

Fundraising Lunch Flops at Butlers Wharf



Dr. I G Patel, Sir John Sparrow (Vice Chairman of the Court of Governors) and Nick Randall look across the river towards Butlers Wharf; "... and if they misbehave we'll send them to the Tower of London."

By ALEX CRAWFORD

Last Thursday saw the launch of the LSE's campaign to finance the construction of the new hall of residence at Butlers Wharf. This lavish event took place in the luxurious surroundings of the Tower Thistle Hotel, at the foot of Tower Bridge and directly across the Thames from the site of the

Butlers Wharf complex.

The presentation was mainly aimed at obtaining media coverage, getting good publicity and securing large donations. However, all but three members of the press failed to turn up, giving the event a distinctly LSE edge. 'It was remarkably like the Senior Common Room', was how one observer described it.

With this event, the school sets out to raise the £7 million needed for the project. As no public funds have been made available, all the money has to be raised through the private sector. Private benefactors will play an important role in this appeal, hopefully contributing £1.5 million. If all proceeds as expected, the construction of the new residence will begin in Janu-

ary and last 18 months.

This financial appeal is launched at a time when the Students' Union is advancing notably in the negotiations to set up a Housing Association. The recent crash in the City brought them to a standstill, but they have apparently resumed. Nick Randall is still optimistic.

Future of the Nursery Still in Jeopardy

by MARK MOSHER

After the disaffection of the previous two weeks between the Students' Union and the LSE administration concerning the nursery, confusion still remains. However, both parties have recently acknowledged the need for a swift resolution to the nursery problem.

"The waste just in terms of the sheer amount of administrative effort (spent on the nursery dispute) is ridiculous," said a visibly tired Nick Randall last week. His comments were mirrored by Senior Assistant Bursar Robert Smith in a Beaver interview last week, "it's a shame ... to be wasting such time and effort on a problem that could easily be solved."

The major disagreement between the Students' Union and the LSE administration is over proposition four of this year's Nursery Working Party report, which called for the school to write off the nursery's £48,000 loan debt and the projected

nursery deficit for 1986-87. The director subsequently denied proposition four, claiming the school has insufficient funds to bear the nursery burden.

Despite similar claims by the Bursar and the Assistant Bursar, Nick Randall is sceptical about the school's inability to pay the deficit. 'I believe the school has the money,' he said, 'I appreciate their problems with Butler's Wharf, but that is their own doing ... How hard is it to find £48,000 in an £8,000,000 budget?'

In addition to proposition four, the Students' Union is concerned with the possible repercussions of two other propositions of the working party's report. The first is the proposal for staff cuts, which would certainly require a reduction of the nursery's capacity. The second concern is that elimination of the nursery subcommittee leaves the student body without elected representation on nursery matters.

Bursar John Lauwerts

responded to these concerns, claiming that no more staff reductions would occur and the nursery would not see a reduction in capacity. In response to the claim that the Students' Union had been disenfranchised regarding nursery matters, Lauwerts and Smith said that the decision to cut the nursery subcommittee was merely an attempt to do away with an "ineffective means" of dealing with nursery problems.

Reassurances notwithstanding, former Women's Officer, Catherine Bruce, is suspicious of administration intentions. "Even when students were represented on the working party we were not always able to voice our opinions." Bruce claims that representatives of the school on the working party were often lax in briefing students about nursery matters and that they used the relative ignorance of the student members to gain leverage for the adoption of their own policies. She cites as an example

the proposal to close the nursery (proposition six) if it was deemed "inefficient".

"They talked about controversial matters as if they had already been decided," she said, "Now that the Students' Union has no elected representation (on the nursery committee) matters will probably get worse." Ms Bruce is most likely referring to the alleged exclusion of Nick Randall from the nursery committee, leaving the job of representing student interests to the Student Welfare Officer - an employee of the LSE, who is not democratically elected.

One criticism of the nursery and the subsequent uproar it has caused, is that it benefits less than twenty students at a time. In response, Nick Randall said "The amount of students that the nursery benefits is of no consequence." He held that the most important concern was to provide for all students according to their needs.

Ents Fights Against All Odds

By MARK WYNNE-JONES

When no more than twenty students of the LSE were present at the "Potato 5" gig, it became immediately apparent why it was that in the first five weeks of term, Ents' expenditure was £1000 higher than its revenues. And though the Social Secretary refuses to be discouraged to the point of suicide - there is certainly cause to be worried over the future of Ents.

Richard Ford's budget of £4,500, can only be described as very small. The budget of the Social Secretary at King's College, for example, is £9,000, and this excludes all capital expenditure, while Ford has already had to spend £3,000 on sound and lighting equipment. Most of the budget has now been spent, though the Social Secretary is still waiting for the insurance on the stolen equipment, and the compensation promised by the School for the loss of the Quadrangle as a venue for the gigs as a result of construction. It is the delay in completing the Quadrangle that is seen by many as being the main reason why Ents has performed so poorly this term.

Many have also argued that Ents' lacklustre performance has been caused by poor choice of bands for the gigs, and that therefore the blame should fall on the Social Secretary's shoulders. This is totally unfair.

A great advantage of the LSE is its internationalism. It is a place to broaden one's cultural knowledge. A great disadvantage of internationalism is that because there are so many people at the LSE who have so many different tastes, it is very difficult to satisfy a large proportion of students at any one given time, especially concerning musical tastes. The best possible solution, therefore, would be to run a series of gigs using bands whose styles would not clash.

In choosing "Zoot and the Roots" (jump-jive), "Tommy Chase (jazz), "The Highliners" (rckabilly), "Felt" (independent), "Mighty Mighty" (independent), and "Potato Five" (ska), Richard Ford has successfully managed to cover a wide area of the musical spectrum; and therefore the real reason for Ents' failure must lie elsewhere.

Many students at the LSE seem to be wallowing in troughs of apathy, a social disease which has been spreading rapidly throughout the country in recent years. The sabbaticals said during Freshers' Week that students should make the most of the Student Union facilities; after all, they are there purely for the students' use. "Eat, drink, and be merry!" says Justin Russell. On the day before the "Potato 5" gig, the message had become more frantic: "Ents will only survive if people want it", said Richard Ford at the Union General Meeting.

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THE BEAVER

In need of a little tender care

"No taxation without representation" is among the oldest of political principles, asserted by the Levellers of the English Civil War and the democrats of the American Revolution in their fights to obtain justice from their rulers. But those in authority still have a tendency to replace consultation with unaccountable bureaucracy at the first opportunity.

This is exactly what is happening in the case of the LSE Nursery. The report of the "Working Party on the Future Financing of the LSE Nursery" now lies on the desks of Student Union offices and is causing alarm and consternation. The Union is expected to double its financial contribution to the Nursery by an extra £8,000 towards loan debt repayments, while acquiescing in a reduction of student influence in the management, budgetary control and even the very future of the Nursery. This reduction of influence is to be implemented under the guise of "introducing the necessary level of management discipline" (Recommendation 7 of the Working Party report). Added to this is a cynical attempt by the School administration to remove student leaders from the relevant committees (see our front page report), thus ending any elected accountability.

More significantly the administration is seeking to make "efficiency" savings by proposing a package of cuts including a reduction in staff and a reneging on their promise to write off the entire loan debt of £48,000. If the Nursery still does not become "efficient" enough it will then have to make the ultimate sacrifice to LSE bookkeeping - closure.

The sums of money involved here are not large, although it should be noted that the extra money demanded is beyond the Union's slender means. Nor indeed are the numbers of children and parents great. What is at stake however, is the vital principle of equal access to higher education for parents who could not afford to pay nursery fees on an unsubsidized basis. Even the Government is keen to promote this principle in its new White Paper. Yet the LSE administration seems to be taking a leaf from the Baker book by not providing the required funding to uphold the principle of equal access. This is a particularly objectionable policy in a college which is always keen to boast of its diverse intake of "mature" and overseas students.

Subsidising the Nursery costs the School a mere £22,800 annually, rising to around £30,000 p.a. with the disputed loan debt repayments added in. Compared to the enormous cost overruns experienced with the Butler's Wharf Hall of Residence project these are minute sums. Last week's lavish media lunch for Butler's Wharf probably outstripped the cost of this year's debt repayment. 'Efficiency?' We believe not.

This senseless cheeseparing and search for financial "efficiency" without taking social benefits into account (the principle of equal access and the benefits to children and parents) seems oddly familiar. The School administration seems to be practicing a quasi-monetarist policy of relatively small but damaging cuts in welfare services to finance a prestige project, a veritable Trident of profligency, which is appropriately enough to be built in the Yuppiedom of Docklands.

The Students Union however is not immune to criticism. It too, or rather its then representative Rory O'Driscoll, had a hand in the working party report. The damaging cuts that O'Driscoll agreed to, apparently in return for a (now broken) promise to write off the loan debt, are now being frantically disowned by the Union. Indeed the administration's familiar tactic of setting up a working group to divide students and delay the issue - it came in the wake of an occupation threat last year - appears to have succeeded perfectly. The Union now seems to have little answer to the crisis, save demanding that the School pay up. It should think about concrete steps to ensure greater accountability of Union officers such as O'Driscoll in any future negotiation of this kind.

Having said that, the solution now lies with the administration. Students, parents and academics must unite to ensure a secure long-term future for the Nursery on the basis of parent demand and children's needs rather than attempting to satisfy the accountants who are now running Connaught House. Commendably, the Students' Union consulted parents at an early stage in the campaign. This process must continue, for too often such issues have been hijacked by a small group of political activists without consulting parents, lecturers or college workers, let alone the students. Wide participation was precisely the success behind the divestment campaign which The Beaver was proud to lead. *It is to be hoped that this will be repeated and students of all political affiliations bury their differences and persuade the administration to change its narrow mind.*

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Dear Beaver,

Being new at LSE, and so a new reader of The Beaver, I have not yet quite identified the "tenor" of the newspaper's various columns, that is, the criteria by which it is fair to judge them. I suppose, from the title, that the "Fifth Column" is not intended to be taken very seriously. However, the writer of this column in last week's paper chose as his theme a particularly serious subject, a meeting on racist violence in Britain, and therefore should be judged, on this occasion, by serious standards.

The meeting that the column seemed to be reporting was organised by the Revolutionary Communist Students and this fact alone, of course, is sufficient explanation for the writer's tone of strenuous levity. I am not a member of the RCS but I was at the meeting and am disturbed by the way that the guest's speech was reported. 'Fifth Column' gives the impression that the speaker shifted his ground in some sly and implicit way in the course of his speech. First, says the column, the speaker was "concerned about incidents of racial harassment by certain officers in the Met." Then these officers "became" the whole police force, then "The Tories". I must admit, I arrived at this meeting a little after one o'clock and so missed a minute or so of the speech concerned. From everything I did hear, however, and judging by other speeches I have heard by the same speaker, I find it difficult to imagine how anyone could understand him to be a proponent, even initially, of the "bad apple" theory of police racism.

I have attended several RCS meetings this term and discussed these issues with them and I, at least, understand their position and the position of those they invite to speak on their platforms to be as follows: police violence against black people is not a matter of "individual officers'" misbehaviour, but a systematic strategy connected with the overall offensive against black people on the part of the British ruling class. Whether one agrees with this position or not, I believe it was made quite clear at the meeting. In fact, I think that the RCS would believe that to be in any way equivocal about it, even in the hope of making themselves more plausible, as the writer seems to imply, would be disastrous.



Perhaps, as a kind of prelude to the RCS/SWSS discussion to which your journalist looks forward, The Beaver's letters page could bear a short discussion of the pitfalls of political reporting.
 Yours,
 Alex Reynolds

Dear Editor

Once again the students of this college are placed in the ludicrous position of having themselves dictated to by 300 members of the left. The other 3,700 have now been told that they should not go to classes and lectures on Tuesday because of the government's new education programme.

Apart from the inevitable arguments about the effects of the White Paper, we are told by our comrades on the left that the most effective way to stop the Bill will be if we boycott our classes. The effect of this action far from upsetting Mr. Baker will merely leave a gap in the students notes.

We also will, no doubt see typical left tactics of picket lines thus confronting many students with the daunting prospect of the emotional trauma of wanting to go to their lectures but faced by a mob of fanatical socialists. This is particularly upsetting for overseas students who pay high fees which work out at over £10 per class or lecture. It is fine for domestic students who want to play the revolutionary, but it is obscene to dictate to those that pay for their own education and come here to learn and not protest.

