

# THE BEAVER

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## The Wicked Witch is Slain!

*Absence of UGC Jurisdiction over Overseas Fees opens way out for Nursery Funding.*

By RORY O'DRISCOLL.

Oh silly Rory. Oh monstrous folly. How could I think even for an instant that the CHB (Connaught House Bureaucracy) did ought but cherish the nursery to their collective bosom? How can people be so uncaring, so cynical as to believe that the record 254% fee increase was anything other than a valiant attempt by the hard-pressed bureaucracy to balance the books and prevent the nasty UGC from closing the nursery? Everyone knows that the University Grants Committee is a semi-government body charged with ensuring that universities spend their money "correctly" and not on frivolous things like nurseries. The CHB would of course love to defy them but for the long term good of students, it does not. The CHB - a fine body of people doing a difficult job, following orders!

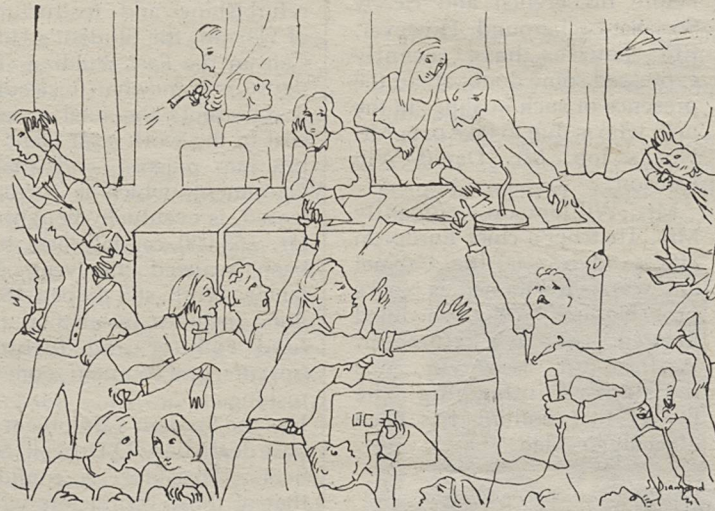
This was the unstated unheard background music to a discussion between myself, Pete Wilcock, the Pro-Director and the Bursar. We began to run quickly through the four points I asked last week in the previous article dealing firstly with staff. The School agreed that the recent uncertainty had left some members of the nursery worried about the long-term viability of their jobs. Of course, said the School, the jobs of the staff are safe, firstly because staff numbers cannot legally go below the present number in the nursery and secondly because the School has a no redundancy policy. Isn't it terrible the way people are misquoted!

We then moved on to discuss the level of support the School would be prepared to give to students who could not afford £42.50 p.w.. Readers of last week will remember that in the long term this is the crunch issue. If an adequate level of support is not made available in

advance of arrival then no student will come to the LSE with a child. So the Union is demanding that the School reveal its criteria for making nursery awards so that these can be sent to prospective parents who can then realistically assess whether or not they can afford to come here. Naturally the CHB would love to assist us but also two problems arose, firstly such criteria are not terribly simple to put together and secondly the UGC would object to them! On the first pivot point we recommend contact with an organisation known as the DHSS (the Welfare State) which grinds out several million such forms every year.

We then turned to confront the UGC, which, like the Wicked Witch of the West stops our kindly munchkins from spending their money to help students. The CHB longs passionately to fund the nursery adequately but the nasty UGC keeps making them spend money on plush offices instead. This clearly depresses our bureaucrats and indeed, one could almost see the grey hairs encroaching. It was my happy lot to announce that the wicked witch had been slain, slain with a telephone call to its heart, to a fearless UGC bureaucrat who said that the LSE could spend all its non-UK fee income (50%+) as the LSE sees fit. One could sense a nought lift from the UGC's shoulders, out go the plush offices, in come the expanded nursery, and the muchkins have realised that the wicked witch is dead.

We sang our way through the rest of the interview, not agreeing to anything then but agreeing to discuss it all later. All that remains now is to await the School's publication of its criteria. With the restraining hand of the UGC lifted from the checkbook, we are sure the CHB will be ample in their generosity.



'All in favour'

## The Wilcock Guide to Student Union Procedure

Amidst all the hurly-burly procedure and hot-air of an L.S.E. Student Union Meeting, one rule stands out above all others—if you have anything intelligent to say on the matter being discussed, you should keep as far away from the microphone as possible. One must remember that any coherence your points may have had will be reduced to a ranting series of insults, with two minutes exposure to the adoring masses who congregate in the Old Theater (on Thursdays 1-2 pm).

Once you have grasped this fact, you are then able to understand the innermost complexities of Union Procedure. Quite simply, they are that if you really feel you must degrade yourself in public, you should grab the microphone and speak your mind under the auspices of any of the following:

- Speech for
- Speech against
- Point of Order
- Point of Information
- Point of Clarification
- Question.



Within minutes, a dozen officers, whom no-one knew, were elected to posts which no-one understood. Democracy? The only guide to follow for the innocent majority was the reception greeting each name as it was called out, and as this was usually party- or rabble-motivated, it hardly provided a fair pointer.

The problem really arises from the fact that the whole damn caboodle is run by people who for maybe the last three years have been totally immersed in the political dealings of the Union. It would seem

If I sound overly sardonic about the importance of these distinctive forms of interjection, then I make no apology. The differences between them are more imagined than real. Yet to play the game properly, I suppose, it is important to realise what the Union Chair would see as the pretext for your insane mutterings. Motions are to be handed in to the General Secretary by 1.00 pm on the Tuesday before a given U.G.M. They will then be printed and distributed in the form of the Agenda. Once this stage has been reached, the proceedings fall outside of the sabbaticals' (s/he being your paid representative) jurisdiction and into that of the Union chair. The Union chair is not an inanimate object that is used for coordinating purposes. Arguably, recent appointments to the position satisfy the first criterion but definitely not the latter. Leaving that tangent to one side, however, the job of a Union chair is to keep the meeting orderly as best as possible.

The Chair will follow the Agenda meticulously and drag an unwilling audience through

interminable official reports and then announce our advent onto the main agenda. At this stage the U.G.M. is faced with two alternatives, they can either discuss the agenda items in the order that 'fate' placed them on the order paper, or they can allow items to be 'gazumped' by various hacks trying to outdo each other in public self-flagellation.

'Gazumping' has never sounded sufficiently technical for a bureaucratic organisation such as ours. Instead, we refer to the same practice as 'Prioritisation'. In essence, to prioritise a motion, you are allowed two minutes to explain why your motion requires preference. However, there is a catch, for to be successful you must not only speak for two minutes but also convince two-thirds of the U.G.M. that your arguments requires urgent consideration.

Once your motion has reached the point of discussion, you will be allowed two minutes to speak for it. Again, there is a price for this proviso. As you were allowed two minutes to speak, so will your opponents.

'Plagiarize the Process' will continue with another two speakers, one for and one against the motion, followed by a summation speech for the motion. To state the obvious, this will be followed by a vote. Most issues only require a simple majority; however, there are some issues which are deemed so important as to require a two-thirds majority such as financial and constitutional.

If only things were that simple! In between speeches for and against, attempts will be made to make points of order, information or clarification. The latter two points are self-explanatory. The former, however, is, apart from being a catch-all provision, a point relating to some aspect of the discussions procedure. They are all useful in that they allow us at least the chance to throw a more interesting light on to the discussion at hand.

Again, however, a third procedural scenario must be painted. Unfortunately, burning political events throughout the world, or even within L.S.E.S.U., do not all occur before 1 pm on a Tuesday. Those dastardly Irish terrorists, for example, had the nerve to blow up the Grand Hotel on a Thursday morning. A procedure does exist to enable the discussion of Emergency Motions. The procedure for their debate is exactly the same as that for a prioritisation.

There we have the beginner's guide to a U.G.M. If the outline is in any way wrong or misleading or even (for the purists) too simplistic, I apologise.

To conclude, then, I would say this—never ever let yourself be intimidated by the procedure of a U.G.M. As I have tried to explain, a large part of this procedure is a myth. Secondly, don't let the thought of speaking in public put you off. Your contribution will be as relevant as anyone else's. If you think you're nervous, just watch the speaker who comes next!

SEE PAGE 2

## Barbarism WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?

ROSS BROADSTOCK

This was the view expressed by nearly all first year students (and indeed many other students as well) after having just emerged from their first encounter with the chaos of the UGM.

Throughout their entire first two weeks at the LSE, freshers have been bludgeoned from all angles about their duty to attend the UGMs, thereby actively contributing to the democratic processes of the School. However, after diligently making the effort to

attend their first meeting, the only greeting awaiting them was the aggressive infighting of the power hungry few, who currently dominate all Union life at the LSE, with only occasional bouts of arm-thrusting, jeering and paper-throwing to provide any relief.

On entering the Arena, newcomers were as Christians to the political lions, left helpless and uninformed as to what their fates would be, with a hastily voted Emperor in the chair to cast the 'thumbs up' or 'down' according to the roars of the masses present.



## School News

# Emile Noel at LSE

## Rumours About His Succession

by Hans Nijenhuis

The Secretary-General of the European Economic Community, Monsieur Emile Noel (65), will visit the LSE on Thursday 23 October to give a lecture on "The European Community Today". His lecture will be the seventh in the annual series of "The Government and Opposition / Leonard Shapiro" public lectures. The first one was delivered in 1979 by Raymond Aron.

Although Mr. Noel's name is not on the European front pages, he is the highest and

before his French and clearly Socialist background. However, EEC sources have recently expressed some doubt about the presence of such qualities in the man who is due to take over Mr. Noel's job, Mr. David Williamson.

Mr. Williamson, currently Mrs. Thatcher's chief European affairs advisor in the Cabinet and who is mentioned as Noel's probable successor, is scheduled to attend Thursday's lecture. Mr. Williamson, however, has insisted on informing The Beaver that nothing has been officially decided.



Emile Noel

most powerful civil servant in the EEC bureaucracy. It is Mr. Noel's job to direct the work of the European administration in Brussels, which consists of around 10,000 functionaries of 12 different countries. Mr. Noel has held this position since the EEC started its work in 1958. Before that, he worked for the Council of Europe and the French government.

In Brussels, Mr. Noel is known as a perfect European who puts his impartial duty

Last week, the Sunday Times said that, in return for the loss of the Secretary-General's job, the French expect to gain the post of director-general of external relations. This position is traditionally held by an Englishman, but the present holder, Mr. Leslie Fielding, will soon become vice-chancellor of Sussex University. The end of this story is as yet unknown, but Mr. Noel's lecture will start Thursday 23 October at 5 pm in the Old Theatre.

Whichever side of the argument you favour it is clear, however, that there are many new students who are not just prepared to wait, and are demanding some action. A motion has been proposed (and passed) from Jose De Barros, himself a first year, mandating the Publicity Officer for more information, and indeed the Union "Elite" in general seem to be eventually becoming more open. It will be interesting to see just how much help will be forthcoming and indeed, how many new speakers will take the floor and propose new motions. What will also be interesting is the reception the currently complaining flock of lost sheep will be dishing out to next year's 'freshers' when they themselves have taken over as the political wolves of the UGMs.

FROM PAGE 1

This lack of information may just have been a genuine oversight, but, there is a lot of feeling that the experienced campaigners have just seized this opportunity to gain positions and early popularity without the complications of awkward first years cluttering the stage. This would seem to be borne out by the after-meeting comments of Kilby and Bexon that first year students should "Shut up and listen" - to them no doubt (and then presumably vote for them also). Their argument runs that, "just like a degree, you do not understand all of the course immediately, but, must be prepared to wait and learn." (Should students even be allowed a vote in their first few months before they fully know the issues?)

# The Cafe - The Price We Have To Pay

By Steve King

Many of you have been concerned to read that the Student's Union has spent £80,000 on the refurbishing and restructuring of Florries, the Student's Union Cafe in the East Building. This figure is somewhat misleading; it represents the total possible cost of the work if all plans are put into practice, and kitchen equipment, which is currently leased, is eventually bought. So far, £53,000 capital costs have been incurred this year. (See table). Work still hoped to be done includes installation of a food counter and furniture upstairs, and common room furnishing.

Has the Student's Union got the best deal? Rory O'Driscoll, S.U. Senior Treasurer, is confident that of those contractors which offered quotes and estimates, we could not have had the work done satisfactorily for any less. The amount spent on furniture is in fact the same as that spent by the S.U. 7 years ago for the old Florries' furniture. In retrospect, O'Driscoll admits that a few pounds could have been saved on painting, but apart from that, the S.U. has spent its money wisely.

Some unexpected costs did arise. The poor infrastructure of the school in the East Building lower floors - walls that require damp-proofing and previously inadequate drainage and electricity systems have necessitated the Student's Union spending

approximately £8,000, which surely should have been spent by the School; the East Building is as much a part of the School as the Brunch Bowl, upon which £300,000 was spent by the school over the summer.

Should Florries have been redesigned at all? Environmental health and safety laws meant that the kitchen area had to be improved. But the new "Cafe" image and the expenditure that it required may be the result

Table showing costs incurred so far:

Structural Change	£21,000
Furniture	£5,800
Carpets	£4,400
Design and Architects	£4,900
Drainage	£5,800
Electrical	£1,500
Counters, tray rail	£1,600
Redecoration	£8,000

of the election "mandate" that the Liberals believe they received from the students last March. At a time when the S.U. urgently needs money for the Hardship Fund and the Nursery (as the School seems reluctant to contribute) many believe that spending on murals in a new cafe is unnecessary. The Cafe may provide a long term investment as a service to students, but at a very high short term cost. The fixed costs of running The Cafe are £56,000 p.a.. To run at a 70% gross profit above

these costs, which should pay off over the next 5 years the costs incurred by rebuilding. The Cafe needs to have a turnover of £500 each day in term. Hence the high price of coffee, tea, and healthy wholesome vegetarian meals that make you go to the loo a lot. Florries used to be the cheapest place to eat in Central London, but The Cafe isn't. If students choose to go elsewhere to eat because the S.U. no longer provides the cheapest food service, then financial difficulties will arise.

