

THE BEAVER

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Renewed Threat to Nursery

Students' Union criticises "Unequal Partnership"

by MARK MOSHER

The imbroglio of the last several years concerning the subsidisation of the LSE Nursery has resurfaced yet again. Students' Union Treasurer Justin Russell remarked last week that he had received a phone call from the Bursar's office, asking when the SU was planning to pay its half of this year's nursery subsidy. 'I just don't know where we are going to get this money.', he told *The Beaver*, "The school is asking for £14,000."

This latest development is the most recent chapter in a story spanning seven years. The LSE Nursery first encountered severe financial difficulties in 1980/81, accruing a gross deficit of £14,500 according to nursery financial records.

The reponse to this deficit was an increase in the subsidies provided by the school and the Students' Union in order to balance income and expenditure. Between 1984 and 1986, the nursery's difficulties were compounded by the burden of a £24,000 loan taken out from the school's Rockefeller Trust to pay for its new baby unit, rising labour costs, and reduced income from below-target occupancy rates.

The school's response to the nursery's problems was to do away with the old income-adjusted fee structure and institute a flat-rate fee structure, effectively raising the cost of day-care facilities for poor students by 150%. The administration proposed that hardship funds be used to subsidise the nursery fees of poor students. By November 1986 students, dissatisfied with the intransigence of Connaught House and their lack of say in matters concerning nursery finance, planned an occupation of Connaught House. In order to pre-empt this occupation, the administration agreed to a staff-student working party to propose reforms in nursery financial policy. The findings of this working party were published in June of 1987 along



Photo: Vanessa Brechling

with fifteen recommendations for reforms. These recommendations concerned matters of staff reductions, energy conservation, alternative methods of raising income and possible fee structure alternatives. However, the proposal that sparked the most controversy was recommendation number four.

Recommendation four stated that the school should write off the accumulated £48,000 debt and the deficit for the 1985/86 year, on the condition that the nursery would: balance its accounts for 1986/87; enter into no further loan agreements; and that from 1986/87 the basic subsidy would be paid in two equal parts by the school and the Students' Union.

After negotiations were concluded, the administration decided that it could not bear the financial burden of writing off the nursery's outstanding debt. Instead, it offered to freeze the interest on the nursery's outstanding loan.

Despite this major amendment to recommendation four, the administration wished to preserve the proposal that the Student's Union and the school share the nursery subsidy equally. 'It's ridiculous', Justin Russell replied. Previously, the Students' Union had provided less than a quarter of the nursery subsidy each year and, as Russell has indicated, a 50% increase in SU subsidies could be crippling. "Is this the (school's) idea of an equal partnership?", Russell asked bitterly.

The fundamental problem concerning the nursery seems to be a basic philosophic difference over where financial responsibility lies. Is it with the school or with the Students' Union? In a *Beaver* interview, the LSE Bursar claimed that, on one hand, the nursery was a school facility and was therefore the responsibility of the administration. Yet, at the same time, he expressed an interest in seeing the

Students' Union pay a larger share of the subsidy.

Justin Russell's concerns are twofold: first, that the school has demonstrated that, given the opportunity, it will enter into talks with Student Union government, reach a compromise to placate them, and then disregard any elements of an agreement that it does not care to follow.

Secondly, that by asking the LSE SU to pay the £14,000 as proposed in recommendation four, the administration is attempting to invoke the authority of the working party's proposals while simultaneously claiming that the working party's findings do not bind them to writing off the nursery's deficit. "Now we have a gun to our heads", Russell said, "if the school refuses to help us find an alternative the only (course of action) is to close the nursery under the terms of the working committee's report."

Action against Government White Paper

by TOM PARKER

Eight months after the launch of the Government White Paper on higher education, "Higher Education - Meeting the Challenge", and only three months before the conclusion of a "wide-ranging" Department of Education policy review on student support and the feasibility of introducing the "top-up" loans mentioned in the 1987 Conservative Party election manifesto, the NUS campaign against both issues is beginning to get off the ground.

On Thursday the UGM voted in favour of adopting the NUS guidelines for protest action. This means that the LSESU will be participating in the NUS "Week of Action" (November 9-20). Two notable forthcoming events are the visit of Mr Robert Cuthbert, a former member of the National Advisory Body for Public Sector Higher Education Management, to talk and discuss the Government White Paper, its background and its development, and the NUS-London Day of Action on November 17th which will include a half-day student strike.

Last week, *The Beaver* spoke to Mr Neil Murray, a representative of the Department of Education and Science, and Mr Andrew Bennett MP, Labour spokesman on higher education.

The Government argues that the aim of the White Paper is to "serve the economy more effectively" and "ensure that within the total numbers [of students] the shift toward scientific and other vocational courses should be carried through." Mr Murray assured *The Beaver* that a commitment to arts and humanities would nevertheless definitely "be maintained". The Government shift to "more suitable" subjects is to be achieved in conjunction with the adoption of a "contract" scheme, by which the industrial and commercial sectors will contribute to university course funding. Also the University Grants Committee (UGC) will be "reconstituted" as the smaller "Universities Funding Council" (UFC).

The UFC will have non-academic members drawn from industry and commerce and funding will be related to a university's ability to produce "quality" degrees. Lastly the UFC will have no responsibility to advise the Government. This means that the final say in university funding will lie with the Secretary of State for Education.

Mr Andrew Bennett MP told *The Beaver* that the Labour Party was absolutely "appalled" by the Government White Paper. His first contention was that the Government has avoided the central issue in higher education, which is

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Student Unions' Election Results

By BEAVER STAFF

Last Thursday's elections for School Committees confirmed the dominance of Labour in LSE politics. 33 out of 34 Labour Club candidates were elected. But the real surprise was the emergence of the Greens as a third force in the Students' Union, mainly at the expense of the divided Liberal-SDP Alliance.

The turnout was, as usual, quite low: under 25% (which represents about 900 students).

On the Court of Governors,

Court of Governors

Andy Cornwell (L)
Ranjit Moses (L)
Tim Isaacs (A)
Guy Harden (C)
Chris Bunting (G)

(L): Labour
(A): Liberal/SDP Alliance
(C): Conservative
(G): Independent Green

(*): Observer

NUS Conference Delegation

Harald Hendrikse (C) Leader
Phil Woodford (L)
Tom Beardshaw (G)
Tim Isaacs (A)
Imogen Tranchell (L)*
Lynne Hall (L)*
Alicia Francis (A)*

General Purpose Committee

Barbara Follett (L)
Andy Blakeman (C)
Humeira Sheikh (A)
Carolyn Vaughn (L)

Postgraduate Officer:

Avinash Persuad (L)

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The Beaver Not Our Job?

A certain argument has been put forward in recent years by some students that is very dangerous and irritating. It has surfaced in the Union meetings over a period of more than two years, and, superficially at least, it is quite convincing. It goes something like this:

The Housing Association, being a housing issue, should be dealt with by the School and not by the students' union: by taking the housing problem on our own backs, we are taking on the responsibilities of the School. Likewise, by helping to fund the Nursery by buying British Gas shares (something which Rory O'Driscoll organised last year), we are getting involved in funding the School.

Events of the past few weeks have amply demonstrated that the School is incompetently administrated and has failed to do anything to alleviate the housing problem (among many other problems) of its students. It's true that it has a duty to look after the welfare of its students and their young children (in the interests of academic standards, if nothing else). But it is a tragedy that some students cannot see the case for helping themselves.

You do not counter incompetence by apathy and scandalised outcries; you counter it with action. The students of the L.S.E. are a particularly potent concentration of administrative, oratorical, and entrepreneurial skill. They have time on their hands - often sufficient to become embroiled in various political parties, athletic societies or drinking clubs (or newspapers!). If those skills, and that energy, cannot be directed towards positive changes for *our own interests*, then we should worry for the future.

Students have now decided to do something about the desperate housing situation. They could have campaigned to force the school to get Butlers' Wharf going, or to acquire new residences. They chose not to. Our sabbaticals chose to show that the Union is not a useless waste of money, but a body where things actually get done.

Having demonstrated that point, we now go to the School cap in hand. Or rather, having eased them of some of the burden, we ask them to at least pay for the services they are not providing. Unfortunately, it comes at a time where the School is going to the Students' Union cap in hand, wanting funds for Butlers' Wharf. When Dr Patel and Nick Randall meet, somewhere on the way, let's make sure that Nick's cap fills first.

Tamil Debate

Dear Editor,
As a member - his "mumbling moral minority" I was not greatly surprised by James Robertson's typically biased recounting of the Tamil Debate last Thursday [At the Union].

Fact 1: The peace accord, signed on July 29th, was designed to end 4 years of civil war by giving the Tamils in the north and east autonomy.

Fact 2: The Tamil Tigers leader Velupillai Prabhakaran signed it.

Fact 3: To try and "fix" a referendum in the eastern province by intimidation, the Tigers broke the accord and massacred over 100 civilians.

Fact 4: In view of this threatened collapse of the accord the peace-keeping troops had no alternative but to destroy the guerillas.

If those who take up arms to violate a peace agreement and massacre civilians also get killed they have no cause for complaint. It is indeed their "tough luck".

Yours,
Chris Smith



Indian Answer

Dear Beaver
Referring to a letter in last week's issue entitled "Indian Outcry", I feel the time has now come to put an end to this wearisome facade. Following an article in which I reported on the India Society elections, a letter was written to "The Beaver" by Messrs Milan Morgaria and Paresch Kanani accusing me of "ignorance and narrow mindedness".

I was not completely surprised to find such words in the letter, but what kind of person would make such personal insults concerning someone they have never met? The letter also claims that "the accusations made in the [my] article that we have barred non-Indian members is purely fabricated and without a shred of evidence". If one took the trouble to read the article in question, it would become immediately clear that no such accusations were actually made, which leads me to wonder whether it is the article or the letter which is fabricated and without evidence.

The authors of the letter feel I "owe the students of the LSE an apology for insulting their intelligence by printing such sensationalistic junk". Referring to the personal insults quoted above, it would seem that it was my intelligence that was insulted. But nevertheless, if there is anyone who would like my apology, then theirs it is.

The letter ends by wishing me the very best in my career at "The Sun", but since my writing can apparently be described as "sensationalistic junk", I feel it is more likely that I will follow in the footsteps of our very own Bernard Levin or Jim Hacker.

Yours sincerely,
Mark Wynne-Jones

A real politician

bites back

Dear Beaver,
Alex Crawford's otherwise excellent report on the Students' Union Housing Association plans last week omitted one crucial fact: *politics*.

Nowhere does the oh-so-liberal "non-political" editor of The Beaver mention that it was Labour sabbaticals who have made a housing association possible and that it was a Labour amendment which demanded that the School provide the first £50,000 of capital for the scheme.

He is similarly reluctant to assign blame for the housing crisis he described. It is Tory government policies that have repeatedly cut grants since 1979. This same ideology now threatens to end housing benefit for students and abolish rent controls.

The "cross-party unity" described in the report is also something of an illusion. LSE Tories at first voted for a motion heavily criticising their own government's housing policies in order to preserve a semblance of credibility. I wish they would show their true colours as backers of a government that has continually squeezed both students and educational standards. And I wish Alex Crawford would give credit where it is due instead of propping up Tory hypocrisy.

Yours politically,
Andrew Cornwell

Dear Beaver

I would like to congratulate the Editor, Alex Crawford, for the excellent coverage of the Housing story in last week's Beaver.

In an issue as important as this, concerning the homes of many students, it is necessary to put party politics aside and concentrate on the real issues: the possibility of providing accommodation. It is government policy to set up more Housing Associations, and to expand grants to the Housing Corporation (a government funded organisation) in order to do so; on the other hand, it is Labour sabbaticals who have set wheels in motion.

But does it really matter *who* does *what* so long as something good comes of it?

Yours sincerely
Andy Blakeman

West London Nightline

Nightline provides a confidential information and listening service for students, but we do need more volunteers to maintain this service. If you think you would be interested, come along to an introductory meeting and preliminary training session in the basement of 9 Princes Gardens at either 2:30pm or 7:00pm on Monday, November 9th. You don't need any special qualities, just a willingness to listen and a commitment to do three duties a term.

