

The Beaver

11th February, 1991

Newspaper of the London School of Economics Student Union

Issue 335

Computer relocation to affect LSE research

by Christian K Forman

The University of London Computer Centre (ULCC) is relocating its Amdahl computer research facilities from London to Manchester. This move concerns approximately 100 LSE Research students and staff who depend on these systems to conduct their studies.

This transfer is part of a series of cost cutting measures being undertaken by the ULCC. It is hoped that through combining the London facility with the existing Manchester centre redundant costs can be eliminated.

Many LSE researchers have voiced distress over the transfer. According to Brian Warren, Computer Manager for the LSE sponsored Suntory-Toyota International Centre for Economics and Related Disciplines (STICERD), "the move to Manchester will present major difficulties." Warren explains that the Manchester centre does not have all the resources necessary for the work being done at the University.

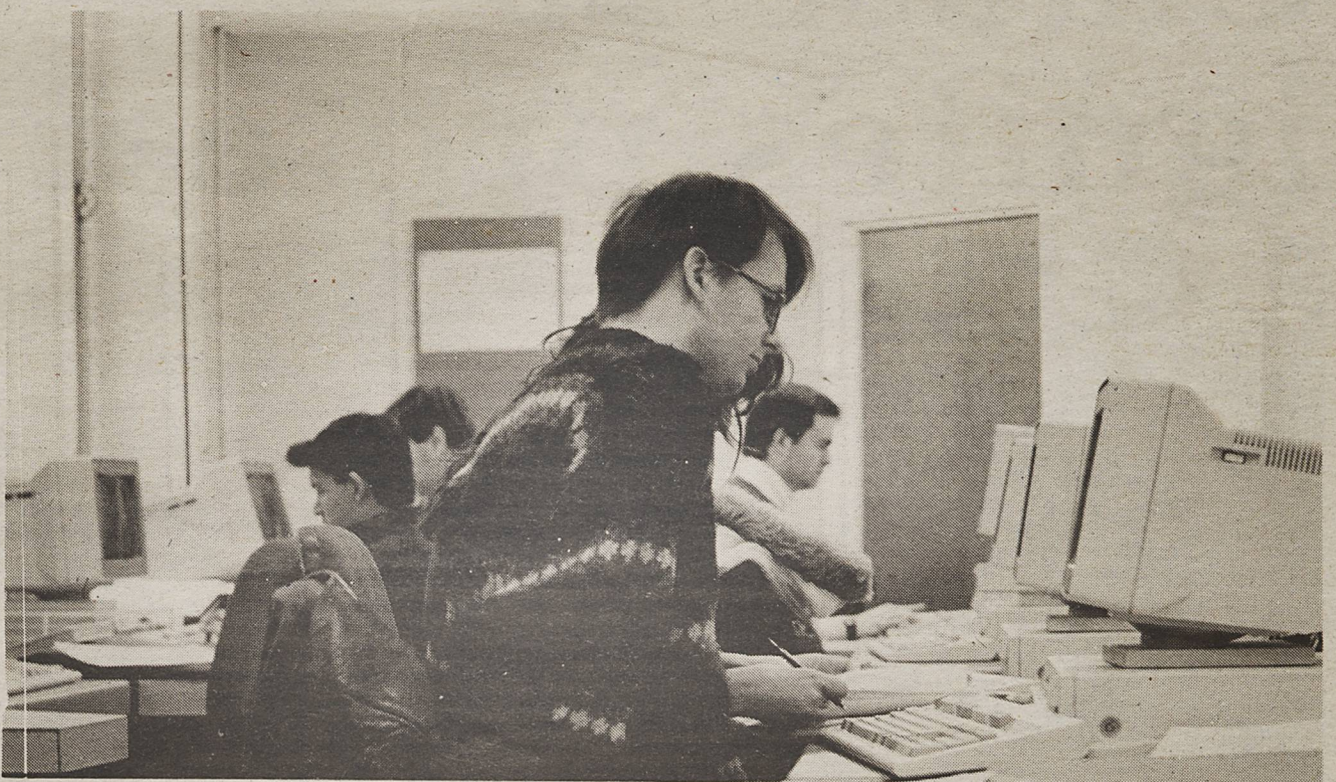
"They haven't even been told what our particular

needs are. They don't have our particular applications, software, advisory reports, and data sets that we need," he said.

Warren is also upset because a substantial amount of time must be spent to translate existing research into a format which is compatible with new Manchester computers. For his research group, Warren expects this process to consume as much as three months of intensive work for the entire staff of 50.

This unexpected work, besides delaying research, also poses a potentially much greater risk. Warren explains that since research must be stopped or slowed, it becomes almost impossible for the research team to meet its deadlines. "By doing so," he explains, "we could in effect impede our ability to attract future research contracts."

This question of losing research funding also disturbs Adam Lublanski, the research computer manager for the LSE Centre for Economic Performance. "It is clear that money will be lost if we miss deadlines, and the move to Manchester will



definitely put a strain on our ability to meet these target dates."

However, Joan Pateman, User Support Manager for LSE Computing Services,

explains that the ULCC was already planning on translating the London computers to a different operating system. As a result, "they would have lost the time anyway."

Regardless of this fact, researchers still do not look forward to the change over. Many still remember with horror the last time ULCC decided to change facilities.

It occurred nine years ago, and anecdotal stories of research being lost or erased still persist.

Increased applications for Access Fund

School to give £149,000 in scholarships

by Pernilla Malmfalt

Approximately 355 students have applied for the £149,000 worth of scholarships currently available from the school's Access Fund.

Almost twenty percent of eligible students applied for the Access Fund. On average, a successful candidate will receive £300. The exact reward will be calculated with regard to such criteria

as the student's cost of accommodation, loss of income support and housing benefit, level of poll tax and the general social circumstances.

This number of applications is a marked increase over last term's figure of 163. Mel Taylor, Senior Treasurer of the LSE Student Union, believes that the "the poor performance of last term was a result of the school's fail-

ure to fairly publicise the fund." She states that the administration did not place enough effort into informing students of the Access Fund.

Taylor was generally pleased with the number of applications. However, she believes that the major problem with the Access Fund is the "insufficient" nature of the individual scholarships. "Access Funds are a joke, far

too little to compensate a huge deficit given by the government. I would still like to see LSESU express discontent at the lack of funding."

The Access Fund has been a major topic of debate and controversy throughout the year. Earlier this term, the Department of Education and Science (DES) rewrote the guidelines for the Access Fund, making all foreign students ineligible. However,

with the demise of student housing benefits and the introduction of the poll tax, many feel the DES tried to compensate Home students by limiting the eligibility requirements.

The change met with considerable opposition from the LSE community, including Union General Secretary Rob Middleton who felt it was "wrong...to discriminate against EC students in this

way."

In order to ensure students will apply for financial aid in the future, the Student Union is producing a booklet which will outline the various sources of financial aid available through the School and the Union. This booklet will be sent to all incoming and continuing students.



Let it snow! The scene of Houghton street last Tuesday when the campus was buried under 6 inches of snow.

Research funds reallocated

by Christian K Forman

In a speech to the academic staff of the LSE, Professor Howard Newby, Chairman of the Economic and Social Research Council (ESRC), stated that the government is in the process of changing its regulations for the allocation of research funding.

The new government system streamlines the funding process by giving money for specific projects and not block grants for general research. Newby said, "In the future the vast bulk of the money will go directly to the award of research grants. Very little will stick to the fingers of central administrators or even Deans and department heads."

Newby explains that the major motivation for the policy change was that research money was subsidizing teaching. "The government suspects, and I think the research council knows, that quite a large proportion of the money allocated to universities through their block grants to conduct research is in fact being used to support teaching," he said.

This new streamlining will start to come into effect this year, when the UFC diverts approximately £100 million from exist-

ing University block grants. However, Newby cautions, even though this figure is only a small proportion of University block grants, "one should not use these figures to trivialize the long term implications of this transfer."

Newby expects these changes to have serious ramifications for the LSE and all other research oriented universities. He said, "social science departments will see their research capacity squeezed out and aggregated across the system. This will of course take place incrementally, aggregated across the system in ten years time. The ESRC might well be looking at a research base for the social sciences in this country which is shot to pieces, got several large holes in it."

John Ashworth, Director of the LSE, notes the fears of many in the academic community. "Many colleagues seem very concerned at what professor Newby said and I agree that the importance of obtaining Research Council cannot be over emphasized." However, he continues, that if the school can effectively respond to this new challenge the school could see the reward.

Clause 25 ignites protest



Kiss me! Gay rights activists express themselves outside of Bow Street Police Station

Gays fight for sexual freedom

NEWS FEATURE

by Jason Milner

Last Wednesday evening saw the opening moves in what promises to be an emotional and highly vocal campaign against Clause 25 of The Criminal Justice Bill.

The 'Clause' aims to introduce harsher sentences for three types of sexual offence by reclassifying them as "Serious sex crimes", and is seen as a further attack by the government on the human rights of gay and bisexual men. A spokesperson for Outrage!, the gay rights group campaigning for the deletion of Clause 25 commented "the laws against soliciting, indecency and procuring criminalise gay and bisexual men for kissing, cruising, chatting up and introducing gay men to each other. Heterosexuals are never prosecuted for similar behavior. These laws are an outrage. They make virtually every gay man in the country a sex criminal."

In the freezing cold and gathering dark, over 200 people gathered outside Bow Street police station to publicise the issue. Headed by the film-maker Derek Jarman and singer Jimmy Somerville, the protest focused on six gay couples "turning themselves in" to the police for having

committed such "offences" in the past. While the protest was good natured, there were strong underlying feelings of dissatisfaction with the Sexual Offences Acts of 1956 and 1967, which Outrage! claim are "embarrassing and indefensible". The consensus of opinion amongst many of the demonstrators seemed to be that the government was "virulently homophobic", and was attempting to recriminalise homosexuality via the back-door. Evidence offered for this opinion included Home Office statistics showing that in 1989 nearly 100 men were jailed for these consenting homosexual "offences", a figure 18 times higher than that for 1988. Anecdotal evidence was also given of an increase in police entrapment operations designed to arrest gay men "cottaging" in public lavatories. Such "pretty policing" (so called because attractive young male police officers are used for the entrapments) was condemned as being provocative and extremely expensive.

Each couple was taken into Bow Street police station and statements taken from them, the police however seemed "disinterested" in the confessions, simply stating that they would pass them on to the Crown Prosecution Service for further action.

"They basically told me to piss off" said Martin Harrington, 44, one of the first to confess, he and his partner Amir Ahmed, 23, admitted that "we had a party in our house, we live together, whilst other people were in the house we went off and had sex together....that's an illegal thing for a gay couple to do."

Having finished kissing his partner, another Outrage! volunteer added "we have here a police, judiciary, and a government that are actively seeking to use gay men as some kind of scapegoats. We're sick and tired of it, we're going to do it now, publicly. I'm not going to be caught down a street and hauled in with nobody to see what's going on, if they want me they can take me now!"

As the demonstration finally broke up, Jimmy Somerville concluded "it's an injustice, it's totally unacceptable and it's great that so many people have come out in opposition to it." Derek Jarman added that the bill was "a very dangerous piece of legislation". Further protest is planned for Saturday 16th February in central London.

WHY MOST STUDENTS FIND IT EASIER TO BANK WITH NATWEST

LECTURE HALL

BAR

CANTEEN

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THE ACTION BANK

The NatWest Students Service terms apply to those who enter full time higher education for the first time and who are in receipt of an FEA award letter

Code of conduct approved

Postgraduates claim major victory

by Beaver Staff

Last Wednesday, the Academic Board approved a Code of Conduct for Research Students and Advisors. This Code is aimed at improving the treatment of the MPhil/PhD community at the LSE.

Dr. Catherine Manthorpe, Assistant Registrar for the Graduate School, was very pleased with the new document. She cites the results as "a good example of the way students and the School can work together to mutual benefit."

Bob Gross, Student Union Postgraduate Officer, said, "This is a major victory for one in seven members of our Union. Students have won a recognition of their rights. That it was done with consultation with the administration and consensus among students and without confrontation or faction makes it all the more satisfying."

The approval of the Code of Conduct brings to a conclusion a campaign that was started in May. At that time, Gross convened meetings of MPhil and PhD students from all departments to discuss their problems and grievances. The results from these meetings were compiled into a 23-page report.

The paper shows that many research students are hindered in their work by casual supervision and administration. The Code attempts to improve this relationship by requiring more direct contact between the student and teacher.

