the Union. Why? Because I settled down to write about it of course and the tea-pot is in front of my nose—you don't get any meta-physical rise out of me, see? In all my journalistic experience which is far from extensive, I have never embarked upon anything so, paradoxically, dreary and yet entertaining. The hours of tedium spent listening to the "Cominfour" expatiating upon affairs about which (a) they know remarkably little, (b) they are prepared preposterously to pad, and (c) are not legitimately within the scope of the Union, are the sad to relate inebriated game birds on the President's left rising to disorderly points of order, or the centre maundering along its tedious common-sensical middle way . . . as I said, if that were all, these hours might well be spent some other way and I don't mean Stigler.

However they are enlightened by moments of sheer bliss. When the President tips a glass of water down the back of his neck, and, under the impression that no-one has observed him (little did he know that I was gazing admiringly at his craggy physiognomy at the time, surreptitiously mops himself up; when Mr. A-r-n-s-n embarrasses Mr. L-v-n by paying his debts publicly, while the latter is on his feet; when Mr. S-m-n-s makes the come-back of the session with cries of "Nonsense" and "Jolly unconstitutional" then I know that even the blandishments of Miss Leigh, travelling in that street car through Mr. Tennessee Williams' dialogue, which can only be described as fascinating, cannot lure me away from this enchanting mad-house . . . after all I can go to the theatre on Friday.

DREGS.

## Marginalia

A report that the President of the Union had been seen walking down Clare Market without any trousers on was to-day vigorously denied by his press-agent, who stated, "The President did not walk down Clare Market without any trousers." The President, asked for a statement, confirmed this view, saying: "I did not walk down Clare Market without trousers on." An anonymous letter has been received in this office, which claims that "The President did not walk down Clare Market trouserless."

There the matter rests at present.

\* \* \*

The usual prizes, plus a big, smacking kiss from the Vice-President, are offered for the completion of the following limerick:

"There was an old man of Chipping Sodbury  
Who . . . . ."

\* \* \*

Last Thursday I left my books in the Library at 10.45 a.m. to go and have a coffee. What with one thing and another, I didn't return to the Library until 6.30 p.m., and then it was only to clear my books away. Much was my surprise, therefore, to discover that the marginal propensity to consume in non-capitalist societies is, *ceteris paribus*, somewhat different from that in capitalist countries.

Much of the above paragraph appears to belong somewhere else.

\* \* \*

Life gets tedious, don't it?  
Well don't it?

### Proof of the Pudding

It is true that we in this Union are not in a position to investigate whether or not the Yugoslavs applied for visas, but I suggest that the statement above fits in with the experience of members of this Union, while the allegations Mr. Sherman made do not. We all know that (a) there was no discrimination against any race, nationality or creed at Budapest by I.U.S. or the Hungarian authorities. (b) That Yugoslavia made no effort to support the Festival, and its organisations and publicity agents in this country persuaded people to go to Yugoslavia INSTEAD of Budapest.

If on the other hand, Mr. Sherman's allegations were correct, and Yugoslavia intended to support the Festival, there must have been a spate of publicity in their press throughout the summer months dealing with it. I challenge him to produce a single copy of "Borba" or the "People's Youth" paper, between March and July of this year, publicising the Festival. If they exist, he can obtain them easily. If he fails to produce them, the Union should reconsider the motion.

J. BALL.



# IMPRESSIONS, REFLECTIONS, DISTRACTIONS AT THE L.S.E.

BY FRESHERS

## CONFESSIONS OF A BEAVER TYPIST

On approaching the Common Room, one afternoon early this term, as has since been my frequent practice—I viewed a few poor miserable creatures messing around with a typewriter. On offering my assistance, I was jumped upon (literally) by some males, wanting to know if I would type for them.

Eventually—after little consideration and a great deal of persuasion I consented to become a "Beaver" typist.

Someone has complained about the lateness of the Union President—I complain of the lateness of "Beaver" Editors. My voluntary!! services were acclaimed with alacrity but with the consequence that on many a Thursday morning I arrived to find the Union office deserted and by the time my typist fingers were required, my lectures for the day had already begun.

