

#BEAVER

Newspaper of the LSE Students' Union

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Monday 7th December 1987, Issue 273

Union to buy First House

School gives positive response to Union demands

by ALEX CRAWFORD

The Students' Union and the LSE Administration are to launch a major joint effort to try to remedy the catastrophic situation of student housing in London, and the School is prepared to help the Students' Union with the Housing Association, which should be purchasing its first property within the next few weeks.

The meeting of the Standing Committee of the Court of Governors, on Thursday 26th November, resolved to put several housing-related issues on the agenda for the full Court of Governors on Thursday, December 10th. It was decided at the standing committee meeting to propose making 1988 the "Year of Action on housing at the LSE", and engaging joint School-Students'

Union lobbying campaigns.

But the most important resolution passed at the Standing Committee meeting concerned the Housing Association. Revived this year through the efforts of General Secretary Nick Randall and Senior Treasurer Justin Russell, who have secured a major financial deal - in the region of £500,000 in various loans - with Barclays Bank, it will hopefully enable the Union to purchase its first property before the end of the year. A working party was set up and is due to report back by the 10th February (a very short time indeed for working parties). In short, the 26th November meeting was, according to Randall, "the most positive meeting I have been to."

Because of the extremely low vacancy rates in London and the concurrent property price boom,

the Housing Association approach was the only possibility. As a non-profit branch of the Students' Union, it will purchase properties around London to be rented to students.

Randall and Russell are currently searching for the first house

Justin and Nick go househunting...

to buy, having secured £100,000 to £150,000 worth of funding. It is important that the first deal is successful, as it is on its merits that future negotiations will be carried through. A major Students' Union fundraising effort will also take place in the next few months.



Photo: Rebecca Dutton

Keith Vaz MP on race relations

by GLENN MASON

"I can do nothing that is going to affect the lives of Black people," remarked Keith Vaz, Labour MP for Leicester East, and a member of the "Gang of Four" - the first MP's ever elected from Black-Afro-Caribbean backgrounds. His remark came last Tuesday during his talk at LSE on Race Relations in Britain.

Vaz's comment was part of an explanation of his powerlessness as an opposition MP to change Tory government legislation such as the upcoming Immigration Bill - which he roundly denounced. As a Labour MP, Vaz pointed out that the most they could really hope to do was to keep talking and stall government legislation in the committee stage.

The message brought to LSE students was not entirely defeatist, however, but brought challenges for the future which we must grapple with. Noting that Blacks have been in England for more than 1000 years, he suggested that they have only been noticed in the last 10-20 years because of mass migration and inner city problems which have been blamed on black society. However, the Labour government of '64 introduced the initial recognition and protection of minorities at the political level with the establishment of the Race Relation Board. This was followed by statute protection against discrimination and the emergence of black councillors in the 70's. The culmination of Black emergence in British political life was the election of the Gang of Four on June 11th.

Parliament finds it difficult to deal with Blacks, Vaz noted, but there is a changing attitude to

Blacks who achieve status in the existing capitalist structure. "Successful" Blacks tend to be treated with defence he said.

However Blacks are here to stay and to make a positive contribution, declared the MP, and the real problem lies with white people and white society who control government and most structures of society. It is actually white people who need to deal with the emerging minorities rather than the other way around.

Because of the limitations of Parliament, Vaz is convinced that "the front line is local government". It is only the local government which has the ability and initiative to finance and support programs which will further minority interests.

Because of unemployment Vaz does not see future prospects for young Blacks as very bright. Frankly, he anticipates recurrence of the disorders of the early 80's and 70's. "Young Blacks are unwilling to accept the norms of the past", he said, and are willing to strike back at a discriminatory society.

Recognizing that LSE students are a privileged few, he said that it was our task to ensure that real progress translated into a world where Black people can take their rightful place in society.

Vaz insisted that Blacks must become more confident of their role in society, realizing they have the same rights as whites. Existing institutions must be challenged if they are inequitable and discriminatory, he said. Finally, Mr. Vaz suggested that the only way forward would inevitably include forming alliances with the (white) Left.

Christmas Ents

by RICHARD FORD

Today sees the start of the last week of term. Time to think of fun and frolics and reunion with family and friends at home. But wait! It's not all over yet, there's still plenty of fun to be had here within the walls of the LSE. Why look at expensive alternatives, when entertainment is provided right here on your own doorstep.

Tonight, the "Late Night Christmas Bash" gets underway with the "Bay City Rollers" appearing live in the Quadrangle having been resurrected from years in the musical wilderness. Time to swing back to the seventies, and remember all the big hits, like, "Shang-a-lang", "Bye-Bye-baby" and "I only want to be with you." The band will also be playing some of their new songs - but all the old tartan will still be there, so dress up, let your hair down and come and have a good time! There are three other "Party

Bands" on the bill, plus a swinging shop with hits from the sixties right up to the present day. All the entertainment goes on until 1 am and starts at 8:00pm.

Entertainment of a completely different nature is offered by the Annual Xmas Dinner and Dance which is on Wednesday, at the London Press Centre, Shoe Lane. Late bookings can still be made through the Social secretary's Office (E206). Tickets are £22 which includes wine with the meal and entertainment right through the night - it's the perfect opportunity to see the year out with a bang! The evening starts at 7:30, ready to sit down at 8:00 and entertainment is provided by those kings of swing "The Jiving Instructors". Dancing is until 1:30am - so don't miss out, get on your glad rags and be ready for a charming evening of sophistication and luxury.

Patel, the Last Rites

by BEAVER STAFF

The Court of Governors, LSE's ruling body, will this week elect a selection committee to find a new Director to replace Dr I.G. Patel. His five year term will expire in October 1989. The special selection committee is to be made up of a mixture of academics and governors. The Academic Board will select five of its members, while the governors will elect four of their colleagues.

Predicatably, students will not be represented on the selection committee and thus will have no say in choosing the LSE's new boss. The process of selecting the selection committee has also been pushed through extremely rapidly without giving students a chance to object to the fact they cannot be represented. However, the student governors are entitled to nominate other governors, and have put forward the name of Frank Dobson MP, Labour member for Holborn and St Pancras.

Dr Patel will not be seeking a further five year term as his predecessor Ralf Dahrendorf did, officially on grounds of ill-health.

But it is known that he has also become very isolated within the administration and is believed to be under fire from the right-wing led by Professor Kenneth Minogue and Dr Ray Richardson. Certainly many Governors feel dissatisfied with the decision to disinvest from South Africa and walked out of the meeting that discussed the issue.

All this is very sad for the liberal and likeable Dr Patel who personally supports a conciliatory approach to students. Everyone knows though that the formidable and devastating School Secretary, Christine Challis long ago took over the running of Connaught House.



Photo: Sivan Lewin

Who do you think should be the School's next Director? Answers on a postcard please to The Beaver. First Prize for the best suggestion: a visit to Christine Challis. Second Prize: a longer visit to Christine Challis.

THE BEAVER

Detente under one roof

The cold war is over. The long period of mutual antagonism between administration and Students Union, which reached its height during the occupation last March, has ended. The peace that has broken out results from a realisation by both sides that students face a severe housing crisis that places the whole future of the LSE as an institution based on academic excellence in jeopardy.

"Crisis" is a word used too often in politics. Yet in terms of the present housing situation it is an understatement. By next Easter rent controls will have been abolished and eligibility for housing benefit further restricted. The first will, according to the housing charity "Shelter", treble rents in many parts of London. The second appears to be part of a long-term reduction in benefit. This is not the place to argue the pros and cons of deregulation in the private rented sector. But it should be clear to all that students on a maximum grant of £2,230 will not be able to compete in the housing market when the average wage in central London is £15,000 a year.

Applying market forces to housing would be more acceptable if LSE students had a real alternative to turn to. But LSE has a poor record in providing for its students, with only 28% housed - half the University of London average. The ambitious and problematic Butler's Wharf project will not alter these figures by very much as it will be cancelled out by the loss of the Fitzroy and Maple Street flats when their lease is lost in 1991.

This depressing prospect altered completely when SU General Secretary Nick Randall presented his Housing Association proposals to the Governors ten days ago. To their credit the Standing Committee has responded immediately by setting up a Working Party to consider ways of helping finance the SU Housing Association plans. The Working Party will report by February, raising the real possibility that the Union may own its first properties by Easter. In the snail-like world of Connaught House this is lightening speed and deserves congratulation.

Praise is also due to Randall, who has worked hard to produce a positive and professional proposal that has a good chance of offering students cheap accommodation under democratic control. He has been less adroit at deflecting criticism from Tories that he is falling into line with Government policy, and from some elements of the left who feel he is betraying their knee-jerk response of "Build More Council Houses". But no matter. The important fact is that of unprecedented cooperation between School and Union. Joint working parties, financing and lobbying on housing legislation will put the bureaucracy more in touch with students and will dampen extremism in the Union, whether from right or left. Better the Union as a responsible landlord and provider of services than a militant offshoot of the Socialist Workers Party or a Sloane drinking club.

But before a pleasant vista of eternal harmony between administration and Union opens up too far, we must be sure two things are not compromised on.

First, the Union must retain full decision making powers within the Housing Association. (Although it should accept School representatives, just as students have been accepted onto the Court of Governors.)

Second, in allocating places in its houses, the Union must put the emphasis on need. (The sad spectacle of a few wealthy students living in subsidised accommodation in Passfield Hall and gambling on the Stock Market must not be repeated.)

The bottom line is that if academically able students are unable to come to London because of housing costs, the very basis of this institution is undermined, which is "To provide a liberal education without discrimination on the basis of religion or class" (Articles of Association, 1901). There is some evidence that students are already being deterred from applying on these grounds. LSE must not become a playground for the wealthy few. The Beaver urges the Union and administration to work together to make the Housing Association a reality. And quickly.

Dear Editor,

If I can avoid the vitriolic and polemical rhetoric which inevitably surrounds the debate over the question of Palestine, I would like to express my disillusionment with the students who attended the November 19 meeting of the LSE UGM, passing a motion supporting the division of Palestine into two states.

The motion presented by the Union of Jewish Students was promoted as being fair and representative of the desires of both sides. Apparently the majority of students in attendance thought that this was the case, but I wonder how many carefully read the motion, or did they simply vote along party lines as so often is the case?

While the motion began with apparent dovish language, it proceeded to condemn in no uncertain terms all violence against Jews and Zionism, as well as anti-Zionism in general. Nothing is remarkable here except when we realize that there was absolutely no condemnation of the injustices and genocidal attacks against Palestinians. Nothing was said of the 4 million Palestinians in diaspora, nor the continued military subjugation and occupation of the West Bank, Gaza and the Golan Heights. Is terrorism conducted by a state any different from that conducted by displaced nationalists? Let us not forget that in the world of politics which we are at least playing at, such a deafening silence is generally interpreted as at least tacit approval.

Dear Beaver,

It's almost one month since the events at Enniskillen, and there is still a barrage of anti-Irish, prejudice in the media.

The British establishment has taken a snapshot of violence in the war and asked everyone to condemn it. But the violence cannot be seen in isolation from the war, there is no army in the world that does not use violence and no war in the last century that has not had civilian casualties. Few people condemn violence out of hand - we must decide which side we are on in the war.

Irish nationalists are fighting for freedom from British oppression, whilst Britain has sought to maintain its domination through partition. Cultivation of a section of society with priveleges to keep it loyal to Britain, and outright coercion. Which side do we take?

British radicals are happy to support the oppressed in South Africa or Central America, but supporting the Irish people means taking sides with those directly fighting the British state. The Irish people have learnt that when it comes to even the most minor improvements in their lives the British state stands square in their way. Those wanting radical change in Britain must realise this elementary truth and take up the cause of Irish freedom to challenge British chauvinism and illusions in the state that prevent ordinary people here being able to improve their lives.

Of course racism and violence must be condemned - but let us be just in applying it! Naturally I'm distressed with the UJS and the way they rammed this resolution through the UGM, but my anger and disillusionment does not really focus on them. The UJS is unavoidably a partisan group and like any other - the RCS, the SWS or the Tory party - will inevitably be biased in a resolution which they perceive as fundamental to their identity.

The real fools are my fellow students who were duped into voting for such a blatantly partisan motion while thinking they were in fact furthering the interests of peace. Certainly some of you believed in what you were voting for, and if so I dare you to re-read the resolution and honestly tell me that it is not ridiculously one-sided! You may discover you've been duped!

Sincerely dismayed,
Glenn A. Mason

Bungling Begley?

Dear Beaver,

I have just attended the annual budget meeting of the LSE Students' Union. It was a meeting reduced to farce by the activities of two or three supposedly "populist" right-wingers, especially Baz Perkins and Chas Begley.

By reducing the societies discussion to a joke and totally ignoring the correct procedures the denied students a chance to discuss and vote on a budget of £254,000 for the sake of scoring points against the Senior Treasurer. By bringing up red herrings like the composition of the Graduate Committee and the politics of affiliation to NUS they wasted time and let the enormous sums of money go undiscussed.

Fortunately their tactics backfired and a socialist budget was passed virtually unammended, safeguarding welfare services and our participation in NUS. But the denial of serious debate is still unforgivable.

I wonder if this is the same Mr Begley who keeps ranting on about his concern for students' welfare and openness in the Union.

I think the punters should be told.

Yours in disgust,
Andrew Cornwell

Dear Editor,

In last week's Beaver, Chas Begley asserted that I had neglected my duty in not informing the Union of a change in our delegation to NUS conference.

This is typical Begley nonsense.

