



Last ditch effort to occupy County Hall

LSE bid continues against £60m Japanese offer

By Beaver Staff

The School is continuing in its attempts to secure County Hall, despite a number of setbacks in the holidays.

The building's owners, the London Residuary Body, had agreed to sell the site to a Japanese company, Shirayama Corporation. The agreement is reported to have originated at the political level from the Ministry for Environment, which at the time was still led by Michael Heseltine.

The deal, however, contains a clause that allows the government to reverse the decision at any time up to the end of this year.

Following an appeal for support, heritage groups, Alumni and other friends of the School, including senior cabinet figures, have expressed their view that the School would make better use of the site than a hotel complex. It is hoped that this will encourage the government to reverse the

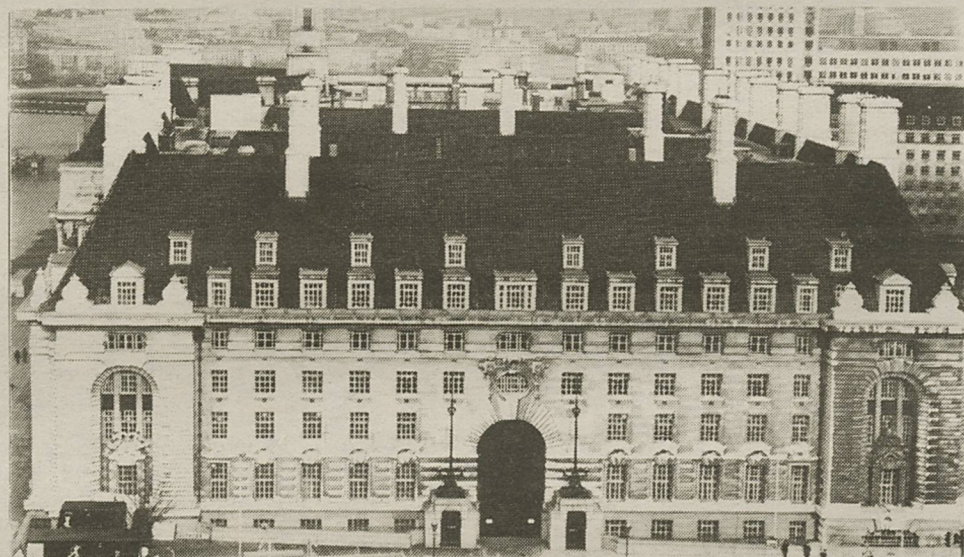
sale.

The School was preparing its bid in the last few days of last term, following the announcement that it had teamed up with the German property company Advanti. The German firm had agreed to pay £80m for the Houghton Street site. This would have enabled the School to make a cash bid of £20m for County Hall.

Another £50m were supposed to be earmarked for the refurbishment and different community programmes on the site. As the London Residuary Body had been obliged to accept the highest cash bid, Shirayama's £60m bid succeeded on 23 March.

The Tory victory in the election meant that hopes of an immediate overturning of the decision were to be frustrated.

Iain Crawford, the School's press officer is still optimistic. "The changes in the cabinet mean that attitudes towards the LSE bid for County Hall have



Bids for County Hall are still under consideration.

Photo: Steve East

changed," he told The Beaver, referring indirectly to the fact that Michael Heseltine, who was opposed to the LSE at County Hall, is no longer Environment Secretary.

Whilst the LSE does not have possession of the building, it is likely that the events of the last few months have assisted the School's planning application at Lambeth Council, a process that is essential for either potential occupant.

Seeing the LSE bid as the lesser of two evils, there is evidence to suggest that the council will now grant LSE planning permission for change of use, and deny permission for the

Japanese firm's proposals. Such a move would significantly improve the School's chances of getting possession of the building.

There is concern amongst the student body, academics and members of the School administration that too much time and money is being spent trying to get a building that "we have already lost." In their view the School should now be looking at other sites.

"If we have not secured the building by the summer holidays then we will consider other options", Crawford told The Beaver.

As an answer to allegations that the School was spending too much money,

he argued that, "so far we have spent very little money on our bid, whilst in return we have got some extremely favourable publicity from the press."

Examples of the favourable publicity include letters which appeared in different national newspapers, as well as the Feature article in The Independent on Wednesday. In the article the journalist Jonathan Glancey had argued that County Hall was "ideal for student occupation". He said that the LSE had "more to offer than cash alone".

Lambeth Council is due to meet on 12 May.

Aung San Suu Kyi to have visitors

This year's Student Union Honorary President, Aung San Suu Kyi, who is currently under house arrest in Burma has been allowed visits from her family for the first time since her detention.

Her husband Michael Aris, who last saw her on new year's day 1991, was apparently "overjoyed" at the news.

Last Term Aung San Suu Kyi's brother-in-law came to the LSE to accept

the Honorary Presidency on behalf of the Nobel Prize winner. During the Union AGM on the 12th of March, Mr Aris quoted from her book, 'Freedom from Fear', speaking for about 10 minutes, and then received a standing ovation.

Suu Kyi is free to leave the country only on the condition that she does not come back. However, she intends to stay until all the other prisoners have been released.



Aung San Suu Kyi

Pink Plaque stolen again

By Beaver Staff

The Pink Plaque was stolen sometime over the last weekend of the last term. This is the second time that the Pink Plaque, which has been put up to commemorate persecuted homosexuals as well as the Foundation of the Gay Liberation Front at the LSE, has been stolen. The Plaque, which had been installed in the Vegetarian Cafe on the 11th of October last year, was probably removed on Sat-

urday night. Police found that the doors to the Hacker's Bar, the second floor of the Cafe, had not been locked overnight. It is not clear whether it was purely accidental that these doors were left open. Social and Services Secretary, Fiona MacDonald commented that it seemed to have been a "deliberate theft", which probably had been premeditated. Nevertheless she thought that it

See Plaque, page 2

Violence breaks out in Tuns

By Beaver Staff

Following an alleged attack in the Three Tuns Bar, and an incident outside the Old Building last term, a complaint was made to the Administrative Staffing Committee. The ASC has currently suspended action pending the outcome of the School disciplinary action.

