

# THE BEAVER

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS UNION

## Contra Debate Opens Up Free Speech Controversy

By BEAVER STAFF

Was the LSE Debating Society being used as a platform legitimising a "murderer" and a "fascist"? Did the forty-strong picket outside A86 engage in "intimidation" and "harrasment", violating the Union's policy of free speech? These and other allegations were thrown about the Students' Union last week as controversy erupted over the Debating Society's meetings at which David Hoile spoke in favour of the Contras in Nicaragua.

David Hoile is a well-known British propagandist for the Contras. He has written an extremist anti-Sandinista pamphlet called Nicaragua for Beginners and is involved in the campaign to raise private funds for the Contras. Another aspect which makes Hoile so controversial a figure is his research work for John Carlyle MP, who is one of the strongest opponents of divestment in the House of Commons.

This controversy surrounding Hoile's activities on Tuesday far overshadowed the speaking performance of the man himself, who proved to be a lackluster speaker. His mere presence at the school, however, was sufficient to bring out a large picket by members of the left, who claimed that Hoile was "beyond the pale" and should not be allowed a platform at the LSE.

There was some indecision beforehand as to whether the picket should be merely informational or whether it should actually try to stop Hoile and any of the audience from getting into the room. About forty people showed up outside the entrance of A86, in a picket angry enough to entail the presence of porters and police officers. Several members of the audience claimed to have been "intimidated" and "harassed" when pushing through the crowd.



David Hoile crossing the picket line

As a result, a motion was brought up at Thursday's UGM by Rory O'Driscoll, condemning the picket for being intimidating and violating the Student Union's policy of free speech. The ensuing forty minutes witnessed a procession of speakers and a heated debate over picket intimidation, the ever-present free speech issue, and a little bit of information on the Contras as well.

Liz Wheatley of SWSS argued that the Debating Society had provided a platform for a man representing "rapists and sadistic murders". Hazel Smith added that the Students' Union was betraying its own affiliation to the Nicaraguan Solidarity Campaign by allowing Hoile to speak.

Arguments from the right focused on the beneficial aspects of debate in general, especially in an educational institution like the LSE. As could be expected from a union supporting free speech, the motion condemning the pickets was passed, though by a small majority.

Another consequence of the Contra debate was the resignation of the president of the Debating Society, Paul Wood, over the issue of free speech and the proposed sponsorship of the society by politically-interested parties, among them the right-wing Alternative Bookshop. Wood himself has now organised an alternative forum called the Open Debate Society.

## Squeezing Out the Students

by Nick Moreno

Relations at Roseberry Hall between staff and students were at an all time low last week when the Bursar gave students just a few hours notice to book accommodation for Easter.

A notice informing residents that they had to apply as soon as possible was put up without warning last Monday. Worse still, the allocation was on a first-come, first-serve basis for the first 50 applicants only. Unsuspecting students, returning from LSE, were stunned to find that they would be turned out for the vacation period. Roseberry has a very high proportion of overseas and post-graduate students, most of whom have no alternative but to stay in London and study for exams.

Mrs. Xanfal, the Bursar, said she was, "too much of a capitalist to do it any other way." She added that the Hall was there to make money and that there was no obligation at all to students wishing to remain at Easter. Roseberry was, instead, being generous by allowing so many students to stay when they could have all been told to move out when the term ended.

Reaction at Roseberry was unanimous. One postgraduate said, "We were left out in the cold about the situation, and many of us will be left without a place to stay." A vague promise to house residents who had missed out on the allocation by moving them to City University halls was rejected out of hand by most students. They asked why they should be forced to move out and then back in again with all the resultant nuisance.

A look at the accounts from 1985/1986 gives a clue. Roseberry makes just under £150,000 from vacation visitors, a much higher figure than the other two halls which don't force students out at vacations. Students would like to know if, at the time, the anonymous benefactor gave the Hall to the school, there were any terms that gave commercial bookings precedence over student bookings.

It would seem then, that to Roseberry Hall, profit, rather than the welfare of its many fee-paying students, has the highest priority.

## Defend ULU Services!

Alex Crawford and Kate Meyrick

The University of London has over 50,000 students in 34 affiliated colleges and institutes. The union, which serves all of these, is in Bloomsbury and provides many welfare information and recreational facilities. At present these are in danger from an attack by the University Grants committee who proposes 50% cuts in funding to the University of London central activities.

In three years time, over 20% of the university's students will be deprived of essential services should the UGC be allowed to implement these reductions. Here at the LSE we are lucky because we have a comprehensive array of facilities: welfare, accommodation, health, for example. Some colleges because of their size do not, however, and these students, as well as those who live in the student populated Gordon Sq. area, rely heavily on ULU.

The cuts will affect many of the 40 societies and sports facilities, the restaurant, bar, swimming pool, careers office, in addition to the utilities already mentioned. The cut will also affect the Senate House library.

There can be very few students who have not at any time used these.

At last Thursday's UGM the Vice President (Finance and Administration) Nick Wilkins spoke about the effects of the cuts and described them as effectively marking the beginning of the end of the U of L as a federation of students. It is feared by ULU spokespeople that a 50% cut in funding will effectively close ULU since costs are too high to survive this cut. ULU is urging all LSE students to support the struggle and to defend these facilities. Even if it will not be to the detriment of students here if ULU's resources are halved, other students will be deprived of vital facilities.

Anyone who feels strongly should visit ULU, sign the petition, write to their MP or to the Vice Chancellor. In addition to this, on January 28th there will be a day of action. This concentrates on a picket of the University Court meeting at 11:30. (Anyone wanting more details should phone ULU at 580 8551). Please come and defend our rights.

## S.U. Elections Cancelled

by Ann Henry

Is there anyone out there interested in a two-month job on the Student's Union Executive? Evidently not. It was announced at Thursday's UGM that there will be no elections for either the Executive Committee or the Finance Committee. The number of candidates putting themselves forward for election was equal to the number of vacancies, resulting in the decision to cancel the election.

The new members of the Executive are: Nick Randall (Labour), Lucia Fry (Labour), Chris Marsden (SDP/Liberal Alliance), and Francis von Habsburg (Conservative). The new Finance Committee members are: Peter Walker (Labour), Brian O'Hallern (Labour), and Fabian Bourke (Overseas).

The four new members of the Executive will now decide among themselves the distribution of the recently-vacated posts of Welfare Representative, NUS Officer, Press and Publicity Officer, and Equal Opportunities at the next Executive Meeting on Friday, 23rd January. The Finance Committee will be assuming their new posts within the next few weeks. All the new officers will be performing their jobs for only two months, until the general elections to be held in March.

## St. Valentine's Day 1987

Valentine cards are naff  
so send a flower.

All profits will go to Rag Week.

Look out for more information  
at the stall Outside Old  
Theatre, nearer the time.



