

THE BEAVER

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Debate Debacle "X"-Rules

Honeyford Shouted Down by LSE Students

by BEAVER STAFF

On Monday 16th. March, Ray Honeyford came to debate at the LSE. He attracted the usual pickets and protest which greets him everywhere. But in his opening remarks, he noticed that "this is of the most lively receptions I have had". Mr. Honeyford was head-master in a school in Bradford, where he quickly became highly controversial because of his allegedly racist views and articles in the Salisbury Review.

He came to a debate organised by the Open Debating Society, whose chairman, Paul Wood, has been at the centre of several controversies on the issue of free speech. The motion that Honeyford was proposing was "the means of the anti-racist lobby defeats its ends", and he was seconded by Ambrozone Neil, the former Brent Labour councillor, who resigned from this post to join the Conservative Party on the issue of race relations. The opposition consisted of Manju Aggarwal and Robert Governor, a banned South-African journalist.

Speakers and audience arrived to find a group of about fifty people picketing the entrance of A85, where the debate was to take place. Some of those entering the room were jostled. Steve Bantoft, the L.S.E Conservative chair was kicked and punched on his way in, and the security staff decided it would be best to use another entrance for the speakers. Whether influenced by the picket or just by end-of-term apathy, the turn-out for the debate was very low, as only two dozen people were present, most of them committed Conservatives.

Mr. Honeyford began his opening remarks while pickets maintained a constant chanting outside. At this point, the doors were still closed to the protesters. They then took a vote as to whether they should enter the meeting and heckle Honeyford. The motion passed, but not without argument. Consequently, as Honeyford was about five minutes into his speech, about fifteen protesters entered and moved their protest inside. Honeyford sat down as the "Racists Out!" chants prevented him from making himself heard. One protester was heard to shout: "There is no debate here, you are all right-wing bastards!"



Protesting Students Surround Ray Honeyford at Bristol University
 Photo: Bristol Press and Picture Agency

The chair of the debate, Paul Wood, appealed for order and stated that anybody wanting to make a floor speech could, as long as they did not shout anybody down. The chair was then duly shouted down. The bursar then appealed to the protesters to let the debate go on, but met with the same response. As a spokesperson for the picketers agreed to make a five-minute speech explaining their action, calm briefly returned. But when Honeyford attempted to respond, he too was drowned out in the noise.

The two opposing speakers appealed to the protesters to join in on the debate and help defeat Honeyford's motion. Manju Aggarwal was jeered, as was Ambrozone Neil, receiving the racist abuse of "Uncle Tom". Since continuing the debate seemed pointless, it was abandoned at this point. The opposi-

tion speakers left, and according to the chair, "assured us that, as their presence indicated, they were not opposed to debate against Honeyford."

The controversial speaker then left through a side door. Members of the Open Debating Society, including one Jewish one, were 'Sieg Heil'-ed as they left with Honeyford. During the meeting, the Secretary of the School, Dr. Christine Challice, contacted the Director, Dr. IG Patel, to advise him on the situation. She conveyed the wishes of some of those present that the police be called in to restore order. Dr. Patel, who was not on campus at the time, declined to do so.

The following morning, a delegation met with Dr. Patel. He assured them that he and the School were fully committed to free speech, but was reluctant to "test every law in the land".

The consequences of the incident were yet to come. Firstly, the issue was raised at the Court of Governor's meeting the following week. A policy statement was issued. But, more importantly, the School decided to send seven students to face disciplinary action. The hearings will start on Thursday 7th May.

by BEAVER STAFF

Secret information on BSc.(Econ) degree classification has come into the possession of The Beaver. It concerns the means by which the departments decides what class of degree the candidate receives.

The information, which has so far been kept secret from students, seems to contravene the declared policies of averaging a student's five best papers. It shows that in some instances a sixth paper may be taken into account and that a "bad fail" outside the five best papers will often jeopardize a candidate's chances.

The rules read as follows:
 1. No distinction shall be made between general and special papers when classifying candidates.
X-Rules

2. $5x=x$ [x presumably being a class of degree or paper, eg. 1, 2:1, 2:2, ... -Ed]

3. $4x=x$ if two are $x+1$ and there is no bad fail. Exception: if a candidate has one bad fail he needs additional support of one $x-1$ Where $x=$ Class III and hence $x-1=$ P this 'additional support' principle does not apply; a candidate with a bad fail can obtain a third class degree only if he has a minimum of 5 Class III marks.

4. $4x=x$ if one is $x+1$ and there is support of one $x-1$. Exceptions: this does not apply where $x=$ Class III or where a candidate has one bad fail.

5. $4x=x$ if there is support of two $x-1$. Exceptions: this does not apply where $x=$ Class III or where a candidate has one bad fail unless $x=$ Class I.*

6. $4x=x$ if there is support of one $x-1$ but only where $x=$ Class I.*

Fail rules with respect to the above classification.

7. Two fails lead to the loss of one class unless $x=P$ when the candidate may pass if there are two papers at Class III or above

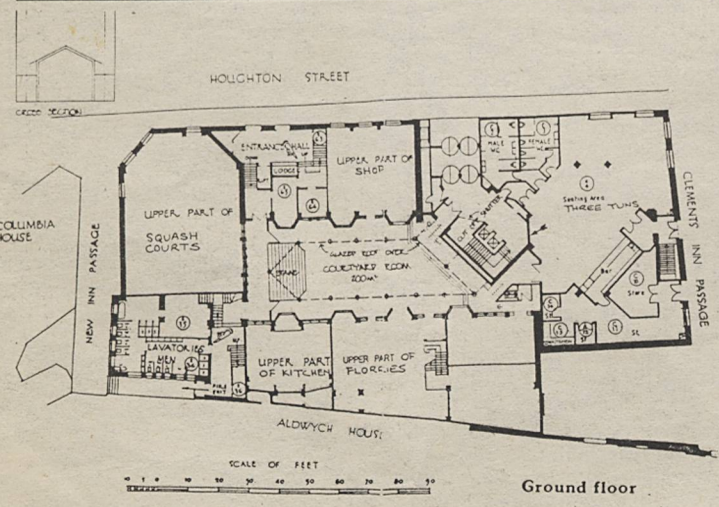
8. Three fails=Fail

9. The Collegiate Committee reserves the right at all times to suspend these rules.

* Grounds: (i) there is no $x+1$ (ii) the requirement of 50% first class marks plus 25% upper second class marks is in general too stringent a requirement, but is appropriate in the case where there is a bad fail."

These rules are clearly complicated and awkwardly phrased, whether they are always properly understood, even by university tutors, must be open to question. This is an awkward system where a much simpler one could be used. The School's petty bureaucracy keeps these rules secret, and presumably other such regulations, even though such innocent information would be of use to the undergraduates involved. Such secrecy only contributes to the lack of communication and cooperation between the School and its pupils.

The Beaver hopes that this information will help students in the coming exams. Make of them what you will!



Proposed Plans for Redeveloping the Quadrangle

Construction at the LSE

by ROBERT CRIPPS

The days of the large hole in the middle of the East Building Courtyard are numbered. Students arriving at LSE next September will find that the quad will have been completely enclosed with a glass roof and refurbished. The development by the School will coincide with the planned Student Union redevelopment of the Three Tuns, creating an integrated social area with permanent concert facilities.

This new venue will have been made necessary by the LSE's parallel redevelopment of A45 -

the old venue - and A40. This involves the mezzaning and subdivision of A45 to create 7 new classrooms and the conversion of A40 into new offices for academic staff. According to the Bursar, John Lauwergs, this will relieve the School's chronic lack of space.

For the students it will mean better Student Union facilities, although there are doubts over some aspects of the plan. It will cut out (even) more natural light for the Cafe and the Union Shop, although the view should at least improve. Ventilation, too, will pose a problem; at present there

are plans only for extractor fans, no opening windows. Nevertheless, the scheme will benefit the Students' Union without costing it anything - the School will pay the total costs, estimated at over £500,000.

Work should start immediately after the exams finish, and it should be completed by mid-September, assuming the Court of the University approves of the scheme when it meets on May 7th. If not, then A45 and the courtyard as they are, and LSE will have to rent office space nearby which could prove even more expensive.

Letters

Tenure System

Dear Editor

In your issue of 11 March 1987, you published an article by Paul Klebnikov that contained what was, despite his sometimes studied choice of words, a major attack on the tenure system that applies to academic staff in British universities. The article contained both inaccuracies and misunderstandings about the tenure system, and Mr. Klebnikov clearly had not thought through the implications of what he was proposing.

It is simply untrue that tenure protects against dismissal for any cause save moral misconduct. Incompetence and, in certain circumstances, inability to perform contractual duties because of ill-health are two further possible grounds for dismissal. The School and the Local Association of the AUT have negotiated procedures to cover both these situations; most other universities have similar arrangements. In fact, the tenure system of universities is no more stringent than that obtaining, either de facto or de jure, in numberous other professions, as in parts of the Civil Service.

What is "some system of tenure review" proposed by Mr. Klebnikov but a euphemism for the abolition of tenure? How can one "review" tenure without withdrawing the right to it? Whatever reason is there for believing that "tenure review" would "encourage higher performance from the middle-of-the-road academics who make up the vast majority of the School"? Mr. Klebnikov goes on to claim that the School's ability "potentially to sack academics would undoubtedly serve as a powerful incentive for higher performance". Why

should it, however? Even Mr. Klebnikov baulks at suggesting that the School should actually sack this vast army of middle-of-the-road academics who supposedly need the smack of a firm hand before they perform their best. In fact, their higher performance is more than adequately encouraged by an extremely stiff procedure for promotion that already fulfils most of the role that Mr. Klebnikov wants to assign to "tenure review". Any "truly incompetent academics", if there be (he says they are a rare exception), face the possibility of dismissal under the presently existing system.

The abolition of tenure would have highly undesirable effects upon individuals' willingness to engage in certain types of research. It would encourage the sort of research that produces quick and usually uncontroversial results and would discourage longer-term projects designed to reformulate a subject's fundamental concepts. Abolition of tenure would also deter the expression of opinions likely to prove unpopular, not necessarily at this institution but certainly as a general consequence.

The academic profession is under enough unmerited attack from those outside the higher-education system without the need for ill-considered opposition to tenure from those inside it. Finally, before Mr. Klebnikov again takes up his pen to voice his unsubstantiated views, he might perform the courtesy of soliciting a more adequate cross-section of reactions to his thoughts.

Yours faithfully,
Dr. Christopher T. Husbands
President, LSE Local
Association of the AUT

This is the Last Beaver of the year; it's been a lot of fun and hard work (in that order) for us. The Beaver Collective would like to wish all of you the very best of luck in your exams.

Special thanks to Kazuko Hirao and Laurie Haworth for turning up every Friday to do lay-out (properly) and to Marita O'Brien for her endless hours of typing

Thanks also to Jon Noon and the night-staff for their help and co-operation with "The Beaver" crowd during many a late-night stint. (See you next year.)

THE BEAVER

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Posters and Women's

Dear Editor:

First of all, can I give three cheers to the letter a couple of weeks ago on the shortage of women's toilets at the LSE! This state of affairs is further aggravated when those toilets available are locked! (Why do we need a Yale lock on the "Ladies" by A45? If removing the lock is too revolutionary - opening the floodgates? - at least giving the porters a key would ease the inconvenience!)

Secondly, following Dr. Patel's theme of dialogue and co-operation between School and students (see recent handouts on divestment): How about some warning before the wholesale ripping down of notices and posters at (and this time before) the end of term? This would allow individuals to remove and relocate notices if wished. Personally, I think the lavish wallpapering of posters goes a long way to brightening and giving interest to our otherwise drab inner-city halls of learning, but whatever one's opinion, some consideration for us might be given to the hours spent on creating all that information for us, the consumers. If the School's complaint is against the use of walls - then let's have more noticeboards!

S. Mitchell

Union Credibility

Dear Editor

It is time for clear thinking and plain speaking - the Student Union's dictatorial tactics are absurd. When a majority of the Student Union strongly disagrees with an individual's opinions or actions, the entire student body is forbidden from either hearing, attacking, or agreeing with this person at LSE. The ideas of a group are effectively imposed on us as universal truths and therefore uselessly debated. Is there no place for individual thought at LSE?

The Union is afraid of the personalities' influence on student politics and the loss of credibility from outside. It reasons, on top of all absurdities, that listening to controversial speakers demonstrates support, thereby undermining Union policy: symptoms of a very weak entity. Furthermore, the Union believes that debating against controversial speakers will not solve problems... but it is precisely at this time, when two sides refuse to talk, that problems worsen. If one is unwilling to understand first-hand how the other side sees the issues, how can the situation be understood and dealt with effectively? How will we influence these banned individuals without talking to them? Ironically, by following this line of action, the Student Union is losing its credibility.

Fiorella Fiore

Accommodation

Advance offers of accommodation for the summer and for September/October are beginning to come in to the Welfare Office. If you're hoping to arrange accommodation in advance for the summer or next year, come up to room E294 and ask to see our Advance Bookings file.

Students Abroad Next Year

The Beaver would like to get in touch with any students going abroad next year who would like to contribute to a new column. Come to a meeting in E205 Thursday 7th May at 1:00 p.m. or leave a message in Room E205 (East Building).

The Right Thing to Help Black South Africans

by DOMINIQUE FRECAUT

In an article published in the last issue of 'The Beaver', Bertrand Louveaux criticizes the divestment campaign and strongly stigmatizes "the L.S.E. radical and his sheepish disciples". In the name of efficiency he brands the self-proclaimed liberals for whom a display of purpose matters more than the purpose itself. However if what really matters is the efficiency of our activism against apartheid, then our motivation, be it self-satisfaction, is of little relevance. In addition, self-satisfaction in the present context is quite meaningless: the "rational individuals" that we are take actions consistent with their preferences, including moral ones. If we stage a campaign for divestment it is because we think it to be right, that is consistent with our moral preferences, otherwise we would not do so.

Louveaux's main argument is that sanctions will weaken the South African economy and that a thriving economy is bad for apartheid because 1) blacks have more economic power when the economy is flourishing and 2) "capitalism cannot thrive under a political system which forbids freedom of movement and a free labour market and subjects all decisions to segregationary policy". If Louveaux is right then we should not only stop the economic sanctions but also flood the South African economy with money.

I can think of some instances where capitalist societies did not have flourishing economies but let us assume, as economists always do, that all capitalist economies always have flourishing economies. Will economic expansion strengthen black South Africans' economic power?

Dominique Frecaut replies to Bertrand Louveaux's article which condemned sanctions.

What Louveaux had in mind is probably that as the economy expands the demand for labour increases and therefore workers' bargaining power improves. This is correct with some qualifications. The labour market is a segmented market: some jobs are interesting and well paid, some are uninteresting and badly paid. You cannot move from the second to the first type of job unless you can acquire the required qualification. Only the group for which labour demand increases can improve its working conditions and salary. Secondly if labour supply as well as labour demand grows then the bargaining power of workers does not improve much. The growth in labour supply can be induced either by a rapid demographic expansion or by positive immigration flows. Lastly, talking of workers' market power makes sense only if they can organize themselves in a union. If the political system of their country denies them this right, there is very little they can do to defend their interests, even in a buoyant economy. Like most Western countries South Africa has experienced three decades of unprecedented economic growth, has it benefited to black South Africans

Firstly the Blacks have been confined by the social and legal system to the lower paid jobs. They have a cultural handicap at birth because they live in much harsher economic conditions than the Whites and they cannot make up for it in later life because they are segregated in schools where the government spends ten times less than it would spend for white children. In addition for an equal level of qualification the law prescribes companies to choose Whites first. Secondly, to face shortages in skilled labour force, the policy of the South African government has been to encourage skilled white immigration, for instance using associations such as AIESEC, rather than to improve the qualification of the black workforce. Lastly the South African government has persistently tried to crush black unionism, by law and force, and its recent handling of the strike of the transport union workers has shown that its policy has not changed.

Louveaux's second point is that capitalism, an economic system that is based on private ownership of the means of production and on the freedom to exchange, implies racial and economic freedom. The most tragic example I know of successful capitalism associated with extreme racial discrimination is that of Nazi Germany. While Jews were being killed and deprived of their properties, Germany underwent a remarkable economic recovery. Moreover, racial discrimination caused probably a greater strain to the German economy than it is causing the South African because German Jews were on the whole much more skilled and educated than black South Africans are. There are indeed many examples of successful (e.g. South Korea) or less successful (e.g. Chile) capitalist economies that do not enjoy, by our standards, a real political freedom. Conversely Japan, a successful capitalist economy that is by our standards a democracy, does not have a "free" labour market. Most of the Japanese never go on the labour market because they have a system of life time employment within one firm.

But let's go back to the main point. The sanctions will weaken the South African economy. However there is no such thing as the "South African economy", there are only different groups of human beings, black and white, who will be differently affected. We think that the sanctions will speed up the democratization process because they will induce the business community to put pressure on the government for further liberalization. This is particularly true in the present context where the next election are going to be a consultation on the future of the apartheid system. But may be we are wrong and Louveaux is right: may be the sanctions will only exacerbate the Afrikaaner siege mentality and drive the population towards more conservatism and repression. In the case of Nazi Germany the government may have taken revenge of economic sanctions on the Jews. But who is better informed than the South Africans themselves to find out who is going to benefit in the long run from the sanctions? Now, who in South Africa is opposed to the sanctions?

Louveaux concluded with "The radical is dead. Long live the radical". Well, never mind the radical, long live the economist!

COLLEGE SCENE

At the Union

By BRIAN BOYD

A wise man was once asked what he thought about English civilisation. He replied that he thought it would be a good idea – the same could be said of the Union A.G.M. this year's affair although wasn't quorate, but thankfully a few unsuspecting first years were rounded up and lassoed in to make it all legit.

There was an immediate call for a suspension of standing orders from Richard Wilson and outside speaking rights were granted to Christina Škanca (an Ecuadorian student) who made a brief, simple yet intelligent speech asking our Union to send a message of solidarity and to sponsor the Columbian Student Union Conference which this year is named in honour of Chucho Pena – a student and poet whose political beliefs gave the regime an opportunity to kindly grant him an extended holiday – he'll probably never return. As the motion was passed, a brief glance around the Right showed them to be disinterested/asleep/bored. These are the same people who have been arguing all year for the chance to listen to racist speakers under the banner of the Provocative Debating Society. Freedom of speech also entails the ability to listen and evaluate, or are big words like "repression", "murder" and "human rights" too much for their tiny middle-class minds to comprehend.

In Memory of Better Days



Photo: Sivan

Subsequent motions were passed on South Africa and human rights with the usual knee-jerk response from either side. The middle sat tightly on their fence, not realising that by doing nothing, they're also doing something, or were they waiting for someone to introduce a serious, meaningful student motion about carol-singing?

The Senior Treasurer presented us with his budget and informed all of us who weren't quite sure that Galway was in the United Kingdom (Does he know something I don't?). O'Driscoll pointed out that the LSE is the lowest funded university in the country, and being tired and emotional later in the evening said: "I hope they adopt the proposed changes in financial procedure so no-one else can do to the post what I did this year."

Moses Mayekiso, general secretary of the Metal and Allied Workers' Union currently being tried for High Treason by the South African Government and no, he isn't expecting a suspended sentence, was voted as Honorary President of the Union. Following an impassioned speech by Hazel Smith (did she really threaten to leave the Labour Party?), Sharon Aitken was voted in as Honorary Vice-president.

Thirteen honorary students were elected into the twelve honorary positions available – The Chair for the meeting, Imogen Tranchell hopes to complete her Ph.D in Mathematics in 1997. Farewell.

US Army Funding Research at LSE

ByINDERJEET PARMAR

The United States Army's European Research Office is currently funding a military research project being conducted by the Decision Analysis Unit of the LSE, the latest School Calendar reveals. The project, which is headed by Dr. P.C. Humphreys and S. Wooler, entitled: "Handling decision problems: a structuring language and interactive modules", has been running since 1985 and is due for completion in 1988. The School has not revealed how much money is involved.