One witness who was in the Tuns at the time of the alleged incident, and who wished to remain anonymous told The Beaver that "two Asian guys came into the Tuns and went up to a table of about six girls and started spilling and pouring drinks all over the table. Someone who was standing near the table approached one of the guys, telling him to calm down. A scuffle then broke out, and one of the guys hit a girl from the table who tried to intervene."

According to the witness, the bar manager, Jim Fagan, "then threw the guys out, but they came back a few minutes later with some others, and looked like they wanted to start a fight, but then left." The two men allegedly involved in the incident were described by the witness as being "quite big".

Another witness, who also did not wish to be named, and who was in the Tuns at the time, said that "when one of the girls, who had drink on her face, went into the toilets, one of the guys was standing by the door. When the girl came out he tried to take a swing at her."

It has been rumoured from several independent sources that the incident was a homophobic attack. The two men allegedly involved have reportedly been suspended from the School, and it is believed that the matter is being referred to the police.

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Neil is never at
a loss for articles;
to put off your
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Opinion

The Beaver

By now, all of those in the news — apart from the infamous London School of Economics itself — accept that County Hall has been lost to Japanese entrepreneurs. What was once dreamt of as a place of gleaming spires and a potential home of budding economists has now been lost in a bureaucratic nightmare of diplomatic and academic rhetoric. The question remains, however, as to where the School went wrong in the negotiating process.

First, however academically distinguished the University may be, the theoretical economics of getting the former site of the GLC for free are probably too advanced for most MPs, even those who attended the LSE. Also, the University's use of the media — and such columnists as Bernard Levin (an alumni, naturally) — to drum up support for the cause probably annoyed Michael Heseltine who, as then-Environment Minister, was the necessary lynch-pin to carry the whole idea through to fruition.

Certainly Mr Heseltine was instrumental in the failure of the LSE bid. The School was always wary of him, doubting that his support was forthcoming. He seemed to prefer the inhabitation of the Westminster neighbourhood by industrious Japanese to occupation by a bunch of apathetic (and of course, revolting!) students. From their decision, as well as their overwhelming abundance of higher education legislation, the Conservatives apparently aren't in need of students' support anyway.

But now that this ivory tower is lost, let us leave the venerable Dr Ashworth and the honest and highly principled Mr Crawford to their crusade, bury ourselves in the library and see what emerges when we return to college in October. Happy revising.

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Printed by Eastway Offset,
3-13 Hepscoot Road, London, E9

Big Issue asked to leave

By Beaver Staff

During the Easter holidays the vendors of the Big Issue, the magazine which is sold in order to help the homeless, have been asked to stop their activities at the LSE.

The move by the School has been met with different reactions. Some students thought that it was "a shame that they have been kicked out". Others said that the homeless had "started to feel very much

at home" in some of the parts of the LSE around the Three Tuns.

Incidents of homeless people coming in to the Vegetarian Cafe to beg, as well as "inappropriate comments" towards women students had been reported.

SU General Secretary Michiel van Hulst regretted that the homeless vendors had been asked to leave, but added that he understood the decision. He pointed out that the

Student's Union had all the time urged the School to improve the security, especially at weekends. The reaction by the School had to be seen in that light.

Michael Coops, Head of Site and Development at the LSE, confirmed that concern with security matters had prompted the move by the School.

He added that nothing would have happened if only one man had continued selling the Big Issue in

the LSE. But as the Big Issue had expanded at the LSE to the point of becoming one of the main distribution points in London, action had been taken.

In the last weeks "vagrants and all sorts of people" had been able to enter the LSE which made it very difficult to guarantee any form of security. It was regretted by all sides that events had led to the actual expulsion of the Big Issue.

Thatcher in dispute with Sked

By Emma Bearcroft

Professor Alan Sked, senior lecturer in international history at the LSE, has attacked Margaret Thatcher for refusing to speak out before the general election, at an anti-federalist rally.

Sked, who stood as an Anti-Federalist candidate in Bath against then-Conservative Party chairman Chris Patten in the election last month, invited Thatcher in January to

speak at the rally.

In a letter turning down the invitation, Thatcher told Sked, who is founder and chairman of the Anti-Federalist League and a member of the advisory council of the Brugges Group, that "differences over Europe" could be debated "after the election".

In an article appearing in the Sunday Times, four days before the election, Sked was said to accuse Thatcher and other anti-federalists



Dr. Alan Sked Photo: Steve East

in the Tory party of "deliberately stifling the European debate to preserve Tory unity," and suggested that the most critical issue of the election was not being discussed. He felt that the matter "shows contempt for the British electorate". In her letter to Sked, Thatcher said that

she could not "do anything which would split the party at this critical time. She suggested that "differences over Europe can be fought out after the election before the question of ratifying the treaty."

According to the article, the words "after" and "before" were underlined.

News in Brief

Terry Waite comes to the LSE

Terry Waite who was elected Honorary President of the LSE in 1989 is coming to the School to accept the presidency on the 12th of May.

There will be a private reception for the graduates of 1991, who were at the School at the time of the election.

The former hostage will deliver his acceptance speech at 6pm and the reception will be held at 6.30pm.

Cloak room refurbished

An item which was agreed upon by the Review Group on Student Hardship has been implemented at the beginning of this term.

The cloakroom, which had caused considerable waiting time, has been refurbished.

Students in general welcomed the new set-up of the cloakroom.

It is not yet clear whether the refurbishment did cost the £15,000 which had been estimated in the report of the Review Group.

Pink Plaque stolen second year in row

Plaque, from page 1

was meant as a "prank" and that it had become a challenge to steal the Plaque. There are no indications of any other motives.

Suggestions that homosexuals themselves might be responsible because they profited from the attention were discounted as being unlikely.

For the Student Union this "prank" has been and will be expensive. The installation of the two previous plaques has cost about £1000 each.

Similar costs are expected for the installation of the next plaque. It is hoped that the next plaque will be ready by the 21st of May which is the first anniversary of the unveiling of the first Pink Plaque. The first Pink Plaque was stolen the day after it had been unveiled.