On a more positive note, The Cafe still provides opportunities for casual labour. However, at the moment, the age-old tradition of "Jobs for the boys" still seems to be in operation, which is fine - if you're one of the boys. Although selection of casual labour is fair in that you have to have applied to join the list, jobs from this list being allocated in order of application, those who are "in the know" will get to the top of the list, before most students realise that jobs will be available. You can join this list by going to the S.U. Information Office, E 297. Hopefully, those students who are in financial difficulty, i.e. those who have applied to the Hardship Fund, will get priority.

Footnote; There is no evidence whatsoever of excessive wastage, embezzlement or fraud. Rory O'Driscoll suggested that if we printed any allegations of fraud, he would sue us to high heaven. Is he paranoid?

## Computing Workshops for Women

By JAN STOCKDALE, Adviser to Women Students

There is a great deal of evidence that new technology in general, and computing in particular are in danger of joining Maths, Physics and Engineering as male preserves. For example, in Britain boys are 13 times more likely than girls to use home computers, with only 4% of girls using home computers, and over 75% of students taking 'O' and 'A' level examinations in computer studies are male. Also, during the past year a number of women students, while appreciating the importance of being computer-literate, have expressed apprehension about using computers.

This suggested the need to offer computer familiarisation workshops specifically for women. These are designed to introduce women to the computing facilities available in the School and to provide a basic introduction to some of their uses. They are NOT "full-blown" computing courses, a variety of which are available in the School.

Each workshop consists of two sessions: THOSE WHO WISH TO PARTICIPATE IN THE PROGRAMME MUST ATTEND BOTH OF THESE.

(A) General introduction: facilities in the School, familiarisation with a terminal and introduction to the VAX computer.

(B) Introduction to the IBM Microcomputers and word processing using WordStar 2000.

So far, I have arranged three A sessions (maximum attendance 20) and two B sessions (maximum attendance 30);

more will be arranged if the demand is there. Any women students who want to attend a workshop should sign up for two sessions (A&B) on the lists posted up outside my office, S386.

The times and locations of the workshops are as follows:

Session A: Wednesday 22 October 5 - 6.00 S.018

A: Monday 3 November 5 - 6.00 S.01

A: Monday 10 November 5 - 6.00 S.01

Session B: Wednesday 5 November 5 - 6.30 S.16

B: Monday 17 November 5 - 6.30 S.169

If you are interested in attending a workshop but are unable to attend any of these sessions or if they are full, please sign the appropriate notice posted outside S386.

## Tatchell: On AIDS

by Gavin Evans

The Labour Club's line-up of speakers for this term was opened with a very interesting talk from Peter Tatchell, the 1981 bi-election candidate for Bermondsey, whose defeat at the polls was due largely to a publicity campaign pointing to his homosexuality. Mr. Tatchell came to the LSE on Friday last to give his opinion on the government's response to the AIDS problem.

Not only has the tabloid press dubbed AIDS, the "killer plague", but the government itself has labelled the virus as "a dangerous pathogen"! Why,

then, has the government not taken the danger of the disease seriously?

To cite a few facts: in 1986 voluntary contributions to research into an AIDS cure amount to more than the government's expenditure for the same. At Middlesex Hospital, the AIDS unit is housed in a portable cabin. The government's latest response is a £2.5 million advertising campaign in the newspapers; adverts hailed by all of the experts as dull, boring and ineffective.

Mr. Tatchell lays blame for the poor governmental response at the feet of AIDS prejudice and discrimination, the prejudice which refuses its victims jobs, accommodation, life insurance, mortgages, and even restaurant tables. The nation appears to be in the grips of a powerful homophobia and sexual puritanism. Even racism is brought into play, with the recent calls for mandatory screening of certain black African immigrants. Surely the best way forward is one of care and compassion, not hatred and ostracism.

Mr. Tatchell closed his talk on an interesting note. Perhaps the AIDS scare is an opportunity for medicine itself to develop a new and radical perspective on health. It will take a long time to find a cure for AIDS, and in the interim, medicine has a chance to take a step toward a more holistic approach, stressing the importance of the mind as well as the body in ridding oneself of an illness. It was plain to all who were in the room that Mr. Tatchell feels deeply for the victims of AIDS but also sees the epidemic as a drama from which to learn, not only for the gay community, but also for the medical community and indeed the whole of society.



## At the Union

By Jonathan Putsman

Catherine Bruce, urban female guerrilla, launched her regression of the feminist movement. Confusing as this woman is, for she is both stupid and superficially affable, her announcements stretch the boundaries of sanity.

That a "women's room" and self-defence classes are useful, I appreciate. Yet, are not computer workshops for women and discussions on women and technology stretching the ridiculous to the absurd? Frankly, I haven't seen too many computers harassing or repressing women lately. Why can't these feline creatures attend the ordinary computer and technology courses? Surely, after years of self-assertiveness training they can manage to open a door without support from their sisters?

And while on the topic of oppressed sections of society, Avinash's eloquence on racism in the press and at college won the Union's approval for his motion concerning the Government's racist action on visas (poor confused electorate). Yet one thing troubles me about young Avi, for I fear the man is suffering from schizophrenia. Four days a week he labours in Austin Reed trousers, Covent Garden blazer, crisp white shirt and suitably contrasting tie. Yet, on a Thursday, he sports jeans and a sweater. The answer, surely, is that his daily help only works on Thursdays.

Talking of those who only work one day a week, it seems that the First Years are angry. They want a publication explaining the rules of the UGM. Perhaps these spotty little school-leavers might look in their student handbook and find exactly that. Their cause was also not helped by a pompous Californian blonde calling the finest UGM in the student world "a cheap imitation of the Muppet Show". Children, if you need help please ask politely.

The UGM also witnessed the first challenge to our pragmatic chairman. But, horror of horrors, his deputy is far more repugnant. "Let's have some fucking order", was the Hairdo's only utterance. The challenge was easily defeated, the Centre-Right majority seemingly growing by the minute, and Bexon had only to

climb back into his chair to continue his commentary on the meeting. Yet, even this simple task was nearly too much for the poor soul as he smashed his head on a blackboard while negotiating those tricky three steps.

On the whole, the sabbaticals had a quiet day. Wilcock's smile seems stapled to his face, and thankfully, he has stopped projecting his spittle over the first three rows. It was, to be fair, unfortunate that he forced us to listen to Roberto's indecipherable three minute dribble on Columbia. But even this was superseded by the irrelevance of a minute's silence for El Salvador.



Rory did and said virtually nothing, while Babs displayed some acute political skills. Having been accused of accepting the vile Barclay's cheques, she turned her report into a motion preventing their reappearance - shrewd girl, eh? - I'll bet she doesn't need technology classes.

It also remains for me to congratulate Malcolm Lowe for achieving what millions thought was impossible. Crying "Free the motion of unnecessary ideology!", he won over the balcony and stuck one up Cicutti's arse, but I doubt that will prevent shit coming out the other end.

And finally, we hail the maiden speech of Captain Birdseye (rumoured to be Iain Crawford's Dad) who protested at the abuse flying around the meeting. Well, Grandad, what was coming out of your mouth at the first UGM - poetry?

## Firstly, Ron, about your job as NUS officer

By Nigel Kilby

Ron Beadle: Well, the job seems quite good, basically because I can set my own agenda in conjunction with the Labour Club.

*What campaigns are NUS going to be mounting in the LSE this term?*

Well, there are two major campaigns. Firstly, the 'Claim It While You Earn' campaign, which is a high priority campaign aimed at getting students to claim those benefits they are probably not aware they're entitled to. The second one is a 'Freedom For Namibia Week' being launched mainly as an educational campaign aimed at highlighting the South African oppression of the Namibian people.

*How successful do you think these campaigns will be; will they really be different from last year's shambolic march to the middle of South London, that is, nowhere?*

Well, I think it will be successful, providing students are made aware of the issues. With a march it will be easy to tell as, if only 75 people turn up you know it's a disaster.

*Moving on a little, but staying with NUS, how do you view the NUS policy of NO PLATFORM for people who don't believe in abortion?*

I, as an individual, support no platform for racists and fascists, but on the issue of abortion I cannot go along with a ban on the pro-life lobby. And if I were to go to NUS conference I would follow the policy of the students union and also try to integrate it with that of Labour Students.

*This moves us on very nicely to the next issue, as an elected Union Representative, to whom do you owe your allegiance?*

This problem comes up again and again. I don't think you can be very specific as I try to represent the people who elected me, that is, the students of the LSE. Having said this, I am a representative of labour students and am nothing more than their delegate.

*Will the Labour Club be dominated by the Women's Group and get all the resulting unpopularity?*

I don't accept that any connections we as a club have with the struggle against sexism will damage our electoral chances.



The serene Ronnie Beadle

*Do you, then, have no objection to the undated letter of resignation held by labour students?*

Well, no, not in general. If a specific case arose where I felt unable to support labour students I would resign. Having said this, I don't feel that it would be used, bearing in mind that nobody likes by-elections.

*How will the Labour Club shape up this year?*

Well, we've done very well and we got a massive membership. We even have one surcharged Lambeth councillor and she really knows what it is like to struggle. We've got to present socialism in an attractive way which involved not solely acting in the interest of the LSE Labour Club.

*The Women's Group, Ron, are undoubtedly an unpopular group within politics as a whole.*

I am not a woman, I am a man. I don't speak for the LSE women. If attacks were made on women at LSE I'm sure we will meet the challenge.

*Looking now at external politics, how do you see the Labour Party shaping up nationally?*

Well, hopefully we will be facing a General Election in the next twelve months. You must understand that it has taken the Labour Party seven years to face up to the fact that this is the late twentieth century. Presentation is getting better. I believe that the Labour Party will win the next General Election.

*What do you think the major issues of the next election will be?*

Well, unfortunately the political agenda is nearly always set by the establishment. The establishment will try to focus on our weak areas such as non nuclear defence and scare mongering about extremists. However, with four million people on the dole and nineteen million people on, or below, the poverty line, I believe that these are the real issues and I don't believe that any of the parties have the real answers, but at least the Labour Party will find the answers in the interests of the country as a whole, and not in the interests of narrow dogma.

*When in government, how will the Labour Party cope with the pressure of the large US banks which caused the collapse of the French Socialist experiment?*

As a socialist I believe that Labour must take control of capital. Society must control its own resources. However, given the fact that the majority of people do not support nationalising the banks then we will not be able to do it.

*Now then, Ron, what about the poetry? How is your poetic career developing?*

I don't really think I have one. I got into poetry through writing things down when I was depressed. I do the occasional parody and it serves to amuse the peasants - well, what the hell, I'll do it.

Thank you, Ron.

Tuns, Nigel?

Tuns, Ron...

## THE BEAVER TEAM



# THE BEAVER

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# The Societies Corner

By STAVROS MAKRIS

This Monday 20th October at 6:30pm, the **Psychology Society** hold their first meeting. It is an illustrated talk by Dr. Peter Mcleod of Oxford University: "Visual Reaction Time and High Speed Ball Games: Is Cricket Possible?". So I expect all you chaps of the A.U.(L.S.E.C.C.) to attend. Mind you, it will cost you 90p unless you are a member of the Society.

This Wednesday 22nd October at 12:30 in the Graduate Student Common Room **students with home demands** will have a chance to meet others in a similar predicament. This event is intended to be the first of three similar meetings planned for this year. Wine and fruit juice and snacks will be provided. Older students and their pets will be particularly welcome. For further information you can contact the Student Welfare office.

This Friday 25th October from 8:30 till late hours of the night the **Sri-Lankan Society** will be hosting a Dinner and a Disco to follow. Pencil this date in your social calendar, all you connoisseurs of good food and funky music.

The **PHOTOSOC** apologise for the delay in holding their first meeting. It is due to the illness of John Hodges, the president. I am assured the first meeting will take place as soon as he recovers. Watch the notice boards and the darkroom door and...keep on flashing in the dark.

The **Drama Society** held a three-day run of "Emigrants", a highly-acclaimed production of the Edinburgh Festival. The noises heard afterwards were encouraging.

The **Debating Society** held their first event on 14th October in A86 the Old Building. From now on all their chaotic presentation will be appearing there. That first meeting was a "Baloon Debate" involving JJ Jones (Tequila), Rory O'Driscoll (Liberal), Peter Dawson

(Labour), Paul Wood (Tory) and Tessa (Co-operative).

JJ spoke of fun and mistrusting politics while the pompous figure of Peter Dawson chased rainbows and floated in clouds. Paul Wood murmured about voting against rather than for, choosing for the lesser of two evils. Rory O'Driscoll touched on the very same idea but with a little more deviousness and initiative. Not surprisingly no one won the debate and the audience voted to throw all the candidates off the balloon. Jonathan Putsman informs me that next weeks topic will be AIESEC. Will chaos or strong opinionated voices prevail?



On a different subject, **The Investment Forum**, "a non-profit-making organisation" (huh?) invites speakers from the City and the Financial World to present lectures on related issues, "something like the Toyota lectures". However it has been pointed out to me that these lectures are only open to members of the Society. Non-members are not allowed in, not even for a "nominal" entrance fee. I expect to hear more about it...

As I also expect to hear more about your forthcoming events, from your society. This is your column, use it. Tell me and everyone will know.