Yours, Chas Begley

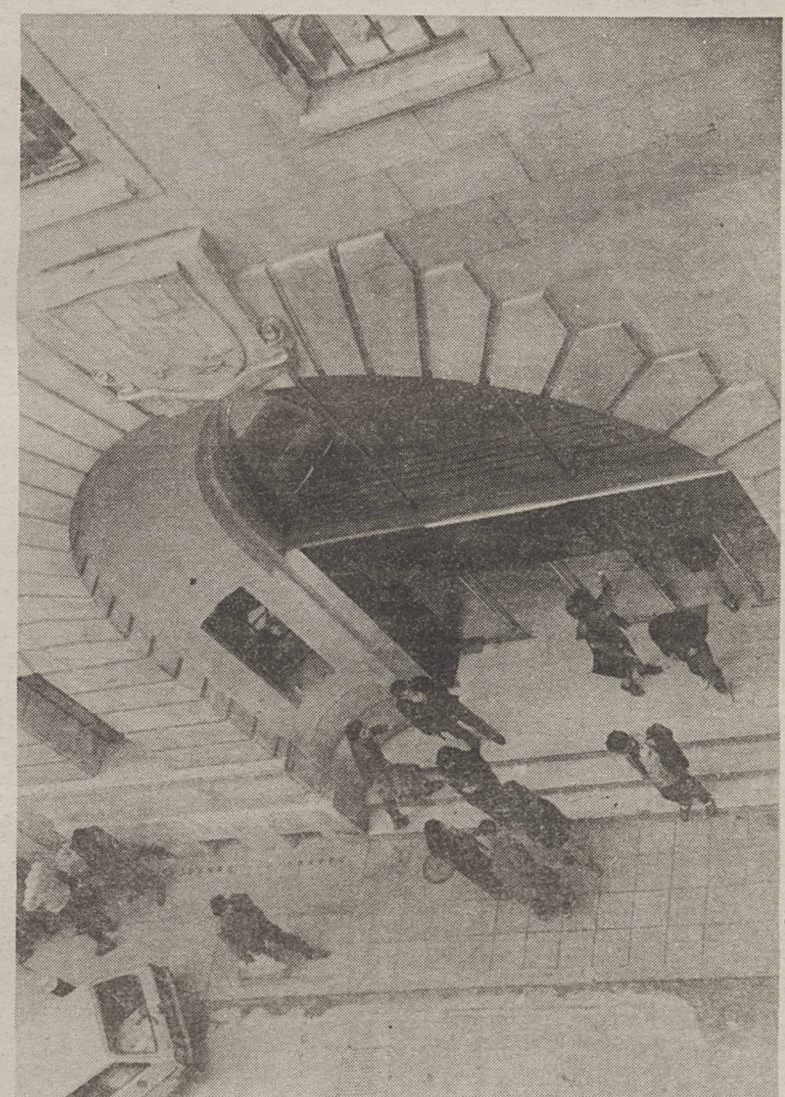


Photo: Jennifer Clapp

THE BEAVER COLLECTIVE MEETING

- The Beaver needs contributors in all departments
- Anyone who is interested is welcome to come along to the collective meeting every Monday at 5pm in E205 (above The Cafe)

Forthcoming LSE Drama
The Anniversary 30th Nov 1st 2nd Dec
The Caged Birds 16th 17th and 18th Nov

"You either get better or you die." So said Leonard Bernstein recently. "To stick in a groove is an illness." The groove which had characterised UGMs in recent years was certainly fevered, frenzied and debilitating.

Lately however, some had identified evidence of a recovery. This has not been universally welcomed. There are still plenty of those who wish to "live fast, die young" as they see it. The last week had brought increasing complaints from persons of both left and right that the UGM had become "boring".

Thursday lunchtimes, the theory goes, are for "entertainment", for the injection of a little colour into the drab, poverty-stricken lives of the members. If the punters can't afford bread, we can at least offer them a circus. Compared to "entertainment", the question of a £270,000 budget, our responsibilities as employers, and the like, pale into insignificance.

This remains a view closely tied to the comprehensive failure of Conservative student politics and the advanced state of entropy characterising their Labour colleagues. It was a view which gained ground at last Thursday's meeting.

We had a minute to reflect on this after the hapless von Hapsburg had pushed through a minute's silence for the "victims" of Sunday's Enniskillen bombing. Interrupted only by the clanking of jewellery, it seemed to pass very quickly. The tokenism would prove ironic, given later opposition to protests about the new Education Bill.

But that was later. Before then we had to deal with the absence of a PA (again) and of two of the sabbaticals away at some Butler's Wharf "bun fight". Pretty boy Randall, doing a fairly good impersonation of a ghost, had disregarded his doctor's advice and left his sick bed on Monday to report for duty. Now he's worried about having glandular fever, but hopes to be back to his perky self next week.

The absence of both the General and Social Secretaries left Justin Russell even more centre stage, giving all three reports. It was claimed, to hoots of derision, that Ford had lost "4 stone". Maybe he's just evaporated.

Meanwhile, Justin confirmed that the Bay City Rollers had been booked for the Xmas Hop ("tartan scarves will be available on the day"), and that there will be an LSE "formal ball" on Dec 9. His own (Senior Treasurer's) report lead with the call that "the Haircutters are here!" More seriously there was much stress on the need for "vigilance" concerning the distributors of NF stickers around college. 'A lot of people would like a frank discussion with the scum putting these about' said Justin. Could be messy.

The Senior Treasurer's report also included a speech by Justin Anthony from the Chaplaincy concerning the "disquieting and worrying methods" used by the Central London Church of Christ "to gain converts." The CLCC, backed by the US Crossroads Movement, "akin to the Moonies", has used various student organisations to gain members who have then found themselves subjected to various "psychological abuses".

Anthony called on the "LSE Biblical Society" to clarify its position with regard to the CLCC. He also floated the idea of a Constitutional Amendment requiring all societies to declare any outside backing. This issue could run.



By JAMES ROBERTSON

Thereafter various Executive reports - including the grovelling apologies of the incompetent returning officer, Charlie Brown's brother, for failing to get all the names on all of last week's ballot papers - gave way to the questioning of the "Academic Affairs Officer with special reference to the Library" - i.e. Von Hapsburg. The hopeless hack explained his inability to follow Union mandates to represent the SU on various occasions as being a result of "severe illness" (Anti-Apartheid demonstration; apparently he had flu); "I didn't know" (Alton Bill march, MENCAP fundraising); it being "against my political principles" (Anti-Racist march).

No-one has ever really won over the UGM with a mixture of laziness, arrogance, incompetence and ignorance. A notice of censure went in on von Hapsburg at the beginning of the meeting. Presumably he will be censured next week. But will he notice?

After the quick exercise in accountability, it was on to the order paper. Or rather not. First up was an Emergency Motion concerning the Government White Paper on Education, supporting the NUS "day of action" on Tuesday (17th).

First speaker for the motion was NUS London hack Ruth Middleton who enlightened us with a bit of history before assuring us that NUS is fighting for democracy, standards, and action. The aim of the action was (is) to "smash the wall of silence" surrounding the proposals in the "Great Education Reform Bill", and illustrate the "harm of government proposals."

Needless to say, this was not well received by those who felt that the government was doing all right by them. First up was the irascible, lovable, twelve year old (looking) Alex Aitken who shrieked away, about "Red Fascists on the left (sic) (yawn), like he was waiting for his balls to drop.



Photo: Jennifer Clapp

His seconder, Chas Begley gave a more mature version of the same rant. His frenzied spiel, sat ill with the supposed insight that "we're here to get an education". If this is the case, he's certainly wasted a lot of time.

One of Begley's problems is his inability to make telling political points through the fog of his own ego. He seemed to be on to a winner, attacking the lack of imagination of the opposition. "... the left are so unimaginative ..." he whined. But of course, Chas, and his chums, have no alternative. If the left have little imagination, the right (to use the crude terminology) have even less. That's why they always lose.

Between Aitken and Begley, the NUS officer talked about "access" to education. In the summation, Justin came over all eloquent and talked of the need to give "one day of your education", to boycott "scab lectures", by scab academics (do we need to mention names?), for the sake of education in the future.

The motion was passed. This Tuesday sees a student strike, a boycott of lectures and classes and the picketing of scab teaching. There is a rally at the LSE, 12.30, with speakers from NUS, AUT, ILEA, NUT. At 2 pm there will be a lobby of the DES. Student power 1987.

Next we did get to the order paper. With rather unfortunate timing, there was an attempt to prioritise a motion of N. Ireland. 'Feelings were running high', the boys were telling the girls how to vote and so on. It was very close. In the end, a count gave four different figures, the motion failed to get prioritised by "about two votes". Democracy?



Photo: Jennifer Clapp

Less controversial were two motions passed at the end to go to NUS Conference, concerning Moses Mayekiso, honorary President of the SU, on trial in South Africa for "high treason"; and concerning Cyprus on the 4th anniversary of "UDI" by the Turkish controlled North.

The latter issue, as one of the Cypriot speakers pointed out, is one discussed every year, without many students really having any understanding of what is going on. This time, attempts at clarification were beaten by the clock. With a quick call of "Cyprus for Cypriots" the motion was overwhelmingly passed.

Meanwhile, it had been another uncomfortable meeting. The UGM had slipped back into that bad old groove. "In politics", as the last Turkish speaker said, "only the last move is remembered." For the fate of the UGM and the SU we wait expectantly. With the viciousness of government, the incompetence of the school and the arrogance of some of the students, that last move might not be so far away.

BEYOND THESE WALLS

Battle of Brittan

On a more serious note, the "Mancunian" reports further developments in the continuing saga of Steven Shaw. Mr. Shaw, for the uninitiated, is conducting an investigation into the violent tactics used by police to control student crowds during Leon Brittan's visit to Manchester University in the autumn of 1985. As a result of his investigations Mr. Shaw has suffered harassment, burglary and finally assault at the hands of persons he alleges were police officers. The Manchester students' union has given Mr. Shaw its full and active support both for his investigations and his allegations against the police force. As part of their campaign the M.S.U. has recently voted to request Manchester City Council to fix a "brown plaque" (denoting an historic event) on the Students' Union building commemorating the events of Mr. Brittan's visit.

No Spycatchers

Please We're Brits

Students at the University of Sussex are demanding the return of "Spycatcher" to their library's shelves. The school authorities removed copies of Peter Wright's book following the successful attempts by government to force Derbyshire council to withdraw copies of the book from county libraries. The official line is that the university does not want to bring down the wrath of Tory back benchers. The student's Union is outraged by such craven cowardice especially since the university's governing bodies had taken such a strong stance on the selling of the Wapping publications. The S.U. is committed to the campaign to restore Spycatcher to its previous resting place and with their reputation we can be sure this issue will run and run.

"The Bristol 24"

Bristol University has not earned a reputation over the years for its reactionary students. In fact the truth is Bristol students are rather staid. Yet twenty-four of their number have broken the mould. They refused to sign the university's newly modified Disciplinary Code of Registration (D.C.R.) with the result that they were refused a grant and not recognised as members of the university. The recalcitrant students objected to the new clauses in the D.C.R. which were intended to prevent a repetition of the student demonstrations that disrupted lectures given by History Professor and Sun columnist John Vincent in 1986. The rebels argued that the new D.C.R. violates what they saw as their basic rights as individuals and their stance eventually galvanised students to campaign on their behalf for the revision of the Code. Last week the gamble paid off: the university back peddled, the "24" were reinstated and the D.C.R. was placed under review.

fifth COLUMN

At the Labour Club meetings here, and to an even greater extent at the fringe meetings which take place around London, you may observe that the uniform is one odd ear-ring, dungarees and lots and lots of "campaign" badges. If you want to really conform you must get a blind two fingered barber to cut your hair.

Compare this to the Tories en masse. They seem to go in for blue double breasted suits from Burtons, worn with a Rotary club tie and grey patent leather shoes.

From all this it may be gleaned that the Conservative Party is not what it was and that the Labour Party activists in London hardly resemble those who vote for the party nationally.

Political activists look different from the rest of us. They are. They all share the same mad vehemence. It may be some young Conservative telling you how Mrs. Thatcher has made Us Great Again, defeated the unions, thrashed Kinnock, and saved the country during the Blitz. Or it may be a Young Socialist enjoining you to picket something or other. They always have the same manic glint in their eyes. They all manage to deposit saliva down your shirt front. They are all affronted by your reluctance to be a foot soldier in Maggie's or Neil's great marching army.

So, clothes are political. But how will their presence or absence affect practical politics? In "All Quiet on the Western Front", a novel about the First World War, one of the soldiers suggests that in order to avoid future wars international disputes should be settled by taking the leaders of the countries concerned, stripping them to their under clothes and placing them in a public stadium in front of fee paying spectators. They would be given either tennis rackets or cricket bats and left to fight it out. The theory is that politicians are quite happy to strike heroic attitudes where the blood, misery and degradation of others is involved but will be pretty quick to prevent any conflict when there is a prospect of their own humiliation.

It would be interesting to try a similar experiment at the LSE. Imagine we say that it is only possible to make a speech in the UGM if the speaker is wearing his or her underclothes and nothing else. The effects would be immediate and beneficial. Many of the existing types of speech would become impossible as it is very difficult to be vehement in your under clothes. It would be impossible to appear pompous and self important. The only way to transcend the ridicule of the audience would be to raise the sort of serious issues which must always command respect. Some people will still attempt self glorification, but they will have to recognise their situation, and even play on it, entertaining us for the two minutes.

In this way we could see the end of stupid, pseudish and dishonest slogans such as "Labour - Putting Students First", or "Liberals - Working for Students" and see instead the far more potent and exciting battle cry of "Get 'Em Off".

Any takers ?? By Paul Wood



44 Go Missing

The election was a typical LSE affair with a typical low lack of interest and starting with a typical LSE cock-up.

The SDP "we're sure we're allied with someone" actually made the election news for once; not by being elected silly, but by following party policy and being left out. This was because Chris (I'm sorry) Matheson, the returning officer, left him off the ballot paper. This was probably due to an administrative error but the fact was that the first 44 NUS conference ballot papers went out minus Hodges' name!

Safe facing was achieved (temporarily) by a 'scaling up' of Hodges' vote by a factor of 44 over the final vote minus the age of the candidate's grandmother plus the number of mis-spellings in the first two pages of The Beaver all divided by pi times three. This was happily agreed between the concerned parties (sic) and kept nicely quiet until about 11pm.

At this stage it was just starting to sink into the alcohol-fuddled brain of Big Charlie (the friendly face of socialism) Steward that this may just be a get-out from the ignominy of having a Tory (scum!) as delegation leader. Labour's mistake of standing four candidates and Charlie's huge haul of 18 votes could perhaps be remedied. So, more in the free beer of the adjacent postgrads' party than the spirit of fair play to the SDP he proceeded to threaten poor little Chris with horrible things like re-election.