According to SU Social and Services Secretary Fiona MacDonald, the police which had investigated the first theft last year without success, are keen to resolve the theft this time. The police has asked for suggestions

concerning likely suspects. Several suspicions were voiced from different sources. It is considered possible that police investigators will actually search homes of suspected persons.

The police has pointed

The first Pink Plaque was stolen the day after it had been unveiled.

out that if anyone is found in possession of the plaque they will definitely be charged. It has been suggested by the sabbaticals that whoever stole the plaque return it anonymously as soon as possible. If the plaque was not returned within the next days the investigation would go ahead.

It was added that if anyone was found guilty this could well lead to expulsion from the LSE.

Obituary

Von Hayek dies at 92



Former LSE lecturer Friedrich von Hayek

Professor Friedrich von Hayek, a former lecturer at LSE, died at the end of March, aged 92. In 1931 he came to the LSE as Tooke Chair of Economic Science and Statistics, at the invitation of Lionel Robbins, where he wrote 'The Road to Serfdom'.

Hayek's leading work on collectivism became the guiding principle for Margaret Thatcher's economic policy.

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things
in life are
free.

We agree.

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'We was Robbed, Navinned, Neiled & Ronned!' - Mary, Queen of Scots

Ron Voce (who else) shares with Beaver readers and music aficionadoes the excitement of being sent to Coventry with the LSE's Strongbow Campus Challenge team.

The day after the night before, which was the Beaver party, saw our intrepid collection of brains meet up at Passfield Hall, for a sobering thought of possibly winning £1000. This was the culmination of many a Monday night quizzing in the Tuns. The Strongbow Campus Challenge final was about to happen and the LSE's favourite sons of Rob Hick, Navin Reddy, Neil Andrews and yours truly were off into the wilds of the University of Warwick to display our IQ's to the world, with the reputation of the LSE as a bastion of Higher Education in our incapable hands.

With breakfast at Passfield negotiated, including several cups of black coffee, we made our way up to Euston. We knew it was going to be a bad day. The cash machines wouldn't give us any money and we only just caught the train. It didn't take long, before we had upset a few people with a refrain of "The wheels of the Train go round and round..." and then tried to redeem ourselves by looking intelligent, reading 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'The Independent' and discussing politics. It didn't work and the rest of the trip was spent in a carriage virtually empty.

The University of Warwick is found just outside Coventry and when wonderful British Rail managed to arrive there 10 minutes early, we felt that we had been cheated of time on the train. Cheating too were the Burghers of Coventry whose sign on Coventry Station said 'Welcome to Shakespeare Country'. It is nowhere near Stratford-upon-Avon, but I suppose it's better than 'Welcome to Coventry, the place that, due to the Blitz, is a town devoid of any character and a clapped-out Cathedral'. Anyway, the signs for a trying day continued to look ominous as we headed out on the Bus to the University.

The University itself is spread out over the rolling Warwickshire countryside, equivalent in size to the area of London from the LSE to Trafalgar Square and northwards to Senate House, and they are still expanding! However, like the city of Coventry, its bland modern structures do not compare to the cosy compact and bijou setting of the LSE (am I taking the piss or what?).

We finally leave the bus and wander into the Students Union Building. It is about the size of the Old Building, with five floors. It has two bars on each floor, plus restaurants, fast food joints, a great venue for bands and a fully functional Disco that looks like something off 'The Hitman and Her!' However, I digress.

As we embarked on this wonderful adventure, we found out that out of all the Higher Education establishments in Great Britain only 46 teams had entered, with only East London Poly, two other teams and ourselves representing London. A slightly poor show on behalf of everyone I think! The University of Warwick seemed quiet and there were very few students around. I was hoping to see a friend of mine, yes I have got one, but they have six weeks off for Easter (and I thought we were lucky with five). We were taken over to their Reception area, which looked like something out of the Hilton Hotel, and given our rooms and keys. The University can accommodate nearly all its students on Campus and seeing the rooms I can see why! Not bad, not bad at all.

It was mid-day and the bars were opening so it was time for the hair of the dog. We sort of bumped into a team from my neck of the woods, Polytechnic South West from Plymouth, and one of the girls on the East London Poly team was from my home town. Fortunately our game did not start till 3.30pm so we had plenty of time to loosen up. We decided to go and see how PSW were doing, but on hearing the questions we nearly had a seizure. Boy were they difficult! So we retreated to the bar already deciding that we had not a hope in hell.

When 3.30 pm came around we trooped into Zippy's, yes that's right, him from Rainbow, and prepared for ignominy and a quick exit. My first complaint was that the "quiz master" was no more than a Bulmers employee on a free beano, who couldn't pronounce the word 'plebiscite' let alone some of the Greek mythology questions. However, surprise amongst surprises, we did alright, so much so that we won our heat by ten points. However, the way the quiz works, to collect bonus points you need a not-so-bright team before you (luckily we did, otherwise



Ron Voce, Neil Andrews, Navin Reddy, and Rob Hick, deprived of their rightful win, returned to the Tuns to drown their sorrows.

Photo: Steve East

we would have been eliminated). The format of 3-4 teams at a go was a bit much. There were enough questions and rooms to make it a Knockout tournament, so bonus questions went straight to the other team, just like the final. However, we qualified so off to the bar.

At the bar we swapped pints and questions with PSW. We thought, semi-final, it's no disgrace to lose here, but fate wielded its ugly hand as in one quarter final there had been a cock up over a question about Steven Hendry of all things, we had the same question, so from that heat, two teams qualified. Beware the Ides of March and Stockport Technical and Higher Education College. The organisers announced this in the semifinal in the ubiquitous Mandela Bar, Winnie or Nelson, it wasn't specified. This meant that there would be less questions in this semifinal and the distribution of the questions would change. With regard to the questions, Bulmers had paid someone so much money for them and had been ripped off. All the teams said they could have set better questions.

