

# The Beaver

26th November, 1990

Newspaper of the London School of Economics Student Union

Issue 329

## She's gone

### Thatcher era ended by party pressure



"Where to now, ma'am?" - Thatcher driven out of Downing Street last week

PHOTOGRAPH - ANDREW BAYLEY

### LSE student arrested at Downing Street celebration

A LSE student was arrested near Downing Street last Thursday while celebrating Margaret Thatcher's resignation.

The student had gone to Downing Street with others from the college to join the rally and 'street party' celebrating the news of the Prime Minister's resignation. He and eight others were asked to move on by the police and were warned they would be arrested if they did not comply.

However, the student alleges that when he turned to walk away, two policemen grabbed him with unnecessary violence and held him in a headlock. He also claimed that he heard a policeman comment 'good headlock sarge' over the radio.

The student said, 'There was no reason for that kind of restraint; I wasn't being violent or anything.'

The student was detained in Bow Street police station from 3:45pm to 5:30pm before being charged with obstructing the highway and disorderly behaviour. He pleaded not guilty in the magistrate's court last Friday and is awaiting trial on 8th January.

It is believed two witnesses have lodged complaints against the unnecessary violence used by the police.

Bow Street police station were unwilling to comment, saying, 'It's a matter that's got to be sorted out at court.'

### "Bastard" or "national saviour"? LSE students react to the Prime Minister's resignation

News of Margaret Thatcher's resignation spread rapidly through the LSE last Thursday, eliciting a general atmosphere of disbelief and celebration.

However, the LSE Conservative Association was devastated by Thatcher's decision. Vice-President of the Association, Lee Marriot, said, 'We are all extremely sad. We are completely indebted to Mrs. Thatcher's fine service and her eleven and a half years of excellent rule. This is a sad day indeed.'

Nevertheless, most students did not share the grief of the Conservative Association. The Union General

Meeting, which was scheduled only hours after the announcement, was evidence of the student body's general satisfaction with the Thatcher resignation.

With sprays of champagne soaking the crowd, speaker after speaker denounced the Tories and their fallen leader. The proceedings had to be stopped several times in order to restore decorum. However, during the moments of control, the assembly did manage to pass a motion applauding the Prime Minister's resignation.

General Secretary, Rob Middleton, said he was delighted by the news. 'I don't have any real feelings about

the future, but I believe anybody could do a better job than Thatcher. Anybody.'

Echoing Middleton's delight, Senior Treasurer, Mel Taylor, attacked not only Thatcher but the entire Tory party. 'Margret Thatcher is a bastard and I'm glad she's gone. But she's not the only bastard. There is a crisis in the Tory party, we've got to exploit it now and get rid of them.'

After the Thatcher motion was passed at the UGM, a group of approximately twenty students went to Downing Street to revel in what they considered to be a major victory. The students kept a vigil for most of the af-

ternoon, carrying signs from the Socialist Workers Student Society and chanting 'Maggie! Maggie! Maggie! Gone! Gone! Gone!' The School was more restrained in its response to the news. Director, John Ashworth, said 'I would like to say that I am delighted for the country and for parliament that this affair has come to a close. This last decade will definitely go down in history as the Thatcher decade. Regardless of how historians judge this period, she will definitely be remembered as a driving force.'

Reports by Chris Forman and Swaha Pattanaik

# Union Jack

Mrs Thatcher, by announcing her resignation last Thursday morning brought home to the Union the full implications of passing SWSS motions without due care and attention.

The revolutionary power of the LSE Student Union has arguably never been greater. Last year, the Union passed a motion calling for the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nigel Lawson, to resign. A week later he did. This year SWSS only had to table a motion calling for the Prime Minister to resign and she obliged. Of course, now Mrs T has gone, the LSE left is faced with one major (and that isn't Jack's tip for Tuesday) problem: moribund chants and slogans. Although for the moment, 'Thatcher, Thatcher, Thatcher...Going, Going, Gone' is sufficient, after Tuesday there could well be problems. Fortunately, all the candidates in the Conservative Party leadership race have either two syllable first names (Michael and Douglas) or two syllable surnames (Major) and so fit most of the classic chants. However, the problem of finding couplets that both rhyme and scan for Prime Minister Heseltine has already got many LSE lefties reaching for their thesauri. The problem will, of course, not be so great should Douglas Hurd win.

The meeting itself got off to an unusual start, with SU Press and Self-Publicity Officer, Gareth I was on Blockbusters once' Roberts giving his rendition of 'The Red Flag' on a piano that someone seemed to have carelessly left lying around in the Old Theatre. Traditionally, the left marks all great political occasions with such songs. However, only a couple of the comrades on the LSE left seemed able to get passed the first line. This false start was greeted with a flurry of requests ranging from 'The Internationale' to 'It's My Party and I'll Cry if I Want To'. The most popular request of all was, surprisingly enough, 'Maggie, Maggie, Maggie...etc'. What a piano could add to such a great choral piece is beyond Jack's comprehension.

With the musical introduction over, there was only one possible thing to do: gloat at the Tories. All those sitting to the left of the right-hand aisle had come to the Union Meeting to do just that, and little things like the SU Constitution were not going to stop them. Indeed at the beginning of the meeting the left were so busy being smug that General Secretary, Rob Middleton, managed to get his report in. Not that anyone took a blind bit of notice.

Then came the debate that everyone had come to hear. Or rather then came the cue for everyone to be as abusive as possible. For even in LSESU terms, last Thursday's meeting was exceptionally unfriendly. Andy 'Andrew' Struthers, who spoke in favour of suspending standing orders to discuss the 'Time for the Tories to Go' motion, is of course, used to getting everything thrown at him from insults to agenda papers. Fair enough. Anyone who tries to hog the microphone as much as he does, deserves a bit of stick. But the Union used to offer at least a degree of respect for first time speakers. No longer.

The first speaker on the prioritised motion informed us that she was 'delighted that Thatcher has decided to go' and urged us all 'to go down to Downing Street as soon as possible' to celebrate. 'Shut up, boring', was the Tarbuckesque response from the balcony. Lee 'Biactol boy' Marriott speaking against the motion went for an altogether different approach. 'Which comprehensive school did you go to?...Roedean or St Paul's Girls School?'. He then refused to let her reply by not accepting a Point of Information.

This level of abuse continued for the rest of the meeting, directed at both the old hands and the newcomers, making most of the contributions totally inaudible. Of course Jack hasn't got anything against abuse per se. Indeed it makes writing this column a hell of a lot easier. But unless we wish Union Meetings to be dominated by the same handful of egomaniacs, week after week, we have got to be more tolerant to new speakers.

Maybe it was just the excitement of the occasion. It is not, after all, everyday that a Prime Minister resigns. Whatever, Jack will be looking out for the hecklers as well as the speakers from now on.

# Party chaos

by Chris Forman

A Pakistan Society party held at the LSE Old Building on Friday, November 9th, was broken up by a large group of gatecrashers. There was no violence, but the police were summoned to prevent any clashes between party-goers and the gatecrashers.

A crowd of approximately 30 Sikh men attempted to gain entrance to the 'Bhangra Disco' without tickets just before 10pm. The belligerent behaviour of the group prompted the party's organizers to call the police.

'The police were there just as a security measure. In that type of situation you can never say what will happen,' said President of the Pakistan Society, Rao Shabaz Aslam.

As soon as officers from the Bow Street station arrived, they moved the gatecrashers back from the entrance to the party. Somebody then set off a fire alarm, summoning the local fire brigade and causing the evacuation of the entire building.

As the evacuation was taking place, the gatecrashers moved onto Houghton Street and started to chant "Long Live Khalistan", making reference to a separatist movement in India whose goal is the formation of an independent Sikh state.

The fire brigade silenced the false alarm, and reopened the building. However the executive of the Pakistan Society decided to disband the party. Although the police maintained a presence in the area, all involved parties had left the area

by eleven o'clock.