# University of London:

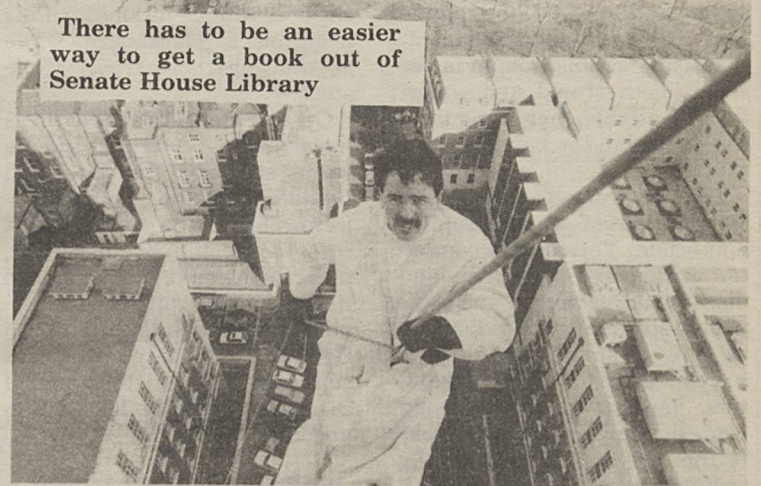
## Bars, Bars, Bars, and a Few Libraries.

by M. HOPWOOD

Well, if you didn't come to the University of London to get your degree from Princess Anne, why did you come? Apart from the attraction of LSE itself, two good reasons are the University of London Union (ULU), and the facilities of the other schools and Institutes in London.

ULU has a building of its own in Malet Street, very near Passfield and Carr-Saunders Halls. It provides a large range of services, including 'Mergers', a large, fairly cheap bar, which hosts regular bands and discos, most of which are free. There is also another slightly more upmarket bar and a cafe on the fourth floor of the building, a shop, an accommodation office, a cheap travel agency, swimming pool, and 'Waves', which must be the cheapest Sauna/Jacuzzi complex in Central London. To get into ULU you will need a ULU card, which you can get from the Registry. The card contains a full list of ULU's services, as well as other useful information for London's students. It is well worth going to ULU, if only to find out whether you like it or not. Being so close to the Halls, it does attract many LSE students, and it also makes a change from hanging around LSE all the time.

ULU is a proper Student Union, too, campaigning and representing students as our Union does. On a political level, it is governed by the General Union Council, which meets 5 or 6 times a year, and to which LSE sends 8 delegates. Elections for those will be held soon. It is worth taking an interest in these elections, because they are the best way to change ULU if you don't like something.



There are many Schools and Institutes in the Bloomsbury area, again near two of our Halls. They organise their own social functions, have their own bars and libraries, much like LSE. LSE Students are welcome in many of these; for example, UCL Bar in Gower Place was very popular with Passfield residents last year, as were SSEES' Vodka promotions.

So far, most of this article has been about bars, which are of course very important educational facilities. But what do you do when the bars are actually closed? Apart from sleeping or getting some cans in, you might occasionally feel like going to a library. There are several libraries apart from LSE's which you can use, and they are often more useful than our own. A brief outline of the libraries available will conclude this article. For more details, visit the libraries concerned, or look at the 'Guide to the Library Resources of the University of London' by Kenneth Garside. (Available in the LSE Library Reference Section, or from 52 Gordon Square, WC1).

Senate House Library is perhaps the one most used by LSE Students apart from our own. It houses a large general

academic library, a number of useful specialist collections, and has ridiculously generous lending rights. It starts on the fourth floor of Senate House, in Malet Street.

The School of Oriental and African Studies Library, also in Malet Street, is a VERY QUIET library. It is very useful if you're doing a course about that sort of thing. Don't take a walkman.

The School of Slavonic and East European Studies, apart from being full of spies, has a very attractive library with many up-to-date books and journals.

If you need a book in a particular subject and LSE hasn't got it, one of the following might also be able to help you:

- KQC: Strand WC2
- Institute of Germanic Studies, 29 Russell Square WC1
- Institute of Advanced Legal Studies, 17 Russell Square WC1. (Admission only if material not elsewhere available).

For further information: ULU Handbook, or 'phone ULU on 580 9551.

'Guide to the library resources of the University of London' Ed. K. Garside 1983

'Guide to admission to Libraries in the University of London' 1985.

# ULU NOTE

Dear Editor,

An increasing number of L.S.E. students are experiencing problems in gaining admission to the ULU building in Malet Street. Having spoken to one of the ULU vice-Presidents, I would like to point out that the problem lies in the fact that L.S.E.'s ULU cards do not have the photograph over-stamped. Until 24th October, an NUS card or L.S.E. library card will be accepted as ID, but if L.S.E. students wish to continue using ULU they must have their cards over-stamped as soon as possible.

Yours Faithfully,

Mark Hopwood,  
ULU GUC Delegate 1985/86  
L.S.E. Student 1984-87

# THE BEAVER PRIZE CROSSWORD

Across

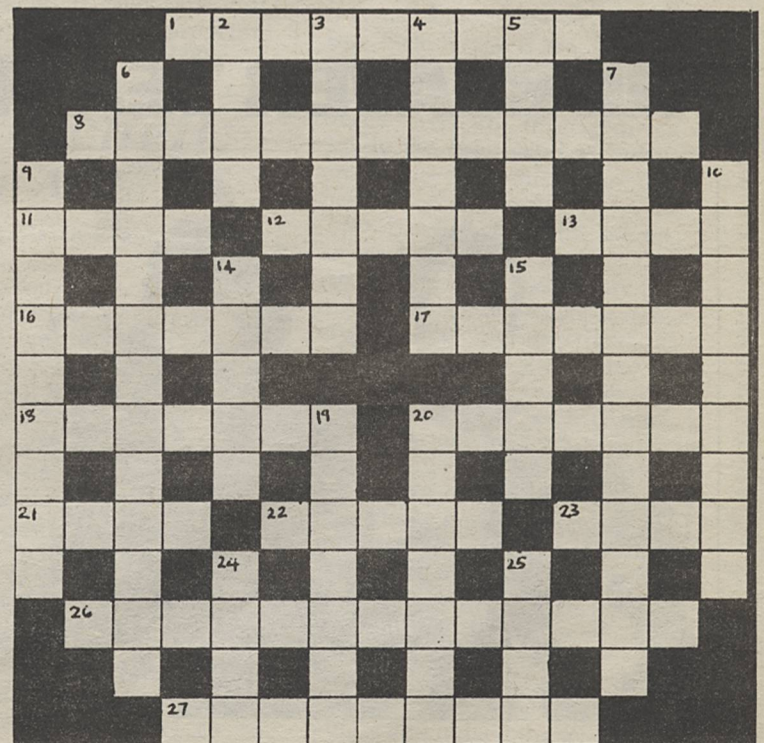
1. Explosive beginning to inflated self-importance. (9)
8. Sowing the seeds or adding the compost. (13)
11. Bow to the crumpled rose of Picadilly. (4)
12. Leaves softly in harvest return. (5)
13. Confused wise man has many years. (4)
16. Corrupt under-Editor lasted for some time. (7)
17. Shuffling her toes for childish expression. (2,5)
18. Menaces spoken as hatred is thrown around. (7)
20. LSE confusion about rent eventually subsides. (7)
21. Meat from the tumbling vale. (4)
22. Stop making case about additive. (5)
23. State a greeting between rounds. (4)
26. Less severe qualifications? (6,7)
27. Making speeches about physical education, call that working? (9)

Down

2. Once around the house for starters, I swear. (4)
3. A couple of old numbers in Board are an obstacle to progress. (7)
4. Fumblingly resists female brethren. (7)
5. I, the Greek, don't care a bit! (4)
6. Clumsy DJ with dedication? (6,7)
7. Sarcasm, as the language sticks in the mouth. (6,2,5)
9. Could it be a faulty double-agent? No, it doesn't quite work. (9)
10. Confused noises can send one through the clouds! (9)
14. Judging from confused trail... (5)
15. ...as yet remaining unmoved. (5)
19. Awkward lenders mean slim results. (7)
20. Look up to unsteady phantom. (7)
24. Winding back water. (4)
25. Small, brown, water-living bird? (4)

compiled by THE BATT BROTHERS

There will be a prize the first correct solution drawn from the hat. All completed entries to the BEAVER office, E204. Winner will be announced in the next issue.



Answers will be published next week.



# HALL NEWS

## Around the LSE

By JJ JONES

The Cafe is open...it's also expensive: 50p for cheese on a baked spud? Either the cheese is so rare that it came from the cow that jumped over the moon, or else Tory is still after that villa in the south of France. Mind you, the casual staff are very good value for the money, & Cappuccino Kilby and Bexon in a pinny make the long queues bearable, even enjoyable. It's a shame there aren't familiar queues in the men's (sorry) snooker room.

The All-Night Ball passed off without any trouble; sadly, no repeat of Jaffa Blackhead's heroics the week before, but what of Smiling Simon, our jovial, happy-go-lucky bar manager? Pizza pavements by him shattered many illusions (and toilet bowls, almost). And what of the new bubble-gum machines in the mens' room, soon to be installed...how nice to see Union officers looking after their members' health.

Visits to political meetings this term have proved interesting. The Boy Dixon looks good, even if his party doesn't. Tory calls for party unity to save his job...while practicing his job-sharing skills at the debating



society. A shrewder move by Tony was to buy off Cappuccino with a job at the Cafe.

My presence at the Labour Club was greeted with all the warmth and affection usually reserved for lepers. Mind you, Struggle Brother Binett did call me "comrade" - see you in the salt mine, George!! News from the Trots.... hall fees are too high (though not as high as they could be) and anyone good at building barricades should see Rob S. Pierre, c/o General Secretary.

Final item of interest: Union Chair Gail Bexon is so impartial that she has resigned. A brief explanation of how a meeting is conducted would greatly help First-years' understanding.

P.S. Has anyone noticed that Peter Dawson looks like Hitler?

## PASSFIELD HALL

by The fabulous Fluffy Slippers

The Big news this week concerns the forthcoming "Keg-Race" between the 'Brits' and the 'Yanks'. Mark 'Yankperson' (nice shorts!) issued the challenge and since then diehard lagernauts Chas 'Jon Bull' Begley and Nigel 'Reete grand beer this' Guerny have been in training. Unbelievably the boys from the U.S. think they can win, and, news that alcohol, and not 'Bud' is to be drunk hasn't dampened their spirits. Still, good luck to all... just don't use the bathroom near me!!

Calls for rent reductions were rampant last week as quiet man Kilby entered these hallowed halls officially. Pity his poor room-mate Aaron... a tough week n'est pas - invasion by the British Army (Catering Division) and the decking of the Redskins by the Cowboys.

Softball was better attended - enthusiasm (?) or was it just to check J.J. had spent the £100 legitimately. Still, come along anyway and run off the Sunday dinner. And, to any other halls, groups etc. wanting a game - we have equipment, all we need is a team to beat. Contact Don Yankperson (S25) who's fat - we're waiting!

Sorry to anyone upset by the last report... but come on liven

up, you'll get Passfield a bad name. One animal showing the old signs is Welsh Matt, often seen roaming the hall at 3am in search of a party. Maybe Laura Ashley in 99 will oblige, especially following roommate Carolyn's superb newt impressions at the all night ball. My attention has been drawn by our New Jersey correspondent to the range of mountains on the second floor. And anyone wanting up-lifting literature should try F6.

The committee was elected by a show of apathy, as much as hands. Well done to Marie and Herman Mumford for standing; and tough on James Singh - no place in hall for you next year. Another careerist to watch for, the pipe-smoking bean-bag who wants to be president.

Flu has also hit the hall. Our beloved leader Morris got it. However, flu hasn't stopped Kate who still seeks that part in Treasure island. Babs too got it, thankfully, though it didn't get to her chest.

Finally, I am pleased to announce the engagement of Lorna Young and Sidney. Asked about the affair Miss Young said, "We love each other deaply and it has nothing to do with the size of Sid's horn!"

If "a week is a long time in politics" then "a year is a long time in Rosebery Hall". Oh, how things have changed down at that renowned den of inequity, Rosebery Hall. No longer need you walk in fear of the fire extinguisher battalions who used to patrol the corridors at night, striking fear into the hearts of the "normal students". Gone are the cosy nights around the campfire, courtesy of ...? Gone are the friendly nights of wanton destruction and the days of slumber from the night before. One thing is for sure, this year will be different.

Students are so different now-they actually turn up to hall meetings and listen to the warden's address (oh, how things have gone downhill!) However, some basic Rosebery traditions still carry on. Conau 'Horny' Harby is still on the 'fishhunt', as yet no success, though his dubious charms will no doubt work their magic-watch out Charlie!

There are, however, new personalities emerging. Watch out for Hugh Jones, our bet for the next president, already under the wing of Cris, a fellow compatriot of Sheffield. A word of friendly advice, Hugh- start drinking pints and not halves-Cris got elected not for services to the hall but for services to the bar. (Presidents need that cuddly beer belly look!)

The other major personality to emerge, although many wish he hadn't, is "compost breath" (due to his penchant for talking manure) who has started the rather unpleasant practice of operating free-market economics with meal tickets-disgraceful behaviour!

## Rosebery Report

by El Duce and Ned Ludd

Perhaps the worst change from last year, however, has been the ending of the Marxist experiment on how to run a bar-to each according to need, free at the point of service'. Beer now costs money at Rosebery! The reason for the collapse of the Marxist regime is due to slight discrepancies in last year's accounting practices, i.e. £2,000! (We can only assume that they undercharged for the crisps.) For some strange reason Cris and Conau are no longer allowed to set foot in the bar area.

The final insult: quote by Kaptain Kurt (Warden),"They are a really nice group this year. They are like normal students." On that sad note we end.

