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OF POLITICAL AND  
ECONOMIC SCIENCE

# THE BEAVER

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NEW STATESMAN INTERVIEW

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

## Occupation Looms!

### Will Growing Frustration At The School's Intransigence Force Student Occupation?

By Rory O'Driscoll.

If this were not the LSE, if the administration was not made up of trained social scientists, then we could assume that the reply letter sent by the school to the Student's Union was merely the result of ignorance. However this is the LSE, they are social scientists, and thus ignorance is not an acceptable excuse. Rather this failure to provide adequate guidelines on the assistance available to nursery parents in financial hardship, can only be attributed to sheer 'bloody mindedness'. It must be seen as a determined effort to deprive student parents of the opportunity to use the nursery. If this is so, if the school are attempting to

deprive students of a nursery facility, then we must be prepared to fight to keep the nursery by the same means that we fought to get it - mass occupation. When faced with 'bloody mindedness', the only solution is to be even more 'bloody minded' in return.

If you are a student with a child and you are looking to come to university, the presence of a nursery is the determining factor when choosing between colleges. This school has been able to attract such students by the presence of this facility. If the nursery is forced out of existence then the school will lose both credibility and students. If you are a student with a child then you are going to

need to see a piece of paper to reassure you as to the cost of keeping your child in the nursery, and if the school will not give you a single and unvarying figure, then you will choose to gain your education at a college that can.

What has the school given us? A letter which tells us both, that it cannot be done, and then issues us with an invitation to a working party in order to discuss how to do it. If the first is the true answer, then the students are cleverer than they are. If the second is true, then they are merely stalling for time. They have two options:

*Appoint a student as the Director.*  
*Admit it.*



Mark Moore

### Chances of Bargaining Fading

#### Update from the Beaver Team

The four week saga of the nursery looks as if it is coming to a head and the option of occupation looks like a definite possibility within the next week. Last week, in a meeting with the administration, General Secretary Wilcock and the Senior Treasurer O'Driscoll asked the school to reveal their specific criteria for determining hardship rebates. This Thursday they received their response. The school was uninformative about hardship criteria, but offered to formalise their own conferences into a working party. "Basically the school was not only evasive, it was rubbing our noses in it", said Wilcock, "I know for a fact that the school has no criteria for use in hardship interviews." The proposition of the working party is not one that can guarantee a solution, it will not be looking at the problem from a new angle, since those people who it is proposed should sit on the working party are the same people who have been working on the problem since its inception. Furthermore, if the Student Union accepts this

invitation, it could be interpreted as their legitimisation of the school's current proposals. It must be stated, that the students have already shown themselves willing to compromise, it has accepted a system of flat fees and of hardship rebates, it now demands only that the school publicises the criteria it intends to use in the distribution of hardship funds. It is seen as essential by the Union that prospective students with children are told in advance, how much they could expect to pay and, so be able to decide whether they can in fact afford to attend the school. Says Wilcock- "I think we should pursue a policy of lightning occupations, for however long it takes. That way the school will have to be ever vigilant, and forced to pay overtime for extra staffing." The students believe that both NALGO and the AUT will support the students' position showing clearly that on this issue the Bursar and the Director have lost both the support of the students and academic staff, who are for once united.

## Smashing Party Politics?

by ROSS BROADSTOCK

During the last couple of weeks a new political force has emerged on the LSE political scene with its most noticeable feature being its almost complete avoidance of politics.

The "Non-Aligned" party has entered itself on the platform of "voting issue by issue according to what is best for the student, unhindered by party politics." They seem to have convinced the electorate that they are not just power-hungry hacks 'getting in through the back door' without having to actually give any of their own views, and, that with "partyless" students, a situation could exist whereby the executive decisions could be arrived at through compromise rather than party doctrines.

Most people seem to agree that if this situation of compromises could be achieved, then the Union could become more efficient and more effective as a result.

There are, however, a lot of problems facing a party of this nature:

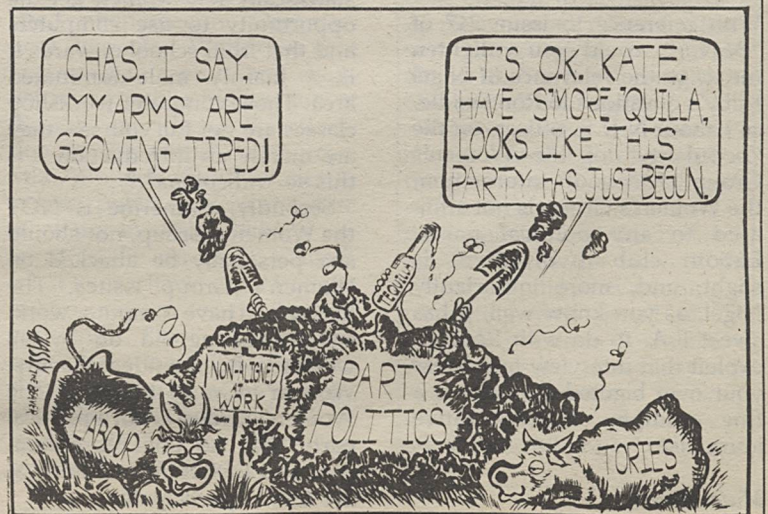
- 1) What happens when a voter disagrees with some of the policies implemented? Especially difficult for people as they do not actually know what policies they are voting for.
- 2) When faced with a fundamental difference in points of view between members, what decision will be made?
- 3) Will voting be different on different committees according to the member present? In answer to these questions the Non-Aligned candidates seem to have been able to convince the voters that the system is one that they can, and given the chance will, be able to enact. This we will now soon to be able to judge for ourselves.

Solidarity is seen as a very important factor among the Non Aligned students who admit that they cover a wide ideological base, however, they claim that the single most important concept, that of trying to help the students of the LSE, is one they are all agreed upon. When faced with an issue where there is no immediate consensus of opinion they propose to sit down as a group, to study the situation and to consider all possible courses of action, such as would happen if they were governed by a Party Executive, but, in theory, with more people having a say. This has been claimed by previous political groups; without much success as natural divisions within the party start to emerge. One is forced to ask, therefore, whether it will be practically possible to continue a policy of mass ideapooling as the Non-Aligned movement grows. On this point they do state that if a delegate on a committee finds he or she is unable to agree with the majority, they are still free to vote on that issue on their specific com-

mittee as they please. This maxim also holds true for all motions that are debated in the UGM. What has been created is not just another form of party which will expect those associated with it to vote in the same way as their companions down a well established party line (something which may seem a little undemocratic especially to those party members who do actually agree with the majority will and want their vote cast accordingly. The party claims to be an outlet for those people with a political mission, but away from party politics. Perhaps a better name for the Non-Aligned Party would be the Party of non-party Students?!

On the question of what they would do, if in a position of power, when confronted with an issue that is politically controversial and requiring a decision as to Union policy, the students felt that they would have to throw themselves over to the majority opinion of the UGM, this being the only means

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## 'Old Hacks' To Blame

Dear Editor:

In the opening weeks of term there has been much discussion about how first-year students are becoming alienated by the antics of various factions at Union meetings.

All of us "old hacks" share some of the blame for this. Obviously allowances have to be made to allow greater participation by first-years. But there is another, equal danger in how Union issues are presented. The issue here is one of trivialisation.

I refer here to Jonathan Putsman's "At the Union" column in last week's "Beaver". No-one would dispute that articles concerning our Union or its meetings cannot be humorous: last year's column by Sean O'Neill was a case in point. Problems arise when important matters discussed receive no mention other than silly sixth-form humour.

To take one example where Jonathan referred to me: leaving aside his rather sad homophobic comments, he failed to put any of the arguments at issue.

As far as we in SWSS are concerned, the issue of how apartheid will be beaten in South Africa is an important one. We do not believe that simply granting black people a vote will rid them of the economic oppression or the bad housing, health and education which they have suffered for so long. If votes could change things, why are we in such a mess in this country? For us, there must be a socialist solution to Apartheid. We said so at the Union meeting, yet Jonathan could only talk about "who stuffed who".

It is all the more depressing when one considers how he failed to take up the questions of Nigel "the buffoon" Kilby's constant interruption of proceedings. Surely that merited a comment!

I will end by saying that if Jonathan is the price we have to pay for the late-lamented departure of Sean O'Neill, he should learn to be more careful about how he writes his pieces.

Childish comments are no substitute for humour. If Jonathan doesn't realise this, the vitriol he chucks about so freely will eventually land back in his face.

Nic Cicutti  
Socialist Worker Student Society

## Kilby's Irrelevance

Dear Editor,

With reference to issue 247 of "Beaver", could you enlighten me as to the relevance of Nigel Kilby's questions to Ron Beadle, as Labour N.U.S. officer, on the "popularity" of the Women's Group. For your information, the Women's Group is not affiliated to any political party, Labour club involvement is slight, and, more importantly Nigel, as you know well, it has sweet F.A. to do with Ron. To exploit that interview to express your own bigoted opinions is a fine example of investigative journalism.

Maia Green

## Unadulterated Filth

Dear Editor,

I have just suffered an extremely disturbing experience. On the grounds of the school, I have been subjected to a barrage of ignorant biased and sexist abuse and this from a group of fellow students, namely the people responsible for printing the unadulterated filth that poses under the name of "At The Union" in this weeks "Beaver". The comments contained therein would never have seen the light of day in any reputable paper; no real editor could stand the cost of the libel suits. A certain amount of "personalisation" of issues in the "Beaver" is acceptable and makes interesting reading but this article goes too far. The extremely hurtful comments aimed at women and mature students, of which I am in both categories, and at individuals in particular are in no way an explanation of the events occurring at the Union meetings. I trust that an apology will be printed and personally conveyed to all those mentioned and that those more responsible adult members of the collective (if there are any!!) take advantage of assertiveness training and don't allow this to happen again.

Helen.E.Stevens  
(2nd year Industrial Relations Dept)

## Protest

Dear Beaver:

I wish to protest at the way "Beaver" reports on women's issues. The article I comment on is typical of the sexist bias of the paper.

At the last Union meeting, Catherine Bruce as Women's Officer announced that computing workshops for women were going to take place. One would have thought that this was an inoffensive comment. However, in this weeks "Beaver" she was portrayed as a "stupid and superficially affable ... urban female guerrilla ... her announcement stretched the boundaries of sanity," (Jonathan Putsman p.3). Well, anyone reading Jan Stockdale's article in the same paper will see that statistically few women get the opportunity to use computers and that from school onwards it is a mainly male-dominated area. Those computer workshop classes are not full courses, they are merely an introduction - is this so "ridiculous"?

Secondly, Catherine is NOT the Women's Group, nor should she personally be attacked on Women's Group issues. The decision to have computer workshops was agreed on by all women who attended the first Women's Group meeting. The Women's Group is not a political party, has no one representative, and invites ALL women at the LSE to participate.

# Letters

It is up to women, not men, on how the Women's Group is run. To criticise it through ridicule and generalisation just shows that J. Putsman has totally missed the point. The attitude that women are not capable of having serious opinions and demands is incredibly sexist, and ironically supports the need for an autonomous women's room.

Amanda Hart

Dear Editor:

I am writing to express my disgust at the sexist content of your "paper." As you purport to be too stupid to recognize sexism even when it is staring you in the face, I am more than willing to supply you with some concrete examples from your illustrious rag.

In the October 13 issue edition of The Beaver, J.J. Jones even helped you a bit by telling you his column was sexist: "however, on a more positive note, freshwomen are a vast improvement."

Jonathan Putsman in the "At The Union" column on October 20th continued to lower the tone and ridicule L.S.E.'s women students, firstly by attacking the Women's Officer and then showing himself up as the ignorant sexist bigot we all know he is by scorning the idea of computer classes for women.

"Yet, are not computer workshops for women....stretching the ridiculous to the absurd? Frankly, I haven't seen too many computers harassing or repressing women lately." Furthermore, his column also included an overtly racist remark when he referred to the speech made by the outside speaker as "Roberto's indecipherable three minute drivel."

The "Hall Reports" in The Beaver are overtly male-oriented, implying that you have to be a macho, beer-swilling thing to be anyone, and

that women are only here to look pretty and be screwed; e.g. Roseberry Report, Oct. 20: "Conan 'Harry' Hewty is still in the 'fishunt'; e.g. Carr-Saunders report, Oct. 20: "Well, term started with a bang or five - see dancing brave Shergan's successor."

To add insult to injury, Nigel Kilby was even allowed to vent his aggression at the Women's Group during an interview where his remarks were totally irrelevant. (See Beaver, Oct. 20.) It is particularly upsetting to see such sexism in our S.U. newspaper. Women are belittled and defiled from all angles every day of the year by the sexist media and advertising companies. When I read my S.U. newspaper I don't want to be faced with articles ridiculing my gender and reiterating the message of our male-dominated society that women are brainless idiots who are only there for men to use sexually.

It is hardly surprising that The Beaver office is not teeming with women students eager to contribute when the paper that they will be writing for is full of sexist bigotry. For Goddess' sake, listen to women for a change. We have a valid complaint; don't condemn yourselves further by ignoring us!

Yours in disgust,  
Anthea Burton

Dear Editor:

I would like to express my extreme dismay at some of the criticisms I have heard about the Beaver poet, Jonathan "Johnny" Putsman. This man is surely the most gifted artist of his generation, and we are all very lucky to be able to read his reflections on contemporary society in your journal.

Yours faithfully,  
Ermine Wood

Dear Editor:

As the front page of last week's Beaver proclaims, "The Cafe" is now open and providing a welcome alternative to LSE's other centres of Haute Cuisine. Although a traditionalist, I do not bemoan the passing of the stained carpets, the dismembered chairs or the undrinkable coffee. A conspiracy theorist might see the new small tables as a deliberate attempt to discourage the use of "The Cafe" by the caucuses of all but the smallest of LSE's political societies (the mix of SWSS and SDP party hacks in a confined space should prove interesting, though). As an unrepentant omnivore, I might question why "The Cafe" is totally vegetarian when the bulk of its clientele, I expect, is not. But all of these quibbles pale in comparison with the question of the name of the place itself.

"Florries", for those new to the school, was named (appropriately) after Florrie, a previous manageress of the Students' Union Coffee Bar. By all accounts she was a tireless worker who cared deeply for the welfare of the students whom she fed. I am also informed that she died recently, but I would not stoop so low as to assume that that occasioned the recent change in name.

LSE has many rooms, large and small, that have been named after illustrious academics who have been connected with the school. "Florries" was named after a much-appreciated member of the non-academic staff. (With the exception of Vera Antsey, she is also the only woman to be so honoured at LSE.) She has now been replaced by "The Cafe" - a name which is as much an insult to tradition as it is a tribute to blandness.

According to the members of the Union Executive to whom I have spoken, the decision was not made by the Executive, or by a Union General Meeting. It was a unilateral administrative decision with no democratic input. There is, to my mind, a difference between new brooms sweeping clean and new bulldozers levelling old memorials.

Peter F. Dawson

# THE BEAVER

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# At The Union

By Jonathan Putsman



On Thursday, I had a piece of toast with strawberry jam for my luncy wunchy. Isn't the Brunch Bowl pretty? When my tummy was full I trotted down to the big room where all the boys and girls talk about all the naughty problems in the world...

Do me a favour - some people have been complaining about last week's column; I'd be dreadfully worried if they weren't.

