

The Beaver

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DSG landslide

Labour slides from power as van Hulten, Johnson, and MacDonald are to run Student Union

by Peter Harrad and Madeline Gwyon

In a stunning landslide, the Democratic Socialist Group (DSG) swept every major Student Union position in last week's election. This comprehensive victory startled many and suggested that the grip that the Labour club has exerted over LSE student politics may be on the wane.

The race for General Secretary was tremendously close, with only 22 votes separating the DSG candidate, Michiel Van Hulten, and the Independent Green, Ali Nikpay.

This narrow margin seemed large, however, in comparison to the neck and neck battle for Senior Treasurer. Only after two recounts was it announced that Toby Johnson (DSG) had defeated Leandro Moura (Labour) by nine votes.

In the race for Social Secretary, Fiona Macdonald, also in the DSG though running as an independent, stormed to a 704 to 425 victory over Dermot Boyd.

In his victory speech, Van Hulten thanked all those who worked for the DSG during the elections, citing especially the exhausting work of his campaign manager Michael McGrath.

Speaking on the job ahead, he said, "I look forward to working with everybody, especially the Labour club in making this a responsible and campaigning union and working to make a vision for the LSE: a vision that is good for students". Later in an interview, he continued "This is the first time in years that a team has been elected to run the Students' Union. It's absolutely wonderful. We're going to get so many things done. I can't say how pleased I am."

The Senior Treasurer-Elect, Johnson, was also in an expansive mood. "You're going to see this Union take off next year. Watch out next year. Things are going to happen." However, he was careful to stress that "I sincerely hope that the Labour club will see me as someone who is always prepared to campaign for what they believe in."

Others were also pleased by the result. Rob Middleton, current General Secretary pointed out that "The team who can work together is the best team."

The mood at the election count was intense but jubilant, with beer and champagne flowing freely. Both winners and losers



The winning vote for van Hulten

Photo: Alex McDowell

"I look forward to working with everybody, especially the Labour club"

seemed to be caught up in the whole excitement of the moment. However, even the carnival atmosphere could not hide some of the pain felt by the losers. Ali Nikpay, though praised by many for his strong campaign, was on

the verge of tears after the announcement of the DSG victory. Likewise, Leandro Moura, the Labour club hopeful for Senior Treasurer, put on a brave face and hugged friends after his narrow defeat.

Many believe that the completeness of the DSG victory was a serious blow to the Labour

machine which has so long dominated the LSE political scene. For the last six years, Labour has placed at least one candidate in the Sabbatical winners circle. Some in the LSE community attribute Labour's

poor showing to the fact that the student body is becoming politically moderate. One third year student who attended the vote counts said, "In past years, the students were much more active in campaigning and left wing politics. Now you are starting to see a mellowing of this type of left wing ferv-

our. People are becoming more centrist, and place more credence on stability and solid leadership rather than moral crusading."

However, Woodfield does not believe this to be true. She argues instead that Labour's poor showing stemmed from another source. "I'd say that what was wrong was the front page of the Beaver two days before the elections. It's not fair and it's not true", she said commenting on an article which discussed alleged vote rigging in the Labour club's selection meeting.

Moura echoes Woodfield in the belief that the vote rigging scandal had a serious negative effect on Labour's standing. He also pointed out that with the DSG virtually controlling the Student Union next year "they can't claim that Labour is obstructing their efforts anymore."

The newly elected DSG cadre

agree that they will be in total control of the Union, and any success or failure will be theirs alone. Michael McGrath, the campaign manager for the DSG, said "Absolutely, from now on it's all down to us."

Peter Mackey, Returning Officer, was pleased by the level of participation. He reported that the turnout was much higher than last year. Mackey felt it was especially high considering the low level of participation in the hustings. "On the whole the campaigns have been pretty fair", he said, noting that there were no major incidents during polling.

As is traditional in Student Union elections, fewer post-graduates than undergraduates voted, with the ratio being 239 to 992. A further breakdown of the vote reveals that 499 women voted, as opposed to 706 men. 1242 people voted in the elections.

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And it is decreed that each year the faithful shall gather together and let their voices be heard. Thus shall the Chief Prophets be chosen. And there will be much wailing and gnashing of teeth from the losers, and much wine and merry-making amongst the triumphant, for to be a Chief Prophet is a great honour. It is they who interpret the word of Ashworth, and instruct the faithful in what is to be done. It is they who interpret the deeds of that evil beast that is called "the Government", and guide the faithful in the battle against it. And it is they who guide the faithful towards the promised land, where wine flows like water, where bread is plentiful and where all the people are as one.

And so it came to pass that in the second week of Lent, on that day that is called Thursday, the faithful came together. Members of all tribes were there. Amongst the tribes of Kandyites and Michielites there was much laughter, but amongst the Pincherites there was only silence. For truly it has been written, it shall be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a Tory to enter into a sab-batical office.

The oldest prophet, he that is called Andy, son of The Revolution, spoke of the evils of that demon called Bush. "Verily," said Prophet Andy, "the war of this man is a war for oil." And on the left there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. And Prophet Andy demanded that this be brought before the faithful before any other business. But the younger prophets had plotted against their elder, and now they poured scorn on him, calling him "a senile old Marxist." And there was much laughter. And verily, the Chief Priestess, she that is called Liz, did decree that Prophet Andy would have to wait.

The Chief Pharisee, he that is called Jon, son of Crispin, did call on the faithful to marvel with him at a miracle that had befallen. "I say unto you," said Jon, "that I haven't touched a drop for two weeks." And there was much amazement and anger amongst the faithful, saying to themselves, "Verily, this man is no longer one of us." And Jon was cast into the darkness.

And so it came to pass that the faithful were asked to vote for a motion on Irish Abortion rights. And the faithful did as they were asked. And it came to pass that the faithful were asked to vote for motion on the Birmingham Six. And the faithful did as they were asked. But the faithful were restless. For has it not been written, there is much contentment in doing good, but also great boredom? And so it came to pass, one of the faithful, who shall be nameless, did launch a plane of paper towards the prophets. And the Priestess did give vent unto her wrath. "Truly," said Priestess Liz, "I am mightily pissed off." And she did decree that any member of the faithful who did commit such a sin would be made to come down and pick it up. And the crowd trembled, saying unto themselves, "Truly, she is a worthy Priestess."

And the faithful were meek once more, as one of their number came forward to urge them to set up a scholarship fund for Palestinian Students. And the faithful on the left did cheer greatly, as Palestine is dear to their hearts. But the faithful on the right, they that are called the J-Soc, were greatly angered, saying, "Who is this woman who comes amongst us, spreading lies about the noble state of Israel?" And the discussion was loud and bitter, and on both sides there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. The Prophet Andy did grow so angry that he did foam at the mouth, as if a thousand demons possessed him. But the demons were quieted when the motion was passed.

And so the Priestess did declare the meeting closed, and the faithful went with joy in their hearts. For the main business of the day was still to be done, and there was much work remaining. And truly, they knew the promised land was drawing closer.

Financial independence for LSE?

by Christian K Forman

According to an article published in *the Guardian* last Wednesday, the London School of Economics could become financially independent from the University of London.

Alleged inefficiency and bureaucratic waste have been cited as the compelling reasons for the proposed split from the London system.

Under the present system, the University of London receives a block grant from the appropriation committee of the Department of Education and Science, the University Funding Council (UFC). The University then divides this grant among the other smaller colleges of the London system, one of which is the LSE.

According to the *Guardian*, the LSE could receive an inde-

pendent grant directly from the UFC, eliminating the University of London altogether.

Imperial College currently operates under this direct financing system.

Ian Crawford, Press Secretary of the LSE, states that the school is not advocating such a split and that these allegations did not emanate from the LSE administration. However, he did explain that such a direct funding scheme would have a number of very real benefits. "As the Director notes in his 'vision,' the LSE is almost like a small university rather than a college. We provide for ourselves a number of services which the University of London provides. For smaller schools that don't have such facilities, having the University of London is beneficial. However, in our situation we tend to overlap with London

in many places."

Crawford also touched on the fact that having direct UFC connections would allow for faster communication between the LSE and the Council. He said, "At the current moment, the UFC sends something to the University of London, they process it, and then they send it out to us. This means that any information we get has got a lag built in."

This proposed split comes on the heels of the publication of the UFC's annual grant allocation report.

In the next fiscal year, British universities on average will receive a funding increase of approximately four percent. However, on an individual bases some universities will see a spending increase by as much as ten percent, while others will experience serious funding cuts.

The primary reason for the great discrepancies in funding revolves around a new set of criteria created by the Department of Education. Schools are now funded on the quality of their teaching, demand for students, and research ratings.

In the upcoming year, the LSE will receive a 4.5% increase in funding. This figure, however, has not been adjusted for the interest rate which currently rests at 6%.

The UFC wants the LSE, and all other universities, to make up any discrepancies between the increase and interest rate through better efficiency.

However, as Crawford points out, the UFC has not facilitated any efficiency with the fact that their funding report was published almost five months later than originally planned, delaying budget work tremendously.