Even though this incident was resolved without injury and at relatively little cost, many have voiced concern over the event.

'The LSE should have better security so as to prevent such events from occurring,' stated ex-President of the Pakistan Society, Raza Ahmad. 'Considering the urban setting of the LSE and the fact that the buildings and grounds are open to the public, the School should have a system which can ensure that this sort of thing doesn't happen. Societies do not have the funding to hire private security. It is the School's responsibility.'

The School does have night security staff consisting of between 3 to 5 night watchmen who randomly patrol the buildings and grounds. In addition

there is a closed circuit video monitoring system, and high intensity lighting in alleys and alcoves. However Mr. Coops, Director of Site Development and Services, said the School was taking all security measures it deemed necessary and financially sound.

'We appreciate the situation, but quite honestly we do not run a police force. We maintain a small security staff. However we cannot ensure the protection of all staff and students. We would need a police force for that and we just don't have the money.'

Coops will be meeting the sabbaticals this Thursday to discuss the Pakistani Party incident as well as security concerns in general.

# PNL back down

by Swaha Pattanaik

The two expelled members of the PNL who were elected to the executive of their SU have resigned from their posts under pressure from the college authorities.

Julie Hunt and Gaynor Gardner were expelled from the college in August for their involvement in a fight at the anti-loans occupation of PNL's Kentish Town site in March.

Earlier this month the PNLSU supported demands for an appeal, claiming that the students had been unable to defend themselves properly because disciplinary action had been taken over the holidays.

In the elections held earlier this term Hunt and Gaynor received about 60% of votes for the positions of Union Secretary and External Affairs Officer respectively.

The college authorities refused to recognise the validity of their election and claimed Gaynor and Hunt had been ineligible to stand for the post under the constitution because they were not current students.

In the face of the PNLSU's

reluctance to force the two to stand down, the college threatened to withhold sabbatical wages. This led many to claim that the autonomy of the Union was being jeopardized and several colleges, including the LSE, passed motions supporting the PNLSU and any action they decided to take.

Although the PNLSU originally refused to recognise the expulsions and was preparing for an occupation over the issue, the NUS recommended that such action would be unconstitutional.

Last week Gaynor and Hunt stepped down from the posts 'in the interest of unity', and the election was declared invalid.

A spokesman for the SU, Dave Parker said, 'We were making the mistake of laying ourselves open to having our autonomy challenged. The Executive does not have the right to challenge a constitution which has been ratified by the students'. He added the SU would continue to fight for an appeal for the expelled students.

A re-election is expected next term in the third week of January.

# KCL theft

by Madeline Gwyon

£7000 taken at the King's College Freshers ball was stolen from the KC bar safe last week. The money had been placed in the safe by the bar manager, Chris Ladner. Ladner left both the safe and his office unlocked and unattended when he went to answer a phonecall behind the bar. It is believed that during this ten minute period a student entered the office and took the money.

The theft took place between 11.30 and 11.40am when the bar was closed but the area around the bar was open to students. It is estimated that about 40 people were in the vicinity but no-one recalled seeing any suspicious behaviour.

The only people with access to the bar in normal circumstances are the bar manager, the assistant bar manager and two of the sabbatical staff. They have all denied that a member of the casual bar staff could have stolen the money and say the thief

to a King's student with 'acquired knowledge of security arrangements'.

Ladner said he and the other SU staff had been amazed at the thief's audacity. He said the thief had 'bottle enough to carry out such an act knowing full well that I could have returned at any moment.'

Finance and Staffing Officer, Anthony Braddock-Northgate said he was distressed by the incident and said that the Union's financial position had been damaged by the theft, as the Union depends to a large extent on bar profits to subsidise its welfare expenditures, which would have to be reconsidered because of the theft.

Braddock-Northgate said members of staff had been disciplined but also blamed Kings College Students Union for the lapse in security claiming it was 'because of an error on the part of the Students Union that the safe was left accessible.'

The theft was reported to Bow Street police station who are now investigating the incident.



Champagne socialism in action Photo: Timna Rosenheimer

# Ex-PM speaks on Europe

by Sarah Eglin and Maarit Kohonen

Edward Heath, leader of the Conservative party from 1965 to 1974, addressed a packed Old Theatre last Thursday, on the day of the first round of the party's leadership contest. Those who hoped to get a prediction from him on the battle were disappointed. Nevertheless, criticisms of the woman who ousted him were scattered throughout his speech. Heath chose to speak mainly about Britain and Europe and took the opportunity to disparage Thatcher's attitudes to the issue.

Heath claimed that Britain had 'wasted 22 years' since he led it into the European Community in 1972. He said the country could not afford to 'stand on the sideline and lose all negotiating power' as he claimed it had done before.

Heath referred to the European Community as a club 'whose rules you can't change if you join late'. He also criticized what he felt was the Prime Minister's 'farical' attitude. He said she was insisting on an agreement on an end result before discussing the beginning. He said Britain should recognise that the growth of the EC was inevitable. He added that if Britain was to develop her economy and retain any political influence in Europe, she should be involved in this expansion

from the start. The speaker said the government's present attitude had already irrevocably damaged London's chances of being the Community's financial centre.

Heath claimed that 'the day of the nation state is over' and, 'sovereignty is to be used for the good of the people and not to flatter the egos of those who rule.'

He condemned Thatcher's idea of a referendum as hypocritical alleging it would destroy parliamentary sovereignty from below. He called for a common currency to be instituted as quickly as possible and ridiculed the idea of having the ECU alongside the pound. He said, 'A strong currency will always put out a weak one.'

Heath did not see a united Germany as a threat as long as it was within a united Europe. He told the audience of how he had drawn a domestic analogy when explaining this point to some Americans. 'Just as Michigan is not afraid of being dominated by California - which by the way is on the west coast - Britain should not fear being in a united Europe.'

He concluded his speech saying that should other countries want to follow Thatcherite policies, 'they too could have high inflation rates, high interest rates and a massive balance of payments deficit. Somehow this doesn't appeal.'

# The Rolling Paper Revue

## A night of comedy at the LSE

This Friday the Old Theatre will be hosting a benefit gig organised in support of the Alchemy Defence Fund. Billed as 'a night of comedy and hempathy' some of London's finest comedians will be in attendance, these include the like of Arthur Smith, Tony Allen, Benjamin Zephaniah, Pat Condell, Mark Thomas, Martin Soan and the Music Lovers.

The Rolling Paper Revue has been put together in response to the case of Lee Harris, 'a well-loved and respected business man' from the Portobello Road who has been sentenced to three months in jail for selling cigarette papers and pipes.

The Lee Harris controversy has attracted a certain amount of media attention. A Notting Hill shopkeeper of some twenty years, Harris was recently convicted at Marylebone magistrates court of two offences under the 1986 Drug Trafficking Act. Mr. Harris, London's first victim of this controversial amendment to the Misuse of Drugs Act, has been accused of selling pipes, papers, scales and filters which he allegedly knew would be used by cannabis-smokers.

This test case brought against Lee Harris has wide implications for the restriction of free trade. Desmond Banks, Harris's solicitor, asks: 'Does it mean that each time a shopkeeper sells a packet of Rizla papers or a box of matches he has to consider if it will be used in drugs?'

The Rolling Paper Revue is being held in the Old Theatre on Friday 30th November at 7.45pm. Tickets are £4 (with student card), available from the LSE Student Union.



Lee Harris and his papers

# diary

This week's diary is a collaboration between myself and horror novelist Clive Barker.

**Monday:** Bloody awful! Nothing at all nasty happening today (except for the odd Tory gathering). No ritual disembowlings, no unpleasant games with garden shears, just the usual assembly of bodies and limbs somewhere in the dark confines of the Old Building. (Aerobics on the badminton court as usual).