# Letters

## Regurgitation

*Dear Editor:*  
Would it be possible to discourage those of your contributors who seem to imagine that LSE is an "academic wasteland" from resorting to the metaphor of "regurgitation" (Beaver Jan. 19 and passim)? The metaphor might be a little less appropriate were it not for the fact that what one gets in May and June more often approximates to dry retching than to the vomiting forth of what had been properly digested. The real point is that understanding is not a physiological process. Since students have a whole year to master the subjects they study, and since learning the current theories is a part of understanding, nothing, but nothing, stands in the way of what your correspondents whimsically describe as "creative thinking". There seems to be precious little of the stuff in those currently complaining about the blunting of their finer sensibilities by the need to "regurgitate".  
*Yours faithfully,*  
Kenneth Minogue  
Professor of Government

## Condoms

*Dear Beaver:*  
I think it should be made clear that the condoms referred to in J.J.'s (otherwise amusing) column are by no means "the contraceptive equivalent to a tractor inner tube".  
The Red-stripe condoms to which he refers are (in my experience) preferable to Durex - not least because they don't have those bloody stupid teats on the end. They are also stronger and are less likely to slip off.  
The shop is performing an invaluable service by stocking Red-stripe condoms at cost price. It doesn't help to have prominent students encouraging the myth that condoms and safe-sex must spoil your fun!  
*Yours sincerely,*  
Martin Flatters

## Castrate JJ

*Dear Editor:*  
J.J. is obviously straining so hard, poor boy, to be funny, but there comes a time when his crass, lowdown attacks on people (on the Left - surprise, surprise) get too much to stomach. I was especially offended by the tone of his assault on Deirdre McGinley in last week's "Around the L.S.E.". She has him to thank for a pathetic stream of "humorous" (laugh? I nearly choked with bile) digs at her as a memory on leaving L.S.E. All she has ever done to incur the mighty J.J.'s disdain is be civil and encouraging and take her job seriously. All she gets by way of recognition is a caustic invective against her person and the post of E.O.O.  
Can I suggest therefore that J.J. acquires a little humility as penance and cuts down on the literary crud at the expense of decent people. Failing that, perhaps, he could be ritually castrated (the lobotomy clearly didn't do the trick) and sent away. Far away.  
*Yours,*  
B. Novak  
P.S. As your correspondent can only muster two letters for a name, he might consider changing them to Z.Z. (as in the French "ZiZi"). Stick that in your pipe - or condom - and smoke it! (See, Wimmin do have a sense of humour!)

## Honest Dierdre

*Dear Editor:*  
It appears from the last edition that Sarah Bronzite has mastered the art of fiction writing we have come to expect from lead articles in Beaver. I don't wish to reply on my own behalf but rather with regard to Deirdre McGinley.  
Most of us in LSE politics sacrifice our convictions on the altar of illusory popularity. Deirdre, however, did not. Whether one liked her or hated her, and I tended toward the latter, at least Deirdre actually stuck to what she believed in.  
Faced with a torrent of abuse week after week, she attempted to change some of the inequities and prejudices so prevalent in the LSE. She was often intolerant, humourless and bossy, but I'm afraid it's not up to people like Sarah Bronzite to add her voice to the chorus of easy criticism. At least Deirdre tried.  
*Yours,*  
Ron Beadle

## Apathy or Integrity?

*Dear Beaver:*  
"Apathy" was the buzzword of late 1986. I hoped we had left it behind with the old year, but on the front page of 1987's first edition of The Beaver, up it crops again.  
"Apathy" is a word used by failures to explain away their lack of ability to mobilize others by the claim that those others don't care. If Babs Band were stranded on a desert island with a bottle, a pen, and a piece of paper, judging by her use of publicity for Ents last term, and this term so far, she wouldn't know what to do with them. I didn't see Ruby Turner and Courtney Pine because by the time I eventually found out about their performances, I had already made arrangements I couldn't break - Babs defines this as apathy. I note Simon Bexon had no trouble with apathetic students last year.  
Getting back to the re-emergence of the dreaded word in 1987, if Laura Matthews, or anyone else, feels that in trying to do two jobs, she's not coping well enough with either of them, and decides to concentrate on one and leave the other one to someone who will deal with it properly, she is showing integrity and that's a rare enough commodity around here. The acceptance of the loss of face and influence incurred by people in Laura's position is the very opposite of apathy. Courage is the word we seek.  
Let's make 1987 a year in which analysis replaces empty phrases, and we address our failures honestly. Let's consign "Apathy" to the dust bin of history.  
*Eoghan Omaolain*

## Debating Intrigue

*Dear Editor:*  
As you know, I promised you an article on Free Speech for this issue. I decided not to put it in as I felt it might have seemed provocative to members of the Debating Society Committee with whom I have had various differences.  
I needn't have bothered. Chariz Golvalla seems determined to carry on the arguments - even if he has to do so in the General Secretary's report. This is all perfectly O.K.; however, during his announcement, he did just forget to mention the fact that all of my plans were known to him, and all of the things I wanted to do he agreed with. This includes the Nicaragua debate, which he apologised for as being "offensive" - an interesting statement since he was quite content to take a number of publicity leaflets off me (with the agreement that he would distribute them).  
*Yours sincerely,*  
Paul Wood

## UGM Internationalism

*Dear Editor:*  
Your disgraceful attendance at the Hoile-Contra debate has lent the legitimacy of the S.U. paper to a man who raises money for Contra murder in Nicaragua. Coming as it did after your "Opinions" article, that debate in the UGM on Nicaragua and the Middle East is irrelevant, we find your conduct offensive and hypocritical. We shall continue our efforts to be internationalist in our outlook, and urge everyone to support the Friends of Palestine initiative on Medical Aid. If Divestment from South Africa is a top priority, then so too is the fate of Palestinian refugees oppressed by Zionist apartheid. It's not coincidence either that the Contras are trained and armed by the Zionists. As students, we cannot isolate ourselves from the struggles of the oppressed. We totally condemn your article and activities.  
*Yours,*  
Yasser  
Friends of Palestine

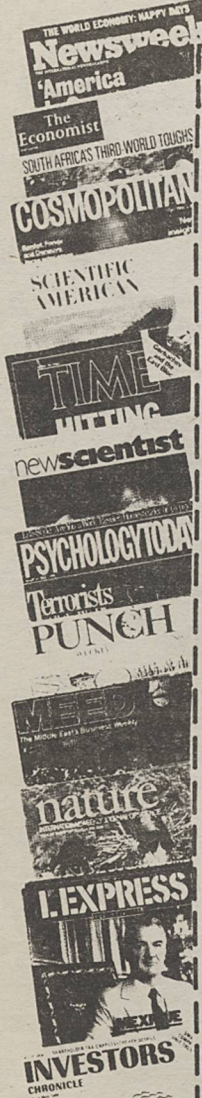
## Accommodation

Looking for a place to live? The Welfare Office is currently advertising in London newspapers for accommodation, and new offers are going on the books every day. Come up to the Welfare Office (E294) and have a look...  
A.F.S.I.L. (Accommodation for Students in London) has opened its waiting-list for student flats and bedsits in the WC1, N1 and SW4 areas. Vacancies from Easter for single students, or next academic year for couples/families. Details in E294 (Welfare).

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Iain Richards  
Forgotten Student

## At the Union

By Elizabeth  
Botsford

Helena Catt is now Chairman - Long live the Chairman and all who sail in, by and under her. Helena is an obvious choice as Chairman, especially in the absence of anybody of ability. Why this void? Should we blame LSE admissions procedure? No - this is the season when talent is undergoing interview overdrive and pre-pre-exam tension.

So, we have Helena whose skill as Chairman is about as weak as her optician's skill in restoring vision to eyes which only reluctantly reveal the truth. That balcony is certainly out of sight.

Every week we will be reminded of the idiocy of Labour's belief in a comprehensive school system. Basic arithmetic, leading to an inability to count arms (and votes), has been banned on the grounds that it is racist. The next banning will doubtless be complex calculus on the grounds that it is elitist and derisive because so few people can do it.

The male conspiracy was oppressing Helena today. She was unable to come to terms with a phallic-shaped piece of technology called "Mike". It functioned for Simon Bexon, but its lack of responsiveness to Mama Catt's whispering of sweet nothings (nothings being the operative word) is so disappointing. She really should try to master - whoops - mistress technology. She'd find it such a liberating force.

Pete Wilmembers condemned the Turkish Ambassador for refusing to accept his letter on LSE's version of events in Cyprus. Later, Willy condemned a certain debate because not everyone who spoke agreed with his version of events in Nicaragua. "Are you sure you sent your letter to the right place?" heckled J.J.

Nic "D'you think he's a cutey" threatened to beat up Putsman. Putsman looked remarkably unconcerned; perhaps he is privy to a deeper truth that Catt is a pacifist and would ask Cicutti to leave. The noise level then diminished considerably.

The "We don't want this debate to go on 'cos we're too stupid to summon intelligent arguments" picket had been bravely crossed by J.J. Stopping him would be like stopping Refrigerator Perry. (That's a joke for the benefit of the Americans. It is Beaver editorial policy to include as many minorities at college as possible - especially the minority and this columnist both belong.)

