

#BEAVER

London School of Economics Students' Union

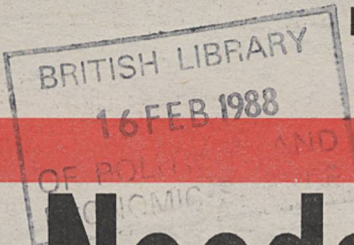
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Monday 2nd November 1987, Issue 268



Students' Union Needs £50,000

Union Pledge to force the LSE to help the Housing Association

by ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

The LSE Students' Union has formally decided to revive its own Housing Association and called on the Administration to provide £50,000 to put it in motion. On Thursday, 29th of October, the UGM adopted unanimously, in a rare display of cross-party unity, a motion resolving "to put the Housing Association at the top of its list of priorities". In the words of General Secretary Nick Randall, "this is the most important motion that we'll be discussing this year".

The whole operation has been masterminded by this year's Student Union sabbaticals. The association, however, is not new; it was set up two years ago by the then-Senior Treasurer Richard Snell and the then-General Secretary Elwyn Watkins. But setting up a housing association is a very time-consuming and complicated affair, and as far as the LSE SU is concerned, politically not that rewarding: as with most long-run projects, the sabbaticals are likely to be out of office when the results arrive.

It is therefore all to the credit of Randall and Russell that the idea of a housing association has finally gotten off the ground. Admittedly, time was running out, as the housing situation in

London was getting out of hand. In the past three years, rents have increased by more than 25% at a time when the real value of grants is regularly falling.

Coupled with high rents, the problem of scarcity of accommodation has just been getting worse. As far as LSE students are concerned, halls of residence can only accommodate about 20% of its students. As for the others, they must compromise either on the rent or on the location. They either see large proportions of their grants and maintenance eaten up, or have to travel for hours every day.

Not even the "lucky-few" who live in Halls are safe. The leases on the Fitzroy and Maple Street flats are up for renewal next year, and this will in all probability be done at "market prices", which the School will not be able to pay. As if this was not enough, the construction of a new hall of residence at Butlers' Wharf has been plagued with problems, and there seems little chance for it to be ready for the Autumn of 1988 (a contractor is due to be chosen in November). It is in this light that the Union's decision is to be viewed.

Two weeks ago, the LSE SU managed to negotiate a very large-scale deal with Barclays Bank, believed to be in excess of £500,000 in the form of low-interest loans. Admittedly, the

meetings took place before the collapse of the financial markets, and how this will influence Barclays and its deal with the Union is still unknown. But what is sure is that in any case, the Union will have to come up with some form of down-payment, probably in the region of £50,000. Various ways of finding this money have been devised.

While adopting the principle, Thursday's UGM also agreed on concrete action to raise the necessary funds. The Union pledges to raise £5,000 per year off some of its services (bar, etc.), and Richard Ford, Social Secretary, told the UGM that some of the money raised during rag-week was going to help fund the Housing Association.

In an amendment to the main motion, the Union called on the School to provide the bulk of the money. £50,000 was the accepted sum that the Union asks the School should come up with. If the School does not respond favourably to this demand, it could mean the start of a new large-scale campaign to force the hand of the school. In the words of Nick Randall, "we need that money, we need action, we need it now!"

By passing this motion, the Union is now ready to run a strong campaign to raise the money necessary for putting the deal in motion.



The building site at Butlers' Wharf

Glasnost Today

By MARK WYNNE-JONES

That three leading soviet figures should spend a whole hour in an unsuccessful attempt to tell students of the LSE what "Glasnost" is really about, sums up the ever-growing difficulties Mr. Gorbachov's ambitious plan is facing.

One of the first things Mr. Yuri Bandura, deputy editor of "Moscow News", said was "maybe you know more about "Glasnost" than we do." Unfortunately for the audience, this comment proved to be not too far from the truth. Mr. Bandura talked about his newspaper; Mrs. Gallina Strelkova, Dean of the English Language Department at the Moscow Institute of Foreign Languages, spoke about how she saw education; and Mr. Boris Makorenko, a member of the Soviet Peace Committee, informed that the Soviet Peace Movement's main aim was to promote peace throughout the world, through such acts as disarmament. Any television documentary would have been more helpful than this discussion, which was advertised as "a unique opportunity for informed debate."

One thing the speakers did manage to disclose was that "Glasnost" itself was creating many problems. The Soviet people, to a certain extent, now have to think for themselves: something they have not done in a very long time. They have now become very experienced with the ways of living set down for them in the 1920's; and therefore have no wish for

drastic changes. Many citizens are also wary that the next General Secretary may not wish to continue with Mr. Gorbachov's freer market approach, and instead may act harshly against those who have taken part in Mr. Gorbachov's reforms.

It seems that so far "Glasnost" has not produced a great deal of action, but simply much thinking, re-thinking, and discussion. The real changes will start to become apparent within the next few years, or so we are led to believe.

During question time it was not surprising that the issue of Afghanistan was directed towards Mr. Mahorenko. He accused both the USA and UK of helping and funding the Afghan rebels, and said that only when these external sources are removed could the USSR contemplate a military withdrawal.

Another question asked why there was prejudice against allowing Jewish "refuseniks" into higher education. Mrs. Strelkova suddenly lost her understanding of the English language, and so Mr. Makorenko stepped in to explain that there was no prejudice of any kind. Mrs. Strelkova then staged a remarkable recovery and stated that in applying for higher education one does not have to give one's nationality.

It had become all too clear that Mr Makorenko was the party man present to ensure that his two possibly wayward comrades stuck to the party line. In any case the meeting was called abruptly to an end.

Demonstration as opposition grows



Photo: Jeremy Jeffs

Students demonstrate against the David Alton abortion Bill



INDIAN OUTCRY

Dear Beaver

On reading Mr. Mark Wynne-Jones' article in last week's Beaver titled "Indian Storm", we were amazed at the ignorance and narrow-mindedness of the author.

Absolutely no attempt was made to ascertain the facts (It is one thing for a journalist to report from the scene, quite another from hearsay and gossip).

The India Society is here to represent all the peoples of the Indian Sub-Continent like any other cultural society at the LSE. But however, we actively encourage people to join from all walks of life as this leads to better cultural understanding amongst all races. The accusations made in the article that we have barred non-Indian members is purely fabricated and without a shred of evidence.

Speculative journalism leads to bad reporting and bad press. Accusations levelled that the elections were rigged via proxy votes is ridiculous. The Indian Society constitution has had proxy votes as legitimate entries for a number of years. If one wants to change the constitution - he merely has to raise and vote upon the issue for the subsequent year.

By stating that the candidate outvoted was a Sikh and implying discrimination is pandering to the forces of communalism. As a point of information, the floor voted to have two social secretaries of which he became one. (Not according to you Mr. Wynne-Jones, since he was a Sikh!)

Mr. Wynne-Jones, you owe the students of the LSE an apology for insulting their intelligence by printing such sensationalistic junk.

We wish you the very best in your career at "The Sun".

Yours in disgust,
MILAN MORJARIA, PARESH KANANI

PS All Welcome to "Diwali" Nite on Nov. 6th.

Arse-Lickers, Cowards and SWSS

Dear Beaver,

For the benefit of the Union of Jewish Students and others who wish to form a pro-Zionist "exclusion zone" around SWSS, let's get a few facts straight.

We have *never* claimed (nor does "Perdition") that Jewish people collaborated with Nazism to bring about the Holocaust. Nor do we attribute the responsibility for the Holocaust to Zionism: responsibility for the mass slaughter lies fully with Nazism. Such distortions of our views are a figment of the UJS's fevered imagination, designed to avoid real debate on the issues.

What we *do* say is that *some* Zionists were prepared to collaborate with Nazism. The reasons for such collaboration, *in some cases*, were bound up with the Zionist project in what was then Palestine. In a number of cases, especially Hungary, it is arguable that many Jews went needlessly into Auschwitz as a result. There is a mass of evidence which supports our claim.

We're accused of anti-Semitism. This is an insult to the many thousands of our members, including Jewish anti-Zionists, who have been active (and in the case of Blair Peach in 1979, *died*) in the fight against racism and anti-Semitism in Britain.

As for intimidation: I remember a SWSS meeting 18 months ago when UJS members tried to shout down an anti-Zionist speaker. Many others will remember how last year a pack of Zionists accused a committed anti-racist of being anti-Semitic for "daring" to attend a Friends of Palestine meeting. Who is intimidating who?

Once again the "smear machine" is in full gear. We are not too surprised that the UJS have got Tory and Liberal arse-lickers to sign their letter. What disappoints us is the Labour Club Exec.'s cowardly decision to go along with such an attack. We suspect that few, if any, of them have even bothered to read "Perdition". If they really believe what they have written, we hope that they will put the issue to their members and invite us to put *our* point of view. We look forward to hearing from them.

Yours in comradeship

Nic Cicutti

Socialist Worker Student Society

Gulf Conflict

Dear Editor

Unlike James Robertson, members of SWSS believe that the needless slaughter of both Iranian and Iraqi workers is not to be trivialised. Indeed, it is our very socialist principles, attacked in "At The Union", which enable SWSS to have a coherent understanding of the Gulf Conflict.

SWSS were criticised by Robertson for proposing a motion calling for U.S. and British warships out of the Gulf. However, can Robertson really be so naive as to believe that a victory for Reagan would not give him the confidence to reiterate, if not increase, his support for the Contras in Nicaragua? Or perhaps he could find another "Granada" to invade? Clearly, socialists must support Iran rather than America, in the face of U.S. imperialism.

Finally, we can only suggest to Robertson that it is more productive to be selling socialist literature, providing a focus for opposition to Reagan's warmongering, and bringing such issues to the Union meeting, than to write a column of third rate drivel masquerading as informative journalism.

Yours in comradeship,

Liz Wheatley,

Steve Beales

SOCIALIST WORKER STUDENT SOCIETY

Scurrilous Stavros

Dear Editor

Following the scurrilous remarks made about EGEE by an obviously prejudiced "Societies Corner", I should like to refute the allegations made by him in the last two issues of Beaver.

The implication that EGEE is only for those wealthy enough to spend all year travelling is patently untrue and if the said gentleman had ever bothered to show his face at one of our meetings he would realise this. EGEE members travel as much or as little as they wish during the year. Furthermore, the committed EGEE member will know that food and accommodation are free of charge at each event, thus reducing the cost of each trip significantly.

The aim of EGEE is, however, not just to act as a cheap "hotel service" but to work towards a united Europe by enabling students from universities all over Europe to meet and discuss issues of pan-European significance - Greece is even mentioned sometimes which, I am sure, will please the "Societies Editor". Perhaps he ought to come and meet us and discuss his anti-European feelings - we provide great therapy for his kind of problem!

EGEE - London intends to advertise its events more widely than ever before so that more people can become involved - perhaps this will help the esteemed Societies Corner Editor to remove the "clique" he has attached to EGEE's name during the past year and which is totally undeserved.

We are always willing to welcome any new members who are interested in going to EGEE events or becoming involved at the London level. If anyone is interested, look out for our bright yellow posters advertising our meetings at the L.S.E.. Even Stavros will be welcome.

Sue Farrow

Brainless Wood?

Dear Beaver

As one of the forty plus people who attended the SWSS meeting by John Buois on how to stop the Tories, I found no problem in understanding the language.

If Paul Wood can't get his brain around such phrases as "oppressed", "struggle", "picket line" and "continuing economic crisis" then I wonder how he manages to understand his lectures on Sociology, Philosophy or Economics, let alone relate to the outside world.

I presume Paul Wood is suffering not from false consciousness but terminal stupidity.

Liz Thomasson

MSc. Social Work

Colour Blind Beaver

Dear Editor

I must bring to your notice the lack of representation of students of different racial backgrounds in the "Vox Pop" section of The Beaver. For instance, in last week's issue (number 269) on the Alton Bill, 26-10-87, there was no commentary from non-white students.

The issue previously concerning the "Freshers' Views" of the LSE (19-10-87) carried only one comment from a black student.

