

# The Beaver

25th November, 1991

Newspaper of the London School of Economics Student Union

Issue 348

## SU funding increase proposed

By Adrian May

The Standing Committee of the Court of Governors has agreed to consider increasing the block grant to the Students' Union. The statement, announced in last Thursday's Union General Meeting, comes as a response to a submission by Senior Treasurer Toby Johnson and General Secretary Michiel van Hulten. In the submission, Johnson claims that despite significant increases in student numbers, the school has not made corresponding increases in the block grant to the Union. In 1985/86 the Union was allocated £44.26 for each of the 4575 students; the increase to 5169 students reduces this to £41.70.

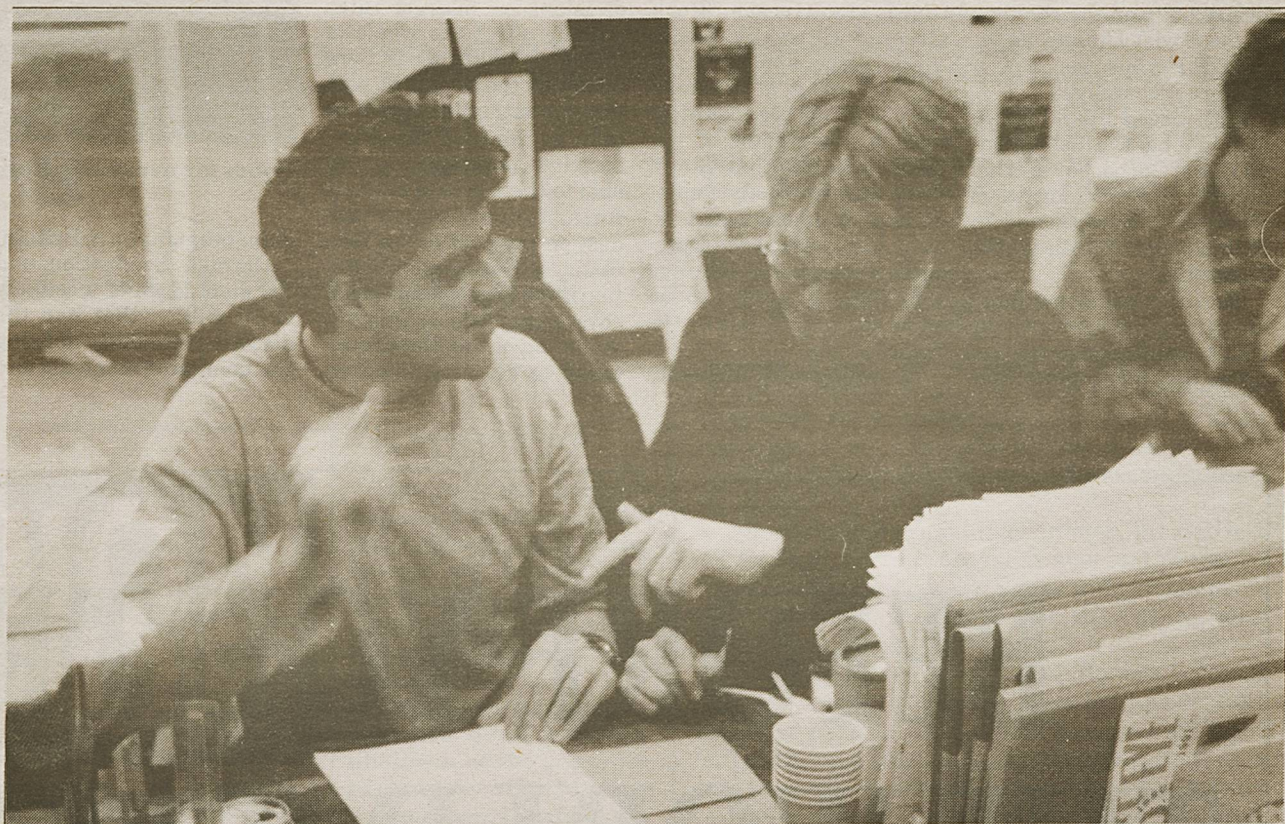
Johnson feels that the school should make some allowance for the appointment of the General Manager, and increased welfare service spending. He says that the school "now has an obligation to re-examine the issue." Johnson indicated to *The Beaver* that an increase in the region of £20,000, on top of planned savings would cover the deficit for next year. In the paper, Johnson and

Van Hulten argue that the union has "demonstrated its commitment to effective and efficient spending" and that therefore the school "has a duty to acknowledge the increased pressure" on the Union.

The paper goes on to state that the rise in student numbers have put "increasing pressure on Union facilities and events." In addition, the paper even goes so far as to suggest that the Union may need a commercial services manager and a fourth sabbatical, all of which will require funding.

In reply, Iain Crawford, School Press & Public Relations Officer commented that the Union is finding itself in the same position as the school. "The government wants to double the numbers of students in higher education, without increasing funds," Crawford said, adding "for the school the situation is going to get worse as time goes on." He could not comment on the specific issue of whether the Union would get more money, saying that it was something for the Standing committee to decide.

It emerged from the paper



Spare the price of a General Manager? Johnson and Van Hulten consider their points

that Johnson and Van Hulten are concerned that the Union may be asked to cover its deficit out of its reserves, which stand in the region of

£100,000. Their paper argues that these should be preserved, since they provide both income and security, as well as protecting the school

from bailing out the Union, which has happened in the past. However, Crawford felt that such use of reserves could not be ruled out, since

Photo: Jon Fenton-Fischer  
this was something that many universities were now doing in order to cover deficits.

## Silcott case to be reheard

By Madeline Gwyon

The Tottenham Three are to have their appeal against their conviction for the murder of PC Keith Blakelock heard today. The most infamous of the three now in jail, Winston Silcott, was nominated as Honorary President of the Students Union in the academic year of 1988-1989.

At the time, the LSE Students' Union was attacked by the national

press for honouring 'a killer'. Since then, fresh evidence has been made available which indicates that the convictions were made on unsafe grounds.

Earlier this year, the Sunday Times Magazine ran a feature on the evidence surrounding Silcott. At the time of the riots, Silcott was on bail for a murder that he had allegedly committed out of self-defence upon leaving a night club. Evidence mentioned in the article

suggests that he was not even at Broadwater Farm at the time of the murder, but returned later in the evening as part of his conditions of bail.

This previous conviction may mean that Silcott is not released immediately, although sources close to the issue remain reluctant to comment at this stage in the proceedings.

It seems, however, that the LSE's link with the Tottenham Three is not

yet over. The moment, there are three possible sites being considered for the post-appeal press conference. At the time of going to print, the Press Office was not able to confirm whether or not LSE had been decided as the final venue for the press conference. However, it is known that LSE is the site favoured by the Law Courts. The other two are Westminster and the Law Courts themselves.

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# Roth of Germany on Europe

By Julian Sykes

"The place of a united Germany in Europe" was considered last Monday by Wolfgang Roth, the German shadow Economy minister. Roth, a member of the SPD was speaking in the Old Theatre at the invitation of the DSG.

He opened his discussion by observing that until recently, the idea of a Europe united from the Atlantic to the Urals would have been seen as hopelessly utopian - the persistence of the Iron Curtain severely limited the political horizon. However, due to changes instigated by Gorbachev and the changes in the Soviet Union this vision of Europe was now a distinct probability.

Roth urged his audience to remember the instrumental role of Gorbachev and his reforms in the momentous changes in Europe, and in the ongoing difficulties in the Soviet Union.

The European Community after the agreement with the EFTA countries now contain 380 million inhabitants. This

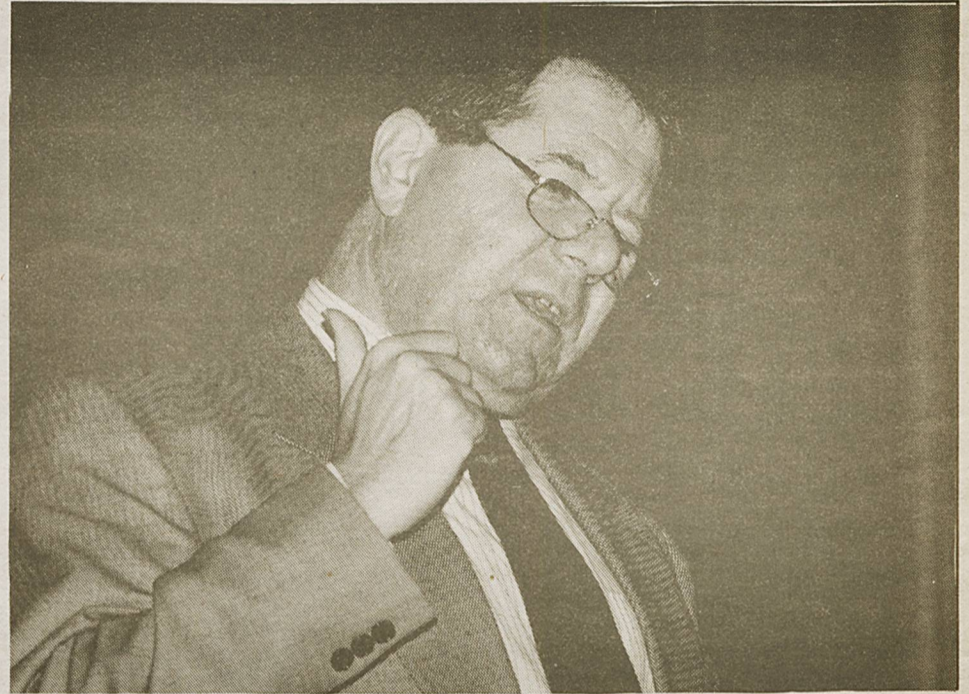
is bigger than the combined markets of the U.S, Canada and Mexico which are soon to be united in their own free trade area; presenting Europe with a tremendous opportunity for greater trade. In addition, the EC could become even larger if the countries of Eastern Europe were integrated.

Roth felt that the revolutions of 1989 in the East were on a par with the French revolution of 1789 and marked the return of these countries to Europe they should be admitted to the EC but would have to be protected at first, as were the economies of Spain, Portugal and Greece. Roth stressed Germany has a special responsibility for the restructuring of Eastern Europe given her historical role as the creator of the power vacuum that Stalin filled. But Germany cannot do this on its own and required the help of the European Community. Europe was urgently needed to assume the mantle left by the Soviet Union.

According to Roth, Britain

was using the problems involved in developing the EC as a pretext to delay political union and to try and restrict the Community to being nothing more than a free trade zone. Although Britain had some valid points about the dangers of over-centralisation, these shouldn't be taken too far and used to, in his words, "roll back the EC."

In contrast to the British position, Roth welcomed monetary union and suggested that it would be an advance for the EC, given the existing dominance of the Mark, and the influence of the Bundesbank - whose decisions on interest rates already affect the whole of Europe. The European Central Bank that would be part of monetary union would be able to control the Bundesbank, making it accountable to the whole of Europe. An indication of the enthusiasm on the part of the Germans for European integration is the lack of debate over sovereignty concerning the giving up of the Mark, compared to the protracted ar-



Room for everyone: Roth considers increased size for the EC

Photo: Steve East

guments going on in Britain.

German Unification and the emergence of a country of 80 million that had the distinct probability of being the dominant economic and

political actor in Europe argued, said Roth, for Germany to be integrated into Europe - as the Economist put it recently, a European Germany rather than a

German Europe. If not, he asked "is not Germany too strong in comparison with European institutions?"