In previous years, the Unit has received contracts from the Ministry of Defence and firms connected with the arms industry such as ICL and Lucas. The Geography Department has also engaged in research funded by the Royal Air Force.

The latest military project "is looking at how individuals and groups deal with complex decision problems." By conducting most of its work in the field, the Unit tries to help "organisations to improve the quality of specific decisions they are currently facing" and to develop ways and means to help them "to do better". In other words, the Unit is hiring itself out to the American military to help it solve its decision-making problems in a war-crisis situation. It is exploring the means to make the US Army an even more efficient and well-oiled war-making machine.

Any ideas that the European Research Office of the US Army will not make use of the research findings for military purposes were dispelled by Colonel Benedict Freund, its Commanding Officer in the 1970's, when he said: "If it's not military, it's not for the United States." In 1968, the US General A.W. Betts stated that those who accepted Pentagon funding for their research "should understand... that the knowledge may, and probably will, be used to strengthen our military posture."

This research, however, is part of a definite trend that has emerged in the 1980's at LSE. That is, in 1981 it was found that the then Director Ralf Dahrendorf had agreed to head research on a possible scheme for National Service in Britain, to "solve"

youth unemployment. The project never got off the ground however, perhaps because the Chiefs of Staff could not safely assume that the inner-city conscripts would always shoot in the "right" direction. In 1982, it was revealed that NATO was awarding scholarships to some LSE students in the International Relations Department. During and after the Falklands/Malvinas War of 1982, several LSE academics presented the conflict in the media as one between democracy and dictatorship, when in reality it was clearly a colonial war. It has also emerged that many LSE lecturers are members of a so-called "academic defence-studies community", through their links with other universities and research institutes, funded by the Ministry of Defence, NATO, and others.

The picture at the LSE tends to mirror, to some extent, the trend in London University as a whole, where the Ministry of Defence, the US Armed Services, British Nuclear Fuels, UK Atomic Energy Authority, and big arms manufacturers like GEC, Plessey and Marconi, fund millions of pounds of research each year.

The academic world is being urged to make itself useful to industry which, today, is increasingly dependent on the Ministry of Defence for contracts. 50% of the output of the aerospace industry and 20% of the output of the electronics industry are bought by the Ministry of Defence. The Military-Industrial Complex is expanding, dominating the economy, and has now started to spread through to the universities.

The Beaver has been asked to point out that the research project being carried out by Dr. P.C. Humphreys and S. Wooler has been vetted by the Research Committee. The project is basic research as opposed to applied research, which means that there is no confidentiality involved and the results will be published freely. Dr. Humphreys thinks it more important to consider "not where the money comes from but where the results go" – News Ed.

A round
J.J.

J.J. smiled smugly at himself in the mirror. It had not been a good day, but then for him what days were. He felt older and more weary than ever but Nature, as all of us know, had not been kind to J.J. He loosened his tie and ignoring the sound of his eczema crackling, he peered closer at himself.

The reflection that he saw was the much admired gossip columnist of "The Beaver", a witty raconteur with a scathing turn of phrase – he was a somebody. But looking closer in the mirror he noticed, on his temple the tell tale traces of the electrodes were still visible. Fear, panic and paranoia jostled claustrophobically in what was left of his tiny little mind. He quickly applied the last of the Mary Quant foundation, erasing for one more day the stigma of his suffering.



He turned around and looked contentedly at the room he had made his own. The decor was entirely Neo-Calcutta except for the Duran Duran poster (now if only he looked like that bass player.) He breathed a short sigh of disappointment – in the corner a rubber plant shivered and died; J.J.'s legendary halitosis could still stop a skunk at 20 yards.

It had not been a good day for J.J. That morning those people had been following him again. He hadn't actually seen them but he felt their presence in his arthritic limb. Then his enuresis had been acting up again and his little plastic catheter couldn't cope. Later, THOSE bastards, THOSE fuckin' trots in the Union had been laughing at him again. And for no reason at all. People were always doing that to J.J. for no reason at all except of course when they ignored him. Years ago he would walk into a room and people wouldn't know he was there for up to an hour, but he had changed all that: now he had made THEM notice him.

At lunch in the Brunch Bowl he had been the only guy with a table all to himself, but they couldn't rile him. He just sat, gritted his discoloured teeth and suffered as he had learnt to do. He saw Rory O'Driscoll wandering around looking for someone to buy him a drink. He hailed him heartily. O'Driscoll knew that sour aroma and looked about, squinted through bloodshot eyes and walked away. Something exploded in J.J.'s mind: REJECTED BY O'DRISCOLL! His pacemaker faltered for a moment, his surgical truss constricted painfully, his haemorrhoids burst. Beads of sweat poured from his brow. It wasn't until an hour later when he stuck his tongue into a live socket that he felt better.

J.J. was tired and decided to retire, images of last night's dico were still clear in his mind. Every time he had taken to the dance floor the record jumped. He downed the usual half bottle of Sanatogen, 12 Mogadon, 2 slices of lithium, 36 Librium and a jar of Chlorpromazine. He smiled idiotically at himself in the mirror.

Outside on Endsleigh Place, the soft evening rain began to fall.

Stephen Hero

Contra-vening:
U.S. Involvement in Nicaragua

By BRIAN BOYD

The campaign of destabilisation waged by the U.S. against Nicaragua has seen a recent shift in emphasis. The Contras' CIA handlers are not now looking for an overall military victory but are settling instead for a complete disruption of the Nicaraguan economy. This tactic is not only destroying the gains of the revolution, but more importantly it forces the Sandinista government to spend more than half its budget on defence. The ultimate aim is to create an environment in which a popular counter-revolution can flourish.

When the FSLN (Frente Sandinista de Nacional Liberacion) entered the capital of Managua in July, 1979, they found \$13.5 million in the bank and a foreign debt of \$1600 million. The economic legacy of "Tachito" Somoza's regime played straight into the hands of the CIA. Carter was at the time ambivalent to the Sandinistas but the Reagan administration took a firm stance: the revolution in Nicaragua symbolised a loss for the U.S. and a gain for the Soviet Union and Cuba. Nicaragua was perceived as being

a threat to the whole Central American area. Having learned a lesson of sorts in Chile, the CIA were wary of overt direct involvement and in 1981 they began to form the Contras using former Somoza National Guardsmen, who were responsible for the appalling repression and atrocities of the former regime.

In 1984 CIA involvement in mining Nicaraguan ports was exposed. This proved to be an embarrassment to the Reagan administration in terms of public opinion and a more covert policy was decided upon. The strategy they adopted is known in the Pentagon as "Low intensity conflict" – a war of attrition that hits at the infrastructure of society. The Contras are now attacking schools and hospitals, denying the Nicaraguan people essential services.

The U.S. has isolated Nicaragua within Central America by bolstering neighbouring countries with massive financial aid. Duarte's Government in El Salvador receives \$250 million a year in U.S. military aid, Costa Rica received \$1 million a day and Honduras is effectively under

U.S. occupation. Nicaragua is being held up as an example to its neighbouring countries to demonstrate the perils of revolution. This is something President Daniel Ortega is keenly aware of, realising that the Contra war is not a straightforward struggle between the Government and the Contras but is rather representative of a wider conflict.

How are they faring inside Nicaragua? The people find it difficult to comprehend that they are alleged to be a threat to the United States and are perplexed by the importance given to their country by the U.S. They don't believe the Contras can or will win a military victory but accept the reality that they can inflict misery and bereavement. U.S. involvement is nothing new to them; Sandinism is based on a Latin American tradition of guerilla war against the "Gringos". Sandinism is a passionately held ideology and at its core lies a peculiar mix of Catholic, Marxist and Nationalist beliefs. There are those who draw an analogy between the present conflict and the Spanish Civil War.

Suffering from the U.S. embar-

go, and European indifference, the Sandinista Government have turned to any port in a storm in the shape of the Soviet Union who provide them with oil and arms. In attempting to defend their neophyte Government, they don't ask too many questions of the donor country and are certainly in no position to bite the hand that feeds. Soviet aid has inevitably fuelled American beliefs that the Sandinistas are intent on spreading "revolutionary communism" throughout Central America.

Last month the U.S. House of Representatives blocked a proposed \$40 million aid package for the Contras; however, President Reagan's veto will ensure the money gets through. More than 66% of Americans opposed aid for the Contras and that figure was taken before the Irangate crisis. If you couple this with the fact that there has been a virtual blackout of the Sandinistas in the press and a multi-million dollar war raged against them, you are witnessing the all-too-familiar sight of an American President acting in cavalier disregard of his people's wishes.

He Came, He Saw, He Ran Away

By PETER WILCOCK

Next Thursday (7th May) Professor John Griffith will start the defence of seven students charged with disrupting a meeting held by Bradford headmaster Mr. Ray Honeyford. The manner and issue of these of these proceedings is of concern to all students who wish to see healthy, vigorous and open debate in this Students' Union. For the second time in three months the LSE has decided to take its own students before a court. This time, however, being bored and somewhat bemused by the intricacies and publicity surrounding a High Court action they have resorted to a school disciplinary panel consisting of two academics and one student. All the accused have pleaded Not Guilty to all the charges laid against them. If they are found guilty, however, they could be liable to a six week suspension which at this time of year could mean effective postponement of their examinations for another year.

The production of charges against the students was precipitated by Mr. Honeyford's well known racist views on education, which provoked huge demonstrations against his employment in a multi-cultural school in Bradford. Prime examples of his thoughts can be gleaned from a reading of his articles in the Salisbury Review where he talks of those "growing number of Asians whose aim is to preserve as intact as possible the values and attitudes of the Indian sub-continent

with a framework of British social and political privilege, ie. to produce Asian ghettos." He also expresses concern for "children from homes where educational ambition and the values to support it are conspicuously absent (ie. the vast majority of West Indian Homes a disproportionate number of which are fatherless)." Honeyford's parenthesis not mine. In short his views are motivated by his vision of "the hysterical political temperament of the Indian" and its effects on British education.

The protestors sought merely to protest at these views and in their own words "to deny this man the opportunity for preparing the ideological ground-work for racist thugs and the increase in racist violence." Originally 50 protestors attended the picket of the meeting, however after having taken a vote it was decided that they should enter the meeting and heckle the speaker. The decision did not go unopposed. Some argued that such a move was both illogical in view of their request to others not to attend the meeting and tactically incorrect. After all Ray Honeyford wanted nothing more than to be able to paint himself as a pained martyr and stalwart defender of England's "great" civil liberties.

On the face of it this analysis seems to have some merit. Once the protestors had entered the meeting claiming that they showed the porters their library cards as they went in, Honeyford appeared to make little effort to speak.

At this time the school displayed their traditional response to student activism — PANIC. Having made impassioned threats to call the police, the Secretary of the school was called. She immediately sprang to Mr. Honeyford's aid and chastised the demonstrators for behaving like thugs and stopping the meeting. She then apologised to Mr. Honeyford. Given that to date he had made little attempt to speak, quite why he deserved an apology of this sort is still a cause of speculation. Perhaps its school paranoia that its liberal reputation will be in some way tarnished. If so it is a pity similar concern was not evident when the schools investments in that well known bastion of liberal freedoms, South Africa, were at stake. Anyway, Honeyford now left the meeting, his work as the champion of light and decency completed.

And so the charges were brought. Yet the farce doesn't end here. Not only did the school send out disciplinary charges to the wrong person — right initials but wrong name — but what had originally been intended as a short sharp execution soon became a long blunt procrastination. Dates were set and postponements were organized. The 'safe' Easter holiday period flashed before their eyes. Yet while we may take some amusement out of seeing our beloved munchkins tie themselves in knots, all this merriment belittles the seriousness of the issues at stake. That Mr. Honeyford's views are objectionable is beyond doubt, his presence in a multi-

racial institution such as ours is an obvious provocation. After all even the Director, in an 'Observer' article, said that certain elements are using Freedom of Speech as a pretext for causing "mischief". This would seem to be a prime example. In spite of this they are still more concerned about Mr. Honeyford's "Freedom of Speech". What about the freedom of those whose life consists of constant fear of racism and racist violence. Mr. Honeyford may be intimidated by shouting and heckling but for most black people in this country intimidation means a daily routine of insult and injury. A recent report by the Overseas Students Trust said that the major problem facing overseas students was racial harassment. Yet again Free Speech is being used as a cloak for the crack-pot racism of the raving right. Voltaire may have said "I disagree with what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it" but should we allow him to be so liberal with other peoples lives?

The explanation for these anomalies may lie in a more sinister consideration. All the people charged have both well publicised left-wing views and perhaps more relevantly played a leading part in the recent Occupation of Connaught House. It is not stretching the imagination to see their attendance at this mostly peaceful, if noisy, demonstration as merely a pretext for school reprisals against them. If so the farce takes on all the more worrying appearance.

Yet the authors of this comedy

were not solely the Connaught House Bureaucracy. They have undoubtedly been motivated and spurred by a desire not to fall foul of the recent education act. Though it is not yet in force the Department of Education has recently sent round a circular asking all universities to inform them of incidents which could possibly be in breach of the Act. This Act, which makes it incumbent on the school to deal with infringements of Freedom of Speech, will make occasions like this all the more frequent. Not only does such a requirement presuppose there being widespread agreement as to what constitutes freedom of speech and its infringement, but by putting the onus on universities to deal with the problem the chances of confrontation between staff and students is increased. Furthermore, what right have universities got to interfere in the internal workings of the S.U.? Meanwhile the rise in racist violence which many students suffer will continue unabated. The real freedoms will remain exposed while the imaginary ones are protected by a law which suggests that Orwell was three years out.

All in all this sad and sorry episode illustrates the result of mixing the juvenile posturing of the student raving right with the gross overreaction and incompetence of an Aciminstation which on the one hand tells the press to closely examine apparent issues of Free Speech and then fails to do so itself. In the end, however, the "mischief" has been done. Let us now try to ensure that the "Honeyford seven" don't bear the brunt.

Dangerous Views? Honeyford Speaks

"I'm from Jamaica and he is what we would call over there a suit man." The man from the Institute of Race Relations told me that this was his way of saying that Ray Honeyford was a creation of the media who had plenty of "front" but very little of substance to offer. The audience at last term's debate had little chance to find out whether or not this was the case as Mr. Honeyford had only just begun when the debate was broken up. He opened by saying "seven years ago when I took up my headship in Bradford I would have been standing where my opponents are now." He went on to say that he had changed his stance because the anti-racist movement on the left had become a sort of Trojan horse and that hiding behind the stated aims of racial harmony and equality of opportunity which nobody could disagree with lay the real intent of a radical ideological transformation of society. He was about to illustrate his point by looking at the "race, sex and class documents of the ILEA" but was interrupted by the protestors.

After the debate there was time for me to sit down and ask him a few questions before he left for Manchester. He is a small man of slight build and has a quiet Northern voice. One of the audience said she was surprised that he had spoken so well as "he looked a bit wimpy and unimpressive". Perhaps he speaks well because these days he is getting a lot of practice. Since he had to leave his job, he has been addressing audiences up and down the country and even in Bradford where he is "quite often invited back". The accusation then (as now) was racism. So I asked him, "What do you take racism to be and are you a racist?"

For any person to be judged on skin colour is a disgrace.

No, emphatically not. I detest any suggestion of racial bigotry. For any person to be judged on skin colour is a disgrace. Racism in

that sense diminishes all of us. I'm totally opposed to it and I'm also opposed to genetic theories of human ability. I think the variation in human performance is due to culture and value and environmental circumstances. The problem is that the word 'racism' has been so discredited and abused, for example by the people stopping me speaking tonight, that all it means is 'anybody who opposes the anti-racist lobby'. It's a snarl word which we must restore to its original meaning and rescue the concept it seeks to convey."

One of his contentions is that Britain is not a "Racist Society". I wondered how he could support this given the frequency of racially motivated attacks, the fact that Asian mothers in East London keep their children indoors from a quite justifiable fear, or when even Bernard Levin can write in 'The Times' that people in London will get a worse deal from the Police if they are black.

All communities have their lunatic fringe.

Obviously any form of animosity towards the minorities is deplorable, but particularly physical violence which is appalling. That is a matter for the Police and Judiciary and I would jail people who are guilty of it for a very long time. All communities have their lunatic fringe or criminal minority and of course we have our share of racial bigots, but that's not the same as saying we're basically a racist society because if you define that with any rigour you find it's a society which is maintained at its very base by ideas about racial superiority and inferiority and it has a social and economic system which reflects that and we don't have that. As Scarman said, we don't have institutional racism in this country. You can argue from legislation that we actually favour the minorities.

The Race Relations act of '76 and section 11 of the '66 act favour the

minorities in some respects. There may be a case for that, but we're not a racist society."

I had read in the 'New Socialist' that he was in favour of separate schools for different minorities (as were both the National Front and the Moslem Parents Association according to the article). Asking him about this, he replied that he was not and never had been in favour of educational apartheid — "quite the opposite". In the original Salisbury Review article he said he had "violated a number of taboos". He went on: "certain things are undiscussable. You must be in favour of something called multi-cultural or multi-ethnic or anti-racist education which I found, after a lot of reading and experience, to be educationally unsound concepts." I asked him for definitions of these terms, but he replied that nowhere in the literature can you find a consensus on what these terms mean. I then asked for specific instances where a multi-cultural syllabus would be unsound education. He picked on the example of Mother tongue teaching. He said it "could be studied as an item on the syllabus like German or French but, as the Swann Committee found, should not be used as the medium of instruction". He also thought that children's cultural identities were acquired in the family and the community and that there were dangers and difficulties in imposing various mother cultures on schools, "as in my school their Moslem and Bangladeshi parents would both want different things". He pointed to the Jewish and East European communities as examples of how different cultures could flourish independently and thereby enrich society. He said that that the Moslem children at his school were all very sure of their ethnic identity and they were "essentially bicultural". The school's job, he thought, was "to look after the British side of that".

I next questioned him about things like the I.L.E.A.'s anti-

racism campaign. "A survey was done of West Midlands' school children in which 20% gave the National Front as their first voting choice. With these results and with the NF and BNP sometimes distributing their propaganda at the school gate do you not think that the ILEA is right in what it's doing?"

I think that kind of sociological research can be very misleading. Adolescents tend to give answers which deliberately shock. A much more significant figure is that the National Front electorally has never had more than a derisive vote. In the end they are a deeply unpopular organisation. I think you can get hostilities in areas where there are ethnic minorities, which is appalling but the anti-racism movement is not the answer. They can actually make things worse. They seem to me to be very often the opposite side of the coin to the extreme racist organisations."

How do you think they make things worse?"

I think they can upset and annoy the majority. There is enormous good will in this country, I saw it in Bradford. As Ambroze Neil has said it here tonight, our task is to tap this good will. There has got to be real candour and openness between the various groups in the community and you cannot do this in the atmosphere of intimidation and denial of free speech that we now associate with the anti-racist lobby."

We also talked about the "Auschwitz Education Pack" which critics have said has been used to draw comparisons between the holocaust and Conservative Trade Union legislation. It was partly because anti-racist material has been infused with propaganda of this sort and partly because he believes that prejudice can best be fought with the good grounding of a sound moral education — "the way to stop Rape is not an anti-rapism campaign in schools but to teach children respect for others" — that he opposes the

anti-racist lobby in schools. bad for the children's education and white parents resented what they saw as different treatment which was bad for Race Relations." His opponents would say that some of his criticisms were crude stereotypes but he says that there is "no hesitation in criticising British Institutions and history" which is "quite right because all communities need some negative feedback".

ILEA's anti-racism campaign.

He objects to the literature which the ILEA is using in its anti-racism campaign, for instance the book 'How Racism came to Britain' which "takes the view that slavery was an entirely British invention. There's no doubt that slavery was a disgrace and we should be deeply ashamed of it and we should teach children that, but it says nothing of William Wilberforce or the fact that slavery is a very old problem and is not due to one economic system or one race or culture."

