

The Beaver

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Issue 330

Taylor budgets for £12,000 deficit

by Swaha Pattanaik & Steve Bradford

The 1990-91 budget presented by Senior Treasurer, Mel Taylor, at last Thursday's Union meeting, predicted the Student Union would face a £12,000 deficit by the end of this academic year.

The deficit is not as large as the £40,000 expected by some, and Taylor said it should not worry students. At the UGM she said last year's Senior Treasurer, Caroline Clarke, had budgeted for a deficit of £21,500 but ended the year with a surplus of over £38,000.

Taylor said that the LSESU's 8.15% increase in its block grant was below the current level of inflation and that this meant a cut in the SU's real. She said this was 'particularly unacceptable given the comparatively low level of income we already receive'. She also added that the LSESU received one of the lowest per capita grant levels of all comparable London colleges.

In the introduction to the budget Taylor wrote, 'Conservative policies have produced an epidemic increase in poverty, forcing thousands of people into the street.' She went on to say, 'The resignation of Thatcher has taught us that she is not invincible. It should also teach us that capitalism can be defeated. As individuals and as a collective institution we have a part to play in campaigning for freedom and equality.'

Certain sections of the UGM questioned the insertion of such partisan comments into the document but she defended herself by saying, 'I was elected on a political platform and therefore I will continue to make my political opinions known.'

Spending on Welfare has been cut by about 3% this year and the Hardship fund has cut by 1% despite a 60% increase in applications to the Fund.

This has been seen by some in the Union as compromising Taylor's commitment to Welfare. The Senior Treasurer described the Hardship fund as a 'bottomless pit' into which the entire Welfare and Societies budgets could be poured. She claimed the answer was to put pressure on the School to increase the SU's block grant rather than to spend the whole budget on the Fund. While Taylor admitted the Welfare Service and staff were being overstretched she said that provision had been made in the budget for employing more student staff.

The Senior Treasurer was challenged by certain sections of the UGM over the decision to spend £14,000 affiliating to the National Union of Students. Ex-chair of the LSE Conservative Association, Chris Pincher, claimed 'external affairs expenditure was the only bottomless pit' and that the NUS provided the LSESU with no useful services.

Taylor replied that it was in the LSESU's financial and po-

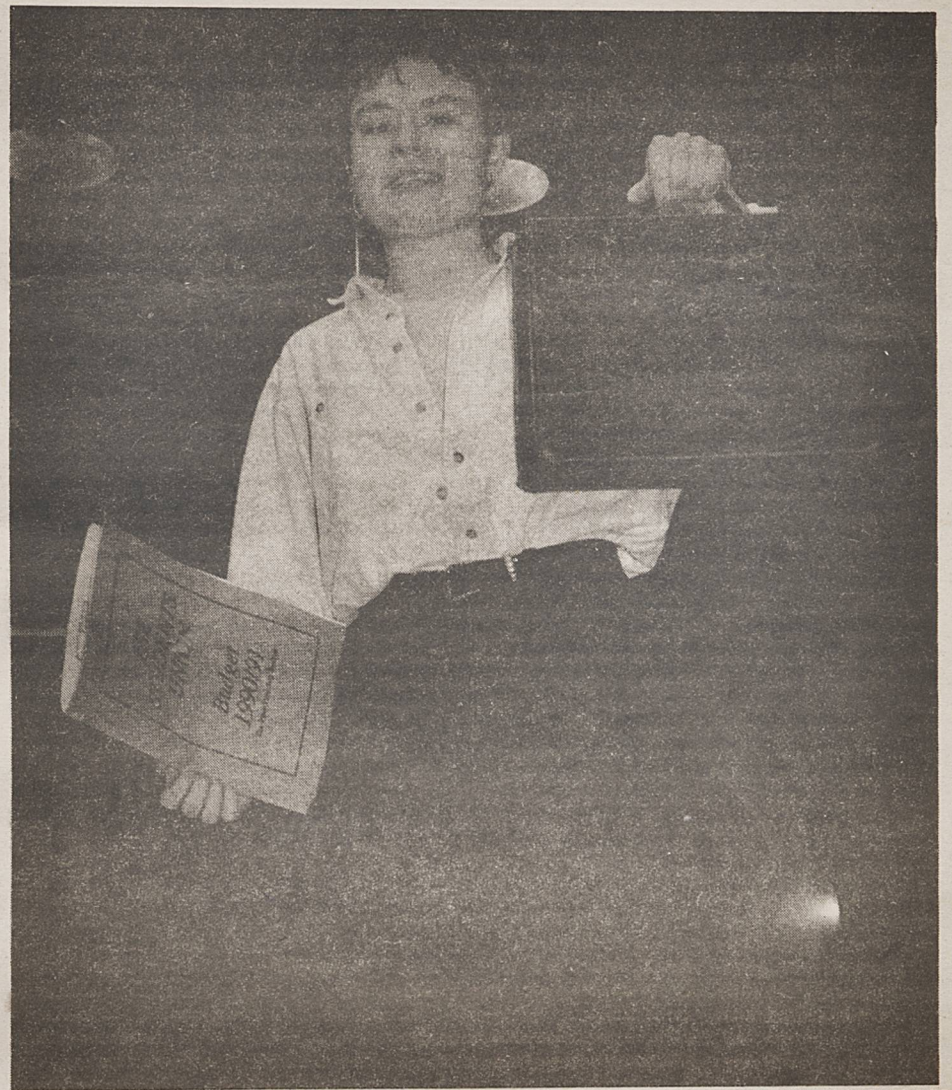
litical interests to affiliate to NUS. She said that the SU was able to obtain cheap provisions through the National Students Supplies Organisation. However, Pincher pointed out that it was not necessary to be a member of the NUS to use NSSO.

General Secretary, Rob Middleton, said he had, 'no problems with the budget at all'. He added, 'Going by the evidence of last year, it is not unreasonable to expect the £12,000 deficit to turn out to be a balance. The odds are we are not going to spend everything we are planning to.'

This year the Athletics Union received £54,900, or 13.8% of total student expenditure. Although this allocation has been criticised by some in the Union, it is a fixed expenditure, enforced constitutionally by the School. The constitution states that the AU's budget should be 20% of that part of the Union's budget, which has not been 'earmarked'. However, some feel that this makes the AU unaccountable to the Union, since their expenditure cannot be challenged at the SU budget meeting.

It would be possible to circumvent this constitutional 'difficulty' by 'earmarking' a larger proportion of the Union's expenditure. However, such a move is likely to antagonise the AU's large membership. Also it would reduce the extent to which students have a say in the annual budget.

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Mel Taylor presents the case for the budget

PHOTO: TIMNA ROSENHEIMER

UL departments to close

by Madeline Gwyon

Proposals to shut several of Queen Mary and Westfield College's departments following to recoup the colleges £1.8 million deficit, have sparked fierce student opposition.

Although £800,000 has already been eliminated from the deficit, the College's council, Professor Graham Zellick, has suggested that loss making departments should bear the brunt of the cuts in expenditure.

Zellick's paper recommends that the cuts begin with the Mediterranean Studies department, which has 93 students and 8 staff, which should be closed. Although Zellick insisted

that students already in this department would be allowed to complete their degree, he said he wanted the department to be shut down as soon as possible.

One of the biggest departments making a loss, Biological Sciences, faces the prospect of major changes. Although the department is one of the largest in the field in the University of London, the new recommendations propose to reduce the College's losses by streamlining it. The College's Engineering department has an average annual deficit of £200,000 and has been told that it must come up with its own proposals to cut costs.

The Student Union President,

Richard Learwood, said the present staffing levels was likely to be cut by two-thirds. Zellick claimed, 'It may not be that many but it's impossible to give any figures at this early stage in the proceedings.'

These discussions have provoked anger and confusion from students and staff at the College. One first year biologist, Lucinda Monbiot, said, 'I was absolutely shocked because it was totally out of the blue. I now feel loath to stay on here.'

Head of the Centre for Research in Aquatic Biology, Patrick Denning, was saddened by this comment. 'That's a terrible indictment of what we're doing to our students, isn't it? We

encourage them to come up here and we do our best for our undergraduates and then other people turn round and kick them in the face.'

Shortly after the final amalgamation of Queen Mary College and Westfield College last year the University Funding Council (UFC) recommended that more emphasis should be placed on the arts rather than the sciences in higher education establishments as they are cheaper to fund.

A lecturer in Marine Biological Sciences, Robert Hughes, said, 'I don't think the story has broken yet or that the implications on Britain in the next century have been properly

realised.' He claimed that the result of any changes made to the biological sciences department would be a large reduction in the choice available to students.

It is widely believed that the College intends to pursue the so-called Option D from a document circulated by Zellick. This states, 'It is necessary to ask whether the Biological sciences is able to sustain a cut of £700,000 and remain academically viable.'

The document adds that it is essential to consider the possibility of the closure of the department. 'In this option, some very limited activity from Biological Sciences could be retained

in connection with basic Medical Sciences. The consequence of this option is that immediate cuts are confined, that the damage is contained, and that by protecting departments and redistributing funded student numbers, the surviving departments are strengthened for the future.'

QMW students have responded to the proposals by organising a march on December 5th. They have urged all University of London students to support the action and claim they are not the only University of London college which will be facing such cuts.

Loans company 'overspending'

by Beaver Staff

The Government-funded Student Loans Company has consumed £123.3 million of the education budget this financial year-£31.8 million in excess of the original White Paper estimates.

The revelation has provoked a furious response from those who have opposed student loans. This year, loans totalling less than £8 million have been paid or applied for, although the number is expected to rise sharply by the summer term.

A spokesman for the Association of University Teachers said, 'It would have been cheaper to have given the money as grants rather than spending a fortune trying to persuade students to take loans few seem to want. In the light of the funding crisis in higher education, it is a grossly irresponsible misuse of public money.'

Labour's spokesman on higher education, Andrew Smith, said, 'Such overspending is scandalous. The Labour Party has attacked all along the basis on which the Government based

its administrative costings, and given that the take-up of student loans is so much lower than expectations, it is all the more outrageous that the costs should exceed estimates.'

Bristol University announced on Tuesday that it faced a deficit of £4 million with little prospect of any help coming from the Government. Academics at Bristol fear the only option left will be to introduce stringent staffing cuts.

A university spokesman, Don Carlton, said that badly-needed money was being wasted on the

student Loans company.

'Out of the 7500 or so students at Bristol University only 745 have applied for the government loan,' he said. 'So it hasn't been a raving success. This has always been a cack-handed scheme. We told anyone who would listen that it wouldn't work and it doesn't.'

The Glasgow based Student Loans Company declined to comment. A spokesman for the Department of Education and Science confirmed that the Government had overspent its original estimates, but denied that

this in itself was very significant or that the loans scheme had been rejected by the student body.

'The White Paper estimates were made a long time ago,' said the spokesman. 'The take-up rate is relatively low at present, but we expect this to change, especially as grant cheques run out and students begin to feel the pinch.'

LSE Press Officer, Iain Crawford, said, 'Administrative costs aside, £109 million has been allocated from the higher education budget just to provide

capital for the Student Loans Company which might never be used. This cannot be recovered this year, thus precluding its use to solve the present funding crisis.'

'The real problem is that these funds should have been obtained from the private sector in the first place, which would have meant that the entire £109 million could have been redirected to financing the expansion in higher education, which we all agree should be our first priority.'



Hall entries to be centralized

by Ralf Yves-Zurbegg

A School working committee is considering proposals to centralize hall admissions. According to Assistant Secretary, Robert Smith, a new accommodation office should be operating by the next academic year. At the moment the committee is still 'brain storming' for new ideas. Although the amount of resources that will be made

available is not yet clear, Smith hopes it will be enough to allow the new service to cover the requirements of all students.

Smith claimed the new service would also be able to deal with private student accommodation as well as LSE and inter-collegiate halls. 'Head' leasing could also take place whereby the School would be held responsible for damages caused on property leased to students.

It is hoped the centralized system will make it easier to reject those students applying for halls who have earlier caused damage to accommodation.

Smith made it clear that the office would coordinate and not control LSE accommodation. 'The great advantage of having this office, will be that a student seeking information on accommodation will simply be able to come up to one centralized unit

and find everything they need.'

There appears to be a general agreement that the School's Accommodation Office will complement the Students Union's offices. However, it is acknowledged that problems concerning the extent of the wardens' control over halls will still exist. It is also feared the new system will not completely eradicate the current problem of unoccupied hall places.

Tories back Crisis

by Awenna Williams

The LSE Conservative Association is cooperating with the charity, Crisis, at Christmas to help alleviate the suffering of the homeless.

Lee Marriot, Vice-Chairman of the LSE Conservatives, explained the reasons for the group's decision to back the charity. 'We want to show we're not just political hacks and we care about the homeless.' However he also believed the homeless were to blame for their own situation: 'Many of them are people who left home of their own volition. The government provides housing, and they are just lazy for not getting on the housing lists.'

As part of their campaign, last Wednesday a speaker from Crisis spoke at an open meeting held by the Association on the because of local councils' inability to provide permanent housing.

The speaker said the main reason for the sudden explosion in the figures was the lack of

cheap housing. He alleged that the amount of rented accommodation available had fallen from 7.2 million in 1976 to 6.2 million in 1989.

Wolfe also stressed the social significance of the large numbers of homeless. He said the importance of a home went beyond that of shelter, and claimed it was essential in giving people a sense of security, and a desire to plan for the future.

Wolfe said, 'In the last ten years numbers of homeless has doubled. This is a grave and serious problem and we urge the new government to look into the problem as a matter of urgency.'

The speaker stressed that Crisis had no political affiliations and added that the group was hoping to expand their activities to encompass the country.

Old clothes and tins of food are being collected in a box outside the lodge. They will be distributed at a temporary shelter organised by Crisis for the week around Christmas, from the 22nd to the 29th, continuing a 20 year tradition.

Hostage birthday celebrated

by Dave Viney

Last Tuesday students from various Student Unions around the country celebrated the 34th birthday of John McCarthy, Honorary President of the LSESU.

Students from Hull University delivered a petition signed by 3000 people to No. 10 Downing Street last Monday, calling for more active efforts to achieve McCarthy's release. Leader of the delegation and President of

Hull SU, Neal Davies, suggested that a new PM may lead to 'a change in direction on policy toward hostages'. He was also 'glad to see that there has been a restoration of diplomatic links with Syria', believing them to be the clear power-brokers in the Lebanon at present.

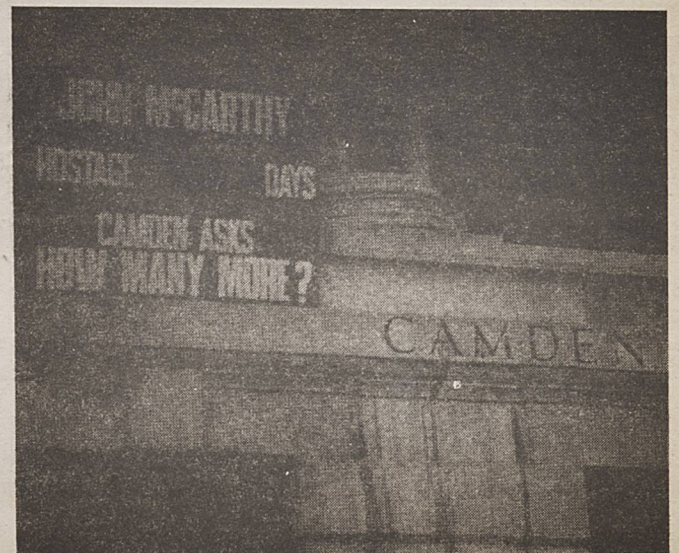
Other students across the country marked McCarthy's 4th birthday in captivity with events and commemorations. Last Thursday, his father officially opened the 'McCarthy's bar' at

Warwick University. President of warwick SU, Ian Bradley, described the affair as 'low-key... a few local reporters and a largely student audience'.

Goldsmiths staged a more lavish birthday party in their Concourse, complete with a cake, jazz band, speaker and video. Copies of the 'Friendship' book were sold and organisers, Helen de Winter and Jo Bear, seemed happy that their message had been conveyed successfully. However as one student com-

mented, 'It's kind of hard to have fun at a birthday party when the birthday boy can't make it.'

Last Tuesday, in an informal ceremony attended by various members of the Friends of John McCarthy, the Mayor officially unveiled the John McCarthy Clock now affixed to the frontage of Camden Town Hall. The clock which keeps count of the number of days McCarthy has been held in captivity, is intended by to keep the issue alive in the public's minds.



Aquaintance rape at university

A recent survey at Oxford University revealed widespread sexual harassment. Gail Colwell investigates acquaintance rape at the LSE and examines student Union policy on the issue.

LSE date rape SU policy review proposed

Recent statistics indicate first-year female University students, unused to new social standards and expanded amounts of drinking, can be at particular risk of being raped. Women are most in danger of being raped by someone they know, and they are especially vulnerable between the ages of 10 and 29.

Acquaintance rape, or 'date rape', is particularly prevalent among college women according to experts.

However Head Union Counselor at LSE, Joanna Best, said she had seen relatively few cases of date rape here. LSE Health Services Counselor, Caroline Polmar, commented that she too had not advised many date rape survivors.

Polemar commented, 'I don't think that it's that people don't feel safe coming here. Counselling is confidential and in a neutral place.'