THE BEAVER

Executive Editors: Alexander Crawford, Sivan Lewin
Managing Editor: Andy Blakeman
News Editors: Mark Mosher, Tom Parker.
Features Editor: Chris Phillipsborn
Arts Editors: Ben Gilbey, Stavros V.S. Makris
Photography Editors: Jennifer Clapp, Vanessa Brechling
Sports Editor: Ian Hart
Production Manager: Jon Eastick
Layout: Nico Macdonald, Kazuko Hirao
Staff: Ross Broadstock, James Robertson, Andy Cornwell, Shan Mitra, Katherine Pena, Julian Mack, Tom Elliot
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Forthcoming LSE Drama

The Anniversary 30th Nov 1st 2nd Dec

The Caged Birds 16th 17th and 18th Nov

On the 5th of November, where was LSE's Guy Fawkes? There weren't even any fireworks at Thursday's UGM, as a quiet meeting (the PA wasn't working) "dissolved" into a morass of contemporary political problems. A few would-be funsters sought to let rip some rockets but they failed to catch light. Remember, remember... these are changed days.

However, one of the architects of change was missing. Pretty boy Randall was "seriously ill", stricken by some mysterious "virus" (overwork?). The "sex" ('interest') was missing, so where was the "violence"?

With Nick incapacitated, colleague Justin Russell was thrust to the fore, to keep the whole thing together and make sure that nothing exploded.

From that point of view, he didn't do too badly. Michael Holroyd, Shaw's biographer, recently described G.B. "as a man who was dealt quite a faulty hand, but played it brilliantly". One might describe Russell as a man who dealt himself a faulty hand (given the nature of his dubious politics, and his passion for Chelsea football club), before going on to play it at least as well as might have been expected.

First up, he offered us a minute's silence "for Remembrance Sunday". This came as quite a shock given the fact that, in the past, the Union has been more inclined to ponder the victims of more contentious events such as Bloody Sunday. Proposing such reflection has led to violence and even death threats. Now however, we are all one big happy family, playing at being grown ups and looking forward to our careers.

Having wrapped himself in the Red, White and Blue (to match his boxer shorts) Justin offered us a get well card for pretty boy (although it was a shame that we were not offered a chance to sign it); and a written report, "passing no comment", on the Nursery.

So far, so good. Something however finally gave with the Social Sec.'s Report. Juxtaposing the crucial knowledge that "Ents will only survive if people want it", with his own, potentially disastrous, desire for "big gigs", Richard Ford laid bare the possibility of a Bay City Rollers bash at Christmas. Jesus Christ, is Christmas dead?

Interestingly enough (or not), without the firm but encouraging populist hand of guru Randall, the first business of the day saw the touting of an emergency motion, "The Union is Dead". essentially, it demanded the right for the entertainment starved punters of the UGM to leave as much of a mess for the porters to clear up as possible.

The motion was noisily debated and saw a challenge to the chair who had sought to postpone its discussion on the grounds that it involved a constitutional change. In the end however, it was defeated by about 500 votes to 2. It had illustrated the failure of Tory student unionism over the preceding weeks.

Someone, with only the slightest exaggeration, recently said: "The only good thing about Scottish Tories is that there aren't any". The same might be said about the LSE. This "emergency" motion harked back to the days of Kilby, Begley et al, where time-wasting, provocation, abuse etc, were at a premium. For the Tories, there was no point in "playing the game", because you couldn't win. They have to be "heard" because there aren't enough of them to be "seen". It remains to be seen

AT THE UNION

by James Robertson

whether this latest immature outburst is just Begley walking down memory lane, or evidence of the Tories shedding their new skin.

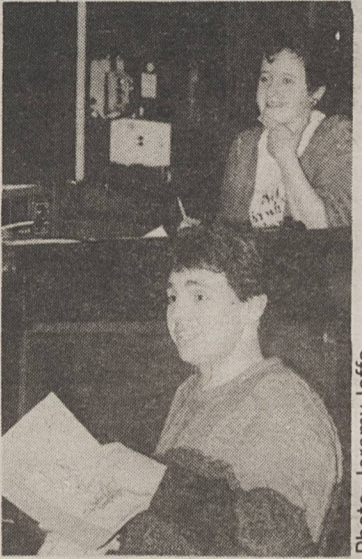


Photo: Jeremy Jeffs

Second up was the more complicated matter of staffing. Attempts to prioritise a motion addressing the fate of the previous employees in the Three Tuns saw the precedent of 1984 invoked. Then a member of staff had actually addressed the UGM; both General Secretary and Senior Treasurer were censured (both were subsequently re-elected) over the issue and two-thirds of the Executive resigned on the spot.

Then, as now, both the general issue of staff confidentiality, and the particular issues of the given cases remained confused, and appeared beyond the comprehension of the partial forum of the UGM. In 1984, the paralysis of the union achieved, in the end, little. Today, the chair went "beyond the constitution" to declare that the issue should not be discussed. There was a muted cry of "cover-up", but the issue was dropped.

This gave way to a motion proposed by Phil and Charlie, the "large and larger" of the LSE, concerning the matter of Neo-

Nazis marching on the cenotaph, and racism in general. Charlie Seward, at his most eloquent, outlined some of the issues: racists "who feed like leaches on the poverty and deprivation (created by) 8 years of Tory government... (which has) showed no commitment to fighting racism"; racist nationality laws, the harbouring of Nazi war criminals in the UK, the "violence and misery" of communities in which Fascist groups operate.

The opposition was of the "I'm not racist, but..." variety. One even wore a T-shirt displaying a front page of "The Sun". Not surprisingly, such dullards were swept aside by the physical and oratorical presence of "Uncle" Phil Evans. "I'm... big" said Phil.

Indeed he is. He led the Union through a few of the historical and political realities and then posed the alternative to his motion: "Nazis marched on the cenotaph and no one gave a shit..."

The motion was passed and we moved on to the issue of higher education, the government's proposals for Education "reform" (i.e. deform), and the upcoming NUS "Week of Action" (sic), beginning 9th November (i.e. now). The much maligned Equal Opportunities Officer Lynne Hall made a speech about high education being an "essential feature of a civilized country", to very audible yawns. Obviously, England doesn't need higher education.

The biggest boon to the motion, as often seems to be the case with these things, came from its opponents. "First time speaker", the mumbling, incoherent, inaudible, unshaven Francis von Hapsburg, was backed up by some nasal Sloane who failed to keep a straight face while discussing the "generosity of grants" in the UK, and the need for "industrial support" of the education system.

Even the intervention of the long dead liberal, Malcolm "I resign" Lowe, a fine advert for the M.Sc. programme, on its behalf, failed to scupper the motion. Justin turned on the right, and having once again trounced the Tories at the LSE, the happy chums march off to take on the Tories in the Dept. of Education.

It was all a bit of a strain, having to listen so hard for 50 minutes, but from the point of view of "the leadership" it was just a case of putting a little oil on ruffled waters. Once again, the wreckers were largely left to be neither seen nor heard. 'Til next week.



Photo: Jeremy Jeffs

Beyond these Walls

by TOM PARKER

Durham's student newspaper, "The Palatinate", reports a hoax perpetrated by a geology student named Andre Stout. While on a department field trip Andre fabricated what he claimed was a prehistoric fossil. Dr Holland, the professor leading the field trip was completely taken in and on his return to Durham triumphantly presented the 'fossil' to his department. The geology department was also fooled and excitedly sent the 'find' off to Cambridge for analysis. Amongst the dreamy spires the hoax claimed yet another victim, Cambridge don Dr Rickard who, convinced of its authenticity, presented the 'fossil' to Sedgewick Museum where it resided until the hoax was recently exposed in "Private Eye". We were unable to reach the parties involved for a comment.

St John's College, Cambridge, has long held the title of the university's heartiest college but in true Oxbridge style it is not content to rest on its laurels. The college hockey club has just bought 250 extra-strength condoms from the students' union to hand out to sex-starved members at the end of their annual "bash" on the 17th November. So much for young love.

Students at Leeds University have long been active on animal rights issues and they have achieved a level of commitment which according to Tom Beardshaw, a spokesman for the LSE branch of the Animal Liberation Group, is the envy of campaigners in the other British universities. This commitment was particularly conspicuous last week when 31 Leeds students, including one student newspaper photographer, were arrested for obstructing the public right of way at an anti-hunt demonstration, though I am glad to say none were formally charged. When asked to comment on the events in Leeds, Tom Beardshaw expressed the hope that in the wake of the UGM's decision to raise fox hunting at the NUS Conference, more LSE students would follow the example set by Leeds.

The Oxford University SU is launching a major campaign to warn its members that the Unification Church (a.k.a. The Moonies) is becoming increasingly active in the Oxford area following the Church's decision in the summer to step up its recruitment in Britain. The union was particularly disturbed to discover the Moonies using innocuous political discussion groups to recruit new disciples. The union is distributing an information pack giving full details about the Unification Church, its front organisations and their activities to all JCR and MCR presidents, and college deans. However, OUSU plans to go even further to prevent Moonie organisations from holding meetings in university buildings were rejected by college deans because such proposals run foul of the government's "free platform" policy. Its good to see the government protecting the rights of the religious minorities.

fifth COLUMN

This last week has been taken up with the hard grind of electioneering, but for a little light relief I went along to see the Revolutionary Communist Society: my favourite political group at the L.S.E. Their meeting was advertised as instruction on "How to stop Thatcher's Bully Boys", similar in name to the Socialist Worker Student Society's "How to stop the Tories". Indeed with such similar appearance and both professing a faith in Marx you might expect the two organisations to work hand in glove. This however, is not the case. Track down an RCP member (and I believe there are at least four), ask what they think of SWSS and they will tell you that the RCP are the true keepers of the faith, that SWSS leave Marxism behind, "following the consensus" into something vile called "bourgeois deviationism". Track down an SWSS member (and I believe that there are more than four), ask why they dislike the RCP, and you will find that the RCP are "not real Marxists".

The background of the meeting room was filled with a massive black and white banner proclaiming "Workers Against Racism". This was the organisation which had supplied the speaker. He was concerned about incidents of racial harassment by certain officers in the Met. As his speech progressed these officers became the whole Metropolitan Police force, "a racist organisation", the Police in general and finally "the Tories", so that the question he wished to answer in his talk was, he said, "How have the Tories got away with beating black people up".

He gave examples. For instance: "Hurd's Knife Campaign" was "not a campaign against violence" but a "campaign against black people". The speaker angrily mentioned that Mr. Paul Boateng (the black north London Labour MP) "fully supports the Knife Campaign and wants to take knives from black youth", though this fact did not give him any unease about his previous judgement on Douglas Hurd.

There is, we were told, "systematic state racism". "The economy is in a state of decline and the Tories strategy is to put the blame on the black worker or the Asian greengrocer" (though during the election the Asian greengrocer was held up as the model of Thatcherite grit and graft by Norman Tebbit).

I have always wondered why the far left have splintered into so many different factions. At the RCP meeting the atmosphere seemed somehow familiar. The talk was of "a fight back against the Government and the Tories", or "building a movement". True, Tory politicians are referred to contemptuously as "Hurd" or "Thatcher", but if you wish to see some real bile and anger at one of these meetings mention the Labour leader ("betrayal", "sell-out", "scab" and so on). In all this I was reminded of the SWSS. The SWSS would not enlarge on the cause of the enmity between them and their ideological cousins, preferring to say "no comment". Perhaps the subject of who is the true revolutionary vanguard of the proletariat would make an interesting exchange of letters between the two parties in The Beaver. I look forward to seeing it.

The week at LSE from The gossip/information General committee on Student Affairs (Exec. Ross and Julia)

AROUND THE LSE

Joke Candidates and Union survival!

Life at the LSE, like the Paternoster was again pretty stationary and uneventful. "There's nothing going on", "the union's dead" were the main quotes of the week when I went digging around for tasty morsels this week. Then, come Thursday, the paternoster miraculously started rolling again and so did LSE life - well a bit anyway.