The dark clouds were looming but a ray of sun-

shine appeared as we started the Semi-Final with a storming first round, with Rob, Navin, Neil and myself plucking three point answers from out of the ether. What disease is the Vasserman test used for? Syphilis. What does Kyrie Eleison mean? God with us. We were on a roll ahead after the first and second round and the third. It was amazing. As we stared into our bottles of Newcastle Brown everyone was looking with awe at us, basically a bunch of pissheads. We were unfortunate that the team next to us from Bangor gave us very few bonus points, but we kept Sussex University from picking up bonus points from us and they had two ex-finalists from 15 to 1 on their team. However, on the other side of the room was Stockport, who were picking up a load of bonus points from Coventry Poly and were creeping up. But we could handle it couldn't we?

There are no such things as easy questions, only ones you know the answer to and that sums it up. Halfway through the third round the questions turned against us and Stockport moved into the lead, at first by only one point. However, through the fourth

and final round they were not going to relinquish that one point and instead they extended it. In the last round of questions we won a mere six points. Neil even tried the classic LSE University Challenge answer of 'Mary, Queen of Scots', but to no avail. Stockport totalled over 16 points, winning by a convincing margin. Afterwards, sports that we are, we went over to congratulate them and they apologised for their victory stating that they probably shouldn't have been there. They said we were good, but history shows we came second. On to the final, but first more beer.

The final was between Stockport and Exeter University, who had annoyed most of the other teams by sporting Guinness style T-shirts saying 'Exeter University - Pure Genius.' So when Jim 'Great Super Smashing' Bowen 'What are we going to do with a speed boat in a council hi-rise' of Bullseye fame led on the Teams the whole crowd were cheering for Stockport.

At last a question master with some idea, not only that, a comedian too. Ironically after all those questions the final was a brief affair. Stockport moved into an assailable lead, but with

a correct answer by the third person, and the failure of Exeter to answer their three point question, Stockport had won. They were £1,000 richer and I was going to have to explain to my bank manager that my overdraft was going to stay big until my holiday job started paying.

That night there was a disco till one, but Strongbow was not being drunk in copious quantities. Afterwards we had a party in the Stockport team's rooms and somehow we all managed to be up by 9.00pm for breakfast, although Rob needed a well-placed kick on the door by Navin, something I have been informed always works. After a lovely full English breakfast we boarded the bus back and departed on the train. On arrival back in London we all went back to the Tuns to drown our sorrows and tell every one we was robbed. Well we would wouldn't we! So here endeth the adventure. Next year I hope to be there again, but I hope there is room for improvement in an otherwise great event. Thank you Bulmers.

Death and torture in South America

The time is the present the place, a country that is probably Chile but could be any country that has given itself a democratic government just after a long period of dictatorship.'

According to Ariel Dorfman 'Death and the Maiden' was very nearly a novel. The fact that he discovered the story would not work in this medium goes along way toward explaining why the play is so powerful for a Western audience.

It is the prerogative of the novelist to invite the reader into an imaginative, fictional framework; it is the role of the reader to create for himself the finishing touches, the frills. In other words, when we read we create in our own minds a picture of the world that we think the author is trying to create - no two readers will have identical interpretations, see identical faces, or reach identical conclusions.

Conversely the world which a playwright creates on stage is seen identically by each member of the audience, it is a completely different medium and one which demands a completely different approach. There is no time for the spectator to fill in the background for himself, or form his own picture of the characters; it is all there on the stage, an alternative reality which the playwright must first create and then hold intact.

The triumph of this play is that a reality which is at once alien and terrifying

becomes real for the audience. Dorfman takes issues which we have no experience of, things we have only read about in the comfort of Western democracy, and instills in them an immediacy relevant to everyone.

He has created a human tragedy in the Aristotelian sense, a purgation through guilt and pity. He reveals the horror, hedges no issues, points no fingers, and yet leaves the usually complacent London audi-

home, his wife is waiting. She hears a car approach and goes to the window - it is not her husband's car.

Immediately her whole demeanour changes. As if possessed she charges frenziedly through the house, turning off all the lights and finally hiding herself in the darkness. Of course it is only her husband, he enters, turns on the lights and holds his wife tight while her hysterical sobbing subsides.

To her any strange car,

Geraldo's hospitality and agrees to stay the night.

The next scene is a strange one and marks the real beginning of the play. Paulina drags the unconscious Roberto into the main room of the house, binds him hand and foot with her stockings and gags him with her knickers. She sits a few feet away with gun poised at his head and this is the scene that greets her husband the following morning.

Paulina believes absolutely that this doctor is the same man that tortured her fifteen years previously and she is determined to make him confess. To give away any more of the plot would be to disarm the play of its electrifying tension. There is no interval and indeed no let-up in the suspense from this moment to the very end of the play.

What follows is an examination of morality, guilt, duplicity, revenge and insanity. The husband's role is vital because he sits on a commission dedicated to investigating but, it seems, not punishing the atrocities of the past. The doctor's guilt is not for me to reveal or to deny and Paulina's hysteria may be understandable but can also be chilling.

Geraldine James gives a performance which is astonishing in its breadth but perhaps is yet to settle into the required depth. There is a sense, at times, of 'sound and fury signifying nothing', while all she really needs to do is let the char-



Geraldine James as Paulina.

acter bury the actress and the plot almost run out of her control. It is a role which Juliet Stevenson has, over the last two years, more or less made her own. Her reward came with an Olivier award for best actress last week.

While I can fully understand the on-going passion for Miss Stevenson displayed by most critics I find it a shame that a play of such diverse intensity has been remembered chiefly for only one of three outstanding performances. Miss James furnishes Paulina with enough credibility but does not steal the show.

Indeed Michael Byrne as Roberto is easily as powerful as the confused prey as Miss James is as the equally confused predator. Geraldo becomes the foil to these two extremes and, as such, becomes the audience's

main point of focus. If we assume that no-one will die, then he has the most to lose.

To watch this play is to delve into a world of extremes, of hypocrisies and of endless contradictions. Is survival only to be snatched from the jaws of compromise, or is integrity really worth suffering for? Everyone has faced this question at one time or another but here the poignancy and power come from the fact that the stakes are so very, very high. A superb, breath-taking and ultimately cathartic play. See it.

James O'Brien

Ariel Dorfman's *Death and the Maiden* is playing at the Duke of York's Theatre.

To watch this play is to delve into a world of extremes, of hypocrisies and of endless contradictions.

ence feeling empty or, at worst, soiled.