**Tuesday:** Quite obscene - where's the blood, guts and gore? It seems you've got a choice. A pleasant film (Lord of the Flies, OT) or a video nasty in the comfort of your own home. This week's recommendation is 'The Beast of Mandragora' - scream, cringe, get very frightened, enjoy! Urrrrgh, something else nice. Tonight the Malaysian and Singapore Society are having a bit of a do. 'Tropical' is happening at Jacqueline's Disco, Wardour Street (8pm til horrifically late). You are advised to dress in a semi-formal manner, personally I'd go as the Creature from the Pit - it's up to you. Also tonight, the Jazz Society are holding a Jam (new one on me). This is happening at 7pm in C018 and will cost you 50p (outrageous!) Ah, now this is more like it, something really horrendous. Tonight the History Society presents 'The Discreet Charm of General Franco' by Professor Paul Preston. This abhorrent activity will take place at 5pm in room A506. And don't forget the Rag Meeting (5pm, E206).

**Wednesday:** What's this! Animal Rights and Vegetarian Society!?! Where's the blood? Where's the torture? Where's Freddy? Anyway, if you are a non-flesh eater why not go along for lunch (served up between 12.30 - 2pm) New members are very welcome, they promise not to eat you. At 1pm today the Society for the Enlightenment of the Able-Bodied are holding a meeting in E195. All sounds a bit too nice for my liking. Ah, now this really is more like it. Tonight ENTS present the Contagious Theatre Company who will be doing something quite nasty. We're not talking thumb screws and decapitation but we are talking a 'weird tale of drugs and alcohol'. Enjoy! Finally the Art Society will be meeting again this evening. If you've got nothing better to do why not KILL some time in C018, not sure what they're painting this week (a disfigured corpse maybe?) but do go along. By the way, don't forget to take along your best drawings as an exhibition is being planned. (Let's hope they accept my contribution 'Man Being Hung By his Testicles').

**Thursday:** Oh what! Whatever happened to the Houghton Street 'Let's see that Tory hung, drawn and quartered' evening? Tonight a very tame substitute - Jazz in the Tuns, nothing particularly blood curdling about that. And as for this, the ULU Orchestra and Chorus performing Handel: Coronation Anthems and Borodin: Symphony no.2 - what can I say? (Only that all this is happening at St. James's Piccadilly, 8pm).

**Friday:** Repulsive! Quite disgusting! Really not very nice at all! Yes, those are the words being used to describe tonight's major event. The Rolling Paper Revue is happening in the Old Theatre at 7.45pm. Alternatively, why not check out the Nightlife Society. They're having a Peace Jam in the Quad and C018, 7pm 'till late.

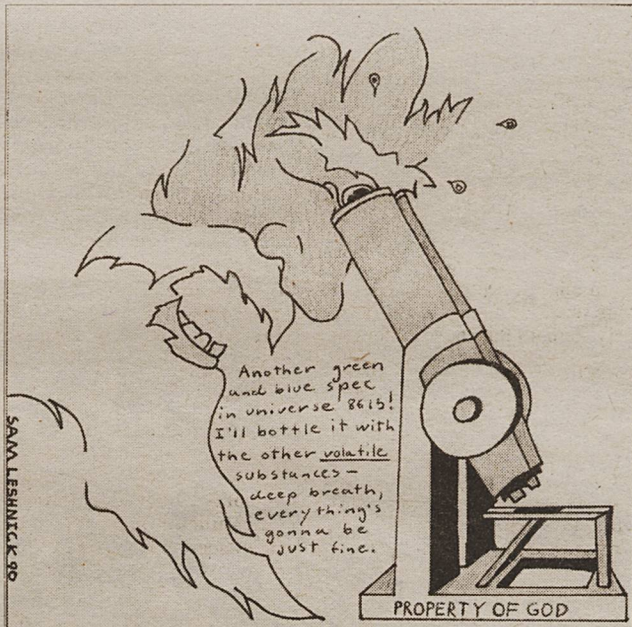
**Saturday:** STAKE your claim, buy a ticket from those repulsive Tequila people (why weren't you banned, you animals?) for their Christmas party. If you like that putrefying atmosphere of spilled larger, cigarette ash and that disgusting smell permeating from the toilets then tonight is for you (I know it's for me). What time will these atrocities start? 7pm they tell me, but you must be out by 11pm.

**Sunday:** Yeah, some aggression at last. Join thousands of others at 11am at the western exit of Earl's Court tube for a demonstration against the Smithfield show. Take a machete or a howitzer along, they may come in useful. I'm all for a bit of maiming, hurrray for horror!

## Look-A-Like



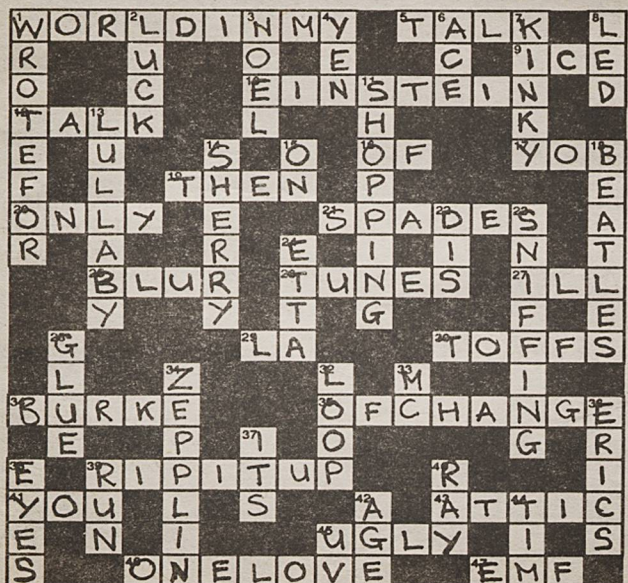
Has anybody spotted the remarkable similarity between NUS External Affairs officer Lee Marriott and snooker ace Steve Davis. Are the two related perhaps? I think we should be told.



# SAM

## Bloody Hell - is this a good solution or what?

Neil Andrews



### WANTED: WOMAN MUSICIAN

I need an accompanist for a short programme (6 pieces) to take place in the Women's Room on Tuesday 4th December. Pianist preferred (but would consider any viable alternative) and a competent sight reader since rehearsal will be minimal.

Contact: Chris Fear via Webb Room pigeon holes (A219) or phone 081 506 1359.

### CAMPAIGN TO HELP THE HOMELESS

Throughout the week (beginning Mon 26th Nov) the LSE Conservative Association will be holding a collection for the homeless of London. We are looking for people to donate any old clothes, blankets, cans of food etc. that they can spare in order to help the people who sleep rough on London's streets. This collection is one small way of giving something back to those who are less fortunate than ourselves.

We need your help if this campaign is to be a success. A collection box will be situated opposite the Porter's Lodge, in the foyer of the Old Building. Please give generously and help us to help someone else.

## Daphne Dare is at the Paris Summit

# Thatcher obituaries

A Thatcherite must remain head of government. Changes which she began in 1979 must be completed by a new right-wing Conservative government. Mr Heseltine is not capable of carrying out these changes. When Mrs Thatcher was elected in 1979 the greatest revolution since 1642 was about to begin. Much has been achieved, but still more remains to be done.

The revolution has been a social one. The disestablishment of the Establishment. Just as Cromwell was able to take power away from the Monarchy, so Mrs Thatcher has taken power away from the aristocracy. The transformation of this country from an aristocracy to a meritocracy is in full swing. Only someone such as Mr Hurd or Mr Major can continue the work.

Heads of government and industry now lead this country not because they went to the right school or were born of blue blood but because of their abilities. Mrs Thatcher is an excellent example. It has taken ten years for these changes to occur. Something that the Labour party failed to achieve in all its history. That is why it has lost its direction.

