

the BEAVER


17 October 1988
Issue 285

The Freedom Association.
When will they start opening files on students at LSE, and are you safe?

The City: One year after the crash, Seema Desai and Ben Gilbey make a return to Black Monday

The cult of the DJ and a Sign of the Times. The definitive guide by Ekow Eshun to the rhythms of today.

Soul Survival. A controversial appraisal by LSE's Prof Griff Maxx of black music today



The Beaver regrets that it is unable to print the planned front-page article, as it is Sub-Judice.

Editorial

What price freedom?

Freedom is a concept open to a myriad of interpretations, almost as diverse as human character, but surely there can be none more bizarre than that of the so called Freedom Association. This sinister right-wing organisation has appointed itself the guardian of student values and activities. Apparently this involves the widespread collection of personal and political information relating to almost any person who dares to transgress their defined political and behavioural norms.

As one might expect these norms are hardly liberal or enlightened. Almost inevitably lesbians and gays, with no regard to their political character, are lumped alongside hard left organisations as "subversive elements", what is more surprising is that so are anti-apartheid and anti-nuclear campaigners. Dossiers on these unfortunates will be sent by the Freedom Association to the Special Branch. What action the Special Branch will take is uncertain but it is unlikely that they will do nothing. It is the Freedom Association that is subversive, anti-democratic and intolerant: unless you help the Beaver expose those involved there is nothing you can do about it. Information will be received in confidence. Freedom Association take note: we are watching you watching us.

Photo: Rob Smith



The Beaver would like to apologise for failing to credit Susan Cleveland with last week's lead article "Reddin in the Red."

Following understandable complaints about issue 283 produced by the First Issue Collective - which according to the LSE Student Union constitution was dissolved on publication of issue 283 - the current Beaver Collective would like to apologise unreservedly on behalf of their predecessors for any offence caused.

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POST HASTE

Letters To: The Editor
 The Beaver, E205

Hack grinds the axe

Dear Beaver,

Returning to the UGM I found myself witnessing another rapturously received admission of defeat from the Left. The issue: NUS. Their contention: that voluntary membership would cripple its organisation.

This naturally presupposes that, given the option, most students wouldn't join. The Left is therefore saying either NUS isn't worth joining, which admits a lot about NUS, or that students wouldn't join because they don't know what's good for them, which admits a lot about the Left.

If NUS delivered such a wonderful service, voluntary membership would prove it, with students flooding to hand over their subs at the beginning of the year. Meanwhile we will just keep forking out thousands of pounds to an organisation we've never been asked whether we want.

Yours,

Ron Beadle
 (Once LSESU's NUS Officer)

Affluent Athletes

Dear Beaver,

Jeffrey Barman, in his "sport talk" of last week, correctly stated that the Olympic Games were a sham because no-one in their right minds could call the athletes, footballers and tennis players etc. of 1988 amateurs. Of course this is true, but why have all commentators on the subject decided that this is such a bad thing for sport?

Professionalism, sponsorship, trust funds and the like, enable anyone to take part in sport. Most of today's track and field stars come from a working class background, where, unless financial reward for their endeavours was available they would not be able to participate.

Compare this with today's rugby and hockey players or the "gentlemen" athletes of yesteryear, such as Lord Burley, Roger Bannister or Harold Abrahams. Can anyone really say that these were "ordinary men off the street" who just "happened" to have had a privileged background? Of course not.

Why should being the fastest,

strongest or fittest be restricted to the upper classes or those fortunate enough to have middle class jobs, such as doctors, academics or school teachers, which are flexible enough to allow them to train? Who knows what talent has been missed over the years because athletes have been unable to finance their participation in sport to the standard that today's competition requires.

If professionalism were overtly allowed in all Olympic sports then who knows what talent may be unleashed. What is more, this country could only benefit by such a move as we have neither the state subsidies of government endorsed programmes, nor have we (as yet) the blatant commercialism of the USA. Thus, far from ruining the "sporting ideal", professionalism would enhance it by opening up sport for all.

Yours sincerely,

Carol Hubbard

Dear Beaver,

Perhaps it's just as well that Paul Wood doesn't 'actually' aspire to anything. Judging by his article I doubt if he's capable of "making faces at police officers", let alone "fermenting revolution".

The RCP, says Wood, is not "having much luck" because Thatcher has created a "cast iron coalition" behind the Tories. I wonder if Irish Republicans, who "actually" upset Thatcher in Brighton four years ago and who have "actually" had her army on the run all summer are part of that coalition? Or the P&O strikers who "unaccountably" still refuse to return to work eight months after coming out? Or the nurses who took action after being stitched up by the Tories? Or the black youth from Tottenham to Toxteth who continue to "actually" stand up to Thatcher's police? Far from being "strangely reluctant to see where their interests lie", the working class and oppressed are all too clear about them.

Wood seems disturbed about Marxists' understanding of "truth". Presumably he takes his lead from his mentor in No. 10 who has spent so much time and effort trying to give us the "real truth" - by, for example, suppressing "Spycatcher", banning TV programmes, censoring the press

and covering up for SAS murder squads.

If Paul feels a need to indulge his "wit" that's fine by me. But please, try not to get involved in the real world. It makes your ignorance too apparent.

Claire Foster

Revolutionary Communist Party

One from the Hart

Dear Beaver,

Mike Reddin's escapade into the realms of private sector housing (Beaver 285) raises some questions.

It appears that both Reddin and his predecessor Burrage are inexperienced when it comes to housing. £75 per week for shared rooms is extreme, even by London standards. Our own Students' Union Accommodation Office will challenge a rent of over £60 for a single room. Also when Phil Wood, the SU Accommodation Officer, was invited to look at some of the proposed flats he commented that for what they were, the flats were overpriced and the bedrooms in particular would lead to overcrowding if more than one person was put in them. One may ask why Reddin was prepared to accept overpriced, substandard accommodation even before the contracts were signed?

A wider question is why is it that General Course students are considered a priority group for accommodation by the School? Those students who are most in need of extra help are those on low incomes, families and Third World students, yet these groups receive no privileged treatment. Nor is this the first time that General Course students have received help, since Mary Whitty in the Admission Office has been running private accommodation schemes for General Course students for years.

It is not need, but money, that the school considers a priority, and General Course students provide a considerable income through high fees. We should demand that all students are provided with accommodation, and not just those who can afford high rents.

Yours,

Amanda Hart
 General Secretary

The Freedom Association.

When will they start opening files on students at LSE, and are you safe?

"Love", "God", "Good" and "Evil" are all concepts open to individual interpretation. Now it is the turn of another: "Freedom". The activities of the Freedom Association — perhaps better known for the television appearances in "The Record Breakers" of its director, Norris McWhirter — have come to the fore.

The Freedom Association's impressive aim, "for citizens to enjoy the right to be governed by rule of law duly enforced without fear or favour", is hard to reconcile with the activities of its student wing, the Campaign for Student Freedom (CSF). The Campaign recently organized a conference where a questionnaire was passed around requesting those present to list those "subversive" students and organisations that were in evidence on their campuses. Predictable examples such as Militant, Red Action, Socialist Party of Great Britain, Socialist Workers Party and the Workers Power Group were included. However, the questionnaire also enquired about the presence of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament

(CND) and Anti-Apartheid groups, both organisations with no political affiliations. As far as individual "subversives" were concerned,

those present were exhorted to "please try to be specific about year, course and any other useful information such as age, where from, family background, personal habits, weaknesses etc."

Putting these activities into context, it is essential to appreciate that the plethora of left-wing groups is mirrored by a similar number on the right. The difference, however is that instead of dwelling on ideological disputes, these organisations have built up very strong informal links. This questionnaire was believed to have been passed around by Douglas Smith, a former Vice-chair of the now defunct Federation of Conservative students, who prides himself with the title of "freelance research consultant". Meanwhile, Gerald Hartup, the Campaign Director of the Freedom Association has dissociated himself from these activities, "The questionnaire is not one of ours and I don't know who handed it out. I would have changed the phraseology; we're interested in political weaknesses, not other sorts of weaknesses".

Hartup's claim of ignorance is hard to believe, furthermore he implicitly admits that the Freedom Association collects information in a similar way.

CND and the Anti-Apartheid movement have both written to their members concerning the questionnaire, however neither has reported seeing it: "Most people would probably sling it in the bin." However the CSF is already believed to be active at Leeds University and the questionnaire may have circulated there.

Although the questionnaire has not yet surfaced at the LSE, perhaps we should enquire into

the activities of the Libertarian Society which books rooms and organises meetings without registering with the Student Union. Furthermore, it is known that mail sent to the LSE from CND was tampered with during the summer, although there is no concrete evidence connecting this incident to the Freedom Association.

The LSE's involvement does not stop here. On September 17, the Freedom Association were allowed to host a conference at the LSE despite a considerable amount of vandalism and disruption at their previous venue, Wolverhampton Polytechnic. This issue highlights the School's vulnerability during the academic holidays, when all room bookings are handled by the Conference Office which appears to have authorised this meeting without researching the organisation. To their credit, the school later investigated the Wolverhampton incident and imposed stringent conditions on room use, but this was only as a result of protests by the Student Union. On the night in question, the porters were instructed to eject all present if any leaflets were distributed. Furthermore, those responsible were obliged to sign and abide by the school's code of conduct which specifically proscribes activities that may "stir up racial hatred".

The conference went ahead and Beaver sources report that it was attended by about 70 people — mostly conspicuously wealthy students. The audience was treated to a festival of "commie-bashing" and homophobia. The general intellectual tone of the meeting is epitomized by one participant's observation that, "Ted Heath is a Marxist". The conference was described as low-key and it is evident that the school's requirements were complied with.

These incidents should not be taken lightly. There is a nascent conspiracy in British universities to undermine campus democracy. Already the Association has established a foothold in Leeds, it may only be a matter of time before they do the same at LSE.