This week's UGM was thoroughly invigorating. The first motion concerned freedom of speech. Adrian Dixon's alarming political ineptitude allowed Nic Cicutti (poorly disguised in a WAPPING haircut) to claim that freedom of speech was at the expense of the Asian community. When dealing with emotions rather than logic the man is superb. Yet he proceeded to quote Hitler who said "If our enemies knew what we thought, they would have destroyed us long ago" - what greater argument for free speech could there be than this? I fear Old Nic got a little confused in the heat of the moment.

Anthea Burton grimaced at the audience and started spouting evil, only to be utterly smitten by Martin Flatters' question - "Would you no-platformites ban anti-gay people, that is, most of England?" Anthea looked to the heavens for inspiration, there was none forthcoming and she wisely sat down before humiliating herself further.

Then came a marvelous Kilby rant on freedom, which ended with the immortal words "I am a man/sheep/pig called Kilby". The House was won over.

Next came a motion from Andrew Field for UJS calling for mutual recognition between Palestine and Israel. His speech, like the motion, was rational and moderate. Up stands the first opposition speaker; he looked perplexed. How could he oppose this reasonable proposition? Then the answer came to him: lie. "ARABS are not allowed to vote or stand for any positions of authority in Israel." Seemingly dragged up from the grave, Adrian Cohen (Jewish) informed the audience that this was untrue, and that Arabs could vote, that there were eight Arabs in the Knesset etc. What now? pondered those who would push Israel into the sea? Ah, lie again!

Hazel Smith started her speech "It is a smear to confuse anti-Zionism with anti-Semitism." No mention of this had yet occurred. She then continued "A Palestinian, who just happened to have PLO connections, was blown up in Athens by Mossad last week". Once

again that fount of information Cohen (Jewish) stepped in to tell the House that the Athens police believed the man blew himself up while planting a bomb. And finally up steps the mighty poet/NUS officer Beadle: "What (to Hazel) has your speech got to do with mutual recognition?" he rightly asked.

The Mature Student was staggered, and using that wily old tactic of the far left, proceeded to insult the questioner. In the words of our Chairman the motion was "overwhelmingly carried".

The following attempt to prioritise an anti-Zionist motion was thrown out. Shalom.

And finally came the complaint against Beaver. "Women are being bullied when they give articles" "AT THE UNION is sexist" etc.. The problem with the women's group is that it spends most of its time wallowing in self-pity. Recently numerous women have approached me on my derisive (not SEXIST) remarks on the women's group. They are sick of being told that they need extra help, protection and cotton wool around their ears. These wimmin of the wimmin's room do not speak for the majority of females at the LSE. And if these women are ever to play an equal role in Society (and I hope they do) they must learn to take the flack and stop bloody wingeing.

A resume of the Sabbaticals is as ever necessary. The charming Wilcock warned us to prepare for an occupation of the Nursery, George Binnette was robbed. While Rory explained that the high pricing of the Cafe was due to his socialist principles (?) of wanting to pay the staff a fair wage.

So what can we learn from this week's meeting? In short, the left are in a pitiful state, being wiped out on all the motions presented. For the sake of good sport, I only hope they do better next week.



Sunil Shah

# Women's Group

by GILLIAN BAXENDINE

"Feminism" is well on the way to becoming a dirty word. Everyone knows the caricature of women's groups, where humourless feminists with cropped hair fuel their man-hating tendencies as they exchange tales of persecution. Everyone knows jokes about "wimmin". There are women afraid of investigating women's groups because of such ridicule.

Student politics (and politics more widely) thrives on vitriolic personal attack and laughable caricature - the two best ways to keep the punters listening. Feminists have tended to make themselves fair game by committing the unforgivable sin of "Taking It All Too Seriously".

Members of the Women's Group refused to discuss their right to a room as their political unpopularity, describing them as "non-issues" stirred up by people like Nigel Kilby to obscure the real issues. "Who the hell is Nigel Kilby anyway? What has it got to do with him?"



Sivan

He's not the one who's going to get raped; he's not the one who's going to get felt up." They pointed instead to the admirable refusal of Ron Beadle to be drawn into controversy, quoting from last week's "Beaver": "I am not a woman; I am a man. I do not speak for the LSE women".

Similar treatment toward Jews, toward Asians, or toward any racial or religious group would cause far more fuss. Consider the defacement of the poster on the door of the Women's Room by the addition of the slogan, "Let's all be lesbians". Harmless, if uninspired, until you consider the implication that no women would appreciate the support of other women unless she was gay.

It might clarify things if people were more aware of the group's

popularity. The classes it runs - public speaking, self-defense, assertiveness training - are not someone's radical idea of what women ought to want. You only have to look at how many have signed up to see that. If there are a hundred frothing, rabid feminists wandering around the LSE, they keep well hidden.

The subject of this week's meeting was not irrelevant. Hameida Khasi spoke about women and education in the Third World. In India the beneficiary of a woman's education is, all too often, her husband, Hameida's mother was criticised for allowing her to take an MSc: "Of course, you know if she does you'll have to find a PhD for her to marry?" The problems here are less acute, but there are still men (and women) who feel threatened by the prospect of seeing the sexes as equal.

Of course there are men who don't feel threatened, and the exclusion of men from the women's room is a touchy point. Why can't a man be a feminist, too? The answer from the Women's Group is that he can, but that, nevertheless, there are experiences which he cannot have shared which women, therefore, find more helpful to discuss with each other.

The group provides a specialised service for certain students, just like the nursery for which we have fought so hard, though most of us have no use for it. The aim is not to separate the sexes, but to equip women for full participation. That's hardly a laughable aim.

# One World Under Glenys Kinnock

By GAVIN EVANS

She was most certainly not wearing a red rose today. Glenys Kinnock had not come to the LSE as wife of the leader of the Labor Party. The object of her visit was to introduce and explain the purposes of the recently formed campaign pressure group, One World, of which she is president. A clear and eloquent speaker, Mrs. Kinnock very easily held the attention of the couple of hundred strong audience without so much as once raising her voice.

The theme she took up was a familiar one, but Mrs. Kinnock made sure it was not a tired one. Using many varied examples, she contrasted the billions spent all over the world on arms with the pitiful amounts expended on the world's poor and hungry. She stressed, and stressed again, the totally unjust divide between North and South. But all the time she refused to simply speak the euphemisms of statistics, bringing out most strongly the depth of human suffering which lies behind the cold statistics.

Encouraging to note, too, was the emphasis Mrs. Kinnock placed on the disproportionate hardships suffered by women in Third World countries in contrast with the belittled role they play in world politics. This aspect of the speech was most forcefully brought out; here was a speaker prepared to address very fundamental issues.

Indeed, her speech was ordinary appeal for financial aid to Third World and developing countries. Her organization is not concerned with raising money. It is hoped that One World will fill a gap left by the charitable organisations such as CAFOD and Oxfam, and, as a campaign pressure group, it



Mark Moore

hopes to lobby the government to persuade it to allocate more money to foreign aid. It is a point worth noting, as Mrs. Kinnock did, that aid to foreign countries has actually fallen in real terms since the present Tory government took office.

Mrs. Kinnock did not elucidate to any great length on the methods she hoped One World would employ in lobbying MP's and the rest of the government. This was perhaps a shame but not, I feel, a major flaw in the speech, as I came away with the feeling that the Band Aid episode is not going to be an isolated phenomenon. Organisations like One World are just beginning to capture and channel rising public indignation at the total injustice of the allocation of the world's resources. Mrs. Kinnock simply wants to express public concern at a state of affairs in which billions are spent on the arms race, while it is left to charitable organisations to raise money for the hungry majority. This government appears not to want to do much about this situation; let us hope Mrs. Kinnock's husband will be able to display the heart and compassion of his wife.

## Non-Aligned Movement

FROM PAGE 1

of determining majority feeling. This could be a very risky move, as "Killer" once put it: "Giving power to the UGM can be very dangerous as most people just don't fully know the issues".

It will be interesting to see, now that they have some power how often they will actually be bold enough to actually give it up in favour of a general ballot - something which would be almost like having to re-fight the elections all over again.

Whatever the outcome it's always refreshing to have something new on the political scene rather than the same old inter-party bashing and this certainly appears to be the view of the school with the party winning or competing well in all of the available positions. It should be very interesting to see just how long they can continue 'breaking the mold of party politics' - or was it some other party that said that?



# Fashion



Gone are the days when it was a political statement not to wash for a month, when no self-respecting intellectual was expected to wash his hair for the duration of his degree, when man could be proud to be badly dressed, and when the only fashion accessory needed was a copy of Sartre.

In his place we are now witnessing the birth of a new and degenerate breed—the well dressed student.

Spearheading this offensive is the 'foreign student'. Two things must be remembered here:

- (i) They have money (or did before they paid their fees)
- (ii) The British dress sense has bypassed them.

They have a distressing tendency to match. If they have ever combed a copy of Sartre, it would have gone with their outfit. They also tend to follow the subversive practice of 'colour coordination' (see the O.E.D. for an up-to-date definition). Worse still, some even follow the near sacreligious activity of wearing 'status symbols'. Far, far worse than the crime of actually having money, they show they have it.

This insidious influence has infiltrated certain sectors of the (small) English community at LSE. It is now possible to spot individuals who appear to have actually looked at what they were picking up before putting it on each morning. Like any subversive element in society, the individuals (cowardly at heart) tend to organise themselves into small groups, the first of these being: The Time Warp Victims.

The overriding characteristic of this group is the (carefully contrived) impression of having got stuck somewhere in the 1940's. Brogues, trousers with turnups (linen in summer; tweed, the more itchy the better, in winter) are compulsory. Striped shirts (stocked by Turnbulls and Asser) and a copy of The Times are optional extras.

Many of these individuals claim to have dressed like this unintentionally, claiming their clothes have just lasted for around 40 years or so. Don't believe them. One sure way of proving their guilty is if you catch them in the possession of any article from Hacketts. Another easy giveaway is their strange tendency to carry around a battered old music case, while never having actually any instrument.

Next, we come to the 'Pseudo Student'. These individuals tend to talk in loud voices about how their grant cheque hasn't

come through (for this, read allowance from Mummy and Daddy), and how they only have £3.22 left in their Nat West account (hardly surprising since they just spent £150 in Katherine Hamnets). For this group, the first commandment is never, ever admit you have any money, or that Daddy is an accountant and went to Oxford. Their most fervent desire is to look working class (without actually going through the uncomfortable process of being working class). Their greatest ambition is to belong to a minority—any minority.

They tend to wear black polo necks, red tags and Dock Martins. A well thumbed copy of Sartre (orange Penguin edition) in mimicry of the true '60's LSE student is sometimes carried. However, this group will always wash too often to be truly radical.

Lastly, we deal with the most subversive elements of all; a group that, above all others, challenges the true principles of the English way of life—decency, fair play and Marks and Spencers underwear. The Fashion Junkie.

Like the timewarp victims, they also tend to congregate in the Shaw Library, not because it looks a bit like Oxford, but

(i) it reminds them of the Paul Smith shop,

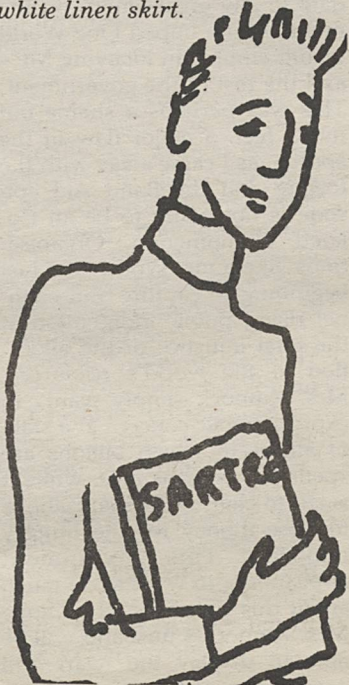
(ii) it coordinates with their outfit, and

(iii) they don't have to say much—often a problem with the Fashion Junkie who is usually better on a purely visual level.

(It should be noted here that one of the main reasons why the F.J. come to LSE was because of its proximity to Covent Garden.)

Although not an ostensibly religious breed, they do have their own object of worship or 'God'—Issey Miake (one of the entry requirements into this group is to have been able to pronounce his name correctly for at least nine months.) Identified by their flaring linens, this breed, if allowed to flourish, will surely put the last nail on the coffin of LSE's radical reputation. Are we to stand by and let this great institution of political controversy become a mere catwalk? No, unite and fight this insidious infiltration—the Radical is dead, long live the Radical.

Any criticisms of the above article can be forwarded in writing to Rebecca Campbell c/o The Shaw library. Alternatively, any objections could be expressed by pouring coffee all over her new, white linen skirt.



# SOCIETIES CORNER

By Stavros Makris

**Amnesty International** meets every Wednesday at 1:00pm in S300. If you are really interested, look for them every Thursday outside the Old Theatre where a letter writing session is held between 10:00am and 5:00 pm.

**The Hellenic Society** has just been reformed. The committee asks all new and old members to keep an eye on the notice boards for an announcement regarding the first meeting.

**The Drama Society** is holding workshops on Wednesday, 5th November at 6:00pm in A85. No previous experience is required and it does not matter if you missed the first one. Anita Kamath from the Young Vic will shatter any inhibitions so that your dramatic talent will shine forth—shyness, stage fright, and fear will be things of the past! (dramatic enough?)

Auditions will be held for a comedy by Tom Stoppard on

Monday, 3rd November at 6:00pm in A85. The Society is preparing a Christmas comedy evening, and anyone interested in writing for the review should go to the first meeting on Tuesday, 28th October at 1:00pm in C018.

**The South American Society**, unlike most Latin American societies, ensures active participation of Brazilians, which makes it necessary to promote all activities in Spanish, Portuguese, and English. The Society is still keen to attract newcomers, not necessarily of South American origin. A Whistle Stop Tour of South American music is planned for Friday, 28th November. The current president took a wrong turn in the Brazilian jungle and, as yet, has failed to return to these shores. You, though, can get in touch with the S.A.S. by ringing 370-3756 or 937-2159.

**The Film Society** wish to apologise for the inconsistency of their presentations. This has been due to a breakdown in



communication with the distributing company. They hope to rectify this as soon as possible. For listings of films to come, watch this space.

**The Karate Club** wishes to inform all women interested in assertiveness training of their sessions twice a week, Tuesday and Friday 5:00 to 6:00pm. Karate is a fairly rigorous physical exercise promoting self-discipline, self-control, and self-confidence. Classes are taken by Pauline Bindra, a Fifth Dan instructor.

And while on the sports scene, I would like to report the malfunction of the Multi-Gym. The state of the machine is deteriorating daily. Couldn't the A.U. do something about it?

**The Sri-Lankan Society** wishes to apologise and announce the new date and venue for their Dinner and Party. So, all of you who looked for them last week, do not miss them this week, Saturday 1st November in A45 and A86 in the Old Building.

**The Afro-Caribbean Society** last Friday 18th October, held a really exciting, and definitely the most successful, party of this term. Bolaji, the D.J. for the night, entertained with a delightful mix of traditional African and Caribbean music and more up-to-date disco sounds. The Society wish to thank everyone who came to the party and all those who helped with the organization. The next event is to be "The Cultural Evening". Watch this space.

Last week's **Debating Society** ended up in a predictable "victory" for the anti-AESEC lobby. Next week the motion to be discussed is "This House Will Eat Itself Sick". Need we discuss it?

All societies should note that Friday 30th October is the deadline for submitting annual budgets. Budgets will be awarded within two weeks of receipt of the completed form.