Election Results...

Who won what ?

<i>Women's Officer</i>	Antonia Mochan, DSG	<i>Junior Treasurer</i>	J M Spurling, Ind. Totally Ludwig Kanzler, DSG Sujata Aurora, Labour
<i>Overseas Officer</i>	Martin Raiser, DSG	<i>NUS London</i>	Michiel van Hulten, DSG Sujata Aurora, Labour Sam Patel, Ind. Lib. Dem. Ron B. Voce, Ind. but Aware Farasat Latif, Labour Woody Bild, SWSS Jed Marsh, Labour
<i>Postgrad Officer</i>	Michael McGrath, DSG	<i>NUS Women's</i>	Antonia Mochan, DSG Caroline Clarke, Labour Joan O'Mahoney, Ind. Soc. Fem. Sujata Aurora, Labour
<i>Executive</i>	William Shepherd, DSG Ian Prince, Conservative Stuart Wilks, Ind. Green Eugene Isaac, Labour Adrian Cattley, Ind. Green Dave Jones, Ind. Anti-racist Peter Harris, DSG	<i>NUS London Women's</i>	Antonia Mochan, DSG Mel Taylor, Labour T S Yeow, Labour
<i>Returning Officer</i>	Simon Reid, Ind.		

News Summary

Photo: Alex McDowell



Benn speaks on War

Killing is still going on in Iraq on a big scale, Tony Benn claimed in a speech last Thursday at the LSE. The MP was there at the invitation of the Anti-War in the Gulf society.

Benn told a packed lecture theatre that the war still needed to be discussed, as the aftermath was still to come. He went on to predict the re-equipping of Iraq by the west, and noted that the portioning out of reconstruction contracts had begun already.

Also at the meeting was an AWOL reservist, a former artillery corporal. However, he had to leave hurriedly when military police were seen on Houghton Street. It has been claimed that the police are tapping the phones of members of Anti-War society members in an attempt to track down the deserter.

Access funds delayed

The Department of Education and Science (DES) has extended the deadline for the distribution of Access Funds from March 31st to the end of summer term.

This decision was made as a result of increased pressure from many universities. According to a DES spokesman, many institutions were protesting against the early deadline because they would be in financial difficulty for the rest of the period.

Hannah Cocking, the Scholarships Officer, stated that the new deadline would not effect the distribution of LSE's access fund. "The school has a well thought out policy of payment worked out with union." According to Cocking, one third of the funds have already been distributed, with the remaining two-thirds being doled out in this term and the summer.

The LSE current receives an Access Fund grant of approximately £150,000. Of this amount, £60,000 has been earmarked for undergraduate needs whilst a further £90,000 is intended to go to postgraduates.

Bottomly critiques NHS

Virginia Bottomly spoke at the LSE last Monday on the NHS, following an invitation from the Tory Reform Group (TRG).

She discussed at length the changing emphasis of welfare within the NHS, the future of cost-management for hospitals and the inefficiency within the service.

Following her speech, Bottomly stayed to answer questions for some 40 minutes on issues ranging from care in the community and the public's attitude towards the NHS, to the idea of interesting the medical staff in the economic aspects of their jobs.

The secretary of the TRG, Richard Lines, said that he was "pleased both by the response of the students to her talk and by Mrs Bottomly's interest in the students."

Left attacked by Short

Clare Short, the controversial MP who recently resigned from the Shadow Cabinet over the Gulf War, visited the LSE last Monday. The speech was at the invitation of the Labour Club.

Short's speech centered on the decline of the power of the left wing over the last 10 years. She argued that the so-called Trotskyite fringe had damaged the credibility of the democratic left, because of the extensive in-fighting which occurred during the mid-eighties.

She also touched on the Gulf war, arguing that sanctions were not given enough time in order to be effective.

Lectures: The awful truth.

Eduardo Jauregui reveals the facts behind the myth.

The ever-controversial and uncompromising Beaver is about to blow the cover off of the most zealously kept secret of the millennium: what students really do during lectures.

One thing is for certain; they are not listening, for the most part they are not even conscious. Various lecturer's associations have for years attempted, and failed, to find out what students are really doing. The Beaver's team of intrepid investigative reporters, however, have conducted an exhaustive study into the matter. The astounding results of this survey can now be revealed to the nation.

The lecture, the basic pillar of our education system, is a appalling waste of time. Why then, you may ask, do lectures continue?

From the lecturer's point of view his students seem a diligent enough lot. They appear to be furiously scribbling down every golden shred of his wisdom. Gaping up in an awed trance induced by the implications of his speech. Nothing, of course could be further from the truth, but his unfailing faith in the universal interest of inferential statistics clouds his perception.

In fact, the lecturer is little more than a superfluous side-show to the varied activities taking place in the room. Consider the average student, seen from the front of the classroom appearing to add the lecturer's last words to his notes. He stares up, in anticipation we assume, and then resumes writing as the lecturer continues. Actually, he

is more likely to be working on a detailed sketch of the lecturer's head as it is severed from his body by a four-foot machete.

Our study also suggests that most of the 'thoughtful gazes' supposedly directed at the lecturer actually stem from perplexity caused by a particularly obscure clue in the Times' crossword puzzle. Moreover, even the most careless inspection of a lecture hall's desks will reveal what a shocking proportion of time is spent by students etching into them such drivels as their minds can muster in the

every university. At the L.S.E. some tables have literally been carved though by layer after layer of scrawled graffiti.

Perhaps only Darwin could explain to us how the modern student has acquired the ability to sleep clear though a lecture and yet feign consciousness for a full hour. One can safely estimate that the last five to ten rows of any lecture hall are slumbering away peacefully. Yet at a distance the speaker cannot distinguish their glazed stares from the alert and pensive expressions of those baffled by '31

Many students have also mastered the psychic art of having out-of-body experiences, that is leaving their physical body behind in the lecture hall while they cavort aimlessly around the school grounds, unimpeded by material obstacles. The staff of the 'Three tuns' have confirmed stories of rowdy immaterial apparitions boisterously demand pints of bitter and bags of McCoys at all hours of the day, despite their inability to pay with anything other than insubstantial ectoplasm.

When polled, students justified their refusal to pay attention whatsoever to the supposed main goings-on, by claiming they could simply purchase compilation tapes of the year's lectures. These tapes are edited by those enterprising students who always clutter up the front desk with tape recorders. Last year 'The Best of Economics C' reportedly garnered £1250 on the Houghton Street black market. This was closely followed by 'Highlights from History of Political Thought' (apparently a very short tape).

Faced with such a bleak picture of the value of lectures what should we do? Scrap them altogether? Enforce attention? What ever the course taken, this pressing crisis can no longer be ignored. Some course must be taken by those in charge before students decide they will suffer no more and revolution breaks out throughout the nation's educational institutions. Act now before its too late. You have been warned.

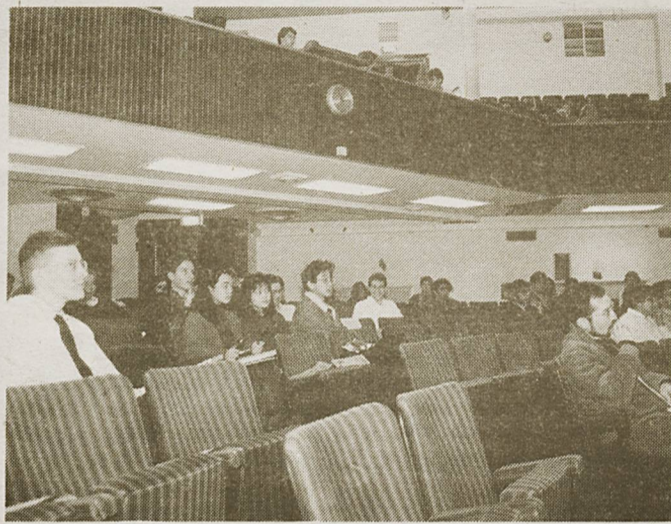


Photo: Alex McDowell

semi-conscious state induced by a few minutes of lecture drone. Saddam-phobics, Hull City football Team fanatics, Flat-Earth theory believers, and every other possible social group imaginable are represented on the desks of

Down' in the front half of the class. The discovery that a few miracles of evolution are actually able to automatically take notes while dozing has forced the medical world to reassess its views on sleep.