P.S. Awards for service to Freshers week (although we are awaiting verification) goes to Nick Randall for living up to the basic student motto of how to look after first year women freshers. A mark of distinction must also go to Mica Gold, two in one week isn't bad going, even on the Bexon scale!



## CARR-SAUNDERS HALL REPORT

Well, term started with a bang or five-see dancing brave, Shergar's successor-the first wacky event being the traditional riverboat disco which, after a tour of the Embankment led by Rachael "my clothes haven't improved from last year and neither has my hair for that matter" Platts, was marred by the customary slick move, this year accomplished by Henry doing a cheeseey (see paragraph 2) all over the table.

Who's fat-the world's most eligible bachelor unfortunately is no more-but will he loosen that noose by the end of the year? Kate and Emma, our sociable sex, are performing their function in magnificent style-dancing: brave beat, that. Speaking of beating up, the hall disco saw Commandante Kuska coming to blows with Macho Mikey Gunter-both coming off rather the worse for wear (see Ed's eye, Mikey's arm) and Cowardly Ken, Hall treasurer, hasn't been spotted since.

Thanks to John "Big Gob" Nolan, Cheeseey's sick secret was boffed out of the bag, and Adam "Give Me 20 Minutes" Markin has been lurking around F4/6 for some considerable time- his sexuality is in question. Meanwhile, the delectable bum still haunts the passageways and passions of out hall. Beware the third floor.

First Years are well trained in the art of alcoholism but should get their act together for forthcoming elections. And where are those hunky men? Speaking of which, Hose "Pro-

plus Plus" has recently joined AA, and we wait patiently for the arrival of Lucy's mum.

We leave you weaiting patiently for our next thrilling episode. Beam us up, Tibbles.

The three stupid Monkees, hear all, see all and say everything.

P.S. Welcome back Chris Riley, and fuck off Kilby, you ugly bastard.

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## STUDENT COMMITTEE ELECTIONS

MAIN VOTING: 9.30 am - 7 pm Thursday 23 October outside the OLD THEATRE

ADVANCE VOTING: 12 pm - 2 pm Tuesday 21 October in THE CAFE

Bring library card to vote



## Uptempo LA, Downtown London

by KEVIN H. KOGA

As the British Airways 747 from Los Angeles began its descent into Heathrow Airport on that fateful morning in early September, I peered through the nearest window on an unfamiliar land. The air surrounding the plane looked heavy, a grey mixture of moisture and carbon monoxide. In the distance the River Thames wound its way through town and country. On the banks of the Thames I could see London, its crowded metropolitan centre surrounded by suburbs as far as the eye could see through the dank air which hovered over it. The plane landed, the passengers disembarked, and there I stood, a scared anxiety-stricken Southern Californian transplanted in London.

My first week in London seemed to last forever. At its conclusion I wondered if I had not travelled seven thousand miles back into the nineteenth century. I found England's capital to be filled with dilapidated buildings crusted with a thick black coat of soot and grime. The labyrinth of underground tunnels reeked of exhaust. The many sidewalks, boobie-trapped with loose bricks, litter and piles of dog droppings, proved to be disheartening as well as hazardous to the souls of my NIKE sneakers. As I began to miss the comparatively positive aspects of home, I wondered why I had not re-enrolled at U.C.L.A.

instead of choosing a graduate school located in the heart of a city seemingly stuck in the past.

The youthful spirit of Los Angeles became ever apparent against the dreary and decrepit backdrop of my new surroundings. In Los Angeles, clean, modern, earthquake-proof buildings abound, while spacious palm tree-lined streets and freeways connect the inner-city and the suburbs.

Los Angeles caters to the night owl. Neon signs mark crowded discos, late night bars, midnight cinemas and all night diners and convenience stores. The city is alive. It never shuts down.

The youthful character of Los Angeles is reflected in its populace who endeavour to retain their vivacity. Health clubs, racquet centres and public swimming pools are frequented by fitness fanatics of all ages seeking eternal health, while weekend ten kilometre runs draw thousands. Facelifts among the upper classes are as common as pulled teeth. Los Angeles is obsessed with the preservation of its physical prime.

London seems comparatively less concerned with the youthful and modern, ascribing more importance instead to tradition and history. England's commitment to tradition is illustrated through the preservation of the Royal Family and through its various other institutions. Among these are the courts which still require barristers to don ridiculous-looking wigs while in session.

Remnants of London's past can be found everywhere, from such eleventh century landmarks as the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey to more recent memorials such as the Royal Albert. Londoners and tourists alike are reminded of England's 'glory days' of imperialism by exotic antiquities housed in the British Museum.

Having now spent over a month wandering through crowded thoroughfares and rickety backstreets, I have found a sense of splendour connected to London's past. When visiting such important landmarks as Christopher Wren's St Paul's Cathedral, my secondary school history lessons come alive. Trodding down streets and alleyways once traversed by Charles Dickens gives me an idea of what life must have been like in Victorian London.

The deeper I venture into London, the closer I feel to the capital city's history and tradition. The untended sidewalks I once cursed and the smut covered buildings I before disliked now seem to add to London's historical ambience and charm. While the youthfulness and freshness which characterise Los Angeles can be symbolised by the bright flash of a neon sign, London's character seems to be tradition etched in its centuries-old stone structures. Los Angeles and London are worlds apart, yet both have much to offer. To fully appreciate their characters, one needs only to dispose of his ethnocentric prejudices and hit the pavement.

## Life At Carr-Saunders Hall: 1st impressions

by KATHRYN PARSONS & NICOLA HILL

Initially, many feared not getting into Carr-Saunders Hall - most offers were made only two weeks before the beginning of term. This caused unnecessary concern over the summer holidays.

Once installed, however, Freshers received a warm welcome during the first week with good entertainment provided. This standard has been maintained as there is always something going on - discos, videos, bar promotions, etc. The bar has a good ambience, cheap booze and friendly service - it is the starting point for many of the evening activities and a place to meet new friends. The intermingling between different years, sexes and nationalities makes for a surprisingly jovial atmosphere despite the institutionalised appearance of the building.

At very odd times, particularly on the weekends, all residents congregate for the ceremonious unveiling of the day's gastronomic delights. Vegetarians get a raw deal - only four different meals since the beginning of the term. Otherwise, the evening meals are reasonable for quality but not for quantity. Breakfast suffices for cereal eaters, but carnivores suffer from the plastic appearance

of the fried fare they are offered.

Finally, two problems exclusive to the female students - one is a plea... MEN, please put down the loo seats and stop people from falling down them now! The second is the fear of lifts jamming again; the eternal problem of boobs jiggling up and down on arrival!

Even if you cannot find anything to satisfy you inside the hall, it's an excellent location for visiting London and for getting up as late as 25 minutes before a lecture!

## Personal

Mexican PhD student planning to research in the United States next year would like to meet American students. (Men & Women) Please contact George 636-4310 after 7 pm. Other nationalities also welcomed.

Would 1st year student, Julie, formerly a nurse at Royal United Hospital, Bath, please contact Fiona Chester at the BEAVER office, E.204, as a friend is trying to locate you.

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Features

# LAST GASP FROM THE CAPE

*Sheena Duncan on the dying hopes for white Liberalism in South Africa.*

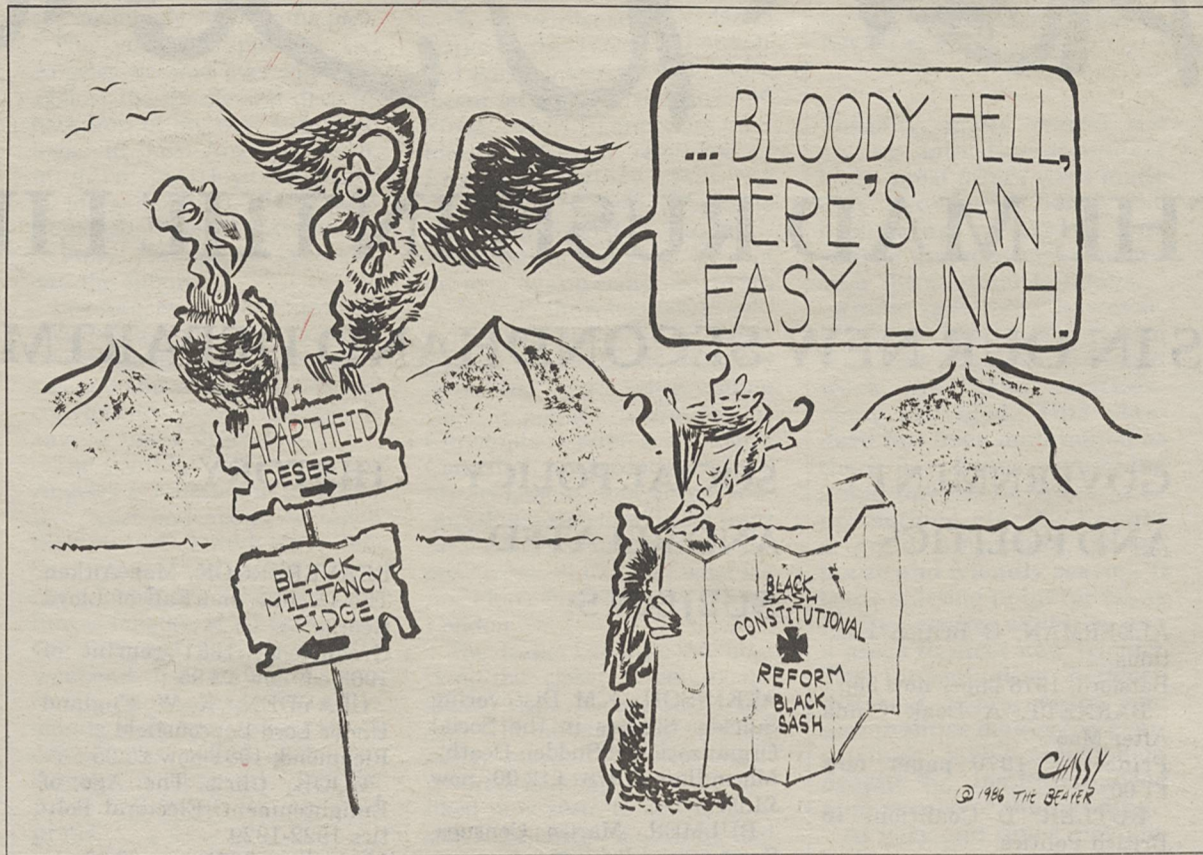
by Julian Ozanne

"The last hope for a peaceful, constitutional change in South Africa lies with the white electorate". This was the clear message given by Sheena Duncan, President of the Black Sash, to LSE students.

Speaking to the LSE Alliance last week, the long standing anti-apartheid activist said that because the new constitution has further entrenched political power in the white chamber of the South African parliament, the "white electorate is the only group that can make any significant change to the government".

Ms. Duncan said that this was what made "strategic selective sanctions" so relevant to the South African because the "only way for continual change would be a mechanism whereby the white electorate wanted it so badly, that it voted the present government out". Selective sanctions rather than general economic sanctions were the key, she said, because the latter would cause black unemployment and an escalation of violence, while the former, such as the withdrawal of South African Airways landing rights, would have a psychological impact on the white community.

In this hypothetical situation the Progressive Federal Party could gain the support to form an interim government on the platform of releasing all detainees, unbanning the ANC and other political groups, repealing the structure of apartheid and conducting constitutional negotiations. There were



signs that the the P.F.P. had stopped seeing itself as a permanent opposition whose sole purpose was exposure in parliament, and was looking seriously at the potential for that kind of opinion shift in the white electorate. If the PFP could double its current parliamentary representation from twenty six, they could offer a sufficiently attractive power base for the moderate wing of the National Party.

But, when Ms. Duncan was questioned by The Beaver on whether she thought this at all

realistic she said "It's only a remote possibility. I don't know if it has any chance of success at all." She admitted that in the most recent opinion poll of the white electorate in August this year, 67% of whites were loyal supporters of P.W. Botha. Hopes of parliamentary reform were further fading because effective power and policy making had been shifted to the National Security Committee and its regional and local sub groups, composed of the military, the police and a handful of

administrators. "We are already effectively governed by the security forces in a system much clever than Martial Law" she said.

But, despite this, Ms. Duncan still adamantly reiterated that white support could be shifted by the pressure of sanctions. "It has to be tried because there is no other mechanism for a peaceful transition to universal franchise and a democratic constitution".

Commenting on the South African situation in general, Ms.

Duncan optimistically described the growth of Black non-violent action and civil disobedience. The rent boycotts in black townships were politically very successful, and the consumer boycott of white shops in the Eastern Cape had even won the support of the White Chamber of Commerce. "It doesn't matter how many guns and tanks the state have because they can't defeat that" she said.

The state knew it could contain violence for a very long time and she believed that there was no possibility of an armed overthrow of the state in the near future because the loyalty of the police and the military to white political power was rock-solid. The state was deliberately trying to break black political organisation and creating chaos. All political gathering, defined as more than one person coming together with a common purpose have been banned since 1976 and this enables the security forces to break up any gathering with tear-gas and rubber bullets. At least 16,000 people have been detained during the present state of emergency.

Ms. Duncan appeared as a rather tragic apologist for the respectable face of white liberalism in South Africa. Warmly applauded by the Liberal, Social-Democratic audience, especially when she defined the politics of the U.D.F as social-democratic, she seemed unsure of the slim chances for her own liberal hopes in a society increasingly polarised by white reaction on the one hand, and the burgeoning growth of black revolutionary fervour on the other.

## Will Sanctions Hurt the Very People We Want To Help?

By Avinash Persaud

Apartheid is a silent killer.