Low reports of date rape may mean that women are not reporting such rapes, do not recognize them as such, or are being counseled off campus. Or, it may be that the LSE may simply have fewer cases of date rape.

'I was lying there thinking, "How can I get out of this. I don't

want this to happen," a second-year woman said of an experience she had last year. Although 'Laura' (not her real name) managed to avoid rape, she said she knew approximately seven other LSE women who had had similar experiences with the same man.

She said, 'It is rape in that you don't really want it. He just takes it one stage further than you'd like.' Laura added that she would not have gone to the LSE's help service, had she needed counselling, because of the bad association she had with places around the School.

She said, 'It's too closed in. You'd be looking out the window thinking, "Oh, that's where I met so-and-so."'

Laura added that coming forward, either for counseling or to report a rape, can be difficult for the survivor. 'If you're going to say something, you've got to get over the self-humiliation,' she said.

Women's Advisor, Margot Light, said date rape is not as well known a phenomenon in Britain as in the United States. 'There is less consciousness about it than in the United States, a tendency to think it is

unique to oneself, one's own problem, or one's own fault,' she commented.

Best said stereotypes about rape added to the problem. 'All the statistics are there, but rape tends to be associated with dark alleys and strangers rather than people one knows.' Further, the fact that a woman knew her attacker could be used against her in court. 'There's always that fear you won't be believed,' Best added.

Laura said she thought first-years might not want to be seen as prudish, or may be embarrassed to admit they might have been drinking when raped.

'You come here and quite often on the first date you're expected to go to bed with them. If you don't want to, fine you should get up and walk away. But a first-year might think, "People will think I'm stupid. I won't be up with my contemporaries."'

Light said most harassment, whether as extreme as rape or not, is student-to-student. She claimed, 'Because the power relationships between students are so subtle, it's harder to deal with student-student cases.'

However, incidents of rape are not treated as harassment by

the School. 'Rape is a criminal offense,' Light said. 'What the School does do in cases of assault of any sort is to call the police in.'

Although the School will not use the formal or informal procedures it has for sexual harassment, she said that in the case of rape the School could still act if a student were convicted of rape. A rapist could be suspended or expelled.

Light claimed arguments that such actions were essentially try a rapist twice were invalid. 'I think the security of other students would count against that.'

She said the School could not police student behaviour. She felt the entire atmosphere of the institution needed to be changed to increase awareness of harassment and rape.

Light felt, 'For changing what goes on the Three Tuns, you really have to change the climate.'

However Laura said, 'The safety can't be provided by the School. It has to be provided by the individual involved. It's up to you. Women should know when to say yes and when to say no.'

SU policy review proposed

According to Women's Advisor, Margot Light, most sexual harassment cases at the LSE are student-to-student. The School defines such harassment as anything from unwelcome gestures to assault.

According to Light, the current sexual harassment policy has its flaws but is generally adequate. Light said, 'It doesn't work 100% of the time, but it works enough of the time. What one really wants to do is to change the climate, rather than have rules that work.'

However, Women's Officer, Sujata Aurora, has sponsored a Union business motion mandating a review of Union and School sexual harassment policy and procedures.

The motion says incidents of sexual harassment have arisen but that awareness of the issue is low. It recommends an information campaign about harassment, a policy review, and a reaffirmation of the Union's Equal Opportunities policy.

Aurora said current procedures needed improvement. 'It's not that they're totally inadequate, it's that there are areas which should be tightened up.'

She claimed that although the School and Union were not at fault, sexual harassment charges were still not being handled properly. Aurora said, 'I was quite concerned at the numbers of complaints I've had and the lack of response by those who should be dealing with those complaints.'

The Women's Officer said current procedure left too much up to the discretion of School staff, such as Light. She also said the review panel to which a formal complaint would eventually go did not have enough student representation.

Light said that if a student brought a complaint to the Women's Advisor, she would review the case and decide whether the incident in question was harassment. If she decided that it was not, she would explain her decision to the person bringing the charge.

However if Light was to decide the incident constituted harassment, she would forward her opinion to a committee made up of the Pro-Director, the Sec-

retary, and the General Secretary. If they upheld her decision, then informal procedures could begin.

Aurora felt the current definitions of sexual harassment also needed expansion. She said, 'There isn't a proper definition. It should be very broad-as little discretionary power as possible. It needs to include innuendo, like the incident in the bar when magazines were waved about.'

She said education was vital to fighting harassment. 'It's a case of getting more awareness of the issue, so it doesn't get laughed out. It was laughed out at the beginning of term.'

An informational pamphlet prepared by previous Women's Advisor, Jan Stockdale, defined sexual harassment as 'a verbal or physical affront of a sexual nature to another person which may range from unwelcome comments, gestures, or actions of a sexual nature, to unwanted and deliberate physical contact, to subtle or explicit demands for sexual favours, and to sexual assault.'

Light said she thought a more specific definition of sexual harassment would simply tie the School's hands.

'It is virtually impossible to find a tight definition of harassment because harassment tends to be in the eyes of the recipient,' she commented.

Light added that the School did its best to remove students from the offending situation in harassment cases. 'By definition, that's easier for us to do in an academic context.'

Head Union Counselor, Joanna Best, said she thought the policy worked on the whole but would not comment on how she thought it could be improved. 'I know the Student's Union is looking into the whole question, and I was not a party to the meetings.'

However, she did say, 'The important thing about any sexual harassment procedure is that it allows the person to go at their own pace and that it is completely confidential. It's an issue that needs to be kept on the agenda. People think that because we have a procedure it's not a problem. Of course it is a problem.'

Hidden sexual harassment in Oxford colleges

A Student's Union survey of women at Oxford has revealed widespread sexual harassment and fear of reporting that harassment.

The survey said 42% of harassers were the women's fellow students, and about 12 percent were academic staff. Many Oxford women refused to give their names because were afraid of pressure and reprisals if they spoke out in the press. The women said the colleges generally ignored the problem, even though the survey found there had been at least 5 recent attempted rapes and 6 rapes in the University.

One college's Women's Officer

said, 'My main anxiety is that what I call sexual harassment is just an accepted part of the social life in college. When I try to define it, people say, "That's ridiculous-it goes on all the time!" Well, exactly!'

Women at Oxford are currently outnumbered five to one by men. Those students who do try to change the University's policies are constrained by their short tenure there, and by the University's uncoordinated policies about harassment.

The colleges constituting the University can elect to adopt, or not adopt, their own sexual harassment codes, or they can adopt the University's code.

However neither the individual colleges nor the University's codes mention rape, or referral to the police.

Survey respondents said the closeness of the colleges often works against them. One woman said, 'The aggressors are very well known in college, they are committee members, they come from public school backgrounds, they are liked and respected. If I were to push the matter, they would close ranks and make my life very difficult.'

The survey said women thought drunkenness and its status as an Oxford institution were often connected to incidents of harassment.

One respondent said, 'I frequently feel intimidated by the prevalence of drunk male students through all social events. After drinking, their violent sexuality becomes apparent and dominates the whole college atmosphere.'

Oxford students said the colleges' practice of protecting their students from the law makes rowdy behaviour more acceptable.

A male student claimed, 'Colleges make a big thing of protecting you from the police. But they are also protecting themselves.'

Daphne Dare



WRITES

Fresh from the Paris Summit, Daphne Dare (LSE graduate of 1938) has kindly agreed to write once more on a topic close to the heart of the modern day student.

THIS WEEK: INFIDELITY

Having witnessed the most iniquitous scenes of debauchery amongst the continental ministers and their stenographers on my recent visit to the Paris Summit, I have determined to turn my attention this week to that most unwholesome question - infidelity.

Amidst the hurly burly of their modern lives the contemporary student seems little concerned with the solace and satisfaction of the quiet family hearth. This was of infinite importance to my fellows and I in our undergraduate years. How vivid is my recollection of that glorious Michelmas term in 1937 when we bright young things held the inaugural meeting of the Society for the Advancement of the Home and Family. From amongst our many subscribers we formed a first class committee dedicated to the promotion of faith and virtue in the student body. We were led by a most fanatical zealot called Sumatra Adora, youngest daughter of the Maharajah of Jaipur, who apart from being a fine secretary of the School's Primrose League, spoke most eloquently of the moral standards so lacking in certain quarters of our community. She was most damning of dear Pinkie Frobisher (for whom, I must admit, I had once quite a fancy), whose wanton philandering with young flappers had come to the attention of the Students Union Disciplinary Committee.

Sumatra's moral conduct itself was beyond reproach, remaining faithful to the end to the Hollywood Matinee idol Ramon Navarro. How touched I am when still I recall our afternoon excursions to the Gaumont cinema, Marble Arch, and dear Sumatra swooning at the sight of Mr. Navarro's serge suit.

The same cannot be said of dear Pinkie whose wayward lifestyle came to an abrupt end in the autumn of 1940 when, having drunk a little to excess in the NAFFI, flew his Spitfire into a barrage balloon.

In the light of poor Pinkie's demise it is well for all modern equivalents to remember the advice enshrined in our Society's original constitution: First, should you eyes and thoughts wander from your espoused, seek solace in weighty tomes such as the Bible or 'Pilgrims Progress'. Second, should you find your conscience compromised, lose yourself in a brisk walk about a large field. Third, should you find yourself unable to contain the carnal urge, emerge yourself in a cold bath and think of England. (Should the urge persist volunteer yourself immediately for brass rubbing classes at your parish church).

Thus, high moral standards and strong character, such as Sumatra's (who at 75 is still thriving at the memory of her dalliance with the late Mr. Navarro), together with a Bible, a large field and plenty of cold water is proof, I feel sure, of the efficacy of fidelity.

Yours ever,

Daphne

What Sociology Society?

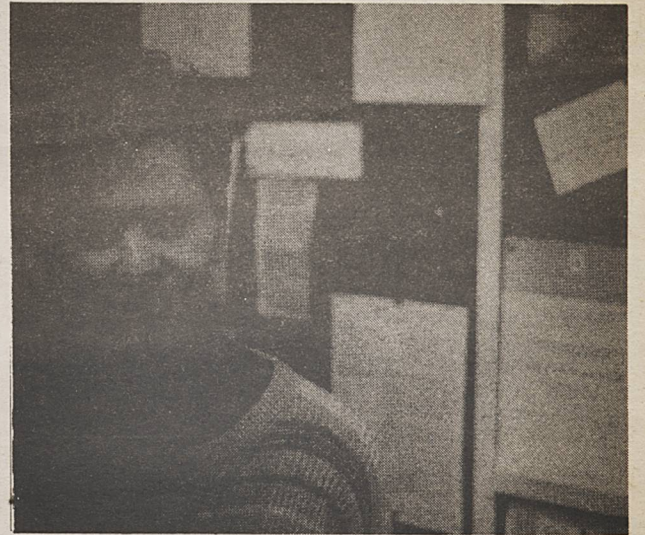
A glance at the many notice boards that adorn just about any spare section of wall the LSE has to offer reveals the names of some greats: Tequila Society, Drama Society, Debating Society, even the SHAG thing. One poster is slowly making its presence felt, however, and that is the Sociology Society. The who?

Buried beneath the mists of time for goodness knows how many millennia, the Sociology Society has risen from its grave and plans to haunt the LSE once more. Where it has been these last few years is anyone's guess, but its former presence can be identified in the form of an empty society pigeon hole and a rather messy notice board hung in A347.

The new salubrious Sociology Society contains a few of the select - few being the operative word. They appear to meet in the Robert McKenzie Room (remember him?) on the occasional Thursday at 1pm. To say that the Society is lacking support is an understatement. The first meeting consisted of luring possible members with the promise of a glass of wine (mind you I'm not sure that's what it turned out to be) and a peanut/tortilla chip.

The second soiree was a bit more successful. A meal was organised, costing £16 per head, at a trendy little Russian joint somewhere in Kensington. Phew, all I can say is that your run-of-the-mill sociology student must be on a larger grant than most!

Why this apathy in such a prestigious department? I put this down to the studious nature of the average sociology student. (Ed - who are you trying to kid?) They are the ones who are to be seen scurrying to and from the library having pinched the juiciest books on the shelf, and I'm not talking about Freud's "But I Don't Want To Fuck My Mother" either. Their hideaways are unknown to most mortals but the Sociology Society just might be the thing to coax



Chairman, Eugene Isaac - one of the select few

them out of their hiding places.

The forthcoming menu of events offered by the Society is quite appealing - parties, debates, more parties and even some 'academic support' (of what kind I'm not sure but I can't wait to see).

Will this new gathering of comrades take over as the next largest society from the one we all know and love? Sadly I doubt it. However I praise the small number of brave (possibly stupid) people that are having a go. My plea, therefore, to all you sociologists is "Unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains."

Sheldon Whitney

Profile : Christian Union

Alcohol, mince pies, Father Christmas, overdrafts, stockings, reindeers, presents! The 'Christmas' feeling seems to have penetrated every sphere of life; from the dazzling lights on Oxford Street to your mother's new Christmas pudding recipe. Just where do Christians figure in all this extravaganza?

As one approaches S75 on any Thursday evening at about half past six one will be met by a loud and jubilant outburst of chorus singing accompanied by two extremely enthusiastic guitarists. No, this is not another therapeutic session for the Stress Relief Society - its the Christian Union.

The CU comprises of Christians of various nationalities and denominations studying at the LSE. Besides providing a forum for Christians, the CU also seeks to help and encourage Christians in their faith and to share the Gospel within the School. The membership of the CU reflects the international nature of LSE - with about fifteen different nationalities represented, ranging from Ph.D. students to first-years. If you walked into a meeting it would be no surprise to sit down next to a Swede on your left and a Nigerian on your right. There is a real feeling of warmth and friendship between these people. As one student from Barbados put it, I quote, "It's terrible when you're placed in a strange and alien place, but then suddenly you find a family already here to welcome you."

The Thursday programme include a time of worship and fellowship - often guest speakers are invited to share on biblical and Christian views on contemporary issues. The CU feels it is vital to remain aware of issues that students are faced with today and believe that the Bible has the answers to such issues. Topics such as abortion, the embryology bill, and homosexuality have been reviewed and discussed over the last year. There was a joint debate

with the L.S.E. women's group on the topic 'Abortion: Is there an alternative?'

University is often a time when a student's beliefs and convictions are strongly challenged by the prevailing philosophies and 'truths' of the time. One's perspective is often moulded for life. Amidst all this relativity, the CU exists to provide a firm biblical standpoint in an atmosphere of love and friendship. A student who comes from a closed Asian country said that her faith was to her "like a firm rock in this raging ocean of relative 'truths'". The guidance and support provided to Christians at the L.S.E. enables them to cope with problems and difficulties that each one of us are faced with everyday.

The C.U. does not restrict itself to just two hours on a Thursday evening, but its members meet often during the week, to pray, visit friends or even just spend time in those favorite L.S.E. haunts like the Brunch Bowl, Wright's Bar or the Café. House parties and joint activities with other London colleges are also in the term programme. Plans are underway to have bible studies in the various LSE halls of residence.

From Barbados to Hongkong, Sweden to Singapore, and from Pentecostal to Orthodox, the C.U. is united because of their strong faith in Jesus and a wonderful knowledge of God's unique love that has not just altered their lives but has radically transformed them.

The Christian Union is not only for Christians, but for non-Christians, as well from atheists to those of other faiths and persuasions. All their activities are open to anyone interested.

Rebecca Samuel.

Oh no, not another music crossword!

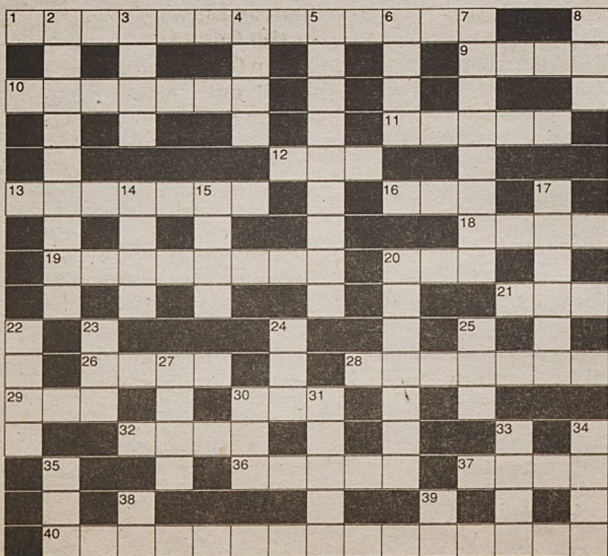
ACROSS

1. Selling over a million copies, it remains the biggest selling record never to reach number one. (4,9)
9. What did happen to their flaming sword? (4)
10. After Bohemian Rhapsody they went cashing in on Christmas. (3,4)
11. Clint talked to them. (5)
12. Weddoes and Pwei record company. (1,1,1)
13. See 30 Down.
16. Not quite time for Burgess and Booth (3)
18. Art of Noise were Close To it. (4)
19. See 6 Down.
20. The Breeders are enclosed. (3)
21. Andy Partridge's outfit. (1,1,1)
26. A successfully Dire group (anag). (4)
28. An LSE Alumni who is also the subject of a wedding present song. (7)
29. "All your ___s an' kisses an' your money too." Buddy Holly's debut single. (3)
- 30, 27D. James do not want a standing ovation for this song. (3,4)
32. Ocean Colour Scene's current single. (4)
36. See 8 Down.
37. Inspiral Carpets never stand still. (4)
40. The Soup Dragons can't surely be indulging in self admiration, or may be they can? (3,8,4)

DOWN

- 2, 7. Russian Princess' reaction when she began to disintegrate (9,8)
3. Gary Liddington says this three as the worst jukebox of all the University of London (4)
4. PIL are on the up and up. (4)
5. This band were full of sugar and spice. (9)
- 6, 19A. Morrissey's contribution to the "Save our christmas turkey society." (4,2,6)
7. See 2 Down.
- 8, 36 A. Soft Cell's erotic little thing. (3,5)
14. "When in ___ kill me" according to Cud. (4)
15. Face the other way three times and hey presto! A hit by the Byrds. (4)
- 17, 22D. He used to go out with Julie but she dumped him for Gordon who's a moron. (6,4)
- 20, 33D. A dee-liteful title but it was denied the christmas number one purely because Bob's hype was bigger than Frankie's. (5,2,4)
22. See 17 Down.
23. Adamski's first hit. (1,1,1)
24. Those crap awards in full. (1,1,1)
25. "You know you can win, its one on ___", it reached this position too! (3)
27. See 30 Across.
30. Former leader of Pink Floyd. (3,7)
31. A Ken Dodd hit to which Gazza specializes in. (5)
33. see 20 Down.
- 34, 38D. "You ___", an old soul classic. (4,2)
35. A simple but violent Mary Chain song. (3)
38. See 34 Down.
39. Malcolm Owen's death merely added to the Ruts latin. (1,1)

Neil Andrews



Swot or What?