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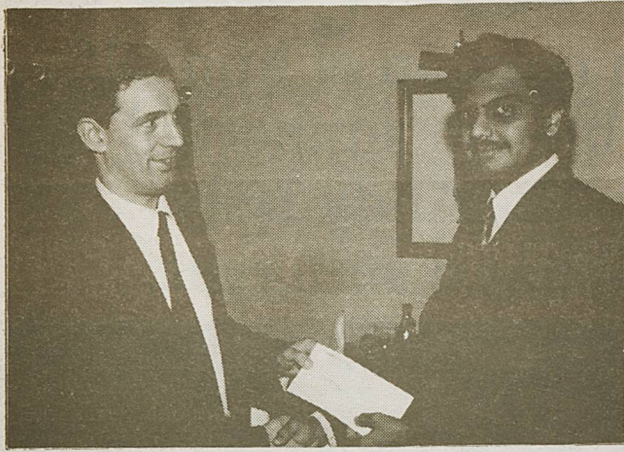
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## KPMG at LSE



Rakesh Shavdia, a second-year accountancy student, has won the KPMG Peat Marwick Prize for Accountancy. This prize is awarded yearly to the LSE Student who scores the highest mark in the first-year accountancy exams. The prize is worth £500 over two years, and is given by the firm in recognition of high achievement, and as encouragement to pursue such standards in the future. Rakesh is pictured here receiving the cheque from Robert Bellis of Peat Marwick.

## Malcolm X considered

By Beaver Staff

Malcolm X, the radical black activist had his life and methods considered last Tuesday in a meeting of the SWSS. During the rise of the civil rights movement of the 50's, Malcolm X was seen as making no attempt to "appease the white man", and was against the intergration of blacks and whites. He fought for racial separation and wanted to achieve independent black states. Whilst a minister, he was advocating that intergration by blacks into the American society was both impossible, due to racism, and undesirable. He argued for black self-defence, maintaining, "pre-

serve your life- it's the best thing you've got". In 1963 he was suspended from the Nation of Islam following his comment on Kennedy's assassination: "The chickens have come home to roost." During discussion it was argued that integration in the work-place, where blacks and whites work together for the common economic good, would raise living standards for both and increase wages. It was questioned as to whether this promotes social and racial harmony, when blacks do not want to interact with a society which keeps putting its "foot in your face". The socialist model, it was argued, can only work if people's ideas can change.

## Universities face new VAT charges

Higher Education Bill to cost institutions £20 million

By Madeline Gwyon

The new "Further and Higher Education Bill" got its first reading in the House of Lords last Thursday, amid controversy surrounding the financing of the proposed changes.

The Bill lays out provisions to deal with the abolition of the separate higher education funding councils and to introduce an umbrella organisation to deal with all types of institutions. In addition, the power to award degrees will be extended to institutions other than the existing universities. Institutions now called polytechnics may also be allowed to include the term "university" in their titles.

However, the transitional costs incurred in introducing such changes have been estimated at £27 million during the year 1992-1993. In order to cover this, the Bill states that "There will be a circular transfer within public finances, estimated at some £20 million, in respect of the liability arising on colleges in the new sector to pay VAT on goods and services."

Hence, colleges within the higher education sector will be liable for some £20 million in VAT charges to finance the cost of the changes.

Commentary

# Union Jack

Everyone knew the relationship was going downhill, but James just didn't want to admit it at first. He did try; you have to grant him that. But after a week, he knew it was over.

Their friends were putting pressure on him, but then, they put pressure on everyone amongst them who manages to take the spotlight. Michiel, in typical Rodney Dangerfield style, never has gotten any respect, Fiona has always had the sympathy support—but that's probably from those who want to share the use of E206—and they've been taking the mickey out of Toby for his hygienic practices since Day 1.

Suke, George and Sinisa have gotten used to the animosity aimed at them, but such revolutionary practices as those three observe are likely to arouse jealousy in those around them. So they grew hardened to the harsh words and learned to fight back, while still trying to get others to join their menage-a-however many, for they knew in their hearts that what they did was moral and the right thing to do.

But James couldn't handle the pressure, or maybe he just couldn't keep up with the pace. Whatever the reason, he knew the love affair was over. He tried as hard as he could to keep the flame alive, but in the end he just had to tell his friends he could no longer take second billing to Razia.

She must have that effect on men, for Bob left her a week earlier. Maybe it was just pressure from his friends to leave Razia and join them on their weekly escapades. But the calling was there, and James felt it too.

The only alternative, given Razia's forceful nature among her peers, was for her to find another partner, but a man just wouldn't do. After all, men have so many other interests and are so easily distracted by the many boisterous activities Razia introduces them to. So she found Sarah, and hoped that starting over would be the best thing for her to do.

But as the day wore on, Razia knew that her friends were restless. Bob's jealousy of Sarah was ever so apparent, as he kept vying for Razia's attention. His efforts paid off the first time, although repeated efforts only caused his growing unpopularity among their friends. But still, he thought he had a chance...

Apparently Bob just couldn't handle being out of the limelight, or maybe he was just taking advantage of his newfound independence from Razia to win friends and influence people. But the strong, silent type that made himself known in weeks past as Razia's sidekick really made himself heard.

Salman, unfortunately, was not so lucky. After weeks of trying to grab a corner of the spotlight, he was once again left out in the dark. But keep trying, Sal; someone, someday, will see how important and valid your views are!

Suke also tried her hardest, which is really quite hard, but she couldn't get the group to support her in her activities.

And poor Eugene: he tried so hard, but none of his attempts at winning the group's respect amounted to anything. What a pity. In the end, when he finally got a chance to say something, they all just walked out on him.

But we know that one of these days, the real Eugene will come out and then the group will feel his wrath. Will it be next week? Who knows, but stay tuned for another exciting edition of your favourite farce, The Union Joke—er, Jack.

# LSE UNION SHOP

## COMPETITION

Win a Polaroid Camera !

(Monday 25 November - Friday 29 November)

Visit the Union Shop During the Above Dates to Take Part in Their Easy to Enter Competition. You Could Win a Polaroid Supercolor 635 CL Camera or One of Seven Consolation Prizes.

Basement East Building.

Monday - Thursday	10:00 - 5:00
Friday	10:00 - 4:00

# diary

Those of you brave enough to have ventured outdoors the past few weeks might have noticed that the air temperature has dropped just a touch. The Diary, in its usual public-spirited way, has decided that now is the time to declare that it is officially cold. So to help acclimatize all those people from warmer climates such as Ecuador, Bermuda, and Southampton, here is the Official Cold-Weather Diary. So put on those mittens and ear-muffs and slide on down to the LSE for the following avalanche of events to celebrate "Lesbian and Gay Awareness Week".

**Monday 25th** brings music from that rather chilly country Czechoslovakia, when a rock band from that country will be playing The Quad at 8pm. The price is £1, no bouncing Czechs allowed.

If you want to escape from a freezing **Tuesday** evening, why don't you pop into S017 at 5.30 pm where the History Society are holding a talk. Dr. John Klier (Dept. of Jewish and Hebrew Studies, UCL) will be speaking on "But what shall we do with the Jews?", the Jewish question in the post-Soviet Union (yet another chilly country). Two films to really light your fire will be screened in a David Lynch double-bill in the New Theatre at 7pm. The warm and snugly "Blue Velvet" followed by the steamy "Wild at Heart" can be seen for only £2.

On **Wednesday 27th**, the Photo Soc. will be holding a meeting at 1pm in the Hackers' Bar (top floor of cafe). Holding their usual heated arguments, the Debating Society's meeting this week will be entitled "THB that the American Dream is in Reality a Nightmare." It's in the Vera Anstey room at 1pm as usual. Get those frozen joints moving that evening at the Jewish Society Intro Party in The Underground where music, subsidised drinks and surprises have been promised, cost £2.

**Thursday 28th** is Blue Jeans Day. The Diary recommends that you also wear a nice woolly jumper and a bobble hat (or you might catch a cold). At 8pm the Drama Society is holding their 10 Minute Theatre in The Quad. It will feature music, cabaret, and sketches on sexuality (including the world famous Sabbatical sketch (?)). If that isn't enough, there will be a wine bar to refresh those parts sexuality can't reach.

Frosty **Friday 29th** brings you the staff pantos at 7pm in the Old Theatre. See your favourite members of staff in "Robin of Not in Here" for just £2. The proceeds will go to a children's cancer ward. There's nothing like a bit of gratuitous plate smashing to warm you up. So, come on down to the Hellenic Society Greek Night at 8pm in A86. There will be food and wine and live music for £8. The big event of Lesbian and Gay Awareness Week is a disco in The Underground at 8pm costing £2.

Throw away those thermal long johns and pull on your Bermuda shorts for the Tequila Society Party on **Saturday 30th**. Remember to get your tickets in advance. "This Year's Blonde" will be playing again with some other band.

If you are looking for a new winter haircut, why don't you try out Marty in the Quad on Tuesdays and Thursdays, cost £6.50.

Has all this cold weather got you climbing the walls? Then try out the Rock Climbing Society who do this for fun. They meet on Wednesday and Friday afternoons to scale the heights at NLRC in Mile End from 2 to 9pm. It costs just £1 to enter with membership.

How can you still be feeling chilly after events such as these to warm your soul? If you are, then here are a couple of tips as to how you can make really good use of the Beaver. Wrapping yourself from head to foot in the pages of this week's Beaver will help keep hypothermia at bay. Otherwise, you could always burn it. It makes a rather nice fire. So until next week, try not to chill out or be cool, dudes!

# Hey, I'm great

Andy Baly has a high opinion of himself, particularly for a Wimbledon supporter. So high that he has set up the Andy Baly Appreciation Society. What a smug git.

Some people are born to greatness, some rise to greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them. Andy Baly just decided he was great on his own, and set up a society to tell everyone about it. This is what happened when the Beaver asked him why...

**BEAVER:** Who is Andy Baly, and why have you set up the A.B.A.S.?

**A.B.:** Well, I am the 'One'. I've set up the society so that people can glorify me. People glorify me anyway, but I needed to provide a structure for this, otherwise it is wasted.

**BEAVER:** So why are you so bloody great?

**A.B.:** I didn't create the world, but when I was born the world was created. When I die the world will end.

**BEAVER:** Yes, a lot of people have criticized God for taking a full six days to create the world, and still making a bit of a mess of it. How would you have done better?

**A.B.:** I don't believe in God, I only believe in myself.

**BEAVER:** So, we don't need a God in your opinion.

**A.B.:** Well, the world is me anyway.

**BEAVER:** Since you've been at LSE we've seen the fall of authoritarian regimes all over the world, the rise in power of the UN, and the hope of a new world order of peace and security. What else do you wish to achieve?

**A.B.:** (laughs)...What a stupid question... I would like to get into the Beaver.

**BEAVER:** How would you solve the problems in Yugoslavia — should everyone worship you?

**A.B.:** I think so — a common interest there would help. But they haven't really heard of me there, and that's the root of the problem.

**BEAVER:** Do you think voluntary euthanasia is a good idea?

**A.B.:** I'm all for it.

**BEAVER:** Do you think others will want you to take advantage of it before you leave LSE?

**A.B.:** If they did, or if they tried to kill me they would only be killing themselves. When I die the world then ceases to exist. (It might still be worth the risk — Ed.)

**BEAVER:** People have accused you of being arrogant, self-centred and egotistical. Are these people your friends?

**A.B.:** Yes, probably. I think I am (all of the above).

**BEAVER:** Do you think that being an international sex symbol will interfere with your work as a student, or vice versa?

**A.B.:** Well, it has interfered already. But they are all the same oneness — and the wholeness of the same



The God himself

Photo: Paul Nugent

"I didn't create the world, but when I was born the world was created. When I die the world will end."

— Andy Baly

being.

**BEAVER:** Is it true that Wimbledon F.C. are a load of crap, with only 3,500 supporters turning up every week — 3494 of whom are away supporters?