### Her Story

My complaints are over—now my story begins. My remuneration, such as it is, was to have the pleasure of accompanying our esteemed editors on one of, what I should imagine is their frequent trips to the flicks or more probably a pub-crawl. Maybe I came off lightly with the former and spent a few pleasant hours in their company, outside this building and without the presence of Typewriter. During my "working hours," I might add—it is more than slightly distracting to hear constant allusions to this or that physical feature, which for a trifling moment appeals to my "bosses."

As I write—there is a continual stream of people at the door—"Lost property, please"—"Do you know where Francois is?"—"Can I have a 'Beaver Annual'?"—"Who's got a ticket for the dance?" and these are the congenial surroundings in which

## THE SEVEN IN HOUGHTON STREET

with apologies

(a) to Shakespeare,

(b) to those who may claim precedence for their own efforts.

L.S.E.'s, a stage,

And all the students in it merely players;  
They have their accents and their hair-styles  
And casual scarves of regal hue repose around the necks of all,  
Their types being the seven stages. At first, the infant prodigy,  
Sighing and crying in her Tutor's arms,  
And then the wide-eyed Fresher, prim and proper,  
With shining morning face, creeping like a snail  
Unwillingly to school (sorry! Coll.) Then the Deb.  
Clothed by Jaeger, face by Arden, and the eternal question—  
Shall she pluck her eyebrows? Then the athlete,  
Full of his game, and sweater swathed,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the critic's mouth. And then the Schoolmarm,  
In fair round belly, with good Lastex bound,  
With horn-rimmed specs, and hair of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern clichés;  
And so she plays her part. The sixth stage shifts  
Into the lean and sandalled Bohemian,  
With flowing locks and hands on hips,  
His trouser'd legs of corduroy a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and so his Gielgud voice,  
Turning again to drawl or passion, drags or  
Barbles in its sound. Last type of all,  
That ends these strange impressions  
Is second to none, and sheer perfection.  
What teeth, what eyes, what taste

WHAT EVERYTHING!

Y. L.

we poor little group of "Beaver" Typists reign supreme. Suddenly above all the din, one of our harassed editors asks of the other, "Can I have lunch now?" (incidentally it is 4 p.m.) and Editor No. 2 replies "Shut up, you miserable product" At which Editor No. 1 retires to a corner to sob his heart out feebly muttering, "But I'm hungry."

Working in such an atmosphere of half-crazed dementia, I wonder if I am sane—don't judge me on this, I am in the midst of the "atmosphere!" and here on this last lamentable note I end with the advice to Freshers to read it and draw their own conclusions.

And if anyone asks you to type for "Beaver," you know what to say . . .

## BY OLD HANDS

So you've come up to L.S.E. have you. Well Well! Welcome to the Hell hole. Welcome to the place which will turn you red, if blue, and blue if red. Welcome to the place which is a seething mass of inhumanity. Welcome to our refectory queue, at the end of which, should you survive the wait, you hope to get food. Welcome to our lecturers, some of whom may be heard, and some understood. And welcome also to our Students' Union, core of well-meaning, if mistaken individuals, of which you will, it is hoped, also become an energetic member.

Now to my pleasant task, after these introductory remarks, which, I hope, will have stimulated the appetite, of giving you the real "low down," and how low down you will discover below, on that charming, salubrious, captivating and edifying area around Houghton Street.

### From the Mass

The first thing you will notice is that there are rather a lot of people about. And what's more you will be right, there are a lot of people about: about three thousand of them. These, let me introduce you to them briefly, will be your "camarades de l'ecole." You will push past them every morning at ten o'clock in order to get to your lecture, repeat the process at eleven and twelve, line up with them for your lunch at one, and begin all over again at two. In this process you will notice that there are two buildings comprising the college, one on each side of Houghton Street. Ah! you may think seniors on one side and freshmen on the other. Not so my friend. You will go to a lecture at ten, in the old building, let us say, at eleven you will make your way to the new building, but in the process you will fight your way through the thousand odd souls proceeding from the new building to the old, and fight your way back again at eleven, and so on.