The report also identifies two other major shortfalls -- scarce facilities and chronic

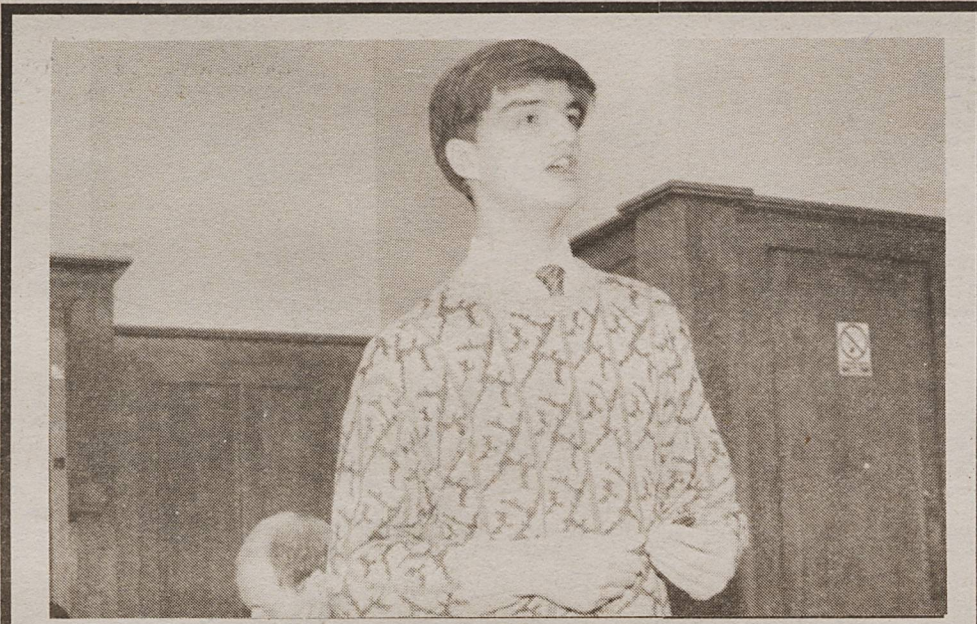
isolation. However, the Code fails to address these two problems, except in the most cursory of fashion.

Looking to the future for LSE's research students, Gross is optimistic: "The Code was the result of lots of hard work and good faith. If ongoing relations between the School and the Student Union maintain the same degree of trust and consid-

eration for one another's needs, then my successor as Postgraduate Officer should be able to get even more done. The creation of the Research Students' Committee should help tremendously."

The Research Students' Committee, which has met only once, is an attempt to keep open these lines of communication. The committee

is made up of one MPhil/PhD student elected from each department. The Dean of the Graduate School and a very few other administrators are also likely members. Dr. Richardson sees it as "a representative forum where research students can make further contributions to the School's development."



Love or War?

Last Wednesday, political divisions were briefly forgotten as Mel Taylor and Dominic Bourke teamed up against Simon Curran and Ian Prince to debate whether "the UGM should make love not war." The unlikely dynamic duo of Taylor and Bourke argue favour of the motion and won the contest by a small margin. However, the most memorable part of the entire affair was when Bourke jokingly attacked his own teammate. During the closing moments of the debate, Bourke asked, "How many Mel Taylors does it take to change a light bulb?" Answer: "Five. Two to make sure that it is ideologically sound. Two to swear at the Tories and one to get the nearest man to do it."

Commentary

Union Jack

"Bloody cold", thought Jack as he hustled down Houghton Street, and as this thought occurred, the snow which had thus far accumulated on the top of his overcoat collar gently avalanched down the back of his neck.

"Bloody kids", he added audibly, as a strategic exchange of snowballs took place between rival AU factions.

The walk to the LSE was notable only for the ever increasing number of organs with which his central nervous system had lost contact. At five minutes to one there was still time for a restorative across the road before heading into the Old Theatre.

"Bloody inqorate" were the only words Jack could muster as, clutching his warming beverage, he took up his usual seat. It was not a day for long sentences.

Indeed it was not a day for sentences of any length whatsoever. Hard-bitten hacks and frost-bitten punters peeked speculatively into the Old Theatre, made a quick head count, and decided that rusting braziers stuffed with unwanted UGM agendas would be warmer, sparkier and probably capable of more intelligent political discourse than the sorry assembly of overcoats who shuffled around in front of the stage awaiting further orders.

Most eyes looked hopefully towards the doors at the back. When collective telekinesis failed to bring in the crowds, and a full quarter hour passed, kind, benevolent Chair Dairmuid put us out of our misery. 'Class dismissed', and like the end-of-day school bell, the building emptied.

Slowly the full horror of what had happened sank in. Regulars looked distraught, and comforted each other on their shared loss. Uncharacteristically even Jack felt a twinge of pity for those poor, lost souls, who had been thrown out onto the streets and left to face the horrors of an unstructured Thursday lunchtime.

"Bloody student apathy", Jack added consolingly, and then in deference to the other factors at work, and rather regretting this first venture into tripartite sentences, "bloody weather".

Jack searched in vain for other lunchtime entertainments. Where, he wondered, would snow-blinded punters seek apres-ski diversions? More confident of success this time, Jack marched into the Three Tuns.

Once in the warm, Jack scraped the ice of his nose and took in the scene. Sure enough LSE's finest had got there first. Fighting his way through the ski-poles and Ray-Bans, Jack acquired a jug of Gluhwein and found Union politicos surprisingly forthcoming when offered a glass of the steaming liquid in return for their weighty thoughts on recent East Building doings.

Most freely discussed was sabbatical candidate selection, particularly within the Labour Club. It seems a point of great pride to that august body that cabals and conspiracies are now a thing of the past. No more will secret, smoke-filled meetings be held chez Hoss "kingmaker" Zahir to decide whose name goes forward. This time there will be the full works of open and democratic discussion, free of any preconceptions, with all candidates given a chance to air their views and discuss policy in an untrammelled environment. Then, and only then, will we know that Gareth Roberts and Katy Episcopo will be selected.

The other intriguing question concerned a number of confirmed sightings of Ali Nikpay in close consultation with Chris Pincher in a darkened Passfield corridor. Saloon bar pundits are at a loss to explain this apparent phenomena, although speculation continues to be rife. Jack would certainly welcome any suggestions as to what was being discussed, in not more than fifteen words, on the back of a £3 Augustus Barnett gift voucher.

The Record book

...a look back to the Beavers of the past

Students on Tape

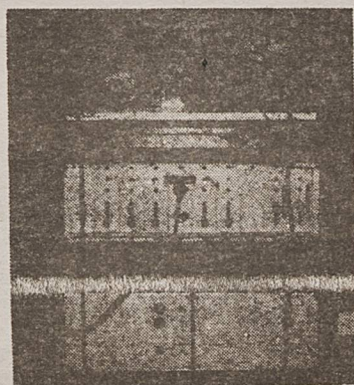
by ANDREW CORNWELL

The LSE administration has been routinely spying on Union General Meetings and has the ability to tape record all events in the Old Theatre, sabbatical officers revealed last Thursday.

A sophisticated hi-fi stack system in the rear projecting room of the Old Theatre has been used to tape record two political meetings in the past week. The Beaver has heard tapes of the debate on Nicaragua and a speech made by building society executive Tim Melville-Rees on housing. Union leaders believe that the same set of headphones monitored last Thursday's UGM.

The chance discovery was made by Social & Services Secretary Richard Ford while setting up sound and lighting for an alternative theatre show last Wednesday.

The Beaver can also reveal that the LSE's regular spy at UGM's is Dr Catherine Menthorpe, assistant press officer for the School. It



Recording system at the back of the Old Theatre

is common practise for the administration to quietly send a reporter down: in previous years Neil Plevy, conference officer, has also done the job.

What happens to the information obtained by the school at Union meetings is unclear; but as our article on student political files (see below) makes clear, names of speakers may be headed in the

dubious direction of the Economic League and M.I.5.

Much of the UGM debate is harmless, and the school, while not denying the presence of a spy, stressed that members of staff were fully entitled to attend Union meetings. However with the revelation that political files are held on nearly 1 in 2 LSE students, there must be concern for civil liberties implications of taping Union meetings.

Academics contacted off the record by The Beaver were surprised and appalled at the idea of separate files on students' political activity. It was pointed out that teachers' access to ordinary academic files is already lax and could be open to misuse. On the practical ground of reducing paperwork, no reason had to be given for teachers to obtain files, although academics are supposed to follow guidelines circulated by the School. The AUT was unavailable for comment.

Daphne Dare



WRITES

Once more Daphne Dare (LSE graduate of 1938) returns to pass on good stout advice to the modern day student. A refreshing voice on the issues that matter.

THIS WEEK: WIMBLEDON FOOTBALL CLUB

Further to a discussion I had with the admirable staff of the Student Health Service, my intended subject matter this week was to have been on the increasing dangers of Venereal Disease faced by the LSE population. They suggested to me that levels of infection were on the increase and that I might like to add my voice to the warning cry.

Whilst I have no wish to denigrate the dangers of such maladies I would like to reply to one of my regular correspondents, a Mr A Baly (see letters page) who expresses concern over the lack of coverage given to sporting subjects within my column, and in particular to what he sees as unwarranted neglect of Wimbledon FC with whom he seems to have a striking affinity. I would therefore like to address this issue without further delay and explain my very good reasons for agreeing with The Beaver in their discrimination of this unwholesome football club who have done so much to undermine the sporting nature of the game as I knew it.

Wimbledon have undoubtedly done very well for themselves in recent years. Indeed if memory serves they showed Liverpool FC a thing or two in the balmy summer of '88 in the Football Association Cup of that year. (A victory not dissimilar in its unexpectedness to the LSE's own trouncing of University College in the Jeremy Bentham Memorial Cup of 1937). It has further not gone unnoticed that Wimbledon currently hold first division status in the Barclays Bank League.

Yet for all this I cannot offer them my unreserved support. Disreputable characters are everywhere to be seen amongst their playing staff. Mr Fashanu's reported bonus of a thousand pounds for every goal scored negates the true amateur ethic which should lie at the heart of all sporting endeavour. In a similar vein, Mr V Jones, who has I now understand moved on to Leeds AFC, is far from being a role model for the nation's youth in the mould of that artist amongst footballers Sir Stanley Matthews whom my brother and I so admired. These individual excesses are however overshadowed by what I gather is the team's insistence on warming up to the sounds of modern 'pop' music.

This, I feel sure, is responsible for the decline in their recent playing performance. Only last week the virtues of clean living and honest toil combined with regular exercise in a rural setting were brought home to Wimbledon in their defeat by Shrewsbury Town, a team for whom I find my own loyalties increasingly drawn. I trust that this salutary experience will prompt a reconsideration amongst the management at Plough Lane and that Mr Baly will use whatever influence he has to this end.

Yours ever,

Daphne

I just called to

The Beaver passes on your messages to that special someone in your life.

To my Foxy Bambino,
A message that's always true,
From your frothy cappuccino,
"I'm so in love with you".

To my darling gorgy -
I love you with all my heart,
Thank you for the last five
years -
Me and you together forever.
All my love, Squirrel Nutkin.

To a Raleigh Chopper,
Please be my Valentine.
Love from a white bike
with a battered chain guard.

To Zoe McP -
Something radiant do I trace
In your smile, your eyes, your
face,
I've loved you now for quite
some time,
And wish your heart be one
with mine.

In the passing of days
My interest waxes and wanes,
My heart, to protect from pain
Yours, you shield from shame.
Anon.

To Stavros -
I see you as a fruity but full-
bodied Mediterranean wine,
Let me take a sip of you under
the Greek sun.



To Andy -
You're king of the beasts
with your lion's mane,
But with all your vagueness
you're still an Andrex puppy to
me.
With love from your kitten.

A heartfelt message to the
boss,
The reader's gain was my
great loss,
If I thought there was a poss,
What would I give?
I'd give a toss.

To Piglet,
God's second mistake? pace
Nietzsche,
Until I saw you at the Ball,
Now in my life I hope you'll
Feature (Geddit?)
You, me, Laura and all.

When I see the pressure on ya,
I cry out loud, my dearest
Sonia.
If the workload starts to
strain,
I hope you'll let me share the
pain.

When at last the work is done,
Can we have some real fun?

Leo, you pinnacle of dressage,
Find a way to make me groan,
That's disconnected with
message,
On your bloody answerphone.

Kazza ... Love you heaps ... er
... that's all I wanted to say
really.

I tried to rhyme your name,
Swaha
no inspiration came ... Aha!
Problem one was how to
inflect,
Problem two is your neglect.

You Casanova
You Hapsburg
You egotistical sex machine
you
Your vices appeal
And your features are sexy
Just cut down on the older
women
And save more time for me.

For Katy -
The arch of your studious neck
in the library
is a constant inspiration to me.
Love B.

Music Crossword

ACROSS

- Guy Chadwich's band (or residence), (11).
- '808 ____' Manchester Dance Wizards type of record, (5).
- Mediumwave (in the morning), (2).
- See 15 across (4).
- 'Impirah' logo (3).
- 'No Means ____' - Rock band from across the pacific, (2).
- Old 'Fuzzbox' single, (4).
- Shall ____ Take A Ride? - Northwilde's debut, (2).
- Record label, or Amelia Fletcher's latest band, (8).
- 'Fools ____' - Roses' single which first brought them fame, (4).
- Long standing Goth band popular amongst students, (4).
- Mozzer's first solo single, (9).
- Girl's name or record label famous for Twee Indie Janyly pop releases, (5).
- 'George ____' - The Weddoo's greatest album, (4).
- 'Gonna ____ it up, gonna wear it out' - lyric from a Pat and Mick cover, (3).
- 'Pere ____' - Arty American band, (3).
- At Xmas/New year the music papers have ____ issues, (6).
- New, hotly tipped Indie Dance band from Essex, (4).
- Irihah of a likeable combo band, (4).
- 'Robinson ____' - Cud single, (6).
- 'Dead Can Dance' album, (4).
- 'Ocean Colour Scene's' first single, (4).
- 'Family ____' - Good Indie rock band, (3).
- Jonathon ____ - much hated columnist, (4).
- What the "A" stands for in 'The New FADS', (9).