Budgets will be decided upon following certain criteria: Number of members, past year's activity, fund-raising history, and proposed events. If and when needed, additional funds will be provided to cover extra, unexpected costs.

STA, next door to the Cafe, is willing to sponsor societies' events related to travelling and life abroad. If you are interested, contact Rory O'Driscoll, the Senior Treasurer, for more information.

And finally, two more dates for your diary: LSE Ents are presenting on Friday 31st October, "The Mint Julips" and on Friday 7th November, Courtney Pine. Both events will take place in the Old Theatre, the Old Building, doors open at 7:30pm. Come on out of your moleholes...

## Lillian Penson



If Rodney Dangerfield, the wide-eyed and weary-looking American comic, who claims to "get no respect", had gone to the LSE, he would have probably been housed in Lillian Penson hall (LPH) — the University of London's answer to exile in Gorky.

Though the hall, named after Dame Lillian Penson, Vice-Chancellor of the University from 1948-51, is home for approximately 500 postgrads, it is virtually unknown to non-residents.

The hall's identity problem is due mainly, to its isolated location in Paddinton (London's no-tell motel district), as well as to its diverse mix of students from most, if not all, the colleges in the system.

The biggest complaint among residents, however, is not isolation but rather, appearance. The building itself is a six story, concrete monument to those architects, who in the worst tradition of Bauhaus, were unable to combine beauty with function. The hall was described by one resident as a "tombstone with windows".

Unfortunately, the interior design and decoration did not receive any of the funds saved in the construction of the building. Many students were stunned by the sensational blend of colors and styles in the rooms. If any of you have stayed in the Starlight motel on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, then you know what those rooms look like — pasty green walls, green leatherette chairs, spring beds with pink and orange spreads.

In addition to being well served by the hall's staff, the residents have access to a wealth of helpful facilities, including a launderette, ironing rooms, kitchens, a study room, three television rooms, and a reading room well stocked with the latest magazines and newspapers.

The most important facility at LPH, however, is its bar. Because the other pubs in Paddington cater to tourists and keep their prices artificially inflated, the bar has become the center of activity in the hall. On any night there are between 20 and 30 people talking and drinking with one another until 12:00 or 1:00a.m.. It's also where many people eat their kebabs or Fish and Chips on the weekends when the Cafeteria is closed, and where people get together after studying in the library or running in Hyde Park. "It is quite frankly", said one resident, "the best thing about living here".

Despite its problems, most students and most of the staff seemed to like living and working here. Ron, a porter of Maltese extraction, enjoys working with people from other countries. "Each nationality has its own customs, and the people think and act differently", he said. This sentiment, however, is not shared by all. Some people see Lillian Penson Hall as an island of students too far removed from the rest to the students at the University. Amy LeFebre, a French-Canadian student of Law, probably put it best "there's just not much to say about this place".



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# The Independent: London's New Newspaper

## An Analysis of The Independent

"Missile Tube Blast Sank Soviet Sub." So ran the headline on The Independent's front page. A little arrow pointed helpfully into the middle of the Atlantic on the accompanying map with the words "submarine sank here".

The bottom slot - "The Pope's Homage to an Obscure Saint" - was like the Guardian's, given over to the ho-ho story with lavatory-level potential: "Arles has been a place of special importance to the Pope since he was a young priest." Did The Independent start as it meant to go on?

It started very well. It was a sellout, over 500,000 copies. The Isle of Wight missed out because the papers went on the wrong ferry, but most of the people on the Mainland simply got to the newsstand too late. I didn't. The Daily Mail predominates on my tube line. The Yuppies live closer to other stations.

On page two, opposite the weather forecast, Andreas Whitton Smith spelt out the paper's objectives: "We will query the establishment, and we will display a strong bias in favor of the consumer." As for independence, ownership is spread over thirty 'financial institutions.' "As long as we provide a return on their investment, they will not seek to influence our editorial judgement. Whitton Smith has more than one reason for wanting to keep his new paper in the black.

The Independent won't be affected by "union restrictive practices or by the political prejudices of the typical newspaper proprietor" - the Maxdoch Murwell variety.

In addition, The Independent is keen to champion the cause of less "traditional" sports: American football and Grand Prix racing. "Readers will also be people who have a more-than-average interest in the Arts." Instead of The Independent providing those people with some relief, they will now have to read two whole pages devoted to the subject daily.

More arrows could be found pointing at the ill-fated Russian submarine on the second day. These were joined by arrows pointing to details of a map of the M25's orbital route. On page two, the weather was getting worse, but the roll call of contributors to the Arts pages was formidable: Morina Warner and Gilbert Adair on film, Andrew Rissik on theatre, and Alexander Chancellor "Out of the West."

Incisive newsbriefs actually added to the lengthier accounts instead of just padding them out. For 'new stuff with grit,' I turned to "Court and Social" where I learned that "The Princess Anne, Mrs. Mark Phillips this +afternoon visited the Hopscotch Asian family centre (Project Leader, Mrs. J. Seeds). Her Royal Highness was received by the Mayor of Camden. Mrs. Richard Carew Pole was in attendance." Lucky Mrs. Carew Pole. In Personals, Julia said, 'ROBIN-LOVE YOU ALWAYS', and a lady from West Sussex had some 'Ladies'

Narrow Shoes-For Sale.'

The Independent had no first day per se. The dummy-run copies were supposed to see to that, but it is the feel of the paper which gives it its real staying-power. The eagle emblem comes from across the Atlantic, and the layout looks to France and Germany. And as for 'high-tech' journalism, Today uses technology as an end unto itself, while Whitton Smith has the luxury of choosing how and when to use it as a means.

On Thursday Andrew Marr, political correspondent, wrote about the "Cuddly Right." Judging from the photos of Tebbit and Fowler "in the previous days," I would hesitate to give too much credence to this term. On the same day, the Pound continued to slide; a girl's body melted in a scrapyard, and Jacuzzi, who invented the whirl-

pool bath that bears his name, died. As part of the Arts news, "Aliens" was pronounced the number 1 film in the UK, while "Crocodile Dundee" was top in the US. In Helsinki, Numbskull Emptybrook Back in "The Country" just edged out Sylvester Stallone in "Cobra."

By Friday, it was 99 F in Bahrain; on page two, Gorbachev and Reagan were preparing for their summit in Iceland. In "The Masters in Control of Fashion" (to a man: men): Halperin, Conron, Banks and Oldfield, Joseph, and an oil millionaire, called Peter Bertelsen, gave their ideas of "the ideal fashionable woman." Bertelsen's choice was Felicity Kendall, saying, "I think that a woman should always look expensive."

The Independent looks old, but it also looks expensive. The

City backers have probably put enough back to relaunch Today ten times over. While The Times continues to look to its stablemate, The Sun, for guidance on content, rather than to its heavy-weight competitors, and Max Hastings continues to crusade to streamline The Daily Telegraph, The Independent will be able to strengthen its foothold.

Meanwhile, back to In Court & Social: The Duchess of Gloucester was present at an inaugural meeting of the Water Safety Committee of the Thames Water Authority HQ, and Condidio twenty vicars were being put to the test on the Salisbury Plain in a week-long program of war games.

There were two items of particular interest to readers of The Beaver. One was a scheme to buy academic books by credit card by starting a "bookshop

account" with as little as £5 and paying a 1.85% monthly sum of the account. Write to the Publishers' Association for more information. The other was the proposal for a scheme whereby students can help to decide dons' pay - "financial rewards for outstanding performances."

However, as disaffected readers will come from The Times and The Daily Telegraph, not The Guardian, The Independent might well be forced to take a more right-wing stance. It is perceived as the main competitor to the paper to which it is presently the most closely aligned politically (leader columns - the "on the one hand ... on the other" approach). I think it is a good paper, but I couldn't help thinking while reading the first issue, that it was like watching the birth of a well-established tradition.

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College Scene

# AROUND THE L.S.E.

By JJ JONES



Election fever hit last week, careerists from all parties donned plastic smiles and were nice to all the people they usually hate, despise and ignore. However, from the hail of Andrex Manifestos this year came a new set of "caped crusaders".

Batman Begley and the Girl Meyrick emerged from the Batcave (Endsleigh Place, WC1), jumped into the Batmobile (a no. 68 bus) and together they seek to rid Gotham City, LSE of the evil Penguin O'Dribble and the badly-casted Joker Wilcock. Will they save the world? Do you really care?

The Liberals (or Lieberals) were in disarray last week as Mr. Impartial Bexon left in a fit of disgust over their selection process. The loss of such a committed and ideologically brilliant Liberal clearly caused the Liberal machine to throw a wobbler. Many very silly leaflets were issued claiming a Liberal victory over the fourth hall of residence, the invention of the Steam Engine, the cure for the common cold and getting Woollings to smile. Future proposals include flying lessons for pigs!

New from ENTS...following the "Weather Prophets", Punters will now be issued with ENTS passes instead of crew members, this way a great saving on passes will be made. Rock on to the opening act that night, though...with no audience to play for, they applauded themselves after each song. The last of Punters means the ENTS crew now buy their own Chinese meals...sad days indeed. Lido and his Family is rumoured for next term!!

Finally, Bob "The Swinger" Page would like it stated that it was not him who was drunk in Passfield during Fresher's week. In fact, it was his alter-ego Talbot Small, President of Albanian Fudge (U.K.). Anyone seeing Bob should give Grecian 2000.

P.S. Peter Dawson is rumoured to pay his fees in Gold Bars!!

## by GENERAL PINOCHET & KINNOCK'S DELIGHT

It has been a relatively peaceful week at Rosebery Hall, (or Staglag 14, depending on your point of view). Indeed the lead was definitely taken by Hall President, John Gisborne (Gis to both friends and enemies alike), who has decided that he no longer wants to spend long Saturday nights at the bar, drinking 15 pints and then falling over. No, Gis has decided to upgrade his image by attending the theatre and leaving his drinking partners in the bar. To make matters worse, Gis is actually proud of his newly-found status! (Before long he will be going to watch hockey instead of football.)

The man of the week has got to be Conall Hanby who has

actually proved that he can fall in love. A long weekend down in Havant obviously did the trick, with Charlie failing to take our advice. Conall now takes Charlie her breakfast in bed - has Hanby found love at last?

On Thursday both "Top of the Pops" and "East Enders" were upstaged by the visit of local MP, Chris Smith. An impressive turn-out of about 60 residents ensured a pleasant evening, which was rather low-key until the inevitable clash of ideologies arose when "Rambo" Nazam, representing the Investment Forum, nearly had to be forcibly removed from the meeting. A word of advice, Nazam, "If you don't want to get your knickers in a twist, then don't bother wearing them". All in all it was an enjoyable evening, if only for the free wine.

A few pleas from various residents: Firstly, could Richard John Thomas ("Dick Dick" to his friends) kindly remove the sheep from his room as they are keeping your next door neighbour awake. Secondly, could Mica Gold kindly stop playing "Roll Out the Barrel" on his trumpet at 3 o'clock in the morning!

After months of searching we've managed to find out who the Hall treasurer is. His name is Alvin Lim, and he lives on the 6th floor, so if anybody wants to visit him you are welcome. Speaking of committee members, Hugh Jones has already admitted that he wants to be Hall President, so if you see him don't hesitate to ask him to buy you a drink.

We are now at that time of year when the Warden's parties are held and poor students, living on a measly student grant, can get smashed on the cheap Hall plonk. The opportunity only comes once a year, kiddies, so you might as well take it when you can!

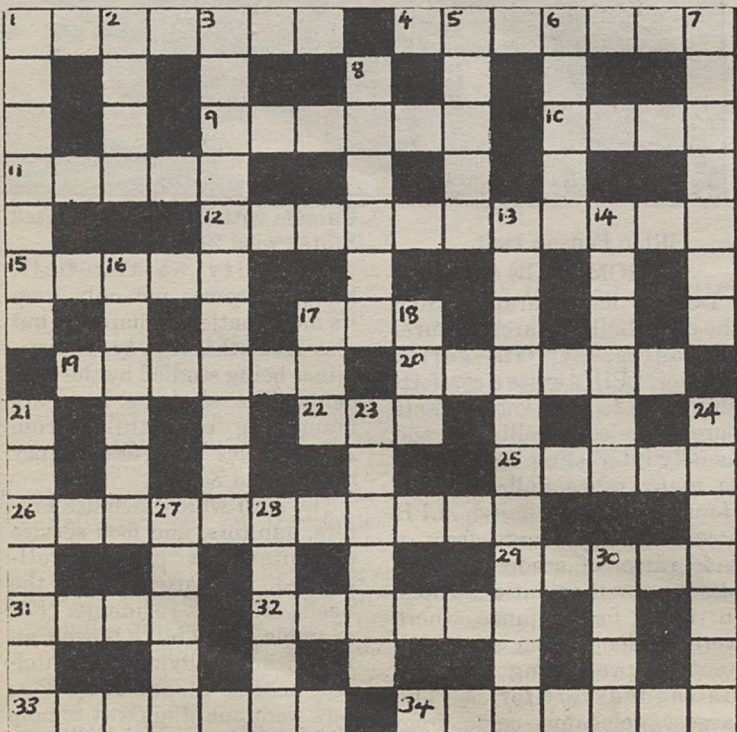
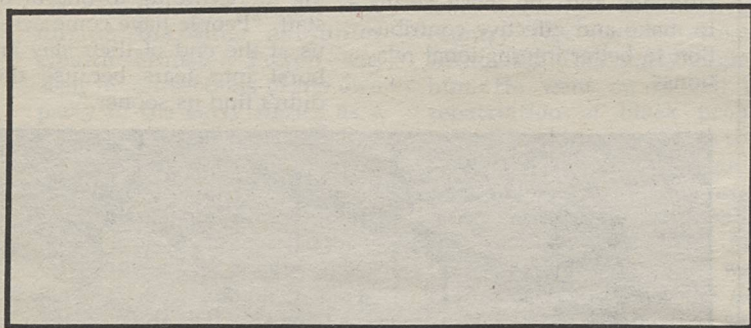
By the way, if any students want a discussion on the British class system, just talk to Kuria and Marko (the Yugoslavian with the American accent). They think that it is the best thing since the T.S.B. share offer, so if you're ever bored, just pop down to the bar and have a 14 hour discussion. Don't forget to bring down your copies of "The Lion and the Unicorn" by George Orwell! "That was the week that was."



# THE BEAVER PRIZE CROSSWORD

Compiled by THE BATT BROTHERS

Congratulations to J. McKierwan, who admits to living at Carr-Saunders (bleugh!), and who has won the prize for last week's only correct solution. The lucky person has won two free tickets to the Picasso Art Exhibition which was reviewed a week or two ago in the Beaver, so come along to E204 to collect them. The prize for this weeks first solution pulled out of the bag will be a Parker pen, kindly offered by the Students' Union Shop, so get those entries in by Thursday at the latest.