Mr Heseltine's attack on Mrs Thatcher was not of his doing. Yes indeed, one day he wishes to be PM. He knows that today is not his time. That is why at first he refused to stand. He was

pushed by the Tory establishment (Heath, Prior, etc). He is their last hope to regain control of the party. They believe it is better to create a split (exploiting the media's hysteria) and lose the next election rather than lose control of the party.

Mrs Thatcher's revolution has affected almost every corner of our society. Industries have become more efficient. Britain is no longer the laughing stock of the Western world. However more has to be done. The Health Service must be reformed to make it more efficient. There are still a number of industries that must be privatised. And finally the most sacred of cows must be reformed: the Civil Service. A bastion of the establishment. Over the years they have frustrated both Labour and Conservative governments. They have run the country for their own benefit.

At different times in history certain people are put on this earth to do a job for the good of society. Mrs Thatcher has begun the job of preparing this country for the 21st century. The job is not yet done. A Thatcherite member of the Conservative party must continue the revolutionization of this country. Long live the revolution!

Fred Simkin

Margaret Thatcher once proclaimed that "this lady is not for turning". Well, turn she did last week, in a volte face which, but for the lack of elegance, was worthy of a great ballerina. "I confirm that it is my intention to let my name go forward for the second ballot", the Prime Minister declared on Tuesday night. "I fight on, I fight to win", she insisted on Wednesday. Yet by Thursday morning it was all over. A vast majority of the Members of Parliament made it clear that she ought to resign; so did the "Grey Suits" from the House of Lords and other outdated sections of Britain's political scenery. It was an uncharacteristically embarrassing and humiliating end to what even the Opposition were quick to describe as a 'remarkable' eleven and a half year reign.

In response to Neil Kinnock's motion of no confidence on Thursday, Mrs Thatcher outlined what she saw as the achievements of her administration: taking control of the economy away from the Trade Unions, extending home and share ownership to "millions of ordinary people", increasing choice in the public services. The basic rate of taxation, she reminded MPs, was reduced from 33% to 25%. She rejected accusations from the Labour benches that the income gap had widened, that the poor were now poorer and services worse. Labour, she said, had made a mess of the country in the 1970's, and should never be returned to governmental office.

At one point in the debate, Mrs Thatcher remarked, "I'm enjoying this". So, in fact, were most members of parliament, apparently determined to bid the Iron Lady a gracious farewell from the Prime Ministerial office. One MP called her the greatest Prime Minister this century. It would admittedly be unfair to dismiss altogether Margaret Thatcher's policies over the last decade or so. She clearly did curb the excessive power of the Trade Unions, and she did introduce the notion of efficiency to a political establishment previously oblivious to any such notion.

But it would be a great mistake to remember the outgoing Prime Minister as a champion of the British people. For it was she, after all, who froze child benefit, who cut the link between pensions and earnings, who introduced the poll tax, and who forced hospital wards to close. She savagely attacked education, with primary schools now facing huge repair bills and teacher shortages; secondary education massively under funded and the university system in turmoil.

Superficially, there may have been, for a few years, an economic miracle. But what good is free enterprise when interest rates are as high as 14%. What good is home ownership when you can't afford the mortgage? What good is arguing for British sovereignty in Europe when, in a few years' time, the dismal education, training, and research and development record of this Government will become apparent? Margaret Thatcher has been almost singlehandedly responsible for dividing this country into "them" and "us", the rich and the poor. Whoever succeeds the Prime Minister will have to do something about that. Let the ballerina take her ballet with her.

Michiel van Hulten

## Post HASTE

Letters to E205 by hand or internal mail for 4pm on Thursday

Dear Beaver,

We are writing with reference to recent articles in the Beaver concerning Student's Union services. We would like to say that we have total confidence in each of our services, and are proud of the work they do.

Whatever personal differences may exist about the running of these services, we do not believe that the Beaver is an appropriate forum for these to be discussed. This can be harmful to their resolution and can lead to confusion about the issues. There are appropriate channels and procedures through which these matters should be pursued, and that they will be adhered to in the future.

Rob Middleton (General Secretary), Mel Taylor (Senior Treasurer), & John Hull (Social Secretary).

Darling Beaver,

I'd like to complain about the implicit criticism of Wimbledon Football Club in Charles Peat's report of the England/Eire match in last week's Beaver. He writes, 'finally...one of the teams graduated from the Wimbledon School of Football Thought to produce a classic goal'. As well as having two "finally"s in one sentence (Bad English) this implies that Wimbledon do not score classic goals and criticises the club in a rather insidious way. This just backs up my motion in the UGM dealing with such harassment of Wimbledon supporters, and shows that this type of harassment is all too common.

Now I've got that off my chest, I'd also like to dispel the rumours that Fred Simkin is a

Teenage Mutant Lobster Thermidor, but I'm afraid I can't.

Andy Baly  
'Honest Man' and student

Dear Beaver,

I do hope the highly moral and ranting element of the LSE's left-wing hemorrhages under the strain of the chips on its shoulder. What does 'Anti-Racist Week' mean, who does it seek to convert or impress?

If this letter can achieve anything then let it be the definition of a racist.

A racist is someone who believes in the inherent inferiority of one race to another. Nobody at the LSE is ignorant enough to advocate this.

Prejudice does exist, it always will. One prejudice the highly moral left-wingers should address is positive (colour) discrimination - it exists and can be destroyed.

R J Wilson

Dear Beaver,

Today's animal house of a UGM dashed all early hopes that this year's meetings might be a constructive forum for discussing student issues.

This is of course, great news for the Tories. They do not believe in Student Unions and hence are equal contributors to the Thursday lunch time farce, and I suspect Lee Marriot couldn't care less about how to organise our opposition to policies he supports - so long as any trend away from rational and informed debate continues.

The hard left should however know better than to rise to the bait, though they do so with an almost amusing consistency. So entrenched are they in their dogma that instead of arguing against the obviously ill conceived Tory policies, they concentrate themselves on abstract and vitriolic condemnations of absolutely no consequence what so ever.

Hence the whole process of

union policy making has become a very sick joke. The chair, abusing his position to publicise his ambition to be Social Secretary, repeatedly ignores the constitution and cannot maintain order appears almost as incompetent as Mel Taylor - a Senior Treasurer whose ability to mount budget deficits is second only to the of the US government and who is so articulate that she ends her reports with "and fuck off Tories".

As a third year who has witnessed over the last two years the impotence of the UGM, I feel considerable sympathy for Rob Middleton, seemingly the only calm voice in the midst of the ideological and animalistic diatribe. The time has come for him to act before the likes of Aurora and Marriot succeed in completely trivialising our union. Undoubtedly he enjoys the overwhelming support of most students and would crush the hard left of Labour and SWSS in a cross campus ballot. It is surely his responsibility to mobilise those of us who are now sick of the flagrant abuse of our Union to do something now before it is too late.

Steve Peake

Dear Beaver,

Today's 1-2pm charade has finally and unquestionably made it clear that Dermoid Boyd must resign as Chair of the UGM. This man is totally incompetent. After eight weeks in the chair, he is still unable to keep the meeting in order, is obviously ignorant of all but the most basic of constitutional procedures and seems to be under the misguided belief that he can choose which moves from the floor he wishes to accept or ignore. Eight weeks is too long for this mess to have continued - there is obviously no improvement - it's past time for him to go. Dan Fenton may have been a sad case but Dermoid is pathetic.

Angela Metcalfe

# The Beaver

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# Live In Japan

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# The darkest hour

**D**own in the depths of Acorn House, the home of the National Union of Journalists (NUJ), there is an office which could easily be mistaken for the cleaner's store cupboard. It is from here that a dedicated group of men and women tirelessly campaign for the release of TV journalist, John McCarthy.

McCarthy's story is atypical of most of the hostages held in the Middle East - an innocent victim of international politics - but it also shows how one person can go on to inspire so many others.