White infant and mortality rates are comparable with the best in the world. By contrast, the black infant and child mortality rates in South Africa were similar to some of the poorest countries in the world. It is estimated that over 68,000 more black infants and over 11,000 more black children would be alive each year if the black rates were similar to other nations as wealthy as South Africa.

In South Africa the black life expectancy is just 50 years. This is not only over 25 years less than the average white life expectancy, but also less than the average life expectancy of Bangladesh, one of the poorest countries in the world.

On top of this daily toll over 2500 people lost their lives this year in the unrest.

Has foreign investment helped to reform Apartheid?

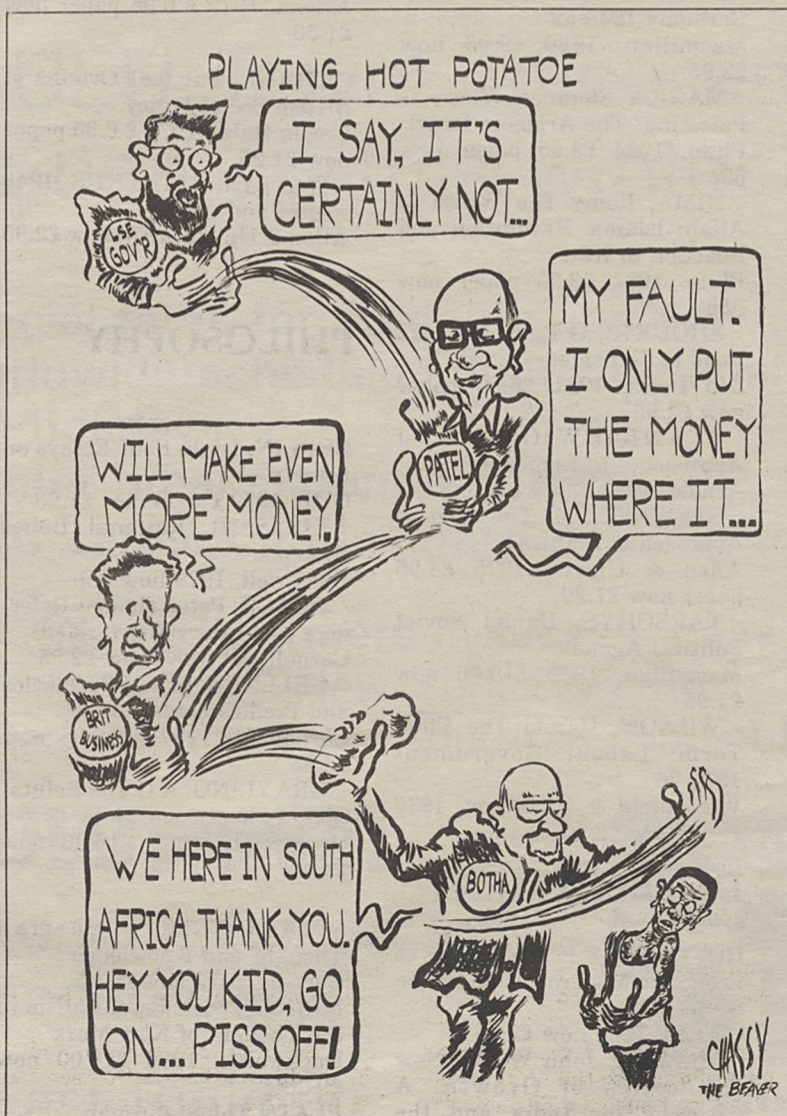
In the hey day of foreign investment and economic growth - the late 1960's to the mid 1970's - the South African Government was busy forcefully removing three million blacks to live in the bantustans,

South Africa's most barren lands.

In this same period South Africa imprisoned and tortured thousands of political prisoners, of whom Steve Biko is one of the better known. It also armed the anti government forces in Angola and Mozambique as well as illegally occupying Namibia. Furthermore, it disrupted attempts by Angolan, Mozambique and Zambian governments to operate railways that would have reduced their forced dependence on the South African transport network. All of this is still taking place.

The cost of divestment to the black population may be high but it is dwarfed by the daily burden of apartheid on them. Further, the cost of divestment is often exaggerated. The South African economy is so dependent on foreign investment that merely the credible threat of mass divestment (before actual divestment) will cause such a loss of international business confidence that the Apartheid government would have to fall.

The blacks in South Africa suffer more from the support of Apartheid by foreign investment than they will suffer if foreign investment is curtailed.



**Divest Now!**

## WOMEN

### AGAINST APARTHEID

by Laura Matthews

Hilda Bernstein, prizewinning authoress of "Death is part of the Process", a fictional expose of the individuals and organisations who plan & perpetrate acts of Sabotage against the South African freedom movement (recently dramatised for British Television), will be speaking at the L.S.E. on the tension precipitated by recent developments in South Africa & the complex moral dilemmas which direct action involves.

She is a member of the A.N.C. and specially concerned with the multiple problems faced by black women in South Africa.

Everyone is invited to attend the meeting which will be in C120 at 1.00 on Monday 27th October.



## Britain "Swamped by an Alien Culture"?



Addressing about seventy Labour supporters last Tuesday, Gerald Kaufman M.P. made a comprehensive attack on the government's immigration and police policies, which he has pledged to substantially reverse on coming to office.

On immigration the Shadow Home Secretary stated that his argument with present government policy is not over the existence of controls per se, but that the present controls are covertly racist. This bias is revealed most clearly in Thatcher's comment that "people are scared of being swamped by an alien culture", but is also written into the legislation itself.

In 1980, for instance, the right of immigrants to bring finances into the country was rescinded. This strongly discriminates against people who have arranged marriages and these - excepting the Royal Family - are of course predominantly coloured. More recently the primary purpose rule has been used illegitimately to discriminate against people "with black skins", said Kaufman, especially as the onus is on the would-be immigrant to prove that his or her primary purpose in coming to Britain is not to settle. This is particularly difficult for non-English speakers to do.

Such clauses have been used by the Thatcher government, claims Kaufman, for purely racist purposes. It is now 170 times more likely that a Canadian successfully gets through

immigration controls, than a Bangladeshi. When questioned about how certain the electorate can be that action will be forthcoming if a Labour government were returned, especially in view of the poor record of the 1974-79 governments, Kaufman asserted that he was "irretrievably committed" to the repeal of the 1971 Immigration Act which he sees as the basis of present racist policies. He gave very little indication of what controls the new government would replace this with.

These restrictive immigration controls were set in the context of widening police powers, encroachments upon civil liberties and a move away from the "relaxed and liberal" attitudes of post-war Britain. In particular, the Police and Criminal Evidence Act 1984 (PACE) is responsible for allowing a person to be detained without charge for up to 96 hours, said Kaufman. He did not mention the considerable safeguards included in this Act against the abuse of police powers, however, making his case seem more dramatic than it is. (Section 41, for instance, makes it clear that only very rarely will a person be detained for over 24 hours, and detention over 36 hours requires a magistrate's warrant). Whilst PACE may be abused, Kaufman, a former Daily Mirror correspondent, gave a somewhat sensational case. He even added that a person may now be gaoled for up to ten years merely for throwing a stone in a riot which misses its target.

The meeting ended with questions, which inevitably centred around why the Labour Party has abandoned its "true Socialist principles". Kaufman, at 57 and facing re-selection difficulties in Manchester, is not the radical he was in the early seventies. An unashamed compromiser, he mocked those on the left who - in a democracy - "will not compromise with the electorate". The Labour Party is not a debating society he said, and has only itself to blame for the schism of 1983.

## General Election Or Share Issue?

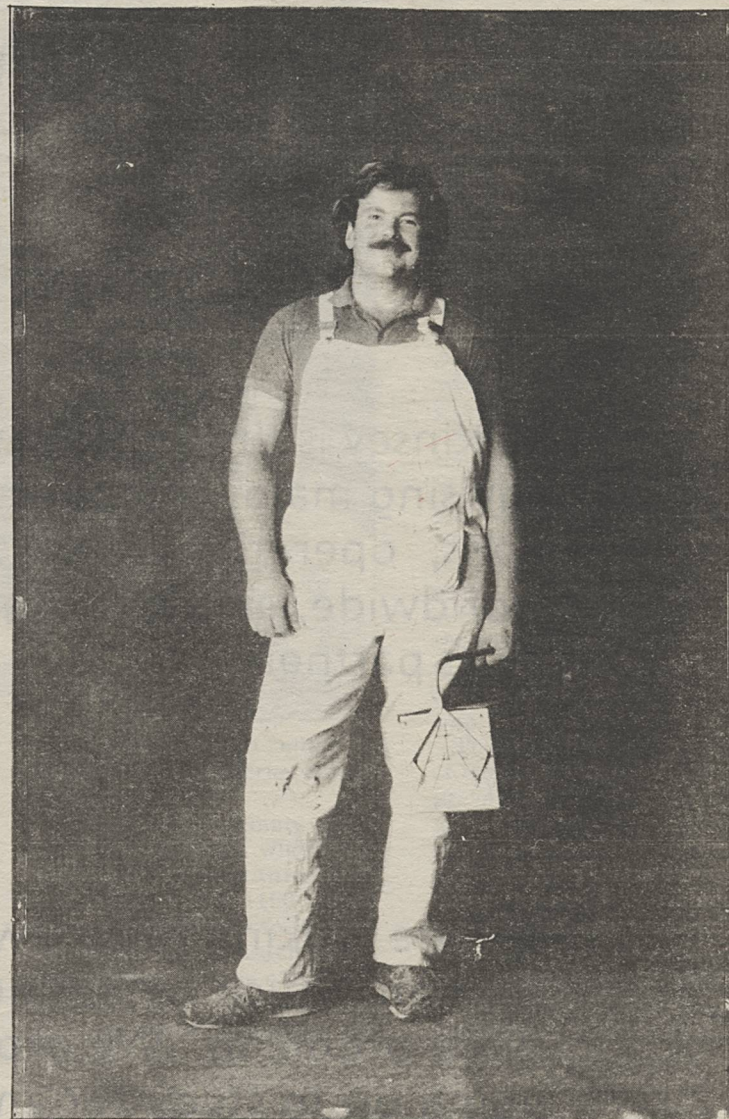
### Investing In A New Image.

The Labour Party has now reached stage two of its' head first dive into the formerly Tory dominated world of slick advertising companies. Having replaced the red flag with the red rose, it has now outgrown party newssheets and leaflet campaigns, with "Investing In People" as the recently published policy document.

To look at it on your newsagents' shelves, as will soon be possible, it resembles nothing more than a glossy share-issue prospectus, and unfortunately it contains little within to alter this initial impression. There are the usual bland, sweeping statements found in all the political parties' publications - to "transform Britain into a country that is efficient and competitive ..... where individual liberty and social justice are based on a solid foundation of economic prosperity". An excellent prospect if achieved but there is very little here to convince any but the already convinced. I, along with the great majority of those likely to pay the rather exorbitant price of 75p for this document will already know of the £6 billion spending plan, and have already heard the generalisations on increases in the N.H.S., industry, jobs, etc, etc, etc.

It is possible however that I was confused by the publicity and in fact this publication was never meant to be anything more than a new format for old ideas. I did think, though, that the blatant stereo-typing which occurs throughout "Investing In People" to be more the Tories' line of approach. The picture of the smiling, content, obviously working man in dirty overalls opposite the section "Investing In Jobs" was offensive.

This brochure deals solely with the investment side of Labour's policies, often using entirely



### Labour

-Unemployed actor pretending to be a working class member of Labour Party

inappropriate comparisons of Britain's performances to those of Japan and Germany (countries allowed a new industrial start after the Second World War). Unfortunately, even the criticisms of the Thatcher regime, while many were legitimate, were unconvincingly posed.

Thus, I can only say that if you are someone interested in the Labour answer to Saatchi and Saatchi, or even in a glossy 4" x

6" pin-up of the serious-but-strong-willed face of Neil Kinnock then this is for you. If however, serious policy commitments are what you are after, then save the money for the postage on a British Gas Prospectus.

By ROBERT JAYSON

## Productive Values or Productive Policies?

By ED RICHARDS

Paul Klebnikov rightly observed in last week's Beaver that the Left appears to be less than concerned with what he calls Productive values. The Conservative propaganda machine has indeed ensured that Labour is connected with stoppage, with getting something for nothing. It does seem that the Right wing has established a hegemony over "hard work". But for Klebnikov to further suggest that production must be the priority above redistribution is quite wrong.

Production rises each year, it seemingly always has done. Although this is one priority area, it is not "the" priority area. There is clearly enough to go round in Britain. While emphasising economic recovery, it is important that this is allied with a serious, realistic effort to redistribute the fruits of present and future production.

Klebnikov rightly believes that Welfare payments, the crumbs of the table, are not the answer. They have become the ally of those holding the economic power in this country. Feeding like pigeons is not the answer but nor is grabbing every height of national industry without concern for the real effects in terms of production, distribution and the concentration of economic power. Nationalisation as we understand it, has comprehensively failed to achieve success in any of these goals.

Related to this is Klebnikov's advocacy of a counter elite. The managers of the left are to seize the initiative from the Tories' imported economic hatchet men. While any Left elite would be preferable to the likes of Ian McGregor, such an idea smacks of Fabian elitism, it smacks of the failed Morrisonian nationalisation model, and worse it smacks of the Wilson years. It is

not a new direction, it is not radical. It is unlikely to redirect and more likely to dissipate.

In short, Klebnikov correctly recognises a flaw in the Left's position, his recommendations will improve nothing. Mass nationalisation, managerialism and the rhetoric of continual class struggle are not radical, they are anachronistic. They are runners way past their best who can no longer tackle the course.