This was of course election day. Ironies abounded. The greens (let's save trees etc.) not only didn't demand recycled paper but then also proceeded to lose 300 sheets (thousands of lovely trees worth!) by leaving it in a corridor.

The alliances (Liberal alliance and SDP alliance) look as though they'll probably have more reps in the LSE than parliament and the Tories are still smarting from having 5 disqualifications.

Labour, miraculously, didn't have any disqualifications although accusations have been made of papers being returned for correction (Not that a labour returning officer would ever do such a thing of course!). Charlie then hit J.R. over the head with a bottle. This was such fun that Labour (the let's be serious and make this into a progressive union) decided to run their own joke candidates - the Monster/Imp alliance. This was done to split the joke vote! This raises the serious ethical question of should joke candidates be allowed to stand to oppose serious joke candidates. Next time we may even have joke joke candidates!

At least these may get some life back into LSE politics and stop the demise which now looks probable if the serious nature is maintained. You only have to look at the low turnout (around 900) to see how bored people are becoming.

After the politics there's always the Three Tuns to retire to and despite initial doubts, it has to be said that it is actually quite pleasant there with Den and Angie always keeping a perky front. The staff generally are not so pleased though - they are still students so treat them with a bit of respect please. (this last bit may stop me from getting banned, by the way!)

Carr-Saunders

Hall Report

Apologies for last week's report. (Written anonymously, and a good thing too.)

Well, the week after Amsterdam. Congratulations Mark, who had a baby on Friday morning at 7:15, weighing two stone and arriving in little brown corduroy trousers and a Thomas the Tank Engine jumper.

Sex-Pot (otherwise known as Dancing Brave the Second) has swapped the plastic (oh-how-sexy) flower for a baseball cap,

along with her men. Talking of Navin, no-one knows what he's up to, but he seems to have given up on the monestary idea (shame!), and become clumsy in the process - or was that Paul? Never mind Paul, Fiona's not far behind!

Okay, now on to the BIG event... Amster-where-the-hell-were-we-anyway-damn! Narmi (think about it) was one of the many whose innocence was marred by some very expensive chocolate cake, blue (alcoholic?) drink and one of the many educational Amsterdam museums.

Tom and Greg's laughter lines have deepened although no-one knew what they were laughing about (did they?). Jose, Ollie and Tom (yes, him again) were voted top of the leaf parade and they decided to take a direct flight... Amsterdam - Carr-Saunders non-stop. On the subject of the chief sex dwarf, he fooled the authorities again and had his wildest fantasies realised - i.e. strange men in uniforms taking all his clothes off. Cathy came home in style - introducing the Brandy Championship and winning admirably with expectancy on Wednesday at 4:00. (I don't get that one either!)

Back home, there were apparent strange goings on with the remaining few in Carr-Saunders on Friday night, with pyjamas and tequila being the order of the night... and morning.

The tramp got his lady, but the two M's are still out of luck (all together now... ahhhh!). Rob has mastered the switchboard - so maybe you'll be able to get through on Thursday after all!

Back on the domestic front, the Slavery Society hold sessions, sorry, meetings on the fourth floor of the Maple St flats at a venue otherwise known as the DeBarros Den of Damsel Domination with your host, none other than the LSE's very own "living primitive". This one seems to be arousing a considerable amount of interest this year, but you must bring your own equipment (i.e. whips, chains, suits of armour, hydraulic lifting gear, etc.) which could prove expensive and impractical, depending on what you're into. Radiators, however, are provided free and there is also a free introductory gift, a copy of the wonderful "I Wanna Be Your Sex Instructor", a version of which is currently riding high in the charts.

On the subject of Nadim (the adventures of whose ego we're thinking of serialising into a regular weekly feature, incidentally), he makes a guest appearance at the Society of Desperate Deprived American Males (SODDAM), whose aim, chairman Eric informs us is to learn the finer points of chatting up you English roses out there. A very disappointing number of these underground societies seem to be run by the ladies of Carr-Saunders.

Passfield Jungle

Competition is rife at Passfield to get various Hall reports published in Ross's social register cum cheap gossip column. The situation has been heightened after several fruitless attempts by a resident to get publicity for the forthcoming hall

elections. (Ross should have no worries about Sivan's threat to axe "Around The LSE", which has now become an infamous, if not contentious, issue around Passfield.)

After a spate of pilfered hall reports, security at the *Beaver* offices has been tightened.

Passfield Jungle has awoken. The first cultural event of the year, the Diwali Dinner, was successful in so far as Jeanine's bright sparklers set off the fire alarms.

The Dining Hell has been transplanted in an effort to make it more attractive. We can now all derive our vitamin C directly from the *pot* and not worry about steamed vegetables.

Vegetables are not part of the diet of animals. The animals roamed on Halloween's Party. Some came in disguise, others in their real fur. The Great of the S.U. and the anonymous of the outside were attracted to the centre of the London University Square Mile. The amber nectar ran freely through pipes into glasses and through veins into beerbellies. The effect was to liberate most and give them an excuse to show their self, among them a surgeon and his victim, Batman and Boy Wonder, the hall Frog and his blow-up frog (we now all know his secret).

On the Passfield Stud Market, the Greek Gods on the Third Floor have aroused many interested bidders.

It has been decided to offer a prize to anyone who can name the man behind the mask (see picture, perhaps). If you think you can guess the identity of this diminutive dork with the oversized head please send all replies to Justin Russell's office, right next to The Beaver office. First prize, an all expenses paid O.H. treatment at swishy Swiss health Farm, sponsored by Passfield Hall Society.

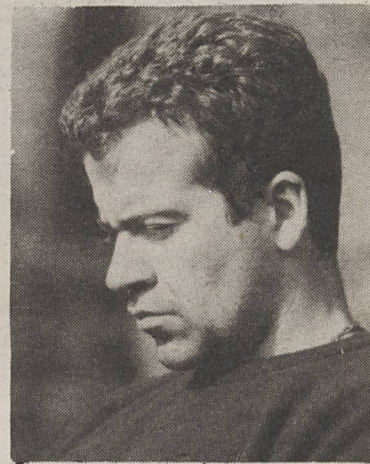
Next week, a Jungle Survival Manual. Until then, keep your eyes open for those animals, they are about to leap on you.



Photo: Vanessa Brechling

SOCIETIES RNER

by STAVROS MAKRIS



An International Drinks Festival is being organised by Shirish Saraf and Chas Begley for the Overseas Students Society. A £2.00 entrance fee will give access to unlimited amounts of international alcohol. All that on 27th November in the Greenhouse Quadrangle.

The LSE Drama Society under the enthusiastic and creative directorship of Martin Newman will be staging a production of the *Cage-Bird* to run on three days: 16th, 17th, 18th November.

The Aerobics Society is holding classes three times a week, Monday 5-6pm, Wednesday 3-4:30pm and Friday 3:15-4:15pm all in C108. All welcome!

The Intercollegiate Postgraduate Law Society held its first meeting on Friday, November 6th in UCL, Bentham House (Law Faculty). The Society invites all LLM students to join it.

Following a report on the forthcoming elections of the Italian Society, I can now inform you of the results: Maria Candilio, President; Francesca Eridani, Vice President; Alex Lasagna, General Secretary; Marco Boschetti, Treasurer. The Society will be holding its first meeting on Friday the 13th(!) November at 6pm in the Three Tuns Bar, during an *Italian evening* where Italian dishes and wine will be served. Incidentally, Stefan Benedetti (he of the Lancia) and Luca Ferrari are the society's new honorary members.

The Jewish Society will be showing the film *Raid on Entebbe* starting at 5pm on Thursday, 12th November in Graham Wallace Room.

Election

From page 1

Labour won easily with both Andy Cornwell and Ranjit Moses dominating the field. Chris Bunting became the first Green Governor in LSE history.

This year's delegation to NUS Conference is once again headed by a Tory. By running only one candidate and exploiting Labour's mistake of running four candidates, Harald Hendrickse will follow in Nigel Kilby's footsteps to the "Blackpool jacuzzi".

In the only internal SU election, for Postgraduate Officer, Labour's Avinash Persaud won easily.

LSE's tradition of "joke-candidates" was again upheld this year, with such specimens as "Dracula", "Death", and "Imp", but all of these were defeated.

The various small Left-wing groups failed to get any of their candidates elected.

Of the School Committees,

On Thursday, 12th November (6pm to 8pm) the Wine Society presents a 'fragrant and exciting selection of gorgeous reds de France! Eau? la la!!!'. Many thanks, Bert.

Full speed start for the French Society. After a "freaky" riverboat disco and 48 empty bottles, "it's still a mere start...". The next step is a *Degustation of Beaujolais Nouveau* at *Le Renoir* in Charing Cross Road on 20th November. Tickets are available from committee members - very few places left! A bientot!

The Malaysian Singapore Society held its executive elections recently. Paul Chong has now passed over the running of the society to the new faces of: Chew Nyen Am (President), Yau Jin Rin (Vice President), Chin Lai (Secretary), K.S. Tau (Treasurer), Haniff Abdullah (Social/Sport Secretary), Teoh Yin Mang (Editor). The committee members are Jimmy, Danny, Susie and Lina.

Would you like to spend Christmas with a British family?

If you are an overseas student and have no plans this Christmas, the Victoria League can arrange for you to spend a few days with a British family, either in London or elsewhere in Britain. Your stay will be free of charge, and the League will make a contribution towards your travel expenses. If you are interested, please ask for an application form at the Welfare Office (E294), or write to: The Victoria League, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ.

the most important by far is the Court of Governors. This is the School's governing body, which takes vital decisions on most issues. The task of the General Purposes Committee is to implement these policy decisions.

The other committees for which elections were held include the Careers committee (4 Lab, 1 All, 2 Con and 2 Indep. Green), Health committee, (2 Lab, 1 Con, 1 Indep. Green), Rules and Regulations (2 Lab, 1 Con), Publications (1 Lab, 1 Con), Welfare of Overseas students (2 Lab, 1 Con), Catering (2 Lab, 1 Con, 1 Indep. Green) and the Building Committee (1 Lab, 1 Indep. Green).

To explain the low turnout, it seems unfortunately that many students remain --wrongly-- sceptical as to the degree of influence that students are able to exercise on School committees. Voting does matter.

Looking After the Pennies

Stavros Makris looks at Student Union Finances

This year's LSESU budget is £221,340. It has been increased by 5.4% and not 10% as previously reported.

The budget is not open to negotiation. The school prefers to be presented with a well prepared case, though decisions are made beforehand. It regards the SU as an integral part of the LSE as a whole, yet the administration refuses to comment on the budget by giving advice though it expects to be informed about everything.

Within some quarters of the administration a "Porterhouse Blues attitude" prevails. That is the impression Justin Russell, the Senior Treasurer, has received. It is as though they are giving money to the SU and letting it do what it wants.

The SU on its part wants autonomy, but if the School demands more and more information, then the Union should expect more help. As it now stands, it is a one-way information process.

