

# BEAVER

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## SU "RESIGNATION"

Controversy surrounds the sudden departure of Students' Union Secretary Jeff Staniforth. What led up to his "resignation" from the £10,000 a year post? Why did a senior Union official contact the Confederation of British Industry for legal advice on the Employment Protection Act? Was Staniforth given a raw deal? Beaver investigates the intrigue.

by KEIR HOPLEY  
with additional reporting by Alex Wynter

During vacation time, when many people's minds were far removed from the Students' Union, its services, politics and staff, the Administrative Sub-Committee and the full Executive met to consider the staffing structure and take the decision not to continue the employment of Jeff Staniforth, the Students' Union Secretary for Finance, Administration and Services (SUSFAS). Staniforth tendered his resignation and thus ended his part in a long running debate which has existed ever since the appearance of the now infamous Gordon Young Report.

Now almost forgotten by those who were here when it appeared (present third year students), the report was a study into the management and constitution of the Union commissioned by Mr Julian Ingram when he was Senior Treasurer. Young proposed a complete change in Union staffing, with the appointment of a Permanent Secretary to be responsible for Union staff management and to be senior staff member. At the time, Mr Tom Bruin, the Finance Secretary of the Union, was due to retire and Staniforth was appointed to fill the vacancy. But Staniforth himself pointed out at the interview that he was not a book-keeper, a fundamental part of Bruin's job. Indeed, when Bruin eventually did go during the summer vacation this year, Mr Sam Kung had been appointed as Accounts Officer and Mr Bob Page was to be employed before this term began.

The present Senior Treasurer, Mr Kelvin Baynton, and the General Secretary, Mr Ed Jacob, claim that Ingram and his successor Mr Richard Shackleton deceived the Union in presenting Staniforth as a replacement for Bruin when he was not qualified as such. In changing Staniforth's job from that of Finance Secretary to Permanent Secretary (or whatever title was currently in vogue), Baynton argues, Ingram and Shackleton were going directly against Union policy as passed on 17-5-79 a motion in the name of Mr Krish Maharaj):

"Union resolves:

- 1 To lay the Gordon Young Report on the table until October (it was never revived).
- 2 To mandate the present Executive to make provisions for the continued smooth running of the Union in the interim period.
- 3 To condemn the present sabbaticals (Ingram and Mr Will Richardson) for their undemocratic policy."

If Jacob and Baynton felt they had no mandate to keep Staniforth, Shackleton and his associates could point to decisions of the Admin Sub-Committee and Executive in approval of the basic principle of the Union employing a manager with responsibility for Finance, Administration, Services and Staff.

The question of mandates is only part of the political debate which has been taking place: the whole question of whether or not a Per-

(Continued on Page Two)



Photo: Steve Hutchings

Arthur Mullard joins in the celebrations at the Student Union opening (See Page Eleven)

## IRANIANS BANNED FROM ROSEBERRY HALL

Report by  
SIMON GARFIELD

ALL applications received last summer from Iranian students for residence in the LSE's Roseberry Hall have been rejected by ex-warden Dr Chris Badcock. It appears that this action is based purely on a personal anti-Iranian grudge on Badcock's part.

Suspicious about the supposedly random nature of the residence hall selection process were aroused when LSE student Siamak Moghaddam, who had quietly accepted his own rejection, learned of the ban on all Iranian students.

Moghaddam told how Badcock had spoken amicably to him until learning of his nationality: "When I told him where I came from his attitude changed completely. He complained of what he called the uncivilised action of the Iranian government and said that he didn't want any Iranian students stirring up trouble in his hall."

While perfectly entitled to express any personal opinions, Badcock would be acting in a manner contrary to the School's policy if he allowed his own political views to affect his choice of applicants for hall places.

In a letter to Moghaddam, LSE pro-director Alan Day denied all allegations of a discriminatory selection process but admitted that, "Dr Badcock did recall recent unhappy incidents in the hall which were at least partly occasioned by the

(Continued on Page Three)

## UNION IN RENT STRIKE CLASH

by Simon James

THE Student Union's call for a rent strike in the LSE's three halls of residence has brought it into direct conflict with the Hall Societies, who negotiated this year's rent increases. Two of the halls have voted against a strike, but the Union has estimated that half of all hall residents are withholding rents.

The argument over rents began last May when the Inter-Halls Committee, representing the residents of Roseberry, Carr-Saunders and Passfield Halls negotiated rises averaging 24%. This increase was designed to take account of inflation, and the rest to help finance the building of a new Hall of Residence.

The Union Executive immediately condemned the rises and maintained that rents should only rise in line with the increase in student grants. However no further action was suggested to the Union by the Executive last term.

At a meeting of the Executive early in the term, members voted to call for a rent strike. This decision was supported by the Union General Meeting of October the 9th, against strong opposition from Mark Withers, President of Passfield, and Neil Angier, President of Carr-Saunders.

Both Presidents complained that the Union was interfering with the independence of the halls, and that the Societies had approved the in-

creases negotiated. However Ed Jacob, General Secretary of the Union, maintained that two thirds of hall residents at the UGM supported the strike.

Two halls seemed to share their Presidents' objections: Passfield rejected the strike call by a large majority, Roseberry by the narrow margin of 45 votes to 37.

In contrast Carr-Saunders voted strongly to back the rent strike, and the Vice-President John Llewellyn was censured for opposing it.

It is difficult to gauge accurately the extent of support for the strike. Union officers have estimated that some 50% of students in halls will support the Union's call, but many have already paid their rent to the

hall authorities, especially first-year and overseas students.

A clearer picture of the number of students willing to join the strike will emerge this week when residents will be urged to pay their rents into the Union's strike fund. The fund, operated under legal advice, will be used by the Union as proof of the strikers' intent to pay rent at last year's levels, with an additional allowance for the rise in student grants.

STOP PRESS (14-10-80)

- "150 join rent strike."—Ed Jacob.
- "17 students pay rent into week-old strike fund."—SU Finance Office.

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# S.U. RESIGNATION — from P. 1

manent Secretary figure is desirable has been of crucial importance. Obviously, Ingram, Shackleton and Staniforth himself see the need, arguing that students taking a sabbatical year are not managers and expert negotiators able to handle staff relations and negotiate effectively with the School and outside bodies and need a permanent manager. There is a crucial difference, it might be said, between staff direction and staff management, and it is the former areas which is the field of the sabbatical. Baynton, on the other hand, argues that a manager is not necessary when there are only nine staff members, a clear case of too many chiefs and not enough Indians. In any case, there had been disputes between members of staff, which resulted in certain departments refusing to recognise Staniforth. Moreover, Baynton argues, it was sometimes difficult to make Staniforth accountable to the Union and—perhaps his strongest point—a salary of £10,000 plus tied up too much of the Union's money and was an inefficient use of resources: there would have been no money, for instance, to employ a Welfare Assistant or more staff in Florries.

The need for a Permanent Secretary, then, cannot be considered to be proven, with strong arguments being available to both sides. (Just as some staff were glad to see Staniforth leave, so others have regretted his departure). What has shot to the fore in the vacation, however, is the way in which the Students' Union conducts its staff relations, and the manner in which the decisions were made smells strongly of intrigue, unconstitutional behaviour and dubious morality. Staniforth was only told on Thursday 21 August of meetings to take place on the 26 (though the intention was to give him a week's warning) and given the option of producing a

paper to justify his own employment. Moreover, it was made clear to him that the sabbaticals would recommend dismissal, indicating that it was never their intention to consider any paper he might produce fairly, as is required by the Employment Protection Act.

That is by no means the full story. The General Secretary was in Greece until hours before the meetings on Tuesday 26th, and the letters summoning the Executive to the meeting were signed by him before he left and dated 3th August. Yet Staniforth was informed only five days before the meetings and over the Bank Holiday weekend, when it was highly unlikely that he could contact ASTMS, his Union. It was also the first discussion he had had with the sabbaticals since early July, when they first took office.

That letter is the first stage of a bizarre chain of unconstitutionality. Baynton wrote (for it was he who drafted the letter even though Jacob signed it), "Strict confidentiality about the calling of the meeting must be maintained for the time being," and the minutes of the meeting have "CONFIDENTIAL" stamped across the top. However, there is no provision for closed Executive meetings in the Constitution, and the idea of keeping secret the fact that one is to take place is unprecedented, as is the restriction of access to the minutes. It is absurd to argue that, as individual members of staff were involved, this was the appropriate course, because the Administrative Sub-Committee is the body constitutionally responsible for staff matters; it could even be argued that to take matters to the Executive, was incorrect. FCS and Exec member John Gage claims that he was threatened with censure if he disclosed the proceedings. In any

case, these meetings of the ASC and Executive cannot have been closed because the Social Secretary Nick Goddard, who is not a member of the Executive, was present. In addition, certain known opponents of Staniforth, such as Mr Steve Gallant, knew of the meetings weeks in advance.

The involvement of Goddard is yet another strange variable in the whole affair. Jacob stressed that all three sabbaticals were involved in the decision making. However, in the Constitution (Part Two, Sect 2, SubSection 3, Paragraph a), the Social Secretary is "responsible to the Union for entertainment and hospitality." In involving himself in the decision about staffing, Goddard went beyond his contract and, it might even be argued, acted ultra vires.

If the constitutional position is at least relatively clear, such is not the case with what happened during the various Tuesday meetings.

The events of the Tuesday of decision are somewhat confused, with different accounts coming from the various protagonists. It appears that Baynton and Jacob saw Staniforth in the morning and told him that it was their intention to recommend that the Administrative Sub-Committee make him redundant with one month's notice. Staniforth says that they then told him that if he was prepared to resign they would recommend three months' notice to be given. Staniforth also alleges that Jacob threatened that if he took any legal action against the Union, he would never get another job in a student union anywhere, an allegation which Jacob vehemently denies. Jacob himself claims that it was Staniforth who said that he preferred to resign rather than be sacked. The Administrative Sub-Committee unanimously accepted the view of the sabbaticals that

as Ed Jacob put it, "there was no job for Staniforth to do."

After the meeting of the ASC, there followed a haggle for more money, a haggle which carried on into the Executive meeting in the afternoon, where Staniforth made a statement. This meeting was made aware of an amazing telephone call in which the Senior Treasurer, posing as a representative of a firm of painters, contacted the CBI to determine the legal position with regard to the Employment Protection Act. At the meeting, it seems that Mr Paul Whittaker, no friend of Staniforth, was a lone voice calling for the Union to pay Staniforth as much as it could afford rather than as little as it could get away with under the law. Whittaker was concerned that Staniforth should not be made to suffer the consequences of what he essentially sees as improper action by Ingram and Shackleton. After negotiations, Staniforth was eventually given five months' notice.