If this newspaper is to be a 'collective', then it should represent the many collective views of the racial composition of the school.

Eve Chamberlain

Carr Saunders Thief

Dear Editor

When I came to collect my stuff from Carr-Saunders trunkroom I was very surprised to find that someone had searched all my boxes. When I got the whole lot home I realised that my rucksack and one box were missing. I went back to Carr-Saunders trunkroom and I was very relieved to find at least my rucksack (not the box though) although all its contents were taken out and spread around it and it was lying a couple of yards from where my stuff had originally been.

But I was soon to realise that my camera (a black Nikon FM) had been in my rucksack. I don't just write this for everybody to feel sorry for me or for telling everybody how badly they steal in that trunkroom.

I had been in the rather exceptional situation of taking my stuff out of the trunkroom in September, putting it back after a week or so and then taking it out of the trunkroom again a couple of days later. Effectively my stuff had only been back for a couple of days which limits the amount of people who can have done it to a nice short list...

I am going to do everything to find this thief. I have checked with L.S.E. authorities and they say that the person who is found to have done this has very little chance that they will be allowed to finish their course.

But to give the thief a chance I will give them one week (up to 10th November) to get in touch with me (anonymous if they like, say by letter) to arrange how I get my camera or the equivalent in money back.

If I don't hear anything by 10th November I will start the procedures to trace the thief.

Anne Marie van Swinderen
12 Mortimer House
North End Road
LONDON W14 0TL

Welfare News

The Student's Union has a new Welfare Officer, to replace Felicity Criddle, who moved on to another college during the summer. Her name is Joanna Best, and she will be providing welfare/advice and information, counselling, and representational work on committees etc. Please feel free to come up and make her acquaintance any time. If you wish to see Joanna for confidential counselling, or for advice on a practical issue, come up to E294 to make an appointment.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED!

Several people have already come to us to offer an hour each week to read to blind LSE students. This is an essential service for these students, and they are grateful for the help offered so far. However, many more are needed, so if you think you can spare just one hour per week, please come to E294 to register with us.

The Accommodation Service is still receiving new offers of accommodation daily. If you're still looking for a home, or need some advice on a housing issue, please come up to E294 to see Phil.

Would you like to spend Christmas with a British family?

If you are an overseas student and have no plans this Christmas, the Victoria League can arrange for you to spend a few days with a British family, either in London or elsewhere in Britain. Your stay will be free of charge, and the League will make a contribution towards your travel expenses. If you are interested, please ask for an application form at the Welfare Office (E294), or write to: The Victoria League, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ.

Apology

The Beaver would like to apologise to Nizam Broachi for last week's statement that he had lost his position in the City. This is not the case and we regret the error. The information which The Beaver received from two independent sources proved to be completely inaccurate. We believe that this was part of a deliberate attempt to mislead The Beaver and discredit Mr. Broachi. The Beaver condemns any such attempt to manipulate its reporters and use its pages as a vehicle for personal vendettas.
Beaver Collective

THE BEAVER

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AT THE UNION



Photo: Sunil Shah

By JAMES ROBERTSON

For once, the UGM started more or less on time. Or so I thought. It later transpired that my watch was five minutes slow. Nevertheless, the meeting, which was relatively sparsely attended for so early in the academic year, was soon up and running, relatively smoothly, at "cruise speed".

First up we were treated to General Secretary *Nick Randall's* continuing line in North-Eastern populist knitwear; very 1970s, very reassuring, very liberal (with a small L). Nick made the first of the calls by the sabbaticals to "please bear with us". They have to deal with the School. Perhaps they should get a Valium allowance.

On the up side, Randall promised that undergraduates would be allowed to take books (sic.) out of the library. This is akin to letting American tourists take the Crown Jewels out of the Tower of London; indeed it almost defies belief. There are two questions however. One regards the fact the only books "which are not important" will be allowed out. Perhaps this means that we will be restricted to borrowing books by our own dear Kenneth Minogue and the like. The second concerns the fact that, as far as I'm aware, Randall was, in 4 years, never positively identified as "using" the library, never mind reading a book. Surely this is taking populism too far. Certainly, there aren't enough literate voters out there to justify it.

The gravest problem, however, remains with the third (and a half) musketeer, *Richard "fuck I didn't mean to swear" Ford*. Has this man no sense of history; or of whence forth he came? Why is he Social Secretary. His predecessors - Bull, Haig, Bexon, Band - have all been characterized by their incompetence and/or offensiveness. So far, all the rumours are that Ford is doing "a good job". Something's got to give.



Photo: Sunil Shah

From the far Right in England to the far Right in El Salvador. Uncle Phil Evans gave a low key, factual account of the murder of Herbert Ernesto Anaya, the president of CDHES, the non-governmental human-rights organisation. The motion of protest was passed "unanimously", which suggests that some people have very contradictory and confused politics.

Dissent was more apparent as we moved into the minutiae of SU politics with the Constitutional Amendment regarding membership of the Equal Opportunities Officer on the Administrative Sub-Committee (ASC), which deals with staffing matters. Earlier, the announcement of the EOO's report had led to groans and a move to next business. After all, we are all doing rather well out of unequal opportunities.

The greatest interest, however, came from the fact that the biggest danger to the motion came from Randall, who was proposing it. With the two-thirds majority needed looking in doubt his populist training (courtesy of mentor Pete Wilcock) told him to rush into a compromise that need never have been offered. Indeed, he only succeeded in putting himself further on the defensive as the opposition "baahed".

Having dug himself into a hole, pretty boy Nick only managed to claw his way out of it by some tough talking. Rounding on the bleating of white middle-class males, and on the "party of entrenched privilege" he more or less succeeded. The vote looked close, but was comfortable on a recount.

Even more insofar as he had an opportunity to bounce straight back with the Housing Association motion. Randall reasserted himself at the head of "one of the most important motions to be debated this year . . ." A show of general unity brought forth 1 or 2p on a pint, a campaign for £50,000 from the School (courtesy of an amendment by emerging hack *Andy "give me a nice liberal issue" Cornwall*); a promised campaign against government housing "policy" (building is bad); and even hints of the possibility of direct action (occupation!) at a later stage.

Two motions were squeezed in the last ten minutes. The ubiquitous Cornwall got in on an "international motion" concerning Amnesty International and prisoners of conscience in the USSR. Finally, we voted to establish a Tamil "Lifeline Group" at the LSE, despite the intervention of a member of the mumbling moral minority, whose intellectual brilliance told him that if you got shot for being a Tamil that's your own "tough luck".

"Life's a bitch", so they say, "and then you die." You should remember, Mr Randall, that should your cosy populism lead to your coming a cropper, that's just your "tough luck".



Photo: Nicki Colton

On Saturday 24th October, a large national anti-Apartheid demonstration attracted vast crowds in the streets of London.

The Morality of Advertising

by SUNIL SHAH

"Gone are the days when the sultan, upon receiving an unwelcome message, would nail the turban on the messenger's head! Message: Don't knock Saatchi for the Tory ads.

Clad in an immaculate double-breasted designer suit, Mr Dobbs, Chief of Staff of the Tory Party, high-flier in the Saatchi hierarchy, presented the effect of political advertising in a style almost as colourful as his purple paisley tie.

How manipulative was Tory advertising? "The newspaper is the most biased, sensationalised and commercialised medium of communication today." He placed much emphasis on the fact that what we read is edited and hence opinionated, whereas advertising, he claimed, made you aware of the policies in question and gave you a chance to form an opinion. If so, then Saatchi & Saatchi attained its objective: it marketed the image of

the Tories in a form that was appealing to the electorate. However, the Gallup poll claimed only 2% of the electorate was swayed by the campaigns.

But then, why would the Conservatives, obsessed with optimising the marginal benefit of every pound spent, splurge on advertising? It is highly unclear to what extent advertising influenced voting behaviour. It is impossible to isolate it from other influential variables (media, speeches by party members, leaflets, etc.) and determine a causal relationship between advertising and votes. Dobbs does not believe in the accuracy of the Gallup poll and asserts that only a negligible proportion of the electorate actually read the manifesto, most citizens rely on information acquired through the media. Hence advertising may have played a significant role in reinforcing people's attitudes towards the Tory government.

Student Media Awards

By Beaver Staff

In last Wednesday's Guardian the results of the Guardian/NUS Student Media Awards were published. The Judges reported a record number of entries (143) from student newspapers, magazines and radio broadcasts and thought that the standard had been unusually high.

There was also an interview with Professor Kenneth Minogue who thought that "the purpose of the university in the eighties was to resist the banality of the student mind". Finally there was an account of the clash between Polly Toynbee (SDP feminist from the Guardian) and Jeffrey Bernard

(drunkard from the Spectator) at a question time in the Old Theatre. The final results are to be announced at a Student Media Conference in November.

Shortlisted (with five others) for Student newspaper journalist of the year is Paul Wood, a long standing member of the Beaver co-operative. He submitted interviews with the Barrister/Playwright John Mortimer who said that "the only freedom Margaret Thatcher is concerned with is making money and that for me is the least important freedom" and Auberon Waugh who characterised himself as a "licensed thug who goes around annoying stupid people".

fifth COLUMN

Saatchi and Saatchi are now representing the liberal democratic Governor of New York, Mario Cuomo. This has shortened the odds on his Presidential bid as Saatchis are said only to work for winners. I don't know what this bodes for the Tory party whose account they have just relinquished. Perhaps the general feeling that no government can go on for a fourth term has prompted Ministers to attempt their most radical policies yet, just as it has prompted Saatchis to leave their clients.

John Moore is one of these adventurous ministers. I went to see him speak at a meeting of the new Conservative Collegiate Forum which was set up by Norman Tebbit in response to the lunacy of the FCS and is suitably un-democratic to prevent any unfortunate reoccurrence of FCS type phenomenon.

Mr. Moore has lately been questioning the future of our welfare State. He has floated various trial suggestions and the initial response seems to indicate that any such reforms will be the political undoing of any who attempt them. After venturing out into this political mine field I think he has decided to be a little more cautious and stay below the parapet for a while. For instance, instead of bold statements he preferred to say that he "couldn't help wondering how strange it was" that such and such a benefit existed, or he wished simply "to open up the debate on non-state health care", rather than actually to advocate it.

He admitted the general perception was that "Conservatives don't care" and thought that for too long politicians has "pandered to old age pensioners". He did engage in a defence of one minority - the rich. To be exact the "filthy five percent" of top earners. He said that after giving this group tax cuts they actually began contributing a larger share of total revenue. This I suppose is the whole issue: do tax cuts benefit everyone through increased growth or are the effects confined to the privileged few?

I know that since Mr. Moore is someone who questions the present benefit system, it is probable that he eats babies, but he did seem to be quite a nice man, especially for a politician. I say this because of the patient way in which he dealt with one particularly idiotic question and one completely objectionable one from a former FCS Chairman of the type that the CCF was made to keep out. This person had "just been made redundant from the city, Yah", and was complaining (bear in mind his extreme right wing views) that his weekend Territorial Army salary caused a reduction in his housing benefit. After the meeting he engaged in some playground rhetoric ("I was a Chairman at a younger age than you" etc.) with the Chairman of the L.S.E. Tories (who treated him with the contempt he deserved), finally challenging him to a fight. All in all it was hilarious.

by PAUL WOOD

The week at LSE from The gossip/information General committee on Student Affairs (Exec. Ross and Julia)

AROUND LSE THE

After last week's share crash it seems the City is rapidly moving into the Banners market. Bits of stick and cloth now market for £200 apparently! Be serious Nick, the massive Tequila banner was only £40 anyway, surely £200 of equipment should have been watched closely enough for it not to be nicked, Nick, nicht?