Across

1. Shake it clear to reveal a single clause. (7)
- 4 and 33. Arranging free perks, I send for international salvage law. (7,7)
9. Televised heavenly message. (6)
10. Series of plotted points make up twisted coil. (4)
11. A purple berry ripening first? (5)
12. Scott's rag performer. (11)
15. Temporary part for speed. (5)
17. Railways National Association starts on molecular train. (1,1,1)
19. Musical lines about rich beginning to go hungry. (6)
20. Find Officer Commanding coming in late. (6)
22. Corporal Short's programming language. (1,1,1)
25. Messy laundry, comrade. (5)
26. Stretched to break for summer vacation. (4,7)
29. Paled sickly, to move the bike along. (5)
31. Uncle Napoleon juggles alone, that's capital! (4)
32. Depression about Church of England leaders being quite proper. (6)
33. See 4
34. Piece in your trousers that you aim to get balls in? (7)

Down

1. Anarchist men stay pardoned. (7)
2. Ten pence to take care of. (4)
3. Work out routine, starting with household duty. (11)
5. Interchange to make inactive. (5)
6. Lid he bashed in India. (5)
7. Awoke, agitating colour in the past. (7)
8. Seen about carriage return initially on the VDU. (6)
13. Propheying doom as in John's final book. (11)
14. Went on shakingly after apple fell on head. (6)
16. Am torn asunder by motherly figure. (6)
- 17 and 18. What confused caller does again. (6)
18. See 17
21. Start with a little oral medication for utter wally. (7)
23. Charlie sounds like developing photos. (6)
24. Horny alternative for growing stag. (7)
27. Party rises on third of March. (5)
28. 'Dishevelled Rod!' Queen commands. (5)
30. Chop spotty roller. (4)

Last week's solution

Across: 1. Bombastic 8. Fertilisation 11. Eros 12. Paper 13. Ages 16. Endured 17. So there 18. Threats 20. Relents 21. Veal 22. Cease 23. Ohio 26. Second degrees 27. Operating

Down: 2. Oath 3. Bollard 4. Sisters 5. Iota 6. Record breaker 7. Tongue in cheek 9. Defective 10. Ascension 14. Trial 15. Still 19. Slender 20. Spectre 24. Loop 25. Wren

## Carr-Saunders Report

Salutations and felicitations from the hole presenting another action packed episode of everyday student life.

Only ten days ago the Hall Committee reluctantly halted the inauguration of Kommandante Kuska's flat as a venue for copulation - initial members of this exclusive club being your friends and ours - Raquel and Simon.

Now to trivialities: the last Hall Society meeting incorporating elections almost had a knock-out start. Recently deposed Flats V.P. "Sniffer" Perkins, promoting the merits of body-building, and our beloved Hall V.P. "Who's Fat" finding this blatant attack on his physique too much, were physically separated by our esteemed leader. Inter-hall Committee elections were hotly contested with "The Sniffer" underestimating the supposedly inexperienced opposition. The victorious two-Roy "darling of at least one committee member" Hughes and Lucy "my mum's going to be ecstatic about this" Smyth look set to compliment an already successful team in the Bar Committee elections. Chris "give me 4.2 seconds" Aitkins stormed ahead with "The Sniffer", as ever, close behind.

Meanwhile, the Brylcream boy, currently residing in what was previously known as the presidential suite, is experiencing traumatic insecurity problems following news of intense 3rd year interest in his female consort. By the way Jose - what makes you think every woman in Saunders wants your sexual favours? Yours, the 3 stupid monkeys - hear all, see all, and say everything.



# ECUADOR: Is Export Orientation the key to Economic Growth?

## Small-scale industry or large-scale export?

By JOHANNA EIGEN

Ecuador, a small country on the western coast of South America, provided the setting for my first working experience away from text-book realities of development. I spent the first half of the summer working in Ecuador for the National Finance Corporation (CFN), travelling with project teams and surveying small scale industrial undertakings and export-oriented enterprises. During my stay I found that Ecuador contains a surprising cultural, ethnic, and political diversity which exists in terrain varying from the high rises of Quito and Guayaquil to the remote communities in the Andes and the deep jungle.

Once an extremely underdeveloped country hindered by severe deficiencies in economic progress, health, and education, Ecuador has developed over the last two decades into a country with a highly competitive economy, an impressive literacy level of about 87%, and a significant decrease of 40% in the rate of infant mortality. Ecuador has experienced quite a number of years without major political or social upheaval. It has not yet



materials to be used for the production of exports, as well as low-cost credit on favourable terms for those who contribute to the export market. The exporter is thus pushed to increase production and is given irresistible incentives to ship his goods across the oceans. The emphasis is on the balance of trade, foreign currencies, and debt payment, as is probably the case in most Third World governments.

But wouldn't it be possible to concentrate on the people and to respond to their needs, thus assuring more constant and

be imposed on those who exist outside the immediate system and live by their own standards? There is an urgent need for basic financial as well as practical aid and training for those who are willing to accept economic responsibility and participate in the growth of the economy and society.

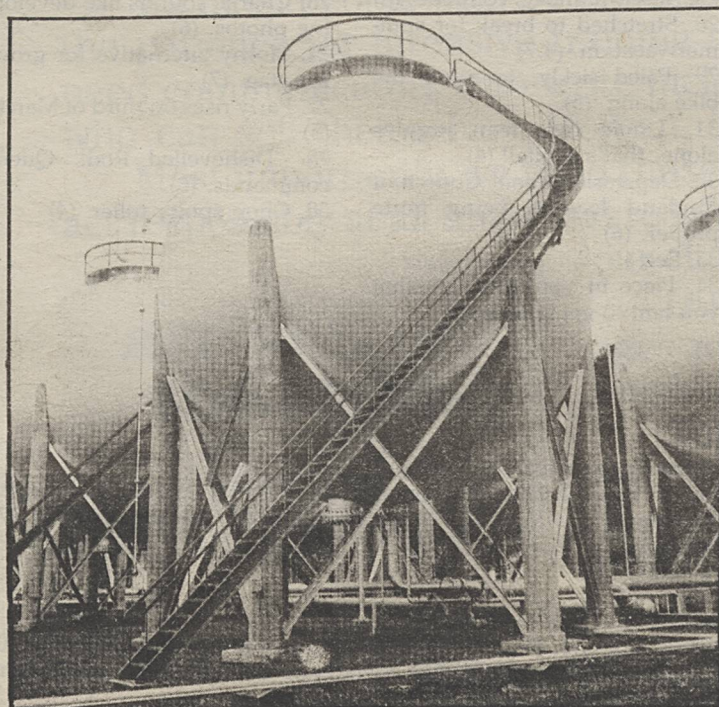
I spoke with several people who were interested in creating a small business or craftshop, and who just didn't have access to plausible means for launching their enterprise. They could not understand the complexities of credit facilities, interest rates, and the guarantees they were required to provide but didn't have. An air of dissatisfaction and lack of understanding seems to dominate the small industrialists and craftsmen as they attempt to break through the system of economic and financial institutions. I believe that this sector, the non-exporting small enterprises, could provide the foundations for evenly distributed, be it slower, economic development. The details are difficult to grasp, and the channels for small scale credit are often ambiguous - but something needs to be done.

Although most of Ecuador's financial organs have adopted the emphasis on export promotion, there is a small and not yet very prominent arm of the National Finance Corporation which concentrates solely on the promotion and growth of small industry and handicrafts. FOPI-NAR is a very new setup, which operates throughout the country by way of meetings and educational seminars which throw light on the mechanisms of credit and technical aid. The intentions are certainly very good, but the program is constrained by much the same red-tape, and the credit is given at the same high interest rates as would be the case in a deal with an industrial giant. In fact, because the smaller entrepreneurs have few holdings to offer as a guarantee,

SEE PAGE 11

evenly distributed growth and development? The government has seen the failure of a model of import-substitution as well as an anti-export bias, and, with its eye always on foreign trade, has now moved to a policy of export promotion. - This has represented a constant attempt to develop the country from the outside and from above, instead of from the inside and from the roots.

"The people are uneducated and too set in their ways" is a common refrain in Ecuador. Most would perceive their integration into the 'system' as an impossible concept. This has certainly been a longstanding controversy: should "development"



# ISH for Overseas Students

by Gillian Baxendine

The International Students' House in Great Portland Street calls itself 'a unique club'. Under the patronage of the Queen Mother, members and alumni stretch around the world from Afghanistan to Zimbabwe. Among them is Rolf Harris, incidentally, who still comes back to visit.

The primary aim, though, is to enable students to achieve the aims that have brought them to Britain. Sue Phillips, in charge of welfare, frequently advises students ready to pack up and go home. Culture shock shows itself in various ways: Sue came across a Canadian woman who had had a jar of pickles for 5



The elegant buildings are open 365 days a year. Standing beneath the chandelier in the spacious entrance hall, the opportunities are laid out before you. A tidy assembly of posters advertises concerts, clubs, meetings and day trips. The facilities (too extensive to detail) rival most students' unions, and include a bar, shop, cafe, theatre ticket agency and four TV rooms (one for each channel).

Tuesday nights are 'Open Evenings' in which new and old members politely sip their coffee and converse the enthusiastic direction of Connie Parker. Connie is in charge of hospitality and revels in her role as hostess and substitute mother. The students are greeted as old friends; as Connie assures them warmly, "You're smashing people, all of you!"

It is here that the aims of ISH begin to show through: to enable students to experience and understand British life; to broaden the horizons of British students; and "by these means to make an effective contribution to better international relations".

days without working out how to open it. Though the story is amusing, a combination of such incidents can turn London into a confusing and intimidating place.

"International" includes Great Britain, for "Britain, too, is a nation", as one student assured me. Not unnaturally, though, ISH attracts more members from overseas. Africans and Asians were most in evidence at the Open Night with fewer Europeans and fewer still from America. Perhaps for them the culture shock is less dramatic, and alternative refuges are more available.

The mingling of cultures and customs (quite apart from language difficulties) led to a quiet and restrained atmosphere with everyone on "best behaviour". An introductory meeting is not the best place to judge such things, anyway. ISH might not be a home for every student, but the welcome is offered and apathy is a poor reason for refusing it. According to one of the staff, "People have come across us at the end of their stay and burst into tears because they didn't find us sooner."



Lillian Penson Hall.

FROM PAGE 4

Despite its separation from the other halls, its architectural blandness, and its garish interior, LPH is quite a comfortable place to live. The students here are nice, intelligent, and usually interesting. And unlike so many other halls, London House comes to mind, LPH accommodates students from a wide range of academic disciplines as well as nationalities. In 1986, for instance, there were students from six continents representing over 50 states and territories. The largest delegation came from Malaysia with 35 residents, followed by Hong Kong with 26,

Canada with 24, and the United States with 21.

Diversity at the hall, however, comes not only from its multi-national character but also from the variety of disciplines being studied by the residents. The students here are mastering everything from Astrophysics and Accountancy to Law and Zoology.

The staff which includes Porters, Janitors, and food service personnel, is polite, well-trained, and attentive to the needs of the residents. For example, when Mike Bowen, an American studying Parasitology, became ill, one of the Porters went out of his way to help him by bringing food and medicine from one of the local markets.



# Enoch Powell – Free Speech or No Platform?

## *Enoch Powell's Experience in Bristol Highlights the "No Platform" Issue*

If the events of the last few days at Bristol University are anything to go by, one of the major debates among students this year will be that of "free speech" as opposed to the "no platform" position. In Bristol last week, a small group of some 50 anarchists attacked a meeting organised by the Federation of Conservative Students at which the M.P. Enoch Powell was invited, forcing him to call his speech off.

This is the latest in a series of incidents in which various Tory speakers from the far right of their party were prevented from speaking last year, notably the major apologist for Apartheid in South Africa, John Carlisle M.P., but also several others. As a result of these supposedly undemocratic activities, the Tories are rushing a Bill through the House of Commons which will enforce the right of any speaker, no matter how unacceptable his views, to speak in any college in the country. All this under the banner of "free speech." Why is it that things have got to this point? What are the origins of the "no platform" position? And who is Enoch Powell?

### The Rise of Powell

Enoch Powell is seen by many students today as a slightly loony but essentially innocuous creature, a Member of Parliament from Northern Ireland whose chief concern is to peddle weird opinions on CIA involvement in the assassination of Airey Neave, the Tory spokesperson on Northern Ireland, in 1979.

What many people ignore, or perhaps are not old enough to remember, is the seamier side to Powell's politics. In an excellent book written some 20 years ago about the man, the journalist Paul Foot points out that during his time as junior Health Minister Powell was seen by all sections of his own party in the early sixties as a rather grey character, efficient but a bit of a maverick, with old-style Empire Loyalist views. Someone who could be relied upon to do a certain job of work, but who would never leave an outstanding mark on the fabric of British society.

Foot claims that Powell himself never had any doubts about his own greatness or future chosen mission: what he really needed was a distinctive, populist political platform, one which would catapult him into prominence in the eyes of the British people. The issue which he decided to pick on was that of immigration.

### Racist Outburst

In 1968, following the influx into the country of a few thousand Asians, fleeing from persecution in Kenya, Powell delivered one of the foulest speeches on race made outside of Nazi Germany. Referring to black children in his own Midlands constituency, he called them: "charming wide-eyed grinning piccaninnies who cannot speak one word of English but chant one word: racist".

He claimed that white people could not get places in hospital because of black people, along with letters telling them to move out of the area. He was never able to produce any evidence for his claims, but that did not stop him from calling for tough immigration controls to keep out black people from Britain, predicting a race war which would leave the rivers "foaming with blood".

His speech had two results, one expected, the other less so.



As far as the media was concerned, he became their darling. Four thousand London dockers struck and marched to the House of Parliament in his support. Yet, far from being seen as the new Messiah within his own party he became a pariah. Edward Heath, the Tory leader at the time, sacked him from the shadow cabinet, using four words to describe his action: "that way lies Tyranny". The 'Sunday Times,' in those days a proper newspaper, accused him of inciting racial hatred. When Powell sued for libel he was forced to drop the action after he was required to release letters he had received from racialsists all over the country. Not that his debacle within the Tory party stopped him. He went on to call for repatriation of black people, initially voluntarily. Since then he has upped the stakes again.

In the seventies, his arguments lost the persuasiveness they had formerly held. Millions of working people were taking action against the new Tory government. Strikes were common and won more often than not. Racism met with little response from people who saw their boss as the main enemy rather than someone having a different colour from themselves. This did not stop Powell. His chance came again in 1976.

### New Racist Upsurge

It was Malawi Asians this time. After scandalous press campaign, reminiscent of the treatment of today's victims in the current "visa scandal", Powell made another one of his widely-reported speeches. The result was the death of two Asian students near their halls of residence in South Woodford. Len Murray, then TUC General Secretary said at the time: "We believe there is a logical connection between speeches of this nature and, as in my area,

coloured lads being stabbed to death on a Saturday night by white hoodlums". He was right. During the summer that followed upwards of ten black people were murdered or fire-bombed in a series of racist attacks.

The racist hysteria of that period had a number of effects. Firstly, it massively helped the far right. Organisations like the National Front were able to recruit on a wide scale. Standing in elections, their candi-

stand. To invite or allow racist speakers into a college does a number of things. It allows the racist argument to become respectable: debating with racist in the hope of showing them up implies that they have ideas which somehow need discussion, that there is a "middle ground" which people could be won to. Students aimed to deny that spurious respectability to people putting forward such views.

Furthermore, it was pointed out, to allow a platform for racists inside colleges would open up the possibility of black students being intimidated. To claim that one disagrees with a racist's point of view but will defend to the death their right to say it would actually have put black students at risks not white liberals. At that time the argument about "no platform" was won. The National Front declined as an organisation, due in no small measure to those who took action to prevent them from speaking in public.

### Powell Stays the Same

That is where we have to locate the events which took place in Bristol last week. Enoch Powell has not abandoned his racist views. In a speech in Birkenhead last year he said: "A sufficient proportion of the African and Asian population must be enabled to, with generosity and using all the organisational resources of the government, quit a scene where the same catastrophes await them as us". In other words – repatriation.