The ramifications for the LSE Students' Union range wide and far. Questions of democracy, accountability and the way in which the Union treats its staff are all raised. It must also be said that certain sections of the Federation of Conservative Students at the LSE tried to make political capital out of the affair by leaking the story of the CBI call quoting "sources in the CBI legal department" as having told them that the department had taken an enquiry from the LSE over the summer break on employment protection legislation. But we have been able to verify that Baynton never identified himself to the CBI as being from the LSE SU.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of the appointment of a Permanent Secretary figure, the way in which Staniforth left could by no means be called satisfactory and questions about the way in which the Union is run must certainly be posed.

## L.S.E. STUDENT TO BE DEPORTED

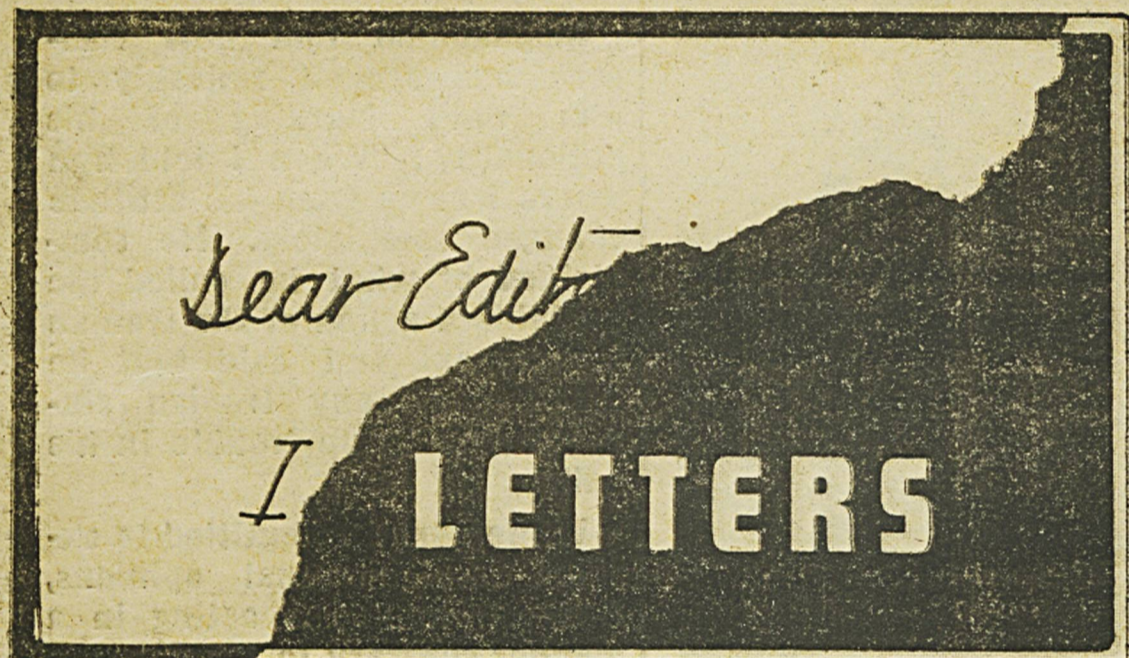
A THIRD-YEAR Iranian student at the LSE faces deportation within the next few days following his arrest at the demonstration outside the American Embassy last August. The student, who wishes to remain anonymous, feels that he is paying far too high a price for a relatively minor incident.

Having done, he says, "everything within his power" to remain in this country, he is resigned to his fate with the view that free speech and personal opinions should be expressed at whatever cost. Both LSE director Ralph Dahrendorf and the Students' Union have written letters to Home Secretary William Whitelaw protesting about the de-

portation order, stressing that the student has completed four out of his eight courses (with honours in all of them) and that it would be a great loss to interrupt his studies.

Ed Jacob, Union general secretary, feared the more far-reaching implications of such an action: "We are obviously anxious to avoid a situation in which our members feel that their right to political expression is being stifled."

For the Iranian student concerned there seems little hope of a reprieve. Most of his colleagues arrested at the same demonstration have already been deported.



**DEAR SIRs,**—The NUS tells us that it has "over a million members"—rather a ludicrous phrase when you come to think of it, given that the vast majority of students are "members" whether they like it or not owing to the fact that their local education authority automatically pays their subscription fee for them. One might just as well describe the inmates of a concentration camp as "members of the camp collective".

Well, given that most students are in the NUS whether they like it or not, one might reasonably expect them to inquire where all these subscriptions go. Are they used—as the NUS would have us believe—to benefit the ordinary slothful, apathetic, beer-swilling student, to enable him/her to pursue the essential aims of free love, cheap beer, all-night parties and discos and still managing to end up with a second-class honours degree plus cushy job at the end of it? Or does the money simply serve to finance a pompous, self-important and pointless bureaucracy, rigged by a minority of students for the benefit of that same minority; a bureaucracy, moreover, which is far more concerned with conferring prestige and grand de-

lusions of power on those who "get involved"—i.e. who have nothing better to do with their spare time than to sit on interminable, boring "open-ended" (a far nice word than "unelected" that) committees—than with the welfare of its members?

To ask the question—and to pose it in such a blatantly slanted way—is to answer it. The NUS is today, more so than ever before, a colossal and scandalous deceit which a small elitist minority manages not merely to manipulate for its own (usually careerist) ends, but also to kid the majority of students that the whole expensive farce "is in everyone's interests".

Now, for those who have a

## NUS: 'A COLOSSAL AND SCANDALOUS DECEIT'

political axe to grind, please note carefully the phrase "small elitist minority". At one time—roughly speaking, from the late mid-sixties to the early mid-seventies—it was possible and indeed plausible for Conservatives to claim that NUS was a wholly Left-dominated institution. And that, for them, was sufficient reason to want to get out of it. But in the last half-dozen years an astonishing transformation has occurred. Conservatives have actually been winning NUS posts in student elections. And so it will not come as an overwhelming surprise to the more cynical reader to hear that, during roughly the same time-span, the official Conservative view of NUS has lurched round to the "Well, it's not perfect, but..." angle.

And spiffing it most certainly is for those bureaucrats—whether of Left, Right or Centre—who derive enjoyment from participating in the fantasy world of NUS politics: the phoney "conferences", the surreal "debates" and "votes", the ludicrous "elections", the sheer escapism of it all. No doubt it does wonders for such people's inflated egos, as well as providing a launch-pad for their subsequent careers. The fact remains, however, that NUS bears

roughly the same relation to a trade union as masturbation does to sex: it can be quite good fun but is nothing like the real thing. Unfortunately it is the rest of us who are being asked to foot the bill for this particular form of self-indulgence.

Student grants are lower than ever before in terms of purchasing power, fees for overseas students have gone up by several hundred per cent in the past five years, colleges are suffering from unprecedented cutbacks both in facilities and staff... the list goes on. And what has NUS done about this? Well, they've talked about it, passed resolutions about it, deplored it—and done absolutely nothing. Of course, the Conservative students would have you believe that if they had been fully in charge of NUS things would have been better. But wait a minute—didn't they vote for the self-same government which is currently engaged in butchering higher education?

The sad fact remains that one reason why education—particularly at college level—is a prime target for economies is because virtually no votes are to be lost in this area. Whatever fond illusions NUS lefties may have about "the working class", no-one who has actually

talked to the latter can escape the conclusion that most workers hate students.

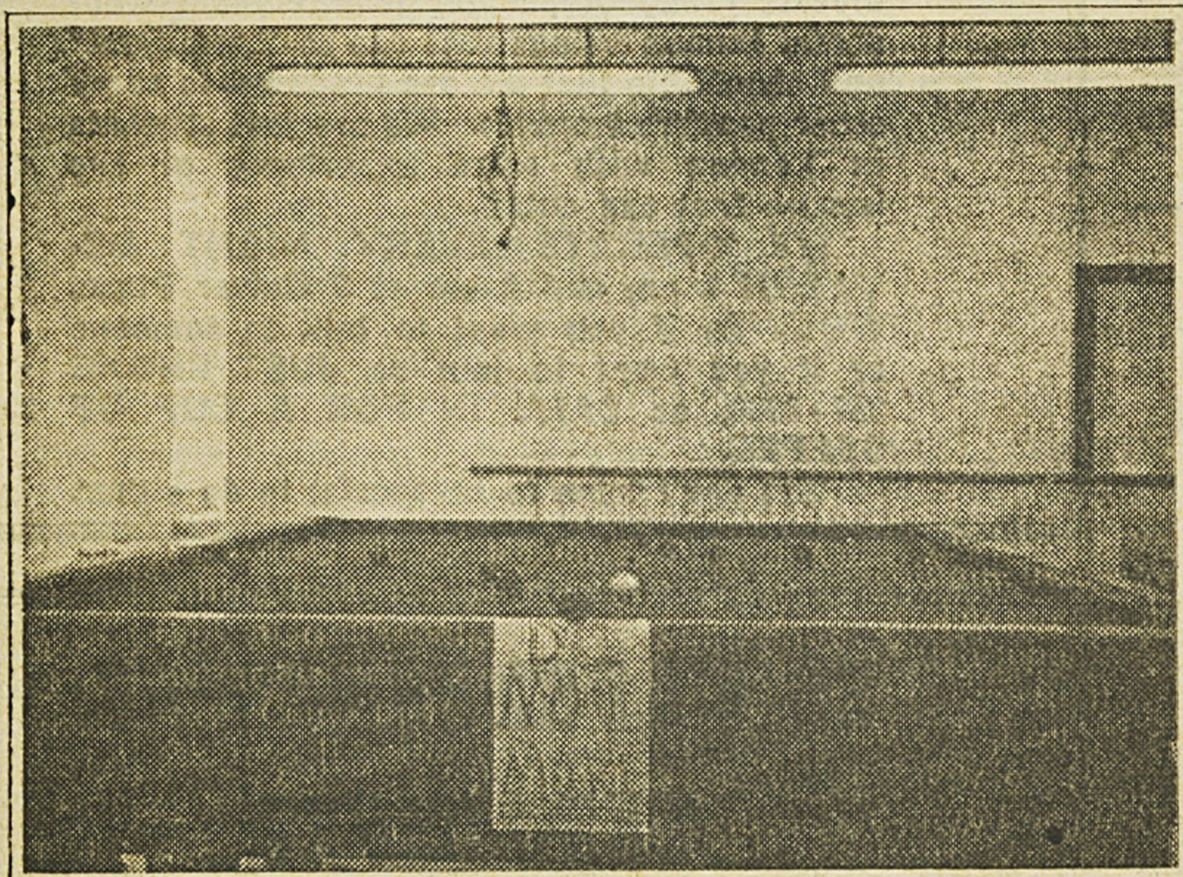
All that NUS "does" for students is to reinforce this prejudice—not just among workers, but in the ranks of the "ordinary, decent, hard-working" hardnosed pin-striped accountants and City types whose response to Mr Elvis Costello's query, "What's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding?" is that it's not tax-deductible.