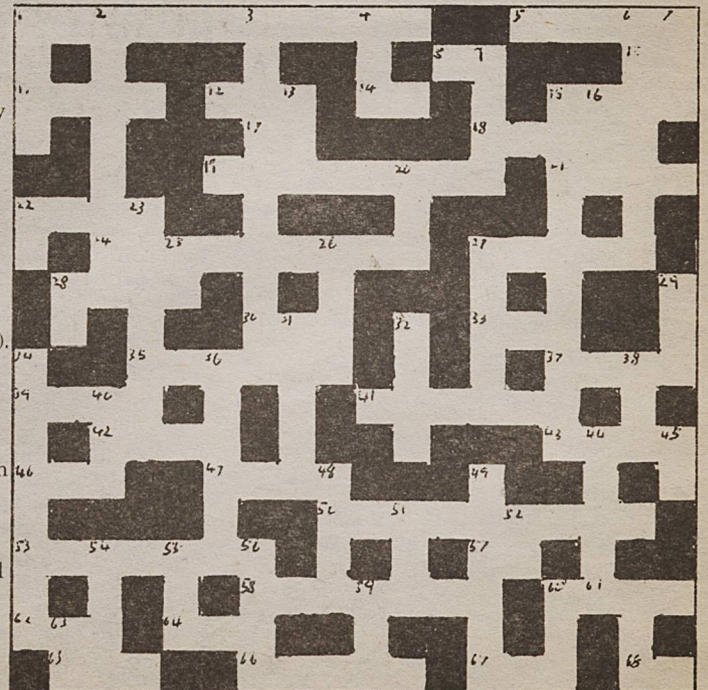
- They weren't happy for the Boomtown Rats, (7).
- 'There ____ a light' - The Smiths best song, (2).
- 'Wedding ____' - A band who've been on TOTP, (7).
- '____ Petrol Emotion' - Irish Indie band, (4).
- 'I do ____ want what I haven't got' - Sinead O'Connor album, (3).
- Major label record company, (3).
- '____ Order' - Manchester dance band, (3).
- Much criticised single from 1 across, (5).
- Forename of a member of The Sex Pistols, (3).
- Disease or the initials of James' front man, (2).

Down

- How does Johnny feel about jazz? (4).
- 'Mother ____' - Soup Dragon's single, (8).
- Hyped up cockney band, (10).
- Mode of transport for many gigging bands, (3).
- '____ coosh' lovely C86 band, (7).
- Over-exposed, untalented brats who recently signed to Parlophone + a publishing contract to 64 across, (3).
- 'Ride's' second E.P., (4).
- Major record company, (3).
- Over-rated pretentious Icelandic band, (9).
- Old rock band (initials), (3).
- Drummer of the Nephilim (3).
- Initials of Bassist in 1 across, (2).
- Bandwagon jumping band or famous footballer, (7).
- Steven Spielberg film or initials of a 'Melody Maker' contributor, (2).

- '____ fallen in love?' - Buzzcock's song, (4).
- 'King Of The ____' - Controversial Manchester Band, (5).
- 'Let It ____' Beatles song, (2).
- Type of boring music, (3).
- Number of members in madien originally, (5).
- 'Can't be ____' Sunday's festive winner, (4).
- Yuri Gagarin - should give the word part of the name of this re-formed band, (8).
- Pixes said this animal went to heaven, (6).
- Where bands like 10,000 Maniacs and Fugazi come from, (3).
- Band whos wacky style of music is sometimes hard to digest, (3).
- '____ way should I jump?' was asked by some brothers, (5).

- Initials of the group 'Young Gods', (2).
- What 'Bikers on acid are', (4).
- Best ever band who, incidently, come from Manchester, (6).
- Prefix of many bands, (3).
- 'Soft ____ your face' - Soup Dragon's single from the days they were good, (2).
- Simple tone made by an instrument, (4).
- '____ you experienced?' asked by Jimi Hendrix, (3).
- What records do on turntables, (4).
- The Who' could bo this for miles, (3).
- Fat american whose band has the same name, (3).
- 'This is our ____' the Soup[Dragon's first album, (3).
- 'Shame ____ you 'Darling Buds chart single, (2).



Lookalike



Has anyone spotted the remarkable similarity between LSE Right-Winger Dominic Bourke and Chelsea centre-forward Kerry Dixon. Are the two related perhaps? I think we should be told.

say I love you.

Announcements

To Alex -
Use that flash and those
gadgets on us
and we'll never be photo-shy
again.
Love the BBBs.

To Jon -
You're welcome to entertain
me anytime
you brillo you.
Love from the furry aquatic
animal!

To our newsworthy romantic-
Roses are red
Violets are Blue
When you walked in the office
It was too good to be true.
Love from the bimbos.

To Peter, Richard and the
other Geeks -
In memory of the early hours
we have seen in together
and in anticipation
of many more.

To Ed and Simon,
I loved you in that order,
but what an act to follow.

To Thomas and Sahr -
I do love a cultured man,
I'll take your spare tickets
anytime.

OPEN LETTER TO THE AMERICAN GIRL FROM NEW YORK

with whom I travelled together on the H2 bus from Golders
Green tube station on the 10th October. That was the evening
when the bus was crowded with Germans, in particular au-
pair girls.

I am the boy from Germany who had written an essay on
America, and I was just coming from the theatre together with
my parents. You were wearing the green jacket you had
bought at Lubeck during your stay in Berlin. You told me that
you live on Erskin Hill and that you study at the London
School of Economics, but I just did not ask you for your name
and full address.

I hope you still remember and I would be really happy if you
wrote back.

My name and address:

Jan Dopheide
Gruner Weg 60
4970 Bad Oeynhausen
Germany.

I hope to hear from you soon.
Yours,
Jan.

NUS Conferences
If you have set your sights
higher than the Old Building
and your horizons wider than
Houghton Street, please note the
following deadlines concerning
the NUS Spring and NUS
Women's Conferences. If any-
one wants to submit motions to
either of these, it must be Union
policy and thus approved
through a UGM. If anyone wants
to stand for any of the posts
available, please see me imme-
diately for details. Delegates
and observers for the conferences
will be elected as usual in the
eighth week of term. If you have
any queries please contact me
through my pigeon-hole in E297.

Jai Durai
NUS External Affairs Officer.

Motions
Closing date for both conferences
is Friday 22nd February.

Elections
Elections will be held at the
Spring Conference for the of-
fices of President, National Sec-
retary, National Treasurer, Vice
President (Welfare), Vice Presi-
dent (Education), Vice President
(Further Education Union De-
velopment) and 12 Executive
members. These are all posts on
the National Executive of the
NUS. Nominations for the ap-
pointment of Honorary Vice
President (of NUS) are also
asked for. The final date for
receipt of nominations is Friday
22nd February.

Dates
NUS Spring Conference 22-25
April
NUS Women's Conference 8-10
April

**The Bangladeshi Society
presents**
"The transition from authoritari-
anism to democracy in the 3rd
world."
Tuesday 12th February
1 p.m. A144

CHOICE

Thursday 21st February is a
date to put in your diary. That's
the day ninety school children
from six inner city schools see
the LSE in all its glory. For
some of them it will their second
or even third visit to a higher
education institution, but for
most their stereotyped views of
students and University life
should be changed forever.

The CHOICE Society at LSE
has organised an afternoon of
activities for the pupils, but to
gain a real insight into student
life we need volunteers to look
after small groups of them. This
will only involve a couple of hours
on a Thursday afternoon and
lots of fun is guaranteed!

If anyone is interested please
contact Juanita Shepherd on 071
433 3585 or Gayle Sykes on 081
317 2338.

diary

This week a man known everywhere as 'Dr Expert': Dr
Robin Expert, to be precise, gives advice to people facing
difficulties in their lives. Names have been deleted to protect
the innocent.

Mrs X: 'Dear Dr Expert, ever since my husband got our
marriage licence I've led a dogs life'

Dr Expert: 'Maybe he got a dog licence. What you need to do
is to get out more often. Why not try the **Valentine's Bash
at Stringfellows on Tuesday the 12th, tickets are
available from room E206.**

Mrs Z: 'Dear Dr Expert, I simply can't get through to my
husband. Whenever I try to talk to him he ignores me. He
just sits silently in the corner of the room chewing lettuce.
Sometimes I get angry and shout at him but he just goes into
his shell. What can I do?'

Dr Expert: 'Mrs Z it is my belief that you are married to a
tortoise. Tortoises are known to make very bad husbands. To
confirm my suspicions could you please send a photo of your
husband to the **'Photo Competition' organized by the
Photo Soc. All entries must be in by the 1st of March.
They can be left in a folder outside the dark room in
the East Building.**

Mrs Y: 'Dear Dr Expert my little girl won't do as she's told.
Whenever I give her an order she does the opposite of what
I tell her. What can I do?'

Dr Expert: 'Well wait until she's 18 and if she hasn't
changed send me her phone number. Alternatively you could
introduce her to **Cecil Parkinson who will be talking in
the Old Theatre on Tuesday the 12th at 5 p.m.**

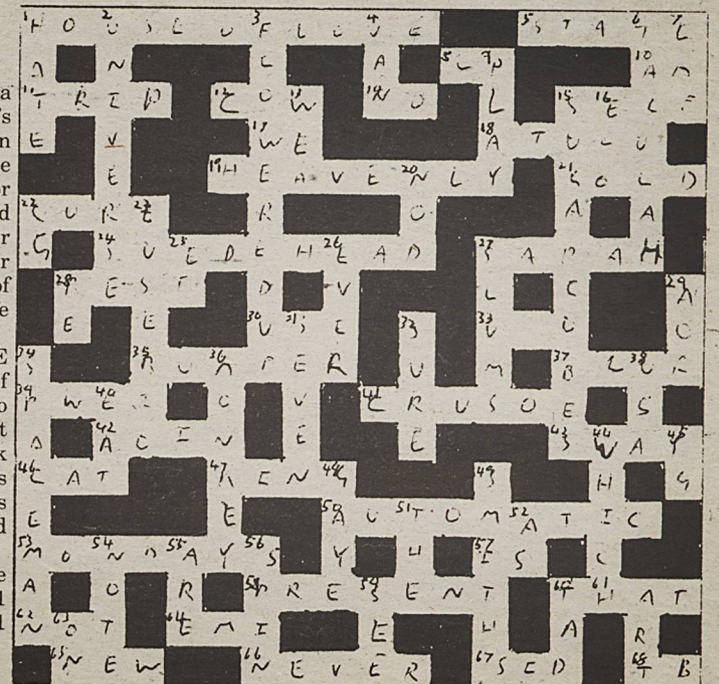
Mrs W: 'Dear Dr Expert, even though I live with my son he
still won't listen to my advice. When it's cold I tell him to wear
a jumper but he doesn't listen to me and then he catches a
cold. I tell him to eat more vegetables but he tells me to leave
him alone. When he bought a girl home to meet me I told him
that she was just after his money but he told me that I was
wrong. I know that she's just a gold-digger; how can I make
him listen?'

Dr Expert: 'Mother would you stop bothering me when I'm
working. Otherwise it might be a good idea for you to go and
see **Bob Hughes MP talking about the homeless on
Monday the 11th for the Tory Reform Group.**

Mr R: 'Dear Dr Expert, nobody loves me.'

Dr Expert: 'That's your problem. Instead of complaining
why don't you go and see **Hesham El-Essawy, the founder
and chairperson of the 'Islamic society for the promo-
tion of religious tolerance in the UK', on Monday the
11th in A42. He will be discussing 'The faces of Islam-
from Fundamentalism to Tolerance.'** Alternatively you
could try and meet new people by joining the 'Anti Gulf War
Society,' They meet every Wednesday in room A506 at 2pm.
Apparently anyone opposed to the war is welcome.'

Crossword Solution



OH DAMN! I
MUST HAVE
LOST MY
WALLET AT
KHAFJI....
GEE, WHAT
DO YOU KNOW-
AN AMERICAN
EXPRESS OFFICE

SAM

In search of Erasmus

Two LSE students involved in the Erasmus exchange programme describe their experiences

Sonia Lambert tunnels her way out of the UK

By 1992 we may, perhaps, have a Europe without internal trade barriers, but we certainly won't have a Europe without abbreviations. The relevant variety in the academic world is "ERASMUS." Once simply a sixteenth century humanist, ERASMUS is now also "the European Community Action Scheme for the Mobility of University Students." This is the second year that the LSE has taken part in the scheme.

The ERASMUS scheme is intended to facilitate study abroad - something which has existed for as long as universities themselves, and certainly an area with which the LSE is familiar. The long-term aim of the European Community is to have 10 per cent of all European students take part in an exchange scheme at some point in their studies. This is not, of course, just because they are nice people who want to see us having a good time, nor merely to promote such intangible aims as the creation of a common European identity, a feeling of solidarity with our Europals. It's also, apparently, very much about work. The intention is to create a mobile, multi-lingual class of professionals; the Eurocrats, businessmen, doctors etc. of the future. So the LSE had better watch out if it intends to remain the almost exclusive training ground for the international civil service.