By Shantanu Mitra

by Gavin Gray

Behind these Walls



Photo: Rob Smith

Security plans

For the past eight months, the LSE has been subject to a high security policy. But according to Assistant Bursar Mr Coups, this will all change within the next few months.

Mr Coups plans to bring in new procedures which will enable the opening of all internal doors within the LSE and the opening of the bridges while keeping all doors to the streets closed, with the exception of the Main Lodge. This has created serious problems for many postgraduate students trying to complete projects, and for The Beaver itself, which uses the computers in the St Clements building.

Since the discovery of the theft of computer equipment in the St Clements building early last year, all entrances to the LSE buildings have been locked after 9.00pm. Thus, students will have free access to any point within the buildings, while the staff at the lodge will be able to ensure that there is no theft of equipment.

In addition, there are plans to introduce new security measures. In particular, there have been suggestions of an increase in the number of closed-circuit cameras, and more street lighting in order to ensure the safety of women students. All of these developments will take time, but Mr Coups is confident that the new systems will be installed by the Lent term.

Mr Coups urges all students to note that the emergency exits within the buildings are for that purpose only, and that obedience to this rule will aid his work greatly.

The high flying hacks

The Beaver enjoyed a little reflected glory this week as two of its more notorious ex-hacks, Andrew Cornwell and Paul Wood (see letters page last week), were shortlisted for the Guardian Student Journalist of the Year award. The Guardian Student Media Awards have traditionally been dominated by The Mancunian and Cherwell, the newspapers of Manchester and Oxford respectively, but with two representatives on a shortlist of six, The Beaver appears to stand a good chance of scooping one of them this year.

For Wood, runner up in the same category last year, this will be the second bite at the cherry, and he must rank among the favourites to go one better this time. Apart from his weekly Fifth

Column he was a regular contributor of political features and interviews. Cornwell's forte was news and "investigative" reporting, although he also submitted a number of arts reviews and an interview with Bryan Gould. From the offices of "Investors Chronicle" Cornwell commented: "This is great news. Hopefully the fact that Paul Wood and I have both been shortlisted will encourage more people to get actively involved with the Beaver instead of the sort of non-commitment that usually prevails".

Wood and Cornwell, it should be noted, are both presently working as journalists, having left LSE this year. Wood writes for the Daily Telegraph while Cornwell is attempting to add some "spice" to the world of financial journalism with the afore-mentioned Investors Chronicle, a subsidiary of the Financial Times. The Beaver wishes them both well on October 29th.

Reddin Redeemed?

As of last Thursday fourteen of the original thirty-seven General Course students involved in the flat-share scheme organised by Mike Reddin have left the programme, taking advantage of his offer of a full refund. Four students have moved within the scheme into more spacious accommodation while the remaining nineteen are expected to stick with the original set-up.

Reddin meets on Monday with the agency that organised the ill-fated plan in an attempt to regain the money lost in the venture which now entails approximately £8000. Meanwhile, he is trying to fill vacancies in the flats to further cut his losses. Anyone interested should contact the General Course Office.

The consensus of students caught in the scheme appears positive both among those who left and the students who chose to stay under a reduced rent. They feel Reddin took a big risk in agreeing to refund their deposits and did his best to alleviate the obvious failure of the agency to fulfil the provisos of the housing contract.

S. Sclater Cleveland

LSE student elected to Committee position



By Fiona Hinton

Mr Rahman O Olayiwola, an ex-MSc student met the Rev. Jesse Jackson in September at the 25th Annual Convention of the Islamic Society of North America.

Mr Olayiwola was at the meeting as representative of the Executive Committee of the International Political Science Association Research Committee on Global Communication. He is the one and only black member on the committee.

The Rev Jesse Jackson was at the meeting to discuss Muslim involvement in the democratic process. He later became involved in a discussion with Mr Olayiwola on the realisation of world peace.

During the discussion, Jackson declared "We must all be restless ... [until] Nelson Mandela is released." Mr Olayiwola invited Rev Jackson to come and speak at the LSE and he agreed to be interviewed by Mr Olayiwola sometime in the near future.

Mr Olayiwola wishes to express his profound gratitude and deep appreciation to the Director, Dr Nossiter, the Scholarships Office and the LSE authorities in general for assistance with the cost of his air ticket; and to the International Institute of Islamic Thought (IIIT) and the International Political Science Association's Travel Grant Committee for their support in enabling him to attend the conference.

News in Brief

LSE Video Box: Talking Heads Required

The School has commissioned the production of a promotional video for the further information of prospective students. Tim Maguire is the man charged with writing and directing this missionary work which will take our venerable institution to the sixth-form classrooms of Britain and beyond to the wider world. Tim is eager to confer with a disparate assortment of under- and post-graduate students willing to wax verbally and visually regarding their experiences at LSE. He is committed to a reflection of the reality of college life and as such those in possession of less than favourable impressions are of equal interest to him. Camera friendly students seeking to exert an influence upon prospective colleagues are asked to meet Tim in E205 at 1pm on Wednesday 19th October or alternatively contact him at the John Blair Film Co. on 01-323 3220.

"Beyond These Walls" returns next week.

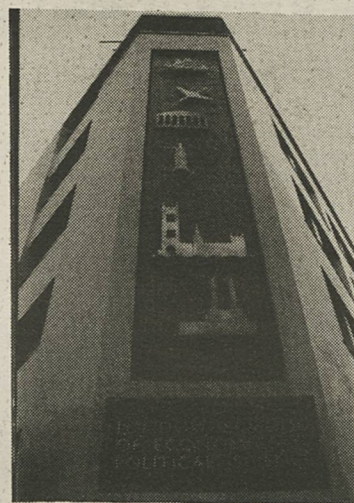


Photo: Rob Smith

The LSESU should be able to launch a series of ambitious new debates to follow on from the promising precedent of the debate sponsored by the New Statesman last year. A late phone call on Friday 7th October from the New Statesman had seemed to threaten the Students' Union's plans to establish LSE as the centre for debate among London colleges. The political weekly had declared that it no longer had the "time or resources" to continue its nascent partnership with the SU.

Two LSE students, Rebecca Howard and Francis Cassidy, had been busy assimilating a detailed list of possible subjects for debate.

Determined not to be put off by this apparent setback, they presented their package to the Parliamentary Labour Party (PLP) after being assured by Nick Markham, chair of LSE Tories, that speakers on the Tory side were "no problem". A positive response from the PLP lead in turn to an approach to The Guardian newspaper for funding. The Guardian has expressed "definite interest" and it is expected that some sort of agreement will be reached at a meeting today, but this is still to be confirmed. It is also hoped that any series of debates will be able to draw on the School's academics as well as public figures with expertise on particular issues.

Details of the proposed debates can not be revealed until more definite arrangements are secured, but it is hoped that a debate on the future of student funding and the prospect of loans can be held on November 1st. The idea of setting up LSE as a major debating centre was the brainchild of last year's General Secretary, Nick Randall, and would normally be welcomed by the school. The inspiration for these latest attempts has come from Rebecca Howard. Rebecca is neither a recognised nor aspiring "hack", perhaps her energetic and imaginative efforts can help break the myth that Students' Union affairs are in the hands of a selfish, unimaginative few.

By Fran Cassidy

Make sure you have a Merry Christmas

Earn extra cash with Tesco

It's never too early to prepare for Christmas. At all our Stores and Superstores within the M25 boundary we're getting ready for the traditional pre-Christmas rush and that means we're going to need plenty of extra help.

We have a number of part-time temporary vacancies for General Assistants to work in a variety of departments including:- Bakery, Grocery, Provisions and Warehouse to mention just a few.

There are also vacancies for part-time Cashiers to operate electronic tills offering a high standard of customer service.

There are morning, afternoon, evening and Saturday shifts which can easily be tailored to suit your studying - what's more, they are available from now until Christmas.

You'll receive good training, great benefits and of course plenty of cash just in time for Christmas.

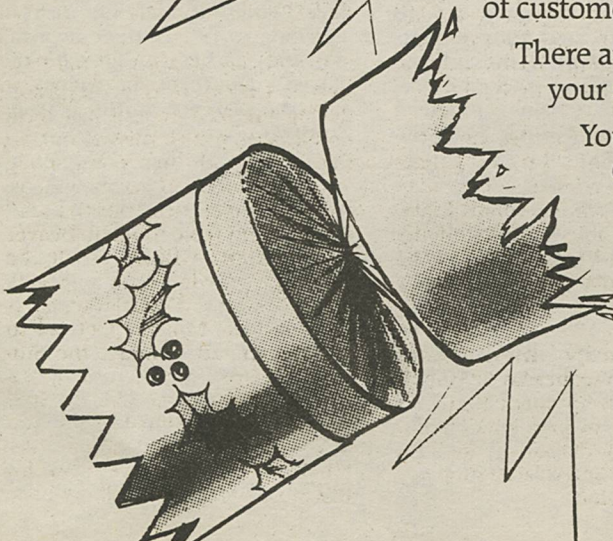
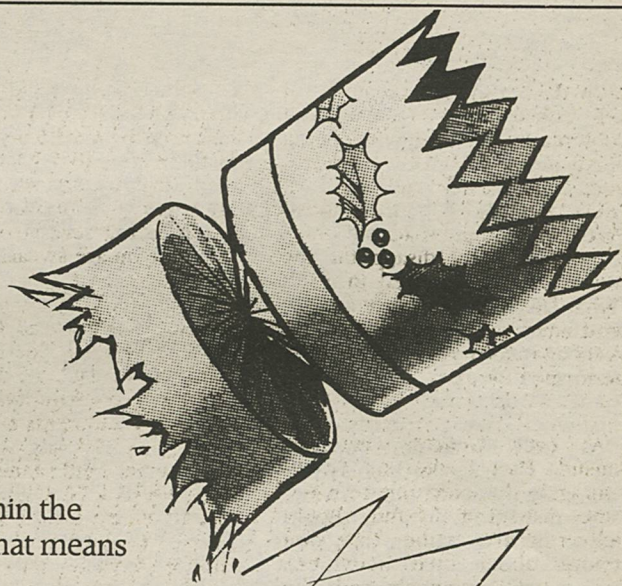
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Interviews will be held locally.