"So where do they all come from, these students?" The answer must surely be mainly from the ranks of the well-off. In short, our future rulers. Perish the thought. In the meantime, if there are any students out there not already suffocated by the tides of glossy pamphlets explaining why NUS is the best thing since sliced bread, could they please try and do something which some friends and I tried to do at LSE (and failed) a couple of years ago: Get NUS off students' backs. Let students fight their own battles. And if you think that would be "impractical" just answer this question: Could anyone really do less for students than NUS has managed to do? Doesn't really need answering, now does it?

James Gausson  
(an ex-LSE student)



# THE UNION RESHUFFLED



The following is an up-to-date list of the location of the various Union facilities. It is possible that there may be a reshuffle of offices after Christmas, just to confuse the situation more than ever.

BEAVER	E202
FINANCE (Sam Kung and Bob Page)	E203
GENERAL SECRETARY (Ed Jacob)	E204
SENIOR TREASURER (Kelvin Baynton)	E205
SOCIAL SECRETARY (Nick Goddard)	E206
EXECUTIVE	E207
WELFARE	E294, E295
PRINTING	E296
RECEPTION	E297
ADMIN OFFICER (Martine Mann)	E298
SOCIETIES	E299
SHOP & CATERING MANAGERESS (Kate Slay)	E64
SHOP	Lower ground floor of East Building
BAR	Ground floor of East Building
GRADUATE COMMON ROOM	E300, E304
FLORRIES	First floor of St. Clements' Building*
TV ROOM	First floor, East Building†

\*Moving to East Building after Christmas.  
†TV not yet installed.

## UNION INCOME DISCLOSED

The Senior Treasurer has just handed the figures for this year's student levels and Union income to our news staff. He reports that there is a 12½ per cent increase in the number of students, making full-time figures of 3,551 members.

The per capita figure paid to the Union has been increased by 14.7 per cent to £39, which means that the total received from full-time students (or their grant-giving body) is £138,489. With approximately 450 part-time students at £13 each (another £5,850), the total Union income from the per capita levy is approximately £140,000—an increase of 25 per cent on last year.

## IRANIANS BANNED FROM HALL

irritation of some students with certain Iranian students and he did express concern about the tensions that might arise within the hall if there were a crisis over the hostage issue."

Moghaddam, and many others who had resided in Rosebery during the summer term, denied all knowledge of any "recent unhappy incidents" and pointed out that any anti-Iranian feeling there would have come to the fore immediately after the abortive American rescue attempt when, in fact, no conflict occurred.

Another Iranian student, Ms Azita Bafekr, was also rejected by Badcock who claimed that this was because of the "two

year rule"—which states that no student can reside in hall for more than two academic years. But he later accepted that Bafekr had in fact spent only one year and one term in hall.

Both Moghaddam and Bafekr have now been placed "on the waiting list" but see little hope of a place even under Rosebery's new warden. "Badcock gave too many students a definite offer of a place," said Moghaddam, "and there are still those with a guaranteed place who can't get in—the waiting list is virtually invalid."

One Iranian student has now been admitted to the hall but Union General Secretary Ed Jacob considers this a "face sav-

## BRIEFLY

### SECRET AGENT

AVID followers of the rent strike (see Simon James on page one) will no doubt have formed their own impression of the various protagonists and will be able to decide for themselves upon whether or not Mark Withers is more villainous than Ed Jacob or otherwise. Should anyone require a little assistance in assessing the status of the participants, this column is pleased to pass on Mr Martin Clavane's view of Rosebery President Mr Lloyd Plenty. Mr Clavane, who has taken a considerable interest in the rent strike proceedings, accused Mr Plenty of being a "secret agent."

### SECRET SUPPORTER ?

Mr Martin Clavane does seem to be getting himself in the news these days. Let no-one say that this newspaper fails to report his activities. At the Rosebery Hall Society meeting which discussed the rent strike, Mr Clavane admitted responsibility for writing an LSM leaflet which denounced Passfield President Mark Withers and Carr-Saunders President Neil Angiers as "traitors" to the student cause. Two points are

worthy of clarification: (a) Why is Mr Clavane writing LSM leaflets when professedly believing in Labour Club ideals as he sits on the executive Committee in that club's name; (b) if one can take Mr Plenty as being in league with the other two Presidents, who is the fourth man in this story?

### SECRET AWARDS

I regret to announce that this session's New Year's Honours List is not quite ready as a result of transport delays detaining our adjudicators in the darkest recesses of the Hall bars. The full list will have to wait until the next issue, but I am happy to declare the following winners: The Liberal Party Award for Insignificance: Beaver Daily News (ubi Elliot?); The Tobias F. Rose Prize for Dress Sense: David Rose and Paul Blacknell (joint winners); The Ingram Award: David Bearman.

### SECRET SLOGANS

Anyone the least bit familiar with the London School of Economics will know that there is a slogan (or fifteen) for every event: Basic Rights for Students; Nationalise the Top Two Hundred; FCS — The Radical Alternative; and, of course, Make the Rich Pay for the

Crisis are examples which have gone down in hack history. This year, however, the emphasis seems to have changed to lyrical observation. In a report on the structure of Union Committees, a topic on which your correspondent has vigorous thoughts of his own and is a sure recipe for rigor mortis before 30, the readership was informed that there was no action on Hall rents last term because "by this time the end of term was breathing down our necks and making love to most students." Now no-one would send the General Secretary's Discussion Document to Pseud's Corner, would they?

### SECRET ELECTION

One of the advantages of writing a regular personal column in a student newspaper is that one can include items which one sees omitted elsewhere. In my Deputy Returning Officer's Report to Union last week (yes, the one with 33 Regulations and two Schedules), there was an unfortunate omission. In Schedule 1 should additionally be read General Purposes Committee (4 places). Nominations for this post are open and close at 1100 hours Thursday, 16th October.

K.H.

# COMIC CUTS

### FROM OUR CUTS CORRESPONDENT

THE School is suffering severe financial difficulties and although students' fees have increased, contingency plans have been discussed. Ideas such as the Director having a chauffeur-driven tandem instead of the present car were quickly vetoed on the grounds that there was insufficient room for passengers despite the additional parcel rack but a five point scheme was suggested.

(1) Self sufficiency, an idea based on the programme of another bankrupt organisation. The main plan was to turn New Malden into a market garden with the AU responsible for the produce. A pilot scheme could be set up to trap hot air generated by lecturers to heat hot-houses. The Union meeting could supply sufficient manure for fertiliser. Livestock would be kept in Houghton Street although there was a problem of cattle wandering through on

to Aldwych. The intention is for the catering department to use this produce and any excess to be sold. The caterers thought that students may have problems getting used to fresh food having been raised on uncooked tinned and frozen foods.

Porters would be in charge of home brew (this stuff's more real than real ale).

(2) Tourist centre / holiday camp, originally suggested in connection with making the Union Shop "The Old Curiosity Shop" as immortalised by S. & B. Webb. This scheme could be extended by turning the library into a leisure centre with a ski slope and casino. A massage parlour was considered not conducive to good publicity. The basement of the library could be flooded next time the fire brigade visited to form an excellent swimming pool. Camp beds would be provided in the East Building and Florries would be made into a four star restaurant. New red uniforms would be provided for Porters. The Director has offered to act as guide for those places people like to visit but do not want to be seen in.

An approach could be made to divert Concorde to the LSE. Suggestions for "get away from it all" breaks include "Watch the British student work." There would also be a summer season starring Prof. Morishima and others.

(3) Selling assets. Suggestions included the Court of Governors with such notables as Sir Hugh Weldon, a very antique selection (appeals to Americans). Could also ask if the Queen Mother would help and if the rest of the family could be persuaded to go with gran. Property speculators are looking at Clare Market building as the

most redundant building in London. An idea popularised by J. Gaussen, Esq., is the conversion of the library to London's third airport.

(4) Begging. This common practice among students could be organised into a very profitable business under the wing of Prof. Day acting as a latter day Fagin. Other schemes included pick pocketing and chimney sweeping.

(5) Gambling. The intention was to spend the last of the money on premium bonds and hope. However after paying consultants fees (£250,000 plus expenses and VAT) there was insufficient funds to buy the minimum £5 bond. This money now does the pools.

Any further suggestions:  
c/o A Swiss Bank Account.

## BEAVER

East Building, London  
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# NURSERY NEWS:

by Elena Erlich  
SU Welfare Officer

MANY people are rightly confused these days about what child-care facilities are available at the L.S.E. There is an L.S.E. nursery located in the Parish Hall which takes children between the ages of two and five years. The Students' Union also runs a half-term playgroup for school-aged children. This year the October one will be from October 27th to November 3rd. Please see me if you want to use it.

## Baby places

The real difficulty is placing children below the ages of two, henceforth called "babies". The Students' Union jointly set up a nursery with the Centre for Environmental Studies (C.E.S.) over six years ago and helped L.S.E. student parents use this facility by offering two-thirds subsidy of the cost. In September last year, the Department of the Environment threatened to close the C.E.S. itself and this September implemented threatened cuts by imposing redundancies and preventing the C.E.S. from renewing its lease on the premises.

## What happened to the nursery?

The nursery itself has been allowed to remain in the building. The name has been changed from the C.E.S. Nursery to the Chandos Nursery. The nursery will be permitted to remain there for three months and we have already been asking for an extension beyond this date should a "benevolent" group which likes nurseries take the new lease on the entire building from after Christmas. Meanwhile, the Students' Union continues to make available subsidies to parents of small babies who require this facility.

## What is the future?

Either the Chandos Nursery will be allowed to continue or the L.S.E. nursery will need to be extended to cater for babies. The Students' Union has long been involved in

negotiations with the School on this subject. If the School meets the conversion costs to make the current L.S.E. nursery suitable for babies, the Union has been prepared to transfer money from the C.E.S. (or the Chandos Nursery as it is now called) to the L.S.E. nursery. Such a venture would hopefully offer an increased number of places for babies of the students and staff of L.S.E. Hopefully you will hear of long-awaited progress on this topic in the next issue of Beaver.

## INTRODUCING JUDY!

Judy Collingwood, the new SU Welfare Assistant, available term-time only.



## Central London Nightline

YOU may have received the WRONG phone number for Nightline; it's actually  
387-0680

We offer a talk and information service to students through the night. We are a diverse group of people, definitely not wonderful human beings who are so "sorted-out" and charitable that we are prepared to carry other people's troubles. We are just students in London with some experience of the hassles that can entail.

WE OPERATE EVERY NIGHT BETWEEN 7 pm and 8 am at 3 Gower Place, WC1. So if you want to talk to someone or if you want to join us, JUST PHONE 387-0680, or CALL IN FOR A CUP OF COFFEE.

You don't have to be special to do either.