### To the Library

Next you will notice that there is a library, a big library, in which you will find many books. You will be expected to read some of them. That is 1, if you can find a seat; 2, if the book you want is not missing; 3, if you know what book you want to read; 4, if you know where to look for it; 5, if you can stand silence after a long period of deafening buzz; 6, or if you cannot stand silence if you can stand the noise. For those

who like music while they read the St. Clement's Press opposite will serenade you at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. daily, for those who like light evening music the local cadet corps provides strains of a rousing character every Tuesday and Thursday from 7 p.m. till 9 p.m. For decoration you will find quite a lot of old bones and bods about: treat mine gently won't you. Do not fear that you will not be asked to read some of the books, you will. Do not fear either that the books you will see on the open shelves are all that the place has to offer. There are twice as many down in the basement. And, I am told, the number of decorative bods down there are twice as many as above. As to advice to the aspirant on reading there seems to be two golden rules either—I, read all the books you have been told to read, or 2, read none at all.

### To Techniques

If after this you are a glutton for punishment, you may find some books you "must read" in the Shaw Library. This sequestered spot, is, let me warn the bachelor who wishes to stay single, and the innocent maiden who wants to remain pure and undefiled, the mating quarters of L.S.E. During your course at L.S.E. you will be asked to buy papers and magazines, including "Beaver." Should you care to be informed on the sales technique used here, may I refer you to the last number of C.M.R.; I expect there will be some around somewhere. There in the centre page you will find in all horrifying detail our artists' impressions of this process of wheedling and coercing the unsuspecting into buying things they do not want.

### Of Women

Then of course you will be asked to join something. My advice is *don't*. I can proudly state that three years have passed without my having to join any of the five political fronts of L.S.E., or any of its religious orders. The golden rule again seems to be to join all or none. The technique of doing this is to say that you are interested but have a sick mother, or something. Though the trouble is that these babies on the job of recruiting can be the rare awfully cute ones. But then, I can have a heart of stone, sometimes. Which brings me to an important topic, my friend, if male, may I warn you that L.S.E. women are poison, yes poison, and nothing less.

The selection committee rarely makes a mistake in taking in the gushing, aspiring, scheming, cun-

ning little creatures. Yet for all this their standards are abysmally low. Lipstick must be chosen of the most disharmonising shade, that's just to show off the fire in the personality. Stocking seams must never be straight if, that is, a skirt is worn. More often, as you will learn in the school ditty "Rerum Cognoscere Causas, The place where women wear trousers."

The colour of these articles of vesture is generally an off-mauve or pebble: with perhaps an occasional pair of stone-coloured cords to go with a blouse or jumper, which, while it has certain delineating qualities, must not "go" with the lower half. This is to divide your attention; while the prey is being fastened down.

### And Men

Women! have nothing to do with L.S.E. men they are shockers too. Like yourselves kempt hair is rarely met with. Suits are to have no sartorial grace, more usually the baggier the bags the better, and the older the jacket and the more frayed the better. This is to show that he needs a woman's care. Usually there is a wounded stag look in the eye, that's just to let you think you've got him.

### Then . . . . .

Finally after three years of this atmosphere you will hope to get a degree. You will hope to have read all the books, and all the books about the books, and the books about the books about the books. But, you will have been so busy dodging either the male or female wolves, avoiding those who will use every means in their power to extract £ s. d. from you, avoiding the societies, avoiding the lectures, avoiding union jobs, avoiding union officers, avoiding going to dances, avoiding every damn thing, you will wish you had never set eyes on the place. So I wish you a happy time at L.S.E. He! He! He! He! Heehee!

LEONGINNI.

### Memorandum

Refectory.  
Wednesday.