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AT THE UNION



Photo: Rob Smith

With the prominent members of LSE Conservatives at the Tory conference in Brighton being picketed by the prominent members of LSE SWSS and LSE RCP (Revolutionary Communist Party), I thought that, for once, the UGM would disappoint the BBC viewers interested in 1968 (what LSE in 1988 has got to do with anything that happened 20 years ago really escapes me). We performed though.

As ever, General Secretary, Amanda Hart, spoke first by encouraging the executive to waste paper instead of air (they should deliver written rather than oral reports about their activities). This married strangely with the vainly repeated requests not to bombard speakers with agendas and other papperasserie.

Statesman, Phil Davis, charismatically listed the new societies. Only the "Tory Reform Group" raised a snigger this time amongst the few Conservatives not at Brighton. Even more disturbing than the activities of the Campaign for Student Freedom, which has covertly been gathering information about so-called student subversives (i.e. anyone left of the Tory Reform Group) were the giggles, cries of "Piss off" (Harold Hendrikse), groans of "Shove off" (John) that this aroused and which were scarcely repressed when Phil announced a collection for a porter who has recently passed away.

Jason Ruff took over as Master of Ceremonies. Members of this union will have to study their

consciences and decide how long it will be before they censure (i.e. sack) someone who is as unsound as to believe that, "National Student Magazine has some interesting articles." For newcomers, NSM is a NUS rag several pegs below the one you are swearing at now.

Readers may recall last week's allusion to Chair Richard Ford's conspicuous lack of knowledge about the constitution. He now has a copy and reads out passages during the meeting for the enlightenment and amusement of those present. Next week he will trot it off by heart, recite it in iambic pentameters... Who knows? Anyway, let's hope we avoid a repetition of this week's extravaganza, Ford himself asking at one point, "Does anyone know what is going on?" when Women's officer, Mel Taylor, farcically had to call for a suspension of standing orders merely to give her report.

Freshers, whose initial beliefs that student hacks spend most of their time trying to prevent each other from speaking have been vindicated by repeated calls of "move to next business", can rest assured that eventually there will be a meeting in which every member of the executive says or writes something about their manifold activities. At this juncture, may I bemoan the passing out of fashion of referring to the executive as the Flower Committee...

Questions to officers followed and miraculously survived several moves to next business. Phil has assured us that the Student Union will organise a series of debates with sponsorship from the Guardian on topics such as student

loans and the NHS. Next came a question from Chris Bunting concerning the sabbaticals' failure to implement UGM policy that the Union shop should not stock goods that are animal tested or those that damage the environment. As an impartial observer, a four-letter-word answer like "NSSO" is insufficient. Why is it that the shop can sell all sanitary products at wholesale price, give numerous discounts at the beginning of term and yet insists on overpricing recycled paper? Perhaps I'm being naive.

It would be useless to remind a UGM which has resolved to carry out a constitutional amendment concerning the election of the constitution committee (which must, according to the constitution, be discussed by our non-existent constitution committee) that **THERE IS SUCH A THING AS FREEDOM OF THE PRESS**. Point taken? Whatever, your friendly Beaver editors will grace the UGM with their presence next Thursday so you can ratify or rat on us. In a similar vein, Amanda Hart, by now clearly exasperated at having to walk backwards and forwards to answer stupid questions was extremely evasive about the ASC (a closed committee that deals with the administration of the Student Union) when asked by Ron Beadle, former Labour hack, NUS officer and one-time potential sabbatical candidate. Now signed up with the Student Democrats (and often to be found sitting further to the right), Beadle asked a supplementary about "a major fuck-up over the provision of student services." The Beaver has begun its investigations.

Every year you receive a red book called the Calendar. There is another (unofficial) calendar whose contents include frequent discussion of Northern Ireland, the Cypriot question and a yearly debate on an organisation called AIESEC. AIESEC arranges traineeships, has South African links and everyone in the LSE UGM claims to be opposed to apartheid. This much is agreed. The motion, calling for the LSE to fail to recognize AIESEC and make other universities in Britain aware of this decision, was proposed by Phil Davis and seconded by NUS (London) groupie Phil Woodford. Sonali Wickrema, a first-time speaker, bravely put the case for AIESEC with a point of information and a second speech, "We do not support Apartheid: we just have a different opinion about how to destroy it." The supporting act of Nadim left a lot to be desired, being obsessed with the destruction of the NUS and accusing anyone to the right of him that they did not want a job. Last year's General Secretary, Nick Randall, closed the discussion with a fighting summation speech. As ever a paragon of calm, maturity and succinctness, "Prosperous dictatorships do not reform themselves." The motion was clearly defeated.

It was two years ago that AIESEC LSE was first derecognized. The chief reason at that time being a series of grossly racist letters and documents emanating from its South African branch. This evidence was not produced last year or this year. Last year, a black South African member spoke on behalf of it. It is doubtful whether in future years members of the UGM will be able to discuss this issue on anything other than ideological grounds. We should be aware, however, of the unintended consequences of all our actions.

by Gavin Gray

After a busy week of wine parties in and around the LSE, let's hope that the gamut of societies from the Johnny Fart-pants Appreciation Society to the Wine Tasting (aka Tom Parker appreciation) Society won't die out of Houghton St., or blow their budget on wine and cheese (no offense to Fabian). A reminder to all societies, PLEASE inform me of your meetings or gatherings. Deadline is Wednesday at 1pm. Just pin it on the board or see me - and I don't look like Stavros VS Makris, at least I hope not.

The Italian Society has a lot to be thankful for this year. With the charming smile of secretary, Alex Lasagna knocking them dead at the freshers fayre, the membership has shot up to 131. Here's your chance to meet the man behind the smile, Alex shall be recruiting more members at the Italian Society's wine party. Elections for a new committee will also be held. Old guards, M.E. Candilio and F. Eridani will make way for the hot new Italian bloods in the elections. All friends, Romans and countrymen should make their way to S175 this Tuesday, at 1pm.

The French Society (or 'FROGSOC' as they condemn themselves) promises an intellectually and gastronomically Gallic evening, this Thursday Oct. 20 at 5:30 pm in C120. Mr. Curry MEP will be giving a speech on "1992: France and the EEC". The socializing comes in later on with

For those lazy Sunday mornings spent reading the Sunday Sport, why not join the Cycle Club for a Cycle Sightseeing Tour of London. Beat those Sunday night blues with a cycle around London. Interested cyclists should meet at the main entrance, 12 noon, oh and bring a bike.

The LSE Chaplaincy is presenting *Memories of the Millennium*, illustrated recollections and commentary on the 1,000th anniversary of Christianity in the USSR. Guest speakers include Dr. Philip Walters of Keston College. This Wednesday, Oct. 19 at 2:30.

All lawyers may be interested in the Haldane Society Socialist Lawyers Conference. Helena Kennedy (barrister) will give the introductory talk: *The Socialist Lawyer: From Theory to Practice*. Speakers from the legal profession will also be there, on Saturday, Oct. 22, 2pm, in the Vera Antsey Room. After all, lawyers have hearts too not just mega-bucks.

Once again, SU Ents man Jason Ruff, has come up with something of a gem. The *Jongleurs Cabaret* will hit LSE on Oct. 21, Friday. Here's your second chance to catch the rising stars, featuring Bob Mills, Felix, and the world renowned Brighton Bottle Orchestra. Tickets are available at the Union Shop.

On the greener side of LSE societies, the Environment Forum meets this Tuesday, Oct. 18. The tentative meeting place is S421, but look out for notices to be sure.

SOCIETIES CORNER

lots of French food and wine. Free to all members, elections for the new committee will also be held.

In the meantime, Jolly Green Giant, Fabian Borcke's German Society is having a mini-Octoberfest in C120 with a barrel of Becks to boot. No feigned modesties or etiquettes, just some jolly hearty beer. Tuesday at 1pm. Crash the Italian-do first and then let loose on the barrel of Becks, then run for the committee.

For more of the Euro-scene plus 1992 and all that, the LSE European Society meets this Tuesday Oct. 18 in A141 at 1pm. Following the gallant attempts made by Olivier Lacheze-Ber against EURIF's hijack recruitment at fresher's fayre, we hope that everyone will turn up. Non-members welcome too.

Foremost Beaver news hack, the one and only, Thomas God-free Parker (he claims to come from a long line of atheists), invites all members of the Wine Society to its first wine tasting, featuring a selection of Iberian wines. All Henrys and Henriettas should come invade the new bastion of the Liberals, the top floor of the Cafe. Meet your host Tom this Tuesday the 18th, 6:30.

The Society for the Enlightenment of the Able-bodied is having its first meeting on Wednesday Oct. 19, 1 pm in room E294. Disabled and able-bodied students are invited to learn more about issues affecting people with disabilities.

LSE Amnesty International meets every Wednesday at 1pm in A220. The group concentrates in campaigning for prisoners of conscience and arranges speakers on human rights and related subjects. All are welcome.

For an even greener side of life, the LSE Greens meet every Monday at 1pm in A506. Campaign side by side with green to the heart, Fabian Borcke, for a 'greener' LSE.

The slicker than ever Financial Forum, is having its annual general meeting on Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 5:45 pm in C120. Membership cards are ready to be inserted into that ostrich skin filofax, while elections for the new committee will be held. All City aspirants should take note, the secret of making contacts is to get into the committee which organizes luncheons with the likes of Morgan-Grenfell et al. Good luck!

