

# Sennet

No. 279

University of London Union

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## OCCUPATIONS EVERYWHERE!!

### Woolwich:

For the past week, an on-again, off-again, sit-in of Woolwich Polytechnic students has been raging at International House, a short distance from the School. The main overt issue of the occupation seems to be whether or not students should have the right to study in the House lounges after 11 p.m. According to a spokesman for the occupation committee, "We are tired of being treated like children; we have repeatedly asked the warden about this, and have been given the cold shoulder."

So several days last week the students simply occupied the lounge and dining room areas over night. Despite some monkey business by the warden, Mr. James Ross, who had the lights switched on and off (to keep students awake) there was no real trouble. However, after the first night's festivities, the warden lost his temper and, in the best British tradition, told the foreign students involved "to go back where you came from." He also tried unsuccessfully to close down the House dining room and common rooms.

The Woolwich students at International House, as well as the WP Union, have repeatedly made demands that students be included on the hall's commit-

tee of management. The latter committee, heavily dominated by local clergymen and financed by the British Council, has rebuffed them each time, and seems quite content to leave day to day decisions in the hands of the warden.

According to Woolwich Union president Allan Britton, "Ross runs the place like a dictator. Even to get a place in the House, we have to sign a form giving the warden the right to throw us out any time he feels like it. What student representatives we have are mostly appointees of the warden's, and on the few occasions when they actually criticised his policies, they were actually threatened with expulsion. Amazingly enough, although the rent is an exorbitant £4 15s., this includes neither heat nor light—there are electric coin meters for the lights in the rooms."

At various times in the last week, Mr. Riaz Chema, one of the sit-in leaders has been expelled from the House. However, he has also been told he could stay "if he agrees to obey all the rules". Not regarding these rules as particularly sacred, he has so far refused. At the moment, an action committee has been formed to continue further negotiations, and the situation remains very tense.

### Quebec:

More than thirty universities, schools, colleges and technical schools in Quebec, Canada, have been occupied for periods up

to three weeks in the last month. For full details, see story on page 13.



for Carnaby Market News, see page 5

### Gray's Inn:

Last week Maceagh Hall, Grays' Inn, part of the Inn's of Court Law School, was the scene of a 36-hour occupation staged by anywhere from 40 to 400 students to enforce their demands for reform in the School's archaic system of legal education.

The sign outside the lecture hall, usually reading 'Class in Progress', had been changed to read 'Sit-in in Progress', and someone explained that, 'Maceagh is the ideal place to have an occupation—it signifies all that is wrong with this place. Most evenings, about 500 of us are packed in here like sardines, trying to copy down some useless lecture; those at the back can't even hear.' But the deeper problems were symbolised by the many colourful signs on the walls. One read, 'Bureaucracy OUT, Student Participation IN'. Another said simply, 'Adams must go'.

It turned out that the Director of Studies was a man named Adams, who apparently had made insulting remarks to several of the foreign students, and whom everyone wanted to send back to South Africa. But why stage a sit-in?

Patrick Lefevre, Treasurer of the Inner Temple Student Association, and one of the moderates, explained it this way: "We are somewhat like the Sorbonne here—we let almost anyone who wants to in the place; our lectures are flooded; we have hardly any teachers; and exam preparation is totally inadequate. In fact, the exams have an 80 per failure rate!"

David Volkov, a leader of the sit-in, added that, "Only recently has the School had any full-time teachers: seven of them. Supposedly they are teaching between three and four thousand students. What a mess". Lefevre described the

Inns' entrance standards as "an organised shipwreck policy to see who can swim; most of us end up drowning."

Students bitterly resent being forced to pay a £250 entrance fee, in addition to their tuition fees, and also being forced to attend up to twelve compulsory dinners with the judicial mafia at £5 a crack. For some years now, they have been wondering where all the money was going, and trying unsuccessfully to get a look at the books.

They have their suspicions. One pointed out, "the Inns of Court corporation are just about the biggest property owners in London, bar the Church. Property in central London is very expensive, yet favoured barristers seem to be getting offices quite cheap. Are the students being exploited to keep the legal big-wigs in luxury? If they want to disprove this, they can let us see the books any time. Why don't they?"

The law students were also wondering out loud why they had never been permitted to form a central students' union. At the moment, the only representation most of them have is a 'Link Committee' between them and their administration, the Counsel of Legal Education. It turned out, however, that only three out of the eight members of this committee were actually elected by the students, but at least three more had been directly appointed by the same administration they were supposed to be fighting.

But, what were the results of the sit-in? According to Dave Volkov, "In spite of our 'day of glory' with Fleet Street glamour in attendance, we made our point. After all this publicity they will have to do something. But another long delay, and we'll be back."

### Prague:

Czech students are in the process of mass sit-ins against the Russian occupation of their country at several universities, including Prague and Charles. Although there have been some serious squirmishes with police in the streets, students were being urged to keep inside university buildings to avoid unnecessary trouble. Some Soviet Army trucks were spotted in the vicinity of Prague University, but as we went to press, there was as yet no definite decision by the Soviet military authorities on whether to enter

the school grounds. Declarations of full support and solidarity have reached the Czech students from the German Socialist Students (SDS) and from various of the French Socialist Action Committees. A spokesman from the British Revolutionary Socialist Students Federation (RSSF) expressed their full approval and sympathy for the Czech sit-ins, and also noted that, should the situation worsen, RSSF would certainly take further action in their support.



See page 7 for full details of the  
Korean War 1968

### South Africa:

As a direct result of the occupations of last month at Cape Town and Fort Hare, "the largest and most intensive witch-hunt" ever conducted against South African students is now in full swing, according to Mr. Duncan Innes, President of the National Union of South African Students (NUSAS). In the past two months, more than sixty students have passed through the hands of the national police or the army, he said. And this does not include the twenty-one Africans expelled from Fort Hare for protesting against the installation of a new white rector. Seven more Fort Hare students are being held in custody awaiting trial on charges arising out of a protest against the expulsion of the other twenty-one. Passports have been refused or denied to two white students in Cape Town. One of them led the sit-in in August at the

University of Cape Town, when he and his cohorts demonstrated against the government's refusal to allow the appointment of an African lecturer. The other student, Mr. Innes himself, participated in the sit-in. Two white students have lost their citizenship, and one of them is a former NUSAS president. Two more have been told to leave the country, or suffer the consequences.

Besides the thirty-four students already mentioned, at least twenty-six more were 'approached' by S.A. authorities, with varying degrees of gentleness. Five were interrogated or warned by the security police; eleven were actually asked to act as campus spies. Ten more who took part in the Cape Town sit-ins have been asked to take their passports to the Department of the Interior and answer questions. A pleasant situation!

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EDITORIAL:

BULLETIN: About one third of the staff of LSE have signed a letter to Lord Robbins, Chairman of the School's Court of Governors, deploring the recent governors' threat of disciplinary action against staff who give encouragement to actions prejudicial to the integrity of LSE, and further implying that action by the governors would represent a serious violation of academic freedom.

the Myth of Academic Freedom

According to dreamy fairy-tales handed down from time immemorial university staff are selected solely on their scholarly ability, and are fired only when they fail to meet the exacting academic standards of their profession. Furthermore, as we all know, most schools like to keep around a few token 'eccentrics' to point out as examples of their tolerance. When ever minor troubles arise, the ringing cries of 'I may not agree with what he says, but I will defend to the death...' are almost deafening, and totally misleading.

For when serious trouble develops, as at Hornsey, Guildford and (two years ago) at LSE, staff members supporting student activists found themselves conveniently sidetracked out of jobs and promotions.

Of course the sack is never given jobs and promotions. For their political views—that would be too honest. It is always because the Lefty in question 'didn't do enough research', or 'his research wasn't interesting', or 'he got too involved with his students'...

And yet the myth of academic freedom persists. People rationalise political sackings as temporary aberrations. They even go so far as to say that, student participation in the hiring and firing of staff would be an intolerable infringement on academic freedom. Whose freedom?

When we look around at the various departments at our schools, we immediately see chairs in industrial relations, corporate management, Keynesian economics, and so on. The relation between these 'disciplines' and the status quo ideology is obvious. No doubt comparable chairs exist at Russian universities. Most American universities have professors of military science. Undoubtedly, many liberal academics are made uncomfortable by these overt invasions of the military-industrial sphere into their schools.

But this does not stop them from taking grants from corporations, military research councils, and other government agencies. Why should it? Principles are fine, but a shilling is a shilling is a shilling...

Three years ago the Columbia University Physics Department held an emergency meeting to decide its attitude toward anti-war petitions. Although, almost to a man, the department strongly opposed Johnson's Vietnam policy, they decided that no member of their staff should put his name to an anti-war petition. Why? They were 92 per cent financed by the U.S. government, almost all of it through the Defence Department. So silence became wisdom.

Does the same sort of thing go on here? Well, let's suppose you are the head of a department, and you know that, directly or indirectly, most of your finances depend on the goodwill of government agencies and corporate managers (some of whom are sitting on your own board of governors). 'All things being equal,' will you hire a leftist lecturer over a liberal? The hell you will. He might ruin your departmental image—it's only 'good business' to be prudent.

The fact is that the whole weight of custom, image, and finances act to screen out leftists before they ever become professors. The one or two professorial celebrities sacked for political reasons attract great publicity. But the hoards of graduate students and junior staff who get sidetracked on the way up are almost totally forgotten.

There is, thus, a marked financial inducement for university staff and administrators to make themselves agreeable to the financial interests who control their salaries. There are numerous grants for developing counterintelligence techniques against peasant guerrillas or student protesters, but none for perfecting them against government bureaucrats. The end result of this is that the various social sciences tend to reflect more and more the lowest common denominator of the financial interests of capitalist society. And the physical sciences tend to reflect more and more the military-industrial needs of the permanent warfare economy.

Increasingly, disciplines like psychology, sociology, and economics, become, not sciences, but a kind of social engineering concerned, not with investigating the central social problems of our time (the Vietnam poverty, Fascism...), but with apologising for the system responsible for these problems. Science then becomes apologetics for the new orthodoxy of money. And the only changes even considered by the new generation of social engineers are those which only peripherally annoy the vested interests of the status quo. These then are the men lecturing in our schools—the people we are asked to accept under the beguiling name of 'academic freedom'.

On top of all this, the British universities are world famous for their parochialism. To get a job in the LSE philosophy department, you have to be a disciple of Popper. At Cambridge, you have to scorn Popper, and embrace Carnap. It's all a pleasant game: on top of the vested government-business interests coughing up the money, you have the professorial interests within each department. All of them, we suppose, are selecting staff only on the basis of scholarly ability.

Students, on the other hand, lack the scholarly expertise necessary to choose staff. Apparently, they don't know an incompetent lecturer when they see one—and nobody cares about teaching anyway. Moreover, unlike professors, students have not been screened and brainwashed for so many years that they can't tell real social problems from academic claptrap. If given the decisive voice in staff selection, they might actually force their lecturers into coherent teaching about the fundamental problems from which the financiers and their academic apologists are protecting us.

Nice work if you can get it—but why call it academic freedom?

King's flop

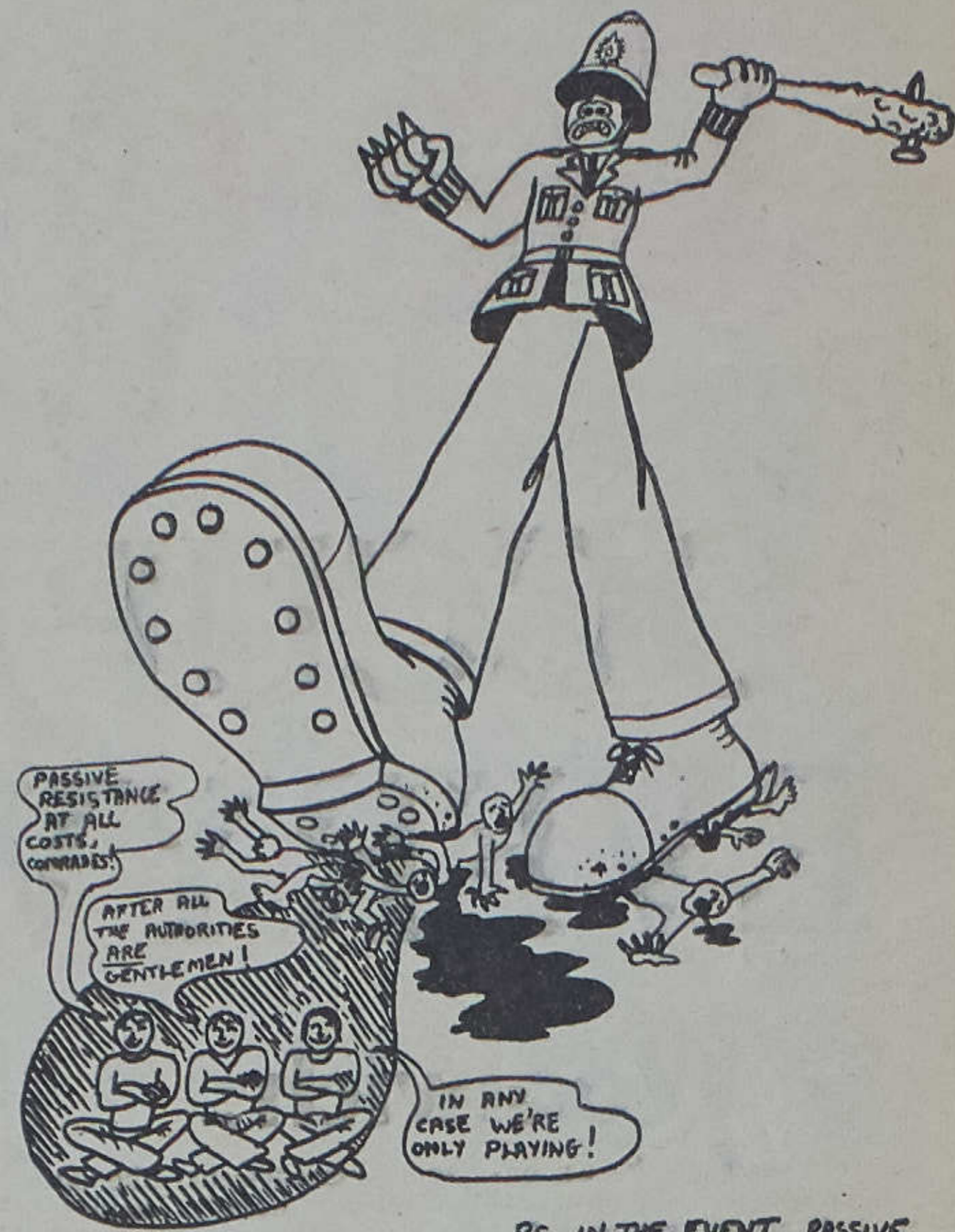
The King's teach-in on Student Participation began for me with the raspy voice of Mr. Goronwy Roberts, M.P., telling us that there is only one real reason why students are interested in acquiring power in the universities: it enables them to control the content of their courses and thus make sure that they can all pass their exams. In the face of such blinding superficiality, it is hardly surprising that later speakers, including Tom Fawthrop from Hull and David Triesman from Essex University, found NUS president Geoff Martin's remarks on the moderate approach to student power somewhat irrelevant.

Society sees the graduate essentially as a qualified technician, paid to produce new toys for his employer and his Government, without regard to the possible social consequences of his actions. In this view the University is merely a production line for such people. Fawthrop bitterly attacked this idea, and spoke out against the conditioning of students throughout their school and university careers to accept this view of themselves. Students must be able to control in a positive way the nature of their education: consultation is not enough.

The ultimate sterility of the moderate approach was vividly described by Nick Wright, one of the students recently not readmitted to Hornsey Art College. His account of the dismissal of a set of reasoned proposals from the students, on reform of college organisation, by the Board of Governors, and the subsequent arrogant misuse of their power demonstrated the difficulties which lie ahead for students pressing for democratisation of universities and colleges.

The session ended with sleepy descriptions of the power structure of London University and King's College, by Roger Bingham (ULU) and David Vanstone (King's Union president). The importance of pressing for real participation at the departmental and faculty level and working up the power structure rather than vice versa was emphasised at boring length by them. Owing to the massive non-attendance by the bulk of the students these two contributions and that of Peter Geldard on Student Discipline were somewhat wasted.