He thinks that at the moment there is "no genuine communication across the races and the cultural groups" and in his Salisbury Review article "took the risk of offering criticisms of ethnic minority groups". He continued, "one of the most contentious things was my objection to Asian parents sending their children to Pakistan in term time. I thought that them going to India was a good thing but I could not agree with them violating school attendance regulations to do it. It was

I had asked him if he was a racist and he said no, he wasn't. "He would say that wouldn't he?" was one person's response to this. Perhaps he is guilty of what his opponents accuse him of. He didn't strike me as a bigot or a racist, but it would have been a starting point for the debate had it been allowed to take place.

By PAUL WOOD

COLLEGE SCENE

Societies Corner

By STAVROS MAKRIS

The LSE has its own memories – they are those of every classroom, every meeting, every student. For some this last year will have not lived up to previous years, for others this will have been the year of their life.

Societies in the LSE this year have had a higher profile than previous years, though admittedly some more than others and indeed some for the wrong reasons.

The most active society was the **Malaysian-Singapore Society**. Repeatedly, it managed to fill the Old Theatre for cultural extravaganzas. Paul Chong and his committee have been instrumental in this success supported throughout by the enthusiastic attendance of the society's members.

The most controversial society was the **Debating Society**. Its fortunes were followed and reported closely by this column. It all started on 14th October in A86. A86 was to be the battleground of chaotic meetings week after week. That first meeting was a "Balloon Debate". However, the ensuing meetings faded away once the internal struggle for domination surfaced. And then, the invitation of "controversial" speakers was the hot topic. Apparently, interesting matters for discussion – likely to excite the crowds and challenge the intellect – are not allowed. This year, the LSE fielded some quite strong debating teams. Rory O'Driscoll and Jonathan Putsman won the **Inner Temple** and were finalists in the **UK Observer Mace**. Paul Wood and Brian Smith were finalists for the **Midland Bank Trophy** and semi-finalists in the **London University 150th Anniversary Competition**.

Another less controversial yet emotive society was the **Investment Forum**. The whole affair centred on the election of a committee. This, one its own, is natural enough, however the issues raised were new and previously uncharted. In the end, the whole affair was resolved with the creation of the **Financial Forum**, a new society.

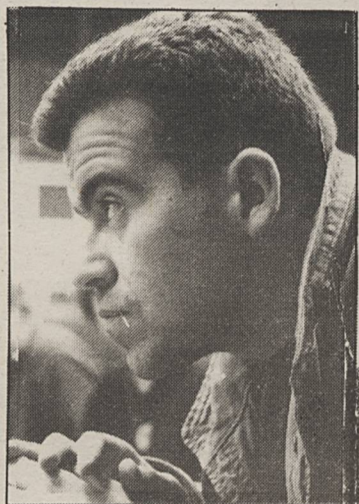
A surprise of a society was the **Drama Society** which broke with tradition and presented, at last, approachable plays and acceptable performances. The two directors, Martin Newson and Richard Ford, who were largely behind those minor miracles, enjoyed great support from their casts.

A society which never seemed to deliver what promised was the **Film Society**. Bad luck, coupled with bad organisation and ineffective planning, led to cancellation after cancellation and the presentation of odd movies in the place of expected favourites.

The funkiest society was, of course, the **Afro-Caribbean Society** with its great parties and huge crowds.

A new, enthusiastic and vibrant society was given birth by Robert Cripps, Bertrand Louvreaux and Sophie Cater. The **LSE Wine Tasting Society** provided a series of regular tastings with the aim of promoting interest in wine for a wide audience. Their success is renowned.

And while the subject of new societies catering for students' liquid refreshment needs, the **Guinness Appreciation Society** held grandiose meetings where punters were given the chance to exhibit their bodily



skills of moving to the rhythm and consuming the black stuff at the same time.

The two societies, although catering to different crowds, succeeded in achieving the same end result – liquid fulfillment and satisfaction for all concerned.

The **Tequila Society** after huge publicity campaigns delivered time after time, parties of a falling popularity. Paradoxically, though, the LSE Tequila Society is claimed to be the hugest consumer of Tequila! . . .

Edge were organising things and events, but for a while, no one knew. When eventually all was revealed how man joined!

A **United Student Front on Divestment** was formed to bear pressure on the School with the aim of achieving final divestment from South Africa. As a result of this formation, students occupied Connaught House. However, the results and implications of the occupation are still to be assessed.

Finally, the most disorganised society was, and still is, the **Hellenic Society**. Great plans of men and mice never realised. Still, the enthusiasm was there, and the debated if not the commitment.

The **Grimshaw Club** will be holding a party on Thursday, 6th May at 6.00 pm in Room A40. All are welcome. Free vodka and other delights. On Tuesday, 4th May the American military will get the chance to state its opposition to the rising tide of communism and pacifism that is enveloping the LSE. A (lady) speaker from the U.S.A.F. base at Mildenhall has been invited. See posters for details.

If anyone wants to form a **Test-match Follower's Club**, they should come and leave particulars at the Beaver office. There are a few who are interested in forming such a society, their purpose – to follow not only Test Matches when they happen, but also normal matches throughout the summer. They meet regularly at Onslow Square and Beaufort Street. Rumour has it they have invited Andy Blakeman to join.

If your society wants a stall for next year's Freshers' Fair, you will have to book now with Zoe in E297.

Incidentally, the Union Van is now available again for hire. All interested should contact Bob Page in E209.

A year in the life of the LSE – will you ever look back?

Passfield Hall Report

Well, folks, here we are again for another whacky and zany look at the life at the metropolis of London life, Pass field. (Remember those words, kids, "whacky" and "zany" – Ed.) It seems that everyone got back safe and sound, and everyone has settled into a rhythm of work in preparation for the looming exams. While the library fills up, the corridors of Passfield are lying empty. However, a brief flurry of excitement hit Passfield straight in the mouth on Tuesday, and it all happened in the place to be – T59.

Kevin "Why does no one ever wake me up for breakfast, even on Wednesdays" Gobble, Beaky "I've got a beak" Beaker, and Trev "Don't call me Trev-spoon" Fork have hit the Passfield gossip columns yet again. T59 is only a little room in an obscure corridor, just to the right of the third kitchen, and yet all three have to live together, although the cleaners are good (Thanks, Do!). Actually, they all get on well together, and tempers rarely fly in T59, although once, Keve used Trev's last drop of anti-dandruff shampoo, which sparked off a small riot! However, the high level of excitement in T59 has eventually got the better of one of the occupants. On Tuesday, at approximately 9.55 a.m., Trev, in his usual hurry to brush his teeth, caught his toe on the side of one of the metal legs of his old bed. Trev found it very painful as he bruised the little bone on the second joint of the big toe, which

he actually broke when he was nine (or ten) falling from a large sycamore in his bac garden. Luckily though, Trev is a sturdy man and could withstand the pain, although he did retreat into his room for a while, managing to complete his "Anthropological Study of Sea Lions" essay in the time he spent in recluse, so to speak. Really, it's only at times like these when one damages a vital organ that one realises the need for such a seemingly trivial appendage as a toe, and yet, when it is injured, one realises how it is difficult to live without it (so to speak, as the toe is still

actually there, but injured, so it might or well not be). Anyway, Trev was up and about again by Thursday afternoon, although he still has a slight limp and one of those little elastic socks over the injured toe.

After this climax, the remainder of the week has been somewhat uneventful. On Friday, Trev was killed by a double-decker bus, Beaky died from a gunshot wound, and on Saturday Keve was crushed by a falling piano.

Cheers
The Don and The Deb



Fatima, The Spinner & The Tent Encouragement for Everybody

By Manuel Mateos Sutcliffe

Once in a city in the Farthest West there lived a girl called Fatima. She was the daughter of a prosperous spinner. One day her father said, "Come daughter, we are going on a journey, for I have business in the islands of the Middle Sea. Perhaps you may find some handsome youth in a good situation whom you could take as a husband."

They set off and travelled from island to island, the father doing his trading, while Fatima dreamt of the husband who might be hers. One day, however, they were on the way to Crete when a storm blew up, and the ship was wrecked. Fatima, half-conscious, was cast up on the seashore near Alexandria. Her father was dead, and she was utterly destitute.

While she was wandering on the sands, a family of clothmakers found her. Although they were poor, they took her into their humble home and taught her their craft. Thus it was that she made a second life for herself, and within a year or two, she was happy and reconciled to her lot. But one day when she was on the seashore for some reason, a band of slave-traders landed and carried her, along with their other captives, away with them.

Fatima found no sympathy from the slave-traders, who took her to Istanbul and sold her as a slave.

Her world had collapsed for the second time. Now it chanced that there were few buyers at the market. One of them was a man who was looking for slaves to work in his woodyard, where he made masts for ships.

When he saw the dejection of the unfortunate Fatima, he decided to buy her, thinking that in this way, at least, he might be able to offer her a slightly better life than if she were bought by

someone else.

He took Fatima to his home, intending to make her a serving maid for his wife. When he arrived at the house, however, he found that he had lost all his money in a cargo which had been captured by pirates. He could not afford workers anymore, so he, Fatima and his wife were left alone to work at the heavy labour of making masts.

One day he said to her, "Fatima, I want you to go with a cargo of ships' masts to Java, as my agent, and be sure that you sell them at a profit."

She set off, but when the ship was off the coast of China, a typhoon wrecked it and Fatima found herself again cast up on the seashore of a strange land. Once again she wept bitterly, for she felt that nothing in her life was working. Whenever things seemed to be going well, something came and destroyed all her hopes.

"Why is it," she cried out for the third time, "that whenever I try to do something, it comes to grief? Why should so many unfortunate things happen to me?" But there was no answer, so she picked herself up and started to walk inland.

Now it so happened that nobody in China had heard of Fatima or knew anything about her troubles. But there was a legend that a certain stranger, a woman, would one day arrive there, and that she would be able to make a tent for the Emperor. And, since there was as yet no one in China who could make tents, everyone looked upon the fulfillment of this prediction with the liveliest anticipation.

In order to make sure that this stranger, when she arrived, would not be missed, successive Emper-

ors of China had followed the custom of sending heralds, once a year, to all towns and villages of the land asking for any foreign women to be presented at Court.

When Fatima stumbled into a town by the Chinese seashore, it was one such occasion. The people spoke to her through an interpreter and explained that she would have to go to see the Emperor.

"Lady," said the Emperor, when Fatima was brought before him, "can you make a tent?"

"I think so," said Fatima.

She asked for rope, but there was none to be had. So, remembering her time as a spinner, she collected flax and made some rope. Then she asked for stout cloth, but the Chinese had none of the kind which she needed. So, drawing upon her experience with the weavers of Alexandria, she made some stout tent cloth. Then she found that she needed tent poles, but there were none in China. So, Fatima, remembering how she had been trained by the woodfashioner of Istanbul, cunningly made stout tent poles. When these were ready, she racked her brain for the memory of all the tents she had seen in her travels – and lo, a tent was made.

When this wonder was revealed to the Emperor of China, he offered Fatima the fulfillment of any wish she cared to name. She chose to settle in China, where she married a handsome prince and where she remained in happiness, surrounded by her children until the end of her days.

It was through these adventures that Fatima realized that what had appeared to be an unpleasant experience at the time, turned out to be an essential part of the making of her ultimate happiness.

Stop taking the Tabloids

By Philip Davis

Britain's latest and most progressive tabloid newspaper, the News on Sunday, was launched on Sunday 26th April and reportedly sold out the entire 1.4 million copies. The News on Sunday aims to provide an openly left of centre, radical alternative to the existing Sunday tabloids which have long since ceased to be newspapers in any real sense. A glance at any of these illustrates the lack of informative and stimulating journalism and instead the dressing up of the lurid and trivial as news. The News on Sunday is a newspaper with a mass market appeal which will, as it develops, provide a good balance of news, features, investigative journalism, sport and entertainment.

Unlike any other national newspaper, the News on Sunday has adopted an editorial charter which sets out the papers main editorial principles of a commitment to socialism while remaining independent of all political parties and institutions. So did the first issue live up to expectations?

The newspaper openly tackled issues which other tabloids blatantly avoid. The front page story was an informative and investigative article on how acute poverty is driving some young Brazilians in Rio de Janeiro to sell internal organs on a "spare parts market" (whether this story merited front page prominence on the anniversary of the Chernobyl disaster is doubtful although this story did receive prominent editorial coverage later in the newspaper). Another interesting article worth remembering was that on page 29 which discussed in a very positive way the use and apparent success of acupuncture on children. The Money Page moved away from quoting City prices and tackled the very real problem faced by students endeavouring to make ends meet on a grant. Moving to the lighter side of The News on Sunday, there was the first of an excellent regular satirical column written by the creator of Adrian Mole, Sue Townsend, "The Secret Diary of Margaret Hilda (aged 14 1/4)" - most definitely worth a read. Continuing on a lighter note there was a centre spread pull-out giving comprehensive coverage of films, television, books and music. The obligatory 'Diary' page examines how "the other half lives". Instead of the aspirational columns familiar in the other national newspapers, The News on Sunday's approach has been to bring home the insignificance and the irrelevance of the lifestyle of "the other half".

Colour in The News on Sunday is in the form of an eight page pull-out section rather than a separate colour supplement which has become the accompaniment to other Sunday newspapers.

Overall the first issue gave us what we hoped for, a campaigning, investigative, radical alternative to the trivial tabloids. However, the editorial team must strive to give the reader adequate coverage of current news and must not lose sight of the fact that not only do readers want news and information but they also want to be entertained. The News on Sunday provides a fresh addition to a stale market - judge for yourself, go and buy it!

The Channel Tunnel

Does It Make Sense?

By IAN WATSON

Zeebrugge could hardly have come at a more opportune moment for Eurotunnel, the Anglo-French consortium awarded a 55-year concession to build and operate the Channel Tunnel. Appalling and tragic though the disaster that beset the "Herald of Free Enterprise" was, it necessarily highlighted the differences between an underground and sea-based means of transport across the most expensive and congested seaway in the world, and as Andrew Taylor in the "Financial Times" postulated, the safety of

35 minutes from terminal to terminal.

It has been a poor public relations period for Eurotunnel recently; the delayed second equity placing last October was not the smooth, successful exercise that had been envisaged, with the Bank of England squeezing arms and political credit in order that £206 m. could be raised. The venture was not helped by the (expected) departure of its British co-chairman, Lord Pennock, and the (largely unexpected) exit of Sir Nigel Brookes and Michael Julian from its highest echelons in February.

Eurotunnel's concerns are now two-fold: firstly to secure a number of legal and legislative means necessary before the final share issues can proceed; those are to conclude loan agreements of £4 billion with their banks. Before this, a successful conclusion to the operation of BR/SNCF trains in the Tunnel, approval by the inter-governmental commission into safety aspects of the project and Royal Assent to the Channel Tunnel Bill must be realised.

All of this pales into insignificance compared to the final stage of their equity placing in London and Paris this autumn. The City at present is in a jittery state over the ability of the Eurotunnel management to control the project, or that it will yield returns not necessitating further fundraising in the future.

The Tunnel on its own merits

the project has now to be judged in the light of the disaster, particularly if the enquiries into the tragedy call for tighter procedures on future ferries, thereby undermining their economic viability and the ferry operators' political campaign against Eurotunnel. A dilemma then, for, as the co-chairman Andre Gernard magnanimously acknowledged, Eurotunnel had been appalled by the disaster and had no intention of exploiting it, whilst many of the general public realise that it might prove advantageous to the Channel Tunnel project.

The Tunnel, when completed



in the early 1990's will offer an alternative and faster means of transport to the continent; for a rail traveller frequent non-stop services between all points of the UK and the continent, cutting the London to Paris route down to 3 hours 15 minutes hourly. Alternatively, for vehicle users, arrival at the Tunnel terminals at Cheriton near Folkstone or Frethun near Calais will involve no pre-arranged booking, payment by either cheque, cash or credit, and driving into the Eurotunnel-owned and operated train shuttles which ultimately are planned to depart every quarter of an hour. Each category of vehicle will travel in different shuttles, taking

There are presently greater grounds for optimism now than at the beginning of this year. With the appointment of several key people to fill the vacancies of Julian and Pennock, the management team has been considerably strengthened, has a greater chance of convincing City critics now that the final equity placing has been re-scheduled, and in the new co-chairman Alistair Morton they have, as the "Financial Times" wrote:

"... one of the grittiest figures in the city scene ... just the person to drive out doubt and get things moving."



It is becoming clear that the Government is anxious to push the Tunnel Bill through the Lords in quick fashion, thus securing Royal Assent on schedule - for confirmation, one only has to sit in on the select committee hearings. And with the safety of the project likely to receive approval from the inter-governmental commission, based partly on its own merits and in juxtaposition to the safety of the ferry industry, opposition to the Tunnel from Flexilink and certain MP's, at least in a formal sense, is unlikely to affect the political aspects of the project. The Prime Minister, it must be remembered, has staked her own political credibility therewithin.

What this amounts to is a greater chance of the final equity placement being realised, by a cumulative build-up of circumstances, thus convincing British institutional and personal investors that £750 m., (a paltry sum by City standards), could and should be raised. The translation of the Bill into law, approval of safety aspects by the commission, the beginnings of construction and adroit campaigning in the City by Eurotunnel is likely to sway the balance in their favour.

Success is as yet conjectural, and that is the chief frustration for Eurotunnel at present. They possess a lot of information, pictures, exhibitions, not to say confidence, without anything concrete ... to show for it; thus, they have as yet to rely upon their own arguments.

If you subscribe to some level of market economy, then presumably competition is "sine qua non" desirable - this is precisely what the Tunnel will bring and one suspects that the campaign of Flexilink is largely based upon fear - of unfair competition and job diversion. Clearly, the Tunnel will give an immense boost to tourism throughout the UK and the Southeast in particular, additionally offering British Rail a seemingly dream situation of in-

vestment incentives and a direct link to the Continental network, a network structure undergoing enormous changes with the 180 mph TVG line being extended to the Tunnel and North East Europe.

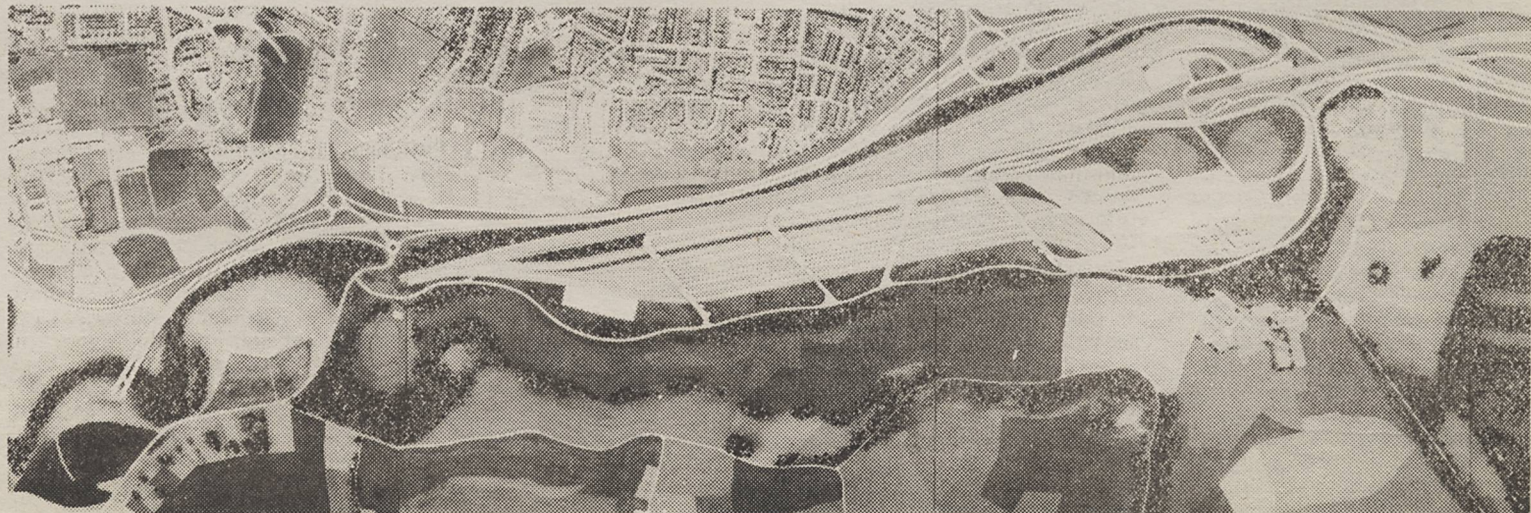
Of course, it is in terms of trade that Eurotunnel's economic arguments carry most weight; in a situation where the EEC now accounts for some 60% of Britain's trade, a new means of increasing the potential volume, the timing of deliveries and reducing costs is only to be welcomed. Consider ports like Milford Haven, Liverpool and Glasgow, which with existing or improved facilities and good rail-freight services linked to the Tunnel could challenge Rotterdam as the major European port by saving 1 1/2 days transit time and costs.