The finances of the Union are in a healthy state. The School has stated it will invoke penalty clauses with Mansell to make up for lost revenue due to the unfinished Quadrangle. No amount has been mentioned yet nor has a deadline been set. An additional headache to union finances has been a string of letters from Ravenshorn, who handled the Gas Share flotation. These claim that last year the then Senior Treasurer, Rory O'Driscoll, sold 1,600 shares while only 1,400 shares had been allocated to the

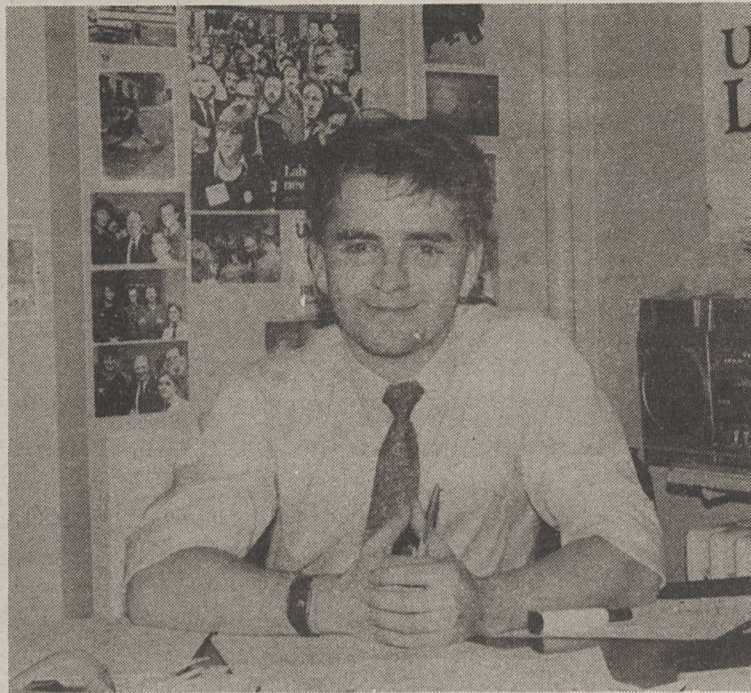


Photo: Jennifer Clapp

LSESU. The Secretary of State for Energy now demands, as a repayment of the profit on the extra shares sold, £200.

Senior Treasurers, in general, have to deal with Societies' financial problems as well as the Union's finances. An open door policy helps. The current Senior Treasurer is aided in his decision-making by the Finance Committee.

The Finance Committee is made up of three ordinary elected members plus the Societies Officer plus one other member of the executive. This committee is a forum. It

will be involved this year in the budget allocation.

In a recent meeting the Finance Committee decided upon the criteria for considering societies budgets: value or worth to the student body; action or implementation of Union Policy; financial viability - ability or potential to be self-financed. There is a concern on large amounts of money spent by alcohol-oriented societies. It has now been decided to investigate whether such societies can be self-financing.

White Paper: Sell Out?

From page 1

the need for more funding; he does not believe industry is going to be prepared to pay for a service (i.e. qualified graduates) they already get for nothing.

His second point is a more philosophical one - that the bulk of today's problems ('with the exception of AIDS') are a result of an over-emphasis on technology and that perhaps solutions to many of these problems lie in a greater awareness of social and interactive skills.

Thirdly he is worried that the UFC will withhold funds from the block grant which would otherwise be given to Students' Unions. In an interview with The Beaver, Justin Russell expressed particular

concern that this might happen, with the result that many extra-curricular and social activities would disappear. Mr Bennett also points out there is no recognition of the shortage of student accommodation. Finally, he is of the view that student loans were likely to deter working-class families from considering higher education out of a reluctance to place themselves in debt.

Even though a White Paper only serves as a "declaration of policy", the NUS certainly believes that immediate action is needed to prevent the inevitable transformation of the White Paper, associated Green Papers and the policy review into legislation.

Caught in the Crossfire, the Nursery Perserveres



Photo: Vanessa Brechling

Some things at the LSE never change. Perhaps the best illustration of this is the annual dispute between the Students' Union and the LSE administration over the responsibility for subsidising the LSE Nursery.

However, given the pervasive nature of this conflict it is surprising how little students and staff members know about the nursery itself. Many observers would say that this anonymity is at the root of many of the nursery's problems.

In a report published by the Working Party of the Student Health Service Committee in June 1987, it was decided that a major obstacle to the nursery's financial viability was its "difficulty in achieving a consistently high level of occupancy throughout the year." The report claimed that a term-time occupancy level near 100% would have to be achieved to produce the revenue necessary to meet budgetary restrictions.

In previous years, occupancy rates have periodically dropped below the 85% minimum average. One proposal forwarded by the working party to increase average occupancy levels was to sell nursery spaces during the school holidays at commercial rates. Unfortunately, advertising directed at embassies, tourist boards, hotels and similar potential clients has not produced great interest.

When asked about the nursery's situation Nursery Matron Renee

Tilla replied that the nursery has had a "publicity problem" and she had tried to rectify it by increasing advertisement of the nursery at registration and improving the LSE Nursery brochure. She was also happy to add that average occupancy levels had increased from last year to 90% this term and that the greater attention paid to publicity might have been a factor.

If all the attention paid to the nursery's financial woes conjures up an image of a morose Dickensian orphanage constantly in need of repair, it should not. It is to the credit of Ms Tilla and her staff that the little nursery on St Clements Lane is, in fact, a bright cheerful place full of smiling children. "There is no hardship," Ms Tilla says, "We just try to use all of our resources wisely." She also made it clear that the nursery is well-equipped and staffed by individuals certified in child care. Perhaps even more importantly, judging by its extreme tidiness, the nursery is staffed by people who care. When asked her opinion on the politics surrounding the nursery issue Ms Tilla replied, "Oh, I have my opinions... But I keep them to myself. Caring for the children is my number one priority."

For further information contact: Renee Tilla, Matron LSE Nursery St Clements Lane, LONDON WC2

Tel: 01-405 7686 ext. 2865

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Short Skirts and Rising Stars

There are three cities of significance in this world – the fashion world of course. Milan, London, Paris -this is the buyer's circuit.

Each has a particular characteristic, a particular style.

Milan is expected to turn out sophisticated little suits to be worn by sophisticated Milanese women.

From Paris, one expects couture standards of dress – attention to the fit, the detail. More recently, there has been more originality and wit, but these designs tend not to epitomise what has become associated with Paris.

And finally, there is London. Wit, youth and originality characterises the British designers.

The importance of these three capitals is undeniable, London having come to the fore only recently. One cannot, however, as a designer, mix the styles of the three cities.

Rifat Ozbek agrees. "I think London should be young. That's why everyone comes here, and always will. I tried to do the suits

and the clean look, but they don't buy from us when they have Giorgio Armani."

London has always had some influence on the international fashion scene, although all that the general public saw was twinset and pearls, and a few oiled jackets. Many of London's best designers have preferred discretion to limelight (Jean Muir, famously low profile, still does). It is within the last few years that the new Designer Stars have arisen in order to herald the arrival of London as a fashion capital, and to take the applause.

Jasper Conran, Alistair Blair, Rifat Ozbek, Katherine Hamnett, John Galiano, Bruce Oldfield, – these are the big names. Obviously, there are many others, but it is these names who have made the tabloids, made the wardrobes of the famous and made the clothes.

John Galiano

Voted Designer of the Year 1987, Galiano is now one of the strongest forces on the fashion scene. He has developed a style of his own which is eminently wearable, and yet very distinctive.

While still at college, Galiano expressed his disenchantment with Armani's androgynous following, in an imaginative collection based on the costumes of *Les Incroyables* in which he featured shapely models dusted with talcum powder. This was a collection of pure fantasy and one which suited the mood of the punkish and avant-garde London in 1985.

However, although highly acclaimed by the fashion press, it did not sell at all. Instead, Galiano went bankrupt, and disappeared from the scene for a season.

But Galiano's talent did not go unnoticed. He was picked up financially by the Scandinavian oil millionaire Peder Bertelson (who, incidentally, backs a large proportion of the British designers) and was given an elastic bank account, but also a valuable lesson in commerciality, which he seems to have learnt well.

Now fashion is steaming in Galiano's wake. Along with the Italian, Romeo Gigli, he precipitated the swing in the mood towards a more shapely fashion. The current fashion for the flower is one which Galiano began. Galiano designs for a fragile female, but in his own manner of fragility. He describes his new collection as "proper".

"The clothes will make a woman stand properly, neatly, proudly," he explains. "It is a feeling of Blanche Dubois standing there powdered in her finery. My woman is strong, not frail."

For Spring '88, Galiano showed huge crunched-up taffeta bows that rested like butterflies across the front of brief shirts. His high rise corset skirt, appearing every season, was this year given a belt, defining the waist, leaving the bottom half simple. Arms were either fully covered or completely bare, with great emphasis placed on the unpadded shoulder. Away from the predictable short skirt, he also produced a gorgeous sculptured organza skirt, twisted and concertina pleated, in a virginal white. His most innovative colours were the more subdued tan, pink and pale blue, but showed alongside the usual banana, peppermint and coffee.

Galiano's ability as a designer has been proven again, and once more, he has come out top with many of the fashion editors. Whether his collection sells or not is another matter, one which many of these writers seem to happily ignore.

Alistair Blair

A relatively new face in the world of London ready-to-wear is this 31 year old Scotsman. Adored by the Duchess of York and many, many models, his clothes are a reliable indicator of the more sophisticated of styles.

For the last year he has been one of the pioneers of the return towards the curvaceous and sexy woman. He provides for a sophisticated urban dresser, the grown up and the "jeune fille"

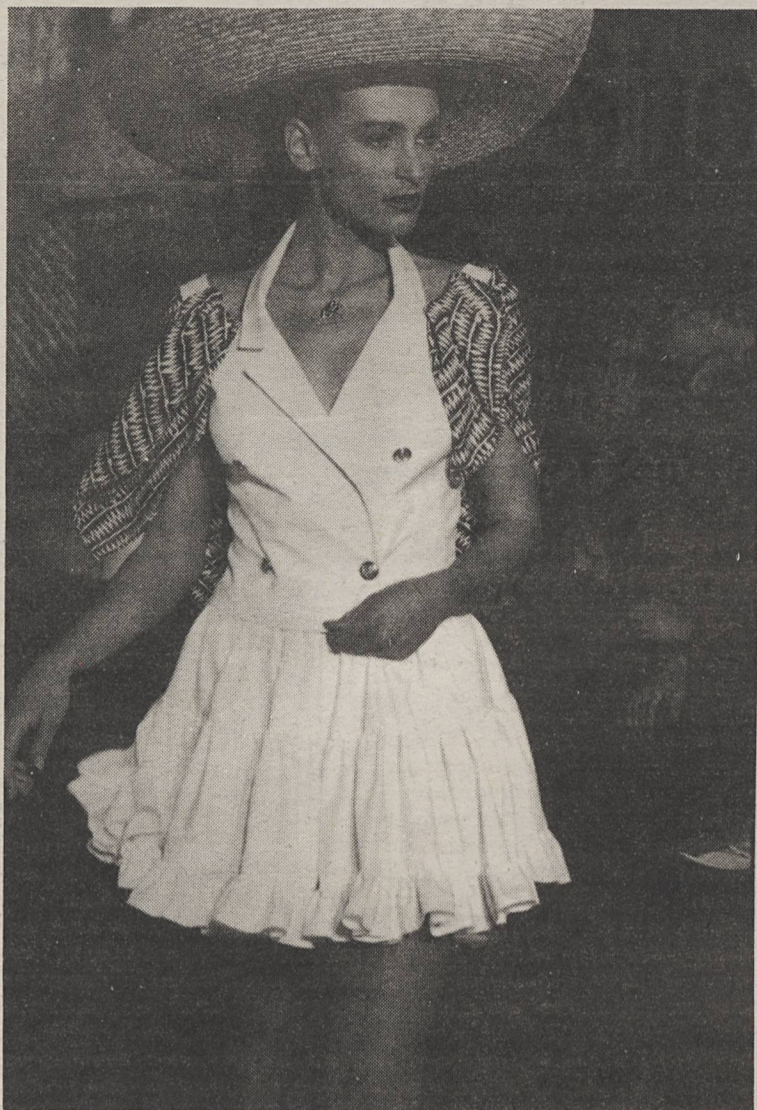
It was only as recently as March 1986 that Blair held his first show, importing racehorse models from Paris and New York. It could have been a complete disaster, but history has shown otherwise. His commercial instinct is a great asset, and also a breath of fresh air in the business. He doesn't take fashion too seriously; "At the end of the day it is only clothes, you're not putting people into space. How can you be intellectual about a silk dress?"

"These are very much commercial clothes. It's a business. At the

end of the day you have to make money."