Discover just how sad you really are

Ever wondered what sort of student you are? Hip and trendy or really rather boring? Such burning questions can now be answered with this easy to use questionnaire. Now you, yes you, can discover the truth. Answer for yourselves that all important question: Am I really that sad?



the library - a sad hangout?

QUESTIONS

- Are you?
 - A lawyer.
 - An economist.
 - A sociologist.
- How often do you visit the library?
 - Every day (including Saturdays).
 - At least twice a week.
 - Where?
- Whereabouts in the library do you sit?
 - In the basement.
 - On the first floor.
 - Sufficiently high enough to merit taking the lift.
- How do you organise work and relaxation? Do you:
 - Break from study for coffee.
 - Break from coffee for study.
 - Break with time honoured LSE tradition and do bugger all.
- In what form do you present your essays? Are they:
 - Neatly typed and bound.
 - Done.
 - Non-existent.
- How do you while away a pleasant weekend? (NB. Working in the library doesn't count). Are you to be found:
 - On Crewe station sidings collecting the latest numbers in rolling stock.
 - Browsing the shelves of 'Forbidden Planet' desperately seeking that first edition 'Dan Dare'.



Dominic Bourke - a sad man?

- or c) In bed.
- What does SHAG mean to you?
 - A Seriously Hip And Game society.
 - A good night in!
 - The latest in Axminster carpets.
 - What is your favourite television programme?
 - The Good Life.
 - Jim'll Fix It.
 - Beadle's About (purely as a device to cure you're insomnia).
 - Who is your role model?
 - Keith Chegwin.
 - Dominic Bourke.
 - Rip Van Winkle.
 - And finally, if rather predictably, how many times a night do you manage IT?
 - That's none of your damn business.
 - IT?
 - Too bloody tired.



Maggie Philbin - married to the saddest man of all?

ANSWERS

Mostly a's: You are sad with a capital 'S'. You'll probably get a first class honours but who'd be seen dead with you? What's more, you're probably very boring. Get back to the books you're a lost cause.

Mostly b's: Interesting. In psychological terms you are what is known as a 'seriously unbalanced person'. Do you actually confess to watching Jim'll Fix It? You are almost a lost cause but you do have one hope - One suspects that Jimmy Saville has but a little time left. One marathon too many and who knows?

Mostly c's: You're sad but not that sad. At least you've got your priorities right, sleep is infinitely more exciting than swotting.

Look - a - Like



Has anyone spotted the remarkable similarity between Women's Officer Sujata Aurora and the late(?) king of rock 'n' roll Elvis Presley? Are the two related perhaps? I think we should be told.

'course I'm glad Thatcher resigned! I've been waiting years to hate someone new.



Sam Leshnick '90

Crossword Solution

L	A	S	T	C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S							
N	U	M	I	E	E	C	A	R	E										
B	A	D	N	E	W	S	A	A	R	X									
S	S	E	R	T	R	E	E	S											
T			R	C	A		A												
B	A	R	R	E	T	T	H	T	I	M	S								
S	O	U	E																
S	M	U	R	D	E	R		P	O	D	L								
A	E	N	S	O				X	T	C									
J	N		B					W	O	E									
O	R	I	D	E	P			K	E	N	N	E	D						
H	U	G	O	S	I	T		R	E										
N			S	W	A	E		O	L	S									
H			N		D	W	A	R	F										
I			M					R											
T	H	E	M	A	J	E	S	T	I	C	H	E	A	D					

SAM

Get Involved...

RAG MEETING

Every Tuesday 5pm, E206.
Everyone Welcome.
(Societies have been sent a Rag letter - please check pigeon holes).

diary

It was suggested to me a while back that The Beaver should go slightly more upmarket by introducing a 'rant and rave' column, or more precisely a "rant and rave column about nothing in particular...bollocks and that." Well I have to say I wasn't immediately taken with the idea, but you have to admit this suggestion does have balls. OK then, let's give it a go...

Shall I tell you what I really hate? I really hate Christmas. And I'll tell you what I hate about Christmas - Santa Claus, that's what I hate. Never gives me what I ask for the fat git. Fifteen years now I've been asking for a 'Scalextric 2000' and what do I get? A bloody tangerine that's what, and a few chestnuts if I'm lucky. Bastard. That's the last time I leave him a mince pie.

And another thing, I hate those 'ball-ball' things that you're supposed to hang on the Christmas tree. Will somebody tell me what purpose they serve? I mean, come on they're ridiculous. You can't even have a decent kick around with them. And that's another thing - Gazza. I hate him, bloody stupid geordie. Scores a few goals and thinks that gives him the right to sing. It doesn't work mate, look what happened to Kevin Keegan.

And another thing, I hate that Jeremy Beadle - the man should be shot. And another thing, I hate people who hand in their society notices on bits of second rate paper. Last week someone handed in their announcement on a piece of toilet paper - now I ask you.

And another thing, I hate all societies. Plug your own naffing events is what I say, this is the last time I'm doing it.

Monday: Tonight the Scandinavian Society are holding their Christmas dinner (A42, 7pm). Now that's another thing, why do people wear those stupid hats at Christmas dinners? You just look stupid. Also tonight ENTS present the Hugh Lennon hypnotist show, 'two hours of hypnotic hilarity from a top hypnotist' (presumably called Hugh Lennon). Now you see that's another thing that annoys me, why don't people say exactly what they mean? How am I supposed to know for sure who the top hypnotist in question is. Come on guys.

Tuesday: Tonight there is another ENTS presentation, a bumper double bill - 'I Bought a Vampire Motorcycle' and 'Santa Claus Conquers the Martians.' (That's someone else I hate, Martians). This little lot will cost you £2 and the fun starts at 7pm in the OT. Meanwhile the Quad plays host to the Drama Soc who are presenting 'Lysistrata - A Sexual Farce'. This can also be seen on Wednesday and Thursday. Tickets are £2.50 and the curtain rises at 7.30pm. I hate curtains don't you?

Wednesday: Today is a 'Day of Action'. At 1pm there is a meeting in A86 to discuss 'The Battle For Abortion Rights.' Later on at 7pm there is a benefit disco in the Quad, or is there? According to the Drama Soc they are holding their play here at that time - or is this all part of the sexual farce? Now I don't know about you but I really hate being messed around like that, sort yourselves out! Now then, Amnesty are at it again today. At 2pm in S53 they will be showing a video on Sri Lankan human rights and this will be followed by a buffet. Finally tonight, a benefit on behalf of the Romanian Orphanage Trust. 'The Lost Ball' is happening at Shaftesbury's, 24 Shaftesbury Avenue between the hours of 9.30 and 3.30am (cost £6).

Thursday: Lord MacKay, the Lord Chancellor is coming to speak this afternoon on Litigation in the 1990s (6pm, OT). Also today the Canadian Society are holding a meeting, on the top floor of the cafe at 3.30pm, to discuss next terms events. Also, at 7.30 pm, in the cafe, the Society for the Enlightenment of the Able-bodied are holding their christmas social. And finally there will be some karaoke in the Tuns. And that's another thing, I hate people who love the sound of their own voice.

Friday: Tonight a choice of two parties. You can go to the free disco in the Tuns, or the Toga party being held at Carr Saunders (8pm).

And that's it, the end of term. It just remains for me to say how much I hate Les Dennis, Jimmy Tarbuck, the bloke in the Yorkie advert, and that loud chap with the beard who always wings at UGMs. But above all, I hate to say goodbye.

The Beaver

Another Thursday, another £388,436 spent.

Having spent the first nine weeks of this term moaning about our financial position, we agreed to the way in which we spend our money in forty five chaotic minutes.

For those who weren't there, we agree on our budgeting priorities by allowing the Senior Treasurer to go through her allocation decisions page by page. There is an opportunity for questions on each page and then a vote is taken to either approve or reject her recommendations. Money may be moved by the Union within one budgetary category, for example from one society to another, but not between categories. The Athletics Union receive a section of the block grant set by the School. Not only may this percentage not be altered by the Union, but we also get no say over which sports societies get what money. That, evidently, is an internal matter for the AU.

How silly we are.

If the budgets is as well prepared and thought out by the Senior Treasurer as we should expect, why can't it be made available at least a week in advance. Why don't society Treasurers get an early copy. How can those effected by the budget prepare alter it when in all likelihood they don't even get chance to show it to their members before it is ratified by the Union? The concrete's set before they even realise the mould.

Why do we let societies take each others budgets away at just one meeting. Every other financial motion requires a weeks notice but at the budget meeting such sanity disappears. Instead it's open season on unpopular societies. Budget mugging is the order of the day and if you can swing the UGM just once then the money is yours. This has to be altered, all grant receiving groups have to be given time to assess their financial position in relation to the rest of the Union and the chance to dispute the Senior Treasurer's decision if necessary.

In the 1970's the School bailed out the nearly bankrupt SU. One of the conditions was that the Union guaranteed the AU a certain percentage of the its budget every year. Not only is this "undemocratic", it is also foolishly inefficient. Presumably the school want the money they give to the SU to spent according to student need. Why then have they taken it upon themselves to decide that every year, come what may, the AU requires 20% of the SU's money. Some years the AU warrants a higher percentage than that. Some years it doesn't. The School can't decide what student priorities are - students must decide for themselves. The only way this decision can be made is through a UGM where we can decide what we want. The least our representatives on the Court of Governors can do is campaign for a re-assessment of the AU's real importance and to adjust their budget accordingly.

Sorting out the budget is a priority. We can't allow the Senior Treasurer to force it through every year because we haven't had time to prepare arguments against it. We can't allow small societies to be hijacked by the larger ones. Most importantly we need to get control of all of our budget. Only then will budget allocations match our real needs.

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Features Editor	Juanita Shepherd
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The case for:

The usual argument claiming that pornography causes rape goes something like: pornography degrades women and encourages men to think of them as sex objects. This leads to rape, and is usually backed up with a few examples of cases of rapists who'd seen some pornography. There are a number of substantial inaccuracies in this argument.

Firstly pornography does not encourage men to think of women as sex objects. If the only contact men had with women was via blue movies or 'page three' then this might be so. However, females make up 50% of the world's population, men see them day in day out throughout their lives. The amount of time that even the most avid fan of Whithouse spends looking at women in pornography is so miniscule compared to the amount of time he spends dealing with them in real life that it can scarcely alter his perception of them.

Secondly, pornography doesn't degrade women. The majority of people working in the sex industry are women. This is true at every level from the actual 'stars' of the magazines and films, through to the editors of most magazines. They obviously don't feel that they are degraded by their activities, neither do the vast majority of people in this land. The only people that do believe that pornography degrades women are certain holier than thee feminists ie Clare Short and Mel Taylor, and when it comes to degrading women maybe they'd better put their own house in order before criticising others.

Thirdly, while certain people who have committed rape have used or seen pornography this doesn't mean that there is necessarily a link between the two. Pedro Lopez who raped and murdered over two hundred girls in South America during the seventies was a stamp collector, as was John Wayne Gacy who raped and murdered over twenty young boys, are we to see an article in next week's Beaver about philately causing rape?

Pornography has been linked with rape purely because they are perceived to deal with the same thing. They of course don't, this is where the entire argument about pornography causing rape collapses. Rape is very rarely motivated by the need for sex, as any person who knows about the psychology of rape will testify, rape is about power, about the ability to control the victim, about the ability to completely dominate the other person. This is why the act of rape is seldom a case of the rapist forcing the victim to have sex and then leaving. Most ordeals are far worse and involve far more degradation than actual sex.

The answer is not to ban pornography. This will not work. In Sweden in the seventies when the restrictions on pornography were all but removed, the number of sexual assaults dropped by over 50%. Rape is a hideous crime, but the way to stamp it out is not merely to lash out at anything we can possibly associate with it.

Dominic Bourke

Post Haste

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

Homelessness

Dear Beaver,
Last week we, the LSE Conservative Association held a help the homeless week with the assistance of the charity 'Crisis'. A box was put opposite the Porters Lodge. We got contributions from our own members and from other members of the LSE community.

The aim of this week was to put back into the community what we as students take out. It is a shame that students did not contribute more. We were criticised by the Left for our efforts. They speak so much of a socialist society and helping the less fortunate. It is obvious they don't care.

Also they did their best to make the event a failure by defacing our posters and those of Crisis. Even if they don't agree with our politics, they could still show some spirit and contribute.

Thank you, on behalf of the homeless, to all those who did help.

Fred Simkin

Dear Beaver,
It is with irony that we note the Conservative Association's "Help The Homeless Week". Engaging in short term ideals, Lee Marriott and Fred Simkin are collecting food and clothes for the homeless. Yet they refuse to address the causes of homelessness.

The appearance of large numbers of people sleeping on the street in the 1980's was caused primarily by two pieces

of Tory legislation. Firstly, the 1987 Social Security Act introduced the concept of "voluntary homelessness". Thus if people leave accommodation of their own free will, they are refused access to public housing. The effect of this is that if young people are forced to leave home because of their domestic situation (eg violence, sexual abuse) they will not receive any welfare provision. They will probably end up sleeping on the pavement outside the Savoy. Secondly, the 1988 NHS reforms and the Mental Health Acts which removed 20,000 people from "care institutions" into "care in the community". This act did not provide any community care structures and thus the manifestation of this act was the arrival of 20,000 people on our streets.

Homeless people in London now number 250,000, the population of a town the size of Cheltenham. This is the logical result of eleven and a half years of Tory legislation and their attacks on the Welfare State - it is the true legacy of Thatcherism that Marriott and Simkin are so quick to applaud. It is in the light of this that we find their "Help the Homeless Week" not only hypocritical but also grossly offensive and in extremely bad taste.

To the Conservative Association, we suggest that they take a close look at the policies of their own government and examine the causes of the homelessness problem to which their only response has been patronising gimmicks. To the rest of the LSE we say tackle the causes as well as the symptoms and don't be fooled by Tory hypocrisy.

Sujata Aurora
Daniel Trump

Aids Week

Dear Beaver,
We feel a grave oversight has

The case against:

Imagine a picture of a naked woman bound in chains, stripped of her clothing, her free will, and her humanity. That is pornography.

Imagine a picture of two lovers joyfully sharing each other's bodies, their act fundamentally human and given freely. That is erotica.

Pornography treats women and men as plastic objects with no will, the simple vessels for a physical need rather than human beings deserving love. Pornography is airbrushed and oil-smudged, a land of fakery and fantasy. Pornography degrades both women and men - women may be shown as slaves being whipped, beaten, and raped. They may also be portrayed as unreal sexual angels, their only goal to please a man. Either image is not about sexuality at all. It is about power, the power of one person over another, who

is an object. Both genders are harmed by such an inaccurate, dehumanizing idea.

It would be patently poor method for a social scientist to claim any man who looks at pornography will immediately go out and commit rape. What has been shown is that there is a statistically

significant link between being a rapist and reading pornography. Why? While we cannot prove reading pornography causes rape, what we can safely conjecture is this: "Pornography helps engender an attitude towards sexuality, and women in particular, that makes rape appear more acceptable or to be part of sexuality." Rape is not, however, a part of sexuality. It is an act of violence, an act of brutal power.

The pornography industry itself is full of women who have been victimised and exploited. True, some women make the choice to lounge in lingerie or frolic naked in the woods for softer-core magazines like Playboy. The star of the classic porn film "Deep Throat," however, did not make the choice to perform oral sex on the men her husband told her to. She was threatened with physical harm if she did not, just as hundreds of other women are forced into even more repugnant, or masochistic acts. What, indeed, of the 12 and 15 year-olds who wind up prostituting themselves on film to buy food for a night? Can we really say they have made a choice?