The Financial Forum also presents the LSE Careers Day on Wednesday, Oct. 19 in rooms A42, A85 and A86. Hobnob with the likes of Nomura, Salomon Bros, Peat Marwick, Arthur Young, Rolls Royce and a whole galaxy of stars in the banking world. It's just like a jar of cookies isn't it. Admission is free so anyone interested in summer internships and recruitment should turn up. 1:30pm-6:30pm.

Volunteers needed!! The Student's Union runs a playgroup during the ILEA school half term holidays. If you've missed out on that childhood, then come along for an afternoon of games, videos, painting and parties, trips to parks, theatres and table football. Beaver editor, Ben Gilbey, shall be jealously guarding his surrogate child, Miranda. The playgroup is running from Monday Oct. 24 to Friday Oct. 28. Contact the Student Welfare Office in room E294. LSE Parents can also sign up their children's names on the list outside the Welfare office. P.S. Miranda gets the Beaver vote for the most adorable child.

6 FEATURES

BIG BOOM BANG

Photo: Andrew Bayley



NatWest Tower: A symbol of high finance.

On Wednesday 19th October the City will be remembering (or choosing not to remember) Black Monday. The future for all those prospective entrants into The City job market looked grim immediately afterwards, with the large market-making firms such as SG Warburg losing £4.7 million. One year on is probably an appropriate time to examine the situation for all those thinking of a future in front of a screen.

"The whole thing has altered. There is much more careful assessment of our applicants. In general, people are being far more careful, far more stringent in recruiting," said a spokesman for James Capel & Co. But while the brokers, such as Capel, admit to being less eager than they were during the period of expansion, the Corporate Banking firms are much more optimistic. Charles Anson of Kleinwort Grievson; "We are recruiting graduates at the same level. We have had 1400 applications for 14-18 places over the last three years, and this situation has not been changed."

But in light of the large losses sustained by most firms in London, it seems unrealistic to believe that there has been no change in the situation. In fact, many of the British banks point to the American banks for evidence of cutting back. "When they came to London in 1985, they had to invest massive amounts of capital, and now they are discovering that it is not how much money you have, or how many people you have, but the expertise of those people. Quality, not quantity." — Jonathan Hubbard, of Morgan Grenfell Market Making division. Citicorp, who merged with the brokers Scrimgeour-Vickers, recently laid off twenty-two people. Although most of these were established employees, some, it appears, were people on training courses.

LSE's Careers Advisor, Patrice Ware, commented on the claim by many banks that the crash had not affected their recruiting policy. Although job losses are estimated to be about 4000, at the same time many firms have been expanding and recruiting back many of those who were sacked. "The published figures suggest that there has been no change. However, there is much more emphasis on the corporate side, and the equity side is much quieter. But that is what they are telling us. We have no way of knowing for real."

It would appear that some, if not all of the firms are cutting back. For example, Morgan Grenfell recruited 32 people in 1987, 25 in 1988, and are expecting to recruit only 20 in October 1989.

"In general, people are being more careful, far more stringent in recruiting."

The main reason for this is the fall in profits resulting from the lower volumes traded. But there are other reasons. Beverley Rider of JP Morgan: "The recognition by many of the largest banks that Third-World debts may have to be written-off has stimulated more cost-cutting exercises."

Hubbard also pointed to the regulatory bodies in the City.

G To live and die in the City

"There is little doubt that there have to be some rules. But since Big Bang, the whole process has been evolutionary. There was little idea what rules would be required, as nobody had any idea what the market would be like. But the regulations have been overdone. There has to be a balance between no regulations and stifling regulations. In truth, the whole market relies on rumour.

Without hearsay, there would be no speculation, and no profit. At the moment, the regulations are too stifling. There are people who are afraid to deal because of the consequences. Therefore the profits have been reduced on the equity side." He proceeded to hint that this would lead to "a more frugal use of resources". Ian Jennings, a market maker at Morgan Grenfell, expressed his fears. "There is some business which I just will not do, because it is too risky. Far cleverer people than me have been caught."

There has been much speculation as to the causes of The Crash, with the inexperience of recent recruits first to be blamed. As a result, the emphasis given to training programmes within the city has been greatly enhanced. Jonathan Hubbard: "Before the Big Bang, there was quite an impressive institutionalised network of training programmes for all sections of the city business. But with the merger of all arms, both broking and jobbing, and the information revolution, training seemed to take a back seat. For two years, until last October, training methods, at least in some

"There is no more of the 'Jam today attitude' that used to prevail."

of the British firms, were extremely primitive. It is only after the crash that we began to realise that all our expensive bodies were untrained."

But there could also be a more interesting use of the training schemes. Patrice Ware agreed that they had become much more stringent since 1987. Could they be used as some sort of "weeding out" process? "It could be possible. I have had very few people coming back to me after having been kicked-off a training scheme. I couldn't say to be sure." The American banks again seem to come under heavy criticism for very stringent, and unnecessary, training. Diane Springham, Recruitment Officer at Morgan Grenfell elaborated. "The American bankers send their graduates on six-month long courses in accountancy, economics, management

are being far more stringent in

and so-on, and then give them positions as Market Makers. They develop highly theorized bankers, in a regimented environment, when what is actually required is the development of initiative and talent. Managerial or organisational talents can be developed at a later stage. Of course, for Corporate Banking one needs to train, but not in such a saturated way."

John Bridgeman, a Market Maker in Investment Trusts, is such an example of the initiative and talent. Expelled from various public schools, he is now one of their star employees, and is remunerated as such.

If the rigorous training courses are too strict, the possibility of them being used as a "tool of eviction" seems plausible. Ob-

viously the training courses are only designed to enhance qualities which are already present. If the recruitment officers are correct in their perception of graduates, then there will be no need to use training as a screening procedure.

A spokesman for James Capel agreed that they were looking primarily for ability, but also for personality, communication skills and past work experience. Numeracy is obviously one of the foremost requirements for any graduate, but the doors are open to any discipline.

With the change in the requirements of the employers, come changes in the type of people applying for the vacancies. "Job security seems to be one of the top priorities for graduates these days. When we go to recruitment fairs, it is no longer questions about wages and Porsches, but about security and pensions.

It would appear that graduates are still as enthusiastic. Patrice Ware at the Careers Advisory reinforced this view. "They are much more concerned about security. There is no more of the 'Jam today attitude' which used to prevail. In short, their motivation is much less suspect. However, immediately after the Crash there was much more interest in accountancy and management consultancy." Still, most graduates can expect to count on good pay once accepted, which is why interest in the banking community is still alive. Although pay has fallen since the Big Bang, the drop is only marginal, and salaries for some key people have in fact risen.

Despite the sustained interest from the City firms in graduates, there are certain sections which are not appreciated. When questioned about sexism on the market floor, there were various evasive answers. Although it would appear that they do recruit women, some suggest that the overwhelmingly male bastion of high-finance is unwilling to accept women unless they can be shown a woman who has succeeded. A contradiction, if a woman cannot be employed anyway. "Women are normally very good, but they don't do themselves justice. The presence of women makes for a slightly happier floor.", as one trader said.

One of the much heralded affects of Big Bang, at least beforehand, was that it would break down the class barriers which had obstructed progress for so long. Ian Jennings, a long standing broker, and now a market maker, elaborated. "I always get this feeling that there is a lot of distance

between me and the others. On a floor of about one-hundred people, I know about three people well enough to call them friends. Strangely enough, us three are all not public school. I left school at

Eton."

The City is still going to thrive. Although the business is not as buoyant as it was, firms are look-

there will be little respite from the sloth-like nature of the market, the hub about which all arms of the city revolve. Ian Jennings; "The market is boring. We have had a bet to see who has to wait the

Seema Desai and Ben Gilbey investigate the effects of the Crash on the world of Porsches and champagne bars

sixteen, and worked my way up in a brokerage firm. Even after twenty years in the business, I'm not given as much responsibility as a twenty-one year old from

ing to graduates for their future. "The graduates that we recruit now will be our directors of the future," said Diane Springham. But for the immediate future at least,

longest for a price change. I won - I waited from 9.30 in the morning to 4.30 at night. And even then, it was only a one-pence price movement."



Photo: Andrew Bayley

Long Live the DJ

The cult of the DJ and a Sign of the Times.

The definitive guide by Ekow Eshun to the rhythms of today.

Every age has its own sound; in the 1950s white musicians borrowed from R&B and Rock 'n' Roll was born. In the 1960s, psychedelia and Jimi Hendrix's groaning guitar captured the feeling of the times, and in the 1970s punk shattered the complacency of progressive rock.

The cut-up record depends not on musicianship, but on a thorough understanding of the dance music of the last 15 years.

All these musics were special — emblematic of the spirit within youth, at a certain time and at a certain place. All began as secret sounds, passed by word of mouth and ear to ear by the *cognoscenti* until they became well known and were accepted as the signifier of an age.

The music of the 1980s has been secret too, slow to develop and oftentimes ignored by those ever prevalent institutions, the record companies and the national media. That music is the black dance music sometimes called hip-hop or house or rare groove. Different as they are, in total, they represent the energy, the burning heart of youth — which rock 'n' roll yelled and punk snarled — the flame is the same.

At its centre sits the DJ, groove maker, and new god of the 1980s. In an age when clubbing is a way of life to many and a common pursuit for most, the DJ has be-

come not merely the player of records but either the saviour or the slayer of an entire night. His status has risen to that of most high superstar.

On December 31st 1986 the warehouse party reached its peak with an almost legendary New Year's Eve party at a secret location overlooking the River Thames. Its hosts were **Family Funktion** and **Shake and Fingerpop** names that gave away nothing of the true nature behind those titles. The aim of the warehouse was pure, uninhibited fun and the music that got played, was the key to their success; old records, 1970s funk tunes played for a newly appreciative audience, too young to catch them the first time. And even though the DJs never spoke their raves became the very thing. Hundreds, thousands would migrate across London in search of the warehouse, all just to listen, to enjoy and dance to the music they called *rare groove*. News of the rave was transmitted via the pirate radio stations, manned by many of the DJs who would play later that night. For Norman Jay, the man who was **Shake and Fingerpop** it meant celebrity status and title *King of the Rare Groove*.