In the hopes of outfoxing the flying pickets, the Debating Society's ancien regime is now operating under the name of "Open Debate Forum".

The topic strayed . . . to such random points as the bra promotion organised in Babs' absence, and the fact that Francis von Habsburg is now an executive member, an Irish imperialist? Not another one. Inevitably, the Debating Society's problems dominated the meeting, but the debate debate reared a particularly ugly head in the shape of Hazel Smith and her apology for the rhetoric.

Then, into the emptiness she had created came a blast from the past. Elwyn Watkins and Simon Bexon actually addressed the subject at hand. The subject at hand almost fainted in surprise.

Most people do not agree with the Contras' methods. In the thirteenth century most people did agree with the Crusaders' methods. The difference has come about to a large extent because of the persuasive influence of free speech. The Libertarian alternative Bookshop bases its philosophy on J. S. Mill, who preached that we can only clarify

## Lack of Academic Inspiration 'A Pig in a Poke'

Older LSE students may be forgiven for harking back to past, "better" days, when political and even academic dynamism were undiminished in Houghton Street. They are hardly unique in their nostalgia. Indeed, The Beaver recently tried to put such sad mutterings into some kind of perspective. The front page story, "The Slide into Mediocrity", looked at the priorities of the School as a cause of student apathy. In some cases, this apathy manifests itself in what Julian Ozanne later described as a "dangerous escapism", a drugs-affected non-culture, permeated by boredom and frustration.

The cynicism and tiredness of the School and many of its students is, however, merely a reflection of wider processes. The problems of the School - to a great extent financial - are those of other academic and non-academic institutions. As Neal Ascherson recently pointed out in "The Observer", "The atomisation of British society is producing apathy rather than enterprise." If this can damage and even destroy institutions and organizations such as the LSE, the effects on individuals can be equally damaging. Amongst our peers, Danny Kelly identifies "millions whose respect (for self and others) has been eaten away by submersion in a foul soup of monetarism, new moralism and who-gives-a-f\*\*kism . . ."

A broader perspective to the problems of the LSE is a necessary antidote to those who would have us drink this foul soup. They pursue atomisation with an escapist passion that bubbles over the general disarray. Such passion demands ignorance of the connection between the issues greasing the slide. As a result, the UGM can look to make a quick killing from the sale of British Gas. The following week, with sad irony, we look to play Santa Claus to some old people, who, in effect, we ripped off the week previously. At best, this would suggest that our priorities are mistaken. Worse, however, it illustrates a cruel cynicism, based on a narrow and short term (after all, we will all get old) view of self-interest.

Such a view seems reflected by the School itself. Cuts in resources available for education have had the most obvious effect on standards and morale at the LSE. This will prove to be even more the case in the coming year, if the UGC goes through with proposed cuts in the University of London. However, the attempts to go it alone, to put a plaster on the cuts by effectively privatising the School - through the 80's Fund - seeks to ignore rather than challenge these changes. As such, it has only exacerbated the problems for those of us working and studying here. Academics face growing pressures to publish

original research while being burdened by an increasing teaching and administrative workload. Inevitably, students suffer, in larger classes, on poorer courses.

In isolating itself from the broader framework of higher education, the School expounds the "I'm all right, Jack" philosophy so popular in the Old Theatre on Thursday afternoons. Further, it seems, the inevitable collapse in standards and individual satisfaction is acceptable to Connaught House. Perhaps such a collapse is even necessary for the insulation of the institution from the challenge of an active Student's Union.

As a result, alienation and cynicism are manifested throughout student life. The lack of any academic self-confidence results in sterile and often silent classes, by contrast, the "arrogance of youth" is now represented by those who would drink their way out of mediocrity with the help of Tequila bottle, walking hand in sticky hand with those who would sink below it, seeing themselves as up-and-coming strip club owners.

Academically, politically, and socially, mediocrity is demanded. While this remains the case, it will only be challenged outside of the LSE. Despite its "structural" problems, the School can still sell itself on the basis of its reputation. It can still attract "star" speakers; more importantly, it can still charge excessive overseas student fees. Until mediocrity is no longer seen to be profitable, the slide will go on.

## Educate the Children An Authorised L.S.E. Fund

by Sebastian Long-Smith  
The Educate the Children Fund has just been set up at the L.S.E. Its objective is to help buy books for the poor of Caribbean countries.

The selected country for 1986/87 is Jamaica, and the first prize of the raffle is a 10-day all-inclusive paid holiday for two at Hedonism II in Negril, Jamaica. The winners will be flying with Virgin Air from London to Miami and with Air Jamaica from Miami to Montego Bay. Desnoes and Geddes donated five second prizes, a case of Red Stripe, and Ray Miles' C.M. Associates donated ten third prizes, one Jamaican t-shirt.

The final draw of the raffle on May 5th at 1.00pm in Room A85 will be drawn by Dr. Patel, Director of L.S.E.

The £1.00 tickets will be sold by fundraisers throughout the school and also in LSE's Union Shop and in E206, the Social and Services Secretary's office (Babs Band). A stall will be open from 12pm to 2pm everyday in the lobby of the Old Building.

The fund has two campus responsibilities. A one-page fact sheet about the selected country is to be distributed by fundraisers. It must also invite a speaker from the selected country to talk about that country's social, political and economic environment. Jamaica's Acting High Commissioner stationed in London will launch the fund on January 29th at 6.00pm in room A85. Wine and cheese will be served after the function. Incidentally, it also marks Jamaica's 25th anniversary.

It is important that this function is well attended to highlight the fact that LSE students really want to help make this world a better place.

## The Rt. Hon John Moore M.P. at the L.S.E.

A.S. Aiken  
John Moore, as an ex-President of the LSE Student's Union, probably knows more about the School than most visiting speakers. He was, therefore, quick to notice the presence of the newly-formed "Financial Forum" in the lobby of the Old Building and cite it as evidence that the Right in politics is winning the intellectual debate.

Moore's address to the LSE Conservative Association concentrated on privatisation as both a popular and economically successful policy. By spreading the ownership of capital, the nation's attitude to business is sharpened and people become

more aware of both the risks and responsibilities involved in capitalism.

Moore pointed to the four-fold increase in the number of shareholders during the Thatcher Administration to twelve million as evidence of the policy's success.

He saw the Dartford Bridge project and Channel Tunnel as evidence that private industry can and will fulfill tasks in developing the nation's infrastructure. Moore stated that it is only by using the dynamism of the free market and combining this with people's capitalism that Britain can be successful as an industrial power.



Photo: Sunil Shah

Sharez "The sun shines out of my arse" Golvarez lost his Union virginity, as he boasted before the meeting. Hoping to extend his resume, he carved out Chairman for being enterprising enough to get sponsorship. Our charitable benefactor is the Alternative Bookshop, which I urge you all to rush out and support. (They just happen to publish my brother's writings.)