Most men do not look at the hard-core pornography that shows blood-spattered scenes of gang rapes. Most men interact with women as human beings. What we cannot deny, however, is that most women are not treated by society as the equals of men, and that the images of women we find everywhere from cookery commercials to the pages of Penthouse do nothing to fight that injustice. Pornography is about injustice, it is about abusing power, and it is a quintessential example of inequality and lack of choice.

Janet Weiss

been made through your not highlighting or even acknowledging International Aids Week. It is inaction like yours which perpetuates the stigma surrounding people who are HIV+ and the whole issue of Aids.

We would like to point out that media emphasis has consistently been to typify Aids as an intravenous drug users' and gay men's "disease". Furthermore, people don't die immediately - they live quite healthy lives being HIV+ for many years. The misinformation on being HIV+ or living with someone who is has served only to reinforce popular misconceptions which result in prejudice and discrimination.

This year special attention has been given to the problems women face in dealing with HIV. The threat of Aids is real to everybody, not just the "high risk categories". Anyone who does not practice safe sex is at risk. An estimated 80,000 people in the country are HIV+ and don't know it.

There is a need for greater awareness of the situation without sensationalising the issue any further. Women must be made to realise that they are at risk - this can only be done through the dissemination of information with special emphasis put on the risks involved in heterosexual sex.

Safe sex should be the only sex you ever have. There is no alternative if you want to remain HIV-.

Katy Episcopo, Fran Coughlan, Zoe Sellers.

LSE slammed

Dear Beaver,
This term's 'Daily Telegraph Student Extra' revealed the results of undergraduates attitudes to their institutions. The LSE was the least popular university in Britain.

One could possibly lay the blame at the feet of the arrogant and obnoxious contingent amongst the LSE's students. However, what is particularly depressing about the result is that despite the seriousness of undergraduates an embarrassingly pitiful number achieve first class degree passes.

If the LSE is to maintain its depressing aura then, at the very least, let's hope the energies of precocious students are channelled into academic excellence.

Thank you for your consideration.
RJ Wilson Carr

MSS Reply

Dear Beaver,
The recent article written by John Pannu in the Beaver, purporting to report the events that took place at the MSS AGM contains several omissions and inaccuracies. It is felt that these should be cleared up.

The article states that the third candidate for the post of treasurer was left out during an improperly conducted recount of the votes.

A motion was proposed, seconded and voted through by a convincing majority to make a recount unnecessary, and the third candidate's name was not omitted.

The meeting was not closed at this point to "cries of recount", elections for the remaining posts (nine of them) were in fact carried out.

In the light of these facts it is felt that any implications the article contained questioning the proceedings of the AGM were unfounded.

Leow Tre Wen
MSS Committee

• Letters continue after the literary supplement

With Christmas nearly upon us the good old Beaver has again stepped into the breach. In the following pages we review a selection of books that you may consider as possible present problem solutions. We can not of course offer the definitive Christmas revision programme. Even Santa Claus might just blow you out on that one. But for all those cynical gift buyers with a view to next term's parental contribution, a well chosen book may well be the proof positive those crumbles need that your education is worth it. The usual objection to books is that even when wrapped you can't disguise them. One quick fondle and the secret's out. But why not move up a gear, find something so mind numbingly original that they'll be amazed you knew where to find it, let alone pronounce it. For the more financially adventurous amongst you, there's always the possibility of a Dillons account. One stop Christmas shopping has its advantages if London's about to be replaced by those - oh so festive - provinces.



Foucault's Pendulum by Umberto Eco. Picador £6.99

The Name of the Rose showed Umberto Eco's preoccupation with the quest for truth, and the need to employ learning and reason in order to seek it out. His hero in that novel, as in this one, is looking for a solution to a secular mystery, but the novel is essentially concerned with deeper mysteries: Every sign, every scrap of evidence, every piece of knowledge, no matter how trivial, becomes, in Eco's world, a clue to a far greater puzzle. The puzzle cannot necessarily be defined - existence? God? - and whether it can ever be uncovered is not clear, but Eco's heroes rejoice in the quest.

Given the above, it's easy to see why Umberto Eco chose Foucault's Pendulum as both the title and the central focus of his latest novel. The top of the pendulum, wherever it is positioned, can be used as a reference point to the rest of the universe: it becomes the one constant in a universe in continual flux. His central characters, three Italian intellectuals, revere it for this quality, but unlike Eco, they have become contemptuous of the search for truth, and have resorted to inventing theories of their own in order to amuse themselves. Perhaps in revenge for such arrogance, their speculations turn on them and become truths, and they find themselves tangled up in a web of mysticism and intrigue.

As a basis for a thriller - the natural form for an Eco novel to take - it's very flimsy stuff, but Eco's sheer enthusiasm for knowledge and his exuberant display of bizarre facts overcome the deficiencies of plot. The structure is looser than *The Name of the Rose*, which allows him to develop his characters to a greater extent than previously; and there's more humour as well: several groups of so-called 'scholars' come in for some withering sarcasm. What can be annoying is Eco's tendency to shoot off down blind alleys merely for the sake of serving up a few more choice tidbits of trivia, dropping the plot into neutral when he should really be moving up a gear.

On balance, it's a less successful thriller than *The Name of the Rose*, but it's a better allegory. Eco watches his protagonists fondly, but they are not alter-egos: unlike them, he seems sceptical of there being any solution at the end of it. If a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, then much knowledge is infinitely more so. Yet he admits that not to search is not an option. Man can perhaps never solve the jigsaw of which he himself is a fragment; but what he can do is turn over the other pieces, and marvel at the mystery.

Richard Stevens

You've had Your Time - Being the second part of the confessions of Anthony Burgess. Heineman £17.50

An erroneous diagnosis of a brain tumor furnishes Anthony Burgess with a one-year death sentence and his second volume of confessions with a remarkably comic tableau of the compulsive wordsmith, doing greivous bodily harm to

his typewriter in order to bequeth his wife a bankable literary estate. The death sentence is soon revoked, the compulsion and its financial motivation go on and on. In Burgess' unmistakably Catholic mental universe, the polarity between art and commercial success, transcendental meaning and keeping the bank manager happy takes on a theological significance. The world is fallen and the writer can not live by bread alone, he needs his gin, his panatellas, his gentleman's relish for God's sake.

Burgess' Faustian accession to the wiles of Mammon leads him into truly wretched, miserable terrain. He cannot say no to a book-review (he even reviews one of his own), he is seduced by the ethereal glamour of television (he knows the answers on *Call My Bluff* and is never invited back). Interminable lecture tours to the U.S.A. lead him into head on confrontations with the mini-skirt, with illiterate revolutionary students and the infectious charms of New York's literary groupies. As the author of *A Clockwork Orange* he is mistaken for a radical by the decaying culture of the sixties that his reactionary personality leads him to aggressively despise. His outspoken defiance leads him into hilarious scrapes - he is violently assailed in America by black militants and pugnacious hippies, yet he gives as good as he gets, for here is a man who calls a stupid person stupid, gets thumped and thumps back. In this sense he is Britain's answer to Norman Mailer, he does, however, write a much better book.

Although Burgess v the 'sixties (or culture v barbarism) becomes a rather repetitive battle that shifts from country to country (the Americans, the Aussies, the Kiwis are equally ill-matched opponents), the art v mammon bout is a constant thrill because art and Burgess' better self are almost always the loser. He just can not resist Hollywood and writes an appalling musical about the life of Shakespeare entitled *Will!* These passages explain why the most unsullied aesthetes of the modern period have all been men and women of private means.

Burgess punctuates this knockabout stuff with a moving account of his wife's alcoholism and subsequent death, a section of the book that confronts guilt in the raw without recourse to his own comfortingly dichotomous view of the world. The book is also remarkable for its examination of the interplay between fictive and real identities, of how the figure of the author pervades the narrative in search of affirmative or, more frequently, masochistic guises. These private meditations have a ring of authenticity about them that is missing from the dramatic caricature of his public life.

He tells big lies about both his art and his money. The artistic freedom he finds indisociable from financial security has been his for many years. The source of his economy with the truth has, I think, two fundamental causes. For one, he finds the modest self-image of an impecunious hack far easier to cope with than that of an artist. Deep down he probably knows it but Burgess is a far better writer than he will publicly claim to be. Secondly, he has never come clean with the Inland Revenue. It would no doubt require the Spanish Inquisition to force him to do so. These uncoerced confessions, replete with necessary restraints, are nonetheless quite brilliant. It is a book that in itself acquits the author of the charge he levels at himself. With the taxman beguiled, art triumphs.

Bronwen Grey

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

**Rain Darling by Merle Collins
(Women's Press £4.95)**

LSE is a nonentity. Such was the authoritative verdict of a recent higher education popularity poll amongst university students nationwide.

And, judging by the exhaustive treatment afforded our great institution by alumnus Merle Collins in her latest literary offering, one can only conclude that the author is in wholehearted agreement. For the setting linking the seven stories comprising Rain Darling is neither the strip lit melamine ambience of the Brunch Bowl, nor the sagging aristocratic upholstery of the Shaw Library. It is in fact Grenada: following the success of her first novel, Angel in 1987, Collins returns to her native island for a further glimpse of its places, people and culture.

Examined individually each of the seven stories represents a skillfully composed snapshot of the lives of (as the jacket blurb assures us) 'ordinary' people. Collectively though, we are furnished with a panoramic view, a synthesis of the author's reflections upon Grenadian society. The image which emerges is one of a people who, though resigned to the poverty and hardship of day to day existence retain a sense of optimism in the future and natural resilience which springs from a rich heritage of humour.

For Collins, family and community lie at the heart of Grenadian society. This encourages a popular fortitude which is reinforced by the combined influence of tradition and religion. Collins places great emphasis on women in this society, for their particular role in promoting cohesion and their perpetuation of the social order. Conversely, men are presented as lazy, untrustworthy characters destined to wreck

lives through their subjugation to passions. The book is littered with more illegitimate births, battered wives, teenage pregnancies and sexual harassment than the Oprah Winfrey Show. As Nadie reflects in 'Gemini', "a woman's body is a dangerous thing... and man is full of wiles". Surprisingly, Collins' men are not blamed for their actions. They are regarded not as immoral but amoral; mere creatures who act on instinct and not malice: a view which is somewhat untenable.

It is in her characterization of women that Collins excels. Particularly good is her treatment of the complex interplay of tensions and emotions which exist between mother and daughter. This is especially notable in 'Gemini', a narrative account of a mother who, through dogged determination that the next generation avoids the pitfalls of her own youth, drives her daughter to develop an ancillary personality, through which her rebellious instincts can escape.

In dramatic situations the effect of such masterful characterization is reinforced by Collins' acute sense of physical and spatial consciousness. This lends further authenticity to her already convincing dialogue.

Her tone is also distinctive. Often, the stories are narrated in the style of a pre-adolescent patwa stream of consciousness, reminiscent of Harper Lee.

This is difficult at first, occasioning the uninitiated reader to ricochet between narrative and glossary exploring the intricacies of Grenadian colloquialisms. This technique, however, prevents tragedies such as 'My Sister Cherish' (concerning a family's treatment of their chronically handicapped daughter's illness) becoming clichéd.

The employment of the 'child's eye view' adds greatly to the poignancy of these tales.

Kathryn Andrews

**London Fields by Martin Amis
Penguin £4.50**

Every murder story has a twist. The butler is inevitably hiding something. Every Martin Amis novel is a torturous route of twists and turns; the certainty being that whatever happens we will not be expecting it. London Fields is both murder and love story but the twist here is that the answer to the mystery yet to unfold is revealed in the first paragraph.

Amis is primarily concerned with the flux of the human condition: with fate playing a pivotal role. She is the destructive heroine of all Amis novels. "Money" charts the flirtation of fate with John Self, bringing him the money he needs to pursue his squalid lifestyle before it dashes him to ruin and destruction. In "Success" we watch fate cast her spell over two characters; Gregory, the epitome of style and beauty, is sucked dry of his beautiful life, of his very joie de vivre, whilst Terry, an ugly and gawky failure is swept towards success. By the end of the book each character is a parody of the other's former self.

The squalor of twentieth century living is another of Amis' recurrent themes which we find again in "London Fields". Here, as in all other aspects of the book it is the language and imagery which are the author's most effective tool. Throughout the book's 470 pages it is busy gathering heat until it finally sizzles and spits with fury. References to squalor, death, war and violence grow until the whole text positively hums with the sinister forces of destructive energy which form the core of Amis' tale. The inevitability of destruction is palpable here as elsewhere in Amis' fiction: we know that his characters are powerless within an interactive maelstrom of doom. His books are not cast in a Shakespearean mould of hubris and catharsis, however, they are not concerned with the fall of the mighty, rather they tell the story of the complete annihilation of figures who are already the epitome of squalid low life. London Fields' hero Keith is a drunken, lecherous thief whose life obsession is darts. Keith is "the skidmark on the underpants of Thatcherism", but worse awaits him.

London Fields also takes destruction one step further than Amis' other novels for it is set against an advancing global crisis where either armageddon or the environment seems bound to destroy the planet. Above all though London Fields is funny. Without humour Amis would undoubtedly produce horror stories: unbearable parodies of the dirt of human existence. Amis' humour is frequently sexual and always raucous and it is with laughter that the bonds between reader and character are formed. Whilst we may revolt against Keith and all he stands for we cannot but help liking him because he makes us laugh. This novel lacks the extremities of humour and bad taste which characterized Amis' earlier work, but even the slightly more mature (?) Amis is engaging to the last.

Leo Griffin

**The Modern Novel by Malcom
Bradbury. Fontana Paperbacks
£4.99**

The difference between this and the 1977 edition is that in the interest of contemporaneity two of the original essays have been replaced. Philip Stevick and Gerald Graff are ousted in favour of Milan Kundera and Italo Calvino. It seems that fashion has played its part in selection but then as Bradbury asserts in the introduction, novel means new. The edition might, however, be more credible if it reflected the diversity of the novel in the 1980s and 90s as opposed to the addition of two names to an established

collection. Is this perhaps just a case of repackaging, where the product contains nothing new of substance.

The rewards of such a collection, however, are that an interest in any one of the contributors may be satisfied. Some may be inclined to read the entire book from cover to cover. For most there is the opportunity of sampling any number of writers, each with their unique voice and approach to the novel as a literary form. Most of the essays were written in the sixties, with McEwan's interview with Milan Kundera in 1984 being the most recent in the book. The perspective of nearly thirty years hindsight lends interest to both the piece by Iris Murdoch on the Welfare State and Philip Roth's essay on his inability to accommodate America's gruesome reality. The most interesting aspect of both is perhaps that they do not seem dated.

This is very much a book that should be bought for an interest in the authors it includes. It will not necessarily illuminate as to the novel itself, whatever that is. Having read a novelist on the literary/creative process, however, it is always refreshing to return to one of their novels. In the interview with Kundera it occurs that the author is infinitely more illuminating and enjoyable in The Unbearable Lightness of Being than being light with Ian McEwan.

Bronwen Grey

**A History of the World in Ten and
a half Chapters
by Julian Barnes**

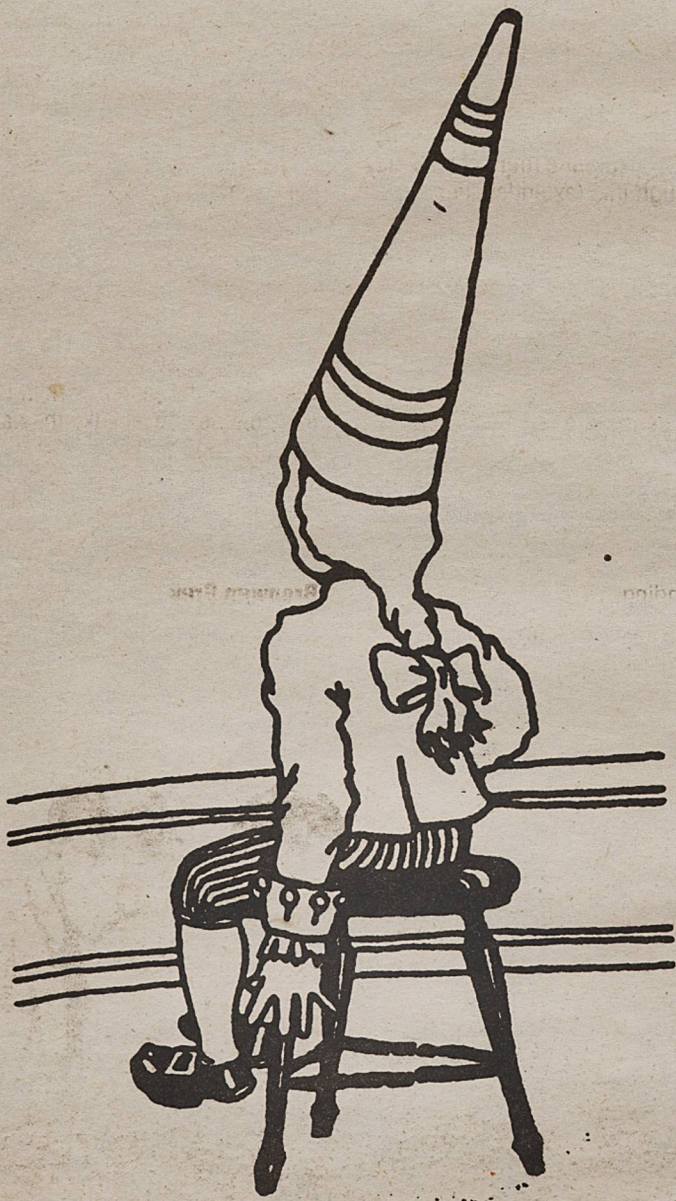
Julian Barnes has long since been regarded as a cornerstone of British literature. With this book he has become a pillar of British satire. By the time the reader has finished this latest work, he or she will never regard anything in the same light again.