Christofer Clegg (KCL)



the college carnival

Students are having a right old raving participation time. After all the brouhaha of October 27th, the English taxpayer would be so relieved if he could hear the remarks of representatives of some of the London colleges. Ask a college Union what they thought about the L.S.E. occupation and you'll hear: "Don't know"; "Some of us were for it"; "It's all very well for the L.S.E. It's a political place anyway." We spoke to eight colleges about the L.S.E. occupation. Seven union presidents thought they were against it but couldn't really say, as no resolution had been passed. The president-elect of Sir John Cass thought the whole thing "rather irrelevant." Most college unions complain of the general apathy towards politics among students. The editor of Chelsea College of Technology magazine said he "couldn't say anything about the 27th, the college wasn't really interested and as a matter of fact, students were really apathetic about Vietnam, anyway."

When asked about staff-student representation on their governing bodies, all presidents became remarkably helpful. King's Principal is supposedly all for this staff-student thing and the College held a teach-in on November 13th. Imperial College are quite enthusiastic about their well-auguring relationship with the governing directors and their local council and rector, all of whom are having a get-together in a week's time. Sir John Cass, besides drawing up new articles in keeping with

their status as a new polytechnic, are also negotiating for representation on the governing body. At the moment they have no representation and are at a "delicate stage." Chelsea are quite happy about staff-student representation on the governing committee. They already have "a sort of representation" on the committee and as regards the academic side, their president has already met with the academic body. As a final word they say they are "reasonably happy about everything and have no need for such drastic measures as sit-ins."

Northern Polytechnic's President was most helpful in giving the present situation in the college. Two of their students have already attended a meeting of the academic board and some of the teachers are making headway. Negotiations are going quite calmly and one got the impression that violence was about the last thing in Northern minds. As it seemed somewhat superfluous at this stage to ask the opinion of the L.S.E. union, we thought it best to conclude by mentioning ex-President Colin Crouch's latest remark that it seems "quite possible" that universities are heading straight for violent right-wing reaction from both taxpayers and governing bodies. From what we gleaned from our sample of London Colleges, such sombre forebodings should seem quite unnecessary.

Eamon Helly

the LSE election game

This week and next LSE students go to the polls to elect a new Union President, his deputy and six vice-presidents responsible for the various departments. It will be remembered that the election follows the recent resignation of Colin Crouch and the 1967/68 Union Council. There are four candidates for the presidency, of whom one is an elusive first-year man of no known views, whilst another intends to resign immediately should he be elected.

After much mental anguish and struggle the Socialist Society has decided to run candidates for office, but only with the intention of abolishing the office of President and radically altering Union structure. The Soc. Soc. candidate is Martin Tomkinson.

The two old-guard hopes are undoubtedly Francis Keohane and Chukwuma Osuji, both of whom represent a more conservative line and both of whom have had previous connections with the Union bureaucracy. The outsider is Nick Boyce, who may yet attain that brand of singular fame which attaches to such men as Cornet Joyce or the Jenkins whose ear caused a war. Sennet was unable to contact him in time for publication. In his nomination paper he wrote that any opinion he gave would be obviously biased.

Francis Keohane was vice-president last year and is a former utility employment officer. He was Chairman of the Hull Trawler Disaster Fund. He is standing, he says, because of the type of situation at LSE. "The Union motion on direct action, and the director's assumption of powers to close the school unilaterally, are both stupid" and will lead to unnecessary and undesirable consequences. More closures "will endanger academic work at the school" and "obscure the relevant issues" facing LSE, namely, the abolition of the Court of Governors and the need to put power in the hands of staff and students. Unfortunately, this represents a radical change of mind for, during the mass meeting of moderates held to protest the Director's arbitrary closing of the School, Keohane stated again and again that he fully supported the Director's action. Student involvement brings "responsibility," he be-

lieves, and therefore students should be "involved," although he is not terribly clear on just how they should be involved.

Chukwuma Osuji was Welfare Vice-President until his recent resignation and he has served on the Union Structure Reform Committee. "I am standing," he says, "because it seems that the Union is passing through its most difficult crisis in recent years and I think the fault lies partly with the present structure and the way in which in the past the office of President has been dominated by cliques."

Chukwuma says that research has shown that executives based on direct election tend to raise individuals to dominant positions, especially where such posts involve policy making. There must be no posts where the incumbent can initiate policy; this right must reside in the general meeting. Similarly, committees of Union are responsible for its execution. This being so, general committees should have open membership.

In his nomination paper Martin Tomkinson simply described himself as a member of Soc. Soc. totally committed to the Socialist revolution. "Basically," he says, "Soc. Soc. intends to use the elections as a platform to put forward Socialist ideals and the idea that you can't change a university without changing society." There can be no Socialism without changing institutions. Within LSE, Soc. Soc. stands for control of Union by the majority of its members. If elected "we'll call a mass meeting in a couple of days where we'll suggest that Union Council will be dissolved and that the administrative functions of such departments as Welfare and Academic Affairs be run by volunteers."

Martin does not think that the President can serve any useful function and if elected he will resign immediately. All political and substantive decisions will be taken at mass meetings from which Chairmen will be elected from the floor and the meeting will discuss anything people wish to discuss. Unlike Keohane and Osuji, he is totally opposed to any bureaucracy and believes that Union can decide things for itself without the medium of a bureaucracy. He stresses that he wants the mass of students to be involved in control.

COLLEGE NEWS

KING'S: new general

Successful schoolmasters, top civil servants, and even teachers are more often made heads of colleges than soldiers. However, General Sir John Winthrop Hackett, the new principal of King's says he would have chosen an academic life, if at the end of the war, he had not felt too deeply involved, too interested, in a military career



Earlier this year Sir John was one of the two Nato commanders in central Europe, with Belgian, Dutch, German, British and Canadian troops under him, responsible for a budget of £90 million a year, and for the complex administration of the soldiers and civilians involved.

The British have never taken soldiers seriously, except in war-time, but life in the army is not all "Brian Rix stuff", as some of his students may suppose.

When approached about his new job, he said he had planned a complete change from administrative work, a retirement to the ivory tower of research, but he found he "wanted to help in the transformation of our system of higher education from its late 19th century pattern to something suited to the second half of the 20th century." He brings to the job much experience in administration, in communication, which is a vital part of any military command structure, such as the government of King's College for example. It might also be reasonably expected that he should have a usefully open mind, with few preconceived opinions, as he has no experience whatever of the academic world.

On the subject of possible improvements in the system of the University he believes that everyone is entitled to have their views heard, especially the student, and he has been known to play Haroun-al-Raschid in order to see for himself what is going on at ground level. However, it is important that one set of opinions should not invade or suppress others.

"Discussion and participation" are what Sir John hopes too find. Students who refuse to become actively involved may discover that they lead to solutions of their problems which they do not really want. He does not appear at all alarmed by the present ferment among students, and if there is a sit-in at King's, he says he hopes that it will be about an issue on which he can join it. Sir John will find that student politics are rather less pretentious, and less well stratified than in the corridors of power from which he comes, and that something rather more than anti-communism and closed-mindedness will probably be needed to sort out student controversies. However at least there will be nothing parochial about the experience he brings to his new job.

BELINDA PROBERT

BEDFORD: new games

Bedford College seems to have woken up. Allegations were circulating about the executive and the candidates.

Some of the issues came out at the stormy general meeting reported in Sennet, in particular the growing dissatisfaction with the mere pretence of student involvement in decision making with no real power in the hands of the student body as a whole. One of the motions passed at that meeting was that if the total number of votes polled for the candidates was less than 45% of the electorate new elections would be held. It was evident then that none of the candidates then standing had anything in particular to commend them as a future President. Indeed the voting itself bore this out for over 81% of the electorate either did not vote or abstained. Even before this one of the three candidates, Terry Poole, had withdrawn one of the reasons being that he had lost the confidence of some of his supporters and that even if he had got in he would not have enjoyed the support of the College.

With new elections on the way John Garlick, the Vice-President, who had previously decided at the last minute against standing for President on his tutors advice entered the fray. He distributed striking leaflets dramatising his delayed candidacy by saying 'the time has come to emerge from the Middle Earth' and quoting from Tolkien. However the next day he announced that he would no longer be standing since there had been allegations that he had abused his positions as Returning Officer and Vice-President during the election. Moreover in the emergency general meeting called to discuss the result of the mass abstention further allegations were mentioned by President, Chris Foley. At first no names either of accusers or accused were mentioned. However he then revealed that the previous President, Mr. Maxted had written a letter dissociating himself from the way the elections had been conducted and upon questioning he revealed that his primary allegation was against the Chairman of the Athletics Union, a member of the executive. In reply to the specific criticism that he was putting pressure on people to abstain actually at the polling station the latter said that he did not do this while he was the sole officer at the polling station, "even I would not stoop so low."

DAVID LUMSDEN (BEDFORD)

At last the ineffectuality of Bedford College is being challenged on an academic level.

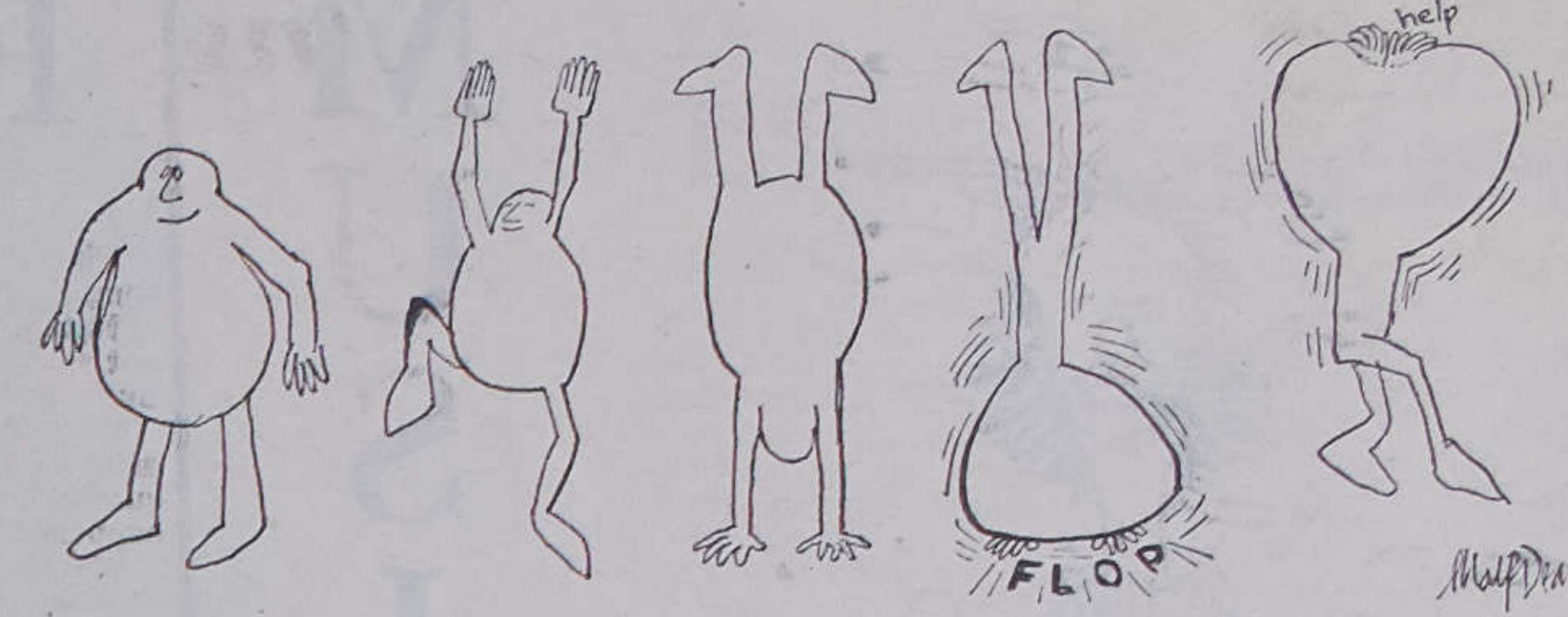
The Sociological Society of Bedford College, a group that has been in existence nearly a year now, with the aim of seeking an effective student-staff structure to air academic grievances, met last Thursday, November 7th.

The meeting was well-attended with members of seven or eight departments present. Delegates spoke briefly on the topic of the grievances found in their individual departments on behalf of the student-staff groups they represented.

It became clear that it was necessary to get these interests into a formidable whole, and a motion was passed for the formation of an interim student-staff committee. At this point in the proceedings, John Garlick, present vice-president of the Bedford Union, and in his own words, "drop out presidential candidate" in this term's election, rose to his feet and verbally discouraged the formation of such a committee. The meeting was informed that the Union handles all these matters, and of course would be pleased to continue to deal with these problems. The meeting was brought to order amidst roars of laughter.

Some of the most eloquent discussion at last Thursday's meeting centred around the examination system as it stands, and various intradepartmental proposals for its revision.

ROBIN J. BIELLIK (BEDFORD)



U.C.: the sleeping giant

Political activity at University College reached a zenith three weeks ago when a meeting on the Oct. 27th demo attracted almost 600 people. However, the College has over five thousand students. The attendance at Union meetings has not been larger than two hundred this term. Where is everyone? Is U.C. no more revolutionary than the Women's Institute?

Throughout Europe students have taken a leading role in attempting to alleviate the evils in their society. Czechoslovakia, Poland, France, and West Germany have all felt the force of student opinion. At U.C., not much is happening, but no U.C. student can look at Britain and see nothing objectionable. We support genocide in Biafra, the American presence in Vietnam, are apathetic about Rhodesia, and neglect underprivileged and ethnic groups in our own society. These issues are vital, yet how many people at U.C. are affiliated to groups pledged to do something about these problems?

The difficulties facing a political organization seeking to stimulate discussion at U.C. are large, but not insurmountable. The very size and linear location of the college make communications difficult. The Union, not of choice, is in the middle of nowhere.

The students of the UC dept. of Political Economy, having met on Tuesday, Nov. 12th at 5 p.m. by unanimous vote, carried the following motions:

- (1) That an elected representative student committee be formed.
  - (2) That the said committee be weighted according to the relative numbers of the students in the various courses of the department.
  - (3) That the said committee attend all formal staff meetings.
  - (4) That thereon the said committee have voting power equal to that of the staff's on all matters concerning students.
- Additional motion:
- (1) That in the 1969 Final Examinations, the timetable be so arranged that no student should sit more than one paper each day.

HOWARD WILLIAMS (UC)

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# MUSIC

## FOLK BLOW-UP

by Irwin Silber

Five years ago, magazines heralded the "topical song revolution." Naturally, there was Bob Dylan, baby-faced and not so innocent, Phil Ochs, and Tom Paxton. Later, Buffy Sainte-Marie would have been included.

What happened to those singers and the movement they represented? Perhaps if we answer that question, we'll know something about what has happened to us in these five years as well.

We all know what happened to Dylan. After creating a body of personal/political songs which became the anthem of the "civil rights generation," he moved from the obvious social commitment ("The Times They Are A-Changing," "Masters of War," "Death of Hattie Carroll," "Pawn in the Game," etc.) to a new and intensely bitter commentary on man's relation to man in the time of ultimate agony. In 1964, the year of the first major escalation in Vietnam, the year of Malcolm X's murder and Birmingham Sunday, the year of Lyndon B. Johnson, the answer was no longer "blowing in the wind." Bob Dylan understood this before most of the rest of us.

The most dramatic sign of the change was in Dylan's switch to electricity, but it was in Dylan's new "message" that the underlying content of the new mood could be understood. The rejection of the system's values ("Ballad of a Thin Man," "Maggie's Farm"), the growing sense of alienation ("Subterranean Homesick Blues," "It's All Right, Ma") and the romanticising of dope ("Mr. Tambourine Man," "Like a Rolling Stone") were three aspects of the same process.

**Deserted by Dylan**

Many of us who did not fully understand the dynamics of the political changes that were taking place in America were quite critical of Dylan's changes. We felt deserted by a poet who—we had come to believe—cared. And Dylan did desert—not us, but an outmoded style of values. "This land is not your land," Dylan told us in 1965. But some of us were not ready to accept the revolutionary implications of Dylan's statement. Because if we accepted them, we would have to act on them!