This led to the classical situation of a Labour candidate challenging the returning officer (Labour student and ex-election agent) in defense of an SDP candidate (who didn't care anyway) and the whole situation being 'calmed down' by a SWSS candidate! By this time, the grateful Tory winner (Hendrickse) was 'out of it' on more of the free postgrad booze anyway!

Typical LSE solution was no solution.

This week The Beaver seems to be making almost as much news as it is covering. Resignations (most notable of which was Andy Blake-man from managing editor) have been entered and more have been threatened, rumoured or attempted to be forced.

A lot of backstage hacking seems to be on the horizon, starting with Andy Cornwell who seems to feel that his union powercharge should include The Beaver. After entering his censure motion on Union Library Officer Francis von Hapsburg on Thursday, he now seems to be out for beaver scalps. As a union sabbatical candidate, the old saying "people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones" definitely should come to mind.

Glass houses brings me neatly to the finishing of the Quadrangle, which we are promised will be this week. A baptism of fire is promised from the Tequila Soc (see Societies Corner for details).

Carr Saunders Sinks

Oh dear, oh dear - when will

from Ross. Reports edited by Julia

Carr-Saunders do something original? Next term perhaps?? At least the traditional(?) Carr-Saunders drinking competition got underway (and stayed well under) on Friday night, but not until everyone was well-pissed anyway. Very traditional indeed. One round of the contest had to be restarted 3 times due to a small misunderstanding about rules - apparently the idea is to down your pint, not pour it over your head (surprise! surprise!) As a result 2 teams were just a touch the worse for wear, poor lambs, and Navin was even pissed than usual. IS THIS POSSIBLE? Gavin's "fat Bastards" ended up competing over their team name, but soon resolved the argument, becoming quite reasonably, the "fatter Bastards" - they still managed to lose. Losing to a non-LSE team is just not good enough Gavin precious.

Bobby spent the entire time standing on a chair (well, everyone goes through that phase) attempting to referee - complete amazement, if not despair on his face at the idiots with glasses on their heads. The big Saunders mastermind question of the week is ... should the glass be held upside down or the right way up???

Rosebud Rides Again!

Big Brother Chairman of the hall society, 18 carat Micah Gold, was unable to control a recent hall society meeting where a "three quarter of an hour debate" ensued as to whether a motion was "a motion or an amendment, or an amendment to an amendment, or an amendment to an amendment on a motion, or something else" - answers on a postcard please! Further to the meeting, congratulations to "Pete the Haircut Williams" on being elected Hall Society Social Secretary.

Election fever ran high in Rosebery; congratulations also to the candidates in the hall - especially those who were successful ... Congratulations (yet more) to a certain Tory elected to head the LSE delegation in the coming N.U.S. conference - don't the conservatives want to abolish it?

More congratulations (shit-no!) to Scott Lucas (sub-warden (American (sober?))) on maturing to the grand old age of 25 years old. R.I.P.!

More congratulations (Oh fuck off ...)

On the sports front, a new craze has hit the hall. Major "pool" trials will soon take place for the forthcoming Rosebery competition. These are headed by the "HUSTLERS" who, complete with colour-coordinated "Top Man" outfits, manage to constrain themselves to playing only three times a day (morning, noon and night ...)

Attempts by Rosebery residents to "mingle with the stars" were brought to an abrupt end last week when one young lady, from the fourth floor, was forcibly ejected from London's premiere (?) night spot - the Limelight club.

Recent reports in the Sunday Sport that a resident was involved in a "one-in-a-bed sex romp shock" have been strongly denied by a member of the ninth floor. "There were at least six girls there at the time", he said. "Northern lads have a lot of bottle!", he added.

Attempts by two Rosebery resi-

dents last week to evade fares on London transport ended in disaster when one of the duo, on the run, failed to negotiate the doors out of the station and ended up flat on his face amid enthusiastic applause from a hysterical audience!

Recent attempts at "Art Nouveau" in hall were not greatly appreciated by the Rosebery wardens, who suggested better uses for H.P. sauce and also for the lifts!

And finally, a last call for late auditions concerning the forthcoming production - "An American Student Drunk in London" - please hurry in your applications to the fourth floor!

Partyland Passfield

There is no stopping them now. First there was an Ocean of calmness then there was a Jungle Dining Hell and now ...

Now rumours are abound of Japanese Nymphomaniacs? Can this be true? Apparently it is the common talk of LSE lifts. If only someone were to inform us, maybe we, the residents, could put our name on the list. God knows some of us need it, after all we are not all Greek Gods.

Surprisingly enough none of the GG were present at the Annexe Party (99A,99,100), which possibly meant that the chances of some lesser mortals improved, or did they? Rumour has it that one of the cleaners, yes you know the one, has made an official complaint to a Higher Authority. Actually there were two official parties and two unofficial ones. The Small Annexe Party fed the Animal House Annexe Party with ammunition. And that's all there is in it. (All parties were not only well organised but also well behaved - we are nice this year, remember? Ask GrandDad.)



In the Dining Hall Olivier is on the WAR PATH. An unscrupulous criminal has dared to steal the Japan Poster. He has now watched Blue Velvet for a third time and has decided upon a well deserved punishment. Chaz, the Senior is concentrating hard on his work nowadays in a secretive kind of a way. The trolleys from Sainsbury's, British Rail, Euston's and a blinking blue-light of sorts have been added to the immense Passfield Museum collection. Rumour has it we are now the major rivals of the V&A. We are now considering whether the casualties of the Shaving Cream Battle should be mummified for posterity. Pena has bought a new pair of boots, according to him they are "Dominant Boots". (Ed.-As you can appreciate, this is getting out of hand. Can't P.H. find some alternative contributors?)

SOCIETIES CORNER

by STAVROS MAKRIS

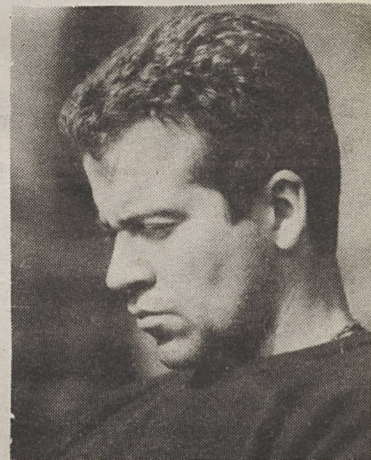
The LSE TURF Society, a society boasting in the region of one hundred members, are organising a second trip to Ascot racecourse on Saturday 21st November following a successful day's racing at Kempton Park. The Ascot meeting is expected to be "... just as exciting ..." and includes the "H & T Walker Goddess Steeple Chase Handicap." A coach for the trip has been reserved, but since the society has not received their budget yet, they need to collect money in advance. The cost of the coach is £2.50 for members and £3.00 for non-members.

Anyone interested in joining this society should contact them at the ground floor of the Cafe, on Monday 16th or Wednesday 17th November between 11 am and 1 pm for further details.

Following the French Reds, the Wine Society will be organising a Californian Wine Night on Thanksgiving. Keen members of the society, American students with nowhere to spend Thanksgiving and all connoisseurs of good wine are invited.

On Saturday, 21st November, the Greenhouse is to be put to a test, for the Tequila Society's "long awaited" first event of the Michaelmas Term. The party is to be staged simultaneously in the Three Tuns Bar and the new Quadrangle Hall. Music and Tequila in abundance with a disco and the triumphant return of the Slammers have been promised. It is expected to be very, but very crowded and a good night has been threatened. So all those needing an alcohol transfusion should arrive early and dressed loudly in the bare minimum. Bear in mind the theme of this party is "Baptism of Fire". You have been warned.

Martin Mewson's play (director), the Cage Birds is to be staged for three days 16th, 17th 19th November in the Old Theatre, the Old Building. This is only one of two Drama Soc. productions for



this term. On Wednesday 17th November, the Woodside Theatre co-present "Accidental death of an Anarchist".

The Anglican Chaplaincy is sponsoring a Folk Song Evening. Folk and pop songs will be sung. All are welcome at 7.30 pm at the Christ the King University Church, Gordon Square - you are invited to bring your voice (good or bad and/or a guitar). For further information, contact Stephen Wilson: No 2, The Cloisters, Gordon Square, London WC1 (387-8654).

Following an extremely successful "Potato Five" gig the LSE Social Secretary has done it again! He has secured the appearance of The Bay City Rollers at the LSE Christmas Hop. This on Monday December 7th. Fun supports have been planned with late bar and a party atmosphere.

But the event of the Michaelmas Term is sure to be the LSE.SU FORMAL BALL which is to be staged on Wednesday December 9th, 1987. The venue secured is the London Press, Conference and Banqueting Centre. This is expected to be a grand affair of fun and good time where wine should run till late. Dress in a black tie (read formal) for a traditional 6 course Christmas meal, incidentally every double ticket will get one bottle of wine. Entertainment will be provided by The Jiving Instructors, and if you're not dancing by the end of the evening, there is something wrong with you. Unless of course you have run aground at the Late Bar. Tickets are expected to run between £20 and £25 per person. So start queuing, for the event of the term.

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Rag Week Gets Going

by MARK WYNNE-JONES

Rag committee chairman, Olivier Lacheze-Ber, has announced the provisional dates of Rag Week 1988 to run from Friday 12th to Sunday 21st February. Two vice-chairmen, Crispin Leyser and Fred Muchardt, have been elected to assist Lacheze-Ber with administrative and organisational affairs; and the other main posts have gone to Vicki Oliver (secretary) and Joshua Chetwode (treasurer).

An information leaflet, produced by Rag Mag editors Emma Hurd and Fiona Weir, will soon be available. Its aim is to generally increase awareness of what Rag Week actually entails - its purpose and activities - and will also stress emphatically that Rag Week is an occasion for everyone to participate in.

The distribution of funds raised will be as follows: from the street collection, 70% will go to the principle charity (Save the Children) and 30% to the Housing Association; of the remainder of the funds raised, 40% will go to Save the Children, 40% to the Housing Association, and 20% to the South African Scholarship.

The chairman has introduced "decentralization" to next year's Rag Week, whereby a number of officers have been given individual responsibilities in order to create a highly efficient and well organised Rag Week. The ideas already put forward include a street collection, underground collection, Rag Ball, hall discos, a multi-cultural event, a beer festival, society events, sporting events, a jailbreak and a Rag Week promotion. This year a special effort is to be made to eliminate all racist and sexist remarks from the Rag Mag; an effort that has not yet been made by most university Rag Mags.

The Rag Committee meet once a week in the Social Secretary's office, room E206. The meeting usually takes place on Friday afternoons, and the time can be confirmed by checking the notice-board outside the Social Secretary's office. Everyone is welcome, whether it be to put forward their own ideas or to offer constructive criticism. Rag Week is the most important week in the school calendar, and the greater the number of people who participate and help organise events, the more successful it will be.

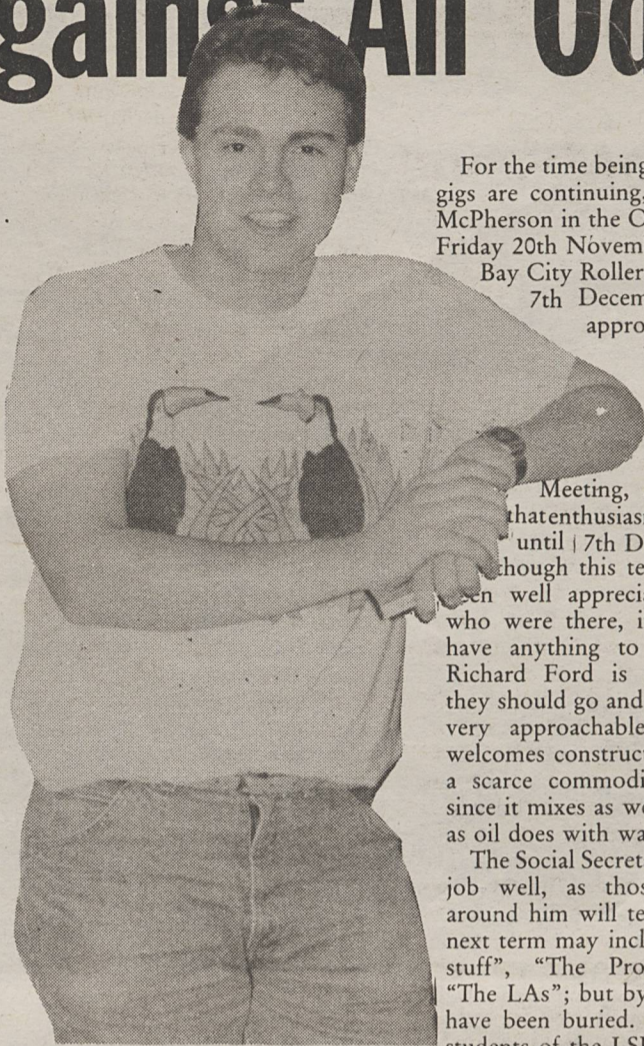
Ents: Against All Odds

From Page 1

Unfortunately, the pathetic attendance of the next day's gig seemed a painful and silent answer to Ford's unasked question: to gig, or not to gig?

I have been to most of the gigs, and have thoroughly enjoyed all but one. Indeed, the Social Secretary is the first person to admit that "Mighty, Mighty" was a poor choice. And I have also seen the faces of the Social Secretary's faithful Ents crew, who spend eight hours on a Friday night for the benefit of other students, who stay away from the gigs because of, amongst other things, the price: "I would go to the gig if the tickets were cheaper," I was told on the night of the "Potato 5" gig. The speaker then gave a guilty grin and added: "I guess I really shouldn't say that since this is the sixth pint I've bought tonight".

