

The Beaver

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Issue 346

Tom King agrees poll tax too high 20% level has "become a burden"

By Emma Bearcroft

Tom King has conceded that the 20 percent level of poll tax is too high for students to pay. The Secretary of State for Defence was originally speaking on defence at the LSE on Tuesday at the invitation of the LSE Conservatives.

He was received by copious hissing from the balcony — the ominous sounds which, he recalled, were reminiscent of his last visit.

During questioning on the issue of the poll tax, King admitted that it had "become a burden".

He had been asked whether he could justify students having to pay 20 percent given the size of student grants. Mr. King advocated that the poll tax was based on the concept that everyone with the right to vote should make some contribution to their local community.

In response to a cry of "Why get rid of it then?" King referred to the apparent intellect of some members of the audience. At other universities he had visited, he said, questions had been asked "intelligently and not by shouting"; a retort came that he was obviously not referring to the Tory back bench.

He claimed that British

students were "better off" financially than their American counterparts.

In response to a second question, the Minister refused to apologise for the imposition of the 20 percent rate for students, saying that he had already addressed that issue.

The next question, "Should the homeless pay a poll tax?" was King's cue for stating that the problem exists in every capital city, and money was clearly needed — if, therefore, those who make a contribution do, a better chance is given to those who need help. His comment that some are there of their own volition was met with obvious deprecation.

The main text of his speech was, however, concerned with defence. He referred to the Soviet Union as a "military superpower riding on the back of a third world economy."

He described in uncompromising terms the collapse of communism, calling the KGB as an "instrument of oppression in an evil empire". King justified the proposed decrease in arms by 20 percent in Britain, saying that the threat of military attack was no longer realistic.

The same cuts could not, however, be made in defence spending since, he claimed,



King for a day at LSE (above); Taking offence at Defence: protestors outside the Old Building last Tuesday (left).
photos: Thorsten Moos

no responsible government could leave its country powerless against uncertainty. The 1/4 million strong army, air and naval forces still existed because, he suggested, with "only one or two

exceptions in this hall, people do not wish to see their country being unable to make a contribution to freedom and safety in the world.

King predicted that in the next ten years, more people

will die in Eastern Europe than in the past thirty years. He saw Yugoslavia as a new challenge to the contribution of maintaining peace and stability in Eastern Europe, and defended Britain's non-

use of military power in Yugoslavia by suggesting that in civil wars within sovereign countries, separate borders should not be achieved through violence.

Inside this Edition

Sked on Immigration

2

Stars on Campus

4

Short Sharp Crop

5

Debating the Ban
on AIESEC

6

Your New Honorary
President

7

Films Galore

8, 9

Woo, I'm a Plant Pot

11

My God! We Won!

12

Commentary

Union Jack

Despite being almost certain that something was accomplished at Thursday's Union General Meeting, Jack just can't seem to pinpoint it.

Ah, yes. The lightbulb flashes: Razia learned The Norseman Song!

For those unenlightened masses (of which Jack was one until recently), the lyrics are as follows:

"You are my Norseman, my only Norseman.
You make me happy when skies are grey.
You'll never know just how much I love you
Until you take my Norseman away."

Now that the LSE is thoroughly educated, Jack can continue with this column.

Unfortunately, little else seems to have happened at the meeting. Multiple attempts were made to suspend the standing order of the meeting. An even larger quantity of jokes were told and inuendoes made. By the way, Ron, Simon and Michiel, Jack is curious... what do you do totally by yourself?

Anyway, back to the subject at hand. (Drum roll, please!) Adrian the Environmental Officer announced Sunday's anti-McDonald's march and received an order for two Big Macs. Jack would have placed an order but, ironically enough, guess what luncheon venue was on Jack's schedule prior to the UGM? Fair enough that the order wasn't placed, though, since Adrian's announcement wasn't ratified anyway.

And an aside, if anyone knows the whereabouts of Dave Jones' list of those who are willing to read to the blind...he can't seem to find it.

As Jack said, it was quite the eventful meeting.

A gloriously uninteresting debate took place (what else is new) between the conservatives and the communists, this time over poppies. Ironically, it was the conservatives who favoured the red variety. If Jack may make a suggestion, you might want to discuss the merits of roses, say pink versus yellow (Jack's favourite), at the next meeting. Carnations might be a good topic as well.

After this bloomin' business the final motion to suspend the order of the meeting came with Ron in the Balcony's motion (and boy did he move to get to the stage!) that the Union Resolves (among other things): Not to take themselves so seriously.

It was at this point that the productive part of the meeting occurred. Remember, "You are my Norseman..."? Jack knows a few Vikings who would have appreciated this tribute, but they were probably out raping and pillaging at the time.

Ah yes, it must be noted that the Balcony Boys, in all their wisdom and prescience, must have predicted the passage of this motion, for by the time it did they had already managed to accomplish resolution number 3, "To make paper projectiles and throw them." Good thinking, lads.

Sadly, Razia has yet to work on resolution number 1 of said motion, that "The Chair should take a test on procedures to ensure proper running of the UGM." Maybe Bob could administer it, so in the future Razia doesn't let someone speak against a motion before anyone speaks in favour of it. But that's okay for now; Sinisa didn't seem to mind.

Besides, by that time, a large number of the Floor Folk (as opposed to the Balcony Boys?) had left. Jack assumes that they already knew the Norseman song, or were going to the Tuns to practice it some more.

Maybe they just took The Balcony's advice and decided not to take the UGM too seriously.

Welcome to Europe

Sked and RCP clash on immigration policy

By Hans Gutbrod

Insults were traded between left and right at last Wednesday's discussion "Welcome to Europe". The debate pitted Alan Sked, former lecturer and prominent Bruges Group member against Kenan Malik of the Revolutionary Communist Party, and was attended by some eighty students.

Malik began by quoting European politicians such as Jaques Chirac, Helmut Kohl and John Major in order to prove immigrants were not welcome in Europe. He then attempted to consider the causes of the

racism he described. The West had lost its old certainties after the end of the cold war, and was attempting to "recreate national identity in opposition to the Third World". After the Soviet Union had ceased to be a threat, other races had become the new enemy. He concluded that all immigration restrictions should be abolished, and that this would be a first step.

Sked opened by attempting to ridicule the RCP and its "six active members". To Sked, the ideas held by the RCP on immigration policy seemed to have some "warped marxist plan"

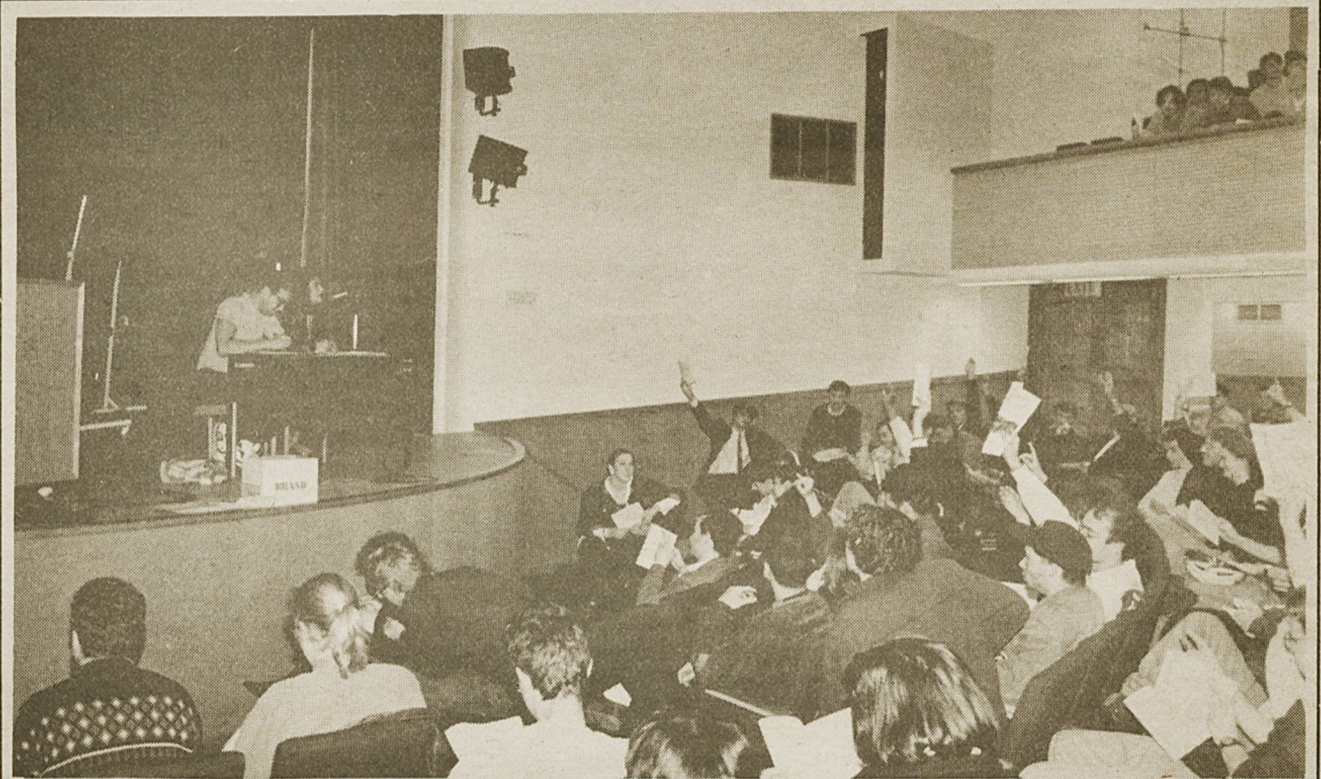
underneath. In his view, the extreme left hope that mass immigration will lead to civil strife which would in turn make a revolution possible. He claimed that "they will fight to the last black, last refugee, last asylum-seeker...using them as martyrs for their cause."

The meeting was then opened to questions from the floor, before both speakers summarised their positions.

Sked felt that the left often ended up by being racist, by only seeing "The Third World" and not seeing differences within the third world. In response to the attacks that had been made on capi-

talism during the meeting, he conceded that it was not a perfect system, while asking "If it is as bad, why does everyone want to go to these capitalist systems?"

Malik claimed statistics exist to prove that half the young adult male population have already been arrested once in their lives, drawing the conclusion that Britain was not a tolerant state. He finished by asking whether The West had cared about immigration controls when it invaded Africa, India, Grenada, Panama and Iraq.



Erm...does anyone know what happens next? The Union Chair seeks guidance Photo: Steve East

South African blueprint "is one of neo-apartheid"

Van Niekerk speaks in SU debate on Apartheid

By Beaver Staff

Representatives from both sides of the conflict in South Africa crossed swords last Thursday at the LSE. Ken Brown of the South African embassy and Vela Pillay of the ANC debated "The obstacles in the transition to a non-racial, democratic society" at the invitation of LSE Students' Union. Then event was organised by Martin Raiser, the overseas student officer and Robert van Niekerk, the SU South African Scholar.