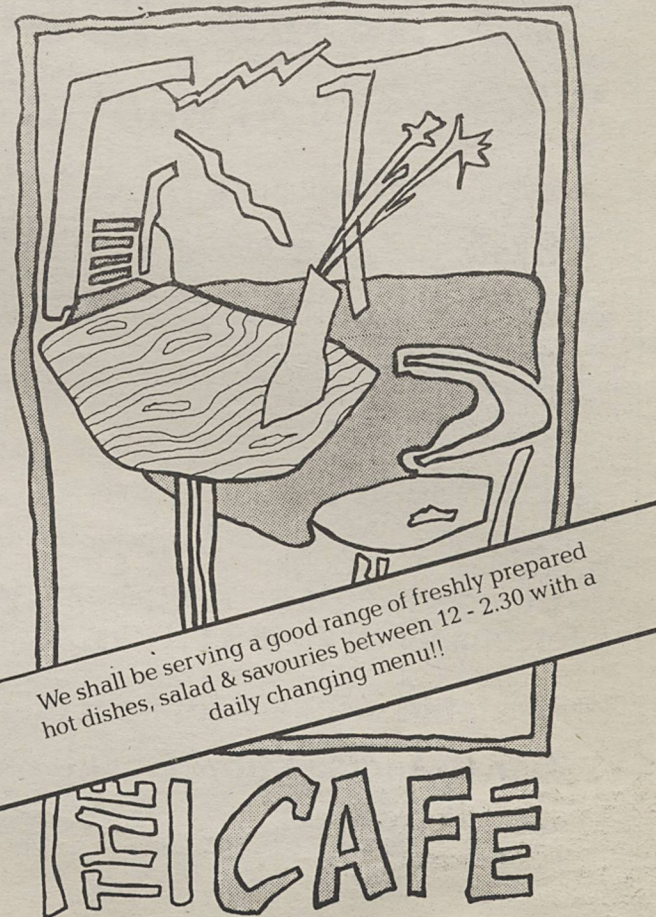
Wilcock, Tina "fucking" Turner and the other IRA sympathizers had picketed the Contra-supporter because Contras kill people. As one rather obtuse little girl mentioned, "It says so in The Guardian."

Would they ban Gerry Adams? The question is fruitless - Gerry Adams doesn't debate. He will only speak at meetings where people agree with his version of events (except when he's in court, I suppose). In any case, how come Wilcock and O'Driscoll manage to bring the Irish problem into everything. The allegory is becoming confusing.

ify our views when we hear the views of the other. University is supposed to be an educational process, something left-wing newspeak long ago redefined as propaganda.

Nick Randall mentioned rolling fines which we have to condemn before its epidemic qualities spread to London. Someone from ULU whined about cuts. So what's new? Did you have a good weekend? How do you bring up a child in Australia? Put your finger down a dingo's throat.

George Binette was a Wapping great disappointment. His socialist virility is fading. And he's been looking a bit peaky lately, don't you think? No doubt finals are approaching and at the exit of the womb-like academic cave in which he has been hiding, sits the monster Capitalism, licking its expectant lips, anticipating the masticatory pleasures of that much beloved and titillating gourmet dish - Binette's sole.



# SOCIETIES CORNER

by Stavros Makris

The biggest news in the Societies Circle this week concerns the **Debating Society**. President Paul Wood resigned after withdrawal of support by his executive committee following proposed sponsorship of debates by the Alternative Bookshop and Marxism Today.

At the same time, certain issues have been raised within the Debating Society and the Student Union Body at large. This Student's Union has a policy of Free Speech, whilst, at the same time, certain factions of the student body objected to the presence of a speaker at a debate. It is not the place or the will of this column to discuss the morality of the arguments on either side; this is done elsewhere in *The Beaver*. It is, however, its intention to raise the question of whether any one student has the right to physically prevent any other student of this college to go to a meeting he or she wishes to attend.

Following his resignation, and after he received Union approval, Paul Wood set up an associate society, the **Open Debate Society**. Its purpose shall be to argue and debate with whomever it wants...

On to a more sober note now, during this term the **Wine Tasting Society** shall be holding a series of fortnightly tastings starting this Tuesday, 27th January, with "French Whites". In the weeks to follow, they shall be exploring the attributes of "French Reds", "Rieslings", and "Iberian Wines" (Spanish and Portuguese). All are welcome, and it is still possible to join this society.

The **Friends of Palestine** would like to announce Professor Fred Halliday of the International Relations department, speaking on the Palestinian question on Wednesday 28th January at 1pm in E171. With a similar theme but on Friday 30th January at 1pm in S078

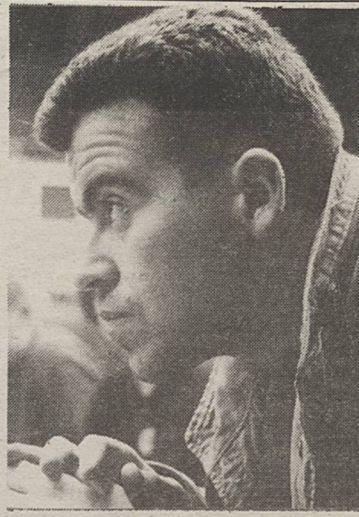
Dr. Swee Chai Ang will be speaking on the Palestinian Refugees in Lebanon. Dr. Swee is a surgeon lately returned from Bourj-al-Barajneh, who has worked in Beirut and in Sabra and Chatila refugee camps during the 1982 Israeli invasion of Lebanon and the current "War of the Camps".

The **LSE Anti-War Society** presents a week of action against the war preparations from February 16th to 20th, with the participation of LSE Anti-War Society, LSE CND and LSE Greens so far. Activities include public meetings, discussions, film shows, exhibitions, etc. on all aspects of the war preparations conducted by the Superpowers and their military blocks. If interested contact the Society in care of the Student's Union in the Societies' pigeonholes.

The **Latin American and Ballroom Dancing Club** will be running their regular classes starting Wednesday 28th January. Classes last from 3.15pm to 5.00pm and take place in A40, the Old Building. All are welcome.

For those of you already proficient in the mean act of dancing, a date for your diary... "the truly massive" **Guinness Appreciation Society** is holding a party where you will be given the chance to exhibit your bodily skills of moving to the rhythm and consuming the black stuff at the same time. The date is Saturday, February 7th in the Three Tuns Bar. Guinness will be available in unlimited quantities for 50p. As a bonus, Southern Comfort will be offered for 80p a double. The society is blowing its £200 SU subsidy, already have well over 100 members, and is officially recognised by Guinness Head Office. There will be a disco and a video break. You can join on the night, or look out for their stall!

And still on the theme of



parties and fun, the **Afro-Caribbean Society** invites one and all to a cultural evening on Friday 6th February. It shall feature a steelband, fashion show, and exhibition of arts and crafts, poetry, calypso, and a disco. The venue: A40, A45, A85, the Old Building at 6.30pm to 11.30pm. Tickets - members £3.00, non-members £3.50.

In answer to a letter sent to this column by Joolz Gottlieb (I.F. Member 172) the **Investment Forum** is not and should not be thought of as defunct after the departure of Baichariand-Kiros and Co. It is up to the remaining members to organise their activities. Membership in the Financial Forum is open to all but not automatic to Investment Forum members. The status of the F.F. is that of an associate society, which means they receive no finances from the SU and are free to contact themselves as they please. However, in answer to a question raised, they do not pay appearance fees to "their illustrious line-up of speakers". The F.F., though, will be hosting Robert Carr of Morgan Grenfell on "Charting - and What It Predicts for the World's Currency Markets in 1987" on Tuesday 27th January in S601 at 6pm.

The **Grimshaw Club** as tradition holds is organising a trip to Russia from 14th to 21st March 1987. The trip will include 8 days in Moscow and Leningrad, flight, hotels, all meals and official sightseeing. Details and visa applications are in the Grimshaw Club's pigeon in I.R. department outside A182.

## Around the L.S.E.

By J.J.

In what was a very quiet week, the Debating Society grabbed our attention with the presence of a "Contra" speaker at the weekly meeting. In truth the Contra turned out to be a middle-class research assistant for an MP - no not Rono the clown - and not the guerilla-armed-to-the-teeth some had expected. Still such a "fascist" could not be heard on our fair campus cried Swizzo, and thus, Wapping moved to the Old Building. The exact relationship between being anti-fascist and anti-free speech will be left to others to decide; myself, I just object to people stopping me doing what I want.

The point I'm making is that not being terribly up in Central American politics, I thought I'd go along and listen, maybe even learn something. What I did learn was that the Contra was an idiot, and that Paul Klebnikov, while claiming he's a political scientist, is in truth a peasant farmer. I also learned that Swizzo protest chants come from the same lyricist that writes Norway's entries for the Eurovision Song Contest.