McCarthy was kidnapped by unidentified gunmen on 17th April, 1986, in retaliation for allowing the Americans to use British bases for the bombing of Libya. He was in the Lebanon on his first overseas assignment for World Television News (WTN) and told Brian Keenan (a Belfast teacher who was held captive with him), "I came here to make a film about you and it is the worst thing I have ever done".

It is believed that McCarthy is held by the Shi'ite Muslim fundamentalist group, Hezbollah who are totally financed by Tehran. This group seem to go under different names, such as Islamic Jihad, as they are the people who are also holding the Americans Terry Anderson and Tom Sutherland who Keenan saw during his captivity.

Islamic Jihad has asked that the US stops meddling in the Middle East in return for the release of Sutherland and Anderson. There has never been any 'ransom note' for McCarthy which makes his imprisonment seem all the more unnecessary to the people who know him well.

McCarthy's family were immediately told by the Foreign Office to keep quiet as any publicity might have meant more British subjects being kidnapped at such a time of high tension. The diplomatic channels used did not come up with any good news and in frustration the Friends of John McCarthy (FoJM) campaign was set up by Jill Morrell and Chris Pierson. The fact that a British businessman is still in an Iraqi prison (having had no trial) just convinced them even more that the government's stance of no dialogue only means the hostage become more isolated.

In May of this year, American hostage Frank Reed was released, and brought the first confirmation that John McCarthy and Brian Keenan were still alive. Just three months later, through the hard talking of Irish politicians, Keenan was released after being held for over four years, spending the majority of his time with John.

Brian Keenan has described the horrendous conditions that the hostages were kept in. He met McCarthy in the summer of 1986 and they tentatively got to know one another. They were deprived the most basic human rights, such as daylight, washing facilities and clothes (when they met they only had one pair of shorts between them which came from McCarthy's luggage).

When they were moved the "wildlife" in the cell got considerably worse. McCarthy would wake Keenan up and they would go "on safari", chasing and killing the insects, spiders and mice. In one of the places they were held, the cells were just a hole in the ground under the guards' toilet which overflowed many times.

If being totally deprived of any stimulus, cooped up in a small cell was bad enough, the journeys to other cells was much worse. Keenan described the seven-hour trip into

the Bekaa Valley. He and McCarthy were transported in what they called the "coffins". This was a very small space underneath a false floor in a lorry. Breathing was extremely difficult as their faces and chests were covered with tape. A guard was also squeezed in with them to make sure that they did not die. Keenan remembers that he would try and kick McCarthy to make sure that he was still alive.

In an article written exclusively for the Journalist, the newspaper of the NUJ, Keenan wrote, "the British government stands indicted for what John and Terry Waite went through and always will. That indictment of their intransigence can never be reversed".

Jackie How and Catherine Comerford, who both worked with John McCarthy at WTN, are now campaign organisers at FoJM. They agree with Brian Keenan and are angry at the lack of communication from the Foreign Office and from MPs who go on trips to the Middle East. The numerous reshuffles in the Cabinet are yet another stumbling block for the campaign. As Comerford pointed out, "You just start to feel that you're developing a relationship with the minister, that you're beginning to make yourself heard, when somebody new comes along and you have to start all over again".

The Rushdie affair also made the campaign take a retrogressive step. Comerford and How believe that if it had not happened McCarthy would be back in England now. But more ominously on the horizon is the threat of war in the Gulf and the fact that the government's attention has been diverted towards all the other detainees in Iraq.

As How says, "It's all very convenient for the government really. As long as there are so many detained against their wishes it's good publicity, showing Saddam Hussein as a tyrant".

Comerford added, "The government has to try and keep the Lockerbie families happy, so they can't be seen to be giving in to terrorism, but that doesn't mean that they can hide behind that statement. You must at least communicate with these people if you value your citizens at all".

The campaign has had all sorts of people offering to support, including the cranks who say they can send in the Special Boat Service or the SAS. A few of these are followed up by the Foreign Office but so far, at least to Comerford's knowledge, nothing has come of any of the offers.

John McCarthy's character endeared him to many people. One woman wrote in to the FoJM after seeing a photo of him and said he seemed like "a real scallywag". Jackie How says, "It's interesting that men and women both felt the same about him, he is a very sociable, outgoing person. In the really unpleasant world of television you get a lot of backbiting about people on a personal and work level but you never heard a bad word about Johnny". Brian Keenan has described him as witty and bright.

It seems as though the general



public, people who had never even heard of John McCarthy before the campaign began, feel the same way. The FoJM office has received letters from people from all walks of life. Housewives and businessmen alike hold coffee mornings, sponsored walks, prayer group meetings and numerous other activities to raise money but also, more importantly to Comerford and How, to raise awareness of McCarthy's plight. According to Comerford, "It is an awareness campaign more than anything but it is also very difficult to keep John in the public eye all the time. We need new people writing letters to their MPs, putting up posters or whatever". One person who came to the rescue is Radio 1 DJ Simon Mayo. He has an audience of 10 million across the week, and invites Jill Morrell onto his breakfast show once a month to give, not only a count of how many days McCarthy

has been held captive, but also the latest information about him. Mayo says, modestly, "It's really only a tiny gesture, but it does help to bring home the magnitude of what the hostages are suffering".

This kind of action is very important to the campaign as they are not allowed to have news reports in the British press. They can, however, use the Lebanese media to full effect and Brian Keenan has said that McCarthy has seen TV reports about the FoJM which he found very heartening.


Students are also actively encourage to get involved. Hull University (where McCarthy studied in the 70s) renamed its bar McCarthy's, something which Comerford says "is a very lighthearted way of showing support but one which I think he will appreciate when he comes home".

Tuesday marks John McCarthy's fifth birthday in captivity (he will be 34) and all around the country people will be celebrating (not commemorating) the occasion in various ways. Numerous colleges are having parties and a petition will be handed in at 10 Downing Street. Hull University has gone one better by making a video to send to Beirut. One of their FoJM Society's members has family connections with a TV company there and has managed to get airtime to show it. The FoJM are once again placing adverts, in English, in the Lebanese press with messages from McCarthy's family and friends wishing him a happy birthday. They say now that Brian Keenan has been released, just knowing that people back home are still thinking about him will help him

endure his imprisonment.

After this week the sending out of merchandise, the replying to generous donors, the putting of pressure on the Foreign Office will continue as before, and the organisers and volunteers who run the FoJM office will keep going through the same old motions again and again until John McCarthy is released. Comerford, however, admitted, "the thought of us being here for the next six months makes us feel terribly impotent at times". But they will not give up hope of McCarthy's release. They both have bottles of champagne in the fridge, as do many of the supporters, waiting for that day.

British journalist, John McCarthy, will be 34 on Tuesday, his 1686th day in captivity. **Juanita Shepherd** talks to the people campaigning to release him




*Don't forget the British Hostages in Beirut.*

John McCarthy has now been held hostage in Beirut for more than four years. If you'd like to see John released and safely home with his family and friends, please complete the coupon below and return it to The Friends of John McCarthy, PO Box 80, London, WC1X 8XL. Please send me a full information pack.

Name .....

Address .....

Signature .....

# The Brookside Allstars

"To"-the latest play at the Young Vic

In accordance with its very short title, "To" is a pretty short play - about an hour and a half to be accurate - and has about as small a cast as is possible, of just two players. That is not to say that only two characters appear, or that it is short on action. The two actors concerned display a range of varying personalities, some enjoyable to watch, others apparently pointless. Yet their acting cannot be faulted. The script on the other hand, can be.

"To" is set in a Northern bar which is run by a tight-fisted landlord (John McArdle from "Brookside"), and his easy-going wife (Sue Johnston, from the same show). It is clear from the start that the superficial bickering of this pair is hiding some dark secret, but what this may be is not discovered until the end. Meanwhile, the audience is introduced to the different drinkers in the pub.