For Spring 1988, Blair put three quarter jackets over skirts with a contrast colour from hip to waist. His evening wear collection included wonderfully curvy dresses, mixing coral pink with orange and sunshine yellow. He also designed the most gorgeous of dresses in Flamenco style, with enormous attention paid to the detailing. At the present, Alistair Blair is one of the few designers who display the potential which the British fashion industry has. He also has an attitude to fashion which is like a breath of fresh air in an environment where many people forget that the ultimate aim of the industry is to sell clothes and to make money.





Rifat Ozbek Bruce Oldfield

The British love Ozbek because he gives them a look each season that they can see, whose cultural references are perceivable

Ozbek spent his youth in Istanbul, where his influences were French movies and French *Vogue*. The result is a mixture of classic Continental cut with the essential British wit. Rifat Ozbek is fun. "I like to design clothes for people who are not too serious about fashion."

Ozbek, demonstrating his rare talent for colour showed a very Spanish-Mexican collection. He threw in spice colours, the brightest of pink, orange, purple and turquoise dresses, topping off the whole lot with massive straw cart-wheel hats over masses of fake black hair.

Bruce Oldfield does not design for the younger woman, but for the mature "sexy" woman. He is one of the more expensive designers, but that makes him no less a vital part of the London Fashion scene.

Oldfield the man is evidence that one can succeed in the world, regardless of your class or financial position, as long as you are a workaholic. A Dr Banardos boy, he was adopted and learnt dress making from his mother. He set up the Bruce Oldfield label with a £1000 bank loan, with which he has built an international business with a turnover of six million in ten years. A kind and gentle man, but also a brilliant businessman, publicist, and most of all, designer.

Oldfield's collection for this year was very Tex-Mex - full short skirts, and little jackets which had vivid floral embroidery dancing across the lapels and around the hem.

I personally am a great fan of Oldfield's, not so much in awe of his clothes, but of the man. He is very considerate, but a man who will really work for what he wants. However, his talents as a designer should not be underestimated. The Americans love his clothes, and hence he exports a great proportion. He has his own boutique in Harvey Nichols, such is demand for his clothes. And he does have a style of cut which is all his own, albeit expensive.

Katherine Hamnett

And so onto more profitable grounds. Many, myself included perhaps, would disdain the clothes of Ms Hamnett (my major complaint being that the buttons always fall off).

But out of all the designers mentioned, perhaps Hamnett is the most successful. In 1986, her business generated ten million pounds. And that is a lot of

money in this business.

She has made herself into youth cult. Those who flocked to her shows were not aspiring models, but fans. She has managed to climb to this position by means of a style of clothing which speaks of sex, rock and rebellion. She mixes fashion with politics, and the mixture can be explosive, (such as her engineering a meeting with Thatcher wearing a T-shirt bearing a political slogan) or a failure (the launch of her magazine Tomorrow being an example). She is idealistic.

But by no means naive - Peder Bertelson "She puts her ideas very forcefully to find out what others think; she's a very sincere person. It took a long time to get to know her, then we could start talking."

What about the clothes? Well, it's nothing inspiring, but it looks nice, and wears comfortably. She plays with images, as does any designer, but sex, not politics, seems to be the present undercurrent. She played around with catsuits and Moneypenny skirts, put Susie Kidd (with a chest like Samantha Fox) into a half undone duffle coat and little else - racy, sexy, enigmatic. This is the new Hamnett look.

The clothes are shown at her flagship designed by Norman Foster at Brompton Road. It cost 0.5m to convert, but the cost does not seem to worry Bertelson's financial director, Neil Cobb. "She's the only British designer who is anywhere near the Italians in terms of garments sold - 60-70,000 per season. Her business is in great shape."

This year, the main feature was not her clothes, but Mandy Smith - sex again. She showed a new hippy collection - tie-dyed denim, bare midriff tops, but presented a more wearable collection of schoolgirl pleats in white cotton voile, navy bell-shaped skirts, and white blouses over bustier dresses. To tell you the truth, her old stuff is the best, and she seems to have recognised this with the introduction of a Hamnett Classics line a couple of years ago.



What is the verdict for the Spring/Summer 1988 collection? Well... personally, I liked a few of the collections, but they are by those designers that I have always liked. In general, skirts are definitely going to stay short for a good long time - just above the knee is the longest you should be going for. With the rising hemlines follows a lowering of the line of the jacket. For Spring '88, prints have moved away from the predictable polka-dots and stripes, into the more abstract fields.

However, having elaborated at length on the collections, let me add a proviso. There is this feeling all over the fashion industry, and not just in London, that definite trends are getting more and more difficult to spot. Okay, I can tell you about the rise of the skirt above the knee, and about how big shoulders will be, or how long a jacket should come down to. Fashion in general is becoming far removed from the street, something which Coco Chanel would not approve of. I am not going to make any value judgements about the transition and separation of the two spheres. I am not as brave, or as influential, as Coco. But the feeling in the industry seems to be moving towards the conclusion that fashion is for the wealthy only, which is a great pity.

Ben Gilbey

Jasper Conran

"Nice clothes, but predictable and boring," one buyer said, and I agree.

Son of Terence and Shirley Conran, Jasper Conran has an annoying grin, but an eye for colour and cut which won him the Designer of the Year award in 1986. He began his business almost ten years ago, and his clothes still haven't progressed all that much.

He does make the most divine little suits in the most wonderful and expensive fabrics, but he designed almost the same suits five years ago. His collections, unlike other designers, have no theme, no direction, no continuity. His collections do change but only because he is very influenceable. For example, Conran's much talked-about "passionate affair" with John Galiano is very noticeable in his designs - the same collar, a similar line of cut, etc., etc.

Having said all that, this year's collection was quite pleasurable. Down the catwalk came the most wonderful colours - aquamarine, blush pink, turquoise - in gorgeous silk chiffon and organza. But, as usual, the high point of the show, and of all his collections to date, must be his suits. Paula Yates, she of blonde hair and a daughter called Trixibelle, adores his clothes, and I can't say that I blame her. But there were slight changes this year to the shape from the waist up. He softened his sharp and clean line with large blouses with long, flowing collars arranged over the jacket. His emphasis on fabrics has not changed - still the opulence, the expense. The cut was definitely in feeling with this season's mood - feminine and girlish.

However, the general opinion I received from most buyers was that the collection was well thought out, and looked very nice, but much of it won't sell. What items will sell?, I asked - the enviable neat little silk suits... enough said.



Life After the LSE

No more lectures, no more classes, no more exams, no more aimless wandering up and down Houghton Street. What is left after graduation?

James Robertson talks to three recent graduates.

"Life", said Katherine Hepburn recently, "gets harder the smarter you get, the more you know." Inevitably however, as one progresses in one's college career, the future, the rest of your life, begins to loom large. In some cases, the transition from student life to an actual "career" (or the dole) can be more problematic than the initial move to university. Whereas for some the door of opportunity is opened wide, for others, wishing nothing more than to be 18 again, the banality and regimentation of working life can be deflating and frustrating.

Clearly however, there is life after LSE. Indeed, perhaps there is life only after LSE. Whether selling dodgy knitwear, or training to become the next Lord Wedderburn, life, for the privileged few who hungrily strove (or not) "to know the causes of things", seems to be fairly much what you make of it.

Most of my contemporaries left LSE about 18 months ago. Going on to do various different things, their views of the LSE, are no longer conditioned by the daily concerns of student life. Nevertheless, they retain a clear perception of the place and are increasingly prone to reflect on its lasting impact on their future. Picking three of them, more or less at random, I sought to glean a few ideas on how to approach the day when I'd have to leave Houghton Street forever.

KEVIN

Kevin, from Northern Ireland, got a 2:1 in International Relations at the LSE and an MA in History (War Studies) at King's. Trading his casual-wear for an impeccable suit, the Beaver for the Financial Times, and his comfortable liberalism for a comfortable pay cheque, he now works in the City as a European Securities Analyst for a company of stockbrokers. He is torn between the thought that he has fallen on his feet, and the idea that his part of the City beano is his "just reward" for all those essays on the ethics of war.

Once he haunted UGMs, for "fun", watching people "moving to the right" as they lined up their careers. Now he's gone from the bores to the bulls... and the bears, wandering dealing rooms full of flashing lights and expensive hardware, strewn with copies of "The Sun", "The Daily Mail", and "The Times".

JULIAN

Meanwhile, Julian, from Derbyshire, quickly got into the "real people and real issues" of Student Union politics. For his trouble, he found himself presented with a 2:2 in Government, "the hack's degree", before being pushed out onto the street. "I was quite determined to get into some kind of political job... to make by politics degree vocational..." After a



few temporary jobs, he landed a part-time job, based on the principle "why work full time when you can work part time?", with a Trade Union in South London.

STEPHANIE

Stephanie, from Brighton, got "an undeserved 2:2" in History. "... Thank you God..." She claims to have wandered into the LSE only "a couple of times" during her three year stint. With "some regrets academically", she now works as an Information Officer for a charity in London.

Indeed, the first point to be made is that all, in the short-term at least, have stayed in the metropolis. As Kevin pointed out, it's difficult to begin to disentangle the LSE from London. If he were as pretentious as me, he might have said it was difficult to entangle it from life.

Essentially, LSE was our passport to London. It was a release from, or at least an antidote to the backward and parochial provinces. "At 18", Julian reflected, "you wanted to escape the North." Similarly, unlike most of his contemporaries, who chose to go to university in Belfast or Dublin, Kevin made a conscious decision to leave Northern Ireland. "From the outside", his views on the region, indeed his ideas generally, changed greatly.

Once in London, the learning process had little to do with the college, and even less to do with academia. Kevin also talks of the experience of living during the Thatcher years at the centre of the lower middle-class "social revolution". More prosaically, growing up often means little things, like learning how to pay your electricity bill, or how to manage on a grant. Being at the LSE "taught me a lot about banks" said Steph, with only a little smile.

"At the LSE", she suggests, "I can't say I learnt anything (academically)... I was just three years older... and a lot wiser..." Inevitably perhaps, you become acutely aware of the "shabby", reactionary, institution, which "just shat on everyone" over issues such as the Nursery, and which is increasingly geared to running as a private college, shamelessly ripping the students off.

There is general agreement that the School bureaucracy fails the students badly. Kevin suggests that it is turning the LSE into a "seat of privilege" where the cheque book increasingly holds sway over academic ability. In the 1980's, Julian argues, the place has deteriorated, educationally and socially, as the students have been increasingly drawn from the upper middle-class. "There are less regional accents in the bar, while the overseas students tend to come from the rich end of the social scale." Thus, Steph bluntly characterises the LSE as a "finishing school for middle-class people... a kind of public school for those who didn't go to public school."

Indeed, Kevin talks of "three LSE's", that mythical kingdom of academic nirvana which exists only in the minds of the School Authorities; that mythical vanguard of social consciousness which exists only in the mind of the "leftist" activists (and Fleet Street); and the building site "with no facilities and no atmosphere" which presents itself to the apathetic majority of the student body.

There were also the social interactions which flower in what Steph calls the "politically concentrated atmosphere" of Houghton Street. Kevin criticises its "cliquishness", and the "unreal environment" of its politics. On the other hand, the one thing which Steph admits to missing is "the political focus" which the LSE provided.

However, inevitably, for the hack the loss is even greater. Julian has thrown himself from Labour club to Labour Party, but the politicising is no longer as good, "it's not full time." Politics is a lot less immediate, less exciting, with a lot fewer "victories", when you're playing against Kenneth Baker or Nicholas Ridley, rather than Ed Lucas or Alun Evans.

And then there were the people. What you learnt from other students over a cup of coffee, Kevin

pointed out, often counted for much more than your formal education. Not always however. "I met a lot of stupid people at the LSE", says Steph, "including enough drunken, macho, pig ignorant men, for the AU to the left, to last me a lifetime." The name of the current Senior Treasurer is mentioned.

Not surprisingly therefore, after three years, there was no trauma in leaving. "I was quite glad to leave," said Steph laconically, "I was sick of it, fed up of the thought of doing exams." Kevin makes the same point about exams. "I am not nostalgic, I'd had enough at the end, my time was up."