In practical terms, this means financial help for the students participating in ERASMUS, in the form of a "Student Mobility Grant" assessed in those notorious ECUs. It is possible to get support for between three months and a year, to cover the cost of travel, language tuition and differences in the cost of living. Money is also provided for the institutions concerned to establish the schemes, and for members of staff to make visits. The easiest way to become part of the scheme is to take part in one of the existing exchanges run by various departments at the LSE, and increasingly throughout the country (these are printed below). It's

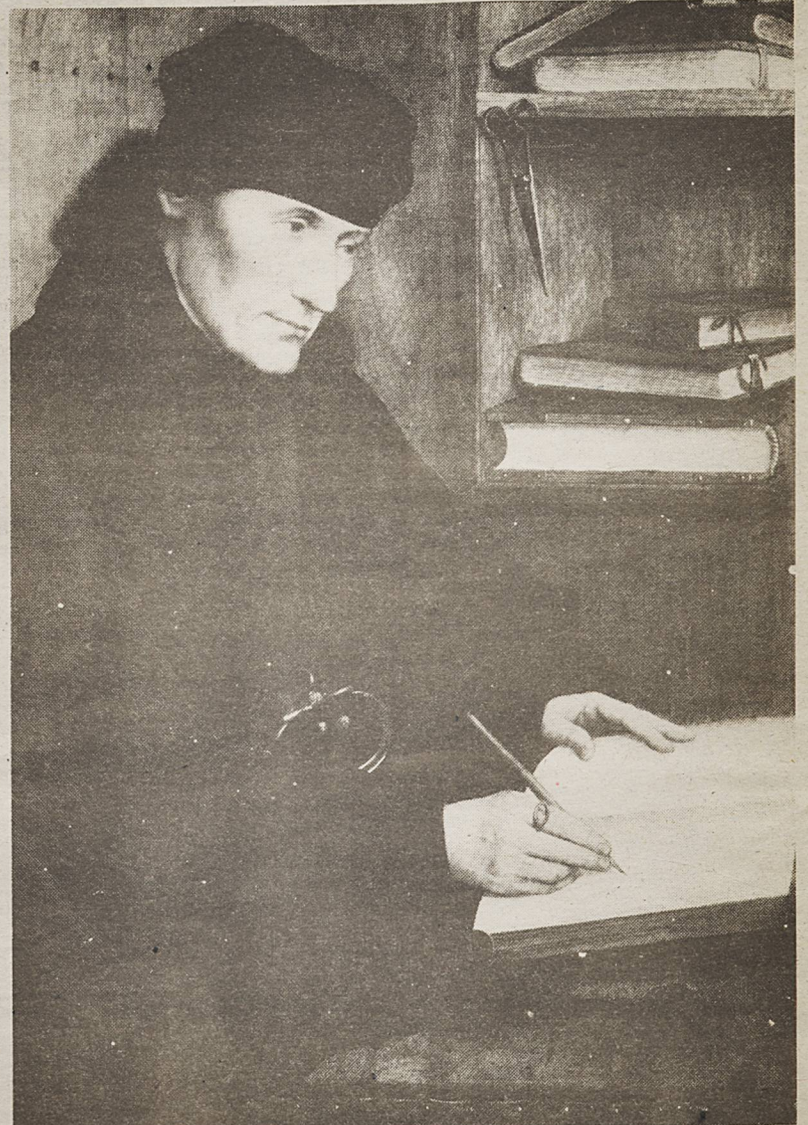
also theoretically possible to apply independently for money as a "free mover", but everyone I talked to was discouraging about this option to say the least.

In reality, of course, there are difficulties. We are often warned of a sort of giant "spaghetti bolognese" of red tape that supposedly emanates from Brussels. Be this as it may, it is certainly true that the combined bureaucratic bunglings of the LSE, the host university and the central ERASMUS Bureau can prove exhausting for the students involved. For example, the ERASMUS grant can be slow to arrive - the first government department ERASMUS student only received his after four months in Copenhagen. Although students are still eligible for a normal grant, this can also take longer. Most of all, the differences between the various university systems throughout Europe have the potential to create confusion. It can be difficult to translate results into a form which the LSE will understand, and the English seem to be as obstinately set against adopting a semester system as they are against driving on the other side of the road. Foreign ERASMUS students visiting the LSE can face all the same difficulties as other overseas students, exacerbated by their shorter stay.

But in the great majority of cases, believe me, these extra administrative headaches do not prevent the whole thing from being very well

worth while. "As a student abroad," I was told by the Rector Magnificus of Leiden University, as he rocked on his heels in a fittingly majestic way, "you have the opportunity to look at yourself from outside yourself, as it were." Whatever he meant by that, living abroad does force you to reexamine your own nationality, whether you decide to live up to or play down the stereotypes. If 1992 is about the free movement of goods and labour, then a free market in ideas is perhaps just as important. You can gain a great deal more confidence, some particularly good friends, another language and above all a great time. Well, think about it on the Tube tonight and the attractions should be self-evident.

The British have developed a reputation for eccentricity which, to the rest of the world, is sometimes likeable but more often simply laughable. We have a population which can be ill-informed and hostile towards the rest of the world, and a government that appears to find foreigners only either funny or frightening (a tendency displayed particularly openly under Mrs. Thatcher.) But there is a world out there, and we shouldn't always assume that it's prepared to come here and learn English. So perhaps the most encouraging thing about schemes like ERASMUS is that they represent a way of tunneling ourselves out of the island mentality.



Erasmus: the man

Abby Innes rubs shoulder pads with the Schwabish

Well, it was a pleasant surprise to find that Konstanz existed. Communication between it and the LSE, at least until "greater European unity" gets a grip on reality, has been virtually nonexistent. I'd begun to suspect conspiracy -

perhaps a professor in a rowing boat masquerading as a university.

The few months I spent at Konstanz University turned out to be a glimpse of the campus university life I'd never had (sniff). This didn't cause feelings of regret so much as amusement at quite how different student life can be. I'll long remember the pleasure of lingering over seriously-subsidized three course meals in a canteen overlooking lake Konstanz, clear blue and hugged by snowcapped mountains. It's an odd feeling if you're from Norfolk.

Nonetheless, in Konstanz you'd be eating with over a thousand students at a sitting. The Germans do have queues, just like they have traffic jams, the difference being that there they move - here they don't. This was just one of those daily rituals that made you think those wonderful integrationist thoughts, like "how come the Germans manage to get so many people to university and we don't?"

Konstanz, at 9,000 students, was pretty small compared to Berlin which, with 44,000 has to provide video screens for those who forget to book a seat in the lecture theatre. But despite this, some of the problems of studying in a university built for 4,000 students and trying to accommodate 9,000, made you realise why Britain's ivory towers can be so appealing. Whereas LSE is a place of familiar faces and familiar professors

(anonymity can have advantages), in Konstanz students would queue thirty at a time to meet a poker-faced professor in his one office hour a week. In a similar vein, a compulsory course for all appeared to be "German bureaucracy and how it really perks you off". What prevented it all from becoming seriously irritating was the fact that the whole process evoked strange and wonderful bonding instincts. Breaking the Euro-ice meant standing in massive lines, feeling touchingly "European" and joking about the paperwork.

Within a month we were all more or less integrated into the Konstanz lifestyle, studying in the library - shoulder pad to shoulder pad; imagine LSE law department multiplied many times and transported to Baden Wurttemberg, and you should have some idea. There is a rhyme supposedly describing the local character that goes something like "Work, work, build, build, and don't take time off to look at the women". If you thought about the first part of this, it did tend to stick as one of those ever so convenient and probably completely inaccurate stereotypes that brighten those days abroad. It seemed that 9 to 5 in the library was definitely "in", and discussing anything was "out". Now this may sound pompous, but as a way of studying it did seem to be pretty grim and spiritless. Although the amount that people read was

enormous, it seemed that enthusiasm was pretty low key, a factor that might have made motivation difficult, that is had I not been so giddy with the novelty of fresh air.

However, an endless diversity of student bars, cafes and cinemas lay just a cycle ride down-hill away. I found myself discovering the social life of a small student town, which proved to be warm, easy and extremely cheerful. Large amounts of German hospitality and general friendliness alone were enough to make the whole experience worthwhile.

As well as arming British students (already particularly prone to this tendency) with a whole new set of social stereotypes, the ERASMUS experience is refreshing in many ways other than those afforded simply by leaving Britain for a while. Konstanz students certainly had every reason to enjoy where they lived. They seemed to know the countryside, coming over all Alpine fresh and sporty in the spring, and were in all the Schwabisch equivalent of being terribly, terribly decent to each other. I came back to London just after Christmas feeling sane, reflective and a little closer to middle age than when I left.

INTERUNIVERSITY COOPERATION PROGRAMMES

The LSE is currently part of the following exchange programmes

ECONOMICS
ECONOMICS/MANAGEMENT
GEOGRAPHY
LAW
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS
GOVERNMENT

SIENA
ROTTERDAM
HANNOVER
MARBURG/STRASBOURG
BERLIN
AARHUS/ATHENS/BARCELONA/
COPENHAGEN/GRENOBLE/
KONSTANZ/LEIDEN/LOUVAIN/
ROTTERDAM
STRASBOURG/ROME

Postgraduate only:

ANTHROPOLOGY
QUANTITATIVE ECONOMICS
INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS
INFORMATION SYSTEMS

SIENA
BONN/LOUVAIN
ROTTERDAM
ATHENS

This is not a complete list so if you're interested you should consult your department.

Through the looking glass

Dorothea Arndt visits one of the most remote areas of the world, but finds that even there, the modern world is making its mark.

During the one hour flight from Bangkok to Laos in one of the fourteen Antonov- aircraft which constitute the Lao Airways fleet, I reflected,

"Buddhist monks with shaven heads and vivid yellow robes lie stretched out in the shade of the temples."

amidst the roar of the propellers, that this journey was like crossing a mirror behind which lay a different kind of reality. In many ways, the street scenes in the capital Vientiane still have the colourful simplicity

of Gauguin's Tahiti. Buddhist monks with shaven heads and vivid yellow robes lie stretched out in the shade of the temples. An old woman, her face covered by the traditional conical hat moves a water buffalo along the dusty road, overtaken by motor cycles loaded with entire families, or an occasional truck that looks as if it is about to break down. Little girls in blue school dresses walk home in large groups, on narrow paths leading across soaked green rice-fields. They interrupt their giggling to greet you with a friendly and open curiosity - foreigners are seldom to be seen, even in the capital.

The Lao People's Democratic Republic is not only the tenth poorest nation in the world, according to the UN, but it is also one of the most secluded countries on this earth. Since the formation of the communist government in 1975, the frontiers have been tightly controlled and tourist visas have been granted

again only recently. Until a few months ago, it was almost impossible to make or receive international phone calls. Letters and newspapers

arrive from Europe after ten days at the best. But this did not bother a government inclined to isolate the country from the west - an understandable reaction after thirty years of fighting as a result of first French and later American military involvement.

However, cutting the country's economic contacts with the west has not proved a very effective solution. It has above all been very difficult to prevent Laotians from engaging in one particular form of inter-

national economic exchange - smuggling.

The Hmong or Meo hill tribes, for example, live in remote mountain villages yet participate in a world-wide trade. The region is unsuitable for rice cultivation, so the Hmong have specialised in a non-perishable labour-intensive crop that yields a high value for a small quantity: opium. The raw opium is sold to dealers who smuggle it to neighboring Thailand, where it is refined before being exported.

The communist government's first moves towards liberalisation occurred as early as 1979, when the collectivisation

programme was dropped out of economic necessity. Since then, a Perestroika movement has gained momentum. Private enterprise was once more permitted in 1988, although the tiny stalls which are springing up display only minuscule quantities: three or four mangoes, local cigarettes in packs of five, or portions of rice wrapped in palm-leaves. Such are the symbols of changing times and renewed prosperity.

In 1988 the economy was also opened up to foreign investment, and an unrealistic official exchange rate was abandoned. These reforms have changed the street scene in subtle ways. The young girls increasingly exchange their traditional silk skirts for jeans from Thailand; goods such as radios, televisions and cosmetics that were previously only available in state-owned hard currency shops have appeared in the central market. On the shores of a pond where the

locals used to fish, a new "panoramic" restaurant has been opened by Thai investors. Days before it's opening, people were lingering around in the hope of catching a glimpse of the brand new green plastic chairs, the walls covered in mirrors, the

modern cash-register and all the other items you can find in any London sandwich bar.

"the Hmong have specialised in a non-perishable labour-intensive crop that yields a high value for a small quantity: opium."



Lao girl weaving

Some Laotians have been quick to seize these new opportunities. For instance, the owner of a workshop specialising in wood carvings decided to start exporting to Western Europe. He recognised that this new market required other products, and considered the manufacture of carvings portraying different stages in the life of Christ, "you know, from his birth in the stable to his death on the guillotine..." It seems as if the schooling he had received under the French had influenced this buddhist man's conception of the crucifixion!