Each chapter looks at a different aspect of life: religion, dreams, and even terrorism. Noah turns into a tyrannical grump who would easily have been reported to the RSPCA had he lived in the twentieth century. The various exploits which transpire on the Ark account for the disappearance of many fabled creatures, most notably the unicorn. After all the crew had to survive to forty days and forty nights (or thereabouts) by eating something.

This book marks the entry of one of the pillars of the English literary establishment into the realms of satire. The effect of the book is to render the reader incapable of viewing life in quite the same light again. Barnes applies his peculiar treatment to religion, through dreams, to terrorism. Each chapter, or perhaps vignette, on the life of man(sic)kind, advances the reader towards an appreciation of how bizarre our history really is.

In one chapter Barnes applies himself to the problems encountered by Noah during his forty days and forty nights cooped up with all those glorious animals. The pleasant bearded patriarch of all illustrated bibles is replaced by a tyrannical monster whose contribution to the world's fauna is to eat, amongst other things, the fabled unicorn. No doubt the modern equivalent would have been reported to the RSPCA.

Cynicism remains the order of the day in the chapter on dreams. They are linked to a fantasy of escapism. The dreams are so pleasant that the dreamer becomes absorbed until fantasy and reality form the inseparable whole of her experience. By the end of the chapter the reader also is unable to discern what is "real" and what dreamt. The dividing line between two worlds, or worlds of experience, is again employed in a sequence that begins with a romantic boat cruise. The absurdity of human existence is exemplified by the intrusion of a terrorist attack. The idyllic narrative is turned on its head and time again is confused when two



types of experience, usually so separate meet head on.

The distressing aspects of this narrative are that it is the narrative of humanity itself. Barnes, however, manages to combine the pain and misery of existence with enough cynicism to make you laugh. The book is finally a compelling and witty read in which you are compelled to read on and keep laughing.

Madeline Gwyon

Sit Down and Listen
by Ellen Kuzwayo

Ellen Kuzwayo's life spans two major eras in South Africa. She was born into a traditional rural family but later trained as a social worker, experiencing the Johannesburg townships in all their gory reality. She was detained without trial under the Prevention of Terrorism Act in 1977. It was this background that led Nadine Gordimer to write that she is "history in the person of one woman".

Her autobiography, *Call Me Woman*, was published in 1985 and captured the essence of life as a black South African woman. The book won the prestigious CNA prize in South Africa, a first for a black writer. Kuzwayo is active in the community life of Soweto, president of the Black Consumer Union of South Africa and is also chair of the Maggie Magaba Trust. Today in her 76th year Kuzwayo has produced yet another work of shining brilliance, *Sit Down and Listen*. This collection of short stories written from her own experience details the familiar and not so familiar aspects of life in South Africa, in the manner of traditional folk tales.

Kuzwayo would be the first to admit that she is not a writer per se but she has got a remarkably long memory and the willingness to translate it into the written word. As she says in the introduction to the book "perhaps we remember our stories for a little longer than other people do. After all, for so many years now, we have owned our stories while owning so little else".

Cleverly sectioned into five parts, the stories are grouped into common themes with a short introduction to each piece. Kuzwayo has obviously written for the market outside of South Africa and her tone can feel patronizing at times. By laboriously explaining herself she can be irritating to the reader who has even the most basic knowledge of the country and its culture.

This drawback is redeemed by the contentious nature of the book which covers all facets of life from marriage to an examination of the nature and consequences of cowardice. Each major theme reveals a little more about the nature of the apparatus which upholds apartheid. In 'One of Many',

the theme is the family, but the character Mosa is used to show the effects of the government's practice of forced removals.

True to life not all the stories have a happy ending but after reading the book you are left with the feeling of being a little wiser. The stories themselves are like photographs from Ellen Kuzwayo's experience but despite the difficulties involved, the atmosphere of an evening's fireside story is retained. It is this which makes the book such a riveting read and yet another integral part of history. A book which succeeds in crossing all boundaries.

Juanita Shepherd

Three very different books from the Women's Press: *The Renewable Virgin* by Barbara Paul (£4.95), *Miss X or the Wolf Woman* by Christine Crow (£6.95) & *Mourning is Not Permitted* by Leslie Wilson (£4.95).

At the beginning of *The Renewable Virgin*, Rudy's death seems like an accidental murder, the intended victim of the attack being film star Kelly Ingram. But, as detective Marian Larch discovers, aided by Rudy's mother, Fiona Benedict, the truth is far more complex.

The three women uncover a web of intrigue and murderous deceit in the film world which threatens to engulf anyone who gets too close. As narrators, the women

advance this pacy novel from very different perspectives and offer insights into their own experiences along the way.

The novel is of the crime genre, but is also an account of friendship between women as they try and counter the effects of a warring gang of male movie makers. The use of the three narrators allows cross referencing of character without a judgmental authorial voice. The style is relaxed, almost chatty (irritatingly so at times) and whilst not exactly challenging, this novel will no doubt alleviate the more excruciating type of vacation journey.

Miss X or The Wolf Woman, however, is anything but light entertainment. The writer wears her learning heavily, and also uses it as a shield; a barrier in this banter of false camaraderie as she fences with meaning and attempts to free one to X a mythical bridge to enlightenment. Those to whom Greek myth, French poetry, feminist criticism and psychoanalytic theory are mere child's play will race through this (extended literary joke?). The rest may get bogged down in the foothills of Mount Parnasus, crying out (or is that bleating?) for a little explanation. Also, the constant use of a capital X, referral to a French notebook (in brackets) and explanation of how frightfully clever the writer has just been, even if in an ironic and self mocking sense, are distracting.

In the unlikely event that this novel succeeds in holding one's attention to its denouement, the literary, stylistic and graphic devices will provide a sad reflection of the writer's sense of humour rather than aid understanding.

The simplicity of the book's final call for

freedom of sexuality and imagination and equality amongst different human subjects is perhaps its only redeeming feature.

Redemption in some form is somewhat elusive for Karin, the central figure of *Mourning is Not Permitted*. This well educated mother of two finds herself floundering in a stale marriage in a paradigm of a "liberated" woman's nightmare. She has reached the stage in her life where the future can hold nothing but promise; unfortunately, to continue and find fulfillment she must first reconstruct her past.

Karin's husband is as unsympathetic a man as ever devised and refuses to help her come to terms with her Anglo-German background. The book follows Karin's memories of conversations with Omi, her maternal grandmother who was sterilized while in a mental hospital, and with her aunt. These memories are interspersed with blow by blow accounts of her daily life, and in this way the reader pieces together the trauma that is Karin's mental universe. The sensitivity which causes Karin so much pain is highlighted in a passage describing her ripping out twenty pages from her history textbook while the teacher dictates notes on the Weimar republic.

In a powerful and tense ending concerning her husband's secret work in Latin America, this complex novel links the past with the present and serves as a timely reminder of the dangers of national amnesia in post-war Germany and Britain. Mildly amusing in parts, the overriding sense, however, is one of a deep-seated despondency.

Bronwen Grey

Books FOR CHRISTMAS

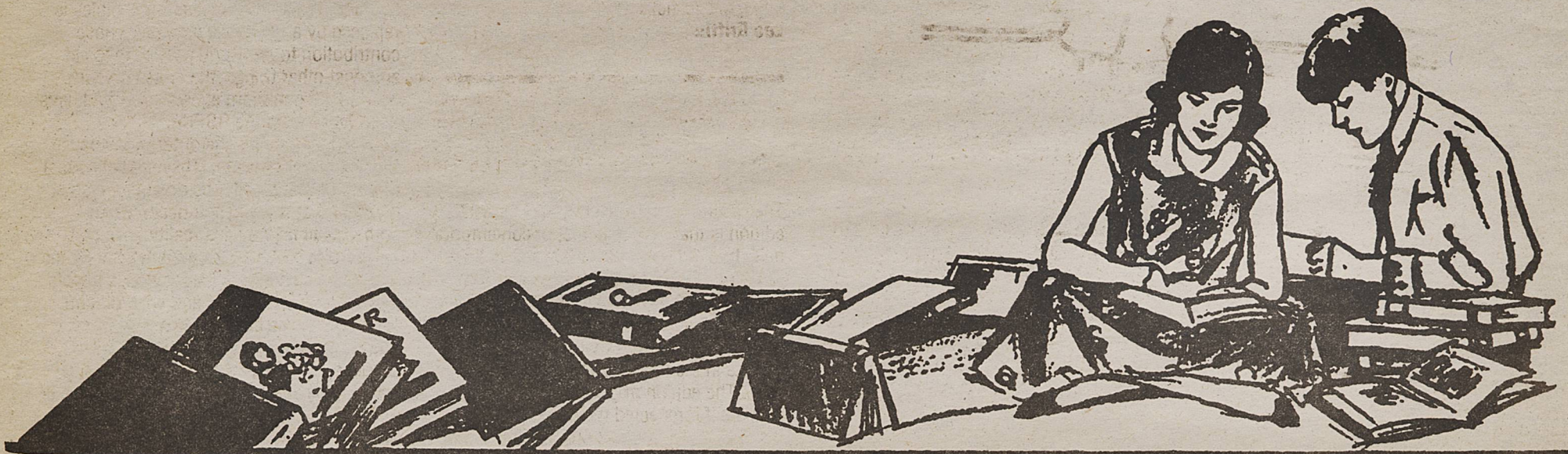
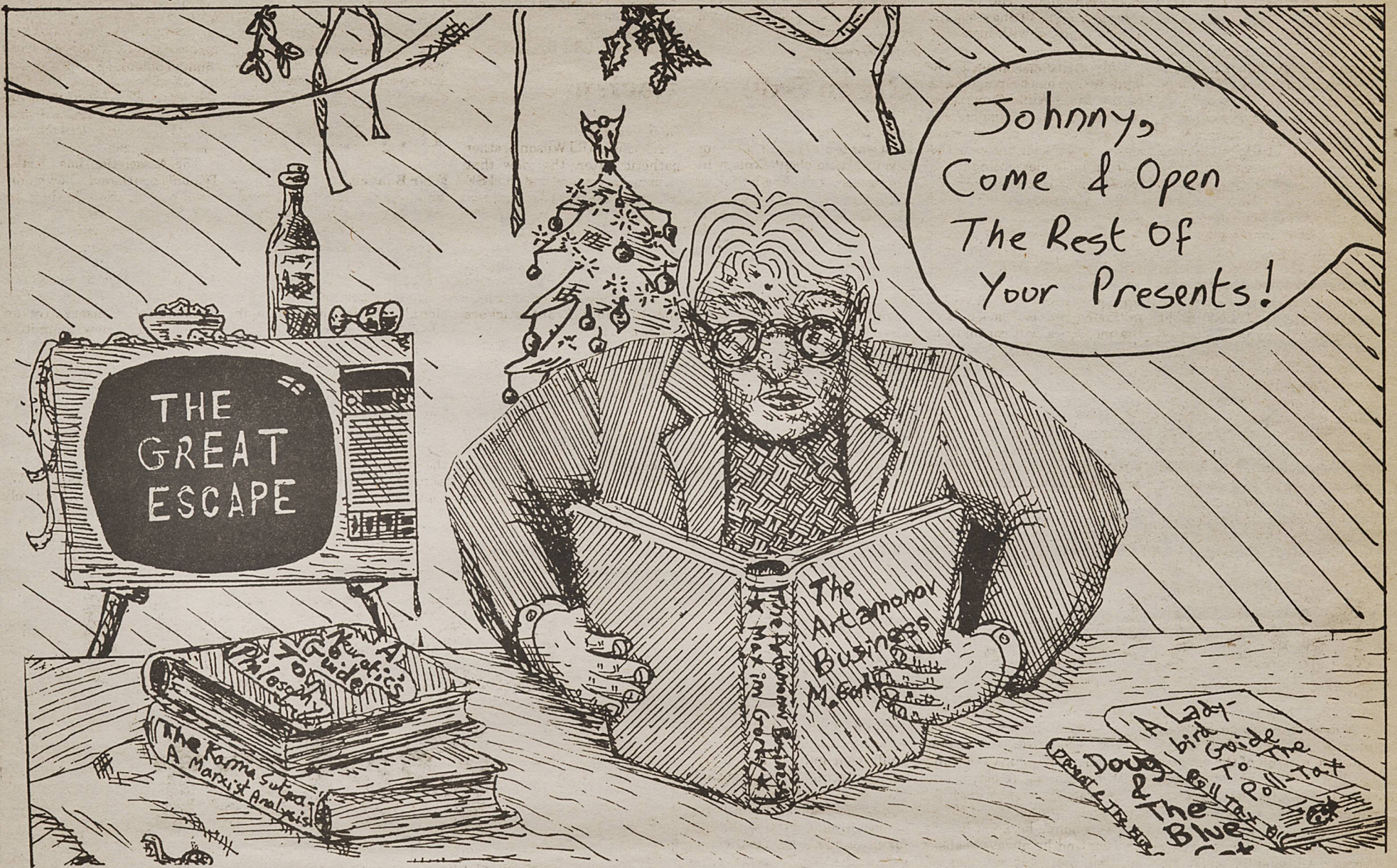


Illustration: Rick Livingstone. Photos by Alex McDowell

Design: Richard Stevens



DR STEPHEN NICKLESS
Brit-Think Amerithink: A Transatlantic Survival Guide by Jane Walmsley (Harrap £5.99)

This well written and well illustrated book exposes the misunderstandings which have allowed the "special relationship" to survive for as long as it has! Jane Walmsley, a "yank" who was sensible enough to marry a "limey", compares and contrasts the eccentricities of two once great nations. In thirty chapters she



is able to cover everything from plumbing to politics and does so in embarrassingly hilarious detail. You'll have to decide for yourself whether this book can be described as

fiction, while Gray Jolliffe's cartoons make it an excellent stocking filler for your best enemy or your worst friend. It should be required reading for all North American students and their tutors. Some chapters could stimulate the jaded academic appetites of lawyers, anthropologists and sociologists. The section on "business" might even make an accountant chuckle! And there is plenty here for anyone with a professional or personal interest in international relationships...

My copy (with the section on doctors carefully removed) can be inspected in the Health Service Waiting Room.

"US medical care is absurdly expensive and unavailable to the poor - but works. The British NHS is moderately priced and available to everyone - but doesn't."

BOB GROSS

The Great American Novel is supposed to be Moby Dick, but I never really agreed. Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby is a perfectly crafted book, but craft isn't art. You can keep

all of Dreiser and Barth and most of Hemingway, Steinbeck and Updike. Forget GWTW and anything by Michener, except Tales from the South Pacific. So what is The Great American Novel? I have the choices.

First, several authors rate special mention. Raymond Chandler and Bradbury for being hard-boiled and high-flying. Kurt Vonnegut for being wierd. Larry McMurtly and Anne Tyler for continuing. Hunter S Thompson, because I wish his books weren't true.

Next, honorable mention for three novels. The Sound and the Fury is Faulkner's finest, an amazing blend of stream of consciousness with first and third person narration. Catch 22 by Joseph Heller rates for obvious reasons. And I can't resist listing The Great American Novel, in which Phillip Roth combines alliteration, baseball and communism to explore the witch hunts and national character.

The third greatest American novel is Winter's Tale by Mark Helprin. He can write. He can create. He can dream. We get New York City in 1880 and 2000, journalists, cut-throats, flying horses and bridges made of light. The characters soar on the strength of faith in their ideas. Helprin's latest, Refiner's Fire, is almost as good.

In second place, I have chosen Sometimes a Great Notion by Ken Kesey over his One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. Our subject is conflict.



Brother against brother, family against community, man against nature, labor against management, they're all packed into this story of the Stamper family, loggers whose proud and defiant motto is "Never Give an Inch". Do half-brothers Hank and Lee fight? Does the family decide to scab? Does the river flood? And whose severed arm, as we see at the beginning, gets run up the flagpole, its middle digit extended to the world?

My pick for Great American Novel - the envelope please - is written by a recluse of whom very little is known. The setting is Europe in 1995. Cheer our hapless yank hero Tyrone Scothrop as he races the mad Russian Tchitcherine for some special Nazi rocket or other. Scothrop's got an affinity for bombs: trained as an infant in a Pavlovian experiment to get a hardon after a loud stimulus, he was (un)fortunately deconditioned 'beyond the zero'. Now when he comes, so do the rockets. A supersonic missile hits and then you hear it. The main theme seems to be 'whatever goes up must come down'. The ballistic arch or the V2, Gravity's Rainbow, is model for the inexorable path of life unto death. Thomas Pynchon's irrepressible humour is the blackest; several orgy scenes are memorable and I bet you don't understand the ending either. Paranoia rules, OK?

JON HULL

The Provisional IRA by P Bishop & E Malley

Not the type of book that a Social Sec. might be reading you may say, but this book is a must for any person wanting a deeper insight into the politics of Northern Ireland without the emotional rhetoric usually engaged.

