

THE BEAVER

UNOFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

Houghton St. Holdup

Photo: Sivan



By JULIAN OZANNE

Four armed men tore through crowds of unsuspecting LSE students on Houghton Street last Wednesday morning as they emerged from their 10:00 lectures. The gunmen, one carrying a sawn-off shot gun and another a revolver, made their escape through the LSE after having held up a security van delivering cash to the National Westminster Bank on the Aldwych.

At 11:02 last Wednesday morning the four men, wearing trenchcoats and wigs, approached a Group 4 Security van on the corner of the Aldwych and Houghton St. The three security men were forced, at gunpoint, to hand over a bag containing 15,000. The robbers then proceeded down Houghton St. to their getaway car, a blue Ford

Orion, waiting outside the Economist's Bookshop. A member of the public, who gave chase on a motorcycle, lost the assailants when they abandoned their car in Great Turnstile Street.

A police spokesman at New Scotland Yard described the men as white, in the mid-to late thirties, two wearing blue trenchcoats, and two in beige. The police are appealing for any witnesses to come forward.

LSE student, Dave Waksman, was walking past the Economist's Bookshop when the four men ran past, one dropping the money in his haste. "They were very well dressed, and, as one man turned around, it looked like he was holding a gun inside his coat. As they approached a blue car, he shouted to the others, 'Come on, quick, get into the bloody car!'"

A spokesman for National Westminster Bank told the

Beaver that although it is common knowledge that deliveries are made, the time is always changed. While he refused to comment as to whether the bank would be taking further security measures to safeguard LSE students who are customers, he said, "All I can say is that, while I sympathise with students' fears, the bank has the most up-to-date security system. There's nothing much more that we can do."

So far the robbers have, according to Mr. Rice of Group 4 Security, got 'clean away with it'. He confirmed that the deliveries are changed by one or two hours a day and that, therefore, the armed men must have been waiting around the LSE for some time.

New Scotland Yard said last week that they were continuing their investigation and were pursuing 'important leads'.

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THE BEAVER COLLECTIVE

MEETING: MONDAY 5PM E204

LSE Murder Mystery

by Nic Cicutti

Mystery still surrounds the exact status of two Tamil men rumoured to be LSE students who died in a fire-bomb attack on Thursday 14th November.

Immediately after the attack, police officers investigating the case claimed that two of the victims, Mr. Ganaharan Arithimoorthy and Mr. Nirvalan Selvanayagam were, in fact, LSE students.

Following Student Union enquiries, the LSE has denied that the two people concerned are registered at the School. But Pete Wilcock, Union General Secretary, believes this may not be the whole story. "Some people do not register at the School, but still attend lectures and classes here," he told Beaver.

Wilcock is also concerned about the apparent unwillingness of the School to take the issue of racist attacks on students seriously. Last year, following an attack on a student in the Aldwych, the School denied that it had any responsibility for incidents which occur off the premises.

The Student Union is now asking the LSE to monitor attacks on its students wherever they take place. They also want the authorities to publish guidelines for overseas students, including areas where such attacks do happen and pubs to avoid because of previous trouble. Many LSE students live in areas where racist attacks regularly occur.

The issue of the Tamils who died last week has, in the words of Pete Wilcock, "re-awakened the fears of many LSE students who face harassment." It is up to the the LSE to make the next move.

Freedom for Soviet Jews

By Greg Lane

At 11:00 a.m. last Thursday a representative from the Israeli embassy started reading what was to be a day long roll-call of the names of 10,000 Soviet Jews.

The vigil, one of many on university and college campuses throughout Britain, was held in order to focus attention on the worsening plight of the 358,000 refuseniks in the USSR.

The participants in this "Day of Solidarity with Soviet Jewry", sponsored by NUS/Student and Academic Campaign for Soviet Jewry, demanded that Moscow live up to the human rights' provisions agreed upon by the signatories of the 1973 Helsinki Accords.

In leaflets passed out by the organisers in front of the Old Building, it was claimed that the 2 million Jews in the USSR are "alone among the 110 national and ethnic minorities to be denied the right to learn and perpetuate their traditions, language, history, and culture".

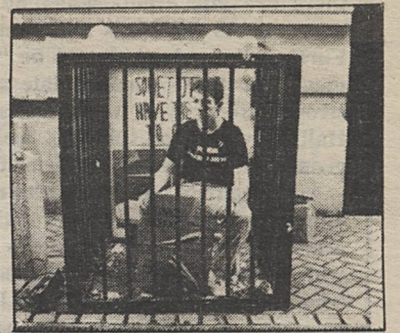


Photo: Sunil Shah

In addition to the roll-call the organisers asked both participants and onlookers to sign the plane-like petitions protesting Soviet violations of the Helsinki Accords. The planes, once collected from all the campuses, are to be given to the embassies of countries that signed the accords in an effort to apply pressure on Moscow to abide by the guarantees of human rights it has "signed, sealed, but not delivered".

SID TURNS VICIOUS

by ROSS BROADSTOCK

Caught napping by fast actions and quick talking, the Left allowed the first airing of Rory O'Driscoll's share-owning venture to pass virtually unscathed. However, after the left spent a week re-grouping and planning its attack, the motion scraped home under heavy fire with only another burst of O'Driscoll blarney and the pleas of a pregnant, would-be nursery-user saving the day.

O'Driscoll's proposition was "I want to get some money, to lend to you, for you to buy British Gas shares, and give the profits to the nursery".

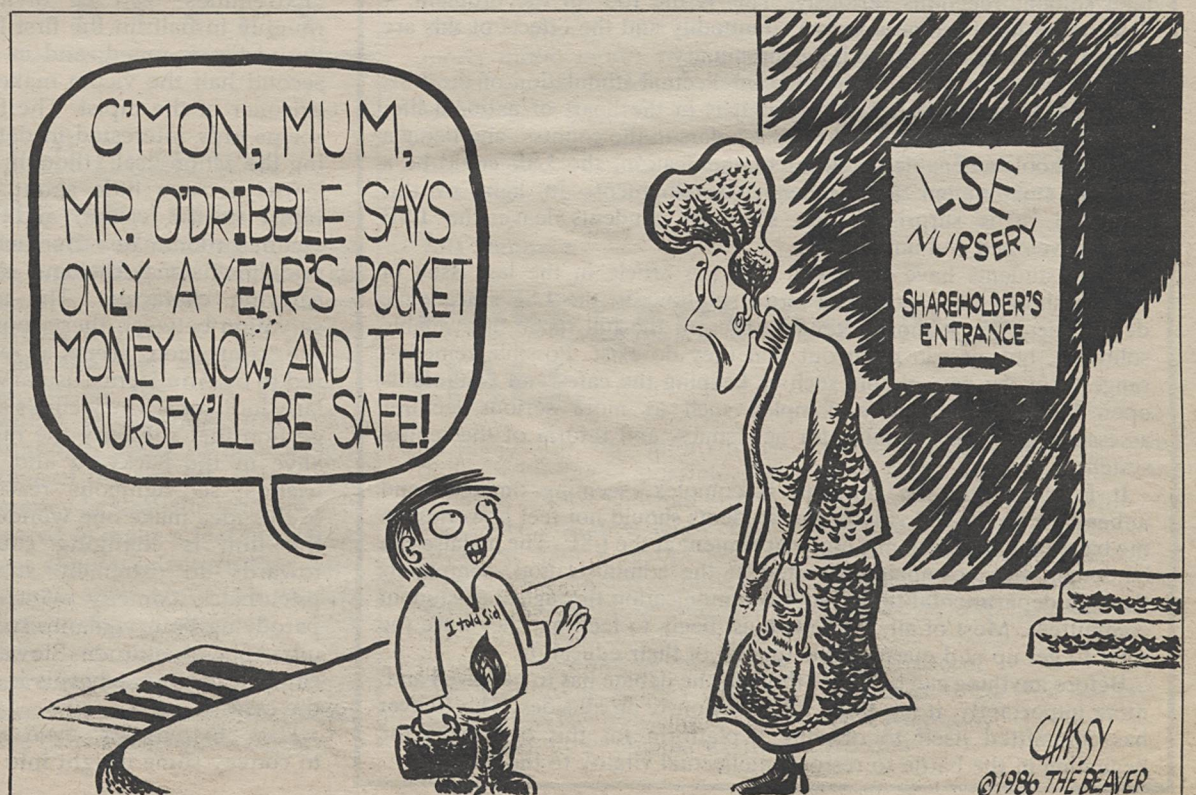
George Binnette made a most passionate and convincing speech against the motion, and, with Avinash Persuad, covered the ideological aspect of the LSE being seen supporting privatisation. They also tried to emphasise that the longer-term financial problems would be left unanswered.

O'Driscoll's argument was that the privatisation could not be stopped by LSE students, and that the union providing money

would put additional pressure on the school to increase its own financial aid.

To appeal to the sympathy vote, a pregnant Lois Hants entered as O'Driscoll's second speaker. Contrary to her stance when a socialist LSE Women's Officer, she now declared direct occupation-type actions as a "Means for people to feel better", but ineffective; she now supports union sponsorship of the Nursery.

Privatisation eventually won the day - but the issue is still not concluded. As this is a resolution which involved Union finances, a further vote will be taken requiring a two thirds majority.



BEAVER

Freedom from Fear

On the 29th of September this year three black students were brutally attacked by a marauding mob of about 40 racists, in what the police described as "a totally unprovoked attack". One of the black victims was admitted to hospital with critical stab wounds in the chest; another was stabbed in the stomach and had puncture wounds through his bowels. The third suffered serious cuts to the face.

Ten months earlier an Asian student, Kalbinder Hayre was run down in broad day light by a group of racists in a transit van as she left her college. Doctors say she died a slow and painful death from multiple injuries.

And now just last week three Tamil students, reportedly attending the LSE, were burnt alive in their own home after another racist attack. If these attacks were racially motivated then they are not the odd exception in an otherwise racially harmonious Britain. Over 20,000 serious racial attacks are reported to the police every year. And of course, this is not even the whole story. Many racist attacks are not reported to the police because the black community feels that they are not interested.

With racial tension so acute in Britain, it is not surprising that many blacks including many black students at the LSE are forced to live a restricted life unable to travel through huge tracts of London and other British cities except in fear.

Sadly it seems that most British students at the LSE do not appreciate this fear. Witness the preposterous argument peddled by some "liberal-minded" students at LSE that the best way of opposing those who incite racial hatred is to let them voice their ideas and then to argue with them rationally.

It is obvious that such a view does not come from those who understand the fear of being black in a racist country. It is plain that those who tout such ideas are not the people whose blood curdles at the sight of a National Front banner, or whose heart pounds when racists run through a crowd looking for black skin. At the end of the day it is not white liberals arguing rationally with racists who get knifed in the chest.

All the students at the LSE should think beyond abstract freedoms and consider those LSE students who are imprisoned by fear because of the colour of their skin. Our union must fight sincerely to make all its members free from fear.

There are many positive things that can be done, for instance whenever there are late events going on at the LSE the union could provide transport to the Halls and nearby tube stations for high risk groups. Further the School should be "encouraged" to make similar arrangements for those working late at the library and ensure that there is stronger security in the School and Halls. In our demands for increased Hall provision for students, we must press that in new halls high risk groups should be given a priority.

And finally in our attempt to make the LSE and Hall environs safe for all students, we must defend both the dignity and safety of our black and asian students by invoking the Geneva Conventions of Human Rights which states that freedom of speech is a right to be deprived only to those who incite racial...hatred. Our Union must stand by the side of its black members, defend their pride and their being and not allow racial hatred to be organised at the LSE.

Academic Wasteland

Who cares about academic mediocrity? The general silence on last week's lead story so far has proven our point on the apathy of both students and faculty.

The reluctance of students to speak out publicly about the problem reflects either their feeling of powerlessness to change the situation or the misguided lack of concern over their academic development. In any case, the blame rests with the system and the faculty's resignation to it. It is the responsibility of the teachers to inspire their students, not that of the students to inspire their teachers.

The absence of faculty response confirms the suspicion that they don't take student reactions seriously. This is the root of the problem. - Dedication has become a scarce commodity and the effects of this are blatantly apparent in our school community.

Despite the lack of concern, the intellectual stimulation of the LSE remains a crucial issue. Located as it is in the heart of national life, proudly possessing some of the top scholars in the country, and being a small school, amenable to close communication, the LSE could be a perfect environment for academic development. In light of this potential, it is surprising that so many students leave the LSE underdeveloped and uninspired.

Some students have remarked that the article in the last issue of Beaver should have proposed more solutions to the LSE's academic deficiencies. We cannot pretend to present the full range of available solutions, but we can point out that they do exist. Possible remedies range from the very simple such as keeping the cafes and restaurants open later, to the more complex such as more serious lecturer assessment, teacher training for academics, and reform of the tenure system.

It is clear that the problem is complex, seeming ominous and unbeatable to the individual. But students should not feel powerless in the battle against academic impoverishment at the LSE. The malaise can be fought by a campaign directed at the administration, complaints through departmental tutors, and communication through staff-student committees. Most of all, students must begin to feel that they have the right to get up and question the quality of their education.

Before anything can be done, though, the debate has to be raised and, more importantly, it has to be taken seriously on all sides. The Beaver has committed itself to offering a platform for this debate as the beginning in the battle to restore intellectual vitality to the LSE.

Cyprus

Dear Editor:

Last week's article on Cyprus has only achieved a one-sided and inadequate commentary.

First, in January '85, the Turkish side accepted a UN proposal that would have annihilated the UDI. The Greeks refused. Even "Le Monde" had to admit then that, under the circumstances, the presence of Turkish troops became a secondary subject.

Secondly, the 11-year civil war had been provoked by 20,000 Greek mainland soldiers imported in Christmas 1963, and by the Greek Cypriot president declaring again and again, "Enosis" (Le Monde calls it "Greek anschluss") as the primary goal.

Third, in 1974, after the retreat of the soldiers in '67, Greece's junta government masterminded a coup in Cyprus in order to realize "Enosis." Turkey, by the right given to her in the Triple Accord, intervened.