**A.B.:** No, they get more than that, and also the whole world is there because I'm there.

**BEAVER:** So, you're there every game then?

**A.B.:** Well, no...

**BEAVER:** I've heard that you were sacked from the print room, is this true and how did you manage it?

**A.B.:** I was indeed, after two days. I don't want to libel anyone, but I didn't get on very well with a certain individual.

**BEAVER:** I've also heard that in your first week as a fresher you went round pre-

tending you were a 2nd year?

**A.B.:** And a 3rd year. A lot of people believed me — it was a right laugh!

**BEAVER:** Did you pull then?

**A.B.:** No, I didn't actually, but that wasn't the main aim, I just wanted to become known.

**BEAVER:** Are you above all women, or all men even?

**A.B.:** Well, quite often I'm above all women. They can take the upper hand if they want.

**BEAVER:** Is anybody going to take you seriously?

**A.B.:** Well, you're interviewing me. (Yes, but are we taking you seriously? — Ed.) I think everyone should take me very seriously indeed.

**BEAVER:** I'm sure everyone reading this will want to know how they can join

A.B.A.S., and then become part of your world. How can they do that?

**A.B.:** Firstly they've got to adore me — that's a prerequisite, is that the right word? And then they've got to pay me 50p. If they look at the posters they'll see what's going on; we'll also distribute newsletters every three or four weeks. They've got to bow down before me.

**BEAVER:** Are you very worried about your appearance? You obviously spend minutes on your hair every week.

**A.B.:** Yes, my appearance is very important.

**BEAVER:** That's funny, because you wouldn't think so.

**A.B.:** It makes me more approachable.

**BEAVER:** Why is it so easy for people to look up to you? If there is one word to sum yourself up, what is it?

**A.B.:** ... (long pause) ... Consciousness.

**BEAVER:** You mean you are conscious.

**A.B.:** Yes, and nobody else is.

**BEAVER:** Right, is that it? Thank God, sorry thank you, Andy. But then again, I repeat myself.

And for those of you who actually did the crossword — here are the answers.

**Across**  
6. Post Modernism  
8. Big Ogre  
9. Have A Go  
10. Tin Noah  
11. Old Face  
13. Repairs  
14. Fake Eye  
15. Drink Me  
16. Suburbs  
18. Environmental

**Down**  
1. As Corny As A Knave  
2. Smart Arse Remark  
3.17.12. Odd One Out  
4. Treat Like A Queen  
5. Site Of Aqueducts  
6. Primitive Urge  
7. Magical Symbol

# Busy Beaver

Probably the best gossip column in the world.

Hello, good evening and welcome to the second exciting installment of that column especially designed for all you garbage-gobblers. So without further ado let us get down to some good old fashioned gratuitous gossip.

The grapevine has been saying that Chancellor Tubby wants to prioritise the Sabbatical salaries motion. "Surely you must be wrong," I hear you cry, "wouldn't that be incredibly stupid of him?" Well, I'm not wrong, and don't call me Shirley.

Chancellor Tubby is actually being very sneaky. If this motion is passed and his salary is cut, it would be considered

a breach of his contract. He could, therefore, resign and go on a three-month holiday to Greece with the Former First Lady. So, as you can see, ol' Tubby isn't just a pretty face...

General Secretary Rip van Winkle has offered to have his head shaved in the UGM if £500 is collected in that meeting for Rag. Busy Beaver thinks this is especially daring considering the limited amount of hair he has in the first place. Anyway, I can't think of a better reason for attending a UGM.

Last Friday saw two new members joining the Carr Saunders infamous "Round the Block" club. For those of you not in the know, to join this club you have to run

round the Carr Saunders block...naked. The Duncan Twins successfully completed this awesome task (and on such a chilly night too). One of the dynamic duo was then spotted a couple of days later shinning up and down drainpipes at Passfield. It's nice to see somebody using their weekend so constructively.

"Pissed Passfield Warden Pestors Pool Players", pretty good headline, huh? I think I will save that one for my CV for the "Sunday Sport". Basically, The Pearl had one too many and got into a rather abusive argument with some pool players. Though if they were attired in any way like the pool players mentioned in last weeks

Busy Beaver (i.e. in the buff), I can see the poor man's point of view.

Well, you can't possibly have a Busy Beaver column without some McMuffin bashing. At the last count our very Social Secretary has had five men so far in her term of office (or maybe just in her office!). Busy Beaver knows the names of three of them (but I'm not telling). If you know all five, send your answers on a postcard to the Beaver office. Oh yes, McMuffin and Dragnet, that's all I'm saying on the subject.

A certain newly-elected news editor and Rip van Winkle once "had a thing". Recently she has been spending an awful lot of time in the

Gen.Sec's office. Could something be happening here? Though, Busy Beaver hears that their initial separation was not all that pleasant. The co-ed, having been dumped by Rip, accused him of just using her to look respectable in the Sabbatical elections. Sour grapes or political scandal, you decide.

The AU's resident sun-tanned Antipodean and the Blonde Barfly (WW) were very naughty boys at Rosebery. They set off fire extinguishers in various rooms and insulated the sub-warden. Our Australian friend was heard to tell the sub-warden to rearrange the following words into a well-known phrase, "ugly are you". Busy Beaver hears that that little

escapade will cost them some money. By the way, answers to this cunning word puzzle will be printed next week.

Good to hear that Big Bob can stop taking those cold showers. Hope the dirty weekend in Kent went well.

Time once again to sign off and return to my sewer. Remember, keep sending in that gossip to the Beaver office (E197) and maybe Busy Beaver won't have to keep picking on the heavenly Sabbaticals (who are really all perfect, honest). Ciao for now, Chat-Chewers.

**B.B.**

## What's the Issue? Madeline Gwyon looks into the issue of the homeless

If you have ever ventured near the Three Tuns, the Cafe or simply the Clare Market Building, then you will have noticed a new addition to the entrance-hall scenery. The friendly faces are known as Andy, Mick, Mick and Mick and their present vocation in life is to sell "The Big Issue".

The Big Issue is, of course, a newspaper which provides a clever pun on the whole issue of what exactly the issue is: whether it is homelessness or whether it is the monthly edition of the paper.

This whole scheme was the brainchild of John Bird, a man who has experienced homelessness himself and who believed that he could do something to help those thousands of people who have no address, no money and no hope.

The idea is simple. Those amongst the homeless who wish to do something constructive to earn themselves some money can sell copies of The Big Issue at a number of locations around the city.

The cost of the publication is 50p, of which 40p goes straight to the seller and the last 10p is ploughed back into the distribution costs incurred.

At the moment the paper is in need of heavy financial support as the advertising does not render it self-sufficient. It is the Body Shop (or rather the Roddicks) who have helped to get the whole idea off the ground by putting their money where somebody else's ideas have provided the initiative.

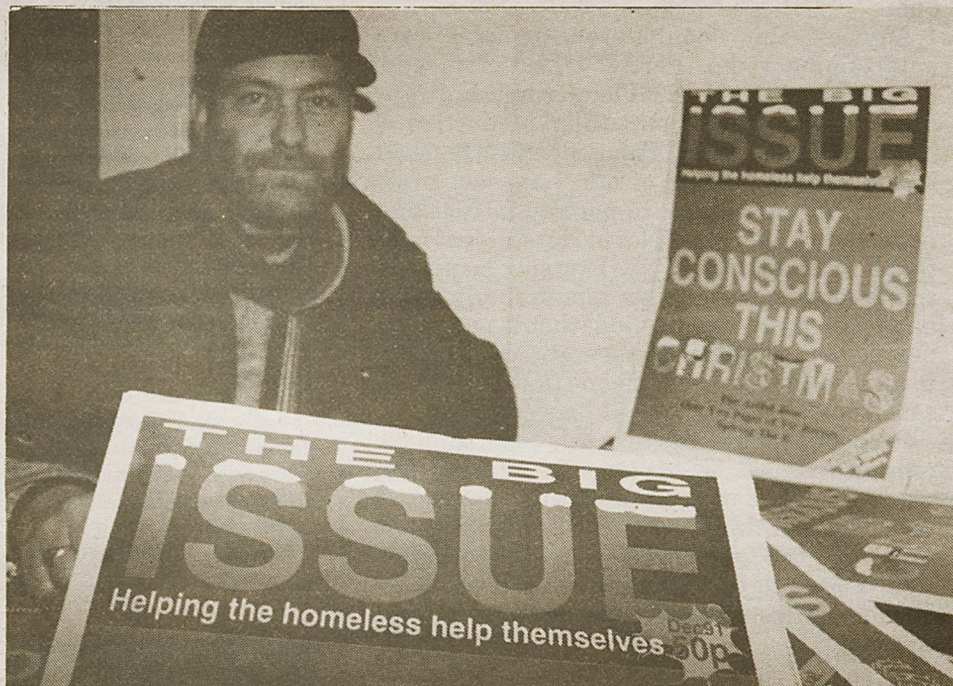
It is hoped that other socially aware businesses will follow on from the noble motives that the Roddicks

have shown.

The fact that these guys are able to sell their paper at the LSE at all is largely thanks to Jean Claude of the Cafe. He has provided storage for the issues which not only serves the needs of our friendly vendors but also stores those papers on sale in the surrounding areas: Holborn Station, Kings College, The Embankment etc.

The only regret that Andy, Mick, Mick and Mick have is that the Issue does not come out more often. Once a month is all well and good but it means that most of the people that are going to buy the paper in the first place will have done so in the first two weeks of its shelf life.

In addition, the whole impetus of The Big Issue is lost if people keep seeing the same edition on sale the whole time. However, come



Andy stays conscious for the camera

Photo: Steve East

rain or shine, they and many more like them occupy some 200 sites around the capital and some newly established sites in Liverpool.

The next area of expansion is likely to be into Glasgow, followed by Manchester and Newcastle. The

only thing holding the Issue back is the need for money.

Hopefully, some generous sponsors will provide the right amount of capital to enable a nationwide launch of the tabloid.

In the meantime, don't forget to buy your copy of

The Big Issue. It is not all full of stories about the homeless, although there is obviously a certain emphasis on them, but also contains film reviews and a number of superb articles by well-versed freelancers.

## Menage A Quatre At Carr-Saunders? MuSeL moans about the male/female ratio at 'Her Majesty's Prison' Saunders

What, I hear you ask, blasphemous sexual acts? Well, let the truth be told, with three men to one woman what do you expect. In fact the only sexual practices happening in Carr-Saunders at the moment are purely for practice.

There is despair and despondency running rife throughout our hall, discussions about a free bus services to Buzz bar are becoming more frequent and the dubious ads from the telephone boxes are now taken much more seriously.

In fact, if you're a man at Carr-Saunders these days, orgasms are only provided by Haagen Daz's ice cream.

The situation is becoming critical, there aren't many choices left for your average Carr-Saunders bod, latest market research figures show that sales of pornographic magazines are soon set to overtake that of your local, friendly weed.

In a university of the social sciences such as ours, many people have tried to come up with a hypothesis, but like Carr-Saunders men, there is not much 'coming up' that helps.

Different disciplines have been found to approach the problem in different ways.

Economists are talking about just how to allocate

the scarce resources, while the lawyers are discussing suing the school for conjugal rights.

The psychologists are making a fortune analysing the myriad sexual problems running rife throughout the place, and social anthropology students are becoming more popular as they're about the only males who even remember what a woman looks like and anyway they all have secret copies of National Geographic stowed away.

Government studies advised us that the problem is one for the politicians, so we went to the political repre-

sentatives in the hall and asked them for their solutions.

**Torys:** "We as members of the Conservative party, follow the precious doctrines of free enterprise. The women should go to the highest bidders."