If people resign from the delegation, as often happens, it is up to them to inform the returning officer and for s/he to inform the Union. Last year not one but three people resigned from the delegation - including the Tory delegation leader. Nobody then expected the NUS Officer to inform the Union. The difference now is that it's a Labour Club candidate who has resigned and Begley is trying to exploit this in a cheap party political fashion.

It's high time he stopped wasting the Union's time with his and tirades of egoism and joined with

Cripp-Crap

Dear Beaver,

As a proof-reader for The Beaver, and probably the only person who reads the Hall reports, I would like to complain about the boring, trivial, facile, juvenile crap that these people write. Furthermore the quality of the rest of the writing in The Beaver is execrable (Wot? Ed!).

Robert Kripps

Dear Beaver Editors,

As Fred Halliday once said (yes, I've read books) "If I had as little to say and was as uninspiring a correspondent(sic) as "Froggy Boy" Craig Brenny then I'd probably make up fictitious inaccurate articles ("Life after the LSE"), be patronising about not being an undergraduate (Loyd Cole "Review" (sic)), use references that only three people in the college could possibly understand (Phillip Groves) and use a pseudonym like "James Robertson" for my dismal report on the Union Meetings as well. Not to mention using brackets, quotation marks and imitating Latin phrases (sic) all the way through."

I know Post-graduates these days need jobs but that is no reason to fill our student union newspaper full of jobby. Please stop this person. He is an insult to our intelligence.

Yours faithfully

Dickhead McBastardly

the Labour Club pushing for students' rights and interests.

Whilst the Labour Club has pushed for better accommodation through a Housing Association and made much progress on Equal Opportunities, disabled access and the countering of sexual harassment, all Begley has done is speak against putting our Equal Opportunities Policy into practice and against student concern with the unjust Baker Education Bill.

The Labour Club this year has consistently put students first - the only student Begley has put first is himself.

Phil Davis
NUS Officer

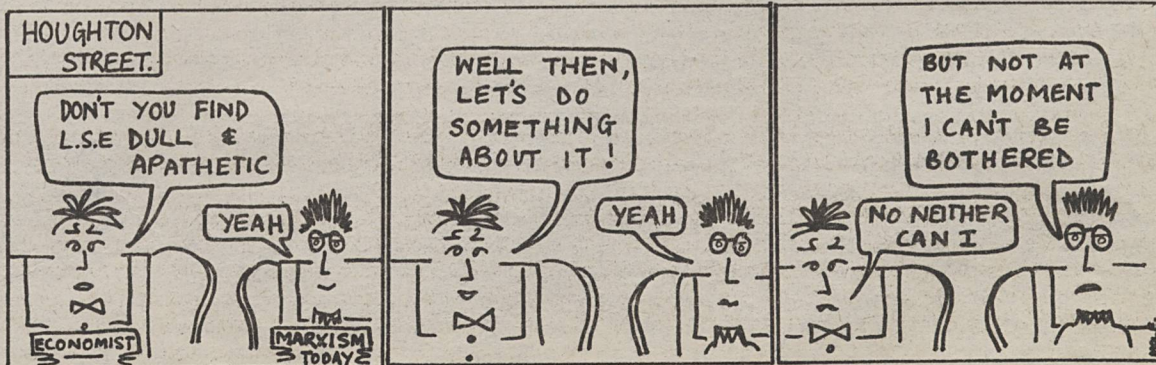
Lost!

Green file, A4 size, around school, probably third floor of library, week last Tuesday (24.11.87). If taken by mistake, please return to either lost property or main lodge as file contains invaluable course work.

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"Education is the principal route for individual advancement." Thus was quoted Neil Kinnock (Neil Kinnock?) in the introduction to the Senior Treasurer's Annual Budget Report. Gone are the days when shady revisionists would pay hypocritical homage to Karl Marx and proclaim the evils of capital from the bureaucratic heights. No the aimable Kinnock-ite gives thanks to "Mum, Dad, Lynn, Charley . . . zzzz . . ."

And well might he have need them all before the end of the meeting. While c. 1.00 p.m. Justin may have been wondering "why am I the first Russell in a thousand generations, a thousand generations!, to become Senior Treasurer of the LSE?", about 50 minutes later he could quite easily have been worrying about being the first Russell in a thousand generations, and the first Senior Treasurer in a long time (if ever), to have their submission kicked out by a disgruntled electorate. But, a friend in need . . . as they say.



Nic Cicutti was first up to suspend standing orders to propose debate on the issue of repatriation by Camden Council. The motion noted the policy of repatriating Irish, and perhaps later Bangladeshi and Philippino residents as a response to government cuts, notably rate capping.

The motion argued that the policy is racist and attacks the victims of homelessness. Its first proponent described "caring cuts" as a euphemism for "collaboration with the government's rate-capping."

At this point, General Secretary Randall stepped in to propose amendments stating that (i) the real reason for the policy was cuts from the Tory government, and (ii) that the Union should note the forward moves made by Labour councils in the face of the cuts, for example, with regard to contract compliance. He argues: "... politics is a very difficult game at the moment if you're on the Left . . . Labour councillors . . . have got to do their best . . . (you) have to recognise the world as it is . . ."

Randall criticised the "very simplistic" collaborationist argument. Citing the case of the late GLC, he argued that Labour Councils had done a "lot of bloody good work". Cicutti, while accepting that "exclusive and primary" (sic) responsibility for the Camden situation, rejected the view that Labour was involved in "wonderful work in the fight against racism." Having seen both amendments passed he summed up, noting the "increased level of racism" and the fact that councils were now "carrying out the logic of Tory policies." To the cry "No to Racism Now! No to Deportations Now!" the motion was passed.

Thus, around 25 minutes into the budget meeting - after a failed attempt to suspend standing orders for a second time for the matter of questions to officers and the censure of the NUS London - we get on to the budget.

Immediately, there is the first hint of trouble. The Roman presence of Baz Perkins attempting to catapult "Societies' Budgets" to the top of the discussion points the way forward. Justin, full of inner strength (Jonathan Livingston Kinnock and all that) stands his ground.

Income is first on the agenda. Taking the rose from his teeth, Justin outlines the need for perspective. "Its probably best to know how much money we have to spend before we try and spend it."

AT THE ON

**Et tu
Nic?**

**How
Nic
Ciccuti
saved Justin's
big day**

Income. A 5.2% increase in the block grant from those "tight fisted bastards" in Connaught House. A decline of 40% in investment income - a result of capital expenditure on improving the services. An 80% decline in sundry income, due to, as Justin with the wit of a Chelsea fan, put it, people "smoking and shagging less" (sic). Section ratified.

Bollocks to everything else and on to Societies. "Traditionally more contentious" said Justin. Understatement of the day.

Despite the "unanimous support" of the "cross-party" (i.e. Labour/Liberal/and Green) Finance Committee, the major problem for this section was always going to be the fact that total budget claims stood at £34,508 and allocations at considerably less than half that, £14,965.



Cue a list of sob stories. First up were the Urban and Regional Planning Society, claiming £100 from each of the French, Indie Music, and Wine Appreciation Societies and complaining with apparent justification, that "most postgraduate societies are very badly done by."

Justin (you've got to be cruel to be kind) harshly attacked the "trivialising of Union time in the budget meeting". Challenged by the resurgent Perkins, Justin (tough but tender) raised the time-bomb of the Graduate Committee. Time for Imogen (surrogate Glenys for the day) to step in - "people know what the situation is now" (how she kept a straight face is beyond me, no-one had the remotest clue what the situation was) - and push us on to the next matter, the unfortunate URPS unsatisfied.

Someone at this point, showing the initiative to cash in on the unseemly inter-society rangling, proposed that £10 from each society's budget should go to Rag. The disaffected, non-partisan, majority sensed a winner. "10%" went the cry. "This isn't The Price is Right" cried Imogen.

But what was it to be, 10% to a maximum or minimum of £10? Either way "some societies will have overspent their budget already" moaned Justin (caring but cautious). Nevertheless, it was agreed on the former. The societies got off very lightly, too lightly perhaps.

Indeed, if the issue had arisen after subsequent events, the whole £15,000 might have been handed straight over to Rag on the spot.

Next up the German Society claimed £250 from the French Society's budget. Showing scant regard for 40+ years of Franco-German accord, the German Society, (whose advocate was last seen carrying the flag for Turkey in the Cyprus debate), denounced the workings of the Finance Committee.

Justin's attempt to outline the criteria for funding (based on interviews, subscriptions, events, organisation etc . . .) was interrupted by the second resurgence of the Roman, who again sought to redirect the question of the "grossly inefficient" Finance Committee to the matter of post-graduate societies.

The hapless von Habsburg then appeared as if from a trance (as in a bad pantomime) to question why the Central American Society was more favourably funded than the Wine Appreciation Society. Justin resumes his outline of the "value laden" criteria (value/worth; implementation of UGM policy; needs; appeal etc . . .)

Meanwhile the German Society is still hanging in there berating, it seems, anyone coming into view. Into this rapidly deteriorating situation the Roman reappears for a third (or is it fourth?) time. Baz having decided that the by now infamous Graduate Committee "doesn't exist" (this is not necessarily the case, although the only person named in connection with it is now in Liverpool) suggests that half of its £2000 budget should go to departmental post-graduate societies; the remaining £1000 to anyone else that wants it.

This interjection is not appreciated by Imogen who destroys the microphone, trying to prise it from Perkin's hand. She recovers sufficiently to declare the suggestion unconstitutional (cf Part II, Section 10:1).

Meanwhile the German Soc. is still hanging in there. It finally gets its £250 courtesy of the French Soc.

By now, however, Baz has come to bury Justin (powerful but approachable), not to praise him. Imogen's line is "a bureaucratic piece of shit". Perkins's demands the cheers of the plebs as evidence that "people want this".

Imogen stands firm. A constitutional amendment needs a week's notice. She makes her ruling.

Yet a move to the vote falls. Begley suggests that the whole thing should be thrown out until Societies are offered richer pickings from NUS (London?) and Graduate Society budgets. Justin (sweating but cool) slams the "feeble attempt at backdoor disaffiliation from NUS".



A challenge to the Chair might have withered the red nose. Instead, it was saved by an unlikely ally. Silent for almost 40 minutes, up steps Cicutti to move a vote on the whole thing and save "Justin Kinnock".

Pointing to the £2000 in reserves for future expenditure on societies, attacking the societies' "jamboree", and, more, the attempts to "break the Union", Cicutti (with Justin clapping loudly) gets a move to the vote on the section (defeated 2 minutes earlier), the section ratified, the budget ratified.

It should be enough for Justin to now read his recently acquired tome on Trotsky (he won it in a raffle). At the end, as one observer pointed out, the budget only ever gets passed because no-one really knows what's going on. Next year, maybe all, or at least a lot more that 10% of all committee and society budgets should go to Rag.

BEYOND THESE WALLS

Playschool

Last weekend, aspiring revolutionaries from all over Britain descended on ULU to attend the "Militant Marxist Weekend School". The stars of the show were Monty Johnstone of Marxism Today and Lynn Walsh of Militant, and from all accounts their routines were well received by the audience. As yet there is no sign of the revolution, but at least now we can live in hope.

Manchester Left

Thursday saw the launch of a new socialist magazine, **Manchester Left**, which is the brainchild of three Manchester students. They believe that they have spotted a gap in the market for a non-London based left-wing glossy. The first issue hits the streets at a price of 60p and contains articles written by student journalists and university lecturers from across the left-wing spectrum as well as a host of features on subjects from Apartheid to Billy Bragg. As yet, "Manchester Left" will only be seen in the city itself but if it proves to be a success there is every chance that it will be distributed further afield. We wish them every success.

Scottish Fairy Arrested

The Scots have always enjoyed an international reputation for drunkenness, but this has now been taken onto new heights thanks to the Herculean efforts of one Edinburgh law student.

Suffering, more than a little, from an over-acquaintance with the Christmas spirit, he climbed to the top of the city's 60ft Christmas tree where he sat refusing to come down until a police officer climbed up after him. Despite this being the festive season he was arrested and charged, though quite what with is anybody's guess.

From Russia With Love

The Soviet embassy has already made an official complaint to the British government about the activities of the Oxford Campaign for Soviet Jewry (OCSJ) and now the embassy officials are threatening to take legal action. The Russians have been particularly upset by the six week old telephone campaign which is being run by the OCSJ through the Students' Union and the Cherwell newspaper. The OCSJ is urging students to ring the embassy (Tel. 01-229 3620 or 01-229 6412) and express their concern at the plight of the refusenik Boris Nadgorny, who is being kept in the USSR against his will. So far over 1,500 students have participated in the campaign and it is reported that both the Foreign Office and Downing St have been experiencing difficulties in reaching the embassy. At last the campaign appears to be bearing fruit and OCSJ officials are confident that so long as the pressure is maintained, then Boris will eventually be allowed to emigrate to the West. by TOM PARKER

fifth COLUMN

After months of following the far left around college, months of reading the un-readable papers they sell at a mercenary profit, I have finally found the real revolutionaries; the serious ones.

It happened one day, after a particularly windy SWSS meeting. As its organiser was leaving, I turned and using the familiar argot, said to him; "You are not real socialists, we should be out where the real struggles are, not stabbing our comrades in the back with this self indulgent banter here in the cradle of bourgeois values - the LSE". Turning to fix me in his gaze he said, very slowly, "Comrade, there are those of us who are involved in the real struggle". I withheld the protest that with their continual round of meetings, marches and pickets, their hilarious leaflets, ludicrous publications and monstrous speeches, the SWP and RCP might conceivably be regarded as amusing eccentrics or a pleasing side show, but not possibly, plausibly or even fantastically as *serious* revolutionaries. Any remark of mine was quelled by an expansive sweep of his arm: "All this" he said, as if to indicate the meeting, its occupants, the speaker, and all that had taken place during the previous hour; "is a useful diversion. The real work is done elsewhere. Come with me and meet the serious revolutionaries."