Now the Turkish side desires a Swiss-like confederation instead of Lebanese-like power sharing.

Yours respectfully,
S. Ergen
IR Department

P.S. The Turkish candidate in the Cyprus society regrets to declare that he has resigned. Using culture to promote politics is a pity.

EXTREME EXPLOITATION

Dear Beaver:

"Give the people what they want": the old Hollywood maxim is shamelessly followed again and again, most recently by the maker of "Extremities" (reviewed 17 November). In the tradition of films such as "Missing in Action" and "Rambo", "Extremities" aspires to exploit the viewer's vulnerable spots by allowing him/her to manifest anger against an evil oppressor. "Extremities", though, is particularly reprehensible in that it chooses a singularly sensitive and emotional area to fit this old formula - the fear of sexual assault.

Perhaps the least of this film's problems is that character development is practically nil. "Extremities" can be divided roughly in half: in the first half the victim is raped, and in the second half the victim makes a prisoner of the rapist. The film seems only interested in detailing the action itself, though; we learn precious little about the rapist or the victim, and the victim's roommates are merely one-dimensional, dialogue card-carrying characters. The conversation between these four at the "confession" scene, as referred to by Ann Henry, is particularly ludicrous. The victim's suggestion that she bury the rapist alive in the backyard and her friends' self-righteous reaction to this idea make one wonder if the film is changing course towards an extremely subtle, pitch-black comedy which is parodying both vigilantism and ultra liberal attitudes towards crime. Unfortunately this is not the case.

Had "Extremities" even tried to convey some insight into the

problem of rape, it would not be half the appalling film that it is. Instead, it is clearly concerned with providing the viewer, particularly the female viewer, with a voyeuristic opportunity to watch the rapist get the hell beat out of him. That is all. This simplistic, easy money formula is becoming a new kind of pornography - gratify the audience's most vindictive feelings and you're a hit at the box office. The same effect could be achieved by a film showing Nazis being publicly tortured. Some may find this entertaining or satisfying, but it is in no way art.

Sincerely,
John Newton

Dear Beaver:

Thank God for Botsford! When Jonathan Putsman was forced to stop writing the "at the Union" article, it was a very sad day at the LSE. It was even sadder when Baldock and Evans took over. Finally (I hope) you have found somebody both witty and literate to write it.

Richard Osher

P.S. I've heard a rumour that Kilby wants to write the column. You can't let him, or there will be no room at the LSE for anyone else once his ego stops expanding.

Dear Beaver:

Just a few lines on last week's Union report. There seems to be a peculiar morality at work among those who sit on the right at SU meetings, a morality which allows them one week to vote for "Free Speech at NUS Conference" but enables them to bombard speakers at their own Union meeting with tightly rolled up pieces of paper.

A guest speaker last week, referred to "The politics of the playpen" and in connection with "juvenile behaviour". (Of course we were quite wrong to impute such behaviour of children - children who have through the normal state school education system.)

What we see weekly at LSE is

the behaviour patterns associated with those who have been educated through the "public school" system. (In most cases at LSE, minor public schools since otherwise they would be at Oxbridge.) The politics of Billy Bunte & the Famous Five.

There is, however, a serious point to all this, quite simply, there is no free speech in the LSE. SU, where the chairperson either refuses to or is incapable of allowing Union members to speak without being intimidated.

Therein lies the roots of fascism, and those who, for whatever reasons, run with wolf pack, may find themselves the next victim.

History has been known to repeat itself.

J. Scott
T.U. Studies
A rather old communist

Dear Editor,
The debate on "Freedom of Speech vs. No Platform" is something of a misnomer.

I feel strongly that the spurious appropriation by the Right of the word, "freedom", distorts the real issue, which might be better appreciated (and acted upon) were the argument to be re-phrased: "Incitement to Violence vs. Freedom from Racist Propaganda". Shirley Smith

CORRECTION

Steve King's letter on the choosing of Alliance candidates for the SU elections (Issue 249, Nov. 3) was in fact not written by Steve King, but by someone using his name. In order to avoid this kind of libelous activity in the future, "The Beaver" will only accept letters if there is a member of the collective present to receive them.

Ed-less Beaver

The Beaver Editors have not been ratified by the UGM. Please vote to ratify the Collective report at next weeks meeting if you wish the Beaver to continue. Thank you

THE BEAVER

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At The Union

By Elizabeth Botsford

One day Napoleon called a Meeting.

General Peter Rabbit reported that Snowball's allies had been petrol bombing three Tamils and had forced them to move from barn to barn. "Coordinated protection services" were suggested for "black" animals only. But Jim "the Loch Ness Monster" McNally reminded the assembled that - "All animals are created equal" - The motion was overwhelmingly carried.

Meanwhile Simon "Squealer" Bexon, who had been a court jester at the time of Mr. Jones, was fixing the loud speakers. Manor Farm's technology was now sadly ageing.

General Peter Rabbit then introduced one of three hundred animals sacked from an artificial claw and beak factory - "Four legs good, two legs bad," he yelled. His factory is owned by a multi-national oppressor, who invests heavily in countries sympathetic to "new Manor-farm style management". Perhaps then, Maggie Puddleduck is doing a good job in attracting new business to the farm (albeit that her tactics include employing Mr. MacGregor).

One of the Sheep asked General Peter Rabbit about the career's day he had promised to organized, instead of allowing the Manor-relic AIESEC to do so as only one or two replies had been forthcoming. In fact, only one or two businesses had been asked to attend because all the others traded with Mr. Jones's South African allies.

Then Napoleon O'Driscoll moved to suspend standing orders. "I must work harder" he proclaimed, quoting Boxer Birnnet, and asked the animals to mandate him to clear up after the Meetings.

A raven spoke of Soviet Jewry asking for solidarity with siblings behind the Iron Gate trying to escape to the Sugar Candy Mountain.

Babs "the Badger" Band told of a forthcoming visit by one Edwin Heath, world record breaking hypnotist - could he be one of Snowball's allies, his name so familiar and yet....

The animals then voted down the Beaver Collective, realizing the dandifying effect of mass media. No money for such fripperies as newspapers. Only Clover put up her hoof, but she was whisked out of sight.

Then came the issue all the animals, but especially the pigs, had been waiting for - how to fund the rebuilding of the Windmill Nursery. At the Battle of the Connaught Cowshed, the allies of Mr. Jones had destroyed the Windmill which the animals had worked so hard for. Where could they get the money to rebuild it?

Hens' Group refused to sell their eggs to gain revenue because that would mean con-

tact with the outside world. Tina, one of the loudest hens, kept saying that Mr. Jones could only make her understand in hen-speak - "I must work clucking harder. I wish you would do the clucking same."

Was this just Napoleon's "gigantic publicity stunt"? Had he realized that the



slaughterer's van had been put on standby by Boxer Binnette and his crew?

Boxer Binnette then stood amid the foaming throng. "Beasts of England, Beast of Ireland," he turned to Napoleon O'Dribble, "The animals should not betray Old Major Sid, he of the revered Webbed feet, by bankrolling an early general election victory for Snowball, Maggie Puddleduck and their allies."

The climax of his speech referred to the ritual hypothermic killing of old Animals before the rebellion. The fact that they still died like this was, doubtless, another of Snowball's mendacious ploys.

The Centre-Left swooned. The right screamed through their two minutes' hate (doubtless this therapy lessens psychiatrist fees).

A hen from the time of the Battle of the Connaught Cowshed announced that she was hatching twin cocks. She would not be able to return to Animal farm unless the Windmill had been built. She chided the animals for their "learned helplessness" and asked, "why don't we use the system?"

Throughout her speech Colin "the Sheep" interrupted, chanting "4 legs good, 2 legs bad, 4 legs good, 2 legs bad".

Then Avinash drew a facetious parallel with the oppressed animals of South Africa. It was the animals' favourite political football. Most of their squabbles, usually originating from post-election blues, were articulated through the problem of apartheid - "I hate you. You beat me in the election. I any case, you weren't on the anti-apartheid rally. You must be racist." Avinash spoke again - "We demand a nursery...Yak...Yak...instead of peddling in these shares."

But the row drowned his voice. Out of the milling crowds, rising on a cloud of paper aeroplanes, Simon Squealer Bexon could be seen, microphone lead held whip-like in hand, rising onto his hind legs - "4 legs good, 2 legs better. 4 legs good, 2 legs better," squealed the Centre-Right. "4 legs good, 2 legs better."

Photo: Sunil Shah



Ireland: Let's Hear The Facts

By J. O'NEIL

To the WESTERN World the mere mention of Ireland conjures up images of Bally Kelly, bomb-blasted Belfast or windswept Crossmaglen. Hidden behind the popular 'spaghetti Western' view of the 'troubles' seems to be a closely knit belief that the problem is one of a pathological race destined to squabble and fight among themselves.

The only pity about the situation is that they should allow their violence to spill over to the cosy confines of Harrod's or Brighton. Bernadette McAliskey once said, "It doesn't matter what I say; it doesn't matter what you say. As long as there is one British soldier on Irish soil propping up a system which is unfair and exploitive, there will always be someone somewhere willing to take a gun and attempt, single-handedly if necessary, to complete to struggle for Irish freedom." That is the reality whether we like it or not.

DISCRIMINATION

Notern Ireland is, so the inhabitants are told daily, a constituent part of the United Kingdom. Yet it has the worst housing, the worst sanitary system and

the lowest average pay in Western Europe. A Catholic is three times more likely to be 'on the brew' (unemployed) than a Protestant. This is no accident. Northern Ireland was created in 1921 for two main reasons. Firstly, to preserve the economic and strategic interests of the British ruling class. Secondly, to enhance Protestant privilege. Witness the ship yard purges of the 1920's and even the systematic intimidation of the B-specials in the 1960's.

In a situation as polarised as the six counties, there is little hope for a peaceful solution for reconciliation. Condemning violence in these circumstances is pointless. If condemnations had the power to stop violence, it would have ceased long ago.

SUFFERING

Yet that in no way diminishes or detracts from the suffering which has been undergone in Northern Ireland for the past twenty years. Over 28,000 people have been killed and thousands more maimed or scarred. Such political suffering defies translation onto the British, never mind world-wide. So, how is it to be stopped?

The problem rests solely on the presence of a foreign force on an

alien soil. The state of Ulster was artificially created in 1921, has been artificially maintained through institutionalised discrimination and violence and is being artificially maintained through a so-called agreement which attempts to bypass the nationalist aspirations of the majority of Ireland.

TROOPS OUT

Sooner or later, the army will have to be removed. Whether that is immediate or phased makes little difference except to the sloganeer. The Unionist veto on change in the six counties must be abolished. To educate the population at large of the horrors of the Orange state is easier said than done. Yet we must point out the social conditions, the oppressive state apparatus, the censorship of the media which make up the British presence in Ireland.

To do that, we must give platform to the elected representatives of the Catholic community who are otherwise denied access to the mass media. As students in Great Britain, it is our duty to expose the lies and hypocrisy of Unionism, and to show solidarity with those seeking to bring an end to the injustices and suffering inflicted by partition.

BRITISH GAS BEAVER SCOOP



D I A R Y

Tell Beatrice!

THE "Sid" of British Gas's rebarbative advertising campaign is, according to Treasury rumours, inspired by Sidney Webb, begetter of the phrase "gas and water socialism". So it is fitting that the students' union at the LSE, which Sid founded, plans to take advantage of the sell-off. It will lend money to students who are prepared to make a fast buck from gas shares; in return they must donate their profit to a nursery for students' children, which has been under threat of closure because the LSE authorities will not finance it. I think it's called enterprise culture.

What Future for the Earth A Quantum Leap Of Green Awareness

"There is no difference between the Communist block and good old Western Capitalism. They are both about the same business, and that is raping the earth," says Jonathan Porritt, Director of Friends of the Earth, and the latest speaker in the LSE Chaplaincy's outstanding series of Open Forum. Mr. Porritt seemed excited by fusion which he now expects to replace fossil fuel and nasty nuclear energy sources which give him sleepless nights and the rest of us a fearful future.

We are conducting a massive chemical and climactic experiment and nobody knows what will happen. Just increase the volume of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere by one percent per annum, jack up the atmospheric temperature by 3 or 4 degrees and let's see what happens to the polar ice cap - the flooding of the West's industrial cities and the desertification of our most fertile land. At least, though, we will all have had a decade or two of maximizing our consumerism, and that is the nub of his argument.

Either we stick with the world view that the resources are there for us to exploit to satiate our ever artificially stimulated needs and demand (and if possible, make a nice little earner in the process), or we make the quantum leap of green awareness and realise that we need to manage our assets and harmoniously steward what we have. We have enough, but we cannot behave as if we always must have more, more, more. That is the doomsday road to extinction. Mr. Porritt was no Luddite headbanger. Rather, he accentuated the need for the most sophisticated technologies to help manage the mess we were creating. Sobering, but inspiring. Perhaps the best thing any Beaver reader can do is become a Friend of the Earth. We all have to live here. We've only been given one. Let's not spend it all at once.

Bill Stephens

ROSEBERY AVENUE HALL

A plaque to the anonymous donor who made possible the building of this hall has graced the outer entrance lobby here since the hall was opened in 1974. This plaque was removed during the night of 14th-15th November, presumably by people who had enjoyed the disco. This gratuitous act has deeply offended all the residents of this hall, who now appeal to the

good sense of the people who may know anything about the whereabouts of this plaque and ask them to do their utmost to ensure its return to this hall. It should be handed in at the porter's lodge in the main building.

**John Gisborne
President of the Hall Society
Kurt Klapholtz
Warden**

LSE EVENTS

First Term Report

by The Ents Watchdog

Believe it or not, the first term is nearly done! What have you got to look back on? All those endless hours in the library, mindless lectures and dozy classes or an empty A4 pad and plenty of promises of "lots of work" to mummy and daddy. If your files are empty, then what have you been doing - seeing the multitude of sights and sounds London (and the LSE) has to offer, no doubt.