Nevertheless, Steph suggests that the LSE was "a necessary stepping stone" for all us middle-class 18 year olds. "I can't imagine what would have happened if I hadn't gone." "I was glad I went", says Julian almost wistfully.

There is also the sense of good fortune of being able, as Julian puts it, "to do the work and get the grades to get in", before this became another avenue closed off by government policy and School duplicity. "We probably got in at the end of the good years" suggests Kevin, "I mean you could almost (almost) take your first two years off!" By contrast, today's students, if they can get in, are more career conscious, more "mercenary", from day one.

The contemporary external environment places a premium on "swotting", rather than any kind of "quest for knowledge and enlightenment". It is a time for paper profits and paper people. Students are doubtless as educated as they ever were, if not more so, but they often seem younger, less mature, less experienced.

Yet, experience is the key to life after the LSE... along with, of course, contacts. As part of the "university educated elite", our contemporaries are now becoming bankers, journalists, newspaper owners (fingers crossed), lawyers, businesspeople, and even, God forbid, politicians. The "old boy

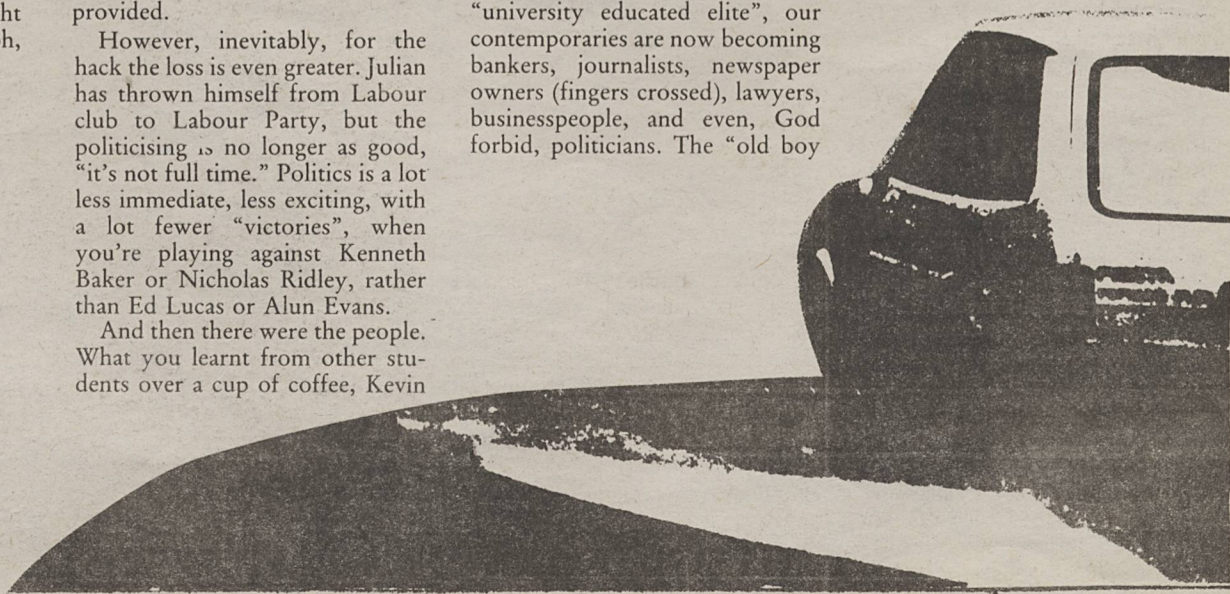


network" is growing steadily, and, principles and stock-market crashes notwithstanding, will probably ensure that our privileged position is maintained and, indeed, extended in the years to come.

Meanwhile, life after the LSE, for Steph at least, has been "a pleasant surprise." With a job she's "really into" (man!), she's working harder, drinking less, and has cleared her overdraft. Julian is still adjusting to the "politics of his (new) environment". For the moment, he waits to climb off the bottom rung of the Labour and Trade Union movement ladder, hoping that it isn't all collapsing around him.

Kevin has different concerns. He aims to spend a few years in the City and then return to Ireland. Working life at the moment is like "back to being a first year again, at the bottom of a new learning curve." Some of the interest and even excitement has returned.

But is his 8-6 just some furious swotting or is he setting out on a new quest for "knowledge and enlightenment"? It's probably impossible to tell. Therefore, whenever I feel tired of the student life I stick my head out from under the duvet at some particularly unfortunate time in the morning and listen to my friends as they go out the door on their way to work. "You've got to have a few bags under your eyes", says Kevin, "to have any credibility in the City." The same might also be said about working in the voluntary sector or about the Labour movement. Maybe it's not time to join them yet. After all, there's life and there's living.



Music

Def Jam Tour '87 :

Hammersmith Odeon

It is testament to the popularity of 'pure' rap that the Odeon has been sold out for three nights by NYC's and hip-hop's finest. It is no surprise, however, considering that the trio in question have produced three of the best LPs of the year. The audience is a multi-racial mixed basket of posturing b-boys and flirty fly-girls – all have come to enjoy.

The first act to appear were Public Enemy, self-styled exponents of black power – they cite Malcolm X, the Black Panthers and the Rapping Rabbi, Louis Farrakhan, as influences. The impression Public Enemy like to give is that their attitude and intentions are both wholly bad, take their song titles for instance: "You're Gonna Get Yours", "Yo! Bum Rush the Show", "Terminator X Speaks With His Hands" and "Mi Uzi Weighs a Ton". One might sense some animosity and hostility here. On stage Public Enemy somewhat belie their

bedsit – was lowered onto the stage. There was a puff of smoke and the Ladies Love, Legend in Leather finally made his entrance crashing through the tape-deck to be greeted by an absolute mega-blast of decibels. This was soon drowned out as the volume was pumped up and LL launched into his set, each track leading to much 'body rocking' and 'hip-hopping on the floor' before being seen off with a crushing crescendo of whistles and roars.

LL, resplendent in leather tracksuit, white Kangol and masses of gold, sprightly skipped and prowled around the stage reciting his sometimes sexist, sometimes witty, always egocentric and hopefully tongue in cheek rhymes. His stage presence is awesome and he knows it. He is 'badder than Hitler, Napoleon and Caesar', raps own public enemy no.1, THE original hip-hop gangster – 'the lost Mafioso'. It is amazing how his ego can fit onto the same stage as his beatbox.



image as they pranced around like children's TV presenters, their backing posse however have slightly more effect: they are dressed in paramilitary guise and are carrying Uzi machine guns. The provided a good set as they ran through their charming compositions and received a good reception from the crowd, the vast majority of whom seem to have whistles and air-horns to air their approval. Public Enemy left with a final message: PEACE!, their posse marched off in formation giving Panther-style salutes.

Next on was Eric B who materialised partner Rakim out of thin air a la Paul Daniels. They proceeded to run through the best tracks from their "Paid in Full" LP it was only during the singles "Eric B is President" and the title track they really started to 'move the crowd' however. They saved their best till last as the eclectic brilliance of "I Know You've Got Soul", the best single of the year to date, nearly caused the whistle posse to blow the roof off as the dynamic duo finally pumped it up. Then, all too soon, they left with a final message: PEACE!

Finally it was LL Cool J time. But first a spot of audience participation as they were pumped by LL's sidekick E- Love to chant: "LL..LL..LL..LL . . .", the boy is oh SO vain. The stage backdrop was lit up with two huge initials, I forget which, as an absolutely massive beatbox – bigger than my entire

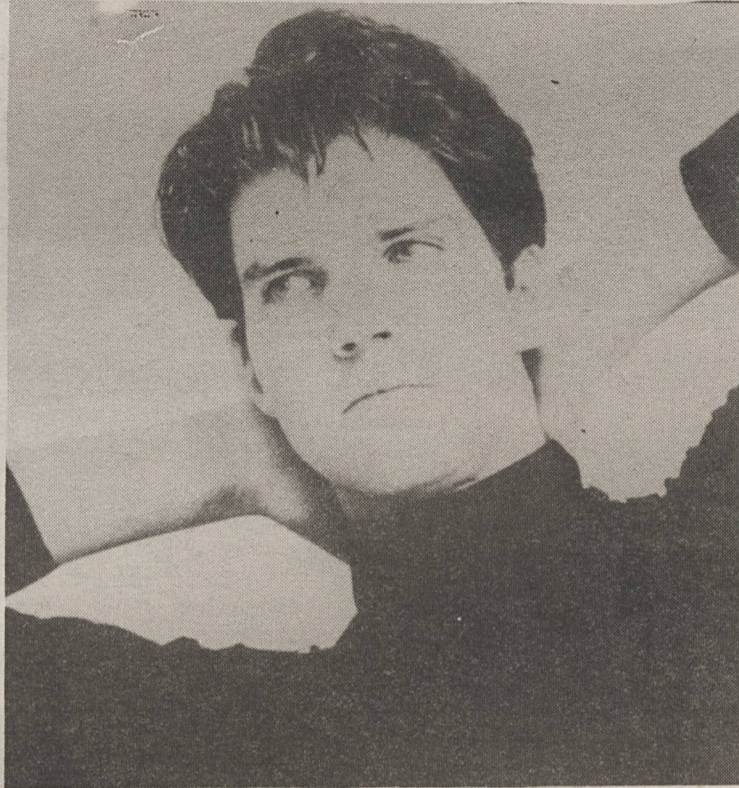
On stage, LL had an amazing propensity to grab his genital regions – at least once or twice a song. Never one for false modesty perhaps this was to encourage prospective squeezers to check his self-professed well endowed manhood ("half a block long", he claims). This filthy, obscene trait aside, he was in good form. The thing which sets our 'Long and Lean', 'Level-headed Leader' apart from his contemporaries is his vocal delivery. Whilst Public Enemy can only rap about Uzis, LL can deliver his rhymes with the pace and ferocity to match any automatic.

He raps and prowls through most of his "Bigger and Deffer" LP, with the notable exception of his hit-record "I Need Love", as well as the earlier gems such as " . . . Radio" and the earth-shatteringly monumental "Rock the Bells". Overall he exuded confidence and cool he knew the crowd was his, he took off his tracksuit top and a thousand fly-girls screamed at their 'Loquacious Lothario' – he, of course, grabbed his balls.

He finally finished with the awesome "I'm Bad" the response to which finally shattered my already battered eardrums (I still haven't recovered). The lights came on to the customary dissent and we all filed out no bigger but certainly somewhat deafer. It was definitely live, it was also totally brutal and utterly utter.

Kashmir Sohi
::arts

Lloyd Cole and the Commotions – Mainstream



Music Update

Firstly, a few more album reviews. The new Wedding Present album is absolutely brilliant. I spend about half a day searching through various record shops just to get the limited edition white vinyl single that came free with the first 2000 copies of the album (I finally found it in the Rough Trade shop) and it was worth it. Even though the album came out on the small independent Reception label it entered the National Album Chart at No. 47 last week. The music is fast, noisy and very tuneful and I would advise every music lover to get it.

Another very interesting album is "Come on Pilgrim" by the Pixies. They sound very weird, like a mixture of the Throwing Muses and the Red Guitars. Very addictive.

"Oh Africa" by Kofi Busia is also interesting but a bit disappointing. Kofi, the son of a former Ghanaian Prime Minister, uses only synthesizers and percussion instruments and so the record doesn't sound very African at all. It always reminds me of Robert Wyatt.

David Sylvian (ex-Japan) is back

with a new album "Secrets of the Beehive". Consisting of mainly quiet, slow songs this album is his best since "Brilliant Trees" and proves again that he is a great vocalist.

The best single of the week comes from the Fall. "Hit the North" is backed by "Australians in Europe" a songs that convincingly demonstrates how to make the best use of 4 chords.

Finally, The Sugarcubes gossip column. With NME and Melody Maker front covers in the same week The Sugarcubes are heading for megastardom. But last week I actually traced down one of the few people who wasn't too impressed. In a Beaver exclusive interview "The Shend", lead singer of the Very Things told me that their common record label One Little Indian spends about 80% of its time promoting the Sugarcubes thus doing little for the Very Things, who are undoubtedly the better group. This means that their next album will be delayed until next year. The Shend's comment: "Why don't they f*** off back to Iceland".