These reforms have obviously not failed to please Western creditors and donors, on which Laos will increasingly depend, since the Soviet Union is likely to turn off the financial tap in the future. But aid for development seems for the most part to be a struggle for influence. France, for instance, wants to keep Laos within the francophony, while others like Japan are keen on investments which will open market opportunities for their export goods. Aid through multinational institutions can avoid these problems, but nonetheless, such development projects raise questions in my mind.

Firstly, I wonder how far economic modernisation will destroy Laos' own cultural identity. Thailand, Laos' neighbour, allows us a limited optimism on this point. Despite massive tourism and the widespread emulation of American consumerism, traditional values such as buddhism, respect for the royal family and the importance of the family still seem to be alive. Even in large firms, managers are granted leave if they wish to retire to a temple and lead a

monk's life for a while. Moreover, Laotians have displayed a remarkable capacity to preserve their own philosophy of life under colonial rule. One of the only lasting remnants of French rule is the existence of several bakeries in Vientiane which sell baguettes!

A related question is whether all these developments will truly enhance the welfare of the population. Turning again to Thailand, the

"the exploitation of child labour... the slave-trade which allows Europeans to choose their Thai "brides" from catalogues - these are the costs involved in the success story"

darling of development agencies, the picture is grim. The destruction of forests, the exploitation of child labour in the production of tourist souvenirs, the peasant girls who are forced to become prostitutes, and the slave-trade which allows Europeans to choose their Thai "brides" from catalogues - these are the costs

involved in the success story. None of this yet exists on a large scale in Laos.

But maybe these doubts are a luxury that only Western intellectuals can afford. Economic growth and its fruits are desired by most Laotians. Whenever they speak of a desired luxury they say "from Thailaaaand..." drawing out the last syllable with immense admiration and envy. They dream of video cameras, of air-conditioned offices with well-dressed secretaries, of broad asphalt roads without untidy trees, of washing machines which get everything perfectly clean, as they have seen on Thai television. It is too late to ask whether these wishes are truly their own.



Buddhist monks collect alms

The Beaver

"Operation Winter Storm" has hit the U.K. Snow is always a destructive weapon when deployed on this nation. Why?

The almost immediate surrender of the masses to its mobilisation could perhaps be explained by the nature of the snow "weapon" experienced by this country. Its deployment is not predictable and frequent enough to justify the defence strategy as prepared each year in countries where the onslaught of snow is a regular skirmish.

On the other hand perhaps our services and government are just incapable of dealing with the chaos brought on by bad weather. It seems when it comes to squaring up to the snow aggressor Britain has definite minor power status in an alliance dominated by Canada, America and Switzerland.

When I phoned up the Department of Health and Security to find out what the government was doing for those at risk in the cold weather, they had by 4pm all gone home early because of the snow. Likewise a number of Citizens Advice Bureaus and there was no one available by the afternoon to give any information at Shelter. Needless to say this did not inspire confidence in the British answer to extremes of weather.

In a winter onslaught the first line of defence to go is normally transport. Only a few months ago the battle of the M6 was lost. We witnessed cars piled up in the snow and their occupants stranded at the enemies' mercy for many cold hours. It is plainly ridiculous to attempt such journeys in a snow storm. A spokesperson for British Rail said travellers were better advised to take the train. They were able to keep lines open but with a restricted service. It seems the main problem is not so much the snow, since they have heaters to stop the points freezing, but the wind. Consistent drifts being the main culprit for blocked lines. They may have a point because I know I'd prefer to be stuck in the snow on a train than on my chilly lonesome in a car. This, however, is cold comfort to those snow refugees unable to commute home because there simply aren't enough trains running to carry them all.

The old, the very young and the homeless are most at risk when severe cold strikes the country. If you feel cold after your snowball fight how would you feel sleeping in a doorway covered in sleet?

Thanks to supporters' lobbying, the "Cold Weather Project" succeeded in getting the government to agree to open the shelters throughout February. During January they had been unable to open more than five times because of the stipulation that the temperature most fall to at least -3 degrees celsius.

At Centre Point in Soho the 40 beds they have available for homeless people between the ages of 16 to 25 have been full every night with many turned away. There are other shelters in London such as Saint Mungos for other age groups - the streets of London are paved with homeless people - but unfortunately there are also homeless people outside of the capital. Their situation may be even more perilous because there are no cold weather initiatives outside of London despite the fact that temperatures are much colder.

When we experienced a bad winter in 1986, 698 people over the age of 65 died of hypothermia, but Age Concern believe that there are in fact, "8,000 excess deaths for every degree celsius that the winter is colder than average."

Cold weather payments of £5 are only activated when the temperature in an area had been zero degrees celsius or less on seven successive days. This is plainly ludicrous; you do not need to have been suffering from the cold for a week before you die.

However, a serious barrage of snow last Thursday provoked a response from the nation's leader; P.M. John Major revoked the seven day specification which he himself had introduced in 1986. It seems unlikely though that £5 paid retrospectively will provide an adequate shield against "Operation Winter Storm". As the chairman of Winter Action on Cold Homes demanded in the Guardian last week, "The Winter cull of Britain's frailest must cease. We need emergency action now."

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Post Haste

Letters to E205 by hand or internal mail for 3 pm on Thursday.

WIMBLEDON FC

Dear Beaver,

Having read this term's Beavers' I have realised that they do not mention Wimbledon Football Club. Do you not realise the pain and suffering this causes? I suggest you change the "Daphne Dare Writes" column to "Daphne Dare Writes About Wimbledon F.C." - a change that would be much appreciated.

Andy Baly.

MORE MODERATES NEEDED FOR UGMS

Dear Beaver,

This week the UGM was never opened because it did not reach the minimum turn out of students.

This may be partly due to rather mundane motions that came before the meeting. And also the belief of most that they can do nothing to effect the motions brought forward by the far left.

However, this second point has been proved wrong, 3 weeks ago at a packed meeting, when the mainstream view defeated a motion concerning the Gulf War.

Now the dust has settled the left are trying to introduce a similar motion and pass it through a considerably smaller house where their block vote can pass it with little or no effort.

Why should the left be able to re-introduce motions again and again until numbers present are small enough for it to be passed?

Please turn up and have your views aired rather than have the left dominate yet again.

A. B. Warren

The case for:

Humans started eating other animals perhaps 2 million years ago as climatic changes, and a spreading population, made our natural foods less easily available. However although our bodies have been forced to adjust a little we are still ill-suited to eating meat. From the design of our jaw to the length of our bowel our origins as frugivores are clear. (Note we are not herbivores - we cannot for example eat grass - but like all other apes we are best suited to eating fruits, grains, nuts and shoots). Increasingly scientific evidence is tying the western meat based diet to the "diseases of affluence".

No-one though is going to die from a little meat in their diet. However, from artificial insemination to the slaughterhouse unforgivable suffering is inflicted on farm animals. Confinement, forced-feeding and coercion cause physical pain and mental torture to fully sentient creatures. Even if many of these practices were outlawed (raising the price of meat and reducing production) we would be left with the grotesque caricature of nature which is the modern farm animal.

Nevertheless, we can choose to abuse our bodies, and we can pretend that animals are so different from us that their suffering need not concern us. Can we though ignore the effect that our addiction to a high meat diet has on the less affluent peoples of the world? Meat is a highly inefficient way of providing nutrition. It takes 10 lbs of plant protein to produce 1 lb of beef protein, and Britain could support several times its present population on a fully vegetarian diet. In fact we import food, for animal feed, from some of the poorest countries in the world. The world's hundreds of millions of farm animals are hungry mouths competing for food with an ever increasing number of people. It is the greed of the west which causes those animals to be raised, and which feeds them ahead of people.

As in so many other areas our greed is blinding us to an inconvenient reality. In the affluent world at least, only habit, greed or myopia can be used as excuses for eating meat today.

Rob Middleton

First Hand

"Anti-snowbomber in London" - a personal mumble from Stavros Makris.

Bombs in London?
How would you feel?

Today a terrorist team attacked the War Cabinet while at session. Theirs was not quite the surgical bombing we are used to seeing down at the Gulf while we are having our lukewarm tea. No laser guided missile here, only the good old garden-tube-come-mortar variety. They tried their best though, and failed.

Their target?

The PM and his War Cabinet or was it an attempt to disrupt a bugger of a day. Today was one of these idyllic snow white days when the whole of UK comes to a stop. Capital Radio was on top of things with in depth reports of

air-brakes freezing and trains being late with an excuse. Narrow London streets turned into muddy

tracks of Klondike. Too many Company GTIs using their brakes, taxis nowhere to be found, drivers venting their frustration on their carphones. Chaos. Same thing every year. Britons are never ready for snow, or bombs.

And while the temperature drops to -5 in the South, and all we have to look forward to are those repeats on the News of Tornados landing and Jaguars taking off, someone comes and lets fire loose in my London. Unheard of. Don't they know? We are supposed to bomb them, not they us. And what is the point when you can't do it properly. Don't try that's what I say.

The Police were on top of them, of course, before the smoke of the mortars puffed away. Two women were seen running away from a blazing white Ford Transit

thought to have been used for the attack. Was that police-white or snow-white? If you see those two men running or sliding on the mud-snow, do not approach them. They are dangerous.

The area was cordoned off. A New Scotland Yard spokesman, one of the graduate officers on an accelerated career by the sound of his voice, told us of the malicious attack and the destruction of No 10's garden. No sign of the two men, they probably went home to watch the 6 o'clock News. Tornados landing, Jaguars taking off. Whose side are they on?

The weather is supposed to deteriorate in the next five days. I say stay home. Good excuse to cuddle up to that warm body. Put a Video on and if you haven't got one just turn the lights off. The rest will be History

NO DENTAL SERVICE AT LSE

Dear Beaver,

Our Dental Surgeon, Ms. Anne Twomey, is moving on to another job in early April. Patients who are currently receiving treatment from her will need to complete their treatment by the beginning of April. She is unable to undertake any new courses of treatment or take on any new patients.

It is unlikely that a new Dentist will be appointed until the beginning of the next Academic year. The Health Service receptionists will be able to provide information on local sources of Dental help.

LSE Health Service

The S. U. CAFE

will be opening

EVENINGS

starting

MONDAY 11th FEB

opening hours 9:30am - 6:30pm

The case against:

We, as human beings, belong to the animal kingdom. We have evolved over a time span of 2 million years from a member of the ape family. Over this period we have evolved as omnivores: our diet consisting of both meat and vegetables.

Although one can sympathize with vegetarians for choosing to restrict their dietary intake because they do not believe in the unnecessary slaughtering of animals, they are following an unnatural way of life. Our teeth constitute a curious mixture of molars, incisors and canines. The incisors and canines are to shred and bite meat and the molars are to chew these morsels of meat and vegetables. Also, our intestines, stomach juices etc. are designed to cope with the digestion of both meat and vegetables.

When one sees pictures of battery hens and such like on television or in magazines it is distressing for us all: meat eaters and vegetarians alike. Moreover, most of the meat which we do find in the supermarkets is humanly raised and slaughtered. Farmers are not sadistic individuals who spend their entire life inventing ways to torture farm yard animals. They respect nature. They respect life. They treat their charges with care and affection.

Another final reason which convinces me that vegetarians are wrong is the fact that meat actually tastes wonderful. How a vegetarian can take solace in his or her nut outlet is beyond me. Roast turkey with stuffing and all the trimmings is an essential ingredient of Christmas Day. Chilli con Carne, roast beef, just meat in general tastes gorgeous and its nutritional qualities cannot be overlooked.

Madeline Gwyon

PLAYGROUP VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

February 18th - 22nd

Sign up on the door of E296

The passionate eye

Monet, Manet, Van Gogh and other greats

Waking up in somebody else's bed to the comforting pastels of a nice little piece of impressionism is one of life's more agreeable pleasures. However it's unlikely that you'll have ever woken up to a facsimile of any of the paintings in this exhibition. Which makes it all the more essential to get to see this impressive collection of work.

Emil. G. Buhrle converted much of his industrial fortune to art work, especially in the final decade of his life (Who says a realization of one's own mortality doesn't concentrate the mind?). Unfortunately the 'great collector' with a 'passionate eye' for paintings chose, during his lifetime, to restrict access to these great works to himself and selected personal guests. Happily these paintings are now viewable by ordinary people like

for it's history, though I believe that the whole murky issue of wealth and art provides a fairly convincing case for the public ownership of ALL "works of art".

Anyway forgetting politics, the 85 pictures in this exhibition cover the work of several major artists (Manet, Monet, Renoir, Cezanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Goya, Canaletto, Ingres etc.) and include some of their most achieved pieces. Personal favorites include *The Portrait Of Monsieur Devillers* (1811) by Ingres, depicting an uneasy French bureaucrat whose grey pallor is brought almost photographically to life by the artist. So much so, that one can stare long and hard hoping to catch the chap move.