The problems of unequal distribution and of the outrageous concentration of economic power in so few hands must be confronted, but the options available to the Left, while not quite absent, are thin in substance. These two problems must be reconciled with the demand for production before Democratic Socialism can triumph. The debate must move away from old ideas and test new waters.

The Left must focus on the broad political consciousness

touched upon by Klebnikov until superior economic options are evolved. The Left must be angry at the injustice in society, not timidly apologetic for its opinions. It must explain its anger; society must not only be aware that injustice exists, but it must be mobilised to reject such injustice in the community. Community is the watchword here. An attitude must be mobilised that says; "I am a member of this community...there is injustice in my community...I do not want injustice in my community."

Perhaps the best way to begin may be through an open "Rainbow coalition", for which the G.L.C. have set the stage. Such a coalition must be wide, an umbrella of recognition and consciousness that relates, even equates the position of one group to that of another. It is within this sphere that the Left must regain the intellectual

high ground and the political low ground.

Socialist managerialism, mass nationalisation and class revolution are proven rhetorical placebos not real panaceas. The questions of distribution and economic power remain unanswered. The policies of the Left must be rethought and reformulated. Until then the Left must surely play with the cards in its hand.

A move towards a broad political consciousness, an umbrella of social awareness, may be no panacea either. But it could and should be where the immediate impetus of the Left lies, it could and should lead to a more equal and free society. A society in which freedom and opportunity is not reliant upon colour, sex and economic position, but in which freedom and opportunity really are standards of the community, standards which the community will fiercely defend as one.



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Spotlight

# Telephone Bugging: In The National Interest?

## The Latitude Given to the Security Services in Spying on the Citizens and Residents of Britain

By Pete Wilcock

Those of you living in Carr-Saunders or the Maple Street/Fitzroy flats will be closer than you probably imagine to the centre of British Security Force technology. Have you ever wondered why the lights are on all day and night on the Sixteenth Floor of the Euston Tower? Or what the satellite discs on the Post Office Tower are used for? Well, the answer to the former is that the Sixteenth Floor houses the headquarters of MI5; the answer to the latter is that those intimidating discs are just part of the "security forces" rapidly increasing system of telecommunications surveillance.

Voices of concern are being raised over the increasing use of such techniques as telephone tapping and the legal system's lack of concern over the issue. The law's attitude towards the issue and problems of state surveillance can be characterised as indifferent. The first investigation into the revelation of wire-tapping was the 1957 Burckett Committee, composed of Privy Councillors. The terms of reference were suitably obscure, so that in the usual Parliamentary fashion the essence of the investigation could be missed, while, at the same time, allowing at least a superficial fudge. Thus, the majority of the Committee members were able to express satisfaction with the way in which interceptions were being carried out and, subject to minor revisions, were able to recommend continuation of the present practice. As fudges go, the Committee was relatively successful in its aim of quelling public discontent.

However, by 1979 the Government again felt unable to resist the mounting tide of disquiet. The 1980 White Paper, "The Interception of Communications in Great Britain", did nothing to lessen concern. Indeed, its complacency could only have served to increase it. The division between non-security and security tapping was confirmed. Non-security tapping is meant to be confined to serious offences (where a first offender would receive at least three years imprisonment) only after normal methods of investigation have been tried and have failed and when evidence obtained by a tap would have a good chance of resulting in a conviction. As such, it was arguably justified. More importantly, however, the White Paper revealed a new category which was, coincidentally (I'm sure), sufficiently wide and vague to cover breaches of the peace, such as a picket line or a demonstration.

Thus, the tendency of wire-tapping to be used to cover "the enemy within" (those who care to use their so-called rights to demonstrate) was confirmed.

Further evidence of the British legal system's indifference to the problem of telephone tapping was recently put forward in the CND telephone tapping case. This revealed a tendency to stretch the phrase "in the national interest" to a point where it is meaningless. MI5's domain is limited only to major subversive or spying activities likely to injure the national interests.

Warrants granted are subject to review every three to six months. The fact that these are the restrictions outlined in 1957 by the Burckett Committee, some thirty years ago, is not without importance. The extent to which restrictions such as these can ever be successful must be answered in light of the considerable degree of autonomy granted to MI5. Indeed, in 1980, the "New Statesman" reported that the security agencies had "carte blanche" over wire-tapping, while the "Sunday Times" reported that warrants were granted "with steadily greater readiness as the reasons progress upwards from crime to intelligence gathering". This is only to be expected from a judiciary that sees "national security" not as a nebulous concept but as a phrase so powerful that even considerations of natural justice should give way to it.

The use of telephone wire-tapping by the security forces must be invaluable, the more so as the width of their definition of subversion or the "national interest" increases. Stories of situations where planned short notice demonstrations, arranged over the telephone, are thwarted by the mysterious arrival of the police are numerous. This was indeed confirmed during the 1980 national steel strike when officials at the steel union's headquarters, suspecting that wire-tapping was taking place, arranged a fictitious picket. A police car and two vans arrived at the venue within four minutes.

Having said that, all this must be useful to the security agencies in their vigilance to suppress subversive activity. During the miners' strike NUM vice-president and well-known Communist subversive, Mick McGahey, allowed himself time off from his insidious attempt to bring down the democratically-elected government. He rang home at regular intervals to catch up on family matters which he could not avoid missing as the strike took him further away from his native Scotland. His phone was tapped.

Apparently, the authorities gained nothing of any interest from their surveillance except a remarkable insight into the affairs of the McGahey clan. Mind you, even here they were, no doubt, hindered by



McGahey's use of Clouseau-like disguises - most usually a nigh impenetrable Glasgow accent.

Yet, the point remains that nowhere in this picture of rapidly increasing state surveillance can any hint of meaningful legal intervention be seen. The only real case on the issue held that since telephone tapping is not covered by any law, it could therefore not be considered illegal (Malone vs. Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.) An antique dealer, Mr. Malone, in the course of securing his acquittal on a charge of receiving stolen property produced in court a policeman's notebook which proved that his phone was being tapped. He sued the Metropolitan Police Commissioner for a ruling that the tapping was unlawful. He lost his action. However, in the course of his judgement Meggary V-C said the UK telephone tapping practices were in breach of the Convention on Human Rights, to

which the UK was a signatory. Telephone tapping cries out for legislation.

Things are strikingly different in Australia, where the Telephone Communications (Interception) Act 1160 makes it a criminal offence for anyone to make an unauthorised interception. This is only sanctioned when the presumed activity would endanger the security of the Commonwealth. The Attorney-General's warrant is required for such an action.

In West Germany, similar safeguards are enforced in that a citizen is entitled to know when surveillance is ended. The individual has the right to challenge in court its legality and obtain damages where there was no danger to the public order to justify the tapping. However, in the UK it isn't just the lack of direct legislation on the issue which is the problem; for example, in the United States evidence obtained by an

unauthorised phone-tap is inadmissible in court. You don't have to be unduly cynical to realise that the absence of all these restrictions in England is calculated to make officials less careful in the exercise of their surveillance powers.

I have deliberately tried to avoid describing the legality or illegality of phone tapping in terms of whether it constitutes an unjustifiable invasion of privacy. A discussion along those lines would miss the essential point - that it is the legal systems' failure to prevent the development of the security agencies into what one of the defendants in the infamous ABC trial described as "a state within a state". The complacency of the political response is peculiar to Britain, though the situation is not. State surveillance of dissent and its continual search for the 'enemy within' is as old as literacy itself. Whether the object of the search is the eighteenth century pamphleteer or the twentieth century pressure group the situation is still the same. So is the response of the Law.

There is a popular stereotype of left-wing paranoia about the prevalence of state surveillance. Indeed, in individual cases, that may well be the situation. I witnessed one left-wing meeting during which every contributor spoke with their heads between their knees and mumbling into the floor so as to better avoid bugging. Pathetic as this may seem, concern is only to be expected when the new technology available to the state is so extensive that there are few areas of individuals' private lives which cannot be probed. What with remote listening devices, telephoto lenses, video cameras and computers, the picture is, if you'll excuse the pun, complete. With over 23 million phones in use in Britain, it is no wonder the spectre of Big Brother appears too close for comfort. While the telephone may leave much to be desired as a means of communications, as a means of surveillance it is ideal.

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£100, £75, £50 and £25 respectively. There will be a special £200 prize for the best entry from someone still at school on the closing date of the competition.

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1. Entrants must be under 25 on the closing date of the competition, 31st January 1987. Those both inside and outside higher education are eligible.
2. There is a limit of 2,000 words on the length of each entry.
3. Entries will not be returned and no correspondence regarding them can be entered into.
4. No entry can have appeared in print before.
5. The judges will be Peregrine Worsthorne, Charles Moore, Andrew Gimson, and Derwent May. The decision of the judges will be final.
6. Entries must be typed and accompanied by the name and address of the entrant.
7. Entries should be sent to Young Writers Awards, 56 Doughty Street, London WC1 2LL.

## YOUNG WRITER AWARDS





# The Barbican Centre

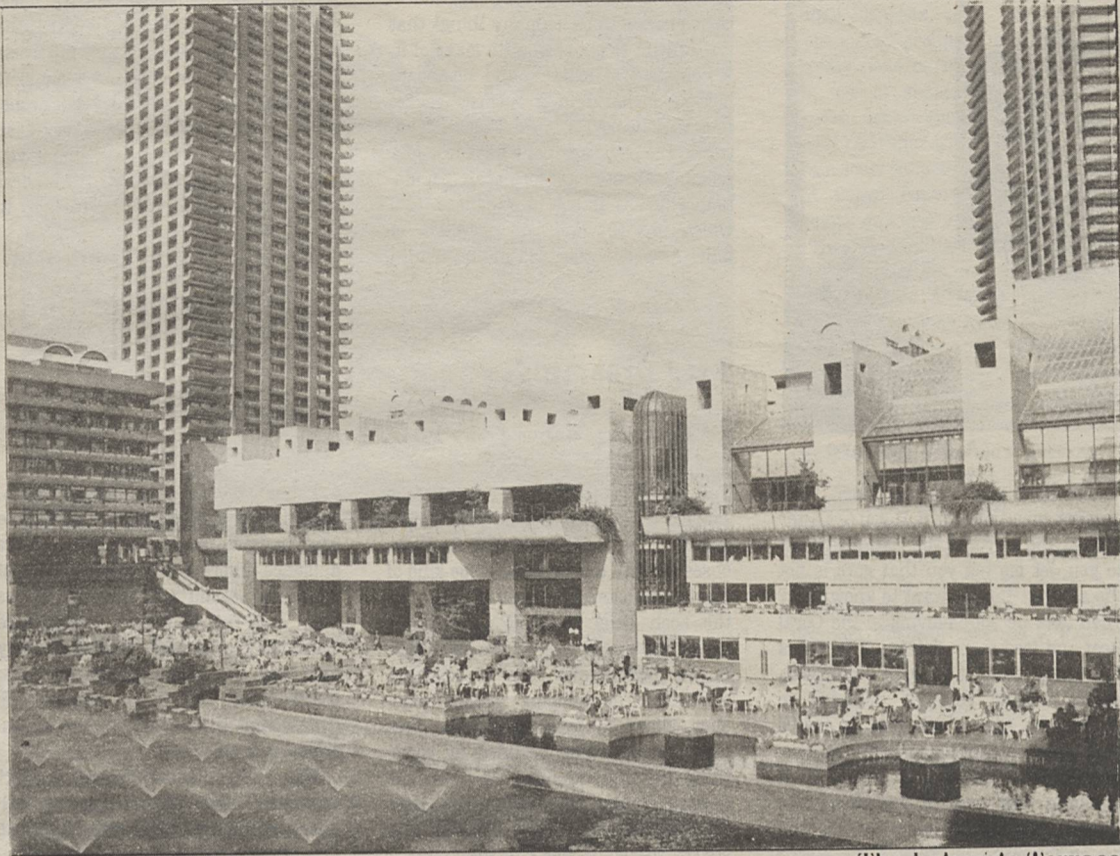
## More Than Just Words And Music

Undoubtedly more than just words and music, the City's "Gift to the Nation" has been variously described as a huge vault-like structure, vast, impersonal and composed of a mass of concrete. So much concrete was used in the construction of the Barbican that, in fact, it would have been sufficient to build over nineteen miles of six-lane motorway!

This visualisation must have been far from the mind of Duncan Sandys, then Minister of Housing and Local Development, when in 1956 he made a proposal for "a genuine residential neighbourhood, incorporating schools, shops, open spaces and other amenities." His proposal was for land in the City's Cripplegate ward which had been bombed by the Luftwaffe in 1940 and completely devastated. The land is now better known as "barbican", meaning watchtower or gateway in the walls of a city or castle and stems from the area's proximity to the line of the Roman and medieval walls of the City of London.

It was only in 1959 that the idea of an Arts Centre was added to the plans, but this quickly flourished as the London Symphony Orchestra and the Royal Shakespeare Company became involved from the start. An opportunity unique in Europe now exists at the Barbican for collaboration between these two professional performing companies and the leading Guildhall School of Music and Drama next door.

After ten years of construction, the centre was opened by the Queen in March 1982 and represents a capital investment by the City of London of some £153 million. By maximising



The Lakeside Terrace

conference and cultural activities and fully utilizing the building, it is hoped that financial self-sufficiency will be achieved by 1987. So, the centre is owned, funded and managed by the Corporation of the City of London and is run by a full-time, professional management team - no taxpayers' money involved. But the Barbican, flagship of free enterprise that it may be, relies heavily on the relationship with the LSO and RSC, both of which receive substantial financial support from the City of London and the Arts Council of Great

Britain, the latter having the taxpayer to thank for its funds.