Beating those second album

blues with

those third

album blues.

Lloyd Cole and the Commotions – Mainstream

La primera vez. Esconded in the Catholic bareness of Carr Saunders Hall in 1983-84, down in the cells with our government (sic) grants, it would have been impossible, not to mention churlish, to ignore anyone who could outline "Charlotte St." with even a modicum of thought, never mind feeling. As we swayed in the cold wind that swept down Fitzroy St., we dreamed of perfect skin (only the Americans have perfect skin). We stepped back into the smouldering Forest Fire of what we imagined had to be our soul, and knew that we were Ready to be Heartbroken.

But, Four Flights Up, we had no Patience, and, when it was time to look for the Easy Pieces, we turned out to be Pretty Gone. We were playing with a Brand New Friend. Lloyd, as we all knew he would, had turned out to be a fairly Minor character.

" . . . you change with the weather, and this is the rain . . ." We had left Charlotte St., and the penitent life, ah, the penitent life!, for, not bigger nor better, but further things.

So, four years on, we've undergone de-toxification for overdosing on Leonard Cohen. Now we make love off a different road. And we've all got to make a living. A series of unstriking b&w photos look to accompany us as we flow into the Mainstream, making a slight pitch for that comfortable, comforting Christmas market, offering us the food of love, and the stuffing of life.

The ramblings punctuated by the inevitable name-checks encourage our propensity for reflection, even introspection. . . . this one's from the hip, why should I know why it's a wicked world . . ."

We reflect. A sea of words drowns out inarticulate mumbblings. We like Lloyd Cole – despite appearances – because of his lack of pretention. Because of the way he holds the mirror.

The soft sell is perfect. . . . baby gives me the hard sell, more give me more give me more more more, I'm your yes maam I'm your man Lord have mercy . . ." We show mercy, but only to ourselves.

Still we leave well alone when we find a hint of the truth; . . . her name on you . . ." What can be more delicious, more relaxing, than the attentions of a 29 year old boy? Heard but not seen. Feeling but not responsive. "I'll be your baby, I will not be your man, I will not be around when you call." He is, essentially, yours.

Who would you most like to make love to? Yourself of course. Of necessity. We remain quirkily inappropriate. These days, deep down inside, the fire still smoulders . . . with a grin.

James Robertson

Film

Maurice Cannon Shaftesbury Avenue

Cannon Fulham Road

The story of Maurice could have been the story of any two strangers who are forced by circumstances to live close to each other, two strangers who grow on each other, two strangers who become friends, and finally two strangers who grow close together becoming one. This could have been the story of any two lovers.

What makes it different though is that it is an autobiographical story by E.M. Forster, suppressed until 1971 due to the author's fear of repercussions on himself and friends, and a film in 1987 by The Merchant Ivory Enterprise Partnership.

Following closely in the footsteps of *A Room with a View* James Ivory offers a brilliantly photographed, perfect to the simplest detail, authentic costume period drama of cardboard dimensions. The story starts on a low and climaxes on a low without managing at any one stage to rise higher than that. *Maurice* is a long film, 140 mins. The saving grace of it is the tight editing on performances that verge on perfection.

James Wilby (Maurice) and Hugh Grant (Clive) shared the 1987 Venice Film Festival award for Best Actor. Wilby conveys a model product of rigid convention, education and snobbery of class at that time. Grant is a paragon of intellectual austerity and sublimated sexuality, translated into a misunderstood classical Hellenic ideal. They find themselves in love at Trinity College, Cambridge. When Maurice is sent down for a minor college infraction, their love manages to survive the test of time. They meet in London and there live their affair, in secret, until an old boy from Trinity is condemned for moral indecency.

Clive's love is not strong enough to withstand peer pressure and internal personal fear of losing his position in society. He abandons Maurice and goes straight, marrying a girl and going into politics. Maurice, like any other lover in his position, is momentarily dis-



oriented. He looks hopelessly to the family doctor for support. Unsurprisingly he gets none. In time Maurice comes to accept and learn, with the aid of a new man in his life, Alec Scudder (Rupert Graves). The horrified Clive can but only reminisce of their inherited codified relationship. Does he still love him? Too late, Maurice has turned his back on him, maybe he has discovered a deeper honesty.

It seems that little has changed between Britain in 1914 and Britain in 1987. The stigma remains, the story is as relevant now as it has ever been.

Yet this film has been applauded by misguided connoisseurs for the wrong reasons. Cinematically, the movie is perfect. The performances by the impressive cast (Including Judy Parfitt, Denholm Elliott and Ben Kingsley) are reflections of typecasting. Still, where the movie fails is its story-line. Its potential is never realised, its promises are never delivered. The inherited pathos in such a relationship does not transcend the celluloid. This is conventionality at perfection.

But more than anything else, the insult lies in Forster's choice of two lovers of the same sex rather than two heterosexual lovers. We are presented with what we are asked to believe is the peculiar love affair of two men. We are asked to believe that the events depicted and the situations arising through them, are particular to them. But no. These are the circumstances facing any two lovers at any one time in history. This is the theme of timeless love against all odds.

The biggest of all the odds comes from within the relationship itself, simply because one of the two lovers is weak. But this is universally true. There is no secret about it. Where one rejoices, the other will not dare. We are asked to pity Clive for not standing by the love of his life, Maurice. But this is often the case, where one leads, the other will not follow. Maurice and Clive's relationship came to a turning point; after that there could only have been one of two choices.

There are only two alternatives to any relationship, the "eternal" co-existence or the "inevitable" break-up.

Stavros Makris

Roxanne Cannon

Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* is well known. Inspired by this witty hero of the 1690s, Steve Martin has created Chief C.D. Balesm a hero of the 1980s. He is sophisticated, quick and a poet. Just like Cyrano, C.D. has been blessed with a long nose.

Roxanne is a story of a great man who knows his limitations. Limitations which he allows to come between himself and his dream girl. A dream girl who has eyes only for the handsome professional firefighter, whose shy bumbling she mistakes for quiet strength. Things are not always what they seem. There is no character behind his rippling muscles; there is inquisitive intelligence behind her perfect smile; there is a beautifully engaging man behind the ugly nose. *Roxanne* is in love with a man who looks like Chris (Rick Rossovich) and talks like C.D. (Steve Martin).

Steve Martin, writer and star of *Roxanne* has borrowed from the traditional portrayal of the amorous adventures of the 17th Century Captain of the Guard, Cyrano de Bergerac. To it he has brought his unique sense of humour and timing.

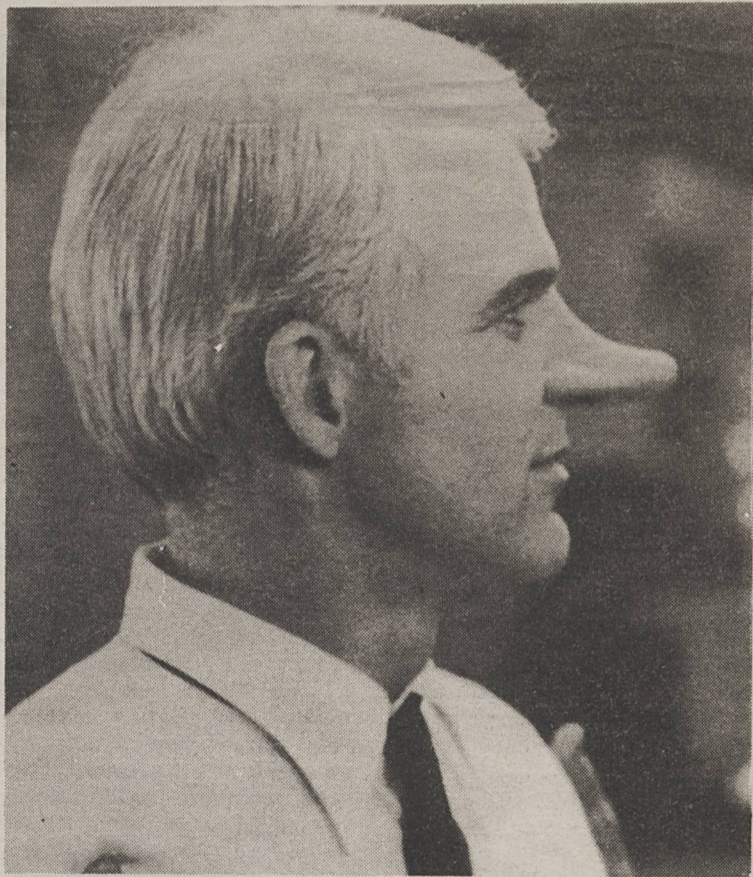
Roxanne (Daryl Hannah) is no different from other attractive

women, though not just a pretty face, she can be naive. She wants to believe that the newly arrived hunk is more than that. Just like all beautiful people she fails to see beyond her nose. What she wants is the body, only when she gets the body she realises what she needs is the mind.

There is little new here, the old story of boy meets girl, boy falls for girl, girl falls for another. The boy though remains true and undeterred in his love for her, all he can do is watch and wait. In time, for this is the never-never movieland, the girl sees that behind the muscle there is nothing. Unlike real life, *Roxanne* realises in time who really loves her and turns to him. Did she always love him? Was she only blinded by muscle? Or did she decide to go with the safe bet? Just like real life.

But it is not worth worrying about details which make life miserable. This is only make-believe, and as such it is a fresh new approach to a time-tested theme. Unquestionably, Steve Martin is a genius, of sorts; undeniably, Daryl Hannah is an ethereal existence. All together *Roxanne* is a thoroughly enjoyable movie.

Stavros Makris



Theatre Hamletmachine Minimalist Muck

A "Do-it-yourself" kit for aspiring trendies
Very easy to assemble
Guaranteed against philistines or your money back
Materials needed:

1 minimalist set (preferably black)
1 pseudo-intellectual cum existentialist plot
1 celebrity, political dissident (East German, if possible)
1 Arty-Farty New York director
2 hrs. of tortured symbolisms
2 hrs. of abstract allusions
A set of "B.P.s" (Beautiful People)
And anything you can call post-modernist

If you consider yourself a somewhat cultured, slightly erudite, definitely urbane person, then *Hamletmachine* will surely "out-erudite" you. The only thing it can offer is two hours of self-flagellation making you feel like a total philistine. In fact, it seems to enjoy such symbolic acts of sado-masochism that it gives a whole new dimension in the word - avant garde - literary masturbation in layman's terms.

All the characters are nameless save Ophelia and Hamlet, but then again, they're also "symbolic", or let's say, "representational". *Hamletmachine* succeeds immensely in being pretentious, presenting a plot which wholly consisted of a collage

of heavy German expressionist dialogues and movements. Picture Hamlet's immortal lines... 'I'll cram the corpse down the royal John so it'll fill the palace with shit.' Is this American nihilism taken to new heights, or our sacrosanct classics flushed down the cesspool of American Experimental theatre?

The sound of paper being torn seems to form a recurrent theme. In fact, the only highlight of the show was when Richard III (the experimentalist one) tore apart the playwright's picture. (Is this self-advertisement, or merely a metaphor of the resentment and contempt felt by a bunch of artisti-

cally tortured performers?)

In act IV, the play gets "political": (a term equated with the ambiguous line "We're involved"). Allegorical Hamlet trots out events alluding to Budapest 1956 (even for the uninitiated and unenlightened like, me, there is still hope). "Butchered a peasant" is perhaps the most memorable line for the sheer fact that it is delivered in varying accents to the genre of the "Teach Yourself English" cassette tapes. (During which the Kabuki-style head scratching convinced me that the cast was suffering from a severe case of dandruff)

The play is a desperate and pathetic attempt to portray "real existing

socialism" as Heiner Muller calls it (a symbol of our concrete society in shambles?). It is also a convenient vehicle for pretentious farts like director Robert Wilson to masturbate his ego. For the "B.P." set, it is a rallying point from which they can gloriously look down from their John Galliano Winter '87 and say: "We think it's visually tasteful and only we know and can appreciate what it's all about". Interested in a course on minimalist muck or dying to be part of the B.P. set? Then £8 for two hours of mindless, modernist morphine at the Almeida is what you want.