Still, enough of this "heavy stuff". As predicted, Nick Randall is off and running - today the Exec... tomorrow the dole. Look out for more Sabbatical predictions.

Again on a more serious note - look what happens when news is as abundant as a change of clothes by Tory - where are the first year hacks? Exams are miles away, and as yet no one looks likely to stand for Exec. in March. Come on, by now you will have seen the qualities required to be a hack - clue: you can count them on the hands of a fish. You, too, will have to fill in CV's, and come the summer, it can explain away poor results to Dad better than an overdraft and pickled liver.

On the hall scene, big news is the American Football rivalry between the Passfield Panthers and very wrongly named Carr-Saunders Psychos. O. Why did the chicken cross the road? A. To play football with Carr-Saunders. The Psychos, led by QB and Head Coach, Fearless Kenny

Rooster, turned out not to be that psycho after all, and flag, not tackle, was played. "Damn Limey" I may be, but I thought the cheerleaders worried about flags?

On a more sinister note, Tory continues to receive mysterious parcels from Tripoli while, next week, the Finance Committee will discuss establishing the Libyan Terrorist Scholarship Fund. Even more worrying is Tory's insistence that he be called Colonel; however, the apparent swarthy, Mediterranean complexion he has sported this term is simply dirt, and not due to overseas travels to see his boss.

Remember Tory saying at the last UGM the SU mini-bus was off the road and that an appointment with the scrapyard looked imminent. Well, did you know where the bus was coming from when it broke down... you don't, well it was returning from its M.O.T. test. Glad to see Tory picks such expert servicers for our facilities. One can only hope auditors checking his management later this year are a bit better. Finally, the fact that an ex-glue monitor and bucket thief was driving is pure coincidence - Colin does know how to drive, it's just his legs are a bit too short to reach the brake.

Scoop of the week, though, concerns illicit placing of union funds by our beloved, yet crooked, Senior Treasurer. Did you wonder the point of Flatters' little comic routine during the budget meeting last week, and more significantly, why Tory was quite happy for the "societies section" to degenerate into cheap stunts by his fellow liberal? The reason, my sources reveal, is that while no party to Dribble's schemes, Martin's performance helped Tory to hide the placing of significant sums of money into societies where Tory has a considerable say - especially with regards to "trips abroad". "Student Continental Travel" ring a bell? Well, it seems to be going on again, only this time with financial backing closer to home. Questions must be asked and answers sought.

P.S. Peter Dawson's diaries appeared in the Sunday Times.

## Carr-Saunders Hall Report

Life at Carr-Saunders started with a bang at the opening hall disco of the year. The bar subsidy ran out in record time, thanks mainly to the efforts of certain members of the A.U. The real action, though, concentrated on the disco upstairs where many foul deeds were done in dark and dark corners. John Eddleston spent the whole night sulking as no one wanted to speak to him, but more of Mr. Fats later. Delectable Cypriot Helena spent her night looking for a man, and she was not to be disappointed. Speaking of which, my spy in M38 told me of the love nest in flat 313 between Kate and a tall dark (Scottish?) stranger. I wonder if her absent flat mate knew about these Christmas festivities. Certainly Rob "I know the in-crowd" Jones didn't. A pre-Christmas encounter with the kilted heathen nearly led to blows being exchanged.

The lovable Welsh Windbag Ross was getting an erection at the prospect of the Passfield/Carr-Saunders American football confrontation. Poor old Taffy is now rumoured to be left with 70+ T-shirts he ordered specifically for the match which no one wants to buy! That'll teach him to be a profit-seeking capitalist. Meanwhile, a straw

poll held in the common room at midnight last week voted "Fat Bastard" John as the most obnoxious toad ever to inhabit the planet. Tongues are wagging as to where the aforementioned amphibian goes alone at night. A Fitzroy St. flat resident assures me without doubt that FBJ is leading a double life as a rent boy in Soho. No wonder he is on such good terms with Ed Kuska!

A word of warning to the Maple St. commando. Chris "Big Dick" Riley has been seen at a few lectures recently. Has he been losing his thrust? Morag's refusal to all advances of her many male followers has led to Madonna renaming her record "Like a Morag". Meanwhile, "Pele" Henry is now on the hit list of the catering staff for pinching extra puds. Tut Tut!

Finally, a quick hello to a certain mystery first-year girl. See you in Presleys again sometime! If anyone knows any dirt on any inhabitant of Carr-Saunders, he can rendezvous with me at the Yorkshire Grey at 8 pm on Wednesday. A pint for each juicy tit-bit.



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The Scouser

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## Theatre

## The House of Bernarda Alba

by Federico Lorca Garcia



Globe Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue

Written in June 1936, two months prior to the execution of Federico Lorca Garcia by the Spanish Black Squad **The House of Bernarda Alba** is a story of repression (both physical and mental), the power of money, and the importance of outward appearances as against true, inner feelings. The orchestrator of this tragic situation is the matriarch of the family, Bernarda Alba (Glenda Jackson),

who administers her severe and puritanical suppression on her five unwitting daughters. Her domineering and all powerful hold on her daughters is mirrored in her attitude to the horses in her stables: "Let the stallion loose to roll in the hay, but lock up the mares." As there is no hope of freedom from outside constraints for the mares, neither will Bernarda permit her daughters the freedom to

make their own choices as regards their own lives. Her presence as the absolute ruler of her household pervades every fibre of every person with whom she comes in contact. To question or to challenge Bernarda is a fruitless endeavour which can only result in despair, hatred, or death.

The background is classic — a small, enclosed village society where gossip is the judge of behaviour. Bernarda Alba, born of a Spanish, bourgeois family, is left a widow with five daughters, four without a dowry and all without obvious beauty. It is inconceivable, given the mores of the time, that any of her daughters should marry beneath their station, but the village offers only small landowners and farm labourers. The daughters' fates are frustratingly obvious: Their social standing prohibits them from working, and their age and lack of a dowry point the way to eternal spinsterhood within the cloistered wall of the house built around them physically and metaphorically by their mother. The house of Bernarda Alba is, in essence, both a nunnery and a prison, and her daughters are the inhabitants,

dressed in austere, black dresses. The sexual repression of the women is highlighted by the stifling heat — not a breath of wind stirs to cool the ladies.

Glenda Jackson gives a brilliant performance in the title role. Her portrayal of a woman so immersed in her own credo that she is oblivious to the changing world around her and, perhaps most sadly, to the feelings and desires of her own children, is marvellous in its depth. While evoking the sentiments of intolerance and the absolute necessity of following the rules of conduct, one discerns a tremendous sense of loneliness and despair. Joan Plowright, as Poncia the loyal family housekeeper, the one person who is privy to the inner thought and motivations of the entire household, gives a performance of compassion and understanding. Poncia's stability and normalcy offers the only relief in the restrained lives in the house of Bernarda Alba. The five young women who portray the daughters also give good performances, but particular mention should be given to Amanda Root, in the role of Adela, the youngest daughter, who is perhaps the only one of the five with the strength to

break away from her mother and find a life outside the house. Patricia Hayes, the veteran British actress, gives the only brief moments of "comic relief" in the character of Bernarda's slightly mad mother.

The set design by Ezio Frigerio further heightens the sense of characters imprisoned. The building is a white, stucco structure, rising from floor to ceiling, surrounding a stone courtyard, enclosing the women. There are bars on the windows; the furniture is austere; there are no creature comforts to be found within these walls.

While **The House of Bernarda Alba** is hardly a light evening's entertainment, the play contains so many different layers of meaning that it is fascinating to watch the action unfold. To try to understand the misperceptions and fierce pride of Bernarda Alba in her desire to keep a pure and ordered life, is difficult in today's liberated society: to understand her emotions as her youngest daughter commits suicide is impossible as she cries defiantly, "She died a virgin."