Mr. Brown opened by iden-

tifying three major issues in South Africa. These were the building up of the economy, the maintaining of peace, and ensuring the universal acceptance of peace talks.

These, he felt needed to be solved in the near future if the country wanted to see a peaceful coexistence of its diverse population. He emphasised that "The present problems must be tackled now if a future government is to succeed." He pointed out that while all political parties are prepared to engage in peace talks, no progress has been made on creat-

ing a new constitution.

Mr. Pillay described how his opposition to apartheid had made him an exile from his native country until last year. On returning, his visit had convinced him that apartheid was "a monumental evil". He described life in the townships as "pure hell", claiming that "black people will rise in revolt" if something wasn't done soon. He said that the ANC demanded "a new interim government with a clear mandate", as opposed to the proposals by the current SA government to give the black population

a voice in government. Concluding, he described the situation in the country as "highly explosive" saying that "anything can happen at any time"

In a separate speech van Niekerk stressed the problems with the low level of education amongst the black majority, where the illiteracy rate is 60%. Of the present SA government, he felt that their proposals were unacceptable, claiming that "their blueprint is one of neo-apartheid".

Israeli withdrawal ruled out

Israeli cabinet minister claims that Israel will never agree to a Palestinian state

by Raffi Berg

"There will not be any meaningful solution without a fundamental change within Arab society which will make them into a democratic system," said Ehud Olmert, the Israeli Health Minister, in an address to the LSE last week.

In a tough and uncompromising speech, only days after the start of the first ever Arab-Israeli peace talks, Mr. Olmert castigated the Syrians in particular. He ruled out an Israeli withdrawal from the whole of the Golan Heights, saying his country refused to "expose itself to the dangers inherent in such a move." "The Syrians don't consider the peace talks to be negotiations for peace, just a mechanism for regaining land," alleged Mr. Olmert. "Ideologically, President Assad looks at Israel really as part of Southern Syria

and does not see any place for the existence of a Jewish state."

He criticised last week's "media circus" in Madrid, which saw "a series of speeches filled with emotional rhetoric which was directed against the state of Israel," and rejected the idea of an international conference on the problem because it would be "a way of avoiding direct meaningful negotiations." Nevertheless, Israel was, he said, still committed to the peace process, but stressed that there had to be the declared goal of negotiations for peace, and that these negotiations had to be direct. He stated that he saw the best chance of peace to be with the Palestinians. Israel was committed to a two-stage solution - autonomy followed by negotiations for the permanent status of their territories - but would never agree to a Palestinian state, he said.

Mr. Olmert fiercely blamed "Arab aggression and stupidity" for causing the 1967 War, which led Israel to capture the disputed territories. "The Palestinians, Jordanians, Egyptians, and Syrians used those territories as a base in order to launch the ultimate attack, to destroy the State of Israel." He added that "There is not yet that attitude within the more extreme elements in the Arab countries that will allow them to accept Israel as a Jewish state as part of the permanent scene in the Middle East."

He expressed his hope that there would be enough mutual flexibility by both sides respectively not to miss what he called "an historic opportunity." "If the opportunity will be missed because of fear, prejudice, or a lack of wisdom, then I don't know when this opportunity will arise again."



Someone up there must know the answers Photo: Steve East

News in Brief

Tequila suggestions welcomed

Michael Coops, the head of LSE Site Development and Services has welcomed the 10-point plan proposed for the running of Tequila parties in a letter to the Students' Union General Secretary.

In the letter to Michiel van Hulten, dated 1st November, Mr. Coops describes the steps as "very helpful". He also predicts that the School night security staff will want "to collaborate with the SU stewards in handling these events."

However, he points out that at the previous party, staff clearing the building were acting on the instructions of the police. He concludes by hoping that a better understanding will be achieved with the SU if difficult situations arise in the future.

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LSE: Home of the Famous

The LSE has been described as an institution which keeps Nobel Prize winners in broom-cupboards.

Recently, more popular stars have been spotted around its hallowed corridors. Elvis Lives! Yes it's true — he's doing a B.Sc. (Econ) in Accounting and Finance and is rumored to reside in Carr-Saunders.

Revellers at Roseberry Hall Disco were stunned when Michiel Jackson, wearing a blonde wig and glasses to disguise himself, strutted his stuff in the bar.

When not dancing at venues all over the world or recording in the studio, he is reported to exist in the capacity of General Secretary of the Students

Union.

Female mega-stars include Whitney Houston, who now has short hair, and jogs in Regents Park.

Also Betty Boo has been doin' the do at every Hall Disco and Social event and is rumored to hold court in Hughes Parry Hall.

When questioned in the Director's office, Vic Reeves complained of dizziness and asked for the interview to cease and left on a moped.

Have you seen any stars? Call the LSE celebrity hotline on ... er ... I've forgotten, and quite frankly my dear, I don't give a damn.

By Wook-Se Cho.

(And who does he think he is anyway? - Ed)

The Joint was Jumping

Saxophonist Julian Arguelles' performance, reviewed by Tim Haughton

Whilst elsewhere others fretted over the results of the "who's the most convinced student politics is terribly important competition," the Underground was privileged to host the saxophonist Juliah Arquelles and his quartet.

The Underground proved the suitably obscure, dingy feeling that all good jazz gigs require. The tables were arranged so that one could gaze into the eyes of one's lover over a flickering candle. Sadly however, this was all wasted on me, as I am going through a barren patch with women at the moment.

After the usual introductions Juliah Arguelles, with his huge mass of curly hair, took to the stage followed by

his band of merry jazz men. They were the usual collection of musicians who look terribly serious about their music, but not about fashion.

Then the music began with the dulcet saxophone tones beginning to explore the room, penetrating the uncharted corners of the Underground. The first number gave us all a sample of their technical ability, but lacked a certain appreciation as to where the beat was located.

Fortunately this rather uncohesive playing disappeared as the next couple of numbers began to witness the band functioning more as an entity. This process reached its apex when the song 'Alfie' was performed.

The saxophone then truly began to sing, reminiscent of the great Charlie Parker. The gig was now in full swing.

The rest of the first set enabled all the members of the band, except the drummer to display their significant talents to the full. The Bass player suitably kept the beat flowing throughout, whilst the absorbing rhythm was suitably embellished by the creative minds of Juliah and Hugh on keyboard.

The interval provided an opportunity to stack-up on the stockpile of alcohol for the second set and to rid oneself of that excess beer in one's bladder. The music however, remained fully in the system, with some of the idea bounding around in

one's mind, not wishing to depart.

The second set was arguably better, indeed there were plenty of tapping feet and general 'grooving' as that essay that needed to be handed in yesterday disappeared fully from my mind. The music continued to explore new ideas, chart interesting fields and stimulate our minds.

The evening certainly was a musical success, but sadly not a financial one. Whilst elsewhere others celebrated their success in the self-centred world of student politics, we explored ideas from the heart, which is far more rewarding.

Tuns Break Crossword

Across

- 1 Biography of fortunate Irishman (3,4,2,6)
- 8 Daughter of Muhammad (6)
- 9 Ask pleasantly (3,3)
- 10 Crossword solving policeman (5)
- 11 Put back together (6)
- 13 Free from prison cell (6)
- 15 Home of the Wembles (9,6)
- 16 Ancient text(?) (9,6)
- 17 Greek letter (6)
- 20 Cable (6)
- 22 Swear (5)
- 23 Mathematician (6)
- 24 Containing two thousand perforations (3,3)
- 25 Next in line (6,2,7)

1			2		3		4		5		6			7
8									9					
					10									
11				12					13	14				
15														
16														
17			18		19				20		21			
					22									
23									24					
25														

Down

- 1 Where air mail goes (2,3,4,6)
 - 2 One of Doctor Who's assistants (5)
 - 3 Lover (5)
 - 4 Abandoned borders(?) (9,6)
 - 5 Chester, Epsom, Blaydon (5)
 - 6 Thin rubber tube (5)
 - 7 Teen-age bride-to-be (5,3,7)
 - 12 Muscle (7)
 - 14 Academic bureaucrat (7)
 - 18 Pretty young popsie (5)
 - 19 Noisome, unpleasant (5)
 - 20 Attack violently (5)
 - 21 Dominion (3,2)
- Set by Hermit

See next week's Beaver for Crossword answers

Hair today, gone tomorrow

Joe Lavin reviews a barber who's a cut above the rest

The other week, I dared to get my hair cut, which might just be a rather dull way to begin an article. I mean, a healthy percentage of readers have probably skipped off to the sports page already, and the few remaining die hards may perhaps be regretting their decision to read on.

Still, this haircut has played a very formative role in my life over the last few weeks. Almost everyone I know has walked up to me and exclaimed, "Hey, you got a haircut, didn't you?" Complete strangers have walked up to me and asked, "Could you spare some change? Hey, wait, didn't you get a haircut?"

My hair was cut by a nice older man named Henri for only £3, well worth it for the amount of hair cut off. Still, the result was quite surprising, and I actually have the audacity to want my money back.

Unfortunately, I'm not Arnold Schwarzenegger, and I don't remember telling Henri that "I'll be back." I think I thanked him and gave him a tip. In fact, if Henri had shot me at the end of the haircut, I probably still would have thanked him as I apologized profusely for getting in the way of the bullet. His tip, though, wouldn't have been too big.

So I've had to find another way to get my money back, and I've think I've stumbled upon it, which is a rather painful way to say, "Eureka! I've found it."

I will simply review my haircut. After all, the arts section has allowed me to see free plays if I review them. I'm sure the Campus section will do the same for the exclusive review of my haircut. Right? (No. - Ed.)

And in future issues, I'll also be reviewing the latest restaurants, cars, houses, and perhaps even life itself.

I can just see it now. "God's new show Life leaves a lot to be desired. The special effects may be amazing, but overall it seems to be just a collage of conflicting scenes that in the end mean absolutely nothing at all. The only consolation was that it was free."

Anyway, on with the review. The whole problem with Henri was one of language. In other words, I couldn't understand a damn thing he said, and apparently he didn't understand me.

I distinctly remember using the word "trim," a verb that apparently means "hack off all the hair you can find and then some" in whatever dialect Henri was using that day. My guess was Swahili.

The general pattern of the day was that he would mumble something, and not



Someone other than Joe getting his hair cut by someone other than Henri.

photo: Paul Nugent

understanding I would politely nod, smile, and agree. In actuality, our conversation probably went a bit like this:

HENRI: Hello. How are you?

ME: Well, just trim it a little bit and leave some over the ears.

HENRI: So how would you like it cut?

ME: Oh, yes, fine, and how are you?

HENRI: So you want it short then?