Concurrently, in America, a music that had been developing since the early 1980s began to reach fruition. Hip-hop; the rapping scratching sound of black urban America rediscovered James Brown, the *Soul Brother No 1*, and took their early experiments in mixing records into the stratosphere. Song after song began to depend on a James Brown sample, borrowing a little of the original heavy funk to add authenticity to their own sometimes lacking rhythms.

The cut-up record depends not on musicianship, but on a thorough understanding of the dance music of the last fifteen years. To be able to borrow, to steal and thieve, is only possible if one can discern within the groove jungle, a track, a path that will lead ultimately to the perfect beat. The age of the DJ has arrived!

The **Coldcut Crew's** remix of **Eric B and Rakim's** *Paid in Full* sampled Arabic wailings and the



1950s BBC record *Adventures in Stereophonic Sound*. This year's biggest hits **Bomb the Bass**, *Beat Dis* and **S-Express' Theme** from were created by Tim Simenon and Mark Moore respectively, DJs who made their reputation in London's clubs. On **Run DMC's** current European tour it's not they who are the stars, or even the show stealers themselves **Public Enemy**, but the latter's DJ *Terminator X*, providing the rhythm for the band and receiving adulation from the audience. No hip-hop band can stand without its DJ, for **Salt N Peppas** it is *Spinderella*, for **Fresh Prince** it is *Jazzy Jeff*. In

Eric B and Rakim it is *Eric B* who comes first.

But the domain of the DJ doesn't end with hip-hop, the anonymity of house music, especially in its acid extremis is also his realm. Producer Todd Terry, responsible for the acid chant of *Can You Feel It?* is credited as one of the foremost progressors of

enough dry ice and strobe lights for the biggest party Seoul saw that summer. For the Germans, and their DJ *West Bam*, the club and the virtuosity of the DJ are little less than art, and the dressed up, dancing crowd, part of a happening that encompasses sounds, movement, colour, and energy. Its focal point is the DJ, whose performance can lift a night from the

...the DJ, whose performance can lift a night from the mediocrity of a mere disco to the high rise of performance art.



house, having produced some 16 tracks in the last 18 months (under various guises), most of which have been hits.

Clublands obsession with acid house and Balearic beats can be traced to just a few DJs whose clubs attract hundreds. Nicky Holloway's *Trip* fills the Astoria every Saturday and Danny Rampling's *Shoom* remains the most exclusive and underground of house parties. Steve Jackson's *Jungle* runs weekly in both London and Paris.

At the Cultural Olympics in Seoul this year, which ran parallel to the XXIII Olympiad, the German contingent arrived bearing not sculptures or poetry, but

mediocrity of mere disco dance to the high-rise of performance art.

In these, the last years of our decade, at this the time of post-modernism; when all cultures and art types return to haunt us before falling into the fire of the *fin de siècle*, art has become a malleable and evanescent term. Visual media, adverts, film, TV, borrow constantly from artists long dead using and abusing images from a different age. The music which does this too, the mixes of the **Coldcut Crew** or of **Double D and Steinski** are part of a seminal soundtrack that has run from the 1950s and has always been emblematic of the spirit within youth culture. The guitar hero is dead — long live the DJ.

The taming of the word



City where cats like Bird, Coltrane, Davis, et al were making it as a way of expressing their anguish, trials and tribulations in a devilishly racist white society; twenty or so years later homeboys like Rakim, Chuck D, KRS, et al are "thinking about a master plan". The sound may have changed to some ears, but to the enlightened the frantic energy is all the same. The abuse of a black man by police is the same now as then. Twenty years on the black ghettos are still there and the fight for respect is continuing. Jazz and hip-hop are loud and bold outcries against the injustices perpetrated on the people, as well as rousing evocations to the spirit of that people. The militancy of Public Enemy is no more so than that of John Col-

trane, just as their 'noise' is no more so than 'Tranes' at his most intense.

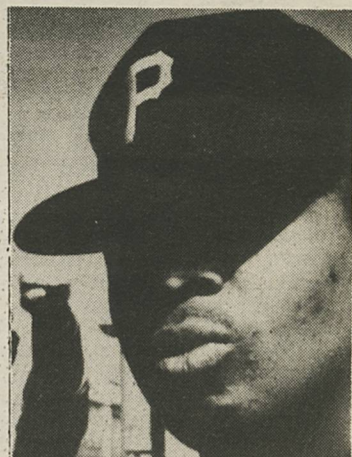
The disdain at the music and the culture it spawns is also nothing new, for as the white system feared the force and emotion of jazz joints in the late 50s and 60s, it also fears the power of hip-hop jams today. They know that "it will take a nation of millions to hold us back" and so instead try to dilute and conquer. The spirit of jazz its image, youth and impulse was diluted until it became a haven for a so-called elite of purists ('Wire' readers take note). The culture lost its life force, many of the young, the reckless, were driven away as white society latched onto jazz and made it respectable in

its blue eyes.

Gone are "the misty doors of a jazz joint . . . [with] the frantic black people on the stand and the oblivious mixed crowd at the bar" (James Baldwin, RIP), that has all now been replaced by clubs like Ronnie Scotts. And instead of Charlie "anyone who says he can blow when he ain't doped is a liar" Parker, these now feature the likes of the respectable Humphrey Lyttleton, who even plays at oh-so-nice public school music evenings for God's sake!

Hip-hop is also facing up to that challenge, as all is being done to ban the jams, suppress the likes of Public Enemy and replace it all with oh-so-acceptable white diluted forms such as the Beastie Boys, Morris Major and the Minors and the Liverpool Rap, etc.

This culture has been raped and abused so many times already, from Al Jolson through to Elvis, the Rolling Stones and all those other rip-off white boys with so-called black voices. Are we going to let it happen again?



The Jazz Warriors play Bow Theatre this Thursday (October 20th)

Public Enemy are released on Deffam (CBS) and Run DMC on Decca.

"Bird", Clint Eastwood's critically acclaimed film of Charlie Parker's short life and tragic death will be released in mid-November.

Word

Maxx

It began in Afrika

The first week in October featured concerts of the two major hybrids of modern black music, both of which are struggling; one for survival in its maturity, the other for respect in its youth. *October 5th, Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank. The Jazz Warriors.* The outcome of a black self-help organisation, aimed at taking jazz back to the youth and to its roots. The Warriors feature Courtney Pine, Orpheus Robinson and our own Robin Walker. This concert tour is primarily a homage to the late West Indian jazzman Joe Harriot, and so the mood of the first half is very mellow and tight. Focal point: Wilson's three movement tribute to Harriot: "Joe, gone, man, gone." After an interval for ginseng intake, the set becomes more relaxed and improvised.

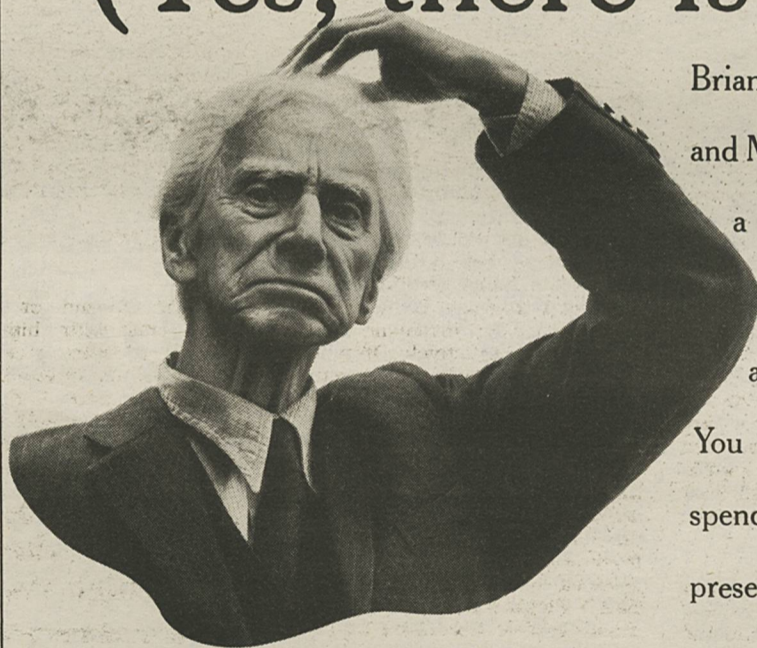
And the beat goes on

October 9th, Brixton Academy. The jam they tried to ban. Featuring **Public Enemy** (rap's true flagbearers of Farakhan and black truth), **Run DMC** and the rest of the Rush family. Armoured Landrovers, armed mounted escorts and matching "kill blackie" allegations courtesy of the Metropolitan Police. The first set (and suicide squad for the evening) presented by white rockers "Pop Will (Sh)Eat Itself" involved a frantic exchange of spit and beer between the band and the Brixton homeboys in the front row. After various smaller acts and numerous false starts, Stetsasonic finally appeared to put the party in full gear, and the adrenalin really began to flow. The raw energy levels peaked as Public Enemy brought us the noise and hence (realistically) no matter what Run DMC tried to do thereafter, (by now into the third hour) they couldn't equal their fore-runners.