London is a haven for entertainment, and the LSE is just one venue amongst hundreds. Clearly it is not feasible, as it has never been in the past, to have the big name bands that other colleges command - if they come to London, they do not play the LSE's 600 capacity Haldane room when Hammersmith Palace is available. Other universities are lucky enough not only to have excellent concert-hall facilities, but are often the principle venue in their area, for example, York University's 2000 capacity hall.

These facts are not new. So what have we seen so far this year. By all accounts and purposes, the intro-week package was a resounding success for both freshers and many existing students who attended the functions. It was a lot of work for the organisers, but well worth the effort.

Criticism has been launched at the next few gigs - the Mint Juleps played to a tiny audience, mainly because of a lack of advertising from Ents. However, ENTs do appear to listen to criticism and take advice - after all E206 is always open, and people are more than welcome to air their views. Advertising policy has already been radically restructured, with the appointment of a "Publicity Dogsbody" from the Ents crew, and our illustrious leader is looking for volunteer contacts from each of the halls.

The criticism for Courtney Pine was over the price charged for entrance. Yet, if this is the price the agents and management charge, this is what we must pay. With so many people complaining about the ticket prices, the question must be asked as to whether we will see such relatively famous stars again. I certainly hope we do, and with the appearance of Ruby Turner over the weekend (ticket prices £4.00), it looks like they'll still be coming.



Photo: Sivan

It's not just bands that everyone wants - the "booze cruise" was a success for everyone who attended, yet the numbers were again low. But this time, adequate advertising was done, with heavy leafleting and posters in the LSE and all halls as well as an Ents stall selling tickets outside the Old Theatre the week before - apathy rules it would appear.

Another new field Ents are entering into is the Cabaret night next week starring Edwin Heath the World (?) famous hypnotist on Thursday in the Old Theatre. Tickets are £2.50 and it should prove to be an interesting and fun night to go to. Similarly, don't forget the Christmas Ball on the 6th December - there'll be five bands, films, disco, etc. etc., along similar lines as the successful intro-ball.

So on entertainment value, Ents have certainly been very busy, but what about the financial aspects? Rumours of bankruptcy abound - but don't worry, we haven't had to sell the family jewelry yet! Obviously, some gigs have lost money - there's been a band on in the Tuns (as well as booze promotions) nearly every Wednesday night, from which no entrance fee is charged yet the band still has to be paid. Bear in mind also, the Social Secretary's manifesto before being elected, which stated the importance of Ents was to provide the best entertainment for the students as possible without going into a loss or profit making situation - thus successful events help to finance other events which for one reason or another are not so successful, a wide range of entertainment is provided and everyone's happy.

Anyway for the nosey ones amongst you (and I know there's several) here's a breakdown of the figures, all of which are openly available from the Students' Union's Finance Assistant (E207).

Expenditure:

On disco equipment, sundries such as posters, tickets, etc, subsidies on loss making events, capital expenditure.....£2,036.86

Income:

From profit making events.....£2,194.17

It doesn't take a master accountant to work out that Ents are £157.31 in the black. Cries of "lovely books - whose the chef" I hear, but the situation improves even more when you consider that the Student Union still owes its £1000 block grant, and the school its £800 grant for intro week to Ents!

So it certainly looks like the first term has been a resounding success for Ents - and consequently the students of the LSE. Indeed, the present Social Secretary has a record which even last year's Social Secretary would have been proud of at this stage of the year. But don't let Ents rest on their laurels - they are there to serve you - if you have any comments, criticisms, requests or ideas, E206 is where you direct them - they're always welcome.

The half term report then looks like this:
Effort - A, Entertainment - A,
Attendance - C - could do better!
See you next term!

Contemporary Jewish Identity and the Left

By SARAH BRONZITE

In the wake of a demonstration outside a meeting with Tony Greenstein, an alleged racist, speaking to students at the LSE, a joint Labour Club/Jewish Society meeting was held last Tuesday with speakers from the National Organization of Labour Students and the Union of Jewish Students.

It seemed obvious that the Labour Club would invite someone who would defend the Left against attacks of anti-Semitism; I was therefore surprised to see that the LSE J Soc had arranged a Jewish speaker who in fact attacked considerably more than he defended. Rob Minsell, current General Secretary of NOLS, talked at length about various areas in which he felt that the Left had failed to understand or accept both the religious and the cultural nature of Judaism.

He looked at some of the history of the Jews in Russia/USSR, and quoted Marx's view that "the social emancipation of the Jew is the emancipation of society from Judaism" - that is, assimilation is the only solution to the problem of anti-semitism. He was quick to point that this is not the view of most of the Labour Party today. Nevertheless, with regards to the hard Left, Minsell correctly implied that it would be difficult for them to be sensitive to a group that it wishes to see disappear. He was able, though, to give examples of men within the Labour Party who were virulently anti-semitic; these included Richard Davis (MP for Tavistock in the 1930's), who said that the policy and 'methods' of the Jews must be destroyed before socialism can be realized.

Minsell also spoke on the modern distinction between anti-semitism and anti-Zionism. Although he recognized that many are genuinely anti-Zionist (including one sect of religious Jews), abuse was hurled at the WRP for promoting the myth of the 'World Zionist Lobby' - that Jews secretly run and control the most important power bases for their own advantage.

It was at this stage that Adrian Cohen, ex-chair of the UJS, took up the dialogue, giving a more personal view of anti-semitism within the Left. During his talk two very important points were raised. The first of these was that Zionism should not be equated with Jewish culture - it is not a political aim, nor is it an attempt at imperialism. Zionism is often

attacked as racism, but Zionism is a philosophy that sees Jews, not as a race, but as a nation or a people. Cohen berated the fact that Jews were one of the only minorities forced to discuss their identity in public - and usually a hostile public. He rightly concluded that such intimidation leads to alienation and asked whether, in the face of such opposition, Jewish students had any choice but to react strongly to protect themselves.

The second vital clue to why there are problems between Jews and the Left came when Cohen defined Zionism, hitting the nail on the proverbial head when he claimed that there were in fact two definitions. Zionism originally represented the national liberation movement of the Jewish people, but increasingly it has been taken to mean the suppression of Palestinian national rights. This results in a lack of communication between Socialists and Jews - they are talking about different things. There are a small number of Jews who wish to suppress the Palestinians, but they form the majority neither of the Jewish nor the Israeli population. Cohen concluded by saying that he hoped that there could be more understanding and co-operation in the future, both between Jews and Palestinians, and Jews and Socialists.

Both speakers emphasized that there is as much virulent anti-semitism on the Right as there is on the Left. When I spoke to Minsell afterwards, he said he and most other Jews recognized the fact that Jews have more to fear from right-wing anti-semitic groups such as the National Front than they ever will from the Left. Cohen stated that the difference in attitude was that the far Right are fundamentally racist, whereas the far Left are not.

The meeting was generally an eye-opener for both Socialists and Jews; it proved that there can be serious and orderly discussion on a topic that to many people is an emotive one. As a follow-up, it would be very interesting to see a similar meeting at the LSE with a right-wing speaker instead of a socialist. I think it is appropriate to conclude with the sentiment of Imogen Tranchell (chair), who ended the meeting by saying that she hoped that there would be more joint Labour Club/J Soc get-togethers in the future - it cannot but bide well for the future.

Street Of Death

by STAVROS MAKRIS

I was coming out of the East Building when I saw them. Four armed men tearing through the crowd of students at the steps of the Old Building. They pushed and punched the helpless, scared students. The last one, a giant of a man, grabbed a girl by the waist and ran with her.

A School Security man came out of the Old Building, revolver drawn and shouting: "Security. Stop!"

The giant turned and fired a short burst out of his semi-automatic assault-rifle. The shots rung in Houghton Street, the pigeons flew away, the Security man collapsed and with him died four students.

The giant shouted, "Stay the fuck away, or you'll die!" and kicked the terrified girl to the ground.

I, like all the other students fell to the ground for cover, but next to me a voice echoed "Oh, yeah?"

I looked up, he was standing by the wooden door of the East Building, lean, unsmiling, dressed in gray.

The giant started swinging his rifle when the student in gray fired. I did not see where it came from but suddenly it was there, a silver pistol the likes of which I had never seen before. He fired once. The burning bullet found the giant's forehead. The giant lay lifeless on the cold, wet stones.

The surviving three gunmen jumped for cover too late. The lonely, gray figure turned and the death in his palm coughed, once, twice, a second gunman lay dead.

The gray student run towards the hidden gunmen. They stood up, out of their cover and fired in unison. He fall on the street and rolled again and again.

The gunmen rushed him shouting abuse and emptying fire all around him. He stood on one knee, took a slow, careful aim and his fingers squeezed the hard trigger. The messenger of death flew and dived into the fat, unfit flesh. Charos claimed another one.

The last surviving gunman flew in the air and landed on top of the gray man. The silver pistol was knocked away of his hand and they rolled in the mud.

Fat fingers searched for a throat, found it, coiled around it and pressed with surprising strength. A fist of steel landed

in a belly of flab. The gunman swore pain and the gray figure rolled away.

They stood up, facing each other. A cold, blue blade shone in the fat, sweating fingers. The gray eyes took it all in but did not stir. The fat eyes saw but did not believe it, a dim, gray blade was stretched in front of him.

For a countless moment they remained motionless, staring into each other, their backs slightly arched, holding blades of death.

Time froze around them and all that there was the eyes. A pair of fat eyes, a pair of gray eyes. The fat eyes were sweating, the gray eyes were cold. Abruptly the fat eyes thought they saw fear in the gray deep, in there somewhere. And he

moved.

The cold blue blade licked a bicep of steel, the dim gray blade plunged in the belly of flub. The eyes remained nailed onto each other. The fat ones pleaded, No, Please No!

No words were spoken by the gray ones as the blade of dim gray traveled up the belly into the guts and slushed her way out.

The fat body crumbled in a pool of dirty rainwater...

In the distance howling sirens came to break the fearful silence lingering over the death valley of Houghton Street. The figure of gray stood lonely and motionless. "Who is he?" my voice was hoarse and hollow. The guy next to me whispered "Some call him... the Water Rat..."

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The Origins and Practice of Zionism

By LIZ WHEATLEY

Those of us who do not know about the Dreyfus trial of 1895 may be forgiven for thinking that the Zionist movement has existed for millennia rather than decades. A consistent strain of thought can be traced from the writings of Herzl at the turn of the twentieth century to the present; the logical conclusions of his theory are not only the actions of the Israeli state but also Putsman's description of an Israeli-Arab 'apartheid' as "rational and moderate".

Zionism is a partly religious, partly historical idea that the world's Jewish population has a

intervention was essential.

However, others reached very different conclusions. Some, like Theodor Herzl, the architect of modern Zionism, "recognized the emptiness and futility of trying to combat anti-semitism", (The Diaries of Theodor Herzl) and therefore argued that Jews should withdraw from Europe and find their 'own' homeland.

Herzl, though, was not particularly religious, and initially he looked towards Argentina as a Jewish homeland. However, he soon realized that the Jewish biblical myths could prove to be a

The leaders of 'Labour Zionism' founded an exclusively Jewish trade union, the Histadrut, which rapidly became the spearhead of anti-Palestinian activity. Histadrut leaders coined three slogans: "Jewish Land, Jewish Labour, Jewish Produce". Thus, the Palestinians were excluded from the Jewish sector of the economy.

Increasingly, the leaders of the Histadrut became the leaders of the Zionist movement. Three future prime ministers came from this 'trade union'. In fact, the Histadrut more and more became the infrastructure of the future state.

Of particular importance were the developing kibbutzim, the agricultural communes. An outward show of equality and freedom for its Jewish members concealed the fact that Arabs were, and still are, excluded and that each kibbutz was also a small military base of the Haganah, the Zionist militia founded in 1923, and that each kibbutz stood on land the Palestinians had farmed for a thousand years.

At the beginning of World War Two, the Zionists were a minority amongst the Jews - hardly any

Many Jews recognised some form of political intervention to be essential

claim on part of the Middle East that has been occupied by Palestinian Arabs for over 1000 years. However, this idea was not significant until the late nineteenth century with sustained outbreaks of anti-semitism in Europe.

Jews have often found themselves the victims of hatred and persecution. This was not simply a religious difference, though it often took a religious form. At the bottom, it was economic. The Jews were always a trading community, with their own religion and culture, and, like other ethnic groups, they were a convenient scapegoat for rulers wanting to divert popular hatred for themselves.

This led to a mass Jewish exodus to the 'land of opportunity', AMERICA. By the late 1920's, over 3,250,000 Jews had left Eastern Europe and Russia to escape the vicious pogroms incited by the tsars of Russia. Almost 500,000 fled to Western Europe. In comparison, those Jews who had arrived in Palestine were a small minority. Waves of anti-semitism crossed Western Europe as the imperialist rulers used race to divide the working movements, and many Jews realized that some form of political

source of inspiration for developing a nationalistic Jewish identity.

By the outbreak of World War One, the Zionists had already appealed to Britain to encourage Jewish settlement in Palestine, as they would "form a very effective guard for the Suez Canal," (Chaim Weizmann, Herzl's successor, Manchester Guardian, 1914).

Winston Churchill understood their offer only too well; "A

Herzl was not particularly religious and initially looked towards Argentina as a Jewish homeland

Jewish state under the protection of the British crown...would, from every point of view, be beneficial and would especially be in harmony with the truest interests of the British Empire," (Illustrated Sunday Herald, 8/2/1920).

After the first world war, though, there was still only a tiny majority of Jews, 56,000, compared to 1,000,000 Palestinians in Palestine. From the start, the leaders of the Jewish community set out to exclude Palestinians from as many areas of life as possible.