## STUDENTS UNION HARDSHIP FUND NOW OPEN

Closing date for applications is  
30th October

# Find out about Marketing Management

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Interviews with applicants will be held at the University before the end of term.







# THE ALUMNUS INTERVIEW

A new series in which "Beaver" reporters interview famous, infamous and unknown LSE alumni. This week, ALEX WYNTER talks to Civil Rights leader PATRICK KODIKARA.

PATRICK Kodikara represents an LSE tradition: many students come here from Third World countries to study politically highly-charged subjects, become politicized (or further politicized) as a result and then go on to make contributions to social advance in their own countries. Home students can always opt back into the system once they leave the heady confines of the Union floor, but for the Third World student any social commitment developed at the LSE is likely to be reinforced once he or she gets home where poverty is the norm rather than the exception.

But Kodikara is still here in Britain. His Third World is Tower Hamlets, Hackney, Newham, Southall, and it is here (in Tower Hamlets to be precise) that he now works and exercises both his social and political commitment. So it was in some sense inevitable that he would end up working not only for material advance but also for civil rights amongst the British black community.

Kodikara is also exceptional as an LSE alumnus in that he came to study a practical skill—the diploma in Applied Social Studies—and has been a social worker ever since. "As a socialist, my commitment has always been to social work and I've never really considered doing anything else, though I do have reservations about the field. For example, there are always elements of social control involved." But Kodikara does not accept that social workers are holding the lid down on a potentially revolutionary situation. "I would prefer to think that social change will come about not because people are really down and out or starving but through awareness."

Probably the social change which Kodikara would most like to see come about is an end to racism in this country. When he first arrived in 1961, a time when the level of Commonwealth immigration was very high, he was conscious of

being surrounded by a hostile environment. "For that reason, I used to spend a lot of time at the LSE, in the library or one of the canteens, because it was really the only

**"I hope that social change will come about not because people are starving but through awareness"**

place where I felt comfortable and at home." For him, unlike so many other foreign students over the years, LSE was actually a hospitable place.

Kodikara's first brush with authority came in Singapore, where he worked for three years immediately after graduating. He became involved in political strikes against the government and was effectively "expelled" from the newly independent state. When he returned to Britain he did not restrict himself to his professional duties as a social worker in London but became involved in political activity for black civil rights. By 1978, a turning point both for him and for race relations in Britain, his influence was beginning to be felt.

"In 1978 there were five racial killings in the space of about four

months in the East End alone: two in Tower Hamlets, one in Newham, one in Hackney and one in Southall. We felt that the situation had come to a peak and the politicians were glossing over the reality. That was the first time during my work with the black community that I realized just how much black people had to be in the forefront of their own struggle. So in the Brick Lane area, we organized a black workers' strike and got about 10,000 people out for one day.

"The setting up of the black people's defence committee at that time was a further development in terms of gaining confidence. The Brick Lane Bengali community, for example, was being really kicked around... their homes were being attacked and they were being assaulted in the street, so we organized groups of people to defend the area, and I mean physically defend. One night a group of about 15 white youths attacked a house full of Bengalis so we actually physically went down there in large numbers. It didn't happen again."

Out of such incidents, out of the steady deterioration in relations between the black community and the police force and out of legislation like the 1979 Immigration Act (the so-called "fiancés rule" which barred non-British born women from bringing their fiancés or husbands into the country and was directed against the last remaining source of primary immigration into Britain) came the setting up this year of an organization of which Kodikara was a founder member: the Black People's Convention.

Immigrant leaders have long hoped for such an umbrella civil rights organization, like the National Urban League in the US, which would include representatives from and work for the rights of all the various ethnic minorities in Britain. But the very cultural diversity of Britain's immigrant population has hitherto made this impossible. That it came about this year Kodikara puts down partly to Britain's continuing economic decline (which foments racism) as well as the factors mentioned above. But from Day One, BPC was a controversial body... its decision to exclude whites and the press from its inaugural meeting drew criticism not only from right-wing media but also from "West Indian World" newspaper, which criticized the Convention's decision to call on all British blacks to withhold non-obligatory co-operation from the police and boycott the Commission for Racial Equality.

But Kodikara firmly denies that the BPC is "either racist or separa-



Photos: Steve Hutchins (London Student)

Patrick Kodikara (inset, Brick Lane street scene).

tist. "It's nothing of the sort. We want alliances with the white left and progressive movement—we do not feel that our struggle will be won entirely on our own. But in these alliances we have to be as equals with equal status and this means our own organization. It is to achieve that that we set up a separate group, but separateness to achieve unity."

"In the past we have been patronized and even exploited by the white left—in a benign sort of way

speaking with a forked tongue on race and has been as guilty as the Conservatives in some ways, the 1968 legislation for example. Then there are people like Merlyn Rees... today he says there is a case for the abolition of sus, but he was Home Secretary for four years and what did he do? Nothing. Although the party itself says one thing at Conference, the leadership's implementation of those decisions has been totally different and that's why the current constitutional debate on accountability is so important."

**"When it suits the white Left a black issue is important; when it doesn't we are relegated to second place"**

but exploitation nevertheless. In terms of the way issues relating to black people have been picked up and accorded priority, when it suits the white left a black issue is important, when it doesn't we are relegated to second place." And of course not all the groups in the BPC are on the left... "We all recognize the strength of the working class but we aren't necessarily together on the basis of a socialist philosophy. We have a lot of misgivings about the degree of working class racism which blacks suffer because of the proximity in which they live, so there are those of us who feel that an alliance between blacks and the white working class is not on because racism is so rife within the working class. But that's a short term reality which we have to get over because the working class is our natural ally."

As the Labour Party's internal debate was very much in the news, I felt it appropriate to ask Kodikara whether he thought there was a significant difference between the two major parties on race...

"Up until now, no. Even though I am a member of the Labour Party myself, the leadership has been

But can there ever be just immigration law in a developed society? Kodikara thinks not. "As a socialist, I don't believe in immigration laws because I believe very strongly in the free movement of labour across borders. But I recognize that most people in this country are not ready even to contemplate the scrapping of immigration control altogether and I'm prepared to go along with that if controls are purely, 100 per cent on a non-racial basis. The patriality clause in the 1971 Immigration Act enshrined racism in a law for the first time in this country."

He is also sceptical about the TUC: "The TUC could have been a very important force in bringing about racial equality but they too have dragged their feet." Clearly, the Left comes out of Kodikara's analysis pretty badly. And although he emphatically denies that BPC is a separatist movement, it does seem to have made a formal break with left groups. As far as he is concerned, the Anti Nazi League, for example, used up all its credit back in 1978 when it refused to assist local resistance to a National Front march through the Brick Lane area, holding a carnival in Brockwell Park, South London instead.

But if and when the new Convention gets off the ground, Kodikara, as one of its leaders, could become a figure of considerable national importance. Watch for a recall of the Convention's affiliated groups next spring.

## WANT A JOB?

THE Careers Advisory Service at the LSE is an institution which deals with some of the more mercenary aspects of university education. It serves students attempting to find their own capitalistic niche in the vastly competitive job market.

At present, the office is located, or hidden (considering the difficulty in actually finding it), on the fifth floor of Bank Chambers, the building opposite the Royalty Theatre. The Service will find more accessible accommodation after the Christmas vacation when it moves to the third floor of the East Building. However, after one has actually found the office, one discovers that the quest has been worthwhile.

The careers library holds a wide range of detailed information on graduate employment. This information is available to all students at LSE who wish to browse through the relevant files. There are two information staff, Anita and Wendy, who are available for location of specific information. There are also two careers advisors, Anne and Mike, who can be seen by appointment for general guidance. Since the careers information is in self-help form, students with determined goals would generally not need advisors. However, students who are unsure about their future and want to orientate themselves to one job market do need to see the careers advisors. There is only one thing specifically to keep in mind when using this service — it only advises and does not obtain jobs for anyone.

The service runs seminars during the autumn term. It also welcomes student societies to arrange seminars, for which it is willing to get guest speakers or firms. It also runs a graduate recruitment programme in the Lent term, when some of the larger firms visit the LSE. According to Anne Avant, one of the advisers, there are two main times for job interviews with firms. They are usually held either during the Lent term or during June-July after exams. So students who want to make best use of the service should start using it just before the summer vacation of their second year.

While this service caters for graduates quite efficiently, it does not have much in terms of part-time work for first or second year students. Though there is a file on part-time vacancies kept in the office, the number of jobs is limited. The variety is limited, too, as is exemplified by the inclusion of "more writers needed for Beaver" in that file. However, if one keeps an eye on the careers noticeboard beside the old theatre, one can sometimes find interesting temporary work.

Despite its shortcomings in terms of information on part-time work, the careers service does a much needed job for graduating students. It should therefore be utilised for maximum gains, especially since the friendly staff is always glad to see people.

ALOK VAJPEYI

IN A FORTNIGHT,  
MERLYN REES



*On these two pages, freshers give their not always favourable impressions of first encounters of the L.S.E. kind*

# THROUGH THICK GLASSES . . .

ALTHOUGH we all come to the LSE for roughly the same reasons—to study the social sciences, to feel the pulse of world politics and to share ideas and good times with people from vastly different cultures—we are all most immediately impressed with that marvellous contraption found in the Clare Market building—the doorless lift. Certainly no postgraduate can be too mature nor any undergraduate too pre-occupied not to allow for an extra trip through the building for the sole purpose of summoning the childlike glee we can still get from unrestricted play on such a thing.

Of course, such joyous moments pass quickly in present-day London and we can find ourselves deposited back into the brutish world of strikes, inflation and missiles. It is only then that a second attraction of LSE reveals itself. Less obvious than a lift with no doors, LSE's sense of self-importance and self-confidence is far more significant and, perhaps, ineffable. It strikes me as rather cocky, for example, for a school to solicit essays from prominent alumni praising their alma mater, bind the responses into volumes, charge lots of money for each, and expect people to buy it. The LSE did, it does, and people, I guess, do.

I suppose that the LSE does have certain bragging rights. Its pedigree, to cite but one reason, is spotless. Eighty-five years ago, the School was founded by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, whose intellectual integrity and social conscience gave the LSE both an academic and

a social mission. More recently, names like Laski's have reiterated the School's purpose and reasserted its excellence.

Yet life for the LSE has never been easy. Tucked away in a narrow street, LSE has had definite restrictions placed on its physical growth. Today, the parameters of growth have been more significantly limited by insensitive governments which risk destroying the demographic and academic balance that earns the LSE international respect. Most impressive amongst all the adversity, though, is the School's determination to follow its own course. We were reassured by Professor Dahrendorf at his address to new students when he said that the LSE would not acquiesce to Thatcherism.