It was an offer I could not refuse. I followed down dimly lit passages into the depths of the St. Clement's building. We came to an iron door of solid construction. We paused while my guide tapped out a short rhythm on the door. I think it was "The Red Flag" although it might have been "Match of the Day". A grill opened. "Password" spoke a voice from behind the door. "Cecil Parkinson", answered my companion. The door swung open. A moment later and we were inside!

We marched down a short passage into a room filled with the throbbing sound of powerful machinery and lit by artificial light.

We sat down. I had to admit: I was impressed. Any one willing to undergo the humiliation of pretending to be Cecil Parkinson must surely be a serious revolutionary. Here in this very room, I mused to myself, is where the plots are hatched and the bombs made. Suddenly it all became very clear. For the people who plan revolution here, secrecy would be of the highest importance. The authorities would naturally expect them to disguise themselves as young Tories or accountants. But they had thought of a trick: join the SWP or RCP. Nobody takes them seriously and no sane person would expect a real subversive to advertise his intentions by joining one of these organisations. And then there was the clever ruse of the Password - ideal for throwing the MI5 listeners of the trail. I was jolted out of this thought by the sound of a group of revolutionaries arriving at the outer door. I felt a sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach. Was it the thought of a whole crowd of Cecil Parkinsons making their way towards me, or was it fear of the evil schemes which were about to unfold before my very eyes?

AR the LSE UNd

Passfield

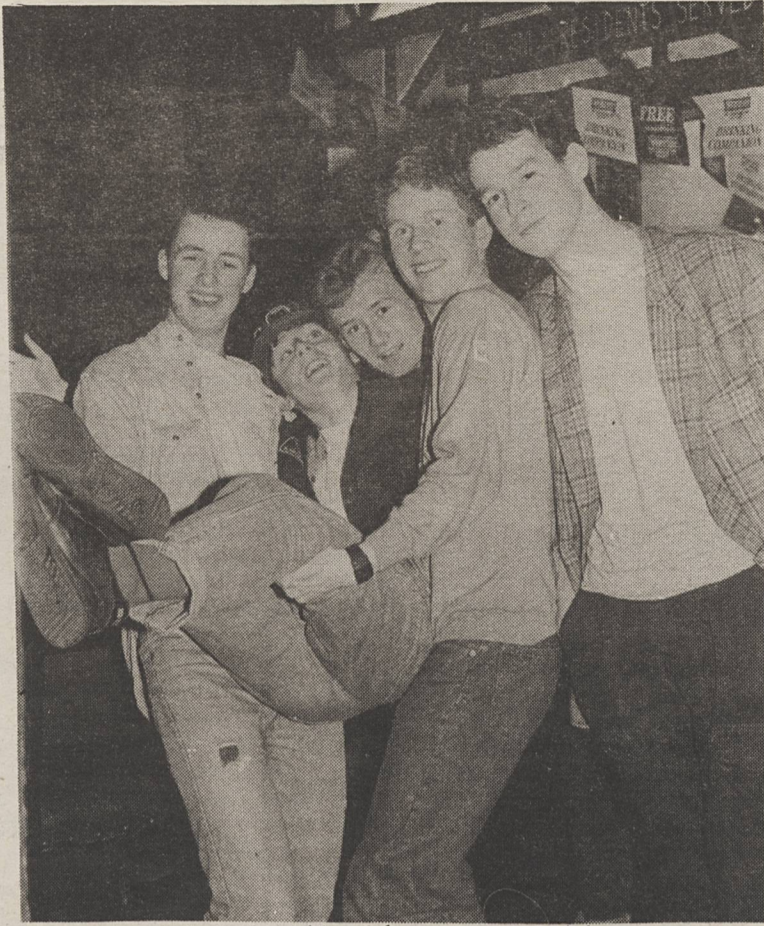
Love-making versus List-making - Passionfield's favourite past-time
'Tis the season to make lists ...
Ho! Ho! Ho!

In a desperate attempt to redirect excess energies away from the unrewarding game of "love" (not in the biblical sense) to the more trivial pursuit (a cheap pun, I know) or rating love, **Passionfield's** passionate prisoners of love have whiled away the hours scratching lists on their cell walls.

The girls have thrown themselves into research, the crucial question is: which list is authoritative? Is it the one compiled by the 3rd year BritChicks ("Hunks of the Hall") or the one by the Group of Ten ("Masters of Machismo")? A new trend is discernible: Gone are the days of Woody Allen type appeal. Sensitive guys just don't make it and then they want to talk about it afterwards. A few surprises though ... Mike S?? All Greek gods are out of divine favour? Tim (no not the drip!)? And who the hell is second floor Tom anyway?

The boys have also compiled lists. Commonwealth cuties consistently capture their hearts (Strawberry Sam - reaching for new heights! Ha!), Jasmin "anyone want to play ping" pong, and "I want to be different so I spell my name" Shelagh).

Final bit o' news: disgruntled resident in G30 is driven from our illustrious Hall by the infamous "Killer guppy" ... to sum up, much ado about nothing. Merry Christmas!



the Lads wishing John a Happy Birthday

Photo: Rebecca Dutton

Carr-Saunders - Hall Report

Carr-Saunders - Hall Report
Life still totters on towards Christmas here as money gets shorter and overdrafts get larger. The academics' parties are sadly missed as we all grew quite accustomed to Rose and Brie twice a week. Sadly too our Pool competition is finally over and now the kids only have the infamous Nemessi machine to kill time until the bar opens.

The Freak brothers in M3/8 are still having fun but there hasn't been a party in F1/6 for at least four days. I am happy to report

some improvements; Tom found his window, Roger his Chum, Chris his crate of cider and Keithy his shaver. Ashley failed in his bid for an improvement in EEC relations but at least Susie did manage to get into the LSE this week. Wot no water bed though, not at least until little Mel sorts out her shoe life. Spencer's hair is still impeccable but Navin's may be beginning to fall out as he considers the motley collection of candidates for the Bar Committee.

Apathy has descended like a cloud over the hall - no-one seems to have done any work since October and Dave's speech has gone from bad to awful. Simon's happy again, Christmas is here and we're buying a tree for our flat.

C SOCIETIES RNER

by STAVROS MAKRIS

This is the last issue of **THE BEAVER** of 1987. Most societies are hosting meals and parites celebrating the end of the Michaelmas Term, the coming of Christmas and of course the coming of 1988. Others are already planning forward ...

The **LSE ENTS Committee** in association with the **Rag 88 Committee** have been working hard for a while now for the forthcoming **Rag Week**. I am now in a position to inform you of some of their provisional plans regarding fund raising events.

An inevitable **Parachute Jump** has been organised. Jump off at 2,000 feet land in **Brands Hatch**, possibly, having opened your parachute somewhere in between. (Should not be much of a problem 2,000 feet to do it in and you have only got two). As with previous years it won't cost you anything. For more information contact **Stuart Bancroft** or **Samantha Mason**, both residents of Passfield.

A **Jailbreak** (is this anything to do with the Westminster 15? Surely we can afford the legal fees), but seriously now, the idea is to get as far as possible without any money. The person to see again is **Stuart Bancroft** or **Rag President, Oliver**.

A **Tube Treasure Hunt**, have your own **Travelcard**, will travel.

All those interested should contact **Oliver**, the **Rage President**, or **Richard Ford**, the **Soc. Sec.**, or alternatively turn up on **Fridays** in **Room C120** for the **Rage 88 meetings** from 12.00 to 13.00.

It is hoped that interested participants will approach the **Rag Committee** in time before they



depart for their vacation ... thus armed with **Sponsor Forms** they can assault friends and relatives, when they are at their weakest during Christmas.

The **LSE Lesbian and Gay Society** has changed venue. The society will meet from now on every **Monday** at 6.30pm in **S401** as of **Monday, 7th December**.

The **French Society** urges members and non-members to turn up at its **Tuesday, 8th December** meeting at 6pm (room to be announced). The topic of this weeks meeting is *Exchange trip with the University of Paris X Nanherre. Bienvenue* to all those interested. Those interested but still unable to make the meeting should try and contact the society as soon as possible.

The **Riding Club** wishes to invite all its members to its **Annual Christmas Dinner**, which is partially subsidised on **Wednesday, 9th December**. The Society will be meeting outside the **Old Building** at 6pm for the short ride to a nearby restaurant.

The **LSE Conservatives** have invited **David Mellor Esq., M.P.** - Minister of State at the **Foreign and Commonwealth Office**, to their **Monday, 7th December** meeting.

European Integration Forum presents a talk by **John Drew** - British representative of the **European Commission** with an introduction by **Robert Boyce**. The talk is to revolve around the achievements ... so far ... in Europe and is welcome to everybody interested in **European History, Politics and Unity**. This is expected to be the first of a series of discussions by top politicians and Euro-experts. The Forum holds its meetings in **C118**, next one on **7th December** at 3pm.

The **LSE Drama Society** will be holding auditions on **Monday, 7th December** from 4pm to 6pm, and from 6pm to 8pm in **C018** for *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*. For those of you unaware the movie *About Last Night* was based on it. It is expected that **LSE thespians** will outdo the performance of one **Rob Lowe** and **Demi Moore**.

Tonight, **Monday, 7th December**, the **Wine Society** will stage a **Christmas Wine Tasting Party** which originally was planned for **Thursday, 3rd December**. (Is this a play to get rid of **Robert Cripps**?) Excellent wines (and a little cheese) will be served starting at 6.30pm. **The Venue, C018**.

Following on the great **Wine Society Party** punters are expected to flock to the **Greenhouse Quadrangle** for the **Bay City Rollers** return to the **LSE**. The **Rolling and Rocking** is expected to set the mood right for the **LSE SU Christmas Ball**. Incidentally, tickets are selling fast and it is expected that the event will be a sell out by the time **THE BEAVER** hits the Street. Still, if you have eventually found a date, rush up to **Richard Ford's office (E203)** in the hope of snatching a couple of the last remaining tickets.

NIGEL - HE'S A STUDENT.
HM: I WONDER WHAT IT'S ALL FOR. I WONDER WHY I'M DOING THIS HISTORY DEGREE. WHY DON'T I JUST DO WHAT I WANT LIKE THOSE BIKERS ON DRUGS AND STUFF. STILL, IT'S ONLY THREE YEARS, THEN I'LL GET A JOB AND HAVE A GREAT TIME. I'LL HAVE MONEY AND INFLUENCE AND SECURITY. HUHO! THOSE BIKERS - THEY'RE JUST FOOLISH AND IRRESPONSIBLE. IN THREE YEARS TIME, THEY'LL BE LAUGHING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THEIR FACES THEN - EH! THE BOOT WILL BE ON THE OTHER FOOT WHEN I'VE GOT A HUGE WAGÉ PACKET. I'LL BE THE WILD ONE.



A YEAR LATER
HM! WHY DON'T I JUST DO WHAT I REALLY WANT? - STILL, I'LL PROBABLY FIND OUT WHY IT'S SO IMPORTANT TO LEARN ABOUT THE PAST. IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH HUMANISATION.



3 YEARS LATER
TAXI
NOT A BAD JOB. I'LL GET PROMOTED SOON, IF I WORK HARD ENOUGH!

6 YEARS LATER
I'M REALLY IN THE MONEY NOW. FIVE COURSE DINNERS IN THE WEST END. LIFE'S NOT SO BAD. BUT WHY IS EVERYONE SO AGGRESSIVE AND INTROVERTED?

10 YEARS LATER
THERE'S NO MAGIC IN MY LIFE - NOT LIKE WHEN I WAS A KID WHEN EVERY DAY WAS AN ADVENTURE.

20 YEARS LATER
BE TRUE WHO THISELF, THEY SAY. PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A BIKER, A BET MORE ADVENTUROUS. STILL, LIFE'S BEEN ALRIGHT, I SUPPOSE - BUT IF I HAD MY LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN... ... HMM! BUT WHAT'S IT ALL FOR?

NHS, not nuclear bombs

by K.HARPER and A.HALL

What's happening to the Health Service? Don't you think health is a basic human right? Or, do you think, as the Government seems to that having the means and weapon power to destroy the world is more important? Since the Tories came into power, the health service has declined.

Margaret Thatcher denies this, although some Tories admit to 'serious pressures on the national health service' and 'little increase in the amount for hospital and community health services'.

Does it take a case like David Barber, the baby whose parents went to court in a desperate attempt to force Birmingham hospital to give him a life saving operation, to alert the Government to the fact that there haven't been "big improvements in the health care service since 1979" as Thatcher is still trying to maintain.

Hypocrite! She claims to be "deeply shocked" by the Barber case, but considers it to be an isolated case. Can she really be so divorced from reality? Can she really be so ignorant of the fact that cases like this are happening every day?

O.K. So what's wrong with the health service? - Margaret Thatcher! She blames inefficiency. But it is an undeniable fact that the NHS provides the best value for

money health care service in the world.

And Thatcher is claiming that the health services plea for extra money is just a cover-up for inefficiency? Isn't she contradicting herself? Hasn't she asserted that NHS business is booming, with lots of loot and no crisis other than wingeing bureaucrats?

Furthermore Dr Eric Silvoe, a consultant paediatric cardiologist at the Birmingham children's Hospital said that financial stricures, were, far from saving money, actually leading to inefficient use of hospital resources.