Crossword

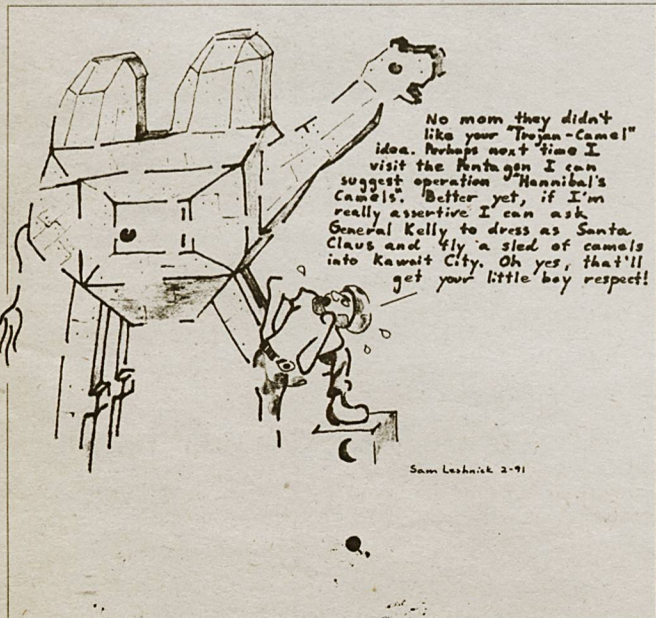
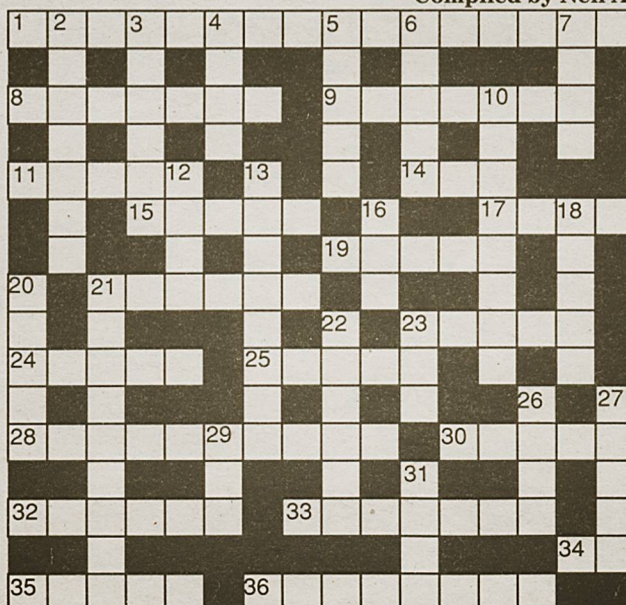
Across

1. Director George Lucas' first feature film made in 1973.(8,8)
8. Film about the Perfumo Affair of the 1960's (7)
9. See 10 down
11. See 32 across
14. Somewhere in the middle of all that sweat, Richardson & Co decided to do something to "the Rich" (3)
15. Hal E. _____, the man who gave the world Laurel & Hardy (5)
17. See 16 down
19. "Save the _____", the film which gave Jack Lemmon his second Oscar (5)
21. _____ & _____, a classic from the 1950's starring Alister Simms as comic strip artist(3,3)
23. "Wild at _____", "Angel _____", or "One From the _____".(5)
24. "In space no can hear you scream", apparently.(5)
25. Japanese cartoon feature film.(5)
28. One of the few James Dean feature films.(4,2,4)
30. See 2 down
- 32 & 11a. He gave Janet Leigh her just deserts and put millions of people off taking showers (6,5)
33. Bill Murray joins the army, taking Harold Ramis with him.(7)
34. _____ Enfield, director of "Hell's Drivers" (2)
35. "Aliens" underneath the water, directed by James Cameron. (5)
- 36 & 5d. Laurel & Hardy's pet dog. (8,5)

Down

- 2 & 30a. Maurice Micklewhite, star of 6 down. (7,5)
3. See 20 down
4. Charlie and his number one son.(4)
5. See 36 across
6. Sixties' comedy set in London about an amorous "Cock-ernee".(5)
7. Thomas Hardy novel, directed by Roman Polanski. (4)
- 10 & 9a. Richard Gere and Andy Garcia in story of Police corruption (8,7)
- 12 & 22d. Lemmon & Curtis prefer it warm. "_____ Hot"(4,4,2)
13. Al Pacino starred in the updated version of a 1932 Gangster classic (8)
- 16 & 17a. Jim McBride's film of Police corruption in the American South.(3,4)
18. Maybe he's a close relative of "Citizen Kane"?(5)
- 20 & 3d. Film version of "Do Androids Dream Electric Sheep"(5,6)
21. John Walters' first mainstream film (9)
22. See 12 down
23. Computer from "2001:A Space Odyssey"
26. "_____ Hips Hooray". Wheeler and Woolsey film from 1934.
27. Mervyn _____, producer of the 1939 version of "The Wizard of Oz"(5)
29. The end of all French films.(3)
31. Take your pick: "_____ Noon", "_____ Plains Drifter", "_____ Risk"(4)

Compiled by Neil A.



diary

This week: Franz Kafka writes:

The Maze.

Joseph K awoke to the sound of his landlady banging on his door.

'Wake up Mr K,' she cried, 'Mr K you must wake up! You know what week this is.'

Indeed he did. It was the week he had dreaded for many months and now it had finally arrived. Even the sound of the name in his head sent a shiver down his spine. This was Rag week. That, however, was not all, this week was also both Europe and Women's week.

'Mr K, are you up yet?'

His landlady had returned to his door but he made no reply. All his could think about was the maze of events ahead of him. He thought about the Buffet Reception organised by the European Society in Room H216 on Monday the 4th of March at 5.30 p.m. He knew that the food and wine was free to all members of the Society and entrance only cost a £1 for non-members. This was, however, only the beginning of Europe Week. It continued on the 5th of March with Cristo Halalchev, Charge d'Affaires at the Bulgarian Embassy, taking about 'The Problem of a First and Second Class Europe' in S017 at 1p.m. K could sense that there was no escaping from this awesome event since Lord Limerick, Chairman of the British Invisible Export Committee would be talking on Thursday the 7th at 1p.m. on 'Europe: A New Era For Britain's Contributors to the Service Sectors' in room A86.

'Mr K! Mr K!' His Landlady shouted, 'you really must get up'. Joseph K only turned over in his bed a put his pillow over his ears. He could not even face getting up. Even just the prospect of Europe Week filled him with dread, he hadn't yet even considered Rag week. Why, he asked himself, had he brought tickets to see comedians Jack Dee and Jennie le Coate in the Old Theatre on Monday the 4th? At least he had avoided getting involved in the Jail Break which starts at 2p.m. on Tuesday with sponsorship forms available from Jon Hull. K couldn't help thinking how apt the use of the word Jail was in the context of the L.S.E. Tuesday also had worse fates in store, namely egg-throwing in Houghton Street. Joseph K's heart sank even further when he considered the multi-cultural evening in the Quad with food fashion and dance on Wednesday. How could he survive such a week of intense activity? One thing was for sure, he could not possibly put him self though a fate worse than death-the Tequila party in aid of Rag on Saturday the 9th of March.

Joseph K turned and stared at the ceiling. Life, for him, had become far to complex. It wasn't only Rag week that had made him so depressed. He was also bogged down by various political events. The Conservative M.P. Robert Hicks was coming on Tuesday the 5th at 1p.m. to talk about the war in the Gulf in S401. The Conservatives had also organised a Tea Party at the House of Commons on Wednesday at 3:45 p.m costing £5 a ticket. But that very same day there was to be a picket organised by the L.S.E. Abortion Rights Group at the S.P.U.C. office at 2:30 p.m. They were to meet in Houghton Street at 2p.m.

Which ever way K turned he could not avoid some kind of event or another. The L.S.E. was becoming a nightmare of the greatest proportions. He suddenly thought that he might try hiding in a dark room but it would probably turn out to be the showing of the Film 'Bird'-The life story of Charlie Parker'. The Jazz Society was to show it at 6:30p.m. in the Old Theatre on tuesday the 5th.

'Mr K, its well past your breakfast time, you really must get up.'

Joseph K's landlady again stood outside his door.

K knew that he must face the inevitable. Things might not be as bad as they seem. Then he thought about the prospect of again being asked to by a Rag T-shirt. What, he thought, had that man said would happen to him the last time he had refused to buy one? As he tried to remember he felt a strange change come over him. K finally got to his feet and walked over to the his mirror. Looking into it he found that he had Metamorphosis into a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle. It was only then that he remembered what the T-shirt seller had said to him.

The Beaver

The lessons of Vietnam were learnt well. This time the press was not going to undermine support for the war. Yet the Army chiefs and politicians in the allied coalition needn't have worried. From the start of this conflict (with only a few exceptions) the western media has been only too willing to present the allied case in the most favourable terms. In Britain, "doubters" prior to January 15, Dennis Healey, Edward Heath and Sir Antony Parsons among them (hardly the backbone of the hard left) were duly dismissed as naive idealists or appeasers of Saddam.

Meanwhile, the whole press machine prepared us for conflict and then, when it started, knew which side it was on. The Daily Star, anxious to raise its dwindling readership, urged our leaders to "Nuke Baghdad". The BBC had a studio designed for indepth analysis within two hours of the first bombs landing in Iraq. ITN had a suitably sombre theme tune just in case we forgot that war could be a nasty business.