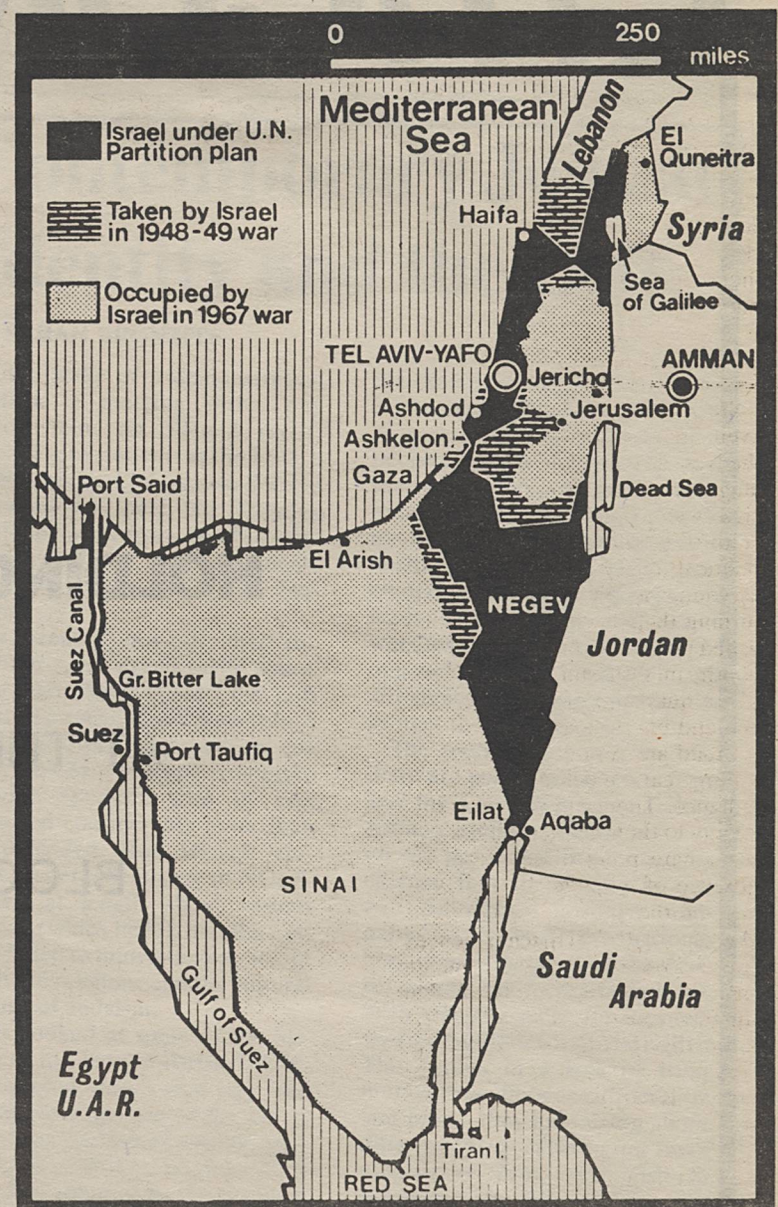
had left the security of the West for Palestine, with most Jews seeing America as the promised land. Indeed, even today there are more Jews in New York City than in the whole of Israel. However, by 1940 America was unwilling to play host to any more Jews, and enforced the Quota Act of 1924. Chaplain Klausner, a Zionist, realized most Jews would prefer to go to America and concluded to the American Jewish Congress, "I am convinced that the people must be forced to go to Palestine."

"We must weigh not only the life of these children but also the history of the people of Israel," Ben-Gurion.

Simultaneously, there was a British scheme floated to allow entry to Britain of several thousand German Jewish children. David Ben-Gurion, one-time Israeli prime minister, opposed the plan, saying, "If I knew that it would be possible to save all the children in Germany by bringing them over to England, and only half of them to Eretz Yisrael (Israel), then I would opt for the second alternative. For we must weigh not only the life of these children, but also the history of the people of Israel."

After World War Two, America was to emerge as the world power, and Americans realized the importance of the Middle East and the expanding supplies of oil. Thus, they wanted a Jewish state dependent on American patronage for its survival to guarantee their oil supplies. America was also the single most powerful voice at the United Nations, so when the Zionists blew up the King David Hotel in Jerusalem and the 'Palestinian question' came under the control of the U.N., Israel could easily pass its plans for partition with a semblance of fairness.

In November 1947, the Jews who formed 30% of the popula-



tion were given 55% of Palestine. This was to prove to be the legal beginnings of the seizure of Palestine by the Zionists. However, central to the Zionist scheme was the use of terror on a large scale.

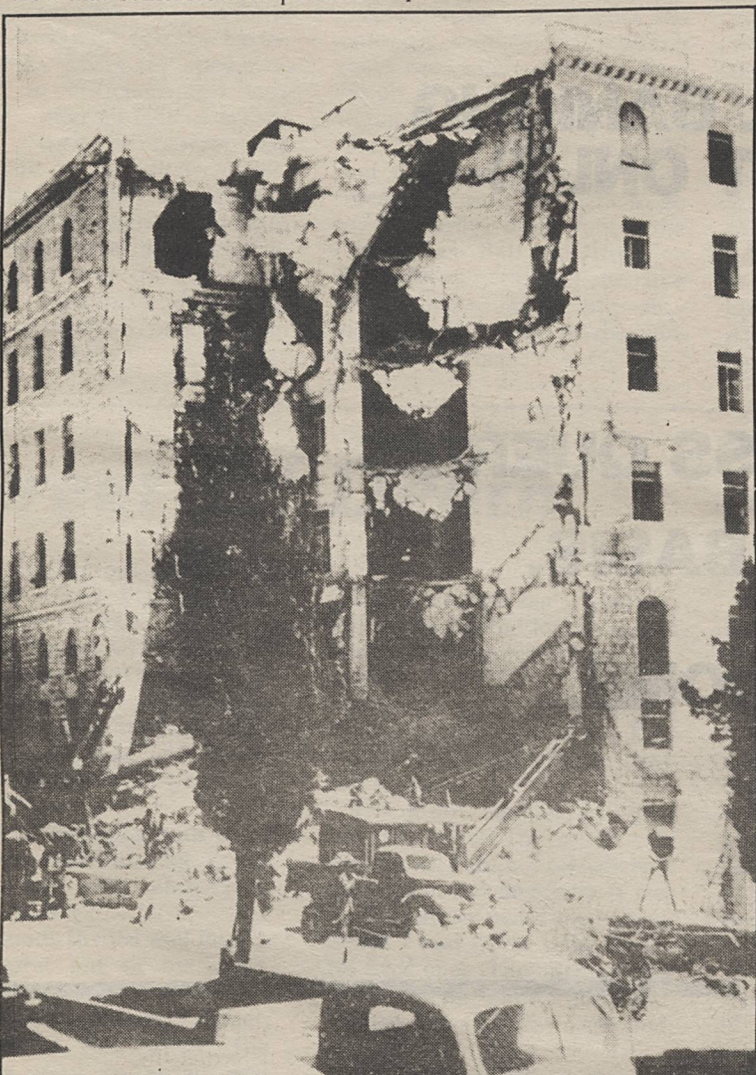
On 9 April 1948, soldiers of the Irgun, a Zionist militia commanded by Menachem Begin, entered the Palestinian village of Deir Yassin, telling the residents that they had 15 minutes to leave their homes. The Irgun then attacked, murdering between two and three hundred people.

All of these events have been denied by the Israeli state for

in internment camps. An estimated 19,000 were killed, 30,000 injured. The bombing of Beirut began in June 1982, but it was not until an eleven-hour sustained attack of the area on 12 August that America condemned the actions of the Israelis.

Despite this, Israel's left-wing supporters in the West continue to insist that all Israel wants is peace and recognition by its Arab neighbours. Some might agree that Palestinian 'national rights' do exist, and that even a Palestine state on the occupied West Bank may be feasible or acceptable, so long as it would be under some form of Israeli supervision. However, these ideas are out of touch with reality, as the Israeli leadership has no intention of conceding this 'compromise'.

Israel today is the lynchpin of US imperialism in the Middle East, a fact clearly recognized by the influential daily newspaper "Ha'aretz" as early as 1951 when it wrote: "Israel is to become the watchdog. There is no fear that Israel will undertake any aggressive policy towards the Arab states when this would explicitly contradict the wishes of the US and Britain. But if for any reasons the Western powers should sometimes prefer to close their eyes, Israel could be relied upon to punish one or several neighbour-



The King David Hotel blown up by Irgun terrorist group, July 22, 1946

The US Defense Department and the weapons manufacturing industries were now the most powerful pro-Israeli pressure group

This "cruel and strong reaction" reached new heights in 1982, with the Israeli bombing of Lebanon and West Beirut, after an attempt to assassinate Shlomo Argov, the Israeli Ambassador to London. Israel was fully supported by America, who delivered 50% more military goods that year than ever before. The attacks began in Southern Lebanon, with the demolition of Palestinian camps and the imprisonment of teenage and adult men

ing states whose discourtesy to the West went beyond the bounds of the permissible."

It is these considerations which led "The Washington Post" to conclude in 1982, just after the Lebanon war, that the US Defense Department and the weapons manufacturing industries were now the most powerful pro-Israeli pressure group operating in the Reagan administration.

It is for these reasons that it is not possible to separate the ideas of Zionism from their practical consequences.

The clothes in the Marx and Stalin boutique shout a strident political message. T-shirts carry powerful slogans and are emblazoned with the images and symbols of Communism. This is designer radicalism, and it makes visiting some clothes and record shops like going to a political rally.

Marx and Stalin

Stern images of Lenin, Mao, even Stalin stare heroically into the New Dawn. Pop songs use the language of class struggle and civil war. Contemporary youth culture is infused with radical political images at the same time as young people are increasingly turning their backs on the established political process. For many youth, mainstream politics looks like a quagmire of cold pragmatism and bland sloganeering.

Fraud and empty posturing the young can pardon and even enhance. There are sins far more deadly to their hearts – the lack of passionate political zeal and the absence of genuine drama being two of the most unforgivable. For any of the Thatcher generation whose sense of the romantic and dynamic has survived dole queues, concrete stalags and the anaesthetic of the economic slump, the mainstream political arena is easily seen as nothing more than a venue for petty gladiators in grey suits fighting mock, meaningless battles.

Not surprisingly, there is a strong link between youth and radical politics. Across the spectrum of the of the revolutionary Left, from the Workers Revolutionary Party to the Revolutionary Communist Group, between 50-80% of the active membership are under 25. On the Right, most people on the recent National Front march to the Cenotaph were skinhead teenagers, and almost all of the new directorate are under 30. In Belfast 3/4 of Sinn Fein members are under 26, and the average age of the IRA hunger strikers was 25. The inner-city riots of 1981 and 1986 were fuelled by the outrage of frustrated and alienated youth. This is merely history repeating itself – the Italian Fascists, the Nazis, the Hungarian Rebels, the New Left, and the Rebels of 1968, all had high youth profiles.

"Youth wants total change and they want it now."

It is an almost forgotten fact that the inherent need for romance, excitement, activity and purpose latent in youth has a potential to be fulfilled by political activity. The greater the social dislocation and economic slump, the more the fringe have a chance to tap into that need. Certainly, many young radicals recognise that it is more than abstract ideology that motivates them. Amanda Collins, 21, of the Revolutionary Communist Group, admits an attraction to the potential excitement of violent confrontation. Ken Ollende, 23, of the Socialist Workers Party, talks of the thrill of taking part in the picket line battles. Other youth activists point to the sense of purpose revolutionary politics brings and the corresponding feeling of belonging. Underlying it all, perhaps, is the need, above all, to act, to escape the impotence that is so sharply felt. As Linda Douglas, 23, Militant supporter and Young Socialist representative on the Labour Party NEC says, "Youth wants total change, and they want it now."

History Repeats Itself, First as Tragedy, Then as Farce.

By Julian Ozanne

Youth have other needs and characteristics that organisations more dangerous than those on the Left seek to fulfill or exploit. The brutal and ruthless National Front, like the Fascists before them, rely on ritual and symbol – "the young need it, and it is vital for any revolutionary movement," says Patrick Harrington, 23, National Front press officer. They also feed on the maleability of the young, as Gerry Gable of the anti-Fascist magazine, 'Searchlight', points out, "The National Front gets kids as young as 15-18 and turns them into zombies."

Despite the attempts of political parties to juice up their appeal to the young by using advertising companies, designer leaflets and T-shirts, pop stars and media figures, youth still see mainstream politics as meaningless and boring. This is reflected in a recently published MORI poll which shows that over 60% of those 25 and under will not bother to vote in the next election. (Supporting the fringe parties is seen as being equally pointless, with only 4% supporting an alternative candidate. Nor did any of those who rejected the ballot box advocate direct, violent solutions.)

If the young are indeed capable of being mobilised into politics by their craving for excitement and moulded through their essential naivete, why are there still armies of bored, purposeless youths co-existing with welter of tiny, fodder-hungry revolutionary groups, "piss pot outfits" as one Marxist organiser trenchantly put it. Part of the answer is that the post-war generation has had many of its deepest needs channelled through vibrant youth culture. The need for tribal group membership, hero worship, myth and ritual, which in some countries has taken a political form, has been fulfilled in Britain inside the concert hall and the discotheque.

If popular culture has been an outlet for impulses that might otherwise prove a destabilising element in society, then Britain's traditionally deferent political culture has acted as a shock absorber. Yet, there are signs that the safety valve of popular

culture is malfunctioning at the same time as political culture appears to be undermined by violent strikes and riots. Popular music is becoming moribund and stagnant, an increasingly mouldy sponge for absorbing energies and frustrations as shrinking consumer resources chase desperately recycled musical fashions.

At the same time, the idea that susceptibility to heroic political images is an essentially anachronistic or un-British trait is undermined by the flirtation of the

their image has struck deep chords. Elsewhere, a multitude of boutiques do a very un-Socialist trade in 'designer Communism', clothes, badges and posters featuring heroic images of Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Mao, Engels, Ho Chi Minh and even the Red Brigade and the Khmer Rouge. Superficially, the Right are less chic, but on a deeper level, they may be more so. Frankie Goes To Hollywood has made use of the language of the proto-Fascist Italian Futurists in their promotional



Photo: Sivan

design world with radical chic. The Communards, a pop group recently at No. 1 in the charts for several weeks, typify the dual process of political posturing and artistic decadence. Taking their name from the French revolutionary movement, they present an image that is steeped in political references from their heroic crewcuts and bold glares into a glorious future to the use of political symbols and props in their packaging. While their image harkens back to pre-war propaganda, their music is simply a diluted, half-gutted version of an old hit.