So, "Don't Believe the Hype" you might read in the paper and above all "Never, ever let the authorities stop your mother-fucking music!" - Chuck D (The Prophet of Rage)

Parallels can be drawn between the jazz and hip-hop cultures. Both were and still are black youth sounds emanating from the ghettos as a protest and as a means of survival. And both are artforms created by black Americans which the hipless and bigoted white establishment has belittled and ignored. In the same New York

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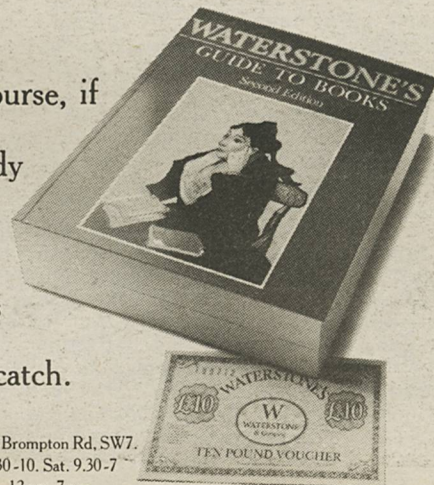


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Toulouse Lautrec

A new exhibition at the Royal Academy traces the progress of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec's graphic works from his first commission (from the Moulin Rouge) in 1891, to his death in 1901. It brings together over 280 prints and posters.

Taking his inspiration from the Twilight world of the cabaret, where aristocrats, artisans, painters and prostitutes would mingle, Toulouse-Lautrec's work evokes the seedy glamour of the Folies Bergeres and, the Moulin Rouge, of which he was a patron long before he was a painter.

Included in the collection are lithographs of the classical theatre, opera and sport. Yet it is in the 'Elles' series of lithographs, where he returns to Parisien prostitutes for inspiration, that he reaches new heights of technical brilliance and emotional impact. Understating outlines in lithograph chalk, he innovates with traditional methods (such as the spatte technique, where ink is flicked onto the printing stone to produce subtle graduations of tone.)

Humanely portrayed at their most vulnerable, one woman going about her ablutions, another numbly confronting a client, Toulouse-Lautrec expresses true empathy with his subjects.

The exhibition is typically well presented, with the techniques and practical difficulties of lithography fully explained, and works shown in different stages of completion. It places Toulouse-Lautrec in the tradition of earlier innovators such as Delacroix, Daumier and Redon. An admirable introduction to the work of a man who captured the spirit of fin-de-siecle Paris.

Chris Flook



Toulouse-Lautrec: *The Graphic Works* opened on the 14th October at the Royal Academy.

The Big Black Plastic Explosion

Good this week to see standards being kept up but we're still waiting for new stuff from the likes of *The Razorcuts*. However *The Fall* are back. The next single should be *Big Prince* (Cog Sinister), with the sound-track of their recent balletic outing with arty *Michael Clark I am Curious Orange*. Incomprehensible lyrics abound - strictly for fans.

The *Groove Farm* also return with *Driving in Your New Car* (Subway). This takes them even further away from their surfing fetish but it's still just as good and loud. Rare tour date at ULU on 28th October, supporting *The Flatmates*, who also have a new song out *Heaven Knows* (Subway).

Robert Lloyd follows up the highly rated *Something Nice* with *Nothing Matters* (InTape). Another excellent song from highly talented Robert. The LP's out soon.

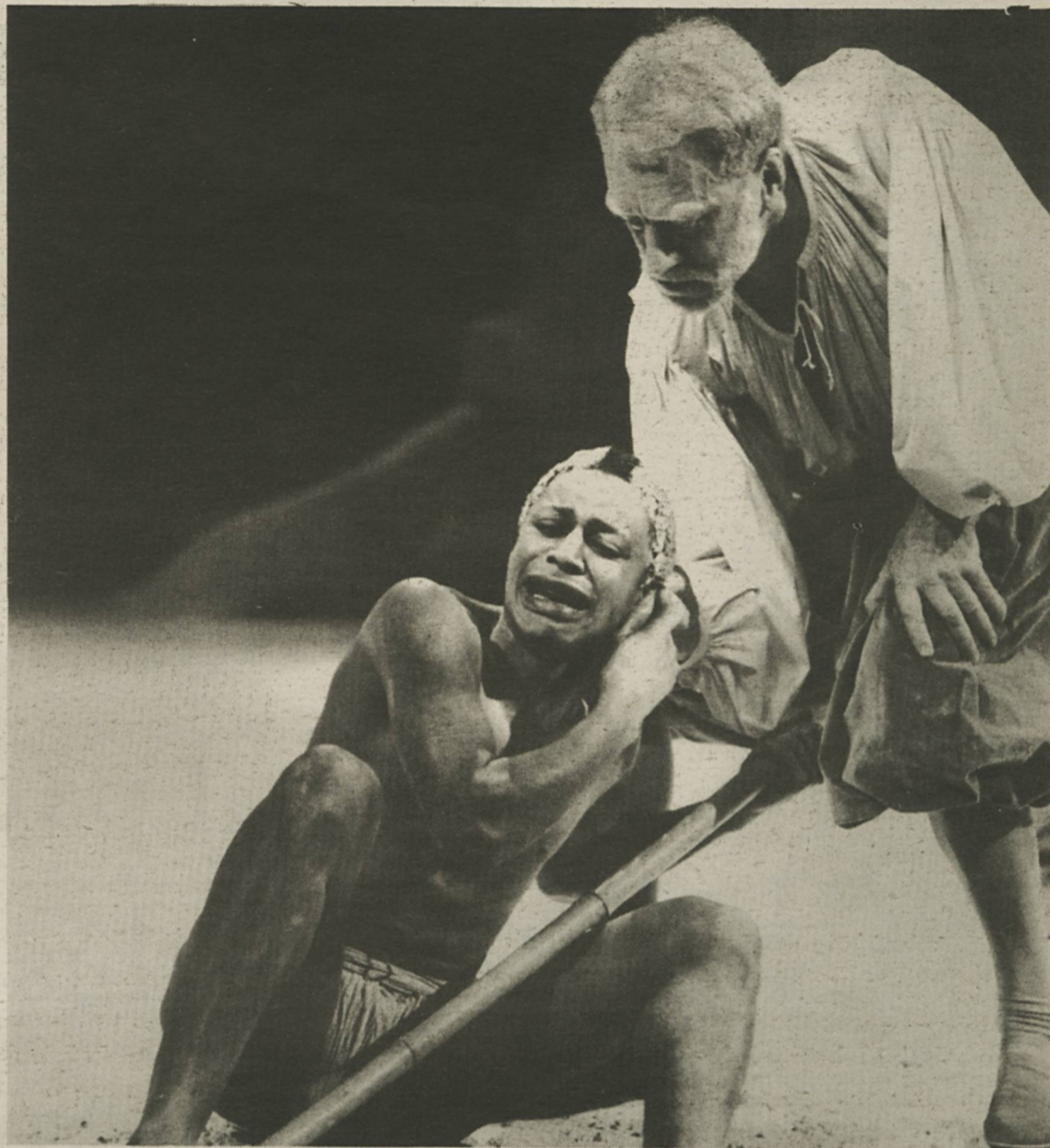
The *Cardiacs* - *Susannah's Still Alive* (Alphabet) - Yet another over-the-top single from the completely mad *Cardiacs*. Not as loud as this year's *Icing on the World*, but still better than the sadly average *Is This Life?*

The *Chesterfields* - *Crocodile Tears* (Household) - Their third LP has a nice bright cover and nice bright songs. Hard to follow the brilliance of *Westward Ho!*, but a good attempt nevertheless.

Out soon is the as yet untitled Brilliant Corners compilation - hopefully containing such classics as *Brian Rix* and *Boy and the Cloud*. Rumour has it that Frank Sidebottom is to cover *The Fall's Hit the North*. Watch out for the new *Jack Rubies* single and *My Bloody Valentine's You Make Me Realise* (Creation), as well as the French version of *Why Are You Being So Reasonable Now?* by *The Wedding Present*. Re-release of the week is *Voice of the Beehive's I Walk the Earth* for sheer sing-a-long quality.

The Tempest

Old Vic



Every theatre company does a Shakespeare in as much as almost everyone cooks spaghetti. But after one production of *Hamlet*, you've pretty much seen it all, and wait for each new production to impress you with something different. After ten different *Hamlets*, every so-called "new and daring" production has within it elements of banal gimmicks and overworked gags, either set to Japanese pop music or, in the case of the Old Vic's new production of *The Tempest*, a Caribbean one.

The central problem is that Shakespeare is a *Classic*, thus theatre companies risk offending both purists and non-conformists by serving up some strange dish on stage, far from the cries of the immortal "To be or not to be...". In the case of the *Tempest*, there is a disturbing imbalance between the desire to be innovative and that of maintaining a firm base of acting true to the spirit of the text.

Predictably enough, the play opened with the usual rolling thunder, though the wave effect was quite impressive. Miranda awakes screeching in the middle of a set worthy of Mondrian's worst cubic fears. Whilst Prospero tries in vain to add the kind of awesome dynamism befitting his character. The production is a very slick one, replete with gorgeous opera singers and a star-studded cast, but when does one dispense with the effects and come up with some good solid acting. Unfortunately, *Max von Sydow* was a big disappointment as Prospero.

Alexei Sayle makes a surprising and amusing appearance as a Liverpudlian Trinculo. Yet it is a pity that the very ideas which Shakespeare wished to

portray: the clash of two different cultures, white colonialist domination and superiority, and the alienation of the city dwellers in an uninviting and hostile surrounding, are merely touched on. Sayle's appearance provided the light touch that

the play needed, yet his comic presence was too distracting and imposing, especially in the light of a rather weak cast.