So long as the diagnosis was chicken pox or mumps we could think of applying some new medicine for our social ills. But the poets were telling us that it was cancer—throughout the system, accelerating—and terminal.

His latest album, "John Wesley Harding," tells us something about where his head is at. Almost all of the songs start off with some familiar line or strain from the folk song idiom and then juxtapose into a totally clashing idea creating a new level of experience: "I dreamed I saw St. Augustine last night... alive as you and me"; "As I went out one morning... to breathe the air around Tom Paine." Without belabouring the obvious, the message sent by folk music can only be the starting point. Dylan would undoubtedly say that he was only speaking for himself and not asking anyone to follow him. After all, Jesse Fuller and Roscoe Holcomb are as true to themselves as Dylan is. But we who philosophise can reflect on how in this statement, too, Dylan continues to express the mood of a time when the old ways and values have lost the franchise and when a whole generation seems to be giving new meaning to the old slogan, "No more tradition's chains shall bind us."

But what of the others? Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs and Buffy Sainte-Marie remain three of the more important luminaries of the ever-dimming folk song scene. Of these, the most interesting is Phil Ochs, if for no other reason than that he has fashioned an abrasive personality for himself in terms of both style and content. His politics are mercurial at best—and one may find him singing

his heart out in Chicago, organising a street demonstration as a publicity stunt for a new record album, or supporting Bobby Kennedy's ill-fated bid for power.

His songs, like Dylan's are not nearly as topical as they once were. Now he, too, attempts to deal in broader social values. But unlike Dylan who will frequently give us a piece of himself, Ochs always seems to be holding something back, maintaining a cynical detachment from his subjects. Ochs deals consciously in ideas—and sometimes, as in "Outside of a Small Circle of Friends" or "The Party," both from his new album "Pleasures of the Harbor," they seem contrived, manufactured for the occasion. At the same time, when he turns his eye on the political-military establishment, his venom seems to find a suitable subject matter. His "Cops of the World" and "White Boots Marching in a Yellow Land" are two of the best anti-Vietnam war songs produced in America.

**Inanity wins out**

Buffy Sainte-Marie is now a minor legend—and more's the pity. That type of phony showbiz imagery is the last thing an artist needs. There were always two conflicting strains in Buffy Sainte-Marie's songs: the chilling, white-hot passion of the songs dealing with the injustices visited on American Indians—and the simplistic inanity of songs like "Universal Soldier." Unfortunately, the inanity seems to have won out on her latest LP, "I'm Gonna Be a Country Girl Again." There is something about the vapid naturalism of most country music that is an insult to human intelligence, and one wonders how this kind of molasses can continue to be dished out (and presumably absorbed) in the age of Dylan, the Beatles and Country Joe McDonald. Perhaps some A & R man impressed Buffy with the idea that this is the road to success—and for all I know, it may be.

The most relevant expressions of today's world are now heard, by and large, over the feedback of blast-level amplifiers—when words can be made out at all, that is. But that, too, is part of today's message.

An artist's consciousness of the purpose of his art and the objective reality of that art are not always the same thing. Which is simply to say that sometimes the artist may be just doing his thing with no intention of projecting a new social reality—but be doing that nevertheless. Despite a small flurry of social consciousness around the edges of the rock music scene, most rock musicians do not view themselves as activists or even as political people particularly. And some of those who did at one time, have found a new set of conscious values as the system's rewards seem to become more possible.

The songs of the Beatles, for instance, come out of the same mood and view of the world that has shaped the students of Paris, Berkeley, Mexico City and Columbia University. But in their latest single, "Revolution," the lads from Liverpool are pretty up tight.

But don't rush out and trade in your Beatle records for County Joe and The Fish. After all, whoever said the Beatles were revolutionaries in the first place? The record companies, the press agents, the promoters, the managers—the whole greedy crew of artful dodgers who figure you can peddle revolution along with soap and cornflakes and ass and anything else that can turn over a dollar—that's who! If we had any illusions that the Beatles—or the Rolling Stones, or Dylan, or the Jefferson Airplane, or yes, even The Fish and The Fugs—were revolutionaries, it's time to clear those illusions away. Now, this isn't a put-down—but revolutionaries do not make it in this system. And you'd better believe it.

## Doo Dah DISCS

Saturday morning 1 a.m. Sennet representatives were at Queen Mary's College Engineers' Hop to talk to Vivian, Neil, Rodney, Dennis, Larry and Roger, six individual personalities forming the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band.

Sitting in the dressing-room beforehand, we listened to a running commentary on Rodney's three parrots, smells, their pet hates (hot dressing-rooms, chewing gum on the floor), to mention a few. What was interesting to see was how such a polished, spontaneous performance developed from this. Balloons, gas-masks, animal noises, not forgetting an eight-foot doll with floppy legs all contributed to the really great visual effect.

Their new LP, entitled "The Doughnut in Granny's Greenhouse" is to be released on November 22nd. Further plans include their own show on Thames TV at Christmas and some kind of "Brain Opera" next year. Strongly advised for all.

At 1 a.m. nobody's very awake, but from what we saw the hop seemed well done. The four other groups—Blossom Toes, Fairport Convention, Freddy Mack Show Web, and Black Cat Bones—together with the Bonzo Dog made the long trek to Mile End Road worthwhile. The hall, decorated with sputniks and heaven knows what else, was not overcrowded but then from 9.30 p.m.-8 a.m. is a long night. We enjoyed ourselves anyway.

Rosalind Baldwin  
Martin Scurr

Elektra have released two new folk albums. The first, "Morning Again," is Tom Paxton's latest. This LP shows Paxton's preference for dealing with individuals, so that there are such titles as "Victoria Dines Alone" about a lonely rich old sad calory counter, and on side two, "Clarissa Jones" who finds rats terrorising her apartment, and who is evicted when she complains.

The opening track, "Jennifer's Rabbit," is a fairy tale innocent tune, sung without accompaniment, and which has a great dramatic effect, repeated as it is at the end of the second side, after "Now That I've Taken My Life." Other excellent tracks include "Mr. Blue" who is asked "What will it take to whip you into line?" and "Talking Vietnam Pot Luck Blues" about an American troop who find that they're camped in a field of hash. "A Thousand Years" tells of a German burgher dreaming of a Nazi revival. "Give us a leader and we'll see them in hell." The title song "Morning Again" is a sort of sad drop out song. "Someone's morning begins. Somewhere the sun is probably shining, and the singer has no motivation now he's alone, and when he's pouring coffee "I catch myself pouring one for you." Really a good LP, that makes its impact more on the second listening.

"Bleecker and McDougal" is an album by Fred Neil, an American folk blues singer hailed in the States but virtually unknown in this country. This album shows he has the same warm, appealing voice as Johnny Cash, although his composition is a little erratic. He always says his thing well, but occasionally it isn't really worth saying. Better tracks are "Blues on the Ceiling," a soulful country blues, and a "Little Bit of Rain," which will probably become a standard.

A further treat is "Candy Man" written by Fred Neil and recorded by Brian Poole and the Tremoloes many moons ago. Remember Brian Poole? Try to forget the Tremoloes. Whilst Fred Neil has not the same facility with his lyrics that Tom Paxton has, this album certainly shows that a voice to be remembered can now be heard.

M. B. Gran

### STUDENT FLIGHTS

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## bisexual botiques

The message is, if you want student-priced clothes, shop around. If you are lucky enough to be able to make your own clothes, then the expensive shops: Way In, Fifth Avenue, Fenwicks, Miss Selfridge, etc. are good places to browse in for ideas (but leave your money at home in case you are tempted) and even well-trodden Carnaby Street and King's Road can rise to inspiration at times; if you are not so skilful, or your academic or social life takes up most of your time, then Woolworths, C & A, and good old Marks and Sparks can provide the basic essentials, in the way of shirts, sweaters and underwear, and your wardrobe can be supplemented and personalised by shrewd shopping in markets and possibly a timely visit to your elderly maiden Aunt. If all else fails, Wallis do a good line in copies of Paris Originals (the kind of thing that costs £200 in Harrods), and many out of town stores have pleasant surprises in stock—so take your cheque-book home or be extra nice to the older generation next weekend.

If you are not opposed to supporting the government in any form, and fancy a pair of bell-bottoms for 9s. 11d. (yes) take a walk from Euston Station to Hampstead Road, where Lawrence Corner stocks ex-services paraphernalia at phenomenally low prices. No girl could scorn the emphasis to her femininity resulting from the contrast of the female form with an army greatcoat. And how about a sword as an alternative to the traditional rolling pin; you could hardly fail to get your point across! Seriously, though, when it comes to warmth and practicality, the size of defence budget alone is sufficient guarantee that the quality of these clothes has not been skimped.

Further along the road (or nearer, if you are coming from Holborn) is yet another establishment which caters equally, if more intentionally, for masculine and feminine tastes. His and Hers combines a bisexual boutique, shoetique (sic) and as if this wasn't enough the jaded fashion-hunter can rest his eyes on the original and, like the contents of the rest of the shop, reasonably priced paintings in the gallery on the first floor. They have just bought in a range of levis cheaper than to be found elsewhere, fun fur and leather, and stunning embroidered waistcoats. These I was warned against as being expensive, but I found a waistcoat suit for £4 19s. 6d., which shouldn't ruin anyone.



## hipshit

The new Carnaby Market, cashing in on the impetus created by the Kensington and Bond Street Markets, cuts across one end of Beak Street, only a plastic bauble's throw away from the original Carnaby Street. It comprises 50 stalls over two floors, open six full days a week, until 7 p.m. Sadly there is the familiar preponderance of Empire-made beads, bangles and joss-sticks, and the kind of unwearable clothes that the giants of Carnaby Street have been pushing down our throats for the past few years. However amongst the trash

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## LUDS ORIGINAL

Imagine producing the world premiere of a play by one of the greatest writers of all time, using no costumes or props as such, no dressing rooms, no make-up staff, or even curtains—and then entering this play in a nation-wide contest. This is the aim of the London University Drama Society this week.

From Tuesday, through Saturday, they are presenting our entry to the N.U.S.-Sunday Times Drama Festival.

The play, called 'Guns and Butter' is, in fact, a 'play within a play', or rather three plays within a play. It is an adaptation of three short plays by Cervantes which he could never see produced during his lifetime, and which have never been attempted since.

Producers everywhere are searching for a new medium of drama, and LUDS believe that they have found it! It's called Mask Drama, and it dates back to the Japanese Noh-Masks, and even further to the Greek stage tradition, but has not been used in this country for centuries. LUDS' play delves into this fascinating technique, and we hope is successful.

Interpreted and directed by H. I. Pilikian, 'Guns and Butter' attempts to break down the barrier between audience and actors. It is on view this week at 7.30 p.m. in the U.L.U. Assembly Hall. Admission is 4s. 6d., with both tickets and programmes available at the door. See you there.  
Elizabeth Park (LUDS).

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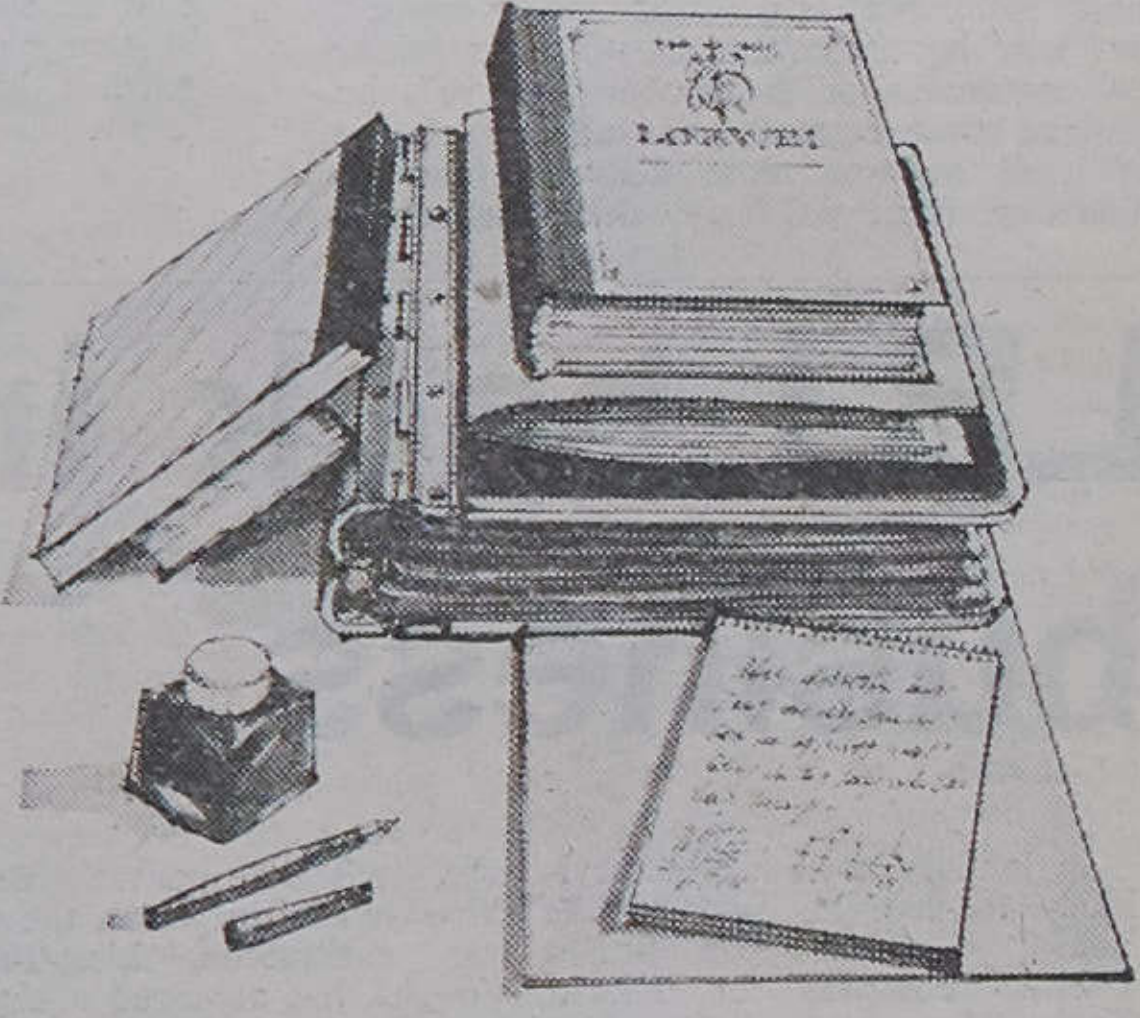
## Review: LSE Extravaganza

The big show is over. It had the atmosphere of a rag. The 'revolution' was out-manoeuvred by the press and the police. Our posters were put up in the corridors but were furtively taken down a few minutes later by the Security Guards—guards not only of a worthless property (the LSE mausoleum), but a worthless morality too. To paraphrase Marx: if the proletariat is not erotically, sexually and personally revolutionary then it is nothing. . . . The LSE was an introjection of the bourgeoisie. . . . A horrid glimpse of workers control of bourgeois society. . . . A nothing. Comrades that isn't what we want.

The hang-ups were there from the beginning. On the first night we were very much aware that we were outsiders and told politely that any action must be taken only with the consent of LSE students. An almost impossible stipulation, since if anything the decision to occupy on Thursday night was taken by a large group of Piccadilly beats. The students who had worked out the weekend—territory had been liberated and the possibilities for its use were diverse as the people who gathered there. The way that the voting fetish and negotiations with headmaster Adams dominated the first night showed how this opportunity was to be stifled. Objections like . . . "since when has revolution had anything to do with the sanctity of institutions" and "revolutionise the revolutionaries" were ignored. . . . it got worse. Everyone was just starting to settle in, talking to each other, thinking about the coming nights playful exploration of the desolate academic labyrinth when the platform bureaucrats took over finally and irrevocably. From then on imagination and creativity were out. Frozen talk, frozen responses were the rule—hecklers mauled—the lot. A tyrannical discussion (speaker versus audience) followed providing the framework for the professional revolutionary to enact the parliamentary power game and administer in the safest way possible the functioning of the building.