The spirit of self-importance also hovers over student union meetings. Alongside the airplanes and insults there exists a serious atmosphere. The debate over a rent strike was not, as takes place in US universities, a casual exercise in democracy, like first grade elections. It was an impassioned and informed plea by at least some of those present for a policy which they thought would have an impact on the School and its students.

These observations, as perhaps you can tell, are those of a student, admittedly one with rather thick glasses, who has been at LSE for one week. I mean them neither as criticism or praise since I haven't made up my mind yet. If I'm way off course, give me time. LSE can be a confusing place.

# TAMSIN COTTIS . . .

MY life at LSE began with the Freshers' Conference. I was looking forward to the conference and was delighted that the Students' Union had seen fit to organise such an occasion. I feel that as LSE is not a campus university and at first its buildings represent one big mass of confusion and corridors to any first-year student, it is vitally important that some extra-curricular events are organised for the newcomers. This is particularly true for those like me who were not fortunate enough to be given a place in Hall. So, all credit to the Students' Hosts for making a lot of effort to such good effect. The nature of the conference was such that there was loads of time for just chatting and relaxing. Somehow, when contemplating one's arrival at University, it is so easy to get enveloped in your anxiety about the unknown that you forget that everyone else will be in exactly the same position.

In months to come, I think my most lasting memory of LSE will be of queues. There are queues everywhere and for everything. Queuing for three-quarters of an hour for my grant, only to discover that it had not arrived, was pretty demoralising. Equally disappointing was queuing for one thing only to arrive at the desk and discover that another vital bit of paper was essential before Paper A was available and that was why the next-door queue, which I thought I had avoided, was so long. But generally people in the queues were pretty helpful and friendly. In fact I have a vague suspicion that the queues are a plot by the super-efficient administration to get people talking to one another.

One of the most encouraging things so far has been the Freshers' Fair. Having been forewarned that hours of actual tuition were kept to a minimum and that we would be left with loads of spare time, it was really pleasing to see that there is so much to do, and so many interesting things going on. It is obvious that the degree of involvement is entirely up to us (as was repeated so many times), but I cannot believe that there is not at least one thing that appeals to everybody. All sorts of clichés come to mind right now—along the lines of getting-out-of-something-what-you-put-into-it, but I suppose clichés like that are only clichés because they are true. Obviously, the warm and wonderful time we hope for at LSE is not going to be handed to us on a plate, but at least the potential for a good time is there.

It is hard to conclude a piece such as this as I do not feel as though any kind of ending is imminent—I am only just beginning. Suffice to say that so far at LSE I have been anxious, interested, pissed, lost, nervous and encouraged.

Now am I optimistic?

— MAGNUS SPENCE —

**"THE THIN END OF THE CORNUCOPIA"**  
(A POEM)

Oh! How often the question:  
"Now come along my dear,  
Isn't it time for you to sit down  
And choose yourself a career?"

From Dreery McBeth, she pointed:  
"Well, what are you going to do?",  
Usually elicited little more than  
A perfunctuary "Don't have a clue!"

Off he went to ask his friends.  
"I'm going to be Proletarian",  
Shrilled Samantha. "I'm quite sure  
That deep down all the workers are  
vegetarian!"

NO NO IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE... ENGINEER, DIRTY DIRTY UNCLEAN UNCLEAN.

DREERY HOW SIMPLY AWFUL

Boris, in the Bar told Dreery:  
"I don't know what to be.  
So I've plumped, quite naturally,  
To stay on to do a P.H.D."

Pam, (from Yorkshire) declared:  
"For me its High Finance,  
And anyone who gets in my way  
Wont stand a ruddy chance".

So Dreery went to some Interviews  
And started a collection  
(Varied and extensive),  
Of letters of rejection.

Perhaps not surprisingly, Dreery,  
Last time I saw him, said:  
"I decided to give up Economics,  
And now I'm reading Engineering  
instead"



# LINDA HAMILL & AMANDA VERMA

ON an autumnal afternoon, two devoted pilgrims set off on their quest for the truth. After many hours of drinking only motorway junglejuice, tigermeat and cucumber sarnies, they beheld the mesmeric light of the LSE. They were overcome by its minarets and the Messianic figure of "little Ralf" (so near, yet so far!).

The major initiation into this select order involved participation in a strange clandestine annual ritual known as the "Freshers' Fair." This care-

## HOMAGE

fully preserved tradition involved avoiding as many clan leaders as possible, the penalty for capture being forfeiture of silver tokens in exchange for symbolic insignia.

Since LSE is somewhat geographically remote from Ganga, the High Priesthood have devised a method of compensation — an elixir of life whose secret is kept deep within the bowels of Dahrendorf's penthouse. Deep in the dead of night when the moon is full, barrels of the brew are heard rolling mysteriously towards the spas of "The Beaver's Retreat" and "The Three Tuns" bar. When dawn breaks, hundreds of students with their traditional ironed denim robes flock

## TO

towards the spas clutching the Holy Book "Class and Class Conflict in Industrial Society", gaining sustenance before attempting to locate and decipher the disguised timetables.

Another system adopted by the higher echelons of the Priesthood for testing the resilience of LSE devotees is the playing of the ancient beginning-of-term game known as "let them guess when the lectures start!"

The "Freshers' Week" festival must be undergone to test stu-

## LSE

dents' suitability for life within the sect.

After these many trials, our two pilgrims emerged from novicehood to become full members of the order and preach their teachings to infidels in the outside world.



FRESHERS JUMP AT UNION BUILDING OPENING.

### SERGIO PERIGINELLI

AS freshers wandered aimlessly through the daunting maze of LSE, their attention was occasionally directed towards the AU. Some had thought that the AU was a vulgar address until they discovered the LSE. Others had the dubious pleasure of hearing the Union President's mumblings at the Freshers' Conference, where he revealed his extensive knowledge using only vowels accompanied by the odd "h" and "m."

On Monday the unlucky ones who stumbled into the gym were enticed into joining various clubs. Warning lights which flashed in their minds saying "This is going to cost me," and, "I'm going to regret this," were ignored and, as if drawn by some irresistible force, they joined the queues.

The level of illiteracy/number of blind students seems to have increased since fewer notices were heeded and endless explanations were the order of the day. Suggestions that the SU issue an A-Z on how to read notices and that new members receive a bib and dummy were put forward. The situation was aggravated by the fact that officials knew a lot about one sport but little about the rest. They knew the captain but not how to contact him; where the club met but not when; and other significant trivia.

Having joined the many clubs, freshers realized that it might be an idea to buy some equipment. By some miraculous coincidence there was a sale of sports equipment in the gym that very day. Hands clawed into previously undisturbed depths of pockets and mouldy pound notes once again met the light of day. Kitted out, they went off to see when "things" happened and found that sports were mostly played on Wednesdays, so only one sport at a time was possible. Annoyed they approached "helpful" officials. A typical example:

Fresher: As I can't play both

sports, can I get a refund on my membership?

Official: I can't help you... try seeing the president.

Fresher: Where's he?  
(The official looks around...)

Official: Gone off somewhere. Probably chasing sheep, you know, one-man's-meat and all that. Try the treasurer, though you might need a crowbar 'cause he's a bit tight-fisted.

On the following days they attend the trials... and tribulations. Muscles unexercised for months and lungs polluted by smoke were expected to perform the superhuman task of moving a flabby overweight body at speeds unthought of two weeks before. For most it was too much and stiff and aching athletes were rife at LSE. Motto—Go training! At least you don't have to swear at the mirror afterwards.

### MARARET CAMERON-WALLER

AFTER only a few hours at the LSE, I decided that I had arrived at a place totally different from any other university I had visited. Firstly, Houghton Street surrounded on all sides by high-rise buildings reminded me of large office blocks. I was fascinated by the utilization of all available units of space and, additionally, the need to climb over long planks, through wood shavings and to avoid paint-buckets in passageways was amusing.

My first week involved joining an endless series of queues. There were long queues for lunch, bodies sprawled across stairways waiting to be registered and thereby considered official and also a smaller group waiting for locker keys. My most exasperating moment came after waiting in the longest queue of all—for grant cheques. I reached

the pay window only to discover that my grant had not arrived!

Once armed with my registration card, I ventured into the most formidable of all LSE buildings—the library. It proved to be impressive in the number of books available and daunting in the sense that I wondered whether I would ever acquire the required information, particularly after being used to a high school library where most books seemed to be on permanent loan.

Having gained a place in an LSE hall of residence, the rent strike proved to be my introduction to student politics. I noted the planning and careful organization that had been arranged. The massive propaganda operation and numerous bulletin sheets handed out have provided a useful source of rough paper for the term ahead.

The Old Theatre came alive for the first Union General meeting of the new session. Fortunately, since I was not sitting at the front I was not submerged by the fleet of paper aeroplanes descending from the gallery. It was a pleasant surprise to discover that students, at least at the LSE, are not as apathetic and uninterested in their own and others' welfare as I had been led to believe.

By the end of the first week it was comforting to walk into Flories and recognize at least one familiar face. After this short time, I feel university is about participation, and enjoyment comes not only from using the academic opportunities but also from involvement in a university's varied and often unique facilities.

### 'GROPER'

THIS page is otherwise devoted to the feelings of newbies at the LSE. Without reading them, I guess the general tone will be one of grave, brave, occasionally cynical compre-

hension of this new world. Actually, I can't guess—maybe it's incomprehension they admit. "Freshers"—a word I find offensive for its patronising tone, so I won't use it again—seemed to fit in pretty fast, pretty well. Within a few days the early scenes of groups of new faces standing in clumps in Houghton St or the lobby of the main building looking lost are gone. They learn enough of the geography of the School to find the canteens and lecture theatres they feel they should visit, and 800 people fade into the woodwork.

There is no great mystique about the LSE—it's not some distinguished Oxbridge college and luckily few people pretend it is. There is no arcane vocabulary to be learned, or initiation ceremonies to be undergone, as there apparently are in some public schools, the Cubs, the Army and other such eccentric institutions. Many people leave the LSE as ignorant about the School, the Union, Ents and their fellow students as when they arrived, and while this may represent, to a degree, a wasted opportunity, they are happy.

There is no virtue in being a hardened second-year or third-year, and no sin in being a Johnny-come-lately. Still, the recent influx does have an effect. It disturbs us, those who have settled into a comfortable niche, with our chairs in the bar, our cliques and the relationships between them. All those fresh faces upset us; we no longer know our world here completely. Some are driven to assert themselves by exhibiting their status as oldsters, greeting staff by name, greeting old acquaintances extravagantly in public, making weak in-jokes at union meetings. Or is this a delusion?

Most people, in fact, are not very involved in the School: they study (some), drink and meet here, and go off to their shadow/real lives in Islington and Camden. Good or bad—I don't know.