This can only be achieved on stage, and only then by fine actors. The death squads, the tortures, the atrocities that have been so intrinsic to the lives of South American people are so far beyond the realms of our own experience that we need the intensity, the heat and the passion of the theatre itself and of this play specifically to make them real to us.

A man's car breaks down on the road home. His tyre is flat, the jack is missing, and the spare is damaged. A friendly stranger pulls over and offers a lift home to the stranded driver. At

any unexpected visitor is an instant reminder of the day fifteen years previously when she was kidnapped, tortured and violently raped over two months before being dumped, broken, back on the streets.

It is no surprise, then, that when she is woken in the middle of night by loud bangings on the door the hysteria returns. The husband investigates. It is only the helpful stranger returning the now repaired spare tyre.

Geraldo, the husband, invites the man in while his wife listens from the bedroom. She hears his name and learns that he is a doctor while he accepts

Pretty Backdrops

'Till There Was You' hits the screens

Following "Death In Brunswick" as the latest in a line of Australian films to hit these shores, "Till There Was You" is billed as a modern day romance action thriller, which is quite a claim to live up to.

Set upon the beautiful island of Vanuatu, which provides stunning scenic shots, the film follows the life of Frank Flynn (Mark Hammon) who has been summoned there by his brother Charlie.

Upon arriving on the island, he finds that his brother has been killed, apparently by the local tribe. Suspecting there is more to this story than meets the eye, Flynn stays around, and meets up with his brother's ex-

business partner (Jeroen Krabbe), and his wife (Deborah Winger - making her debut in a starring role)

Flynn soon pokes his nose in where it is not wanted, and is soon fighting to stay alive, as well as jumping from a 90 foot banyan tree with vine wrapped around his ankles; an annual ceremony that actually occurs on Vanuatu. Needless to say, it is not the local tribe he has to worry about (Are you sure? - Ed).

Along the way, Flynn survives a plane crash, finds hidden gold and falls in love; events seen in many a film.

Unfortunately, this is where "Till There Was You" falls down. Whilst the film has everything it needs, first

time director John Seale fails to create any atmosphere or tension, even in the final fight sequence.

The film is also very deliberate and predictable in places, blame for which must be attributed to writer Michael Thomas [Didn't he score a cracking goal though in the F.A. Cup to beat Villa? - Ed].

However, that isn't to say the film is a total failure - much worse has succeeded at the box office, and Vanuatu does provide a stunning backdrop. Perhaps the best summation was given by a fellow audience member at the preview - "It should have gone straight to video".

Bullets bounce but is Denzel a hit?

Ricochet is a film with everything, the storyline of Cape Fear, the street feel of New Jack City and the realism of The Muppet Movie.

The film opens with our young, fresh faced, aspiring cop hero (Denzel Washington) playing a game of basketball with his shorter and uglier, but thoroughly loyal and trusting partner against the future bad guys, and even more futuristically good guys, whose leader is played by Ice T, (although in this film he's more like 'Iced Ink.') This is the same point that he first meets the girl of his dreams. In a typical screenplay manner, he goes over to chat her up, they make a date, without arranging a time or a place, but still overcome this handicap to be married four minutes further along the script.

Denzel then has his first encounter with the psychopathic mercenary killing machine who comes complete with sawn off shot gun, evil eye and a hair cut that is a cross between Nigel Kennedy's and Alexi Sayle's. Denzel wins this "Kane And Abel" battle that is to shape their future lives (that's Jeffrey Archer's version, not the Bible's) by taking his clothes off and firing his small shooter that he takes out of his jock strap.

Their paths then separate and Denzel moves onwards and upwards towards city hall and psycho moves up the ranks of the white supremacists gladiatorial leaguer in a prison that is sadly lacking in guards.

This being a commercial film our two 'friends' paths are soon to cross again as psycho is set on revenge

and of course, escapes from prison to do so. The path that his vengeance takes is more one of a nemical character rather than the bad guy, it is so despicably clever and impossible that anyone who can treat this film seriously after this point must be sadly lacking in the grey cell department.

We soon descend into action, action, more action, a little bit of schmaltz and topped off with fast moving silliness that even Laurel and Hardy couldn't have performed better.

Would I advise you to see it? Just about, its fast acting fun, and quite enjoyable in a mind numbing fashion, so I enjoyed it [As you would, Martin-Ed], who knows, you may do too!

Martin Lewis

Ricochet is on general release

Festive Frolics

A (very) rough guide to this summer's Music Festival

Aaaaahhhh, spring is in the air. There are lambs leaping in the fields and the birds are singing. Soon it will be summer. For some, it means using your student privileges to con your local BR station out of an Inter-Rail card, while for others, summer means only one thing, festivals.

There's nothing like lying in the middle of a field surrounded by nothing but other tents where you can just sit back and watch the world go by: revel in the sight of teenagers let loose by their parents throwing up after half a can of cider, smile as you watch that huge fat bloke stagger around in a drunken stupor, falling over on to several small, but well positioned tents, and laugh at the drugged-out hippy/indie kid/metal freak who's so stoned that they cannot find their way back to the comfort of their tents. It's a laugh. If you fancy going to such an occasion this year in order to get your tent/stuff/lover stolen then sit back and take in all the options.

A welcome return is assured this year for the **Glastonbury Festival** which takes place June 26, 27, 28. With artists including Morrissey, Lou Reed, Shakespear's Sister, the Levellers, Blur, the Blue Aeroplanes, Billy Bragg and Ned's Atomic Dustbin there's bound to be something which tickles your fancy. The only draw back to this event is that it always rains so be sure to take your wellies.

Just as diverse, but never-the-less more exotic festival, is the **Feile** in Ireland which takes place over the August Bank Holiday weekend. Headline acts include the Wonderstuff, Carter USM, James (who pulled out last year) and Neds Atomic Dustbin. The list also includes the Saw Doctors and a vast array of homegrown talent. You also have the added bonus of seeing the whole of Ireland's teenage population congregate onto the small town of Thurles. A town which has little shame in prostituting itself in order to make a fast punt. If you want something more Irish then get down to the **Fleadh** in Finsbury Park on the 7th of June. Christy Moore headlines with a supporting cast which includes Luka Bloom, Fatima Mansions, the Golden Horde, Suzanne Vega and the Saw Doctors but no Ned's Atomic Dustbin.