But Mrs Thatcher refuses to increase the health services budget. Stingy cow! At last forced to realise that the health service will collapse unless nurses are paid more, Thatcher comes up with a brilliant solution. Deny more babies heart operations, make more people wait even longer for urgent cancer treatment, have less and less hospital beds available - and of course - less abortion facilities.

This is what she means when she says that money will have to be found within the existing NHS budget. Or alternatively hospitals should raise extra cash through advertising and selling refreshments! One Tory MP with some sense, Dame Jill Knight, protested "you cannot pay a bill for millions by selling buns!"

Edwina Currie said "There will always be a gap between the expectations which arise without limit, and the resources which are finite". Is it expecting too much to demand that babies should not unnecessarily die? Or are we in fact dealing with Tory self interest? Tax cuts get votes.

The Government is willing to get into national debt to pay for nuclear bombs, which can only bring DEATH and destruction. Think how many extra nurses could be paid, how many peoples LIVES could be saved for the cost of one nuclear missile. Something is wrong with these priorities.

The situation is so desperate that Great Ormond Street in London have employed professional fund raisers. And in Birmingham, people are dying as a consequence of lack of money for the health service.

The desperate situation can only be tackled by a further injection of public money into the NHS. In four months time the Chancellor will be making his budget statement. He intends to include tax cuts in exchange for votes.

Instead of being committed to getting votes the Government should be committed to a free accessible health service for all. The only way to achieve this is by foregoing tax cuts, so that there can be a further injection of public money into the NHS.

The Alton Bill A Question of Morality

Before entering the heated debate that the Alton Bill has generated it may be worthwhile to stop for a moment, put things into perspective and remember a few things. Firstly one can find some truth and a great deal of sincerity on both sides of this debate. Possibly more important than this is the undeniable fact that like the death penalty abortion cannot be solely or properly considered merely in terms of party politics, women's rights or the class struggle. It is something which affects everyone and is at least in a limited sense a matter for the individual conscience.

Perhaps the major irony of the whole affair so far lies not in the genuine strength of feeling nor in the logic of their position, but in the emotive and sensationalist way both sides have chosen to peddle their arguments. After all, this debate is about human life and the choices and freedom of ordinary men and women. Surely then, they deserve something more profound than the disgusting slogans and over-simplifications which have so far emanated from the protagonists.

Having said all this one cannot ignore that the bill is nothing more than a cynical attempt to use sentiment and horror to secure the eventual repeal of the 1967 Abortion Act. In other words, an attempt by a tiny, vocal, religiously motivated minority to impose their moral values on the rest of the population. The wording of the bill attempts to disguise its real object by avoiding the crucial areas of "morality", "freedom to choose" or "viability", and merely concentrates on "timing". There are of course very good reasons for this. Above all there is no obvious reason why abortion should be "moral" up to 18 weeks but "immoral" between 18 and the life sustainability period of 24 to 28 weeks. One can only draw the conclusion that after twelve years of relative success the Roman Catholic pro-life anti-abortion lobby needs a legislative coup to establish a base from which to launch the real attack.

In many respects David Alton, like the Catholic Church disregards (and in so doing negates) the humanity of the woman and her family in favour of the foetus' "right to life". In this fight for the sanctity of life they have chosen to consciously ignore the quality of life of the woman and her family and their right to choose. Perhaps the most truly cynical aspect of the bill is the implication that abortion is murder of actual or potential life, and therefore sinful. As one commentator recently noted, abortion is not about this but about "mistakes - sexual, biological, personal and about how far the individual should be allowed to handle those mistakes."

Furthermore it is inconceivable to suggest as supporters of the bill have done, that abortion has become an alternative form of contraception and this denotes a fundamental gap in their understanding of human beings. In reality, abortion often has serious consequences for the psychological

and biological well-being of a woman and can be the most distressing experience of a woman's life.

The reasons for abortion vary widely but most gravitate around a central issue; women who feel themselves unable or incapable of bringing up a child for a number of reasons. These often involve financial or medical incapacity, desertion by their partner, a handicapped child or merely fear and ignorance. It is for this reason that the 1967 Act is fundamentally humane and that abortion can often be described as an extension of the maternal instinct. These social reasons are a vital defense of abortion for the act has ensured that prenatal mortality has dramatically declined and that doctors in their sincere desire to relieve pain and suffering no longer risk prison.

In terms of the bill facing Parliament, the social reasons alone are an overwhelming justification for its rejection. It is a well known fact that very few abortions actually occur after 18 weeks. Indeed last year there were only 4,750 which is less than 5% of the total. The vast bulk fell under two major categories: young unmarried teenage girls, often under 16 who become pregnant and are too scared to admit it until too late, and mature women who discover their baby will be born with severe deformities. In the latter case the results of the womb test known as amniocentesis for abnormality usually become available only after 18 weeks.

The alternative to the bill can be a positive and intelligent response to what is, after all, a problem which concerns everyone. Greater research into the problem of prenatal abnormality, improved and more open sex education at school, the demythologising of teenage pregnancy and the improvement of the resources available to the women with young children would all help to relieve the situation and probably reduce the number of abortions. For the moment we have to face the reality of 10,000 unwanted babies each year being cared for by the social services and the reduction and erosion of the previously mentioned services. Therefore, the logical consequences of the bill mean a return to back-street abortions and the resulting pain and suffering for those who cannot afford the trip to a Swiss clinic.

No one can deny that the right to life of an unborn child is important, but it must always be held secondary to the rights of the mother and the existing family. We must remember the profoundly disturbing effect which an unwanted or handicapped child can have and that abortion is the only viable alternative presently at our disposal. At the end of the day, the issue is about freedom of choice and it is a pretence to suggest that the moral choices are easier because they are imposed. The real solution cannot lie with Mr Alton's attempt to revert to Victorian hypocrisy but with education, understanding and above all, a sense of reality.

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See Europe at CHRISTMAS : EUROPE: THE MOVABLE

by Tom Elliott

EUROPE - half a dozen countries economically packed into two or three time zones - is waiting to be explored, consumed, and photographed. Whether a weekend in Paris, or a month Interrailing, travelling in Europe is easy, interesting and cheap.

In this feature we want to stimulate those who have some free time at Christmas to spend it travelling; we have concentrated on Europe since we are part of it and the other bits are so close. The can be reached for as little as £14 (bus standby, London to Paris). Since it is so diverse it makes an ideal place to spend limited time; it's a continent with a lot to offer and with an extensive network of Youth Hostels and trains its easy to get around. But if you are considering travel outside of Europe, tickets to the States are very good value this Christmas from U.L.U. Travel, as are those to the Far East (if you manage to get a booking).

We have articles on individual countries and groups of countries, all of which are written from different angles. Asterix takes us through a colourful tour of France, whilst warnings about the confusing Tel Aviv bus station (in the middle of which is a market!) set a more informative tone for a description of Israel. A Swede and a Norwegian demonstrate that they do tell jokes in Scandinavia, and we have some useful tips on how to make the most of a hedonistic visit to West Germany. An article on Egypt and Morocco combines with the one on Israel to offer a real sunshine alternative, and Eastern Europe is included for those who like a touch of "angst" when they travel. Other pieces deal with more general matters: a guide to what's on and where to eat and sleep, on the joys of being a migrant worker, and some general advice for travelling. All the ticket prices quoted are available from U.L.U. Travel in the Cafe.

Thanks to everyone who contributed.

SUNSHINE EUROPE

If you've already seen Europe and you want a sunny Winter holiday somewhere completely different, then the exotic culture, the ancient history and the uniqueness of the Eastern Mediterranean countries should be a perfect choice. Israel and Egypt are interesting and hot places to visit

Israel

by PAUL AUSTIN

From the moment that you step off the plane in Tel Aviv's Ben Gurion Airport you'll realise that Israel really is even more different than "Let's Go!" said it would be. It's unlikely to be raining, the towns are spotless and the country is fascinating; in short, it's nothing like England in December!

Your next shock, which might take some time to get over, is that everyone is carrying a rather fearsome-looking gun. This can be quite unnerving at first though you will soon become so accustomed to seeing soldiers nonchalantly swinging their Uzis about that you will wonder how we manage without them.

Arriving at Tel Aviv's central bus station (half bustling terminal, half eastern market) you'll begin to appreciate that Israel is a completely different place to visit than any other European country. It's a bizarre mixture of European and Middle Eastern cultures in a country about the size of Wales, and since no place is further than four hours from Tel Aviv on the excellent Egged Bus Service you can go anywhere easily and cheaply. So for about £5 you can go skiing on Mount Hermon in the North or swimming in the Red Sea in the south. In between these extremities lies an incredibly varied and diverse land with thousands of years of history and thousands of things to do and see.

Your first priority, especially if you are pressed for time, should be to visit Jerusalem, which must rank as one of the world's most beautiful and interesting cities. Since the Israeli occupation of the ancient walled city in 1967 its Arab residents have been in a state of political limbo. The two com-

munities, Jew and Arab, coexist peacefully for the most part, but the ever present tension between them cannot be ignored. Jerusalem contains some of the holiest shrines for three of the world's major religions. Christians can retrace the path of Christ on his way to the Cross, Muslims can see where Mohammed left his footprint as he ascended to heaven whilst Jews can wait at the famous Wall. Indeed, churches, mosques and synagogues abound in the Old city interspersed with museums and notable archeological sites.

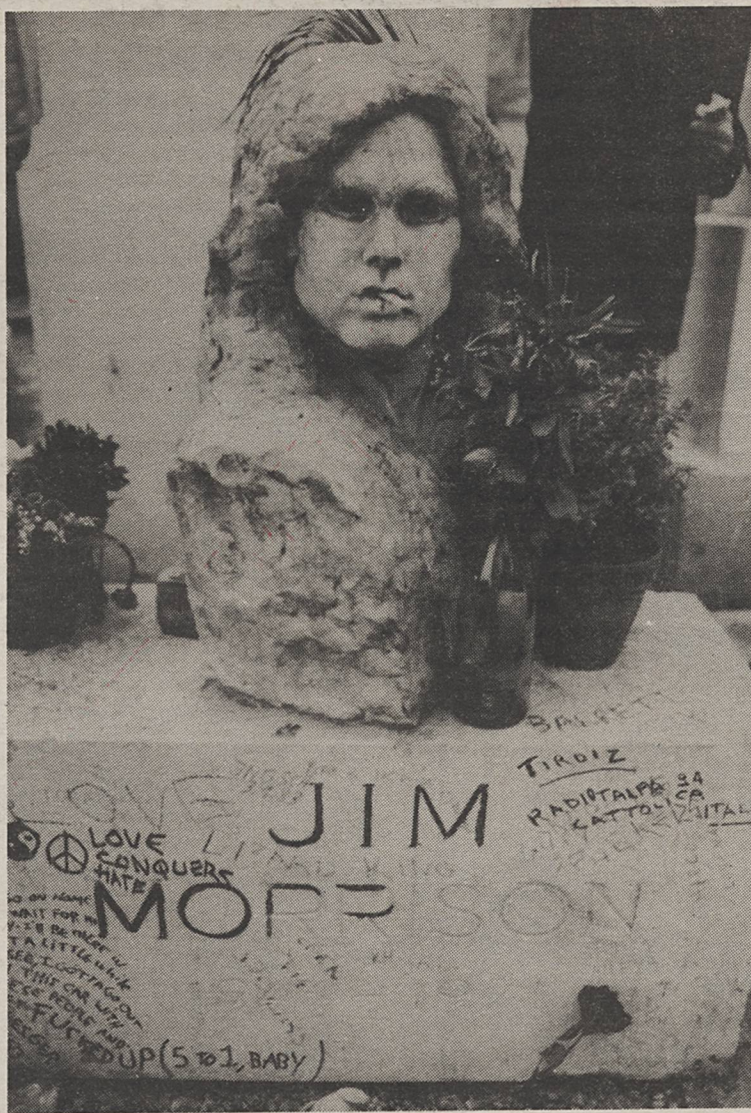
If you can tear yourself away from Jerusalem there is still plenty to see in the rest of this fascinating country. A swim in the Dead Sea is a unique, if disorienting experience and a visit to the hill fortress of Massada where, for several years, the Zealots held off the might of the Roman Empire where it is traditional to climb up before dawn to watch the sun rise over the Dead Sea. Akko has an interesting old city, mosque and a subterranean Crusader City whilst it is certainly worth spending some time in the cafe society of cosmopolitan Tel Aviv.

Israel is one of those countries that everybody has heard of and everybody has an opinion about but few people have ever visited. Why not go and see for yourselves what all the fuss is about and no matter what your political views are, you will certainly enjoy it.

Egypt & Morocco

Patricia Burgess

From Israel you can travel direct to Egypt by bus across to Sinai Desert and Suez Canal to Cairo, for very little. Once in Cairo you can visit the museum open Monday to Friday where you can see a variety of the treasures of Tutankhamun. Don't just stick to the old city - modern Cairo has plenty to offer as well. Coptic museums and coptic churches are good to explore. To get there all you have to do is hop on a crowded electric train that leaves Tahir Square, you can't get lost



because it is only three stops. One thing you cannot miss in Egypt are the Pyramids especially Cheops which is the tallest, built in 2690 BC. You can crawl inside but it is not recommended for claustrophobes. For those who like lazing on beaches, the soft sand beaches of Hurghada on the coast of the Red Sea is just the place for you.