The Communards are about as revolutionary as their music, but

campaigns, and the very name of the group New Order, is provocative. The extreme right, precisely because of its taboo nature, is potentially far more powerful as a reference, as the massively popular, only half-joke, 'Adolf Hitler World Tour 1939-45' underlines.

Many of the thousands of individuals who are attracted to these items enter unconscious or uncaring of their meaning. The 80s, the era of style, has seen a disturbing divorce between content and form, the most notable recent example being the obscene trivialisation in 'The Face' magazine of the Lebanese warring factions; a photo feature on the dress sense of those butchering and those being butchered. This bottoming out of content represents a parody of the 1960s when posters of Che and Ho Chi Minh had some genuine force; now the only way they would be featured in a youth journal would be as part of a discussion on revolution and the haircut. As John Helmer, proprietor of 'Marx and Stalin' – a shop specialising in political fashion – observes, "People who buy Stalin T-shirts have no idea of the barbarism he was responsible for. It is simply the powerful need for romantic figures." But this is exactly the point. Even emptied of content, heroic political images are a powerful lure to a generation starved of romance.

"Fashion as Propoganda" and "Revolting in Style"

Admittedly, it's a long leap from wearing a T-shirt or a badge to positive support for a mass political organisation. But some of the Left-wing political groups

are trying to build style into their appeal. 'New Socialist' and 'Marxism Today' have been redesigned by Neville Brody, of 'The Face', and at a recent 'Marxism Today' conference, "Left Unlimited," two sessions were held on politics and style: 'Fashion as Propaganda' and 'Revolting in Style'. The Revolutionary Communist Party at their last conference invited style guru Robert Elms, who is on record as saying, "The best thing we can do to prepare for the revolution is to start by shining our shoes", to address them. And, according to member Fiona Ryan, 21, the RCP sees Socialist society as one where "everyone can afford designer loafers."

"Ideological hassles on theoretical bullshit"

But such an attempt is doomed to failure because it is linked with an increasingly weary ideology which smacks of crushingly dull meetings about abstract concepts. As Jerry Rubin, of the now defunct Youth International Party (YIPPIES) put it, "Ideological hassles on theoretical bullshit – is this the life of the revolutionary?"

Fascism, on the other hand, with its emphasis on action and instinct and dressing up, is tailor-made for youth. If politics is about bread and circuses, then it is the young who crave the latter. But Nationalism is as morally discredited as Marxism is practically redundant. Socialism and Fascism have been most successful where their most powerful sales pitch has been novelty. Politics, however, like music, can only be pepped up and re-sold so many times – the New Left, pseudo-Marxist revolutionaries, had the "new, improved" ingredients of Freud and Existentialism, but it was incapable of doing anything more than raising the revolutionary consciousness of a few middle-class hippies.

Yet more genuinely, new ideologies, capable of giving voice to discontents are more widespread and deeper rooted than those that pre-occupied the New Left activists, have appeared time and again in history when the conditions have been right. At the moment, no such ideology is visible, but conditions are increasingly fertile for its growth. Perhaps Britain is the last place to expect some new form of demogoguery all dressed in new clothes and capable of giving hope and purpose to the Thatcher generation. Yet, cultural buffers – both political and artistic – are crumbling, the latter fizzling into an ever-tightening spiral of thrills for a youth more and more desperate for sensation and increasingly unable to afford even more ersatz intoxications which are paraded in front of them.

Meanwhile, the Samaritans report that the most desperate age group is the under 25s, who feel "useless in a technological age," and at the same time, heroin use – the drug of the hopeless – accelerates. But it is increasingly likely that a new and more dangerous escapism could soon be peddled, something that will overcome the isolation of the council tenancy, the degradation of the dole queues, to give purpose, direction and communality. It is impossible to guess what form this political narcotic might take, or how its pushers will hock the victims. It is only possible to speculate that the demand – like the demand for heroin – is on the increase.



SOCIETIES CORNER

by STAVROS MAKRIS

The Debating Society presents a Debate on Student Loans on Tuesday 25th November at 1:00pm in A85, the Old Building. Among the debaters will be Pete Wilcock the General Secretary, Rory O'Driscoll the Senior Treasurer, Ronald Beadle the NUS Officer. This issue is expected to be heavily debated considering the ideologies, political beliefs and personal views involved.

The Investment Forum presents the second in a series of lectures on Wednesday 26th November. This lecture is on the Big Bang update and is taken by Archibald Cox, the managing director of Morgan Stanley (incidentally, he is also a member of the Securities and Investment Board). The Forum usually meets in the Board Room. Meetings are only open to members - they must produce their membership cards. However, membership is still sold for £1 before each lecture.

The Government/Sociology Department Weekend is to take place on January 31st to February 2nd 1987, at Cumberland Lodge in the Windsor Great Park. The serious agenda of the Weekend is "The British General Election". There will be three panels on (i) Issues in the next election; (ii) Competing theories of voting behaviour in Britain; (iii) Parties and party strategies. A provisional list of distinguished political scientists and politicians to address the seminar has already been drawn, and there will be plenty of time for questions and discussion. But, the weekend is also about relaxation, I am told. Members of staff and students will be allowed to mingle freely in the bar and stroll, jog or stagger through the park. There will be a specially hired film and a late night party. All students are welcome to attend, but it is necessary to book now. There are only fifty places available - first come, first served!

Grimshaw Club held a sensational party last Thursday. Between the alcoholic excesses the committee was "elected" as follows: Ted Kim (President), Andrew Cornwell (Vice President), Kate Turner (Treasurer), Nigel Garney (Secretary). A trip is organised to the International Maritime Organisation on Tuesday 9th December. Those interested should sign up with Jilly Been, the International Relations Dept Secretary in A139. Grimshaw is also proud to present the L.S.E.'s first ever speaker from our friendly neighbourhood superpower, the Soviet Union. Minister Guerman Guentsadze, the Deputy Ambassador in London, will be speaking on "The Soviet Position on Security and Arms Control" on Monday, 8th December, 5.30pm venue to be announced.

The Hellenic Society held their Michaelmas Party on Friday 14th November. The turnover of 150 matched the expectations of the executive. The guests feasted and wined in style while dancing the night away to live Greek music. When eventually the fun was



forced to an end, due to the closing of the Old Building, the night went on... at the "Elysee" taverna and later on the infamous "Hymetos". People got to know people and... Special thanks for the organisation of the night go to Marina, Eleni and Thomas. Stelios Anagnostou did not have enough time to finish his meal and wants his money back. By the way what happened to the wine at the end of the night? Who run away with the bottles? Members are reminded that elections for the new executive are to be held on 3rd December in A40, the Old Building from 4.00pm to 5.30pm. Normal meetings of the Society are held fortnightly - the next one is on Wednesday 26th November.

The second Welsh Society Firkin Pub Crawl set off from the L.S.E. on Saturday morning at about 11:30. But due to the sunny weather every thought of a Marathon Pub Crawl was abandoned once the first pub was reached. The day@s exercise was in the form of football in a very muddy Hyde Park. Early in the afternoon they staggered to the Phonix and Firkin in Camberwell. An old railway station is used and "rail ale" (sic) was served. The night ended at the Pheasant by Rosebery Hall. The moral of the story, I am told, is... Never start anything at 11am on a Saturday morning. Never ever organise anything for the day after a Rosbery Disco (or alternatively never go to a Rosebery Disco).

L.S.E. Ents presents Edwin Heath - a great Hypnotist and Cabaret Artist on Thursday 27th November in the Old Theatre. Tickets £2.50 on sale in the Union Shop.

If any of you big headed egomaniacs would like copies of your photographs which have appeared in past few issues of THE BEAVER, they are available from the BEAVER office. Just see the BEAVER photographers: Mark, David, Sunil, Sivan.

This week saw the publishing of the provisional budgets for societies. The largest hand out goes to the India Society, £700, while the lowest goes to the HUEY Club and L.S.D. skateboarding, £30. The Budget is predictable if nothing else. Societies supporting "touchy issues" have been generously financed, while the amounts given to ethnic societies vary according to ability to raise funds, nature of events and backing the right people.

Food . . . and Drink



By Nicola Hill

A delicious discovery has been made on the fourth floor of the ULU building in Malet Street. At last, there is a student catering facility which does not resemble a food processing factory.

Palms Restaurant is subtly shaded with tastefully designed screens around the edge and circular tables, which create an intimate atmosphere. Gentle background music and a tantalizing aroma of European food bubbling in huge pots on the buffet engender a warm glow about the place.

The menu changes every day and is prepared by a Portuguese chef.

The restaurant doubles as a wine bar with a wide selection starting from 60 p a glass or £2.70 a bottle. You are allowed to just go for a drink and not eat (if you can resist the food), but I would recommend at least sampling the garlic bread over a bottle of beaujolais nouveau in the next few weeks.

On Tuesday nights, jazz is performed live, and on Fridays a piano player is wheeled in. The bar opens at 7 pm; the food begins at 8 pm; and they both finish at 11 pm.

The service is friendly and it is certainly a pleasant contrast to the noise and bustle of the Merger's bar downstairs.

In short, it is a culinary haven and a relaxing retreat from the cutlery-clanging harshness of other student watering holes.



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

The Goose and Firkin makes three different types of bitter right on the premises. The Goose is the lightest, the Borough is next, and the Dogbolter packs a punch. They also serve several different types of lagers and ales, as well as all of the other traditional bar drinks.

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

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

Dan



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Around the L.S.E.

By J.J.

The second floor of the East Building was a hive of activity last week, and not just because of the production of the 250th issue of this glorious rag. Instead, what concerned most in that corridor of power were BG shares. The argument ran thus, Tory O'Privatiser, a well known expert in hot air, gases and the like, was going to save the Nursery by buying BG shares. "Even Sidney Webb is in favour of it", the mad Irishman dribbled. This was a good catch, and it sent socialists scurrying off to find the name of a baddie called Sid now that Tory had the great Fabian on his side. Find a baddie called Sid and the U.G.M. will roast Tory in his own gas oven they thought. This line of argument was finally shelved, when the only baddie to be found was Hissing Sid - who as we all know, didn't do it anyway!! Instead, the "Tell Sid" banner was dropped, and in its place the socialists raised the "Ask George" banner; Brother Binnett it seems is the only socialist able to produce arguments these days, or was it the thought of vanishing preference forms that caused the lack of reasoned argument to burst forth. Would it be too much to ask for a positive idea from the socialist-s...and I don't mean occupying the Director's swivel-chair.

Clearly though one fresher has the solution to any problems or opposition to his views. The man is Captain Birdseye, the solution is hit it over the head until she gives in. Calls for a localised Hadrian's wall around



this Fishfinger Fiend were about as the U.G.M. erupted over his Rambo-style of debating. The Captain when asked of his actions replied, "I'll batter haddock, cod and anything else that gets in my way!!" Captain Birdseye is currently doing research into "How Public Relations work could help the Trade Unions". Rumours of his activities at Wembley in 1977 are also being looked into.

Staying with nautical matters, onto the good ship "LSE Ents" whose Riverboat Party last week went down like the Titanic (and resurrection looks to have similar possibilities). Unofficial reports put attendance at approx. 50, official reports put it even lower. What was surprising was that the River Police formally complained by radio to the captain to keep the noise down. Will Ruby Turner see H.M.S. Band rise again like the Mary Rose? If not, the Great Grudge-bearer in the sky, sorry Chair, is still holding interviews for those adept with a knife. No previous experience is necessary, but knowledge of where to place it between the shoulder blades is essential. Start a.s.a.p. Fee: all you can eat at The Lido. The client is, of course, an equal opportunities employer.

P.S. Peter Dawson has an Italian pen-pal called Benito!!

Rosebery Report : a critique of the Rosebery Commune

As I sit gazing from my Rosebery window, I see capitalism lurch into its final, desperate decline. The proletariat have taken to the streets as the class antagonisms and contradictions of capitalist society move towards their historically inevitable conclusion. I observe that there is a problem with revolution - it is noisy, and I can no longer concentrate on my criminal law essay - I therefore have to venture my way to the Hall bar, calling on comrade South on the way.

As we order our Diet Pepsis, we wonder as to the future of our bar - capitalist? socialist? state capitalist? Who can tell? One thing is for certain, the barman is a social chauvinist and a lumpen proletariat - we wonder of his fate - will the Bolsheviks spare him? We do not know - we also wonder as to the fate of Kay "expropriator" Rossiter, the bar manager, who has been guilty of numerous "economic crimes" (against humanity).

But then the dialectic slips back into gear, first the disco "brawl" on Friday (thesis), then the violent theft of THE PLAQUE (antithesis), and the backlash of Klapholtz and finally the Rosebery state apparatus (synthesis). "Students of Rosebery, unite! You have nothing to lose but your place in the hall."

We briefly turn our attention to another war - the outcome of which is far from historically inevitable - it is the semi-final of

the Hall pool competition between the counter-revolutionary and despotic ruler, Gisborne, and the heroic revolutionary, "Funky Tim". The Rosebery commune takes inspiration in the heroic defeat of the economically dominant Gisborne. "All power to the Soviets!" they cry and, consumed with euphoria, head for the small TV room to elect a provisional government and stab the renegade and tyrant Hugh Jones in the back. Cuban mints are passed amongst the assembled fraternity. "Peace, mints and freedom," cries Chris Matthewson, blowing bubbles. This temporary utopia is disrupted by the noisy entrance of Canau "the mad fascist" Hanby, who attempts to divide the working class by proposing a horror video in an alternative TV room - Chris Bunting, "Dick Dick," Julia and Lisa immediately join him to hails of "class traitors..." Where cowards flinch and traitors sneer! Oh, how the words move us and tears roll down our cheeks - these first years have more to them than meets the eye!