Easier than it was

Or if, like me, you feel irritated by lingering delusions that Britain benefits economically, politically and diplomatically in her splendid isolation from the Continent, then the Tunnel comes as a breath of fresh air, which simply in terms of increased human contact will inevitably break down the prejudices and aloofness between ourselves and the Continentals. Thus, the Tunnel will be as important for its psychological as much as its physical links, hopefully transforming recalcitrant British (and French!) attitudes.

Whatever happens in the next few years, it will be an exciting and hard-working time for those involved on the Tunnel. One thing is certain already, this is not a project for the faint-hearted or sceptical, and on completions one might feel as did Wilfred Owen:

It seemed to me that out of battle, I escaped down some profound tunnel, long since scooped, through granites which titanic wars had ground



FEATURES

Our Man in Education

In the last of this present series of interviews, Chris Philipsborn meets George Walden M.P., Under Secretary of State for Education.

Mr. George Walden, 47, former diplomat and ex-principle private secretary to Lord Carrington, served in China, France and the USSR. He later became head of the planning department in the Foreign Office. Mr Walden left his successful career at the Foreign Office which spanned some 20 years in order to become M.P. for Buckingham in 1983. He is currently Under - Secretary of State for Education and is thereby responsible for Higher Education. Mr. Walden is a hard working and intelligent man with a reserved manner about him and a rather quiet, measured voice. A former colleague of his at the Foreign Office described him as a man of considerable ability who was still young enough to carve a brilliant political career.

I met the Minister in a large and comfortable conference room adjoining his office and began by asking him how one stopped a student loan system from becoming a disincentive.

"First of all, we haven't decided on a student loan system. We are having an open - minded review in which loans or part loans are amongst the possibilities. One of the most interesting lines of argument - and I say that with a little dose of cynicism - that I get here is that on the one hand the proportion of people going to higher education in Britain is lower than abroad. Then I am told that loans are a disincentive and would reduce it still further. As it happens nearly all these other countries abroad have a loans system. So how come it doesn't set a disincentive there? So there is either confusion or, dare I say it, a little bit of questionable intellectual honesty about the way these arguments are put. But it is very important that any system of loans in this country - if we ever have one - should definitely not act as a disincentive. There are many combinations and permutations of part loans and loans which could avoid that."

Would a loan system here - if it were put into practice - resemble the current system in the United States?

"We are talking of loans for maintenance which is £2,000 a year not loans for, say, medical courses which costs £40,000; that's all free."

"People are always failing to compare like with like. In America student loans are for education as well as for maintenance. Therefore they are very, very large loans. Nobody is discussing even the possibility of asking our students to pay for their education, that is totally free. One must have some sense of proportion. We are talking about a relatively marginal aspect of student support. We are not talking about the cost of education. We are talking of loans for maintenance which is £2,000 a year, not loans for say medical courses which cost £10,000 - that's all free."

It is relatively easy in the US to repay one's loans compared to Britain which has a fair number of unemployed graduates.

"No, that's not true. There is a very, very small number of unemployed graduates. First of all the evidence is that, such as it is,

it is declining and secondly these graduates are unemployed for a while by their own volition. What I think one can argue is that clearly starting salaries will be higher in America. But graduate unemployment is almost a non-existent problem."

What did Mr. Walden think of the Students' Union. Did it accurately reflect the views of the majority of students?

"I often doubt it. I find it hard to believe that the students whom I meet - who are thoughtful, compassionate, well informed people - are unanimous in demanding a threefold increase in expenditure on grants. They are now running at about £600 million and the N.U.S. has asked for changes which would make the cost rise to £1.8 billion. Obviously students know that the money has to come from some other program; or else by taxing people with far lower incomes than they themselves are going to earn. That is the sort of thing that makes me wonder how representative the N.U.S. is. I also rather doubt whether many students support the 'no - platform' policy."

My interview with Mr. Walden took place soon after the student riots over the proposed education reforms in France.

"The record is bleak... you only have to look at the figures. 50% of the people in our better universities tend to come from 6% private schools."

Would English students react in a similar fashion?

"Well, it's worth remembering that french students don't get any grant at all! So I don't really see where the comparison arises."

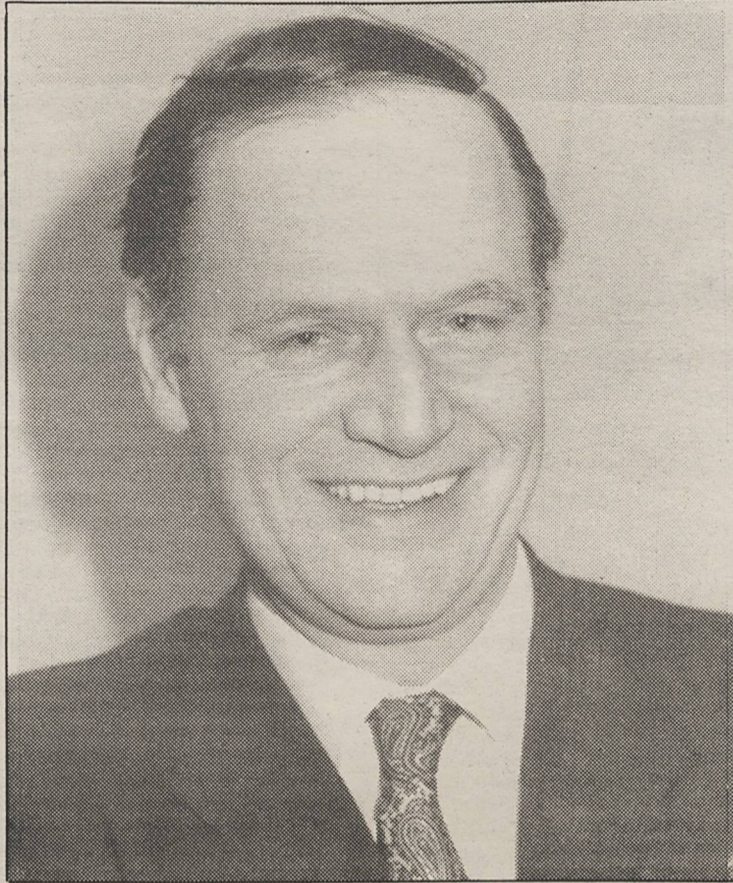
What went through Mr. Walden's mind when he saw the scenes in Paris on T.V.?

"I have lived in France and been in the E.N.A., the French Institute of Higher Education, and they have different traditions. There is dissatisfaction in French Universities but people get very excited about change."

Would it be true to say that

Britain is losing great numbers of talented people to countries which offer them more opportunities and greater financial rewards than Britain is able or willing to provide?

"I get two messages on this. Public and private. In public the position is that any 'Brain Drain' is due to lack of cash and our low pay. In private I am frequently told that the major reason why a lot of individuals go is because of the lack of promotional prospects, because of blockage and deadwood. Masses of people were recruited in the 60's and given tenure. They are now blocking the system. What we are doing is trying to restructure the profession, reduce the amount of deadwood and have better promotional prospects for people; to improve pay - we have said that we will find more money - but only in return for a more dynamic



and attractive career structure than exists at the moment. I find that private academics and individuals who have decided to go abroad are as much concerned about career prospects as they are about pay. But I recognize that pay is obviously a factor."

What about money for research?

"There are a lot of changes taking place which should have

"In private I am frequently told that the major reason why a lot of individuals go is because of the lack of promotional prospects, because of blockage and deadwood."

been done years ago. One is on the way research funds are distributed. It is now quite unrealistic to think in terms of funding research traditionally: such and such a university has always had money and so will always get money. Again in private I find massive support for the introduction of a more selective system which is what we are trying to do. This is so that the huge sums that are required nowadays to run and equip scientific research are channelled into departments which can develop into centres of excellence which would be attractive to academics themselves. The new structure that we are proposing for academic careers will increase mobility, people will be able to bid for the best well equipped place of research, rather than have a traditionalist, egalitarian approach of trying to keep all research departments in all 45 universities happy by sprinkling a little money amongst them all. That seems to me wrong. Again in private there seems to be a difference between the public and private response. In public one gets the complaints, in private one gets far more understanding of what we are trying to achieve."

How should universities be organized?

"I don't want to impose a dogmatic pattern, on the contrary, we want maximum diversity in the system. One of the weaknesses in the past has been that every university has tried to ape everything else. They have an unrealistic spread of departments and you don't get strong departments that way. Just as I would like to see more concentration of effort in Italian, Chemical Engineering and whatever, with more centres of excellence spread round the system, so I would like to see more differentiation in universities with more of them having their own individual characteristics and special profile."

How good was the track record of polytechnics?

"I think they have a very good record. They've always been close to industry but they are getting more involved now in things like industrial training where Britain's record is really rather ghastly. They are providing valuable courses all over the country and I only hope that

"I find it hard to believe that the students whom I meet - who are thoughtful, compassionate, well informed people - are unanimous in demanding a three fold increase in expenditure on grants."

industry can be persuaded to take advantage of them. The government has just injected a lot more cash into them, because they are becoming an extremely important part of our higher education system. There are about 1/2 million people in higher education and about half of those are in polytechnics."

How successful has the comprehensive system been in preparing students for higher education?

"The record is bleak. The latest figures I have seen are not parti-

cularly encouraging. But I wouldn't actually put the question that way, I would ask how successful have the state schools been, and there is room for massive improvement. you only have to look at the figures. 50% of the people in our better universities tend to come from 6% private schools, which can't be right. One of the things that I would like recognized more widely in university circles is the effort and priority the government is giving to improving standards in state schools, because that will benefit the whole of higher education. We are obviously trying to improve both the pay and the professionalism of the teaching profession but anyone who thinks that it is just a matter of money is wrong, it is far deeper than that."

Why had Mr. Walden decided to leave the Foreign Office for politics?

"I don't miss the F.O. I had twenty enjoyable and sometimes rather exciting years there but it seemed to me increasingly that Britain's problems were very much at home rather than abroad. Economic, social and educational problems here seemed to me increasingly to condition our foreign policy and to impose limits on it. I wanted to be where the main problem was and to try to do something about it."

Was it not frustrating being a politician?

"I think it can be even more frustrating trying to prosecute a foreign policy of a country which has severe and increasing economic and social problems."

Was change coming in education?

"We are at the very root of the problem. There has been massive complacency over the last few decades about education, not just about the economy, and of course the two are linked very closely. There is quite a revolution on the way and I think that we are getting more of a response than the educational community deems it wise to admit. What I am trying to do is to help to reform higher education in a way which will lay the basis for expansion. I don't believe that any government is going to put money into an unreformed higher education. Those who are in favour of the status quo are actually in danger of doing damage to the educational system."

What is going to happen in the General Election?

"Oh, no problem about that! There is no problem about that partly because - not just for the economic reasons - but on education again, it is not by chance that it has become a crucial political issue. I honestly be-

lieve that this government is increasingly gaining the initiative, has moved the middle ground because people have stopped talking entirely about cash and are now talking about quality too."

Will education be an issue in your favour?

"Yes... there was a moment when obviously things were rather more difficult but I think now that there is no doubt at all that we have both the intellectual and the practical initiative."

That was the ye

The LSE: Its Part in Its Downfall



By RORY O'DRISCOLL

Running the LSE is like bringing up a singularly unruly and difficult child. There are certain do's and don'ts. Do be firm when necessary. Don't be firm when you yourself are at fault. Do explain when you disagree. Don't gloss over fundamental differences if they exist. Do lead by example. Don't, above all else, condemn them for doing something that you yourself have countenanced.

The LSE Administration may well end up with very disturbed children. The events of the last term were all eminently preventable had the School deigned firstly to decide exactly what the policy was and what the policy meant, and secondly to treat student disagreements with policy as being of some, even minor importance at the stage when students were attempting to negotiate. As they did neither, they

"The occupation exposed the weakness in the School's argument; the aftermath of the occupation showed the weakness in the School."

have ended up without either the principles they wanted to implement or the policies they tried to implement. Their fault was not lack of effort so much as ability, an unwillingness to think about the problem save in a superficial manner and then, following on inevitably from that, a refusal to alter that policy when requested, a refusal which persisted until direct action underlined the untenable nature of the policy. While the loss of a particular policy is of some importance, more important are the implications of the School's approach in terms of the way in which future disputes are conducted.

As usual in these kind of cases, the battle was lost long before the first shots were fired. In this case, the battle was lost almost a year ago to the day when the Court of Governors passed a motion condemning apartheid and asking the Investment Committee to bear the Court's feelings in mind when it came to investing the School's portfolio. For, left unanswered and indeed unmentioned was the basic burning question of all sanctions and of divestment in particular, i.e. what will be the consequences of successful divestment and how will it help to end apartheid?

Opinions differ widely on this subject, with some like Mrs. Thatcher holding that we should invest more in SA and draw them into the world community. The more orthodox views can be divided into two basic camps: those who believe that sanctions can be used to strengthen what I will loosely term the "reformist" elements in South Africa and those who believe that sanctions can be used to make life so intolerable

for everyone in SA, black and white, that revolution will feed on despair and the entire nation will rise up and overthrow PW Botha. The type of sanctions we impose and the type of divestment strategy we adopt depends crucially on what our objective is and how we envisage it coming about.

Neither of these approaches is particularly new or difficult to comprehend. In particular the second one, whilst it sounds a trifle hard-hearted, has been used by groups as disparate as the IRA and the American Government in Nicaragua. Thus, to support "sanctions/divestment" without being able to say which approach you favour is worse than "willing the ends but loathing the means", it is in fact "willing the ends but not understanding the means". No one can be condemned for not agreeing with a given policy, but there is nothing as dangerous as someone who believes in a policy but doesn't know why.

It is not for me, a student, to complain. We got what we wanted and make no mistake, we have. If the School tries to weasel out now and not divest, then they will have succeeded not only in vindicating the use of force by giving in to the occupation but also in going on to vindicate "extreme force", i.e. that section of the student body which said, "Reoccupy, otherwise the School will betray us."

Equally, it is not for the School to complain when students resort again to direct action because it

"The regulations win the 'Utterly Useless Stable Door of the Year Award' for superfluity above and beyond the call of normal bureaucracy."

was the Administration which made direct action credible and showed it could work. It is the Administration who dismiss arguments in committee as unimportant and scurry to satisfy demands made by direct action. As a student on committee, I am the ignorable voice of a minor pressure group that the student body is but, with a whiff of occupation in the air it's tea and biscuits in the gaffer's office before I can say, "Milk Choc Goldgrain". Very well. If the School is run in such a way that the only way for students to get what they want is via direct action, then listening to them complain about the inconvenience that direct action causes gets tediously hypocritical.

Within days of the end of occupation, direct action was again used at the LSE, this time to stop Ray Honeyford from speaking. Who can blame the students when direct action as a

means of achieving demands has had the LSE equivalent of the papal blessing. In the Honeyford case, not only could it be claimed that the School supported the means, but it could also be said that it supported the ends. We have members of the Court of Governors urging that speaker meetings should be stopped by the School. We have a motion passed at a UGM congratulating Dr. Patel for his stance against free speech and, best of all, we have the regulations.

"There is the inability of the School to 'Rerum Causas Cognoscere'."

The regulations win the "Utterly Useless Stable Door of the Year Award" for superfluity above and beyond the call of normal bureaucracy. Promulgated after Messrs. Hoyle, Worrell and Honeyford had long since departed the LSE, they were laid down as gospel on Friday, the 10th of April, just in time for the Easter holidays. Easter of course being when student activity is at its height! In passing, it is worth speculating as to whether the imposition of these regulations as a de facto admission that hitherto there were none on the subject. If so, why the persecutions?

Not only was the Administration unaware as to which side they were on or indeed which side any of the other protagonists were on, I don't think they even knew that the sides existed. Had they adopted the "reformist" approach they would have been in a position to justify leaving some investments in SA on the grounds that selling would be of less use than remaining, they could have formulated a "Code of Conduct" and invested only in companies the criteria. On the other hand, had they adopted the "hardline" approach they would have sold every share. By adopting neither approach but still promising to "do something" they had no defence when asked by students why all the shares had not been sold.

Thus, when asked this question in December, they were unable to assume what would have been a fairly commanding moral high-ground, namely that they were pursuing a policy of "constructive engagement"; instead, they merely said that divestment would "cost too much". Exeunt the moral high-ground; enter the inevitable occupation.

The occupation exposed the weakness in the School's arguments. The aftermath of the occupation showed the weakness

in the School. In December the Court voted unanimously in favour of a code of Conduct. Either they really believed in the Code of Conduct (and the entire reformist approach that it assumes) all along, in which case they should have imposed it in December, or they don't believe, even now, in the Code of Conduct, in which case they have shown that they will ignore rational argument but crumble like putty when confronted with brute force. There can be no other explanation as the arguments presented in March differed not one jot from those presented in December.

It may well be argued that the Union's Code of Conduct proposals were "new" and thus allowed the School to cave with credibility. It certainly helped but, to the extent that the School believes itself that these proposals are worthwhile, then that is the extent to which the School's inability

to conduct this kind of flexible thinking in December caused the trouble; and to the extent to which the School does not believe in this proposal but sees them as a sop to students, then that is a measure of how easily the school gives in to force, not argument. The message is clear. The student body is only as powerful as it is prepared to be disruptive. Professor Minogue in the Court referred to us contemptuously as "soft cop in committees, hard cop outside." The accusation is true, but it is

true only because the School has made it true.

Turning to the content of the regulations, I would begin by saying that I do not propose to discuss whether or not the policy known as "freedom of speech" is morally correct. What I am going to show is the idiocy of a document which is drafted ostensibly to protect free speech and succeeds in placing it in great jeopardy than any bunch of students in a riot. Again, I disagree not with the School's opinions, but its incapacity to consistently expound them. To take just one example, the rules say that the organiser of

"Students must never, and should never, rule out direct action, just as Mrs. Thatcher never rules out pushing the button."

a meeting is responsible for all costs incurred during that meeting. Let us assume that the Chair of the Labour Club invites Dennis Healey to a speaker meeting at the LSE. I, of course, recall that Mr. Healey is that beloved Labour Cabinet Minister and ex Vice Leader of the Party who sold armaments to the SA military and thus decide to smash up the meeting. I succeed; I escape; and the Chair of the Labour Club has to pay for the furniture. It appears that, in the LSE, free speech comes mighty expensive.

I don't think the Administration is against free speech. I don't think it is in favour of it. What it wants and what every Timid Bureaucrat wants is for the whole sorry mess not to land in its lap. This to me is the ultimate cop out. For four years I have been told that the LSE is more than just teaching (just as well, really). It is a centre for knowledge, for learning, for challenging assumptions (remember the Webbs). After four years of hearing of life in the LSE beyond teaching, along comes controversy and up go the white flags - "We want to get on with teaching." Consistency rarely deters the truly determined bureaucrat.