If plans were made to decide on whether to stop gigs or not, I am sure that Mr Joseph Heller's infamous creation would enthusiastically spring to her feet and say: "The gigs are not well attended, but if you stop them you'll be swamped by complaints."



For the time being, anyway, the gigs are continuing, with Gillian McPherson in the Old Theatre on Friday 20th November, and "The Bay City Rollers" on Monday 7th December. A roar of approval was given when Richard



Ford mentioned the latter at the Union General Meeting, and hopefully that enthusiasm will continue until 7th December.

Although this term's gigs have been well appreciated by those who were there, if anyone does have anything to say on how Richard Ford is running Ents, they should go and see him. He is very approachable, and always welcomes constructive criticism - a scarce commodity these days since it mixes as well with apathy as oil does with water.

The Social Secretary is doing his job well, as those who work around him will testify. The gigs next term may include "Wonderstuff", "The Proclaimers, and "The LAs"; but by then Ents may have been buried. Shame on the students of the LSE if that is the case.

ULU travel

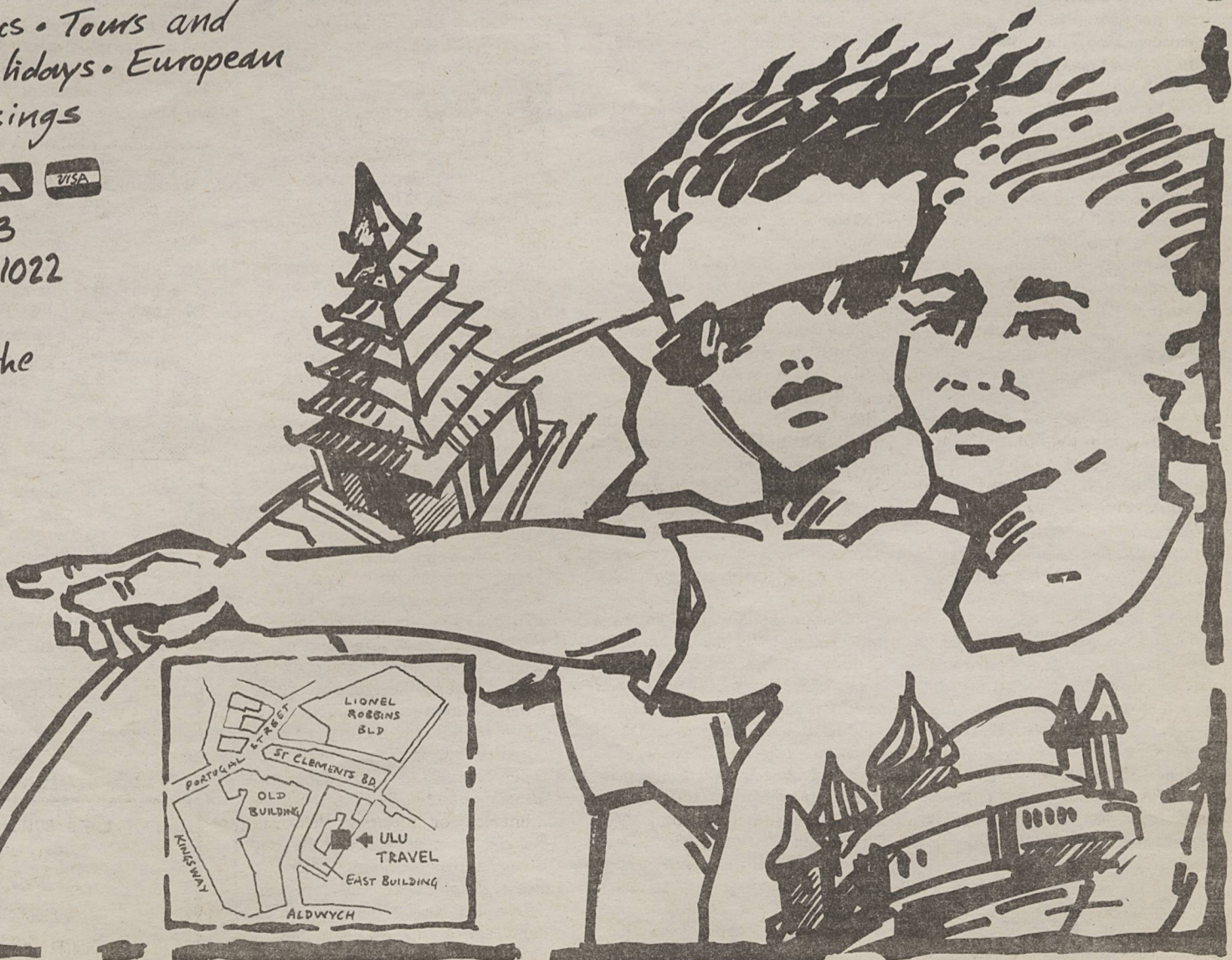
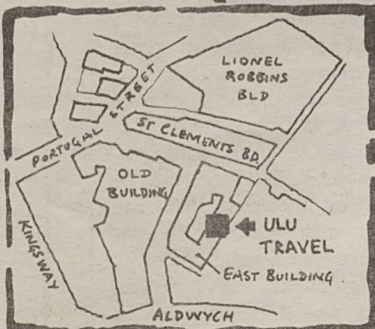
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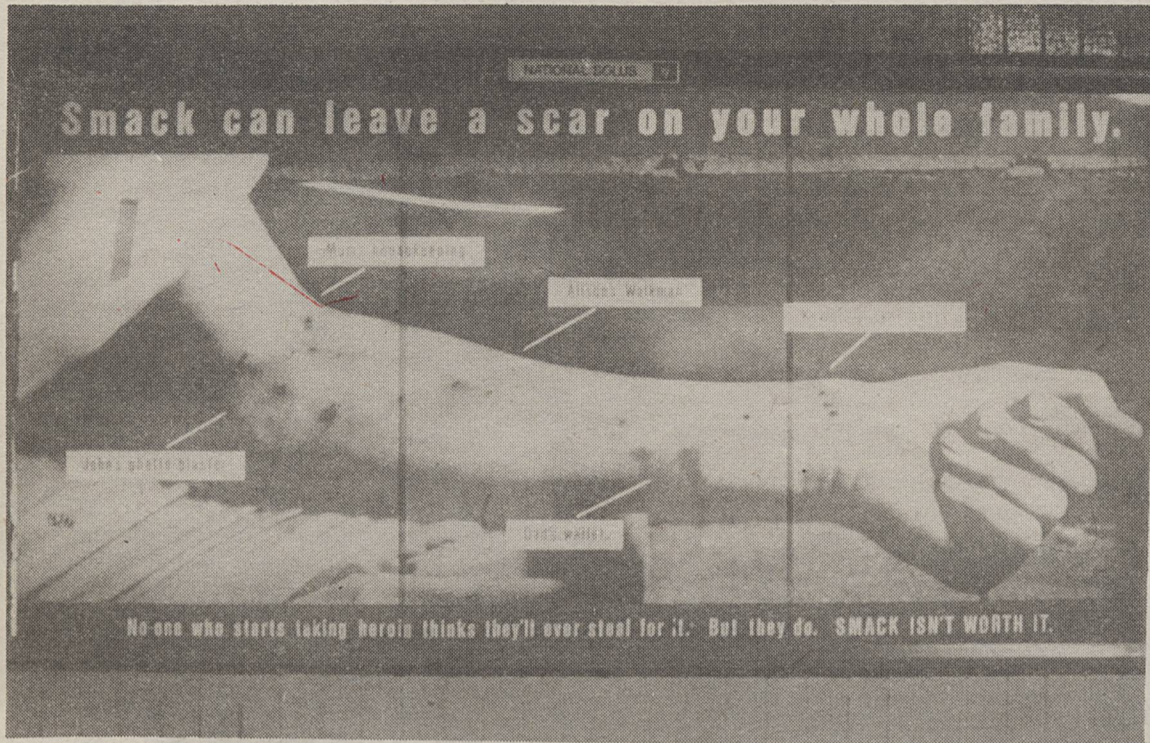
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Talking About AIDS



by A.J. Kinoshita

It seems everyone is talking about AIDS, but what is being said is not necessarily good.

The Terrence Higgins Trust has been trying to educate people about AIDS for the past 4 years. Its liaison officer, Nick Partridge, is quite outspoken in his criticism of the press and the government who he feels have done a great disservice to the community. "The press have spread more misinformation, fear, and downright stupidity around AIDS and HIV than on many other issues," he said. Specifically, the press has used a convenient shorthand, he claimed. It has been "talking about the AIDS virus", as opposed to 'a virus that can cause AIDS'; talking about AIDS carriers' as opposed to 'people who are antibody positive'; talking about 'AIDS victims' as opposed to 'people with AIDS'; talking about 'plagues' rather than 'new viral epidemic'. In addition, the press has focused on high risk groups rather than risky behaviour, thus marginalising the disease. "The articles were written by men, primarily straight men who did not understand what was going on, who were steeped in their own prejudices." Such is Partridge's analysis. Thus, society has reacted to the fear spread by the press by making scapegoats of gay men and drug users.

Fear can be an effective motivator but not a desirable one. Witness the government's campaign to educate the public about AIDS this spring. The "AIDS - Don't Die of Ignorance" leaflet created mass hysteria. Carl Miller, AIDS liaison officer to Oxford, told *The Observer* that the government campaign had caused something like a panic in his area. The Terrence Higgins Trust recorded a similar reaction according to Partridge. Before the government campaign, 80% of the calls to the Trust's Helpline had been from gay men. After the campaign began 80% of the calls were from non-gays. The Helpline was swamped with calls ranging from "Can you describe a Kaposi's sarcoma lesion?" to "Can you catch AIDS from a mosquito?". This hysteria seems to have abated. Partridge criticised the gov-

ernment's approach: "They tried to frighten people into changing their sexual behaviour. You can persuade them, you can make the change look fun, but you can't frighten them." He felt the government leaflet would have served its purpose better had it been more honest in its presentation of safe sex, clearer in the distinction between the HIV virus and AIDS, and "lighter all around, not so gloom and doom". Most importantly, for Partridge, "It was too late. It should have been done three years ago."

The government's response to the demands created by AIDS has been criticised as being slow and hesitant. For example, it failed to provide sufficient funds for three major hospitals to carry out AZT treatments. Funding was only increased after intense lobbying. One possible explanation is that the government does not want to be seen to be condoning behaviour which runs counter to its preferred model of the monogamous heterosexual family unit.

Partridge said that "the government's inability to plan sensibly for the future was jeopardising the efforts of various organisations to meet the continuing challenge. "We know roughly how many people with AIDS we're going to have over the next five years. The epidemiology of the disease is very simple."

A study done at the University of Ulster at Coleraine revealed that 24.6% of the responding students thought, incorrectly, that one could catch the HIV virus by donating blood. The survey was conducted just after the week long AIDS education campaign and seemed to indicate that students found it hard to believe the presented facts. Partridge commented on this: "We as a society find it so hard to talk about sex because we have put such a low priority on sex education. It is hardly surprising that we have a sexually illiterate group of young people, so much so, that some young people still believe that you can't get pregnant if you fuck standing up. Some young people still believe that you can't get pregnant on your first time! If you've got basic, fundamental misconcep-

tions about pregnancy, then the ins and outs of a new sexually transmitted disease are not going to come high on people's list."

It indeed appears many people are not putting the HIV virus high on their lists, at least as far as changing sexual behaviour is concerned. With no cure for AIDS or the HIV virus, safer sex is the only way of slowing the spread of the virus and thus the disease. This involves cutting down on the number of sexual partners and/or using a condom.

By all accounts gay men have gotten this message and put it into practice. Heterosexuals seem reluctant to do so according to Lesley Glover, who counsels people at James Pringle House, an S.T.D. clinic. Of the Coleraine group, 39% of those who were sexually active used a condom alone or with another form of protection, although most were aware that condoms afforded protection against the transmission of the HIV virus. The reluctance seems to be a combination of dislike of the condom and lack of communication between sex partners. This worries Ms Glover. "People still think of it as a gay disease. It isn't real for them. It's a difficult message to tell people they must change their behaviour now because it'll be a big problem in ten years."

Asked how heterosexuals might be influenced to change their sexual behaviour, Nick Partridge mused: "A re-education of the sexual behaviour of straight men." He conceded that health education programmes, such as campaigns against smoking, had never been completely successful. It would take time and perhaps painful experience for heterosexuals to adjust their sexual behaviour, as gay men have done. He added "I just hope it doesn't take too long."

Partridge concluded by saying "Don't concentrate on dying; concentrate on living and protecting yourself. It's important to realize it's something we can live with and not something we have to be afraid of."

Society has clearly not reached that point - yet.

The Terrence Higgins Trust

The Terrence Higgins Trust is perhaps the best known voluntary organisation dealing with AIDS. The trust provides information and assistance to those concerned about AIDS and HIV infection, while acting as a lobbying agent to improve treatment of patients.

For example, it has lobbied the medical profession to put AIDS on its agenda and has trained counselors who work with AIDS patients in sexually transmitted disease clinics. In addition, the Trust is active in urging the government to give AIDS related issues more sympathetic attention.