This book is an objective analysis of the history and the machinery of the IRA. It traces the origins right from the Rising in 1916 through to the political developments of the 1980s. Malley and Bishop reveal some of the horrific acts of violence perpetrated within the Catholic community, whilst retaining emotional distance. Even the developments of the Hunger Strikes of 1981 are portrayed with cool detachment in an attempt to illustrate that this is but another tactic in a vicious



war. What is explored here, however, that is usually ignored elsewhere, is the pressure brought to bear on the main representatives of the Republican movement. The myth of the IRA being a Vanguard socialist movement is crushed. The internal political wrangles at the annual conference between conservative nationalists and progressive socialists are highlighted. Also explored is religion - here the repository of much deep seated bigotry.

This book should be read not merely for its historical worth but for an explanation as to why the IRA will not be forced out of the Irish political arena.

JEAN CLAUDE FROM THE CAFE

There is only ONE cookery book I strongly recommend as a Christmas treat. For those of you who are interested in the diversity of taste, flavour and colour found in

dishes of far away places; for an extended knowledge of already familiar country dishes; for the spicy sizzling memories of Drummond Street, Wood Green or Westbourne Grove fanatics, this book combines a tasty maistry (sic) of delicious foods, produced with care and love on our little green planet by an array of people, wealthy in the knowledge that food unites human beings, brings warmth to those in need and strengthens links and friendship in our multi-cultural society.

The New Internationalist Food Book by Troth Wells (£9.99 hardback) and the Students' Union Cafe wish you a happy and peaceful Christmas.

Some recipes from the book will feature in the SU Cafe menu in January 1991



Energy Wasted

Dear Beaver,

We write to you in light of the recent Energy Efficiency Survey report on the Carr Saunders Hall of Residence. It appears obvious that by any calculation, environmental or financial, it is logical for the LSE to implement the changes recommended in the ECCL (Energy Control Consultants Ltd) report. However, only one change has been agreed to.

The ECCL undertook an energy audit in June 1990. The result of the audit was that through implementing the recommended changes 38% of the total energy costs (£14,000) could be saved. A capital investment of £75000 would be required which would be recuperated in about five years.

The proposed measures include the replacement of the existing inefficient oil fired boiler plant with modern gas fired high efficiency boilers. The oil fired boiler needs to be replaced in any case as it is nearing the end of its lifespan. An Energy Management System also needs to be installed. The empty cav-

ity brick walls need to be insulated and windows next to radiators need to be replaced by insulation pane. The present tungsten light fittings should also be replaced with high efficiency SL lamps.

Only the replacement of the light fittings has been agreed to by the Inter-Halls Committee. And presumably the boiler will be replaced in due course. However we wish to stress the necessity of implementing all the measures proposed by the ECCL if the maximum savings of energy and money are to be achieved. The extra money only amounts to £25000, a minimal amount considering the vast amounts of money that pass through the School. After the initial five year pay back period, the measures will continue to save money for the School.

We believe that as a responsible member of the world community we should care for this planet that we call home, and willingly take small steps such as these to help slow the destruction of the planet. This school cannot use the excuse of a lack of money and should not be allowed to pass up this opportunity. We urge the school not only to implement the measures

recommended by the ECCL but to look at energy efficiency in all the LSE buildings. We cannot ignore the grave problems this world faces or shirk from our responsibilities.

LSE Greens

Green Sale

Dear Beaver,

I just wanted to write a follow up to your article about Ecology in last weeks issue. In addition to the activities listed, the LSE Greens also held a jumble sale. The purpose of the sale was to make LSE students aware of the fact that we live in a throw away society and to earn money for the hardship fund and Green orientated organisations. The items we sold, even though they could have been reused or repaired, had been discarded by students without regard to their further usefulness or the environmental consequences of throwing away "junk". Towards the end of the sale a broken record player was brought, quickly repaired, and playing Beatles in the Quad.

Because of the success of the sale, the LSE Greens will be donating £100 to the Hardship

Fund and an additional £100 to groups with a Green outlook such as the Third World First and the Environmental Network for Nicaragua.

Dan Address
Treasurer, LSE Greens

Racism

Dear Beaver,

In response to RJ Wilson's rather pathetic letter, the view that racism does not exist at the LSE is naive, shortsighted and bigoted to say the least.

Look at the facts Wilson. A survey for the Beaver last year stated that 43% of non-white students had experienced racism at the LSE. Has Wilson not seen the National Front stickers around at LSE.

Racism is far more complicated than just the belief in the inherent inferiority of one race. Anti-racism Week was organised to make students aware of the extent of racism in society. It is an issue that is important to all students, after all LSE has a large non-white student population, and students here are also part of wider society.

Black people in this country are discriminated against on the

basis of their colour - positive discrimination exists to redress this balance.

If Wilson thinks positive discrimination is a greater problem than racism, then anti-racism for him/her would be a waste of time, since racists are not welcome to participate.

Labour Club Black Caucus

Tory Reply

Dear Beaver,

Your article, 'Deposed Prince', last week was well written, with a snappy headline, and its point was well argued. It is a pity that it was, in fact, full of lies and half truths giving a further indication of the shameful, unprofessional tabloid journalism in which you indulge.

The one correct fact is that Ian Prince has indeed resigned and has done so because of lack of time. He has, in fact, started working for the National and London Conservative Students and is therefore unable to give the time required to the LSE Conservative Association. It is, therefore, with great regret that Ian has decided to stand down.

When Ian Prince was elected as Chairman of the Conserva-

tive Association, it was not in a strong position. This term, we believe, has seen a dramatic increase in the awareness of the LSE Conservative Association on campus. We have held two major speaker meetings, Norman Tebbit and Edward Heath, in which we packed the Old Theatre. The Association has been kick started and it is now time that someone else took over the driving seat.

The Association has elected Dominic Bourke as its new chairman and we are sure that the whole membership will unite behind its new leader to ensure that the Conservative Association remains the largest and strongest political association and that 1991 will see further growth for the Conservatives on campus. The new committee enjoys our full support and backing.

Ian Prince, Dominic Bourke, Chris Pincher, Lee Marriott

The Beaver replies: The 'Deposed Prince' story was given to us by a reliable member of your association. We still believe it to be entirely accurate.

No Gulf war

The world teeters on the brink of war and the other day I watched a rerun of the Jetsons on BBC1. George Jetson and his wife Betty lived their lives of futuristic bliss while American bricklayers did their best to kill Vietnamese bricklayers and vice versa. All done to, "make the world a safe place for democracy". How soon we forget.

It seems that we have a unique and self destructive ability to put events into some sort of collective unconscious. Otherwise, how could we even begin to contemplate a war in the Middle East? How could we watch passively as wealthy, old people send American, British etc bricklayers to point their instruments of destruction at Iraqi bricklayers? Has anyone else noticed that those large words are back in circulation? Words like "Democracy" and "Freedom", "Dictator" and "Tyrant". Whenever politicians need to garner their support for their "biggest bully on the block" policies, they pull these skele-

tons out of the governmental closet. When a seventeen year old soldier is lying on the ground with his life oozing out of him from a gaping wound in his body, he doesn't cry for "Democracy" or "Freedom", he cries for his mother and he always realises at that profound but fleeting moment that his life was given in vain. And there can be no parade grand enough or a monument large enough to change that fact. For all his effort and pain, that seventeen year old soldier died for nothing. He might as well have died in a car crash or from a drug overdose, it doesn't make any difference. When the politicians come around and tell us the soldier gave his life for his country, they are lying through their dirty, stinking teeth.

The polls tell us that a majority of the populations of both the United States and Great Britain want their sons and fathers to go die in the sand dunes of Saudi Arabia. This support was given voluntarily mind you, not

through coercion, as is undoubtedly the case in Iraq. Are we really that gullible as to seriously entertain the notion that we are in the Middle East to protect the region from Hussein or even to "make the world safe for monarchy"? We are there to ensure that the Western world continues to have access to cheap oil. We are also there so that Bush can say he had a primary role in the formation of the "new world order". In the meantime, young men of various nationalities wait to be sacrificed on the well worn altar of vanity.

We need to be quite sure who the real enemies are. I say this to those old, wealthy politicians who would send the bricklayers and carpenters to die with other bricklayers and carpenters. You send us far away from our families to kill for the sake of words and give us guns to do it with and we'll know where to point them.

Name supplied

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First Hand

An LSE student caught in Baghdad when Iraq invaded Kuwait gives a first hand account of his experiences there and explains why Hussain must be stopped at all cost.

The Gulf crisis has attracted comments and arguments of all kinds from many people. Opinions have varied according to the holders; political views. Most people however have one thing in common: they are all outside of the Gulf looking in.

I, however, had the unfortunate but valuable experience of being trapped in the Gulf during the first months of the crisis. As a foreigner in Baghdad my initial reaction was one of disbelief and that kept me from panicking. Gradually, however, reality revealed itself in the most threatening ways.

On the first weekend of the invasion of Kuwait by Iraq our phone lines were cut off. Two armed men from the feared "Mukhabarat" (secret police) came to visit the house where I was staying with other foreigners. We were placed under house arrest and 24 hour surveillance for the next three weeks.

Several days later more men came from the

Mukhabarat and this time they took some of us away to their local station. There I saw the rooms where the secret police interrogated their suspects: the electric chair, the head vice and the chains hanging from the ceiling and walls. Luckily I never experienced the effects of these devices.

But it was what didn't happen to me rather than what did which was the most bizarre experience. Most of the time nothing happened and one simply had to wait it out. Time passed very slowly and the fear of being arrested in the middle of the night and of being tortured and killed were a constant trauma. Most of all one worried about not seeing family and friends again, about not being able to say and do as one pleases and about not being able to leave the region to return home.

After I was released from house arrest, speaking to some of the local Iraqis was probably the saddest experience I went through. Most

Iraqis were regretful: either they apologised or bowed their heads in shame. One Iraqi man I knew began to cry when I saw him only hours after the invasion began.

The Gulf crisis is growing deeper every day and the options available for a way out are quickly decreasing in number. There is still hope for a peaceful outcome although it is only realistic to point out that this is more unlikely now than it was, say, two weeks ago. The atrocities being committed in Kuwait are continuing. Sometimes Kuwaitis are allowed to leave across the border to Saudi Arabia after being released by Iraqi soldiers.

Some of them have had cigarettes put out in their eyes. The Kuwaitis are not the only victims. Guest workers who were living in Kuwait at the time of the invasion, including other Arabs, and who have not sympathised with Iraq, have also been abused.

The stakes in the Gulf are high but in the final analysis the issue at hand is clear cut: Saddam Hussein has invaded a friendly neighbour, he has violated international law, he is playing with the lives of innocent foreigners in Iraq and he is committing barbaric and inhuman crimes in Kuwait on a mass scale.

An end must be put to all of this. If the international community, particularly the United States, can achieve this peacefully that would be ideal. If not, the countries with allied forces in the Gulf must be prepared to go further. Not just for a small Gulf country like Kuwait, but for the sake of the international community itself. With the Cold War finally over do we want to set a dangerous precedent of appeasing aggression when the possibility exists of establishing a new and better world order? That would be a very sad mistake indeed.

Film 91

The London Film Festival Reviewed

This year the 34th annual London Film Festival boasted 190 films from 35 countries. The festival presents the opportunity of seeing the latest work of the big names, as well as presenting promising work from new directors.

However, if the festival wishes to promote interesting new work it must shed its present image of a private club. A lot of the problem lies in that the vast majority of films are only screened once. If the general public are to be aware of the screening of a particular film it must be publicized individually. The critics can but comment on films which they've seen - only a selection of films were available for preview, and many of the big names were conspicuously absent. The LFF posters around the underground were wonderfully stylish but not very informative. They should have provided information on how to get tickets - the LFF is forced to use a number of venues - and listings of what was showing. The diversity of films presented by the festival deserves an equally diverse audience.

Managing as it does to get its hands on films which are destined to become major releases, the LFF provides the opportunity for the Beaver Arts pages to present Film 91 as a Christmas special.



LSE SU ENTS

CHRISTMAS WEEK

Monday 3rd December
Hugh Lennon - Hypnotist
8.30pm Old Theatre £2.50

Thursday 6th December
Karaoke Night in The Three Tuns
8pm FREE

Tuesday 4th December
Film Double Bill:
Santa Claus conquers the Martians &
I bought a Vampire motorcycle
£2/£1

Friday 7th December
Boys Wonder & Honeychile
The Quad
7.45pm

Night Sun

A lot of films are rated bad because the material is too banal. "Night Sun" is bad, but it is not some mindless spoof pumped out by Hollywood or an amateur production by unknowns. In fact, the real tragedy is that it is a film directed by respected Italian directors Paolo and Vittorio Taviani.

They have adapted Tolstoy's novel "Father Sergio", changing the location from nineteenth century Russia to eighteenth century Italy. This in itself is not a problem - the story simply requires a nobility, peasants and religion. We also get the impressive setting which Leonardo da Vinci himself used for the Mona Lisa.

So how have they failed? A classy setting, accomplished directors and some very accomplished actors/actresses in an adaptation of a Tolstoy novel all point to a heavy weight success.

The fault lies with the material. Whatever this particular Tolstoy novel's merits, it is not the substance of a successful film in the latter part of the twentieth century.

Sergio is a minor nobleman whom we first encounter as a

very pretentious child successfully waiting for blossom to fall into his hand. Perhaps this could have been poetic, but the film's intense self-consciousness made the event so obviously symbolic that it wasn't. Our hero Sergio - and he is definitely supposed to be one - endears us further with his childhood masochism. He decides he wants to serve the king so he walks home with a stone in his shoe, the blood showing the devotion he has decided to give to this ambition. Obviously a successful tactic because the film then moves onto Sergio (Julian Sands) being appointed the King's chief officer. The king also plans a brilliant marriage for him.

It would at first appear fortunate that Sergio's wife is a beautiful duchess (Nastassja Kinski) who falls in love with him and he apparently with her. I say apparently because when she confesses to him just before they're married that she had a genuine love affair with the king, he walks out on her. Sergio has had many experiences with the farming girls and maids but finds it too humiliating to marry a Duchess who lost her virginity to a king.



So the heroic, non-virgin Sergio decides to become a monk, and, as his mother says, he is now above those who humiliated him. That pride is a deadly sin has not occurred to Sergio yet. When it does, he decides to become a hermit.

This solitude is apparently the virtue the Taviani brothers are trying to extol. Interviewed about "Night Sun" they said, "It is a wish for light in the midst of the present day darkness which stops us seeing and understanding."

With such pretensions to grandeur, why did they make a film in which women are only worthy of men if they're virgins? Working hard at being a saint, Sergio first

resists (only by cutting off his finger in self mortification - why not a more relevant part of his anatomy?) a wicked noblewoman who tries to seduce him. He does so only to give in to a peasant girl who is actually referred to as the devil come to tempt him.

Fire and brimstone ingredients notwithstanding, "Night Sun" is only a vague study on orthodox religion. The Tavianis' are renowned for their images. This film does have dramatic visual scope, but the lack of direction renders them idle canvasses. "Night Sun" is deficient in unity; its central theme is not the human need for solitude instead it comes dangerously near to sexism.

The Schoolmaster

This film is set in South Africa 1948; the period when formalised apartheid was born. "The Schoolmaster" starts and ends with the heroine, Engela as an old woman remembering the tragedy of her teenage years and consequently her life. We are to find out why she is an old woman defeated by factors over which she has had no control.

Engela (Elsa Fourie) is an attractive young woman who has to go and live with her Aunt when her father dies. True, she is a very dark beauty but her family are all bywoners so no one objects to her living on the estate. These bywoners (poor white descendants of the Boers) work on the landlord's estate and live in his modest houses.

A new teacher comes to this insular rural community and rents a room with Engela's aunt. He is Rozinsky (Jurgen Prochnov), a Polish immigrant who quickly finds himself up against deep racial barriers. Attempts to teach the children of his black labourer friends earn him the reputation as a trouble maker. But he develops an innocent friendship with the detached Engela. It is only when he is forced to leave the estate by the arrogant, colonial landlord, after being falsely blamed for a bywoner's death, that a realisation that they feel strongly about each other occurs.

The film successfully inter-

weaves the story of these tragic lovers with the stories of many other individual characters. Their link with the central tale is very natural and neatly tied up at the end. There are the black labourers who can tell of experiences of unpalatable injustices; the bywoners trying to fanatically preserve their identity and the despicably hateful landlord with his bitch of a wife and bastard of a son exploiting both the bywoners and the blacks.

Although this is Director Jean Delbeke's first feature film he has long been involved with inditing apartheid on film. He has been a cameraman for the U.N and more recently made fictional programmes for black audiences.

"The Schoolmaster" manages to show the evil of the South African system without actually focusing on any particular story of black injustice. The tragedy of Rozinsky and Engela alone shows how all in South Africa are inextricably affected by the racial repression and violence that characterise the country. They are destroyed by the bywoners and the English landlord uniting for once against the lovers because they recognise their anti-racist stance as an affront to their interests and norms. A sad, powerful film which attacks apartheid from a new angle.

The Ear

"The Ear" was completed in Czechoslovakia in 1969 but was banned until now. Director Karel Kachyna made the film about fear; Ludvik is a senior executive in government office under the very real threat of political arrest. Impending doom encircles the film; the tension is contagious.