**Revolutionary Communist Party:** "Share, share and share alike."

**Liberal Democrat and DSG:** "It's up to the individual to decide which way to 'jump'."

Some skeptics out there amongst you may be saying

'a real man can find a woman no matter how bad the situation.' This may well be true, but we're not all real men.

Anyway, even amongst the small number of female residents, some of them bally well have the audacity to be continuing relationships from pre-LSE times, damn cheek!

Latest reports from the Inter Hall committee have suggested that following Cambridge University's lead, the school will soon be allowing mixed double rooms within halls.

In truth that's great, but for us poor single men at Carr-Saunders, let's first

have a hall with some semblance of a realistic social mix.

With my article done, it's off back to the place from whence I came, down to the bar for a drink and some male bonding as each and everyone of us shares the hell that is Carr-Saunders social life.

If there are any women out there who happen to take pity upon us lonesome boys, give us a phone call, write us a letter, or, failing that a simple smile will do, and we'll think of you all night long.

# The Beaver

It is coming very close to that time of year again when religion is the furthest thing from most Christians' minds as they focus on the idea of money and presents and festive spirit. Well, rest assured Ladies and Gentlemen that one of the best traditions of Christmas is coming to an Old Theatre near you soon (next Friday to be precise). Unfortunately, this is starting to sound very similar to the Diary column. I'm afraid that there is a very good reason for that.

It has been my particular brainwave of the week to write about the amazing Staff pantomime that will be performed for you. Unfortunately one will not be able to say "Bah, humbug" and try to get in for free as the proceeds of £2 per head go to the Childrens Cancer Ward of a certain London hospital. I don't know which one.

Anyway, this should prove to be a very entertaining romp. Partly, I hasten to add, because a certain Mr NR Plevy is dressing up as Maid Marion in this particular production of "Robin of Not in Here". I am still a firm believer in the hidden talents of our very own press officer, Iain Crawford, to portray in excellent fashion, the Sheriff of "Not in Here". I just hope that he does not read this as I am sure he will not thank me for trying to get him in funny tights and chain mail. Never mind: that is one of the best aspects of the Christmas spirit. Good tidings to all men (and women) means that I should be safe from his wrath until at least January.

Perhaps I should also take this opportunity to congratulate all UGM goers for making last week another meeting totally devoid of seriousness. I think the LSE SU might have to reserve a good few acres of trees in the Amazon Rain Forest to provide paper planes for those balcony goers amongst the readers of this column.

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There will be an election on Monday the 25th at 6 pm for the post of Financial Director of The Beaver. Everyone welcome to attend the meeting on the top floor of The Cafe

## For:

A little over a year ago I returned from my homeland on the Croatian coast. At the time I would have unhesitatingly stated that I had been in Yugoslavia. Alas, I can no longer say that. The state whose passport I carry has lost all identity, popular support and integrity. As I write, the "Yugoslav National Army" which is overwhelmingly Serbian, romps through Croatia on spree on indiscriminatory destruction.

The justification for this action is hollow and unconvincing. Following the declaration of Croatian independence, Serbia has had to protect its 11% minority in Croatia. Serbs and other minorities in Croatia are in fact deemed to be equal citizens of Croatia according to its constitution which is based on the EEC model.

Ten months ago Croatia and Slovenia, having held democratic elections, asked along with two other republics for a loosening of the Yugoslav Federation into a confederation of more autonomous states. Previously, the Yugoslav government had focussed on the Serbian capital, Belgrade. After repeated failures in the negotiations due to Serbian intransigence, Croatia and Slovenia laid down an ultimatum: co-operate with the talks or in six months we will exercise our right to secession.

Nothing happened, and even before Croatia's decla-

ration of independence, Serbia and its Yugoslav National Army had positioned themselves within Croatian territory.

Croatia is now being attacked by the 3rd largest army in Europe, and one of

## Independence for Croatia?

the major arms producers in the world. In response to these odds, the EC and the UN enforced an arms embargo on all Yugoslavia in an attempt to stem the fighting. This only succeeded in leaving Croatia naked with no defenses. Yet, still Croatia fights on.

The facts are that a third of Croatian territory has so far been occupied. Over 5,000 people have lost their lives, countless historical treasures have been damaged and 350,000 people have been left homeless as refugees of a senseless war. These people will not forget their homes burning down and the Yugoslav flag triumphantly paraded around the ruins of their lives.

Yugoslavia is dead and the West must now look towards a new reality in the Balkans and within that reality lies an independent Croatia. Only then will Serbian territorial expansion see the cold light of day and realise the futility of their actions.

Antonio M. Marnovic

## Against:

The civil war in Yugoslavia is hardly off the TV screens these days. Zagreb, Vukovar and Dubrovnik have become household names. However, the Western establishments are not concerned about human

Western values as a way of achieving legitimacy for this project. The way that Dubrovnik, a second class tourist resort, has become "the pearl of the Adriatic", the "cradle of Western civilisation" is the perfect illustration of this theme. There is a clear distinction now between the "Western" Balkan states, Croatia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and the "backward East", represented by Romania, Bulgaria and Serbia.

This is important because the war has been seized by the European right as a pretext for rewriting the history of the Second World War. The civil war today has been presented as the continuation of the conflict between the Nazi backed fascist regime in Croatia and Tito's partisans; however, according to Western Media, the difference today is that the Croats are the "nice guys" and Serbs "the bullies". This allows the right to vindicate the Croatian fascist movement of the forties, and begin whitewashing the legacy of fascism which has long been an acute embarrassment to it. Croatian politicians are all in favour of this: for example, the Croatian president Franjo Tudjman has argued that only 32,000 people were exterminated at the death camp at Jasenovac. Until now, even the most respectable estimates had not dared to venture below 700,000.

The West's interest in Yugoslavia is a cynical attempt to divert attention from the real problems of capitalism here and now, and should be opposed as such.

Sinisa Vacic  
Revolutionary Communist Students

## Post Haste

Letters due to E197,  
by hand or internal  
mail, by 4 p.m.  
Thursday

## Grow Up

Dear Beaver,

I read the letter last week by "Anna Kist" with considerable amusement and amazement. I feel that some points need to be clarified in response to this.

Firstly, to suggest that 87% of the members of the Union did not vote because of the reasons she set out, represents an opinion based on a level of considerable ignorance. Having spent some time trying to find out why people did not vote I've had answers like "I forgot" or "I couldn't be bothered" or that people simply just didn't. As yet, no-one has turned to me and said "Simon, I didn't vote because I've seen through the myths of democracy", and this certainly does not represent the opinion of 4,500 students as suggested.

To imply that all of the parties at the LSE stand for the same ideals represents all of the hallmarks

of someone who has never attended a UGM, or bothered to listen to what they have to say. Also, if this is the best way she knows of fighting student apathy i.e. not voting, her priorities are clearly wrong.

Finally, who is Anna Kist? This person is not a registered student and consequently wouldn't have been allowed to vote anyway. I presume this is a joke (Anna Kist = anarchist) but that aside, I think it is only fair that if people are going to write letters as daft as that was, they should at least have the guts to stand up and admit who they are.

Simon Reid  
Returning Officer

## Lessons in Tolerance

Dear Beaver,

As a Greek Cypriot, I feel compelled to express my apologies for the actions of my compatriots at the UGM of the 14/11/91. It is understandably difficult to separate one's feelings of rage and embitterment from the intellectual debate. However, the UGM used to be a forum where issues were discussed and speakers were listened to, not where issues

are one-sided and speakers are shouted down and intimidated.

It seems so ironic that a motion to support the United Nations' diplomatic efforts in a complex problem was passed in an environment where "diplomacy" would be the last adjective ever used to describe the events of the UGM and where the problem was fudged over. Why should we expect Vassiliou and Denktash to sign peace initiatives if we can't even allow each other to speak?

However much I disagreed with the female speaker who opposed the motion, I feel her views should be aired. Indeed I commend her on her courage in speaking to such a hostile and rowdy public.

Perhaps the Beaver could invite both parties to air their views. And who knows? A process of respect and dialogue may ensue.

Sosteria Michaelides

## Be Aware

Dear Beaver,

The LSE's annual Lesbian and Gay awareness week takes place this year from Monday 25th to Friday 29th November. The aim of the week is to highlight the special needs, interests and

concerns of the gay community, particularly within the college itself. At the same time, we hope to draw attention to the work of the LSE Lesbian and Gay Soc.

There will be a stall in the Quad throughout the week and also debates throughout the week on topics such as the way forward for gay politics and the problems faced by black and Asian lesbians and gays.

Thursday will see a motion in the UGM on lesbian and gay rights and an entertainments night in the Quad that evening. The week will be rounded off by the GaySoc disco in C018 on Friday.

The GaySoc does play an important supportive role for people coming to terms with their sexuality and newcomers are especially welcome. However, for some people, walking into a roomful of strangers and, in effect, announcing that you are gay is a terrifying thought. Therefore, if anyone would prefer to meet an individual member of the GaySoc first, a contact number can be obtained from the welfare office.

LSE Lesbian and Gay Society

# Racism: A Trivial Phenomenon?

Ashwin Juneja reflects upon his experience of racism in cosmopolitan London.

I stared at him as he walked away, not knowing exactly what had happened. I was taken aback, surprised, and yes, maybe a bit confused. I wasn't sure what to make of the event that had just transpired, and I just stood there, on Oxford Street, puzzled.

You see, I had just had my first direct encounter with racism. I was 18, new to this country, and away from home for the first time, and I didn't know much, in fact anything, about racism.

Oh sure, I had read about South Africa, I had seen movies about the Klu Klux Klan, and I had heard about the Neo-Nazis in Europe. And that's exactly all I knew — whites beating up blacks.

I had thought that racism manifested itself in violent, physical acts, the sole purpose of which was to bring bodily harm. This happened often, everywhere, but I thought that if I just followed the "rules" laid down by my well-wishers, such as not travelling alone on the underground late at night, I would be spared the ordeal.

I was scared of being attacked and mugged by a gang of "skinheads", simply because of the colour of my skin. Nothing else. And this is what most of us non-caucasians are frightened of, and we take every precaution to prevent this from ever happening to us.

I came here prepared to do just that, and I was quite sure I would be safe. I assumed I was entering an intellectual environment, a cosmopolitan city, where people were intelligent and broad-minded, and did not practice senseless bigotry.

But that one simple incident brought me back to reality, and knocked down my pedestal of idealism. And it had been exactly that — a simple event.

I was lost, and I approached this man in a suit and a briefcase for some directions. I, too, was decently dressed. But when I did ask him, he simply stared at me, and, with a look of annoyance on his face, walked away, without uttering so much as a word. Why?

I ask myself that question

often, but I cannot come up with a logical explanation. No matter how hard I try, the answer eludes me, and it doesn't get any easier as I experience more bigotry.

...

The other day, I entered the train at West Hampstead station. It was not crowded, and there were plenty of empty seats.

Another man entered with me, and we both moved towards a couple of empty seats. He got to a seat first, and was about to sit down, when he noticed that I had

bigot.

What I have experienced is passive racism, not its violent manifestation.

Some people say I am lucky: I haven't been beaten up, spat at, or verbally abused. But is that so lucky, I ask? And why should I consider myself lucky, while the man in the tube is not considered lucky because he hasn't been beaten up? Physical wounds heal, emotional and mental scars tend to stay with you a lot longer.

I am not willing to say to myself that I am fortunate because my rights haven't been denied. Going home on those

days when someone is willing to stand uncomfortably rather than sit in a seat next to me on the tube because I am an Indian, I feel so frustrated.

Everyday I know that there are these people, and I

hesitate to call them that, out there who will never accept me for what I am. I will never be treated on equal footing because I am not of the "right" colour.