The 1st bout of election fever is upon us with nominations flooding in for the various general, sub, sub-general, general-sub, sub-normal committees. What will the liberals/SDPs/we're staying Liberals/SDPs/Alliance stand on, and do they all still love each other. On the subject of loving each other J.R. and the Labour club had a little tiff when the 1st year preference rule backfired with Justin loving a chance for the ULU-General-all-business-do-everything submarine, dead boring committee when a timid 1st year



hesitantly raised his hand for the post. After storming out early we're all sure they kissed and made up. Justin and his exec friends also scored an own-goal on the liberated woman front. For Lynne Hall's birthday present - not hammer and nails or spanner set but a nice flowery box of needles and cotton. Just what every young girl needs in the big male-dominated world. The Tories are also having difficulties - 5 posts lost already, all because a public school education doesn't seem to run as far as form filling and they were disqualified for not filling in all the blanks. Maybe a general form filling and literary sub-committee could be formed!

Away from the political front, congratulations go to the Beaver's very own Paul Wood for being shortlisted in the last 5 of the Guardian media award for student journalist of the year.

In the bar Angie (alias Mark Rhodda) is again making a T.V. hit. This was achieved quite simply by dropping it off the wall onto the floor - no more neighbours at kicking out time I'm afraid.

P.S. Another pillar has been finished on the greenhouse.

Passfield: An Ocean of calmness

Pissfield must have seen better days, only we can't remember them. Doors grin mockingly in our passing, corridors echo boredom, the Annexe smells death. (Very poetic-Ed.)

The only entertainment to be had, the Hall Society Meetings. But even there the audience figures are falling. Maybe if we were to subsidise them we would attract more residents. Mixed economy and all that, you know. The Hall Society Meeting Monday was forced to deal with the Video Pool Issue following the antics of the wally of yesterday, who took it upon himself to enforce Law and Order. This resolved, on to more serious issues of Bar Subsidies. A greedy keenness overtook us all as we visualised unlimited amounts of alcohol ending up in the bog, having gone through our bodies first, of course.

What a better opportunity for ex-committee members and aspiring autocrats for a little bit of demogogy in an effort to appear serious and sensible. So after solving the booze problem hey, presto he offered us more advice on the TV problem. We need such leaders to guide us through the perils of life.

The day's entertainment climaxed with the favourite pastime of any democratic minded person. Yes ELECTIONS. Only it was not as stimulating as expected since the odds-on-favourite had been prudent enough to pack the meeting with followers who lost no opportunity to strategically place appreciative noises and laughs, carrying with them the crowd.

But then again, the crowd is always carried at the top of the surf until the time comes for the surf to crash it.

Until then keep on surfing in the Ocean of Pissfield.

Rosebery

Moving on the Rosebush, news is that the committee no longer wishes to see every article but just know who is writing it. Exchanging censorship for intimidation, perhaps?

As the actress said to the Bishop, there are many ways of making friends - all have been tried and tested down at rollicking Rosebery. Sources say that mixed bathing is becoming increasingly popular, as it is both amicable and economical. Favourite chat-up lines this week are, one Rosebery resident to another: "Do you come here often?", and even better: "Would you like me to draw on your legs, working upwards?"

Rosebery's very own answer to the Medallion Man - Travolta himself - must have been feeling the pressure of Rosebery feminists, for no longer are scantily clad women to be seen adorning his room. He is now spotted regularly in the bar at

night, sucking wistfully on a Wispa.

On Monday night it was the Welsh Wham! boy's 13th birthday, so there was of course the usual obligatory pub crawl for the lads to celebrate. The Boys duly got completely legless and returned with an uninvited girl in tow who did not seem pleased at how drunk Hedgehog the Lad was. Matt the Mancunian Mooner contented himself with baring his bottom for the benefit of anyone in his vicinity - this proved to be an effective way of evacuating the bar.

An investigation is at present going ahead to see if the heat from the Rosebery Laundry Room is affecting the general climate in the basement. On several occasions a certain young lady has been seen dressed as if for a beach party in skimpy top and very short shorts obviously under the illusion that it is the height of summer in Islington. We are now seeking an explanation for this over-exposure

Carr Saunders Hall



The disco roadshow rolled into Saunders last week with the disco like the proverbial duck - calm on the surface but legs going like hell underneath. The disco unit was an hour and a half late and when it came it was the wrong one. The Sex Dwarves weren't allowed to touch the flash new stuff without tuition which was supposed to come from our "rent a disco lads". These experts proceeded to wire it up backwards and then wouldn't let anyone touch their precious collection so they could do the whole night themselves. Whether they get to be paid a full night remains to be seen! The other musical disaster of the night was the footballers' singing - 8.30 was definitely too early a kick off with 5 hours' party left. The final whistle was blown on Rick Molto and friends at 12 and despite a request for extra time it was all over really. The funniest part was watching him trying to take a swing and connecting with a wall! The big action during the week was the S&M session in the bar. Spencer was bound firmly to a chair (by head, arms and neck), blindfolded and generally abused with ice-cubes down the trousers, drinks over the head and various other kinky perversions, culminating in his being dumped still bound in the middle of Fitzroy Street!

C SOCIETIES RNER

by STAVROS MAKRIS

The FILM SOCIETY which has been reformed, to everybody's relief I am sure. This follows the bold move by Adnan Nawaz, David Adomakoh and Max Jarrett to assume responsibility for organising and running the society. The LSE Film Society has for years been one of the most successful and popular societies. Last year, the society went through a bad spell, possibly due to a lack of commitment, little knowledge of the film industry and no appreciation of the audience's taste. There is little fear of this being repeated this year. Though *The Tree* have taken over a little too late, their dynamic approach to the problem at hand, their enthusiasm and their knowledge of the film market are sure to guarantee a smoothly run entertaining year. A glance at this year's scheduled films is enough to convince the most dubious. This year's selection reflects a good taste for movies and a varied one at that. The first show is on Thursday 5th November when "The Killing Fields" will be screened. Other films to be screened this term are: 'Peggy Sue got Married', "Subway", "Raging Bull", "48 Hours" and "White Nights". Future presentations over the rest of the year include 'The Deer Hunter', "Crimes of Passion", "Rosa Luxemburg", the overpowering 'Excalibur' and the stunning 'Salvador'. There will be two presentations per week as always, on Tuesdays and on Thursdays in the Old Theatre. A yearly membership of £4.00 guarantees free entry for the whole year.

The Independent Music Society, yes the ones who promised you lots and lots of good music, are in deep... trouble. They have lost their membership list, before they had a chance to be recognised by the Students' Union. If anyone

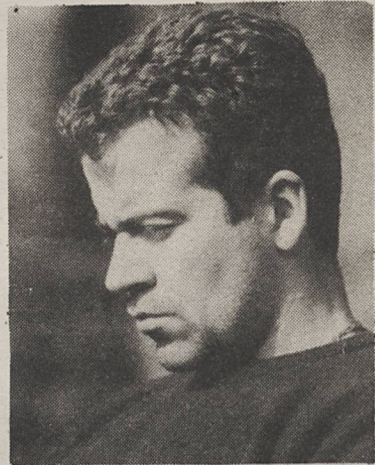


Photo: Ann Henry

has found it please return it to the Senior Treasurer 'cause they need all the help they can get.

The Animal Rights Society invite all sympathisers, but the doubtful ones as well, to join them in the screening of "The Animals Film", which incidently is narrated by Julie Christie, on Wednesday 4th November, at 5.30pm. Room to be announced.

The Indian Society in celebration of the Indian New Year are organising a *DIWALI* evening on 6th November in the Old Building (Old Theatre, A85, A86). A variety of entertainment and food has been organised. Rumour has it that STALLAS will be the highlight of the night.

The Revolutionary Communist party will be having a public meeting at Holborn Library, Theobalds Road, entitled "The City crash. Where is Thatcher's Britain going?" on Thursday 5th November at 7.30pm.

Last Monday during the Conservative Society's Chairman's Reception attendance was up on previous years, but amateur BEAVER photographer Andy Blakeman managed to take an entire roll of out-of-focus photographs. With six cases of wine consumed, Toryism at LSE was somewhat morose on Tuesday morning. However, the question arises of the state of mind of the four backbench MP's and the Solicitor General on the same morning. Maybe they regretted abandoning the safe haven of a Three-Line Whip in order to brave the dangerland of the Conservative Chairman's reception at the LSE.

The Green Forum are holding a cheese and wine party on Friday at 5.30pm. Venue to be announced.

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VOX POP

What is your opinion of the Student Union's political affiliation with national political parties?

by Jennifer Clapp and Vanessa Brechling



Clive Cantellow

I don't think we should be totally apolitical or anything. Political issues are very important. People are in danger of being cut off from society and just getting their degrees instead of facing up to the real issues that affect us all, such as the Alton bill, the poll tax, opting out of education, etc.



Debbie Beer

I would say that it's helpful to affiliate with national political bases because they're probably more powerful with the national party behind them.



Simon Nudds

I can't see anything particularly wrong with it, because we're meant to be a microcosm of the real world. I don't think it's particularly the link with outside politics which hinders the Students' Union, but more the people who are involved. They're too interested in the careerism of it all.



Nicola Farrell

I think it means that people get bogged down with dogmatic rhetoric. At student levels politics should deal more with personality and people's capabilities. It's like a bunch of students playing politicians.



Joshua Omino

If you take into consideration that I am apolitical, what the Student Union means to me is zero. However, if what the Union does affects me as an overseas student, I would kick ass. British politics is of no interest to me. If they legalized tomato throwing, then the Student Union politics would become more interesting because us punters could express our views more solidly.



Carlos Trujillo

I think it's very difficult to take LSE politics seriously. I think it's a big farce and it's in accordance with the British cynical attitudes. They're all talking and talking and doing nothing. I think the Labour party here is full of shit. They have these wonderful political ambitions, but are not in touch with the students. But it is fun sometimes because I like throwing paper airplanes.

Demonstration as opposition grows

Last Tuesday's picket outside Westminster Central Hall, organised by the Fight Alton's Bill group, brought further encouraging signs of the broad support which the campaign is enjoying within the LSE. LSE's FAB was established by the UGM with a comfortable majority a fortnight ago, but this was never a guarantee of more active support for the campaign.

It came, therefore, as something of a relief to the FAB group when around 50 students gathered outside The Old Building to lend support to the demonstration. This was an indication not only of the extent of FAB's publicity for the event, but perhaps also of a feeling amongst students that here is an important social issue on which they have a fighting chance of making their protests felt.

It was, as promised, a small scale demonstration numbering perhaps 500 in total, but, due to the presence of national T.V. cameras and the level of noise sustained by protestors, it did not suffer significantly as a result. Most of those present were students from London and nearby universities such as Sussex, although several NALGO placards were to be seen among the countless student banners.

The demonstrators had come to make their presence felt to members of the Society for The Protection of The Unborn Child (SPUC) who were attending a meeting at the Methodist Central Hall. Inevitably with such a divisive moral issue, feelings ran high. This was not helped by occasional provocative behaviour by members of SPUC, one of whom attempted to make a point by holding up a small baby in front of the crowd.

At one point a clergyman on his way into the meeting came right up to the barrier and faced the demonstrators. Being unable to make himself heard, he formed a cradle with his arms and mouthed the words: "What about the baby?" It was a poignant moment, and seemed to symbolize the fact that the anti-abortion lobby is in large part a religious campaign. Demonstrators repeatedly made the point that the Church should not use The State to impose its morals upon society in general.

Despite the passion felt by protestors, the demonstration was generally peaceful. The only potentially troublesome incident occurred when a group of women attempted to enter the SPUC meeting and were ejected, with considerable force, by police.

During the picket several of the LSE contingent went to the

Houses of Parliament to try to lobby their MP's. Labour MP Bernie Grant affirmed his opposition to the Alton Bill but said that a number of his colleagues were about to set up a campaign of support for the bill. He said that he expected the bill to be passed, but with a compromise clause which would reduce the legal time limit for abortions to 24 weeks instead of to 18.

Given considerable support for the Alton Bill among MP's, a highly organised and massive campaign by the anti-abortion lobby, and the relative weakness of the Unions compared with 1979 when the TUC spearheaded the successful defence of the Abortion Act against the Corrie Bill, it is becoming increasingly clear that Alton's Bill will constitute the most serious threat which the Abortion Act has had to face in the 20 years of its existence.