Dear Professor L.,  
Thank you for your note. I'm sorry I didn't turn up last Friday. You are quite right to be so cross. I know I should have been if I had waited three-quarters of an hour for you. (You've no idea how mad we all get when you're late for a lecture.) No, I haven't been to many lectures lately. I'm sorry that

(cont'd in next two columns)

## ALICE IN BEAVERLAND

Alice was not at all sure how she had got there but now that she was there she thought she might as well look round. She found lots of books on the ground floor, but, "What is the use of books without pictures?" thought Alice, so she started to climb the stairs. Up and up she climbed and it seemed the stairs would never end. Suddenly, when she was getting quite out of breath, she found herself in a long, dark hall. And there, right in front of her, was the Red Queen, seated behind a table on which were all manner of pretty coloured books and papers.

### THE ALMOST-RESPECTABLE RED

The Queen looked very pleased with herself.

"Are you going to join our Society?" she said.

"Why?" asked Alice.

"Well," said the Queen, "you'll have to join a Society you know, and ours is the biggest."

"What do you do?" asked Alice.

"Oh, we don't actually do anything," replied the Queen, "but we talk a lot and it's very interesting."

"What do you talk about?" said Alice.

"All sorts of things," said the Queen, "and we have classes in Diction and Contradiction."

"How very nice," said Alice, who felt that she ought to be polite, "but, I'm really very busy. I'll come and see you again later."

### HATTER'S SANDCASTLE

A little further on she came to another table and this too was covered with coloured books. There did not seem to be so many of them but she thought they were just as pretty. And behind the table was the Mad Hatter. "You'll join our Society, won't you?" he cried to Alice.

"I don't know," said Alice. "It depends upon what you do."

"We are against them," whispered the Hatter, and he nodded towards the Red Queen.

"But they don't do anything," said Alice.

"I know they don't. But we don't like the way they do it," snapped the Hatter.

Alice remained silent. The Hatter went on:

"Some of them are all right, though. Do you know the Bevs? There's In and An. In's all right; he is really One of Us. But An. . . ."

And here the Hatter went quite red in the face and Alice thought he might choke. She felt so sorry for him, she asked:

"And do you hold any classes?"  
"Oh, yes! We have classes in Inflation and Devaluation."

"I see," said Alice, who didn't really. "Well, I might come and join one day. Good-bye."

And she walked away.

### THE RABBIT

At the next table was the White Rabbit looking very spruce and with his white kid gloves on the table beside him.

"Good morning," said Alice, "do you want me to join your Society?"  
"Oh, yes!" said the Rabbit, "we want everybody to join our Society and then you will all be able to do as you please."

"But I can do as I please now," said Alice, and at that the Rabbit's ears flopped down and he looked so downcast that Alice thought she had better ask him if he held any classes.  
"Indeed, yes!" he replied, brightening up at once. "We have classes in Moderation and Abstention."

"That sounds very interesting," said Alice, "but I have lots to do, and I must go now. I'll come and see you again later."

### BEAVERDEE, BEAVERDUM

There they were, standing behind the next, and last, table each with an arm round the other's neck. Alice knew which was which in a moment, because one of them had "DUM" embroidered on his collar and the other "DEE."

"I know what you're thinking," said Tweedledee.

"I was wondering if you wanted me to join your society," said Alice.

"Which one?" said Tweedledum.

"We have one each you know."

"Contrariwise," said Tweedledee.

"May I join both?" asked Alice, and at that they looked at each other with such peculiar expressions that Alice couldn't help laughing.

"Nohow," said Tweedledum.

"Oh, very well, then," said Alice, who was by now a little tired and wanted to go home.

"We hold classes, you know," said Tweedledum, "in Dictation and Diametrical Imperialism."

"Contrariwise," said Tweedledee.

"Good-bye!" said Alice, "I must go now. I'll come and see you tomorrow."

She read a notice on the table as she walked away:

"I'll be Judge, I'll be Jury," said cunning old Fury: 'I'll try the whole cause and condemn you to death'."

P. B.

(cont'd from previous column)

Director's so cross. You see, I'm in a bit of a mess. The trouble is my meal-times overlap. I don't get back from lunch till four o'clock and tea starts at half-past three. And sometimes they start supper before I've finished tea. If this gets worse I shall starve to death (only joking).