The Helpline that the Terrence Higgins Trust runs answers callers' questions and also provides access to the Trust's other services. The Trust provides information on a wide range of issues concerned with AIDS from legal advice to housing questions. There are also support groups generally limited to those with A.R.C. (AIDS Related Complex) or AIDS because the trust has limited resources. Some financial assistance is available to those in greatest need. A Trust off-shoot, Body Positive, offers services to people who are antibody positive, as do STD clinics.

A.J. Kinoshita

James Pringle House S.T.D. clinic

Sexually transmitted disease clinics provide counselling as well testing for the HIV virus.

James Pringle House is one such clinic affiliated with Middlesex Hospital. Lesley Glover, Senior Health Adviser at J.P.H., is one of the counselors who sees people at the clinic. She sees her job as preventing the spread of the HIV infection and helping people with AIDS to live the most fulfilled lives as possible. People asking to be tested must understand what it means. It is a test for antibodies to the HIV virus. There is no test for AIDS. People testing positive are being denied employment, dental treatment, insurance, and mortgages, if the test result is known.

Such issues must be discussed for the person to make an informed decision about testing. The antibodies do not show until three months after the virus has entered the body, and so the test cannot be done until then. Counseling sessions are often arranged during this waiting period, to alleviate anxieties. A positive test result indicates that one has the HIV virus. Ms. Glover tries to alleviate the fears that come with a positive test result, explaining that a low percentage of those with the HIV virus go on to develop AIDS. This means 70% will stay well. The important thing is that people lessen the risks to themselves and others. Whether one tests positive or negative, Ms. Glover says "it's the resulting behavior change that is important. It's no use knowing you're negative if you don't take steps to protect yourself from future infection by practicing safe sex. In this regard, she gives practical information, such as how to use a condom and how to negotiate safer sex with one's partner. She gets mixed results. Gay men seem to adopt these practices. "It's real for them, but a lot of heterosexuals don't."

A.J. Kinoshita

VOX

How has AIDS affected your life?

by JENNIFER CLAPP and VANESSA BRECHLING



Mike Shintaku

It hasn't affected my sex life because I am monogamous and I hope to god that she is too. No, I haven't avoided public swimming pools and I give blood regularly. I've switched from heroin to cocaine. It's safer and it's easier to obtain.



Amanda Walters

It's made me more aware of what I may be getting into when I embark on a relationship. If I found out a friend had AIDS, it wouldn't bother me. I'd still be her friend.

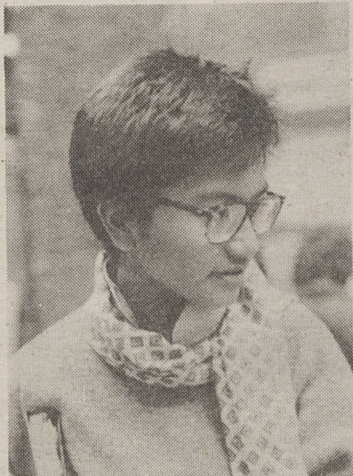


Maurice Kugler

It increases the demand for condoms. I think it's not a big deal. It hasn't affected my life. No one I know has caught AIDS. I think it is being used as a tool to ostracize the gay community. There is discrimination against gays and this is a way to rationalize it.

POP In Search of Heavenly Bodies

The New Man of the 1980's is supposed to be sensitive, kind and understanding . . . but some still go for Big Muscles. Nick Shore works it out.



Shahira Abdul Aziz

Yeah, you get more cautious about sleeping with people. I don't go to the hospital once a week to give blood, but if I got in an accident I would be worried. But I would have no choice in the matter. If I needed the blood, then I would have to take it. At least with sex it's avoidable, but when you need a transfusion, you'll die without it.



Joseph Lopez

It hasn't affected me at all. The advertisements about AIDS on television are good and have made me more aware. It can only be transmitted by sex and transfusion, so I'm not particularly bothered about it. I think it's frightening people, which is good, but it's also been exaggerated.



Brother George

It has made me realise the power of God to punish the decadent and perverted human unnatural acts. Amen.

Mr. Olympia XXIII, Gothenburg, Sweden

If I told you that I had paid fifteen pounds for an English National Opera ticket, The Royal Ballet, or Madonna at Wembley, you'd be forgiven for thinking that I'd gotten a bargain. By paying that price for a cinema ticket, received wisdom might brand me a fanatic. An accurate perception, for I, among many thousands worldwide paid prices of that magnitude to witness, live via satellite telecast from Gothenburg, the crescendo of a year, a decade, a history of bodybuilding - Mr. Olympia. This most coveted of titles brings together the eighteen most massively built men on earth.

First up were recordings of pre-judging. Here the competitors are singly called upon to perform compulsory poses before the judges but not the public. The reaction of the transfixed cinema crowd told the story. Three time previous winner, Lee Haney, was hitting absolute peak condition. His torso was beyond comparison: high quality massive muscle, and equally "ripped" (The effect of tissue-like skin enhancing muscle definition). The competition had never really been framed in terms of who would win, but who would come closest to Haney.

Bodybuilding's Boy Wonder, Rich Gaspari, although blessed with a mere fraction of the genetic potential of Haney, came into the prejudging showing the results of his notoriously insatiable competitive drive. He had amassed about eight pounds since last year while maintaining excellent definition.

Although the prejudging is the crux of competition decision making process, what follows is the crowd-pleaser: Individual competitor posing routines. For anybody who trains, and knows that it can take six gruelling months to put one quarter inch of size on one thigh, the routines bear awesome testament to gladiatorial effort expended by these bodybuilders. These men achieve the stature of bona fide super-heroes, and their routines a pageant of their acts of valiance.

The only two English competitors, Albert Beckles and Bertil Fox,

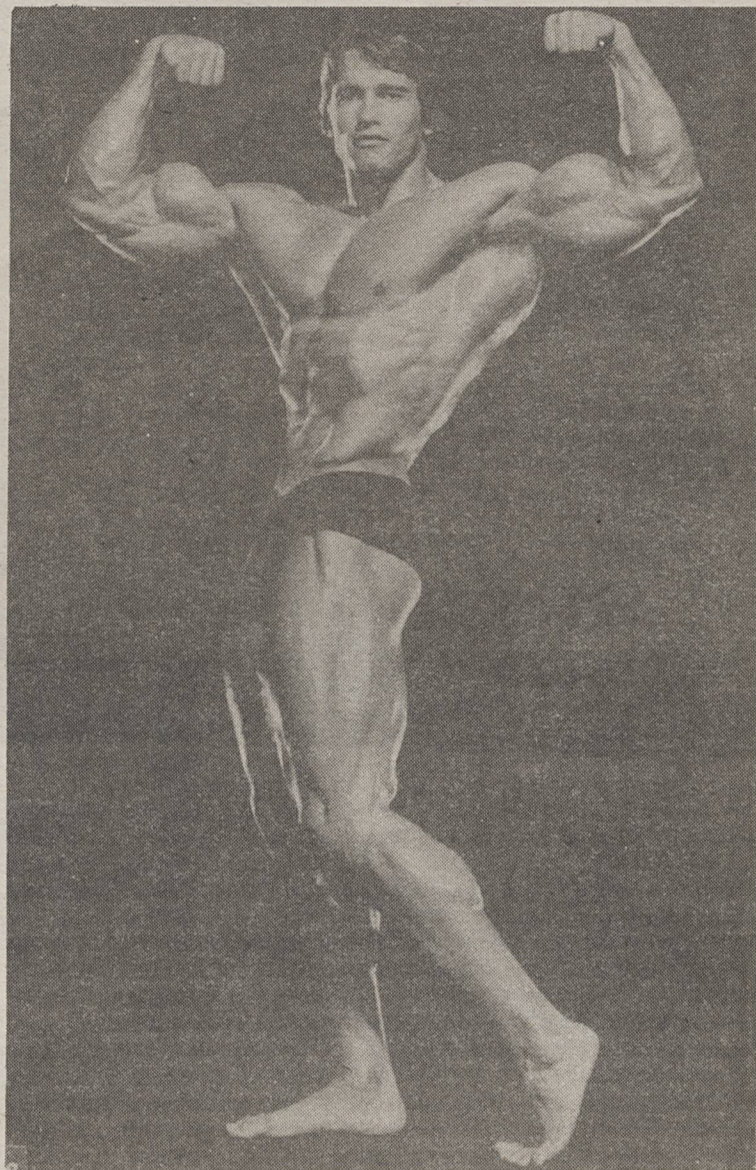
received the predictable appreciation of the partisan crowd at Marble Arch Odeon. Beckles, despite an incredible fifty-seven years of age and evident loss of size, performed almost balletically on stage. As always, his routine emphasised his perfectly proportioned upper-back, said to have taken him sixteen years to develop. Fox, purportedly the world's strongest bodybuilder, looked disappointingly below his best.

Sheer numbers bear testimony to the influence and dominance of the Americans. Among the ten competing, Lee Labrada had the monopoly on style. Despite his inferior size and height, his stage performance was his greatest asset. Berry Demay, however, had difficulty even holding a pose, and shook visibly due to pre-contest de-hydration.

After a somewhat embarrassing interval in Gothenburg in which a maniacal Eurorock group displayed nothing but appalling dress-sense and tone-deafness, the Swedish M.C. proceeded to announce the winners in a monotone worthy of a shopping list. The lowest cash prize, tenth place, was awarded to Mike Ashley, termed a "natural" bodybuilder by the commentator to the sagacious sniggers of the audience ("natural" being a euphemism for steroid-free). To the discernable anger of the vociferous among us, Ron Love was placed ninth and Mike Christian Fourth. The judges appeared to expect greater fulfillment of potential from the likes of Christian and Love, while regarding the surmountance of innate disadvantages by Labrada (placed third), and Gaspari (placed second). Despite claims I heard that Gaspari lost because "he had a spotty back!", the not inconsiderable numbers with a voice at Marble Arch agreed that Big Lee Haney had the edge, taking prize money of £55,000.

Pumping Irony

Since time immemorial men of great strength have been the subject of tables, songs, poetry and art. The ancient Greeks immortalised



Hercules by casting him in stone. to stretch an analogy (Like a bullworker!) Schwarzenegger's "Commando" ranks among the highest ever selling videos, not least because of public fascination, covetous or repulsed, at the aesthetics of the bodybuilder's physique.

A predictable response, however, to the notion of body-building takes the form of variation on the theme: "I don't want to look like Arnold Schwarzenegger". Ironically, a multitude do indeed spend their lives in pursuit of exactly that goal, and fail to varying degrees. To build the seven times Mr. Olympia physique of Arnold demands thousands of hours of tortuous training mindful of precision exercise techniques; scientific knowledge of physiology and nutrition; unique levels of self-motivation and goal visualisation; and a specific genetic makeup.

Exercise merely tones and develops existing muscles. To enable growth, nutrition is the other half of the story. Bodybuilders need very high levels of complex carbohydrate to fuel intensive unique physical demands, and up to three times average protein requirements in regular assimilable quantities to enable growth. Much of the revenue accruing to the bodybuilding is derived from the sale of dietary supplements by companies like Weider. As stated by the manager of YWCA Central Club Gymnasium, a balanced diet does not exist. Caricatures of bodybuilders consuming whole chickens and dozens of eggs are based on the very real difficulty of obtaining sufficient levels of dietary intake which necessitates wide supplement use.

While we are at the business of dispelling myths, we inevitably encounter anabolic steroid use. What appears to have happened is that illegality and secrecy surrounding steroid use have given rise to "horror stories" and media sensationalism. Dr. F.C. Hatfield writes: "Even relatively high dosages of steroids over a relatively extended period of time have not shown irreversible harm done to normal healthy athletes." Whatever one may think of the morality of steroid use, scare-mongering and generalisation do nothing for the reputation of the "natural" majority.

Of the numerous gymnasiums in London, there seem to be two relatively distinct entities: The expensive health clubs provide general fitness circuits aimed at the toning-up/slimming-down market. Surroundings are pleasant, equipment is polished chrome, and socialisation seems the name of the game. Bodybuilding haunts are somewhat more clandestine operations. Though initially daunting, these are the "meat-packing" factories. Gold's Gym, Covent Garden, claims to be the "Mecca of Bodybuilding". It has the sound, smell and feel of a twentieth-century torture chamber but that, of course, is its appeal, and the statement above the entrance is borne out in reality: "Through these doors walk the champions of the future." Although Gold's is definitely at the top end of the bodybuilding gyms, individuals willingly pay up to £250 per year membership. This is indicative of the bodybuilding ethos - living it, breathing it. It is no less than a way of life, a *raison d'etre*.

An Art Without a Name

Ben Gilbey and Alex Crawford on the nebulous galaxy of comics

"Heroes are beginning to become a problem. They aren't what they used to be . . . or rather, they are, and therein lies the problem." — Alan Moore, 1983.

Comics — Essentially thought of as a medium for teaching morals to children — good shall conquer evil and so forth — it has come of age as an art form, and is entering a much more mature and sophisticated era.

Comic books, or just plain comics, are perhaps best optimised in the mind of the public as the creation of either DC and Marvel in the States, or over in the UK, under a selection of publishers, as a diversity of titles from *The Beano* to *2000AD*.

Essentially (and this is excluding the likes of the *Beano* and *Dandy*) the subject matter for many comics, especially those of an American nature, has tended to be the Super Hero, or masked crusader. Beginning with the classic super hero *Superman*, in the 1930's, DC and Marvel have remained true to the subject.



Many have been content to read the typical American Superhero stories, in which a villain is trounced by the super-powered individual in almost each issue. In fact, many of these are regarded as absolute classics, but mainly for artwork, not story. The likes of *Captain America*, *Batman* and *The X Men* are all traded at high prices, and prized greatly by those who enjoy the stories.