Provocative speakers are banned according to these regulations even if the meeting is "otherwise properly organised". God forbid people should be provoked, especially at the LSE. Has the framer of this little document ever heard the expression "a thought-provoking lecture"? Are these, tragically all too rare events at the LSE, to be banned as well? Presumably not. Presumably it is only when people get physically provoked that we cancel the speech. Once again the School's tendency to cringe at the physical. The concept of provocation is a red herring because "it" is an idiots' window-dressing for the basic concept of free speech. If I disagree with someone's ideas at the LSE but believe in free speech, I will not get physically provoked by their presence and the meeting will go ahead. If I disagree with the ideas but do not believe in free speech, then all I have to do is threaten to get provoked and the meeting is off. Thus, clearly it is not the "pro-

vocative" nature of the speaker's ideas but the nature of my response to them that is the determining factor. Once again, this document both encourages the wrong means (direct action) rather than argument (if I am not prepared to riot, the meeting goes ahead) and also results in the wrong ends, i.e. not free speech but cancelled meetings. The answer, if you believe in free speech, is to tell people not to get provoked. If however the School does not believe in free speech, then please say so, for the presence is both harmful and unconvincing. I don't expect to agree with the School's decision anymore. I do wish, however, that they would decide.

In both of the conflicts outlined above, there are recurrent themes; themes that lead inevitably to the situation we are now in with six students in front of the rarely used Disciplinary Panel. Firstly, there is the inability of the School to "Rerum Causas Cognoscere", to know the causes of things and thus the School, not understanding how things work, will not be able to make them work. Its failure to decide what its position was on divestment made maintaining that position rather difficult. Its failure not

perhaps to believe in free speech, but to convince people that it did so meant that students could misjudge how the School would react to an infringement of it.

Secondly, there is its continual refusal to concede in the face of argument coupled with a willingness to lie down to force. This was seen over divestment, and it is seen in the drafting of the regulations. It is easy to give in to force, for no one enjoys conflict. In particular, direct action is difficult on the porters who are always in the front line, and who did very well to remain calm last term. But in a school of widely divergent, (provocative?) and strongly held opinions, whenever the use of direct action triumphs over the use of argument, it becomes more likely that direct action will be used again. Then, inevitably, we end up with our six students charged with using direct action to oppose someone speaking. They are charged by the School with using a means that the School has shown itself prepared to give in to (both over divestment and in the regulations above). They have also been charged with trying to achieve an end which some Governors support, an end which even the Administration appears to be uncertain of. Is this what is know as setting a thief to catch a thief? Is that fair?

Students must never, and should never, rule out direct action, just as Mrs. Thatcher never rules out pushing the button. However, like Mrs. T. and Gorbachov, the Union and the School should learn to do business. At the moment we cannot. Once the School starts thinking through the issues and starts taking student argument as seriously as student protest, then students will start arguing first. Then, with both sides understanding the issues rather than obfuscating on them, we will be able to find common ground and at least know where and why we differ. Conflict should then prove the exception rather than the rule. Often we, the students, have been guilty of many of the above crimes and inconsistencies, but after all, we are here to learn; you are here to teach, so far, all we have learned from is your mistakes.

ar that was.

by BRIAN BOYD

Sabbatical Profiles

Pete Wilcock: Rory O'Driscoll:

A consummate professional politician, he will in years to come serve as a role model for future General Secretaries who will be judged against his excellent performance this year. He found



himself in the midst of controversy more times than he would have wished (Carr-Saunders Strip, Worrel invitation, Occupation) but sailed through them all with integrity and ideology intact. Extremely popular, he commands loyalty and respect. A large majority of support ensured his survival against the two uncalled-for motions of censure against him. He is an unashamed Labour reformist who has often been accused of being "careerist" at heart. It is an unfair criticism and a testimony to his personality and work as General Secretary that it is the only thing his detractors can fling at him. Nick Randall has a lot to follow. Peter will only be fully appreciated when he has left the LSE. All in all, a superb performance. Tioifaidh a La.

The thinking person's Arthur Daley, an intellectual wide-boy who is tipped to go places. O'Driscoll courted controversy all year, not least by his scheme to SAVE the Nursery by getting students to buy shares in British Gas. Whatever your political ideology, you have to admire his imagination. This commitment to student issues is debatable, but he excels in getting things done and using his brilliant rhetorical skills to support student issues when he sees fit. He put his energy behind the occupation campaign when it became apparent that it was politically expedient, although he is in fact against divestment.

It is, to his eternal disgrace that he was once a member of the Conservative Party with their murderous policy in the six counties, but having found Irish republicanism and Thatcherism irreconcilable he joined the Liberal Party, not realising that



the lesser of two evils is not the greater good. As Senior Treasurer he put in a lot of hours and a great deal of effort; as a character and personality his presence will be missed at next year's UGM's. Fond of the drink, but even fonder of the gab, he'll end up as a multi-millionaire entrepreneur or in prison, or worse still in Irish politics.

A Year in the Life of the LSE Students' Union



October: The Pro-Director and Bursar of the School propose a change in the nursery charges from the old banded system of fees, means tested according to income, to a flat-rate of around £48 per week, a rise of only 150%. The "rich pay less and the poor pay more for the service; there are reports of sounds emanating from the graves of Sidney and Beatrice Webb.

Peter Wilcock, General Secretary, withdraws AIESEC-LSE's use of Union money in accordance with the Union's anti-apartheid stance. AIESEC is used by South Africa to recruit white skilled workers abroad - but not at the LSE.

November: A striptease act is booked for Carr-Saunders Hall of Residence. The Union objects and threatens a picket of the Hall. The Warden pressurises the Hall Committee to call the striptease off which they do; and having nothing better to do with their time, the committee decide to censure Peter Wilcock for his handling of the affair. As a gesture of compatriot solidarity, Senior Treasurer, Rory O'Driscoll, joins Peter Wilcock in the censure motion. As a result, the motion is defeated by a smaller majority than expected.

Rory O'Driscoll proposes that students buy British Gas shares in an attempt to bail out the nursery. He receives a mandate from the Union, but George Binete had his doubts: "This is a cheap publicity stunt designed to futher Rory's own ideological

commitment to widening individual share ownership under the cloak of doing noble battle to save the nursery." Either way, O'Driscoll raised £1,500 for the nursery and got little thanks from anybody for his efforts.

"The Beaver" celebrates its 250th anniversary.

December: The Students' Union is thrown into crisis. The organised chaos of the UGM's reduces the credibility of the Union meeting as an effective forum for student interest and as an instrument of student government. Many students don't care, many students can afford not to care...

First Beaver party takes place; sex, drugs and rock'n'roll are the order of the day (and the night and the next morning).

January: David Hoile, British propagandist for the Contras is invited to speak at the LSE by the Debating Society. A picket of about forty people were outside the meeting where Holie debated with then Beaver editor, Paul Klebnikov. The free speech controversy is repeatedly raised at Union meetings and is repeatedly unresolved.

February: Paul Wood, having defected from the Debating Society, forms the Open Debate Forum and invites Dr. Dennis Worrel (then South African ambassador) to speak at the LSE. The Union disassociated itself from the event and had planned to picket the meeting, but Dr. Worrell resigned as

ambassador and returned to South Africa to run as an Independent in the forthcoming whites-only elections.

The inaugural meeting of the United Student Front on Divestment takes place and a Divestment Charter is formulated.

The Student Union's anti-apartheid rally (the alternative to the cancelled Worrel talk) attracts five hundred people to the Old Theatre, the biggest political demonstration at LSE.

Rag Week raises £8,000 for Mencap, the Nursery Appeal and the South African Scholarship Appeal.

The Students' Union affirms its support for any action necessary in order to force the administration to divest from South African-related firms.

24 February: After eleven years of discussion and three months of campaigning, LSE students turn rhetoric into direct action: students occupy Connaught House. The Occupation lasts one week.

March: The LSE is treated to the astonishing spectacle of an educational institution fortifying itself against its own students and bringing in the police force.

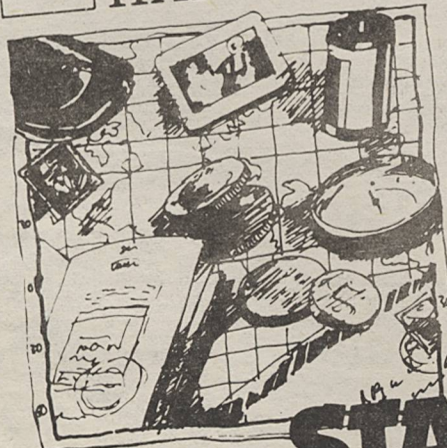
A Labour landslide in the Sabbatical elections establishes Nick Randall as the new General Secretary and Justin Russel as Senior Treasurer. Richard Ford was elected unopposed as Social Secretary.

Babs Band:

Her absence will be missed.

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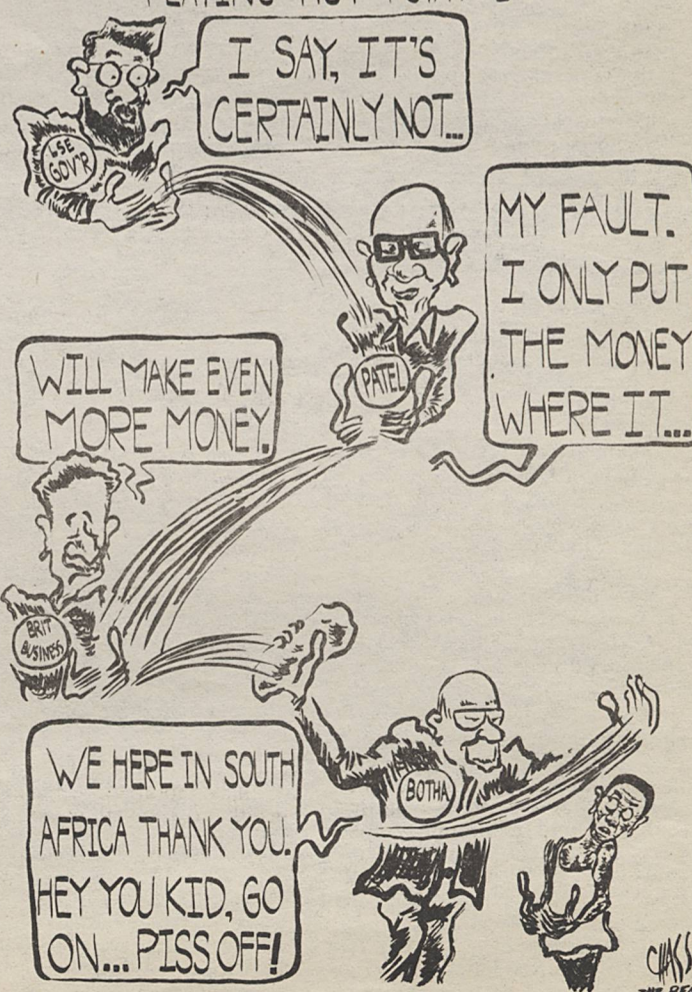
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FEATURES

LSE's Finest on Graduation Day

By JAMES ROBERTSON

One of the most enduring characteristics of the LSE seems to be its grim determination in putting an expensive facade on its rather shabby existence. Indeed, in the late 20th century, its (terminal) decline has promoted a continued descent into dubious and reprehensible dealings, notable its stubborn investment in Apartheid, while it seeks to live off its false academic reputation.

Most of this expenditure is before you even get there. Arriving at the Albert Hall around midday on the day in question (always a Wednesday), one begins to get a hint of what all this pays for. Initially, you are greeted by the strange sight of hundreds of sub-Batman clones, having the day off from fighting the forces of crime, being photographed by dotting parents. With a strong

the University of London, 150 years old (but not going to get much older if the philistine government gets its way). Handily available at the souvenir shop. A bargain. Special.

A gentle thunder of laughter rolls around the auditorium, as people realise the scam from this tarted-up old academic doing his upper class Arthur Daley impersonation. At least Arthur wouldn't have got embarrassed. Red faced, our secondhand history dealer leaves swiftly.

Now it is time to get on with the main event. Cue organ solo. In comes the procession of the academic establishment who are condescending to acknowledge our degrees. At their tail come Princess Anne, general Royal

them across the stage. Make them grovel. Put them in their place.

Like I said, most of the LSE people were right at the beginning. Unfortunately (again) by the time the third row, where I had been sitting, got to the foot of the stage, there had been a couple of mistakes. There were embarrassing pauses as things got out of synch. Even HRH realised that the E's shouldn't have come before the B's and so on. As such errors multiplied, the facade of order began to crack. Most people weren't going to let it ruin their enjoyment though. Still, the bloke who they missed out all together was a bit unlucky. At least when he finally got across he got the biggest cheer of the day.

It was good to get it over with. The problem was, being at the

count sheep (walking across a stage). Out of perhaps 2,000 people, about 8 iconoclastic types refuse to bow or courtsey. However, as our Director would doubtless be delighted to discover, fawning, obedience and order were the fashion.

By 4.30, my arse was so sore that I was glad to rise at the first opportunity. Even so, for many, rising for the British national anthem - after welcoming all those nice, rich foreign students as well - was a mistake facilitated by some devious slight of hand on the part of the otherwise pleasant organist. Striking up some innocuous tune to signal the end of the show, he swiftly changed in mid-tune, breaking into "God Save the Queen". Dazed, weak-legged and confused, one could only stand there, teeth clenched, thinking "never again".

Indeed, never again. At last it was all over. Time to get to a bar and wash out the cheap taste. We couldn't get out quickly enough. They couldn't get us out quickly enough. Only just time for a few photographs, return the gown, and a quick trip to the souvenir

At last, it was all over.

shop (cheques payable to the University of London), and "Good afternoon". "Thank you". They had to make preparations for tonight's show. The BBC had arrived. This evening, boxing was top of the bill.

From the beginning, the whole thing smacks of a fairly blatant rip-off.

Nevertheless, it would still wear the mantle of the liberal elder statesman in the British academic establishment. This is a robe that demands fine surroundings for its bearer. And, conveniently, such fine surroundings might divert the eye from those in their midst.

Thus, we pay for the LSE to buy its "style". This allows the institution to maintain a sense of importance and achievement that is sadly denied by its academic and political record. Perhaps the apogee of this pointless grandeur is our graduation ceremony, held at various times during the year in the haughty surroundings of the Royal Albert Hall. As most of you have yet to face your finals and then your parents demanding their "day out" (after all they did for you), I thought that I might outline some of the more memorable moments of the day in question as I experienced it a few weeks ago.

As one might expect, the LSE and the University of London have to be different from most other places. When you go to the ceremony, if you go to the ceremony, you will have finished your exams at least six months previously. In the interim, there is plenty of time for the odd reflection as to the purpose of all this. It does not take long to guess that the School's, or the University's intentions and concerns are less than honourable.

Our bit of A4 that is no longer the meal ticket we all hoped for.

Yet, for many, it remains more important as a celebration of our three years waning through academia, and our bit of A4 that is no longer the meal ticket we all hoped for. This did not stop individual expectations of the event among most of those I came across, being laced with not a little trepidation. On stage at the Albert Hall? Me? Why?

Why indeed? From the beginning, the whole thing smacks of a fairly blatant rip-off. At £14 for the hire of the gown ("not obligatory", but who is going to make a dick of himself by not making a dick of himself?), £20 for the photographs of you walking across the stage, £20+ for the portrait photographs, complete with you holding an empty shuttlecock tube containing the absent piece of A4 which has been posted to the happy graduate months previously, it's all a heavily chequebook-based affair (I didn't ask if they took Access).

wind billowing in their gowns, I fully expect a few to take off, smiling sweetly, in the direction of Knightsbridge. This, however, is not the time or the place for such a sense of adventure, and none get airborne.

So, if they can do it . . . You fight your way in, get your gown, get your portrait taken, nip outside for those action, Batman meets mummy and daddy shots in Hyde Park. Then, as the time approaches, back inside to find one's seat in the auditorium. The heart starts to beat a little faster, and a nervous smile cracks on the face.

Aroundabout, everything seems organised to perfection. Everyone is given a card bearing their name, which they are to present as they come to the stage, to be ushered across. Your name is called, you walk to the centre of the stage, turn 90 degrees, face the chancellor, bow or courtsey, and walk off, without looking around or stopping so as not to hold things up. That is the theory. People are presented by type of degree, in alphabetical order. The B.Sc.(Econ)'s are the main contingent from the LSE. We're almost first up, so we're all sitting down near the front.

Tension rises steadily as 2.15 approaches. Why should all these people want to look at me? What prurient voyeurism. The organist

does a few warm-up tunes. He does not take requests. Ex-students check their gowns and peer to the sky in search of familiar faces.

Even this "Songs of Praise" type bliss is, however, thought-fertile ground for the hard sell. We are, after all, a captive audience in every sense. Thus, some well-caped gent wanders onto the stage. Ostensible, he is here to warn us of the follies of flashlight photography, the distractions to the VIPs . . . only the press are excepted . . . But the extended photographic monologue is a clever decoy. Assured of audience docility, out pops this man's star attraction. Only £4.95. Very useful. Informative. Most interesting for all old boys, and, presumably, old girls, too.

As you have doubtless guessed, we are talking about the authentic, official, authorised history of

As such errors multiplied, the facade of order began to crack.

person, media star, and Chancellor of the University of London. Not, as far as I am aware, distinguished by academic, or any, achievement. Titular head of the country's largest university.

Unfortunately, she is also perhaps the worst public speaker I have ever had the misfortune to hear. Having spent 4 years going to UGMs in the Old Theatre, this is not an accolade that I dispense lightly. Fresh from her exploits the previous weekend as a jump jockey, HRH fails to make it around the course.

She did, however, manage to get the hard sell in. A few inane quips about the weather were quickly left behind as we got to the real stars of the show, "our friends in the City", who had kindly given up an afternoon's potential for insider dealing to be here with us and bask in our reflected self-glorification. This was the crux of the whole issue. It was these "friends" who made our links with the "community" (i.e. London). The (ex)students were essentially an afterthought, except insofar as we could do something, financially, for "our" university.

Apparently, the University of London is like herpes (remember that?). You get it for life. Worse, it wants your money. After struggling to get in, after suffering three years at college while the government has butchered higher education, we're supposed to pay the University so that it can sit back and encourage them to do it. All this for a day out in the company of royalty.

The message was blunt. The whole event was apparently being run as a last gasp fundraising event before we left our student days behind forever, to deny our past and seek our thirty pieces of silver in the glorious new enterprise culture. Yet if it was shocking in its bluntness, at least there was "the entertainment" to take our minds off the attempted mass-mugging of HRH and her "friends" and henchmen (the civilised facade). Unfortunately, however, we were the entertainment. Bring out the freaks! Troop

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FEATURES

Music and
Drama
Festivals

SUMMERTIME



Fireworks, open air Shakespeare, music under the stars – this is the sort of things everyone imagines should happen in London's parks during the summer, and if anything does happen, normally you hear about it too late, i.e. the day after it's happened. Well, just so you don't miss out, here's a rundown of what's happening this summer:

Kenwood Concerts

About a quarter of an hour's walk from Hampstead tube is the Heath, and the Concert Bowl nestles in the trees across a lake from the grassy bank which serves as the auditorium. The concerts held here every Saturday night at 8pm during the summer have become an institution for those in the know. There are no seats as such, just several rows of deckchairs on the lower part of the bank (£3 – 3.40 for students), but most people choose to take a rug, and a picnic and wine (or champagne if you prefer) and to sit on the upper slopes (£1-2 for students) where the view is better, but you can't hear the music if the wind's blowing in the wrong direction. That doesn't matter, though, as the occasion is pure atmosphere – romantic for two, good fun in a crowd. This summer, five concerts finish with a finale of fireworks:

Sat. 6th June

Brighthouse & Rastrick Brass Band
Tchaikovsky 1812 Overture to finish, 8 pm

Sat. 20th June

"Capital Pop" sponsored by Capital Radio
Wren Orchestra, 8 pm

Sat. 4th July

Independence Day music from USA, 8 pm

Sat. 8th Aug.

Fireworks for Brass, 8 pm

Sat. 29th Aug.