ME: Really! How fascinating.

HENRI: Well, I'll just shave it all off then.

ME: Oh, yes, I know. It's been overcast for almost a week.

HENRI: On second thought, maybe I'll just cut off your head.

ME: Yes, I'm really starting to like rugby.

HENRI: I mean, that way, we can get it all off at one time.

ME: Yes, that was a great match yester -- Ahhh!

O.K., it wasn't that bad. In fact, Henri didn't really cut much off the top of my head. He was mainly into the back and sides, so that I now look like Bert from "Bert and Ernie" fame.

And I wouldn't exactly say that Henri was bad at his job. He simply likes short hair. I say this partially out

of truth and partially out of the deep fear that he will seek revenge by sneaking into my room one night and cutting off all of my hair as I sleep unless I say something because I won't be needing another haircut until approximately 2016 when I'm sure modern medicine will have found a way to stop hair from growing.

"I will simply review my haircut. After all, the arts section has allowed me to see free plays if I review them. I'm sure the Campus section will do the same for the exclusive review of my haircut. Right?" (No. - Ed.)

nice about him.

He was, after all, cheap, and my flatmates Nigel and Wolf apparently liked him. They have even returned for a second hack. This just goes to show that Henri is not all bad, and it also shows how two weeks of extreme pressure to be included in an article really paid off for Nigel and Wolf.

I, of course, won't be returning to Henri, primarily

Finally, I would tell you where Henri is located, but Wolf didn't want the place to be mobbed when he returned.

Still, if you really want a short and cheap haircut full of many surprises, just ask the red headed American who looks like Bert, and I'll be glad to tell you how to find Henri.

Just don't mention my haircut.

diary

Did you know that this is The Official LSESU Week Six? It is that middle of term time when you feel like you have been at LSE for an eon but the Christmas holidays are still four weeks away. All your resolutions about attending every lecture and class have long since gone down the tubes. Apathy is beginning to set in (but who cares?). Well, The Diary can help rescue you from the boredom, with a list of events as long as a piece of string.

On **Monday 11th**, Labi Syffrey, that famous singer will be reading his poetry in The Hackers' Bar (top floor of the cafe) at 1pm. No doubt next week Ted Hughes will be here singing rock 'n' roll. Anyway, it's completely free.

How can you complain that there is nothing to do when on **Tuesday 12th** at 1pm the Vegie Soc/Animal Rights Soc. present "Living Cruelty Free" - a speech by author Rebecca Hall in A220.

The Socialist Worker Student Society is holding their weekly meeting in S75. It is entitled "Fighting for liberation - what has the women's movement achieved?"

As if this isn't enough, the LSE is trying its hardest to be a multiplex cinema that evening. Jazz Soc. is holding a film night in The Underground (C018) at 8pm, members 50p, non-members £1. The feature presentation is Spike Lee's "Mo' Better Blues" with Denzil Washington and music by Branford Marsalis and Terence Blanchard (who?).

Alternatively, on screen two (otherwise known as the New Theatre), "The Grifters" with Angelica Huston is being shown at 7pm, cost £1. The Scotch Appreciation Society is holding a "meeting" from 7-10pm. They don't know yet which room it will be in, and they sure as hell won't know by the time they have finished.

Wednesday 13th sees the Debating Society at it again in the Vera Anstey room. This time they are debating "THB that London Transport is an Enemy Agent." It will be at 1pm, unless it is cancelled or delayed due to there being the wrong type of leaves on the trees. At the same time in S75, the Workers Power Student Society is holding a talk on "Peace with Israel: is it possible?"

Michael Holroyd will be visiting the LSE on **Thursday 14th** to give a lecture on George Bernard Shaw in the Shaw Library, where else? The reception is at 6pm (cost £3), the lecture is at 7pm (which is free). At 12.30pm in the Hackers' Bar there is a tribute to Billy Holliday performed by Chris Fear (free of charge). One method of dealing with the "Sixth Week Blues" is alcohol, so why not join the Jewish Society pub crawl starting at 8.30pm from The Underground (C018). [N.B. The Diary in no way condones the drinking of excessive amounts of alcohol - though it is a very good way to get pissed.]

Friday 15th brings us the '70s Disco in the Three Tuns at 8pm, no charge. Bring your pension book or bus pass as proof of age.

The Diary has been informed that there are a limited number of places for Commonwealth students at Cumberland Lodge for Sunday 15th - Tuesday 17th of December. Contact Fiona Morris in room A202 for details.

Advance announcement from DSG: Wolfgang Roth MP (German Bundestag) will be talking on **Monday 18th** at 1pm in the Old Theatre on "The Role of Unified Germany in a Unified Europe."

So, there you go. Official LSESU Week Six spells fun, fun for the whole family. Yes, it's almost definitely worth getting out of bed for.

Late entry; all participants for "The Battle of the Bands" must register with the Social Sec. in room E206. At least one band member must be an LSE student.

The Beaver

For the benefit of those present at last week's UGM or intent on attending this week's meeting, I should like to take this opportunity to respond to the Business Motion concerning "political independence" of the Beaver. John Pannu has proposed a series of resolutions concerning the Beaver with the aim of improving the standard of the paper. He has noted that there have been a number of incidents in the past when "Beaver editors have not been politically independent" in their job capacity.

The proposals that he has made are sensible and relevant to the publication. However, I would like to point out that these resolutions are policies that the Beaver Collective already maintains and tries to adhere to. Prospective editors do campaign on their suitability for the job rather than on any political soap box. If this were to be any other way, then I believe that the Beaver would have broken down long before now, due to internal faction fighting. Of course all journalists have political opinions but we do try to keep these within their context and not broadcast them on our pages. In addition, the Collective comprises a number of people from all parties and, as such, overall independence is generally maintained.

Finally, it is worth mentioning that the Beaver has a constitution which is separate from that of the Students Union. Therefore, although I applaud Mr Pannu for bringing the issue of political independence to the light of the UGM's, I do question the motives of his actions as, being a member of the Collective himself (although a very infrequent contributor) he is no doubt aware of this fact.

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The Beaver will be holding elections on Monday evening for the posts of Arts and Campus editors. The meeting is at 6 p.m. on the top floor of the Cafe and all those interested, as well as the members of the Beaver Collective, are welcome to attend.

Should AIESEC return to the LSESU

The Society Speaks Out

The LSE SU banned AIESEC (a French Acronym for the International Association of Students Interested in Economics and Management) back in 1986. For the benefit of those not around then, we would like to restate the allegations that led to the ban, explain what AIESEC does and what it stands for.

AIESEC is an international, non-political, non-profit, student run, independent, educational association. It is comprised of students and recent graduates of higher education institutions who are interested in economics and management. AIESEC does not discriminate on the basis of race, sex, religion, colour, national or ethnic origin. Its purpose is to contribute to the development of our countries and their people.

AIESEC fulfills its goals through several means. Its primary activity is the International Traineeship Exchange Programme (ITEP) in which students work abroad. ITEP is reciprocal; for every student that comes to the UK another leaves for a foreign country.

AIESEC was founded in Sweden in 1948. Over the last 43 years the association has expanded its operations to include 60,000 members in 71 countries around the world.

In 1986 the LSE Student Union decided not to recognize AIESEC as a Union society because of its links

with the "Apartheid regime". The SU believed that it was maintaining apartheid and propping up the South African Economy by providing workers. Furthermore, because of the absence of links between AIESEC and groups such as the A.N.C., the SU felt that AIESEC was not

AIESEC-SA does not abide by the apartheid system ... Its non-discriminatory policy would never allow it to do so.

the progressive force it represented itself to be.

AIESEC-International then allowed an independent task force to evaluate the South African situation and commissioned an independent report in 1986. The report found that AIESEC-South Africa (SA) is totally non-discriminatory: 60% of its membership is black, they organize educational seminars and debates which are open to all and they developed the Vocational Employment Scheme (VES) which provides an opportunity to gain practical experience through an internal traineeship exchange programme. This scheme has helped many disadvantaged students in South Africa.

The report concurred with South African AIESECers who strongly felt that AIESEC was one of the few or-

ganizations in South Africa that brings youths of all races together in various education projects, seminars, exhibitions, and topical discussions. After exploration of the issue the AIESEC member nations strongly agreed with AIESEC-SA on the importance of maintaining membership because it was, for many blacks, their only link with a non-apartheid system.

AIESEC-SA does not abide by the apartheid system in its meetings and conferences. Its non-discriminatory policy would never allow it to do so.

For every foreign student that enters South Africa, an equally talented student leaves for another country.

Finally, AIESEC has not aligned with the A.N.C. or any other group because it is a non-political organization. Its non-political policy is the only way for the organization to survive in discriminatory states.

In order to abide by the constitution, AIESEC-SA consistently turns down resources/funding from any company or organization that it believes to be discriminatory. For example, they have been known to turn down sponsorship from the government of up to £10,000.

Even though we believe AIESEC has proven its relevance around the world, the best example of AIESEC achieving its goals can be seen by its positive contribution to the changes in South Africa.

Marcus Castain and Eirene Papavassiliou

Students Union View

The Student's Union has always taken the view that it should follow the advice of the Anti-Apartheid Movement and the African National Congress, as the most important representatives of the black majority in South Africa, on all matters relating to South Africa.

Accordingly, the Student's Union has been opposed to all contact with South Africa, be it politically, diplomatically, economically or culturally.

Although this means that organisations such as AIESEC, which no doubt are well-intentioned, are unable to carry out their work, a policy of full sanctions was essential to bring the South African government to free the political prisoners and to begin dismantling apartheid.

Nevertheless, I agree with Marcus and Eirene that the time has probably come to look again at the issue of AIESEC's status in the Union. The ANC now has a policy of phasing out sanctions, and in that context it has lifted all person-to-person sanctions, which include educational and cultural exchanges.

I am currently looking at the issue of AIESEC with the ANC London office, and I am confident that the Union General Meeting will shortly be able to once again allow AIESEC to operate.

Michiel van Hulten
General Secretary

Post Haste

Letters due to E197, by hand or internal mail, by 4 p.m. Thursday

Tequila takes a shot

Dear Beaver,

The comments made by Joss Fisher and Kyri Loupis within the article concerning the "new Measures" for the Tequila parties were not the official views of the Tequila Executive. A meeting of the Executive was not called prior to the Beaver interview, therefore, the statements made by Loupis and Fisher cannot be regarded as being "official". The article cited the existence of a "ten point package" of new measures compiled by the Union Executive; why then did the author of the article contact Kyri Loupis and Joss Fisher for comment upon the issue of future security and stewarding arrangements,

when point ten of the "package" clearly stated that they had both been suspended from stewarding Tequila events due to irresponsible conduct? Their status as Executives was therefore questionable.