In the Gulf itself, numerous reporters, dressed in army gear, supported and reported our troops. "So what?", you may ask. "It's a war after all and during a war we expect the press to show restraint". Maybe. But last week, when a miscalculation during a bombing raid caused the deaths of over 100 Iraqis, a rather sinister tone emerged. Certain elements of the press launched a violent campaign directed at the BBC. "How could they show us the dead Iraqis?" The BBC had become a simple tool of Iraqi propaganda. Questions were even raised in the House of Commons. Regardless of one's position on the war, this does matter. If we are going to claim to fight on high moral grounds - on principles of freedom and justice - then we (the public) must be able to see the consequences of the war. That means we must be able to count the costs of the war - the casualties and the destruction - and still believe the fighting to be just. No protection from the horrors of war should be afforded. Maybe the case for war was strong and moral, perhaps the press has been right to present it as such.

Now that the fighting is over and we are getting a clearer picture of the casualties involved, there still remains the lingering doubt that the press has not, nor has wanted to be as free in reporting this conflict as it ought. Perhaps this is to be expected in war. But when it is argued that the war's legitimacy stems from high moral principles, when our "freedom" is contrasted with the "medieval atrocities" of Saddam, then maybe we might at least question why our press has appeared so willing to compromise its freedom.

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First Hand

It seems to me that many popular representatives of gay men give rise to the misleading idea that there are only negative rather than positive aspects of having a gay life-style.

It is my experience that although there are real ongoing difficulties being gay, with often contradictory pressures from my family and friends and everyday hostility from the wider society, it is also the case that I have been able to create a positive social identity.

This has been helped by the

Eugene Isaac on "coming out"

fact that within the LSE over the past six months I have formed many new friendships and relationships with gay men and women which I could not have previously forseen. These new friendships have also enabled me to enjoy myself socially in different ways by experiencing the diversity of gay culture at various gay clubs and pubs in the London area.

The negative aspect of this is that from my continual experiences I have become more aware of the various forms of oppression that are faced in relative

ways by all gay men and women: ranging from everyday experience of intimidation and direct violence to the attacks on gay and lesbian rights articulated in section 25 of the criminal justice bill and paragraph 16 of the guidelines of the children's act. It is in order to counter the negative aspects of the current climate that I participated in the organisation of the lesbian and gay awareness week at the LSE in November and continue to be committed to organising the campaign against the Tory legislation and the campaign for the election of a pink plaque at

the LSE (in commemoration of the activities of the GLF). Although I do not have the space to touch on any of the more profound aspects of my past and present experiences as a gay man there is one final point. By personally knowing that within the LSE my presence as a gay man, as an activist, and as a student alters the way in which others around me perceive and relate to gay lifestyles and issues - means that for me there are more positive than negative aspects to adopting a gay life-style.

Post Haste

Letters to E205 by hand or by internal mail by 3pm Thursday

Move the LSE to the Docklands

John Ashworth, director of the LSE, in outlining his vision for the school, touched upon an important issue. To quote from the Beaver, "The Aldwych site, though conveniently located in the middle of London, cannot be easily expanded because of the lack of purchasable space in the vicinity."

Ashworth touched on an important issue, but by suggesting a two-site campus, he got the answer half-right. The LSE should move completely, I suggest, to the Docklands.

As Ashworth noted, the current campus is overcrowded, with little possibility to expand. The tight confines also make renovation difficult. And while the other English universities possess sites whose charm and history outweigh their imprac-

ticality, this is certainly not the case with the LSE. The Aldwych site is not historic, charming or even, as Ashworth seems to argue, convenient. Budget-conscious students are forced to live miles away, as there is virtually no affordable private housing in the vicinity.

Meanwhile, in East London, a huge new location beckons. The Docklands offers several advantages. First, because it is currently largely unlet, there is a window of opportunity for the LSE to dispose of its expensive current site and gain a new home at a low price. Second, the Docklands would offer room for the school to expand, without creation of a two-site solution. Third, at the Docklands, the LSE would find itself neighbouring with many international financial institutions, with whom joint research or employment might be possible. Fourth, while the architectural merits of the Docklands are debateable, they have the benefit of comparison with the Aldwych site. Maybe someday the Docklands will be considered beautiful, or at least dramatic. This will never be said of the current site. Finally, an East London locale would put the school in proximity to very affordable private housing for students, as well as to Butler's Wharf. Professor Ashworth offers his vision of the LSE. I offer mine - the LSE at the Docklands.

Matthew Riven

R.J. Wilson

Dear Beaver,
I am now enjoying the climax of my letter writing career. The general secretary of London's NUS felt it necessary to respond to and reprimand me. (Issue 336) What a silly boy he is. He, and others (evident in previous Beaver letters), have consistently risen to the bait. There is nothing that gives me greater pleasure than annoying such utter losers. Those active within the NUS are life's little people who will achieve negligible success in the real world.

Despite my customary critical nature I would like to praise the LSE's Islamic Society for its recent spate of lectures. I learnt a great deal and think it sad that other white middle class students were not prepared to do so.

Yours,
R.J. Wilson.

Rag to the Ball

Dear Beaver,
In reply to the article written by Sonia Lambert prior to this year's Ball we would like to state

first that last year's Rag Ball made a loss of about £250 not £2000 as stated. More objective and less tabloid inclined writing would be appreciated in an institution of renowned academic research.

Secondly, this year's Rag Ball made a profit of £1010. Despite the fact the Ball was organised independently of the SU and was financially guaranteed by the members of the committee the profits are nonetheless going to be donated to 'Comic Relief'.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank several people for their support and invaluable help. They are Sam King, Ahmir, Andrea, Devika, Eliana, Tinde Yasin, Jon Hull and also the students who attended.

Winhy, Kish and Tim
The Rag Ball Committee
P.S. Rick - The Brew didn't have to be sold!!!

Mackay thanks his mum and dad.

Dear Beaver
In my final hours as Returning Officer of the Student Union, who, I might add, has never been named in your "Union Jack" column (!), I wish to show my appreciation for all the help I have received over the last year (brace yourselves for the Oscar acceptance speech!).

I would like to thank: All the staff of the Print Room and the Student Union for their help with election preparations, and Sam Kung for his patience and requisition forms; the school porters; Rob, Mel and Jon for solving any problems, and also Dr Joan Pateman and Subu for their assistance in organising facilities for blind students.

Thanks should also go to Bernardo Duggan and all those who sat at the Ballot Box and assisted with the count, and to Angela Metcalfe for nominating me for the dubious pleasure of this job.

Finally, I would like to wish Simon Reid, my successor, and the newly-elected candidates the very best of luck for the coming year.

Peter Mackay
Returning Officer (Ret)

LSE Women's Group: International Women's Week at LSE

Monday 4th March 1pm New Theatre	A Charter for Women's Rights?	Pradita Houston
5.15pm A86	Black Feminism: Critical Consciousness/Separatism	T.B.C
Tuesday 5th March	The Gulf War: Implications for Peace in the Middle East.	Dr. Ghada Karmi (Co-ord. ABACAW) Dr. Mary Kaldor (Snr. research fellow University of Sussex)
Wednesday 6th March	Lesbian Representation on Film: Porn or Erotica?	Cherry Smith (Writer, Critic) Pratibha Parmar (Writer/Filmmaker)
2pm	S.P.U.C. - Demonstration (minibus leaving Houghton St.)	
Thursday 7th March A86 5.30pm	Feminism, Women Studies; Post-Feminism? Whither The Women's Movement?	Linda Grant (Writer/Journalist) Sheila Rowbotham (University of Kent)
Quad 8pm	Party-Party	Waka-Waka (Benefit Gig: Rape Crisis Centre & Irish Abortion Info Campaign)

Old Students Don't Die - They Just Become Teachers

Stephen Cviic looks back at the trials and triumphs of English teaching abroad.

British ex-patriates are supposed to be conservative people of the leisured classes - they like to spend their evenings playing bridge on the veranda and sipping gin and tonic. But there is another ex-patriate community that does not conform to this image. Its members are youngish, liberal types, and would not be seen dead at a bridge table. The older ones look back on the Sixties with nostalgia; the others are fresh out of university and are desperate to prolong their carefree student days. They are TEFL teachers.

TEFL stands for Teaching English As A Foreign Language, which is what I did for two years after graduating. My first job was in a small seaside town in the Basque region of Spain where my employer was a local ex-hippie with an American accent who had obviously decided to put away his kaftan and start making some money out of the townspeople. He was not alone: there were two other competing schools. The local parents were keen for their

offspring to learn English, so they made them come and sit in my tiny classroom after school, where they blew bubble-gum and accused each other of cheating in tests.

After a year, I decided that small-town life was not for me, so I went to Madrid and worked in a much bigger school. Madrid has a large number of English schools and an even larger number of bars, so it is very popular with teachers. Some of my colleagues were, like me, in Spain because they didn't know what to do after graduating and wanted to learn a language; but others had obviously become addicted to the lifestyle and spoke of "getting out of teaching" with as little conviction as they did of winning the million peseta prize in the Spanish football pools. To be fair, many also genuinely enjoyed their job, but career prospects in EFL are limited and often involve returning to England, which would rather defeat the object for some people.