...

Last year I had applied for jobs, and finally got one, despite

the problem of requiring a work permit. I felt really good about myself because I had accomplished something very few people had.

In my eyes, and eyes of my friends, it was a great achievement. I thought, I have proved myself once again, and now I am in a professional environment where all the people are intelligent (that characteristic again!). I was full of optimism when I started the job in August. And now I am at the LSE.

Why, you wonder (as did my parents)?

When I started work, I was the only Indian, and the only foreigner in my batch. And from day one, I noticed something puzzling in the behaviour of some of my colleagues.

Everyday at lunch I was eating

my sandwich on my own. I was drinking coffee alone during our breaks, and I was walking to the tube station alone at the end of the day.

At first I thought I was being anti-social — I made an effort to make sure it wasn't that. But suddenly it dawned on me that it was something I had experienced before, but only from people who I thought didn't know better.

This time, the situation involved "intelligent" people.

I wasn't prepared to let this ruin my day, everyday, and so,

due to other reasons as well, I decided to quit. I realized that at the LSE I wouldn't see this everyday. At work, I'd experience it not only from nine to five, but it would stay with me when I went to sleep, every night.

I have never figured it out. Why must I be discriminated against because of the colour of my skin? I'll never know, because there is no answer that will satisfy me. I am not one to resort to reverse bigotry or racism.

I am not ignorant, for I know that a person is what he or she makes of their life, and not a colour. I know I am right, and it is this self-confidence which has kept me going over the past three years. Every single time I experience an act of simple, passive

of "peace", if we are determined to achieve it.

I once again started building up my pedestal of idealism, hoping that racism was just a temporary flaw in the structure of society which had seen the last of its glory days.

All over the world, including the UK, politicians were denouncing racism in the strongest of terms, and I was pleased. I

had built castles in the air.

I assumed that racism was political, institutional and that it could be eradicated by political will — a foolish assumption.

Racism is here today, has been with us, and will stay with us forever. Why? Because it is inherent in a

lot of people, and no matter what actions a government takes, you can never change the way some people think.

To the well dressed man with the briefcase and the man in the tube, I will always be an Indian, a brown-skinned person, whom they see as inferior.

I want to appeal to their sense of reason, to try and make them see me for what I am.

I wish they could read this, because then they might understand the grief and distress they have caused me and millions of others.

I want them to give me a chance, just the way I am willing to give them a chance to be sensible human beings.

Yes, I have condemned their attitude, and maybe that was a bit harsh on my part, because I don't know them either. If they have a logical explanation, let them tell me why they shun me, and I will try to convince them otherwise.

Have I just been too emotional, here? Perhaps I have. You may say

that talking about racism in this manner could trivialise such an important issue.

But isn't it all about a change of heart? Isn't it about appealing to their better judgement? I believe it is.

I may convince the man in the tube, but there will always be others. And I wonder, is it all worth it? Will they ever understand me? Will they ever change?

**"Every single time I experience an act of simple, passive racism, I become more resolute to never let it get the better of me, because the day it does, is the day I know I would have lost to a weaker foe."**

**"I am not willing to say to myself that I am fortunate because my rights haven't been denied."**

He was between two fellow male caucasians and now had an air of satisfaction about him.

How could I help but notice this whole episode, which lasted about 15 seconds?

I was disturbed, and I was feeling angry. I stared at him

as hard as I could and he saw this. He realized why, and he could not look back at me.

Any intelligent person would have felt "remorse"; in fact any intelligent person would not have done what he did.

But did he feel remorse? I doubt it, because he continued reading his paper, and there and then I felt like standing up and saying something to him, but that would just make me as bad as him, and I too, would be a

**"I assumed I was entering an intellectual environment, a cosmopolitan city, where people were intelligent and broad-minded, and did not practice senseless bigotry."**

racism, I become more resolute to never let it get the better of me, because the day it does, is the day I know I would have lost to a weaker foe.

...

When South Africa recently abolished apartheid, and the government met with the ANC, I thought that maybe after all there is a light at the end of the tunnel.

Maybe there will be some kind

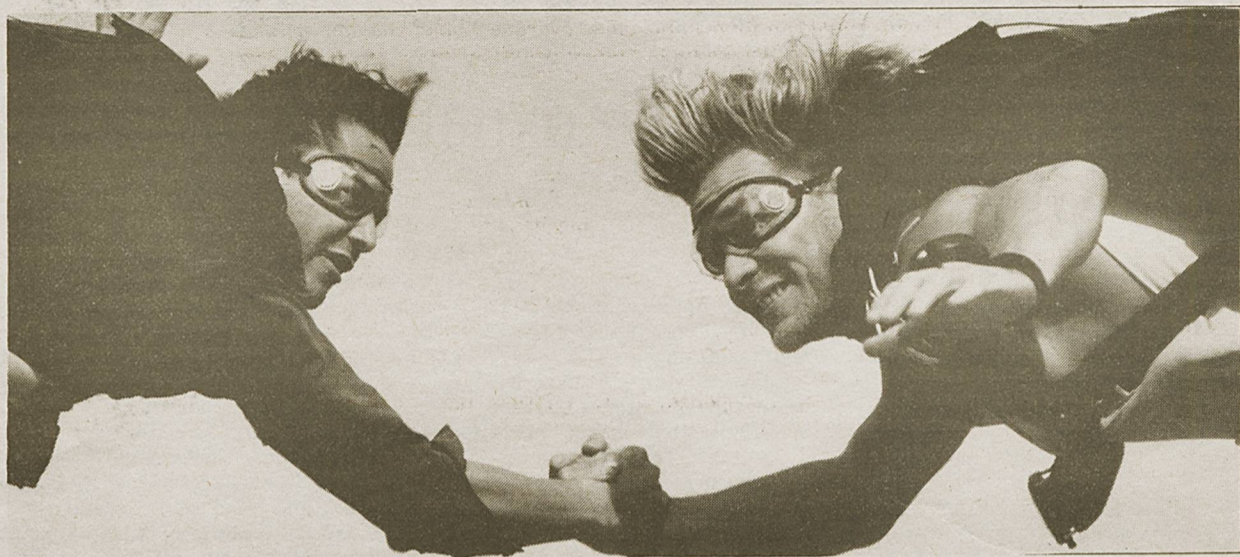
# Breaking Point

Bigelow's latest has lots of style but little substance

'Point Break' is the new film by the acclaimed American director Kathryn Bigelow whose previous features include 'Blue Steel' and 'Near Dark', and revolves around the strange relationship that develops between a young FBI agent and his quarry.

Johnny Utah (Keanu Reeves) is fresh out of the FBI school and is transferred to L.A. where he joins a team of agents investigating near-perfect bank robberies by a gang calling themselves 'The Ex-Presidents'. His investigations lead him to a bunch of surfers led by Bohdi (Patrick Swayze) whose aim in life is to find the "ultimate thrill." As such Utah gets pulled into a series of increasingly dangerous games, and it is at this point that the film comes into its own.

Bigelow's handling of the psychological side of things is accomplished very amateurishly; instead of the subtle and professional approach that I expect from a director of her quality as regards getting the plot across to the audience, I had the storyline forcefully shoved



Fancy meeting you up here. (Keanu Reeves and Patrick Swayze in Point Break)

Photo: Richard Foreman, Twentieth Century Fox

down my throat, and this is where the film falls down.

The action however is a completely different matter: all the scenes featuring surfing and parachuting are absolutely superb. A high proportion of these scenes were filmed without the use of stuntmen (Swayze, an accomplished sky-diver did his own aerial stunts) and in

the sky diving sequence a number of stunning moves never before seen on film are used. On top of this the requisite punch-ups and firefights are up to scratch being as original as it possible. A special mention must also go to a superb chase sequence, 60 percent of which is filmed on foot at breakneck speed. The central performances

are reasonable enough, it's just a pity that Swayze had to spout such terrible lines — otherwise his character would have been taken a lot more seriously. Gary Busey provides solid support as Utah's partner Pappas and gets all the funniest lines.

The film as such is entertaining enough, it refuses to tax your braincells even

slightly and is very easy to dismiss as commercial American crap. However, what one must remember when watching a film like this is that it is an action film and on this front it delivers the goods.

Very silly at times, but technically amazing.

Navin Reddy

## Flying High with Contemporary Dance

A triple success for LCDT at Sadlers' Wells

Funny thing to review this. I mean, is there anything I could say, however full of praise, which would make you give up an evening and a few quid to go and see a bunch of people prance around the stage at Sadlers' Wells?

There's no story, no plot, nothing of substance to hold the audiences' attention — all they do is, well, dance. To be honest, if it wasn't for the free tickets I certainly wouldn't have been there.

However, I'm glad I did go. If, like me, you know absolutely nothing about contemporary dance then you are missing out on a unique experience. I was sitting (in particularly uncomfortable seats I should add) waiting for the dancers to appear.

In my mind I was already running through the skeleton of this review. Words like 'indulgent', 'in-accessible', 'esoteric', or even 'pointless' were the main contenders for headline positions.

I was also rather wary of being bored out of my mind, wedged between two enthusiasts, and so unable

to escape. Then the curtain rose.

The fantastic thing about this sort of entertainment is that it is so human. Everybody has a body, and so in a sense, dance is instantly accessible to everyone.

To see ten, five, or even two bodies commanding a stage, wordless, with poise, grace, and elegance, is a very humbling experience. There really wasn't time to be bored.

The music soared through Cole Porter to Sergio Cervetti to a sort of sub-House throbbing bass with electronic sampling of human voice, guitar riffs, and frantic piano which could have held it's own in any Balearic club.

The backdrop was a 20 foot screen filled with an array of computer graphics and visual tricks, it was, altogether, pretty hypnotic. Thumping bass, amazing visuals, and, on top of this, a clutch of extremely talented people with some quite striking movements.

The London Contemporary Dance Theatre really do know what they are doing. None of the three dances lasted more than half an hour



Elizabeth Fancourt of the LCDT

Photo: Chris Nash

and were split by two short intervals.

My fears about being sat, mind-numbed, for two hours were completely unfounded. If you have any desire at all to witness this sort of entertainment do go. Sadlers' Wells is very convenient (if you live at Roseberry it's

practically next door) and the LCDT are just about the best of their kind.

James O'Brien

The LCDT will be performing at Sadlers' Wells until 30 November

## Passion in the Attic

'The Belfry' at the Bush

'The Belfry' is the third play in Billy Roche's much-praised Wexford trilogy and proves a touching expression of love and all the complications that accompany it.

The play shows the transformations which love provokes, weaving a path of romantic dreams through ecstatic achievement and frustrating failure. In this it manages to be both poignant and very funny.

Set in a small Irish town, the action centers around the local church. Artie (the sacristan) is a middle aged man who suddenly discovers romance in the shape of a married woman thus releasing hidden depths of feeling and meaning denied him by the lack of a father.

Roche cleverly combines the fulfillment of romance with his character's gradual discovery of his father's love for him — a fact always denied by his bitter mother. In the belfry where he meets his lover the sacristan shakes off his mundane past while she "soars in his arms".

Naturally the affair is doomed to failure although this realisation is a painful truth to accept. Roche's real triumph here is that he manages to evoke sympathy without pity.

As Artie tortures himself with romantic games, we can all feel his predicament without finding the situation pathetic.

All the despair and elation, so keenly felt, is consistently framed and enhanced with a pattern of eloquent Irish wit that carefully steers the play away from all too possible melodrama.

Apart from the passion of the central characters' relationship, Roche also looks at the frustrating situation the young priest and the devoted husband find themselves in.

The former has his zest for life sucked out of him by religious demands while the other finds his position in life being usurped as he grows older.