The suspension of the security officer, Kyri Loupis, from stewarding Tequila events meant that his position as a Tequila executive was untenable, for the Security Officer is, by definition, the "head steward". Furthermore, following an internal inquiry into the suspension from stewarding of one of the co-presidents, Joss Fisher, the remaining Senior Executives were left with no other choice but to pass a motion to expel him from the society.

The Beaver article was also extremely misleading by suggesting that the Tequila executive ave conceded "overall control" of the parties to the Student Union.

This is not true. The Tequila executive retain control of every facet of organisation, the Students Union involvement represents only a safeguarding presence at events; a role which has always existed. The Social Secretary has always acted as an "overseer" at Tequila Parties and he/she has always been ultimately responsible for the

event itself.

The Tequila Executive have now officially accepted the ten point package. We believed that it was necessary to comply with the new regulations in order to preserve an event that is certainly an established LSE tradition. As for the abolition of the Tequila subsidy, this measure does not make the event "no longer a Tequila Party" as Joss Fisher stated in the article, because the substantial monies that were previously allocated to the subsidy of Tequila can now be re-directed into other proposed ventures. Indeed, the distribution of complementary drinks vouchers and the hiring of famous bands are among the possibilities being explored for the next party on 30th November.

The Tequila Executive

Reply to the Tequila Executive,

I should like to take this opportunity to apologise on behalf of the Beaver for the inaccurate news coverage of the "New Tequila Measures" article. Having been given information by the Social Secretary on the ten point plan being introduced, I recognised the importance of the suspensions from the

Executive of Fisher and Loupis. The bias of the article was indeed unfortunate and stems from the affiliations of the author which were unknown to the News Editor upon the allocation of the story.

I should like to take this opportunity to reassure our readers that every effort will be made in the future to safeguard against factual inaccuracies and bias. The editing process of such news pieces will also be tightened in an attempt to prevent future distortions of the facts.

Apology

Letter to Simon Reid, Returning Officer

The Beaver would like to take this opportunity to apologise to the Returning officer for printing an article about Salman Rushdie in the issue preceding the elections for Honourary President. It is unconstitutional for one candidate to receive coverage in excess of his or her rivals. This is overdue because the paper had insufficient space to publish this last week.

Aung Suu Who?

Sarah Sutcliffe sketches a profile of Nobel Peace Prize winner Aung San Suu Kyi of Burma, the new LSE Students Union Honorary President

Students made an important choice last week in voting this year's Nobel Peace Prize winner, Aung San Suu Kyi of Burma, as the honorary president of their union.

"It is a man's vision of a world fit for rational, civilised humanity which leads him to dare and suffer to build societies free from want and fear. Concepts such as truth, justice and compassion cannot be dismissed as trite when these are often the only bulwarks which stand against ruthless power," Aung San Suu Kyi has said.

After more than two years of enforced isolation, Aung San Suu Kyi of Burma has finally received the international recognition she deserves, as winner of the 1991 Nobel Peace Prize. The Nobel committee described her "non-violent struggle for democracy and human rights" as "one of the most extraordinary examples of civil courage in Asia in recent decades."

Aung San Suu Kyi is the daughter of the Independence hero, Aung San, who was assassinated when Burma needed him most, on the eve of independence in 1947. Suu Kyi was then only two years old. She was educated for the most part abroad, while her mother was the first Burmese ambassador to India.

She studied Philosophy, Politics and Economics at Oxford University. Having attained her BA, she worked briefly as a research assistant at London University, before going on to hold various posts at the United Nations Secretariat in New York. In 1972, she married British Tibetologist Michael Aris. Together they went to work in the Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan, where their first son was born.

Another son was born after their return to England. Whilst raising her children, Aung San Suu Kyi also undertook academic research. She spent time studying in Japan and India, and published three books, including an autobiography of her father.

She also frequently visited Burma. She was there in 1988, looking after her dying mother, when the country was engulfed in a mass movement for democracy. It has been said that the demonstrations and protests which began



Aung San Suu Kyi

photo: David Ransom

in Rangoon in March were primarily the result of a collapse of the economy, but Suu Kyi has other explanations:

"[It] was more than the difficulties of eking out a barely acceptable standard of living that eroded the patience of a traditionally good natured, quiescent people — it was also the humiliation of a way of life disfigured by corruption and fear."

She subsequently entered the political arena in Burma. "I could not, as my father's daughter, remain indifferent to all that was going on. This national crisis could in fact be called the second struggle for independence," she stated.

Influenced by Gandhian principles, she focused her speeches on the need for a non-violent opposition from the very start. When first detained in July 1989 and held under house arrest, she went on a hunger strike for over two weeks until the military agreed to her demand that the students arrested with her would not be tortured.

However, it is fear which, in an article

released to mark the second anniversary of her detention, she labels as the principle enemy and enslaver:

"It is not power that corrupts but fear. Fear of losing power corrupts those

right to free themselves from the enervating miasma of fear. Yet even under the most crushing state machinery courage rises up again and again for fear is not the natural state of civilised man."

"It is not power that corrupts but fear. Fear of losing power corrupts those who wield it and fear of the scourge of power corrupts those who are subject to it."

who wield it and fear of the scourge of power corrupts those who are subject to it...

"Within a system which denies the existence of basic human rights, fear tends to be the order of the day. Fear of imprisonment, fear of torture, fear of death, fear of losing friends, family, property or means of livelihood, fear of poverty, fear of isolation, fear of failure...

"It is not easy for a people conditioned by fear under the iron rule of the principle that might is

her speak at NLD rallies throughout the country. She became almost legendary when, in Ghandian style, she bravely continued to walk towards the cocked and loaded guns of soldiers who threatened to kill her — she was only saved by the chance intervention of an officer.

Her popularity eventually came to pose such a threat to the dictatorship that in July 1989 she was arrested and restricted to her house in Rangoon. The State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC) — the military junta — presumably imagined that by silencing her they would be able to diminish her following.

But in fact the reverse proved true. When elections were held in May 1990, despite the enforced absence of its main leader, the NLD won a resounding victory, taking 82% of contested seats. It was a clear vote of support for Aung San Suu Kyi. Alas, as is well known, the NLD has not yet been allowed to take office. In a recent statement, the SLORC has announced that it intends to hold onto power for at least the next ten years. This is a denial of basic human and democratic rights.

The military Junta have said they will release Aung San Suu Kyi "on humanitarian grounds," provided that she leaves the country and keeps out of Burmese politics. But she has chosen to stay, as a thorn in their side and as an example of courage and

crushed in a bloody coup which brought the SLORC to power. Today the arrests and torture continue. There are literally tens of thousands of political prisoners in Burma: no one can say how many, because access is denied to all foreigners, even to the UN special rapporteur appointed in July.

Winning the Peace Prize is a sign of hope not only for Suu Kyi but for all the people of Burma: the political prisoners, the 100,000 refugees in Thailand, China and Bangladesh, the ethnic nationality groups who have long sought a political solution to the civil war, and to many Burmese exiles living abroad who have been fleeing Ne Win's dictatorship since 1962. Suu Kyi has called the current times as Burma's "second struggle for independence." It is an independence they cannot win on their own. The Burmese people have made their choice clear: it is now up to the international community to support them.

Aung San Suu Kyi, kept in conditions of extreme isolation, may still not know that she has won the Nobel Peace Prize. Reports coming out this week suggest that she may be on hunger strike.

Nobody can be certain. The situation is critical. International concern must be expressed.

The students' vote last week might be a drop in the ocean, but it is an important one. The pressure against SLORC must continue. Students and MPs are two of the main targets for the SLORC repression. As students you can write to your MPs, lobby the NUS, join the BURMA ACTION GROUP (at 1A Bonny St, London NW1 or through Sarah Sutcliffe c/o Beaver Office). Support the Amnesty International campaign, attend the lectures and presentations to be organised by the students union in light of Suu Kyi's position as Honorary president (see Fiona Macdonald for further info).

Don't let this year's Honorary President be the holder of an empty title. Let it be used to raise consciousness and genuine concern over the continuing oppression in Burma.

determination to the people of Burma.

Today she is one of many thousands of people held in detention for exercising their basic human rights. Originally held for a one-year period, the military junta earlier this month extended the law under which she is held, allowing them now to hold a person for up to 5 years without trial.

It is now over three years since the countrywide peaceful movement for democracy was brutally

Aung San Suu Kyi's own courage is undeniable. As the most outspoken critic of the military regime, she won the hearts and minds of the Burmese people by fearlessly voicing their hopes and demands. In the period before her arrest, she was the main spokesperson of the opposition party, the National League for Democracy (NLD), of which she was a founding member.

Defying a ban on gatherings of more than five persons, people turned out in their thousands to hear

Richter's Pictures

The Tate presents the works of Gerhard Richter

The Tate Gallery has just opened a new exhibition with 60 paintings by the German artist Gerhard Richter. The exhibition covers the whole range of Richter's work from 1962 until 1991. Richter cannot be defined in any way, his work displays a wide range of contrasting styles which can be seen in the exhibition. Were it not for the fascination Richter has with colour and its absence, as well as with human perception, it would be hard to recognize any coherence in his work. The wide range of interest might be due to the course of his life:

Richter was born in Dresden in 1932 and witnessed Nazism and the Second World War as a child. He left East Germany in 1962 shortly before the Berlin wall was built as the communist regime at was increasingly restricting artistic freedom. The regime wanted artists to engage themselves for Socialist Realism, the glorification of everyday life of the working classes in a socialist society. Richter however had already come into touch with "expressive" abstraction which was the dominant style in the West in the early Sixties and as he wanted to pursue his own ideas he left the German Democratic Republic and went to West Berlin. Expressive abstraction failed to satisfy Richter after some time and he soon developed his own ideas:

"I do not pursue any particular intentions, system or direction. I do not have a programme, a style, a course to follow... I do not know what I want, I am inconsistent,

indifferent, passive; I like uncertainty."

Entering the exhibition (which unfortunately costs one pound) one is confronted with a wide range of different impressions. There are the pictures which struck me because of their immediate beauty, and then there are large abstract paintings which require longer viewing. The contrast between the figurative and the abstract might only be superficial, though Richter seems to aim at a certain "recognizing effect".

His figurative paintings are mostly the result of a peculiar technique. Richter chose subjects for his pictures that to him seemed to possess a certain banality, he looked for the "anonymous, widely consumed and quickly forgotten" photographs and projected those photographs onto the canvas. He then "painted" the picture in very much the same way as the Pop Artists had done in America at the same time. Whereas Pop Art was often criticized for not being "art" at all as it was too close to its subject to preserve its identity, Richter developed a technique which gave a very individual and personal quality to his Photo-Pictures by drawing a dry brush over the wet paint. The result is a blurring effect that "destroyed the photographic image in the painting, while at the same time increasing its fascination by making it mysterious and ungraspable" as Simon Wilson from the Tate Gallery puts it. The pictures seem to possess a fascinating lack of interference on a rational and aes-



A striking similarity to our editor, no? (Betty, 1988)

thetic basis: they are immediate.