But seriously though, this is a very serious thing. I'm sorry I haven't done that essay. I've had to write

this in the Refec. to save time. I've nearly missed my tea because I didn't notice lunch had finished. Please show this to the Director as I haven't time to write to him just now and then this will do for the both of you.

Lots of love,

GEOFFREY PINK.

PS.—I haven't taken my books back to the Library and they are marked with me too. I seem to be in hot water all round, don't I?

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one thing and another

and

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# THE COMMON MAN

*N.B.—The resemblance herein to any persons living or dead (the difference is probably minute) is more than coincidental. If, however, anyone should feel that the Common Man has any resemblance to him, the author can only respectfully suggest that that person's physical and spiritual home should be Colney Hatch and not L.S.E.*

The Common Man, as usual, was bored. He had come for a daily excursion to Kingswych in the town of his native country of Insania. As with most Common Men, the architectural glories had meant little or nothing to him except boredom, and he had wandered off to find some shady corner in which to read his favourite picture newspaper, "The Daily Moron," in which he might find all those items of the more irrelevant news upon which his super-intelligence thrived.

Now he had finished its scandalous delights and was wandering down Clear Market, shuffling his feet, with his absurd little bowler hat on the back of his head, waiting for a State-supervised tavern to open at the ridiculous hour of 3 o'clock, when he might be allowed to assuage his thirst on one glass of State-controlled Utility Water-Flavoured Beer.

## A.P.A.

As he wandered apathetically along, he saw suddenly beside him an inviting side-lane. He stepped into the middle of it to get a better view, when he found himself suddenly deposited flat on his back as a fiend, wearing a polychromatic monstrosity in the shape of a scarf of black, pink, and orange, rushed past him on a bicycle.

The Common Man got up, collected his newspaper, his bowler hat, and whatever wits he had. Determined to see whence his would-be assassin had come.

At the end of the lane he came to a gateway, beside which was a large plate reading, "Academy of Political Analysis." This, needless to say, was completely meaningless to the Common Man, but fortified by the thought of his glass of State-controlled Utility Beer-Flavoured Water, he peered in.

The first thought which reached the box of concrete-embedded sawdust the C.M. was pleased to call his brain, was the number of scarves like, or even more startling than, that of his

recent assailant, which were worn by the number of youths and girls milling around in the courtyard.

The Common Man was dazzled for a moment, but as his sight slowly returned to normal he saw, in the far corner of the crowd, one lone individual who was neither talking, gesticulating, or wearing a multi-coloured scarf. C.M., nervously gripping his best Utility bowler, approached him.

"Ullo," said the Common Man nervously.

The lone individual merely looked at him distastefully.

"Nice day," ventured C.M., little abashed.

The lone individual merely looked bored, and still said nothing.

"What's this place," asked Our Moron.

"A.P.A.," the lone individual answered wearily at length.

"Wass'at," asked C.M. wonderingly.

"Academy of Political Analysis," answered the lone individual with ironic politeness.

"You a student here?"

"Yes," replied the student.

"Wotcher do?"

"God knows," answered the student profoundly, and, unable to bear the C.M. longer, walked away.

By now, however, C.M.'s curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and, as he put his foot on the top step, he wondered what lay ahead.

He was soon to find out.

(To be Continued)

## REVIEWS

### PURSUIT (CACCIA TRAGICA)

Directed by Giuseppe de Santis.  
Photography by Otello Martelli.

We have yet to see the prizewinning "Ladri di Bicicletta," but recent examples of the Italian film have revealed a marked falling off. Much of the fresh and exciting outlook first revealed in Rossellini's "Open City" is still there, but all too visibly incorporated into a formula in the best Hollywood tradition. The main stress here is on the approach—realism, savagery, pessimism as a conscious technique—with few of those qualities of sympathy and human understanding which made *To Live in Peace*, for example a great film.

This does not mean that *Pursuit*, a tale of post-war banditry in the Romagna district, is a bad, or even an indifferent film. It has nothing to fear from the current Anglo-American crop: the background is as realistic and as exciting as ever, and there are excellent performances from Andrea Checchi and Vivi Gioi, as the leaders of the gang. But the film lacks shape: it is everything in turn and nothing long. Comedy, tragedy, melodrama, social comment, follow each other so closely that one feels this is one pursuit that doesn't really know where it's going. *Paisa*, *Open City* and *To Live in Peace* did. Therein, I think, lies the difference.