What did we want to guard . . . teaching as a commodity totally removed from life? No-one suggested fighting against the irrelevancy of what they were being taught—maybe burning a few files, facts, statistics or whatever. Instead we were entertained with seminars. "The sociology of the revolution" etc. (WOW!). We were occupied—by the phantoms of an alienated education system—the situation was created in the name of revolution yet the relationships, language, and bodies were the re-incarnation of the authoritarian ghosts who have buggered us all once already. How often must it be said that any true expression of a revolutionary libido now must necessarily involve a subversion of the "tools": tools devoted today largely to the creation and maintenance of false needs and desires. A bulldozer as dry and cold as LSE under such revolutionary circumstances would be radically deranged, charred, etc. in the process of cathecting with a liberated psyche. . . . On reflection, this may have been deep down what the Committee of Public Safety feared. . . . perhaps they too realise soccer hooligans are the most militant group within the British working class.

The Situationists.



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# NEWS makers

## McCarthy v. Wallace

A special analysis

by Clark Kissinger

The McCarthy candidacy was the response of one wing of liberalism to Vietnam. The successful resistance of the Vietnamese instead threw the country into a threefold crisis.

First, the war disoriented the U.S. economy. Domestic containment programmes had to be slashed just when the black revolution was beginning to erupt. The Federal Government was forced to dip heavily into private capital, skyrocketing interest rates. And European countries not wanting to subsidise the war called in their credits.

Second, the increased draft calls, the indecisive nature of the struggle, and the vehement actions of the anti-war movement all combined to make Lyndon Johnson, the most unpopular president since Truman.

Third, the notion that the system doesn't function like the high school text said it does and that the electoral process in America is a fraud began to take deep roots among American youth. Certainly the prospect of a Johnson-Nixon race did nothing to dispel this notion.

### McCarthy record

It was into this political void that McCarthy sprang. How he acquired his reputation for being a great opponent of the war remains a mystery. His record is in fact one of complete adherence to the shibboleths of domestic anti-Communism and the international cold war. He was strongly favoured by the Texas delegation in 1964 for the vice-presidential nomination because of his strong support of oil interest legislation.

The answer, of course, is that McCarthy is not opposed to the war—he is only opposed to losing it. An extremely dedicated and candid man, McCarthy was most explicit about why he chose to run. At his initial press conference on November 30, 1967, he explained that beyond the failures of the war itself he was most disturbed by the "alienation from politics" which he sensed

among young Americans. He went on to explain that he was seeking to provide an alternative to those who "become cynical and make threats of support for third parties or fourth parties or other irregular political movements."

The "New York Times" (December 1) and James Reston (March 20) heartily agreed that the primary salutary effect of the McCarthy campaign was that of getting the kids off the streets and back into the Democratic party. And McCarthy played it for all it was worth. He even put a full-page advertisement in "The New York Times" declaring in bold type, "OUR CHILDREN HAVE COME HOME!" The advertisement exhorted worried parents to send money to "Clean Gene," who would bring their kids back into the system.

But the crisis could not await the arrival of the "good grey knight." By mid-winter, the men who own and control the country had pretty much decided that Johnson had to go. The reaction of the stock market to settlement rumours and the shift in editorial policies of the major media signalled this change. Multi-millionaire Averell Harriman was dispatched to Paris to seek an "out-of-court settlement," and giant corporation lawyer Clark Clifford was given control of the military machine.

But all this was lost on the rank-and-file McCarthy workers. They actually began to think that they had done it, and the mythology of the children's crusade was born.

Of course, the whole house of cards collapsed in Chicago. And in speaking to demonstrators in Grant Park the morning after, the ever-candid McCarthy admitted that he had failed in his attempt to prove the system responsive to popular demand. Reformist politics had been dealt a stunning blow.

Continued on page 15

## LBJ back in business

In January, a new director is likely to take his seat on the board of Brazos-10th St., a holding company in Austin, Texas. The accession of the new director, and the formal transfer of company stock in his name, is not likely to change its pattern of control, since Lyndon Baines Johnson established the firm and named members of his family and close friends to run it after John F. Kennedy's assassination elevated him to the White House. Now, with his enforced retirement from the presidency, control of Brazos-10th St. (named for its address in downtown Austin—coincidentally the same building that houses Texas Broadcasting Co., Johnson's TV station), is expected to revert to its founder.

Brazos-10th St. bought stock in seven Austin banks in 1965 and also holds a large block of stock in Greatamerica Corporation. Greatamerica is a conglomerate of insurance companies (such as Franklin Life, American-Amicable Life, Gulf

Vought from 10 in November, 1963 to 1691 in early 1968, Texas Gulf Sulphur from 81 to 66, Litton from 34 to 120, and Braniff, which also received numerous Vietnam war contracts, rose by 1600 per cent in the first three years of LBJ's reign. Ling-Temco-Vought rose to 10th place among all corporate war profiteers.

Brazos-10th St. also has close ties to investments in Australia, faithful stooge of the U.S. in Vietnam. LBJ's ambassador to that country is Ed Clark, senior partner of Johnson's personal law firm in Austin, Clark's law partner, Donald Thomas, is president of Brazos-10th St. and another of the firm's partners, Franklin Dennis, is on the board of Australian Petroleum, Ltd., together with Sid Richardson's (an old Johnson crony and Texas oil millionaire) nephew. Another Texas family long associated with LBJ, the Klebergs of King Ranch fame, has bought extensive oil leases in Australia through their King Ranch Pastoral Co. Pty. Ltd. It is no wonder that Australia was exempted from restrictions on U.S. investment in Europe that went into effect in January of this year.

So when Johnson returns to Austin in January, he will have far more than a job at the University of Texas to look forward to: his family fortune has enormously benefited from the Vietnam war directed by his Administration.

# The POLITICS OF HAROLD WILSON

IF WILSONISM means anything at all, it means the collapse of Labour's reformism: the end of the idea that the British Labour Party stood, in however small a way, for the aspirations of the British working class against their oppressors.

Harold Wilson, since he entered parliament and politics in 1945, has seen through the various processes which led to the end of that reformism.

The Labour Party manifesto for the 1945 election proclaimed an advance to socialism on two fronts: first by the nationalisation of the sub-structure of British industry—coal, steel, power, transport, gas, electricity; second, by an advance in social welfare provisions.

To some extent at least these promises were kept. Coal, steel and most of transport was nationalised. Some welfare provisions were enacted. By 1950 Wilson and his associates were claiming that these policies had "created" full employment: that any dismantling of them would mean a return to the 1930s and to slump.

### Crisis

When the Tories won the election, Wilson was the first to promise the nation that slump was inevitable: another 1931 he trumpeted, even as late as 1953:

"I must warn the Conference that we may be called upon to take control in conditions of a major financial crisis comparable with that of 1931". (Labour Conference Report, 1953, p. 187).

The Labour leaders went on shouting slump as the biggest, most sustained and most prosperous boom in the history of British capitalism swept the country.

By the time they had lost the 1955 election, the leading reformists, Wilson prominent among them, had had enough. Capitalism, they proclaimed, clearly worked.

There was no danger of slump. Nor therefore was there any need to go on talking about nationalisation, still less of socialism.

A new slogan decorated Labour Party banners: "Towards Equality!" was the name given to the executive policy statement of 1956, and all the Labour leaders, including Wilson, unleashed a stream of propaganda aimed at cutting personal ownership out of the programme and putting in its place a vision of a decent, free, egalitarian capitalism.

The 1957 policy statement Industry and Society argued along these lines. It was moved at the conference by Harold Wilson.

The 1959 election was fought on old Fabian slogans for doing better by the old, the unemployed and the young. It cut no ice.

The election was lost by 100 seats, and the Labour leaders searched around for another "trick".

The inspiration came to them from overseas, in America, where, in Wilson's words, "under a new and youthful president, they are flexing their muscles once again. They are looking to New Frontiers."

Old Frontiers like helping the old, the sick, the unemployed, the badly-housed had clearly to be forsaken. What was needed

was "a new leadership"—Kennedy-style, dynamic, abrasive, gritty, chunky, which would, to quote Wilson's famous phrase in Signposts for the Sixties "clear the dead wood out of the boardrooms".

Similarly, in foreign policy opposition to Dulles' anti-Communist foreign policy no longer attracted votes. Dulles' policies suddenly became accepted by the Labour Party for the unanswerable reason that they were being carried out by Kennedy.

Old loyalties and old sentiments die hard, and the new broom did not sweep out the cobwebs from Labour's policy. At the 1962 Conference the Party stood firm by old imperialist traditions (the Commonwealth) against new capitalist aspirations (the Common Market), and, for a brief moment, the Party even opposed the control of Commonwealth immigrants.

But, as soon as Wilson became leader, most of these inconsistencies were sorted out. Immigration control, for instance, suddenly became part of Labour's programme.

And, to the hysterical cheers of the Labour Left, Wilson led the Party firmly Rightwards—away from the welfare reformism of 1959 to the new dynamism of 1964.

It is perhaps fortunate for historians that, in the midst of all his hectic talk about technology and change, Wilson paused for a moment to define socialism.

### Fantasy

"Socialism," he told an audience in Birmingham in January, 1964, "means applying a sense of purpose to our national life, economic purpose, social purpose, moral purpose. Purpose means technical skill. . . ."

Socialism, in short, means applying technical skill to our national life. It is therefore exactly the same as capitalism.

For the chief priority of modern capitalism all over the world is the application of the most advanced methods of technology in order to defeat competitors. It is this need which is driving national capitalism into greater and greater solidarity, monopoly and merger, and, as the margins allowed by the rebuilding of Germany and Japan and a permanent arms economy become narrower, to take increasingly confident swipes at the working class.

By the 1964 election, old loyalties and welfare priorities had not totally been abandoned. Much of the programme still included demands for increased welfare and social services. But growthmanship had replaced these as the main priority of British Labour.

What has happened since 1964 has relegated all talk of welfare reforms to the realms of fantasy. The reforms have either been abandoned, like the promise to build 500,000 houses by 1970; or put into effect and then recinded (like the abolition of prescription charges); or enacted in a manner which makes them useless (like the Rent Act); or reversed to make the situation even worse than it was under the Tories (like the decision to postpone the school-leaving age).

Whatever the juggling with expenditure percentages at this year's party conference, every delegate knows that, as far as reforms are concerned, the



situation is worse now than it was five years ago.

Growthmanship remains as the main language of British Labour. Incomes policy, productivity bargaining, balance of payments surpluses are now trumpeted abroad as the grand achievements of a socialist government!

### Comforts

The supreme achievement of Harold Wilson has been his ability to proclaim such transparently capitalist policies as stark necessities, not only forced upon British Labour but also adapted by them in the most pragmatically socialist manner.

For this fantastic conjuring trick Wilson has the support of the entire capitalist propaganda machine, sometimes crude and bludgeoning, like the Daily Express, usually more subtle and sophisticated, like the BBC.

The Labour rank and file, bemused into the belief that there is no alternative to this grotesque charade, have supported Wilson out of blind loyalty to Labour. They hope that a boom will bring them reformist comforts.

They are wrong. Capitalist priorities demand that the fruits of any small boom which Wilson and his Cabinet can manoeuvre must go not to the workers but to the investment funds of the big employers.

In boom or slump, the workers will suffer from the government which they elected. It required only for the 1968 Labour Conference to set the seal on the whole grisly process with the annual ritual—the standing ovation.

Eventually we were lined up by twos and told to put our hands behind our necks. They then passed us from landing to landing as we had been passed up, with intervals of time between each pair. At some landings

—PAUL FOOT

# MEXICO: A massacre

—a first hand account by Tim Reynolds (LNSE)

The fact that something happened at the Plaza de las Tres Culturas in Mexico City on October 2 seems to have filtered through to news sources, but the extent of the massacre seems to have been covered up.

The crowd started to gather in the Plaza at about 5 p.m.; by around 6, it had grown tremendously. Speakers were addressing the crowd from the first balcony of the Chihuahua Apartment building.

We were starting down the stairs again when it happened—people were suddenly yelling, running. It was all pretty incoherent, but it was clear that the granaderos (Mexican anti-riot police) or someone had arrived.

We hoped to make it through to the outside streets and to get away, but at about the second floor we saw two men in civilian clothes coming up with revolvers. We turned, climbed two floors, saw an apartment door closing, and ducked inside. Everyone in the apartment was already on the floor. By that time the shooting had started, so we crawled to the kitchen window to look out. The crowd was running, while soldiers—firing at the people—were coming in from the rear.

they hit us, at some, searched us, at some, both. When we came out at the back of the building, we were photographed and assigned guards. We were marched down a sidewalk lined with soldiers on both sides—a kind of gauntlet; the soldiers kicked or hit us, sometimes with their rifles.

We were kept standing for a while and then were started off once more. While we were crossing a more or less empty space, an odd thing happened, which I still haven't been able to figure out. Suddenly there was more firing. I couldn't tell where it was coming from, but could hear the bullets whining through the air and ricocheting off the concrete buildings. When the firing stopped, the guards ran us until we were between two buildings.

### Blood

The firing died down. Once again we were walked through more lines of troops. These soldiers were nastier, going mostly for the pit of the stomach. I could feel the blood on my face. I thought they might decide I had had enough, but it didn't work that way. I was thrown into a sort of pick-up truck with a canvas top, where four soldiers again hit me with rifles while telling me to take off my clothes. They tied my hands behind my back.

After much waiting around, the guards finally took us off to Military Camp 1. From then on it was just seven days of inefficiency and harassment. More joined us during the week. The city jails were standing room only.

The papers say 20-30 were killed. I doubt that anyone who heard those two hours of continuous firing could believe that—certainly no one who saw the soldiers wading into the crowd while shooting from the hip would. But accurate statistics are impossible to find: reporters and photographers were arrested and held incommunicado along with everyone else. Apparently no one was permitted to see the Plaza after the action, so I have only a few points on which to base any conclusion: one of the soldiers who was guarding me in the truck said, "You—killed my buddies. I saw thirty of my buddies dead"; later, a lieutenant-colonel told me in jail, "We went in with orders to take ten for one, and we did it". Putting these two statements together would make it roughly 330 dead. Also, in jail a first lieutenant gave me a figure of "about 500 of you communists". A South American student who had spent the entire two hours crouching in the middle of the Plaza trying to cover himself with the bodies of an old man and a lady, told me that when he got up and looked around, "there were hundreds of dead people."

We talked about it a lot in jail. One idea kept coming up over and over again: there had been so many units involved—granaderos, police, traffic police, soldiers, secret police, guantes blancos. Within a few seconds of the initial warning, a number of us had seen secret service people heading up the stairs for the balcony from which people were delivering speeches.

These government agents had been firing guns—the testimony on this was unanimous. Thus, although it was fairly evident that the whole thing worked according to a rigid time-table—the assumption being that at the heart of it was an attempt to cut off and capture the leaders of the student movement on the balcony.

The co-ordination of the "agents", the organised way in which arrests were carried out, and the organisation in the hospitals (hospitals and ambulances were previously occupied by members of the army to ensure preferential treatment for wounded military, and to impede immediate attention to civilian casualties, doctors in the emergency wards were forced, under extreme pressure, to forego attention to the victims until they had been interrogated and placed under guard), all suggest that the slaughter was planned rather than an "accident".

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# KOREAN WAR, 1968

Armed struggle against the Pak Jung Hi regime has begun in South Korea. This little backwoods war has been little publicised in this country, but is causing increasing concern in both Washington and Downing Street. Although this country is extremely reluctant to send further troops to Korea, the state of war between the U.N. forces and North Korea is still in force, and should full scale war again break out, we could easily be pulled in.

The armed struggle began in earnest in mid-1967. From June to October of that year there were 120 armed actions, including the destruction of a military train and a freight train. In these actions 476 officers and men were killed. Of that number, 401 were members of the U.S. armed forces.

Since that time the guerrilla struggle has continued to develop. Examples of actions carried out in 1968 are:

● Between Jan. 21 and 30 the guerrilla forces appeared in 66 localities and sustained 23 battles with the South Korean and U.S. forces. On the first day of these operations the heavily guarded combination villa and headquarters of President Gen. Pak Jung Hi, was brought under attack.

● On April 13 a guerrilla commando unit destroyed the International Telephone and Telegraph offices in the capital city of Seoul.

● On May 9 armed units destroyed a military train going from Kangjung to Yummu in South Chunchon province.

● On May 14 guerrilla units attacked the U.S. 4th Guided Missile Command in Pajoo in Kyonggi Province and captured important documents.