Katherine Penalosa

The Tempest is presently playing at the Old Vic

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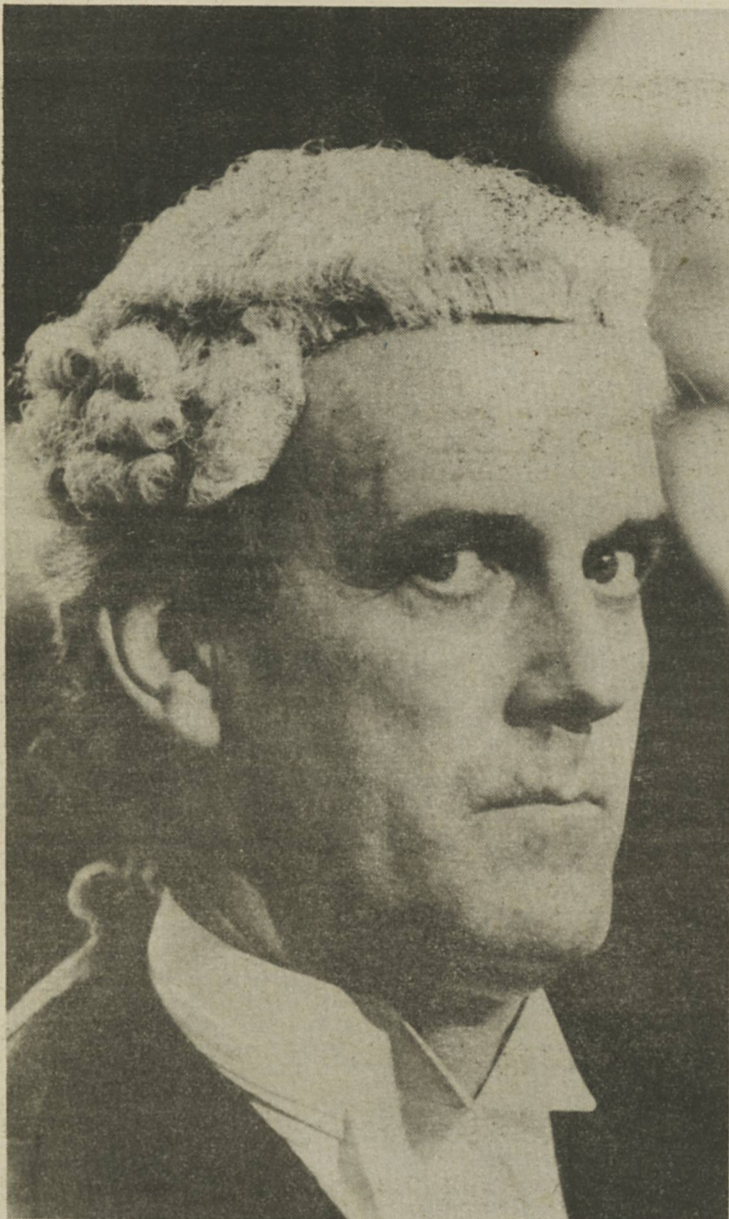


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A Fish Called Wanda



Poor **John Cleese**. He seems caught in the trap he built for himself during his tenure with the **Monty Python** group he co-founded. In much the same way a new album by Paul McCartney is accompanied by comments like "It's good, but it's not Sgt. Pepper," post-Python comedy by Cleese is mildly amusing, but far from the Dadaesque madness of "Holy Grail".

Cleese has, however, regained some of his stature by heroically holding together a flimsy bit of film annoyingly titled **A Fish Called Wanda**. Combining his talents with venerable comedy director **Charles Crichton** ("The Lavender Hill Mob"), Cleese has co-written and scripted an entertaining, if flawed, film. More significantly, Cleese's performance as the quiet, uxorious, and generally trodden-upon barrister Archie Leach simultaneously proves that Cleese is capable of more than mere ranting and that one likeable character can save a film.

Leach ends up defending George (Tom Georgeson), leader of an honourless den of thieves played haltingly by **Jamie Lee Curtis**, **Kevin Kline** and Python alumnus **Michael Palin**. Curtis is Wanda (not the fish of the film's title), a femme fatale whose primary interests are sex, the Italian language, and huge piles of cash. Kline is Otto, a vacuous Nietzsche-reader and ex-CIA operative who has concluded that the central message of Bhuddism is 'Every man for himself'. Palin struggles with

the almost unplayable part of Ken, an animal lover with an exceedingly unfunny stammer.

While George awaits trial in the wake of a diamond robbery, the rest try to discover where he hid the loot. Wanda attempts to seduce Archie, thinking George will tell the barrister where the gems are as part of a plea bargain. Meanwhile, Archie's wife and daughter (Maria Aitken and Cynthia Caylor as a pair of delightfully despicable bitches) grow annoyed at his increasingly odd behaviour.

Unfortunately, it's not as smooth as all that. Kline, for example, never seems to decide whether or not he's playing his character with a smattering of realism. Curtis, too, delivers an uneven performance. We learn early on that she cares not at all for her fellow thieves — two of whom she's having affairs with — yet we're expected to believe by the film's end that she has mended her ways and fallen, firmly and inevitably, in love with Archie. Palin delivers a better performance with a significantly worse role. We're unlikely to feel for him the sympathy he deserves because he gleefully embarks on some nasty missions.

Crichton's direction, though steady, seems empty and a bit hesitant, as though his long absence from film-making has stunted his skills. Combined with Alan Hume's uncomfortably artless cinematography, it results in the film looking like an inexpensive late-70s sitcom. Cleese, though, saves the film, even manages to make it

sparkle at times. Archie's ersatz affair with Wanda prompts him to question everything about his life — his family relationship, his career, his Englishness — and Cleese paints a warm, sympathetic, very human picture of a man experiencing a funny midlife crisis. He also manages to steal the film's three best scenes: a brilliantly funny juxtaposition of bedtime rituals (the Leach's genteel, mechanical grooming *versus* Otto and Wanda's anarchic sexual posing); a bit of South Bank coercion by Otto (The film's most Python-esque sequence); and a great, though brief, interrogation room scene near the climax (The post-lapsarian Archie plays tough). Cleese's entertaining performance offers just enough to make up for the film's other shortcomings.

The film self-destructs at the end, where an implausible climax and an impossible sequence of postscripts destroy any faith in the narrative.

If Cleese and Crichton had been a bit more self-assured of the plot's complete ridiculousness throughout, things would have been smoother. But no matter. **A Fish Called Wanda** is at least moderately enjoyable, and it's wholly convincing that, given another go, John Cleese could produce a comic gem.

Rick G Karr

A Fish Called Wanda was on general release from October 14th

Les Patterson

This film has been reviewed as crude, vulgar and offensive. If looked at aggressively, Australian ambassador to the United Nations Dr Sir Leslie Colin Patterson KBE (**Barry Humphries**) could indeed be described as all of these. He drinks obsessively, acts like a slob, makes disgusting jokes and constantly commits adultery. But to call him offensive is unfair.

Les Patterson is the old rogue you see propping up the corner of every bar in the country. He appears repulsive at first, but once you allow yourself to relax with him you soon see through

him as quite harmless and just trying to be funny. Barry Humphries as Les Patterson is lucky, because he is funny. His cheeky, innocent, almost boyish attitude to life soon shines through and you find yourself laughing with him and seeing the funny side of often far too serious topics. Objectively, Patterson is repulsive. Allow yourself to accept him as friendly and he becomes almost likeable.

The film starts with Sir Les in a dreadful state trying to address the United Nations Congress. Needless to say he



Saves the World

offends everyone and starts an international incident.

In particular, he mortally offends Mustafa Toul, the vindictive leader of an oil-rich Gulf state known as Abu Niveah. For his sins Patterson is sent to Abu Niveah as a sacrificial lamb of appeasement. While there he steps right into a coup and then uncovers a dastardly plan to spread a sinister disease using toilet seats!!

Dame Edna Everage arrives with her possums of peace and the two Barry Humphries creations form an unlikely partnership to save the Western world.

If you fancy an easy, 'pub-type' night out with plenty of laughs and characters, leaving you with a smile on your face, save yourself a hangover and watch this.

Ross Broadstock

Views expressed in Beaver commissioned articles are not necessarily those of the Beaver Collective. Mr Broadstock's review is definitely a case in point.

Les Patterson Saves the World was on Cannon release as of Friday 14 October.

Dream Demon

Dream Demon revolves around Diana Markham (**Emma Redgrave**) a shy, innocent English socialite, suffering from a bad case of nightmares. Into her life comes Jenny Hoffman (**Kathleen Wilhoite**), a young, brash American who lived in Diana's new house when she was younger. But Jenny has no recollection of this and hopes that by visiting the house she can find out about her past. Although very different people they hit it off immediately. Gradually they become aware that Diana's nightmares and Jenny's past are connected.

Diana is engaged to marry Oliver, a Falklands hero and out and out rotter. This and Diana's rich parents makes her wedding something of a celebrity occasion. As a result she is hounded by the press in the form of Auf Wiedersehen Pet's **Jimmy Nail** and **Timothy Spall**. ("Never underestimate the power of the Press" as Mr Nail frequently, and rightly, reminds us). As we and Diana discover more about her nightmares more nasty things happen to most of the characters.

Unfortunately, this is as much of the storyline as can be discerned with any certainty.

From then on the film becomes a mish-mash of dreams, half-dreams and reality. At one point Diana asks Jenny, "don't you understand this is real?" — to which you are forced to answer in the negative. Although Jenny's past is eventually revealed, by then its significance has long been lost in the mass of confused images.

Admittedly the film has its good points. Nail and Spall (good ring eh?) both deliver some cracking one liners, yet the film falls well short of a black comedy. Timothy Spall in particular is well worth watching and with the aid of some effective make-up is satisfactorily hideous. After the excellent "Pet" and a good role in Ken Russell's "Gothic", he is rapidly becoming a highly visible actor.

Kathleen Wilhoite, whose film roles include "The Morning After" and "Murphy's Law" puts in a sound performance, with some good delivery, particularly a kick to Tim Spall's groin. Emma Redgrave, however, either because it is in her character's nature or due to a lack of acting ability, is far too wooden and appears as bewildered by the whole affair as

I was.