In the same programme, the Academy is showing William Wellman's brilliant satire on American Publicity, *Nothing Sacred*. There are dozens of reasons for seeing this film, but the most powerful of them all is the late Carole Lombard at her loveliest and most delightful.

J. H. S.

### MIGHTY JOE YOUNG

Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack.

Technical Creator: Willis O'Brien.

An A.R.K.O. Production released by R.K.O. Radio Pictures.

For one hour and forty minutes, crisis cuts and the devaluation of the pound were clean forgotten. I lapsed back into the fantastic cinema of my childhood and sat enthralled by the screen antics of a huge gorilla, which would have made a deep impression on Lord George Sanger himself.

This terrific creature, similar to the famous King Kong of a decade and a half ago, fights innumerable lions; beats ten of the world's strongest men in a tug-of-war; rescues children from a blazing building, but has a similar weakness to frail humans when he becomes inebriated on three bottles of Scotch. The hero of this most fantastic "epic" of recent years directed by the original director of *King Kong* is nothing but a technical creation of Hollywood's backroom boys—the special effects men, headed by Mr. Willis O'Brien.

This is not a film for the incredulous and the intellectually serious, but for those with the love of the circus, spectacle and fantasy, and for those ready to laugh at their own expense. On this point your critic finds himself for the first time in complete agreement with Mr. Milton Schulman.

S. M. SAMUELS.

Mumford, with Val Sherman's proletarian cap perched like a pimple on top of his head, managed to get us joining in music-hall songs and applauding instead, and was rewarded with a bottle—of perfume.

### A Progressive American

This being an S.L.F. camp, we had to do something to show how politically conscious we were, so we had some meetings. Ron Smith, the Secretary of S.L.F. in New Zealand, told us about the political set-up over there. D. N. Pritt gave us the gen on the international situation, and Anne Norton, of the Young Progressives of America, described what was going on over there. She hadn't been in the place five minutes, by the way, when a Swede who had disclaimed all knowledge of English before, came up and announced gravely: "You are very beautiful Americans girls!"

### Oh Yes!

Oh yes—despite the awful aches and the strawberry walk, the mid-day heat and the midnight bawdy bellowing outside our tents, and that argumentative omnilingual homeless cosmopolitan, Sherman—we enjoyed ourselves.

THE BEAST.

### HEARTFELT CRY FROM A FAIR MAIDEN!

The things I most despise  
About masculinity  
Are its piggish eyes  
And its sheepish lies  
And its asininity.

Can it be that a jilting has taken place? Anyway, a reply is urgently called for. Who will take up the challenge?

Prize to be announced next week. If necessary.

### THE CROOKED WAY

At the London Pavilion. Directed by Robert Florey.

When a man suffers from amnesia is his remembrance of routine trivia unaffected? Can he, for instance, fasten a shoe-lace with assurance, call a taxi-cab intelligibly and read newspapers with any degree of understanding? If he can't, Mr. John Payne can. At the beginning of *The Crooked Way*, a man, dressed up as a psychiatrist, fires a meaningless, breathless torrent of interrogation at a silhouette, which later becomes incarnate as Mr. Payne (see above). Without pausing to permit reply he announces, "There are two kinds of amnesia; psychological and organic." And then heavily: "Yours is organic." Now that, obviously, is BAD. But Mr. Payne, with shrapnel embedded in his cerebrum, and anxious curiosity in his soul about his past, journeys from Los An. to San Fran. He has good reason to be anxious when he discovers

(a) that he was a gangster;

(b) Miss Ellen Drew (rejuvenated but jaded), who was his wife;

(c) Mr. Sonny Tufts, sporting a succession of variegated ties and a perpetuated scowl, relieved only occasionally by the wispiest of grim grins.

Mr. Tufts and acolytes thrash Mr. Payne almost continuously to the great discomfort of the audience; though Mr. Payne sticks his neck out again and again when he might have explained to the police in the first place, and saved the whole trouble of making the film.