The City's investment has become one of the leading cultural centres in Britain, whilst, at

By Fiona Chester

the same time providing conference facilities of an international calibre. A fine balance seems to have been achieved between commercial and artistic activi-

ties, with the Barbican Hall used mainly during the day for conferences and thus allowing a programme of nearly 300 major concerts to be performed in the evenings. Although used less extensively for business purposes, the theatre, studio theatre and public cinema are all capable of hosting subsidiary meetings. There must surely be a lesson here for other arts venues under-used during the day throughout Britain.

Each part of the building posed severe constructional problems; foundations up to 80

feet deep had to be dug in places without disturbing the foundations of nearby buildings. But, the effect in the concert hall and theatre can only be described as very, very impressive. The Hall is made up of three curved, raked tiers - no boxes - making it intimate enough for even jazz concerts, although, of course, Ronnie Scott's would be better. The floor is wood block, and the roof, the widest, unsupported flat roof in Europe and weighing 6,000 tons, is hung with several hundred perspex spheres. In ignorance, I thought they were merely a decorative feature, but they are there to improve acoustics!

Over the summer, in preparation for this article, I saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Barbican theatre. I had never been before. To those who are interested, I felt privileged to be there inside the most beautiful theatre I have visited. For those perhaps more concerned with technical details, the rake of the stalls and the three tiers which "paper the walls with people" is such that no one is more than 65 feet from the "point of command". Disappointingly, there is no Shakespeare being performed here before Christmas.

It is understandable that visiting the Barbican could be daunting. At present the Art Gallery exhibitions are ones that can only really have a minority appeal, and the programme at The Pit Studio theatre and main theatre are not the sort that would immediately grab your attention. But as long as the centre is filled with people, it loses its claim of being impersonal, and even elitist, leaving it one of the best arts centres in London.

### \*\*\*Notebook\*\*\*

#### Student Standby

These may be booked, if available, one hour prior to the performance at the discretion of the Box Office Manager.

The price is £4.50, and there is a maximum of 1 ticket each.

#### Prices

Cinema: £3 (£2 to students 30 minutes before performance)  
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Barbican Cinema showing, in turn, "Otello", "Mona Lisa", "Ruthless People" and "Betty Blue"

#### Barbican Hall

"Music from the Movies", Friday 7th November  
An Evening With Doris Stokes, Medium, Tuesday 11th November  
Opera Gala Night, Saturday 29th November

Vladimir Ashkenazy playing with the LSO, Sunday 30th November  
"The Mikado", Saturday 6th December  
James Galway, Saturday 20th December



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# Films

## A Nightmare on Elm Street (Part 2) Freddy's Revenge



-A Nightmare ...

It's been five years since Nancy Tompson waged her last battle with Freddy Krueger in that sinister house in Elm Street. Five years...

The Walsh family has just moved in. Immediately Jesse (the son of the family) starts having bad dreams. His parents assume this is due to the pressure of being a "new kid" in town. Jesse knows otherwise. The signs are unclear but disturbing. The budgie has an anxiety attack and turns into a roman candle.

Dreams are turning frighteningly real and perhaps blurring into reality itself... A variation on a theme? On one level, it is obviously a straight exercise in horror, but is it also a "beauty & the beast" story? No fan of slasher pics will want to miss this.

I refuse to pay to be terrorised, but I was not even terrorised. If you are after a thrill and terror is the last escape left to you, let me tell you that gore is not the answer. Do you want to know fear? Then take up scuba-diving in the Coral Reef and feed some sharks. This film is not about fear, it is about mindless, special effects gore. It pretends to explore the edge of the gray no man's land where reality blends with fantasy. And it fails. Where it succeeds is in reaching new lows of gratuitous violence. The whole substance of this film lies in the claws of fancy.

I was bored and hated it, but I know you will go and see it!

Stavros Makris

## Trouble In Mind

Set in a vaguely futuristic American metropolis, this bizarre nightmare-comedy tries to be so many things that it's difficult to know what to make of it. A collection of drifters and no-hopers become involved in a robbery racket and various love-affairs. These adventures take place against a backdrop of a military society, an American population which is fluent in Japanese, and which has the weirdest collection of haircuts ever assembled in one film.

The actors are all first-rate. Kris Kristofferson, Genevieve Bugold, Keith Carradine and Lori Singer are the principal characters sorting out their lives, while Divine (playing a man) is Hilly Blue - an outrageously evil crime-boss. People seemed to have been largely baffled by this film, but if you have a taste for the magical, the off-beat and the unexpected, you might enjoy it.

Kfir Yefet.

## Frog Dreaming

IGA Cinema. opening on Friday 19th December.

Frog Dreaming is about an adventurous fourteen-year-old, played by E.T.'s friend, Henry Thomas, who becomes obsessed with the idea that some kind of marine monster (perhaps a cousin to the Loch Ness Monster?) is lurking under the murky waters of a small lake in the picturesque hills of southern Australia. The gripping opening sequence shows a lone fisherman, first intrigued and then petrified by something he sees bubbling up from the depths of the lake. It is the later discovery of his skeletal remains that sparks the youngster's interest.

The superlative photography takes

full advantage of the beauty of the area, and the script gives the director ample opportunity to jangle the nerves of the audience. There is a strong sub-text of aboriginal legend and mystery in the film, and the aboriginal scenes are evocatively presented. Editing is very tight and the music always effective. Insert shots of frogs, carnivorous lizards and snakes add to the atmosphere of it all.

Watch for Rachel Friend, a pert newcomer and Thomas' young girlfriend, and Tasmin West, often funny as Friend's smart-ass younger sister.

If the choice is given to you...

Stavros MaKris

## Inspecteur Lavardin

A typical French "policier", this complex story by Claude Chabrol begins with the body of a catholic writer being found, dead and naked on the rocks. The plot evolves from here and we are drawn into a complicated network of drugs, blackmail and general corruption; which terminates, of course, in murder. Unfortunately this important part of the film is poorly acted and the over-dramatic death produced a wave of laughter from a largely unsympathetic audience.

Every character seems to have something to hide, even when this is not the case, and this includes the "inspecteur" himself.

However, these facts do not prevent the film from being rather slow-moving, (perhaps due to the philosophical outbursts of some characters), and although this is partially compensated for by very good performances from the leading actors, it is a difficult film to watch.

A weak sequel to Claude Chabrol's last film, "Cop au Vin" which didn't enjoy great success in England, this will certainly prove even less popular. If you still want to undergo this experience (if only to brush up on your French), it will be screened towards the end of the year at the Chelsea Cinema, King's Road.

A last word of advice for the non-French-speakers amongst us: Beware of sitting near the back as the subtitles are set very low!

MORAG

# LSE



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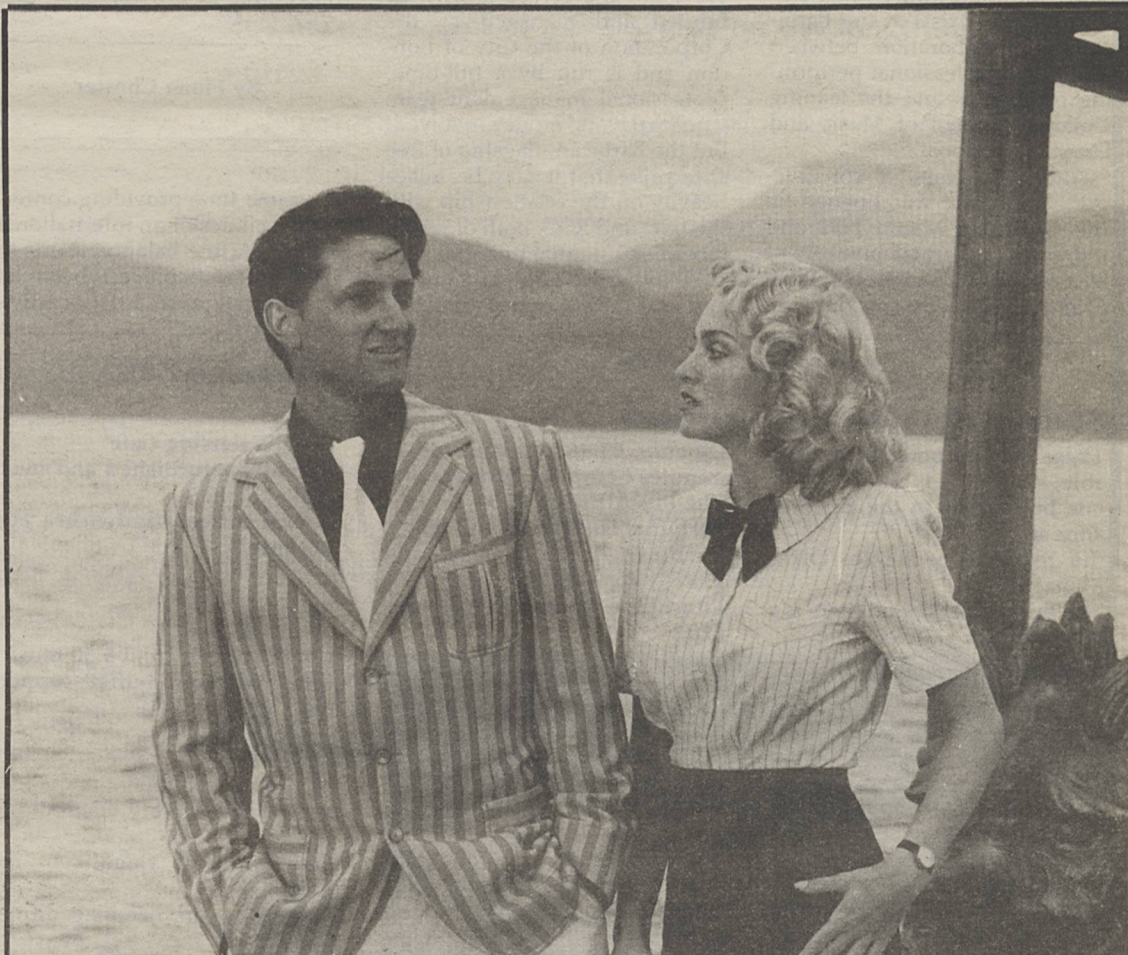
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Shanghai Surprise

"She's brilliant." "She's fake." "She can't act." "She's as cold as a cucumber." These are certain to be representative of the comments you'll hear about the leading lady in "Shanghai Surprise, rock star (but is she a movie star?), Madonna. If you thought she could act in "Desperately Seeking Susan", you'll soon change your mind after the first few scenes of this film. As director Jim Goddard tactfully put it, "I think she's learned a lot making the picture."

"Shanghai Surprise," a romantic adventure filmed on location in Hong Kong, sees Madonna in a missionary position as sweet and innocent Gloria

Tatlock, in search of opium to make morphine as an anaesthetic for soldiers wounded in the war. This is 1937, and China is at war with Japan. Helping her is her husband, Sean Penn, as Glendon Wasey, a brash fluorescent-tie salesman. Penn comes out rather better as a Michael Douglas-style hero. Apparently, he's been heralded as one of the best actors of his generation with a screen presence compared to the young Brando and James Dean. Time and a few more movies will determine whether this is justifiable.

The action centres around the search for the opium crates. Several villains and arch-villians, including the vicar,

are in hot pursuit of both them and the jewels, known as "Farraday's Flowers." Wasey visits China Doll, a courtesan, for information about the "Heavenly Garden" and Mei Gan turns out to be the Last Phoenix. The clues begin to fall into place. Do they? We couldn't keep track of the plot, which is confused, to say the least. But that doesn't matter; the sets are pretty, an exotic junky, sleazy opium den and the compulsory love scene between Madonna and Penn. Guess what? They fall in love on film. George Harrison (executive producer) should have known better.

Fiona Chester  
Stavros Makris



# Music

## New Model Army: "The Ghost of Cain"

This is NMA's third LP; and although it lacks the roughness of "Vengeance" and is in every way better than "No Rest for the Wicked", it is very similar musically and theoretically to the first two. There is definitely good music buried somewhere in this album. NMA has always been in need of a sympathetic producer to bring out the poignant observations and honour in their music with more subtlety. Glyn Johns is not this producer.

In their own way, NMA are a living product of despondent Northern towns, as say Joy Division were, but without an sense of catharsis. Instead, they find themselves lifted by their own anger.

The best songs are "51st State" (directed against the British) and "Poison Street" (the song The Clash ought to have sung), which are more like their early songs. Elsewhere there are more alarming signs of a creeping Heavy Metal influence, especially on "Heroes", though it works to an escalating effect on "Master Race".



All in all, NMA still has, for me anyway, that naive enthusiastic approach prevalent around 1977-78: form a band and kill the bastards,

which is better than doing nothing, I suppose.

Overall, a pretty good LP, but I especially liked the earlier ones. By the way, they are really good live!

D.J. Hare

## Boomtown: David & David

AMA 5134

A completely new group as far as I know and one especially for our transatlantic friends, being quite folksy (though not folksy) in the Waites/Reed tradition.

David's Richetts and Baerwald play just about everything, and very well too, producing well-crafted songs with music which is, surprisingly, like Bill Nelson on one of his more wide-awake

days, with the ubiquitous Talking Heads touches (this being the post-Blyne age...). The lyrics in the style of "American Short Story" are often rather wistful. The end result is quite a late summer evening atmosphere. I must confess that I didn't think I would like this, but it's O.K.

To call a record sophisticated is often the kiss of death, but a lot of you will like this one.

D. J. Hare

## Iron Maiden Somewhere In Time

When I finally got lost in the Virgin Megastore looking for the new Iron Maiden album, I began to wonder if it was worth all the hassle. It is a pleasure to tell you that it was! From picking the sleeve up I was addicted: the cover is the best one I've seen for many years, (if you like that sort of thing!)