The question of religious restriction, so aptly contrasted with the unrestrained affair in the church tower, is an interesting theme although it does get a little lost at times, suffering from a lack of co-ordination.

This, however, is a minor criticism of a successful production. The theatre lends itself to the effective soliloquies of its main character, because it is small and very well utilised.

With every scene ushered in by a blast of Rolling Stones music, this play is definitely something to look out for. What's more, the theatre is situated over a pub; an added attraction for the average L.S.E. student.

Rhodri Nicholl

At A Glance

Theatre  
The Belfry  
at The Bush

Opera  
Betrothal in a Monastery  
at the Guild Hall Theatre

Dance  
LCDT  
at Sadlers' Wells

Film  
Point Break  
in the West End

The Two Jakes  
at the ICA

The Fisher King  
general release

Valmont  
in the West End



# Jack's Back

## 'Chinatown' sequel finally makes it to UK

A routine case of adultery develops into a murder case. J.J. Gittes makes a living out of other peoples infidelity in the midst of a town where nothing is as it seems.

Some things never change. Even the winds of war are not strong enough to drive away the ghosts of yesterday. Life is a humourless whore whistling the same tune over and over again; only the pitch changes. Before the war it was politics, power, water rights, and money. Now it is politics, power, oil rights, and money.

A loving husband commits an act of passion. A dead man and a redhead posing as a blond. A widow scream-

ing foul murder. Six million dollars up for grabs. Ruthless policemen and crooked lawyers. A gumshoe of the pre-war days caught in the middle of a world that is quickly changing. The pace is fast and he is getting old.

In 'Chinatown' Gittes (Jack Nicholson) found himself entangled in incestuous family intrigue. Power, politics, and money underlying the personal relationship of a father and his lover-daughter.

Eleven years on, however, after the end of World War Two, the ghosts of that brief encounter still linger on.

Gittes the proud survivor of a Marine slaughter in the

Pacific wants to forget and get on with his life. A simple case goes out of control and leads to the unlocking of bad memories.

Unanswered questions reassert themselves: what happened to the love-child of the father-daughter relationship?

'The Two Jakes' is the long awaited sequel regarded by many to be one of the best of its kind.

In 'Chinatown' diverse elements of style, suspense, characterisation, and intelligence were blended to give a once in a lifetime cinematic experience.

In this current climate of sequels 'The Two Jakes' is a

long overdue look at the life and times of J.J. Gittes. What he has become may not live up to our expectations; life grows old and so has he, but the fire is still there in those humorously evil eyes.

Nicholson directs himself in a performance that he is due. Shrewd man that he is Nicholson collects a strange but distinguished assortment of actors and as such the cast is to a person superlative.

J.J. Gittes, back after eleven years is Jack Nicholson going old and soft, but the tune is the same — only the pitch has changed.

Stavros Makris



Nicholson has a well-deserved cigarette on the set of *The Two Jakes*  
Photo: Blue Dolphin Films

# 'Dangerous Liaisons' Again?



My bum is sore, how about yours?

Photo: Artificial Eye

Valmont is about love, seduction, manipulation, and sex, (yes, boys, they do get their kit off!) is wonderfully moving, and is beautiful to watch, as well as having a moving and appropriate ending.

It is at once a visual treat and a wonderful story. When watching it is easy to just sit back and wonder at the divine costumes and sets of pre-revolutionary France.

The film is, however, more than just a pretty picture; it is a complex web of intertwined plots and fascinating characters which never fails to interest.

The story will be very familiar to those who have seen 'Dangerous Liaisons' as the two films are based on the same book. I have yet to

see the earlier film, but those who have, give 'Valmont' the edge in comparison.

The plot revolves around two characters: La Marquise de Merteuil, (excellently played by Annette Bening) and the Le Vicomte de Valmont himself (Colin Firth).

These two play with people's love, virtue, and whole lives for their own pleasure. They remain however not entirely evil characters, maintaining their human sides, and, despite every other character being affected detrimentally by their actions, Milos Forman, the director, allows a playful game rather than a malicious one to be seen as the reason behind such actions.

Their work, seducing, cajoling, and manipulating,

fills the whole film and is gripping to watch. The characters around these two may serve only as pawns in a game, but are fascinating in their own right being as diverse as a proud 17 year old harp player, and a senile noblewoman.

Some would say that two hours and 20 minutes is far too long for a film, but this time is filled entirely with natural character and plot development, and the end comes almost too quickly for the engrossed viewer.

Milos Forman here goes from strength to strength with a film to match his previous masterpieces such as 'Amadeus' and 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest'.

Duncan Bryson

# Wedded Bliss

## Prokofiev's La Duenna at the Barbican

Based on the play, La Duenna, by the Irish dramatist Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Betrothal in a Monastery, the seventh opera by Sergei Prokofiev was completed in January 1941.

The opera is set in eighteenth century Seville and is essentially a romantic comedy in four acts. The synopsis pertains to Don Jerome, from Seville, who wants his pretty daughter Louisa to marry the ageing fish merchant Don Mendoza.

Louisa is in love with Antonio and defies her father. Her companion, the Duenna, plays tricks which result in her own marriage to Don Mendoza while Louisa and Antonio trick Don Jerome and are married. A second plot concerns the uniting of Louisa's brother, Fernando, and his sweetheart Clara.

This opera follows in the style of operas such as The Barber of Seville and

Carmen, where a considerable emphasis is placed on the theatrical spectacle, which often seem to be forgotten in the musically intense but no less effective operas of late nineteenth, early twentieth century, e.g. those written by Puccini.

This particular aspect was excellently portrayed by the GSMD, with the dancers of the London Contemporary Dance School providing a memorable performance of Jane Dudley's choreography. The comical aspect of the play was not forgotten by Prokofiev and the scene in the monastery where the monks were engaged in a drunken orgy was, for most, the highlight of the evening along with the rehearsal of the minuet at his house by Don Jerome and three musicians.

The GSMD was very fortunate in gaining the services of the distinguished cellist and conductor Mstislav Rostropovich who con-

ducted three of the five performances of this opera. As a student of Prokofiev, he was in a position to interpret the music in the way the composer had meant it to be. To that extent, the score preceded at a dynamic manner which is indicative of much of Prokofiev's works.

The opera was performed in English which undoubtedly made it a lot easier, for those of us who are not fortunate enough not to be able to speak Russian, to understand. I would have certainly recommended this opera to anyone, but as the series of performances have finished, I don't suppose it really matters, does it!

Do not despair however, the London Symphony Orchestra is presently performing a series of Prokofiev works, most of which is being conducted by Mstislav Rostropovich and they can be seen at the Barbican Centre.

Nigel Boyce

# King Fisher

## Bridges and Williams hit No. 1 in London box offices

Jack Lucas. A man, selfish and arrogant, is about to break into the big time.

He is about to stop being the voice behind the name, he is about to become the face behind the name.

His abrasive wisecracks have earned him the right to be the crude king of an angry city.

A New York City DJ transcending radio to T.V.'s glory, fame, and money.

Only Jack, (Jeff Bridges) did not count on the absolute morality of his audience. A tragic blow in an east side restaurant extinguishes his star the night before its zenith.

Time clicks slowly, unforgivingly, for Jack. The rude autocrat of the air-

waves can now only survive as the tequila driven back room voice of a video store.

Jack meets Perry (Robin Williams), a lone, modern day crusader of the streets and together they embark on a mystic quest of fantasy and insanity.

They are men who have been reduced to nothing more than human litter. Their quest is to get back to an everyday life and the human race.

Terry Gilliam directs with his renowned vigour through a well constructed chaos of subplots and ideas on human shortcomings.

At the heart of his message lies selfishness — the selfishness that can exclude all in the pursuit of personal success.

The Fisher King is dreaming on a grand scale. Dreaming through the nightmare of an angry society that is going insane.

Dreaming whilst lying naked in the midst of Central Park practicing cloud bursting.

Dreaming of the time at which a hero will come forward to save the day.

The cynicism of dawn gives way to optimism of the dusk — all fairy tales must have a happy ending.

Stavros Makris

The Fisher King is now number one on the London Film Charts and on general release

# Back To Basics With The

Noel Burke, lead singer of Echo and the Bunnymen, talks to the music industry and Dannii Minogue. Honestly!

When word went round that the Bunnymen were to continue after the departure of frontman Ian McCulloch there were sighs of disbelief. The Bunnymen were, after all, one of the biggest bands of the Eighties. They had released five albums, one greatest hits album ('Songs To Learn & Sing'), toured remote places like Iceland and the Shetland Isles, played on top of the HMV store in London, appeared on Top of the Pops several times and were even name-checked on 'The Young Ones' ('Dear Mr Echo'). Many believed that such a scheme simply could and would not work. How wrong they were.

In the autumn of 1990 the new look Bunnymen (Noel Burke, Damon Reece, Les Pattison, Will Sergeant and Jake Brockman) returned to the public eye following a debut showcase of the band earlier that year, but it soon became apparent that the return of the Bunnymen was not going to be as easy as the return of the Jedi. Their first single, the much underrated 'Enlighten Me', was not the commercial success that they would have liked and the following album, 'Reverberation', was slated, somewhat expectantly and unfairly, by the music press.

The accompanying tour, however, proved to be a success in its own right as hordes of Bunnymen fans renewed their allegiance. This was not enough for the record company, though, and they were dropped by Korova shortly after Christmas.

Not to be defeated, Echo and the Bunnymen are back

once more with a new single ('Prove Me Wrong') and a new label (Euphoric) and have just embarked on one of their most exhaustive tours of the British Isles. Only this time, they're playing by their own rules which they're making up as they go along. So, exactly whose idea was it to form your own label then?

"Well, it was all of us really. We said that once we got the boot from WEA, we didn't want to go around looking for another major deal, especially the others, because I'd only been signed to WEA for about a year, whereas they'd been with the label since the very early days, since about 1978/79, and they were even more pissed off with it than I was. I only had a year of it and so they wanted to try being on an indie label again and do something similar to 'Pictures On My Wall'.

"I was personally much happier because I was never very confident on WEA anyway, and I never liked going down there at all. They used to make us go down there and do loads of interviews, like around the time when the LP came out, and you'd sit there all day in this huge corporate atmosphere and people would be wheeled into this room with a coffee-making machine. They'd would come in, get their fifteen minutes and then they would be back out again. It was horrible. I thought why can't we go to the pub or something like that but it was sought of 'No you've got to do it here, you have to do it here'. That's the kind of thing I don't miss and the only



"It looks bigger if I do this....my hand, that is" scoffs Les.

thing I do miss is the fact I can't blag records off them anymore."

Echo and the Bunnymen have always made it known that they never liked the corporate side of the music business and Will Sergeant in particular used to hate the svengali type of thing that exists within the industry, but now they have their own label do they feel more in control of their careers?

"Oh, definitely. Its quite pleasant not to have some be-suited A & R man breathing down your neck every time you go into a recording studio and its quite good to release your records when you want to and not have the record company tell you its a bad time or whatever. As soon as you get it done you just send it off to the pressing plant and put it out."

Yet to a certain extent the Bunnymen are not quite as in control of their career as they might like. Following their departure from WEA records their back-catalogue got ransacked and over the next few months a number of McCulloch-era Bunnymen records were released. Is there any bitterness in the band towards their former label following this act of 'betrayal'?

"There's no point in feeling like that about anything because you know they're just businessmen and the reason we got dropped from WEA was purely a business thing rather than a personal one. The band owed a hell of a lot of money to the company and they saw very little chance of us paying them back, so they didn't take up the contract. but that's just pure business and has got nothing to do with personali-

ties or anything. I was particularly glad to see the back of them probably as much as they were to see the back of me. As far as releasing stuff like that, its just a business thing. They thought they'd make a quick buck out of the single because they'd shown the film 'The Lost Boys' on the TV over Christmas and they failed. It didn't bother me at all.