## Juno and the Paycock

SEAN O'CASEY'S "Juno and the Paycock" opened this month at the Aldwych. Set in a Dublin tenement in 1922, it traces the events surrounding an Irish family whose lives are changed by the promise of a substantial inheritance. Aspiring to social graces and with sycophantic "friends" crowding in, the family is rowdily optimistic. However, the disregarded back-drop of "The Troubles" inexorably encroaches on their lives as firstly their neighbours then themselves face bitter personal tragedy.

Sadly the intended build-up, as lightheartedness gives way to angry recriminations and despair, falls flat. After a fast and funny first act, the pace is stultified by elongated etiquette cameos and jolly sing-songs round the fireside; surely one would suffice? However, as the second recital by the third performer trails into forgetfulness the momentum is lost, never to be recovered.

Judi Dench as Juno, the lynchpin of the family, the long-suffering wife and mother,

fails to give that emotional spark to ignite the family scenes. The Paycock (Norman Rodway) reels drunkenly and mouths the lines with a credible accent but is neither impassioned nor involving. The hinge character of the ex-I.R.A son wounded during fighting for "the cause", played by Gerard Murphy, who is the source of ultimate tragedy, is weak and neurotic. Rather than a soul wrestling with the ghostly manifestations of his tormented conscience, his self-pitying wailing is interrupted only by hysterical outbursts about the family shrine and fits of violent temper.

The tempo is not aided by two intervals nor the slow-moving mechanics of the action. People take off hats and coats to replace them minutes later and time-lag between an exit left and an entrance right lends an air of amateurism rarely seen at an R.S.C. production. Women weep self-indulgent laments and even Juno's final plea as her home lies in ruins lacks the conviction to convince.

I have it on good authority that the cast has performed much better. However, as a centenary celebration of the birth of Sean O'Casey this was not the occasion for champagne.

ROWENA WHELAN

## Pal Joey

MEANWHILE the Half Moon production of "Pal Joey" has transferred to the Albery Theatre. This Rogers and Hart musical revival of the unadulterated original received considerable acclaim. Perhaps now is the time for a review.

Much of the attention focused on Sian Phillips, who appeared on chat shows galore and revamped interviews for the Sundays, loudly proclaiming her amazement at the success of her singing debut. In the event her optimism may be founded on quicksand. Her voice is strained in the larger auditorium and her pose gauche. However, she looks superb and delivers "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" with evident enjoyment.

The lead, Denis Lawson, deserves much greater credit than has been forthcoming. He carries the whole show with his easy-going portrayal of Joey, the cock-sure nightclub M.C. around whom the story revolves. In seedy Chicago nightclub-land wealthy socialite Vera becomes enamoured with Pal Joey and indulgently pulls him up the social ladder and deftly pushes him off again.

The real strength of the show is the music. The coarse and robust chorus provides colour and comedy whilst brilliantly crucifying every cliché of 'thirties musicals. The musicians are constantly on stage, giving the theatre the feel of a cosy nightclub.

Not as slick as the R.S.C.'s "Once in a Lifetime" but fun nonetheless. For non-experts on the 'thirties it's advisable to read the programme beforehand or the "Zip" routine will probably be lost. Enjoy it.

ROWENA WHELAN



Gerard Murphy, Judi Dench and Norman Rodway in "Juno and the Paycock".

## "NO LIMITS TO LOVE" AT THE WAREHOUSE

THE premiere of David Mercer's last play, "No Limits to Love," is at the RSC's Warehouse Theatre. We are presented with a musician of some renown, his wife, and an Oxford history don, who have designed a curious domestic situation for their emotional survival (that is to say, the wife commutes between the two by mutual con-

sent). However, this arrangement, which is showing understandable signs of strain, is thrown into turmoil by the arrival of a German psychiatrist. The psychiatrist turns out to have been the musician's analyst and the don's rival for the love of an Italian boy. The first half of the play is devoted to the exposition of this intriguing situation. However, once this is done the play seems to lose its way

and it is by no means clear what Mercer is trying to say and what conclusions he wishes to reach. Whilst Mercer has a dramatic situation to develop, the play flows very well; the dialogue is hilarious and the plot is credible. But the play loses all momentum once its base is established.

Mercer raises many themes in the play: guilt, betrayal, and the lengths to which unhappy individuals will go to find some

fulfilment. But by the second half these ideas have lost all coherence and seem to crop up at random.

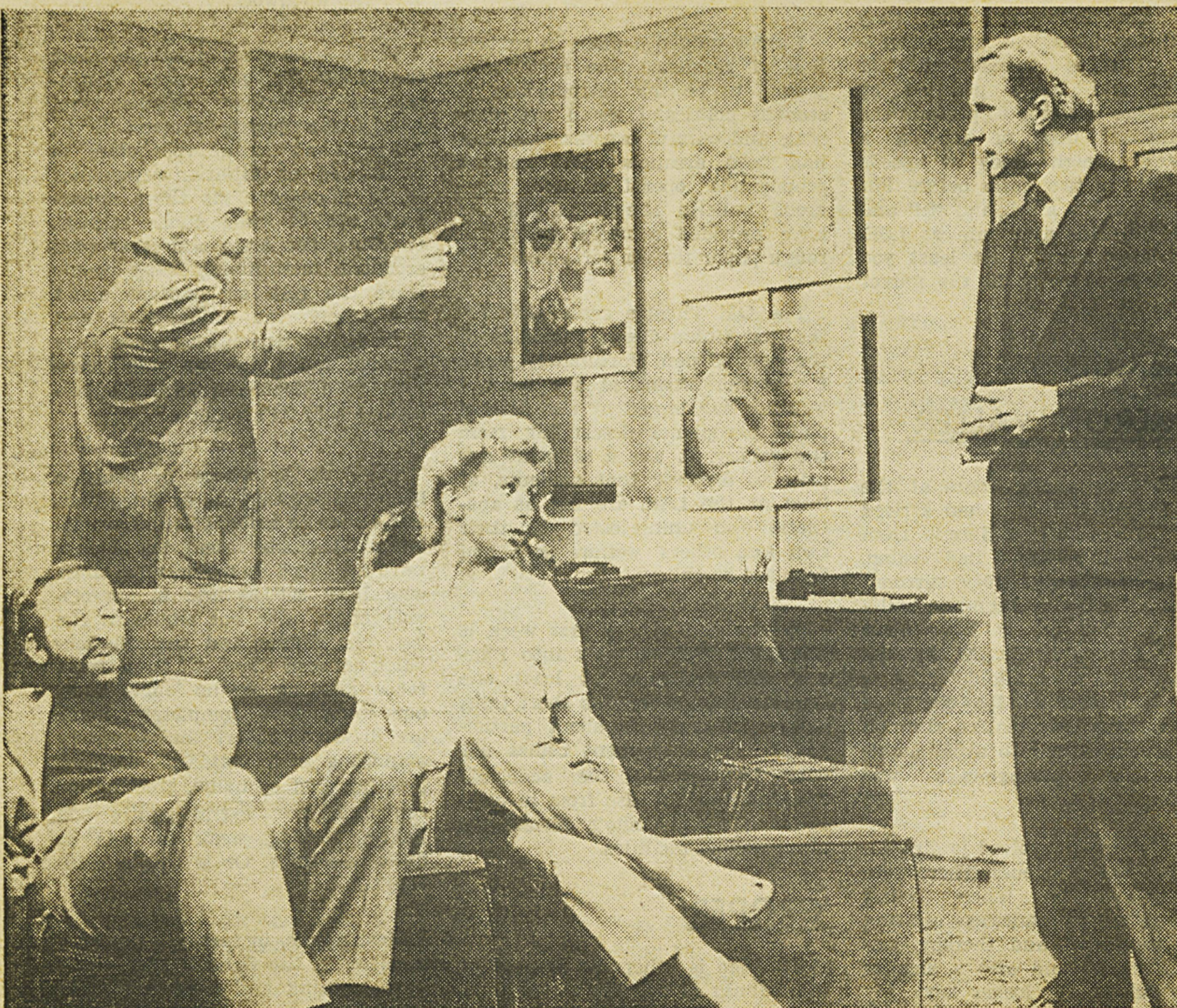
In the end, we do not have any really satisfying insight into the motivations of the characters because there are too many aspects which are incompletely developed, and too many changes of emphasis.

Under these difficult circumstances, the cast must be congratulated on four brave and very worthy performances. Susan Tracy tries hard as the guilt-ridden liberal, torn between her husband and the don

whilst pining for an ex-lover, John Shrapnel gives a strong and forceful performance as the bisexual don, as does Bob Peck as the passive cellist. However, Edward Petherbridge's commanding stage presence makes him the one character who conveys convincing suffering and real anguish about the past.

On the whole, one can only wish Mercer had lived long enough to edit this play so that "No Limits to Love" would not detract from his stature as a dramatist.

BEAVER REVIEW



Edward Petherbridge, Susan Tracy, John Shrapnel and Bob Peck in RSC's "No Limits to Love".

## PAULINE MURRAY AND JOHN COOPER-CLARKE AT THE LYCEUM

PAULINE MURRAY has come a long way from the amphetamine fizz of "Penetration" to what appears to be the 1980s equivalent to the Los Angeles dock-out sound that found popularity in the musical wasteland of the early '70s. The Invisible Girls were so lifeless and pedestrian and Pauline Murray so much the proverbial ball-of-energy that the overall effect was akin to throwing a firecracker into a pile of damp squibs. Her voice was really the only saving grace.

Vini O'Reilly played solo guitar to backing tapes to provide a pleasant but inessential prelude to the star turn of the evening.

Twenty minutes into the set and it begins to dawn that Cooper-Clarke is presenting a far more serious front than of late.

The attempt at professionalism is further evidenced by the inclusion of several dubious set-jokes which reinforce the stand-up comedian image and which are

a poor substitute for the sardonic, spontaneous one-liners for which he is renowned.

There is only one real rapport established when the Invisible Girls or "Beatniks", as JCC affectionately terms them, leave the stage and we are treated to solo versions of "Salomey Maloney", "Gaberline Angus" and "Psyche Sluts" which elicit tumultuous laughter and thunderous applause.

There is a distinct change in the atmosphere in the audience after a solo JCC. It is in this climate that he works best. The response is raucous yet warm and there is an empathy which emerges as the audience spur JCC on and vice versa but which is terminated with the return of the Invisible Girls.

Cooper-Clarke as a line performer is in a dilemma. Accompanied, his poems are given another dimension and the images within are strengthened by the musical dexterity of the Invisible Girls. At the same time, however, the backing musicians can be obtrusive and intrude on the intimacy on which Cooper-Clarke thrives.

PAUL WANE





Angie Dickinson tete a tete with analyst Michael Caine.

TWO films with a lot in common hit the circuit recently: "Cruising" and "Dressed to Kill".

They're both whodunnits, both highly controversial and, as the subway slogan goes, one degrades homosexual men, the other heterosexual women.

These movies are more than just cheapo sexploits—they're well acted and photographed, suspenseful psychothrillers.