I travelled a great deal, assisted by

local customs, which involved taking not one, but two days off for every significant religious feast as long as it fell on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday. I also managed to pursue an acting career that had somehow never got going at university. This involved the teachers thinking of hilarious sketches which somehow also had to be visually funny so that the students would laugh at them. It culminated in a performance on a hot June evening in a stuffy and crowded theatre without air conditioning where audience laughter was severely curtailed by the need to conserve enough energy to breathe and wave a fan at the same time.

Funnily enough, this "alternative" ex-patriate community was in many ways not so different from the more traditional type. People were nostalgic about Britain without really wanting to go back; they enjoyed the good life and the weather that made it possible; above all, many, though not all, lived



Photo: Karl Penhaul
Getting down to some unusual teaching techniques in isolation from local people, preferring to remain within their own, like-minded circle. This was very easy to do; and I found it difficult to overcome the social inertia of the situation. But I had a very good time and am now prolonging my student days by studying at LSE.

As the Battle Ends, the Conflict Rages On

Miriam Quayyum attended the Islamic Society Conference on the Gulf.

On the 16th of February, whilst Iraq continued to receive heavy bombing and its ministers went in search of a white flag that the US would recognise, the LSE Islamic society held a conference on the Gulf War. Many leading activists and academics attended.

Professor Akhbar Ahmed, of Cambridge University, opened the debate with harsh criticism of the Allied war policy. "More bombs on Iraq were dropped than during the whole of the Second World War". He believed the US displayed a general contempt for Asian interests, which had also been apparent in the atomic bombing of

Hiroshima and the carpet bombing of Vietnam.

Afif Safieh, the head of the PLO delegation to the UK, was also bitter about the way in which the Palestinians had been treated, citing Israeli obstructionism of the two state settlement initiative. "Palestine is not a problem, it is a solution...Now the Palestinians

are the casualty of the Gulf War in terms of a curfew imposed on the occupied territories, now in its 31st day". Safieh then went on to clarify the position of the PLO. "It never accepted Iraq's presence in Kuwait, nor did it want troops in the Gulf". He criticised

the UN's uproar over the loss of Kuwait's independent existence compared to that of the Palestinians. "In a fraction of a day UN resolutions were passed and troops deployed. This is an era of selective sensitivity".

The economic causes and implications of the war were examined by Professor Meghnad Desai, of the LSE. "After the end of the war, Iraq not only had to restock her armaments but she was left with a \$72 billion debt. Hence she wanted OPEC to take a tough stance on oil prices". Desai perceived the dispute over Kuwait to be about what was the correct price of oil. The economic setbacks of the war, he claimed, were felt by those countries who exported surplus labour to the Middle East such as Pakistan and Bangladesh. He predicted that a shortage of money would not end the war. "The solution will be political. The bombing of Germany in fact improved the economic performance of Germany". Desai commented on how the US and the UK had become mercenaries and did not have the economic might to dominate the international world order.

Then followed the powerful oratory of Dr Yacoub Zaki; visiting Professor at Harvard University. He saw a linkage, but not the kind that we have become familiar with over the past months, instead it was a linkage between governments and criminality. He likened King Fahd to Salman Rushdie. "He has committed apostasy by inviting

US troops onto Islamic territory". Dr Zaki cited four consequences of the carving up of the Middle East by Britain and France. "Total subservience to the West; conspicuous waste of resources; military unpreparedness of the Arabs; and indifference to the fate of Palestinians. Dr Zaki underlined how there had been a lack of historical background to the conflict. "In 1913 the British made Kuwait into an autonomous administrative district in the Ottoman Empire. Iraq were the successive owners after the Ottomans". The unwillingness of the media to discuss this, he claimed, was because it was not a war against Saddam Hussein, but against Iraq. It had to be eliminated so as not to threaten Israel. He scorned the frontiers of the Middle East as being artificial. "These states do not correspond to any demographic or geographic reality." Each country was dominated by a tribe, but Kuwait, he claimed, was not a tribe but "an oil well with a flag".

Doctor Yacoub then made a crucial point about nationhood and Islam saying that the two did not coincide. "The nation state pledges loyalty to a nation, but Islam pledges loyalty to God." Up until now he claimed, "the Middle East had been ruled by the Sykes-Picot agreement which divided up the Middle East. However, it was now dying because of the Islamic Revolution in Iran; which introduced Islam, the Intifada and Saddam's invasion of Kuwait....He broke all the

rules of the game, unlike Nasser, who was careful to play by the rules. The West meanwhile, is angry because, it will not allow frontiers to be changed without its permission."

The final speaker was not revealed until the last minute for security reasons. Adel Al Ali, a lawyer, represented the Association for Free Kuwait. He revealed how anxious he personally was for his family in Kuwait, whom he was unable to contact. He was disturbed by the reports of Kuwaitis being tortured by Iraqi soldiers. However, he also distanced himself from the actions of the Kuwaiti Government. This meant that when questions were asked about the Kuwaiti Government prior to the Gulf Crisis, such as why they backed Iraq in the Iran/Iraq War, he claimed he could not speak for them and said that personally he did not support Iraq in the War. Interestingly, Ali accepted the idea of linkage between the freeing of Kuwait and independence for the occupied territories.

The conference was certainly successful in providing a much more radical analysis than has so far been heard in the media. Indeed, it was ironic that the Kuwaiti spokesman drew little support from the audience. Instead, Doctor Zaki was by far the most popular spokesman, perhaps showing that a desire to break free from western influence on Islam as an ideology could influence a possible Middle East of the future. If it does it will be of little comfort to the West.



ARTS AGENDA

Exhibitions:		Beaver Rating:
MAN RAY: BAZAAR YEARS	photography exhibition Barbican Art Gallery 071-638-8891 10 to 5:45 ev. day until 1 April	☆☆
GREAT IMPRESSIONIST PAINTINGS	art exhibition Royal Academy of Arts 071-287-9579 10 to 5:00 ev. day until 14 April	☆☆
TURNER: THE FOURTH DECADE	art exhibition Tate Gallery 071-821-1313 10 to 5:00 ev. day until 12 May	☆☆
MAX ERNST: A RETROSPECTIVE	art exhibition Tate Gallery 071-821-1313 10 to 5:00 ev. day until 21 April	☆☆☆
STRIP SEARCH 2	Comic exhibition Willesden Green Library Center 081-451-0294 Until 26 March	na
Reading		
JANE MILLS: WOMEN WORDS	about the vocabulary of patriarchal society Willesden Green Library Centre 081-451-4875 7 pm Tuesday 5 March ONLY	na
Theatre		
IMAGINE DROWNING	by Terry Johnson Hampstead Theatre 071-722-9301 8 pm ev. day until 5 March	☆☆☆
THE MILLIONAIRESS	by George Bernard Shaw Battersea Arts Centre 071-223-2223 8 pm ev. day until 12 March	☆☆
TIMON OF ATHENS	by William Shakespeare The Young Vic 071-620-0568 7:30 pm ev. day until further notice	na
THE DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE	by Noel Greig Drill Hall Arts Centre 071-631-1353 8 pm ev. day until 23 March	na
NEEDS MUST	by The Engine Room Battersea Arts Centre 071-223-2223 8 pm ev. day until 10 March	na
Shows		
CAMPING ON THE ALDWYCH	by and with Julian Clary The Aldwych Theatre 8 pm ev. day until 21 March	☆
THE KING AND I	by Rodgers and Hammerstein Sadler s Wells Theatre 071-278-8916 7 pm ev. day until 30 March	☆
Films		
POSTCARDS FROM THE EDGE		☆☆☆☆
KINDERGARTEN COP		☆☆
DANCES WITH WOLVES		☆☆☆
SHORT TIME		☆
SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY		☆
na	- not reviewed yet	
*	- not too sad if missed	
**	- alright if you re in the area anyway	
***	- well worth the effort	
****	- be there or be square	

Dada presents Lolop

A commemoration of Max Ernst's centenary at the Tate Gallery

At the heart of artistic accomplishment has always been the relationship between artists and their work. In some cases this relationship is straightforward and uncomplicated. The work demands little interpretation. At the other end of the scale is Max Ernst.

Born in 1891 in the Rhineland south of Cologne, Ernst never received formal artistic training. His father, a skilled amateur, taught him the basics, which Max refined, adapted and later employed against him. After four years at the University Of Bonn studying philosophy, psychiatry, and art history Ernst resolved to become an artist. However his plans were delayed by the outbreak of the First World War, and it was only upon demobilization that he felt spiritually "resurrected" and ready to create.

His interest in psychoanalysis, insanity, and the Freudian interpretation of dreams predisposed Ernst to an art of the unconventional. And very soon he was a prominent figure in the Dada movement in Cologne. Dada was anti-conventional, viewing conventional art as bourgeois it sought artistic rejuvenation by revolution. Marxist in some



"Lolop presents Lolop" (1930) Oil, waterbased paint and gesso on wood (Photo by Hickey-Robertson, Houston)

respects it rejected other art as hateful, and at the same time hated itself. In this atmosphere Ernst's surrealism was let loose.