However, a Marplan poll for the Abortion Law Reform Association, this week indicated that 79% support a woman's right to choose to end a pregnancy (although a Gallup poll for SPUC showed 78% support for Alton's Bill). FAB can, through forceful and clear argument, mobilise public opposition to the Bill, but it must maintain a high profile to stand a chance.

Botha: A Liberal Despair

by Annie Hickish

The recent mass demonstration by Anti-Apartheid supporters bore testimony to the rage and bitterness felt at Mrs. Thatcher's continued intransigence on sanctions and at her denunciation of the ANC as a "terrorist" organisation.

Dr. Frederick Van Syl Slabbert, a long standing critic of apartheid, delivered a lecture at the L.S.E. last Tuesday. In February 1986, he resigned his position as Leader of the Progressive Federal Party and Opposition in the South African Parliament. He had concluded that his position was ineffective as a means of influencing the direction of South African politics.

The central point of his lecture was that the Reagan and Thatcher attempts to persuade the South African Government to use Constitutional processes to bring about change are futile, since Botha is in no position to respond rationally to their overtures.

Slabbert asserted that the concept of a Reform Alliance espoused by white left-of-centre politicians during this year's election campaign had exposed an incapacity to comprehend fully the nature of developments between 1981 and 1987.

He identified the most important development as being the growth of Botha's State Security Structure. This is the central feature of the Regime's "Total Strategy", necessitated by the perceived "Total Onslaught" being waged against the South African state by its Marxist backed enemies. Dr. Slabbert explained how a new concept, in the form of co-optation, has been applied to the old question of how to entrench white minority domination.

The second development responsible for the inviability of conventional Liberal Constitutionalism was identified by Dr. Slabbert as the 1983 Referendum. This

had replace "a system of racist bicouneralism."

According to Dr. Slabbert, the Botha regime's policy of reform and "Total Strategy" has served to consolidate the extra-parliamentary opposition and has brought the African National Congress to centre stage. Slabbert emphasised that it was the Government itself which targeted the ANC as the main enemy, indicating the organisation's strength of support, but enabling Botha to simplify issues in terms of "them or us".



Photo: Jennifer Clapp

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Dianetics – Neither a religion or a science

The Church of Scientology on Tottenham Court Rd., (the place that offers “free personality tests” and sells only one book entitled *Dianetics*), is neither a spiritual or a scientific organisation. It is a money-making, quasi-religious outfit that is similar to the Moonies, but less well-known. This article is intended to make students aware of the organisation, especially those living in Carr-Saunders, or in the Fitzroy St. flats. The Church of Scientology wants your money; if you give in to them they will take your money and then they will take what is left of your mind. Well, yes! They are a nasty little outfit.

Scientology began in the late 1940's under the name of Dianetics. It is a form of lay psychology, openly hostile to conventional psychology and secretive, paranoid, and aggressive. Imagine a room filled with frightened and trapped rats, and you have an idea of what the congregation of the Church is like. The Scientologists preach a method of spiritual growth that their leader, the Reverend L. Ron Hubbard (a leading American science-fiction writer who is now dead) invented as the “ideal” religion and which amounts to little more than “identifying” personal difficulties through the test offered to the public, insisting the subject requires treatment on an expensive course, and then identifying further problems that require further courses. The subject becomes a beaming moron. The Church preys on young, lonely people: as such, students new to London are ideal victims.

Students from the LSE have left their studies for this organisation. They pay £250 upwards for a first course, after having been convinced that their personality test showed major defects in their character. Then they start working in the Centre in order to pay off debts for further courses that they are persuaded to take. Increased contact with the group brings about a further desire for courses hence further indebtedness to the organisation.

Ann Henry, a current research student at the LSE, was with the Scientologists for a year whilst working in New York. She told *The Beaver*: “people go to them because they're alone in the city, because the Scientologists offer a real family environment. They are open all the time, so there is always someone to talk to. It begins as a soft cell, since they don't want to scare you away: I took the first course – I really wanted to – and that was far cheaper than the second one. When I told them I couldn't afford to do the second course they offered to lend me the money, which they could only do by putting me on the staff list. It was then that I thought “hey! this is going too far”. Was she ever frightened? “No, because I felt I could always walk away!”

Describing the different “levels” within the Church of Scientology, Ian Williams wrote in

The Independent of 13 October 1987:

“The Scale only runs up to eight so this is good news for Sheila if a little obscure to outsiders. To become an OT VII Sheila Gaiman would have to go through OT III. The arcana of this level have been revealed – to screams of protest from scientologists – as enabling the acolyte to get rid of his or her “body thetan”. Body thetans are a form of spiritual hitchhiker, attaching themselves to humans since their own physical bodies were destroyed 75 million years ago by Xenu, leader of the Galactican Confederation!”

The Scientologists know that an aggressive initial meeting will not win converts: the pressure is applied when the convert has come to rely on the group.

In the academic year 1984/85, a resident of Carr-Saunders hall, Fabio Leoni, took the test and within a few days had signed on the dotted line. He began attending the courses and countering his college friends' arguments by leaving the room or becoming frenzied when he was caught out. Following such outbursts he would go to the Tottenham Court Rd. centre where he would stay sometimes for hours, often for days; then reappearing in Carr-Saunders, more convinced than ever before of the value of Dianetics. In the Summer Term of his first year, he dropped out of college, and went to work for the organisation in Florida, avoiding Miami Airport on his journey so as to get past suspicious officials. No-one has heard of him since.

It is impossible to trace a member: at the Tottenham Court Road Centre, I was told that the name “Leoni” meant nothing to them, and I was shown to the door. The Scientologists actively dissuade investigators, though two BBC journalists, who were beaten up earlier this year by members of the organisation, might think “dissuade” an understatement, as would a dead FBI agent.

Last Saturday, I went along to the Centre with the intention of having a personality test. I stopped outside the “Church”, looked through the windows, and I was asked at once if I was interested in buying the book “Dianetics”. After showing interest, but declining to buy, I was taken inside and given “The Standard Oxford (sic) Capacity Analysis Test”.

Tom Elliot
looks at a
Church you
can afford
to ignore

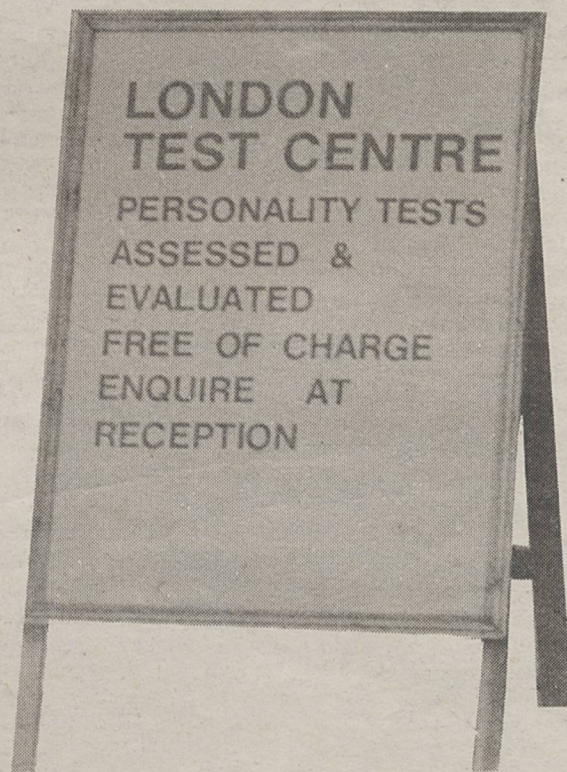


... Of particular concern to government enquiries were such matters as the practice of declaring “enemies” of scientology “Fair Game”, defined in one scientology publication as “may be tricked, sued, lied to, or destroyed; and the policy of “disconnection” whereby members of the movement were ordered to cut off all the relationships or communication with anyone hostile to, or “suppressive of” scientology”. Roy Wilkins “Psychology Today” Oct 76

This comprised two hundred questions: ranging from “Do you often contemplate death or the agony of dying?” to “Do you think the probation system should be maintained?”. It took me half an hour, during which several others came in to do the test – including two other LSE students. Two people began the test but left early after seeing so many questions: no pressure was exerted to encourage these people to stay and complete the questionnaire.

After a short examination of my replies, I was taken into a small room, where an Italian man waved his arms around magnificently while he told me that I needed help. I was -10 on the Happy/Depressed scale, and things could only get worse unless I bought the book “Dianetics”, at once. I defended a score of -50 on the Critical/Correct Estimation (a strange choice of polarities!), on the grounds that my criticism is not always negative. I was told that to be critical is an undesirable state to be in; I asked if to be un-critical was a desirable state and was told it was.

After twenty minutes of defending my personality against what I considered to be a fairly hard-sell, my “auditor” abruptly concluded the meeting, repeating that the help I needed was available for £3.50 (the cost of the book). I was then told that I couldn't expect help for free.



Despite persistent attempts later to gain an interview with their spokesman in East Grinstead, and with the manager (“High Priest”?) of the Tottenham Court Road centre, I am unable to offer any quotable comments from The Scientologists. Explaining that I wished to balance my story with theirs, I was told that “threats” didn't interest them. I don't understand what they meant by “threats”, but I got the impression that they rather enjoyed seeing themselves as a persecuted group.

If you have visited the centre, and you believe that they can help you, don't commit yourself to anything until you have spoken to an independent organisation that will fill you in with information that the Scientologists won't provide themselves. Only a pathetic idiot would pay so much, sell his life, for so little in return, without first being prepared to argue the case for scientology against someone who knows that there isn't one.



Photo: Phil Lowery

Two organisations that you should contact are:

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London WC1 3XX
Tel: 01-539-3940

DEO GLORIA OUTREACH
7 London Road
Bromley
Kent BR1 1BY

If you know of anyone who has seen “The Light” through scientology over the last couple of weeks, contact one of the addresses above for assistance. Don't rely on others to do it.

James Robertson on the 70th Anniversary of the October Revolution

Not so long ago, Chairman Mao pointed out that it was still too early to fully appreciate the consequences of the French Revolution. Clearly then, we have to be careful regarding what we say about the Russian Revolution which celebrates its seventieth anniversary on the seventh of November. Any contentious remarks about "failure" and the like, have to be put in precise historical and theoretical terms.

That is, they have to be discussed in regard to Vladimir Ilyich Lenin's fundamental goal of the pursuit of revolution – the establishment of a socialist order, on the ruins of world capitalism and imperialism, capable of leading humanity towards communism.

The successful seizure of power by the Bolsheviks in 1917 enabled him to try and put his political ideas into practice. Essentially he failed. Whatever the merits of Leninism, it was unable to force the final crisis of capitalism in the western world and pave the way for a flowering of socialist democracy and culture.

Perhaps even more strikingly, Lenin's thoughts and actions provide a huge contrast to what the future had in store for the Soviet people. On the eve of Lenin's death, the USSR was far from the attainment of the ideals which had motivated the revolution, and he was increasingly aware of his efforts turning into the very opposite of what had been intended. Today, just as the international capitalist system still stands, the Soviet Union is very far from being a socialist state as Lenin could have envisaged it. Soviet democracy has not been realised, and, glasnost and perestroika notwithstanding, the arbitrary power of the bureaucratic state (which Marx and Lenin both attacked) remains firmly established.

Yet, the objectives of the revolution were not as unrealistic as their demise might, at first glance, suggest. Indeed, they had provided the impetus for the seizure of power, and for some time thereafter offered the possibility of progress, a way out of the chaos of the post-war world.

These hopes were increasingly threatened by circumstances. Many of the objectives in the Bolshevik manifesto "State and Revolution" had to be abandoned. However, it was very difficult for Lenin to evolve new policies to put in their place. As the architect of the new regime, he tackled his work in the same spirit as he had the struggle for power. However, running a state was not the same as organising a revolutionary party. The results proved disastrous.