But these titles have become predictable and unimaginative over the many years. While other visual arts — film, theatre etc — have retained freshness through a variety of themes, the comic book has failed to reach its potential, and the comic as a form of communication has advantages. Scenes are not limited to technology and production feasibility. All that the writer feels can be expressed in the frozen frames. It is much like a cross between photography and film, yet it can be abstract and totally separated from reality.

Comic books outside of this genre have always existed. Various "cult" comics exist, often weird and fantastic. And, even within the major publishers, there have been exceptions. Stan Lee and Jack Kirby's creation, the *Silver Surfer*, was a huge hit in the sixties. A much admired, and much coveted 18 issue series, it deals with despair, defeat, anguish and depression, while also questioning the nature of human aggression, and expressing optimism for a world where man would help fellow man. These are themes that have been heard many times before in other mediums, but for comics, this was a new departure, which was proved to be before its time.

After the scrapping of the *Surfer* in 1971, comics still retained the same style of writing — predictable, and boring (if only to the uninitiated).

What has appeared to revitalise the industry, and force it to attempt to appeal to a more mature audi-



ence, has been the arrival of large comic books, often one-offs. Many writers have awakened to the potential of the medium, realising the capability of comics to communicate often complex and difficult ideas. Super Heroes are now under moral scrutiny, and their role in society is questioned. Violence, an everyday part of many societies, is shown realistically, not in the farcical manner often recalled by the *Adam West Batman TV Series*, where Gotham city was littered with ridiculous villains and giant typewriters.

The characters are often not new — *Batman*, *Superman*, and *The Swamp Thing* but the approach is, and the change has precipitated a much needed alteration in the style of the monthly titles. *Captain America* has women and personality problems, the *X-men* have to fight a society which rejects them as outcasts, due to their mutant powers, and so on.



The names behind the reincarnation of the comic book (or "illustrated novel", as it is sometimes rather pretentiously named) are those such as *Frank Miller*, *John Byrne* and *Alan Moore*. Their creations have a significance far beyond that of the traditional conception of comic books. For example, *Frank Miller's 'The Dark Knight Returns'* deals with the return of *Batman* ten years after his retirement, into a world where everything is the same, and yet, is completely different. *Batman* is still *Bruce Wayne*, *Alfred* is still his butler, there is still a *batcave*, *batmobile*, and a *utility belt*, and *Gordon* is still *Commissioner* (just). What has changed is the society of *Gotham city*. *Miller* takes the worst aspects of violence, and amplifies it, to the state where gangs kill nuns and children for fun. He, questions vigilanteism, a contentious point in the wake of the *Bernard Goetz trial* — can one condone an individual who uses force and terror to (very effectively)

defeat crime, but who operates outside the fabric of the legal system. He brings into contention liberalism, the American dream, psychiatry, and the influence of the media. *Miller* manages to bridge the two interpretations of *Batman* as a concerned do-gooder, and as a revenge-driven psychopath. *Batman* in this book is a legend, a new hero.



In a similar vein, there is a recent addition to the comic book scene, *Alan Moore's 'The Watchmen'*. In an engrossing tome, *Moore* rewrites the history of the States —

Vietnam is won, *Nixon* is still President, and nuclear war is imminent. Against this scene, we are told a story of blurred morals, where it is very difficult to tell right from wrong, where the anti-hero — battered, psychopathic, violent — battles a "villain" of far superior intellectual and physical abilities, of a more sane and fair disposition. And the "heroes" loose, in a way, while the "villain" is, in the final analysis, the world's saviour.

An entirely different approach to Super Heroes is taken in the increasingly popular *'Love and Rockets'* by *Jaime Hernandez*, who also wrote, with his brother, the wonderful *Heartbreak Soup*. The brothers have managed to weld the

traditional and the unprecedented into an extremely readable and enjoyable book. It features the lives of two non-heterosexual women who exist in a totally unreal world. "Bunuel on Speed" is how one critic describes the book.

The dramatic growth in the scope, diversity, sophistication and maturity of the books has persuaded the regulars — DC and Marvel — to rethink their ideas. New and old titles alike are being redesigned, and have been freed from the old muscle-bound oafs spouting the same old muscle-bound platitudes while attempting to dismember each other.

On this side of the Atlantic, the comic industry is not in good shape. However, the showcase for the best written and best drawn stories, *2000 Ad*, has been ahead in the field of mature writing for many years. Many diverse stories are featured, dealing with authoritarianism and police states (*Judge Dredd*) and Separatism and racial hatred (*Nemesis the Warlock*).



One of the most acclaimed pieces, is the beautifully written story, *'The Ballad of Halo Jones'*, a feminist fable by *Alan Moore*, was performed this year in theatre form at the *Edinburgh Festival*.

The original comic form will hopefully never die. There will always be the collector and enthusiast with an element of child in him/her who will appreciate a classic "X-man" or "Batman". But as a new generation of mature readers comes to the fore, enthusiasts may well find themselves few and far between. As one may browse in a bookshop and pick up an interesting and enthralling novel, you would be well advised to browse through a comic shop and pick up a title (or two). You may be quite pleasantly surprised.

Ben Gilbey

Comics on the Continent

It is in Continental Europe, and more precisely in France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Italy, that the tradition of comics is most strongly established. It is in those countries that a very large proportion of the population can be found immersed in those large-format, hard-cover and quality-paper comics. Walk into a bookstore, head for the "Bande Dessinee" department, and you will invariably find people of all ages, sprawled everywhere, with a comic album in their hands.

This assiduous following stems from various causes. The first is the degree to which comics have been accepted as a media and even as an art form. The second is the acknowledgment of the comic strip's capabilities of getting a message across. In the classroom, comics can be used as a very effective pedagogical tool.

But the main reason for the success of comics lies in their plurality. Whereas in Great Britain and in America, comics exist for, and make sense to a relatively small number of initiated zealots, in Belgium and France, they cater for every different age and type of person. They can be specifically for children, specifically for adults or

specifically for nobody, (i.e. everyone finds something in them: *Asterix* is the prime example). They are addressed, not to an elite, but to everyone.

The real birth of the modern comics came with the creation of the magazine "Pilote", founded in 1959 by *Rene Goscinny* and his friends. *Goscinny's* name quickly became inseparable from the many characters he created. Of course, the most famous was (and still is) *Asterix*, the astute little Gaul, living in a little village fiercely resisting *Caesar's* armies. Just as renowned is the lonesome cowboy *Lucky Luke*.

It should be noted that, although *Goscinny* is regarded as the creator of these stars, it is not he who did the drawings. He worked with *Uderzo* for *Asterix*, and with *Morris* for *Lucky Luke*. This reveals a common feature of early comics, namely the relatively higher importance attached to the text, rather than the drawing. "Pilote" and "Tintin" (another magazine, named after the clever journalist created by *Herge*) dominated the scene until the birth of the post-1968 counter-culture.

It should be mentioned that

another facet of comics could be found in highly provocative monthlies such as *Hara-Kiri*, or *Charlie*, where highly "unsuitable" humour was expanded through comic strips.

The counter-culture brought with it a new generation of artists, magazines and characters. The artists were *Gotlib*, *Claire Bretecher*, *Martin Veyron*, *Manara*. The main magazine was the "Echo des Savanes", created in 1972.

Just around this time a new generation of artists was trying to establish itself. They were of the view that the supremacy of the text over the artwork had lasted too long. They set out to challenge this. They started "Metal Hurlant" (screaming metal) in 1975. The group comprised artists such as *Moebius*, *Dionnet*, *Gillon*, *Floch* and especially *Philippe Druillet*. Their themes were, for the most part, drawn from science-fiction and mythology.

During this whole period, when new forms of comics were regularly appearing, the old well-seasoned figures stayed very much alive. It is this profusion of genres that makes comics such a rich, accessible and fantastic world.

Alex Crawford

Jazz

Singcircle. Stockhausen.

"Stimmung". Queen Elizabeth Hall.

Singcircle do exactly what their name suggests, they sit in a circle and sing. As a group they are unique in the world of "New Music", contemporary composition or modern classical music (pick your own term) because of their longevity and because of their unusually interactive, dare I say, *loving* approach both to the compositions and to each other. Sometimes they even smile, rare at these classy gigs. The composition tonight, *Stimmung* by German *avant-*

was that for all the supposed freedom it was still the composer who dominated. Once during the performance I had an eerie vision of a ghostlike apparition of Stockhausen, in need of haircut and diet, floating above the performers, in control, pulling these strings. A spectacle of manipulatory power. The improvisation that did happen came only in tantalising glances. For a split second a truly human beauty would emerge from the performers' interplay but as soon as recognised it would disappear, obscured by composerly domination, deleted by a tiresome faithfulness to The Score, The Book, The Law. Do we really need this industrial division of labour and this bureaucratic authority structure in music, potentially the freest of all the arts? Do we? I spent the second half of the performance wishing that the singers would leave their script, leave the patriarch and set out on their own, taking cues from each other, from their own wishes and dreams, form their own musicality. In short the simple sound of their voices was infinitely more beautiful than the rational/analytic structure that they allow themselves to be enchained into singing. Which all goes to beg the questions why the hell was it there? Who is "The Composer"? Why do we need him?

That brilliant improvising pianist Cecil Taylor once said of Stockhausen "any music he makes is purely accidental, not even incidental, but accidental." What he meant was that Stockhausen, and most of the other serialists and post-serialists for that matter, is concerned not with the process of producing music, but with the manipulation of concepts and actions. The musician (soundmaker) and ultimately the sound itself are utterly subordinate to these interests, they are by-products of this central function. In this light *Stimmung* can be seen as the

Common Tongue, s/he sits silent and alone in the crowded concert hall, contributing nothing, more dominated even than the musician. They wait passively for enlightenment for some crumbs of the patriarch's genius. The whole thing is simply a representation, a working out, of power. In any other music, even the most banal, the listener is invited to be a part of the event. If someone is doing something that simply feels good you can scream "GO, You Motherfuckers, GO GO GO!" and straight away you're part of it. But not here. At a gig like this the audience is suppressed, forced into silence, afraid even to cough or shift too noisily in their seats lest they disturb the great man's sermon. Me? I wanted to take a lead from the schoolgirls, to fart as cacophonously as possible, a human gale to break that spell, to crack open the lie in which you must believe to truly appreciate this music.

There was a time, some three centuries past, when performer and composer joined as one to produce their music. Today their relationship is barren and bankrupt, as fluid and spontaneous as that of master and servant. This concert, which actually featured a comparatively close relationship, believe it or not, was an ample illustration of this. Their concerns differ to the degree that the only creativity and joy I witnessed tonight was that occurring between the performers as an accidental result of the composition and to which the composition was hostile at all times.

Voices should sing their own songs. We don't need him up there anymore. The unquestioning acceptance of authority as an organising force is an easy option which solves none of our problems. This is as true in art as it is in politics and if art is to have any relevance to life at all, other than as a marketing device or elitist obscurity, it can no

working out, in sound, of a conception, a structure whose logic lies not in the sound but in a set of prior, independent ideas. It was constructed not to sound beautiful or emotional or erotic but as a vessel for the transmission of the composer's idea, through the performer (mere pawns, mere proles) to the listener. This is not music at all, it is the negation of music.

As for the listener, as Chris Small argues in his book "Music of the

longer rest on such an easy way out.

Oh, (nearly forgot) the audience, insofar as they are relevant at all to such an event, loved the whole empty ritual and there was lots of clapping at the end. Mind you I saw a few dissidents filing out looking cheated, as if something that should have happened hadn't. Funny that.

Richard

Music

Aztec Camera – Love

It might not seem it at 17, but 23 isn't such a bad age to be. Not so old as to be saddened by the energy of youth; not so young as to be too immature to make use of the freedom that such energy can bring. The extra six years offer a wider vision, giving greater confidence and composure, greater control. The means are no longer the means to an end. The heart harnesses the power of the head, enjoyment becomes joy, and curiosity can become love.

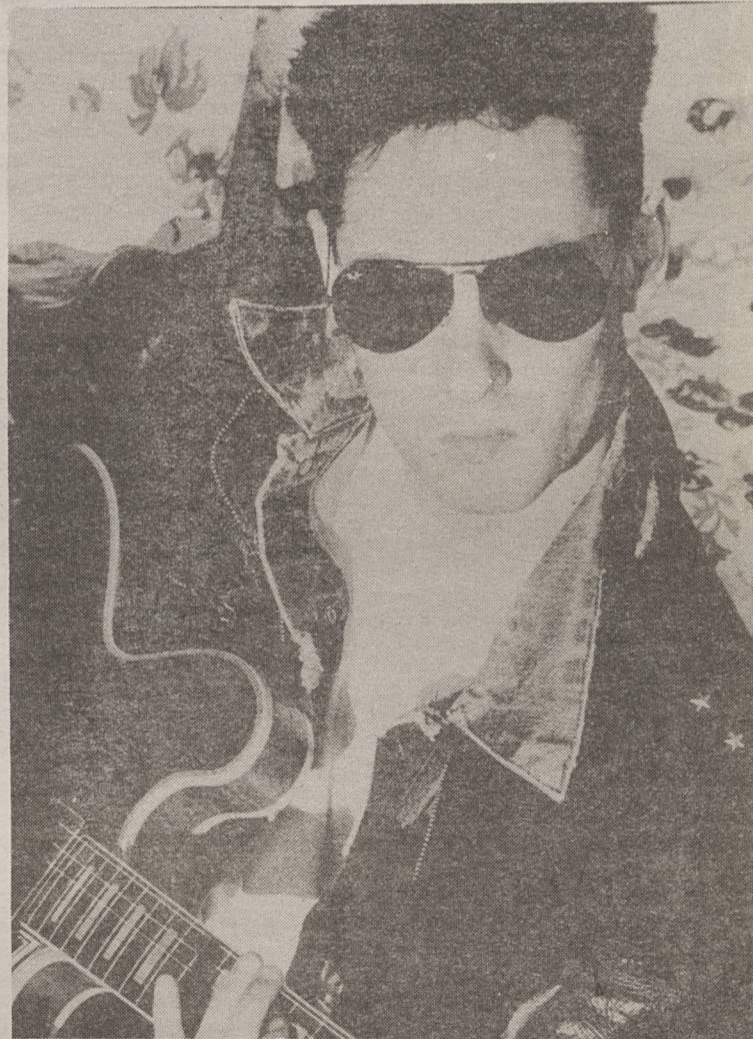
At 23, Roddy Frame (i.e. Aztec Camera) has just released his third album, "Love", six years after his first single "Just Like Gold", and three after his first WEA album, "Knife". The latter, produced by Mark Knopfler, was a radical departure from the ecstatically received, precocious pop of "High Land, Hard Rain". In a recent interview, Frame claimed this was a deliberate challenge to his initial critical reception. As such, it was successful. Artistically, and one presumes, commercially, it left him in a kind of limbo.