K. Pena

The London Film Festival

An Interview with Sheila Whitaker

An Interview with Sheila Whitaker. At the moment Sheila Whitaker must be one of the busiest people in London. Not only is she Programme Director at the National Film Theatre but she is the Director of the 31st London Film Festival scheduled for the 11th to the 29th of November.

Sheila Whitaker was appointed Head of Programming three years ago. She is the first woman to hold the position described as "the most prized job in the British Cinema" and "the most influential role in the nation's film culture". Before moving to the NFT Sheila was the director of Newcastle's internationally recognised Tyneside Cinema. Sheila's energy and expertise has been put to the test at the NFT which has continued to expand and flourish under her directorship.

Located in the South Bank Centre the NFT is one of the world's finest cinematheques, a veritable Mecca for all film, video and television lover. The aim of the NFT is to bring the history of thematic programming enabling film-goers to enjoy and learn about various aspects of international cinema. Challenging seasons of films and monthly programmes, are presented and augmented by seminars, discussions special events and "Guardian" lectures. All of which help to make the NFT a great source of both entertainment and education.

Throughout the year the NFT screens over 1,800 films from all over the world and from all periods of film making providing delights on a scale which no other organisation equals.

Sheila Whitaker "The NFT is the only institution that can give the public some sense of what cinema throughout the world is like. American cinema has such a dominance it is more difficult for other types of film to survive. Both the NFT and the LFF are very important as they enable people to view other kinds of film."

The NFT is partially funded by the British Film Institute.

"Our programme is too big, too varied. We have to import so many prints from around the world and therefore have a highly intensive labour force and cannot hope to make a profit."

"In any one day as many as five different films from around the globe can be screened. On any weekend there are between eight and ten films shown."

The NFT has built up, on the back of its reputation for excellent films, audience numbers which are 50% higher than those of most British cinemas. The NFT also boasts about 250,000 admissions every year and has a membership of 35,000. These figures reveal the rising market for films other than the "Rambo's" and "Rocky's" that have recently been inflicted upon

us.

In many ways the LFF mirrors the NFT. Sheila likes to think that "the LFF is the high-point of what could be described as a year long festival." The festival highlights low-profile films that would not receive so much attention if they were shown all the year round. Thus, the festival is a contribution towards keeping an audience for the less obvious types of film being made. The profile these films receive at the festival preserves and promotes public interest.

At this year's festival over 140 films from 40 countries will make their British debut. Choosing which films deserve a place in the LFF is a mammoth task.

"Not every film is a masterpiece but each has merits which more than justify its inclusion in a world-class event such as ours."

"A film has to have some degree of technical expertise, but beyond this budget does not matter as long as a film has guts. If it does what it is trying to do well one would consider including it."

"Obviously we would not put a racist film into a festival, but sexist films are more difficult. Sexism tends to be implicit in so many films. But one would not put anything virulently anti-female in."

As the first woman director of the LFF, Whitaker would like to give greater encouragement to women directors

"Any festival director has a different emphasis. I would like to see as many different films by women as possible but they would have to be good movies. Similarly Third World films have to be good movies. I am not looking for strictly feminist films. France, Germany and Holland all have good women directors who get a much fairer crack of the whip than over here. There are no prominent directors in mainstream cinema in Britain or America. Hopefully this will change as we are getting more women producers, but there are no signs of change. It is a very depressing situation."

Despite the paucity of films made by women the London Film Festival programme is comprehensive and varied. In recent years the Festival has paid particular attention to films from developing countries, a trend which is being continued this year. Derek Malcolm, a previous director of the Festival considers it to be "The best platform for Indian, Chinese, African and Latin American films among the world's non-specialist festivals."

Once again the British section is strong featuring, among others, Richard Attenborough's "Cry Freedom". The film focuses on the South African activist Stephen Biko and his relationship with the liberal editor Donald Woods. The festival closes with another British film Stephen Frear's and Hanif Kweishi's "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid", a kaleidoscopic tale of Thatcher's Britain (its original title "The Fuck" was changed to avoid "too many problems").

A particularly noteworthy feature of this year's festival is the inclusion of several previously banned Eastern European films only recently released in their home countries and made available for the first time outside the USSR. The release of these films is now possible due to the new Soviet policy of Glasnost. "A Woman on Her Own" (Poland 1981) receives its first authorised screening at the festival. It previously appeared in the West only as a result of smuggled prints until the current LFF screening - the first authorised by the Polish au-

thorities.

Another Russian film, Sergei Eisenstein's 1925 classic, "Battleship Potemkin" will be shown at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, accompanied by the Brabant Orchestra playing Mersel's original score of the film. A restored and colour tinted print of the legendary 1925 "Ben Hur" will be screened five times at the London Palladium.

For the first time in the history of the London Film Festival the official opening night presentation will be held at the Empire in Leicester Square. The chosen film is Mike Hodges "A Prayer For The Dying", possibly the most controversial film in the festival. The film was re-edited by the American company it was made for. Because of this Hodges now wishes to be disassociated from it.

All of the "Festival in the Square" films have been selected with a view to showcasing coming attractions. These range from the modestly budgeted films to international blockbusters, each representing the best of popular cinema.

Fortunately the festival is keeping its traditional and valued question/answer sessions with directors, producers and actors immediately after the screening of their films.

Guests at this year's festival include the geniuses of European Cinema, Federico Fellini, and Jean Luc Godard. Fellini will talk to Gideon Bachmann in a Guardian Lecture which will undoubtedly be one of the most popular in years.

Tickets for evening performances are scarce in comparison with those for daytime shows. It is advisable to book in advance wherever possible. Tickets are currently available for National Film Theatre members and will be on sale to the public from the 6th November. In addition some tickets will be held back and go on sale at the door on the day of performances.

Sheila Whitaker considers a good film to be not only pleasurable, but "uplifting" and "though provoking". During the festival take time to experience the pleasures of film. Gaynor Allen & Christine Carson



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Cricket

MCC Indoor 6-A-Side Championship

An indifferent start was made by the LSE cricketers, this year's defending champions. The first match was comfortably won in an uneventful encounter against Old Westminster, but heads were bowed in disappointment as the second match was lost to Washington in the final over.

Having lost the toss and been put in to bat, the LSE team promptly collapsed, with three of the first four wickets to fall being run-outs; and it was largely due to Matthew Lonergan's responsible batting that the team had any chance of winning.

After such a poor batting performance, it was not surprising that a great deal of effort was put

into the fielding, and the bowling was very tight, especially that of Jamal Sukhera and Mark Wynne-Jones. Nevertheless, Washington managed to scramble home with two balls to spare; and so to regain the trophy, the team must win all its remaining matches.

Two LSE students were recently elected to positions within the University of London Cricket Club. Saeed Khawaja was elected to be first team captain, and Derek Smith was elected secretary of the University of London Cricket Cup. Saeed is also captain of the LSE team this season, while Derek has the jobs of club captain and fixtures secretary.

Football

LSE 1st XI 1

UCL 1st XI 2

The mighty LSE went crashing to their third defeat in four games, despite producing their best form this year. Once again it was a slow start that led to the conceding of a sloppy goal within the first couple of minutes.

However, heads didn't drop and the lads bounced back to play some class soccer in the last twenty minutes of the first half. Yet despite continuous pressure on the UCL goal, LSE couldn't find the back of the net, and it was on the stroke of half-time that UCL caught LSE on the break to make it 2-0.

The delightful, flowing football continued after the break, and we were eventually rewarded with a goal – a cracking header by "grinning" Bobby Jones. The race was now on to get the equaliser, but in the rush tempers flared between members of our own side (names withheld) as well as with the opposition. The referee really needed to "get a grip" but considering his slumbering performance this was out of the question.

LSE were unlucky not to have the equaliser before the final whistle blew. Captain Macca, was understandably "sick as a parrot" but he consoled himself with the philosophical ponderance, "it's a funny old game".

LSE II: 3

Royal Holloway III: 0

Saturday saw the seconds use a revolutionary new sweeper system brought in by Alex Hunt – and it worked. The seconds had most of the play, with the opposition looking very ordinary. Dave Warren slotted home a penalty early on and for the rest of the half we played well. The second half became a little scrappy with some changing of positions, but all in all a sound performance.

UAU
LSE II: 0

Imperial College: 3

Although Imperial were the best team we've played this season, a 1-0 scoreline would have been a better reflection on the match. The defense soaked up a lot of pressure, especially in the second half, with Marco having another good game. Nick "Rambo" Markham also had a good game, heading anything in sight – and getting a boot in the head for his trouble. Richard Korab made a fine debut, and Cyril Adjei displayed great sprinting ability.



LSE V: 2

Imperial College: 1

With goalkeeper Ali Fassa injured, and their top scorer, Richard Korab, moving up to the second team, the LSE team played their first homematch on Wednesday. However, they went onto the pitch with an enviable unbeaten record.

Captain Walid Eid opened the scoring but this lead was short-lived, after poor marking from a corner kick led to the equalizer. LSE's commitment and determination paid off when Florian Miedel headed in the winning goal.

Basketball

LSE victorious over Loughborough University!

The LSE basketball first team had their first game of the season two weeks ago against London League team Woolwich. It was only the second time that the team had got together, although they fought well against a well organised side containing ex-national league players. Despite fourteen points from Phil Nickels, the LSE team went down 78-72.

However, we were to win our next game against the legendary Loughborough University team on Sunday November 1st. A steady first half performance put LSE in the lead, with Fred Scherneck and Demetribuse Russel scoring freely. In the second half these two big men got into foul trouble as Loughborough surged into the lead.

Yet LSE regained their composure, and with great spirit forced their way back into the game, dominating the last quarter. In the end LSE won 90-83 – a great achievement considering that Loughborough were last year's UAU finalists and the much fancied team for this year's competition.

Paul Bradshaw

Houghton Street Harry

With little happening in the world of sport this week (apart from England in India – result unknown at the time of going to press), H.S.H. is focusing on one of Britain's supposed sporting heroes, Nigel Mansell.

Yet again "Big Nige" has put up a good performance, but failed to win the world drivers' championship. Some would point to his run of bad luck as the reason for this failure, but is this the case?

The British press, in its own inimitable fashion, has built up Mansell's image into one akin to a demi-god, although this is really quite unjustified. Admittedly he has struggled well against difficult circumstances – had he been born in Osaka rather than Birmingham, Honda would certainly have been more helpful to both the Williams' drivers, rather than just Nelson Piquet.

Nevertheless, Piquet, as opposed to Mansell, has applied the principle of playing within the rules of the game to perfection. For Mansell to score in only nine races is criminal in a sport where consistency is paramount. One may say that car failure is not Mansell's fault, but often the way the driver handles the car is a contributory factor in any failure.

Finally, Mansell has only come close to success in the last two seasons because he drives the best car on the circuit. Alain Prost is generally acknowledged as the "best driver", and next season Mansell will struggle in a normally aspirated three-litre Williams. To sum up, Nigel Mansell, like David Pleat, is a loser. He will probably always do well, yet he hasn't got what it takes to be the best.

Ladies Hockey

LSE I: 0

Imperial College I: 0

We finally got a point in the UAU, drawing away to Imperial (on a god-forsaken pitch at Heathrow). It was a gruelling match, with the ball going up and down the pitch, but both teams failed to turn short-corners into goals.

The LSE defence played solidly (showing the benefits of practice) and coped well with Imperial's centre-forward, who was very good at gamesmanship. The forwards also played well, showing some good passing, although the goals just failed to materialise.

After match events provided great suspense. First of all, three players tied for "Woman Of The Match" – Jo, Cath, and Nicki; then, after a revote, Cath Jones had to down her pint on account of her brilliant forward, midfield and defensive play in the second half. Marinella also had to down a pint on account of her reaching the magic age of 21. Being a hardened drinker, however, she coped with this admirably.



Photo: Ross Broadstock