Yet he is the man whom FCS have chosen to parade round the country as a star speaker, along with the ambassador to South Africa. Their intentions

such a person as Powell on their campuses.

### Anti-racist Picket

At Bristol, a packed Union General Meeting voted to let Powell speak. A mass picket of his meeting was called instead by the Socialist Worker Student Organisation and the left inside the local Labour Club. Some 300 students took part in the picket, successfully persuading several hundred more not to go in. Despite this mass show of support for the picket, a few dozen anarchists decided to break through and smash the meeting up. The effect of this action has had major consequences for anti-racists in Bristol.

True to form, the Conservatives have invited another racist, the ex-Bradford headmaster Ray Honeyford to come and speak at Bristol. As a result of the ensuing right-wing backlash, Bristol students have voted in the last few days to allow the police onto their campus to protect the meeting. Anyone who remembers the behavior of Manchester police who dealt with protesters at their university in 1985, severely beating up several students cannot have any doubts as to the possible outcome of their presence on campus.

As Seth Harman, the only person from the NUS Executive present on the picket in Bristol points out: the anarchists not only let the Tories provoke them but played into the hands of the right-wing". Effectively such minority actions allow the no platform question to be turned into of free speech, one which Tories can invite virtually any racist to speak without fear of opposition from students, shackled by the provisions of the clauses in the current Education Bill.

### Not Academics

Clearly racists such as Powell and his ilk must be denied the respectability they desire and need. Nor is the question for us an academic one. In the wave of current media-inspired poison about Asian people "flooding" into the country, attacks and firebombings are likely to increase. If recent events in Bristol teach us anything it is that it is mass opposition to the Conservatives, not the actions of a few isolated individuals who presume to know better than us and act on our behalf which will stop racists from gaining ground in our colleges. "No platform" is a weapon in our armoury against organised racists and fascists. We disregard such lessons at our peril.

By DAVID WELLER



Nigel P. Clapp

### No Platform

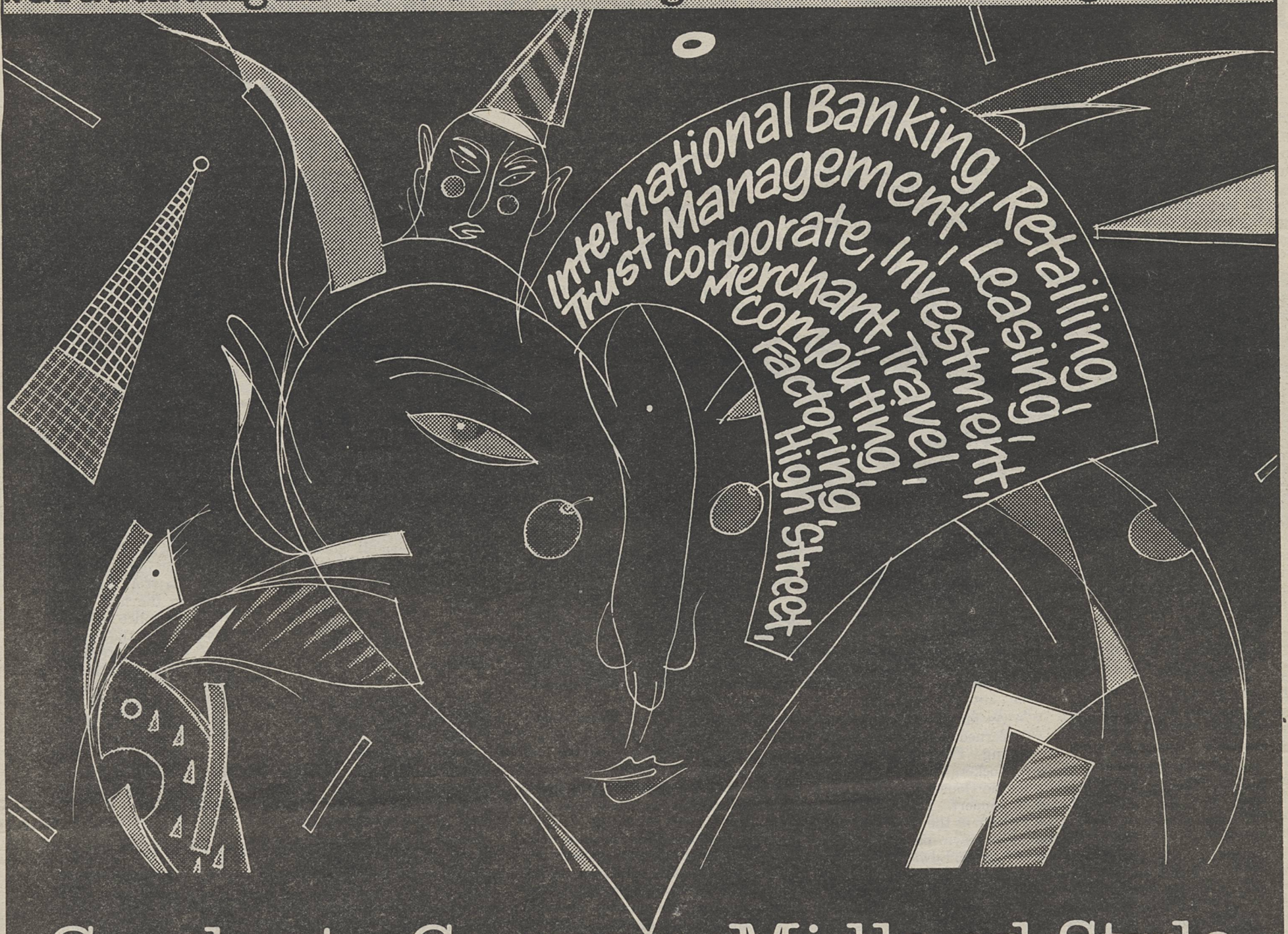
The origins of "no platform" lie in that period. Students confronted by an upsurge of racism in their colleges took a clear

are obvious: they aim to create a climate in which it will be possible for the Tories to push their new Education Act through parliament without any opposition, denying students the right to protest at the presence of

The Revolutionary Communist Society is having a meeting on Ireland, on Wednesday 29th October, in A40. The Irish Freedom Movement video "The Longest War" will be shown, with a discussion to follow.



..Graduating in '87?..Graduating in '87?..Graduating in '87?..



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# SECURITY OR PARTY POOPING?

by ROSS BROADSTOCK

Just over a week ago LSE students were fined £45 for the holding of an "illegal" flat party. The supposed illegality was not drug-abuse, rape or robbery, but a failure to comply with the correct party holding procedures.

This may seem a very trivial offense, and indeed the severity of this fine provoked such a strong reaction from the 'fun-loving folk' of C-S, that it eventually led to the Hall Vice President, John Eddleston, confronting Ed Kusker and actually achieving a reduction in the fine to £25. This meant that by everyone chipping in, no-one had to shell out more than about 50p, a small price to pay for a night of revelry, so Big-John became hero of the week.

What started as a seemingly small issue has now led to the whole controversial issue of party rules and the fines imposed again being brought out into the open. At the moment there is a complete procedure which must be rigorously followed whereby party holders must provide ten days warning and a complete guest list which can be checked on the night of the party. Most of the problems arise over what the exact definition of a party should be. Asking the various hall officers has not helped much with suggestions ranging from anything with over 20 people present, to just a gathering which plays loud music after 11 o'clock. Most of the problems result from the vagueness which surrounds these entire regulations and has made them almost unworkable.

The main point of these regulations seems to have been missed. Many people either just don't know why these regulations were originally brought about or have just plain forgotten. As a result, many residents have become very sceptical and many believe that the whole

system should be abandoned. There is, however, a very poignant reminder, as the very case that led to the introduction of this system is at this moment being heard in the Crown Courts with the defendants facing up to 4 years imprisonment for 'Actual Bodily Harm' and 'Causing An Affray'. Throughout the last week LSE students have been recounting the full gory details of that fateful night last year when five of them suffered **horrific knife injuries** while at the entrance of the Carr-Saunders Hall. It was decided then, that greater security was needed around the flats and halls, to ensure student safety, especially when parties or other such late night events are taking place. It was for this reason that party regulations were introduced, and indeed, for a period of time after the stabbings, fears were so great that uniformed security officers were employed every night of the week.

Last year's hall president Jim McNally, who himself received serious knife wounds in the incident, believes that such measures are still needed, even if just on Friday and Saturday nights when most of the "local night-life" is on the streets and looking for some 'excitement'. He also made the point that while this court case is actually being heard **"Carr-Saunders could be at a particularly high risk from retaliatory actions over the next couple of weeks and that surely some special security measures should be taken. An all-night guard would only cost around £40 a night and would not seem a very high price to pay to prevent any possibility at all of a recurrence."**

Reverting to a situation with security guards on the premises could even lead to a possible relaxation of the present "party rules".

to the local bank which operates as an instrument of FOPINAR, and borrows the money at a rate of 18-25%, depending of the term (long-term credit of 2-10 years is attainable at 25% - which looks to the small entrepreneur like a risk that must have some alternative) - It seems, therefore, that much more effort should be made to stimulate real economic and social growth from the roots by facilitating access by farmers, craftsmen, and small industrialists to more direct lines of credit and technical assistance.

The question is really one of priorities and of the speed with which current development goals are being implemented. An attempt to develop more consistently and equally would prove to be slower and full of social and cultural obstacles - but the outcome would be seen in real terms as opposed to a positive balance in the books. Is the country really being given a chance to develop and experience real economic growth, or is it a paper and foreign exchange issue that will only eventually trickle down to the masses?

# A Case for the Equal Opportunities Officer

By PETE WILCOCK

The phrase "equal opportunities" is one of the many which is glibly used but also seriously abused. As a small employer of fifteen members of staff, this also is typical of the LSE student Union. For years we have held a paper commitment to an equal opportunities policy. For years the position has remained stagnant. There were three reasons for this failure. Firstly, there was no common agreement as to what was meant by an equal opportunities policy. Secondly, our 'policy' amounted to nothing more than a statement. There are no procedural safeguards which are necessary in order to prevent bias in any employment field. Thirdly, and probably most importantly, the policy such as we had was the result of piece-meal tampering without any overall direction.



It was to remedy these defects that a somewhat dry and bureaucratic paper was put forward over the summer. Its aims were to define the goal of an equal opportunity policy to alleviate or remove the structural impediments inhibiting minority access to employment hence, detailed procedures were laid out with regard to our recruitment, training and grievance procedures. All of them have been found satisfactory by the elements currently objecting to the proposals as a whole.

The reason they are prepared to veto the proposals as a whole is because of the third aim of the paper. This was to give overall responsibility for implementing and monitoring the new procedures to the Equal Opportunities officer on the Executive. This seems not only to be logical but also to have common-sense. However, because it means in effect, the presence of that officer on the Administrative Sub-committee (the committee which acts as the management body on behalf of the Union), and it is construed as a Machiavellian manoeuvre to ensure another socialist on the ASC.

Now apart from the implicit recognition that such an argument involves is accepting the somewhat controversial assertion that only Socialists can fully appreciate and implement an equal opportunities policy, I find these arguments both surprising and dubious. It was once said that a politician who argues by using the conjunction 'but' is never to be trusted. In this issue it seems that certain elements are saying,

yes, we want an equal opportunities policy but...You don't have to be overly cynical to translate statements such as this to - we know we can't argue against an equal opportunities policy, but we can do our best to frustrate it.

To remove the Equal Opportunities officer from the ASC will frustrate any means by which s/he may effectively criticise employment decisions. Like the British cabinet, the ASC is bound by a sense of confidentiality which forbids it from discussing staffing issues. To accept that the Equal Opportunities officer should overlook the policy and yet to deny him or her the means of so doing is to strangle the policy as a whole.

Futhermore, and perhaps most telling, those elements who oppose this measure

should explain not only what makes it so important as to warrant the abortion of the whole policy but also what makes us as a Student Union different from the hundreds of small organisations that have enacted, quite satisfactorily, similar proposals to the one before us? The answer to the latter is the most damning as far as the 'right' are concerned. The petty party politics through which the so-called liberals of this college are forced to side with their supposed enemies the Tories, while steadily supported by the not-so-independents. It is this concentration on supposed and apparent plots which has drawn the attention away from the real aims of the policy and which reveals their fundamental misunderstanding of the issues involved.

## Administrative Sub-committee

The Administrative Sub committee (A.S.C.) is the Advisory body of the Student Union. With regard to employment issues, unlike most student unions which have permanent union managers, the General Secretary represents the ultimate employer. It's his job, in collaboration with the A.S.C., to hire and fire S/U workers.

The A.S.C. comprises of three sabbaticals and two members elected from the executive, one of which is the welfare officer. The issues that the A.S.C. is concerned with are recruitment, contractual terms, conditions, training procedure, and wages. These are key issues.

The proposition is that the remaining executive officer should automatically be the equal opportunities officer who would have the brief of overseeing the work of the A.S.C. in hiring and dealing with employees.

## E.O.O. By RORY O'DRISCOLL

I was never wholly convinced that E.O. should be a priority for the LSESU until someone asked me how I, as an Irish Catholic, felt about the situation in Shorts Factory Belfast. The Catholic workers there are barely tolerated in the workplace, and if employed, suffer constant abuse and discrimination. I realised then that for any employer not to employ someone because of religion, race or sexual orientation is a travesty which cannot and should not be permitted. However, to replace a situation where someone cannot be employed by virtue of, say, their race with one where people are employed precisely because of their race is also wrong. I would like to be employed irrespective of my religion not because of it.

I take on board the argument that you must try to balance the discrimination and educational disadvantage suffered by some groups with an equal and opposite leaning in their favour when interviewing. Hence, for example, employers should be prepared to sponsor training programmes for newly-hired employees, and they should be prepared to waive formal qualifications - if allowed to do so - when the applicant clearly has the ability and enthusiasm for the job. But they should never be forced to take on someone, and totally exclude someone else, because of religion, race or sex. Any move within the LSESU which would have that as a result should be examined most carefully.

I fear that the constitutional amendment we are to discuss next week could have such a result. What it proposes is that the E.O.O. on the Executive Committee would automatically be on the A.S.C. and would be responsible for ensuring the success of an E.O.O. policy. The A.S.C. is the committee of the Student Union which employs the union staff, interviews new members of staff and deals with any problems which arise. It is accountable to the Executive, and ultimately to the Union meeting, for all employment policy.

The E.O.O. will be in the position of having to implement the employment policy of the LSESU while, at the same time, having to pass judgement on a particular aspect of it. Which side does he or she take? Does he/she always vote for the "minority" candidate on an interview panel and thus ensure the "success" of an E.O.O. policy at the expense of an overall balanced employment policy? Or, does she/he take the E.O.O. policy on board as just one of a series of factors for interviewing and risk being accused of failing to implement a successful E.O.O. policy?

The E.O.O. cannot be both a part of the employment process and also be the judge of how effective a specific part of that employment policy is. You cannot both do an exam and mark it. Far better then for the A.S.C. to report regularly to the E.O.O. on how they have succeeded in implementing the E.O.O. policy as part of LSESU employment practice. The E.O.O. can then stand back, without being compromised by membership, and judge on the success or the failure of the A.S.C. to implement an E.O.O. policy.

Having an officer on the A.S.C. specifically charged with implementing an E.O.O. policy will result in bad employment decisions and a reverse discrimination as bad as the discrimination we are trying to end.

## Ecuador

Export orientation is certainly a positive solution - but for whom and for how long?