The first character to appear is a retired woman who has come to the pub to escape both from her crippled husband and the drudgery of her life looking after him. This depressing

existence represents one type of relationship, and thus is an aspect of the bringing together of men and women that the author, Jim Cartwright, is attempting to comment upon. What the woman says is to be compared with the later relationships which are portrayed within the course of the play: "We have each other...there's a lot of happy memories somewhere."

The play has been written so that every time action slows to this kind of sobriety, it is immediately followed with humour and lightheartedness. This structure, with the repetitive placing of serious scene next to humorous, is echoed by the rhythmic and repetitive language. It is not easy to say which type of scene "works" better, as there are powerful moments in each, such as the jealous husband and his deferential wife, and the man in his dark glasses who attempts to chat up a member of the audience with every cliched phrase possible, before his long suffering girl friend appears.

Even with humour, Cartwright still points out the imperfections present in



Actor John McArdle on stage at the Vic

all these relationships. It is difficult to know whether to take this as being the whole crux of a serious play - that it is better to simply be alone - or just to accept it as being "Brookside" on stage, with its usual demonstration of life "as it really is"; amusing and sad.

The number of different characters introduced, and the fact that they obviously cannot appear for very long, as only two people are playing them all, leaves the play without a strong sense of being rounded. This is though clearly the intention because we start and end with the same two characters. By the time the audience discovers the reason for

their tenseness, the impact has been lessened by the overall sketchiness inherent in the structure of the play.

In the programme for "To", there is an interview with the two stars, who express their wish for people to come to the play to see them, but to go away having enjoyed a good play. By all means go to see "To" for the actors, as their performances will not be a disappointment. However, if you actually want to see a good play, and are heading in that direction, stop at the Old Vic and see "Kean" instead!

"To" is on at the Young Vic until December 22nd.

Sarah Ebner

# Four notes is £4

Can't afford the ENO? We review a mini-opera at Drill Hall

"Four singers, one pianist and four notes". To have only four singers in an opera, and then to boast of an orchestra consisting of one piano, gives one the impression that Tom Johnson's "The Four Note Opera" will not be a 'run of the mill' comedy.

As the set consists of an olympian garden, a number of stone chairs surrounding the stage, and a purposeless snake curled around a pillar; the audience begins to feel an air of the absurd. The Set is not elaborate by any standards yet it is able to capture a certain minimalistic feeling. This should be expected as Johnson himself is a minimalist who enjoys working with scaled down materials while his compositions tend to comprise of predictable permutations and sequences.

The opera itself is about the singers expressing their distaste towards what they are actually singing; once the Tenor broke out in song: "Every time I sing this opera I find it more humiliating". Meanwhile, beneath the surface rivalries form between them. The Tenor and Baritone both seek the affection of the beautiful Contralto. Needless to

say, the comedy surrounds this 'love' triangle.

As the pieces continue, you find that the glossy humour eventually gets tedious as the performance never develops any real depth. The performers constantly convey their frustration at being at the composer's mercy, which quickly goes beyond the point of ironic humour to persuading the audience to feel the same.

However, for a mini-opera it is an unusual experience to listen to the complaints of the singers as they fall over one another in the pursuit of love. Had the aria's been more inspiring and less monotonous, it would definitely have gained more substance.

So, is it worth £4 (Concessional fee)? The answer in my opinion would be no, unless you are really into avant-garde - although you are allowed to bring your drinks into the theatre, so it has a lot going for it in that department.

"The Four Note Opera" is showing at Drill Hall until the 1st December.

Ralf-Yves Zurbrugg

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# Teenage mutant ninja heroes

## The film

They are four, they are fearless, they fight evil. Who are they? No, not the four musketeers. Try again. No, not the Fantastic Four. OK I'll give a clue. They are wisecracking, foul-mouthed and GREEN. And if you still don't know what I'm talking about then you probably live in a different time zone or failing that you are a space cadet. Which is fine, 'cause these guys are not your run of the mill average avengers. They are TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES. Still in the dark? Well, let's start from the beginning.

There was once this Invisible Warrior, not quite Kagemusha, but a Ninja; the invisible nipponese assassin variety in love with a girl and with a rival as deadly as he. He also had a rat. This little rascal studied his master and of course learned all the tricks of the invisible art. Just like all the other rats he wanted to go to America, and he did. Only American sewers are littered with radioactive decaying

materials (come on any fool knows that) and tiny baby turtles. Orphan baby turtles can not help falling into all that radioactive gung. Where as a human immersed into radioactivity would probably die, the baby turtles grow into full Man-size-Upright-Walking-New York-Slang-Talking-Wise - Guys. In the meantime Papa (that is the rat, who seeing his adopted sons enjoying the benefit of radioactivity has also taken a mouthful of it) has taught them all the secrets of the Ninja Art. Credibility Count Zero.

But what is the good of having super warriors stuck in the middle of under town New York if all they get to do is go to the movies and eat pizza?

Thankfully life provides for everything. In this instance it is the Foot, a criminal organisation of teenagers hooked on arcade games, skateboarding and karate-do. Behind it all lies of course a Japanese Master. Now that is nothing new. We are all aware of the Japanese conspir-

acy, namely since they can not break into protected markets, they have devised arcade games and Nintendo to corrupt the minds of our young who will grow up into couch potatoes rather than fighting captains of industry. But this being America, the evil Japanese plans for teenage domination are uncovered by wondergirl reporter who is rescued from the clutches of the Foot by our four heroes. They join forces, of course, and the Foot stands no chance. Furthermore, they are aided in their herculean task by an All American Rebel. All right, GIVE ME THREE.

TMNT is the latest comic to hit our big screen, just in time for Christmas. It is action packed, special effects enhanced and FUN. And whereas other more serious attempts have failed (remember Superman, Spiderman, Batman?), it succeeds. Maybe because the heroes are Turtles! Although the film lacks adult credibility; it is high on teenage street cred. But



One of Steve Barron's cute creations

there is a teenager still lurking in you too, even if you are studying for your BSc(Econ). So go and see it, only don't forget to take with you a bona-fide teen-

ager. Then when the lights come up people will think it was he applauding through the action scenes and not you.

TMNT opened at the West End

on 23rd November and it will be on general release from 30th November.

Stavros Makris

## Cheers one star

Kirstie Alley in Madhouse

If you spend your time aimlessly floating in the realms of insanity, "Madhouse" is the movie for you. The title says it all, the film is about a house that has gone completely off the edge with its occupants bordering delicately on the fringe of sanity. What more, it is hilarious in an incredibly crazy kind of way. I love this movie purely because it assumes the character of a modern farce or burlesque or whatever you choose to call it. It is a social satire of the worst nightmare of any newly-wed couple. Yes, house guests. That specie of human being who not only has perfect timing in ringing your door bell but also takes his or her (or both if you are lucky) time in making an exit.

Mark (John Larroquette) and Jessie (Kirstie Alley) are the perfect couple, just married, he is a rising finance executive, she

is a reporter at the local TV station. The perfect couple (my word for yuppie couple) with twin BMWs and a love life so explosive their home is like an aphrodisiac with a 30-year mortgage. Their mutual libido is severely depleted the moment their house guests walk through the door. First, there's Fred, Mark's cousin, the high school hunk with "gorgeous babes hanging from his arms", now transformed into a whimpering wreck by his nightmare of a wife Bernice. Bernice comes complete with self resurrecting cat Scruffy who has perfected the undervalued art of vomiting. Then there's the money grabbing Claudia, Jessie's sister, with enough shoes to rattle Imelda Marcos' bank balance, and her drug dealing teenage son of a ninja turtle. There's also the handyman from the burnt out house next door



Newly-weds John Larroquette and Kirstie Alley are driven mad in their own home.

with his sexually potent teenage daughter who tells Mark, "do you want to bounce with me" and "I had my first period today" and his little son who is the epitome of a minor psychotic problem. Not to mention the snake who finds his destiny in the sink crusher and the baby elephant. All these entities within four walls, under the same roof are bound to lose their marbles sooner or later.