From the spring of 1918 onwards, Lenin had to respond to a series of crises: urban famine, the collapse of the army and the transport system, and foreign intervention all meant that control over the state and its scarce resources was severely limited. In these circumstances, Bolshevik success in the civil war, with Trotsky's brilliant leadership of the Red Army, was no guarantee for the consolidation of the revolution, nor the promotion of its objectives. The price of victory was huge. Defeat of the counter-revolution had involved the destruction of the revolutionary proletariat, and the strengthening of the apparatus of the single-party state.

Lenin was well aware of the contradiction between the ideals of 1917 and the reality of 1920-21. But he knew that Bolshevism had to proceed from the facts, however unpleasant these were. Political concessions, embodied in the New Economic Policy (NEP)

and Lenin's last treatise on the nature of the Party, "Left Wing Communism – an infantile disorder", sought to buy time in the hope of a European revolution.

The only escape from the impasse, the only way the Russian revolution would succeed, or indeed make any sense, was in terms of an international proletarian victory. Thus, the Bolsheviks sought to build a Communist International (Comintern) and spread the revolution.

Hopes of revolution in Europe remained until March 1921. Increasingly however moves towards the consolidation of the regime in Russia were seen in terms of a return to traditional diplomacy. While Trotsky and Zinoviev stressed the revolutionary task of the Comintern, Chicherin, Lenin and Stalin increasingly saw it as a tool for Soviet foreign policy.

Not surprisingly, the early 1920s were a period of considerable confusion. The "United Front" Policy of 1921, alternated wildly with calls for revolution. As Cliff notes, whereas Lenin's errors of judgement were lost, in 1917, in the broad sweep of revolution, this could not be the case indefinitely. Thereafter, in Russia, the exhaustion of the proletariat, the rise of the party-state bureaucracy; and, crucially, in the West, the failure of revolution fed off

each other, highlighting and aggravating the mistakes of the Bolshevik leadership.

As each year increased Russian isolation, the gap between Leninist theory and practice became unbridgeable. In a sense, the failure had been complete. The underlying causes of this failure are greatly disputed. Various factors have been suggested: the "utopian" Marxian prospectus; the centralism inherent in the Leninist concept of the vanguard; the circumstances in which the Bolsheviks took power; and the influence of Russian history, and its autocratic and bureaucratic traditions.

Yet, for all the failures, Lenin achieved much. Capturing the Russian state did not prove the means of promoting international revolution. Nevertheless, Lenin bequeathed a set of ideas based on rich experience, a restatement of revolutionary policy, which would inspire generations to come. As Rosa Luxemburg noted: "In Russia the problem could only be posed. It could not be solved. And in this sense, the future everywhere belongs to Bolshevism."

Leninism, though it may have settled nothing, has not lost its value. Seventy years on, it remains as much a threat to the Russian State as to any other. Thus, the consequences of the revolution remain to be seen.

James Robertson



Art at the ICA

By Peter Williams

The Institute of Contemporary Arts is one of the leading centres of the arts in London. Founded forty years ago by a group of intellectuals headed by Herbert Read it was intended as a multidisciplinary forum bringing progressive work to a culturally isolated post-war Britain. As Read stated at the time, "We may be mocked for our naive idealism, but at least it will not be possible to say that an expiring civilisation perished without a creative protest."

Since those days, it has grown from being a meeting place for a few of London's artistic elite to an impressive institution attracting an audience of over half a million people per year. Now the ICA is housed on the Mall in Carlton Terrace, and the building contains not only a theatre, cinema and art galleries but also a bookshop, bar and a new video library.

Today, the basic aims of the Institute are the same as in 1947; in the words of Director Bill McAlister those aims are above all, the desire to identify work that otherwise wouldn't be seen or heard in London, and work that contains in it new ideas; ideas that perhaps cross over the usual barriers between art forms." In addition, they have recently sought to expand and to bring these ideas to a much broader range of people. To this end they are now entering the T.V. and radio arena. The ICA has also staged pop gigs and cabaret acts in a further attempt to attract potential audiences.

We arrived at the ICA for our interview with Bill McAlister slightly early. This gave us a chance to take a brief look around. The main works on display were by Jean-Luc Vilmouth and Patrick Tosani. Vilmouth's main effort consisted of a number of clocks and hammers mounted on a wall; Tosani's was a series of photographs of faces blurred beyond recognition. In the bookshop, students with round-rimmed glasses and drama teacher-types flicked through

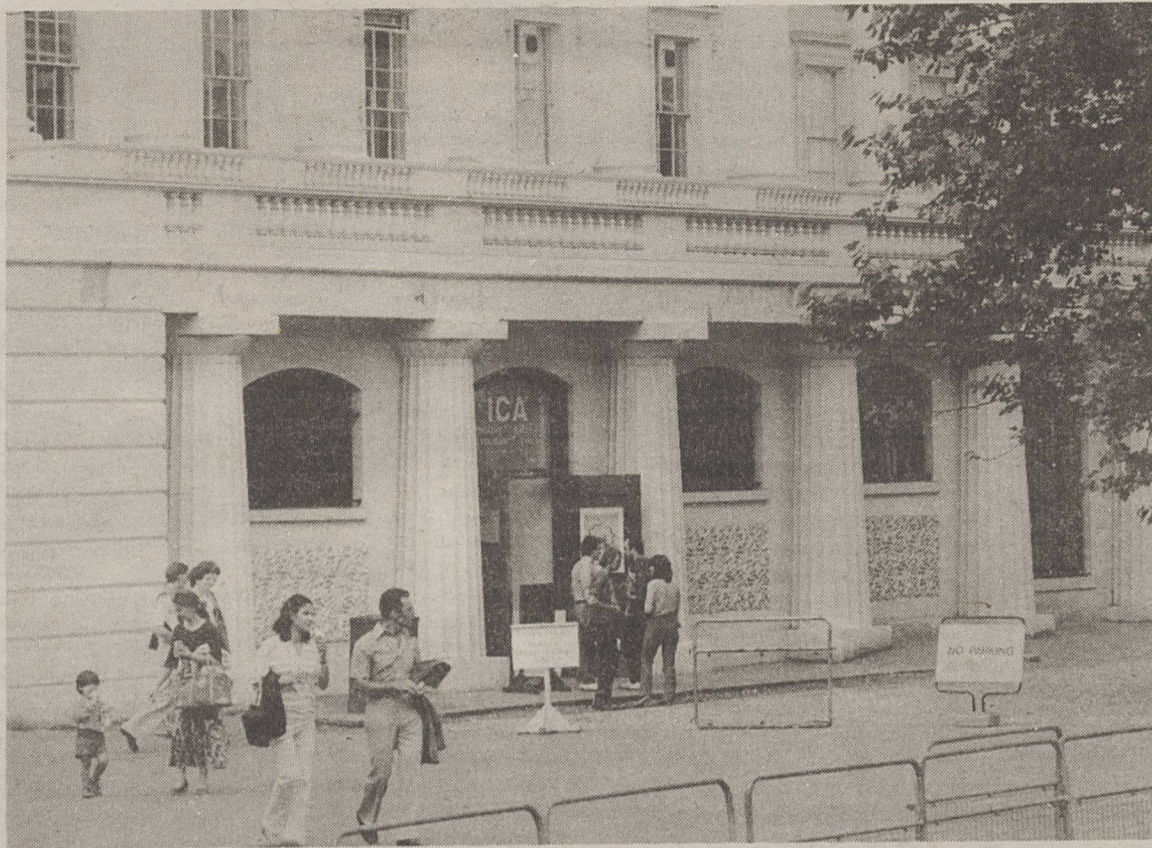


Photo: Phil Lowery

books with titles like "Abstract Art and the Rediscovery of The Spiritual" along with the obligatory Sylvia Plath, Jack Kerouac and Simone de Beauvoir paperbacks. Retiring to the Bauhaus-influenced bar area, we ordered cafe (not coffee!) and biscuits, and awaited the arrival of Mr. McAlister.

We'd come to the interview with a bagful of preconceptions. Most of these centred around the feeling that the ICA - and in fact contemporary art in general - has little to offer young people today. There seems to be a general scepticism and even suspicion of modern art, with most students content to make the occasional outing to the Tate Gallery for a giggle at the Jackson Pollocks.

The ICA, like it or not, does have an elitist image. Bill McAlister recalled that when it first opened it had "a cloistered atmosphere, almost like a private club". Yet he argued that since

1968 there had been a concerted effort to make the institute available to a wider public. The ICA has been helped in this respect by its prestigious setting on the Mall. Due to this the number of visitors has increased considerably. Still, 90-95% of those who come to the ICA have had, or are in, tertiary education. This is something McAlister regrets, but considers inescapable, considering the nature of the work we choose." The banal abstractions of Vilmouth's work limit the audience still further. If the vast majority of students at a place like the LSE feel that the ICA in the 1980's has little to offer, surely the ICA will always be catering for a small intellectual elite. Will the Institute remain a high-brow playground for educated trendies? Well, yes and no, but it is a problem which the ICA is still facing, and as noted earlier, the Institute is making at least some effort to change the situation.

Another criticism we received was the impression we received from art students that it is exceedingly difficult for young artists to get work displayed in London. The ICA doesn't seem to be taking a lead in this respect, compared to say, the Serpentine Gallery. McAlister vigorously denies this, despairing at what he called the "misrepresentations" that abound. He emphasised that above all, the ICA tries to identify new ideas by "the young or old, Japanese or men on the moon." However, such a criticism is given weight by the fact that the ICA has not really been at the head of any significant movements in the arts over the past 40 years. To take just two examples: the plays of the Angry Men in the 1950's and early 60's like "Look Back In Anger" were introduced at the Royal Court, not the ICA. Likewise, at the time of the punk rock explosion in 1976/77, the ICA showed little or no interest in the movement, leaving it to venues like the Roxy and the 100 Club to give a stage to the new subversives. McAlister, in response, cited the ICA's championing of Pop Art in the 60's, but there remains the

suspicion that this was the exception rather than the rule.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that the ICA was the world's first multi-disciplinary arts centre. In this respect it remains highly important. It does provide an outlet for a diverse range of activities, and often elements of different art forms are fused. In this combination of different disciplines the ICA has been influential worldwide.

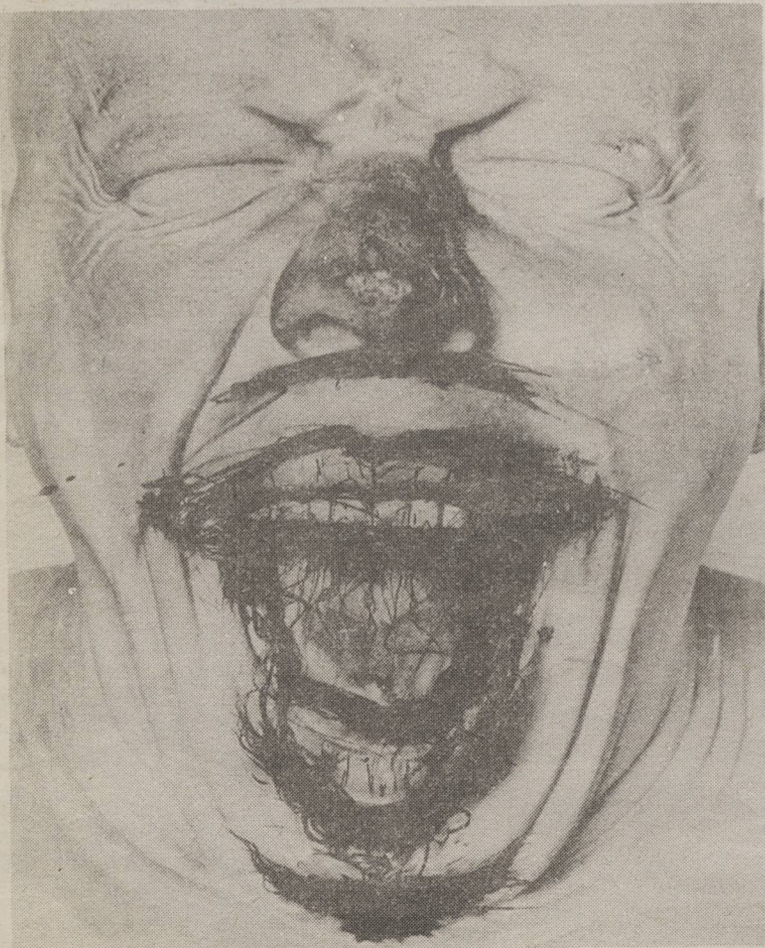
Also, despite its perhaps limited clientele, the ICA can be seen as a stepping-stone for new artists. In stepping-at the ICA, their work will be seen by influential people within the art world, who in turn can introduce it to a wider audience through reviews etc. McAlister stresses the importance of the Institute as a kind of broker between small artists and the art establishment, a stage where "those who want to do something can be seen by those with the power and money to do it."