We then faced the dilemma that all revolutions face - a split in the vanguard! Thankfully, a compromise was reached between the "Fitzpatrickites" and the "Poolites" that all copies of "The Times" be retrieved from the pockets of the hall table and be burnt, and to mandate

that Howard "the Welsh wizard" Davies pour a pint of beer all over Chris Redman's head the next time they should meet.

Then disaster struck; after 11 minutes the enthusiasm began to sag; Base wants to practise his bass; Matthewson wants to lead a cohort immediately to the South African embassy for a picket; Fry has to visit a friend from Sunderland; Fitzpatrick wants to prepare a speech from the Union; Miranda wants a bath; Funky and Poole want to play pool; Tim Cantwell wants to finish his sociology essay; Isabel wants to borrow my copy of "Critique of the Gotha Programme" (New Era Books, 40p); and "C.B." enters with a diatribe on the intellectual deficiencies of Marx and Engels compared with his own superior mathematical abilities.

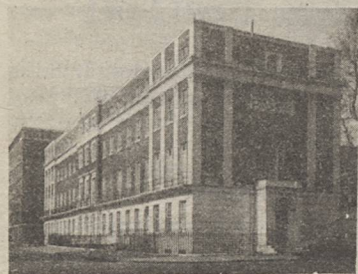
Momentarily united against an upholder of the status quo, the Rosebery Reds agree to explore the theory of the "ultimate socialist orgasm", but please will "C.B." go away first. Reminding our comrades that the personal is the political, South and I retire to the bar and muse over the sad failure of another revolution. Yet again, the foundations of the Rosebery State have survived, Lim still holds the hall funds, Marko and Kuria still hold court at the pool table, and the counter-revolutionaries have rallied to Hanby's call, and we are stuck in front of the video. So vulnerable, if only our cadres' revolutionary fervour outweighed their carnality.

Disillusioned, but with faith, we were forced to take the parliamentary road to Ward 6, as I am worried about my essay and South is worried about his pay cheque. Synthesis becomes thesis, and we await the revolution.

"HARVEY PROCTOR'S BUM" and "NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, SMACK, SMACK!"



Passfield Hall Report



General (Entrance) Hall alert! All those slobbers who left McD's wrappers, fries, and hamburgers ground into the carpet, beware. No more picnics allowed in reception!

What a weekend in Passfield. Was anybody here? You'd think the LSE had gone to the Hampsons for the weekend. Noticeably absent was Julian Marcus, who went home to terrorise deepest Wales and to pay his respects to the local officials. What, pray tell, was Julian doing on the top of a church steeple at 4 a.m. when the coppers came by? Did he really think they wanted a liquified lunch at that time of night?

Also on leave was Bert Sloane seen dashing again to see SS - Sarah Sloane - at Exeter (no relation to Jayne at Passfield). Is there not enough elitism for him at the LSE?

As for Comrade Bill, the American who spent the weekend in Moscow, we wonder about his claims that there was nothing between Heidi and him, "not even air"?

Could Owen have been going somewhere too because he was thought to be flying Singapore Airlines again last weekend but

was rumoured to have crash landed. All relatives should contact T9 for details. Throat lozenges kindly accepted.

Saturday night was the height of excitement as the Miss World contest drew a limited audience. One blond-haired, blue-eyed person was heard to remark to another blond-haired, blue-eyed TAN person, "What a b**** you are." What a great Saturday night (zzz...)

Andrea, Fiona, and Gabrielle were seen on a mad box-hunt for Boring Bert -BB- just back from Exeter. Thanks to Gullible Fran, BB now knows the identity of the mysterious Three WISE Persons Bearing Gifts. Yes, Michael "the Blond" Carter, WISE!?

On a general note, Ken, the Conservative Canadian, received Fig Newtons and Oreos in a Live Lobster box - much to the delight of other North Americans, he shared them. Talking about Americans - a correction in a past Beaver report. We all know that you Americans hang loose with non-Yanks. Many apologies.

And on a political note, is this Hall democratic? - Vive la Brunch Petition! Ciao, adorable people, have a good day!

P.S. The Chinese party is on this weekend as usual on the second floor at 2 a.m.

P.P.S. We've heard Nigel's kidney stones are having a well-deserved rest after years of abuse. Hope he's feeling better.

THE BEAVER PRIZE CROSSWORD

Compiled by The Batt Brothers

We had a little windfall this week, folks, so we are pleased to announce that this week's prize is £15,000 in used notes...! Seriously though, I can't remember the name of the ego-tripper who won last week, but as there was only the one correct answer, she'll know who she is.

Anyone want to buy a hot Ford Orion?

Across

1. Stockholding raised as her entitlement. (5)
4. Radio 4's bestselling author? (6)
10. Crushed grape in cake crumbs boxed once more. (9)
11. Bitterly cruel sore. (5)
12. Wage rise encourages settlement of debt. (3,2)
13. Public relations exercise initially started decent turmoil in the first instance. (9)
15. One arts degree for air chiefs. (1,1,1)
16. Point in climb becomes a washout. (5)
18. I make false statements concerning offshore dweller. (8)
22. Happiness's inclusions. (8)
24. From the upper Ural's countryside. (5)
26. Rat returns for the sailor. (3)
27. The french purist I reformed to religion. (9)
30. Sounds like unspecified grant is all one gets. (5)
32. Shaving parts from moustaches leaves some discomfort. (5)
33. Note; it's my sketchy evidence. (9)
34. Greeting that often comes in threes. (6)
35. Queen returns in time to give consent. (5)

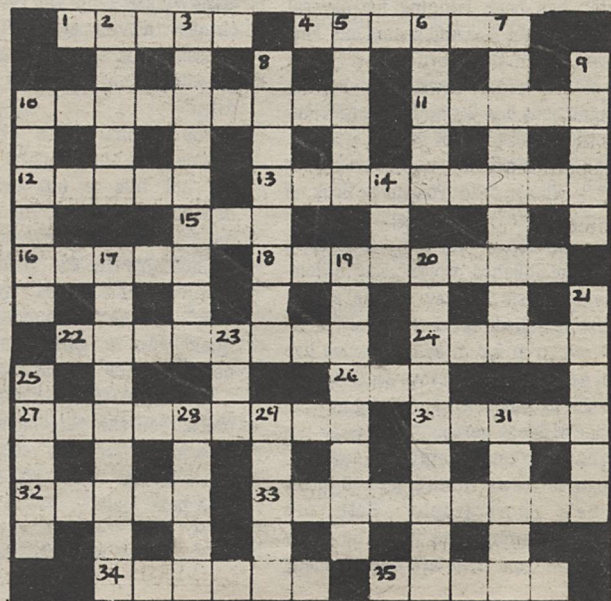
Down

2. Very quietly in the hay showing pleasure. (5)
3. Net price I set to be the receiver. (9)
5. Find the sheriff in there every time. (5)
6. Turn in disarray so he can see the audience. (5)
7. Tennis playing shark? (9)
8. Gain confusion after effeminate operation. (8)
9. Sounds really super to shred. (5)
10. Article on porter shifts. (6)
14. A reverse current for air chiefs. (1,1,1)
17. Integrated circuit hotline reverts to the stone-age. (9)
19. Shopper without notes is unenthusiastic. (8)
20. Telling how an art ring broke up. (7)
21. Peels back before you start to get tired. (6)
23. A great ending to devour. (3)
25. As a matter of course is as confused as ULU. (5)
28. Supply publication. (5)
29. Absolute mention. (5)
31. Circle area of blue sky. (5)

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION

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STEER PRACTICAL
UNEA IOU
REDRESS SECULAR
CUL TWO KVI
HEROIN CREAMED
AENARTN
R DAGENHAM ASIA
G SATRIM
CACH FREETIME P
H K C S N C E
SLAVISH ANCHOR
TND TRAO S
ORGANIC CORTINA
OEAR DINN
LASTPLACE SAGIB
    
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Theatre

Julius Caesar

Set in the austere, religious atmosphere of mid-17th century England, Shakespeare's tale of political ambition and intrigue begins.

While it takes a few minutes to adjust to the sight of Julius Caesar, Mark Antony and Brutus striding about Rome in Puritan attire, the analogy drawn by director, David Thacker, between the fervent religious sentiments of Cromwellian England with its strong views on behaviour and moral values and Rome under Caesar, with its strict codes of moral and political conduct, begins to take shape. The only instance wherein the translation of Caesar's Rome into the era of Puritan England occurs when the Romans choose to commit suicide, an honourable death in

their view, which is in direct opposition to Christian doctrine. This is, however, but a small flaw in this otherwise fine production.

The austerity of the costumes and the simplicity of the set design (by Fran Thompson) focuses the attention almost entirely on the underlying questions raised by the play; what is political power, to whom should it be given, and why? The plot to assassinate Julius Caesar is initiated by Cassius, who is blinded by his hatred of the power wielded by Caesar. Cassius sees Julius Caesar as a mere mortal man like himself who has risen to an almost god-like status in the eyes of the Romans, a feeling he can neither understand nor tolerate. While Cassius

is unwilling to take the responsibility of power himself, he sees in Brutus the making of an ideal ruler for Rome, a man as committed as he to the ideals of liberty, equality and freedom. The stage is then set for their dissolution of Caesar's power and the return to a republican Rome as they perceive it should be. They will destroy the evil that is Rome by destroying the symbol of Rome - Julius Caesar. The cast is ably led by Corin Redgrave as Brutus, Peter Ellis as Julius Caesar, Frank Grimes as Mark Antony and, most notably, by Matthew Marsh in the pivotal role of Cassius. Marsh's portrayal of a man possessed by jealousy of another man's power and his attempt to marshal his fellow Romans against such power is very persuasive.

Set in the round, the production makes full use of the entire space of the theatre, from floor to ceiling, to bring the audience into the political intrigue taking place before them. This works particularly well during the battle scenes in the final act, as the theatre is filled with the smoke and sounds of battle as the soldiers rush about in the gloom in search of victory.

"Julius Caesar" is running at The Young Vic through 20 December, and it is a production well-worth seeing.

Ann Henry



London Musicals

Starlight Express

The question, of course, is this - if it wasn't T.S. Eliot, was it then Thomas Tank-inspired? "Starlight Express," currently running at the Apollo Victoria theatre is yet another of Andrew Lloyd-Webber's hits. And he's had many, from "Cats" to "Song and Dance", from "Evita" to "Phantom of the Opera", with "Jesus" and "Joseph" thrown in for good measure.

The story centres around a menagerie of trains very cleverly portrayed here by a carnival of fancily dressed actors, singers, dancers, or roller-skaters. There is Rusty, an ageing steam train, and there is AC/DC, a modern electric invention. Both have visions of winning the Big Race. In between there are other trains, songs, pontifications, and more races. You can view the piece either as purely childish

fun, or as a subtle exposition of the decadence of youth, the intrusion of advanced technology, and the eventual triumph of hope over loud-mouthed politics. Not a bad show from a man who sports an asinine hairstyle.

The costumes, choreography and stage set are particularly commendable; British Rail could well look at Starlight Express in its vain effort to spruce up its image. However, the musical score, with the exception of one or two memorable tunes, leaves a lot to be desired. Be prepared to expect a mainly adult audience.

Finally, if you are one of the elite few who can afford to bust your piggy bank, this show is not worth catching. Try "Cats" or stick to last Christmas' choo-choo set.

Mei-Ling Tak



Cats

"Cats" has been running for several years now, but it is still selling out. Few shows under the Lloyd-Webber name fail to get good reviews. Even so, the "Magnificent and Stunning" posted outside the theatre is not too far wrong.

The plot is sketchy, a loose gathering of T.S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats," supplemented by the fragments from the poet's published and unpublished works. The accompanying music is easy on the ear, if undistinguished, apart from the "Memory" which is far more impressive live than as a single. The score does capture well the light-hearted and lively rhythms of Eliot's fluent verse.

What makes "cats" a success, though, is Trevor Nunn's set and Ellian Lynne's choreography. Both are visually stunning and fun. The lucky few in the front rows are seated among

giant Whiska's tins and revolve with the circular moving stage. Here you are almost within touching distance of the prowling and distinctly undomestic cats.

The original stars (Elaine Paige, Wayne Sleep and company) have moved on, but this is not a show which depends on its stars. The energy of the dancing compels, overpowering any whimsicality in the lyrics. From the opening recitation of "The Naming of Cats" by the whole company to the finale with its glimpse of Jellicle cat heaven, "Cats" never stops moving.

Be warned, though, tickets are scarce unless you can plan months ahead or wait for returns. No rush though; my guess is that "Cats" will be going this time next year.

Gillian Baxendine

La Cage Aux Folles

At last, a cure for homophobia!

The show opens with the grotesque strutting of night club drag queens in bright over-blown costumes. Immediately, we can all identify a stereotype which, for the present, is parodying itself. Even the most enlightened of us feels justified in sniggering.

But as the characters struggle, back-stage, towards self-realisation, the audience is forced to re-examine its own stance on quite a number of issues.

Even for someone who finds homophobia unfathomable, this show highlighted the fact that homosexuality is not an adjunct to someone's identity - like the paint and feathers of the cabaret artiste - but it is part of one's fundamental make-up. That is a message which has yet to reach most people, at least in the world beyond Houghton Street.

Here a drag queen called Zaza (George Heam) has been for 20 years the devoted self-sacrificing mother figure to Jean-Michel (Jonathan Morris) who now announces his engagement to the daughter of an ultra-traditionalist local politician. The latter's imminent arrival leads the son to request that his blood-mother, who abandoned him at birth, be present rather than Zaza. Jean-Michel, representing all that is hum-drum in society, seems ignorant of the wound he has caused. A compromise is reached in which Zaza will appear as a man. In the song "Masculinity", Zaza overcomes his timidity to the macho side of his nature. Supremely interesting stuff! Ultimately, when the blood-mother does not arrive, Zaza's thoughts turn to how upsetting this will be for the son - yet more selflessness.