● On June 23 an armed guerrilla detachment appeared in the Bongsabong area, Chong-san County, and disappeared after luring the enemy into an ambush.

● On Aug. 5 a commando unit almost succeeded in blowing up an army train at Jongson. Informed observers told me that guerrilla activities in South Korea have been characterised in 1968 by the following developments:

1. Many of the targets chosen for activities are in the big cities while before they largely consisted of rural and mountain sites.

2. Originally guerrilla activities were carried out by units of five or six men. This year several dozen men have taken part in a number of actions.

3. The brunt of the guerrilla activity is directed against the U.S. forces stationed in South Korea.

Gloria Stewart of the Toronto



A game of hide and seek.

Daily Star wrote recently that "few Americans stationed in South Korea go out of their barracks after nightfall unless they are in large groups. Otherwise they are liable to be beaten up." With the intensification of armed guerrilla struggle last year, American soldiers will be playing with their lives if they do so.

Besides the guerrilla war, other forms of struggle are growing. The student movement has been traditionally active in the fight against fascism and for national unity. In 1960 the students played a major role in bringing down the Syngman Rhee dictatorship. In 1964 and 1965 they led the struggle against the Japan-South Korea secret agents and paid in full. In six cities, including Seoul and Pusan, 3,850 policemen were added to the force last year; 12 new police stations high schools participated. They stormed 30 buildings including arsenals, the telephone and telegraph company and police stations. In June and July of 1967 they conducted another massive struggle, this time or another. Many received long prison sentences and thousands remain in jail without trial.

During the last year's "con- tainment" drive, 718,000 youths and adults were arrested by the Pak Jung Hi government for 1967 they conducted another massive struggle, this time or another. Many received long prison sentences and thousands remain in jail without trial.

Hundreds of thousands of South Korean students support the armed guerrilla movement and the general struggle against U.S. domination. These students are a highly volatile force that could explode into action at any time. Furthermore, the money aid and military backing, like the Thieu-Ky government work among the masses of in South Vietnam, it would fall workers and peasants to raise in a day without U.S. support. The guerrilla movement and opposition to the status quo. The struggle of the working class and peasants is also growing. In the first three months years. This counterposed to serious strikes among industrial workers, many of them involy- makes for a dangerous situation. U.S. violence. A total of 82,000 U.S. could lead to another workers were involved.

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L. MARTIN.

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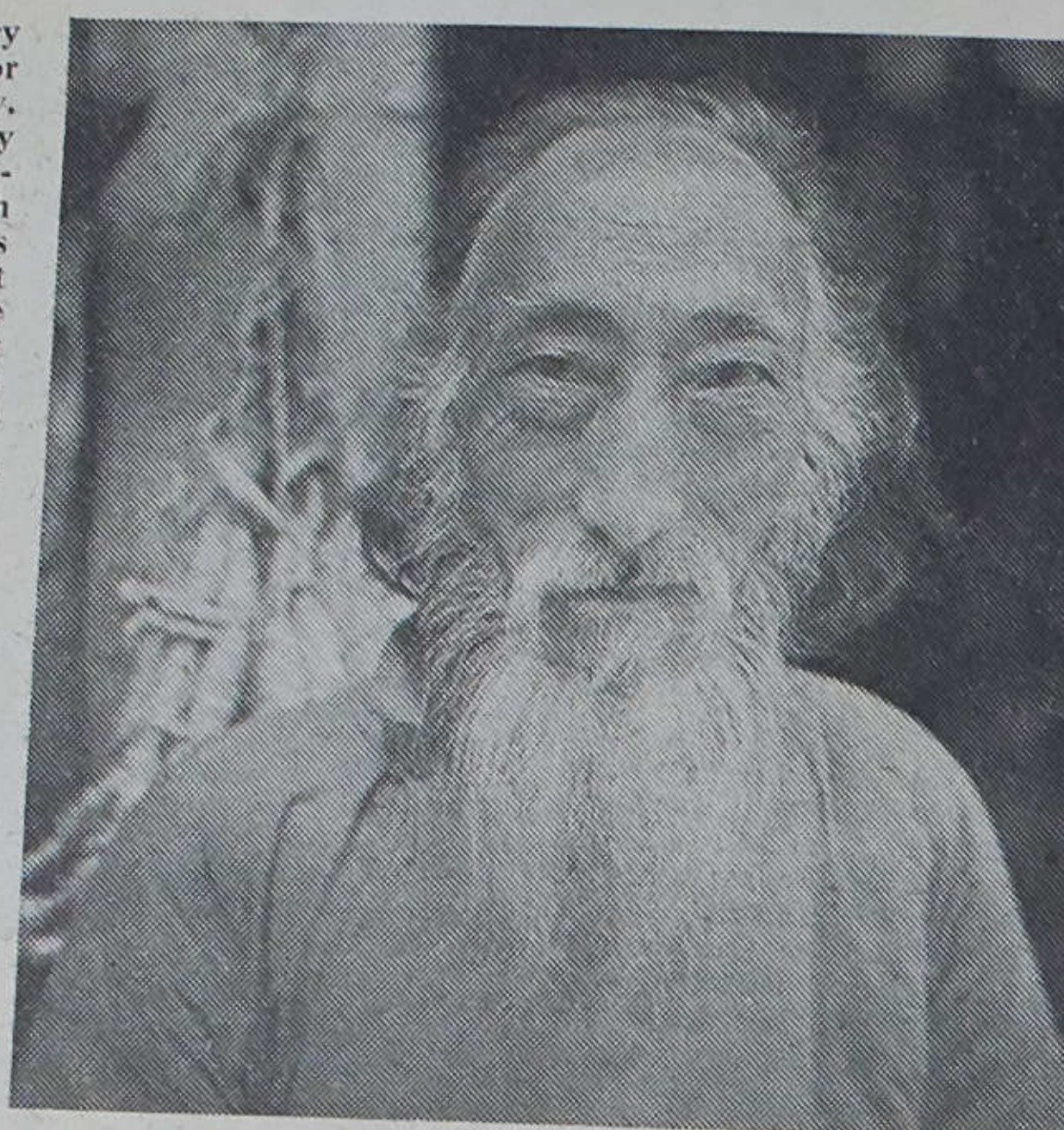
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# Strong on Beaton

"People live such dreary lives," says Dr. Strong, director of the National Portrait Gallery. He is an astonishingly unlikely and—dare I say it—revolutionary figure to find holding such an established post. His theme that "art should be a part of life" and "Galleries should be places where people can just walk in" is exemplified by his treatment of the Cecil Beaton exhibition currently on in St. Martin's Place. Photographs of famous faces are grouped together to make the greatest impact possible—one room is devoted to classic Beaton, pre-war, and one almost feels, pre-democracy. The corridor is hung with "direct reportage" war photography, anonymous and symbolic. One then passes on to contemporary Cecil, with a lightening of atmosphere without loss of visual effect.

Beaton shows people as they want to be seen—from the Queen Mother standing with parasol under a gigantic grecian urn to pose. Dr. Strong is basically an art historian, and is very enthusiastic about Beaton's photography as he feels it provides a visual record of events in the last half-century. He also says that Beaton has the eye of a painter, and, what's more, is "literary"—he reflects sadly on the shallowness and incidental technical perfection of modern photographers.

Roy Strong is a great believer



A Chinese—Beaton.

in exhibitions, and also thinks he heard a child outside a museum ask "is it a church, sterile, he would like to see Mummy?" He finds that most light, sound and possibly film visitors to the Gallery are tourists, although the intake has doubled in the last year, and he is looking forward to a 100 per cent increase in the future! This sounds less like strength than omnipotence.

# THE TRANSPLANT

"Mark! Its all worked excellently! You've taken six weeks to recover. Not bad, don't you think?"

by Diana McKenzie Lovell

I looked at her in utter disbelief. "Mark," she had called me. "My eyes—God dragged myself up and struggled help me, that's a laugh! My thing out of that damnable bed. Some eyes!—they travelled to the hand on the bed. It was large and freckled, with thick club-like fingers. I looked at it, void of emotion, while she continued her high-pitched affected whine. My hand had been slim, with long artistic tapering fingers, and it had been smooth and brown.

Her words invaded my petrified reverie.

"The carcase we used, it was quite a handsome lad, but he was one of those tedious intellectual vagabonds that are so very troublesome. They think too much. Can't we DO something about the policy of Education when you're in power, Mark, my love?"

Now the latent frenzy burst forth, like seething boiling lava over my poor demented mind. I said not a word. I don't believe I could have uttered a

human sound. In a holocaust of almost inhuman strength I dragged myself up and struggled help me, that's a laugh! My thing out of that damnable bed. Some eyes!—they travelled to the hand on the bed. It was large and freckled, with thick club-like fingers. I looked at it, void of emotion, while she continued her high-pitched affected whine. My hand had been slim, with long artistic tapering fingers, and it had been smooth and brown.

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# GAP

Three plaster ducks  
Wing in fixed migration  
Across the plaster wall.  
The Cyril Lorded floor  
Is perfect insulation  
But admitting the world,  
Slurring and stirring  
Of John Wayne, on the rented  
T.V.  
Looking twenty years younger  
In his playtex.  
Glorifying war.  
Dad sits in his H.P. armchair.  
The coss-glowing  
Gleefully cheers the bar fire  
Dad turns it higher.  
To see the mock coal glare.  
Mum sits by the table,  
Filling a form.

Winning a holiday in Cannes  
If she can arrange five photos  
Of Princess Anne  
In order of loyalty.  
Why Crunchy Oatoes  
Make your tummy feel warm  
The news interrupts the film  
Substituting real blood  
For Hollywood Ketchup.  
Mum and Dad sit up  
When they realise its real.  
When John Wayne fails to  
appear through the mud.  
Then a demonstration.  
About some unhygienic place.  
Dad shocks his top late onto  
the rug.  
And lissps, "Dithguthing."  
"Yes" nods mum,  
Peeling an orange.

# Mice and Men

"Charly (the spelling is his) is a love story that starts with an incredible experiment." Charly: age thirty. Mental age: six. Realising that he is dumb, wants to improve himself by attending evening classes. These are run by a psychologist, Alice, played by Clare Bloom, who works at a clinic where Charly is receiving treatment. Alice is particularly fond of Charly as he displays few of the adverse symptoms usually connected with mentally retarded adults, such as irritability and aggressiveness. At the clinic a series of experiments are being carried out on mice, trying to find a cure for mental retardation. The experiments are successful in that after the operation the mice appear to have an improved intelligence and increased ability to learn.

The next stage is to try the operation on a human brain. After a series of tests to ascertain suitability, Charly is chosen to be the first to have the operation. Much emphasis is placed upon one of the mice which Charly has to race a mouse, Algeon, through a series of maze tests. The mouse wins them all.

After the operation Charly is still unable to beat the mouse. After a shouting match at the clinic Charly storms out saying that he is sick of being stupid and being unable to beat a mouse.

After self-realisation, Charly begins learning, starting from scratch. After a preliminary period he starts working full time at the clinic, and his rate of learning is so amazing that he completes his education from primary school through high school in a matter of weeks. After this he stays on at the clinic, continuing to learn at the amazing rate, trying to reach his mental ceiling.

The big test is an interview, stage, with an audience of scientists. First a film is shown of Charly as he was, then on to the stage walks Charly Gordon as he is now—smart, sophisticated—and highly intelligent. He answers the questions quickly and sharply. When the questions are finished he asks the audience a question—"Charly Gordon, What is Charly Gordon?" He then turns to the two doctors, who are also on stage, and takes from his pocket a dead mouse—the dead Algeron. He then tells the audience that the operation is reversible—and that he will soon return to his former state.

Charly is embittered, but not unhinged, by this knowledge, and dedicates the useful time left to him trying to uncover the flaw in the surgical experiment so that the next "Charly" will be helped.

In my opinion this film cannot, in the time allowed, hope to achieve the desired effect of emotional response to an obviously touching story. The problems are too deep, the emotional and mental considerations of the subject too complex, to be treated in depth and with understanding in 103 minutes. All that is achieved is a synopsis of what could be a beautiful film. It is amazing that the film covers as well as it does the various states of mind of the two people, and their relationship. It is as if the various states have been broken down and transferred to a visual card index, and the film appears as a series of notes rather than the detailed book.

# The American Nightmare

"The President's Analyst," a contrived nuttiness. James Coburn, whose talents have been hidden under the bushels of "Our Man Flint," and "Duffy," has shown his flair for comedy in this film. His metamorphoses from a stable analyst who knows all the answers, to a neurotic twitching fugitive is sketched as his successive visits to the president leave him increasingly haggard. The problem seems to be that, whilst the president has someone to tell him troubles to, his girl having been declared a security risk, the weight of secrecy is fast driving his analyst into a state of advanced paranoia.

When he eventually breaks down and runs, the secret services of the world pursue him through only America's F.B.I. to kill him. The C.E.A. agent, however, in partnership with a Russian spy, rescue the Analyst from the final villains.

"The President's Analyst" except for two or three false endings, is a film to keep you watching; watch out for the midget F.B.I. boss, who only employs midget henchmen. The scenes, where Coburn gets drawn into a hippy music group are handled beautifully, and rarely lapse into more than gentle irony. For the first time the beautiful people really are beautiful.

M. B. Gran.

# Mass attack Conversation

The Mermaid Theatre, with its brick walls, and flimsy scenery, was in itself symbolic of the life in a council flat play "The Goblet Game." Although the symbolism went rather delivered many times before, amusing play. A focal target was the church, which has, in the near future setting of this play, become degraded into a series of gothic bingo halls. Constant references to religion, whilst funny, seemed on consideration to be more or less pointless. Television was a choice between chapel one, a chapel two and chapel nine. No one talked about sex, only about 'oly moments. And when the hero, Fred, is lured into marriage by the overflowing Rosie Whitefish, the wedding guests think to bed with "Knees Up Rose and Fred."

The message, I'm afraid, was the non-conformist's fight against Bureaucracy. The latter is personified by the Mayor, Lord Paradise, played by Tommy Godfrey, with Petticoat Lane slyness. Lord Paradise had started his rise to fame by stealing the horse and cart of Fred's totter dad, and became mayor after being noticed for assassinating pedestrians, on zebra crossings. Fred, Colin Bell, who has hated policemen ever since his mother has threatened him with these and Blackmen as a child, shows his defiance of the

mayor by encouraging his neighbours to boycott Lord Paradise's ball, and, instead of paint their houses the defiant and mildly psychedelic shade of Foo, and expletive which becomes Fred's defiant reply to the forces of law and order, personalised by Mick the Nick, the friendly copper, who, whilst best man at the wedding, threatens dad with a charge of disturbing the peace through the noise of the party.

Playwright Rex Edwards has, however, written a very funny play, well worth seeing, as long as you don't automatically expect every play to "make you remember to enjoy it while it lasts, and not (critic's dilemma) worry about it afterwards.

There's time enough. Time slows and expands for the one who lives as hard as he can."

"Is this at all related to what you said before?"

"Of course. Men have a weakness for order. They're victims of straight lines. You know the pleasant nightmare driving through darkness, and fields of snow vanish on both sides. You keep to the road—that's the mistake."

John Pecta

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# Personal Column

Anyone wish to let their accommodation for two weeks over Christmas. — Whitwam Condora, Gyllyngwae Tec., Falmouth.

# Hail, Leader Richter



In the tiny Hampstead Theatre Club a new production of Stanley Eveling's play "The Strange Case of Martin Richter" has been staged.

It concerns the German household of the wealthy Herr Gummel who employs ex-Nazi, an amazing skill and thoughtfulness. With an intricate plot All except the Jew (Martin Richter) have a past to contriving to find answers to many side issues he deals with—such as Richter's theory of necessary situations are still possible. After a series of events, Gummel reasserts his authority in

The strange case of Martin Richter by Stanley Eveling

# HAMPSTEAD THEATRE CLUB

the household so that the audience is carried by the fantasy in the play back to a realistic situation. Mr. Leonard Rossiter plays Richter admirably well and convincingly without jolting us from fantasy to reality. Together with Michael Blakemore's direction, we have a pleasant change; a play which has more depth to it than many other current productions which deal predominantly either with homo and hetero-sexuals or blunt media.

Throughout the dialogue the

L.K.