If a single painting could be chosen to encapsulate the essence of impressionism, many



contenders could be drawn from this collection. Manet's *Rue Mosnier With Flags* (1878) is a blur of colour which nicely conveys the excitement of celebration and holiday. While Monet's

Poppies Near Vetheuil (1879) is so powerful a haze of colours and shapes, half-remembered from other pictures, that one could nearly eat it.

Auguste Renoir's *Harvesters* (1873) lays bare strong sensations and emotions in the viewer, in this instance, memories of other summer harvests. The dark chill of winter being just as proficiently conveyed by Alfred Sisley's *Road To Saint-Germain At Marly* (1874-75).

The Sower (1888) by Van Gogh provides the summit to this collection, significant more for its mastery of texture than the insight it provides into the artist's thoughts. This picture most of all demonstrates why art can only be fully appreciated nose-to-nose, and private ownership just isn't conducive to this type of viewing. Decide for yourself, in the meantime go visit The Royal Academy.

Great Impressionist And Other Master Paintings From The Emil. G. Buhrle Collection is showing at The Royal Academy from the 1st February to the 14th April 1991.

Jason Milner.



you and me, at a price of course, but the whole exhibition raises the vexed question of ownership and access to "works of art". Personally I find it objectionable that one person, through dint of personal wealth, can deny general access to such a beautiful collection of paintings, for so many years. But as Utz would perhaps argue, only the passionate collector can truly assemble, protect, and sustain such a body of work through the vagaries of history. The majority of art, it must be accepted, is originally produced for money, and sadly money also holds sway over its future. Certainly, Buhrle's choice of pieces was exceptional, and it can be argued that his choices reveal hitherto unappreciated stylistic similarities, as for example between Francisco Goya's *The Procession In Valencia* (1810-12) and Edouard Manet's *The Port Of Bordeaux* (1871). Worse, some of the money with which these pictures were bought had been gained from arms sales to Nazi Germany. Still, you can't blame a painting



ARTS AGENDA

Exhibitions:

MAN RAY: BAZAAR YEARS
photography exhibition
Barbican Art Gallery
071-638-8891
10 to 5:45 ev. day until 1 April

GREAT IMPRESSIONIST PAINTINGS
art exhibition
Royal Academy of Arts
071-287-9579
10 to 5:00 ev. day until 14 April

TURNER: THE FOURTH DECADE
art exhibition
Tate Gallery
071-821-1313
10 to 5:00 ev. day until 12 May

STRIP SEARCH 2
Comic exhibition
Willesden Green Library Center
081-451-0294
Until 26 March

Theatre

FESTIVAL SHORTS

new plays from young playwrights
Royal Court Theatre Upstairs
071-730-2554
6 pm ev. day until 2 March

VENUS IN FURS
by John Petherbridge
The Latchmere Theatre
071-228-2620
8 pm ev. day until 16 February

I THOUGHT I HEARD A RUSTLING.
by Alan Plater
Theatre Royal Stratford East
081-534-0310
7:30 ev. day until 2 March

IMAGINE DROWNING
by Terry Johnson
Hampstead Theatre
071-722-9301
8 pm ev. day until 5 March

FLYING ASHES
Institute of Contemporary Arts
071-930-0493
8 pm ev. day until 23 February

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
by William Shakespeare
VOLPONE
by Bem Jonson
Lyric Theatre Hammersmith
081-741-2311
8 pm mon to sat until 2 March

NOONDAY DEMONS
Man in the Moon Theatre
071-351-2876
7 pm tue to sun until 2 March

THE MILLIONAIRESS
by George Bernard Shaw
Battersea Arts Centre
071-223-2223
8 pm ev. day until 12 March

ALL THINGS NICE
by Sharman MacDonald
Royal Court Theatre
071-730-1745
8 pm mon to sat until 18 February

FALLEN ANGEL

Bush Theatre Shows

CAMPING ON THE ALDWYCH
by and with Julian Clary
The Aldwych Theatre
8 pm ev. day until 5 March

Opera

OEDIPUS REX/BLUEBEARDS CASTLE
by Stravinsky/by Bartok
London Coliseum
071-836-3161
7:30 pm 13,15,19 February

Films

POSTCARDS FROM THE EDGE
selected London cinemas
KINDERGARTEN COP
selected London cinemas

No one writes to the colonel

Nihilism and nothingness pervade a family's existence

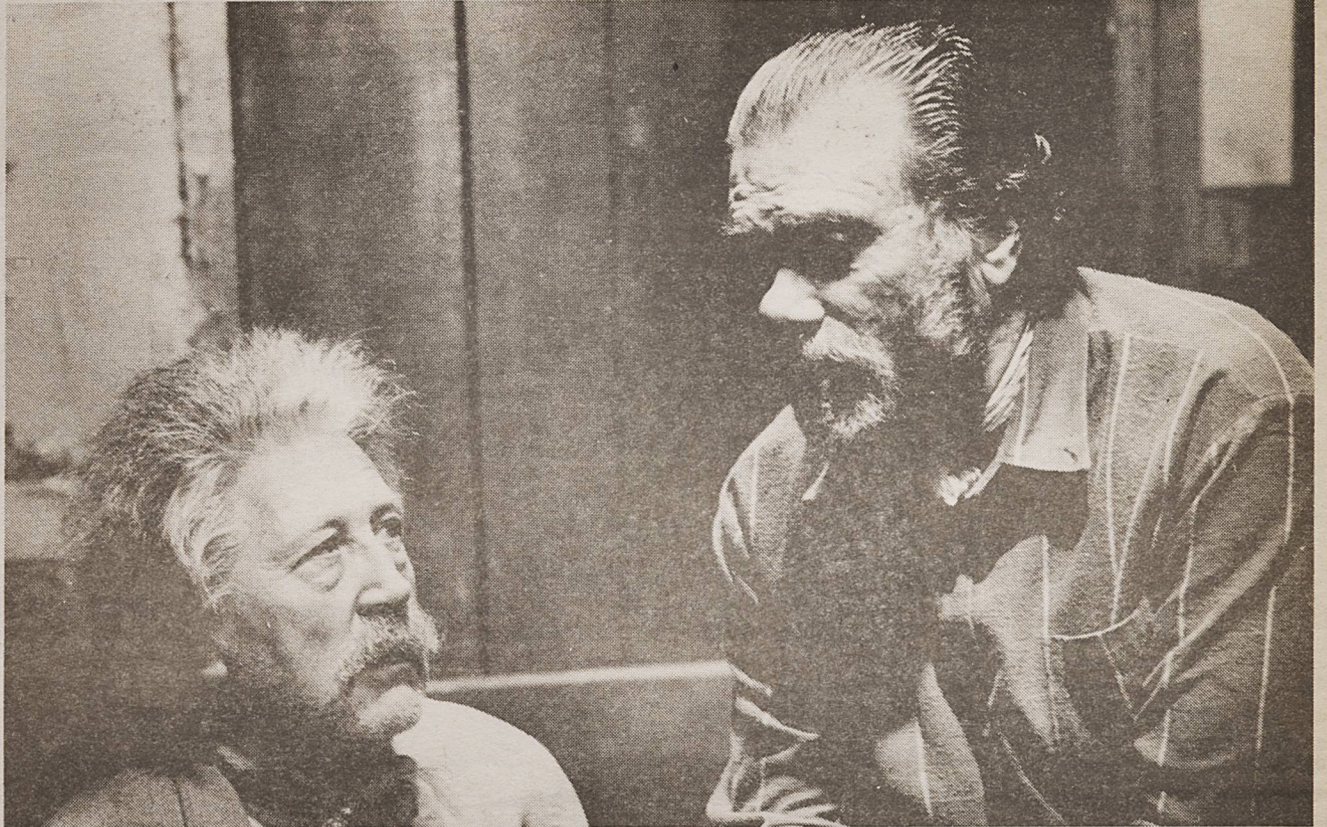
This is a great play. Bernard Hepton plays the Colonel, now retired to poverty with his wife, still going to the post-office every Friday, after fifteen years, to see if his pension has finally come through. The play focuses on his life and his attempt to maintain his dignity in the face of reality. He reminisces on his lost war and his old General (Aureliano, of course, familiar to Marquez readers,) and relives old victories through his fighting rooster, the best in town. While he raises himself above the humiliation of his situation, his wife, a cackling old Matriarch played by the tight lipped Sheila Reid, fills in the gaps, supports his fantasies by begging from the neighbors, or boiling stones so passers-by will think the pot is full. She begs the Colonel to sell the rooster to his former compadre in arms, Sabas, now a corrupt fat businessman. He waits for the inevitable victory at the cockpit, when they will "roll in money."

In the small Studio Theatre, the stage presence of Hepton dominates everything, with his shock of white hair, sad moustache, and incongruous military posturing. The audience cannot really decide whether he is brave and noble or a stupid old fool. On the one hand you admire him for being unbroken by the state bureaucracy condemning him to poverty and putting his only son against the firing squad, on the other it is pathetic watching his

dying wife carry the burden, while the grotesque greedy incompetents prosper from him at the other end of town.

The wife is his reverse, all practical realities, but with the spirit stamped out of her by the death of her son, her illness, and by necessity in being married to this man. Throughout the play the audience is lead to expect one of these two to crack, as the heat rises. The first scene, set in their hut, has rainfall in the background, but the Director shows the rising temperature in lots of little ways, like the sweating fat lawyer in a Hawaiian shirt, or Sabas showing off his new electric fan.

In the end things do come to a head - the Colonel owes money, the cockfight is not for a fortnight, and there is no food or money in the house. The wife, choking from asthma in the wet heat, begs him to sell the rooster, or let her die, and she doesn't care which. All the avoided realities are brought home with her screaming "we need food now" and the audience feel as guilty as the Colonel should. It would spoil the play to tell you his response, suffice to say Hepton is magnificent and genuinely moving. The play ends with him inspecting the cool night to the sound of crickets, like he used to inspect his soldiers. No-one in the play says that dreams and realities depend on each other like day and night do, but it is not necessary to spell it out.



If you want a good night out at the theatre, this is the one.

Playing at the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith till 16th February.

Box Office on 081 7412311

Adam Livingstone

Kindergarten cop

Never before has so much muscle been scared by such little minds

Undercover work for a policeman is dangerous and unpredictable. There are no rules and survival is the name of the game. Instinct and improvisation coupled with brutal force and mental agility are essential in seeing the task through. It takes a tough resilient guy to do the job. John Keeble (Mr Schwarzenegger to you) is just this guy. Having survived the predators of LA underworld he is posted to no-mans-land, a kindergarten. A raw deal if there was ever one. How can a muscle bound pumped up ironhead react when faced with six-year-old barbarians?

Kindergarten Cop is the latest sleek package offering of Hollywood's greatest success

story in recent years. It features the world wide crowd pulling muscle grafted Arnie in an out of character environment. Mr Schwarzenegger has often been quoted on his strong will, his motivation and his wish to try new thrills. He invariably manages to surround himself by the right crowd and the end results are fine exercises in unpretentious visual spectacles.

In KC he again delivers the goods while braking one of the golden rules -- NEVER WORK WITH KIDS -- and almost pulls it off. The kids are true to themselves and he is really scared of them. They do not over act and he does not over react. Arnold no longer relies on those muscles to act. Mr Schwarzenegger, a

master of self mockery, has come a long way striving to test his limited yet expanding abilities. Time and again he has confounded his critics while carrying the crowds with him. KC does not break any new ground nor does it lay down any new rules for the genre. It starts with a Wham and finishes with a Bang, while in the middle organized chaos reigns. As an action comedy it will pull them in by the lorry-load and it will fatten up the only part Mr S will allow fat, his bank account. Now wait for Terminator II.

Kindergarten Cop is now splashed all over London.

Stavros Makris.

East end rustler

Strange noises in a musty library

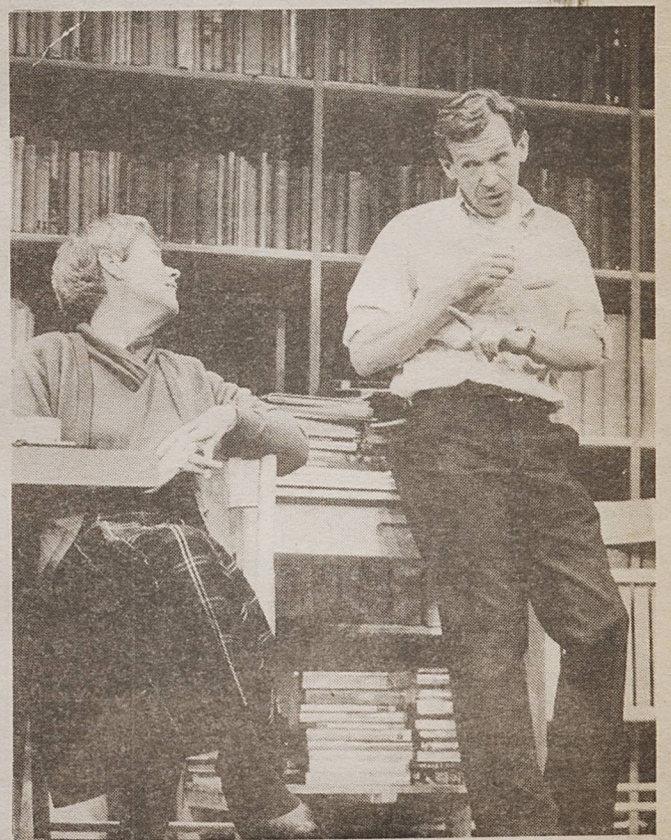
The Theatre Royal Stratford East offers what is certainly one of the best value nights out for the impoverished student. Two pounds will buy you the best seat in the house, and at such a reasonable price their latest offering, Alan Plater's new comedy "I Thought I heard a Rustling", is well worth seeing.