Ludvik and his wife, Anna return to their suburban home late at night only to discover that neither has the key. When they enter through the cellar they find the electricity is off and it looks as though they have had an intruder. These ominous discoveries do not bode well; via flashbacks we see scenes from the governmental party that they

attended that evening. Whilst Anna was getting rip roars drunk - a regular occurrence it seems - Ludvik has a very stressful evening discovering that his boss, the Minister, and other high ranking officials have been arrested. Although he has done nothing wrong all eyes seem to be on Ludvik as the next victim.

While he is frantically burning all his papers in the toilet he starts to argue with his boisterous wife. Their relationship is reminiscent of Martha and George in "Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf" - Anna appears to be a strong minded, alcoholic, flousy who is exasperated by her sober faced husband. Indeed,

because of an inherent low budget setting for this East European film; the scenes could quite easily suggest a film adaptation of a stage play or T.V drama. All the action of the film takes place in their house or flashbacks of the party.

Whilst they are arguing the state security officers "drop-in" nevertheless the end of the film is a surprise and casually ironic. This film was made under similar surveillance to that which it portrays and doubtless this is what makes it such a successful comment on not only surveillance but also careerism and conformity.

Piano Panier

This is a delicate picture of the friendship between two friends. "Piano Panier" is Director Patricia Plattner's first feature film and she also wrote the screenplay. Fortunately for her career and for anyone who craves for a film which is directed by a woman about women but for anyone to enjoy, it is a success.

The central characters are Marie (Anne-Laure Luisoni) and Filipa (Rita Blanco). Childhood friends, but from very different backgrounds; Marie is French Swiss and Filipa is Portuguese. (The film is in French and Portuguese but has English subtitles and French ones for the Portuguese bits - this doesn't detract but actually adds to the authenticity of the performances.)

The play begins with a very vulnerable Marie calling Filipa round to her house for emotional support. She is

trying to break-up with her lover because he is married. Filipa persuades Marie to go with her to visit her family in Portugal. Now the real exploration of "Piano Panier" begins. Marie finds herself isolated in the strong family atmosphere and is disgusted to hear that her friend not only wants to become a pharmacist but has also decided to get married. Filipa warm-hearted and more pragmatic explains that marrying Manuel, a moderately successful Portuguese bloke is what she wants; so Marie should respect that.

Their friendship is healthy and open so they are able to discuss these differences and still remain friends. Filipa decides to take Marie to the family beach house. In this calm, seaside setting they work through personal and cultural conflicts. The process is always sensitive and

intelligent; the film is an testament to feminine sensibility and the rewards of female friendship.

All this is contained within a film which has a ready pace and a fulfilling story line. Luisoni gives a classy portrayal of depressed Marie who has to face the return of her married lover with whom she is still in love. She is the intellectual, with a gift for playing the piano and an interest in exotic foreign languages and dances. Filipa is more practical and family orientated; Blanco plays her with an earthy charm. They have different attitudes to life, particularly relationships but "Piano Panier" shows how these can be overcome with tolerance. Filipa shows herself to be a good friend when Marie needs her and at the end of this "Women's Movie" - if you like - Marie responds magnanimously.

The Bachelor

Italian Director Roberto Faenza has made a film in the big screen tradition of such films as "Out Of Africa" and "Passage To India". He has purposely filmed in the genre of large scale sets with unashamedly strong images of open spaces, breath takingly beautiful scenery and fantastic period costume.

"The Bachelor" is an adaptation of the novel "Dr. Graesler" by Arthur Schnitzler. Set in the turn of this century, showing the life of the idle rich on the continent; it tells the story of an irresolute, if well-meaning man - Dr. Graesler, played by Keith Carradine. He is a doctor of high society; passing the winters in Lanzarote and the summers employed by a hotel in a picturesque village on the Austria-Hungarian Empire's borders. A world which is on the verge of collapsing.

Unexpectedly and inexplicably, his sister who has always been his companion, kills herself. Already dissatisfied with his comfortable but empty life, Graesler looks to love as the only means of saving himself from the boredom and anguish which threatens to engulf him. Carradine's performance seems effortlessly smooth. His character is charming and well-mannered but Graesler has an underlying immaturity. He is the anti-hero; a victim of his own incompetence and arrogance. When the beautiful and gracious Sabine offers him the possibility of marriage in her honest and straightforward way he pompously keeps her as an option whilst he runs off to Vienna to break another girl's



heart. This time he seduces the equally beautiful Katharina who is uninhibited, giving and passionate. When he decides to make a commitment to Sabine it is too late, when he turns back to Katharina his discovery is even more tragic. Now a victim of circumstance and moral exhaustion, no longer able to exercise even the faintest degree of free-will; Graesler falls under the worldly influence of a shallowly attractive widow and her overbearing child. The performances, stylised by the very nature of the film, are nonetheless genuine. Whilst the male central character is

so melancholy and indecisive; it is refreshing to see such convincing and powerful supporting roles for the women. This is achieved not by the nature of their position in society which is of course that of women waiting to get married, married, or on the shelf, but by their characters - women of substance and not just stereotypes of an age. "The Bachelor" is a glamorous, romantically produced film about human irresolution which sweeps you along with it.

A picture of paradise

Alan Parker's new film

"Come See the Paradise" continues the theme which directors have found so inviting for years. The theme of East meets West or more precisely Japan meets America. No, this is not another Black Rain. It is a movie about the survival of an inter-racial love affair during the second world war. The setting is Los Angeles where the Americans are expressing increasingly violent anti-Japanese sentiments, especially after the bombing of Pearl Harbour.

The Kawamura family are happy people, as proud of their Japanese heritage as they are of their American home. When Jack McGurn (Dennis Quaid) enters their lives as a projectionist in Mr Kawamura's cinema and sets his eyes on the exotic beauty of his daughter Lily, their destinies inevitably fuse and Mr Kawamura's vehement

objections are useless against the fire that burns within them.

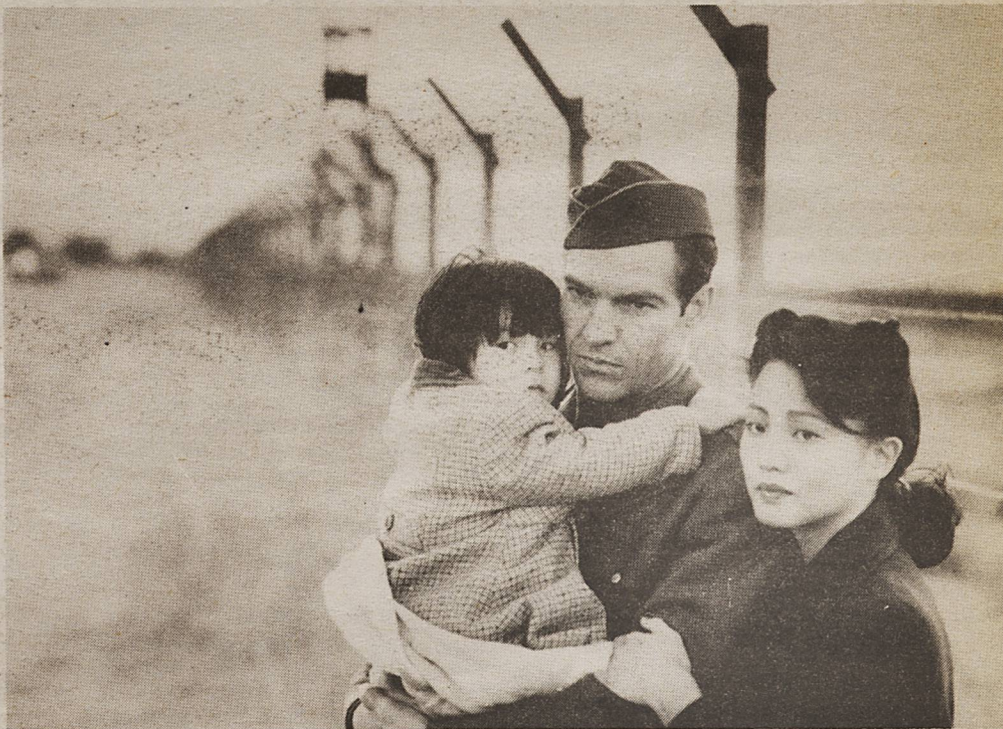
Although there is a glut of war-time movies around, this is one with a difference. Instead of being preoccupied with the actual events as most of them tend to be, this one examines the effect of those events on the society and on those who must choose sides. Both Lily (Tamlyn Tomita) and Jack face this dilemma. He must choose between joining the army and shooting against his wife Lily and her family or go to jail for illegal union activities. She must choose between being an American and stabbing her heritage in the back or leaving her American husband and joining her family in the camp.

She chooses the latter but she does so against the will of her heart. Life in the camp is bleak and the family starts

falling apart under the pressure. Lily only finds peace when Jack deserts his army base to see her and their little daughter Mini who seems to have grown so much every time he sees her.

"Come See the Paradise" is a beautiful film to watch. It captures comprehensively the diversity of Japanese tradition and sophistication and how wary the Kawamura's of Little Tokyo were of an American walking in and stealing the heart of their prized possession. It is a film about reconciliation and the strength of family bonds and relationships. Words cannot convey the mood of the film sufficiently so succumb to the prompt of the title and go see the paradise. You won't regret it.

"Come See the Paradise" is out in the 30th November. Sahr Johnny



Dennis Quaid and Tamlyn Tomita play star crossed lovers in "Come see the paradise"

Hamlet

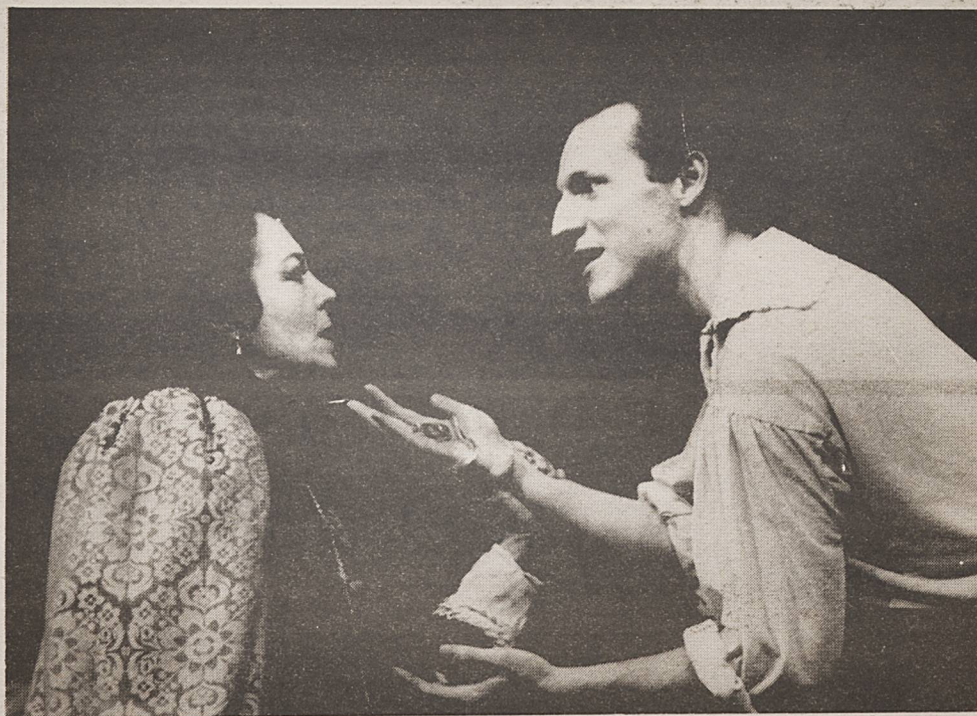
Cheek By Jowl reach the Lyric

A new production from Cheek By Jowl theatre company is always eagerly awaited. Famous for their original and jazzy interpretations of Shakespeare and other classics they have now reached London with their world tour of "Hamlet".

Director Declan Donnellan and designer Nick Ormerod have chosen to clothe the entire cast and direct the simple set in different shades of grey. The set consists of one slightly raised platform in the middle of the stage. This works well with the ghost of King Hamlet starting the play by reading the prologue from the platform. He is played by Daniel Thorndike as an elusive figure but whereas this is to be expected because of his ethereal status, one does not anticipate the same from the rest of the cast.

The central failure of the play is that the audience never really empathises with Hamlet. Timothy Walker's interpretation seems replete with soliloquies where he magnificently bemoans his predicament only to break the tension with ludicrous screaming sentences. Too often Hamlet is made to look ridiculous rather than tragic. In the early stages of his insanity he takes off his breaches and parades around the stage with only white y-fronts on. - Sometimes one hankers for the more traditional approach.

Hamlet is a part which has frequently driven the actor himself insane, Walker's interpretation is not without fire and intensity but it lacks that thread which could pull the audience along. The pathos of his part is



Timothy Walker takes up the challenge of playing Hamlet

too easily lost in the erudite pursuit of originality.

As Claudius, the murder and usurper of the throne, Scott Cherry is overly amiable and charming even when the true extent of his crimes is revealed. Natasha Parry is competent as Hamlet's mother the Queen but her husband Claudius is too young to be married to her; he seems almost younger than Hamlet.

Cheek by Jowl always handle Shakespeare's comic scenes with successful vigour. The gravediggers scene in "Hamlet" is no

exception.

"Alas, poor Yorick I knew him Horatio" is as funny as ever. Peter Needman plays one of the jaunty gravediggers as well as Polonius, whom he portrays as a crabby old fuss pot. His are the wittiest performances of the play.

So many of Hamlet's lines are infamous in the English language. Donnellan strives to tackle them all as inventively as possible. Hamlet, for instance, muses on the ways to say "To be or not to be....." by scribbling down his different thoughts like

a poet and littering these notes all over the stage. But ultimately the gains made in originality for this production cannot make up for what is lost in tragic affect. A production of "Hamlet" which fails to grab the imagination of the audience with the drama of the final scene cannot be recommended.

"Hamlet" is being performed at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith until the 15th December.

Sarah Eglin

Metaphors and revolution

A new play at the Soho Poly

The Loose Change Theatre Co.'s presentation of Chilean playwright Antonio Skarmeta's Burning Patience again lives up to its reputation for representing the works of deserving international writers.

The play itself focuses around the life and times of Pablo Neruda, a Chilean poet, diplomat and socialist leader at his home on the bucolic Isla Negra. The cramped stage design at times limits optimal visibility, and combined with the Soho Poly's tiny basement stage this seems to have the effect of putting the audience literally on top of the play. Nevertheless, the layout is simple and credible even if the Chilean atmosphere is compromised by only one character having a Spanish accent.

It is mostly Neruda the Poet we see in the first act, casually played by Vincenzo Nicoli, as he establishes a mentor-student relationship with his loyal postman Mario. This relationship is at times a bit forced and Don Gilet's Mario played over-enthusiastically as Neruda helps Mario realize his first love obsession with the tavern maid Beatriz. Neruda does this by introducing him to the charms of metaphors for life and love; with a little help from Shakespeare. Neruda's good-natured cynicism comes out wittily when he first asks Mario, "Who are you in love against?"

However, as vehemently pointed out by Beatriz' mother Rosa in a strong-willed attempt to guard her daughter's chas-

city, metaphors can be taken in different ways. Skarmeta makes further use of symbolism in an erotic yet tasteful scene between Beatriz and Mario using an egg to represent her virginity. Needless to say, the egg is dropped and the joyful celebration of their marriage closes out the first act.

Although barely alluded to in the first act, there is a political crescendo in the background of the play. If all you know about Chilean political history is that there was a military coup in 1973 leading to a fascist dictatorship then that is sufficient. Through Neruda's speech as French ambassador about a newly awakened Chile, and the celebration scenes of his Nobel Prize award Skarmeta skillfully gives us the sense that Neruda largely embodied the thinking and the potential of his country before the revolution. The effect of his thinking and teaching on the simple lives of Mario and Beatrice showed the new hope and character of the Chilean people.

It is thus fitting that the play appropriately ties Neruda's impending death with the first signs of the fascist regime. As soldiers stand guard around Neruda's house, both he and Mario are at a loss to explain this new condition. This is clearly no longer a time for poetry and metaphors.

Burning Patience is now playing at the Soho Poly until December 15th
Eric Ashley

How to get ahead in market research

The new play from Royal Court

Hmmm. Have you ever wondered what life's all about in the funny "new" world of market research? Well, pop along to the Royal Court Theatre and you might be in for a few surprises.

"No One Sees The Video", Martin Crimp's first play for the Royal Court takes us into this dimension. The dreaded moment, when an interviewer interrupts what would otherwise be a run-of-the-mill day, by saying, "Excuse me Madam, would you mind helping us with our survey on shopping by answering a few questions?"

Those who comply with her request find themselves answering questions about their marital status and whether the answer "no" means "never" or "not really".

Liz (Celia Imrie) is approached by an interviewer and is initially reluctant but as you can guess changes her mind. Going against her principles she becomes a market researcher herself. Hence, we are introduced to Roger The Observer (Michael Attwell) who just sits and listens while Sally (Adie Allen) is asked by Liz what it felt like having her first period. She reacts to Roger's presence by saying "Does he get off on this or something?"