# looking back angrily

Woman was definitely the weaker vessel at the Royal Court's revival of LOOK BACK IN ANGER; Jane Asher's Alison, if beyond reproach, was also beyond anger also, from her first silent act at the ironing board; all the anger boiled in husband Jimmy. John Osborne's play has, I believe, sustained the passing of a decade, an achievement in this jet age, and his actresses let him down this time.

Helena the events of her courtship and marriage, it is as if it is a story belonging to some other person altogether.

To further undermine Victor Henry's position and to make even greater sentimental mish-mash of Osborne's play, Caroline Mortimer was not even a sufficient Helena. She lacked sufficient hard veneer and upper class hoity-toityness when that was required; lacked sufficient genuine soft lovingness when that was required; and if that were not sufficient, she lacked even a credible amount of sex appeal to give Jimmy an excuse for a transfer of affection, if not a reason. When the third act opens with Helena in Alison's place at the famous ironing board (wearing Alison's blouse no less), meaning, pathos, symbolism, the whole lot, go out the window and the audience squirms because it is a bit embarrassing and "did that sort of thing really go down in the 1950's?"

# theatre dark

The Ambiance Lunch Hour Theatre Club provided a refreshing new experience, one case when the ad-man's language is paradoxically appropriate. Like the Arts Laboratory set-up, the idea behind the whole restaurant cum theatre cannot really be separated from any particular production. Atmosphere: informal and friendly. Time: just before 1.15 pm. Enter critic to restaurant drink coffee, descend winding stairs, sit on low stool. The theatre is a tiny basement, equally divided between audience and stage, the latter predominantly filled by a large double bed containing a handsome nearly-

# double-time

Those who respected the original and informed wit of Alan Bennett's television series had much to enjoy in "40 years on". One feels tempted simply to quote the lines spoken instead of giving a second hand response to the show. The humour of a joke, once explained, easily evaporates. Alan Bennett's searching wit leaves no target untouched. He uses war photos and recordings (Neville Chamberlain's resignation speech among them) with devastatingly ironic effect.

The show failed, however, in that it remained simply a sequence of sketches with no connecting link. Brilliant as some of these were (Alan Bennett's "remembrances" of Virginia Woolf and his parody of Oscar Wilde spring immediately to mind) this lack of unity did create a feeling of dissatisfaction.

In places the humour was flat and overworked. Who can still laugh at jokes concerning homosexual public schoolmasters?

The production totally involved the audience. We were the parents who had come to a play put on by an ancient public school. The show had a double time scheme, each part using a world war as a starting point to move forward in time. In this way the audience was sharply reminded that they looked back to 1940 exactly as the other characters reminisced about 1918. "40 years on" (a beautifully ironic title) is an attack on stale ideas and well worn platitudes. The title scheme progress, yet when the double time scheme finally merges into one and we reach 1968, we come to a halt instead of a climax.

# theatre light

Last week's other much publicised theatrical event was the ICA sponsored production of "The Hero Rises Up"; being the naval and personal history of Lord Nelson! by John Arden and Margaretta D'Arcy staged at the Roundhouse, Chalk Farm. This exotic sounding event had aroused (justifiably in my opinion) great expectations for a unique experience: it must go down in immediate history, along with the October 26 Demonstration (also wrongly publicised), as a successful non-event for which the kindest criticism would read "disappointment." Problems: weak acting in ALL roles, unsuccessful attempt at stylisation, no singing voices, unsuccessful use of unique Round House staging possibilities (on a purely mechanical level, they built themselves a stage twice as big as they were able to use and the main effect of dropping the mainsails was to block the audience view, etc., etc.), shameful amateurism instead of spontaneity and vitality.—in fact a bore!

CATHERINE ITZIN

# The Tenant Explosion



30 estates attending regularly. The Action Committee's policy was militant from the start—NOT A PENNY ON THE RENTS was the slogan adopted. NATR panicked, and set up a G.L.C. Estates Joint Committee. It rapidly became clear that the Action Committee was the stronger and more militant of the two organisations. Estates began to change their affiliations. NATR could call out only about 500-1,000 tenants on a demonstration. Eventually they were forced, by the militancy of their own membership, to adopt a more forceful policy. They then said they would support a rent strike, where the majority of the tenants on that estate wanted one. The end result, in view of the strength of the mass base of the movement, will have to be complete unity. The strength of the movement at the moment is in the traditionally militant East End of London—Hackney, Poplar, Bethnal Green. However, now there is something tangible to show tenants in other areas. As one tenant on an unorganised estate said—"If the tenants on my estate knew what was happening they would fight too." This is the message that must be got across. A great deal of hard work is involved, with thousands still completely unorganised, but now, with the movement an established part of life for thousands of working class families, it is not nearly so difficult.

HELEN LOWE, Sec., GLC Tenants Action Comm.

"WE WON'T PAY A PENNY EXTRA". This slogan, printed in red, has appeared in thousands of Greater London Council flats and houses since September 30th. When the rent collectors call, they are given the rents and other charges that were laid down until that date. Thousands of tenants are not paying the increases in rent and other charges that were imposed on that date. In some cases the increases amount to 15 shillings a week, and the tenants, in cracked walls maybe 15 stories high, are being asked to pay more than they were paid for the last year. The only difference so far, have made it clear that they will not stand also to change the class composition of housing, by building luxury blocks for upper middle class tenants.

A clear case, it was thought by many, for a Labour Government to intervene. This they did, by referring council house rents to the Prices and Incomes Board. (P.I.B.) By April this year, the P.I.B. had made its decision: profits wouldn't be touched, but rent could be increased by no more than an average of 7s. 6d., or a maximum of 10 shillings a week in any one year. They put no time limit on such increases, however, they could be repeated for year after year. The only difference this made to the G.L.C.'s scheme was that their 70% would be gathered in 4 years instead of 2.

The other important aspect of this system is the bureaucracy which goes along with it. Paid officials—not elected representatives—choose who should be rehoused, who can be evicted, etc. This has grown to the extent that practically every aspect of domestic life is ruled by the Town Hall official. Complaints and repairs must go through officialdom, and very often get filed away and forgotten.

The G.L.C. is the greatest Landlord in the country. Formerly the London County Council (L.C.C.) it was for 30 years under Labour control, when it built or acquired a total of 240,000 properties.

The GLC has already said that they will take no action for 6 months. But, eventually they will be forced to move. They will probably pick off a few tenants as "examples" and take them to Court. The Action Committee's policy then is to step up the campaign. Demonstrations will be held at the courts to show solidarity and determination. If bailiffs try to evict, all GLC tenants' associations will be informed immediately and will attempt to turn the bailiffs away or get the tenant back in. Already many factory committees, docks groups and union branches have promised support.

## Rent Hikes

Over the years, the rents of these dwellings crept up fairly slowly, sometimes increasing by 35 shillings a week in 2 years. However, last year the Conservatives were voted in at the G.L.C., in perhaps their biggest election victory for years. Their housing policy was clear—up with the rents, cut down on repairs and services, and cut down on building altogether. They even tried selling the houses to the tenants (usually at about 500% profit, even after the tenant had paid enough rent over the years to pay for his house at least once) but this was more than even Wilson's boys could stomach. The Labour Government put an end to it.

This is what the P.I.B. were trying to stop. Certainly, in many places, tenants' protest has been non-existent, or at least ineffectual. Where it has been organised, it has usually been channelled through the National Association of Tenants and Residents (N.A.T.R.) This organisation is well known as a Stalinist front, and has established a reputation over the 20 years of its existence for non-militant action. Tenants have been dragged off on marches and lobbies of parliament, but have never been encouraged to go any further.

Possibly the greatest perennial promise the British Labour Party made to the British working class—after that of full employment—was decent housing, at low rents.

Some of us, who have been active for the past few years in tenants' work, tried to initiate a G.L.C. Tenants' Action Committee within the auspices of the NATR. This failed, so the only alternative was for us to initiate this organisation itself in opposition to the NATR.

After the First World War, building increased considerably, until the great boom in council house building in the 1950's. Over this period, council housing has become a pawn in the hands of the politicians. The original idea of saving working class families from the slums, appears on the surface to have been fairly successful. At a closer look, especially at those estates and blocks built before

This was done by initially issuing 200,000 copies of a leaflet calling on tenants to organise against the increases. The next stage was to canvas estates, call meetings, and get tenants' associations started. Within two months, the Action Committee was off the ground, with representatives from about

# RACIALISM

As every good left-wing radical knows, those same processes which have led to the American intervention in Vietnam produce intolerable situations and evils in many other sectors of our society.

With this in mind I went to see Mr. James Cummings, who is the Community Relations Officer of the Kensington and Chelsea Inter-racial Council. The Council has been in existence for about two years now, although it was not until last December that Mr. Cummings was appointed as a full-time officer. Affiliated to it are all the organisations operating within the borough who agree with the Council's aims: "to foster understanding and goodwill among all citizens of the Boroughs of Kensington and Chelsea, and to provide opportunities for them to live and work together in friendship." Thus the Council maintains close contact both with voluntary organisations such as the Family Service Unit, the Notting Hill Adventure Playground and the Universal Coloured People's Association, and with official bodies such as the statutory welfare departments. It also deals with the housing department in ensuring that the provisions of the Housing and Rent Acts are maintained, prosecuting where they are not.



What can students do? The Council has several projects in hand all of which are run entirely by voluntary help. Some people are teaching 10-13-year-old immigrant children to read, write and speak English so that they can make the most of their opportunities at school. Others are taking children out at weekends to help them broaden their experience, play and see and do things which they would not otherwise be able to do. Before letting people do anything Mr. Cummings likes to talk to them and invite them to open discussions on the problems that they are likely to come up

against as they must be able to create an atmosphere of confidence in the children. In addition they must have the right attitude to the children—not be condescending or paternalistic, but treat them as equals—people from whom they too can learn.

Apart from this students can also stimulate discussion on race relations, for we are more receptive to new ideas and willing to question the mores of white society. For discrimination repercussions, Mr. Cummings warned me; our generation has a vested interest in the matter—we are the people who are going to have to live with whatever we choose to work towards—a segregated society with the bitterness and hatred that it engenders, or an integrated community.

Catherin Rudge



Sennet welcomes letters to the editor from its readers, admirers, haters, or those who are merely put to sleep by it. Letters should be typed, double spaced and, in order to provide space to the maximum of contributors, should not be longer than 400 words.

For those who think participation in mass murder by Russia justifies participation in mass murder by Britain, rest assured that your day of smugness is at hand. Next week Sennet will carry some detailed articles on Eastern Europe, and all those who split the world up into WE and THEY, can be happy in the knowledge that THEY are just as bad as us.

You claim in Sennet (which has improved beyond recognition) to give as much space to left-wingers as to right-wingers. However this ignores the blatant fact that most readers are apolitical moderates and a small minority actively anti-political. The moderates deserve to be ignored, but you owe it to your readers to print this anti-political statement, which will take its place with Black Dwarf and the Anti-university as one of the great communications breakthroughs of all time!

The employees of the ordinary trading establishments are getting a raw deal. Look at Marx, Lenin and Joe Bloggs for symbols of a technocratic organisation soon to span the world domination by super-shops.

These trading establishments supply food to capitalists and starve innocent children in Biafra. To protest against this shocking state of affairs we will set up an anti-Sainsburys. Bring your food to the shop. We will overcome the bread hang up. We will unpackage the food for you, crate it and send it to the growers. The growers will plant the food, which will grow into its natural inedible shape. All workers in the shop will have unpleasant unhygienic working conditions with 2 1/2 hours guaranteed overtime for workers over 20. In this way we shall overcome, we shall overcome somehow the society that led to the Vietnam Peace Settlement in Paris, the Second World War, the bomb, the Archbishop of York and deep frozen food.

Unite and do your own thing. Disregard authority and obey me. Ho Chi Minh ho!

David Smith (QMC)

In the November 13 edition of *The Evening Standard*, the tedious lead article on how the evil Labour backbenchers and African governments are sabotaging our Rhodesia policy, makes the following interesting point: "Agreement would now have considerable economic advantages for Britain, both in offering a resumption of Rhodesian trade and in safeguarding vital business with South Africa."

Looks as if some of the Fleet Street bright-boys have been reading Sennet. Unfortunately, they are still confusing Britain with the House of Lords.

Pandora

I have just read in the UC newspaper *Pi* about the underhanded double-dealing of ULU president Roger Bingham designed to get you out of your job, and install one of his many mindless girlfriends as Sennet editor. With characters like this around the ULU building, you certainly have no need for rats.

It is a pity that Sennet is in such a tenuous position in relation to Presidents' Council for, with people like Bingham around, you are sure to get the sack eventually. Perhaps, this time, students will do more to support you than just going back to sleep.

Name Submitted

# CORRESPONDENCE

Everyone can see what you are against, but what are you aiming to substitute in its place. We are all fed up with the fiasco of the political system, and the farce of the present government, and Mr. Wilson has not been the last to tell us what a mess the country is in at the moment. I am all in favour of removing this shambles and replacing it with something better, but until someone has something to offer, there is no point in destroying the old, particularly by violence.

To impose a new system of government by force is a marvellous beginning to a society which is going to respect the freedom of the individual. I would rather fight a Vietnam War in Britain than submit to a forced takeover of the country by the liberating Russian communists that we have seen at work in Czechoslovakia in the last few months.

I agree with Mr. Ben-Nathan Sennet, Oct. 23, when he asks that we should hear the views of the Czech students. From what I have heard, they have been completely disillusioned. They felt they were beginning to enter on a bright new future with a liberalising all round, but we find that this sort of communism does not work. The first item of present day democracy that should go is the party system, and this includes the Labour and Conservative parties as well as the Communist one. It is criminal that the governing body should first be elected not on their own merits, but on the merits of an organisation, and it is also ludicrous that they are not allowed to work as their electors want them to, but as the party decrees. It might also be advisable to create a system where, if these views were not represented, the electors could vote them out of office before their term had finished.

With all the organisation and leadership shown so well at the LSE take-over, it should be possible to think of something. Revolutionaries of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your bombs.

J. Johnston (KCL)

We struggled in quite early, having forgone food for a week, and expecting the buffet to begin, as advertised, at 11.15. Little did we know . . . for lo and behold (and other expletives!), when we came downstairs, mouths watering like Pavlov's dogs, tongues hanging out, at 10.45, what did we feast our eyes on? A scene of devastation—the scavengers had been and gone. Farewell my £4 10s., down the drain, and farewell the President's Ball!

J. Madden (Westfield)

Perhaps you can't yet tell the difference between a Hippie and a left-winger, but you must know that SENNET under your editorship has evoked more response from its readers than at any time previously, at least during the two years that I have been at this University (and like publicity, any response is a good response.)

Francis Baker-Smith, Secretary, U.C. Liberal & Radical Society

I am an American serviceman in Vietnam. I would like very much to correspond with someone in England, preferably female. Any assistance you can provide will be greatly appreciated.

Roy Grob

Reply: Being very sympathetic to servicemen in Vietnam, I hope they will immediately be sent home for reunion with suitable females.—Ed.

In response to your last editorial, I wish to make three points about "student power":

- (1) Student Power has nothing to do with elites, since part of the basis on which the theory rests is the elimination of the alienation that exists inside educational institutions and its replacement by a student controlled participatory democracy involving the mass of the students.
- (2) The elevation of administration to minority power has led to a non-democratic vertical system of College government. Student power seeks the end of this administrative verticalism. The administration of

higher education would be subordinate to the elected and open councils of students who decide the direction the institution will take.

(3) Student Power sees higher education as the expression of the contradictions of society, and expression which accentuates the subordinate role sections of the population play in society. There is therefore, an important aspect of student power that seeks the end of the passive role of these sections in favour of an active critical discussion leading to effective action on that discussion.

Richard Saville

At last Sennet begins to be a newspaper, and a valuable counterweight to the capitalist press barons who are constantly corrupting the youth of this country, including the students. Best wishes for the future. Is it not possible to make Sennet available outside the University, on newstands, for example? The larger and wider the circulation now the better.

John Russell

I am sick of the claptrap talked about my country, Northern Ireland, mostly by those who have never been there and know little or nothing about the issues involved.