Another equally culturally exciting African country to visit in the Northern Hemisphere is Morocco which you can visit with an InterRail. The temperature seldom falls below 70F in the Winter and it costs very little. A return ticket to Casablanca costs as little as £132 return anytime. Of the places to visit, the South is by far the most exotic and scenic. Cars

are expensive to hire but worthwhile if you want to see the indigenous ways of life in Morocco. Villages are not on the roads at all and blend in so well to the hillside you may easily miss them completely. The square built mud houses look just like the old "Jesus of Nazareth" filmsets - and in fact one particular ruined village has often been used for the location shots. If you make the trek inland you can see the incredible views from the Atlas mountains. Go far enough and you can reach beautiful Marrakesh. An oasis in the flat desert plain. When you wander round the souks make sure you see the dye market. The intense colours strung across the alleys will hang in your memory on your return to grey college days.

GERMANY FROM BEHIND

by Sofia Blind

You've already had German "Gemutlichkeit" with beer songs in a beer hall that sells "The International Herald Tribune"? You think it's going to be too cold to take boat trips down the Rhine and you don't fancy over priced Christmas cake from a Bavarian "Christhindi" market?

No problem! Christmas in Germany can be great if you want to discover the Germany that lies behind tourist brochures. Just follow some tips. Don't just visit the regular tourist places such as Rothenburg, Heidelberg and Neuschwanstein; there is more to Germany than Bavarian picnic sites - some people also claim that Bavaria doesn't belong to Germany, but that's another story... Besides, in winter the tourist shops tend to be closed and so the towns that look "cute" in Summer become rather morbid. Go and see the towns further north, such as Munster, Hamburg, Bremen and Dusseldorf. If you are not a high culture addict, "Pils" from the

north, "Alt" from the "Rhurpot", and "Kolsch" from Cologne all rival the Bavarian "Weizen" beer (which you buy in litre glasses!).

Do talk to the natives, most Germans speak some English and they are often eager for practice. If you want to try out your German, don't be offended if you get all the replies in English. Its assumed their English is better than your German. In bars you'll meet young Germans and find out where the best night spots are. You can talk about the Green Party or Helmut Kohl (whose name means "cabbage" in German) to just about anyone - they all have political opinions.

Berlin is the best city to drown your frustrations about London closing hours. Do it in a 24hr session in a bar during the weekend, and you will find yourself in good company. Take a trip to East Berlin, which is the most accessible East European City to visit. Yes Texan, there are two German States and two Berlins! Go to Germany this Christmas and have fun!

Travel

For a night's accommodation in a youth hostel, a decent meal, and some spending money for fun, allow £20 a day in Europe north of the Alps and £15 a day south of the Alps. Norway and Iceland £25, and North Africa about £10. Israel and Italy come close to £20.

Whenever possible stay at Youth Hostels and take "Transalpino" rail tickets if you are going to cross a frontier and you're under 26. You will find hitching in Germany, Iceland, Switzerland, and Israel easy. Don't even bother trying in Denmark, and in France stay on the Route Nationals rather than the motorways.

Three books to take are "Let's Go Europe" (they also do individual country titles), the International Youth Hostel Handbook, and - if you are InterRailing or EuroRailing - the Thomas Cook Passage Timetable book for Europe, which is revised each week.

The U.L.U. Travel Shop in the Cafe sells "The Sleep Cheap Guide To Europe" for £2.50. You can also buy insurance and tickets, and if you think you're onto a bargain with another operator first check that U.L.U. can't better it before you buy. If you have the patience, go to your local D.H.S.S. office and get an E111 form completed: it saves you endless paperwork and money if you need medical help in the E.E.C. countries.

If you can't find anyone to travel with, go on your own! Its the best way to meet others, and there are thousands of them to meet. I guarantee that within twenty-four hours of leaving England you will have been to a bar, or to a cafe with an Australian and will have met buskers from Trent Polytechnic playing in a shopping centre.

Work

Is easy to get at Christmas. After crossing the channel, £40 will see you through perhaps three days in a North European city (Paris, Amsterdam, Cologne etc.). Start knocking on doors at once and don't stop because you will always find something. Catering work is in abundance at this time of year, and they want people who will leave after the New Year. If you are determined enough you will have a job before your £40 runs out and then its considerably easier to twist the ear of your bank manager back home to allow you an overdraft until your first pay cheque comes in. You need only a smattering of the language to get by in a restaurant or hotel; and in Holland, Germany and Denmark you will find Irish/English communities in all the large towns, who are doing the same thing as you, only permanently.

Working in fast-food restaurants may seem a strange way to want to spend Christmas, but you'll meet more people in that line of work - and have fun - than any four week internship with Deutsche Bank could give you. Don't be fussy or you'll get nowhere. If you are not from the EC, will have a problem getting a work permit. As a rule of thumb, peach-growing countries require a language ability but not so many permits; where they don't grow peaches in summer you won't need to know the native language as much as you'll need papers. But, as I said above, with work hanging off the trees at Christmas you probably won't need either, anywhere.

by Tom Elliott

E FEAST

Christmas and New Year in Western Europe

by VALERIE SMALL

NO ROOM AT THE INN?

No problem. Don't even contemplate the stables, parks or metro stations. Things have moved on a bit since Herod was King and nowadays wherever you go on the Continent, Israel or North Africa you'll find a well established network of youth hostels and cheap hotels especially geared for the passing student on a tight budget. Most of them offer bed and breakfast, some give up to 10% discount with a valid ISIC card. You won't get a salubrious suite or even a single room (what do you expect for under £10 a night?), but your bed is guaranteed clean and free from vermin. More importantly nearly all the accommodation is located within easy walking distance to the most interesting sights. In Brussels be one of the first to occupy the brand new Jacques Brel centre (opened August 1987). Single rooms with breakfast, 550 FB. Bar, cafeteria, lecture room on site. What about a room with a view? YHA, Paris operates over 170 hostels, FFR 18-30.00, some of them located in the 16th offering unrestricted views of the Eiffel Tower on one side and the Bois de Boulogne on the other. In Amsterdam between £2 and £5 will get you a room in a YHA, a mere stumble from the infamous "red-light" district. Rome, expect to pay £2-5.00 for a night's stay, while in Dublin you can live it up for under £2.00. Most YHA's offer advance booking facilities and this can be helpful if a group of you are holidaying together. Each city has a well equipped student information centre, either in, or near to all mainline stations where you can reserve accommodation on arrival; in Copenhagen "Use-it" offers everything from airline tickets to legal aid.

... When you arrive, look out for special events over Christmas. In most of Europe the New Year, in particular January 1st, is celebrated more rumbustiously than Christmas. In Dublin there is a Gala concert at the National Concert Hall, (01-711888). On New Year's Eve the Goal Mile (Celebrity charity race) at UCD Belfield and citywide bell ringing at midnight. Until December 16th Brussels hosts Europalia Autriche, which offers a panorama of the cultural heritage of Austria (but you've got to be quick!). There's Jazz every weekend at the Bierodrom. Or book a visit to the Gueuze Brewery Beer Museum (520 2891). In Paris catch Cinq Siecles D'Art Espagnol at the Musee D'Art Moderne. Visit the Centre Georges Pompidou, Musee Picasso and the ultra chic Musee D'Orsay. Until January 10th the Kirov Theatre Ballet are

at the Palais des Congres Paris (4 266 2075) as part of the 25th International Dance Festival. Christmas shopping at Munich's Marienplatz, to 3rd January. While in Munich visit the art and antiques fair at the Haus der Knust Museum and get your act together for Munich Fasching, a sort of masked ball/carnival which takes place from January 7th. If you missed Picasso in Paris catch up with him at the villa Medici in Rome, 'til January 12th. Also on is an exhibition of "Sport in the Ancient World" at the Piazza d.Campidoglio. One for the romantics is the Keats/Shelly memorial house (Piazza d. Spagna). A must for everyone is the Piazza Navona. Easily the most beautiful square but also the scene of street fairs and general bacchanal especially on January 6th. "So if you have a boring vacation ... whose fault is it?"



SCANDINAVIA Going to Heaven in a Volvo

by JENS ODLANDER and BENT SOFUS

Scandinavia is a peaceful, healthy, and wealthy part of Europe situated on the outskirts of continental civilization. It prides itself on its well-functioning social institutions and its unspoiled nature dominated by lakes, forests and mountains. Scandinavians in general tend to regard their societies as Utopia - a modern Tower of Babel. On their highway to heaven they travel in Volvos fuelled by Norwegian oil happily munching Danish pastries and salami, washing it down with Finnish vodka before getting caught drink-driving by the ever alert local Big Brother. The Nordic countries comprise of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Finland and the tiny island of Iceland.

ICELAND is that dot on the map, which the Americans for some reason find strategically important and where the people still honour the pagan culture of their Viking ancestors. On Iceland they enjoy their volcanically-heated outdoor swimming pools, drink a terrible brew called Black Death and go dancing in Europe's biggest disco: Valhall.

DENMARK

For a gradual adjustment to the peculiarities of the Nordic countries we strongly recommend people to first visit the half-continental Denmark. In this pleasant and relaxed society you will find a liberal attitude to

all the dangerous and rude things that make life worth living, such as drugs, alcohol and a kitchen so rich that it is likely to lead its lovers to an early departure through cardiac arrest. In Denmark politicians drink beer, smoke and swear on television. And in the free state of Christiania the hippie movement has deteriorated but survived. It is still beyond the jurisdiction of society, as are the two gangs ruling the back streets of Copenhagen; Bull Shit and Hells Angels.

NORWAY is populated by rural, provincial small-timers, and Norwegians are by most standards reckoned to be the kid brothers of Scandinavia. The Norwegian government cares a lot for the welfare of its subjects. Not restricting itself to providing public goods in abundance, it also takes great pride in shielding the innocent, blue-eyed locals from such worldly evils as skateboards, alcohol on Sundays and heretic cultural expressions such as Monty Python's Life of Brian. Because of the limited access to alcohol both the Norwegians and their Swedish brothers behave like kids in a candy-store (or if you prefer, Vikings going berserk) whenever they invade picturesque settings such as the Canary Islands, Cyprus or London.

SWEDEN

Back home, being sober, the Swedes show a lutheran work-

aholic attitude and still regard their nation as the superpower of the Northern hemisphere. They fondly look back on great achievements, like raping Irish monks (an art developed to perfection in sharp competition with the Norwegians), cutting Turkish throats and generally making themselves unpopular with every peace-loving people from France to Russia. Despite a spectacular lack of success in their yearly fishing for Russian submarines the Swedes still find time for cracking jokes about their fellow Scandinavians: "The easiest way to sink a Norwegian submarine is to knock on the hatch", is as close as you get to Swedish humour. The best way to pick up a Swede is to approach him or her when they act at their most suicidal after having gobbled down yet another Ingmar Bergman film about death, depression and fucked-up marriages. The appropriate method is to convince him or her that since life doesn't make sense anyway one might as well make love, to paraphrase a well known British entrepreneur in inflated rubber products.

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And you can buy Transalpine rail tickets, Inter Rail and EuroRail cards as well. They do a "Capital Connections" ticket that will take you from London to Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam and back to London for £69 by train.

EASTERN EUROPE

An intelligent man recently wrote in "The Independent" that travel in Eastern Europe - especially when in the capital cities - makes you paranoid and illogically guilty, and that after a few days you believe yourself to be guilty of whatever it is that is not quite expressed but which appears to be your crime.

But, if you are in need of a holiday with a difference and have the patience to wait in line for everything, a trip to Eastern Europe will give you memories that you won't forget; and a real sense of what Western Europe looked like before World War Two is had by leaving the capitals and heading out into the towns. Europe without McDonalds is considerably more attractive, it's cheap and it's another way of life that is there to be explored. Only don't expect to find tampons in sale in Warsaw or to find cafes that serve in under an hour in East Berlin. If you are travelling alone, expect to be befriended by a "volunteer" guide if you stay in the cities, and don't be surprised if he lives in the room opposite you.

East Berlin is a day trip from West Berlin, and Budapest likewise from Vienna (on a boat down the Danube). The Adriatic coast of Yugoslavia is beautiful, but this cannot be said of its capital, Belgrade. For Europe as might have looked before the industrial revolution, try Bulgaria and Roumania. Prague is pretty, Warsaw drab and Russia is almost impossible unless you're on a group trip.

Transalpine Tickets will take you by rail to most cities in Eastern Europe, and visas can be obtained from the countries' embassy often within a fortnight - though this varies tremendously. Feodor's "Eastern Europe" and a bath plug are two essential items, and a knowledge of German makes a good - and popular - substitute for Russian as the "lingua franca". Don't think you'll live like a king selling jeans, they're not quite so easy to get rid of and they're bulky. Instead, printed T-shirts and even Kodak film are what some people carry with them. Black market activities are of course illegal, and those who don't declare all the foreign currency that they bring into the country because they know they can get a very much higher exchange rate on the black market - which is easy to find if you look Western - are setting examples that you should not try to follow since there is a remote chance that you will get caught. Besides, such people always have problems finding where they can then spend all the money they've got

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Buses are also uncomfortable.

East Europe is different: not only language barriers, but cultural differences exist that can be beyond comprehension. It is not only the bureaucracy that intimidates the traveller, but a growing realisation that you are not being understood, just as you cannot understand. If you travel alone, it will be assumed that you are a spy, as you might assume, though correctly, that your volunteer guide is. Go there, see for yourself, and you will have a very interesting and challenging time.

Tom Elliott

TOUR DE GAULLE

France (formerly Gaul): country and conglomerate of fierce peoples, which, ironically enough, stretches from Lille (on the Belgian frontier and de Gaulle's birthplace) to Ajaccio in Corsica where Napoleon gave his first orders.