"It was quite funny, actually. I think it just nosed into the Top Forty and on Top of the Pops they were doing the chart run down and they showed a photo of our lineup. I didn't see it myself, but someone phoned me up from Belfast and told me that my mug was on Top of the Pops. I don't think Mac would have been too pleased!"

So what do you think of the new TOTP format, then?

"I never thought it could be worse! I think the only good thing about it is that it shows up the fact that a lot of them can't sing. There was a girl with a kind of question mark on her head a couple weeks ago and they were talking about her sweet, soulful voice. It was a bit of a let down to say the least when she actually opened her mouth. But the fact its not based upon the charts anymore opens it up to a lot more bias on the part of the producers because they can put in what they like. You get people like Paul Young with an album track and then all of a sudden, a week later its his new single. Its just a promo for Paul Young because he's not got into the charts yet. At least if your in the charts its the public who have got you there."

So who do you prefer then, Dannii or Kylie?

"Definitely Dannii, because I've never seen 'Home and Away' so I'll give her the benefit of the doubt! I've seen Kylie in 'Neighbours' and I can't forgive her for that!"

When the Bunnymen first hit the headlines way back in the early eighties, they were hailed as the leaders of a new movement of young, guitar based rock acts but since then those who looked towards Echo for influence have surpassed them. Bands like U2 and Simple Minds hit the big time while the Bunnymen returned to the basics, but despite this the question remains to be asked: Are U2 still ripping off the Bunnymen?

"I think they're ripping off INXS now or somebody like that. Its quite funny, we were in Dublin on the first tour and Adam Clayton appeared backstage after the gig and the first thing Les said to him was 'Still ripping off me basslines, Adam?' He took it pretty well because he was always into Les' playing."

One of the highlights of their previous tours was their vigorous reworkings of old favourites such as 'Silver', 'All That Jazz' and 'Zimbo' ('All My Colours'), but with an ever increasing repertoire of their own compositions, such favourites have been removed to make room for newer, fresher material.

"The last gig we played any old stuff was in Russia. The ULU gig was the last gig in England. We did one in Russia because the interpreter liked 'Zimbo' and the only album which was available over there was 'Heaven

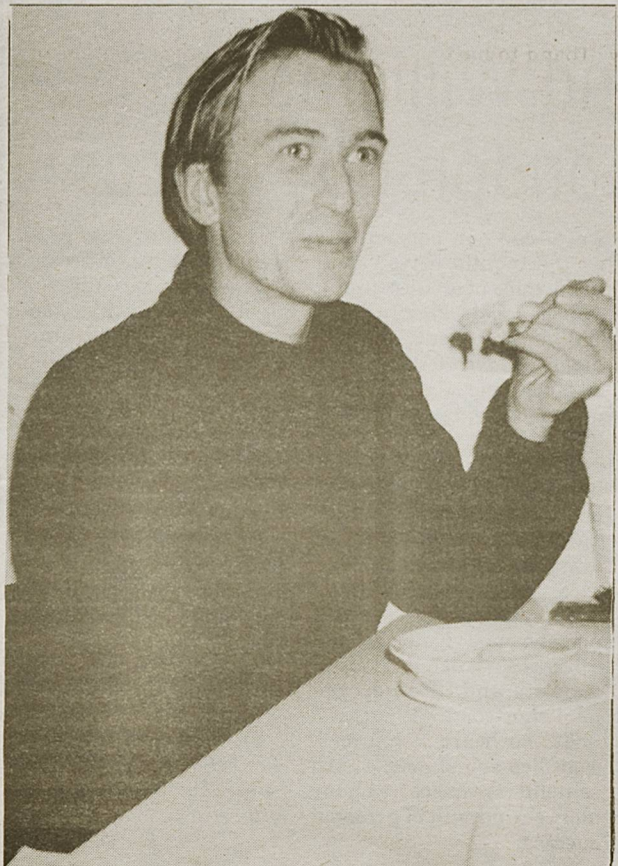
Up Here', so we played it for him because he was such a nice bloke!"

So are you following a set plan or are you simply playing it by ear?

"I think you've just got to play it by ear. You can't really plan that far ahead with the finances as they are. We're just taking one step at a time unlike on a major label where you have a projection because you know you've got the financial backing. Its a bit more interesting because you don't know what's going to happen next."

Echo and the Bunnymen have had a funny relationship with the music press. When Ian McCulloch was around he dominated the proceedings, always speaking slowly and surely so that each line was quotable, and during the mid-Eighties he developed the 'Mac the Mouth' persona where he simply slagged off every other musician. The rest of the band usually didn't get a look in, even if they wanted to and they in turn developed an appearance of being totally unapproachable. In fact, Will Sergeant feigned sleep once in order to avoid an interview in the band's hotel room with a reporter from 'The Face'. But then who can blame him. Noel, on the other hand has a more orthodox approach to the music press nowadays.

"I just don't read them anymore and I find it hard to take them seriously. The Melody Maker aren't too bad with a few despicable people but the NME in particular is just a waste of time as far as I'm concerned. They seem to



Damon's about to find out how hot his custard really is...



"My Mum knitted this for me." Will enjoys a quick cuppa.

# Bunnymen

the Beaver about life, the universe,  
Words and Pictures: Neil Andrews.



"Gone, Gone, Gone.....Or at least I will be!". Will, Noel and Las enlighten the audience at the Venue.

be totally in the business of promoting their mates, that band Fabulous in particular. I was shown a copy the other day and in it the single of the week was Fabulous, there was great live review for Fabulous and then you turn to the back page and whose editing the letter's page: the lead singer of Fabulous. He works for the NME, as does his manager.

"The NME have got this thing against us which stems back to the ULU gig. Mick Houghton, Mac's press officer, was at the gig and told us that the Melody Maker reviewer, Ian Gittens, was there and he gave us a good review. The NME reviewer, Gina Morris stayed for Hug and the Catherine Wheel and then buggered off to the bar and didn't come back. I thought she was going to review those two bands and make out it wasn't our gig at all. A couple of weeks later the review appeared slagging us off and I'd been in the bar earlier on and you can't here anything from there. She was just totally lying through her teeth and this girl who was with Mick Houghton wrote into the NME exposing her as a total liar and so we're not in their good books anymore."

The lack of press coverage and radio airplay as forced the Bunnymen on the road in order to convert the masses at the most basic level. And it seems to work. More and more people are joining the new band wagon and thoroughly enjoying it. Abroad, the Bunnymen have received a different reaction to their new line up, especially in America, where the album did particularly well.

"We were in the College charts and the New Rock charts for about three months." The British single, 'Enlighten Me', although never officially released,

became a featured track and reached the Top Ten of the Billboard College Singles charts. By this time the band had left WEA and they never really gave the record a promotional push. Much of the Bunnymen's success was down to the DJ's who played the record off they're own backs and the last time they looked at the chart, way back in February, the album had sold more than 100,000 copies. Despite this success they were unable to tour the States.

"The rug was pulled from under our feet by the record company just before we were supposed to go to the States and of course we didn't have the money to go to the States to promote it. Any tour was not going to be backed up by any promotion by the record company and that was about the worse thing about it, the timing of it's success. We still hope to go there in the future on a shoe-string tour."

Despite their successes, there will still be those who are out to get the Bunnymen simply because McCulloch is no longer with them. So does it annoy the man who filled the gap left by "one of rock's greatest hairstyles" when people refer back to the old days?

"Sometimes, it depends on the angle of the question. I don't think it really matters a shit that we kept the name. I don't see what the fuss is about. The Pogues kept their name and Shane MacGowan contributed a hell of a lot more to The Pogues than Mac ever did to the Bunnymen, as far as the songwriting went anyway. MacGowan wrote more than 80% of their best material and nobody seems to be making a fuss about that. I think it's basically because Mac's kicked up a big fuss about it that everybody seems to be going on to his side. It doesn't

bother me. When your on the stage playing you don't really think about the name. I was in a band before and we had a crap name (St. Vitus Dance) and it really didn't bother me."

Name or no name, the Bunnymen are back. With a new album planned for next year, which promises to be stronger than 'Reverberation' ("It would have probably made a better third album"), and another tour to follow that, they're here to stay this time.

The second date of their current tour saw them play the Venue, New Cross, not a stones throw away (literally) from my beloved Millwall. The audience was made up largely of Bunnymen fans, with a few interested club-goers looking on out of curiosity but there were a few unspeakables in the audience as well.

There was bound to be one. A McCulloch clone was in the audience. What's more, he was clearly making his presence felt. Standing in front of lead singer Noel Burke, he proceeded to hurl abuse at the band for no apparent reason other than he was a complete arsehole. The band are probably used to such petty behaviour but the pillock at the front should really go home and listen to his 'Candleland' album once more before he as the cheek to pass criticism.

The two support bands, Burn and Flood, made absolutely no impact on the Venue's audience. Matters were not helped by the lead singer of Burn converging on the audience after the set to distribute their latest demo, hailing it as an early Christmas present. Those that received the 'gift' are probably going to need as much of the Christmas spirit as they can take in order to listen to the thing.

Echo and the Bunnymen failed, for once, to burn incense before they came on and the audience had to settle for some obscure Russian intro tape. Having been caught at the bar, I suddenly recognised the opening bars of 'Freaks Dwell' and immediately grabbed my camera in order to capture the opening moments, due to a minor discrepancy in the photographic department however, we were only able to develop four of the thirty or so pictures I eventually took. Never mind, I'll probably release the rest as a book soon anyway.

As I practised my photographic art, the Bunnymen completely ignored my flashing bulb and the tosser at the front and performed a storming set. 'Reverberation' favourites, such as 'Cut & Dried' and 'Gone, Gone, Gone', were warmly welcomed by the crowd and new material such as 'Wigged Out World' nicely complemented their singles 'Enlighten Me' and 'Prove Me Wrong'. As they departed from their encore, the highly polished 'King of the Castle', it became clear that they have developed into a fine band indeed.

The lights rose and the Venue's Friday night disco commenced. As everybody else went their own way I searched out the dickhead in the McCulloch sweat shirt and decided to give him a lesson in how to appreciate decent music and to stopping holding on to dreams of the past.

And so, as Christmas rapidly approaches, thoughts of the Christmas Number One are upon us. The question is will the Bunnymen re-mix the new KLF record a la 'What Time Is Love'?

"No, I doubt it. They're too big for us now!"

## Edge Of Darkness

U2's "Achtung Baby"

The constant slagging off of this band in the Beaver's music pages must have caused some consternation amongst fans like me. So, here's a rather biased look at Achtung Baby through rose tinted spectacles to redress the balance. The main influence of this record is not the Bunnymen but Edge's divorce earlier this year.

This is U2's first album to deal with love and relationships. Apart from a few isolated songs they have avoided the subject so far. The tone of this album is sombre/macabre/despairing. Choose one of the three or all of appropriate.

You've already heard "The Fly". The style and sound, the guitar and vocals is very different to the rest of the album - apart from the high pitched Gospel voice and the blunt discordant guitar on the intro. Indeed the flowing, chiming, echoey guitar Cries of

the Edge on the Joshua Tree are almost completely absent here. Notable tracks are "Zoo Station" - about commuting to Berlin with heavily distorted guitar and voice. It reminded me of "Visages" "Fade to Grey".

A powerful ballad, full of imagery which reflected Edge's situation. If you were feeling very pissed off you could either call the Samaritans or overdose listening to this.

"Mysterious Ways" - the next single, is a lively Gospel song. Funnily enough it's not about love at all, but faith. All other tracks are either similar or inferior to the above or can't be dissected due to lack of space. It all adds up to an album that leaves a bad taste in your mouth. It certainly won't leave you blank or pass you by. If it does: you're soulless.