London Philharmonic Orchestra plays
Beethoven, 8 pm

And there are two jazz concerts which shouldn't be missed:

Sat. 27th June

"Hampstead for Harlem". Midnight Follies, George Melly, John Chilton's Feetwarmers, Humphrey Lytton & Helen Shapiro

Sun. 30th Aug.

"Trad to Mainstream" with Acker Bilk, Chris Barber and his Jazz'n'Blues-band.

These two start at 6 pm – be earlier, be warned!

Another institution, more romance under the stars, but for Shakespeare this time, performed in a small open-air theatre set in the trees and with stone seats in Regent's Park. This year, the New Shakespeare Company are producing "Bartholemew Fair" by Ben Jonson starting June 1st, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" starting June 17th and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" starting August 4th and playing in repertoire until the beginning of September.

The setting is particularly beautiful for "Midsummer Night's Dream" with fairy lights strung between the trees, but the event is not entirely idyllic as it can get extremely cold at the evening performances, even in August, and there are the insects! Not to mention the chance of the performance being called off due to rain (money refunded) or rain mid scene (money not refunded). But on a fine evening, it's great. Go early and have drinks or vegetarian supper and take a rug!

Tickets from the Box Office: 486 2431

Credit cards: 486 1933

Prices are £4-10, and Student Standbys £4 an hour before.

Also worth looking out for are Crystal Palace concert bowl concerts and jazz in Richmond Park on 5th and 19th July, with fireworks and jazz on August 2nd.

A few words about the first couple of summer music festivals. Glastonbury CND Festival (18-21 June, Pit Worthy, near Galstonbury, Somerset) is definitely on this year, despite some rumours to the contrary.

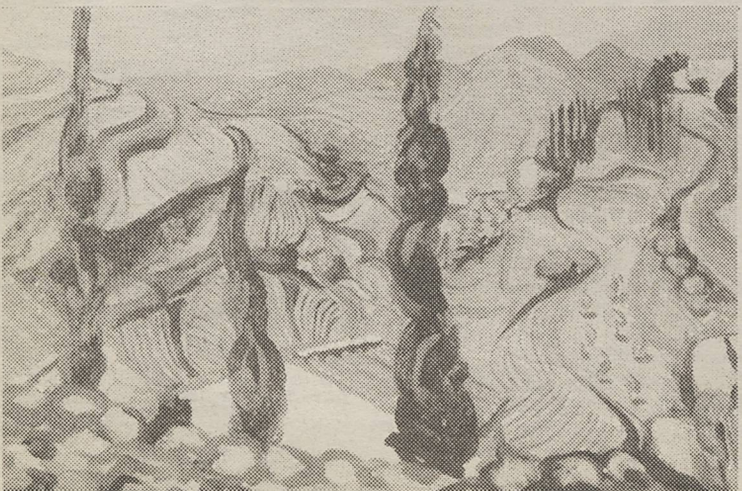
This year, weather permitting, promises to be excellent with Husher Du, New Order, Trouble Funk, Elvis Costello, Robert Cray, The Pogues, and lots, lots more playing on the three stages, with cinemas, cabaret, theatre, "children's world" (fun for all ages!) and a "Green Field".

Tickets for this event are available from CND, "Books for a Change" and other major ticket outlets such as Virgin and Keith Prowse.

The other important news is that the truly wonderful WOMAD (World of Music, Art and Dance) festival will, for the first time, not be held in Britain, but in France, probably near Paris.

The organisers blame the systems of arts funding in this country which gives massive amounts to prestige capital projects, whilst ignoring more diverse and accessible events. No other details are available, but to compensate for those unable (or, in the case of the more insular, unwilling) to hop across the Channel, a "Womad Stage" will be put on at Glasstonbury.

Fiona and Doog



Work

London

There are a great many opportunities for temporary work over the summer, especially through employment agencies. The work offered varies from underpaid and unpleasant catering and manual work to easy and highly paid secretarial work – if you have the skills!

The best agencies are probably (based on reputation): Reed, Chrono Corkill, Brook Street, and Alfred Marks. Kelly Girl doesn't figure. (If, like me, you find the thought of being described as a "Kelly Girl" rather embarrassing, then you have a second reason for avoiding them.)

Approximate hourly pay scales are: Copy Typist £4.00; Audio Typist £5.00 (if you can spell and hear, you can audio-type); Word-processor operator £5.00 (plus £0.50 for audio if you use it on an assignment); Secretary £5.50 (requires secretarial experience – not really something many students have, and being a secretary really isn't as easy as it sounds!); Shorthand Secretary £6.00 (and you have to have 100 wpm shorthand); Shorthand Word-processing Secretary with a foreign language £6.50.

The only way to make sure that the Agency actively looks for work for you is to come into their offices on a Monday morning and wait. They like the fact that you're ready and available to start work, and you can check that they are doing something to find it. Being stuck at home on the end of a phone is useless, even if it does seem to confer the advantage that you can register with more than one agency.

Andy Blakeman

Quaker Workcamps

If you cannot afford either the time or the money to go off on exotic travels this summer and the thought of staying at home on the dole is just too boring, you might consider taking part in one of the projects organised by Quaker Social Responsibility and Education (commonly known Quaker Workcamps).

Organised throughout these isles and on the continent, they aim to bring together young people from all social and cultural backgrounds, East and West, for 2-3 weeks to work in hospitals, schools, playgroups, refuges and old folks' homes, often with a particular task at hand. For example, this might involve helping long stay residents in a mental hospital to make the transition back into the outside world and into homes of their own. Some other projects involve manual work, such as renovating old buildings and making gardens, with others being for the breaking down barriers and extended discussion about peace and reconciliation.

The workcamps are also for the benefit of those taking part (usually 10-20), with the opportunity to make new friends, exchange experiences, support ideas and to have fun.

To obtain further information and apply for one of this service's workcamps, contact: Quaker SRE (Workcamps) Friends House Euston Road London NW1 2BJ (01)387 3601

DOUGAL HARE

Working in Spain: T.E.F.L. (Teaching English as a foreign language) is a way to work abroad without having any proficiency in the native language. The British, being the mono-linguists that they are, find this a useful source of employment abroad. Teaching English in Spain during the summer months is a relatively easy job to find as the work is temporary and no great qualifications are needed. Don't be put off by your inability to speak Spanish as most employers actually consider it to be a bonus; it means you won't translate words to your class and instead will have to use the Direct Method which doesn't involve the native language being used in the teaching situation. Working in a summer camp entails teaching for a few hours in the morning and monitoring sports activities in the afternoon. Your students will be young to teenage Spanish children who usually don't want to be at the summer camp and certainly don't want to speak a foreign language all day, but they soon come around (veiled threats of physical violence usually help). Your board and accommodation are provided at the camps which are usually situated in the beautiful mountainous regions of Spain.

Brian Boyd



Cheap Flights – As a Courier

Fancy a trip to Sydney, Australia for £450? Not many people know that it's possible to travel to New York for £150 return, or Chicago, Toronto, Sydney or Hong Kong for around two-thirds of the lowest price that the STA Travel Office will quote you. The snag? It means acting as a courier. Mention the word "courier" and shady, underworld drug trafficking seems to spring to mind with all its connotations of illegality and sleaze; rarely is it associated with the totally above-board and bona fide business of international document dispatch.

Several large international companies like DHL, TNT Sky-pack Scabs World Courier, Jet Services and IML, plus many smaller specialist firms, make it their business to arrange the air transport of professional samples, computer disks, video tapes and above all documents, which make up the bulk of air courier packages. Despite the improvement in worldwide communications via telephone, computers and facsimile machines, many documents still need to be shifted physically, for example legal contracts, and so where speed and security are of the essence many firms choose to use an air courier instead of the regular postal service, just as in London a motorbike or bicycle courier might be used.

Students, or anyone else for that matter, who act as couriers are in fact "accompanying" the large vinyl courier bags and not vice versa. The courier has absolutely no legal liability for the bags or their contents, as Philip Smith of IML confirmed, and all that his/her job entails is to carry a small envelope of documents, which are known as manifests and list the con-

tents of the courier bags. These have to be handed over to a representative of the courier firm once the bags and courier have cleared customs at the destination airport. This task may have to be done several times on a long haul flight that touches down en route; for example, flying to Sydney via Bahrain and Singapore means meeting the courier company representative in Bahrain and Singapore as well as Sydney.

The major disadvantage is that flexibility is needed about date of departure and length of stay, with a one week minimum and a month maximum allowed for stays in New York (£150 return), Chicago (£120 return), Toronto (£150 return) and Hong Kong (£200 return). The only exception seems to be Sydney where two weeks minimum and 6 weeks maximum are the norm. If you want the best choice of flights, it's best to book two to three months in advance.

Another factor to consider is the baggage allowance you personally are allowed to take, and this is confined to HAND LUGGAGE ONLY for all flights except to Sydney, but considering the large roll bag that can now pass as hand luggage this doesn't seem to be as restrictive as might first appear.

And finally, there's the hassle involved, which is minimal and might even have a certain novelty value attached to it, removing some of the usual drudge and boredom associated with long haul flights. So, if you're short of money but not of time, check out the companies above in the phone book and make a move NOW if you want to travel this summer.

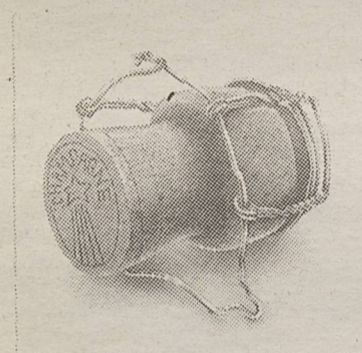
Fiona Chester
Summer holiday section was edited by Dougal Hare

Boom in Champagne's Backwaters

Leon Mangasarian

We met the champagne maker Didier Corre as he came screaming around a country road on a Honda that made even the bikes of the London dispatchers look small. As he braked to the side of the road, nearly falling over in the wet, chalky soil and laughing at his own misfortune, he seemed utterly unlike the dour or pompous characters pictured in the publications of the London Champagne Promotion Bureau.

We were in the village of Domptin in one of the most Western parts of the Champagne district, about 80 miles northeast of Paris. Lying amid gently rolling hills near the valley of the river Marne, Domptin is the sort of village where the streets only



received names some three years ago. The houses were originally all white stucco but are now in various stages of disrepair or renovation. Chickens and ducks roam the lanes. On a misty pitch black night there are no street lights to guide the ignorant tourist away from stone walls. And on the hills surrounding Domptin are the majestic vines; well... actually not so majestic in March, for they've undergone a drastic annual pruning which limits the quantity of grapes produced.

It is in villages such as these that an enormous amount of the champagne consumed in France is grown and produced. The visitor will not find any of the famous Champagne houses such as Perrier Jouet, Mumm or Pol Roger in Domptin, or, for that matter, in most of the other 250-odd villages which fall within the Champagne region. What one will find is a good selection of the small producers who produce anywhere from 1,000 to 30,000 bottles of champagne a year. Such producers find sufficient markets in France and thus have no incentive to take the trouble to export their champagne. So even in the United Kingdom, which leads the world for champagne imports (over 16 million bottles in 1986), we are unlikely to see most of what comes from the smaller champagne makers. This is a great pity, for there is an enormous diversity amongst these champagnes and they tend to be far cheaper than their more famous rivals. A bottle of Ruelle-Dommange costs under £5 when bought directly from the producer in Domptin.



The Champagne district is divided into four main areas, the Montagne de Reims, the Vallée de la Marne, the Côte des Blancs and the Aube. Domptin and towns like Charly-Sur-Marne which are far from the major trading centres of Champagne, Reims and Epernay have seen their trade in direct sales to visitors grow over the years as more people from Paris have simply driven out to buy, say, 100 bottles for personal consumption. But this eastern-most region of the Champagne district is poised to increase dramatically in importance. The reason is the decision taken earlier this year to build the Euro-Disneyland halfway between Paris and the Champagne district. It is believed that many day tourists from Paris will combine Disneyland with a visit to Champagne. And the first part of the district which travellers from the west reach are villages like Domptin, Charly or Montreuil-aux-Lyons.

The optimism of the new and younger breed of Champagne makers, like Didier Corre, springs from this projected growth of tourism. Didier Corre left his father's house, Champagne Marcel Corre in 1974 to begin his own operation. Renting vineyards from his father he produced some 5000 bottles a year "just to see how things would go". Marketing was minimal and the yearly produce was sold mainly to friends of the family. Now, he and other producers in the western Marne valley are expanding as rapidly as possible. Whereas before Champagne Didier Corre was sold from the back door of the family home, now Didier has acquired a fifteenth-century cellar in Charly-Sur-Marne and a shop in nearby Chateau-Thierry. Applications have been made to the Comité Interprofessionnel du Vin de Champagne, which regulates nearly everything in the Champagne district, to increase the number of hectares of vines so as to meet the expected increase in demand for this most famous of wines and he hopes soon to be producing 10,000 bottles a year in the near future and ultimately some 25,000 a year like his father.

So, what are the factors that contribute to the continued success of Champagne? The slump in sales of the mid-1970s seems very much a thing of the past. Clearly, the massive advertising campaigns of the big Champagne houses have done much to maintain and boost sales. Nevertheless, it must be said that, like much of the publicity which surrounds Formula One Racing, the overkill found in so many Champagne adverts makes one suspicious of an inherently fascinating wine. Pommery must take the sleaze award for its 1984 Porsche-Pommery rally which splashed Porsches, Pommery bottles and Penthouse girls on the pages of publications foolish enough to print such rubbish.

Despite such unimaginative

advertising, it is the uniqueness of Champagne which assists in its historic continued popularity. The Champagne vineyards are amongst the most northern in all of Europe. The composition of the chalky subsoil of this region contributes to the drainage of the vineyards but reserves sufficient humidity to allow the grapes to develop in dry weather. And the chalk gives the wine its flavour and lightness. Three main grapes are grown in the district: Pinot Noir (black), Pinot Meunier (black) and Chardonnay (white). Champagne is a blended wine. Wines from as many as 30 or 40 vineyards within the district are "married" together to create a particular "House" style. Vintage Champagnes are only made from the wines of a single year when the House or Houses concerned decide those wines have particular qualities which make them exceptional. Not all houses make vintage wines in any particular year, and since 1900 only 40 years have been declared vintage years, the most recent being 1982. In the case of a non-vintage, wines from previous years are included in the blend, whereas in a vintage, only wine from that year can be used. This blending is known as the Cuvée.

It is the second fermentation or Methode Champenoise which produces Champagne's unique mousse or bubbles. The wine is poured into tanks and natural fermenting agents are introduced to the blend. The wine is then put into bottles which are stacked in cellars where the transformation from a still to sparkling wine takes place. It is the conversion of the sugar into alcohol and carbonic gas within the bottle which ensures a secondary fermentation. Sediment collects in the bottles during this aging process. After the statutory time in the cellars, the bottles are placed neck downward on racks and workers shake and twist each bottle daily which slowly shifts all the sediment into the neck of the bottle. This operation takes between six weeks and three months. The neck of the bottle is then frozen and the sediment is taken out in a block of ice which is ejected when the cap and the cork is fitted. According to the London Champagne Bureau, the atmospheric pressure in a bottle of champagne is six kilos per square centimetre, roughly equivalent to the pressure of a London bus tyre.

Compared with the chaos one finds on other French wine labels, Champagne labels are relatively easy to decipher. Brut is the term for dry champagne. In practice extra dry champagnes are indistinguishable in dryness from Brut. Sec (literally "dry") means slightly sweet and Demi-Sec means distinctly sweet. Those champagnes labelled Doux or Rich are extra sweet and are meant as dessert wines. Wines which are made of white grapes are labelled Blanc de Blancs. The term Cremant means a wine that is produced with slightly less pressure and smaller bubbles. The still wine of the Champagne region, on which the Methode Champenoise has not been employed, may not be called champagne, but carries its own appellation controller: Coteaux Champenois. This can be a red or white wine.

Champagne Didier Corre: Cellar open every day but telephone in advance, 20 rue de le Viel Petel, 02310 Charly-Sur-Marne, Telephone: (23) 820759

Special thanks from Beaver to LSE student Christian Chavagneux for the numerous introductions in Domptin, as well as translation assistance.

Jazz

This week sees the release on the Antilles label of a new album by the virtuoso percussionist Nana Vasconcelos. Entitled **Bush Dance** (AN8701) the album doesn't merely draw on his Afro-Brazilian roots, or use acoustic instruments alone; Nana is constantly exploring the sounds around him — be it by the use of "body percussion" or, more recently, drum machines.

I caught up with him during a brief but busy schedule at the

Strangely, though, this is one of those albums that comes across better through headphones than a stereo — possibly because it's easier to pick up the subtle mix of sound that way. At any rate, like the recent Miles Davis Album **Tutu** this is one worth spending some time on. There's nothing accidental or chaotic in it, on the contrary it has been very carefully thought out.



Camden Jazz Festival. He told me he'd been playing since he was 12 years old (he's been at it for twenty years now) and that his main influences were the Afro-Brazilian mythology of "Zumbi", the centrality of the human voice as a musical instrument (which was the Indians' first), and his work with handicapped kids and people with problems of coordination.

Let me explain this last one by describing his performance at the Shaw Theatre. It was simply stunning. This diminutive figure surrounded by innumerable instruments (asked how many, he put the number at six cases full) moved with the agility of a cat up, down and among cymbals, synthesizers, gourds, rattles, and just about any other surface that could make a noise that suited his purposes. Not only was he masterful in executing the complex layers of sound and rhythm but, and this is not often said of musicians, he was beautiful to watch. He used his own body as a musical instrument by slapping it in sequence while using his voice to provide echoed drones and polyrhythms.

In fact, as one would expect of such a great percussionist, his influences are tremendously varied. When, for example, I asked him to suggest a couple of composers/writers that Beaver readers might like to check out he listed Villa Lobos, Milton Nascimento and Joao Gilberto, adding that it was really impossible to make a choice. But I also know that Jimi Hendrix had a profound impact on Nana and others of his generation. In a country like Brazil this diversity of sources is to be expected, for as Vasconcelos pointed out, the music of the north is almost arabic sounding, the east falls under the African influence, the south the European, and so on.

Nana is arguably the world's foremost exponent of the "berimbau", an instrument that resembles a bow strung with a steel wire with a gourd for a sounding chamber located a third of the way up. It's a pity, therefore, that **Bush Dance** doesn't include any solo items since the beauty and simplicity of the music had the Shaw audience and myself in joyful awe. Nevertheless, the album is immensely satisfying to listen to. It features several of the numbers from that concert plus a couple of marvelous surprises which are powerful and hypnotic.

Asked what his future recording plans are Nana said he was working on plans for an album that would use kids voices as its main feature. You can bet that these won't be given an orthodox treatment and that the results will be well worth waiting for.

Moving on to the **Camden Jazz Festival** as a whole there's no doubt that the event proved a major success, attracting a mass of coverage, enthusiastic audiences and some of the foremost names in jazz. At 49, Carla Bley proved that she's still composing some of the best music around. As she said: "I'm still pretty much the same."

As far as two other dates I attended are concerned (those of saxophonists Wayne Shorter and Ornette Coleman) these were disappointing to say the least. While newspapers praised their talents I'm amazed they didn't point out the obvious, namely that the music was loud to the point of being distorted. I eventually found (sadly to late) that the best seat in the house was in the foyer with the doors closed. That way you could actually hear what they were playing. It seems ridiculous that this problem should apply to any venue, but to one the size of the **Town and Country Club** (which is vast) it is hard to imagine. Anyone would have thought that the sound mixers had received their training under a motorway flyover or by inserting their ear in a car exhaust. Even the D.J. was pissed off with the volume!