Kirstie Alley is very good as the happy wife driven crazy by strangers wrecking her home, cats throwing up in her face and snakes slithering up her pyjamas. Equally good is John Larroquette (emotionally he is a rocket) as the disgruntled hus-

band reduced to shaving in the kitchen with a carving knife. The one-liners hit you hard and fast. Jessie has to call up Bernice's GP called Dr Penix and she shouts down the phone to the receptionist "Yes! With an X". The minds of some people! The movie is well made light entertainment which blatantly abuses the intelligence (and rightly so I hasten to add). Any movie with cartoon characters in its title sequence can hardly be taken seriously but they are good entertainment. "Madhouse" is no exception.

Madhouse is now on release in London.

Sahr Johnny

## Opera in the west end

Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte"

Unhappily for the average punter an English National Opera Production can never be enjoyed in isolation, but is supposed to be seen as part of a "season" of more or less thematic coherence. With the '20+' season of twentieth century opera now well under way, the Coliseum's decision to revive John Cox's 1980 production of "Cosi fan tutte" might well be seen as a rather self-conscious attempt to balance the more controversial contemporary output with 'safe', classical venerability, and cash in on the Mozart Bicentenary at the same time.

Casting aside both the contrived juxtaposition of the "season" and the cynical conspiracy theory however, this is very much an ENO production to be relished for the confident exposition of Mozartian wit and the assured direction of both cast and orchestra. Cox is properly wary of excessive whimsy in the first act, and is suitably reflective in the conclusion, when the cosy quadrille of the infatuated lovers is undermined by refreshingly human failings.

As played by Andrew Shore, Don Alfonso takes on a paternal dominance in the piece, challenging the pompous protestations of two love-struck Neapolitan soldiers that their fiancées would never be unfaithful while they are away fighting. He contrives for their return disguised as Albanian aristocrats and sets them about wooing each other's mistress with the help of their maid Despina, pertly portrayed by Elizabeth Gale.

As the theatrical conceit gains its own momentum, attention shifts from the supposed frailty of woman-kind to the uncertain ethics of the male deception, and the superficiality of their affections. In ironic deference to Don Alfonso's prediction, the new couples prove to be more than compatible both musically and physically: Simon Keenlyside's diminutive Guglielmo looks instantly more at ease alongside the petite Dorabella of Ethna Robinson than with the more substantial Fiordiligi, whilst Mozart gives the latter the finest arias in her initial rejection and subsequent acceptance of Ferrando's advances. Rita Cullis' Fiordiligi does not disappoint, whilst Glenn Winslade (Ferrando) is perhaps the most physically expressive of the cast.

Restrained staging by Roger Butlin appropriately mirrored the essential economy of the plot, and the ENO orchestra were tightly marshalled, if occasionally wanting for volume, under Peter Robinson's baton. There was perhaps nothing here to really set the audience alight, but Coliseum regulars, usually borishly forthcoming on production shortcomings, went out whistling into St. Martin's lane not entirely displeased.

"Cosi Fan Tutte" is being performed at London Coliseum on the following nights: 27, 29 November. Then 3, 5, 8, 12, 14, 19, 21 December.

Edward Bannerman

## Divine Rites

'Divine Rites' is the latest offering from Suraya Hilal and Company (including dancers and musicians). Suraya Hilal is an exponent of the female Egyptian dance form Raqs Sharqi (meaning Eastern Dance), a form which has its roots in pre-Islamic times. Apparently Hilal has been instrumental in saving it from extinction. Not only has she preserved the traditional forms, but she has been responsible for contemporary compositions and in introducing Raqs Sharqi to a wider audience.

Hilal is a master of move-

ment. For the first piece of the evening, 'The Beloved', her dance was silk to the music's steel. She moved with an easy, captivating and seductive grace in contrast to the urgent heart-call of the music. The way in which isolated parts of her body moved in different ways,

and yet created a poetic fluidity, was breathtaking.

The tempo moved upbeat with the second and third pieces of the evening - 'The Salon' and 'The Return of the Spirit'. Although 'The Salon' drew its inspiration from the early 1900's and involved four dancers, while

'The Return' is contemporary and involves Hilal's solo, both were passionate and celebratory.

Hips moved to and fro with an urgency matched only by the music.

The final dance of the evening was 'Divine Rites', confusingly the same title as the overall programme. Dancers in semi-traditional Arab dress moved trance-like, as if chained to the hypnotic drumbeat and the haunting male vocal. The inspiration for this piece comes from the zar and hadrah rituals of Egyptian Muslim spirituality. The hadrah is the invocation of

high spirits.

The zar was originally an exorcistic ritual performed by women.

By the end of the evening I was a committed Raqs Sharqi admirer. There is one piece of bad news, however. Suraya Hilal was only at Sadlers Wells for three nights (15-17 November) and is now on tour.

Call 071-625 5113 for tour information or look out for their next programme in the capital.

John Pannu

# Houghton Street Harry

Oh, I do love this time of the year so very much. Being such a celebrated sport's columnist as I am, during the months of November and December, I invariably receive a large number of invitation to celebrity's sports parties. The occasion I remember most vividly from last year was the night spent on the Queen Mary, celebrating a year of unequalled British failure in the world of sport. As you may have gathered, it is an annual event, but can get rather tedious after a few years; the failures are all the same. I decided I would give the Queen Mary a miss this year, and sent apologies for my absence, explaining that I was at present rather tied up in writing a biological piece on Saddam Hussein's dream to build the largest golf resort in the world. It is quite an unbelievable story, and I hope to have it finished by the time the bulldozers move in to begin flattening the land. I am not as yet allowed to reveal the exact location of Mr Hussein's project, but I can divulge that it is somewhere between Iraq and Saudi Arabia.

One very amusing drinks party I went to earlier this month was at the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square. The occasion was to mark an event which has seen the supremacy of American golf matched and ultimately defeated by the European challenge. Most of the European and American Ryder Cup players were present, including Jose-Maria Olazabal, who had only just returned from successfully defending his Taiheiyo Masters title at Gotemba, near Tokyo. I congratulated him on his victory and asked whether at some stage during the winter, if he wasn't too busy, whether he wouldn't mind having a look at my swing and maybe suggesting some alterations I could make. He looked at me in only a way a Spaniard who had just retained the Taiheiyo Masters could, and replied: "Harry, I like a challenge, but I am not a believer in miracles. I smiled graciously, considered whether to call him a greasy dago, and headed for the drinks table.

During the course of the evening, Jack Niklaus gave a speech in praise of the emergence of European golf, pleading for it not to continue too much longer; and Nick Faldo gave a reply speech, but it was so boring I can not remember what it was he said. There were various diplomats and politician also present, and at one stage I spotted Ronald Reagan under the drinks table. I went over and introduced myself; he reeked of alcohol, but was very amiable nonetheless. After a few pleasantries, he began to talk about current affairs, and inevitably our conversation drifted towards the Middle East. I asked what he thought about the problems in the Gulf.

"Problems with golf! There'll always be problems with golf. If it's not the chipping it's the putting, if it's..."

"No. I meant the Gulf."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. There's no problem there though is there? I heard it was all about some crazy guy wanting to build a major resort complex. I like the idea, and at present I'm arranging to send him some funds diverted from Colombia and the Philippines. Just think! I'll go down in history as having helped create the greatest resort on earth!"

"Well, I don't know about that, but you'll certainly go down in history."

Although I enjoyed myself at the American Embassy tremendously, I have since come to the conclusion that sportsmen and politicians don't mix very well. Look at Seb Coe for example.

By far the noisiest event I've been invited to, took place at the Hard Rock Cafe just this last weekend. When I arrived, almost the first person I bumped into was David Coleman. I asked him if he remembered me from the last time he had come to the L.S.E during the 1988 Rag Week.