The play itself is both gentle and amusing, there are a few belly laughs, a lot of gentle humour, so you will come out with a smile on your face. The story revolves around a small London library run by a wry and gentle librarian played by Annette Crosbie. The story tells of a cheerful Northerner (a belligerent miner turned poet!) played by Paul Copley who becomes a writer in residence at the library.

Of course the plot has a twist, and a classic case of "poetic license" is soon exposed. Along the way the play explores the contrasting attitudes and cultures of the demure "library classes" and the roguish Northern survivor.

Perhaps the plays greatest appeal lies in its unashamed attack on local politics. The library is controlled by a hung council, and the maneuvers and negotiations of the councilors are acutely observed.

The staging and directing of the play are seamless, and they do not intrude into the performance at any stage. The set is both simple and effective and



helps to create that unique library atmosphere. "I Thought I Heard a Rustling" will not set the world alight, but it is a play worth both your money and your time.

I Thought I heard a Rustling runs until March 2nd at the Theatre Royal Stratford East (opposite Stratford Tube Station).

Leo Griffen

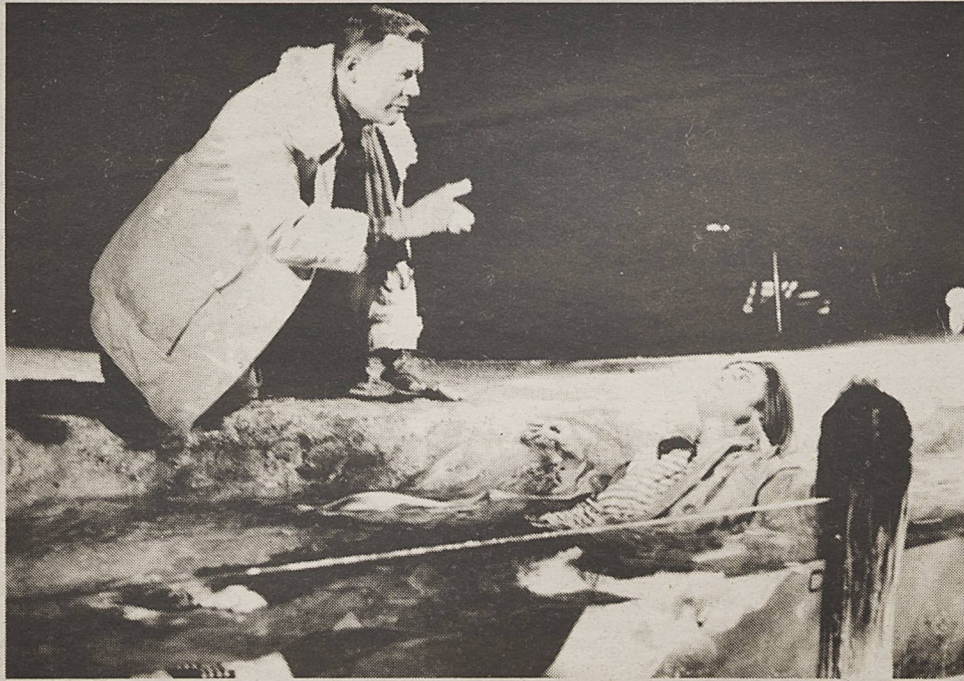
Imagine drowning

The story of a woman's search for her husband

Imagine never walking, imagine your husband disappearing without trace, imagine walking on the moon, imagine drowning.

Imagine Drowning is Terry Johnson's play currently running at the Hampstead Theatre. It is a story about a woman's search for her missing husband near the Cumbrian coast. Jane (Sylvestra Le Touzel) arrives at a run-down guesthouse on the coast, hoping to find her husband, David (Douglas Hodge), a disillusioned reporter. She is welcomed by the keeper of the house, Brenda (Frances Barber) who comes across as equally disillusioned. Her love for animals has resulted in the transformation of her living-room into a mini-zoo. David, meanwhile has visited the guesthouse a few weeks back to cover a story about a demonstration spear-headed by Tom (Nabil Shaban), which however fails to live up to his expectations. Tom is a disabled activist who is determined to cross paths with the police, but at the same time devises schemes that ensure he is not kept behind bars for long. A witty chap, who says he is teetotal because he has been legless since birth.

Buddy (Ed Bishop) plays the part of an adviser to all those who walk the shoreline. He has



his own theories of life which are centered about the relationship of the human body with the sea and the moon, so whether his advice is to be taken at face value is another matter. Depression is a schism between the body and the mind he says. Sam (Daniel Evans) Brenda's son is another odd character whose

favorite pastime consists of making video nasties and scaring the wits out of everyone in sight.

No one can blame Johnson for trying to cover all the major issues of the past decade in one play. He copes with this arduous task rather well by merging two time periods into a single

one. It is a witty and contemporary one at that and through the actors manages to convey to the audience issues which transformed our ways of thinking in the eighties.

Imagine Drowning is currently running at the Hampstead Theatre.

Ben Accam

Big girls don't cry

The phrase "All things nice" is particularly reminiscent of a famous nursery rhyme about little girls and what they are made of. Sharman Macdonald's new play is not so much about these sweet little girls, but about what happens to them when are no longer so little. - the problems and anxieties which life inevitably brings as they grow up.

Moira, (a superb performance by Joanna Roth who perfectly blends her necessary mixture of vulnerability and sexuality), is the focus of the play. She is growing up in Glasgow in the Sixties, living with her grandmother whilst her parents are out in the Trucial states due to her Father's work. Although Moira herself never moves from the Glasgow setting, the action does, using the back of the stage as the sun terrace of her parent's home, and including her Mother's remarks through a series of read out letters. Ms Macdonald thus has a clever device for showing three generations of women, together with another girl of Moira's age, Linda (amusingly portrayed by Cara Kelly), and the effect of their morals and values upon her life.

Essentially, Moira, with her long flowing hair and precocious sexuality, gives off an aura which makes Linda uncomfortably aware of her own plainness, whilst attracting any nearby men. She is made constantly aware of the effects of sexuality on a woman's life by every source in the play. Her Mother writes of sexual frustration with her husband, an affair with an airman imaginatively called Rick, as well as telling her of how she has taken up drama, and is appearing in Anouilh's "The Rehearsal", a dark comedy of sexual intrigue and the destruction of an innocent (Moira herself?). Meanwhile, Moira's grandmother is sleeping with



the lodger, Archie, whilst also accusing God of being a misogynist, as he takes away a woman's face and looks as she ages, but leaves her with desire. Archie is forever trying to foist his attentions on Moira, whilst Linda's jealousy causes her to continually throw vindictive remarks: "Looks fade Moira."

The central theme of the play seems to be Moira's early refusal to come to terms with her own sexuality, and then later coming to terms with it. Her refusal to wear her glasses means that she is physically incapable of seeing a flasher which Linda talks of seeing, whilst the later thought that the police thought that she enjoyed it, when she could not even see, makes her feel "dirty" and distresses her far more than apparently seeing the flasher upset Linda. Her Mother's remarks obviously upset Moira, and she tries to avoid having to see her, by writing to her Father to say that she will not be coming to

visit in the holidays. However, Moira's later attempts, at the court case concerning the flasher, to wear her glasses, are refuted both by her grandmother and Linda. This results not only in her own perjury, but perhaps more sinisterly, points to an attempt by them to prevent Moira from a recognition of her maturity.

Moira receives conflicting advice from all the main people in her life. Her Mother's opinions, "Never get married, live your own life..be your own person", her insistence that she is a good wife, and then her affair with Rick, hardly point to a consistency, whilst her Grandmother's continually stressed Christian values, whilst at the same time "living in sin", are a clear recognition of human fallibility. All the characters do agree on one thing however, that at different points, Moira should live a lie: Linda begs her to lie about the flasher, her Grandmother tells her not

to resist Archie's attentions as they may result in a tidy inheritance when he dies, and even her mysterious boyfriend has been lying to her, about such a basic fact as his name.

"All Things Nice" introduces a lot of potential crises into Moira's life, and in many ways, never satisfactorily solves them. Yet this may indeed be the point: life does not consist of separate, easily concluded episodes. Ms Macdonald is trying to show that life is not like a play. It is not like the theatricals which Moira's mother plays out in her drama club, and which she vaguely echoes in her real life., as reality does not contain the passion and sensationalism of these dramas. At the end of the play, Moira is wiser inside, and yet outside nothing appears to have changed. This is what life is like: different incidents come and go, but life will continue whatever happens, and people still have to grow up.

Sarah Ebner

Noise Annoys

Feature: La-Di-Da Productions. For years La-Di-Da have existed purely for the love of music, i.e. achieved very limited commercial success. Although the primary motive has not changed, it seems that La-Di-Da has adopted a more aggressive stance. Having recently signed *Dead Famous People* and *TWA Toots* they have increased the number of bands on the label to seven. That is double the number this time last year. Last years releases by *Earwig* ('Hardly' e.p.) and *Liquid Faeries* ('Milkstar' e.p.) brought La-Di-Da more press than it has ever had before. Press in itself is extremely welcome for a record company as small as La-Di-Da, but good press is cause for jubilation. 'Sounds' quoted the *Liquid Faeries* as a Top Tip for 1991 adding, "predominately female five-piece who've already released one exhilarating 12-inch", and the *Melody Maker* described 'Milkstar' as "wickedly astringent". Of *Earwig*, the *Melody Maker* had this to say: "...they build up a threatening atmosphere through use of a nicely underplayed drum beat and screeching, anguished guitars. Not to mention female vocals which ooze sarcasm and hatred. As all female vocals should.". *Music Week* (helpfully) comments, "Earwig destroy the conceptual ineptitude of today's emotionless professionalism.". Thankyou. Although the relatively new bands on La-Di-Da have been receiving much of the press, veterans *How Many Beans Make Five* are equally deserving. I carry fond memories of a gig they played with those jolly popsters, *Bob*. I probably enjoyed that gig more than any other to date. Personal favorites aside, La-Di-Da's first hard vinyl release, 'White Pearl' by *Bobby Scarlet* is an uncompromising classic. *Spitfire* were later to emerge from their ashes. Also, La-Di-Da has always had a flair for compilations. Their first, *Hoopla* (on tape only), was consistently good in quality unlike many compilations which feature only one or two good songs. Sadly this has now been deleted. *Borobudur*, their latest compilation LP, is a little more patchy but nevertheless a smashing collection ("almost an archaic indie compilation but this melancholic pop chime is timeless. When everybody gets tired of dance crossovers, the songwriters of tomorrow might well be on show here." - *Music Weekly*). For more information write to La-Di-Da at 57 Davigdor Road, Hove, East Sussex. BN3 1RA.

News: The La's release a new single entitled "Feelin'" on February 4th. This follows their critically acclaimed debut album which they have unequivocally disowned ("When the record company put the album together they just took things from old sessions the band had done over the years with other line-ups, mixed things together, slowed bits down- it was a real mish mash" - Peter Cammel). They play the Town and Country Club on 16th and 17th March.

DeeLite release a new single, 'How Do You Say Love' on February 18. On the flip side is 'Groove is in the Heart (Bootsified to the Nth Degree)'. A new *Spacemen 3* album, 'Recurring', is due for release on Feb 25. This is despite the fact the band split a few months ago and *Sonic Boom* and *Jason Price* no longer speak to each other, even on the phone. Each has one side of the record. Even so, early reports suggest that it may be their best album to date.

The Cowboy Junkies are to reissue their first formal recordings, previously only available in Canada. It is entitled 'Whites Off Earth Now!!' and was recorded in the same way as their excellent 'Trinity Sessions' LP, i.e. on a two track with a single microphone. Of the nine tracks, only one has original lyrics, and was the product of a spontaneous creative spark during a break in the recording session. "I was fooling around with a guitar lick and Margo began singing some words she'd been working on. Fifteen minutes and two takes later we had our first songwriting credit."

Last word this week comes from Amanda de Cadenet for you health lovers out there: "I make sure the first thing I do when I have any spare time is make love. It keeps me fit.". That's a coincidence-me too!

Hok Pang

Houghton Street Harry

Harry's last supper

Ever since the Ashes were first contested, it has always been tradition for the homecoming English team to hold a festive banquet at Mansion House. This tradition was duly upheld last weekend, but publicity was kept to a deliberate low for fear of terrorist attacks from despondent cricket fans. The word 'festive' took on a new meaning as well.

As well as the England cricketers, there were also a number of other sporting celebrities and a handful of carefully chosen journalists. Yours truly received an invite - obviously they had forgotten the last time I came, when I tipped the ashes out of the urn and used it for my wine. After the six-course meal (which included one course consisting solely of branstons pickle sandwiches at Mike Gatting's request), Graham Gooch opened the after dinner proceedings with a typically downbeat and understated speech.