Fiona Chester  
Ann Henry

## Film

## Heartbreak Ridge



Clint is back. The Mayor of Carmel's first film has none of the cult quality of Eastwood's "Spaghetti Westerns" and "Dirty Harry" films. Perhaps in "controlling" the film, as writer-director-producer-actor, Clint is trying to ensure the standard of film which will ensure him an effective Presidential campaign in the future. A confusing collection of black-and-white battle scenes at the film's start and the laughable attempt at creating a mystique out of the title, were not enough to distract us from the foul language that littered the opening hour of the film.

Tom Heighway (played by Clint) has more medals than a score of generals together, but he is nearing mandatory retirement from the forces, and, charged with reconditioning a Recon Platoon of Marines, he has to accept. The plot is more boring than predictable and

only Stitch Jones, "The Ayatollah of Rock'n'Roll", one of Clint's platoon, provides any mild relief. But, even he is consumed by the expletive-based dialogue.

Thank God there was a change of scenery: the U.S. Sixth Fleet, helicopters, parachuting — wow! Somehow the audience is presented with the farcical situation in which Clint's scratch bunch of Recon Marines are fighting it out with Recon Cubans on the sun-drenched, palm tree-lined beaches of Grenada. At last (indeed there was only fifteen minutes left), there were bullets flying everywhere and traditional, sparse, corner-of-the-Eastwood mouth dialogue. It had taken nearly ninety minutes before Clint had a go at killing someone. But from that point on, at least, there wasn't anymore monosyllabic street talk. In fact, there was even a touching moment when, after killing a Cuban, one of Clint's platoon asks Jesus for forgiveness. Oh, how battle (or was it those fantastic Grenada beaches) tempers the soul ... and brings some zap to an Eastwood film.

Julius Gottlieb

## Rocinante

The title of the film is borrowed from Cervantes — Rocinante is the name of Don Quixote's horse. This film is a mesmerising journey through the English countryside and a re-examination of Britain's cultural and social history as seen from the viewpoint of recent political events in this country.

The main story of the film concerns Bill (John Hart), a romantic dreamer holed up in a derelict cinema and engrossed in images of the English landscape. When the cinema is pulled down, he is forced to leave. He sets off reluctantly on a journey in search of

## Peggy Sue Got Married



"If I had my life to live over again, there are a lot of things I'd do differently," promises Peggy Sue at her 25th high school reunion. The opportunity is given when she passes out at this party, and wakes up as herself twenty-five years ago. **Peggy Sue Got Married** is a comedy about Peggy Sue's adventures as she relives a critical period in her life.

The 43 year-old Peggy Sue's (Kathleen Turner) problems centre around her impending divorce from her high school sweetheart, Charlie (Nicholas Cage). Thus, when she accepts that this opportunity is for real, she resolves to prevent the marriage from happening. To this end, she takes advantage of Charlie's innocence to get some sweet revenge for his contribution to the marriage's failures. Peggy

Sue also manages to fulfill one of the high school fantasies she missed the first time around. In reliving this time in her life, however, she reenters her relationship with the romantic, naively ambitious Charlie. As she remembers their love, she finds that changing her future is not as appealing as it first seemed. Her final decision about changing the past is an abrupt about-face from the general course of the movie. This provides one of the movie's few flaws, because it makes the conclusion unsatisfactory. One the whole, Francis Coppola has directed an enjoyable movie with enough substance for audiences to leave with something to think about.

Kathleen Turner performs outstandingly in a role which challenges her to be a teenager

and an adult simultaneously. The movie's funniest moments arise because only we know that Peggy Sue is the adult in her teenage world. Her unintentionally mature comments disconcert her family and friends, who are ignorant of the experiences which have shaped the "new" Peggy Sue. She similarly finds it difficult to walk away from problems she ignored in the past. Through her dilemma she comes to question if her life really turned out as disastrously as it appeared when she was living it.

It is easy to ignore any serious considerations, however, and enjoy, with Peggy Sue, her trip into the past. She does not resist the temptation to secure her future by "predicting" successful inventions and laughs at her father's purchase of an Edsel. And in fulfillment of all of our wishes, she spends time with her now-dead grandparents and fertilizes the soil for better future relationships with her family.

Comparisons of this movie to "Back to the Future" can only be superficial. "Peggy Sue Got Married" is more realistic and sophisticated in its exploration of a common fantasy. For this reason, this movie holds a little more appeal for older audiences, if only at the nostalgic level. If you liked "Back to the Future", however, "Peggy Sue Got Married" is surely a good choice for an evening's entertainment.

Marita O'Brien

## Heartburn

Mike Nichols' film of Nora Ephron's autobiographical novel is a series of challenges commencing when food-writer Meryl Streep conquers the charming playboy and Washington columnist Jack Nicholson and eventually compromises her vehemently anti-marriage principles.

Set in New York and Washington, scenes move rather too rapidly from "clichéd" scenes of house-renovating to child-bearing. It is an arty movie, a large part of

which is spent around various dinner tables and gradually it transcends from light-hearted joviality to depressing stark reality as their marriage disintegrates, and they fall out of love.

Another admirable and moving performance by Meryl Streep with Jack Nicholson following closely behind. Entertaining and enlightening, highly recommended as long as you realise that true stories often don't have happy endings!

Tessa Rosenblatt

## Coming in to Land

### Lyttleton Theatre

This is a weak and shapeless play, expensively produced and over-hyped, which deserves neither the talents of Maggie Smith and Tim Piggott-Smith; Peter Hall's directing, nor your patronage.

A marriage of convenience is planned between a Polish spinster and a wealthy English lawyer. From pottering carrier of plastic bags to suave dilettante, Helena's image change involves a change of plan vis-a-vis her "marriage". She invents a story of police

brutality hoping to be granted asylum, but the plan falls through, and she is left, in Ashford Remand Centre, with a choice between marrying her besotted yuppie lawyer or deportation.

Only Piggott-Smith as the immigration officer is believable as a character. Even Maggie Smith, who acts superbly, makes just the very best of a bad job. The confrontation between these two is the saving grace of the play. The lawyer is embarrassingly inept; the

black shop assistant is stereotyped as a walking-slogan, not portrayed as a person.

In "Caught on a Train", Poliakov cleverly encapsulated his view of the cultural gulf between East and West. This is "Caught" re-written with a lot of banal and clumsy filler padding it out to 2 1/2 hours. The hi(yawn)-tech sets serve only to increase a sense of emptiness on leaving the theatre. Get "Caught" on video instead.

Jacques Peretti

## Heresies

This new play by Deborah Levy is presented by the "Women's Group" of the Royal Shakespeare Company (in The "Pit" Theatre), and it displays all the advantages and disadvantages of giving a large number of people control over a single artistic venture.

Levy's themes are basically greed and betrayal - betrayal of lovers, ideals, self-image... the play is full of betrayed people and objects. Her method is filling the stage with many diverse characters and bringing them gradually together

At three hours length, this diversity of plot and character is a very good thing indeed, because attention never flags. However, it also means that as the momentum of the play increases - so does the audience's expectation of its climax. This is an expectation that Levy cannot fulfil - either because the actresses and director (Susan Todd), who were closely involved with the development of the play, until they are revealed as an extremely closely-interlocked network of individuals

couldn't agree on a solution to the plot, or because she simply isn't a skilled enough playwright yet. The result is a gripping (and definitely worthwhile) piece of work which ends with a ludicrously inconclusive "concert" which the actresses (which include Ann Mitchell, Paola Dionisetti and Miriam Karlin) all sit down to watch with the audience. The characters and situations which Levy has produced really deserve more than that.

Kfir Yefet

## Short Circuit

### Short Circuit

should do for robots what E.T. has done for aliens. Though it is aimed at the young market, it is thoroughly inventive and, yes, was funny at times. No. 5 shows an impressive acting ability, and the whole plot revolves around "him", while the actors seem to hang on like manic marionettes.