We are in 87BC, the whole of Gaul is occupied by Roman tourists attracted by Art, food and wine. Asterix, one of the ultimate symbols of Gallic resistance, has nevertheless decided to change the Roman prejudices concerning the so-called unwelcoming reputation of the Gauls by taking them for a tour of Gaul. They started from the north, sampling the sense of feast by drinking some *jeulain* (famous local amber-coloured beer). Their next stop was on the romantic banks of the Rhine, in Strasbourg, before taking the road of alsatian wines. A bit later they were made welcome by the sweet and delicious snails of Burgundy.

After having said hello to Paul Bocuse (world famous chef) in Lyon, Asterix and his friends got lost in the massif of the Mont-Blanc. They had to invent the snow-ski to get to Chamonix where the quasi-swiss slowness of the savoyard's speech rested them. On the contrary, the vitality of the inhabitants of Provence toned them up while the Garrigue charmed them. To retrieve their losses, they gambled in the Casino of Monaco, and thanks to this money, lived like playboys on the yachts of the Riviera. They accosted the Cap d'Agde, a tribe of people on the beach who were completely naked (known as nudists since that time), and from there they went up to Toulouse. In Toulouse, between two "casoulets" (Lots of beans) they baptized a kind of futuristic, big and rapid whitebird with a roman name: Airbus, and took it to Nantes.

Our travellers, still lead by Asterix, spent one day sailing with real Bretons (those from Brittany) and visited later the ritual celtic festival of Plemeur-Berden where they met some Irish, Scottish and Welsh people. In Normandy, they tasted real champagne cider and camembert (the real smelly one!). After that, instead of taking the Bayeux-Hastings ferry as William the Conqueror did a few centuries later, they went back to Calais where they took the Eurotunnel. They were in London in time for afternoon tea.

Exhausted by all that they had done, Asterix and Obelix stopped at Wright's on Houghton Street. Fascinated by such human diversity, and wanting to know more about all the complex phenomena they had seen, they created there and then the "Londonia Schola Economicae: Nerum cognosere causas".

by BRUNO de SAINT FLORENT and NATHALIE DUMONT

A Bright Spark

In this week's interview, Chris Philipsborn meets Cecil Parkinson MP, the power behind the privatisation of electricity.

The Right Hon. Cecil Parkinson MP has been in the House of Commons since 1970. His first post was that of Assistant Government whip in 1974. Since then he has held a variety of positions including Minister of State for Trade 1979-81, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster 1982, Paymaster General and Chairman of the Conservative Party 1981 to 1983 and Secretary of State for Trade and Industry 1983. He resigned from the Government in 1983 following the Sarah Keays affair but returned as Secretary of State for Energy in June 1987 and was welcomed with a standing ovation from the delegates at this year's party conference.

Mr Parkinson was born in 1931 and educated at the Royal Grammar School, Lancaster and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He is a Chartered Accountant and former director of a number of commercial companies. He currently represents Hertsmere and enjoys an 18,000 majority over his nearest rival.

It won't end up as a monopoly!

The Department of Energy is housed in a large building overlooking the Thames near Smith Square, quite near Parliament itself. I met the Secretary of State in his Conference room. We sat in a comfortable corner overlooking a large wooden table surrounded by red leather chairs.

All previous efforts at privatisation had simply created monopolies, how would electricity differ?

"Well, that it won't end up as a monopoly! We are determined to introduce, so far as we can, diversity and competition into the industry, especially on the generation side. The distribution side is a natural monopoly. We think it would be extravagant and wasteful to try to duplicate that, i.e. the Area Boards actually getting the power into the factories and the homes. We believe that we can come up with a system of regulation and customer rights though which will balance the fact that the customer is dealing with a monopoly supply. On the generation side which is the biggest portion of the bill, we believe that there are things that can be done to encourage people to come into generation - new investors - I can't be very specific because we haven't finally evolved the policy. But we can see the general line in which we are going. I have to be in a position to tell Parliament about it first".

What are the real and genuine objections from within the Electricity industry against Government proposals?

"I do accept that the people who are objecting are sincere. I don't think that it is at all surprising if, for instance, you work for the C.E.G.B. and have done for a

long time - they have a tremendous record of staff loyalty - and you have evolved a system which can handle the hurricane ... I don't think it is at all surprising that people are proud of what they do and think that they are doing the best job that anybody could do. In fact it would be very odd if they didn't. I recognise their sincerity ... but even that is being a bit unfair to them because they themselves are now recognising the need to get other generators in. In fact, they tell me that they are discussing about seven quite major schemes with outside generators now. So, they defend their position - which is quite understandable - but at the same time, they recognise that it can be improved and that there are other ways of doing things. It's just a question of how far we would like to take it compared with them."

Which points coming from the industry will be taken into consideration and which points does the Government think of as spurious objections?

"I wouldn't say that many of the points are spurious. There was a bit in the newspapers about me making a very lighthearted speech ... in which I said that I thought that saying that we were planning to take an axe to the industry was going a little bit far, I think I described it as scaremongering ... It's a pretty drastic thing to suggest. Since I am supposed to be the axe wielder, I don't think it was unreasonable for me to point out that I don't have an axe and I don't want to destroy anything. I think the point that the Electricity Board and myself meet absolutely on is the need for security of supply ... Even my implied criticism was something of a compliment to them because they're on to a very serious point; that a modern society does need a reliable electricity supply industry and nothing must prejudice that".

There is more natural radiation in the granite rocks in Cornwall than would be allowable in certain nuclear installations

Who will be responsible for working out the details? Civil servants, an informal board of advisors?

"We are going through quite a long and detailed process of consultations. We are seeing people for the second and third time, the Unions, the representatives of the Council, the C.E.G.B. We are with a group of advisors - technical, financial, legal, regulatory advisors - we have an absolutely top class team here. It is a team effort with the advisors playing an important part. In other words, we

are not sitting building castles in the air ... We have very good advice and very wide consultation and the policy is evolving."

When will privatisation take place? In this Parliament or after the next general election?

"We'll have the Bill on the Statute book I would hope two years from now. As for marketing it, that'll depend on the markets ... It is absolutely massive - far and away the biggest flotation - the actual technique of marketing it is something we're giving great study. There will be at least two companies, there could be 16 companies. [We are] just bringing that diversity of companies to the market. However many there are, there isn't going to be one company as in the past ... that is something to which we have been giving a fair amount of thought. We appointed these advisors for this stage only, just to work with us on the structure. To give you an obvious example: there's absolutely no point in having a structure which technically won't work. There's equally no point in evolving a structure that you can't sell, or one that you can't regulate. We want to make sure that our ideas are practical".

How would Mr Parkinson allay fears about the privatisation of the nuclear industry and the continuing safety of nuclear energy?

"I try to do it in a number of ways. For instance I try to point out that of the 165 of the PWR's which are in existence now, the overwhelming majority are in private hands. It is quite wrong to think that private companies can't run atomic power stations. I'd point out also that Chernobyl was a wholly state owned utility, and Three Mile Island was a wholly private one, and both of them got into difficulties. The lessons in each case were operational and in the case of Chernobyl, design. We take enormous care with the design, the construction and above all with the operation of atomic power stations. We have a totally independent Inspectorate which has to licence and check on the workings of each nuclear station.

There will be no change in their powers should the industry be privatised. So it's not a question of who owns it, it's a question of design, construction the safety regime and enforcing the highest standards. It's just as easy to do that with a private company as it is with a public one ... 30 years ago at Windscale we had a fire. That plant, it is now fully recognised, was built in a hurry because we needed the materials for our Atom bomb. A lot of lessons were learnt from Windscale and in the last 30 years, we've had a very good



record on nuclear safety and we intend to continue to have one ... We can't pander to scaremongering. To give you an example, we discharge from Sellafield into the Irish Sea. Our discharges are actually less radio-active than the sea into which they are discharged ... There is more natural radiation in the granite rocks in Cornwall than would be allowable in certain nuclear installations."

How is the raising of electricity prices connected to privatisation?

"Only in that privatisation coincides with a huge investment programme. We've just come out of a period of relatively low investment. We are just entering a period of very high investment. If we are going to service that investment, we need to establish an income base. This is a point that I have been having some difficulty with. They look at the EFL - the money that's being paid into the Treasury from the industry and they say that if we had kept that for investment, we wouldn't have a problem. Well first of all, there are loans that have to be repaid.

I look back with some pride on being a member of the Falklands War Cabinet. To see the military go in and sort it out ...

Secondly, when the company is privatised, what is now part of the negative EFL will actually be going in dividends to shareholders. I see the negative EFL as almost - it isn't technically - but I see it as part loan repayment, part dividend. Because we don't have any capital in the electricity industry, it's all regarded as loan repayment. What we have to do is build up an income base that will enable future investment to be funded, whether that investment is made by a national industry or whether it is made by a private one. People say we've got the money there ... the present rate of return is very low, about one quarter of the rate that private industry expects on its assets in current cost terms. We are still proposing two years from now to have a rate of return which is below the Government's 5% guideline. We need that [money] if we are going to attract into generation the diversity we are seeking so that people building power stations will be able to expect a reasonable rate of return."

What are you proudest of in your career so far?

"I think that the thing I look back on ... with some pride, was being a member of the Falklands War Cabinet. I think, hope, that it was an absolutely unique experience for my generation of politicians and that we won't have armed conflict again. It was a great privilege to be part of that small group of five Ministers who worked very closely with the military. You don't get to know the Chiefs of Staff unless you're the Prime Minister or you're in the Defence Department ... they were an unknown group of people to me, they were tremendous to work with and of course, the campaign was highly satisfactory. To see our diplomatic service working very hard to try to achieve a peaceful settlement right up to the last minute ... to see the diplomats exercise their skill, to see the military go in and sort it out, and to see the build-up of the two ... it was an experience ... that was the highlight of my political career to date."

Jazz



Another evening in with the record player

After all the hype, publicity shots and image laundering I was suspicious. But Andy Sheppard's debut LP on Antillies is a delightful surprise and would make an excellent introduction for anybody out there interested in state of the art mainstream European jazz.

Surely the most original and self assured of the so called New Tenor saxophonists of the John Coltrane school, Sheppard's quiet confidence throughout these excellent self-penned tunes suggests a welcome rejection of the more macho side of this sort of playing. He slips and slides, he does not thrust and thrash. Declining to dazzle with speed, though he can when he wants to, he concentrates instead on developing a singular, vocalised and very human sound. The Coltrane references are still there, of course, but Sheppard's floating, singing and swooping horns, and his composing and arranging, easily transcend the forms he has chosen to inherit. Normally I like jazz to be *sweatier* that this but his dignity and restraint, especially when he's on the soprano, bowl me over completely. Elegant, eloquent, glistening. Listening to *Java Jive* or *Sol*, like the waking of a new born thing, clear pure tones curling through white puffy clouds. Mmm, "A" level English metaphors, I love em.

But let's not get *too* sucked into all this. Cheap poetry is all very well but it does mask a certain naivety. The record is, after all, a *product*, more so than most jazz records anyway, and Sheppard himself is no innocent. In the last few months he has made a number of decisions in presenting a certain image of himself to the consumer. He is aware for instance, and has consented to, the record company's selling of him as a haircut and this process is partly represented in the music. For this is not the only Andy Sheppard and this is not the only music he plays. I have heard him much less respectful of forms, much more daring, much more innovative. Still, reservations aside, it's a brilliant debut and a shot in the arm for Brit jazz.



Speaking of marketing, *Working Week* have a new album out. Over the past two or three years they've played a wide variety of musical

styles but somehow throughout them all they manage to maintain a solid group identity. They always sound like *Working Week*, they always sound *crap*. And astonishingly this is every bit as *crap* as the last two albums. Contrived, derivative, nonsense. Bollocks bastard bogeycrap. No, it's no good, words just cannot express the ferocity with which I hate this painful, miserable, utterly *average* record. The only song I liked was *Knock on Your Door* and even that is cribbed from the late Peter Tosh and the, not-quite-late-but-fairly-worn-at-the-edges, Mick Jagger's *Walk And Don't Look Back*. It makes me wonder how they manage it actually. I mean they're so consistently barren. You'd think they'd get bored or something... amazing really.

But what makes this particular heap of dung so foul to the palate is that saxist and co-composer (co-crapper) Larry Stabbins was a very good improvising tenor and soprano player once upon a time. Hear him on the Eddie Prevost Quartet's *Continuum* (Matchless Records). Next to this everything *Working Week* have ever done is flat, palid, antiseptic, a waste of time, life and vinyl. Apart from him the guitarist is a good session musician but nothing else, and the singer, who's supposed to be so bloody great, sounds like a dismal hollow photocopy, but I suppose it must be tough given the banal material she elects to deal with. Sorry to spend so long on stuff which doesn't even deserve mentioning but *GRRR!* It makes me so fucking mad...

After that horrible experience it comes as a breath of fresh air to hear *Low Life* (Celluloid) by lynchpin of the German jazz Avant Garde saxophonist Peter Brotzmann and American bassist, composer, producer and everything else Bill Laswell, both of the wild and frantic *Last Exit*. Imagine a record made by two maniac Jimi Hendrix fans coming off speed. Like the working out of some unfathomable grisly ritual, bass (saxophone) and bass (guitar) howl, holler and below foul and filthy outraged objections at each other. Sonorous low, low, tones crash and shudder, great slabs of sound rupture and clang, unforgiving, unlovely. Majestic and noble, to be sure, but a place of fearful harrowing nightmares, a shrieking admission of your (my) own worst terrors and fears. I know it's an old HM cliché but this record really isn't for the fainthearted. Even admitting to liking it means also admitting to feelings and fears that you perhaps wouldn't want even the best of best buddies to know about. Well cynics, maybe it does sound like bullshit, but I mean it.