"Well we didn't achieve the results we had hoped for. We didn't do as well as we had hoped to. We didn't score enough runs or take as many wickets as we wanted to. We didn't get as brown as we thought we might. And we didn't get to meet Kylie Minogue."

To the cries of team fancy, Gooch slumped back into his chair, tapping the ash from his cigar into the urn. Next to speak was Sir Ted Dexter. He was slightly more outspoken.

"Your performance was pathetic, and it just goes to show that British society is steadfastly losing its way. I propose we bring back hanging, make conscription and the attending of private boarding schools compulsory, and ban long hair. I get paid a nice fat check every year to go and watch you play cricket, but my job right now is on the line, because you are not playing cricket anymore - God knows what you think you are playing at....."

"No, I don't," replied Ian Botham.

"Shut up," retorted Sir Ted, "this is a very serious and concerning matter. If you don't buck your ideas up, nations won't be bothered to play against us, and we'll be forced to arrange Test match series against Sri Lanka or even Holland."

"Holland have already beaten us," interrupted Botham, who was clearly enjoying himself in his new role as England's assistant weightcontroller. By the time he came to speak, however, he had become a little more sympathetic.

"I said right from the start that Australia would win easily - it was the easiest 'what happens next.....' question I've ever had to answer." It was a feeble attempt at a joke, but the thick-skinned ape from Cheshire was belligerent. "What is now important is that we all look towards the future. Soon South Africa will be a legitimate cricketing nation, which means we will no longer be able to import our batsmen - Allan Lamb, Robin Smith, Graeme Hick - as we have been doing up till now."

Botham wallowed on, as if embroiled in some verbose charity event. When he did finally finish, it was left for Alec Stewart to conclude the formalities.

"I just wish everyone would stop picking on my daddy," he winged. "It's just not fair. He is a very nice man, and does a very good job."

That said, we were all politely ushered from the dining room to the bar, and it was time to mingle. At the bar I saw the Rt. Hon Seb Coe, MP for a very small field in Cornwall, buying himself a Diet Water. I asked him if his bid to stage the 2000 Olympic Games in London was not a touch idealistic.

"Not at all. It's a very simple idea. Take a residential area in London that's got no-one of importance living there. Flatten it, and build an extensive multi-facility sports centre."

"And what about the money?"

"Well sure, money comes into it somewhere, but it's not the key issue. Where there's a will, there's a way."

At this point I received a sharp slap on the back, and turning round, saw to my horror that it was Pat Cash, the Australian from Fulham.

"G'day, Harry, how's it going?" he asked, throwing another lobster onto his portable barbeque set. We exchanged greetings and Fosters, anecdotes and lobsters, before Pat informed me that soon he will once again be Wimbledon Champion.

"All I have to do," he enthused, "is get better."

"So if I get better, I too could be a Wimbledon Champion?"

"Sure! You Brits don't seem to understand, that where there's a will, there's a way."

After manipulating another Fosters from my antipodean comrade, I went in search of the enigmatic Mr. David Gower. David - Biggles to his friends - was sitting in the corner smoking a dubious cigarette, and had been wearing a flying jacket over his dinner jacket all evening. Next to him was Mike Gatting, wearing a 'Save Apartheid' T-shirt. They did not have much to say, except that David thought that the tour had not been too disastrous, while Mike cried about having lost all his money in a Kuwaiti leisure company.

On my way out, I tripped over the leg of John 'Dubbs' skidmore, the LSEAU President. He was lying under the table with a giggly little thing called Rachel, and holding a half-empty bottle of Tequila, and singing 'Wales for the Grand Slam'. I shook his leg, bid him farewell, and headed for the exit. And at the door, I turned around, and bid them all farewell.

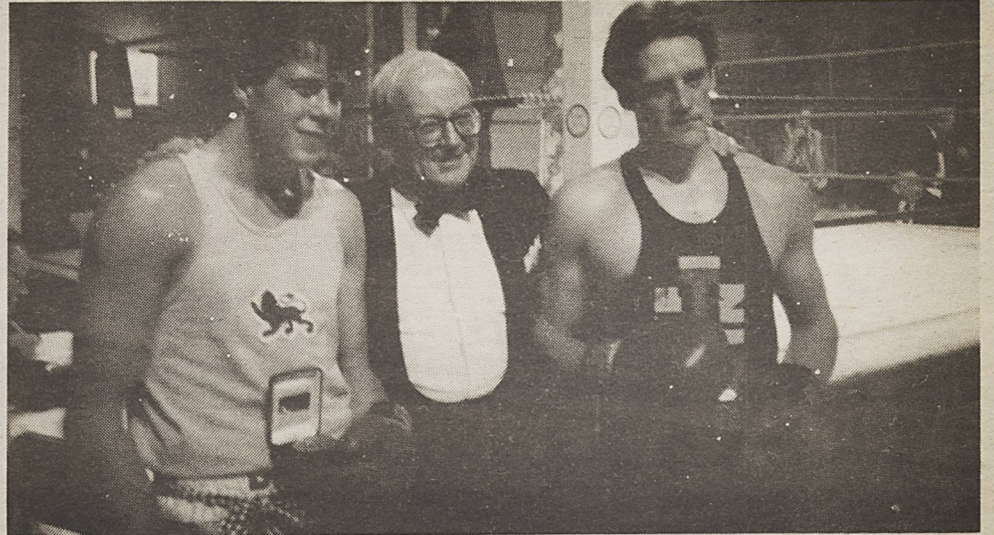
Idle threat

Andy Hull became the first London University student to win a National Student Boxing title in over 20 years when he won the Light Middleweight crown at the finals of the Universities and Hospitals Amateur Boxing Association Championships held at the Hotel Russell on 26 January.

He defeated Matthew Idle, Captain of Cambridge University Boxing Team and a considerably more experienced boxer, with a skilled and controlled display described as "well-nigh flawless" by the Honorary Secretary of the U&HABA.

Tired due to illness after his first bout, Andy controlled the final with masterly defensive work. Idle, an orthodox southport, proved difficult to fight against, but his tactical weakness of boxing too square-on was effectively exploited by Andy, who ducked his taller opponent's jabs and attacked with combinations of punches to the body and chin. He easily won the first two rounds of the three round bout; the third was about even.

He felt "quite pleased" with the result, maintaining that he did not realise that he was going to win until referee raised his arm.



Matthew Idle, Harry Carpenter and Andy Hull. 'To the winner, the spoils...'

The U&HABA have since written to him inviting him to box for the English Students National Team against Scotland next month.

Asked about his boxing ambitions, he insists that he no longer has the time to concentrate on boxing as studies become more important. He trained four or five times a week for the Championships, twice a week at a private gym in Islington under expert coaching. His short-term ambitions now

rest with coaching the LSE Boxing Club. He is unstinting in his praise of the "regulars" - Tim Fevier, Nigel Dybele and Thomas Chopin - with whom he set up the Club last year, and whose contribution in time and effort keep it running.

The Club will hopefully soon be affiliated to the ABA, which would give it the authorisation to give out medical cards and run its own bouts within the NW London division. It already has

two qualified assistant coaches, Thomas Chopin and himself; more will soon be trained. He now wants to recruit boxers in every weight category and train them with an eye to the Championships, and "hopefully make a clean sweep" next year.

Anyone who has attended his twice weekly training sessions (Mondays and Thursdays, 7 pm) will know that it will not be easy. Faint hearts need not apply. **S. Bocresion and T. Chopin**

Burnt Ashes

England began their quest to regain the Ashes full of confidence after a partially successful battle against India and New Zealand. However, their hopes were soon shattered by a lack of professionalism shown by some English players, all-too-apparent weaknesses in their batting and quite abominable fielding. The Australians confirmed that they are a world class side, particularly in their bowling, spearheaded by Reid and superbly supported by the likes of Hughes, McDermott and Aldermann. However, their 3-0 win in the series rather flatters them and though they might pose a threat to the West Indies in the forthcoming series, one feels that only Pakistan can undermine the West Indians in their own backyard.

England suffered from a general lack of application. There were times during the series, though, when they looked like a world class side capable of beating high rank opposition.

The first Test was proof of this; it also proved England's inability to bite the bullet due to an overwhelming lack of depth to their batting. Indeed it set the tone for the rest of the series. Having established a lead of fifty in the first innings due to a fine

display of seam bowling by Angus Fraser (ably supported by Small), the batsmen capitulated in the second innings. It was the first of many batting collapses which highlighted that the England team, after number five, is composed of genuine number elevens.

The Australian batting always had a stability to it. If threatened, it was always salvaged by Matthews and Healy - even the bowlers exploited their batting ability to the full. Australia also made full use of their bowling talent with Reid taking twenty seven wicket in just four tests.

England in comparison was also characterised by poor fielding. Their bowling, on the other hand was full of resolve, with Fraser continuing to impress, and Malcolm, Small, Tufnell and de Freitas giving their best.

There are lessons to be learnt from all bad tours. This particular one seems to suggest that the old men at Lords might have to resort to a volte-face. A few did distinguish themselves. Gooch was as reliable as ever, and there is no doubt that he should continue as captain. His leadership, particularly in the Third (with a bold declaration that nearly paid off) and Fourth Tests (leading from the front with

a brilliant 117 that brought England close to victory) was a sufficient reminder of his shrewd cricketing brain. His batting indeed complemented his captaincy and even though he played only four Tests he topped the English averages. He has to inevitably share a large proportion of the blame for England's overall performance, but what the tour has spelled out is that there should be a change in management. Mickey Stewart's involvement in the selection policy has hindered Gooch's leadership, and, together with Lush, has prevented the formation of the cohesive unit which England so badly need and the Australians so clearly have.

If there was ever a need for a manager, Ray Illingworth would get my vote. He would be able to support Gooch, not cramp his style and possibly still make room for an eccentric like David Gower. He probably played the innings of the series at Sydney. His batting in the first three tests was a most eloquent expression of timing and talent. As a left hander he has a propensity for elegance and there is no doubt that he is a cut above the rest, even though his reckless batting in the next two tests was a testament to the fact that his genius is flawed. As a batsman

who has scored over 8,000 runs, and averages in the mid-forties, it would be a terrible shame if this free-spirited individual was abandoned in the search for discipline and professionalism.

Atherton, at 21, could well be the rock of English batting in the future; he was more than able to cope with the high bounce of Australian pitches. Fraser was the bright light yet again of the English bowling attack, who frequently put England in a winning position, only to see the batsmen throwing it away. Tufnell proved his worth as a off spinner. The selectors will be relieved that they will no longer have to look to the pensioner's club for off spinners.

As to the future, there is no doubt that Larkins and Alec Stewart will have to make room for the likes of the Morris brothers and that great English hope, Graeme Hick. A substantial improvement in fielding, a change in the management and the bolstering up of the batting line (that includes the search for a new Botham) would make the prospect of facing the West Indies in the summer a little easier, and perhaps dispell the comparisons of the team to a circus troupe.

VIVEK COUTO

Tamed Lions

The long awaited appearance of an African side at Wembley, if not warming our hearts certainly quickened our heartbeats. It was clear from the start that little had changed in terms of individual talent and poise on the ball from the Cameroon side that had captured our imagination during the World Cup last summer. However, tackling and bodychecking are sadly still part of their repertoire, Trevor Stevens being on the receiving end barely ten minutes into this friendly.

The game will be remembered for Gary Lineker's two goals, the debut of Ian Wright in the first team and the no-show of the visitor's most representative figure, Roger Milla. David Seaman in goal was the other

player making his first start in the team but was not called upon to make a single save throughout the match. So rare were the opponents excursions into the England half that one wonders if they really had any winning intent. When they were able to get in the England half their passes often went astray and clumsy mistakes were made throughout reflecting a distinct lack of interest in the whole affair.

England, for once, appeared composed and self assured. The ponderous manner in which they attack still showed from time to time, with too many passes being exchanged around the opponents penalty area when one feels a decisive shot at goal or pass is appropriate. England need to score more goals from direct play

and not only rely on set pieces - Lineker's two goals came from a penalty and a corner - if they are to improve.

Reverting back to the 4-4-2 formation that had been the hall mark of the England side in the eighties allowed Graham Taylor to field a well balanced side. Stevens and Robson had the ball winning duties in midfield, leaving Barnes and Gascoigne free to attack. The Liverpool winger had one of his better England matches. Gascoigne kept drifting in and out of the game, didn't impress, and was replaced by Steve Hodge during the second half. The home defence gave the impression of being solid when tested by Indomitable Lion's timid attacking while up front, Ian Wright played well enough to

justify a recall for England's next match. While most people consider Peter Beardsley a natural partner for Lineker, the Crystal Palace forward seems to present a greater menace to opposing defences with his ability to be in the right place at the right time [sic].

This Cameroon team can claim to be the ambassadors of African football in terms of footballing flair. Their professionalism is a glaring contrast as the internal squabbling in Italy and their monetary demands have brought to the fore. A manager who could instill some discipline and strategy in their game and leave their natural attacking style untouched would be an ideal solution to their current problems. **Abel Selassie**