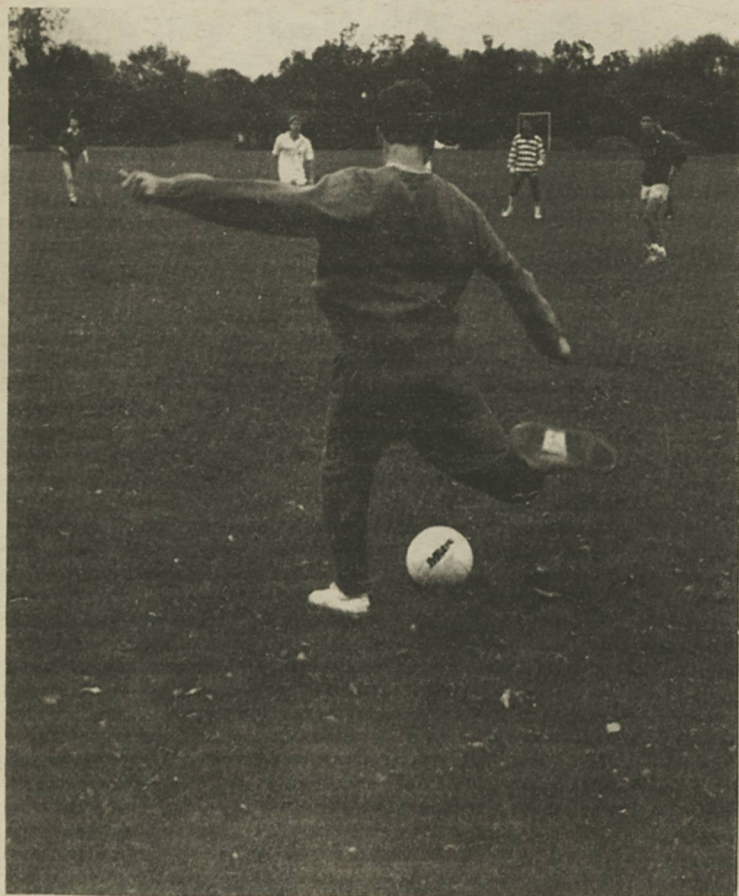
Special effects by Parker and Williams are excellent, despite, so we are informed, a low budget. However, this is expected these days, especially from those who have worked on such films as "Raiders of the Lost Ark" and "Little Shop of Horrors". Even so, one decapitation looks like something out of Monty Python.

"Dream Demon" is "directed" (in the liberal sense) by Harley Cokliss and produced by Paul Webster. Unfortunately the film seems to be built around the special effects with a vain attempt to weave in a story. It breaks no new ground; all the old horror movie favourites — cellars, scary dolls, mirrors etc. — are dragged up and regurgitated. Everything in it is covered in "Nightmare on Elm Street" which did it so much better, and like "Nightmare" the film leaves itself open to a sequel, although I pray things will never come to that.

"Dream Demon" opened at the Odeon Leicester Square on Friday October 14th.

Richard Brine





Wednesday's Football Results

LSE FIRSTS 1 QMC FIRSTS 2

Sporting their brand new red and black sponsored kit, LSE looked like a team of world-beaters. Unfortunately, they didn't play quite as well as they looked. An early interception by Richard Korab gave LSE the lead, but the rest of the first half was dominated by QMC, who equalized after Ally Mackenzie took away the legs of the opposing centre forward in LSE's box.

Things picked up in the second half, with LSE playing some fine football but failing to score. With 15 minutes remaining, an attempted cross-field throw was intercepted by QMC's forward, who promptly ran it in for the winning score. Not a bad all-around performance, but there's plenty of room for improvement in the season to come.

Reporting: Whuppet

**ST. MARY'S
HOSPITAL 4
LSE FIFTHS 3**

**GUY'S
HOSPITAL 0
LSE THIRDS 11**

LSE shut out Guy's Hospital's Seconds in an impressive opening win. This came despite injuries during Trials to two projected starters and the withdrawal of the captain, who turned to management, serving as referee.

But Captain-for-the-day Alex Merrifield came through with a hattrick and Kleon Makris, David Fanilon, Thomas Schroer and others completed the rout. The outstanding performance left the manager pleased but not complacent.

Reporting: Joolz Gottlieb

AU WOMEN

The Athletic Union Committee would like to point out that, at present, there are two female vice-presidents in office. Many students may be unaware of this fact and, as such, incorrectly believe that the AU is a purely male domain.

As Internal and External Vice-Presidents, we would like to remind women that we are available to answer any queries, give information and solve any sporting problems during AU office hours: Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1-2 pm in E65A.

Remember that there are a host of activities available to women. The AU is for everyone, whether young or old, male or female, postgrad or undergrad, so come along and get involved.

Women's Basketball

There will be a meeting of the women's basketball team, for anyone interested, in the Quad on Wednesday at 1pm.

SPORT

By Jeffrey Barman

The debates are over and the polls remain inconclusive. The public is undecided and apathetic. Yet the winner will arguably be the most powerful individual in the world for four full years.

We are, of course, referring to America's Presidential election. With the vote upcoming on 8 November, the candidates have still not been able to make a strong impact on the media-driven electorate. The people simply can't choose.

So as a public service, Sport Talk has come up with a suggestion. Enough of the taxpayer-financed television commercials and the battle of expectations. Enough already about Reagan Democrats and the battle for the blue-collar vote. How about settling the election in a way that the whole world can relate to: on the playing fields, winner take all. Perhaps as follows...

We are coming to you LIVE, via satellite, with the event that you have all been waiting for. Tonight four men compete for the greatest prize in sports -

TALK

it again a few dozen times from different angles. Bush looks confident; he's done this before. Wait, Reagan has come out to offer advice. Bush seems to be listening for the old guy's sake, but George really wants to be seen and judged for the man he is, and not as the man he seemed to be while serving unyieldingly like a puppy for eight years. He's finally ready, and it's good! That ties the score up at one apiece.

Now the big guys get a short rest as the vice-presidential candidates come onto the field. The silence of the crowd's response is deafening. VPs spend most of their time trying to keep busy while they wait for their boss to get shot. To that end they wind up going to lots of foreign countries and also all over America to make unimportant speeches and meet new and uninteresting people. It's tedious and repetitive. And their first event will be the 10,000 meter walk. Quayle pulls off to an early lead as Bensten struggles to keep up. Now Quayle is really pulling away: look at that youth and vigor shining



the right to rule the free world and strongly influence every major international policy decision made on earth from 1989 right up to 1993! [applause]

These guys have been in intensive training for this day for nearly their entire lives. Tonight, after the sweat and struggle of Universities, Congress, and even the National Guard, the waiting will finally come to an end for two of these fine competitors in front of an unprecedented global audience of billions. Folks, this is even bigger than Live Aid. Now for a short message from our sponsor.

O.K., we're back! [light applause] Dukakis and Bush have been on the campaign trail for a good long while now and it's been a test of endurance all the way for both of them; each faced numerous obstacles and controversies. Tonight will be the conclusion of their marathon journey. And so, for the first event: the steeplechase... and it's Dukakis in a landslide! Those daily jogs for the TV cameras really paid off dividends. Bush looks a bit upset about having to get his red tie dirty, but he's handling the stress well.

Dealing with a pesky Congress on issues like funding for covert operations and balanced budgets is a lengthy, difficult process. It usually involves a fairly long time for your ideas to build up speed and then a massive personal effort by both yourself and your administration to get the votes necessary to push your idea over the top. And now for the pole vault.

Dukakis is on the runway, he's in the air - and he's pulled a Daley Thompson! That looked really painful. Let's see

Trials Report

By Reg Gutterpress

The trials are now over and the hockey, rugby and soccer teams are once again preparing themselves for another season of endeavour and effort. A season of laughter and tears. A season of hearty backslapping and of silent recriminations. Heroes and heroines will be born. Tales will be passed on to each influx of new blood: tales of the all conquering packs, of the forty-yard scorchers and the unrivalled stickpersons of the past.

On Wednesday and Saturday of the first week of term, team captains patrolled the playing fields of New Malden, carefully appraising this year's batch of hopefuls. When the final whistles blew on Wednesday there were those who retired to the showers with reasons to be cheerful and those who were glad to have the Saturday trial to once again strut their stuff.

Sport tends to bridge the conversational gaps that exist in the first few weeks of term. People who had never met before left the field of play agreeing that if they'd "knocked the ball about a bit more" they could have "banged a few more goals away". And while forwards were still "banging them away" retrospectively, defenders unanimously agreed that "the defence was pretty solid!" Meanwhile midfielders everywhere battled quite well.

Rugby players got stuck in, everybody desperate to play for the firsts, as playing for the seconds apparently involves a mere five or six outings a year. As a side note, some good times for trouser removal were recorded; perhaps further performances in student unions all over the Home Counties?

The hockey trials produced some promising young blood with several women of "county" standard emerging. This was of almost immediate benefit when the women's First XI almost reached the semi-finals at Motspur Park on Sunday 9th. The seconds, unfortunately, did not reach such dizzy heights, but as British hammerthrowers will testify, it's the taking part that counts.

We now await the results of the captains' deliberations as team sheets are posted in the Athletic Union. There is still time to become a member of this great institution. Those budding sporty types who missed the trials can join at any time by speaking to someone in the AU. And don't let all this nonsense about elitism be offputting. Remember, the best way to overcome elitism is to become one of the elite.

Parachuting Club

LSE's very own skydivers will meet on Monday at noon. There is a planned training session on 23rd October in the Gym, with a jump planned for the following weekend (29-30 October). For information, contact Stuart Bancroft on 01-387 7743 or at Passfield Hall, room G7. New members are always welcome.

Badminton Club

The Divisional Team Championship for both men and women will commence 26th October, running until February next year, when the finals will be held. LSE is in the Southeast League; the first competition is with the University of Kent. Individual championships will be held the last weekend of November.