His works in this period (1919-1921) are a mix of paintings and collage / photography. The paintings are elemental, consisting of shapes, forced into association on a rectangle of canvas. Some of the shapes might be people, some animals, others pieces of machinery, but with Ernst who knows?

His collage is even more bizarre, taking familiar objects and mixing them in surreal associations. At this early stage began a policy of creative titling,

often amusing, and always designed to disorientate and confuse the viewer. Thus; "The Hairy-hoofed Horse, He's Sick" or perhaps "The Swan Is Very Peaceful".

The period is also noteworthy for the exhibition of Dadaist work at the Brauhaus Winter Cafe in Cologne in which Ernst participated. Entry to the exhibition was through the gentleman's lavatory, and an axe was made available for guests to destroy objects on view.

The whole thing was opened by a small girl in communion dress reciting obscene poems. Ernst's father disowned him!

1922 saw Ernst in Paris, freaking out in a major way, and back to painting. His paintings up to 1924 are classic surrealism drawing heavily upon Freud's work and the themes of sexuality, incest, the father figure, the Oedipus complex etc. Notable are "Celebes" (1921), "Oedipus Rex" (1922), "Ubu Emperor" (1923), and "Dadaville" (1924).

But the most engaging is surely "Men Shall Know Nothing Of This" (1923). If you're wondering, it's actually a person split into a man and a woman, performing auto-copulation.

Ernst was at this time involved in a menage a trois with the poet Paul Eluard and his wife Gala, but with Breton's publication of the first "Manifesto Of Surrealism" in 1924 the pressure was really on to stay in the forefront of Surrealist innovation and daring. Ernst responded to this challenge in 1925 by developing the technique of Frottage. He was to be a compulsive frottager until 1940. Later came Grattage, utilizing oil paint rather than lead or charcoal as the medium. Surreal titling continued to go hand-in-hand with surreal painting, and although the works from this period vary widely in subject matter and quality, the titles grow ever more

bizarre. For verbosity and incomprehensibility you can't beat this one; "And Volcanic Women Lift And Shake Their Bodies' Posterior Parts In A Menacing Way." (1929).

Images of strange beasts, birds, and fantasy creatures either decapitated or disembowelled abound in the works from this period of the artist's life, and give good cause to ponder Ernst's sanity at the time. While Lolop, Ernst's alter-ego also makes it's first appearance, often in conjunction with "Der Wald" - The forest, with it's psychological and mythical connotations.

With his escape to America in 1941 Ernst's work again evolves. Before this move hints of political concern had begun to enter into his work, for example "Fireside Angel" (1937). But during his sojourn in New York and Arizona he reverted to plucking his images from the ether, by now incorporating the technique of Decalcomania into his repertoire. Decalcomania allowed Ernst to reach new heights of creativity, extracting from the random smears of paint whole worlds of fantasy.

While in the USA he also found time to marry, and develop yet another technique for abstraction, Oscillation, which fascinated many younger American abstract artists including Jackson Pollock.

Finally in 1953 Ernst returned to Paris where he continued to be a prolific artist. But he was no longer at the cutting-edge. His works from then until his death in 1976 lack the novelty and inventiveness of earlier pieces, though right until the end his titling retained its charm. Thus "Some Animals, One Of Which Is Illiterate" (1973).

Max Ernst - A Retrospective is at The Tate Gallery until 21 April 1991.

Jason Milner

"Men Shall Know Nothing of This" (1923) Oil on canvas (Photo by Tate)



A pound of flesh, no more no less! Shakespeare's "Merchant" at the Lyric

I wonder how many of you remember reading summarised Shakespeare as a child and saying to yourself, "Shylock is such a mean man" or "I don't like Shylock, he's not like Daddy". I certainly do, and watching this production (for the fifth time) brought back feelings of nostalgia and emotion that the previous four could not evoke in aggregate.

Theatre production is all about interpretation and adaptation. For years Shylock has been portrayed as the worst kind of human ever, a miser, an evil man, despising all signs of good and wallowing in hatred and spite for his fellow men. The English

Shakespeare Company has shaken off this cloak of conventional interpretation, not so much as to distort Shakespeare's intention but to push aside the veil of ambiguity and enable us to better understand what William was actually trying to say.

Nothing bizarre in this production, as usual Shylock is called "Dog", "Jew", "Cur" but this time instead of going along with the rabble and shouting with them, you despise them, you hate them for alienating a man who did no harm but make money for himself. If you ask

me, I'd say that Shylock is the father of the modern day banking system. To hate a man because he demands high interest, to kick a man, taunt him as he walks down the street, to abuse his religion as well as commit other atrocities against him and then ask him to lend you money. Can a dog lend money, can an "Inexorable dog" help a man in financial trouble?

This was the epiphany which I reached after watching this production. I find that I see things clearer now with a little more maturity, maybe after all, Shylock is like daddy; capable of being mean in the face of public

hatred and isolation. Open your eyes, and let Tim Luscombe (director) show you his interpretation, maybe you will find yourself seeing the light or at least realising whence it shines. For the first time in my life I felt sorry for Shylock, a victim of society, maybe he was, event's notwithstanding a very, very nice man who loves his daughter.

Sahr Emarco Johnny

Actress or just "Pretty Woman"?

"Sleeping with the enemy" is just not the best of ideas

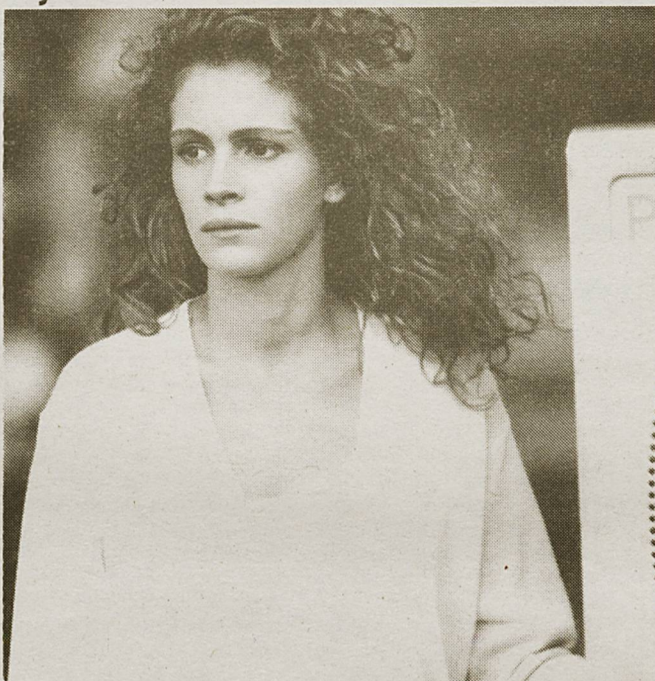
Could, we asked after her last screen appearance, current Hollywood starlet Julia Roberts make the transition from "Pretty Woman" to "Good Actress"? Not on the evidence of "Sleeping with the Enemy" and her latest role as "Helpless Victim", which came complete with bad Hitchcock pastiche of vulnerable-woman-chased-by-male-psychopath.

Joseph Ruben's latest film sees our heroine trying to escape a possessive partner by faking her own death, and in many ways the film increasingly comes to resemble a female rehash of 'Fatal Attraction' right down to a Rasputinesque revival of the wicked one at the end. The eventual demise of her husband (Patrick Bergin) was greeted with cheers by the teeny audience, as was her last line to him (addressed down the telephone to the Police) "Come quickly - I've just killed an intruder", but by this stage the grossly over-sensationalised storyline has frankly become

laughable.

Other faults become apparent sooner. The current vogue for 'Modern', sharp design is taken to new extremes, with the crew even building a contemporary three-storey, beach house on the North Carolina coast after all the producer's men failed to find one that met their obviously demanding criteria. When you find yourself looking more at the furniture than at the cast, something has clearly gone amiss.

To be fair there are moments when Ms. Roberts is able to rise above the cardboard cut-outs she shares the screen with, and displays some sensitivity to the body language of the character, but for the most part this self-styled "Sexual Thriller" lacks subtlety of foreplay before reaching a none-too-premature, and distinctly un-earth-moving, climax.



Edward Bannerman Julia Roberts aka Laura Burney is desperate for change

Chinese Love "Judou" has really nothing to do with martial arts



A bad case of baldness cannot deter "Judou" (Gong Li) from wielding her powers

Judou is a Chinese girl's name. It literally means "Chrysanthemum Bean". To the Chinese ear it sounds both rural and nostalgic.

Chinese director Zhang Yimou's film places us in China in the 1920's in the setting of a quiet country town far away from the feuding warlords and political struggles of Beijing. Elderly Yang Jin-Shan (Li Wei) owns a dye-shop. A miserly taskmaster and an unscrupulous husband he has just bought himself a third wife, a pretty, local girl by the name of Judou (Gong Li), after his sexual predilections has resulted in the death of his first two wives.