It might well be that this fascination with those Photo-Paintings was personal, but I would like to believe that Richter relates to how we all perceive - or rather have learned to perceive, as we were shaped by the influence of images forced on us by newspapers, magazines and TV.

Another category in his work are the "Inpaintings", Grey Paintings and Colour Charts. Most of these paintings are wholly abstract, but yet again I had no trouble relating to them at once. Some of the paintings are

"artificial jungles" as Richter calls them, some concern themselves with the personal relation and associations Richter had with colors, such as "Titian's Annunciation", a series of five abstract pictures with an emphasis on a warm red. The Grey Paintings have repeatedly been associated with the minimalist position of John Cage, which puts the emphasis of art on the perception of the individual confronted with it, as there is "nothing to express" for the artist. As in some kinds of Jazz-music you are left to work out some personal meaning from what the artist provides you with

in order to experience harmony, balance and "sense" (or "aesthetic enjoyment" if you like).

The last category of his works are the Abstract Paintings. Richter felt that those paintings allowed him "to do all that which I had forbidden myself before: To put something down at random... randomness and chance play an important role." But he is well aware that in the end there is no randomness and that all he does comes from within him. He developed an interesting style in those pictures by drawing a small abstract sketch, photographing the drawing and then projecting the photograph onto a large piece of canvas, which is why these pictures have been called "photo-realist paintings of abstract painting". I just stared at the colors and structures and substructures and found it fascinating, as the pictures are very much alive and draw on your ability to soak up all the colors into a personal perception and image.

Richter put it this way: "Abstract paintings show a reality that we neither can see nor describe, but whose existence we can surmise. This reality we characterize in negative terms: the unknown, the incomprehensible, the infinite... With abstract painting we have created a better possibility of approaching that which cannot be grasped or understood."

The exhibition is reasonably well documented, but it is worth buying the four-page-guide at the entrance as it will help you to gain understanding. Go there

At a Glance

Exhibition
Gerhard Richter
at the Tate Gallery

Theatre
And His Name Was Jim...
at the Grove Theatre

The Invisible Man
at the Theatre Royal Stratford East

Stealing the Scene
at the Man in the Moon

Film
Dead Again
general release

Books
Among the Thugs
by Bill Buford

early in the morning so that you have time and leisure to enjoy the paintings without large crowds around you.

If you are interested in a great visual experience in which you are not the passive spectator, but actively participating instead, if you find it an thrill to tune yourself into the subtlety of perception as opposed to the mind-numbing "image-overkill" of the media age then you can be sure that Gerhard Richter will fascinate you.

Hans Gutbrod



For your eyes only: official press coverage file of the Strauss case (courtesy of Beaver archives)

Still More Stiffs

Branagh stars in 'Dead Again,' a tale of mystery and imagination

Here's a perfect film to go and see on a cold, dark autumn night; just scary enough to make you not want to go home alone.

"Dead Again" stars Kenneth Branagh and Emma Thompson in what could shortly be summarized as yet another love story. However, it is not of the boring kind, complete with Hollywood ending; on the contrary here is a cleverly thought out thriller involving the story of a beautiful woman's lost identity.

Grace (Emma Thompson), at the time even unaware of her own name, meets Mr Church (Kenneth Branagh), a private detective with a hang of tracing missing persons. Through the hypnotist Madson (Derek Jacobi), Grace gradually discovers not her own past but the glamorous life of the mar-

ried couple Margareth and Roman Strauss who died under tragic circumstances in 1940, in what became known as "The Strauss affair".

While Madson claims that Grace is revealing the real experience of a bygone life, detective Church is determined to pursue what he deems a much more evident link between Grace and the Strausses. His task, however, turns out to be rather cumbersome due to lack of apparent evidence. As the film progresses we are regularly taken on a journey between the past life of the Strauss' couple and the present lost identity of Grace. Use of black and white film-ing to identify the past enhances the rather unusual style of this production.

Andy Garcia, who recently starred in Godfather Part

III, also impresses with an excellent performance as the intriguing journalist Gray Baker: Having been fascinated by the mysterious Strauss case for years, Baker proves to be an invaluable source of information, especially for Church.

Of course, those obvious romances are hard to escape and Kenneth and Emma do actually make quite a nice couple both on and off the screen. (they are married in real life too; how swell!)

The end holds some surprises and although the plot might be seen as somewhat disappointing it will keep you on the edge of your seat. Interestingly enough, "Dead Again" managed to surpass even Terminator 2 at the US box offices. Is that trying to tell us something?

Pernilla Malmfalt

You ain't seen nothin'

The invisible man cannot be seen at the Theatre Royal

A stage version of H.G.Wells' 'The Invisible Man'? How can it be done? To discover how, go to the Theatre Royal, Stratford East and see the very first stage version of 'The Invisible Man'. It's a great night's entertainment and I for one would be fascinated to know how the specially-employed illusionist, Paul Kieve, managed to have the Invisible Man appear on stage with no head or hands and still be able to smoke a cigarette!

Wells' original tale of 'The Invisible Man' is followed more faithfully than in the subsequent films which had the hero as a superhuman saviour of mankind. In this stage production the Invisible Man is returned to his role as the wicked, yet romantically-inclined malcontent whose discovery of the secret of invisibility with its attendant comic and dramatic consequences form the basis of the action. The drama unfolds within the context of a 1904 Music Hall performance, a device which allows Wells' Victorian fantasy to be sent up by the songs and comedy of the Music Hall, whilst the Music



Fancy seeing you here..... Brian Murphy as Thomas Marvel

photo: Alastair Muir

Hall itself is also satirised - all the old clichés, stereotyped characters and appalling puns both of the Music Hall and farces like 'Run for your Wife' are rolled out and gently subverted - the apparently fatuous Squire hides his sharp intellect, the prissy school-teacher is an ardent suffragette, the Vicar and his Verger are hilariously camped up. Needless to say however, the policemen all remain gloriously dim-witted throughout. The real

star of the piece is Brian Murphy, better known as George in ITV's 'George and Mildred' whose laconic delivery perfectly suits both the Music Hall banter and the Invisible Man's reluctant tramp sidekick.

Overall the production is excellent, the scenes shift with pantomime-like regularity, there are jokes and songs, none of which detract from the melodrama of Wells' romantic sci-fi tale, all the parts are well played, particularly by Brian

Murphy and Andrew Secombe as the Squire, in addition the magic and illusions are completely convincing - what more could you ask of an evening's entertainment which will cost an impoverished student £2!

Peter Bancroft

'The Invisible Man' is at The Theatre Royal, Stratford East (081 534 0310) until November 23. Tickets from £3-£12, Concessions £2

Wild West Fantasies

'And His Name Was Jim...' at the Grove

"And His Name Was Jim....." is a remarkable piece of theatre. Jim our sexually impotent central character lives the tedium of a dead-end nine to five office job, and increasingly escapes into his imaginative world of cowboys, gun-fights and heroism. Graham, an old friend, acts as a catalyst, by unintentionally representing everything that Jim has failed to achieve - as a traveller and romantic drifter Graham has experienced the adventure, the freedom, and the sex that Jim yearns for.

As his marriage and other realities crumble around him his imagined life takes over, reeking havoc and resulting in an almost macabre and grimly realistic black comedy.

This production is an example of fringe theatre at its very best. This talented three-person play and its minimalist yet versatile set manages to create an intense and claustrophobic atmosphere - its intimacy is such that the

audience is made to feel like eavesdroppers into the private lives of a suburban couple who have simply forgotten to draw the curtains. Michael Mullkerin in the role of Jim performs with flare and dextrously switches between our Greenford pen-pusher and a Clint Eastwood styled Lone Ranger. His wife, Carol is eventually forced into enacting Jim's fantasy in her role as Roxanne, the "Last Chance Saloon's" resident whore. Meanwhile Jim's real life hero, Graham, drowns his own realities in copious amounts of Jack Daniels.

This thought provoking and well written play explores the untenable roles society inflicts upon its members and the impossible goals we set ourselves. Self-dissatisfaction, mutual jealousies and the obsessive search for that macho myth... sad but true, with an unexpected ending. Definitely worth seeing.

Laura Tayler and Reena Patel

Who spilt my pint?

Bill Buford was 'Among the Thugs'

"One day in 1983, Buford found himself in the Shed, at Chelsea, wedged into the solid mass of swearing, sweating, retching, belching sub-humanity. For most of us, this situation would represent a personal catastrophe, to be escaped from and recovered from and never repeated. Instead of wanting less, however Buford wanted more."

Martin Amis in the Independent on Sunday (27 Oct '91) had always suspected the masses of 'sub-humanity': Bill Buford's book *Among the Thugs*, in Amis' opinion, provides the proof. A month on from the riots in Britain, and the fear of the mob is still good press. Find an excuse, so the formula goes, and the old prejudices stick. The Sunday Times magazine (20 Oct '91) picked out the quote: "One lad, all shoulders and neck with hair cropped short, offered himself up as leader and charged". Even the New Statesman joins the bandwagon of moral outrage: "[Buford] lets the side down by never really getting a fix on these head-bangers who wreck our Saturday afternoons, or resolving his moral confusion about them." (25 Oct '91)

A review in every newspaper, and an extract in



"Fancy a shag, darlin'?"

photo: Pandora Anderson

the Sunday Times might suggest that the critics loved the book. not so. Described as halting, awkward, and disjointed, Bill Buford's masterful editing of Granta has failed to appear in his own prose. the widespread reviews are more concerned to induce a fear of hooligans.

Are football fans stalking the streets? Out of at least 8 million first division fans the arrest rate is about one in every 4000. But Amis is convinced that "The thug and the serial murderer have plenty in common: sociopathy, delirium, motivelessness, and an utter dedication to the ugly." But who could seriously say that hooligans are a major threat to 'our way of life'. Which civilisation was ever brought down by the boorish behavi-

our of boys in a Saturday afternoon?

The Spectator, last month, referred to 'Yobland' for an England peopled by 'them'. The arch-Tory Edmund Burke called them the 'swinish multitude'. There is nothing new about an elitism justified by fear of the mob, but after its association with fascism, its expression has been somewhat muted. More disturbing however, is that these resurgent ideas now go unchallenged.

Suke Wolton

Bill Buford's Among the Thugs. Secker & Warburg publishers. Price £14.99

Cockney Madness

The Man in the Moon is 'Stealing the Scene'

If you're looking for a "Potteresque" type play, encompassing high drama, comedy and absurdity, this is the play to watch. It has the power to move you to tears of laughter and of sadness.

The setting is simple, somewhat shabby, but together with the excellent lighting, ranging from spotlight to discolights, the music spanning from the Baroque period to Madness, and the acting ranging from the typical Cockney lad to the struggling middle class actor.