"Cruising" might succeed entirely as a piece of cinema verite if the bar-scenes were lifted out and presented on their own. As it stands, it is an artistic failure because 10 minutes worth of cuts (made to get the film past the US and British censors) have messed up the plot, such as it is.

It's difficult to fault "Dressed to Kill" on anything but moral grounds so, again, forgetting about content, credit is due for the film's brilliant tension, superb acting from Angie Dickinson and Nancy Allen and its cunning, intriguing, Gothic plot which is mathematically precise and includes the kind of tec-work that has always left Conan Doyle readers dazzled.

The very competence of these two films hangs an even bigger question-mark over their origin and motivation than if they were hammy, low-grade shockers. The theme which both share goes beyond now customary intermingling of sex and violence on the screen to a kind of punitive violent assault on a particular sexuality which the director/author appears to dis-

approve of. In "Cruising" this is implicit; in "Dressed to Kill" it is explicit, as you'll see if you watch the film.

The lift scene in "Dressed to Kill" — billed as the movie which does for elevators what "Psycho" did for showers — is now so famous that I'm not revealing anything if I tell you that Angie Dickinson, who plays a sexually frustrated housewife, is hacked to bits in that elevator at the very moment when she is consumed with guilt over just having committed adultery with

## Alex Wynter looks at a disturbing new trend in cinema

a total stranger. De Palma, the director, also throws in a gratuitous medieval touch when, minutes earlier, whilst looking for paper on which to write her one-day-stand a note, she finds a VD-clinic registration form in his desk drawer.

The killer, it turns out, has a Boston Strangler-type misogynist complex and kills women because they turn him on. That's

"him"—don't be confused by the leather trenchcoat and blond wig... In "Dressed to Kill" there are three scenes of women being killed and two of rape; in "Cruising" there are four scenes of homosexuals being killed and one of a homosexual suspect being beaten up and sexually humiliated by cops.

The killer in "Cruising" is probably a headcase with a similar pathology to the one in "Dressed to Kill" — we don't know because the cops get the wrong guy. The idea is that a psycho is cruising "heavy-leather" bars in New York's Greenwich Village and then killing men who pick him up after or during sex with them. Al Pacino plays the cop sent undercover to track him down. The film could have provided an opportunity to examine exactly what comprises sexual orientation as Pacino becomes more and more confused by the homosexual encounters which the assignment entails, but the issue

is never really dealt with. Instead, it relies entirely on the re-creation of heavy-leather bar-scenes for its impact and its director, William Friedkin, went to great lengths to get these right; New York City's film liaison bureau even went so far as to sanction the barricading by police of parts of Greenwich Village to keep gay protesters away from the film crew.

Friedkin claims that "Cruising" is just a thriller which "happens" to be set against a backdrop of gay sado-masochism, which is a bit like saying the original "All Quiet on the Western Front" was just another war film which "happened" to be set in World War I. With "queer-bashing" a national pastime, a film like "Cruising" could have expected to run into trouble... even if the film doesn't consciously encourage violence against gays, as gays claim it does, it certainly doesn't condemn it, any more than "Apocalypse Now" condemned the Vietnam war.

No other film in history has met more opposition than "Cruising" — in the United States, gay activists tried to sabotage the making of the film by destroying production equipment; in this country, there was a picket outside the London Pavilion cinema every weekend after the film opened and four people were arrested. "Dressed to Kill" aroused a storm of protest from feminists in New York but little here, although there is a letter in this week's "Time Out" magazine from a "horried" reader slamming TO's film reviewer for failing to highlight the film's sexist base.

"Cruising" made the mistake of exploiting a highly vocal and now politically organised minority — gays. "Dressed to Kill", which one critic called a "het thriller", exploits a much bigger "minority" — women. But they're both of the genre known down-market as the "snuff-movie." Go and see them, but pick up a leaflet on the way in.

ALEX WYNTER



"Cruising" under police protection (inset), Al Pacino undercover in heavy-leather bar.

## Kubrick returns in style . . . .

IT is splendid to see Stanley Kubrick back on the scene after such a long time and in such fine form.

The Shining, his latest release and his first contribution to the horror film genre, takes one's mind for a terrifying walk along the tightrope separating madness from reality.

Jack Nicholson portrays a down and out would-be author who takes on the job of caretaker for an off-season hotel. Shortly after their arrival, he, his wife and child are cut off from the nearest town by a snowstorm, and the battle between Nicholson and the ghosts of holidays past begins. . . .

Kubrick's incomparable direction and Nicholson's superb acting combine to produce this hor-

rific account of a man's journey along the road to insanity. Kubrick ensures that the line between fact and fantasy is so thinly drawn that, at times, the audience cannot help but be seduced into insanity along with Nicholson.

The supporting cast, Shelley Duvall and Sootman Crothers, give fine performances but the film is Nicholson's from beginning to end.

## 'Elephant Man'

DIRECTED by David Lynch of "Eraserhead" fame, the film of the life of the "Elephant Man" avoids being just another part of the flourishing industry surrounding this unfortunate individual, imprisoned by a hideous and grotesque deformity. With compassion and sensitivity, avoiding crude sensationalism, the life of the Elephant Man (whose real name was John

Merrick, convincingly played by John Hurt) unfolds from his rescue from a Victorian freak-show by a young surgeon, Frederick Treves (Anthony Hopkins).

Treves helps release Merrick's warm and intelligent personality, though the film questions his motives; eventually, one is left with the feeling that his humanity was greater than his desire for personal fame. Lynch employs an imaginative opening sequence of dreams and fully exploits the audience's feeling of suspense before revealing Merrick's physical deformity. Filmed in black and white with painstaking attention to detail, Lynch conveys the harsh world of industrial Victorian England. This film is a worthy portrayal of a man who excites both pity and respect and is likely to be one of the best films of the year.

## 'Heartbeat'

Jack Kerouac, novelist and father figure of the "Beat

Generation", was always ripe material for a film. "Heartbeat" concerns itself with Kerouac (John Heard), Neal Cassady (Nick Nolte), his friends and basis for the character Dean Moriarty in Kerouac's "On the Road", and Carolyn Cassady (Cissy Spacek), upon whose memoirs this film is loosely based.

The film is not about the wild, fun-and-freedom-seeking, larger-than-life characters who conform to the Beat Generation myth. Instead it seeks to destroy that myth and is about actual people and their lives over a twenty-year period. Visually, it is excellent, but the intermittent narration by Carolyn is unnecessary and detracts from the film. At the end, Kerouac is on the downward slope and Carolyn is divorced from Neal who is driving Ken Kesey's Magic Bus. None has found what he or she is looking for and only Carolyn's neighbours, who have always conformed, seem happy. Perhaps because it does not live up to the myth it is a brave but disappointing film.

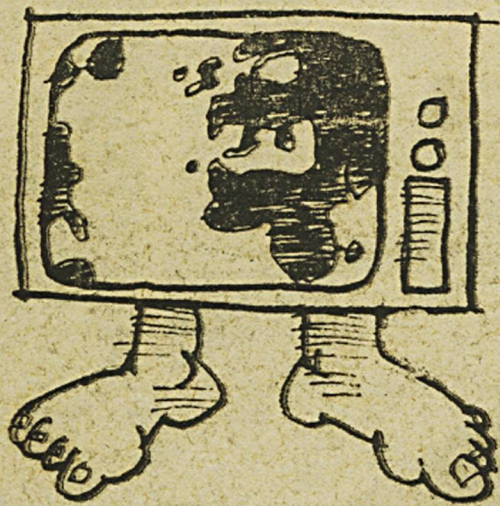
## 'Marriage of Maria Braun'

FASSBINDER'S "Marriage of Maria Braun" is predictably an allegory—for a wealthy but lost post-war Germany, clear enough as allegory and a masterpiece as a literary exercise. Whilst Maria Braun, amidst the exhausted, bombed human and physical landscapes of peacetime Germany waits for her husband, she uses her considerable all-round competence to secure a place in the German economic miracle.

With several strong emotional threads involving love, loyalty, self-sacrifice and jealousy, effective insights on the tension inherent in creating a business in war-riven Europe, a stunning performance as Maria Braun—business woman, wife and harlot stupendous atmospheric creation and absolutely no weaknesses this is a perfect film.



## FROM FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS



**'BEAVER'  
CARTOONIST  
SPENCE  
MAGNUS  
WAS IN POLAND  
AT THE  
BEGINNING  
OF THE RECENT  
LABOUR  
UNREST.  
HE REPORTS ON  
STUDENT LIFE  
AND THEIR  
REACTION TO  
THE STRIKES.**

AT the height of the strike in Gdansk, a rumour spread round the student community in Warsaw.

Gierek, it was said, was going to postpone the start of the University year, to prevent the students' voice being added to that of the workers. The last major student militancy in Poland was in 1968, but there is a growing feeling of frustration amongst young Poles.

Students share the economic grudges which prompted the Gdansk strike. On the whole, young people accept the shortages of basic necessities stoically, but not without complaint. They are grateful that education is free, and that prices are subsidised by the State, but feel that they are left little room for manoeuvre.

Darek, one of 81,000 higher education students in Warsaw, is 20, and studies Engineering. His monthly income, (including his grant, industrial sponsorship, and performance-linked prize money), is around 2,000 Zl. A pair of jeans costs him 22 dollars in the hard currency Pewex shops. With dollars only available on the black market at around 100 Zl a dollar, Levis become a hard won luxury.

But the problems go deeper than the denim. Hannia, a student journalist has been waiting for two months to borrow "East of Eden" from the library. "Western literature is kept scarce; but what can I do? On the black market, the book costs 3,000 Zl."

Robert, a cinema student from Warsaw, wants to continue his studies in London. "For one summer course," he told me, "I will be charged 1,000 dollars. I have no choice but to go into business to make the money." "Business" is the euphemistic term for racketeering, and Robert claims to be able to earn up to 10,000 Zl a month by selling Levis to Russians at 50 dollars a pair. "They take them home and sell them for 75 dollars. Everyone's happy in the end." Others take a dimmer view of these activities. "I buy dollars from the likes of you," one student told me, "because I have no choice. I want to travel to see America, and I have no relatives in the West. I'm not proud of breaking the law five or six times a day. A black market only exists in a sick society." One girl told me that her friends slept with Arab visitors for money.

One result of this pressure is heavy drinking, which is common amongst young people, although there are no available statistics on levels of alcoholism.

I found little evidence of strong Catholicism among the students I met, but with the election of Karel Wojtyla as Pope, religion has become interwoven with the widespread Polish patriotism. "I want to defect if things don't improve," Robert told me, "but I shall always be waiting to return." The drive for independence has not faded with the generations born since the war.

Dislike of their neighbour to the East is an old Polish trait, and extends to young Russians touring Poland, less well dressed than their Polish counterparts and often sporting garish Lenin badges, who are frequent targets for the vituperative humour of their more sophisticated hosts.