To be rude again, this is bowel music. Of fearful throbings and giant quiverings. An astonishing and unprecedented disc from two amazing and terrifying musicians. Amen. Yours chillingly.

Richard.

Music

Brand New Day Savage

With the release of their album *Savage* on November 9 and the appearance of *Brand New Day* at the London Film Festival, Eurythmics are back with a high profile.

Brand New Day is a documentary by Amos Gitai who was asked by Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart to follow them on the Eurythmics' tour of Japan. Gitai calls the film a portrait of a sonic experience. The film runs sequentially, as Dave and Annie meet Japanese musicians, visit a temple, and perform live. The live sequences are spectacular, bearing out Gitai's decision to use one camera to shoot them, thus avoiding concert film slickness.

For Annie Lennox, Japan is an

Alexander O'Neal — Nothing but Hearsay

If you took the soul of Bobby Womack, the essence of Luther Vandross and the intensity of Prince, who knows what you'd get, but musically it might sound like Alexander O'Neal.

Having worked with Prince and The Time, as a backing vocalist, he didn't move on, but down, and his drug addiction became so bad that he was admitted to the Betty Ford Clinic.

That was two years ago: Today he plays to sell out venues. With only two albums to his credit. The first simply, Alexander O'Neal and the second, *Hearsay*, they're beginning to make some impact.

At 34, this gentle giant, a mere 6' 4", immaculately dressed, doesn't struggle to find mood or rhythm.

From such raunchy tracks as *Fake and Innocent*, with strong bass lines, and even stronger vibrations; to meaningful ballads, if you were here tonight and *Sunshine*, beautifully written and sung, makes you wonder how anyone can sound so sincere.

Although a great deal of time had gone into lighting and sound, too much time was spent on rather long intro's, which could have given way to a few more songs.

As a result, you got little over the length of time it takes to play an album. What you saw and heard was brilliant, unfortunately a single encore wasn't quite what everybody expected after such a short performance. It definitely wasn't what everyone wanted.

Nevertheless, Alexander O'Neal will be around for sometime to come. In case you weren't lucky enough to see him play at Hammersmith Odeon, in November. Judge him for yourself, both albums are well worth buying. Steven Parks



uneasy mixture of traditionalism and Western modernization. Sitting in a cemetery, she wonders how long it will be before it, too, succumbs to commercialism and goes neon.

While in Japan, Eurythmics had Conny Plank sample its sounds, with a view to putting them on the *Savage* album, then being made. Plank is seen invading a video games arcade to tape the clatter of its machines. He describes music as

noises that human beings like. Similarly, he samples a bamboo forest, a martial arts contest, and women chanting.

When Dave Stewart is seen accompanying Ryuichi Sakamoto's Synthesizer on guitar, there is the intriguing suggestion that Sakamoto will collaborate with Eurythmics on the song *Brand New Day*. At one point, Gitai, from off-camera, exhorts Annie Lennox to be herself. "It's easier for Dave. He's comfortable with lots of people," she says.

Indeed, Stewart says little in the film, but he makes his presence known by his guitar-playing and inspired silliness: playing a giant bamboo flute, lying on a train platform to listen to his tape deck. It is left to Annie to reflect on being a pop-star and the implications of their trip. She is not entirely at ease with this role. "I'm not always reflective," she moans, clutching at her leopard-print coat nervously.

The live sequences provide a contrast. It is Lennox as the front-woman who shines with a powerful

stage presence, while Stewart is content to play a complementary role as the guitarist.

The Japan project indicts an increasingly experimental direction for Eurythmics. It is ironic that the tour documented was for *Revenge*, a disappointingly tame album.

Savage is a definite departure, somewhat puzzling, but welcome, nonetheless. Lennox explores a range of vocal styles from the cool, clipped elocution of *Beethoven* to the raucous, Jaggeresque delivery of *I Need a Man*. The lyrics are violent, sometimes sado-masochistic. *Heaven* and *Put the Blame on Me* could be huge dance hits, while *Shame* and *Savage* are more sombre songs. *Brand New Day*, which closes the record, is mostly a cappella.

It is difficult to tell if Sakamoto's contributions survived, as there are no musician credits. A Japanese influence is heard to minimal effect on *I've Got a Lover (Back in Japan)* and *Do You Wanna Break Up?* in their woodwind introduction, but the noises sampled and the clash of old and new expected after seeing the film are conspicuously absent. Perhaps Dave and Annie decided this could not be incorporated into their music. As Amos Gitai said at the L.F.F. premiere, sometimes East and West cannot be blended successfully.

Both film and album demonstrate the complexity of Eurythmics and are highly recommended to fans and others who march to a different (kodo?) drum. T. Kino

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Film

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

Happy: Well, we all know the story of Snow White. The apple and the pumpkin, the evil step-mother and the three ugly sisters, the girl who lost her glass slipper on the stairs and the handsome hunter who refuses to kill the beautiful princess. The prince fights his way . . .

Bashful: No, no, no, no! It's not that at all! It is the little girl lost in the forest who sprinkles bread-crumbs to be able to find her way, and the little birds come and eat the crumbs and she . . .



Sneezy: Where is the tissue?

Dopey: No, I know what it is. It is the tale of the Silver Surfer and the birth of his cosmic power. Snow White was assaulted by Galactus in the deep forests of Zenn-La, and she gave birth to the Seven Dwarfs who grew up to become the Fantastic Four, and . . .

Grumpy: F*** off! You've been reading too much of Ben's column again.

Doc: I know, it was that film where more than 750 Disney artists worked on the film. There were 32 animators, 102 assistants, 20 layout men, 65 special effects animators and 158 professionals adept at inking and painting the cartoon figures on transparent celluloid sheets for reproduction by the Disney Multiplane camera. The artists involved used enough pencils to keep Wall Street in business for a year. It took months of research by studio chemists and the mixing of 1,500 paintcolours and shades to determine the final hues used to paint characters and backgrounds in the Technicolor . . .

Sleepy: Zzzzzzz . . .

Snow White: Now, now, boys! You all know what the story really is, don't you? We're all fifty this year. Yup! T'was on the night of Tuesday, December 21st 1937, that we were born.

Happy: But does anybody come and see us anymore?

Snow White: But of course! All the students are coming this year!

Luv and Kisses from Ed Giblet and Narr'Havas

Wish You Were Here

Remember that girl you often gossiped about and sneered at, yet secretly stared at in awe and stupefaction. Though set against the socially and sexually repressive 50s, the teenage heroine of David Leland's new film *Wish You Were Here* comes from a piece of our own innocent and awkward adolescence.

The heroine Lynda, played by the much lauded but slightly over-rated newcomer Emily Lloyd evokes the very genuine uncertainties and confusion with which we are all familiar.

She yearns for love and intimacy that is out of place in a cold and callous world guided by certain unspoken rules; playing the "Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am" games of adulthood. On the surface, she is the stereotypical foul-mouthed prickeater yet her screams for attention are also pitiful, if not childish, cries for help and intimacy.

Leland's film is a welcome relief from the multitude of acne-induced, angst-ridden, teeny-bopper films replete with its usual dose of

tits and bums overcrowding the screen. *Wish You Were Here* offers a very intuitive and sensitive view of a girl left with mascara and salty tears streaking down her face after being bonked inside out by a hypocritical society which alienates and takes advantage of her innocence and her brazen sexuality.

Yet the girl with the salty tears spits back with her flippant laugh and the youth and vitality which sets her apart.

Katherine Pena



Cry Freedom

Sir Richard Attenborough

"You are a white lib-er-ral" says Bantu Steven Biko accusingly to Donald Woods, a white South African newspaper editor. Woods was meeting Biko for the first time. At Biko's home in a black township, the only place the banned Biko was allowed to interact with anyone outside his immediate family, Woods came to know the man who would shape South Africa's destiny, and Woods' own destiny, in a way neither would have anticipated. Two years after this meeting, Donald Woods - now banned - with his wife Wendy and their five chil-

Even with Biko's smiling but disparaging comment about Woods' white liberalism, the film remains markedly devoid of political commentary. For anyone who follows the current political situation in South Africa, there is nothing new to learn from John Briley's screenplay.

Criticisms aside - Kevin Kline and Penelope Wilton as Donald and Wendy Woods give convincing performances as does the American Denzel Washington. The screenplay is tightly edited and consequently



dren, carried out an elaborate escape from South Africa to London through Lesotho. This made possible the story of the friendship of these two men, and more importantly the life of the charismatic Biko, who had been murdered by South African security forces, to be told to the world.

It is this period, between 1975 when Woods, the affluent newspaper editor of the influential *Daily Dispatch*, first visited Biko to December 1977, when he and his family chose escape, that Attenborough chooses to focus on. Through epic scenery - reminiscent of his previous blockbuster *Gandhi* - intimate biography, and spine-tingling suspense, Attenborough creates a powerful and moving account of one man's enlightenment about his country's political system and another man's death at the hands of that system.

Denzel Washington's portrayal of Biko doesn't rival Ben Kingsley's *Gandhi*, but it nevertheless evokes a sense of how charismatic, knowledgeable, urbane, and ultimately humorous Biko was. Killed on 12 September, 1977 at the age of 30, Biko had already been a political entity in South Africa for more than 5 years; hence by nature, he must have appeared to those around him as a great man. Washington plays off this and manages remarkably well to provide a believable human side to Biko.

Unfortunately, Attenborough chooses to make Woods' story the central focus, and his friendship with Biko more important than Biko's life itself. As such, Attenborough's film is more entertaining - the Woods do manage to escape after a hair-raising flight from Lesotho over South African territory and therefore there's a happy ending. But Biko dies within 1 hour of this 2 hour and 45 minute film and the audience is left with only a few flashbacks to Biko. With Biko's life as the focus, Attenborough could have produced a more earth-shattering and political film than he has here.

keeps the action flowing quite steadily, albeit not as dramatically as it could have done. At one point, the two youngest Woods children receive a parcel in the post (later proven to have been sent by the South African security police) laced with acid. This action should be shocking to the audience; instead in Briley's script it goes by so quickly that we hardly have time to reflect on just how horrible an action this really is.

John Hargreaves as the jovial Australian journalist who helps Woods escape is a refreshing contrast to the pompous Attwell (Ian Richardson) who banters with Biko in court about Black rights and loses. Noteworthy also is John Thaw's portrayal of Kruger, the South African Justice Minister, who calculatingly double crosses Donald Woods and lies about Biko's cause of death.

This movie is worth seeing for epic scenery alone - Zimbabwe and Kenya were used primarily for their similarities to the vast and gorgeous expanses of South African hinterland. The two most striking scenes in the film - the security police attack on Crossroads at the opening of the film and the massacre of 700 people at Soweto in 1977 - are shot in documenting style and present some of the best cinematographic indictments of the Pretoria Regime ever filmed. Also, Attenborough's management of the crowd scenes in which 20,000 mourners come to Biko's funeral is quite amazing.

Herein lies, perhaps the most politicizing aspect of the film. Biko politicized Woods, and Woods politicized many others through his books including Biko: Attenborough may very well politicize those countless millions who will inevitably come to see this film and who probably, before entering it, know little about the complexities and the atrocities of South Africa's apartheid system. Biko said ". . . death can be a politicizing force." For many this has been and will be.

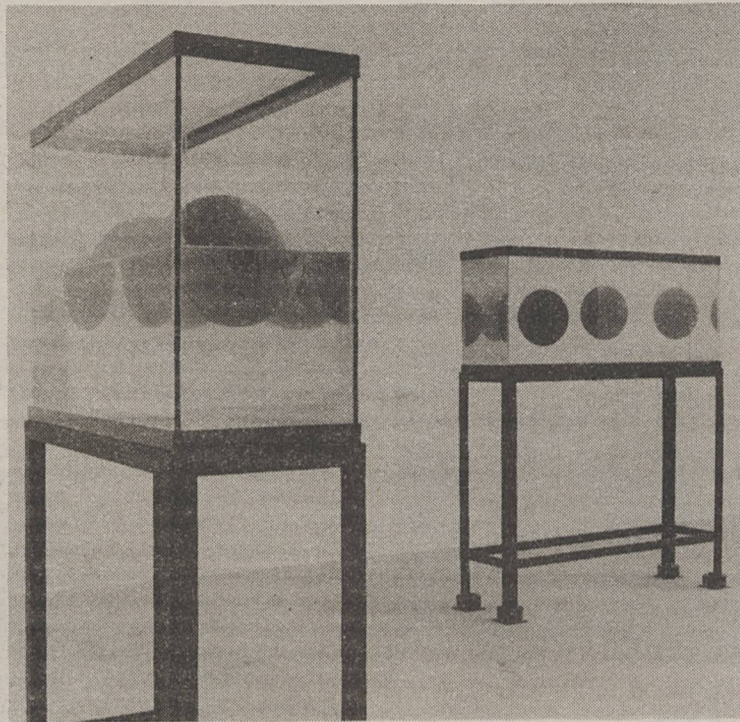
Andrea Tisi

Exhibitions

The Saatchi Art Collection is housed in a converted warehouse in St John's Wood and has been available for public viewing since the spring of 1985. Since its opening, it has generated controversy over the purchasing strategies of its buyers, Charles Saatchi and his wife, and awe for the unique, contemporary collection they have amassed.

The gallery, located at 98a Bandy Road NW8 is an expansive white-washed farmhouse, with contemporary works strategically placed to allow the viewer to enjoy the minimalist theme of the work, and the starkness of the surroundings. A specially designed lighting system bounces a gleaming light onto the roof panels, and then back into the gallery, in an attempt to mimic natural lighting conditions. Combined with skylights and a 30,000 square foot grey floor, the viewer is brought into a new era of artwork, variously labelled as Neo-Geo, Neo-Futurism and New Abstraction.