FROM PAGE 8

the cost and terms of the loans are even stiffer and often hardly seem worth the risk. It is certainly a difficult issue - which needs to be dealt with at the top of the ladder where the restrictions and level of interest rates originate.

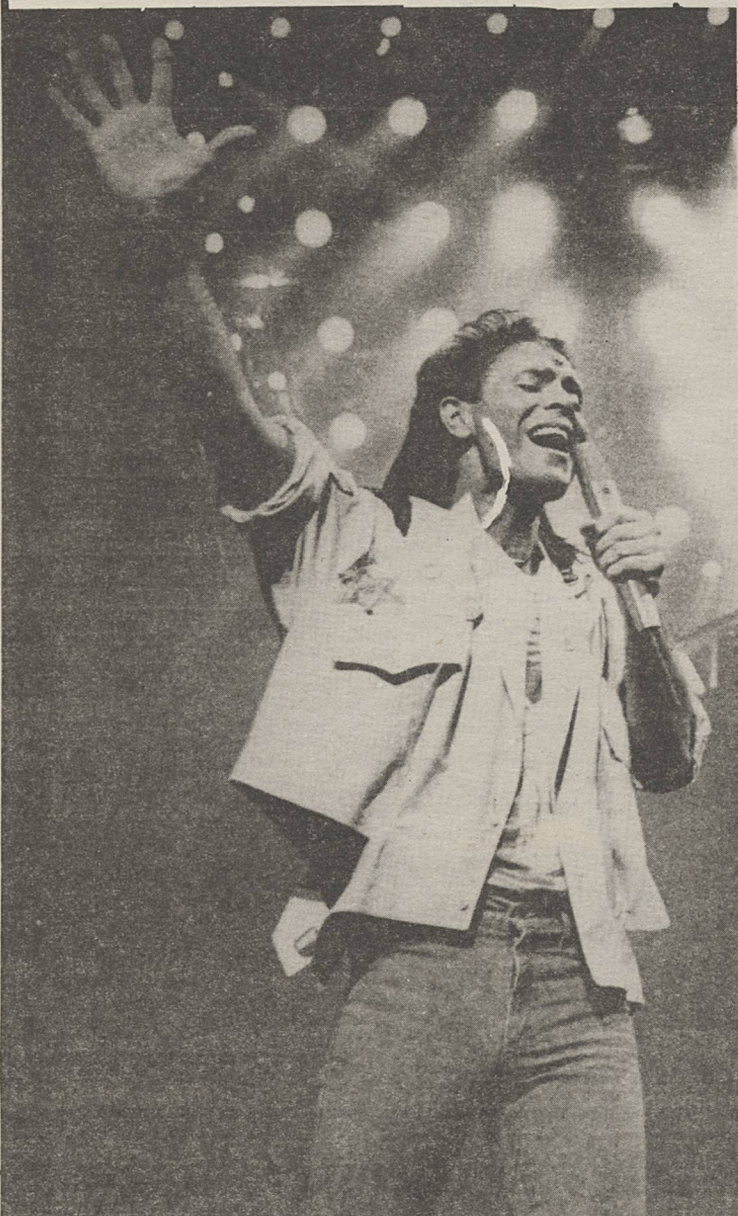
To give an example, let me outline the steps through which credit mush travel before reaching a village tailor: The World Bank, which is constantly negotiating loans to the Ecuadorian government with the aim of outlining projects in conjunction with FOPINAR, lends to the Central Bank in US\$ at about 12% annual interest; the money is passed on the National Finance Corporation (FOPINAR) in Sucres at a rate of about 15%, and is then lent to a local bank at a yet higher rate of about 17%. The village tailor then goes



Arts

# London Musicals – Part One

By Fiona Chester



I tell you, God exists!

## TIME

Dominion Theatre

"Now that Man is venturing to the stars and has already walked on the Moon, The Time Lord has decided that the time has come to examine the Earth's people to determine whether they shall be an asset or a threat to the Universal peace. The time is now."

The theme is the Day of Judgement, with Cliff Richard and friends standing as the accused on behalf of the whole world. The prosecution presents its case. How can the world answer the charges laid against it – the neglect of the starving in Africa, the horror of the Nagasaki and Hiroshima atomic aftermath, the continuous warfare and strife across the globe? Cliff Richard answers for the defence with a cry from the heart. Well known as a born-again Christian, all that he says sounds pure and convincing and full of hope. In the final song, "It's in Every One of Us", he begs everyone simply just to try.

Appalling reviews have been given to this show. In my personal opinion, I found it to be one of the most moving and stirring performances I have yet seen. The balance was perfect – visually, the show was outstandingly spectacular, but it was questioning, too. Lord Olivier, as the Ultimate Word in Truth, asked for unity where there is disorder, or where there is conflict on Earth, which he described as the "moral garbage dump of the universe". In a world in which the technical revolution is changing more profoundly than the spiritual revolution, Cliff Richard appeals for hope with commitment: for beauty, truth, love, freedom, and above all, peace. If this musical has failed, perhaps it is because it is unique among the musicals in town – it's not superficial.

## Les Miserables

[Palace Theatre]

"Les Miserables" is the first major musical by Britain's state-supported Royal Shakespeare company, and the RSC's first combined production with a private producer (Cameron Mackintosh, who was also co-producer of "Cats"). "Les Miserables" is recognised as the first recent musical from France, the brainchild of librettist, Alain Boublil, and composer, Claude-Michel Schonberg.

The set depicts a grey, cobblestoned, 1830's Paris and is cleverly transformed from sewer to Seine. Words, dance and music are all blended together to form an amazing rock opera which bridges the gap between musical and opera. Transitions pass unnoticed with the use of the revolving stage and the two unimposing trucks which noisily roll on to the stage to form the barricaded wall which, as Hugo himself describes, contains the city in itself, a huge mound of chairs, barrels, planks and people.

The "hero", Jean Valjean, is a convict released on parole and rescued by the Monsignor of Digne. Held in suspense as to Valjean's destiny, he reappears in a factory, taking pity on the destitute waif, Fantine, who becomes the love in Valjean's life. Valjean is continually pursued by Javert, a policeman with whom he has a symbolic relationship, and whose desire is to kill Valjean.

Prices: £5.00 – £18.50

Availability: £5.00 balcony seats 1 week in advance; good seats available matinees, Thursday & Saturday; otherwise, nothing before Christmas

Valjean promises Fantine on her deathbed that he will find and care for her daughter, Cosette. Cosette falls in love with Marius, who is involved with a revolutionary group. Valjean pur-



suades Cosette to keep moving with him because of the uprisings on the streets of Paris and the 1832 barricade which is occupied by outcasts. Valjean finally rescues Marius, and there is a reunion at Valjean's deathbed.

To quote Edward Behr from Newsweek, "musicals are the riskiest gamble in show business." Les Miserables may have been a gamble, but it is certainly no longer risky, as it has been playing to a full house since it opened. If you can get a ticket, it is definitely well worth seeing.

Tessa Rosenblatt

## Cabaret

(Strand Theatre, Aldwych)

"Tacky and terrible", a line from the show itself could describe this recent addition to the string of musicals in the West End, but this is too harsh a comment for a show that has enormous potential and a few very memorable moments. Unfortunately, Liza Minelli's incompatible Sally Bowles in the film version and Wayne Sleep's brilliant performance in "Cats" raise expectations of this production too high.

were creating a sultry, highly charged atmosphere, as before a storm, gradually building up into a frenzy of decadence only released momentarily with free political discussion, hot blooded dancing and sexual freedom in the cabarets. The tense atmosphere is highlighted with a brilliant solo by Wayne Sleep "Political Tap".

"The Times" critic has said of the show, "visually it is electrifying". It is



The setting is Berlin in the 1930's, a harbour for political refugees and sexual misfits, with half a million unemployed in the aftermath of Wall St. Homosexuality was common, if not prevalent, and Berlin acted like a magnet attracting those ostracised throughout the rest of the Western world. The city was living on a knife's edge; the Weimar Republic was crumbling; and the Nazi Party was growing in strength. Political danger and unease

not, because the stage is too small, but the space available has been used to great effect making the auditorium intimate and cosy (but without air-conditioning, this could be interpreted as claustrophobic!) It's not a show to be put top of the list.

Prices: £8.50 – £14.50

Availability: Fri & Sat nights sold out to Christmas

Weekdays book 2-3 days in advance.



'Now what?'

## Phantom of the Opera

If you can get a ticket at any price before Christmas, you'll be lucky!

Haymarket Theatre

The ingredients that went into producing "The Phantom of the Opera" should have resulted in a very fine musical indeed. There are sparks in this show, but none seem to light the fire in the way that the previous Lloyd Webber musicals, "Jesus Christ, Superstar" and "Cats", did. Although Andrew Lloyd Webber may be prolific – indeed he seems to dominate the London Musicals scene – he needn't necessarily always get it right. No doubt, "The Phantom of the Opera" will prove another huge financial success for its composer, but despite a thumbs-up from national newspapers, this musical is far from "sensational".

Michael Crawford, who impressed so very much in the title role of "Barnum", plays the Phantom, a facially grotesque composer with a candle-lit pad underneath the Paris Opera House. He carries out a campaign of terror so that he can get his work sung by a confused heroine, Christine, played by Sarah Brightman, over whom he has Svengali-like power. Christine is torn between a handsome aristocrat and the misunderstood misfit who haunts the Paris Opera

as The Phantom. Story wise, that's about it.

Film adaptations of "The Phantom of the Opera" have usually invited critical derision: James Agate described the 1944 version starring Claude Rains as "a super-varnished masterpiece of imbecility". Lloyd Webber must have fancied a challenge! In using Harold Prince as director, his wife Sarah Brightman and Michael Crawford in the lead roles, Charles Hart and Richard Stilgoe as lyricists, and spending over £2 million on the technological set, he certainly had some of the best ingredients available, but this knowledge only adds to the disappointment of the resulting production.

Prince, who was responsible for "West Side Story", must have found the stage at the Haymarket very constraining, but the players throughout seemed very static. Brightman has a good voice, but she is no Elaine Paige or Marti Webb. Crawford, with a career based on volatile extrovert roles in TV comedies and musicals, hardly seems a natural choice for an eerie gargoyle suffering from a broken heart and an artistic

temperament. He reveals, however, a surprisingly controlled, ringing voice, and his ultimate despair when his vengeance crumbles under the impact of a kiss from Christine comes reasonably close to authentic rather than operatic emotion. Even so, Crawford is shamefully underused. If Lloyd Webber's melodies don't match those of "Evita" and "Jesus Christ, Superstar", it's the lyrics of Stilgoe and Hart which are a particular disappointment – bland and annoyingly predictable.

Given that the songs are not as good, "The Phantom of the Opera" could be described as "Rogers and Hammerstein with gadgets". The control panel of this show must rival that of the cockpit of a 747. The audience is offered, among other unusual technicalities and mechanics, a remote-controlled gondola, exotic candelabra that rise out of the floor and a rope-controlled crashing chandelier. One wonders if the previews were really cancelled because Sarah Brightman had a sore throat, or was the show "fused".....or does the musical indeed have its own Phantom?!

Julius Gottlieb



# Music

## ZZ TOP

Saturday 18th October - Stafford

Zurich, Noel Edmonds and the County Showground (cattle auction market) Stafford, all in one day? I'm not sure how the band coped with the former two, but at Stafford ZZ TOP gave a memorable concert (even to those of us crushed at the very front) displaying agility and immense talent. The sheer professionalism of Billy Gibbons (guitar) and Dusty Hill (bass) more than compensated for their pantomime outfits and the erratically used lazer show. But really, ZZ TOP are a magnificent live band who simply need not bother with the intricacies of glittering suits, furry guitars and fancy light shows.

This Texas outfit have an extensive repertoire of catchy hard rock songs, which they deliver with much power and self-assurance. Their self-confidence and sheer competence is very evient - they enjoy their concert WITH the audience. At Stafford, the boys (at close up they look well into their forties !!) delighted their british fans rasping out vintage numbers, such as "Tush" and "Cheap Sunglasses" in addition to the recent and more familiar "Sharp Dressed Man", "Gimme All Your Lovin'" ET AL from "Eliminator" and "Afterburner".

In conclusion, check out ZZ TOP - fan or not, they really are worth seeing - a superb and entertaining band in concert!

## The Weather Prophets

(LSE, 18 October)

I went to see The Weather Prophets as someone who literally went the length of England to secure a copy of their song, "Worry in my Brain". However, the first appearance of the Prophets was a disappointment, with their acoustic set proving to be perfunctory and somewhat ill-conceived.

Finally, after an interval which made going to the loo interesting, The Weather Prophets came on for their electric set. After a slow start, this soon warmed up into a fast-bluesy affair with some excellent guitar playing from Pete Aster. Occasionally, traces of "The Loft" (from which they formed) would be heard, but in the main, they now seem at their best with fairly lightweight pop, excellent to dance to - special mention to "Almost Prayed", their last No. 1 single, which no-one, including, it appeared, the band, wanted to end. All in all, a bit of a disappointing performance, with the band taking a very "commercial" approach to their new songs and general attitude. And they didn't play "Warm in my Brain".

Dougal Hare

## The Wooden Tops:

### "Everyday Living"

(12" mix)

"Now the radio play some music / From under my stairs." You know some things are good from the first groove, and this mix is one of them. Hard back beat, dirty guitar and echoing keyboards alternating in a crucial Adnan Sherwood production. Play it at least five times in a row. Buy it now or don't plead innocent later!

Dougal Hare

## JAZZ

The brief for this article was "be brief," so . . .

The aim of this weekly jazz column is to give you a taste of the wide variety of jazz on offer in London. We'll cover the clubs, the stars, the up-and-coming bands, freebies, records you should buy, avoid, or simply borrow from your local library, and books - for which the same applies - and special features. In other words, we'll cover anything that's going on and remotely connected with the London jazz scene.

We'll be glad of any help and comments you might wish to make, and we can either be contacted through the "Beaver" or alternately come along any Tuesday night, 6 p.m. to L109 (Lincoln Chambers) to see what The Jazz Society has to offer - from videos to gigs, musicians jamming, or simply exchanging information, contacts and the like.

One thing that should have struck you by now, if you're a newcomer to London like me, is that it's a busy city. But it isn't only public transport, bars, restaurants and cinemas that are crowded, so, too, are the airwaves, and there's plenty to be had.

Here's a guide to just some of the programmes on offer. Please don't be put off by stereo-typed channels like Radio 2 and Radio 3. Judge for yourselves the quality of each programme.

### Saturdays

10.02am BBC Radio London. MW1458Khz/206m VHF/FM94.9 Stereo (BLRL)"Brian Priestly's All That Jazz" 5.00pm R3; "Jazz Record Requests" Peter Clayton (This is a must, the best DJ in the business)

### Sundays

2.00pm R2; "Benny Green" (which just about sums it up) 3.03pm BLRL;"Those Swinging Years" Malcome Laycock. 11.00pm R2; "Sounds Of Jazz" Peter Clayton

### Mondays

7.00pm R2; "Dance Band Days" Alan Dell 9.00pm R2; "The Best Of Jazz" Humphrey littleton. 10.00pm R3; "Jazz Today" Charles Fox

### Tuesdays

11-12am BLRL;"Giles Peterson's Mad On Jazz"

### Wednesdays

12.30pm R3; "The Essential Jazz Records" Max Harrison

### Thursdays

9.00pm R2; "Rythm and Blues" 10.00pm BLRL;"Dave Pearce, The Funk Fantasy"

As you can see, there's loads to choose from and the list is by no means exhaustive. Commercial radio, especially Capita, doesn't come off too well as far as broadcast jazz is concerned, but it does organise one of Europe's largest jazz festivals. We'll give you more details when the time comes.