He desperately needs a male heir but refusing to acknowledge that he is impotent, rather subjects his wife to beatings and blames her for her inability in bearing him a son. Meanwhile Yang Tian-Qing (Li Bao Tiang), his nephew who assists in the running of the dye-shop cannot help overhearing the muffled cries of Judou every night and can barely restrain himself from intervening. After overcoming the initial shock on realising that Tian-Qing has been peeking at her while she bathes, Judou realises that he could provide the solution to her problems and propositions him. He initially resists but Judou's seductive powers prove too hot for him to handle and he succumbs, resulting in her becoming pregnant. A son is born and named Tian-Bai. Judou and Tian-Qing initially conceal their relationship from Jin-Shan, but cease to bother to do so when he becomes half-paralysed in an accident. In his attempt to get revenge, he succeeds in getting the little boy to hate Tian-Qing but in the process turns him into a rather unsavoury character, to say the least.

It is a colourful tale of two people who try to challenge their own fate only to find out that their fate is tragic. Undoubtedly, it provides a refreshing change of direction for Chinese films which have hitherto generally been portrayed as propagandistic or martial-arts orientated.

Judou opens at the ICA on Friday 22nd March and runs for six weeks.

Benjamin Accam

Hassan Zaman.

The colour of money

"The millionairess" at the BAC



"How about a couple of quid for a new shirt, baby?"

If only we all could suffer similar anxieties. Epifania Fitzfassenden is cursed with that only too rare disease: what to do with surplus cash, although surplus cash in her case is more like surplus millions. Her admirer, Adrian, sums up one of life's paradox's delightfully as he wonders why those who have money have no idea how to enjoy themselves and those who know how to enjoy themselves have no money. Because, dear Adrian, as any economist worth his salt

will only too readily tell you, saving is not equal to investment.....in life's riches that is.

Back to business. The plot centres around the millionairess' marital tribulations as her husband Alistair, a former boxer, struts around unashamedly with his mistress, Patricia Smith. Just to rub it all in Miss Smith happens to be a commoner who actually knows how to give her man what money can never buy. Money though, is the only thing

Noise Annoys

"I love you more than ever, more than time and more than love. I love you more than money and more than the stars above. I love you more than madness, more than dreams upon the sea. I love you more than life itself, you mean that much to me." - "Wedding Song", Bob Dylan.

Gigs: Bob Dylan. Hammersmith Odeon, Wed. 13 Feb. Dylan knows he is a legend and worshipped by a fair few people. His entrance tonight induces these people to express their admiration - fists punch the air, screams pierce the auditorium, whistles and clapping uncontrived. Imagine this: total darkness on stage, then a single diffused spotlight reveals Dylan, legs apart, playing his famous harmonica. It was certainly an image to raise emotions.

Unfortunately, from here on I felt the gig deteriorated and my attention began to wane. I guess it was due to the fact that I adore his early output such as 'Baby, let me follow you down', 'It's all over now baby blue', 'All I really want to do', 'Chimes of freedom', 'Subterranean homesick blues', 'Mister Tambourine Man', 'I'll be your baby tonight', 'Corrina, Corrina' - the list is almost endless, but my knowledge of his post 1975 material is fairly limited. A large portion of the set was what I would term his mid to late period material which I consider to be pretty mediocre. The early-period songs he did perform (none of the ones mentioned above, incidentally) were changed almost beyond recognition. 'Bob Dylan's dream', 'To Ramona' and 'Blowing in the wind' seemed rushed; 'Masters of war', 'Gates of Eden' and 'All along the watchtower' were transformed into almost ordinary rock songs. A common criticism I would make is that his voice seemed strained and the words he sang indistinct. It saddens me to see a man I have admired so much going over the hill.

Saturday 16 Feb.: I thought that maybe Bob hadn't put his all into Wednesday's gig, and I guess I was right. Tonight's gig was a good sight better, but the previous criticisms concerning his delivery of the songs still apply. Having said that, he was joined by Ron Wood on a stomping version of 'Like a Rolling Stone'.

He seemed to be enjoying tonight far more than Wednesday and thus/ I enjoyed it more. The set was more retrospective and, wearing a straw hat, in my mind he looked more the part. Also, when he unintentionally mixed up the sequence of verses in 'Mr. Tambourine Man' and let slip a smile, he was no longer the infallible presence he'd been up until then, but more of the Bob Dylan of old - the Bob Dylan of which the New York Times had this to say: "His clothes may need a bit of tailoring, but when he works his guitar, harmonica or piano and composes new songs faster than he can remember them, there is no doubt that he is bursting at the seams with talent." Those were the days when he would say, "I just want to keep on singing and writing songs like I am doing now. I just want to get along. I don't think about making a million dollars. If I had a lot of money what would I do?". Closing his eyes and shifting the hat on his head he answered himself, "I would buy a couple of motor-cycles, a few air conditioners and four or five couches." There was just a hint of that happy-go-lucky attitude tonight (for a few brief moments before professionalism regained it's hold) but I guess I'm just kidding myself hoping that those days could be revisited.

News: Goodbye Mr. Mackenzie release a new single, 'Now We Are Married', from their forthcoming album 'Hammer and Tongs'. It is carried by a good driving guitar but is an unexceptional and essentially unoffensive record. It is worth a listen, and you can do just that when they play The Marquee on March 13th.

Slowdive have a new single awaiting imminent release entitled 'Morning rise'. Featured on Snub recently, it is great mass of guitar noise accompanied by possibly the best video I have seen this year - best experienced extremely loud in a darkened room.

Morrissey releases his new album, 'Kill Uncle', on February 25th and represents the first fruits of his collaboration with new writing partner, Mark Nevin. Depressing? Nah!

Hok

Pang

Houghton Street Harry

There I was, harmlessly reading the newspaper the other day when I spotted a small item at the bottom of the page. "Zola Budd" it said, "hopes to be running for South Africa in international competitions in the future." Now Harry is not too pleased about this little story....

I did not really agree when Budd was hounded a few years ago after coming over from South Africa to run for Britain. Without getting embroiled in the whys and wherefores, it is hardly surprising that she did not come straight out and speak against South Africa, given her upbringing, and young age. Yet there is no denying that it was strange how Budd managed to get a British passport so quickly. Clearly the Daily Mail had a lot to answer for in this department, but newspapers do not provide passports. Many people did not care; as long as Budd was not hurting anyone, it seemed that she might as well be running for Britain - and perhaps even winning medals! Yet something happened to this masterplan. Budd became famous (apart from being forever accompanied by hordes of anti-apartheid protesters), for having spiked Mary Decker in the 1984 Olympics, and, according to Decker, causing her to lose the gold medal. Now I am not here to be rude about Budd, to give my views on apartheid, or explain how Budd got her passport. What I am here for however, is to make you think about a wider issue by relating the item on Budd - racism in sport. If Budd had been a brilliant black runner, would she have so readily got the passport and (assumed) route to athletic success that she craved?

Anyone who has been to a football match will know that racism in sport is alive and kicking. Whether it is opposition supporters at an Arsenal match shouting, "If they're black, send them back," at Michael Thomas and Paul Davis, the National Front handing out leaflets before games, or the anti-semitic taunts when Spurs are playing, no one can deny that it does exist. Fortunately these situations are becoming rarer, although that does not mean they should be easily dismissed, and the offenders can be legislated against. However there is a less obvious problem, which many people may be unaware of.

When Zola Budd applied for citizenship, she had the advantage of her father being born here. However, she also managed to get a British passport without ever having come to Britain. I doubt if anyone remembers, but Ernest Obeng, the sprinter, had lived here for ten years when he decided to do the same thing, and renounce his Ghanaian citizenship. He never succeeded. Who gets what is decided by who is in charge. Obeng assumed that he would be helped by the athletic authorities. It appears he was wrong.

The problem is of institutional racism. Many people will argue that there are a lot of black sportspeople, and this is true. Unfortunately, this does not mean there is no problem. The number of black participants is not reflected in the organisational setup: of the 85 people running athletics in Britain (January 1991), only one is black. Administratively there is obvious under-representation. Keith Connor who was a successful triple jumper for Britain, participating in the same 1984 Olympics as Budd, saw no reason to think that racism existed in the sporting set up. In 1987 he applied for a coaching job with the Amateur Athletics Association, but was unsuccessful. You could argue that this was not because of his colour; perhaps he was not properly qualified, and anyway, sporting prowess on the athletics field does not necessarily translate to coaching. Subsequently Connor went to America to become a coach. Having proved his ability, and helping a number of British athletes who went to train with him, Connor applied for another job in Britain in 1989. Guess what? He didn't get it, on the basis of not being "properly qualified."

This institutional problem is not limited to athletics. It can be seen in cricket, tennis and boxing, to name just a few. The British Boxing Board of Control represents about 700 pro boxers in Britain. Despite the fact that 65% of them are black, there is no black representative on the board.