As an ardent supporter of human rights I support peaceful movements towards ending discrimination, but without the 'help' of the English, please. We had their 'help' for a few hundred years and look at the mess they left us. "50 years of failure" your article calls our efforts. Study the conditions in 1918 and ask yourself "Was it?" Religious prejudice, instilled and then used by the English, could not have been cured in a mere 50 years without intervention from the Almighty, and I've ceased to believe in that, England always 'knew' what was right for Ireland but made no effort to understand her. Will England repeat her mistakes once again? Oh God, will she never learn! I visit not the 'sins of the fathers upon the sons' but I do expect current intelligentsia to learn something from the mistakes of their forefathers.

If, in the recent student demonstration, mass media had published the aims of only one faction, would you have considered this just? Yet you print only the views of Eamonn Melaugh and present these as the whole situation. You infer that the police used Parisley as an excuse for keeping the students from the City Hall, but how much have you studied the activities of the Parisley group? If the police had not intervened there would almost certainly have been violence and bloodshed. Would you have preferred this? Northern Ireland is "denied even the semblance of parliamentary democracy" you say. Well, who would have guessed? All those elections for both parliaments were simply illusion!

No movement in Northern Ireland has been successful in separating social from political issues and that is why they have failed. In fact, commercial radio would transmit programmes for, say, fifty minutes of each hour, the remaining ten minutes being taken up by sponsors' messages. Leaving aside the question of mis-allocation of resources, it follows that the listener gets for his money only five-sixths of the programme time he would enjoy under non-commercial auspices. Commercial radio is thus more expensive, and, because of commercial breaks, more irritating.

However, because it is in the best interests of the capitalists to persuade people to buy things they might not need, it is not surprising that the Tory Party is advocating this system.

Adryth Warwick (Birkbeck)

P. R. Dare



Shame. Shame Shame. I was deeply offended by your off-colour poem in last week's issue insulting our good and gracious Chancellor, the Queen Mother. The time was when Left-wingers like yourself were clapped into goal for less. Oh those wonderful days!

Paul Hoch

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# The Death Rattle of "Liberal England"

by a former Nat. chm. of the Young Liberals.

For the first time in about eight years, Jo Grimmond started a big row with his article: to the effect that the political systems of developed countries were ossified, and had established defence mechanisms that only direct action against them could break. The British and the Americans in particular have always appeared to accept the theory of liberal democracy more readily than anyone else—from John Locke on. So it is interesting to find a quasi-establishment figure seeing its basic defects. What we have always done in the past is to see the political system (councils, parliaments, etc.) as the agent of change, through which all social and economic pressure should be channelled. Expressed most simply, the thought was that real changes could come through the system. But most of us have now seen through this trite vision. Instead of taking the constitution as the base-line for political action, and attempting to mould our activities to fit it, we can see that the constitution has lost most of its relevance; and that action must thereafter be taken through the real channels. Direct action doesn't mean throwing petrol-bombs—or at least, it very rarely does. It means ignoring the conventional structure and creating another, based this time on people's real needs. To improve housing, pressure on Members of Parliament might bring a few benefits; but militant householders will do more. To raise pensions, letters to councillors might produce a few vague promises of sympathy, but actually organising the sufferers will do more. And underneath all this even if the comfortable and the conventional decry these efforts as 'extremist', and even if precious little benefits arise, the people affected will have taken part in political action probably for the first time in their lives. And it is through action and experience that each of us finds political

reality—not through listening to lectures or poring over tracts. There are some criteria of direct action that should be remembered. First, establishing the aim. The aim of action is not to correct a local or even a national wrong. It is to educate participants as to the real nature of the society in which they live. If improvements occur, well and good. But major changes cannot be made within the structure of the western economy (because of a lack of investment capital thanks to private money-grabbing and the stranglehold of banks and corporations over all public institutions); the structure has to be changed totally. The first step to this is the education of the sufferers to see an overall view of the problem. Secondly, action can be taken only from inside the group affected (the exceptions to this are negligible). No one can organise tenants by issuing manifestos and shoving them through letter boxes. The essence of political conviction is personal experience through personal conversion. And personal conversion, wherever it is, requires not middle-class paternalism but actual co-operation. Thirdly, action should be non-violent. Enemies of change are given the greatest opportunity of castigating radicals when violence occurs. Because conservatives rather than radicals control the media of communication, the population as a whole is easily swayed from sympathy with the demonstrators (an exception must be of the French student revolt, but there are further reasons for this). A thousand people sitting in Birmingham Town Hall, and refusing to budge, would count for far more than two thousand people dispersed by the police in scenes reminiscent of Grosvenor Square. Even when

Continued on page 16

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# QUEBEC: All-out Student Warfare

Students are in revolt throughout Canada's Quebec province. They have occupied 13 public junior colleges for the past month. As we went to press, eight departments at the University of Montreal were in the hands of students; 18 other faculties had been closed by a strike. 8 junior colleges have been shut down by striking students, who have set up their own study sessions. McGill University, Sir George Williams University and Loyola College have held sympathy demonstrations. During the last three weeks, the student rebellion has spread like wildfire. It was sparked by Ste. Therese, a small village, 15 miles north of Montreal. Students at Lionel Groulx public junior college frustrated by three years of fruitless efforts to get government response to their grievances, took over the campus buildings. The 30 CGEPs (College d'Enseignement General et Professionnel) in Quebec province have been the hotbeds of the student strike. CGEPs are roughly analogous to technical schools in England. They serve as an intermediary step between secondary schools and universities, but 60 per cent of CGEP

# "The Ministry of Social Security demands I get a haircut"

Dear Careers Editor,

What could I do when the desk clerk, who said that I got more in dole than he earned in two years, and was I a foreign student? came at me with a pair of scissors, attached by a high voltage cable to a 10,000-volt pylon? And not even a qualified beauty consultant. Well, I told him I'd get a job, and he said if I didn't get out and use my degree which the taxpayers had bought me for my twenty-first birthday, when I'd really wanted a car, well, he said he'd tell the "Daily Express", or even Enoch Powell, and that's what I call a real threat. But when I go for a job, no-one wants to know if I haven't got a degree, although one interviewer was quite taken by the Bicycling Proficiency Test thing I shoved before his contact lenses. But when I got the job, all the

people I worked with wanted to drop me in boiling oil, because I was a filthy pacifist.

Yours in distress,

Perplexed.

Dear Perplexed,

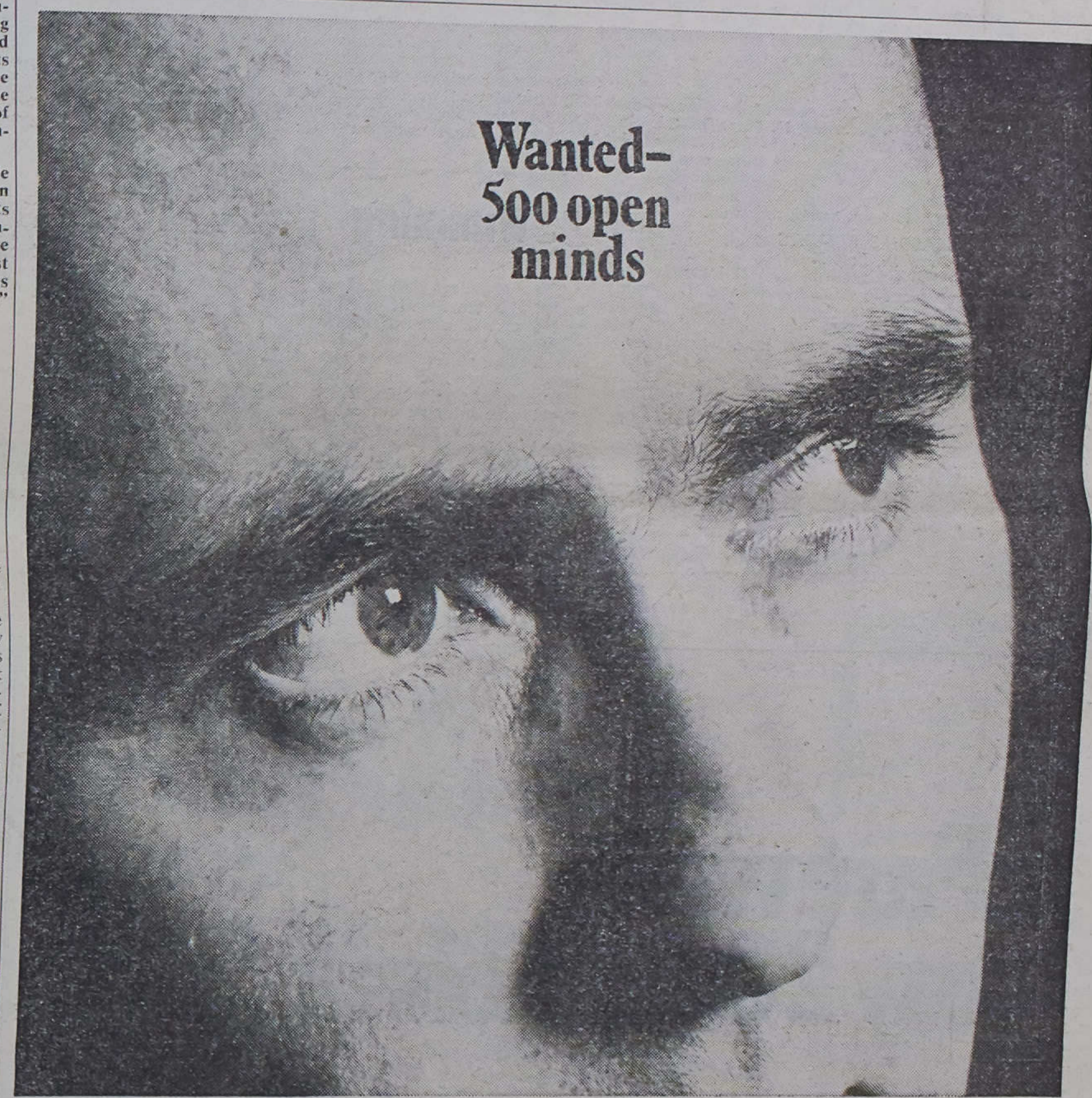
I advise you to get your hair cut off and made into a wig for week-ends. Then, with the money you earn from joining a capitalist industry, you can borrow a couple of German missiles and start the revolution, that is, if you are not voting Conservative this time next year.

M. B. Gran, Features Editor.

# GUINEA: All-out Guerrilla Warfare

All through last dry season—November through May—the Portuguese were busy defending "portuguese" Guinea by daily bombing and napalm-burning village in the forest. And in November of this year the napalm cannisters—produced by NATO countries—are still falling. This bombing doesn't achieve much, but it is all the Portuguese have left to them. Although they have some 30,000 troops in this country they are bottled up, badly frightened, deprived of the military initiative, and reduced to defending their fortified garrisons and "strategic hamlets." In physical terms, Guinea is a very small, less than one-third the size of Cuba and with fewer than one million inhabitants. The Portuguese sailors of long ago came to its coasts on missions of discovery and trade, just as they came to the coasts of Angola and Mozambique. Once the conquest was complete—more or less at the same time as the Portuguese generals were fastening their fascist dictatorship on Portugal at the end of the 1920s—a dismal silence settled on the territory. It "passed out of history." As elsewhere, the colonial conquest might mean profits for businessmen in Europe: for the colonialised people it meant more or less total deprivation. Here the onward movement of world history was allowed to find no echo. Modern science, modern schools, modern health services, modern ways of life and government; all these were absent here. After eighty years of their "civilising mission," the Portuguese in Guinea had produced the magnificent result of training exactly eleven African university graduates. In 1956, and in deep secrecy from the Portuguese, the movement of national liberation of "Portuguese" Guinea and the

neighbouring Cape Verde Islands was founded in Bissau with a handful of members. For three years this little clandestine group worked away doggedly at winning volunteers for the struggle. The movement gradually took shape as a revolutionary party, the PAIGC (Partido Africano pola Independencia da Guine e Cabo Verde). In 1959 the spark was set to the fuel they had prepared by a brutal Portuguese repression of a strike of dock workers in Bissau harbour. Under the leadership of Amilcar Cabral, an African of the territory, the PAIGC met in secret and decided to prepare for armed revolt as the only possible means of advancing the cause of national liberation. There followed three more years of political preparation. Members of the PAIGC went from village to village in the forest country, seeking peasant support and gradually winning it. They laid the ground for a guerrilla war that was to be waged in the forest and the grasslands. After 1962, a year of bitter Portuguese repression by troops and police, volunteers flocked to the PAIGC. The armed struggle began. It began with small raids and ambushes. It continued with bigger raids. Peasant soldiers gained experience, commanders learned their job. By early 1968, the Portuguese held only the towns and some forty or fifty besieged garrisons in the countryside. The PAIGC now with a regular army of several thousand men who have gone over to mobile warfare while maintaining many local guerrilla units based on villages—possessed more or less complete control of more than half the whole rural area and were active in the other half. Tricontinental.



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# THE GREAT CRICKET CRISIS

The 1968 season opened with considerable promise following the recruitment of several good players at the indoor nets. Our bowling was especially strong with two new fast bowlers, J. Borner (C.E.H.), and N. Jones (Goldsmith's), and spin bowlers, G. Davies (Chelsea), and H. Tomlinson (Bedford). Together with A. Le Serve (Bedford), A. Palmer (U.C.) and R. Wyse (Chelsea) from the previous season, we were able to produce a hostile and a varied attack. However, at times our batting suffered seriously, despite the hard-hitting of A. Palmer, and offered batting of J. R. Law (Goldsmith's), who has now completed 1,000 runs for the University. Of the new batsmen, M. Rawlings (Wye) topped the averages in his first year, while A. Ponder (Chelsea), W. Tranter (U.C.) and J. Mortimer also produced valuable innings. Our worst problem was producing a really formidable batting order, and, except for our game with Glamorgan 2nd XI, at Cardiff, this was never achieved.

After a defeat in our first game, against M.C.C. Young Professionals, we drew seven games in succession, including those against Bedfordshire, Kent Club and Ground, Essex 2nd XI, Worcester 2nd XI, Glamorgan 2nd XI, and the Royal Navy. In all these games, played before the examinations, we produced creditable results, although some were played with only a few of our regular players.

Following the examinations we won two games—against the Civil Service Crusaders and the Jesters C.C.—while against Romford C.C., we had a moral victory after scoring 177 for 1 declared.

Finally, in early July, we enjoyed a tour of the Bournemouth region, organized by the Club Secretary, D. Parr (Q.E.C.). This proved an excellent tour despite defeat in the first game, against Southampton Trojans. Here, after an early collapse to 46 for 5 we scored 146. The Trojans, at 95 for 1 seemed set to win convincingly, when the spin bowling, of G. Davies and R. Wyse caused them to crash to 149 for 8 before they won.

### SEASON'S RESULTS

Played 15, Won 3, Drew 10, Lost 2.  
For: 1,814 runs for 106 wickets—Average 17.1 runs/wicket.  
Against: 1,847 runs for 106 wickets—Average 17.4 runs/wicket.

BATTING			
	Runs	Inns.	Av.
M. Rawlings	293	7	41.9
W. Tranter	114	4	28.5
J. R. Law	221	10	22.1
A. Ponder	55	3	21.7
J. Mortimer	61	4	20.3
A. Palmer	151	9	16.8
D. Parr	88	6	14.7
D. Rotheray	108	8	13.5
S. Day	161	12	13.4
BOWLING			
	Overs	Wickets	Av.
G. Davies	111	22	10.8
A. Palmer	83	13	14.9
J. Borner	149	21	17.9
A. LeServe	120	14	20.8
R. Wyse	74	14	24.0

# Farewell my 20 Gauloises

Farewell those twenty white-clad columns of Gallic tobaccos, so pungent, rich and dark.

The crumpled white and blue pack now drifts destitute, mere flosam on alien stream.

Only small twisted butt-ends form here and there scattered witness to five and tuppence shared with grateful friends.

Hateful, grateful friends!



## Riding

The Riding Club team took part in their first away match this season on Sunday, November 10. This gave an opportunity for two newcomers to the University: Cherry Elvin and Sue Hoyle (Goldsmith's), to ride in the team. The other team members were Lesley Helliwell (R.V.C.) and Hilary Mogford (School of Hygiene).

At the invitation of Cambridge University the teams met at Lordsbridge riding school. The judge was a young German instructor recently come from the renowned Spanish Riding School in Vienna. After the dressage phase, London went into a narrow lead. A fairly difficult show jumping course was then erected, which presented some sharp turns in the small arena. The various horses provided for the competition required skilful riding, but two people achieved clear rounds, including Cherry Elvin for London.