"Err, well. Quite remarkable. Err, Bill, who is your mystery guest? No idea? Ian? No idea either? Err, quite remarkable. The answer is of course, Houghton Street Harry. Never heard of him? Me neither. Err, quite remarkable!"

Turning away from David-whose method have become quite unsound-I found myself being hugged by none other than Gazza. Gazza-the most embarrassing specimen to own a British passport, threatened to cry unless I bought one of his T-shirts. While I was paying up, he explained that he always hugs losers. I told him he could keep his fog on the Tyne. Nigel Mansell was drinking nothing but champagne-he confided in me because whenever he wins a Grand Prix he sprays all the bubbly at the crowd. How would he know, I replied. Graham Taylor was there too, but he refused to talk to me since I was a member of the press, and the press, apparently, always give him a hard time. When I explained that any football manager whose team can't beat Ireland deserves a hard time, he threatened to go and make Gazza start crying.

Finally, I managed to have a few words with Mike Gating, the only man alive who can eat more ham and pickle sandwiches than Luciano Pavarotti. He explained that he had just started up a tourist company, arranging holiday tours to South Africa. So far it was going really well, and he reckoned that in a few years time, he would also have a package tour to the brand new tourist resort in the Middle East. I wished him the very best of luck, though why, I don't know.

# The Giant Killers

## I.C. crushed by the sensational Seconds

L.S.E. 2nd XV.....23  
I.C. 2nd XV.....6

It's at last official... the L.S.E. second team have qualified for the second round of the U.A.U. Competition with R.H.B.N.C and I.C. "in tow". This surely ranks as the best performance by an L.S.E. side in 12 years and who should be at the receiving end of this formidable second-coming than the mighty Imperial College!

now on full display in the back division? One matter is certain-smart money this year is fully behind L.S.E. 2nd XV to qualify for the second round, benefitting from a glut of 1st team 'rejects'.

### Flashback-Beaver #324

I.C. have attained a somewhat mythological reputation over many years and encounters; L.S.E. 1sts having suffered a massive 70 point defeat at their hands last year. Even at their most optimistic, Rich and Dubbs were talking of "pride" and loss-limitation in the pre-match team-talk. There was always something of a feeling about this match, however... something that everyone felt... a sense of destiny and purpose. It was to be "Our Day".

L.S.E. began the match as they meant to continue by dominating in the forwards. Something of a novelty, this, for veterans of I.C. shoot-outs at the Not-So-O.K. Coral! It was such dominance at a maul in front of



the posts which brought the first try: An abortive blind-side move was channeled briefly into a mass of seething black and yellow shirts before Ben Wales took the feed and created an overlap on the open. Campy showed a great turn of speed to score towards the corner.

I.C. seemed shell-shocked and despite minor line-out problems the L.S.E. continued to dominate. Hank Dickson was the next to score, twisting and turning his defence like a snake-charmer to score centre-left from steady scrum-ball.

Our opponents seemed unable to recover and began to make the sort of mistakes more familiar to L.S.E supporters. Two successful penalty kicks punished this dis-

play of indiscipline and the half-time score seemed more of a shock to us than them... 14-0!

It is difficult to describe the feverish excitement with which the L.S.E. seconds devoured their oranges... at last the sweet taste of success... at last the fruits of all our labour. When the whirling dervishes took to the pitch again, they had a new phrase to think about: "Let's take the piss, lads!"

And take the piss we did! Absorbing the inevitable I.C. pressure, L.S.E. kicked for position and bided their time. The difference between a good team and a great team is in the tackling and the L.S.E. defensive wall was outstanding - stopping the traditionally strong I.C. backs in

their tracks. Adrian Surley was having a remarkable game... Surley the best 1st team player that never was. (groan) His copy-book running style complete with ferocious hand-offs brought him an inevitable try on the wing to seal the victory.

As for piss-taking, an unusual variety of dummy feed between Dave Viney and Dubbs Scidmore caught the I.C. line offside and Tom "even-golder-boot" Moriarty slotted another splendid penalty kick to complete the rout. I.C. won a consultation try at the end after one or two conciliatory refereeing decisions, but no-one could dispute it - the L.S.E. had played and beaten the best by playing better and now... well, the sky's the limit!

# Double Pump

### BASKETBALL:

L.S.E. "A".....46  
U. OF SURREY.....42

L.S.E. "A".....64  
IMPERIAL C.....40

The L.S.E. Basketball team is now through to the final 16 of the U.A.U. National tournament!

On Sunday, 18th November, we went out to Essex University to play in the South-East Conference tournament. Expecting to play four games, we actually played two; Kent and Sussex deciding to drop out. This made the whole day some-

thing of an anti-climax, as the top three teams from the conference go through. L.S.E. were not, however, prone to complacency... winning our two games against I.C. and Surrey to finish top. The reward for first place is exemption from a qualifying round, so the day was not wasted.

Although the L.S.E. have beaten both of these teams before this year, our first game against Surrey was by no means an easy one. The hunger for revenge became immediately apparent: they had come here to beat us! At the beginning of the first-half, their pressure paid off, as they estab-

lished and maintained a cushion of 12 points. We got very frustrated!

It was not until the dying minutes of the half that we got our act together. At the break, we were a mere 4 points down... a most committed performance. Both teams agreed that the referee was clearly biased, yet the L.S.E. clawed their way back in the second half to win after a stirring team talk at half-time. The ability to come from behind despite adverse game conditions underlines the depth in the team.

The second game with Imperial, by contrast, saw a more de-

termined performance from the L.S.E. team. Taking the lead, we dominated the game with good attitude and application; Running out convincing winners.

We next meet Essex and then Oxford in friendly games, before going on to play in the 1st round of the tournament on Wednesday, 5th December. A victory in this match would catapult us into the last eight and a trip to Reading in January, so keep your fingers firmly crossed and your eyes peeled for further information. We are now 5 for 5 and confident of making it!

Fred Simkin

# Flattered!

### RUGBY:

L.S.E. 1st XV.....6  
IMPERIAL C.....21

Despite the continuing controversies over selection policy, many old faces returned to the First Fifteen after injury forced absences last week; Neil Thompson, Chidi Ofong and Nick Carter returned to face the Imperial challenge.

Joe Attia again played well against a predictably heavier opposition, whilst Marco Forgiomedisplayed the skill and determination that brought him into the Firsts.

During the first half, both

packs seemed fairly equal in the scrummage. L.S.E.'s main strength lay in our ability to charge through the Imperial line and disrupt their half backs. We were, in fact, very unlucky not to score due to the pressure exerted on Imperial: in a hectic period, two of I.C.'s kicks were charged down; one of these bouncing high over the Imperial line to be juggled by players of both sides. In the general melee which ensued, an unlucky bounce denied Steve Thomas and Ed Floyd a chance. Earlier, Floyd was unlucky as Marco charged down a kick to give him the ball - a mass of Imperial players preventing him from grounding the ball to score. The

first half ended 6-3, with Imperial scoring two penalties to Rich Grayson's one.

In the second half, Imperial's heavier scrum began to drive the L.S.E. back, yet they remained notably weak in the ruck and maul; Martin DaCosta notably showing them up in his smuggling efforts. However, L.S.E.'s backs lacked the confidence to really run with the ball, despite a fine break from Chidi and incisive running from Neil. By contrast, the Imperial back line gained in confidence and possession.

I.C. began to pull ahead, largely due to a series of lucky penalty kicks, two of which

bounced in if the posts. However, the back row and the centres never allowed them to repeat the fast open running performance of last year's infamous defeat. However, missed tackles did spring their two tries; Imperial being too classy a side to let opportunities slip by. Yet, from the sideline this reporter could not help but think that with more confidence and especially by letting strong runners such as Chidi, Rich Grayson and Iwan Jones loose with the ball, L.S.E. could have made this into a close-run match, if not a victory. The final score of 21-6, by anyone's account, was very flattering to Imperial.