Frame's.

This is largely due to the lyrics and the unaffected vocal delivery (which sounds a little harder, more confident, on this album). Musically, the whole thing is unremarkable. The sound quickly fades, though not unpleasantly, into the background. Repeated plays see it become a very comfortable piece of aural furniture, helping create a warm ambience, unperturbed by November outside.

Lyrical, Frame's perception continues to shine through, from the stand out track, "How men are", to the "Whisky wrds" of the maudlin Killermont street. His steely humour, "If I was a poet, I think I'd throw a stone, In anger and confusion, I would not be alone", provides backbone to an upbeat message.

Perhaps, like he says, everybody will be a number one. Until then, we can celebrate the faith, and joy, of the single "Deep and wide and tall", or of "Paradise". It is record that doesn't mock, but is not fooled. From Westwood to Holly-



In some ways, *Love* seems to look for a middle road between the previous offerings. Obviously, he'll never be 17 again. You can only wear your heart on your sleeve once. There can be no return to the ruthless dissipation of energy and emotion of, say "we could send letters".

But equally, the excessive space, the vague reflection of "The Back Door To Heaven", or the nine minutes plus long "Knife" itself, is largely left behind. In short, *Love* is more poppy than *Knife*, a calmer, more grown up, reflection on some of the themes that have always permeated through his work.

Recorded in New York, the album features various local music "names" that nobody has ever heard of. Whoever he records with though, the result is distinctively

wood, The one thing that's understood, Is that you can't buy time, But you can sell your soul, And the closest thing to heaven is rock and roll." And away we go.

You get 9 new songs, songs which give (almost) instant pleasure, while repaying closer attention. This is a magical record for all those whose need for music doesn't end when they turn twenty. For you 17 year olds? Well, everybody has to grow older, but you've to find that out for yourselves. 'Perspective, It's no mystery, What you don't know always gets you, It will hurt you and desert you, So you'd better see, That it's a damage ever done by degrees, And some will take an eternity to believe . . .' Meanwhile, if you won't take such advice, there's always the first album.

James Robertson

gardist, Karl-Heinz Stockhausen, is so much a part of their repertoire as to have become as much associated with themselves as with the composer. This is a rare occurrence in this music and is partly due to the composition allowing some room for improvisation. It is a set of 51 short chanted and droned sections for which the performers determine duration by means of hand signals to each other. These sections are interspersed with the announcement of 29 "Magic names of God" and with Stockhausen's "Erotic love poetry"(!).

The performance certainly had a queer sexuality all its own. A kinetic, erotic energy produced from the singers' aural and bodily interaction. Sometimes, when they moved together, one could feel in the air a firm hand slipping across silk skin, the release of forbidden moistures and fluids. Sadly Stocky's poems acted to diminish such sensuality rather than to heighten it. They also had the group of French schoolgirls on my right almost in hysterics (tut tut! went the punters, this is art you know!). But what would you do when unexpectedly assailed with lines such as "You must take care - before you wake - my litte penis - will have made you flow" or, even better "Slow semen - my cock is my soul - when I immerse you - right at the tip - is where I sit! I really mean "I", my great I) in my one man-torpedobow - I know nothing else anymore except that I am in the shining shell . . .". Phallogocentric stuff indeed. Very 1960's. Perhaps it should be updated by including a female voice complaining that her husband is so knob-struck that she hasn't come for five years. "The white god whose spit makes everything grow" indeed!

Poetry aside, the main problem

Film

Slamdance – Life and Death in L.A.

Slamdance is director Wayne Wang's biggest and most European film so far. It follows in the wake of his two very promising attempts; *Dim Sum* and *Chan is Missing*. 'Slamdance' also marks Wang's departure from his usual angst ridden themes of the alienated oriental balancing eastern values in a western world.

Wang has submerged himself into the fast-paced underworld of Los Angeles – "the city that beats, the city that rocks". It is the dark, grimy realities of L.A. that is exposed; completely alien from the healthy tans and toothpaste smiles of southern California. Yet it is this underworld, seething with heart-stopping violence and malevolence that scintillates and excites us.

In 'Slamdance', Tom Hulce is Dood, a hapless cartoonist in the 'City of Angels'; away from the manicured lawns of Beverly Hills. He brings his trademark wit and humour into his roles effortlessly, yet it is evident that he has graduated from his 'Animal House' days while reconfirming his skill for understated humour – post "Amadeus".

The plot enters into a sinister Scorsese-like 'After Hours' movie, where our ill-fated hero is unsuspectingly ensnared into a messy entanglement of police corruption, brutality and fiendish bloodshed.

As in 'After Hours', the plot

moves from being humourously unreal to one resembling a nightmarish stupor. However, Wang demonstrates that he has his own personal style. He expertly manipulates the images and sounds blowing it into a pulsating and explosive canvas of adrenalin-shot tension and acid-induced hallucination. Everything becomes more vibrant and more volatile than before.

There is a strong 'beat' or aura of L.A. – portrayed through the excellent shots of colour, shattering music and the frenzied slamdancing. Wang encloses us in a diversity of fast and well-timed images and sounds. Our spirits race and grapple to emerge from the compost of crime – where the object is to kill to survive even if it means killing yourself. As we search for our soul, we are suddenly on top of the famous Hollywood Hills uplifted by the aria which floats angelically and tragically above the bright lights of L.A.

The contrasts and fragments of this visual, sensual and aural feast culminates in a mental battle between reality and destiny. 'Slamdance' is an appropriate and creditable vehicle for Wang to publicize his talents to a wider audience. It is a tight, well-edited and sensitively detailed film from what is possibly one of the most promising of a new crop of directors.

K. Pena



Rise and Fall

Jean-Luc Godard has often been accused of over-obscurity and willful intellectualism. In "Rise and Fall" that is not his problem. He is just plain dull.

Clever he remains though, casting Jean-Pierre Leaud, and Jean-Pierre Mocky as struggling director and producer of a nose-diving "Albatross" film company, whose fortunes they attempt to revive via a TV version of James Hadley Chase's thriller "When the Film Breaks". He has them comment extensively on cinema as industry, art, language and dream factory. All to very little effect. Leaud ends up destitute and Mocky shot dead, but it is difficult to care.

Very quickly, Godard is seduced by the self-regarding possibilities of making a film, shot on video, about film-makers making film on video. Leaud is the genius who has been driven from mainstream cinema and can only find work on its fringes.

He is Godard and Like Leaud, Godard has rejected the sensatio-

nalism and immediate commerciality of film. Video for him, is cheaper, more accessible and more experimental. On the edges of cinematic form, he believes it can flourish, in a climate where vitality, drama and tension can survive and are strong.

And there are scenes with a grainy grace that proves this point, that are moving in their simplicity, or audacious in their technicality. But these remain brief flashes of brilliance.

"Rise and Fall" is frustratingly unexciting, because despite the questions he raises and the problems his characters debate, Godard himself has no answers. 'Will we never cease to theorise on things, rather than seeing them as they are?' – Leaud cries. Godard rails against the awful impersonality of assembly-line castings. How? Through an interminable scene of an assembly-line casting, that is monstrous in its monotony.

It is not long before Godard himself arrives on screen, philo-



Ishtar Odeon, Leicester Sq.

Reclusive megastars have a funny habit of attracting otherwise elusive megadeals. El Brando, the patron saint of recluses, managed to doze his way through five minutes of "Superman": he looked bored, acted badly, babbled through some outrageous dialogue and got a million for it. Salvador Dali didn't find it unseemly either to ask for a million in an earlier effort to film Herbert's "Dune". That project was eventually scuttled – due to lack of funds. Which brings us to ol' Warren I'm-not-in-it-for-the-ego-trip Betty, whose slightest digital twitch has Columbia executives selling off Mercedes and mother (and not necessarily in that order).

Now Betty is not a man of half-measures and when he decides to make a film in North Africa and take Dustin Hoffman and Isabelle Adjani for the ride, intuition tells you that countless Ma's (and quite a few Merces too) will go down in the deal. *Forty million dollars* to be precise. Looks like Wazza took that ego for one trip too many, because however much you rub grey matter (and however much of it you've got), there's no fathoming where all

that money went. The film has neither the texture, nor the storyline, nor for that matter the length (1hr 40 mins) of an epic. Betty and Hoffman play Rogers and Clarke, a pair of severely restricted songwriters who can't compose any song of their own, can't sing anybody else's and who promptly go off to Marrakech to prove it.

Stopping over at Ishtar airport, Clarke gets involved with Shirra (Isabelle Adjani), who is a beautiful revolutionary bent on wearing pumpkin-shaped turbans: she's involved in a revolution. Seems the Emir of Ishtar is getting a lot of hassle for an ancient prophecy which predicts his overthrow by two divine messengers. Obviously the CIA is in on this, and Clarke duly gets involved with them too. That's not counting on Rogers who, tired of being left out, gets involved with the Shrouded Pumpkin, who tells him that her's is an "ancient and devious world" and sends him off to get involved with a blind camel. In the end everybody gets involved in one way or another, with one weighty exception, the spectator. Which is not to say that this film isn't funny. Smiling and chuckling come easy and there are moments of hilarity here and there – "You mean they're here on spec" says Clarke to Rogers as vultures

crowd around them in the desert. But a film with Betty, Hoffman, Adjani and directed by the hallowed Elaine May should have more to offer. Instead you have yourself a B-rate comedy caper and a lot of wasted talent – you would have thought Adjani's turban would have come off a bit earlier than the very last scene of the film.

Doubtless those Columbia Executives are all kicking themselves for selling their Mercedes, and maybe their mothers.

Ali Fassa

Nightmare on Elm Street III

Nightmare on Elm Street was something new in as much as it brought to life the absolute and only nightmare. To wake up and find your nightmare, there, waiting for you. That is *Terror*. It was a fresh new approach to an old over-used theme, horror for the sake of horror. The line dividing dream-time from real-time was so thin it was at times impossible to tell which was which.

The idea is so good, they thought they'd try it again, and again. Only *Freddie's Revenge* was a disappointment. What had started as an original idea was transformed into a money-making formula. The impact was lost. Knowledge disarms fear.

In *Dream Warrior* an attempt to recapture the original feeling of cold sweat running down the spine only manages to surpass the poor effort of *N.E.S.2*. Without wanting to give too much away – if that is possible, after all you know you pay to be terrorized – kids in a hospital are having nightmares. This time they are visited not only by everybody's favourite man, Freddie, but also by the girl who started the whole thing in the first place. Through their dreams, they acquire special powers, ergo *Dream Warriors* get it? Any more said would not spoil the fun, since there is no fun to be had.

The *Terror* lies in the transformation of originality into formula, but you won't care as you pay your £3.00 cheap night Monday in search of something to tickle you and hopefully make you feel alive. Stavros Makris



sophising direct to camera. The film is lost. Dead and buried under the weight of his words. Actors, plot, dramatic construction lie discarded, while scenes are titled like chapter headings in a book, actors repeat significant lines over and over, and whole sequences are repeated to make a point. Ideas are writ large, and run rampant – all else is second place.

Godard tries to show us "what is", but merely allows us part way into his world view. It is not far

enough or sufficiently distant to make us care either way. As a filmmaker, he is unhappy and at odds with his medium, and at best this tension produces a cinema that is challenging and thought-provoking. But when as in "Rise and Fall", he does away with most of the means to convey his dissatisfaction, he descends into an introspection that has little interest, or holds little satisfaction for anyone else.

Ekow Eshun

Diego Rivera: A Retrospective

Hayward Gallery, South Bank

Latin American art has largely been ignored, as evidenced by its under-representation in the world's major museums. Hopefully, the excitement which met the Diego Rivera exhibition is proof enough that we are ready and eager for what has already been a much delayed explosion of art beyond the rigid confines of Europe.

At the forefront of this "Mexican Mural Renaissance" is a man called Diego Rivera. His works present a profusion of shapes, colours, ideas and emotions which perhaps suggests the artist's personal feelings. One senses the passion and deep tenderness he lavishes on his subject matter and his craft.

In his portrait of the socialite Lupe Marin, Rivera shows how he molds life into images. He possesses a very personal expression of colour and form which add countless layers of mystery behind the weary eyes Marin - who is she?, we ask ourselves as we notice her large, weather-beaten hands.