Giorgio Meszaros

## Arts

# BOOK REVIEW

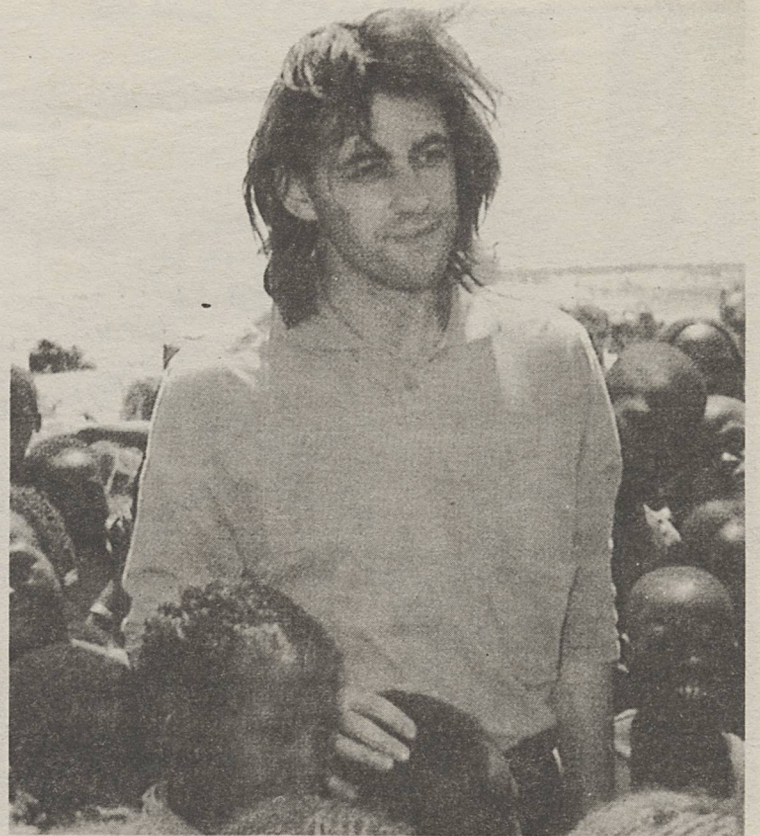
## The Denim-clad Philanthropist

Many books are written about pop stars, few are written by pop stars, fewer still are well-written by pop stars. "Is That It?", Bob Geldof's autobiography just released in paperback, is not just a well-written account of an interesting life, but also of a phenomenon. From his tragic early life in Dublin to the rise and fall of the Boomtown Rats, the founding of Band-Aid, the triumph of Live-Aid, Bob Geldof narrates in an engagingly humorous, self-deprecating manner. This book won't shock you, as the critics would have us believe. It is neither "raw," "raucous" nor "uncouth," it's just a damned good read.

Already a best-seller in its hard-back form, this paperback will shift many a unit as well. Many people will buy the book for Geldof's own account of Bnad/Live-Aid, and indeed in the last quarter, there is a lot of interesting information about the behind-the-scenes bitching that went on among the performers. The first three-quarters, however, provide the real substance.

His early life in Dublin is chronicled in an almost Joycean fashion - the death of his mother, his alienation from his father and sisters, his suffering at the hands of the "clergy-ridden" Irish educational system.

On leaving school, he spent a few years working in such diverse areas as Navying in England, teaching English in Spain, working as a Rock journalist in Canada, before his return to Dublin and the formation of the Boomtown Rats. It is these years that provide the best stories, despite the constant overtones of the psychological despair he felt in his late teens/early twenties, which included a failed suicide attempt.



## "intensively human"

despair, as he found an outlet for his talent and abilities. "I had just become a pop star and the world...had opened up for me." Never one to shy away from publicity, his verbosity acted as a double-edged sword. The music press loved him at first; he was instantly quotable and always good for a controversial comment. The Rats were never to make it in America, due to Geldof articulating his feelings about radio stations, their play lists and their management to the captains of the American music industry. It was to be the beginning of the end for the Boomtown Rats.

Heavily in debt and preoccupied with his failing career, that now-famous

B.B.C. Michael Buerk report in October '84 put his problems in perspective. Armed with moral rectitude and disgusted with the obscenity of a wide-scale famine existing in this high-tech age, Geldof set about feeding the world....

In the latter half of the book he talks openly about his relationship with Paula Yates, his attitude toward Margaret Thatcher and the Prince of Wales and his motivation in setting up Band-Aid, etc. In total, though, the book is much more than just a collection of his opinions. This book may not save lives, but it will enrich many.

"Is That It?" is published by Penguin

Brian Boyd

## Alias David Bowie

"I am absolutely sane," sang David Bowie, as quoted by the Gilmans at the very outset of this rather long and very full biography. Leni and Peter, however, obviously disagree with David's (as they affectionately call him throughout) analysis of his mental state. They seem to feel that they know him better than he knows himself, although never having interviewed him, I am sure that you will appreciate my reservations on the matter.

The entire book is a "thesis", aiming to prove the Gilman theory that Bowie's "genius" of individualism is nothing more than a manifestation of the eccentricity and lunacy that seem to

have plagued his sanity. It is perhaps a theory many may be attracted to, but some of the lengths to which the Gilmans are at times prepared to go to prove their point left me rather amused and totally unconvinced. They do, for example, try very hard, using quotes from prestigious arenas of musical thought - like "Playboy" (!) - to prove that even Bowie admits to the the "fact" that his entire family is mentally disturbed.

To be completely fair to the book and the tremendous amount of work that the Gilmans have put into it, it is a rather absorbing and detailed account of a man who, love him or hate him,

seems to fascinate all who take an interest in the music of the past two decades. At times, however, it does seem as if the Gilman "crusade" for meticulous detail goes too far. I mean, is it really vitally significant to the "plot" to discuss Southborough in 1915?(!)

There are some interesting insights into the music scene at the time when bands like The Stones and The Beatles were breaking through, and also into Bowie himself (on rare occasions). Did you know, for example, how he tore the nerves in his left eye? To find out, you'll have to read the book, but to be quite honest, I wouldn't bother (if you really want to know, you can see me later....).

Pam Giddy





# Films

## The Mission (Warner West End)



© 1986 Touchstone Films

Roland Joffe's powerful and evocative film describes just one blood-stained episode in the tragic history of Indian and European relations in South America. In the eighteenth century, as the film depicts, the Indians were fatally caught up in the machinations of the Spanish and Portuguese nations and the Catholic Church.

In the rain forests above the Iquazu Falls, a Jesuit priest, Father Gabriel (Jeremy Irons), follows the path of a crucified priest armed only with his faith and a single woodwind instrument. Accepted by the Guarani Indians, he creates the Mission of San Carlos. Joining his acolytes is Rodrigo Mendoza (Robert de Niro), a former slave trader, mercenary and murderer who finds redemption among his former victims and in time becomes a Jesuit.

Several years later, the Jesuits are ordered to leave San Carlos as a result of the Treaty of Madrid. The Indians regard San Carlos as their home and decide to fight. Gabriel and Mendoza are faced with an agonizing choice: to abandon their charges or to violate their sacred vows of obedience and non-violence. With the approach of European muskets and cannon, one raises his voice in prayer, the other, his abandoned sword.

### The Mission

"The Mission" is a BIG movie, too big for its own good, and – in my case – for its audiences. This "intensively human" tale of passion, faith, endeavor, betrayal and greed, though portrayed by a strong, very committed (and bankable) cast is simply sunk into itself by the weight of dazzling, deafening wide-screen visions of monster waterfalls, tribal ceremonies, carnivals and bloody-face-crushed-in-the-mud musket and

This quandary is at the heart of "The Mission" and at De Niro's multi-textured performance. It comes as no surprise that he is absorbed by the complexity of the role.

As Medoza, De Niro portrays a man who has found God and humility at tremendous cost. He has climbed his own Calvary, served those who once enslaved, and publicly humbled himself before an enemy. But the fires of the past still smolder in those eloquent eyes. (He is faced with a moral dilemma: break a sacred vow of non-violence or silently sanction the slaughter of his friends?)

Jeremy Irons' performance in contrast is deeply authentic; an experience. He is a brilliant and romantic actor. In his portrayal of Father Gabriel, he questions and strengthens values. He is virtually flawless.

This story confronts religious conviction with political reality. We are presented with the tragic history of suffering that Indians in South America have endured since the arrival of Europeans. The South American empires of Spain and Portugal attracted ambitious settlers, expatriate criminals, tough adventurers and slave hunters. Spain had outlawed slavery in its territory; Portugal had not. But merchants and politicians of both nations ignored one

arrows battle scenes. (The last 30 minutes are relentless slaughter.) Everything is a mile high and a mile wide – you can almost hear David Putman crying, "more spectacle; make it BIG!"

Consequently, simple human emotion, however towering, looks tiny in comparison. Everything is money: spend, spend, spend. A further consequence is that one feels somehow as

law in order to profit by another, the economic law of supply and demand. The Jesuit priests intruded on this lucrative arrangement.

Following threats of expulsion of the Jesuits from Portugal and her overseas possessions, it was asked if it were not better to sacrifice a handful of Indians in a faraway jungle, rather than jeopardize the Jesuits, the "shock troops" of the Vatican, all over the world. The Jesuits in "The Mission" are shown to stand against political expediency and they are massacred alongside the Indians.

In "The Mission", the Jesuits receive a very sympathetic if not favorable treatment. Their behavior is not characteristic of the "shock troop" of the Vatican. These are not the same Jesuits who burned and killed in the name of the Pope.

If this film is to be taken at face value and the real role of the Jesuits forgotten, then this is the one not to be missed. It was filmed entirely on location in South America and marks director Roland Joffe's first movie since the multi-award winning "The Killing Fields." The photography is simply beautiful and full of shades of the "The Emerald Forest." Go and see it, but do not forget your conscience at home.

Stavros Makris

exploited as the Indian characters in the film and the Indian actors playing them, who, though undoubtedly beautiful, are used merely to decorate Mr. DeNiro and Mr. Irons, and are reduced from being a proud race of individuals to simple, aesthetically-pleasing, decorative bookends.

If you like 'em BIG, this is for you. I like 'em big sometimes...but I don't like people small.

Rikki Beadle-Blair

## Pub Review

### The Goose and Firkin, 47/48 Borough Road, London SE1 1DR

If it's bitter you want, go goose hunting south of the Thames. The Goose and Firkin, one of the Firkin pubs known for its homemade bitter, is fairly accessible from LSE. The beer, the nightly live entertainment, and familiar atmosphere attract youth from all over London.

The Goose and Firkin makes three different types of bitter right on the premises. The Goose is the lightest, the Borough is next, and the Dog-

bolter packs a punch. They also serve several different types of lagers and ales, as well as all of the other traditional bar drinks.

Every night, excluding Sunday and Monday, a guitarist or piano player provides entertainment. They play contemporary songs and expect everyone to sing along. Or they pass out song sheets, play traditional songs, and expect everyone to know the words the next time they come around.

To get there take the Bakerloo or Northern Line to Elephant and Castle or the Northern Line to Borough. Walk down Borough Road to Southwark Bridge Road. The Goose will be under the rail bridge. Buses from the LSE to Elephant and Castle are 1, 188, 199. If you think it is too hard to get to, you are missing out.

Dan

## The Good Father Renoir Cinema

On a superficial level this is simply a story about a rejected husband adjusting to life on his own, and to the fact that his own son is turning against him.

A deeper analysis reveals an earnest struggle between the sexes. Anthony Hopkins (the "Good Father", or more appropriately the confused father) leads a depressingly mediocre existence in the claustrophobic confines of South London, and appears perennially perplexed, because he cannot understand his fate, or his wife.

Having left his wife because she was having an affair, he is at odds with everyone and everything, until he meets a man caught up in a similar domestic feud. This seems to stimulate his tortured life into some activity. He helps initiate a legal battle – not always a fair one – designed to get his friend custody of his (the friend's) son. Sparks fly: his friend's wife is a lesbian, whose loathing of men riles Hopkins (as well

as making him squirm visibly), and her lawyer is a particularly obnoxious C.N.D. and women's rights supporter. (Her T-Shirt caption reads "All men are rapists").

It is easy to criticize the films portrayal of women: it seems to show feminism at its worst and men (and families) as the unhappy victims of it.

However, the men in their turn come across as inadequate misfits: Hopkins' own affair leaves him deeply dissatisfied – somehow he still cannot understand women and their apparently

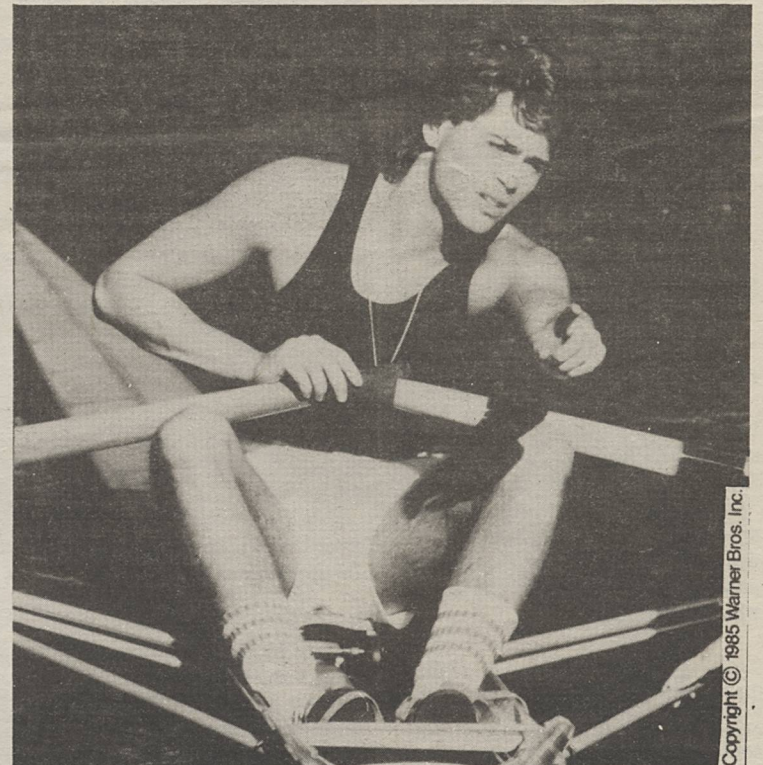


inconsistent attitudes to physical relationships. The ending is uneasy and leaves the viewer expectant, and slightly disappointed; but Hopkins comes through with full marks for a typically top-notch performance. Simon Callow, in a cameo role as a glib (but able) barrister, provides most of the humour in an otherwise sober, and at times depressing, film.

Shehryar Sarwar

## Oxford Blues

(Cannon, Charing Cross Road)



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A very American kid, who is a bit of a hustler and a con-artist is put in the most unlikely place in the world, the world's most hallowed educational institution. Oxford Blues is a misadventure about youthful misbehavior. Having met many of LSE's colourful American students, the characters of Rob Lowe, as Nick D'Angelo, and Ally Sheedy, as Rona, are believable, if slightly exaggerated. But this does not hold true for the character of the English high-born Lady, Amanda Pays. Whoever heard of a self-respecting Sloane not owning a barbour? And surely all Henries are not just bounders and cads dressed in the best of Saville Row.