As further evidence of the ICA's determination to reach a wider audience, McAlister cites their increasing involvement with television and radio. Works are planned for Channel Four and BBC2. He sees it as the Institute's duty to exploit "any technological medium we can to get our ideas across to a wider audience." In addition, and on a more down-to-earth level, the ICA has produced a video to help people taking the new GCSE Creative Writing course. This is available in all public libraries.

There are many interesting projects coming up at the ICA, and with a student discount scheme (which operates rather like the BR Young Persons railcard - without the conditions!) it shouldn't put you out of pocket. Pick and choose whatever suits you; above all, don't be intimidated by the arts, and don't be afraid to call crap, crap. Ultimately it's up to you.

Up and coming events worth looking out for include "A Vision of love Revealed in Sleep", a provocative celebration of the life of Semeon Solomon, painter, poet and friend of Oscar Wilde. Solomon's work, according to McAlister, has been criminally ignored in the past due to his homosexuality. Even more worthwhile seeing is an exhibition of some truly astonishing busts by an eighteenth century sculptor called Messerschmidt which are juxtaposed with the paintings of a modern British artist.

While not destroying all our preconceptions about the ICA, Bill McAlister said enough to convince us that it does deserve to exist and is doing something worthwhile. The general apathy towards the ICA that we've found is probably not unrelated to the fact that today is a fairly stagnant time in the arts anyway. This is sad, because in an age of consumerism, Americanisation, yuppieism and Thatcherism, there is a need for a vastly increased, challenging, agitating and creative arts scene.



Soul

Voices From Heaven

“The Woman’s got Soul.”



With the growth of the Civil Rights and Black Power movements a new music fused the optimism of Gospel with the worldliness of Blues. Whereas the Blues was a public exorcism of private feelings of helplessness, rarely, if ever, mentioning the racial inequities responsible for much of the misery, Soul is about “testifying”. Soul lyrics demand “freedom” and “respect” from the dancefloor to City Hall, expressing Martin Luther King’s hope: “I have a dream this afternoon that the brotherhood of man will become a reality . . .” Whereas Blues singers chained their voices to the twelve bar pattern Soul singers sing the way Aretha Franklin and the congregation sing “Amazing Grace” on the album of the same name: the voices seem to move where ever the spirit takes them.

Aretha Franklin was one of the first female Gospel stars to follow her childhood friend Sam Cooke into secular music. The First Lady of Soul began her career on Columbia. These records used to go for a lot of money, but now that much of the material has been re-released it’s obvious that Columbia mis-handled Aretha, trying to sell her as a latter-day Billie Holiday to the more genteel end of the market. Only on a few tracks, especially “It Won’t Be Long” and “Blue Holiday” is Aretha allowed to get a little raucous. Jerry Wexler’s Atlantic label put a beat behind Ms. Franklin in “66. A year later “Respect”, one of the most exciting records ever made, was number one virtually everywhere. Atlantic’s cheap “Best Of” will keep you hooked from start to finish. Better still “30 Greatest Hits” includes additional tracks from the “Young Gifted and Black” and “Spirit in the Dark” LPs (both criminally out of print). “Aretha Now” and “Hey Now Hey” should also be snapped up if you can find them. On the latter Aretha manages to break through, and actually compliment, Quincy Jones’ patented dollops of slush production, a feat Michael Jackson rarely achieves. A new Gospel LP, recorded in Aretha’s native Detroit is promised for next year.

Moving South to Memphis you should be running into Shirley Brown. In terms of everything except volume, Shirley is at least Aretha’s equal. And whereas Aretha’s recent output has been disappointing, Shirley goes from strength to strength as last year’s “Shooting a Blank” single demonstrated, despite lousy production. Why this lady is without a major recording deal is beyond my powers of reasoning; perhaps her shockingly beautiful Arista album didn’t sell. Thanks go to Stax/Atlantic for the UK re-release of “Woman to Woman”, the most played LP in my collection. The title track is the

Queen of the Talkover at her chilling best, with Shirley launching a scathing telephone attack on her rival before breaking into some of the sweetest soul singing you’ll ever year. Essential.

Also from Memphis is Anne Peebles, whose voice is as smooth and crunchy as your favourite peanut butter. Demon records have re-released most of her Hi recordings, produced by Willie Mitchell (the genius behind Al Green’s finest). No true Soulhead should be without “Run Run Run” and “I Can’t Stand the Rain” (recently massacred by Tina Turner).

North again to Chicago where Barbara Acklin and Betty Everett fought for the Queen of Chi-town Soul title. Barbara’s recordings for the excellent Brunswick label are well documented on Kent’s latest “Groovy Ideas” compilation. You’ve probably found yourself dancing to “Am I The Same Girl” before. Betty Everett’s Northern Soul classic “Getting Mighty Crowded” and others can also be found on Kent. The raw and funky Etta James recorded most of her Soul stuff on Chicago’s Chess label – check out the “Peaches” compilation.

Back to Soul City number one (i.e. Detroit) and forward in time to Anita Baker. If you’re still reading this you probably already own “Rapture”. If not buy it immediately and stick on “Been so Long”. The low and mellow voice suddenly bounces off the bassline into the higher registers, and you know you’re not going to have to put up with shrieking Madonna clones any longer. Anita’s “Songstress” album (import only) is even better, but bear in mind that none of your nine quid is going to the artist due to a typical business rip-off. But as “Rapture” went platinum Ms. Baker isn’t worrying.

There are hundreds of other names to drop – Brenda Holloway, Linda Clifford, Vikki Anderson, Irene Reid, Jackie Verdel and so on – but their records are few and far between. So go out, buy something mentioned above, and feel the spirit. Preferably in the dark.

Tom Lloyd

Music

The Sugarcubes

Review and Interview

The Sugarcubes were bottom of the bill at the Town and Country Club last Wednesday, probably the greatest compliment the other bands playing will ever receive. But then, The Sugarcubes don’t see it that way. They never support any group. They merely play alongside. They exist in their own right.

“The music scene in Britain is very tired . . . it’s rotten, and we come with new blood . . . We’re like vampires on the English music scene!” Ignore the disjointed simile, and imagine the above being said in an Icelandic accent; by an imposing Nord with a disarmingly earnest smile; by a member of a group whose unconventional beauty and violence has just replaced your cynicism with long-lost idealism. Their only single released in Britain, “Birthday” is currently number one in the independent charts and forty-five in the singles. Bjork (female vocals) growls and murmurs, invoking eroticism and innocence in the same breath.

“Our songs begin with guitar chords or bass patterns, and then the singer comes in and makes the melodic lines.” The result contrasts with the sterile tunes and unimaginative harmonies of packaged pop. The different elements are balanced, yet rather than each knowing its place, they struggle against each other for supremacy, causing constant tension; one surfaces briefly, then is drowned, to re-emerge later.

The lyric is the last part of the song to be constructed. Not just some charming, scanning, rhyming drivel. Bjork: “It took me a very long time to find out what the song was about and I finally found out it was more of an atmosphere than a song really.” Pseud’s corner? I think not. Two of the members of The Sugarcubes are poets, well known in Iceland, receiving government arts subsidies and with translations available in Scandinavia; but this is just rationalisation. Faced with the Real Thing, Art Man, Wow, One Instinctively Knows When Something Is Right.

“Birthday” is about Bjork’s memories of her reactions and feelings as a young girl. “You must remember when you were small, and something happened that affected you.” Me, I remember my father walking up the stairs of a house long since sold, spooning honey out of a jar, and offering some to me. I remember refusing, horrified but captivated by this strange lardish substance. Bjork’s memories are somewhat different “She lives in this house over there, has her world outside it, grapples the earth with her fingers and her mouth – she is five years old” Her neighbour, a man of fifty is captivated by her “They listen to the weather, he knows how many freckles she’s got, she scratches his beard.” Yet the relationship is neither sexual nor platonic. A kind of eros that is totally innocent, not knowing how to fulfil itself, not caring . . . “In Iceland, you are either a normal person or a freak; there is no middle way.” Iceland’s reaction to The Sugarcubes is predictable. “They don’t like us –

people think we are an interruption to their lives and they want to get rid of us.” Yet Bjork insists that they are totally normal, and indeed all three members of the band with whom I am talking are chatting eagerly and informally. “We come from a small town, like everybody knows me there, if I walk the street, people shout after me.” Bjork’s “normality”: during the interview she removes her socks and shoes, replaces them a few minutes later, then repeats this. Other intrviewers have been disconcerted by this abnormal normality. A tendency to start sewing or ironing during an interview – pop stars just don’t act this way. But again, The Sugarcubes see things in a different light. “People say we’re surreal, it’s not us who are surreal, it’s groups like Five Star, dancing around all the time. Don’t they ever feel like doing something else, like sit down for a change!”

It is difficult to know what to believe. All The Sugarcubes seem to have a strange sense of the absurd; on their naming: “I’ll tell you

something ridiculous . . . we were drinking coffee and (laughter) and . . . you’ve guessed the rest! It was all just so brilliant, when he said this we all started laughing and we laughed for about a week or something.” Maybe they are purposely taking a Meursault-type attitude; maybe it’s all just an image they’re trying to impose; maybe I’m just being a fool, but I happen to believe that this is really the way they are, and in a way, I’m falling in love with this.

The Sugarcubes are planning a new single which should be out before Christmas, and a sixteen track L.P. in the new year. They will be available, along with “Birthday” on the “One Little Indian” label. Hopefully, they will be returning to London in December – maybe even to play at the L.S.E. – notwithstanding Bragi’s announcement: “Just don’t expect The Sugarcubes to be playing in England because in the next year we will probably be working on a fish factory in the east of Iceland.”

Tony Maggs



The Ramones

At the Brixton Academy

Lobotomy! Lobotomy!

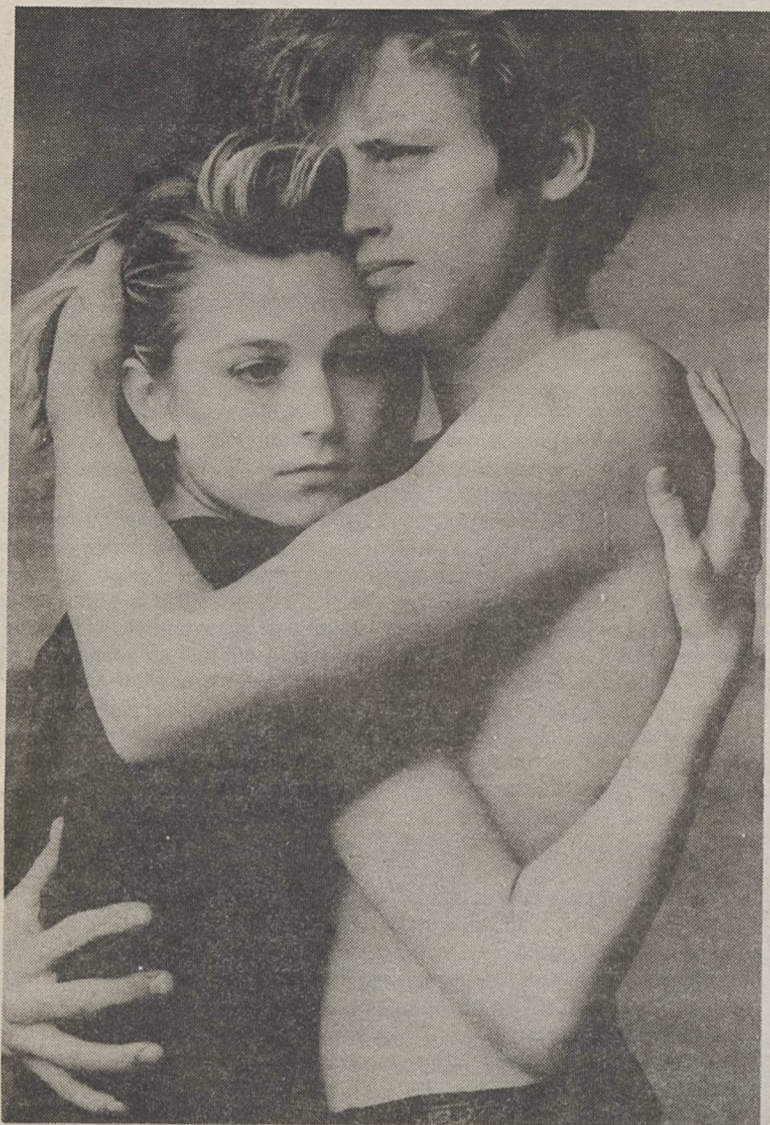
Thus began another Ramones concert. The Ramones haven’t changed a bit. They are still wearing the same clothes and sporting the same hairdos as they did 10 years ago. They still haven’t learned how to play guitars.