The play concentrates on three main characters, Ted, Joe, and Sam. Sam is a working class, streetwise South London kid, elder brother to Joe, who at first appears innocent, timid and stupid. Sam is a 'Billy Liar' type dreamer, always hitting on schemes, but due to his lack of self belief, never finishing them.

Joe is his stability, his support and his admirer, but is himself secretly coming to terms with his homosexuality. They meet Ted, a disillusioned, skeptical fringe actor, who is alone, living his life on the stage because he lacks any real life.

They meet him whilst robbing him. Act one, alternates between imaginary

worlds and reality, reflecting the dreamlike qualities of their lives.

The contrast between working class understanding and middle class morality provides hilarity, whilst the continual switching of character and voice, makes this scene bizarre, challenging and vividly alive.

The diversity of acting techniques and language styles gives a power to the comedy, which highlights the undertones of seriousness, reality and politics.

Act Two opens begins with the three watching opera. This scene is transitional, each in their own world, the world as they know it about to change.

The tone is slower, the content decidedly more passionate and angry. This half is less in the world of imagination, more in the world of reality, reflecting the characters own individual realignment.

All three are forced to look into the 'mirror' which gives them a reflection of their real selves. Joe, begins the process, as his self-understanding, stimulates him to make Ted face the failures of his life.

Joe decides to tell his family of his homosexuality. He is badly beaten by his

father and seeks refuge with Ted. They become lovers, Ted realising that Joe isn't as naive as he thought, each giving insight to the other. They begin to take control of their lives, prioritising human sentiment and emotion, above selfishness and pride.

It seems as though there will be a happy ending, but Sam rightly, as an individual, cannot be forgotten. He remains trapped isolated and alone, unable to cope with Joe's sexuality and happiness, in the light of his own failures.

The pace becomes intensified, the audiences emotions and sympathies confused. The climax is traumatic but necessary. The image one is left with is of passion and hope. However, the progression and development of the play, provides one with an unnerving look at reality.

Fringe theatre is too often left in the sidelines, but it challenges society, providing the roots of progress and originality, which create the type of theatre we all admire and respect.

Sara Motta
The Scene will be Stolen for quite awhile at The Man in the Moon Theatre, Kings Road, Chelsea. (Above the pub.)

Levellin' The Beach Whale

The Levellers at the Brighton Event

Class War are roaring outside, trying to raise money from poster sales in order to get a ticket. The street is littered with cider bottles, kit bags and clogs. Tired and broke, people drift in from Bournemouth, the night before. All this in the expectation of seeing the Levellers on their last English date. Brighton is the home town of this travelling five-piece, so it's always a bit of a special event. The previous 25 shows have seen the Levellers sell out the Town and Country club, as well as every other show. (At Bristol, the gig was closed down - apparently the ballroom below the hall had complained when its ceiling collapsed!)

After a quick visit to the Green Dragon, its time to go in.....it's packed. All these people to see a band that have been passed off as "wasters". At last the Levellers are starting to get

the respect they deserve. The set starts with 'The Liberty Song', circles emerge, clogs start to tap (or stomp?) to this theme tune of the anarcho-travelling lifestyle. Even Ken Dodd, the North's very own tax exile, turned up. During the next few songs, 'The World Freak Show' and 'Outside Inside', the usual human towers are built, protected and destroyed. The band provides the music, the crowd provides the entertainment. In between shouts of "There's only one Ken Dodd", the band reel off their chart hit 'One Way' and the powerful, anti-war song, 'Another Man's Cause'. The sing along comes in the form of 'Carry Me' - dedicated to 'the following'. Finally things go mad with the fiddle based 'What You Know', a true traditional folk based dance number.

The encore begins with the releasing of weather balloons into the crowd, and finally the crowd warm to a spin-

ning off of the 'Devil Went Down To Georgia'. It's all over....surely not, how can we survive without this band for a month? But no. A second encore brings an old favourite 'The Magic Bus'. A song that tells the tale of the Levellers' ill-fated, infamous van that finally gave up the ghost in Newcastle. It's finally time to go, time to hitch back to London in preparation for the next day's classes.

People have branded the Levellers as scum wasters. Probably because they are envious and frightened of their lifestyle. However, I haven't heard a bad word from anyone who has been to their gigs. Don't believe what 'London Student' printed last week, go to the National Ballroom on 12th December - be enlightened, have fun.

Ken Dodd Appreciation Society

Taking The Michael

"Berties' Brochures"-The new album by the Fatima Mansions

Since their inception in 1989 Cathal Coughlan and co. have frequently provided us with stunning music, and this, a stop-gap mini-album, is no exception.

1990's "Blues for Ceacescu" 45 and "Viva Dead Ponies" LP showed us what this band could do. From vitriolic tirades against the evil of the police, government, religion, and just about anything else in the establishment to pure idiocy in "Oh Suicide Bridge" these lads have proved to be the bearers of the greatest repertoire of styles that can be seen in any band today.

"Berties' Brochures" kicks off with "Behind the Moon", a simple enough and unremarkable ballad, and proceeds to the title track, the story of an Irishman persecuted for his art. Whether this figure is real or not I do not know, but the songs' tune, reminiscent of "Sunshine on

Leith" by those dismal Scots whom we all know and hate proves catchy, and ultimately memorable.

Track 3, and the fun begins. Cathal has credited Stipes and his mates for the new updated "Shiny Happy People" but why, that's anyone's guess. The sleeve note says "Now don't get me wrong, I like REM, but I just fancy a bit of gratuitous obscenity." The much publicised incident of Michael Stipes complaining that he "did not like arty bands" on walking out of the New York Music Seminar during the Mansions' set (cheeky hypocritical git) has been shunned by Cathal. He claims that "the song was so sappy it was asking for it". And what a much needed kick up the arse it gets!

A thumping dance beat, a sprinkling of white noise in true Fatima fashion, and an opening "Here we fucking go"

cues the greatest "cover version" of all time. No mistaking that he rants and raves in demented fashion about "fucking advertising" et al for 5 minutes of beautiful mayhem.

Side two opens with "Mario Vargas Yoni", the other gem of this record. A seething, scathing, tongue-lashing of either Thatcher or any tinpot dictator, I cannot tell which, and brilliant with it. Sadly the rest of the album is a hotchpotch of ballady covers, not quite up to their high standard, but streets ahead of many other bands I could mention.

1992 will see the release of the wonderfully irreligiously titled "Thy Will Be Dumb"-a proper LP, and the mansions on tour. Be there or be a silly bugger.

Robert Hick.

Reassuringly Expansive:

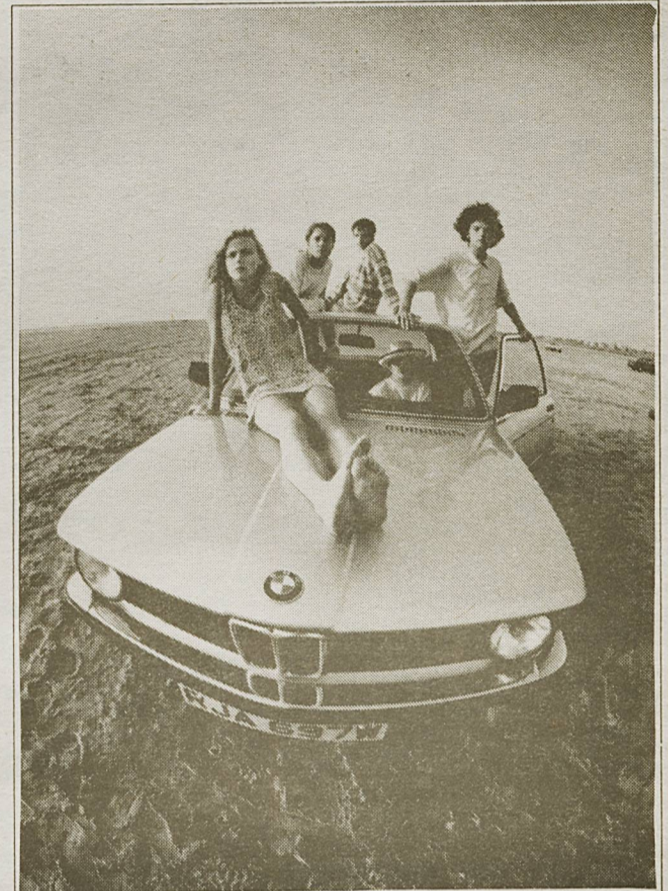
'Stella and the Intastella Family of People' - the album

Intastella is a stupid name for a pop group. Stella is a silly name for a female anyway. In my sister's "Mandy" annual from 1975 there is a police woman from out of space called Stella who used to drink petrol from petrol pumps in order to catch her villains but that's neither here or there because it has nothing to do with this album.

'Stella and the Intastella Family of People' is rather a good album, actually. Side one is a perfect answer to the laddish, baggy behaviour which has dominated the Indie charts in recent years and from the opening track, 'Overdrive', it is clear where this collection of songs is heading. Basically, Intastella are a band who create a backing track of Sci-Fi FX and then enhance with Wah-Wah guitars and dreamy female vocals. As a blue print for a musical style it works quite well but towards the end of side two it begins to get a bit tedious.

Of the ten songs, only the excellent 'Bendy' has a running time of less than four minutes, but a majority of the other tracks tend to outstay their welcome after a while. 'Overdrive' is overlong while 'People' is too repetitive to sustain a running time of six minutes despite its promising opening and it is left to the closing track 'Mr Everything' to save side one from being allowed to over-run with complacency.

'France' is a worthy opener for side two but 'Interlude' is merely an interlude with little purpose in life. The



Intastella fail to capture the world record for the most pop stars inside a BMW.

single 'Century' is still as good as it ever was and is probably the strongest album on the track while 'Soulsalito' injects a little more pace into the proceedings. An upbeat number, it is rather reminiscent of the Sugarcubes circa 'Here Tomorrow, Today Next week' but from here onwards the album begins to wane a little. 'Dream Some Paradise' is a repetitive, uninteresting number while 'Arrival' never seems to reach it's mark.

In the end, the listener is left feeling a little mellow but overall the album is not a bad first attempt although it does lack a little humour (a bit like this review). Stella is still the sex god for a new generation of lads and is a lot prettier than Shaun Ryder or Bez ever will be.

Neil Andrews

"Stella and the Intastella Family of People" is released on 18 November

There's an Icicle in the Works

Ian McNabb plays the Camden Underworld

I thought it was a football match. The 'ere we go! 'ere we go! tune but the words were even simpler. "Hollow Horse! Hollow Horse!" the four men beside me shouted. But no it was a concert and the chant had become deafening before Ian McNabb took to the stage. It was then I found out the truth. Mr. McNabb asked the four men to shut up and threatened never to put them on the guest list again. Their secret was out, we'd paid, they hadn't, so shut it. The trouble with success is that it breeds success and the Icicle Works had theirs in 1987-1989, with the Albums, "If you want to defeat your Enemy, Sing his

Song" and the glorious "Blind". This was perhaps the trouble, McNabb has yet to have solo success and so those here tonight were fans of the Icicle Works and not his recent solo efforts.