The home of the world's most expansive private collection of modern art was designed by Max Gordon (the man behind the Turner Prize), who divided the enormous complex into six galleries. Charles Saatchi oversees the running of the gallery, yet maintains a low profile, preferring the artwork to speak for itself. Saatchi bought his first work of art in 1970, about the same time he started a small advertising agency with his brother. Since that time, he and his wife acquired works wherever they have travelled, particularly from the United States, where Mrs Saatchi was born. The Saatchis haven't endeared themselves to English artists, who rely heavily on local collectors, nor to



The ambivalence of individual identity and relationships in late capitalistic culture" Balls in Water?

American artists, for they have also purchased heavily from the German and Italian markets. The Saatchis' *modus operandi* is to buy the best pieces, and many of them, of the artists they like, often obtaining entire collections. Hence they have owned more Warhols, and other contemporary artists like Johnabel and Morley, than the Tate. These works, which once adorned the walls of the ad agency and the Saatchi home are now shown on a rotating basis. The full collection, in a warehouse by London docks, is catalogued in a set of four paperback books entitled "Art of Our

The Saatchi Gallery

sents vacuum cleaners and basketballs in an attempt to "expand our notion" of the meaning of sculpture. The Day-Glo patterns of Peter Halley, set against a monochromatic background, are intended to undermine the "truths about science, nature and the social order as a whole." However, when one looks at this work, or Robert Gibers various porcelain sinks, supposedly representing various emotional states, one only sees the object, devoid of any metaphysical or abstract meaning. One cannot look at Harim Steinbach's carefully aligned consumer products and hope to decipher his true interest of representing the "ambivalence of individual identity and relationships in late capitalistic culture." (Wow! Ed.)

Some of the artists hope to make more compelling statements with their work; Ross Bleckner attempts to pay tribute to those who have died of AIDS, and Tim Rollins works with children who demonstrate behavioural and learning problems to help develop the children and show reality in their collaborative efforts. Thus, the pages of Alice in Wonderland are plastered against a canvas, and streaked with blood red paint to recall every newspaper article about girls being abused, murdered or raped. Essentially, this work, and others like it, attempt to show the achievement of merely surviving "in a world full of wands". However, the viewer often feels a gap when looking at this work; perhaps the contemporary artist might describe this absence of feeling as being symbolic of our separateness in the modern age.

Stephanie Gaines

Beatrix Potter The Tate Gallery

The Tate Gallery has opened a special exhibition focusing on Beatrix Potter (1866-1943), the author of *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* and other classics of children's literature. This is the first time her works have been collected on such scale and it is a remarkable journey into her life, not only as an author and illustrator but also as a landscape and natural history artist, farmer and conservationist.

Virtually self-taught as an artist, Beatrix Potter's sketches and watercolours on display reflect a deep innate talent and understanding of nature. These pieces are all the more exceptional in light of the fact that they were completed at such an early age - before 13!

Her first book, *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* was printed in 1902 and launched her career as a children's author. It was followed by more than twenty additional books which have sold more than 60 million copies, in English alone.

From 1905 onwards, Beatrix Potter left London to reside on her farms in the Lake District. The exhibition is in aid of the National Trust Lake District Appeal and does a very good job of promoting the Trust.

The entrance to the exhibition is a detailed photo-biography of Beatrix Potter's life. This and other features help make it a sound collection and not simply a delightful one.

The feature display is the sequence of original illustrations to *The Tailor of Gloucester*. This alone is worth a visit.

Nina Chien

Theatre

The Lost Boys in a Lost Show

Peter Pan at the Cambridge Theatre

Once upon a time there were three Little Darlings who met an ageing woman dressed (rather unconvincingly) as a youthful young boy. Not only did this ageing old singer (Lulu) teach the little Darlings how to wizz across the stage in flight (which did look rather good fun!!) she also took them to a beautiful island where it was "Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter" all at the same time. Unfortunately once they got there it did look a little like the deep blue sea!

The luckiest of all the Darlings by far, had to be little Wendy. Lucky Wendy. She was promised the joys of motherhood and domesticity early. Six children and a husband; all of whom needed to be tucked up in bed, had stories read to them and who needed their pockets sewn. Ah, Bliss! Her own little cottage (her Wendy house) was built for her and contented she'd potter off home to get the dinner while Peter "once again was late at the jungle!"

In true style the evil "Arfer" - oh, sorry, Captain Hook (George Cole who looked remarkably like the Darlings' father) kidnaps the Lost Boys' "mother Wendy". It's all grip-

ping stuff as our "hero" Peter, hobbles in crowing rather untunefully and saves the day.

With rather agile pirates dancing hither and thither and very well groomed Indians chanting "shang-alang-a-wigwam" it is all very colourful and enchanting. But like all good stories it *had* to come to an end - thank goodness!

The Darlings want their own mummy - and Wendy obviously having got bored with washing up they return home - with all the little lost boys in tow (Lucky Mr. and Mrs. Darling).

Peter however, is no sucker. He knows he can return anytime and take *not* ageing Wendy away to do his Spring cleaning, but her daughter - a spritely young lass who obviously could clean a lot quicker than now grown up Wendy.

I'd always wanted to live in Never Never Land as a child - to jump about and be "the sun the moon and the stars" but if Peter has to look like an ageing singer, prancing about the stage I think I'd rather grow up and be boring and have a cheque book!

Pam



Winnie the Pooh

Ed Gilet follows the trail of the intrepid duo

"It's Christmis," said Pooh in a wise sort of voice.

"What's Christmis?" squeaked Piglet, skipping along next to Pooh, kicking the snow as he walked.

"I don't know," Pooh replied, "But Wol said that it was, so it must be."

"Yes," said Piglet. Piglet and Pooh were on their way to see Christopher Robin, who had moved from the forest, and now lived in the big city. "When will we be there?" quizzed Piglet, admiring the lights as the snow fell slowly.

"We're almost there," replied Pooh.

And so they turned the corner into Portugal Street, and down to LSE itself. Pooh pocketed the A to Z which Christopher Robin had sent him. "There's a bridge!" squealed Piglet excitedly, "Can we play Pooh sticks, Pooh?" Pooh ignored him.

Christopher Robin was leaning against the wall, looking decidedly ill. As he saw the two wanderers, he raised a hand to wave, but couldn't quite manage the action. Christopher Robin lurched violently and Piglet turned to Pooh. "What's the

matter with him?"

he enquired. "I think he is filosisifizing, or something like that. Wol told me about it, and said that was what he and Eor do all the time." Christopher Robin began to sing.

They approached him tentatively.

He looked different from the Christopher Robin they knew from the Wild Woods. Gone were the short trousers, the 'V' neck jumper. His hair had changed colour, and he spoke differently. "Hi gang, how's things hanging?"

Well, Eeyore got his tail back, so it isn't anymore," replied Pooh.

"Oh," said Christopher Robin, looking ill again.

Christopher Robin felt he needed to sit down, so they went to the theatre. It was a play, which Christopher Robin (or Chris, as he preferred to be called) thought too childish. Pooh wasn't quite sure what that meant, as he was a Bear of Very Little Brain, as he repeatedly pointed out throughout the play. Chris left for the toilet many times,



often when Pooh or Piglet were trying to quiz him about the plot. Often he would mutter something, and the intrepid duo were able to pick up words like Freudian, neoinconoclastic, juvenile and learned.

When they had left the theatre, and Christopher Robin had left them to go to a place called the Three Tuns (the place where he filosisized, thought Pooh, wisely), the two walked slowly back to the Wild Woods. "What did you think of the play?" said Piglet.

I thought it was a symolic invertebration of a classic theme, which was supported well by lots of good thesepans," replied Pooh, somewhat wisely.

I thought Kanga and Eor were good to," said Piglet.

"Yes," replied Pooh, "but who was the fat one?"

The Royalty Theatre has a production of Winnie the Pooh running until late January. Poohites of the world unite!!

Cricket

Lord's 6-a-side Indoor Championship

The LSE team finished the term in tremendous style, with two superb wins against Rolvenden and Peckham. Against Rolvenden, LSE were all out for 99, with Saeed Khawaja (28) and the indomitable Matthew Lonergan (38) rising to the occasion splendidly. Rolvenden, previously unbeaten this season, set about their task diligently, but tight bowling by Akhtar Khan and rookie Anthony Ainsworth ensured that the finish would be close. In the event it turned out to be very close: off the very last ball, with one wicket left, Rolvenden needed one run to tie the match. Lonergan charged in, unleashing a sharp-swinging yorker which devastated the stumps. Rolvenden were beaten!

The second match proved to be something of an anti-climax. LSE amassed a massive total of 118, with Lonergan once again leading the way with a swashbuckling 52, ably supported by Khan (24) and Ainsworth (22). By the time Peckham came out to bat, they looked a thoroughly downcast side, and were easily bowled out for a meagre 58.

Despite the absence of Mark Wynne-Jones (glandular fever) and Janal Sukhera (back injury), the team had at last shown its true colours. Many thanks to Kate Meyrick for her help and support, and further congratulations to Lonergan who has recently been elected Social Secretary of the University of London Cricket Club. The only disappointment of the day was the continued dismal performance of Captain Derek Smith's batting, and whether he should remain captain has been questioned.

But nevertheless, LSE cricketers wish you all a Happy Christmas and Merry New Year, and serve advanced notice of the LSE Cricketer's Ball in the Three Tuns on Saturday, 23rd January. See you there.



Photo: Vanessa Brechling

Rugby

LSE 1st XV : 38

City and Guilds 1st XV : 12

A superb performance by the team led to a much needed victory. The forwards demolished the opposition with spirit and strength, while the backs outwitted the Guilds' defence with sheer deftness of hand. Steve Kelley, Olivier Cornelius, Paddy Regan, Ahmed, Marco and Richard "fat monster" Moulton all went over for tries. Mark Seaman, meanwhile, won the Golden Boot Award. Ahmed won the Golden Boxer-Short Award.

LSE 2nd XV : 24

City and Guilds XV : 0

Once more the 2nd XV played very well. The pack despite much bigger opponents, were dominant in the loose and the backs simply

tore through their opposite numbers (who were slightly handicapped by the fact that none of them could run and catch a rugby ball at the same time.) The score says it all.

Tries by Josh and Robert, the result of quick handling, put us 12-0 up after 15 minutes. Unfortunately the team then went to sleep (usually a 1st XV facet). However, a storming second half illustrated LSE's undoubted skill - the sight of big John Gerdiner in full flow is something else. Further tries by John C., Robert and Peter sealed our second successive victory.

Finally a quick word to our trans-Atlantic cousins - When are you coming back?? Mark "9 pints" Mulhern, Dave Hathaway, Jeff Hart and Matt Kanef - it's been fun!!

Football

With the season of goodwill almost upon us the time calls for an analysis of the LSE football armada thus far.

Results since early October have generally seen the LSE flag-ship, the 1st XI, take on a lot of water, while all about it the frigates and minesweepers have scored a number of minor victories. All those after a rare initial success when the LSE A-team picked up runners-up medals in the London six-a-side. So what have been the rights and wrongs, and what has been debated in the infamous sanctuary that is E65?

The most successful team thus far has been the 5th XI, under the leadership of Walid Eid. Despite losing various players, as senior captains have noted the good results, the 5th's have continued to impress and promotion looks a distinct possibility. The 4th XI have struggled wilfully on, also suffering from the lack of a settled team. However, their predicament is made worse by having the "Jonah" of the club as captain. Having led the 5th XI to bottom spot in the entire league last-season, Dave Wilkinson has yet to repay the renewed confidence expressed in him that led to his rise as 4th XI "numero uno". But at least that beard is no more.

The 3rd XI are holding their own in their new division after

promotion last season, despite one particular inter-team feud. However, the 3rd's contain some of the lads who make playing for the school worthwhile, where effort and spirit count for more than ability.

In a similar position but at a higher grade are the 2nd XI. Alex Hunt has largely re-structured the team from last year with many newcomers to the LSE. Having just been knocked out of the cup, promotion is their remaining goal and with more bite and determination this is a definite possibility.

And so to the 1st XI. The basis of an excellent team, capable of winning the premier league for the school for the first time ever, has largely been disrupted by internal squabbles, bad man-management, lack of personal commitment, and by the absence of a centre-forward of high standard. Such deficiencies were made evident when talking to Kent University players after they had beaten the 1st XI, 2-0. However, it is hoped some of the problems are behind the team now and with only five league games so far played, the season remains in its infancy.

For anyone still interested in playing football, the opportunity is still here for those who come to E.65 and leave their name and phone number.

Basketball

LSE 102 Imperial College 40

LSE 89 Kent 42

LSE 90 Brunel 37

LSE emphatically won the South-East (south) division of the UAU championship in London, on Sunday 29th November. With relentless pressure, they gave the much weaker opposition a lesson in fast-break basketball, enjoying themselves tremendously whilst doing so. Indeed, if it wasn't for the dangerously slippery floor and reduced time, LSE's margins of victory would have been greater.

The team of ten players all contributed much with the following point-totals over the three games:

A.Adler (14), P.Nickles (32), R.Burgess (11), P.Bradshaw (42), D.Russel (36), J.Blattberg (39), T.Carr (29), B.Jackson (18), F.Schernecker (50), J.Malya (10)

They now go on to a challenge round on Dec.9 and hopefully onto the UAU finals in January, with the annihilated teams above expecting LSE to do well. Let's hope they're right.



The Beaver Collective wishes you all a Cherry Mismas