Nick comes looking for his fairy princess, his dream girl...What he finds instead is a strange new world with its own rules, an old game, where he is the odd one out. We are led to believe that it is possible to fight the system and win in Oriel, of all places.

Oriel prides itself on the dubious distinction of being the only Oxford college which still refuses admission to women. Its bursar offers a "logical explanation" for this anti-feminist anachronism. "We haven't admitted

women for over 658 years, and we do not intend to rush into it until we're sure it's the right thing to do."

In Oxford Blues we are allowed an insight into the mythological world of Oxford University: the Bodleian Library, the Sheldonian Theatre and the Oxford Union. But we are not allowed a glimpse of the real Oxford and the real people living there. We are not allowed a glimpse of the tourists roaming on the street taking photographs and trying to break into the holiest of the holies of the Colleges. No reference is made to the boring nightlife and the stagnant stratification of student life in Oxford. We are shown a student body aspiring to ideas of yesterday, a student body trying to live up to a mythology, a student body modeling itself on values irrelevant to the real world outside.

This story purports to be a study of the unlikely and ends up being a love story for kids, here, only at the very end, realizing that sometimes the best dreams are the ones right next to you at the time.

A film to catch mid-week when there is not an LSE Film Society screening...and try not to cast your favourite American in the role of Nick. I have already cast my Rona.

Stavros Makris



# Films

## London Flicks Where to See Good Films in London

If you are bored one evening, or if you have a few hours in the afternoon, and you want to go and see a good film, here are a few tips on where to go. As you all know, the West End is, with a few notable exceptions (see below), the country of large expensive multi-screen complexes showing large, expensive productions. Close to half of these are now owned by the Go-Glo brothers' company, Cannon. This is the place to go if you want to see new films on a large screen and with sound sometimes so loud it will make your ears fall off. However, watch out for the smaller screens of those big complexes; outrageous prices for sitting in a shoebox, with poor sound and scratchy reels, no thank you. But there is no chance of seeing something more than a year old in these cinemas, and a substantial part of the 'fringe' production. Arty and intellectual movies, can be found in London, even though they are a bit more hidden than the "Top Guns" and the "Shanghai Surprises". The first safe bet is the Metro (Rupert Street, W1), where interesting first-runs are often combined with repertory. Another independent company operates four cinemas, where arty, Euro-scene films are shown. The four are Lumiere (St. Martin's Lane, WC2), the Chelsea Cinema (King's Road, SW3), the Renoir (Russell Square, WC1) and the Camden Plaza (Camden High Street, NW1). These are just as consistent as the Metro, but a bit more expensive. The Screens are also a safe bet, with three cinemas showing material similar to

those venues already described. The three are Screen on Baker Street (NW1), Screen on the Hill (Belsize Park, NW3) and the Screen on the Green (Islington Green N1).

**"Old Masters"**  
But the best places to see a good film are, outside the West-End/First run circuit, the independent cinemas. Obviously, this is not the place to see the latest from Hollywood or Pinewood studios, but then again, why spend your time seeing only what is brand new? In the visual arts, people won't stand in line for hours to see the 1986 production of an artist; they will however wait a long time to see works by Picasso, German Expressionists, French impressionists or Old Masters. Similarly it is well worth the time and money to see works of the Old Masters of Celluloid reels. The small independent cinemas, together with the National Film Theatre (NFT) and the Institute for Contemporary Art (ICA) make London, the world's second best centre for revivals (miles and miles behind Paris, but better than New York, Rome or Berlin). The NFT, on the South Bank (SE1) has access to the British Film Institute's film collection; thus, it can present an incredibly diverse programme ranging from Bergman to Woody Allen and Eisenstein to Peter Greenaway. Similarly, but much more "avant-garde" is the Filmmakers Co-op (Gloucester Av, NW1), where film students and young filmmakers can arrange to have their work screened. An institution more than anything else.

But the four other joints that are the cause of so many missed lectures, failed exams, sleepless nights and other ordeals are the Roxie, Ritz, Scala and Everyman. These show generally two or three films a day; they change them every day and, though they sometimes organise their programming according to different themes, general anarchy prevails over the programme. Each one has its specialties: the Roxie (Wardour Street, W1) shows mainly cult movies of the last decade (such as Diva, Repo Man, Paris-Texas, Koyaanisqatsi, Stranger than Paradise or Stop Making Sense), the Everyman (Hollybush Vale, Hampstead NW3) shows all sorts of different films from all over; it also sometimes distributes its own imports (most recently, Alpine Fire). The quality at the Everyman is probably the best of the four. Finally, there is the Scala (Kings Cross, N1), that shows a range of films, cult-movies and others. The Scala also run All-Nighters each Saturday night (watch out for the Golden Turkeys and the Monty Python triple bill). Not to be missed.

Some of the independents charge a nominal membership fee for a year, but they are always quite a bit cheaper than the other cinemas in town. London is a wonderful place to fill in gaps in your film-culture. However, if you insist on seeing an obscure surrealist film of the 1930's, all the films by Tarkowsky in one day or Gene Tierney's first film, there is a simple solution: Hop over to Paris!

Alex Crawford

# Theatre

## The Secret Life of Cartoons



"The Secret Life of Cartoons" is more like a smutty pantomime than a West End show.

Bringing animation to life may well be an unusual and difficult task, but it is one which this production fails desperately to perform with any credibility.

Una Stubbs plays her regular wide-eyed and breathless role, this time as the wife of New York cartoonist Dick Caplan, played by James Warwick. When Dick, the source of the first of many tacky jokes, loses a grip on his job, he also loses his cartoons, so to speak. They come to life.

Derek Griffiths is Rosco Rabbit, Dick's most famous cartoon character. Rosco, descends upon the Caplan household followed in hot pursuit by a 'cartoon' duck, pig, cat, mouse and rabbit-hunter, all with the appropriate make-up, tails and corny lines.

The Aldwych Theatre claims to be the "home of the farce". This play, however, is less than farcical; it's a joke. In

between the tiresome, suggestive 'humour', the rabbit has an affair with Mrs. Caplan; the gay duck does a Ginger Rogers routine; and the cat tries to arrange an orgy. That does appear to be it, although it has been suggested that underlying all this is a statement on sexuality. If so, it is well hidden.

The actors are, for the most part, too busy trying to keep up their plastic, New York accents to appear convincing, and the odd animation sound effect is just not enough to make the situation believable.

It is quite surprising that such a mundane comedy as this has reached the West End, however short a stay it may be. If it hadn't been for Graham Jones' amusing portrayal of 'Dexter', the cartoon duck, it would have been a strain to survive past the interval. Cartoon life is definitely better left secret.

Joanne Law

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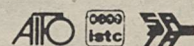
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## English Basketball?

Calling all 7'6" Dinka tribesmen taking accounting and finance: your talents are needed on the basketball court. For we lower mortals, an agreeable alternative is watching such giants battling it out in the Carlsberg National Basketball League.

The game has minimal press and TV coverage in this country, yet the proximity of court and fans, combined with end-to-end, non-stop drama results in a perfect spectator sport.

In London, however, one's choice of teams is limited. Lack of quantity, however, is made up by the presence of quality in the form of Team Polycell Kingston. Last season, they were pipped at the post for the League title by Manchester United and knocked out in the semi-final round of the British Masters. This loss was more than made up for when they captured the Prudential Cup and won the League final against the Birmingham Bullets.

This season, Kingston is aiming for the grand slam, taking every trophy in sight. The undoubted star of Kingston (and of the entire League) is American, Steve Bontrager. His distinctive hairstyle, combined with his dazzling shooting ability, makes him the most instantly-recognizable player in the English game. Bontrager is backed up by fellow American, Dan Davis and English international, Martin Clark. Averaging 37 points a game, Clark is now trying to join in American NBA team, but failing this, he will be back this season.

Kingston plays at Tolworth Recreation Centre in Tolworth, Surrey. Easily accessible by the A3 Kingston bypass or from Waterloo station, it would be a crime not to see them at least once in the season.

Doubts persist over the continued existence of the Crystal Palace team. They are due to merge with the Brusel and Camden Ducks of Uxbridge, which would mean that most fixtures will be played at the Brusel University campus, with only certain Cup and League games being played at the National Sports Centre in Crystal Palace. The subsequent mish-mash of English players should result in the new team struggling to achieve success.

A bit further away are the Hemel and Watford Royals, who play at the Dacorum Sports Centre in Hemel Hempstead, accessible from the Boxmoor train station or a short detour from the M1. With small finances and little foreign influence, the Royals, like the Ducks, will have to be content with mid-table respectability.

The last two London teams are Brixton and Tower Hamlets in the second division. The crowds at their games make up for their scarcity in number with much vocal support.

If all this whets your appetite, you can then move on to higher things. The best clubs in the world will meet at the WICB Basketball Championship in the Crystal Palace Sports Centre in early January. FC Barcelona, Maccakki Tel Aviv and Red Star Belgrade will be there, to name but a few. Phone the Centre for details about the sporting spectacular, which is not to be missed.

by BASIL

# BEAVER SPORT

## Cold Shoulder and Warm Welcome

On Saturday the School made the long journey out to Surrey for a "friendly" against Queen Mary' College. Both matches were well contested with the first finally hitting the winning trail holding onto a 16-12 lead through some desperate tackling led by the inspirational back-row.

It took a Jock (Jim McInelly) to open the second team's scoring account of this year going over 'refrigerator' style from what must have been at least 50 yards (he told me so), but the team lost heart after some bad refereeing decisions and slipped to a 30-10 defeat.

After the match the QMC didn't even open their bar, and the home players left before we had even finished our food, leaving us feeling very unwelcome and hard-done by. As Gavin later put it, "With no beer, you can feel just how stiff your body is".



Hilary Slade

## Taffy's Rugby Tales



Hilary Slade

Surrey was a completely different matter - with the "après Rugby" of the evening fantastic. The game itself (it has to be mentioned somewhere) was a tight struggle with the only score being a try by Barry Finley (again) making it 4-0. Yes, an LSE team has won two games running. The seconds were desperately unlucky losing to a last minute try after going into the lead for the first time this year. (Final score 11-10). After all the boring party poopers (mostly footballers) had left the real sport started. Ross was unlucky enough to win the Russian roulette - having to drink half his bottle of Vodka prize topped up with a pint of Black Death. We then had the ignominy of losing the Broom Race but made it even when we stuffed them in the Boat Race. Special mention to Gavin for his aftermatch singing.

## HOUGHTON STREET HARRY

Horses

With the "Breeders Cup" approaching, everyone is asking themselves if Dancing Brave is unbeatable. If one looks at the Arc, the answer is yes. But there are a number of good horses in the field who stand a chance and are maybe worth an 'each way', depending on what the starting price is, including 'Estrepade' and 'Manila'. Estrepade has the advantage of a front running win in the 'Oak'. Only the other day, I was talking to a character in the pub who said she'd never been better. 'Manila' is sure to run very well - the distance suits, and he can use his considerable speed at any point when required. But the one I really fancy is 'Duty Dance'; a lot of punters might say 'Harry's gone crazy,' but I can assure you he has the kind of closing kick to pick up a share of the readies.

Looking ahead to the Derby - if you can get an early price - go the full whack and get it an 'Arabian Sheik'.

Dogs

Enough of horses and onto the dogs. Having studied the form over the past few months, Dogs to watch out for at Hackney are 'Bilko's Beauty' and 'Foot it Suzy'; they usually run on Saturday mornings. A word of advice - only go for 'Bilko's Beauty' if he's drawn in trap 4 - he kicks this trap the best and is well worth a flutter. This reminds me of a joke, "What's the difference between Bill Wyman and a pack of greyhounds" - "The greyhounds wait for the hare". Well, that's enough for this week, although I'd just like to say I've heard J. Nolan is offering any money that Man and finish in bottom 11, and just one more tip, "Don't step off a moving bus". See you next week.

N. Jones

## LSE NETBALL

by SUSAN EHRLICH

LSE netball opened up its season last week with a decisive 17-4 victory over Royal Holloway at London's Inn Fields.

With only one practice behind them, the girls played as a strong, cohesive unit and jumped out to a 7-3 halftime lead. R.H. picked up the tempo in the second half and ran the ball aggressively. The LSE squad responded, and led by their center, Elaine Gretton and their wing attack, Cristina Hollaway, they simply outthrustled the R.H. team.

Judy Anderson, Susan Ehrlich and the whole team continually anticipated and intercepted passes and broke up many R.H. scoring drives. With strong, accurate passing of their own, the LSE got the ball to their scores. Judy Burke, Lisa Woodhouse and Jane Ng racked up ten points in the second half to assure an LSE win.

## Six a Side Cricket

by DEREK SMITH

Those who believe that LSE's cricket heroics are confined to the summer term will be surprised to learn of last Saturday's events. A peculiar breed of players made their first migratory journey to the home of English cricket. At first glance the Lord's Cricket Ground appears still and lifeless. But the experienced cricket watcher will seek out the indoor school where he knows, if he is early enough, he will find this persistent species displaying itself in the warm and dry, away from the harshness of our off-season climate.

Here assembled, the LSE's happy band set about the task of contriving a win sometime between now and Easter.

There are in fact nine matches to be played through the winter, with the teams assembled into a league and competing for the 'Silexicon Trophy'.

For the unfamiliar, the game is played by two teams, each of six players, with each side batting for a maximum of twelve overs. Runs are scored by hitting the ball against the surrounding walls and by the batsmen running between the wickets. No bowler may bowl more than three overs.

The 9.30 am start caused its usual problems for the LSE, but heads were unusually clear on this morning, and expectations were perhaps higher as a result.

Bowling first, LSE restricted the opposition to 60 runs with the deceptively athletic J.J. producing a useful spell of spin-bowling in tandem with Simon Bexon.

Such a modest total presented no obstacle to the LSE batsmen, with Simon, who is seeing the ball more clearly since his sponsored hair-cut, finishing unbeaten on 25, with Derek Smith on 15.

This unlikely start enabled our heroes a degree of self-esteem hitherto unthinkable. United in their common cause of returning cricketing pride to London's finest college, they were a match for anyone. And so it was, as Saeed Khavwja and Saad Iqbal, both making their first appearance for LSE, matched the accuracy of our other bowlers.

Better fielding and tidy wicket-keeping from Stewert Robertson meant that our opponents were restricted to 85 runs. The aggressive batting of Saeed (19) along with Derek Smith (17) gave LSE its second victory of the day.

Our cause won, we departed, eagerly awaiting the challenge of future battles.

TEAM: Simon Bexon, Justin Jones, Saad Iqbal, Saeed Khavwja, Stewert Robertson, Derek Smith; Scorer: Richard Ford.

P.S. Indoor nets at Lord's Cricket Ground, 8 pm every Tuesday during term-time. Whites to be worn. All welcome.

## Men's 1sts

In a vastly improved display against a team containing an Australian national trialist and a Welsh indoor player, LSE's problems turned out to be offensive not defensive.

Having conceded two goals at short corners and one through absent-minded goal-keeping, we rallied, thanks to "goal-a-game" Keith and controlled defence. In the second half LSE faced a succession of short-corners but were unable to reduce the deficit.

## HOCKEY

UAU vs. SURREY UNIVERSITY

Men's 1sts 1 Surrey 3

Ladies' 1sts 0 Surrey 5

Men's 2nds 3 Surrey 3

Ladies' 2nds 0 Surrey 3



Hilary Slade