Most of the material they played was from their first and last albums – or at least I think it was, as most of their songs sounded the same “One-Two-Three-Four” followed by screaming and thrash guitar. Some of the tunes which I was actually able to recognize were “Love Kills”, “I Wanna Be Sedated”, “Blitzkrieg Bop” and “Boazo Goes To Bitburg”.

The Ramones energetically blasted through their short songs and were cheered on for several encores. Several over zealous, drunken fans jumped on stage trying to grab Joey Ramone, but Joey is obviously used to this, as he continued to sing while these drunken goons were quickly removed.

The best way to describe this short (only one hour) and loud concert is in the words of Sir Thomas Hobbes “nasty, brutish and short”. The Ramones, as they were 10 years ago, are still loud, mindless, fast and fun.

Emily Smith



Film

Aria Lumiere

Produced by Don Boyd, Directed by Robert Altman, Bruce Beresford, Bill Bryden, Jean-Luc Godard, Derek Jarman, Franc Roddain, Nicholas Roeg, Charles Sturridge, Julian Temple.

Aria is the latest in a long line of attempts to reconcile the opposed worlds of opera and general public. However it is done in a very schizophrenic manner. Based on ten directors and their views on ten "arias", short operatic pieces taken out of context and illustrated according to each director's very own phantasms. Themes vary from "fin de siècle" Vienna to neon-lit Las Vegas, from historical to fantastic. And obviously direction varies in originality and skill.

The most original has to be the iconoclastic neo-symbolism of Jean-Luc Godard, who transposed a seventeenth-century to the sweaty atmosphere of Gold's gym, where two young, nude cleaning ladies are attempting to arouse the passions and apparatus of hunky, sweaty pieces of meat... Wierd but visually wonderful.

Inner-city despair is beautifully portrayed by Charles Sturridge's moving black and white study of innocence and childhood, where three youngsters try to find something to do. And then, Ken Russell meets Richard Wagner. And predictably the result is truly overpowering. Russell's usual bizarre and

gory obsessions surface in a visually stunning clip where he attempts to apply Egyptian symbolism to a car-accident.

But the revelation of "Aria" is Franc Roddain. His rendering of (Wagner's) *Tristan and Isolde's* love and death in the midst of Las Vegas electric dreamland is perhaps the most distant, and yet the truest, to the original work. It is a "boy meets girl" in the Arizona desert, and a truly beautiful "rolling into Las Vegas in the evening" scene. Yes, we've seen it all before, but not in conjunction with Wagner. Explosive.

Individually, some pieces are brilliant, while some are merely watchable. However, where the film collapses is in Don Boyd's attempt to provide a link between the pieces/clips. When a simple fade-in, fade-out would have sufficed, Boyd has us suffer through a disjointed and seemingly meaningless story.

"Aria" is not to be dismissed as a film exclusively for those enamoured by opera. The music is pleasant, but the prima donna role is inevitably taken by the directors. The contrast in style and ideas is enough to make the film worthy, at least on an intellectual level.

Illustrating opera music in an enjoyable manner is a daunting task, in which Boyd and others failed, but some showed that it is not impossible.

Down & Out in Downtown America American Buffalo

At Young Vic Studio

The smoke from a stale cigarette slithers slowly through the air, enveloping the audience like a narcotic blue haze, as we watch - rude peeping toms at the window of Don's resale shop. We meet Teach, the sideburned and shark-skin suited scoundrel. Bobby, who is at once young and painfully naive, yet wears a weary and drained look; aged by heroin. These three men sit amidst the cheap trashy pseudo-antiques each with their own sinister motives, out to seduce our curiosity, if not our convictions.

The Young Vic Studio has been transformed into a seedy and decaying pawn shop. In this setting, we are confronted by the images, colours, sounds and feelings of working class America. Our eyes and minds transport us to downtown Chicago reminiscent of the Al Capone gangster movies of our Childhood.

Right then and there, we sit and listen to the bittersweet lashings of the down-and-outs of urban America; the neglected, and even orphaned children of the American dream. Yet the anger, hatred, and even the coarse language are words and emotions which come from the gut of any rundown urban setting.

The middle-class values we know of are alien in Mamet's world. Instead, he presents to us the people your parents may have warned you about. David Mamet has skillfully exposed the darker aspects of an America which has been largely ignored if not caricatured in many a Mafia-cum Godfather movie.

The three men stand in front of us, not as cunning criminals, but incompetent, amoral, mistrusting, manipulative beings. They pose as

such pathetic figures trying to emulate the oft-invoked free-enterprise" in their fraudulent "business transaction." The bankruptcy of moral values in such a world dictated by personal gain is evident as the three men conspire devoid of any scruples, driven by need and the excitement it induces.

"American Buffalo" is a fascinating study of people and their morals. It poses the problem concerning the oft-forgotten sections in our

society. Are they are menace or, behind the facades of sinister criminals, are they merely desperate people cheated by life?

The fragmented honky-tonk music blares rudely over our heads as the final scene closes. We sit perhaps embarrassed or even humbled by, what begins to appear clearly in our conscience, of the deeply divided and disturbed society in which we live.

K Pena



The Love Child

The Metro

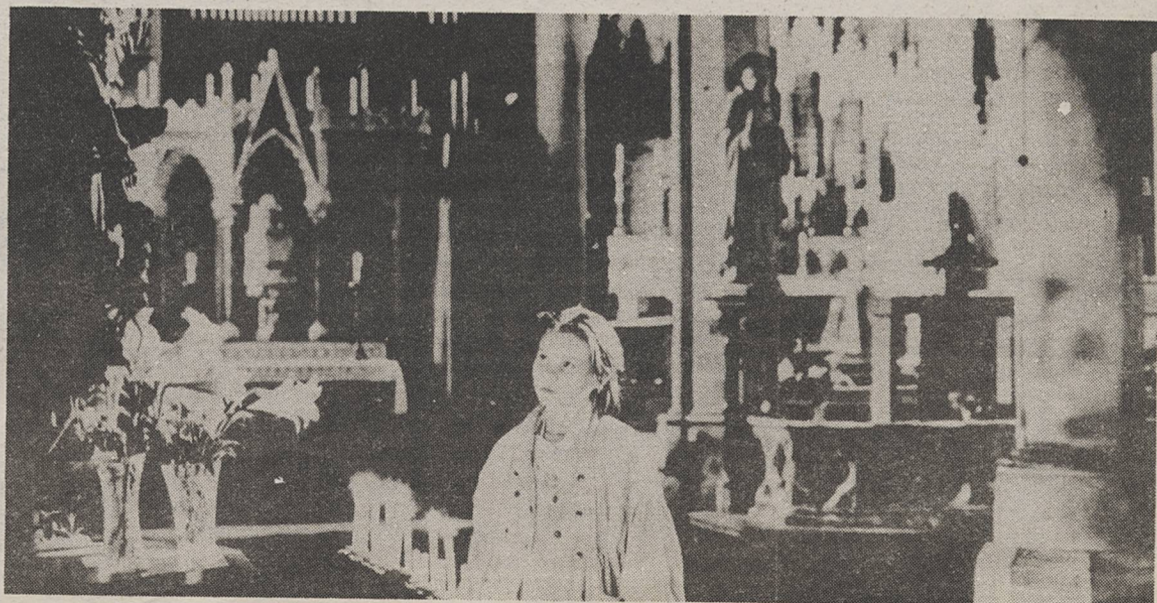
The Love Child is about the trials and tribulations of one Dillon (Peace & Harmony Ziggy Zom Moon) Flynn, the eponymous bastard. Dillon's father was a hippie (really!) hence his sons somewhat "tie-dye and flares" moniker. His parents however died out with the sixties and the only legacy left to him is an album by a band called the Pink Frogs which his father was in. It is this album that provides the hilarious musical accompaniment to the film.

The film revolves around Dillon

and his friends and acquaintances which include his grandmother with whom he still lives (delightfully played by Sheila Hancock), an artistic squatter, some punks, a couple of particularly fuck-headed policemen and a pair of Welsh pseudo communist anarchists. Dillon has problems - he hears voices, his surroundings (a toilet, a lift and a can of lager amongst others) talk to him; his grandmother is threatening to leave him; he loses his job; he finds a wealthy long-lost grandfather.

The film is another in the line of low budget English movies financed by Channel Four. Like most of its predecessors its main strengths are its wonderfully witty and intelligent screenplay and its strong characters, but the plot is very thin on the ground. The main appeal of the film is its warm and vivid description of South London life yet to be infiltrated by hideous yuppieism. And, oh yes, Alexei Sayle is typecast as the mouthpiece for a toilet.

Kashmir Sohi



Theatre

A Man for all Seasons

Savoy Theatre



For a play to be performed in one of the "serious" theatres, it needs to have a bit of meaning, at least a hint of significance for your lives and mine. And for the performance to be a success, a little bit of magic is needed to pull it off.

So Robert Bolt's "A Man for All Seasons"

deals with the old conflict of conscience versus expediency, nicely meaningful and with heaps of heroic and tragic potential. Sir Thomas More, Henry VIII's Chancellor, is destroyed for refusing to support his king's dirty deeds. But Bolt hits the message home with a sledgehammer, and this lack of subtlety makes the play unsatisfactory; it fails to move and it fails to impress.

Additionally, Frank Hauser's direction is utterly lacking in any magic or inspiration, and the acting is lifeless, so each scene is artificial and empty. Charlton Heston is the reason for this play being shown in the commercial theatre, but as More he is amazingly bad, and by the end of the two hours or so his "wise and virtuous old man" performance has become a real pain in the arse. Of the other actors, only Martin Chamberlain, as Henry, and Roy Kinnear are able to inject any life into their roles.

In all, a dull performance was given by everyone concerned; but proof was given that experience does not necessarily mean expertise in the case of Heston at least. Nick Woodrow

charming. Both are passionately dedicated to their work; watching them discuss it was akin to watching a performance: hands soaring, arms flying – a captivating pas de deux.

Images Dance Company was founded a mere year and a half ago when Lloyd Hepburn, at age 23, captured the most prestigious award for choreographers in Paris. Consisting of five members, the company considers itself unique in that its works are stunningly visual and daringly physical; the sets, music and lighting are all original creations. Lloyd Hepburn has been particularly noted for his extremely individualistic dances. "I hate the word dance!" he exclaimed, wincing. To him, dance is movement in which he is free to explore instinctive human behaviour and he boldly reflects the stark realities of life in his works. However, he does not ever perform in them himself, preferring to stay in the wings to view his creations objectively.