The preceding day witnesses the **'Cult In The Park'** extravaganza. With three stages, the cast includes the Cult, Pearl Jam, Mega City Four, LSE favourites the Frank & Walters, L7, the Beastie Boys and Neds Atomic Dustbin.

August sees the Indie kid's wet dream take place in the form of the **Reading Festival**. A sure fire guarantee to get a least one item of clothing stolen, the cast includes Nirvana, Public Enemy, Ride and Neds Atomic Dustbin plus a stage devoted entirely to comics. Nirvana also play the **Roskilde Festival** in Denmark, Norway's **Oslo Isle Of Calf Festival** and the **Turku Rulsrock Festival** in Finland with Ned's Atomic Dustbin probably appearing at one of those festivals as well.

WOMAD as a disappointing line-up this year with top names non-existent, unless you include the Ukrainians and Rebel MC, while Iron Maiden headline the **Monsters of Rock Festival** at Castle Donnington along with W.A.S.P. and Wolfsbane.

If none of the above take your fancy then why not visit the **Bizarre Festival** in Germany with the Pogues, Urban Dance Squad, EMF, Airhead, Blur AND Ned's Atomic Dustbin which takes place June 27th. If that doesn't take your fancy then why don't you stay in bed or go on a Club 18-30 holiday to Majorca, featuring Dave the Rave, Sharon from Essex and loads of STD's. If you can't afford any of the above then write to Ned's Atomic Dustbin offering your services as a roadie and/or groupie and you'll probably get to see the above concerts for absolutely nothing. It's a bargain, honest gov'nor.

Mark E. Smith and the Man from Geneva

Or: The Fall at Wolverhampton

I'll come to The Fall, if I may, via a rather circuitous route involving Switzerland, naked women, and mayonnaise.

I don't know if any of you out there happened to see it, but a couple of weeks ago the Late Show featured George Steiner, intellectual extroinaire and something high up at the University of Geneva. Amply supported by the Lloyd Grossman of the Groucho Club, Michael Ignatieff, he was bemoaning the fact that since the Berlin Wall came down, culture for the East Europeans has come to consist of Big Macs, rock music, and hard-core pornography. All the worst excesses, it seems, of the Western lifestyle they were never previously allowed to enjoy. This, says M. Steiner, is terrible. Awful! Where, he cries, is art? Where literature? Where is the 'proper' culture?

M. Steiner is basically distinctly pessimistic about the prospects for Eastern Europe. He is also, basically, a snob. When he refers us to 'culture', he means, automatically, 'high' culture, as opposed

to 'low'. Implicit in this is that 'high' culture equals good, 'low' the opposite. Keats as opposed to Dylan or the Beatles; Picasso rather than Penthouse; JS Mill instead of J Collins. 'High' culture, enriching and nourishing for the mind and soul, thought-provoking and contemplative, conceptual and intelligent. Culture that Steiner and only Steiner and people like him can fully understand, something to set him apart and most definitely above of the pack.

Eastern Europe shows no sign yet of adopting Steiners cultural standards. They are going all out, it seems, for the disposable, burger -any-fries-with-that? culture, the 'low' end of the spectrum. I can quite understand this. The various peoples in the East have just been released from fifty years of a repressive and censoring regime, a regime that dictated its own culture onto an increasingly dissatisfied and bored population. The state permitted, indeed actively encouraged, only the 'high' end of the cultural spectrum, the things that would

so please M. Steiner. It is only natural that after such a time with only one type of entertainment, and that provided by a government now so out of favour, a person will deliberately strive to explore and embrace the world denied to them for so long. And the first representations of that world to be adopted will be those that are most easily assimilated into the mind. The quick-fix, straight to the point, life affirming thrill to show that there is fun and enjoyment in the world. Digest that burger, show off those jeans, dance to the music, have FUN!

George Steiner is, of course, perfectly entitled to his opinion on what constitutes good and bad, high and low culture; he just shouldn't try imposing it on others. The people in the newly democratic countries of the East are going through an intense period of discovery of what the West has to offer. They naturally attach themselves first to the pieces most easily digested. They will soon, I am sure, find a need for more, something more substantial than sty-

rofoam burger cases and baby oil smeared women. They will also begin to recognise that adoption of Western values is certainly not the answer to their problems. They will see the gaping flaws, the inequalities, the large number of poor and downtrodden which they have for now conveniently ignored (and its hard to blame them). That is when they will begin to investigate what not just other lifestyles but they themselves have to offer, when they will begin to adopt styles and produce works that might make M. Steiner happier. But I do wish he'd let them have their fun first.

God knows what this has to do with The Fall at Wolverhampton Civic Hall. Make your own link, please. But: Mark E Smith and the troops were, oh, I don't know.... An ecstatic adrenalin rush in a holiday of valium? How about that?

And I didn't mention the election once. Except in the 'poor and downtrodden' bit.

Z.H.

Big Bananas as Carter Go Apeshit

The Unstoppable chart machine go bonkers at The Venue in aid of The Big Issue

As I came off the Old Kent Road and into New Cross, a familiar sight was to behold (Millwall FC? - NA). The infamous Venue lit up in all it's glory only to be betrayed by the drab predictability of 'The Kids' queuing outside.

In fact, there were so many people outside I wondered if the world had been hiding something from me. This band were popular and I hadn't even heard of them! Still, its nice to know that there are still surprises in life. Some things don't change however: the trampoline they call a floor was still as bouncy as ever. Oh well, I didn't really need that pint of guinness.

This was a benefit gig for the Big Issue and it looked as though it was going to be successful. Having missed the support act, the 'Billy Boy's' started with a melodic piano and soft lyrics.

Ten seconds later the floor reached a new resonance level as the band furiously broke into 'The Only Living Boy In New Cross'. then it hit me, this sounded just like Carter USM and I could have sworn I saw Jim Bob and Fruitbat on stage.