Life is not a malfunction, yet it is a freak malfunction which brings No. 5 to life. No. 5 is one of five Nova Robots developed to reconnoitre in enemy territory, collect and digest information while able to defend itself using a high-powered laser rifle. This deadly robot, with immense capacity to learn, is lost out there in the real world. Unable to triangulate its position, it ends up in the company of a young girl (Ally Sheedy). Meanwhile, the security forces of Nova are on the lookout for it with the aim of dismantling...



The most moving moment of the film is not when No. 5 realises "he" is alive; it is not when "he" convinces his maker that he is alive, but when "he" realises what dismantling entails. Once "he" comes to terms with it, "he" refuses to use his immense firepower to dismantle other living things. Is there a lesson to be learned?

Stavros Makris

## The Name of the Rose



The year is 1327. In the mountains of northern Italy, mysterious deaths have been occurring in an isolated Benedictine monastery populated by fat monks. Their lower instincts are satisfied with the help of miserable peasants living off the refuse thrown down by the monks. To satisfy their higher ones, they spend most of their time working in the abbey's immense library. They do not seem to know that, as any student will tell you, spending a lot of time in a library is lethal.

Sure enough, several of the most avid readers die in strange circumstances. So strange, in fact, that an outside sleuth has to be called upon to solve the riddle. And in comes William of Baskerville, a Franciscan who wonders and wanders with his young apprentice. He is quickly convinced that the secret lies inside the library.

Meanwhile, a debate is held to discuss whether Christ owned his own clothes. Attending this is the Pope's main Inquisitor, Bernardo Gui, who quickly finds himself exercising his special talents on three people sentenced to be burned. Baskerville, who has already come across Bernardo Gui, silently witnesses the death of these three innocents.

The solution to the murders we cannot, of course, reveal, but we'll tell you some of the main clues: a missing comical

discourse by Aristotle, the frightening eyes of the librarian and the ink on the tongue and fingers of the dead.

Umberto Eco, who wrote the "The Name of the Rose" (published in English by Picador), constructed the book like an educational and literary brain-teaser. The film, although more straightforward, is also on a very large scale. It is shrouded in medieval spookiness. It realistically portrays a society convinced of its own superstitions and dominated by fearful ignorance, to the sole benefit of those in power.

The directing by Jean-Jacques Annaud and the sets of Dante Ferreri are superb. Even better, however, is the performance of Sean Connery, attempting to make up for a life-time of unenlightened 007 movies. As Baskerville, he displays the right intelligence and authority, as well as tremendous acting skills.

The relevance of this very, very good film springs from the fact that even today, many people would rather blindly accept political or religious nonsense than take the responsibility of thinking for themselves. There are many lessons to be learnt, especially by the power-seekers among us. And after seeing "The Name of the Rose", you will never lick your fingers to turn a page again...

Elizabeth Botsford  
Alex Crawford

# Music

## Jazz Column



Just for a laugh, someone should make a study of jazz as a religious movement. Certainly, it seems to exercise a quasi-messianic hold over its practitioners, the musicians. Frequently, though not always, these can be divided into three camps: the zealots, who argue that jazz stopped in the 1920's, 40's, 60's, and so on; the blind faithful - who just mimic the latest fashion, and lastly, the heretics (e.g. Davis, Parker, Coltrane, etc.) who challenge the status quo and, more importantly, chart new directions.

No religion is complete, however, without its chroniclers. So, a cold January day found me trooping into the office of Richar Cook, better known as editor of Britain's only monthly jazz journal - **The Wire** - (and former writer with the N.M.E.).

Asked who the paper was aimed at and what its role was/ought to be, Cook suggested that **The Wire** was "fundamentally serious" in intent. It was geared away from the mass-marketed rock and mainstream with the accent on a readership that would spend some time listening to music. **The Wire** had a "duty to be an educator" was one phrase that came up. That, of course, didn't mean that it had the duty to bore the pants off anyone but the aficionados - one look at the paper is enough to show you that. It's beautifully photographed and laid out. Indeed, Cooke regarded photographs as "vitality

important"; in his words, it merited "equal emphasis with words", which was a break with tradition.

But what of the range and quality of its coverage? Well, as far as range is concerned pretty well anything goes - Latin, Africa, free jazz, mainstream, gospel, etc., but a lot of emphasis is given to the music as it is, with a respectful hat taken off to its forebears rather than the other way around. As far as quality goes, Cook suggested that "we approve scepticism, but cynicism is out", i.e., criticism was an essential function of the paper (as of any paper for that matter), but there were no petty axes to grind.

From having gone through a mass of back copies, it's clear that **The Wire** has its finger on the pulse of British jazz. It was all that one would expect from a lively jazz magazine - reviews, interviews, features, forthcoming events and so on. But it has a lot more besides. In particular, it has the desire to dig below the surface rather than remaining content with scratching about on top. Cook, for example, was all too aware of exciting contemporary trends (in particular, the flourishing of young British instrumental talent), the gaps in the scene (as he put it, on sign of a healthy jazz base would be when the major record labels signed up a couple of new artists each, rather than opting for the commercially safer re-releases and compilations), and even the gaps in **The Wire** itself. (Its circulation amongst women, for example, is small but rising.) Given the dynamism of the current jazz scene (of which indeed the very existence of a magazine like **The Wire** is testimony), and given the paper's fresh and restless approach to the issues, there's clearly a lot more to come. That's as one would expect when a paper's sympathies lie with today's heretics. You can check out copies of **The Wire** at W.H. Smith and J. Menzies.

Giorgio Meszaros

## "Peel Session" E.P.s

There can be few among the non-Dire Straits CD brigade who haven't taped off John Peel at some time; my own collection ran to about 20 such tapes the last time I looked, mostly motley low-fi jobs recorded over what used to be some old rubbish like The Ramones or "Steeleye Spain - Live at the 103rd Smock Maker's annual real ale festival", or whatever. "What on earth is he wittering on about?", you say. Well, scattered above these tapes are some real gems of Peel sessions which really need editing together, etc. with the more mercenary, sorry enterprising, rip-off merchants (or do I mean entrepreneurs, as this is the LSE) selling such at £3-£4 a time down in Camden. However many of those sessions are now being released in 12" format on Strange Fruit records in arrangement with the great man and the BBC. So far, the catalogue is post-1977 (encompassing the golden era of 1979-81; well, I liked it anyway), encompassing, to name only a few, Madness, SLF, Undertones, Joy Division, X-Mal Deutschland, New Order, The Wild Swans, right up to The Wedding Present.

The Undertones' session is easily the most vital purchase so far as dates from the "Jimmy Jimmy" "Teenage Kicks"

era - pretty good from what I remember. Joy Division's 1979 session is already at the top of the Independent charts (probably for good - Dark Side of the Moon returneth, yuh!) and is worth buying to hear the original "over-produced" versions of "She's Lost Control" and "Transmission" prior to their vinyl release. The other side is dire. And so, I am very reliably informed by my resident New Order aficionado is the 1982 set by said group, though it featured a proto-"Blue Monday".

Moving deeper into the gothic gloom are X-Mal Deutschland, whose music sounds very silly in mid-July, but is truly wonderful if you find yourself depressed and surrounded by fog, gloom and lots of hair gel in mid-winter. The Wedding Present from 1985 foresake such indulgences for fast guitar-based urgency, a revved-up Orange Juice from Leeds. Mind you, they lose a lot of marks for actually covering "Felicity"

As Strange Fruit are releasing the vast back-catalogue at about 4 a month, there ought to be a few more surprises in your local record emporia by now, possibly even the first Siouxsie and the Banshees session with the original Sioux/Severin/McKay/Morris live currently held up by legal problems.

DOOG

## World Darts Champions

Sunday saw a classic confrontation between two of Britain's leading sportsmen. The venue - Lakeside. The event - 1987 Embassy World Professional Darts Championship. The finalists - Eric "I'll rip him apart" Bristow and John "if you check out you win" Lowe.

After a week of late night highlights, Saturday had given the armchair punters their first taste of live action as the Crafty Cockney struggled to keep up with the drinking powers of Alan Evans. However, having eaten little throughout the day, Eric, looking like a peckish pterodactyl, consumed the Welshman 5-0 bringing forth the quote of the week from the man from Barry of "Fuck You".