The dialogue is terse. Witness:—  
Tufts to Cop: "You got all the answers figured out, aincha?"

Miss Drew (in bed with a bullet wound) to Payne: "You're good, Eddie. You're GOOD."

By the end of the film all the main characters had been shot. Miss Drew after an amazingly rapid recovery was slobbering over Mr. Payne and Mr. Tufts was draped along the ground rather more happily and decoratively.

SMARTIE.

## EPHEMERA

### From the "Daily Mail"

ANN TEMPLE — — —  
HUMAN CASEBOOK

"My son is taking a degree in Social Science. His politics have been extremely pink. When I see him poring over these Marxist theories I lose all patience.

"I'm wise enough to keep quiet, but I sense our relationship isn't as happy as it used to be. It seems we now discuss only creature comforts—food, digs, laundry, etc.

"How can I shut off my loathing for his politics, leaving my love for him and his career free and happy? —MOTHER."

### From "Solutions to Problems"

"Let identical A's and B's enter the market. If there is no collusion among the parties, the new B can reach the higher indifference curve Vb by freezing the old B out of the market."

PROF. STIGLER,  
"Solutions to Problems."

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### COMMUNIST POLICY FOR THE ELECTION

For some time now, the coming General Election has been very much in the air. Political parties, and Lord Beaverbrook, have put forward their various policies. As a result the people of this country are faced with certain decisions.

In the first place, on examining programmes of the Labour and Conservative Parties, a very peculiar thing is noticeable. In spite of all the wordy warfare that has rocked the House of Commons over this last year, in spite of the insinuations and counter-insinuations, there is, as "The Times" pointed out, hardly any discernible difference between the two programmes. "The Times" goes on to say that such a broad measure of agreement is a necessary basis for the "two-party democracy."

But the measure of agreement is not based on preserving democracy, but on preserving the capitalist

system. This is phrased differently; "The Times" are quite open about it. On the other hand, in "Labour Believes in Britain" it says that, on certain vague conditions, "Labour wants to continue and extend the fruitful partnership between private and public industry and the State, begun during the last few years." The partnership has certainly been fruitful so far—not only to the speculators in Throgmorton Street, but also to the capitalist class as a whole; for who can deny that devaluation is an underhand way of cutting wages? We certainly seem to be faced with Toryism whichever way we turn.

### The Alternative

But there is an alternative. That is outlined in the Communist Party policy statement—"The Socialist Road for Britain." That alternative is based on the belief in fighting Toryism wherever it appears, inside as well as outside the labour movement.

## INTERNATIONAL STUDENT WEEK

Nov. 10th Principal Activities Nov. 17th

### Tuesday, Nov. 15th

4.00 p.m.: Meeting held by Labour Society, to be addressed by a speaker from the I.U.S.T.

4.00 p.m.: International Student Week meeting held by the Communist Society.

7.00 p.m.: Place Pigalle: a revue of the highest calibre, sponsored by the Entertainments Committee.

### Thursday, Nov. 17th

Service at Southwark Cathedral.

10.45 a.m.: Recital of Folk Songs and Dances at N.U.S.

2.00 p.m.: Grand Procession.  
20 delegates from the L.S.E., dressed, if possible, in national costume, will form part of the official N.U.S. procession. Spectators accompanying our detachment are asked to wear College Scarves, Blazers and Ties. All being well, BEAVER will be carried in triumph.  
The procession will end at Hyde Park, and speakers will address the concourse.

4.45 p.m.: A further Recital of Folk Songs and Dances.

8.00 p.m. I.S.W. Ball at the Lyceum. Tickets available at reduced prices for students and there are concessionary rates for parties of 10. Buses afterwards to all parts of London.