It is all too easy to argue that the predicament does not really exist, and that representation on the field is proof. Yet obviously selectors will pick the best athletes, black or white, to win - you only win by selecting the best people. Once you move from here into the administrative machine, the selection process is not as obvious. Who can argue with someone who tells you that you are not properly qualified, and how can you prove them wrong?

Finally, back to the article which first fired my interest. Zola Budd is of course free to run for whoever she chooses, although the fact that she is now running again for South Africa makes a mockery of her British citizenship. She is now married to South African, Mike Pieterse, and has run the fastest 3,000 metres in the world this year (8 minutes, 42.26 seconds). I do not in any way wish her bad luck. I just hope that when people see her running, they will look at the colours she wears, and think first how she briefly managed to swap them for the British equivalent, and then more widely about the whole organisation of sport in this country.

Trials and tribulations

Women's Tennis

LSE.....4
East Anglia.....0
We finally made it to Norwich, having had to cancel the match two weeks running, the snow and bomb threats affecting train departures. As we sped along towards the north-east it got mistier and wetter and by the time we arrived we thought we had had a wasted journey. However, East Anglia were unperturbed by the conditions and felt it was perfectly normal to play in pouring rain. We were definitely not happy and resolved to win as quickly as possible and leave. The match results prove we did just that. Christiane Schmit was first to finish as always (6-2, 6-2) quickly followed by Kelly Cole (6-1, 6-0) and Zoe Taylor. Nancy

Rooney (on her birthday) finished off her match having had seven match points in her favour. Not much can be said about the tennis as none of us could play to our full potential due to the appalling conditions which made the ball very heavy and running dangerous.

Leaving Norwich was not quite so easy: there was no bus service from the University to the station, and no taxis in sight. We stood dripping wet, dying to get back to civilized London, which if not entirely efficient is certainly better than provincial nothingness. Anyway, what we did have to console us was that we had reached the Finals Weekend to be played next week, barring further cancellations.

Zoe Taylor (Captain)

Football

LSE 1st XI.....2
Goldsmiths 1st XI.....2

The pause for a few weeks, following a forced layoff due to the snow, showed as the LSE were sluggish out of the changing rooms. Even Andy Clasper failed to get out of bed.

With only 10 men to start with, the spirit was there but we were eventually overpowered. Having conceded a penalty which keeper Jon Grant 'nearly' saved and an unfortunate slip up in the back four we were two down by the end of the first half. In the second half, restored to a full eleven (Clasper having finally woken up), the game was within our grasp. Forays into Goldsmiths territory proved unsuccessful but Peter Conchie and Clasper came close. Meanwhile at the other end, Jon Grant made

a magnificent save to thwart the opposition.

Within the last five minutes of the game, and with the scoreline still at 0-2, the LSE were given a lifeline. Gareth O'Leary whipped in a corner and all John Butler had to do was to connect. That he did, and the ball flew into the top corner. In the dying seconds of normal time the LSE were awarded a free kick. With Pat Eyre, Paul Rush, Gareth and Dave Parrett all standing around the ball it could have ended up anywhere, but Dave 'Le Tissier' Perret took responsibility and, finding the gap, threaded the ball to an unmarked John Butler who made it his, and LSE's, second of the game.

Goldsmiths, sick as parrots, were unable to reply and the game finished a well battled 2-2.

Copped out?

Last week's resignation of Liverpool manager Kenny Dalglish has brought the curtain down on the most glittering era in the history of the Merseyside club, during which time a record eight League Championships, three European, two FA and four League Cups all found their way into the Anfield trophy cabinet. Whether in his capacity as player or manager - for a while gloriously combining both tasks - there is little doubt that Dalglish was the instrumental force behind Liverpool's run of success. As a player, his distinctive forward play and superb range of footballing skills were the launch pads from which Liverpool reaped European and domestic honours, with Dalglish himself claiming more than a hundred

goals for the Reds during the late 1970s and early 1980s. Notwithstanding his individual ability, it was frequently his team-play, making use of that instinctive footballing brain and an uncanny breadth of vision, which was the key to Liverpool's success, Dalglish often serving to inspire and prompt the best from his colleagues. Often ace striker Ian Rush was the main beneficiary and in this context 'Dalglish's through ball to Rush.....Goal!' became and has remained a by-word amongst Radio Two 'Soccer Special' aficionados.

Thrust into soccer management in the twilight of his playing days and in the aftermath of the Heysel Stadium disaster, Dalglish understandingly took time to adjust. But after a shaky

start, his first season in charge culminated in a glorious League and Cup double, a feat which had eluded such legendary predecessors in the Liverpool managerial seat as Bill Shankly and Bob Paisley. In the latter years, with his playing days now over, Dalglish took it upon himself to remould the Liverpool team, and the signings of John Barnes and Peter Beardsley in 1987 underlay his brilliantly successful attempt to ally an increasingly stylish and entertaining pattern of play to previous Anfield invincibility. However with Liverpool still by some margin the best team in the country, Dalglish has now apparently decided that the pressures of trying to maintain them in such a position have simply become

too much to bear. The uninitiated may wonder how such a situation can arise in a job which pays almost a quarter of a million pounds each year and where Kenny seldom tasted anything other than success. But the heart attack suffered last week by former Dutch star, and now Barcelona coach, Johann Cruyff, was a timely reminder of the toll the pressures of football management can exact on both mind and body. Therefore, while feeling much sadness and not a little disappointment that Kenny has decided to call it a day on his footballing career, this column takes time to wish him a happy retirement.

Robert Smith

Close calls

UAU Table-Tennis

Semi-final:
LSE.....9
Nottingham.....8
Final:
LSE.....8
Loughborough.....9
Two extremely close matches wrapped up this year's table-tennis season. Much to the players' disappointment, the LSE again turned out to be on the losing side in the final after last year's defeat.

The matches were held in Birmingham University on the 23rd and 24th of February. The LSE team first played against last year's semi-finalists, Nottingham. Things didn't go to plan initially and we were quickly down 1-3. Although Henry Chan managed to overcome Nottingham's second player to keep the team in contention, Lindsay Domingo failed to level the overall score after conceding two match points in the second round. Thomas Bissels began to show his power in the third round levelling the score. The Mexican express Bernardo Hernandez tried to round off the match in the fourth round, but his unbeaten run was ended in a close match against Nottingham's top player. The score was 8-8 by then, and a doubles match had to be played. Chan and Hernandez teamed up to easily win the decider.

The squad then moved into the final to play Loughborough, who had eliminated the title holders, City University, in their semi-final. Chan and Hernandez maintained their form to win all their matches in the first two rounds, while Bissels surprised everyone with his consistent backhand hoops to upset Loughborough's second player. This gave the LSE team a 5-3 lead before the mid-session. The third round was a tie - Domingo regained his touch to snatch an important victory after losing the first set. In the final round Hernandez failed to stop the powerful J. Bull from grabbing all four points while Chan couldn't overcome Grant's consistent blockings. With Domingo losing an unlucky first set 19-21, the deciding doubles seemed necessary. The LSE pair tried to repeat the previous day's success but the Loughborough pair was by far the stronger side. The LSE were thus dumped into second place for another year.

Although the squad once again failed to bring home the trophy, its performance in the last two years has made it one of the most dangerous teams in UAU table-tennis. One can only hope that they can maintain their position in the years to come.

Henry Chan (Captain)

Football

LSE III.....1
St. Mary's.....2
As usual there wasn't a regular team going for our first league win of the season, but help came from an unexpected quarter - the Rugby Club. Starting the match brightly we were unfortunately not to be up at halftime. Des came close within 5 minutes, while shortly afterwards scrum half Manson proved that running hard and straight is just as effective here as in his chosen sport. LSE dominated the midfield, a special mention going to Steve Hitch (as usual a stalwart) and our Firsts' reject "Geordie" Clasper. However, despite almost total domination, and only one save

of note by Jon Grant, the first half ended scoreless.

Then, as they say, it all went horribly wrong. How they scored is still a mystery to Capin - well, he didn't see his opposite man run past him and hit the back of the net, did he? Iwan Jones atoned for this mistake with a cheese dip of a goal and Capin came unbelievably close with a forty yarder. But with the pressure mounting the solid defence (Wonder Jez, Wander Sacha, Nadim and Skip tried to hold out) the surgical strike on ex-cat Alex by their psychotic Jesus look-a-like was a crushing blow. Tubbs Dubbs arrived to save the day but he didn't - they scored, we didn't.

AU elections

The following candidates are standing in the forthcoming AU elections on Tuesday, March 5th. Voting, effectively for the post of President as the other nominations were unopposed, is to be held in the St. Clements foyer from 10:30a.m to 4:30p.m. All AU members can vote, and are encouraged to do so. Many thanks to the outgoing committee.

President:.....Jon Bradburn
.....Jes Cartwright
External Vice-President:.....Marco Fergione
General Secretary:.....Brett Melsner
Assistant Gen. Sec.:.....Benjamin Wales
Internal Vice President:.....Kate Hockley