The future father-in-law is ridiculed and we are exhorted to live for the happiness of each moment. Anyone who has not overcome his/her bigotry by now is a lost cause.

It was interesting to note that the homosexual parents fell into ultra-traditionalist mother/father roles, rather like a fifties "Flintstone" cartoon with Wilma cooking in a lacy apron while Fred goes off to war. It doesn't seem all that alternative after all.

Elizabeth Botsford

Films

Saving Grace



Films often treat religion as either a very serious issue or as the subject of farce. I was relieved to find that "Saving Grace" chose to take the middle ground by showing religion as another facet of humanity, seen in different lights by different people.

This light comedy starts Tom Conti (of "American Dreamer" and "Reuben, Reuben") as Pope Leo XIV, a man who accepts the position only because he feels that it is God's will. A year later, we see that he is still not comfortable in his position. A chance meeting in the Vatican introduces him to a deaf girl from a poor, remote village, and he realizes how much greater satisfaction he gained from being an ordinary parish priest than as a man leading a multitude.

Fate deals him a chance to again see the immediate results of his ministry when he "escapes" outside the Vatican. By way of various means of transportation, Pope Leo hitchhikes to the small village to see what he can do; there he finds a dying village led by a small-time gangster. Apparently, the town was once supported by small farming, but when an earthquake destroyed the local aqueduct, apathy set in and farming ceased. Local villagers were reduced to sorting rags in a nearby town to support themselves. With the help of a young gang of boys, Pope Leo overcomes the town's animosity toward change and leads the efforts to rebuild the aqueduct.

The Pope's assistants in the Vatican are not pleased by his unconventional and abrupt retreat, but their loyalty induces them to invent excuses for his absence for other members of the Vatican household and the press. Although these associates at first seem quite typical of the religious bureaucracy, they reveal their innate concern for the Pope's well-being and humanity in their comic attempts to conceal the absence of their leader. Fortunately, "Saving Grace" does not even try to deal with the realities of probably complications aroused by the Pope's disappearance. Indeed, the film is not deep enough to invite question of this nature.

Although the plot is easily predictable from the moment Pope Leo leaves the Vatican, "Saving Grace" is enjoyable because of its sensitive characters. There is no doubt that this is Tom Conti's picture. His expressions, in particular his wonderfully expressive eyes, make Pope Leo into a priest who is sensitive and selfless enough to experience this adventure. Through him, we can truly care about the people he encounters and understand the frustrations of his assistants in their attempts to tame him. The supporting characters are all quite adequate in their unfortunately stereotyped roles. If you like Tom Conti, however, and are in the mood for a light adventure one evening, you will really enjoy "Saving Grace".

Marita O'Brien

The London Film Festival

This year the London Film Festival celebrates its 30th anniversary in style, with both the opening and closing night films being world premieres from two of the leading, most controversial and often undervalued British film directors, Nicolas Roeg and Ken Russell, responsible for "Castaway" and "Labyrinth" respectively.

One of the most significant ventures this year is the "Festival on the Square", which uses flagship cinemas in Leicester Square, the heart of West End movie-going, as well as its traditional venue, the National Film Theatre.

Participants represent countries from 11 parts of the globe - there is even a pleasant surprise from the Dutch Antilles, spoken in Papiamentu. Several countries have particularly strong representation. Seldom has there been such a strong French influence, including many big names. The French Institute's excellent cinema will be incorporated into the LFF for the first time. There is a large Australian contingent, too, signalling a resurgence of the much-praised Australian New Cinema. Then, there are a half-dozen fine films from India and Japan.

"The Beaver" has already reviewed a few films from this year's collection, including "Extremities", "Smooth Talk" and "Frog Dreaming" several weeks ago. The Festival continues this week, and below we've outlined some of the movies worth looking out for, many of which are due for general release.

Monday, 24th Nov.

"Coast to Coast" (3.00, 8.45 ICA). Contains John Shea and Lenny Henry's

splendid double act in a comedy-thriller. The soundtrack is packed with enough 60's hits to stock a Chantel Meteor 200.

Tuesday 25th Nov.

"Promise" (2.30, 8.30 NFT2). Yoshida's first film in 13 years, a most extraordinary and telling document, not so much a plea for euthanasia as an angry look at our inadequate and frightened response to old age and death.

"The More Things Change..." (11.00 am, 6.00 pm NFT2). Too often bogged down in grand gesture or fancy dress Australian cinema has not been noted for its 'adult' themes. However, this is very much an adult drama - wonderfully observed and sensitively directed.

"Boy Soldier" (3.00, 8.45 ICA). The boy soldier of the title in Karl Francis' powerful new Welsh-language feature is a 19 year-old recruit who joins the army as an alternative to the dole queue, and is posted to Northern Ireland. It's a harrowing and emotionally charged indictment of militarism and of the brutalizing effects of a hierarchy based on class and nationality.

Wednesday 26th Nov.

"New Delhi Times" (6.15 NFT1) Sharma's story points the not unobvious moral that politicians are often too clever by half for campaigning journalists, especially in India, where they are apt to use them at the very moment when the journalists think they are striking out on behalf of the people.

SEE PAGE 11

Music

JAZZ COLUMN

"Round Midnight"

In a recent interview Bernard Tavernier, director of the new jazz film, "Round Midnight", asked himself why it was "that Duke Ellington only did two film scores in his life. He was one of the greatest composers of the century." As the film clearly shows, the explanations for Hollywood's neglect of this great composer-arranger lies within the more deep-seated neglect and exploitation of the American blacks generally and, for our purposes, jazz musicians specifically.

It's fitting, then, that here in the 1980's Tavernier should have at last tapped the talents of top black musicians, albeit to evoke a past era - the Bebop of the late 1950's. But it's ironic, too, that Hollywood's volte-face should be achieved with the production clout of Irwin (Rocky I,II,III,IV, "The Right Stuff") Winkler. This irony is perhaps put into perspective by recalling a scene from "Round Midnight" in which the main character, Dale Turner (played by black saxophonist, Dexter Gordon) recalls how it was that someone all to aware of prejudice, a Jewish doctor, saves him from the beatings in the US army - at that time a bastion of racial segregation.

At any rate, whatever Winkler's motives the film is remarkably perceptive and true to life. But one whose high degree of musical insight and input is at once both its strength and weakness.

The strength lies in its sensitivity to important questions. We come to see that the life of the 1950's Bebop kings was soul-destroying at all times, except

on stage. They were shunted from one anonymous hotel room to another; they got pushed into one lousy deal after another; their music was largely ignored; and, in consequence, they drank themselves to death. Indeed, it's remarkable that Gordon is around to play the lead since he drowned his liver in alcohol years ago.

The sound track (which is available on CBS records) deserves special mention, too. It's excellent, both in content and recording quality. This is one of those rare films where the music isn't incidental but essential. It's enjoyable and really adds to the whole spectacle. Again, this is hardly surprising, given the array of talent that went into its making - Dexter Gordon, Herbie Hancock, Freddie Hubbard, Wayne Shorter, John McLaughlin and many more.

There are weaknesses in the film. A painfully cliched Paris street "set" for one, and a tendency to imply immense profundities into inarticulate gaps (in which the guy was only probably trying to fart quietly) for another. Indeed, for the first 1/2 hour, I found the movie unnecessarily slow moving. I don't have to be bored to appreciate the boredom of the characters, particularly when the time might be better spent rounding them out more.

That said, it's a film I'd recommend. It gets a "thumbs up" on the basis of the sound track alone, and for its ability to draw the public's attention to the peaks and the lengthy troughs of a jazz musician's life.

Giorgio Meszaros

The Pastels Bay 63

Arriving at Bay 63 in Ladbroke Grove, very much the worse for wear, I found the reasonably legendary Pop Will Eat Itself about to take the stage. Looking somewhat out of place in a Sea of anoraks and floppy fringes, PWEI looked like a dodgy HM band of yore but proceeded to play three-chord blitzkrieg pop. Reliably informed by the press and friends that they rarely manage to do four songs, I watched with growing amazement as they managed at least eight, including a cover of Hawkwind's "Orgone Accumulator", presumably because we were in Ladbroke Grove, man, and before the words, Inner City Unit, flashed in my brain, they were

gone. Hmmm.

The Pastels came on after a nice short interval and immediately began to demolish their image as the "shambling band" par excellence, by playing a fast and level sea of home-made pop, including such classics as "Billion Tears", "Baby Honey" and their recent single, "Truck Train Tractor". The latter, repeated for the encore, turned into a pretty good psychedelic hoe-down, not a side to The Pastels I had previously been aware of! Neglected for far too long, The Pastels surely deserve a bit of recognition now and to be lifted from indie obscurity. And you all missed them! Next time, children, next time. **Doog**

COCTEAU TWINS KILBURN NATIONAL

One of the events of the past month, in terms of anticipation, was the Cocteau Twins' concert last week at the Kilburn National, the days being long gone when the Cocteau's found playing live too much - let alone appearing in venues like this. But more about that later.

I won't say anything about the first support band, as I've forgotten their name (if I knew it in the first place) and their music already. Mind you, the singer appeared to have cat's eyes! The second support were Dif Juz and in contrast, were quite a revelation. If, like me, you've only even vaguely heard their name and never their music, actually seeing them perform their shimmering, yet driving, instrumentals was an ear-opener. They set the mood quite effectively and then, as if awaiting the beginning of some mass ritual, the audience swelled, the lights dimmed, and after a rather too long wait, the Cocteau's appeared on the stage to a wave of applause. Oh Dear. You then realized that live, the Cocteau Twins are just another rock band eliciting the usual uncritical adulation and boorish behaviour from their followers, spoiling any sense of mystery and beauty in the occasion.



But the music, you ask, what about The Voice? As wonderful as ever, yet almost too confident, matching the seamless musicianship of Guthrie and Raymonde. Mind you, I still found myself with a lump during "Musette and Dams" and "Pearly Dewdrops drop".

The evening then was perfect musically, but unfortunately there seemed to be no connection between the group, the audience and yourself. As my friend remarked, it was rather like watching the Cocteau Twins perform at the end of a very long corridor, whereas one really wants to listen to them in your living room. And do they deserve a better audience!! **Doog**

Andy Partridge

Andy Partridge is a man who thinks and who enjoys talking about what he thinks. Doing an interview with him is thus a complex affair - it means being given two hours with an all-time hero (of ours, at least and coming from Swindon, there are few other personalities you can elevate) and then being told to reduce it to a few cogent extracts.

We covered such diverse topics as women (scary and "frighteningly wonderful"), record companies (the biggie - Virgin), pacifism (but "I'm not aggressive about my pacifism"), Swindon (as if you didn't know) and well, yes, Pop Music.

I suppose it's proper to begin with what XTC means to you, dear reader. Either they're a band who have never really "made it" (though you might just recall "Making Plans For Nigel" or "Senses Working Overtime" on TOTP), or, they've carried on, with 10 albums or so, outside and above the usual strictures of fashion.

Andy's happy that the group has escaped being pigeonholed. "We haven't stamped our foot in one place and got our foot in that one place like other people have done," and the albums are all markedly different. Hear the new Todd Rundgren-produced effort, and it is worlds away from the rougher early songs. This is partly due to that producer's rejection of tracks that were "louder" or more "political". The singing here is gentler, there are finer arrangements and more pastoral references, with lyrics like "Who's pushing the pedals on the season's cycle?" Pleasant, but not whimsical.

Many people today won't even remember XTC playing live at all, and they don't intend to go on tour. (With Scritti Politti and Heaven 17 also choosing not to go on the road, Virgin are more tolerant than before of this attitude.) The fans (awful term) have changed. "It's like a continuous snake with new stuff at the head and other stuff at the tail dropping off with each record. It moves forward with us." The common attraction now, as in the days of "White Noise", is the calibre of the songs, not any fashion or particular formula. "Once you've done something once, you don't want to keep doing the same thing over and over" is Andy's approach to their output.

The beauty of the Wiltshire countryside (Swindon being "a horrible town in a nice area") is clearly his passion - in fact, in his tweed jacket (BHS) and



"A gentleman and a scholar" with his Bon Vivour disposition, I wasn't sure if he was trying to cultivate a country squire image. But he's an eminently sane and normal bloke. We talked about the funny values which come over your TV set. You get "nothing physically pleasurable, but in every show, you'll see people getting their brains blown out". The violence is, to Mr. Partridge, the real obscenity.

Though believing pacifism is something to be aimed at, he doesn't vote because "I do not trust any of those people. I don't like giving people power." Whoever it was who said, "No matter who you vote for the Government gets in!", Andy is of the same mind.

Being 33 doesn't concern him over much. "I can bathe in the unhipness." Anyway, his credibility is doing OK, "The Woodentops" and "Doctor and the Medics" having used him as a producer. He is aware that pop is the only area which distinctly encourages age snobbery. "In the classical world, you can get an 8 year old Chinese violinist being conducted by a 90 year old conductor, making wonderful music, or Country and Western groups with kids in the band and granny on the violin."

I hope XTC will continue to produce changeable, thoughtful, professional pop; neither a commercial hit machine, nor an avant-garde group nor a cult band (How many leather jackets have you seen XTC imprinted on?) "Skylarking" is out now and worth investigating. If you buy this record, Virgin will keep on a band who are unpretentious, tuneful and English. They're great!

Interviewed by Bo and Andy

Anyone out there who wants to review records or concerts, or even write the definitive piece on surfing in Leeds, call into the Beaver office sometime. I mean, you can't all be Dire Straits fans...ED



True Stories

When rock stars start getting involved in film-making, experience has taught us to expect the worst. The films they come up with are rarely even noteworthy. However, "True Stories", directed and written by David Byrne of the Talking Heads, will be a notable exception to that rule. True, David Byrne is not any old rock star, and the Talking Heads is without a doubt the best thing to have crossed the Atlantic since the Coca Cola machines were brought over after the war, but "True Stories" is truly a good film.