Hollow Horse! Hollow Horse! Hollow Horse!

The call went up from the four men for their fave rave. This was a shame as his new material 'aint bad, "Dreams of Heaven" and "These are the Days" are well crafted songs from a seriously underrated tunesmith. Trouble is as a solo artist with a past, they are overshadowed by earlier songs. "When it All Comes Down" and "Little Girl Lost" were completely

rearranged, whilst "Evangeline" and "Fire Power" amongst many others stayed devotedly unchanged. The Band were tight, but so they should be. They were the remnants of the last band that went out as the Icicle Works 2 years ago. A short set, yes but with a variety of tastes and sounds, really great entertainment. But then he was preaching to the converted.

Hollow Horse! Hollow Horse! Hollow Horse!

Yes he did play it eventually and we all sang along!

Ron Voce (Independent but aware)

Next Week: Intastella Competition

Mad as "Fornication"

The Beaver "Cut-Out-And-Keep" Guide to the sanest people in popular music (Part 2 in a series of quite a few, I can tell you.)

Julian Cope

Julian Cope...now there's a serious contender for the biggest fruitcake in the history of music, forget your classical artists for a start, they were really only minor league cases, the serious nutters only started appearing with the advent of rock and roll. Most of the truly mad stars of music are either dead or nearly there. (viz the rest of the select few that appear in this feature.)

'Jules' or 'Copey' if you prefer, is still living, looks as though he's going to be for quite a while yet, and is still truly daft. So what proof is there that he is in fact seven or eight cans short of a six pack?

Let's take things chronologically: first of all he chased David Balfe (ex keyboard player for "Teardrop Explodes", and now owner of the "Food" label) through a field. Nothing wrong with that you might say, just a bit of fun and games eh? At the time however Jules did have a loaded shotgun with him, and one can safely say that he probably intended to use it.

Next we have the album cover for "Fried" on which he appeared naked. Nothing wrong with that either - Prince did it, but in a turtle shell, on top of a volcano?

After this we have the fairly minor mental problem of "Thinking that I am a shopping precinct". O.K. we're getting fairly serious now he might be able to just get around this one by claim-

ing to be a gigantic anatomical anomaly, but I think that we might be a bit sceptical now, n'est-ce pas?

He also likes to dress up as an eight foot tall alien with a head that is four foot wide which is white with red polka dots, or something like that anyway. Fine a bit of flamboyance right? Yep, but he wore the same outfit to the poll tax demo at Trafalgar Square earlier this year. We still haven't ascertained whether the riots started because the crowd were pissed off with the police, or because the sight of Jules in his outfit made the crowd piss their pants. Well done Jules.

Let's just skim over the rest: so he regularly sees ghosts, swims with dolphins, and sleeps under the mixing deck in the studio when he's recording, but then I know a lot of people that do and I'm sure you do as well, so lets pass on to the last piece of evidence which is in print.

On the back of his latest three singles you can find passages of varying length that "explain" the song titles; it's not really worth me quoting from such copious examples of "pretentious crap", except for the whole of the explanation for the b-side to "East Easy Rider" which is called Butterfly E; the explanation is as follows: "the clang of the Albion Reaper...". What?

I rest my case.

Navin Reddy

Iggy Pop

What can be more sane than simply strolling off stage with your todger hanging free for all to see, or cavorting on stage throwing yourself through plate windows and rolling around in shreds of glass? Many would see this as your average rock and roll high jinks, then again Iggy Pop maybe a few bananas short of a bunch. When asked why he reformed the star spangled, gorgeous old Stooges (why, why, why?) in the seventies, he blamed the infamous escapade on a four tab menthodontone habit while only having a three tab supply (our sympathies go out to you Iggy)

Why, oh why, do new pop starlets feel they have to compete and try to impress us with their shows of sheer exuberance, dear old Cliff Richard's neo hip-hop dancing may be leading the way in the nineties but they sim-

ply haven't got what it takes to match the raving barmy rockers of the past; the days of biting the heads off bats and bleeding to death on stage are in serious decline; long gone are the aging rock stars with make-up as subtle as Julian Clary, pouncing around on stage with jeans as tight enough to castrate a mouse. What would their mothers say? Is this the career they wanted for their little (probably due to the jeans) boys? Yet, although they were obviously a few tinnies short of six packs, could Iggy be right, perhaps he is the only guy left from that incredible era of madness; could you picture Jason Donovan in a leopard thong (well I could for one, bless him) or the New Kids drinking the blood of virile newborn babies, I think not.

Barmy is best, bring back Ozzy, Alice, Gary (I want to be in your gang) and co. Of

the great pretenders today, even Axl Rose tries hard but fails dismally, how he could ever attempt to crush his nuts in those ever so tight cycle shorts is beyond me (the sado-masochist within him obviously), but then again I could

just be jealous. Is Iggy's willy all that bad? and is Alice's snake all that long.

Nick Fletcher (and his faithful assistant Flossie).



Keith Moon: What an utter nutter.

Keith Moon

"Are you in control of your life," a reporter once asked Keith Moon, the drummer of the Who.

"Certain days," came the reply.

This was no understatement. Moon lived the part of the Rock 'n' Roll Animal, but his drumming ability should not be overlooked. His drumming was dazzlingly brutal. His drum kit was nailed down to prevent his violent attacks from moving it, yet he still managed to kick it over and destroy it more often than not. His style was to hit each drum at once in a never ending crescendo. Swinging his arms like a maniac going bezerk, blowing his cheeks in and out, whilst opening and closing his eyes. Sweat pouring from his head. Sod keeping time!

Moon's reputation as a wild man surfaced in the USA in 1967. Moon spent six months of the tour trashing all the hotels they stayed at. On his 21st birthday a drum shaped cake was used for a cake fight, which led to a car being crashed into the pool. Once, they were kicked out of three hotels in as many days, with Moon banned for life from all

Holiday Inns. Keith Moon single handedly kept the Who in debt, ending tours owing money, but that was Moonie! The legend had begun!

Moonie lived on his reputation for the rest of his life. Trashing the odd hotel room and getting drunk. After years away, the Who recorded the critically acclaimed 1978 album 'Who Are You'. In an interview to promote it, Moonie said he was in good health and commented on the death of Pope Paul VI. In characteristic form, Moonie replied that he had applied for the job, because he was still here. A month later he was dead. Shortly before this tragic event the Moon was thrown off a British Airways jet in the Seychelles after he tried to break into the pilot's cabin and play his drumsticks on the control panel. In the end his desire to give up the booze and drugs saw him over dose on perscripted medicine. Not the way for a Rock and Roll madman to go!

Ron Voce

Syd Barrett

Back in the days when Pink Floyd were a great pop group, they were led, as all great pop groups are, by a mad genius, one Sydney Barrett.

Keeping it brief, Syd took acres of acid, wrote some classic songs (including 'See Emily Play'), some silly songs ('I've got a mouse and he hasn't got a house, I don't know why I call him Gerald'),

twiddled loads of knobs to create some unexplained weirdness of sound, totally flipped out, and was replaced in Pink Floyd by Dave Gilmour before the seventies had reared its ugly head. In short, Syd invented psychedelia.

Though few would have guessed at the time and perhaps few are aware now, Syd was to become hugely influ-

ential on pop generations to come. Not only did loads of other people flip out on drugs but they also started thinking up a million ways of being weird. Syd was hard to beat on this front. By the late stages of his musical career, he would only speak by whispering into someone's ear, even then only to his closest friends. His last gigs with Pink Floyd were spent standing still holding his hand aloft above his guitar, neither playing nor singing a note.

Though many groups,

especially of the British indy noise brigade, cover his songs for their magnificent weirdness, Syd is not one to be idolised. To quote one of his songs, he became a 'Vegetable Man' (B-side of J.A.M.C.'s first single). Disappearing from public view, he spent some time in a mental institution. Recently he was discovered living in Rugby with his mother, though when confronted, he totally denied knowledge of any Syd Barrett (not his real name).

Baby Lemonade.

KLF

If anyone deserves to be institutionalised it's the KLF. Bill Drummond and Jim Cauty are the modern equivalent of the mad scientists that live in the castle at the top of the hill. Drummond as always been mad. The first tell-tale signs revealed themselves in the early Eighties when he was the manager of 'Echo & The Bunnymen'. He decided it would be a really cool idea to dress the entire group and stage crew in army combat gear and take them on tour in two battered Ford Cortinas with a stage set consisting of camouflage netting and dry ice. He also wrote a novel around this time in which he expressed a desire to build Egyptian-style pyramids in the Welsh Valleys but his true genius lay in promotion. He persuaded the Bunnymen to tour Iceland, the Shetland Isles, and small Scandinavian clubs as a promotion gimmick but in reality it was so that he could visit his favourite childhood holiday places.

In 1985 he left the Bunnymen in order to pursue a solo career. He recorded an album entitled 'The Man' which contained an intriguing song called 'Julian Cope is Dead' before joining forces with Jim Cauty.

His first project with Cauty was 'The Justified Ancients Of MuMu' and their open sampling of other people's records kept them in the public eye for the best part of 1987. In fact their debut album, '1987 - What the Fuck's Going On?' was deleted after only one day of release following a court injunction from ABBA who took offence in being sampled. Other tracks worth noting include 'Whitney Joins The JAMMs' and a cunning version of Petula Clark's 'Downtown'. The courts ruled in ABBA's favour and ordered the album to be destroyed. The pair duly carried out this order by building a funeral pyre

and cremating the remaining copies of the album.

In 1988 the couple reached number one for the first time under the guise of The Timelords (ie. they claimed that their car wrote and performed the song). Probably the worst single of the decade, it mixed together the 'Doctor Who' theme tune with Gary Glitter's 'Rock And Roll (Part Two)' and brought old Gazza out from retirement. Needless to say their appearance on 'Top of the Pops' was a classic.

They then disappeared for a few years in order to make a feature film in Spain. Titled 'The White Room' they subsequently run out of money and were forced back into the recording studio in an effort to save the project. Initially it didn't look too promising. Their first single, 'Kylie Said To Jason' flopped but then they hit gold. With the album 'The White Room' they became Britain's top dance exponents and appeared on endless music covers with some sheep. Not bad for a group who were taking the piss out the style in the first place. Their TV appearances, dressed as druids, Indians and complete weirdos, highlighted their eccentric behaviour and earned them another Number One hit and two further Top Three hits with '3am Eternal', 'What Time Is Love' and 'Last Train To Trancentral'.