The final result was a convincing win for London (217 penalty points) from Cambridge (253), with H. Mogford taking the individual prize.

## Cross Country

At Parliament Hill Fields on November 11, London met Oxford University and Blackheath H., and although well beaten on the day, there is considerable optimism for the return bout. In the B.U.S.F. championships we can expect to see Ollerton return from injury. But above all, the depth of our team was illustrated, and we can anticipate an intercollegiate struggle for College supremacy in the championships on November 30.

Result: 1st, Richardson (Bl.); 2nd, Valentine (Ox.); 3rd, Barton (Lon.).

## Swimming

The swimming club had an eventful summer—just missing taking part in a cross channel relay race organised by British Wool. The object was to promote a new line of shrink-resistant jumpers which British Wool were bringing out in the autumn. Each member of the team, 6 in all, 3 men and 3 women, were to swim for an hour each wearing a jumper which was to be measured for its shrink resistance before and after the swim. The race was to be between continental university teams and London University representing Britain. The winners' prize would be to choose a charity to receive a

donation of £1,000. We had a very enjoyable practice weekend in Dover, all expenses paid by the company, when we tried out the sweaters in sea-water by swimming behind a boat outside the har-

bour. We were due to take the plunge on Sunday, September 15th, leaving from Cap Ginz Nez at 1.30 a.m.! Unfortunately, when we woke up in the hotel in London on Saturday morning we found that a gale had blown up during the night and the whole project had to be called off. Naturally we were extremely disappointed. British Wool, however, having already proved very generous and helpful, consoled the team by giving us the jumpers we were going to swim in, and another specially made for each of us by Pringle.



## FENCERS IN MEXICO

ULU's fencing club, holding three out of four national team titles this year, supplied three members, and two reserves, for the British team at the Mexico Games. Although life in the Olympic village left much to be desired, we began training a month before the games, having less trouble with the altitude than with the Mexican way of plumbing.

The fencing began three days after the opening ceremony (at which the British team's much maligned plastic masks proved their worth when 10,000 pigeons were released.)

In the men's individual foil, Graham Paul started well, topping his first round pool, and beating last year's world champion. Both he and Mike Brekin fought through two difficult rounds to reach the direct elimination stage, the last 32. Here Brekin lost to strong Polish ex-world finalist, and then was eliminated in the repechage, losing to a German who was a Tokyo quarter finalist.

Graham lost to another German, and in the repechage, having beaten a fanatically supported Mexican, re-met the German, and quite easily gained his revenge. He finally succumbed to a very fast world class Rumanian, having reached the last 16.

In the first round of the team event, the British foilists met the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. The Americans were defeated

9-7. Paul winning three bouts and Brekin resting, when it was realised we'd get a better seeding if we lost to the Russians, which we did 0-9 in record time. This meant that Britain next met the Japanese. Paul won three out of four fights, and the team were 7-8 down with one fight left. Brekin, knowing he had to win 5-1, could only manage a 5-3 victory, so that we were out by two hits.

Several days later, Bourne fenced in the epee whose first round pool consisted of Brazil, Cuba, and France, a formidable team who were world champions in 1965 and runners up in 1967. As expected, we easily beat Brazil (10-6) and Cuba (14-2). Bourne winning three and four matches in respective contests. Then came Britain's best performance of the games, against France. Bourne, starting inauspiciously, and almost disastrously, trailing 0-3 after fifteen seconds, pulled back to win 5-4. The team gathered momentum, and won 9-4.

In the last eight, we drew W. Germany, who proved more difficult than expected. We started badly, losing the first seven bouts, and despite a partial recovery, lost 5-9.

The Games at this time were almost at an end, and, except for Graham, who was last seen heading States-wards, we arrived home to find the usual welcoming committee—British weather.



If you see a lady dressed like this, do not approach her unless you fancy yourself as a fall guy, as she will be one of the many learning the trips of the trade at the anti-rape, neo judo, club, where you can see girls hurling other girls, and, horror, boys, over their shoulders and around their hips with every manifestation of enjoyment.

## Hockey

With ten of last year's first eleven returning this year, a successful season is anticipated, although, due to academic complications, the team has not yet been as settled as one might hope. Of the seven games played, victories have been achieved over Windsor (2-0), and United Hospitals (6-2). Last Saturday saw a 1-1 draw against Old Kingstonsians. The other four games ended in defeats by the Presidents' XI, Teddington, Surbiton and the Hockey Association XI, all of which were strong sides, the Association side, in fact being more or less an England Under 23's trial, with as many selectors as players evident.

By the time this is published, there will have been weekend matches against Hampstead and the army, in both of which we hope we will have improved over last year's draws. Today, Wednesday, we are playing a home match against Cambridge University. This side was unbeaten until this fixture last year, which resulted in a 1-0 victory for London, and we hope that we will again win what should be an exciting fixture. Unfortunately, we will be without our own Welsh international right wing, Ian Hoskin, who is at present at sea.

## Football

V. Royal Navy

The game opened with some fast attacking moves from both sides, and with a little more care in the penalty area, either side might have scored. After an early goal was disallowed, London University scored the vital goal. Alan Green (U.C.) robbed a home defender of the ball just outside the penalty area, and pushed it through to Robin Cartwright (U.C.H.), who coolly steered the ball past the advancing Navy keeper.

The Navy, with the incentive of a goal down, fought hard to equalise. But their shooting was inadequate. The second half saw constant pressure on the London goal, but the home team's mid-field mastery was marred by the appalling finishing. However, tary, Anthony Attwood, East Brian Hall (I.C.) and Brian Wing, Guy's Hospital, S.E.1, for Callington (Goldsmiths) deserve full details.

commendation for their excellent defensive work. Nevertheless, London University were lucky to emerge as victors of this rather scrappy game.

## Winks

An intrepid group of ULU winkers waited outside Baker Street tube station for a native guide to appear. When she materialised, in the shape of our very own beautiful secretary, Barbara, we fought our way, with mat and winks, to Bedford College. There, the winkers of ULU astounded themselves and both their gorgeous female supporters, by winning their first match, albeit a friendly, ever.

Highlights of the match were:

(1) Obscenities from Miss Mace and Miss Bedford.

(2) Noises of jollity emitted by Messrs. Smith and Fitz-george as they turned in Bedford's best performance, Fitz-george actually having the audacity to pot out.

(3) Brilliant potting from Pywell with some gallant backing up from Paul Claudin Brookes-Mayes.

The evening ended with a celebratory paper fight between Dave (the mountain) Torr, and Pete (the dwarf) Kerrawn, the only casualty being an I.T., and a happy team and supporters dispersed to their various dwellings.

The exact score has been buried 'mongst the merriments,' but a consensus of opinion suggests that 50-27 was the result.

## Skiing

For those who want to start skiing, we do run a magnificent Christmas skiing holiday. This year we are going to Mayrhofen in Austria for 11 days from the 27th December to January 7th for the paltry sum of £28 basic. All in all, the holiday should not cost more than £40. Booking officially closed on November 7th but we still have some home team's mid-field vacancies. If you want to come, write immediately to the secret-ary, Anthony Attwood, East Brian Hall (I.C.) and Brian Wing, Guy's Hospital, S.E.1, for full details.

## McCarthy v. Wallace (continued)

In retrospect, the most astonishing thing about the McCarthy phenomenon was its almost total confinement to the white upper middle class. It was the organised political expression of the well-off college educated class who wanted to extricate America from the mess in Vietnam. Its style and content were erudite and urbane. It never penetrated, nor did it ever attempt to penetrate, working class neighbourhoods, and its vote analyses proved this. A study made of one thousand McCarthy volunteers in Wisconsin revealed an average family income of \$13,000.

While suburban ladies held coffee klatches for Gene, and on Labour Day, as Hubert Humphrey marched up the deserted streets of Manhattan in the company of the labour elite, George Wallace was speaking to an over-flow crowd of 70,000 at a stock car race in South Carolina.

The George Wallace who sallied forth to challenge Johnson in the primaries of 1964 was still the Wallace of "school-house door" fame. His appeal was overtly racist and sectional. But the Wallace of 1968 was strikingly different in both his expanded rhetoric and base of support.

Listening to a Wallace speech is really a trip. He stands up there and in a loud, clear voice says, "There's not a dime's worth of difference between the Democrat and Republican parties!" The audience cheers. Then he says (are you listening, new left?) "I think there is a backlash in this country against the theoreticians who look down their nose at the steelworker and the policeman and the fireman and the little businessman and the clerk and the farmer, and say that you don't have intelligence enough to decide how to get up in the morning and when to go to bed at night."

George then points out that Washington is the "hypocrite capital of the world." He delights in needling the "liberal" Congressmen, only three of whom allow their children to attend public schools in Washington, and who flee the ghetto into the suburbs. He masterfully blends racism with scorn for Wall Street to produce gems like: "these tax-exempt foundations like Rockefeller and Ford recommend that your taxes be doubled to pay people not to work, and some of the sob sisters say the people of our country are sick. The people aren't sick. It's the politicians, the judges and the newspaper editors that are sick."

Wallace loves to point out how the capital-

ist press is prejudiced against him (and anyone with a Southern accent) which they are. And in a comment worthy of any new leftist, he recently remarked, "Some of these liberal newspaper editors are saying one reason the Wallace philosophy is so popular is he says what the people want to hear. And they're saying it in such a manner that it sounds like what the people want is bad."

Basically, all the elements of fascism are present in the Wallace movement. First is the racial response to the black revolution. Second is the attack upon the left, and the identification of creeping capitalism with creeping socialism. A favourite Wallace target is the guideline writers who seek to re-shape and rationalise the economy in the interests of Fortune's top 500. Third is nationalism, pride in the fighting forces, and religion. Fourth is support for police repression of dissidents. "We ought to turn this country over to the police for two or three years and everything would be all right." And fifth, many Wallace supporters already belong to para-military right-wing organisations.

Wallace's relationship to corporate capital closely parallels Hitler's. His racist populism counterpoise to anti-capitalist forces loose in the society. They attack him bitterly for his racism in the media, but their real complaint against him is that he is not under control. George Wallace is the only major politician in America with an independent political and financial base.

As the McCarthy phenomenon receded into history and the full impact of the Wallace phenomenon became apparent, liberals and their old left supporters thrust the accusing finger at radicals, black and white. "If you had acted more responsibly, you wouldn't have provoked this reaction." But this boils down to a demand that all revolutionary programmes be abandoned. It further assumes that people in the ghettos and on the campuses can just be told to "turn it off."

The real culprits are the liberals and reformers who thought that social change, even reformists, could be imposed by Federal legislation and court decisions without creating a base in popular consciousness. Liberalism, in fact, consciously sought to circumvent public involvement in its political programme, and Nixon's election shows the chickens have come home to roost.

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# ON WHAT'S ON WHAT'S ON



## MISS WORLD has red apples

A hitherto unpublished picture of the first Miss World has reached this salacious office. The golden fruit, provided by sponsor, A. Serpent, and presented by a distant ancestor of Michael Aspel, is handed to her as a trophy of her victory in Eden over the better judgement of the male population of the world. The prize, a perpetual world tour, has been provided by the long established firm of God (Travel) Ltd., presently being investigated by the monopolies commission (Chairman J. Hovah pictured far above).

Comments from the family of the victor will not be available until the happy event, but we have from a reliable witness that several fauns threw up. Asked what she would do now that she had won, Miss World replied "I hope to participate in social work, and assist the population explosion."

WILLIAM HICK.



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### Thursday

18.30 International Fair and Exhibition at International Students' House.

20.00 ULU Psychology Soc.: Prof. R. Gregory on his new theories of illusions. UC Engineering Theatre.

20.00 Goldsmith's College jazz club in small hall.

20.00 ULU Scout and Guide Soc.—President's evening—Dr. P. Meadow's talk on "Camping in USA and USSR."

20.00 ULU Humanist Soc. Ian Scarlet talks on "Delinquency and Communication."

20.00 Poetry Reading—Mike Horowitz at Exile, 86 Green-croft Gdns., London, N.W.6.

20.00 King's Coll. Folk Club—Special guest Shirley Wilms Chesham, Surrey St. entrance. Members 3s., non 5s.



### Friday

12-14.00 Grand library. Sale in aid of WUS in the Institute of Education in the entrance.

12.15-13.30. Exercises in the culinary art of making soup in the small hall of the Institute of Education.

17.00 King's Coll. Large Lecture Theatre, lecture "Flying Saucers."

18.30 International Fair and Exhibition & discotheque, ISH.

19.00 ULU Scottish Dancing in badminton court.

19.30 ULU Flying Club—Squadron Leader R. G. Hanna talks about RAF Red Arrows.

19.30 Imperial Coll. Folk and Square Dance in the Union snack bar, Prince Consort Rd.

19.30 Imperial Coll. Film Soc. shows "Those Magnificent Men

### Liberalism (cont.)

violence reaches the peak of Sharpeville, when undoubtedly the non-white reactions in South Africa were very severely anti-Verwoerd, it is useless: for that sort of violence only betrays the determinism of the regime to hammer dissent.

The police forces and the mental structures of our governors are totally unable to deal with mass, peaceful but firm direct action. In 1960, as the tide began to turn against non-violent action, the police were seriously worried at the sympathies felt for the demonstrators by their own men, and at their own complete inability to deal with the numbers involved. Are there enough police vans to remove forty thousand sitters, or

enough cells to accommodate them? Societies collapse not from external pressure but from internal decay. It should not be a radical's task to bewail the death of so-called liberal democracy but to applaud and to accelerate it. The structure of the system is under immense pressure, and its political organisms are incapable of withstanding them. Our task is to ensure first that the collapse comes; and secondly that at the time of collapse the people themselves are sufficiently aware of social and political realities to forestall a dictatorial regime—whether fascist or Stalinist. Direct action can achieve both; and it starts at our own local levels, everywhere where people are the victims of a pattern of society that puts man against man, and creates therefore two classes of rulers and ruled.

in their Flying Machines" in the concert hall.

20.00 Goldsmith Coll.—discotheque in the small hall.

20.00 Middlesex Hospital Med. School, Cleveland St., W.1, presents "Unit four plus two with the Merlin Q". 7s. 6d.

20-23.00 Folk and Jazz at the Royal Free Hospital, 8 Hunter St., W.C.1. Guest singer Mike Absolom. Adm. 3s.

### Saturday

18.30 Goldsmith Coll. Lecture Theatre—Film "Moll Flanders."

19.00 ULU Catholic Soc.—Open forum on birth control in Cavendish Sq., College

20.00 Informal at Grove Hall.

20.00-24.00 Discotheque at St. Mary's Hospital, Medical School, Norfolk Pl., W.2. 4/6.

20.00 Film "Far From Vietnam" at International Students' House.

### Sunday

19.30 Western ULU Catholic Soc. Mass at Duchesne, Phillimore Gdns. Followed by tea.

20.00 IC Jazz stroke blues in Union lounge.

20.00 Concert given by International Students' House members at ISH.

### Monday

17.30. LSE Polyglot Soc. Party in Concourse Area, LSE.

18.00. Duplicate bridge in ULU games room.

20.00. ULU Mountaineering Club meet at 6 Rathbone Place, W.1, also film "Conquistadores of the Useless".

### Tuesday

19.00. Society for research in English in the Weldon Theatre, UC. Prof. R. Sharrock (of King's Coll.) on "What Happened to Modernism? or, All Afraid of Virginia Woolf".

19.30. ULU Communist Soc., "The Third World", K. Beauchamp.

19.30. ULU Winks Club in room 2B, Weird happenings, grotesque occurrences.

20.00. Bedford Coll. live jazz 1s. 6d. adm.

20.00. Bernard Kops on "Anglo and American Jewish Literature."  
20.00-23.00. Barking Regional Coll., 1 Longridge Road, Essex—Jazz concert with Henry Lowther Quintet—cheese and wine free, 6s. adm.

### Wednesday

14.00. Duplicate Bridge Chesham Reading room in King's Coll.

19.30. ULU English Folk Dance Soc. meets at the London School of Pharmacy, Brunswick Sq.

20.00. Folk and Poetry evening at Exile.

UC Dramatic Soc. presents "Othello" in the Collegiate theatre, Gordon St., December 4-7.



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