Matt Pennell

## Primitive Sound

The Primitives Play ULU

The Primitives, in case you don't remember, were one of those in between the Smiths and the Stone Roses wilderness years bands. In fact they were THE band of that time. They were for at least a week, anyway. Probably only the second (and the last) proper 'indy' band to have a top ten hit, they were left stranded by the 'Madchester' craze. A mite sad then to see them relegated down to the U.L.U. league of pop venues.

Still, tonight started off a stormer with 'Sick of it'. She sings it like she was your mother when you were 13, in trouble for being out late, and your dad just couldn't give a toss 'cause he's just waiting for his dinner and she's fed up with cooking it for him. I uhuh-ime sick-uvital.

The next one is a new one. To anyone whose interested, the Prims are now a go for it blow it all kick ass band destined to blow you away, or at least they try to be. What they actually sound like is the Pumpkin Fairies just before they changed their name to Slow-dive, which is funny because the Fairies (I'm that trendy) originally tried to sound like the Prims but ended up sounding like the Darling

Buds 'cause they were crap. Getting back to the point though, this new number, complete with multiple effects pedals, hurt pretty good.

From there, I'm afraid, it was downhill. The songs started to pass me by and I only stayed to hear 'Crash'. When it finally came, rather predictably as one of the encores, it was ruined by a bunch of sad as they come stagedivers, some of whom insisted on kissing Tracey's hand. To all female singers in rather glamorous pop groups who regularly get patronised by such desperate attempts at self aggrandizement, I say this: Kick 'em in the bollocks, you know you want to.

During interceding 45 minutes or so between the aforementioned new one and Crash, I came to the following conclusions about the Prims. They're better than any sixth form band you'll ever see and that any pub band would die for a singer like Tracey. I can only think that their second album 'Pure' was desperately dull, because the 3 or 4 songs introduced as new sounded as if they could (re)turn a few heads.

Justin Harper

# Houghton Street Harry

One particular piece of news handed to me concerns the AU being used as a dating agency. Apparently the code for a date is the line "Do you want to borrow my Brian Adams tapes?" Followed by "Everything I do, I do for Z\*\* T\*\*\*\*\*. For further information on big nights out at B.A. gigs see the AU Treasurer.

Perhaps we could arrange something for my back-page partner in crime, who is currently lying in our Soho residence contemplating the unbearable worthlessness of being, over the 'phone to our biggest fan, Morrisey. Whether this is because his 2nd XI role of "goal machine" has been usurped by a deadline signing from the 3rds, or the number of toast plates, cornflake bowls, and sundry items of uneaten food currently living and breeding in our abode, is the key question.

A happy note in a somewhat gloomy week for our chum was the victorious comeback of the all singing, all dancing, hero of the panto, Frank Bruno. Even this was a little disappointing though, not entertaining us for as long as the average soap powder commercial. Methinks this may have something to do with the low standard of opposition. Rumour has it that the flying Dutchman who was supposed to take the ring failed to do so, because of the long bus journey to the Albert Hall, which, he thought, would aggravate his runny nose.

So they dragged in an heavy weight champion from the Waterloo Underpass, and it is thought by all that he gave at least as good a performance as the real thing. In Bruno's campaign to get back to the top he faces some stiff opposition, namely Edd The Duck, Jeremy Beadle, Terry Waite (he had to be in somewhere—Ed), although the next lined-up fight against Simone Collier shouldn't pose to many problems.

Now on to more pressing matters, HSH's first letter of complaint, from a confused bod named Edward Caley. Mr Caley believes the "bias" associated to Peterborough United in recent issues of HSH is unfounded, and that we should concentrate more on Cambridge United. Whilst I do congratulate the said team on their rise to the second division, I cannot, and I'm sure my readers will agree, think of anything in their style of play to warrant merit.

Also, I'm afraid I cannot print your suggestions to my "20 things you didn't know about the East Midlands", mainly because they focus on that boring little town—Cambridge, which, if you were any fan at all would know is, in fact, in East Anglia, and has nothing to offer—Utd aren't even in the centre!

The best thing to happen on Wednesday night must surely be Liverpool's emphatic victory over 2nd Division Port Vale, setting them up for a rare away treat to the above mentioned Cathedral City of Peterborough. The vast numbers of 'Boro fans out there will recall with affection afternoons spent on the terrace of London Road, with a mug of warm OXO at half-time.

With luck, yours truly hopes to be there for this, one of the major matches of the season, courtesy of the POSH press box. If the big boys of Boro are willing, you can look forward to a bumper edition of The Beaver, packed full of Exclusive interviews with the 3rd XI's hero, "Charlie" Charlery, and my role-model, Mick Halsall, plus all the goals that count as we progress to the final eight.

Well, what's on your Xmas list?, perhaps a "Perkins" sponsored Peterborough top, for those all night raves?, I'm off to post mine to Santa, along with my Access Fund application, which appears to be coming by reindeer by the amount of time it's taking.

# Giant Killed

## Firsts suffer from a case of sour grapes

SSEES 1st XI .....2  
LSE 1st XI .....2  
(SSEES won 4-2 on penalties)

Heroically overcoming the twin handicaps of an extensive swelling in the throat regions and excessive ales in the Powerhaus, your correspondent rubbed his eyes in Houghton Street to reveal just eight team-mates and two porters (the two team lightweights can hang their heads in shameful anonymity). Quickly analysing the situation, and realising there was even less chance of getting the two porters to play than there is of getting them to do anything vaguely useful in the vicinity of LSE, yours truly used his extensive (2) network of contacts to produce: Tom 'the mouth' Jepson and James 'its got to have a lime in the top' Pearson on their Saturday off from the LSE 5th XI.

LSE started the game



Heading out

Photo: Steve East

showing the skill, commitment and teamwork that has seen them win only one game this season and were promptly 2-0 down to a team residing three divisions below us (The cup is a great leveller — Ed.). Revealing the Dunkirk spirit in adversity two great goals by Andy Clasper and John Butler saw the game into extra time. Your

author was beginning to feel the pace and starting to regret demonstrating too many of the finer moves of the Brighton scene (Wasn't that 1989? — Ed.) on the Powerhaus dancefloor.

At this point the lowly non-leaguers, SSEES, thinking they were on its a knockout decided to play their joker in the form of the ref (Here we

go, I'd been waiting for this — Ed.) who displayed the vision of Stevie Wonder and the even handedness of Jeremy Beadle in turning down three obvious LSE penalty appeals (Bleat bleat — Ed.).

The final whistle signalled a penalty shoot out commencing with your reporter showing the youngsters on the team how to take a spot kick (you can't buy experience), but unable to watch the unfolding drama I was only later able to be told the bad news. Andy Clasper emulated his hero Chris Waddle, in some style while Dylan Williams kicked half of the pitch into the net without threatening the ball.

Another defeat, no thanks to the referee who later revealed he was an LSE graduate. If I ever saw him in the tuns I'd... (threats of unspeakable violence, not printable in a family newspaper, follow — Ed.).

Patrick Eyre

# Terry Waite Freed

## Might this inspire the AU to do better?

I've not come here to depress anyone, so lets begin the summary of last weeks Commercial Union UAU matches on a winning note. The ever reliable tennis teams marched to two impressive victories over Sussex, leaving their progress to the next stages assured. The women's captain Zoe Taylor showed that her leadership abilities are more finely honed than her music tastes (everything she does she does it for \*\*\*) as she persuaded her opposite number not to turn up, providing a walkover success. The men, meanwhile, were forced to pick up their rackets before they could enjoy their win, 4-1.

The not so reliable rugby teams provided yet more joy for the success starved LSEAU with both sides winning for the first time in living memory. Driven on by the prospect of that lucrative away trip to a place with cheap beer, the second fifteen ensured qualification with a crushing win over weak Sussex opposition, 42-0. The firsts

kept their hopes of progression alive with their first UAU win of the season. The bar at New Malden was certainly no place for the faint hearted with all the old sing song favourites(?) making long overdue appearances and the year's first bouts of beer racing were to be seen long into the night.

Not exempt from these frolics were the ladies hockey team who, faced with the tremendous handicap of having to play the match, emerged triumphant with a morale boosting 4-0 defeat. Captain, Bella Sleeman was delighted with the effort and commitment put in by the team in the after match festivities but when asked about the match itself, later that same evening, could only reply, "match? What match?" The men's team, meanwhile, were beaten the comparatively close score of 3-0. But Brett's boys are already certain of their passage to the next round.

Now on to the increasingly sad story of the football club. The first three teams have still only managed one UAU win all season between them

causing questions to be asked about the internal organisation of the AU's largest component. Club captain Laurie Ryan had this to say when I pushed him as to possible reasons for the current dismal showings, "You can bring a horse to water, Andy, but a pencil must be lead!" My thoughts entirely, but as pressure for Ryans dismissal grows, can the cheeky scouser silence the terrace boo boys? And can either of the first 2 teams qualify for the next stage?

Both will need wins from the final matches at Kent: The firsts managed a slight improvement in recent results, going down just 2-3 in a close game and the seconds were beaten by a quite strong Sussex side 2-0. The thirds, now in the safe(?) stewardship of Andrew Cox received a sound thrashing 7-1 but still seem to be the most likely of the first three teams to qualify. Sad times indeed.

Andrew Pettitt

# Cup Glory

LSE 2nd XI .....5  
UCL 4th XI .....2

The mighty seconds marched majestically to the quarter-final stages of the Upper Reserves Cup. The opposition overrun from the off, meant that goals would be plentiful, and they were.

Tough, tenacious tackling from the captain (also the author — Ed.), released the ball down the left flank for "K.J." Pettitt to cross perfectly to Ross Lacey who nodded the ball home. A few minutes later, a lovely piece of skill from "K.J." created the opening for him to unleash a ferocious shot to make it 2-0.

A minute into the second-half, R. Wurzel found himself with enough time to hit a low well placed shot into the back of the UCL goal. An 80 yard run by Steve Hitch left Julian Stewart with the easiest of tap-ins.

Four - nil up and minutes of the game remaining, LSE took their feet off the proverbial accelerator. The pursuit of glory caused the team to lose its shape and an unlucky goal was conceded. However, a superb cross from R. Wurzel left J. Stewart to dummy, releasing Steve Hitch to calmly round the keep' and finish with his left foot.

Ian "never scored for LSE" Forsyth (amongst others — Ed.), broke his duck by scoring a magnificent own-goal and must in future be marked at all opposition set-pieces!

All said and done, the 2nd's are in the quarter-finals, and only a matter of hours away from a glorious final. Come next March, you may be seeing a picture of myself holding the cup aloft, on this page! Are you havin' it, or what?

Adam C. Ryder

# Rugby through in UAU

LSE 1st XV .....25  
Sussex 1st XV .....4

The rapidly improving 1st's finally stopped their losing run in the Commercial Union UAU competition, with some fine, determined play. The main improvement came from the forwards, but the fine tactical kicking of Steve Thomas brought much relief to a woefully unfit side. The Captain in the centre had

a welcome return to form, and opened the scoring with a fine solo effort early in the game.

The first's scrummage is now developing a new stability based on the rock-like front row of Iain McDonald, Marco Forgionne and Todd Toluisou, and LSE soon established their superiority in this department. The back-row was quick and mobile with Barney making an excellent first-team debut and

Ed Floyd his usual inspirational self.

The backs improved as the game progressed, and further tries came from Paul Mausou, Alistair "the bearded wonder", Andy Wise and Barney. Iwan Jones gave a solid performance at full back, and Marc Ellerbeck proved himself to be one of the most rapidly developing players of the team.

Iain McDonald