It consists of a gallery of portraits showing the inhabitants of a little town

deep in the heart of Texas. They are busy preparing the celebrations surrounding the 150th anniversary of this town. A stranger, played by Byrne, discovers the strange and the not-so-strange inhabitants of Carmel, Texas. What is so delightful in "True Stories" is the total neutrality of what is shown. Never are we told what to think; never do we get the impression that we are visiting a zoo. Everything is shown simply, including the endless Texas plains. In addition to the beautiful photography, one must not forget the music. It consists of new versions of the songs which figured on the Talking

Heads' latest album (also called "True Stories). What more can one say than that this is the Talking Heads at their best?

On the sleeve of the album, David Byrne finishes his comments by saying, "Thanks; this was fun!" Thank YOU, David. It sure was. **Alex Crawford**

Festival FROM PAGE 10

Thursday 27th Nov.

"All American High" (2.30 NPT1). High school was never like this. The joy of the film is that the whole curious ritual - a pageant of earnest teachers, flirting students, pep rallies, football games and surfing climaxing in graduation and the senior prom - is shown through the eyes of a cool, somewhat bemused foreigner, Rikkamari Ranhala, who notes that in Finland, kids get on and lose their virginity at 14 or 15 without half the fuss.

Friday 28th Nov.

"Little Flames" (2.30 NPT2). A 5 year-old boy finds consolation with three 'imaginary' friends. His more realistic consolation comes from the 18 year-old babysitter, whom he enjoys seeing naked in the bathroom. The boy's obsession with fire leads him to commit an act of childhood cruelty of tragic proportions. Elegantly photographed and intensely acted, this is an off-beat film for Italian cinema in which the eroticism is not gratuitous, while realism and fantasy are subtly interlaced.

Sunday 30th Nov.

"The Beekeeper" (11.00 am Lumiere). Theo Angelopoulos follows Marcello Mastroianni in the imposing central figure, a man soured by a secret love for this daughter and now a wanderer, obsessed by his job as a beekeeper. The director's signature, though, has changed with a more eventful narrative, is ever-present - a succession of beautifully sustained travelling shots and an emotional intensity which moves

to a grave overwhelming climax. ("This is the kind of visual film making of which only the greatest artists are capable and, apart from anything else,

it is the best road movie since "Paris, Texas". Indeed, Wenders and Angelopoulos share some secrets - John Billett.)

Other films worth keeping an eye on: "Matador" (30th Nov. 4.00 NPT1); "Gothic" (30th Nov. 8.45 NPT1); "Labyrinth" (30th Nov. 8.00 Odeon, Leicester Square).

Stavros Makris

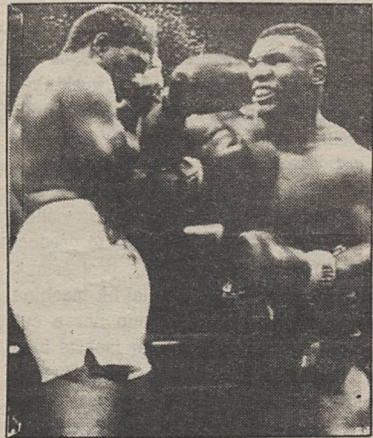
Films

Who is the new Ali?

To celebrate the "rebirth" of the LSE Boxing Club this week, I take a look at the world of pugilism.

And what a world it is. At the moment boxing is the "in" sport. In Britain the situation has never been rosier. Barry McGuigan (a distant relative of Rory perhaps?) started it all by conquering the world. The latest sensation is newly crowned welterweight king, Lloyd Honeyghan. Along with middleweight Marvin Hagler, he holds the distinction of being the undisputed world champion. It is this current fad for finding an undisputed world champion which has temporarily halted the career of Britain's other boxing bombshell, Frank Bruno.

The heavyweight division is the most bruising and, hence, the most glamorous of all. Rocky Marciano and Muhammad Ali took the art of boxing the perfection, and ever since, the search has been on to find the next heavyweight goliath. Thanks to promoter Don King and the American cable TV network, H.B.O., this hunt has now officially begun. A series of unification fights between the World Boxing Council, World Boxing Association and the International Boxing Federation will find an undisputed world champion by next May.



There were six candidates for the crown. The first to be eliminated was (you guessed it!) Frank Bruno. He was beaten by Tim Witespoon for the WBA title, and until the series is completed, there will be no further opportunities for Frank. By now, the next round will be completed, as on Saturday, Trevor Berbick will defend his WBC title against the new sensation, Mike "Typhoon" Tyson (above) Everyone is predicting another Tyson K.O. victory, but it won't be that easy, I reckon Berbick will at least give him a good run for his money. Whether I'm wrong or not doesn't really matter, as the winner will then meet the victor of next month's WBA showdown between Witespoon and Tony Tubbs.

Then, in May '87, will come the big finale. The eventual winner of these preliminary (!) bouts will face Michael Spinks, conqueror of the great Larry Holmes. Spinks is my tip to be the fighter left standing after the blood has been wiped away.

Whatever happens, the next few months are going to contain some of the best boxing matches of all time. The man who wins will truly be the undisputed world heavyweight champion, entitled to join the ranks of Ali and Marciano.

If you'd like to have a bash at the boxing game, why not join LSE's Boxing Club? See Ray Bradley at the Athletic Union, and you could soon be defending LSE's reputation (and your life) against bruisers all over the country!

By BASIL

BEAVER SPORT

FOOTBALL

Saturday's game saw a welcome return of Adam Markin, dearly missed in Wednesday's whitewash at Kent. Friday's pre-match meal was a pleasant affair although Aly McKenzie found something to do, and it showed. Paul Wakefield really must get more sleep, however, the night before such a crucial game in the fight for the premier league title.

The game was a very sporting contest with Hendrik Meesman going close and John "I've lost my touch" Shipstone blasting over from close range in the opening few minutes. However Q.M.C. had two small forwards and Andy "Raging Bungle" Shingler needed to give himself more yards than a mere football pitch would allow. L.S.E. went one down just before half time to a very good goal.

The second half was dominated by L.S.E., Markin making some penetrating runs and Shingler going close from a couple of Markin set pieces. However Q.M.C. caught the tiring L.S.E. team on the break with a breathtaking move. It was a good performance on the whole although someone needs to point out to Nick Markham the difference between football and volleyball.

A string of unlucky result has seen the LSE 2nd team crash out of both the UAW and the London Cup competitions. However, the team continues to grow in stature and confidence, and form in the league goes from strength to strength. LSE must surely be in the running for the title.

The pitch at SSEES was very poor, and this did not contribute to a skilful game. The first half was a series of missed chances from both sides, and with the score at 0-0 at half-time, it was clear the game badly needed a goal. Ten minutes into the second half it came; a defensive error let in Rob Easton for a calmly taken lob over the keeper. Things began to heat up, and soon LSE had the chance to go 2 up when a defender handled the ball in the penalty box. The regular penalty taker was unavailable today, so the captain took the

Karate

Despite an unhealthy penchant for swigging beer and puffing cigs, first year economics student Sari Lindberg punched and kicked her way to victory in the national university karate championships held on Saturday, November 8 at Birmingham University.

She won the Women's heavyweight event by taking full advantage of her height and reach. Her opponents were smothered by her aggressive attacks, finding it difficult to get close enough to deliver their own techniques, although it was touch and go in the semi-final which Sari won by only one half-point (wazari).

After a disappointing first round defeat against Cambridge in the Men's team event, LSE came back with a vengeance and brought home a bronze medal in the men's lightweight division, where black-

responsibility and scored with, quite honestly, the best struck penalty I've seen all season. Confidence was sky-high, and LSE began to play some marvellous football, centred around Rob Jones and Antonio Tossant, who will surely be seeing the bright lights of the 1st team before the season is out.

The third goal came from a delightful piece of individual play from that man, Rob Easton, again, when he coolly shot from 30 yards and hit the top right-hand corner of the goal.

SSEES managed to grab a couple of goals on the break in the last 15 minutes, largely because Scott Offer was trying hard to get his name on the score sheet on his debut.

A poor performance came from Nick "Bullet" Ball, and serious questions must be asked about whether he can remain in the team. He must score soon. Conversely, Paul Day had a fine game, and Marco "the Cat" was rock solid in goal.

LSE's 3rd team put in the best performance of the year on Saturday, cruising to a 7-2 victory. Four goals were scored in the first half through Colin, Crispin, Simon and Chris, with Chris's being an outstanding effort - a clinical finish to an excellent passing movement. In the second half, Crispin and Chris added second goals, and Darren scored with a good header (for a change!), but late goals were let in through sloppy defending. A good all-around performance with the two Chris', Atkinson and Riley, and Crispin putting in outstanding performances.

A fine first half performance by the 4th team saw them 2-0 up at half-time with the promise of more to come. The goals came from Dave North and a superb volley from Alex Hunt.

Yet after the change round, QMC often caught our defence square and drew level with two scrappy goals. Despite this, the team showed great spirit and a lob by Dan Duncan put LSE back in front. Just as it looked as if the boys would bring home a well-deserved victory, the referee gave a very dubious penalty decision - despite the fact that he was 200 yards away when the incident happened. Oh well, life's a bitch!



belt John Rogers convincingly won his qualifying rounds, only to be narrowly beaten in the semi-final.

A bitter-sweet performance came from team captain Steve Sheppard in the men's middleweight division. After defeating defending champion and Cambridge captain Steve Mannion in a battle that went to two extensions of time, he was disqualified in the quarter-finals for using excessive contact to the face of his opponent

Basketball

On Saturday the LSE basketball team travelled to Essex University in Colchester to participate in the annual Universities Athletic Union Tournament.

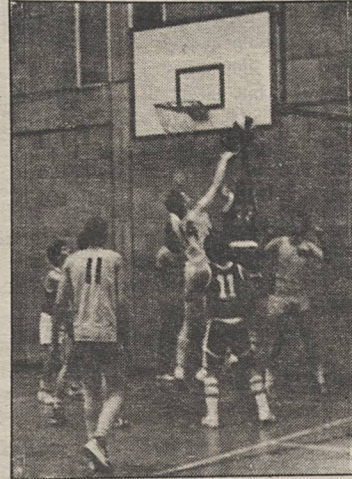


Photo: Joe Pfeiffer

The team overwhelmed its first two opponents, East Anglia and Queen Mary College, by over twenty points. In the third game against Brunel University the team started slowly and trailed 27-21 at the half. Player-coach Mark Rogers cited the team's lack of concentration and poor offensive execution as the causes of the half-time deficit. The team regrouped in the second half and won the game by ten points to advance to the tournament semi-finals.

LSE's semi-final opponent, Kent University, forfeited the game advancing LSE into the championship game against the Brunel-Exeter winner. The championship game will be played at a later date. LSE has won the tournament the last two years and player-coach Rogers expects another championship this year.

On Friday night the LSE second team was clobbered by Camden for its second straight loss this season. The team showed enthusiasm but was handicapped by its lack of height and depth.

By Kevin Koga

Taffy's Tales

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear....After weeks of circuit training, iron pumping and hours of roadwork, our super-men pack were made to look like wimps as they were driven round the field with the front row actually being lifted off the ground at one stage. The final score against King's was a humiliating 32-6 defeat. (Maybe fixing the multigym would help.)

The 2nd team, however, showed what a good training program of beer and late nights could do by romping home with 4 dazzling tries to win 16-0. The play was frenetic with Mikey, The Boz, and Chris flying around the field from the back-row. As the game was on a Sunday, all the players slipped quietly home nice and early so that they could get to church and either (1) pray for thanksgiving or (2) pray for forgiveness.

R.I.P.

Six-A-Side Cricket

Old Reptilians - 60 for 6
LSE - 61 for 2

Douai Society - 77 for 5
LSE - 78 for 1

The LSE indoor cricketers again came off best in their two matches at Lord's last Saturday. Having won twice already in their bid to take the "Silexine Trophy", they made it four wins out of four, yet not without some excitement.

The now familiar 9.30 am start apparently presented no problem as LSE won the toss and prepared to field against the Old Reptilian batsmen. These included one John Sadler, a former LSE first team cricket captain, who, remembering previous LSE performances, doubtless felt himself in no way discouraged for being a member of the opposition. Indeed, he top-scored for Old Reptilians with 16 until dismissed by Derek Smith, who took a further wicket with the next ball.

Good fielding by LSE, with Saad Iqbal producing two run outs and Stuart Robertson a stumping, restricted the Old Reptilians to just 60 runs.

The LSE's opening pair of Simon Bexon and Saeed Khawaja could manage only 7 and 6 respectively, but Smith (21) and Iqbal (10) steered them to victory with ample time to spare. While LSE rejoiced, John Sadler looked puzzled.

Almost immediately, the players were back in action against the Douai Society in what turned out to be a remarkable game of changing fortunes, which tested LSE's resolve to the limit. The advantage was taken by LSE as the two spinners, Justin Jones and Saad Eqbal, reduced the opposition to 18 for 5, with Eqbal taking three wickets and Jones contriving to hit the stumps twice in quick succession to maintain this excellent spell of cricket from the LSE players. Indeed, the match was all but won, yet in an amazing change of fortune the opposition's only remaining batsman took his side to 77 for 5 at the close of the innings, including no less than four sixes.

The LSE reply, against wayward bowling, saw an inning of controlled aggression from opener, Saeed Khawaja, which, added to the many wickets bowled by the Douai Society bowlers, took LSE past 50 runs.

Fellow opener, Simon Bexon, had been subdued by some awkward left-arm bowling, but just when it looked as though LSE might not reach their target, the left-handed Bexon produced two magnificent sixes to finish on 28 not out and maintain his team's unbeaten record.

Team: Simon Bexon, Justin Jones, Saad Eqbal, Saeed Khawaja, Stuart Robertson, Derek Smith. Scorer: Lindsey Hemingway.

Cricket nets are held at Lord's every Tuesday during term time between 8-9 pm. Whites must be worn. All welcome.

By DEREK SMITH