The play is a series of humorous and sexually charged scenes involving Liz and her



A scene from 'No-one sees the video'

daughter, Jo (Emer McCourt) who is 16 years old and 19 weeks pregnant. Along with Colin (Neil Dudgeon) Liz's boss and Paul (Stephen Tompkinson) Interviewee-turned-lover of Liz. The writer also brings into use the classification of people and items into market research groups. Cosmopolitan or

"Cosmo" is described as a BMW, Women's Weekly is a T-reg Ford Cortina, Jackie is basically a moped.

Although "No One Sees The Video" (directed by Lindsay Posner) leaves one with an empty feeling due to the numerous short scenes, it is a funny play. Worth seeing for this rea-

son - you might decide you want to take up a career in Market Research.

Runs until 15th December at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square.

Ben Accam

The possibilities of socialism in Chelsea

A play by Mayakovsky reviewed on the fringe

If the Olivier or the Lyttleton have not lost their charm. If the Royal Court just isn't what it was, try getting back to theatre's experimental roots for the British premiere of Mayakovsky's famous satire.

The stage and the floor are one and the same, the props are minimal (or should that be minimalist) and the theatre only holds about fifty people. Here experimental theatre meets experimental writer in Mayakovsky's most unfettered attack upon Soviet bureaucracy.

The play was first directed in Russia by Meyerhold. The combination of Mayakovsky's futurism and the former's modernism onstage can only be guessed at. But certainly the piece was self-consciously modern not just in method and approach but in the attempt to disassociate from the past.

The Half Moon stayed true to the play's being modern in 1930. Thus it emerged as a literary piece rather than a

drama of pertinent social comment. This could be seen as a flaw by those looking for a comment on bureaucracy in contemporary Russia. But for those who have an interest in Russia in the 1920s and 1930s the play is fascinating.

The actors succeed in conveying the sense of novelty and enthusiasm in the possibilities of socialism. But unfortunately the performance lacked verve, and towards the end the actors were positively wilting as they embarked upon a flamboyant march towards the victory of socialism. This grandiose almost hyperbolic style is perhaps at odds to the intimate setting of the Half Moon. But then this back room behind a rather nice Chelsea pub does have other distractions.

"The Big Clean-Up" is being performed at The Man In The Moon Theatre until 15th December.

Bronwen Grey

Dancing Attendance

Fringe Theatre Reviewed

Dancing attendance is the third in a season of plays specially commissioned for what must be one of the smallest theatres in London. The play boasts a cast of three but don't let numbers influence you, the subject matter is as powerful as any of the more flamboyant undertakings in town.

It stars Barry Foster who already has under his belt (or above it) numerous title roles in plays like Macbeth, King John and various television appearances including Hamlet and Inspector Morse. This guy must be one of a chosen few gifted with the ability to infuse a wealth of meaning into a sentence such as, "I save my shit for you, really I do."

Let me clear the air on this one. Barry Foster plays Jack Slaney, a vigorous man who has made it to the top but is prevented from enjoying the fruits of labour by being irrevocably bound to a wheelchair. The end product of this misfortune is a vicious, resentful man ready to bite the head of anyone he can sink his head into. The aforesaid sentence was a cynical epiphany of his own inability to keep his posterior in a respectable condition, intended to shock his daughter who has relentlessly looked after his needs. Their life is dull and nihilistic. She comes home from work only to be greeted by his appalling nerve-wrecking tantrums and returns to work the following morning still hearing the echo of last night's quarrel, hat-



Barry Foster as Slaney and David Beames as Dalton

ing his malicious words but still loving him. Loving him with an intensity bordering dangerously on incest.

Reg Dalton represents the force that will free her from that danger and open her eyes to a life her forty odd years had never experienced before. He is one of the modern nomads, taking on any job to keep a minimum level of subsistence. Now he has a chance to affect the lives of those people he resents so much, the people he strangely feels are responsible for his irregular way of life. The play is powerful in its deroulement, intensified by the informal setting of the stage (it is above a pub). Dancing Attendance is definitely not for the faint-hearted, especially after one has had a few pints!

Dancing Attendance is currently showing at the Bush Theatre, Sheperds Bush Green until 8th December.

Sahr Johnny

Henry, June, Anais and Hugo in bed

Kaufmann's controversial film - Henry and June

The intriguing and perverse affair of Anais Nin and Henry Miller is recounted in 'Henry and June'. Philip Kaufman, previously associated with the 'Unbearable Lightness of Being', insensitively tackles the essential dynamism of this extraordinary relationship. Drawing upon Nin's published diaries, Kaufman recounts Miller's and Nin's journey towards liberation and establishment as beacons of modern literature. He reveals the impact of their encounter upon themselves and their spouses, June and Hugo. Miller and Nin, considered to be the most prominent male and female writers on sexuality in this century, are renowned for their much publicized passionate literary relationship. Their secret love affair, however, has only recently been discovered. Early publications of Nin's diary omitted the sexual details of

their relationship until the last of its four participants had died. The film is heavily influenced by this. The theme explores the relationship between man and woman, woman and woman, the nature of womanizing, and the coming of age and sexual opening up of a woman. Conveying the consequences of enjoyment of the abnormal diminishing conventional satisfaction. Unfortunately this concentration on the sexual chemistry of the characters detracts rather than compliments the fascinating investigation of their minds. Debasing the film to little more than a glamorous soft porn movie.

June, Miller's beautiful and enigmatic second wife, although not featuring much in the film, is central to the influences upon Miller and Nin. She was a powerful force within their writing. Both attempted to decant

the essence of who June really was and why they were so obsessed by her. However, again there is a failure to capture this. Instead of being veiled by mystery she comes across as a dense, egotistical dyke.

This latest Kaufman creation is a great disappointment. Its inability to portray the essence of the early 1930s Paris, an environment on which these capricious characters thrived, destroys the milieu of the scenario. Leaving little else than a study in the number of positions it is possible to assume in two hours. It now becomes apparent why Nin wished for sections of her diary to remain secret till all involved were deceased, she obviously anticipated the probability of such commercial abuse of her experiences.

Henry and June is on general release in London.

Pollyanna Bristol

Houghton Street Harry

All honeymoons come to an end. The England cricket team's honeymoon began in Jamaica in February. It faltered the following month in Trinidad, was revived in England this summer, and ultimately came to a humiliating end last week in Brisbane of all places. The last decade has seen the fortunes of English cricket rise and fall in a quite unprecedented manner, while other cricketing nations have either gone one way or the other. The West Indies (slightly) and India have lost ground, Australia and Pakistan have gained, New Zealand were managing to hold their ground until Sir Richard Hadlee retired, and Sri Lanka will never be the team to beat.

In 1980, England was fairing badly under the captaincy of Ian Botham. His resignation the following year set the scene for one of the most fascinating Ashes series of all time. England - or rather that unique combination of Botham and Mike Brearley - emerged victorious, but immediately afterwards suffered an indifferent experience on the subcontinent, under the captaincy of Keith Fletcher. In 1982, England played host to India and Pakistan (Bob Willis was now captain). It was the all-round skill of Botham yet again (over 400 runs and more than 30 wickets), which ensured both touring sides went home empty handed. The winter tour to Australia saw the Aussies seeking revenge for the traumas they had experienced at Headingley and Edgbaston. Spearheaded by the hostile bowling of Geoff Lawson, the home team won the series 2-1. England reached the semi-finals of the 1983 World Cup, but were then defeated by New Zealand in the winter. In 1984, England played host to the West Indies and lost the series 5-0; it was not to be England's only "blackwash" of the decade. The winter tour to India saw a revival in the team's fortunes. Now under the captaincy of David Gower, the tourists came from behind to win the rubber 2-1, with outstanding performances from Mike Gatting and Neil Foster.

The summer of 1985 resumed the battle for the Ashes. It was to be Botham's last season with Somerset, and he was in brilliant form. But his services went for the most part unused, as the bowling of Richard Ellison and the batting of Gower (732 runs at an average of 81.33) swept the Australian challenge away. Gower ended the summer a national idol and led England off to the Caribbean full of optimism. The result: blackwash No. 2. England then struggled against India and New Zealand, before heading down under with Gatting, now, at the helm. It was to be England's most successful tour of the decade. As well as winning all three of the international one-day competitions, England also retained the Ashes. One of the most striking achievements came from Chris Broad, who scored three successive Test centuries, and finished the series with an aggregate of 487 runs. On a sadder note, it was to be the last time Botham would score a century or take five wickets in an innings for England. In 1987, England lost to both New Zealand and Pakistan, but only months later, reached the final of the World Cup. Only weeks after that, England lost yet again to Pakistan, in a series that crucially undermined Gatting's authority by way of the Shakoor Rana incident. The following summer, England made an excellent start against the West Indies, winning the one-day internationals 3-0. England drew the First Test, but Gatting was sacked. Three other captains were used during the series which the West Indies eventually won 4-0.

The 1988/89 tour to India was cancelled, and in 1989, once again under the captaincy of Gower, England lost the Ashes 4-0. As the rebel tour to South Africa got underway, what was left of England, this time led by Graham Gooch, headed for Sabina Park. And it was there that the honeymoon began.

It takes more than a new captain, a new chairman of selectors, and a new manager to transform the performances of a national cricket side. England used nine captains during the 1980s, and it showed. To achieve success in any field, a clearly worked-out long-run plan is essential. Even now, England lacks such foresight. Allan Border has been captain of Australia for six years. Not all has gone well for Australia ever since, but the authorities were keen to establish some sense of continuity, a policy which gave rising players such as David Boon and Steve Waugh the opportunity to establish themselves even after rather inadequate debuts. Neil Fairbrother, on the other hand, was given just three tests this summer in which to prove himself.

Furthermore, each player must be assigned a particular role to play. As Greg Chappell's career progressed, he made the transformation into a more authoritative and disciplined batsman. Gower must be persuaded to do likewise. Both in the First Test against the West Indies in 1988 and against India this summer, he demonstrated his ability to do just that, but he still needs encouragement to go further. In the all-rounder department, England still seem to be vainly searching for someone to fill Botham's shoes. A genuine all-rounder is a valuable asset to any side, a sub-standard all-rounder can be a costly liability. Waugh is a batsman who can bowl, Wasim Akram is a bowler who can bat. Chris Lewis, like Phil DeFreitas before him, is struggling to perform with either bat or ball, which effectively leaves England both a bowler and a batsman short. Now that he has made the side, Lewis should be given a run for his money, but the question of whether it was sensible to pick an all-rounder just for the sake of it remains. These are just a few points, and though it would be unfair to write off the series at such an early stage, it would be far from unfair to argue that the learning process, rather than being complete, has still a very long way to go.

Tiny Tim's Turkey

At 2pm last Thursday, Mike Handford - A.U. General Secretary - presented the L.S.E. nursery with a cheque for 250 pounds. The total fund of 330 pounds was raised last June at the annual Athletics Union Open Day, held at the L.S.E. Playing Fields in Berrylands. The remainder, amounting, to 80 pounds is to be donated to the N.S.P.C.C. in line with the general aim of "helping children out".

The money was raised primarily through a raffle, the sale of lunches and the entry fees from a six-a-side soccer tournament. Handford, better known to his friends as "Campy", said that "we are very happy to be able to assist in this very worthy cause and hope others will follow suit". Claire Boyack received the cheque on behalf of the Nursery.



Stop Picking on Gazza!

Not since the days of the great England World Cup winning team, and the two Bobbys, Moore and Charlton (what do you mean who?), has there been so much fuss and attention about English footballers, and one in particular. I am talking of course, of Mr. Paul (GAZZA) Gascoigne, but before you stop reading, thinking "Hasn't he had enough press?", wait for a minute and listen to what I want to say. My message is STOP PICKING ON GAZZA.

To prevent any later aspersions on my impartiality, I will gladly admit right here and now, that yes, I am a Spurs fan, and was one of those who spent the World Cup crowing "I told you so", when everyone finally realised that Gazza should certainly be playing for England full time. The problem now, is that he is being attacked by the same press who heralded him as the saviour of English football in Italy. Gazza is a brilliant and talented footballer, and throughout the World Cup, one of the things that the press picked up on most was the fact that he was not only creative in midfield, but that he never gave up on a game - remember that last minute surge against Belgium which led to the free kick, and then the goal for David Platt - and that he was capable of tackling and helping out all over the pitch. Now that Gazzamania has hit the country, all of a sudden we are hearing from the press, and even Graham Taylor, that he drifts in and out of games, and that it is a liability to play him.

Constant comparisons are made with David Platt when they are not both on the pitch to do the same job: Surely, each should be recognised as genuine talents, rather than trying to play them off against each other? Graham Taylor's decision to drop Gascoigne - surely one of the few current footballing geniuses in the English game today, was heralded by the press with glee, another sad example of how the English hate winners, or at least prefer their winners to be polite and reserved, like Gary Lineker, or Platt himself. Yet, replacing the man who at least knows how to provide Lineker with the service he so badly needed against Ireland, with the ageing Cowans,

simply removed the ever present possibility when Gascoigne plays that he could do something brilliant and turn the game, and should not have been greeted in this way. The press admit that they cannot understand how someone as cheeky, extrovert and sometimes immature as Gazza, can be so brilliant on the football field, whilst making records and numerous personal appearances. Why not? Football is Gazza's life, but whilst he can, I fail to see why he should not benefit from his new found super-status. It does not seem to have markedly affected his game, even though every mistake that he makes is seized upon.

Obviously Gazza does make mistakes. After all he is only 23, not super human, and has not yet had years worth of experience. As well as that, he has consistent pressure on him to always perform magnificently, unlike Platt, who, probably due to his quieter personality, has been left relatively unpressured. In the same way that Maradona could not satisfy all expectations of him in the World Cup, it is unrealistic to expect Gazza to do so match after match. Football is a team game after all, and one player should not be solely relied upon to run the game.

So, please take notice of what I am trying to say. Leave Gazza to get on with what he does best - play football, and treat him as if he is human, not some machine able to be calculated game after game to play like a marvel. Hopefully Taylor will realise that if he has the opportunity to play such a talent, he should indeed play him; and perhaps the tabloid writers will look back to what they wrote during the World Cup, and see whether Gazza has really changed that much. Oh, and don't get at him just because he makes irritatingly catchy records. At least he isn't being managed by Stock, Aitken and Waterman, and unlike Milli Vanilli, at least he does (in his own way) sing on them!

Sarah Ebner

I.C. Shut-Out!

TABLE TENNIS:

L.S.E. IV.....13
Imperial College.....0

The L.S.E. Table-tennis team have progressed to the Challenge Round, having cleared the last obstacle, Imperial College, who we crushed without losing a single game. The squad repeated last year's first round successes by finishing top of our group, booking a place in the final 16.

After a convincing victory over Surrey in the opening clash, L.S.E. faced an all-fresher team from Kent. With the Chief and the German killer absent, the team was by no means left vulnerable as that expert-of-all-racquet sports, Andrew Ip and the Oriental Hurricane, Ken Wong nicely filled the gap.

L.J.C. Domingo's Mauritian top-spin was more powerful than ever in this match, guiding us to yet another rampant victory. We conceded only five sets this time (including a defaulted doubles).

The squad moved on to play an exciting match against Sussex in which both teams were striving to maintain their unbeaten runs. L.S.E.'s unusual strategic formation came through once more with flying colours, as Henry Chan upset the 89-90

U.A.U. Individual Plate Champion, E. Harvey, in the first round.

The seemingly smooth path to victory after the early lead went astray, however, as the odds turned against us: Domingo lost to Sussex's third string, A. Neeb due to a serious headache, while T. Bissels failed to add to his dramatic opening scalps. Coming

into the final round, the deciding doubles seemed all-important.

Nethertheless, dramatic events were afoot as Andrew regained his touch to beat Neeb and Henry edged out Steele on the other table. The crucial nine points were on our side and the doubles proved unnecessary: L.S.E. were to finish top.

The victory over I.C., then, merely confirmed our place in the Challenge Round which, incidentally, will be held at home. The squad is reported to be confident of "terminating any nasty opponents blocking their way into the Championship Weekend". The Beaver wishes them all the best!

Step by step

LSE 1st XI.....4
Imperial College.....0

LSE's football team completed their progress to the next round of the Universities Athletic Union Cup with a good performance and a win over Imperial College.

The usual grudge match between these two sides was for once a display of fine football all-round, although LSE were always in control.

LSE took the lead after 20 minutes with an unexpected goal straight from a corner. William "chicks" Shepherd, who likes to shoot from almost anywhere drove in the corner tight on the near post, forcing the defence into confusion. Somehow the ball

ended up in the net. Alex Hunt made a claim for the goal and asked me to include a report of his "cheeky, near post header". Chick's claim probably has greater truth behind it, however.

Half-time was reached without further incident(?) other than the injury to Kelvin Farrow while making an important challenge. Kelvin played on until the interval and was replaced by Gareth O'Leary, who played with a fractured cheek-bone.

Pete Conchie capped a good first half performance with a second half hat-trick. The first was a powerful header whilst the second was a solo effort finished with a right foot shot. His third goal came after some good run-

ning and tackling by Patrick Eyre and some neat deception tactics employed by Shepherd, leaving Conchie free to slot the ball past the 'keeper.

The L.S.E. secured this important cup game through tight defensive play, Dave Perret assuming the captaincy in the second half. Marcus Chapman's tremendous commitment was second only to the vociferous support of Martha Mercier and her Mum.

LSE are through to the national round of the UAU cup for the first time in living memory and are improving with every game. Your support would be warmly welcomed.

Andy Clasper.