And last but not least, here's how to plug yourself into the London jazz scene over the summer. Follow these three simple steps and you'll be guaranteed of success. (1) Go to **Bill Lewington's** (144 Shaftsbury Ave.) and pick up the leaflet **Jazz in London**. It's a monthly guide which lists the clubs with names, dates and phone numbers. (2) Obtain "in house" magazines from Ronnie Scotts and Pizza Express (addresses in first issue of the year). These provide supplementary information plus more in depth articles. They're monthly and free, and now they're being complimented by BBC Radio London's **Mag on Jazz**. (3) Check out Giles Peterson's Tuesday **Mad on Jazz** programme, BBC Radio London. It'll keep you in touch with the sounds of the city.

Giorgio Meszaros.

MUSIC

U2 The Joshua Tree

I am one of the only thousand people on this planet who possess a 12-inch copy of U2's first single "Out of Control"; mine is individually numbered 222 out of the 1,000, and it came into my hands through a mixture of luck and good fortune. If the band continues their unrelenting progress to mega-stardom, it should be worth a lot of money one day - although I can't see the NatWest falling for that as an excuse for an even larger overdraft.

The Joshua Tree (named for no reason at all after a Californian desert town) contains eleven songs of spirit and conscience. Although Eno and Lanais are still pushing the buttons as with "The Unforgettable Fire", the music is more simplistic, more varied. Gone are the days of the formalised rhythm section of Larry Mullen, Jr. and Adam providing a backdrop for The Edge's cutting riffs and harmonics topped off by Bono's soaring vocals. "The Joshua Tree" shows U2 to have the courage to break from that winning formula and embrace other types of musical expression: folk, blues, country, etc. Larry Mullen Jr. is no longer a drummer, he's a percussionist, and Bono is beginning to use his voice rather than let it use him.



Lyricaly, this album reflects a maturation within U2. Three of the band are Christians but not of the self-satisfied, smug Cliff Richard variety; rather, their faith is in a perpetual state of crisis, witness "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For" on Side One. "I am a Christian and not asmed of that . . . (but) . . . I have more in common with somebody who doesn't believe at all than I do with most Christians," said Larry Mullen, Jr. Adam Clayton, the only non-labelled Christian in the band, blames the religious angle on journalists (present company excepted) "Religion was an easy angle, a hook to hang a story on."

Politically, the band are now beginning to make concrete statements instead of remaining in their ideological castle in

the sky. The LP gives the address of the Irish and the world-wide sections of Amnesty International. (Interestingly enough, membership of Amnesty prevents a person from campaigning in their own country). At a recent concert in Arizona, upon finding out that the first official act of the newly-elected Governor of Arizona, Evan Meacham, was to cancel Martin Luther King's birthday as a state holiday, a statement from US was read from the stage at the beginning of the concert denouncing Meacham as a "disgrace" and launching into "Pride" (In the Name of Love) - a song written about Luther-King.

A lot of the lyrics on "The Joshua Tree" were inspired by Bono's seven weeks of relief work in Ethiopia and visits to Central American. "Bullet the Blue Sky" captures the fear he felt when caught in a mortar attack in a village outside San Salvador, and "Mothers of the Disappeared" is a song about the unpublicised, less glamorous victims of war - a Band Aid/Live Aid involvement and their part in Amnesty's "Conspiracy of Hope" tour showed them to be more than a band offering bland platitudes or reassuring liberal rhetoric. Without sermonizing, they have become a rallying point for a progressive idealism that doesn't shy away from pointing fingers and maning names. "We don't play rock'n'roll with a wink," - Bono.

Having assumed the mantle of Ireland's most popular group, they have constantly asserted their Irish, and in particular their Dublin, identity. They still all live in Dublin and like many before them, the city provides them with constant inspiration. The song, "Bad" was written about the city. The band underwrites Mother Records, a label that gives financial help to up-and-coming bands. As manager Paul McGuinness says, "We're trying to provide an opportunity for Irish groups. You don't have to be Irish, but it helps."

The album has been no. 1 in Britain and America, and the single, "With or Without You" is heading that direction also. The band are currently on a world-wide tour that will take in Ireland and Britain in June and July. They recently made the cover of "Time" magazine wherein they stated that U2 "is a band that believes rock music has moral imperatives and social responsibilities." Talking of moral imperatives: buy the album, see the concert. It's enough to make this Dubliner remember with affection the days I used to see them play for 50p. **Brian Boyd**

Hang Out The Flags Bring In The New

Redo Zebri are a Wirral-based band that play quite frequently in London at the Royal Standard. They play very energetic rock/pop songs with good tunes (none of Doog's doom and gloom punk) (You should hear some of the stuff he likes . . . Eds).

The Stick People. Like Pete Wilcock, I'm biased, since I share 50% of my genes with 40% of the band; but unlike Pete, I am prepared to be objective and say that they're a reasonably good pop band with a charismatic singer (with whom I do not share any genes). (You're close to the edge here, young Blakeman - Eds)

The Repo Men offer something refreshing, although a little dated. It's a long time since I heard such raw rock music,

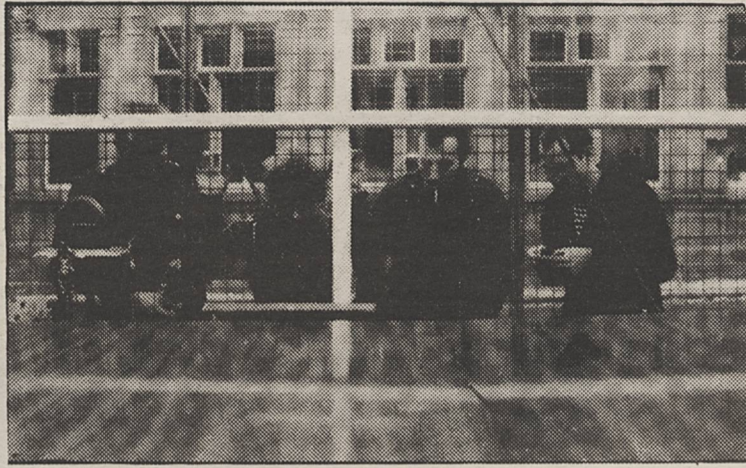
reminding me of early XTC and early Police, but never is it overbearingly "loud" or monotonous. They're extremely nice people, too - like all the bands I've spoken too, they're keen to listen and highly approachable.

On the other hand, **Harvey**, while none the easier to label, have more obvious influences. They're folksy, and they're good to listen to. It's worth going to see them if you're curious.

Just Flying Kytes are not, like all of the previous, an easily classifiable group. They sound a little like National Health (long defunct), but their influences are many and varied and it shows! Vaguely avant-garde, if that means anything.

Andy Blakeman

Wot, No Soul Re-issues?



What round 7" pieces of grooved vinyl has the Sonic Beaver been lending its little furry ears to recently? A four track E.P. by "Chinese Gangster Element" (Ted Records) was kindly sent to us and after a couple of listens, I'd say it was generally all right, if a bit dated; more "Melody Maker-ish" than NME, and definitely not "The Face" (which can't be bad). Also, top marks for having a B&W paper sleeve. (Whoa, Scotland 1982, I say!).

After all the nice things we've said about them, the latest single by The Pastel's "Crawl Babies/Empty House" (Glass Records) has been forthcoming. Pretty good, too, echoing guitars, sublime choruses on the first song (a cover, though I don't know of whom). The flip is back on Pastel's home ground, revved up dual guitars, hand clap drumming and the best off-key vocals by all concerned. Mmm, they're so dreamy (indie scene incest).

Just what does "April Skies" by The Jesus and Mary Chain (Blanco y Negro) sound like - not like the old Jaz and Maz of yore. NO feedback, NO metro-

nomics drums, decent production, boring chords. In fact, a bit too much like the Bunynnems of late. But, but, the flip "Kill Surf City" is the works; gungy playing distortion, OTT chord changes; back in the garage, thank goodness. Now for the naughty bit, as I've got the ltd. edition issue with a couple of extra songs - "Mushroom" recorded in Nuremburg is, I suppose, as good as any JAMC live recording could be! Lots of silly noises all round. The flip to this is "Bo Diddley is Jesus", a mutant version of the snooker theme music, weirdly primitive. Now, I'm an Elmore James-Man myself, but THIS IS GOOD, GOOD, GOOD. (By the way, check out The Janitors from Tyneside, for more good 80's urban blues). Hurry up and cash those grant cheques.

Doog

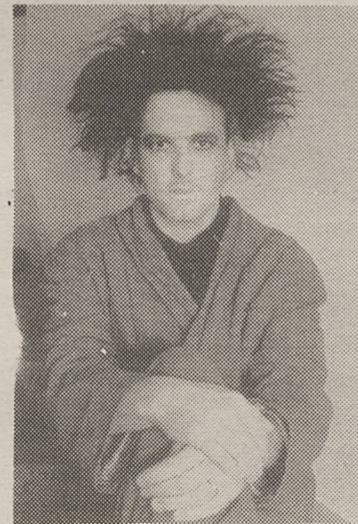
P.S. I think the Beastie Boys suck, too, but, Peter Bruinvels, there are REAL dangers to children such as nuclear weapons and, unemployment, poverty, etc., to all of which you could direct your attention as an overpaid MP . . .

The Cure in Orange

Why were we scurrying around Soho Square looking for the offices of 20th Century Fox on a wet evening? Was it to see a new film (FILM, note, not an overgrown video or so we were informed) about fab suppa dupa pop faves The Cure (Are you sure about this bit? - Ed.), or was it to overindulge on the free food and drink provided?

Well, ostensibly the former, though heaven knows if we had helped ourselves to the latter more liberally it might have enlivened the next couple of hours. The film, of The Cure playing at Theatre Antique D'Orange in France was introduced by a young man trying to look 40, carrying a filofax. Yes, we are talking about the same group once considered to be, err, "poonk rock". Anyway, the film rolled on and immediately one could sense two collective thoughts in the auditorium, viz "Oh no, it looks like 'Pink Floyd at Pompeii'" and "My God, aren't they fat!". Robert Smith is SO fat that one can almost see Panavision stretched to its limits on the close-ups. The film is really in two parts; during the main content, one of us nearly fell asleep and one was on the verge of leaving as The Cure's more unmemorable recent songs were trotted out for a quick Gallup (geddit?) and the camera lingered on one or other of the band's hands doing no doubt meaningful things to their instruments (terribly meaningful in the case of the guitarist/keyboard player looking like a stray member of the Doobie Bros. Good God, The Doobie Bros. are back in fashion! Forget the band, it's

the audience we want to see! So musically impoverished are the French youth, that they are pogoing away and slamdancing to what we know as Top 20 hits. (Mind you, Heavy Metal's big in Poland . . .)



"Exciting, eh?"

Then the encores and the whole thing perks up a lot; Big Bob throws his guitar away, actually smiles and begins to enjoy himself with songs such as "Love Cats", "Boys Don't Cry" and "Strange Day". (By the way, every single song you want to hear is played, so it is pretty good value on that score.

Robert's make-up van! The camera crew (including director Tim "I want to be a tree" Pope) fall over! The Sun goes down! . . . oh, it's finished (nice credits, mind).

My Mate Doog And Our Bo

Communards
Terence Trent
D'Arby
Ruby Turner

"News on Sunday", the paper professing to have "no tits but plenty of balls", sought to promote its impending launch with a series of concerts around the country in mid April. Hence this bash, sponsored by NoS and Artistes (sic) Against Apartheid, as a benefit for the Anti Apartheid Movement. A good time in a good cause, as it were.

First up, introduced by com-pere Smiley Culture, was Ruby Turner. I soon began to wonder why I'd never gone to see her at LSE. (Nobody goes to see anything at the LSE). Tonight, she was an enthusiastic opener, with just about as good a mix of British soul/pop as you could hope for. It's a shame that she ever chose to cover The Staple Singers' "If you're ready", one of those songs that people should just not be allowed to cover, but tonight, with special guest Helen Terry improvising desperately, it came across not half bad.

The highlight of the set, however, was the single "I'd Rather Go Blind". Indeed I would. There was no messing around. Ruby Turner was away far too soon for most. While the stage was prepared for the eagerly awaited Terence Trent D'Arby, a brief appearance by Jerry Dammers, on behalf of AAA, served to remind us of the serious side of the evening's jollity. Enough to say that as many schoolchildren languish in the racists' jails as were in the Hall.

While we paused for thought, Andy White and his guitar took to the stage. Belfast's answer to Billy Bragg had two songs. His style is probably a bit too derivative for his own good. Mass exodus to the bars. This was probably a bit unfair. It was also very unfortunate, logistically speaking. As TTD quickly took to the stage, pandemonium ensued. It seemed that a very large proportion of the audience had come specially to see this man and their desperate rush back to their seats to jump up and down on them in a hysterical fashion. And with good reason, for our hero's Sam Cooke/Prince impersonation sent the place crazy. This is what the Bay City Rollers must have been like.

An exceptionally exciting, but at the same time thoroughly professional and carefully calculated set, with backing singers Ebo Ross and Frank Collins (I presume) taking special plaudits for their synchronised swimming routine, was spoiled only by TTD's tendency to spend too much time rambolling on, and not enough actual singing.

Top of the night's bill were The Communards, who kept the show going with their stompers "Disenchanted", "You Are My World", "Don't Leave Me This Way". These redeemed an uneven set, not helped by Sarah - Jane Morris' nervous new replacement, and various new songs which, as new songs tend to, washed over us. By the end, though, everyone was on their feet, and I was again contemplating the prospect of bouncing 30 feet to my death.

No communal singing at the end, which made a pleasant change, and one zoomed off into the night, adrenalin flowing. I might even buy a copy of "News on Sunday".

JAMES ROBERTS

FILM

In Search of the Ultimate Vietnam Film



The surprise hit of the American fall and winter, its chest laden with four Oscars, has now crossed the Atlantic and opened last week in London. *Platoon*, written and directed by Oliver Stone shows us the plight of a young soldier, played by Charlie Sheen, newly arrived in combat and depicts, often in gruesome detail, the horrors of jungle warfare.

However, it is not the first Vietnam film. The sheer brilliance of its two main precursors, *The Deer Hunter* by Michael Cimino, and *Apocalypse Now* by Francis Ford Cop-

pola, makes comparison with *Platoon* inevitable. As the first and foremost artistic contributions to the retrospective portrayal of the Vietnam horrors, these two films still linger in our minds. *The Deer Hunter* helps build the bridge between the hell of the front and the unaffected life in one's home town. Most of the action takes place in Pennsylvania, and the war is mainly - although not exclusively - hinted at through the parabolae of Russian roulette in greasy Saigon bars and stalking deer back home. One understood the war without seeing it. In *Apocalypse Now*, an American is sent on a mission to dispose of his own colonel who had trespassed the dubious line between 'decent' and 'indecent' war. Here one was shown the absurdity of the war through its maddening effect on the dying pawns. The powerful tones of Wagner rhythmised visions of biblical apocalypse. This really was 'The End'. Together, the two films told the story.

And now, *Platoon*. The hype surrounding this film is attempting to have *Platoon* regarded as the ultimate war film: to these ends, a wealth of details have been provided on the full

military training undergone by the entire crew, on the extreme conditions in the Philippine jungle (what would Hollywood do if the Philippines was not a 'friendly' regime? Where else would all those Vietnam films be made?), the past of director Oliver Stone as a Vietnam veteran... All this points towards an "I was there" rendering of life in the jungle. On this, one is not disappointed. The combat scenes are more than the centre of the film. They are *'Platoon'*. Visually stunning and clinically executed, they are far better than what one is used to seeing on large and small screen.

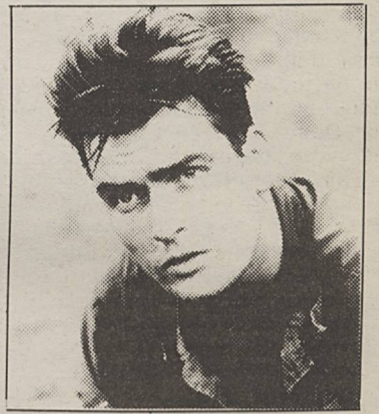
They nevertheless lack a novel approach. The first part of *Platoon* says: "War is hell", the second part: "Hell sucks". It touches briefly on issues such as racism and drugs in the army that could have been expanded on, but invariably returns to the battlefield. This perhaps commits the film to blandness, as there really is nothing new to say about war in itself. Despite Stone's visible and laudable efforts to introduce variety into death, the battles follow each other in an undistinguishable progression towards the absurd, observed passively by

the audience, forced to listen to the hero's off-camera commentary. One sees the war without understanding its essence or comprehending its effect.

But can one really criticise Stone for making a war film which only depicts war? *Platoon's* main claim to fame is its realism. "I was there!". For us who were not so fortunate, we cannot tell the difference between reality and legend. From the other more fictional Vietnam films, we hold many unforgettable memories. John Ford once said: "When legend is more beautiful than reality, always show the legend". It is the strength of the image, not its pseudo-realism, that will survive. And the two rarely go together.

Is Vietnam history? After all, the events depicted happened twenty years ago. But as a historical film *Platoon* is an anachronism. It could just as well be a documentary on combat taking place today. At no point is any historical perspective introduced.

The documentary element of the film coexists unhappily with another aspect: the check-up ("Who are we?") of the America of the eighties. Vietnam is still an open wound and,



as the Vietnam Memorial in Washington slices through the nation's capital, the war cuts through the heart. But, more importantly, America has not digested the experience; should they, for once, make room for losers? Are the veterans heroes or villains? *Platoon* tackles these questions. It shows, it accuses, it identifies. But will it exorcise? For European audiences, however, it gives the unpleasant feeling of sitting in on the psychoanalytical session of someone in whom you have no interest.

Alex Crawford and Sasu Ristimaki

Blue Velvet

Blue Velvet has been surrounded by controversy since it opened. Amid the brightly coloured flowers of Lumberton, a middle-American town where the birds always chirp lurks something dark and nasty. Everything is not what it seems; as the naive hero Jeffrey says, "It's a strange world, isn't it?"

Kyle MacLachlan plays Jeffrey, a college student home to visit his injured father. Jeffrey finds a severed ear lying in a field, infested with hundreds of ants, and his inquisitiveness prompts him to investigate how the ear came to be there. He is assisted by Sandy (Laura Dern), the innocent detective's daughter who overhears some information which sets him on the trail. Isabella Rossellini, daughter of Ingrid Bergman and 'the face' of Lancome, plays Dorothy, a sensual and

Hopper), a terrifying sadist who abuses Dorothy, subjecting her to his fantasies of sexual omnipotence. The embodiment of everything dark and frightening, he is a truly blood-chilling character. Critics in America have denounced his role as a manifestation of male fantasies and an incitement to rape. Whether all the violence is necessary is certainly open to question. The real problem is not that Dorothy is abused, but that she enjoys it. What is most worrying about her character is that she does nothing to stop the violence around her.

It is hard to believe that all that evil actually exists behind the sunny, suburban innocence of Lumberton. The polarisation between good and evil is so great that both are so exaggerated as to come close to being ridiculous.



troubled nightclub singer. Jeffrey says he loves Sandy. However, the relationship is a little tame after we have witnessed his passionate and erotic affair with Dorothy. Do we believe that he would stay with sweet blonde Sandy after we have seen his fascination with the darker side of life? The uncertain relationship with the two women is one of the weakest aspects of the film.

The most successful characterisation is Frank (Dennis

Blue Velvet is certainly an interesting film and a startling one. Whether it is the masterpiece some consider it to be depends on whether one can accept the use of violence. David Lynch's response: "The only thing to say about all the controversy... is did I make all that up, or are there examples like that in real life? And there are countless examples like that in real life. So why do they get so upset when you put something like this in a film?"

Sivan Lewin

84 Charing Cross Road



84 Charing Cross Road is a success as a book but a failure in this adaptation of Helene Hanff's work. A book about books does not translate into a film about books, although an intelligent screenplay by Hugh Whitmore and a talented cast headed by Ann Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins do ease the transition. Director David Jones valiantly tries to reconcile cinematic and literary motifs but can't avoid the inescapable reality that films are about pictures and books are about words.