Chaudry, on the other hand, dances full-time and manages the company as well, including arranging classes and workshops by Lloyd Hepburn when requested to, and of course continually trying to obtain adequate sponsorship. Most of the money is still going to established, and naturally, profitable commodities, such as the Royal Ballet Company, even though experimen-

A Lie of the Mind

This is a new play by Sam Shepard – author of "Fool for Love" and the film "Paris, Texas". It continues his theme of stories about the American mid-west – caught in a stultifying, bleak, time-trap, where the eccentricity of the characters provides much laughter, but is essentially a tragic symptom of spiritual death.

The leading characters are Jake and Beth, a young married couple who have separated after a fight which resulted in Beth's brain-damage and hospitalisation. We see them in their individual torment following the separation – both living a half-life of delusion and regression to childhood. We also see their families tearing themselves to bits with blame, recrimination and guilt – not least towards Jake and Beth.

The performances bring the brilliant dialogue completely to life.

Miranda Richardson ("Dance With a Stranger") gives an unbelievably intense performance as Beth, with her early scenes in hospital particularly electrifying. Will Patton ("Desperately Seeking Susan") is also excellent as the pathetic helpless Jake – deeply in love with Beth, but unable to express his love in any way other than the bullying, macho way he is used to. Geraldine McEwan is a revelation as his mother, a passionate Irish matriarch, devastated by the collapse of her family. Altogether, one of the most moving but undeniably disturbing productions of recent years.

Kfir Yefet

("A Lie of the Mind" is on at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square. The production programme includes the full text of the play and is well worth the price.)



Dance

Images Images Dance Company

Clearly something was wrong somewhere – it was too easy. Maybe they think that the Beaver is a nickname for the Herald Trib's Arts Department. Or maybe they're under the impression that LSE stands for the London Standard Evening News.

"They" are Images Dance Company – one of the most highly acclaimed new companies in the field of contemporary dance. Their name is synonymous with praise: innovative, powerful, enigmatic, professional... excuse me? Meet on Friday? Really? In retrospect, it seems that the only time wasted was mine – in terms of worrying, that is.

Earl Lloyd Hepburn, artistic director/choreographer of Images, and Farooq Chaudry, administrator/dancer, were unpretentiously frank, genuinely enthusiastic and oh-so-devastatingly-

tal dance has come a long way in being widely accepted and respected. Chaudry says that attitudes have changed, but at the same time, the concept of dancers has likewise altered. Nowadays more dancers feel attached, not as before to a particular company, but to a particular choreographer, as he clearly feels towards Lloyd Hepburn.

Images is presently participating in the Dance Umbrella Festival, with ambitious plans for further

tours in Britain and abroad in the coming season. Next week at the Riverside Studios, they will premiere two new full-length pieces, entitled "Left of Centre" and "Filigree and Penumbra". Chaudry advises not to try to understand them but also not to be afraid to perceive them as one pleases. Such is the freedom of creativity and uninhibited imagination that is contemporary dance.

Amanda



The Tales of the Silver Surfer



The Fantastic Four, inside their building, had decided that they could not allow the planet-destroyer Galactus to continue further with his plan to drain Earth of its natural life force, and once again they attempted to halt him. But before they threw their lives away in useless battle, Uatu the Watcher appeared before them, begging them to wait and reconsider. Acknowledging that the Four wished to fight back, he pleaded with them to do so with wisdom. The Watcher then proceeded to explain his plan for the saving of Earth.

Johnny Storm, the Human Torch, was chosen to take the perilous path in search of a weapon capable of destroying Galactus. The Watcher projected him into hyperspace, a dimension through which vast interstellar distances may be travelled in a short period of time. He then proceeded to guide the Torch to his destination.

Meanwhile, the Silver Surfer, staggered by the combination of The Thing's powerful blow and his long fall from the Baxter Building, had made his way to the nearest refuge he could find: an apartment he glimpsed through a nearby skylight.

As fate would have it, this was the studio of Alicia Masters, the blind young sculptress who at that time was in love with Ben Grimm but who is today, ironically, the wife of Johnny Storm.

Alicia heard nobility in the Surfer's voice when he spoke, and, running her sensitive hands over his face, sensed the tragedy of his existence. Galactus had suppressed the Surfer's ideals, his memories of Shalla Bal, and his knowledge of love, friendship and compassion. However, even the godlike power of the giant Galactus could erase the longing in the Surfer's heart for feelings he could no longer remember.

Alicia was appalled that the Surfer would help willingly in the destruction of her planet. The Surfer's first reaction was to try and silence this annoying flea. But perhaps Alicia began to stir Norrin Radd's buried memories of another beautiful woman, Shalla Bal, reminding him of the value of human life. Whatever the reason, behind the silvery sheath of the Surfer was Norrin Radd, the man who would not let Galactus annihilate Zenn-La, the man who pleaded as Alicia had pleaded with him for the sparing of his world. It was at this moment that Norrin Radd was reborn, and this time, Norrin Radd possessed enough power enough to give even the feared Galactus pause!!

Ben the Watcher

A Life on the Wave

The past decade has seen board-sailing develop to be one of the boom leisure activities in Thatcherite Britain. With the cost of participation ranging from under £200 to over £2000 it can, and has been appreciated by both the yuppie and the proletarian – with many becoming hooked on one of its varied forms. The contemporary divorce courts all too frequently throw up a windsurfing divorcee when the other half catches the bug.

The sport of windsurfing is very varied. Most people are familiar with those brightly coloured sails and wetsuited figures that appear on the beach as soon as the skies darken, waves rise and every sane person – including those old dinghy sailors – heads for the bar. However, this high pressure world of waterstarts, sinkers, duck gybes, wave jumps and even open competition in speed trials (reaching nearly 40 knots at times) and slalom, whilst ideal for the money market dealer seeking to unwind, is only half the sport.

Many of us use great long planks, 3 to 4 metres long, which apart from being ideal for the learner, also provide a multiplicity of uses at all levels. In the Olympics, as well as closer to home, they are used in races similar to dinghy racing. And for those not content with trying to beat the pack in a two hour race, you can always impress the opposite sex with your freestyle – duck and spin tacks, riling, back to backs, or even drinking a pint of Fosters without spilling it.

Boardsailing is now a well established sport, if not always regularly accepted by other water users, that everyone should have a go at. But beware – the challenge of self-improvement, of gaining (and losing) control of the elements to reach exhilarating speeds, can be addictive.

Jamie Silk

PS Even in London there are opportunities to sail in the Docklands, through LDC, or with the LSE which has a couple of boards at the Welsh Harp.



Photo: Vanessa Brechling

Rugby

LSE 1st XV : 12

Sussex University 1st XV : 24

On Wednesday the LSE team travelled down to Brighton, determined to get even with the boys from Sussex. This was the side that had to be beaten, not only to secure LSE's chances of success in the UAU Competition, but also because Sussex rugby players are about as much liked at LSE as David Alton.

The match started badly for LSE when the incompetent referee failed to spot a despicable act by Sussex, enabling them to run in a try under our posts. We responded well, but we were hampered by a completely useless referee and two biased touch-judges.

Good kicking by Mark Seaman kept us within a few points, until Sussex scored a succession of dubious tries, thus dashing our hopes of victory – what a bummer. However, captain Gavin Pottinger smiled through the disappointment and proceeded to give a display of singing and dancing in the bar afterwards.

Man of the match : Father Abraham

Football

L.S.E 1st XI 1
Sussex 3

The start-of-season euphoria turned sour after a solid performance failed to yield a result. The skipper's team talk had some effect, but Macca's tired performance can probably be attributed to half-term holidays. Bobby Jones, the "Banana Romeo" helped make up for this but it was a fang-less task.

The first half was tight with neither side asserting any real domination; L.S.E matching Sussex with effort, if not skill. However, the second-half saw the L.S.E defence under severe bombardment. They weathered the storm, only for a spectacular goal to break the deadlock. Five minutes later it was 2-0 after a rare mix-up in defence. Only then did L.S.E start to play real football, culminating in debutant, Crispin, capping a good performance by slotting in a half-chance.

As was the case seven days before, L.S.E should have equalised soon after, but failed to make anything of the chances open to them. With seconds remaining Sussex caught L.S.E on the break to make it 3-1. The defensive consensus was that this goal was off-side, although by this stage it made little difference. In conclusion this was a better performance, but L.S.E still concede possession too easily and quickly, putting themselves under pressure through impatience.

John and Simon



Houghton Street Harry

LSE 2nds 3
Guys 2nds 0
(LONDON CUP)

LSE 2nds 0
Sussex 2nds 1 (UAU)

Urged on by Nick Markham in goal, the seconds flowed to victory against Guys, thanks to two finely taken goals from Farouk and a tap in from Crisper, after Mark Dekidder had rocked the bar from 20 yards.

Against Sussex things looked promising, with the return of mid-field terrier, Richard Davis, and the keeper Scotty turning up at the right place. However, the Sussex pitch cancelled out our skills advantage, but despite provocation the team battled to the final whistle, with Scotty beaten just before the end to leave us with an undeserved defeat.

LSE V : 14
CHXW IV : 2

As the score line indicates, this match was completely dominated by the LSE. The first half saw the LSE put five goals past their opponents, and after the interval, they moved up a gear to add another nine goals to their tally.

An amazing eight goals from Richard Korab, three from their captain, Walid Eid, two from Chris Gillion and one from Jafar Ghanbri proved that their first win over CHXW was by no means a fluke.

The LSE team was characterized by a solid defence, mobile midfield and effective strikers – not forgetting, of course, the goalkeeper who was busy collecting back-passes, rather than saving shots.

Walid Eid

Table Tennis

Anyone interested in organising the table tennis club, please come into the AU (E65) on Tuesdays and Thursdays between 1pm and 2pm.

Sailing Club

The LSE Sailing Club is starting up again. There will be a meeting on Tuesday 3rd November at 1:00 in A245. Please come if you want to join the sailing club or find out more about us.

We sail fireflies from the Welsh Harp, near Wembley, and we would like sailors of all abilities to come and join in the fun.

Houghton Street Harry

Houghton Street Harry has strong views on one incident this past week in the world of sport – that at White Hart Lane. Questions have to be asked about why Mr. Pleat's third kerb-crawling offence was so much worse than his other two? The whole thing reeks of a put-up job to let in Britain's finest manager, El Tel. Mind you David Pleat has flown awfully high for someone with such limited footballing knowledge.

And what about the fight? Well done, big Frank – but let's be realistic. If he takes on the current champion there will be three men in the ring: Tyson, Frank, and Bob Hope. Talking of Frank, what about the quote of the week during commentary on the Honeyghan fight: "That's cricket, Harry – these things happen in boxing." By the way, unlucky Lloyd, but you're still a star in this reporter's eyes!

On the other side of the world, England produced the goods when needed, by humbling the West Indies, thanks largely to Gooch, De Freitas, and the most unlikely sporting hero since Bobby Stokes (who?), "steady Eddie" Hemmings. When "steady Eddie" ran out Harper, he claimed it was only his second direct hit in nearly twenty years of cricket, and few would disagree with his analysis. In view of these heroics, I feel it is time to overlook any nickname of "whale".

Finally this week, the Liverpool Express came to a stop at Anfield against Everton, while Spurs showed why they badly need a new man in charge. Comment must also be passed on Arsenal's tenth win in a row – an impressive achievement in anyone's book. Perhaps this Wednesday saw a shift in the balance of power in division one.

Ladies Hockey

LSE II : 1

Sussex University II : 1

No sooner had the game started that Kate Faulkner was on the ground, after a blow to the head. She bravely played on, acting as the focal point for the forward line. With superb play by both the left and right wings, many chances were created in the first half, but we lacked the killer instinct to actually put the ball away.



Unfortunately, as the second half started, the spirit that the seconds usually play with was lost due to some very dubious decisions by the referee, and due to the actions of a rather unsporting opposition. It was then a silly defensive mistake that allowed Sussex to gain the lead, despite brilliant goalkeeping by rookie Paige.

The dispirited team plodded on until the last minute of the game when an almighty strike by Angharad Harris, from the edge of the box, led to the ball ending up in the back of the net.

Special mention must go to Christine and Menna for some determined play on the right wing.