The other semi-final also saw a comprehensive victory as Lowe "I'm on a diet of prawn sarnies in brown bread" destroyed Jocky "on the oche" Wilson also by a score of 5-0 - no highland dancing in the streets of Kilmotee this year I'm afraid.

And so to Sunday's final. The first two sets went to Eric and John looked dead and buried. But then with a comeback akin to Lazarus, John pulled level. The next four sets went with the darts giving a score of 4 sets all.

The ninth set proved to be the turning point. With John having never been ahead one wondered if Eric was just playing to the crowd - obviously not. Eric found himself with double trouble and as he missed three double sixteens for the set, John stepped in and Eric was a set down with two to play. Ten minutes later John was world champion. The final score was 6-4, and he picked up a cheque for £14000 towards the cost of the week's beer and fags.

So a dramatic upset in the final but what a game. By the way, can anyone tell me what happened in Bullseye - was Bully in? Was it Vietnam Jim?

See you at the oche  
Sid

## L.S.E. Darts

The new year has shaken the LSE darts team to its constitutional foundations and temporarily split the Archers in two.

Trouble had been mounting last year over differing styles, Cocky-on-the-Och shifting his emphasis to the right of the board (a double 15 or 10 check-out) whilst Triple Crown maintains the virtues of the left (double 16 or 8). Things were brought to a head at the annual vote for the captaincy.

Said Triple Crown, "I sensed something was wrong when three votes were cast ... and there are only two of us!"

But Cocky is equally unhappy. He has been conducting his own enquiry into the dubious way a round of drinks was bought by Triple Crown to ensure the moral support of the King's College Pair. However, Double Six Dix and Slick Nick were quick to respond, stating clearly that they were legally bound under a "buy back" clause to purchase the next round.

The conflict continued during the first week of term, and the "New Year Och" against Kings was cancelled.

It seems that the power struggle for the ultimate control of

the Och will continue for some time.

Cocky claims, "Triple Crown is a mere young pretender, a maverick without James Garner's good looks!"

Triple Crown replied, "I admired Cocky for so long, but he has mismanaged the team and failed to realise that we can no longer win matches with slim panatellas and bad renditions of 'Rawhide'."

It is clear that the Archers will be unable to play until the matter is resolved and they can return to the concept of Total Darts.

ST



LSE 1st XI Football

Photo: Sean Davies

## The Phoney Tour

According to most observers, England's cricket tour of Australia this winter was an unqualified success.

It shouldn't be forgotten, however, that Gattings et al. did the business against an Australian team who would have trouble beating the LSE 1st XI. A look at England's strength in depth reveals gaping holes. With Ian Botham ruling himself out of next year's tour, England will have no outstanding world class players.

On the bowling side, De Freitas, Small, Dilley and the spinners provide an attack that should cope with most international teams. Beyond them, however, the English bowling scene is decidedly bleak. Promising fast bowlers are not exactly crawling out of the woodwork at the moment in the Bob Willis mould. Against better teams, England seems most likely to suffer in the batting department. The knives are out for Alan Lamb who is most unlikely to keep his place for more than a few more Tests. Gattings and the dreary Gower put up good performances down under and they form the backbone of the side. Openers, as ever, remain a problem. Faced with anything approaching a decent bowler, the odds are that the opening duo will wave a white flag. Broad and Athey were blown away by O.A.P. Peter Taylor, a cricketer most Australians had never heard of.

On the wicket-keeping front, Richards is a good batter but inadequate keeper while Bruce French is the opposite. But worse than any of this is the absence of a replacement for Ian Botham. As good as he is, Derek Pringle is not fit to carry the bat of the ex-Somerset supremo.

England face troubled waters. Beating the West Indies in a one-day match is one thing, but a test match? It will be very tough against Pakistan this summer, and Mike Gattings could soon lose his "Golden Boy of English Cricket" tag. If England does survive, India, New Zealand and the West Indies will loom large over the horizon ready to knock England back to the bottom of the international ladder.

The only satisfaction England can gain is that they are now not the worst in the cricket world, only the second worst.

By BASIL

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# Beaver Back Page Feature

## West German Elections

By LEON MANGARASARIAN

Elections were held yesterday in the Federal Republic of Germany to elect the members of the 11th Bundestag. Unfortunately, The Beaver is not able to provide you with the results as we are forced to go to press on Friday. One can only hope that the results of Sunday's polling are more interesting than the campaign of the past few months which has been long on slogans and short on specifics.

Chancellor Helmut Kohl (Christian Democratic Union), head of the present coalition which includes his own party, its Bavarian equivalent, the Christian Social Union and the 'Liberal'

Free Democratic Party has promised continued economic success and campaigned with the startlingly original message that the Americans are Germany's friends, that authority has to be restored to the family, that people should have more children and that the police and military are guarantors of peace and freedom.

Kohl's opponent, Johannes Rau (Social Democratic Party), has promised to raise taxes on those who earn more, to repair the environment, and to do something about Germany's reliance on nuclear power. On all of these issues he is unfortunately long on rhetoric but rather short on policy. With regard to nuclear power it is not entirely clear that he would be willing to implement his

own party's decision to close nuclear power stations within ten years. Rau is certainly on the right of his Party and possibly the only issue with which he is too clear in terms of policy has been his adamant refusal to consider accepting a possible alliance with the environmental Green party.

The issue of how the Social Democrats should cope with the rise in fortunes of the Greens is the matter of considerable debate. Party leaders like the Oscar Lafontaine who almost single-handedly led the Social Democrats to victory in the Saarland elections of March 1985 have aimed their campaign at what former Chancellor Willy Brandt called "the majority to the left of centre". Lafontaine's party smashed the ascendant Green challenge, and the environmental party received only 2.5% of the vote. However, many would argue that the Saarland was a special case given its puny size and poverty compared to the other West German states.

Rau clearly believed that he could take the Social Democrats to the centre of the political spectrum, a policy which succeeded in his home state of North Rhine Westphalia. But if recent polls are to be believed, this policy may well have contributed to a disappointing performance on Sunday. The popularity of the Greens has markedly increased since the Chernobyl Nuclear accident. Thus, sections of the Social Democratic Party have accused Rau of throwing away the chance to return to power by refusing to consider a coalition.



The Greens are in a good position to solidify themselves as the Federal Republic's third party. The intra-Party battles between those who accept the idea of coalition politics and those who want to keep the Greens 'pur' as an opposition movement continue. Nevertheless, events of the past year have sparked interest in the Party. The Chernobyl disaster and the series of massive chemical spills in the Rhine last November brought the 'Green' message home to Germans of all persuasions. A second factor that has given the Greens enormous publicity, including a cover story on the influential weekly "Der Spiegel", was the coalition formed when the Social Democratic Party in the state of Hessen agreed to share power with the Greens. Joschka Fischer became the first Green environment.

West Germany's fourth party, the Free Democratic Party, are as usual likely to be healthy survivors of the present election despite the usual concerns about their imminent demise. This time, they have had the good fortune to have the

Bavarian Prime Minister, Franz Joseph Strauss, sniping at the long-serving Free Democratic Foreign Minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher. Despite the fact that Strauss's Christian Social Union is supposed to be in coalition with the Free Democrats, the Bavarian leader wants the Foreign Ministry. He has called for a tough line with the Soviet Union and its allies, arms sales to Saudi Arabia and a policy of friendship and co-operation with South Africa. All this has naturally provided the Free Democrats with lots of ammunition for their campaign. In particular they can now hark back to the Ostpolitik policy which they helped establish when they were in coalition with the Social Democrats.

So what chances for the above parties (and the 17 other parties also taking part) in the election? Political punditry is usually an embarrassing game, but I will say that the Christian Democrats will get 45%, the Social Democrats 39%, the Greens 8.5%, and the Free Democrats 7.5%.