To those who read and loved the original book, Ann Bancroft's portrayal of Helene Hanff fulfills all expectations. "Ever since I read Helene Hanff's moving and witty book, I knew the part of the sassy New-York writer was for me". Anthony Hopkins is studied brilliance in his part as Frank Doel, playing the quintessential English gentleman in an understated manner. Judi Dench, as Doel's Irish wife, not only captures the accent but also the mood of a person on the periphery of a transatlantic relationship.

The film provides a historical synopsis of events in the US and Britain from the post-war era until the late sixties, which while skillfully managed by the separate production teams in the two cities, serves only as a backdrop for the drama contained in the letters. There are some gratuitous inclusions in the film that do not appear in the book, no doubt to make it more palatable for a cinematic audience.

The narrative as such concerns the lives of two people (Helene Hanff and Frank Doel) who conduct a relationship through the medium of letters. Doel is the manager of Marxs and Co, an antiquarian bookshop at 84 Charing Cross Road; Helene Hanff is a New York writer living from hand to mouth, who regularly requests out-of-print books from Doel's shop. The film is not just about these characters but also the countries they represent.

That said, the film is free from any hint of melodrama. The acting throughout is superb - look out for a cameo by Connie Booth. It's a story well told made all the more poignant in that it is based on facts. A good film that could have been great.

Brian Boyd

ART
Clare Gallery

J.M Turner is perhaps one of the best known and best loved British painters - to many, his work is the definitive example of the "Romantic Artist" in Britain. In a career that extended over a period of sixty years, Turner captured on canvas the images of the tranquil English countryside, the mighty sailing ships of the British Navy, the life of the sea, with its violent storms and peaceful calm, and the vitality of life in Italy.

When he died in 1851, Turner stipulated in his will that his completed works were to become part of the permanent collection of the Royal Academy. This collection was transferred to the Tate Gallery, which has recently devoted an entire wing, the Clare Gallery, to the most comprehensive presentation of Turner's paintings, watercolours and drawings.

The spacious, well-lit gallery is divided into nine separate rooms which have Turner's works grouped by subject matter (Venice, Italy and Antiquity, or England and Working Life) rather than in, say, chronological order. This makes the viewing experience much more enjoyable as it is possible to spend time in one small room of the gallery taking in paintings on a specific subject or simply wandering from room to room picking one painting in each to enjoy. The paintings are well spread out within each section of the gallery, so you don't have the feeling that someone is breathing down your neck as you study a favourite work.

The Clare Gallery is housed in the modern wing of the Tate, designed in 1980 by James Stirling. With its geometric, brightly coloured entrance and its particularly effective use of natural light, the Clare Gallery promises to be a place to enjoy the paintings of one of Britain's most renowned artists, J.M Turner.

Ann Henry.

ARTS

THEATRE

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

The current star of this season's National Theatre repertoire is **Antony and Cleopatra**. This production of Shakespeare's classic but difficult play boasts two of today's biggest stage names – Anthony Hopkins and Judi Dench. Directing is the National Theatre's artistic director, Peter Hall, and designing is the very successful Alison Chitty. Thus there is an assembly of great talent for this production, and it certainly pays off.

The depiction of two of the world's great lovers on the brink of middle age and death was a difficult task for Shakespeare to portray, and has been a difficult task for generations of actors to perform. Such a complex and passionate relationship demands the utmost concentration, dedication, and above all, a deep insight into the minds of two impenetrably tragic figures. Judi Dench plays Cleopatra as an aging coquette – someone who doesn't let a man go by without a hint of sexuality having been suggested. Indeed she is passionate in every sense: when not craving the pleasures of her beloved Antony, she is stomping around like a crazed demon, manipulating the Egyptian kingdom and the whole Roman empire with her ingenious schemes and plans. Always with her is

her maid Charmian, supporting and stroking her huge ego.

Antony is a suitable match for Cleopatra, and Anthony Hopkins has just the right kind of aggressive stage presence for the role. He plays him as a drunken bull of a man, more straightforward in his methods of domination than Cleopatra, but just as great a mystery. The couple act out a very sensual relationship, kissing and clinging to each other at every available moment. Not even the great political and military upheavals that are going on around them interfere with their passion for each other. Thus their love takes on a mythical, unreal, tragic grandeur which Shakespeare expresses so effortlessly: "Age cannot wither her/ Nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Peter Hall's direction moves the production along very quickly, and the pace never flags. Some of the minor characters are a little under-coloured but the magnificence of the leads makes up for this. The designs are impressive but unobtrusive – silently moving along the vast area of the Olivier stage to create the various settings of the play. The text is performed uncut, but for once this is a pleasure, not a grind. This is a classic production that will be talked about for years.

Kfir Yefet

The English Shakespeare Company



Just when you thought you had seen the definitive Shakespeare production by the definitive acting troop, along comes the **English Shakespeare Company**. Under the joint artistic direction of director Michael Bogdanov and actor Michael Pennington, the ESC opened its first London season at The Old Vic with William Shakespeare's "Henry Plays" – "Henry IV, Parts 1 & 2" and "Henry V".

"The Henrys" follow the political life of young Prince Hal, the wayward son of the noble King Henry IV, from his

wildly misspent youth among the rogues and scoundrels of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap to his ascension to the throne (as King Henry V) and his remarkable victory over the French army at the Battle of Agincourt. The plays chronicle the life of the man considered by many to be England's most patriotic king. Shakespeare has drawn the character of a young man reluctant to leave his youth behind to take up the duties of state, yet longing to win the respect of his father as a man worthy of some day becoming king. Throughout the plays, we meet such memorable characters as Bardolph, Peto, Mistress Quickly, Harry Hotspur, Owen Glendower, King Charles VI of France, Princess Katherine of France and perhaps one of Shakespeare's greatest rogues, Sir John Falstaff.

In an attempt to make Shakespeare more accessible to more people, Pennington and Bogdanov chose to take the action of the plays out of their historical setting (1385-1415) and put them into the early twentieth century. By the time King Henry V is urging his troops to go "once more into the breach" as they leave for Agincourt, the men are being sent off to the strains of "Jerusalem" and the docksides are crowded with flag-waving women and children. There is even a large banner encouraging the English soliders to "F*** the Frogs!" Hardly Shakespeare, but a brilliant and witty touch. The audience

is quickly caught up in the action of the plays, particularly "Henry V", and embroiled in the controversy surrounding the various factions.

The costumes, too, reflect the ESC's desire to move forward, as we first see Prince Hal dressed in a pair of very torn jeans and a rather sad looking t-shirt. The advisors to King Henry are nattily attired in navy blue blazers and grey flannel trousers, while the court of King Charles VI of France floats across the stage in ivory Edwardian splendour. The English soldiers wear modern style army camouflage and flak jackets and carry submachine guns that look like surplus from the latest "Rambo" film.

The company is made up of an outstanding group of British actors, including John Price, Gareth Thomas, John Woodvine (as the irrepressible Falstaff) and Michael Pennington. Pennington was brilliant in the gruelling roles of Prince Hal (in "Henry IV Parts 1 & 2") and "King Henry V," giving full-blooded performances of sensuality and seeming limitless energy.

With the success of "The Henrys," the English Shakespeare Company appears destined for a bright and promising future. Although its London season at The Old Vic has finished, the ESC will be touring England and Europe this summer, so be on the lookout for any further productions.

Ann Henry

BALLET

SWAN LAKE

The Royal Ballet, Covent Garden



HIGH SOCIETY

The revival of **High Society** has been pieced together from the 1956 film of the same name, and various other musicals written by the marvellous composer, Cole Porter. The result is a very glossy, entertaining and completely shallow piece of theatre.

The plot, as in most musicals and operas, is thin to the point of non-existence in certain scenes, but loosely concerns the dilemma faced by the filthy-rich Philadelphia heiress Tracy Lord, as on the eve of her second marriage she is brought face to face with her first husband, C.K. Dexter Haven, whom she really loves. At first cool and arrogant, she softens as the score gets more and more sentimental, and the ending is clear a mile off.

The cast is made up of mainly musical first-timers, and indeed, the singing and dancing is sometimes quite shaky. The exception is Angela Richards as the streetwise reporter Liz,



trying to cover the society wedding of the year. She is an hilarious comedienne and sings everyone else off the stage. Moreover, the other three leads make up in charm, looks and acting ability what they lack in song-and-dance expertise. Natasha Richardson, in particular, oozes confidence and glamour as the bitchy Tracy, and Trevor Eve is excellent as her first husband Dexter, a rogue who can only survive with another hell-raiser like Tracy.

The sets are fantastically lavish, and the cast parades around in an array of glittering confections. At the heart of it all, though, is Cole Porter's music, and with songs like "Who Wants to be a Millionaire?," "Well Did You Evah?," "In the Still of the Night," and the delicious "True Love," you can't go wrong.

Kfir Yefet

A new production of **Swan Lake** for the Royal Ballet has been long overdue, and Anthony Dowell, at the outset of his directorship, has boldly taken on the task. Thus, this production is important, as this classical ballet, loved by many, must be done proficiently and with the care of a true artist. At a time when the Royal Opera House complex is struggling financially, a new production of a classic is risky, especially at the beginning of a new artistic director's career. However, it would appear that the production team assembled by Dowell has succeeded in creating a different, but not radically new, **Swan Lake** which, despite all the criticism, seems to be very popular with the public.

The ballet world is awash with "psychologically rethought" versions of **Swan Lake**, but, thankfully, Dowell

hasn't led this production down that perilous path. Instead, he has retained a fairly traditional plot and choreography.

In these respects, the production is not so original. However, there has been much controversy over the appointment of Yolanda Samabend as designer. This is the first time she has designed for a classical ballet. She has redesigned both the stage and the costumes. In terms of the stage, she has broken away from the traditional "candyfloss" lakeside designs and the "wedding cake" designs for the palace, and has instead presented a more sinister setting, which gives a very effective feeling of the latent evil present in the ballet, even in the lakeside scenes. There is much intricate gold wire open framework, gothic in design, and organic in

character, which reinforces the sinister atmosphere.

The costume work varies; the swans have three-quarter-length glistening feathery dresses which tend to obscure the leg movements. Rothbart is cloaked in a tattered, layered garment which is macabre in character and quite fitting for Rothbart. In all, despite the criticisms the production should be a success. It would seem that the ballet-goer appreciates the need for a change from the traditional style of **Swan Lake**, and has warmed to this new production. Although many critics have damned Samabend's work, it is effective in this instance, providing insight into the nature of the ballet which has rarely been seen in earlier productions – the more sinister aspect of **Swan Lake**.

Don Basilio

Tennis Wimbledon

When the florists down in prim, snooty Wimbledon Village say it with cardboard statues of John McEnroe, rather than with the usual bunch of roses, you know it's high summer at the All England Club. If you're going to be in London between June 22nd and July 5th, you'll be in time to catch THE tennis spectacle of the year. Although all advance tickets have been sold out for a while, seeing the Championships first-hand isn't impossible, not even for good seats near the baseline on Centre Court.

A limited number of tickets for the Show Courts (Centre and No. 1) go on sale every day for the first 9 days; prices range from £7 to £20 - but be warned, getting these takes determined queuing! Long lines start gathering from about six in the morning for tickets which go on sale around mid-day, and last year and unofficial "Martina Fan Club" could be seen entrenched (mini-tents and all) every night without fail for the following day's events. Better value for money and rather more accessible are Ground Admission tickets, which cost £5 in the first week, £4 in the second. With these, you can watch any game on the 16 outside courts where many "important" matches are played by those of "high ranking", especially in the first week. Availability of admission tickets depends on various things - the weather in particular - but usually, joining the queue at about 10:00 or 11:00 a.m. should get you in. If not, you can try again later in the afternoon when the crowds are thinner. After 5 p.m., admission is £3 for both weeks.



It's easiest to go to Wimbledon Station (tube or B.R.) and get the regular shuttle service from there to the All England Club. If it's congested, it may even be quicker to walk (about 25 minutes up the hill). Needless to say, it's an ideal opportunity to see tennis at its finest, and an exciting (if not exhausting!) day out. If the sport doesn't interest you, take some champagne, some sunscreen and leave the action coverage to "Match of the Day". The only thing a school mate remembers about the '86 Championships is meeting Bruce Springsteen by the ice cream queue.



by KAZUKO HIRAO

BEAVER

Football

LSE 2nd XI 4
Royal Veterinary College 0

LSE was chasing the championship before this game, and a win would bring it home to Houghton Street.

The first half was end-to-end stuff, and at half time it was anybody's game. It looked set to be one of those days when LSE played all the football but still lost to a dodgy goal minutes from time. However, football is a game of two halves, and minutes into the second half an RVC defender hit the ball past his own keeper in a flurry of activity. Afterwards the defender was said to be "gutted".

The floodgates had now opened. Soon after, RVC were caught all square at the back; Rob Easton put in a lovely low cross and Nick Ball finished off coolly. The third goal came from Marco Boschetti who saw the defence at sixes and sevens and pounced on a mistake, gleefully accepting the chance.

Crispin Leyser had not scored for some time, but today he excelled himself and ten minutes from time he turned on a sixpence to score a marvellous individual goal - the icing on the cake for a very good first season in university football.

LSE have won their league. They played marvellously all season - never letting their heads drop and always with exemplary spirit. The team were so pleased with their performance that the captain was carried off shoulder-high to rapturous applause. Sadly, Rob Easton will not be playing next year as he is taking sabbatical in Australia. When asked to comment on not being able to play, he said, "I'm sick as a parrot."

LSE 4th XI 3 MXUC 1

LSE 4th XI 5 MXUC 1

In two hour-long games, the LSE team firmly established their superiority over a particularly weak gang of medics. Newcomer Andy Shingler assuming a "Robbo" type role in the middle completely dominated the game, spreading the ball wide and constantly releasing the nippy Alex Hunt on the right to torment the MXUC defence.

Jules Gottlieb opened the scoring with possibly the worst goal seen scored for the LSE. Cyril Adsei and "Fat Sod He Loves Grub" followed with two more goals to give the LSE an unassailable lead.

The second match followed in a similar vein as Andy Shingler continued to play the type of beautifully controlled, deft, one-touch football that has established him as one of the best footballers at the LSE. Andy Bae O'Tudor tried admirably to give MXUC a chance and gave the ball to them on every possible occasion, but by the time Fatty Easton had got his hat-trick, the game had become a farce. Special mention must go to Brian Boleer who paled into insignificance alongside the outstanding Andy Shingler.

Guess Who?

Cricket

After a double less on Saturday, LSE went into Wednesday's games against Kent none too confident. This feeling proved to be correct. Both teams finished second by a considerable margin.

In the first team game, Kent won the toss and batted. By lunch the score was 130 for no wicket - worrying! However, a good afternoon saw LSE fight back with 5 wickets from Screed, 3 from Matt Greensdale, and 2 good run-outs. Despite early misses, 4 excellent catches were taken by Messrs. Bexon, Smith, Rafay and Gunter. With the bat, though, things rapidly fell apart again - Gunter rode his luck for 23 and Bridges

(15) and Rafay (14) gave some support, but LSE were eventually(!) all out for 94 good runs.

The seconds received a comparable drubbing. Kent went in first and scored 342 despite Nolan's plugging accuracy (4 maidens in his 20 overs!). When LSE batted a score of 130 was made largely thanks to a superb 68 not out by Shirish Saraf. Still at least there was lots of jolly japey to be had on the way home.

Any good cricketers who want to play - YOUR COLLEGE NEEDS YOU! Give me (Dave Bridges) a ring on 340-1491 or Mike on 607-9426, or come to the AU office.

Boxing

The Superfight: Marvellous Marvin Hagler vs. Sugar Ray Leonard

This fight has attracted more criticism, both before, after and during, than any important fight in recent years - since Ali made what was to be his last appearance in the professional ring. Many critics have said that Leonard should not, without holding any world ranking, be allowed to step in front of such notable middle-weight contenders as Sheffield's own Herol "Bomber" Graham to fight the most respected boxing champion in the world today. Perhaps more seriously, it was feared that Leonard, who had previously undergone an operation to cure a detached retina might lose his use of an eye if he stepped into the ring with Hagler. The most widespread opinion before the fight was that it was nothing but a huge payday (the biggest ever in fact) for the promoters at the more than usual risk of serious injury to one of the participants.

The fight itself surpassed all expectations. Leonard, a natural welter-weight, was not expected to stand up to the fearsome Hagler who has fought at middle-weight throughout his professional career, and I think many people expected Leonard to be the victim fairly early on in the fight. The fight went the full twelve rounds, but it was by no means similar to the recent Tyson vs. Smith fiasco. Leonard showed that the years out of the ring had not dulled the keen edge of his undoubted skill. Hagler, while never really looking tired or hurt, was made to look slow and cumbersome, simply waiting in his brutal, unsophisticated manner to get Leonard on the ropes and keep him there until he dropped. Leonard appeared to have little problem in avoiding shots to the head by quick and stylish ducking and weaving. Leonard was in control; he behaved like a matador, taunting the bull-like Hagler by sticking out his chin, inviting disaster but never being struck by it. He even hit Hagler with the famous but seldom-used "Bolo" punch.

There is little doubt that Leonard deserved to win. People have claimed that the fight was fixed to bring about a rematch which will now almost certainly take place; a pity really as it would not be particularly satisfying to see either of the two greatest boxers of this decade, both of them rich even, sprawled on the canvas, perhaps with wounds that could take more than an elastoplast to heal.

Ed Barber (Our Man at Ringside)

Riding Club

After a successful season, the teams and all members interested are invited to our annual dinner to be held on Monday, 18 May. Meeting point is outside the Old Building at 6 p.m. to go to an Italian (top class, of course) restaurant nearby. Dinner will be subsidised to some extent. We are also pleased to announce that Michael Klein qualified for the British Universities' Finals this year. Thank you to all committed executives who are sadly leaving this year. To Shannon Mitchell, our outgoing president, all the best in your future career, and to Peter Dawson, best of luck with your future studies.

P.S. Lessons are still going on until exams are finished!



LSE Sports Day

Saturday 20th
June 1987

All students and staff are invited to this yearly extravaganza at New Malden. There will be six-a-side football, a tennis competition, an exhibition rugby match, a tug-of-war competition and lots of fun in the sun. Refreshments will be served throughout the afternoon, and the bar opens at five o'clock sharp. Coaches will be leaving each of the halls for this annual AU showpiece. Watch out for details.

A Brief Rugby Review of the Season

1st XV season:
P. 24 W. 11 L. 13
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Our season's results have been very erratic, partly due to our failure to put out a settled team. Part of the problem has been with injury, but we also had problems with people declaring themselves unable to play. Thus, with a lump number of players and more talent than last year, we have been unable to get significantly better results. More importantly, however, it has meant that keen players could not get a game, as the second fifteen struggled with numbers when their best players had to be "borrowed" by the firsts.



At times, however, some very good rugby was played, our most satisfying wins being against Surrey University (4-0) and City University (18-12), as well as putting up stern resistance in defeat by a very strong UCL side. The second fifteen's highlight was undoubtedly their defeat of King's. We had a very enjoyable trip to Cambridge, taking two teams up for a day to Christ's and Clare colleges. Another hugely enjoyable time was had during our international weekend in Dublin. We also were able to play host to two French teams, one from Dauphine University and ENSAE, at New Malden. Other memorable nights of "mad beers" were had after our away games at Surrey University and St. George's Hospital, as well as at the Annual Dinner, as well as at the annual dinner.

With only a few players leaving this year, we can hopefully try and put together a more consistent season next year. Very few of this year's matches were lost by more than six point margins, and we never played a game without scoring. All that is needed to improve is a little extra commitment to play and training, in order to make the season that much more enjoyable. It only remains to thank Paddy Regan (team captain), Ian Hunt (future secretary), Gavin Pottinger (club captain) and Chris Atkinson (2nd team captain), as well as departing third year regulars Shaun Wyles and Phil Sarleggs.

Our next game is against the Economicals on Open Day (June 20th) - a summertime treat of exhibition rugby! Anyone wishing to play next season should look out for details of trials and training early next term or ask at the freshers' fair stall or in the A.U.

Richard Widmark