I got home and cranked up my stereo with glee. Maiden didn't disappoint. From the old style songs, such as the cover title track, to the "Ancient Mariner" type songs (on this album it's called "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner.") Iron Maiden manages to keep their old style with some new twists. Of the vintage Maiden

songs, those that stand out are "Heaven Can Wait" (about as akin to Meat Loaf's as Motorhead is to Duran Duran) and "Deja-vu."

Just to show that the style of the group isn't cliché, Iron Maiden have included some interesting mixes; the best in my view is "Stranger In A Strange Land." Why not buy the album and make up your own mind: it's well produced, well thought out and should be listened to LOUD. Iron Maiden may not be your cup of tea, but you never know: As Boyer said, "the best champagne is the one you prefer."

Jared Fox

## Courtney Pine Quartet

Sunday 12th October - Camden United Theatre

Last Sunday afternoon I found a packed C.U.T. awaiting the appearance on stage of the Courtney Pine Quartet, and thus the opportunity to see the most promising saxophone player around today. After brief but energetic support by the I-DJ dance group, the Quartet began their first set with Wayne Newton's "Footsteps" with Courtney Pine himself playing bass clarinet. Switching to saxophone, he then led the group in one of his own compositions, the blistering "Sing," which set the pace and standard for the rest of the concert, being very much in the classic Coltrane/Dolphin mold, yet not at all dated. Elsewhere in the first set, the Quartet changed style and speed to play a ballad which ended with Pine performing a very confident and accomplished solo. The first set ended with the anthem-like "We'll Be Back," which showed the full range of all the players' abilities—the sound of the group belies its size, suggesting a much larger (and larger-

than-life) line-up, such is the energy and empathy displayed.

The second set continued and developed the style of the first, with each individual member giving his all to the music, resulting in excellent bass and divine solos. Special mention must be made of Adrian Read's understated fluid piano playing, which took over from Pine's playing in several solos throughout the whole performance.

However, the whole group came together on "Tomorrow's a Thought," another original, to support their leader on a staggering saxophone solo. Carried on a fast bass riff, he stated the theme and then quickly went way beyond it to a point in the lower register of his instrument at which it seemed he was struggling with the limitations of it. Having started on this solo, it seemed as though he could never return to the original piece, but he did, dropping out with the piano and bass to make way for a dazzling drum solo (technique

versions under the collective title of 'Kicking Against the Pricks' (a quote from the Bible—the man is obviously well read.) This LP was fully featured on this night, and we were duly treated to what were ONCE such classics from yesteryear as 'Muddy Water', 'I'm Gonna Kill that Woman' and 'By the Time I Get to Phoenix'. Dipping into past favourites, Cave found 'From Here to Eternity' to be a gruesome little tale about a man who becomes obsessed with the girl who lives atop his apartment, but realises that to possess her is therefore not to desire her...so she just has to GO....

After an superbly fruity rendition of Johnny Cash's "The Singer" concluded the initial set, it took a prolonged coaxing from the crowd to bring each Bad Seed back to the stage. When they (reluctantly) returned, a fair encore was given in 'All Tomorrow's Parties', which actually sounds more chaotic than The Velvet's version—for once, praise by destruction seemed at least justified (to these ears.)

... 'Could you forget this fuckin' singer so soon?' crooned this Elvis in the eighties. Can you take a man who wears turquoise cord suits with tears at the knees very seriously? Try and decide without smiling...

El Tupelo

# Theatre

## Emigrants: Waiting For Slavomir

The comforting message of Beckett's *Clochards* is not to be found in the relationship of Mrozek's "Emigrants" which was played in the Old Theatre last week by LSE's Drama Society.

Who is more true? The repressed individual in the collectivist state, or the greedy individual in the capitalist state? Our labouring hero (Danny Schienmann) ultimately proves that man can break free from the shackles of social conditioning. He tears up his hard-earned money. This leads his intellectual room-mate (Fred Asquith), a budding empirical social scientist (!) to despair — he was forced to tear up the notes for his book — a case study of the absolute natures of man's greed in a capitalistic society.

The evening started slowly with an explanation of the relationship of the two men who alternately demonstrate superiority over each other in different ways. The labourer's erotic fantasies are likened to the propaganda wars of the Eastern Block.

A heavy and sometimes dry text could not obscure an energetic production, crisply directed by Tristan Sharps.



Real tension was achieved through patient crescendi and the simplest of devices such as a smashing bottle. The basement setting was all the more effective for its obvious modelling on some poor LSE student's bedsit with the simple lighting scheme taking us out of the Old Theatre to some real dive.

There are few college drama societies capable of making so bold a choice of

production as this, and fewer still capable of making it into as exciting and as enjoyable an evening. To sustain the audience's attention as comprehensively as they did in a dryish two hander is a rare achievement. Why, oh why, did so few people turn up? This is a drama society to watch.

By Colin

## "Misalliance - A Debate in One Sitting" By George Bernard Shaw

Don't be put off by the title; plays like this one can be fun! In a play written and set in 1909, Shaw captures the atmosphere of the changing society of the time. The play is set in the home of John Tarleton, a self-made underwear tycoon with his roots still in the working classes.

His new-found wealth has brought him and his family in contact with the aristocracy which appears in the form of the romantic Lord Summershays (an ex-Governor of India) and his inadequate son, Bunny, who is prone to throwing amazing tantrums in difficult situations. Both are seeking the hand of Tarleton's frustrated daughter, Hypatia, who grounds them both. The action is further confused by the entrance of a

dazzling young airman and his even more bizarre companion — a tightrope walking Polish sexpot, who both just "drop in".

Throw in a murder attempt, some rampant feminism and a good dose of socialist doctrines and you have the makings of a great play. Add to this Shaw's humour, the RSC's acting and a show-stopping special effect and you have "Misalliance". With some rough edges still to be smoothed out on the technical side (a chair and a vase breaking and some embarrassing silences) the play provides a cleverly woven combination of hilarity and penetrating conversation and is well worth a visit. (Good seats available on stand-by for £3)

Ross

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## London's Soccer Stadiums



Many newcomers to London may at first be apprehensive at going to see a football match. DON'T! The sensible fan has little to fear. The only rule to remember is to keep any rival scarfs etc. to an absolute minimum, and only produce them when in the safety of the away end.

A good safe start is a trip to see Arsenal. Use the Arsenal tube station. To reach the away end, walk up the road immediately in front of you as you leave the station. You get a good view even though the matches are often dull. West Ham, however, usually provides a high scoring game. Turn right out of Upton Park tube station to reach the ground. The away section is cramped, but covered. Tottenham's ground is harder to reach. Take any bus going left outside Manor House tube station and you should get there. The presence of Claesen and Co. often result in a full ground.

Two grounds where trouble can be found are those of Millwall and Chelsea. If you ever decide to see Millwall, use the new Cross Gate tube, then make a right, and right again. The ground is a nerve-racking ten minute walk away. Don't use the small away section because coins, bottles, etc. often come flying in. Instead, sit in a stand and keep very quiet. Even Millwall pensioners are not averse to attacking away fans! Chelsea is slightly safer, but the away end offers miniscule views of the action and is totally open to the elements. From the Fulham Broadway tube station turn left, but be prepared for very aggressive police and stewards. If you want to see Chelsea then go now: the "Fat Man" will be out of prison in just two years time!

Wimbledon is much safer. Use the Wimbledon tube, then make a right and cross the railway bridge to reach the ground. If you reach the ground early, make a trip to the pub 100 yards away from the pitch. Owned by Wimbledon F.C., the pre-match atmosphere is terrific, even if the beer isn't! Crystal Palace and Charlton play at the same ground, reached from Victoria train station.

Fulham (via Putney Bridge tube), and Q.P.R. (via White City tube) are worth a visit or two. Last, and unfortunately least, come the decaying grounds of Brentford and Orient (South Ealing and Leyton tubes respectively).

Good viewing!!

by BASIL

### ANY BUDDING SPORTING JOURNAL- ISTS?

If you are interested in covering sports at the LSE, please get in touch with the Beaver Office.

# BEAVER SPORT



## FOOTBALL

3rds  
LSE 5  
Imperial 3

A sleepy start from a team that didn't know each other resulted in a two goal deficit by half time and only desperate defending by John Battersby and Nick Moreno kept Imperial at bay.

The second half, however, saw an amazing turnabout, as the thirds turned in a performance that proved to be LSE's best of the day. In a space of thirty minutes the team struck five times - Crispin Leyser scored twice, as did David T Davis whose inspired performance as a substitute turned the whole game around. The best goal came from Dougie Birt, a cracking twenty yard shot through a crowd of players.

The whole team played superbly in the second half, but special mention must go to Nick the goalie and D. T. "the black bombshell" Davis.

1sts  
LSE 2  
Imperial 1sts 3

The loss of captain John Nolan with torn knee ligaments after only two minutes did nothing to boost the team's confidence. Things looked even worse as Imperial took the lead just as he was being taken from the field. The first half was a disappointing affair with Imperial in almost complete command, something further emphasised when they went two goals up after twenty-five minutes. However, LSE eventually managed to drag themselves back into the game with a marvellous run by Markin whose centre was brilliantly converted by the impressive debut making Robert O'Neil.

The second half was very encouraging, with Ian Blackman equalising after only fifteen minutes. Robert O'Neil, Nick West, and John Shipstone all came close to winning the game for the LSE before Imperial snatched victory on the break two minutes before time.



### 1st XV-9 Old Boys-21

In past years, the Economicals, as the Old Boys are known, have often appeared as a very disorganised outfit-just thrown together for the one off occasion. This year, however, the tables were turned when a well prepared unit took the field overpowering a disjointed School fifteen.

The problems started, as always, 'up front', where the Economical eight firmly controlled matters, wheeling the shaky LSE scrum and also dominating the line-outs through Steve Fisher. With the referee allowing hardly any loose play the talented LSE backs were starved of good possession. In fact, the only LSE try came from an interception by Barry Finley,

This made the game deceptively close at 15-9, but the Old Boys extended their lead when a last minute try was awarded after a desperate chase

### 2nd XV-0 Q.M.C. -LOTS & LOTS

There was no controversy, however, in the second team match in which they played (!?) Queen Mary's first team (hardly fair to begin with). I wasn't sure whether to write an article or an apology as the difference in class was so great, with only the sporadic fighting providing any real excitement at all. The final score in this very forgettable match was rumoured to be around (don't say it too loud) 79 - nil. The captain's aftermatch "No comment" summed things up perfectly.

## 2nds- LSE 1 Imperial 5

Two early defensive blunders saw LSE two down within fifteen minutes. Despite constant pressure the LSE could only gain one goal in reply, scored by Alan Martin. Further pressure

did not result in more goals and the I.C. team took a third goal after which an LSE collapse set in, with I.C. hammering two further nails into the LSE coffin.

## HOCKEY



### L.S.E. MENS 1st XI O I.C. 1sts 4.

I.C. went ahead within 5 minutes when a quick interchange of passes resulted in an I.C. player scoring from close range. However, the L.S.E. defense showed great character and potential during the period up to half-time by absorbing endless I.C. pressure

During the 2nd half, however, I.C. stepped up a gear and with the L.S.E. midfield becoming increasingly overrun and the defense tiring from its efforts in the 1st half I.C. were able to score twice in rapid succession, though one appeared decidedly dubious.

With the close standing at 3-0 the L.S.E. sweeper purred up into midfield.

Predictably this left the defense decidedly vulnerable and this manifested itself in a late goal, and with it disappeared any hopes

LSE Ladies II - 0

St. Mary's Hospital - 4

By ANNABEL

25After the ritual administrative mayhem, we were inspired by Kate's peptalk and left the changing room highly motivated. Confidence was eroded somewhat by the sight of first team captain Shannon writhing in agony during the previous game.

Soon after the start of the colours vs Whites confrontation, the L.S.E. goal was under siege. Liz and Anne worked hard and Sandy made numerous brave saves but we were soon two goals behind. Some substantial clearances by the skipper put unexpected pressure on our forwards to do something creative but unfortunately nothing came of this brave cross-field hitting.

## RUGBY from TAFF

### 1sts: LSE -10 I.C. -22

LSE started their charge for the UAU on Wednesday when they played hosts to Imperial College. The school started well, but despite forward pressure the make-shift back unit lacked the necessary penetration for a score. Against the run of play the LSE slipped to a 10 point deficit before Andy Trotter replied with a converted try making it a close 10-6 at half-time.

The school then allowed the score to slip to 22-6 before Paddy Regan pounced stylishly for a consolation try to close the scoring.

Despite losing, the LSE side showed great commitment throughout, something typified the gruelling tackling of Rupert "the Boz" Kendal which even ended with himself being carried from the field!

### 2nds: LSE -0 I.C. -20

The seconds showed a massive improvement from their first display with the pack really impressing in the set plays. With the required organisational improvements the team could have won this game and indeed, should have a good season. Just that one score would make all the difference!!

## HOUGHTON STREET HARRY

My Grand National fancy "Lucky Vane" will be running at Devon on October 31st in the John Tilling West Country Champion Chase. He's totally fit but the stable has said they won't release him unless the ground is a bit softer. The horse has won 4 times out of 5 in his career - and with it being Halloween he's well worth a flutter to give you a treat. But get it on as soon as possible because he'll probably come in to about 2:1.

My nap for this week is "Not Ready Yet". I can't say what race he is running in because at the time of writing, this has not yet been decided. However it will either be at Hamilton Park or Leicester on Monday or Tuesday or Redcar on Thursday.



Unfortunately, this week there is only one meeting on the TV and that is at Newbury on Thursday BBC1 and 2. Horses to look out for will be "Diva Encore" and "Excelbelle" (USA) so all you Americans get some cash on the latter because the psychic napper says, "You can't go wrong if you bet the Harry way".