The mystery evoked in his portraits go hand-in-hand with the startling and rich realism evident in the piece, 'Danier in Repose'. Here we see the realism of flesh that is shiny, sensuous and erotic. The round breasts and heavy hips elicit an amusing image of fullness and fertility.

Rivera's intense artistic and emotional involvement in the concep-

tualization of his subject extends to his much grander works - his renowned murals. Through this art form, Rivera has created a 'public art' - art that is within the reach of the masses. He has transformed the sinuous figures of Michaelangelo and Giotto's frescoes, projecting them in the context of our modern technological world.

In the mural "Sunday Dream in the Ahneda Park", the characters are the villains and heroes of Mexico's turbulent history. Within this work there is a sense of order where Rivera operates by proclaiming, recording and reliving the trials and tribulations of a Mexico in its difficult infancy. Idealism, youthfulness and the all-encompassing sweep of historical forces blend to create a melange of grandeur, vision and rigour.

The Rivera Retrospective certainly creates a cathartic effect after a year of relatively uninspiring exhibitions. Although the Hayward does not have the luxury of possessing actual Rivera murals, nevertheless the genius and vivid imagination of Rivera is represented in a diverse show of his talents. Now in the last legs of its international showing, the Rivera exhibit comes at a time when we are inundated by so much unfeeling and emotionally sterile art.

Katherine Pena



The Tales of the Silver Surfer

With the Fantastic Four now in a situation of desperation, Surfy attacks Galactus, in the hope that his power cosmic will be able to overpower the giant being. A long battle ensues, as Galactus and Norrin Radd exchange cosmic bolts. But Norrin's power, great as it is, is insufficient to counter that of his ex-master. Finally, Surfy resigns himself too to defeat. But, at this point, Johnny Storm, the Human Torch, returns from the journey on which Uatu the Watcher has sent him, holding the one weapon with which they can defeat the being. At the sight of the weapon, Galactus pauses. He understands the power which the Fantastic Four now possess, since they have the ultimate weapon, that which can destroy the universe. But he dismisses the thought that they will ever use such an instrument, and returns to his final adjustments of the Matter Assimilator, with which he will drain the world of its resources, leaving it barren and lifeless. But he underestimates the determination of the FF to force a halt to his plans, and, realising that they would destroy the universe rather than seeing Earth laid waste, he agrees to abandon his Assimilation. But for his Herald, the Surfer, he has other plans!!

Ben the Watcher

Theatre

Graham Greene: The Living Room



Behind the ugly facade of the Royalty Theatre, just over the road in Portugal Street, lurks this year's undiscovered triumph. Graham Greene's play is a masterpiece. It transfers in a heady mixture to the stage many of the themes so familiar in his novels. Love and innocence, fear and betrayal, weakness and mediocrity and doubt and delusion all contained within four walls.

The small cast copes easily with the complexities of the play. Peter Blythe and Kathrine Schlesinger are wholly believable in the roles of Michael, a married middle-aged

psychologist and Rose, his teenage catholic lover. Once exposed, their illicit liaison comes to dominate the play as its continuing survival becomes the central issue.

The supporting characters' reactions to the affair are uniformly negative. Only Rose's uncle, a chair-bound and frustrated priest, tries to understand her position and he finds his support is smothered by his hollow-sounding religious dogma. In the stifling atmosphere of the living room it is clear the affair cannot last, the lovers are going to have to face reality. The

intrusion of reality leads to tragedy as Michael is forced to choose between his wife, who needs his help, and his mistress, who needs his love.

The end of the play is a theatrical tour de force and is guaranteed to cast a pall over the rest of your evening. "The Living Room" challenges you to examine your beliefs and values and they may even be called into question, but what is certain is that you will gain an insight into what Fitzgerald called "the dark night of the soul."

Adam Fione and Tom Parker

Gillie McPherson

One of Ireland's more sophisticated musical exports of late has been Gillie McPherson. Having paid her dues with the likes of Alexis Korner, Donovan, Flying Pickets as well as works on two film scores, the time has come to make it in her own right.

The recently released "Sweet Deceit" (on Gee Whizz records) single is symptomatic of her classy jazz tinged swing style which is sometimes heavily reminiscent of Ricky Lee Jones. The record finds her in the company of several GB Blues members who have probably never sounded so

laid back. Gillie's road band promises several Robert Plant personnel and should ensure a full work out of her subtle style and complete lucid cameos that bring to life the kind of club atmosphere that she probably relishes.

Gillie is appearing in the Old Theatre this Friday (20th Nov) at 8.00pm, supported by Melanie Harrold. At £3.00, it is an evening not to be missed - pretty soon her name will be written alongside those of Suzanne Vega and Michelle Shocked. Catch her while you can!



Football

LSE 1st XI: 0
Goldsmiths 1st XI: 1

Once again failure to convert half-chances resulted in LSE losing a game which they really should have won. For this fixture, the skipper and Donkey Duncan moved to midfield, whilst Bobby Jones dropped to centre-back. This new combination improved both our defensive and midfield play, but unfortunately not our finishing ability.

After going behind to a good opportunist goal just before half-time, LSE laid siege to the Goldsmiths goal for the remainder of the match. Yet the goals simply did not materialise. Nevertheless our overall performance was the best yet, with the desire to play "chaseball" largely controlled. New men, Scotty and Dave Warren, had impressive debuts.

It was diabolical finishing that ruined the game for LSE. Justin Russell, in particular, played with two left feet and received his first vote of no confidence this year. Macca also had a real "stinker", and Paul Wakefield summarised the after-match despondency when he said, "I'd rather stay in bed with Jo."

John Watson

LSE II: 2

Kent University: 2

An enthralling game began well with a one-touch move stretching the length of the field to culminate in a glorious headed goal from the Canadian "sniffer", De-Ridder. With Cyril outflanking the Kent defence and some sound work from Gerald and Matt at the back, things looked promising at half-time.

In the second half Kent pressured relentlessly in search of an equaliser. It came in the 74th minute, but was soon countered when Alex re-established the lead from a suspiciously offside position. But just as we were preparing to celebrate the fleet's first UAU victory, the ref was overcome by a moment of madness and presented Kent with a last minute equaliser.

LSE IV 3
RSM 2

Again we were forced to take the field with ten men. Rodney was forced into the captaincy as poor Dave Wilkinson's injury lingered on. The pitch was in a diabolical state, with the centre of the patch resembling a pool. The heavy water made it hard for the midfield to show their skills, and the game developed into hack and chase.

Nigel, as ever, played well up the left flank and did his best to combat the appalling conditions. The LSE put together a fast break and Rob Crampton skillfully slotted in a goal.

The opposition soon pulled one back due to the old trouble of slow defence. However, Rob got his second with a brilliant flick header from a corner. The third came in the second half with another break from Rob, who finished with a beautiful shot, completing his fine hat trick. The LSE dropped back into defence with the smell of victory in the air. Matt in goal showed real class and kept LSE hanging on. The ref's watch seemed to slow down at the end, allowing RSM to steam through and score with about two minutes left. LSE held on though, to gain their first victory with a solid team performance.

LSE II: 7

Goldsmiths II: 2

While the flagship of the football club continued its dismal run on an adjoining pitch, the seconds produced another sound performance to totally outclass their opposition. The scoring opened when the terrier Davis fooled everyone by miskicking the ball into the far corner from ten yards. Further well-taken goals from Marco and Farrukh made the score 3-0 at half-time.

The second half saw the opposition deteriorate as more goals came from Marco and Farrukh, then a magnificent brace from Alex Hunt rounded off a victory that puts the seconds within reach of their league's leaders.



Photo: Vanessa Brechling

Rugby

To bring those avid LSE rugby followers up to date on our results, after our omission from last week's Beaver (sheer laziness), here is the story of our games so far. A fine win over those rivals, Kings College (16-9) was followed by a dreadful day at Heathrow against Imperial College in the UAU. Consideration of human decency prevents me from giving the scores against this very well-drilled set of Imperial teams. An "A" XV then made a meal of beating SSEES (12-6) the next Saturday.

LSE 1st XV: 4
Kent University 1st XV: 7

Wednesday marked an all-time low for LSE rugby when we lost to Kent University in the UAU. There really was no excuse for such a dire performance, and the fifteen players should make sure they avoid any repetition.

The day started badly when the coach driver took the longest possible route to New Malden, so that we had to put forward the kick-off to three O'Clock. We did eventually get underway, trying to

ignore the fact that we hadn't had a proper warm-up, unlike Kent who had been practising for over an hour.

The wind and rain meant handling was different so play was dominated by the forwards. Unfortunately, LSE were undisciplined in their play and gave away penalty after penalty. At one point we committed a foul just five yards from the Kent line. At half-time Kent were ahead by three points, as Gavin Pottinger tried to instill some aggression into the team.

LSE played no better in the second half, though, showing little support and concentration. A defensive error led to a Kent try, but even this failed to rouse us from this "piss-poor" performance. LSE, however, put some points on the board when Paddy Regan went over following a strong attack. No more points were to come our way, alas, as we continued to be penalised for stupid infringements. Perhaps if England had lost to Yugoslavia they would have felt the same way we did after this match.

Squash

The Firsts continued on the path to UAU glory with their fourth successive victory last week against Kent University. All five players had easy wins as only captain Paul "Mean Machine" Hainsworth and "Killer" Keton Raija conceded games. The team, strengthened by the return of the "Singapore Slicker", David Lee, still had a tough job beating Imperial College (3-2) the week before. Jason "Flicker" Fletcher with his repertoire of drop-shots is yet to lose, while Sachin "One day I'll beat Seoh" Gudka has provided invaluable rearguard action.

The Women's side, with a walkover under their belt came a cropper at Imperial. Only captain Rina Einy salvaged some pride. However, last week, against Kent, it was the lower orders that carried LSE to victory (4-1). Stars Henrietta Burnes, Nita Mohhtar and Erika Cubworth were posed few problems. Jane Muiridge battled well to win 3-2.

The Second men's side has had a phenomenal run of stunning results... well, three walkovers out of four. These compensate for their poor showing against Brunel at the start of term where only Rick and Sim came close to victory.

The LSE UAU challenge continues next week with a home tie against Surrey. Support for this spine-tingling exhibition of athleticism is welcome.

Table Tennis

The LSE Table Tennis Club is being revived and will be holding a meeting in the gym on Wednesday, November 18th at 2pm. Selection trials for an LSE team will also be held shortly. If you can't make the meeting, please come to the A.U. on Tuesdays or Thursdays between 1-2pm.

Houghton Street Harry

Who would have believed it? A great team performance with four exceptional goals. And now, in the eyes of the press, England have become "one of the favourites" for the European Championship. Let's remember the recent West German game though - we've got a lot of catching up to do in the next few months still.

Well done to Eire - their first major finals thanks to a great Scottish performance, stealing a last gasp win in Bulgaria. Any suggestions that Bulgaria were "gutted" have been strongly refuted. Mind you, Mike "the referee won that game" England must be a trifle pissed off at the moment after Ian Rush squandered a hatful of chances to take Wales through. It really is a tragedy that Southall, Ratcliffe, Hughes, Rush and Ross Broadstock(?) are again denied a chance to show their undoubted talent on a larger stage.

The other major sporting occasion of the week has been the Cricket World Cup Final, which England so narrowly lost. It was a poor performance on the day, particularly by Gladys and Robinson. However, we did do well to reach the final, beating the West Indies twice and India once on the way, and we did lose to the world's most improved team, the battling Aussies. Alan Border was rightly ecstatic after the game. His team has few outstanding players, but were superbly moulded together.

Cricket

MCC 6-A-SIDE INDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP

Any hopes that the LSE team would retain the title have now vanished, and the cricketers must now wait until the UAU Indoor Championship in February for another chance of lifting a trophy.

Put into bat by the Cricket Society, another dismal batting performance gave the opponents a low score to aim for. Once again the burden of scoring fell on the indomitable Matthew Lonergan, who kept his head while his partners threw their wickets away. Sadly, the bowling and fielding was no better, and the Cricket Society cruised home with two overs to spare.

In the second match, LSE won the toss and put Highgate in to bat. For the first half of the innings tight bowling forced the batsmen to make unnecessary mistakes. But in the final overs, the batsmen came to terms with the conditions and Highgate finished on 99. A change in the batting order seemed to have done the trick as Derek Smith (14) and Akhter Khan (34 - the highest score in the competition so far) put on 45 in the first 5 overs. Yet the middle-order failed to capitalise on the excellent start, and LSE finished 10 runs short; although this was the nearest Highgate have come to losing a match in the last four years.

Hockey

LSE 1st: 1
Kent University 1st: 4

In another ultimately disappointing match the LSE once again showed an ability to reach the opposition's semi-circle, but the inability to convert opportunities into goals. Chabbra, Cooper and Stoker combined well in midfield, and for periods dominated the match. However, Kent scored three on the break whilst LSE were only able to pull one back.

The second half degenerated into a very disjointed affair, with four players being sent off. Kent scored again to ensure victory, but with a missed penalty flick, a disallowed goal, and the first-half pressure, the LSE have only themselves to blame for the defeat.

Basketball

On Thursday, 5th November, LSE 1st team had a return fixture against Woolwich in the hope of gaining revenge against the team that beat us in our first game of the season.

Despite an injury to 6' 7" Fred Scherneck early on, the team battled well to gain an eight point lead by half-time. Then a switch to zone defence by Woolwich restricted the flow of our points, although Demetriuse Russell and Jason Blattberg continued to play well.

With coach Paul Bradshaw on the court, LSE were unaware of the time as Woolwich drew level with only one second on the clock. In a state of chaos LSE lost control and ended up by losing by just one basket.