The song seemed inappropriate as at this time there was certainly more than one living person in New Cross. During '24 Minutes From Tulse Hill' a combat boot landed on my

head, proof that 'The Kids' were in their element.

'Suppose You Gave A Funeral And Nobody Came' was a hard hitting attack on the electoral system and the political theme carried on into 'While You Were Out'.

This band had a realistic view on life and even the music wasn't bad! 'Sheriff Fatman' was greeted with much enthusiasm, of which I have the bruises to prove. The new songs, although not as thunderous, were deep, thought provoking and generally....brilliant. 'After the Watershed' has been banned under the copyright law; typically, they still played it allowing the crowd to sing "Goodbye

Ruby Tuesday...". This I found clever, which is more than can be said for their final number. How on earth can a cover of 'Another Brick In The Wall' can deteriorate into a string of words that I can't print is beyond me....

This was one of the best gigs of the year....a real thunderbolt. All that is left to be asked is that if one of the biggest bands in the country can play a benefit for The Big Issue, why can't the school find a way to accommodate this worthy cause? (Answers on a postcard to Dr J. Ashworth)

Dave Jones.

Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll

The Ups and Downs of the Jesus & Mary Chain's Rollercoaster

When word went 'round that the Jesus & Mary Chain were going to tour for the first time in two years, the news was greeted with some delight by the music press and fans alike, but when they announced that they were going to tour with My Bloody Valentine, Dinosaur Jnr and Blur in support the music press went into orgasmic overdrive while the fans were left somewhat bemused.

Needless to say, the concerts were sold out soon after the tickets went on sale but that wasn't enough for the music press. With the JAMC's (to give them their official title) about to release a new album their press agent went to work and soon the faces of the brothers Reid graced the covers of the music press as if they'd never been away. And that's where the monotony set in.

Week after week every music paper, from NME to Q via Select and back to Melody Maker, had a feature on the Mary Chain (to give them their preferred title) and the forthcoming 'Rollercoaster' tour.

With such hype surrounding the event there was every possibility that the actual concerts would be something of an anticlimax rather than the multiple orgasms that the press would have you believe. In fact the concert was neither a hit nor a miss and just sailed along being a Middle-of-the-road



The Rollercoaster afflicted many people in many ways.

wet dream.

First up on this particular evening were Dinosaur Jnr, who, unlike their counterparts, took to the stage with just their guitars and amps rather than dazzle the audience with an arty film and light show. Sailing through their hits and album tracks without any fuss, they were probably the best band of the evening with the highlight of the set being 'Freak Scene' which received a welcome not seen since the prodigal son returned home. But it was soon all over as their forty-five

minutes expired having built up a satisfactory sweat.

Next was the 747 takeover bid launched by My Bloody Valentine. The people responsible for the gaggle of shoe-gazers currently doing the rounds were, I must admit, a surprise package. They did have a few tunes, as well as an expensive light display and colourful backing display, and seemed to be enjoying themselves.

While Bilinda and Kev alternated the vocal tasks, it was left to the bassist to show that the band were

actually alive and could move on stage but, then again, only they really enjoyed watching the audience go death and blind as they left with a swan song which would put Spinal Tap's one louder to shame.

Blur were a mystery. Caught in Limbo between the pop market and indie credibility, their sound tried to cater for everyone's taste. 'Popscore' became an attempt at emulating both

Dinosaur Jnr and the Reid Brothers (to give them their family name) while 'There's No Other Way' seem to be aired more for the memory

rather than any desire to please the thousand and one under age munchkins who seemed to come out of the woodwork once the Valentines left the stage. Damon's comment "We're the best band you're gonna see tonight" didn't go down to well either and their film show made absolutely no sense at all. Except for the advert for the British Beef Council, that is.

The Jesus and Mary Chain have always been an enigma when it comes to performing live. There have their good days and they have their really bad days.

This was one of their in between days. With yet another new line up, Messrs Reid & Reid (to give them their legal title) took to the stage with their now customary ingredients: dry ice, arty, but meaningful film show, leather jackets, feedback and lots of noise. It was great. Almost. The songs were familiar enough; 'Inside Me', 'Head On', 'Reverence', 'Blues From A Gun' and 'Far Gone And Out' all came and went, but there was still something missing. The mosh was slow and heavy, the stage-diving was non-existent (Unlike a recent Frank & Walters gig at a venue we all know and love) and even the film looked tired. By the time they reached 'Side Walking' the atmosphere had all but gone. "Game Over" was an apt message. They didn't even play 'Rollercoaster'.

In the end, the 'Rollercoaster' was the equivalent of a one night stand. A lot of pushing and shoving and sweat and tears and coming and going with a few embarrassing moments for good measure but after the event you think to yourself: "Was it really worth it?"

Of course it was. After all, it's not all work, work work! God bless the fuckin' lot of us.

The Lion Roars

Mellowing Out with Mellencamp

Ron Voce rocks out with Johnny

I think it was on Jonathan King's 'Entertainment USA' that I first stumbled upon John Cougar, back in the early eighties and the track was 'Hurt So Good off the platter 'American Fool'. The follow up 'Jack and Diane' was a monster American number one and even went top twenty in Britain, but the chances of J.C. coming over and touring were pretty small. I was right and although the albums kept coming, 'Uh-Huh', 'Scarecrow' were both monsters, even his reversion to his original name did not seem to encourage him over to England.

The singles off his Cajun influenced album 'Lonesome Jubilee' were once more played on Jonathan King's 'No Limits' and for whatever reason as neither 'Paper and Fire' or 'Check it Out' were monster hits he brought his band over to play two nights at Hamersmith Odeon. Needless to say back in 1988, I and several of my friends were there for a set of two halves, four hours in to-

tal plus 30 minutes of encores. Having seen Springsteen do the same thing here in the early eighties, I was mightily impressed.

Like MacArthur on the Philippines John Mellencamp, as he now refers to himself, said I shall return, but it took him 4 years and now he is playing arenas. Could he make the vastness of Wembley into a smoky Rock and Roll Bar, like the several I know around Platteville, Wisconsin. After a tedious day in and around London with the dust and grit at the back of my throat I hoped so and as I entered this very large bar, AKA Wembley Arena, I headed straight for a drink.