During this period they built miniature futuristic cities, made some corn circles, gave away most of their equipment at a gig in Holland and at a "rave" in England they gave their earnings away to the audience because they were not paid in Scottish sterling. They've recently been arrested twice for graffiti offenses and are currently riding high in the charts with their single 'It's Grim Up North'.

The KLF. Mad as f***.

Neil Andrews

Houghton Street Harry

This week the champion of truth and justice, the masked marauder, yours truly, HSH goes off for some investigative journalism into the murky depths of the AU office.

Rumours have surfaced concerning said establishment and certain restaurants around the Strand vicinity specialising in ethnic culinary delights. Whilst sources remain anonymous, to maintain journalistic integrity, someone close to the officialdom of the sporting bastion of the LSE did suggest that there was a scoop to be had within those walls. Whether this was a journalistic metaphor or merely Mancunian slang for the AU's favourite pastime, however, remains a matter of debate. In response to the intense media pressure of HSH, Ian "Oh! Go on ****, give us a kiss" Forsyth scooped all rumours of impropriety, albeit in a very vindaloo manner. HSH will press on in this matter, where certain Antipodean members of the hockey club are unlikely to "curry" much flavour with the mass readership of this page.

Moving on to a lighter note, England, as was pretty much anticipated by all but your most ardent, purile songed rugby boy, lost the Webb Ellis World Cup trophy, on the "holy (?) ground of Twickenham (surely that's Wembley-Ed). An unconvincing loss by "Mutley's Men", only served to show that the England backs haven't seen the ball for so long, they've forgotten what it looks like, let alone what to do with it. Notwithstanding this the Australian performance does deserve credit, if only for David Campese's punching ability, when near his own try line.

I think it must be stated, however, that certain proposals to grant five points for a try, and only two for a drop goal, would still have failed to liven-up what was, in effect, a tedious unimaginative display of sporting prowess. The final word must be left to Will Carling, who was reported to say, after the match, "There are some very sad men in our dressing room". Wise words Will, our Harry has been saying that for many weeks now.

Commenting on the last few weeks of insomnia remedies, football club supremacy, Lawrence Ryan paraphrased big Kenny Dalglish, "Artificial balls produce artificial football. It can't be a proper sport because the ball's not round". How chuffed the jolly scouser was, then, to see his band of Liver birds go storming through in Europe. Fortune, unfortunately, didn't favour the brave a little further down the road, as the mighty Manchester failed to impress on superior opposition, increasing claims that the draw was looky for them last year. In a week that also saw Captain Marvel Robson bow out of international soccer, all a certain Manc currently abiding in the depths of seedy Soho could say was, "It's alright, now we can concentrate on the league". Words of wisdom indeed.

Unfortunately Arsenal could be struggling to make the same claim, suffering great humiliation in the league, being hopelessly outclassed on the European stage, and failing to progress as far as the mighty Peterborough in the Rumbelows Cup. Could this be the end of the Arsenal reign? (what reign?-Ed), read this column next week for the N4 obituary.

Returning back to the Rumbelows Cup, and the undeniable tie of the round has to be the POSH against Liverpool, assuming they manage to overcome Port Vale. Despite their European performance, the likes of Ablett and Tanner will be under a great deal of pressure from the London Road high ball game, with Ken "Charlie" Charlery sure to cause an upset. Tickets for this big night out on the Peterborough rave scene, featuring belly dancing, Erasure and Cola Boy, can be bought from HSH/Five Bellies promotions, book early to avoid disappointment!

Staying with soccer, as our home nations prepare to do combat in the International European championships let us all hope and pray that the gammy hand of Jeremy Beadle doesn't intervene to rock the boat of the home countries. In the words of the poet, "The Cup is a great leveller!"

This is something LSE are fast discovering in the Commercial Union UAU matches. As you savour the bitter taste of failure in this issue, look forward to next week where we shall bring all the lows and the highs (LSE III Football winning, at last, with a remarkable display of skill unseen in the side for a good sixteen months). Plus all the latest gossip concerning "Scorching" Bella Sleeman. Plus twenty things you never knew about the East Midlands. You lucky people!

Shock! LSE Wins

Fourths have victorious debut in UAU competition

Football

SURREY IV2
LSE IV3

A truly outstanding result for LSE IV in their first ever venture into the Commercial Union UAU football competition.

On a substandard pitch, the IV's struggled to achieve their usual flowing, cohesive, football and found themselves two goals down at the break.

It was all change in the second half, pulling back both goals within five minutes of the restart thanks to Kevin Wilt and a Mark Rogerson header.

Despite concerted Surrey pressure the defence held firm, while up front Kevin, Mark and man-of-the-match Justin Vil posed frequent problems for the home rear-guard.

With just six minutes remaining, Nigel Price poked home the winner after Kevin's mazy run and shot

"Despite concerted Surrey pressure the defence held firm"

had seen the ball rebound from the post.

An exceptionally pleasing victory in what is proving to be a very encouraging campaign, with four victories from four matches.

"The Stroller"

Triumph in extra time

Rugby

LSE 2ND XV36
SURREY 2ND XV34

The second fifteen defeated Surrey in a hard fought, high scoring game last Wednesday. It started with Steve Thomas kicking two penalties for us, to which Surrey replied with three converted tries and a penalty. 21-6 down with half time approaching looked bad, until man of the match Andy Wise sprinted in from forty yards for the first of his four tries.

Half time 21-10 to Surrey and LSE faced an uphill struggle in the second half. Then the LSE backs at last moved the ball around with confidence and Andy soon ran in for another two tries, the second from a clever kick by Graeme Jenkins. At 21-18 Surrey looked worried. A bad clearance kick from their full back straight to Barney McBarnett allowed him to

run 40 yards for a spectacular try under the posts.

Steve converted and we were ahead 24-21. There followed twenty minutes of dogged defending on our line before in the last minute Surrey kicked a penalty to tie the game 24 all.

So into extra time. Barney caught the kick off ran 50 yards before giving a scoring pass to fly half Gary (who lives in Saunders). Steve converted 30-24 to us! Surrey replied immediately with a try and conversion. As extra time ran out their pack scored their second pushover try from a scrum and we were behind again. Then in the last minute our fleet footed hero Andy scored again, this time from 60 yards. With the last kick of the game Steve converted and we had won.

Special mention must go to our special back row of Barney, Andy Lloyd, Ed, Matthew Claxton, all of whom never stopped running. P.S. commiserations to the firsts! Steve Thomas.

Dismal Showing 'Crap'

SURREY 3RD XI .3
LSE 3RD XI1

Had Fergie and Di been at this football match they would have been horrified. It was a game of two halves and the thirds were crap in both of them.

The only LSE player to emerge with any credit was Evan 'the cat' Nuttall. A succession of fine saves was followed by a miraculous penalty stop. His performance was not enough for the thirds to get their first result of the season.

The LSE's ten outfield players were all terrible, but some deserve special mention. Alex Weaver showed that all he has in common with Paul Gascoigne is an inability to control his weight. Almost as bad was Dave 'feeble' Keeble, he was a great asset to the Surrey defence, making sure that the ball never got near their goal.

Ben Nuttall gave a captain's performance of the very lowest class. Out-fought, out-thought and out-played, his lack of pace was ruthlessly exposed by the Surrey attack. He slightly redeemed himself by scoring the only LSE goal; a simple tap in that even he couldn't miss.

Simon Collier fared little better than the rest in left midfield. His great skill came through only in patches. One or two dazzling runs caught the eye, but he never really got into the game.

In short this was a terrible performance from almost the whole team. Fergie and Di could have done better themselves. Simon Collier

The Rugby world cup may be over but the quest for another of sports glittering prizes began last week. In the quaint surroundings of Guilford, the Commercial Union UAU championships commenced dismally for LSE as Surrey University marched to a handsome set of wins, making the coach trip home a distinctly sombre affair for our sporting stars.

Rarely can LSE have experienced a day of such numerous hammerings: Pride of place goes to the ladies Hockey team who were piped 17-0 by their Surrey counterparts. Closely pushing for the merit award were the football 1st XI who were

humbled 7-1. Full-back Patrick Eyre was disgraced by a booking, to go with his shoddy defending and is now reputed to be pushing the 21 disciplinary point barrier.

Football club supremo Laurence Ryan's claims that "the UAU's are a great leveller", were predictably way off the mark, only the fourth eleven providing a crumb of comfort for our sad footballers.

The Rugby 1st's proved nothing but a minor irritation for a Surrey side who, apparently, went home at half time and still won by 50 points. The seconds, however, restored a measure of pride with an ambiguous extra

time win, ensuring at least fifteen pissheads singing on the last bus back.

Surprisingly, the netball team escaped with a lucky 72-6 defeat but not all was doom and gloom. The women's squash team made a winning debut and both men's and women's tennis teams gave out lessons to their opponents.

Let's hope for a more encouraging set of results from the second set of fixtures, against City University, when LSE will hope to be on the right side of a similar set of heavy scorelines.

Andrew Pettitt

Rowing return

The LSE rowing club made its first appearance in over a decade at last weekend's prestigious Head of the River race. The LSE advanced 42 places ahead of its starting position, completing the 4.25 mile course on the Thames in 23:28, faster than close to 150 crews.

This was the second race the LSE had entered this Autumn—the previous race also having been successful, if only for the fact that the LSA's own boat didn't sink! The Rowing Club hopes to continue to practice every weekend and enter races whenever possible. If it can find the funds, it plans to repair its equipment, buy oars, and teach its novices—the majority of the club's members—to row.

Charles Ehrlich,
Heather Fraser

Success at last 4-1 boosts team's morale

LSE Ladies 1st.....4
Guy's & St. Thomas's.....1

This was a fantastic victory for the LSE girls, and a great moral booster after the drumming we received at Surrey just three days before.

To bounce back in such style, with the first win for over a year, is a sign of the commitment and character within this team.

None showed these traits better than this year's debutant goalie Angie Lizzie Lench.

Some stunningly acrobatic moves, leaping across her line to thwart the opposition, not only entertained, but also secured her place in the net for the foreseeable future.

LSE were 2-0 up at half time with a good "captain's" goal by Bella, and a welcome return to the squad

for Kathy Fawcett. LSE were unfortunate in conceding one, perhaps as we relaxed an otherwise strong hold on the game.

However, further goals produced a brace on the day for Bella and Kathy, to ensure a convincing win, which should give this side confidence to go much further.

Many thanks go out to Kathy and Sam who continue to support LSE Ladies hockey, and good play by the rest of the team.

Lastly, Cheers Brett for maintaining a high standard of refereeing — keep up the bias! — and for displaying those well tanned thighs! (Does the AU pay for Brett's sunbed? Exclusive exposé next week - Ed.)

Bella Sleeman