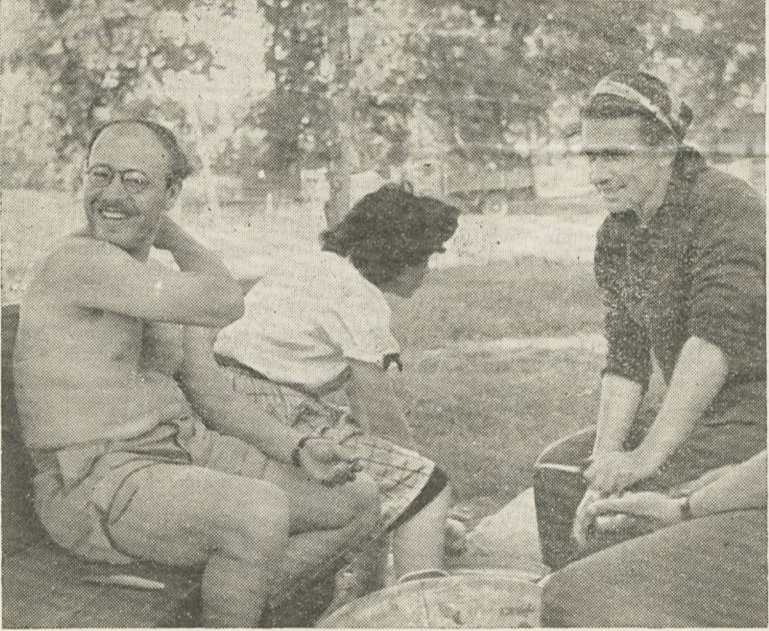
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### Throughout the Week

Exhibition of Student Art by the N.U.S.  
Collections for World Student Relief.

\* \* \*

The L.S.E. Music Society will arrange a concert in connection with International Student Week.



"ARGUMENTATIVE, OMNILINGUAL, HOMELESS COSMOPOLITAN"  
(OUR FAVOURITE VIEW OF OUR FAVOURITE POLITICIAN)

## S.L.F. AT WORK AND PLAY

L.S.E. was very well represented at the farm camp which the Student Labour Federation ran for N.U.S. at Newlands Farm this year, probably because the news had reached Houghton Street that there was plenty of money to be earned there picking strawberries. Anyhow, some L.S.E. people certainly managed to net a packet, despite what we felt to be rather high accommodation charges. These, fixed in advance by N.U.S., included five shillings for what they described, when pressed, as "water, drainage, electricity . . . and—oh, other things." (In our case water and drainage were supplied by the employers, and there was no electric current for miles.)

Apart from picking (and carrying the can back—yes! ask Renée Nathan and John Dowding!) L.S.E. students were good at a number of other things, such as cooking the dinner (well, the cooks thought so), singing songs of all shades of blue, leading a lightning strike whose success lasted for one afternoon, teaching beautiful Swedish girls English, and so on.

### "Vive la France"

Besides L.S.E., Bristol was about the most strongly represented, as the organising staff were from Bristol and had told their friends. The foreigners included French, Swedes, Finns, Austrians, an Irishman, and a Scottish lass. But for the first week there were only British students there, and nearly all men at that so that when one lunch-time one of the firm's partners arrived leading three very lively French girls, there was a wild stampede of welcome—which didn't daunt Mado, Janine, and La Divine in the least.

### Scorched and Lacy

Swimming in the Middle Level was very popular for people who found they hadn't the strength to pick any

more strawberries. You crept past two strawberry fields (so your harder-working pals didn't spot you), turned left by the spuds, and thrust your way along beside the peas, and there you were. Or if you were brazen you went by bike. It was rumoured that some people went swimming in the nude; certainly there was a lot of near-nude sunbathing, and some scorched limbs and lacy backs to show for it.

### Howling Success

In the evenings, of course, there was always the "Bridge." And for those who couldn't be bothered to walk three-quarters of a mile for their beer, there was a barrel or two provided at the camp every Friday, and an entertainment to help it down. One of these fell on the Quatorze Juillet, and the French contingent turned the main building into a Montmartre café, complete with cabaret (well, more or less). One item was "Radio Crochet," in which the audience was told to howl down, if it didn't like them, the unfortunate people who volunteered to entertain it. We enjoyed doing that much more than listening to the entertainers, of course. —However, Ian (the Voice)