The lights dimmed at smack on eight and on he came.

Like many other American performers John Mellencamp has such a vast back catalogue and it seems he is determined to play it. He pushes out the new stuff from his album 'Whenever We Wanted', such as 'Get a Leg Up and Love and Happiness', he mumbles something about this is the new single for

'Now More Than Ever' with the record company demands complete, a burden seems lifted from his shoulders and the tempo of the concert rises as he delves deep into the past.

He plays exactly what you expect. 'Small Town', 'R.O.C.K in the USA', 'Pink Houses', 'The Authority Song' and 'Lonely Old Night' plus others mentioned earlier and others I can't even remember. I was deliriously drunk and turned to the person sat next to me and ... well I can't remember, but he seemed to agree with me!

As the walls came 'Tumbling Down' I made my way home buying the Sunday paper on the way. It will probably be another few years before he comes over again so I may have to go over to the states and see him there. One thing is certain after the reception he received he knows we wish he could come over 'Whenever we Wanted'!

BloodSugarSexMagik

Red Hot Chili Peppers storm Brixton

This gig was one that I'd been looking forward to for a long time - the Chili's back in England, and a stormer it was too! Arriving too late to see The Family Stand, we were greeted by Henry Rollin's (ex-of Black Flag) new band: interestingly enough called The Henry Rollins Band (very imaginative).

He in particular literally took the stage in a brutal 35-minute plus set, comprising cuts from his 'End of Silence' album. The man is a complete maniac: wearing only shorts he comes out and throws himself around and at the stage, periodically throwing his arms in the air, facing away from the crowd, revealing a set of muscles he works on for over 3 hours a day, and a huge tattoo, which matches the album cover.

Despite the tendency for some of the songs to be a little long-winded, the set delivered is full of energy and aggression. The set thus clashed somewhat with the very laid-back, relaxed Chili's particular

brand of Funk-cool. In fact it takes a very "mellowship in B Slinky" mooded Chili's a few songs to really warm up.

That all changed with "Suck My Kiss" from the new album, which no-one could stand still to. The point that when they aren't "chillin'" they can rock with the best of them is then reinforced with "Funky Crime" from the older "Uplift Mofa Party Plan" album.

From then on, they change into an unstoppable force, breezing easily through classic versions of "Me and My Friends", "BloodSugarSexMagik" (title track of the new album), "Give It Away" the first single from said new album, a fabulous "Under The Bridge" (current single at that time), "If You Have To Ask", etc.etc.

It's undoubtable that they have a stage presence all of their own. Renowned for humour in their sets, they bring down a huge cut-out of Magic Johnson for the track of the same name from "Mothers Milk".

Flea then kind of Angus Young hops along the stage and back, crouching, as he plays the bass line.

The only disappointment to the night is that old classics "Fight Like A Brave" and "Knock Me Down" (their tribute to their previous guitarist, who OD'd) didn't get played, although a ferocious "Nobody Weird Like Me" was some consolation. Also, they neglected their near legendary 'apathetic' version of "Anarchy In The UK" (played about 10 times slower than the original and as quiet as possible - it's hysterical!).

So, a triumph for the Chili's, who, with an excellent back catalogue and current album, look pretty unstoppable. The chart success of Gn'R, Nirvana, etc., must only make it easier for them to gain air-play and surely only greater things will come.

Geoff Robertson

NO MORE QUEUES!!

A scheme has come into operation which aims to reduce queues in the cloakroom.

The school has provided a semi-secure 'express' area in the cloakroom. This self-service area is only accessible by Library-card operated turnstiles and is ideal for lodging non-valuables. Our intention is that the user can avoid queues. Should you wish to take advantage of the more secure staffed cloakroom, then the current check-in style cloakroom is still in operation.

The choice is yours.

It is hoped that you will find the new arrangements helpful.

Site Development and Services.

LENS GENIUS 1992.

This competition had to be postponed due to a lack of entries.

The closing date is now **May 5.**

All entries (any topic) to be given to committee members or in the envelope in the dark room.

FILM NITE: "BACKDRAFT"

7.30, Tues. May 5. Old Theatre or Underground.

FRIDAY NIGHT DISCO

8pm TO 11pm UNDERGROUND.
"BOOGIE EXAM BLUES AWAY"

THE SHAKEDOWN CLUB

will perform impro. jazz in the underground.
Wed. May 6, 7.30pm.

THE LSE CHAPLAINCY.

Thursday May 7, 6.00pm, K51
Chaplaincy Women's Group.

"Why research women's experiences?"

Dr. Dorethea McEwan will speak on the findings in her book "Women Experiencing Church: A Documentation of Alienation"

Wednesday May 13, 2.30pm, K51
Open afternoon with London Area Secretary for **Christian Aid.** Video and Discussion.
ALL WELCOME

LSE CHAPLAINCY K51 Ext. 2893.

Justice and Peace Group Mondays 4pm.
Women's Group Thursdays 6pm.
Prayer and Scripture - Daily Life Wed. 5pm.
Silent Prayer and Meditation Tues. 7pm.(ask for venue).
Anglican / Free Church-Holy Communion Thurs. 1pm.
Roman Catholic Mass Fridays 1pm.
The chaplains are available for a confidential talk.
Please ask - you're always welcome.

THE BEAVER

This may be the last issue of The Beaver this term. Who knows?
Who cares?? (certainly not the Beaver staff)
Watch this space, and expect the unexpected.

END-OF-YEAR BASH 13TH JUNE 1992

At LSE sports ground New Malden.

All day bar/food/fun/frolics.

Marquee with live bands until 6am.

Champagne Breakfast.

Coaches will do round trips from LSE and Halls all day and night (included in the price of tickets)

Bouncy Castle/Tequila Promotion

LSE REVIEW

The next edition of the LSE REVIEW will be coming out in three weeks' time. Anyone interested in writing on current affairs or any topical issue in the arts, should contact the editors via the Government Department Common Room in Kings Chambers:
All contributions must be in by Friday May 8.

The Manchester Business School MBA enjoys a worldwide reputation for excellence. A reputation enhanced by the international exchange programme, the biggest of its kind in the world.

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