Visiting Chopin's birthplace, I sat with a Pole behind a large group of Russian tourists. "Do you think they know," whispered my companion, pointing to the row in front, "that Chopin was a captain in the Guard of Tadeusz Kosciuszko's army?" Kosciuszko, one of Poland's greatest heroes, led the 1794 uprising against the Russians.

A history of revolution lends a romantic air to the Polish mentality, but subjugation induces cynicism at an early age. "I would fight in the streets against the Russians," Dariusz told me, "but against the Polish police I'd stay indoors. They're paid so well—they see nothing wrong with the system." The contradiction is characteristically Polish. The caution with which Robert greeted recent events in Gdansk does not indicate conformism or conservatism—the Poles ridicule the Czechs and East Germans for just these traits—but time-worn realism.

"Until now," he said, "even the word strike was not officially recognised. Now striking itself is legal. These are major changes." But as he pointed out, Poland saw major changes after the death of Stalin, and again after the overthrow of Gomulka in 1970. "We must wait. In three months, maybe four, we will be able to see what has really changed."

## THE MACDONALD SYNDROME

THE NUMBER OF  
AMERICAN STUDENTS  
AT LSE HAS INCREASED  
CONSIDERABLY THIS  
YEAR. MAGNUS SPENCE  
SPELLS OUT THE  
DANGERS.

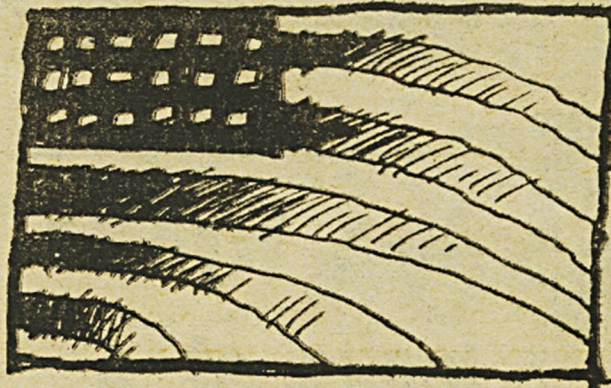
MACDONALDS in the North End Road. Brightly lit and terribly clean. The beige expanse of tiles, the carefully distributed aspidistras, give the impression of a vast bathroom. Behind the rather nasty polished counter several eager young assistants scurry about their business. The computerised milk shake machine partly conceals yet more eager young assistants, who are engaged in fulfilling an array of elaborate hamburger fantasies. All the staff are similarly clad in the fawn crimplene uniforms that help lend the system an air of sterile conformity. Nutritional perpetual motion.

It's all part of a plot of course. The MacDonaldisation of Britain is already well under way, "Wimpey" its vanguard, "The Great American Disaster" its beachhead. But the hamburger invasion is only a subsidiary of the main force. Our message from America first consisted of chewing gum and blue jeans, closely pursued by the T shirt. Only now are we beginning to recover from the Hippies, and "Snoopy" is still

wreaking major havoc. The problems that have followed in the wake of Milton Friedman defy analysis, and Starsky and Hutch are just two of the reasons why our Americanised TV will soon need a special dispensation from heaven to raise it to a state of utter degradation.

We can further thank the land of the freeloaders (the home of the brush) for roller skates, those ridiculous radio headphone things, Coca-Cola, films like "Star Wars", EST, jogging. No need for gunboats, the American way of life sells itself quite nicely, thank you, down the river Thames. A marketable commodity, it seems, outward going and expansive (cheap) as ever.

Dr Johnson (bless his heart) warned us all ages ago. "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American." It's not just Europeans who see things this way—Come in Henry Miller. "I ask myself seriously if there is



any aspect of this American civilisation I can praise. I can find none." (Norman Mailer called him a genius.) Walt Whitman ("perhaps the greatest American who has ever lived") warned his compatriots — "You are in a fair way to creating a whole nation of lunatics." (Nixon, Manson Macarthy). Anti-Americanism is attractive enough an idea to have united people otherwise as far apart as General de Gaulle and Johnny Lydon.

And what do we do when confronted with the products of this diseased way of life? We lap them up, that's what we do,

and none more than the young generation.

And in our obsequiousness we are not alone. France tried to stem the tide by banning Americanisms in the media, but it hasn't worked. Les blue jeans are still the order of the Parisian day, and it is considered frightfully chic to eat in MacDonaldis in the Champs Elysées (washed down with a dry white wine, milkshakes eaten with a spoon as dessert). Canada was taken over long ago, and half the Far East seems to be going that way too.

What are we aspiring to? Convenience, Speed, Luxury, Cleanliness. The catchwords of the most modern state. You can't help but wonder at a political confrontation between a wizened bit part actor and a born again lacklustre, with lust to spare. The Athletic Democracy gets what it deserves to lead it. Yet again.

The goose is long since dead, the golden eggs hopelessly tarnished (Bob Newhart, Dean Martin) or miserably dead (Dorothy Parker, Lenny Bruce). Shucks, America should know about fowls, being the land which, before eventually plumping for the eagle as a national emblem, was all set to swear allegiance to the turkey. Come Thanksgiving there's one on every table, and usually a whole cluster to eat it.

Your influences, America, seep across the Atlantic, carried at an ever increasing rate by cables and aeroplanes (Sir Freddy Laker ??), and sprout like so many warts in our lives and our highstreets. The Golden Arches appeal to our baser weaknesses, and we have tasted of the forbidden cheeseburger. Slowly we are MacDonaldised. We hold you in awe but would much rather hold you in a sealed container. Keep on trucking America, by all means, but would you mind awfully if I asked you to truck off, and do it somewhere else?

## A PARADISE FOUND?

Colin Elman looks at student travel in India

IF you are the type of person who likes his enjoyment neatly packaged and paid for, then read no further. This isn't for you. "Sit down loos" and hot showers are few and far between in India and travel is difficult though worthwhile. Imagine, if you will, a country with countless languages, diverse cultures and religions, architectural splendour side by side with the awful squalor of "real" people. This is India.

Enough of the soap box. If you've read this far then you might even be interested, so I'll get down to practical information. Firstly, how do you get there? The overland route — Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, Afghanistan — is no longer reasonable. I did meet with some who had made it but, it's strictly for the nuts. A return flight to New Delhi is not expensive. Get a quotation from London Student Travel, 117 Euston Road.

Once you're in India, you have available a variety of methods of transport. Rail is the easiest. For £1 a day you can get a first class INDRAIL Pass. It is 50p a day for second class. Bus travel is less formal but far more adventurous. Until you have played "chicken" in a crowded bus with two other equally crowded buses you don't

know the meaning of sheer terror. They always leave on time, most don't get where they're going on time, and some never get there at all. (We fixed one bus three times with my Swiss Army knife.) However, hitch-hiking is daft with public transport so cheap. As for vehicle hire, we did manage to introduce the concept of moped hire after two days of negotiation in the city of Gwalior. Indian city traffic has got to be seen to be believed.

The people of India show nothing but kindness and courtesy. They will also talk off your ears. The same questions were always asked so my friend would liven up our train journeys by telling the most outrageous lies. For example, "What do you do for a living?"

Oh, I'm an astronaut over here to train some of your deep sea divers to take a step up in the world."

Try keeping a straight face whilst listening to that!

India is cheap. The average daily wage is between 35p and 45p and if you spend more than a pound a day (including Bombay) then you are staying in the wrong places. An unfortunate manifestation of this is the large number of beggars, but you have to turn yourself off or have a miserable time.

Drugs! Everyone knows that in India pot is plentiful and cheap. This is true. Everyone also knows that it is the home of the happy hippy, who laps up meaningful truths about life in an Ashran, stoned all day and screwing all night. This is untrue! The truth behind the sad myth is a painful parody. DON'T fall for it. There are too many young Europeans who have gone to India and who have been seduced by the lie. They are still there. It is dangerous to take drugs anywhere in the world. India is no exception. Use your common sense and don't flaunt the "Image."

If you do happen to get caught, by the police, they might suggest paying an on-the-spot fine. Pay it. They are simply following the time honoured ritual of Baksheesh. I would not advise suggesting it yourself. You might have landed a martinet and then you are really in trouble.

It is impossible to do justice to India in a few hundred words. A really worthwhile book is "Nagel's Encyclopaedia Guide to India." It is expensive but well worth every penny and every ounce. The majority of other books are not worth their warmth in firewood.

For a holiday you will never forget, place, people and atmosphere, you can do little better than India.

COLIN ELMAN





# AN EVENING IN THE COMPANY OF ARTHUR MULLARD . . .

WELL you see Arthur Mullard comes up and cuts this tape and . . . in case you have been living on a Mongolian yak farm for some two billion years, the LSE Students' Union (as what resided in the St Clements Building until not so long ago) has now moved shop to the East Building (down the steps by the Porters Lodge, cross the quad, turn right, turn left up the stairs, turn right again, up another flight of stairs and it is first on your left, can't miss it). In addition the much lamented Three Tuns of yore has now been replaced by a much plusher bar on the ground floor of the Clare Market Building.



PICTURE: SIMON GROSSET

THE RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES AT THE GRAND OPENING. ARTHUR MULLARD IS ON DRUMS.

## ENTS. ELECTION RESULTS

- Treasurer — Sue Palmer.  
 Head Steward — Mike Wilcox.
- DISCO**  
 Running Manager — Dave Bearman.  
 Technical Manager — Graham Wilson.  
 Chairman — Tamsin Cottis.

**Rosebery Avenue  
 Hall of Residence  
 DISCO**  
**FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17**  
 8.30 pm — Till very late  
**VERY LATE BAR**  
 CHEEP BEER (come early)  
 50p Admission  
 Angel tube station or buses  
 171, 172, 19.

Predictably, this formed the main arena of activity for the night's proceedings, it being possible to enjoy both the social benefits of the bar and the events in the quadrangle without spending a penny—not an inconsiderable saving when compared with the £2.20 required from lesser mortals to tread the hallowed concrete slabs of the open air venue. Since the door had been placed on the quad side of the bar it did not take too many "O" Levels to realise that it costs nothing to look through windows . . .

Not that there was actually anything worth watching. Midnite and the Lemon Boys were unspeakably awful. Heavy Metal combined with R and B, their lead singer's sole preoccupation in life being to pose like both Mick Jagger (bless him) and Keith Richard at one and the same time. I hear it through the grapevine that Midnite and Co cost £75. Well boys I hope it makes you very happy and that you will be able to make lots of records and who knows, perhaps one day you too will be as big as Mick and Keith (I don't think).

Meanwhile, back in the real world,

our mystery celebrity had sobered up just enough to be escorted convict style under blanket backstage where Dahrendorf and assembled cronies toady like mad to their favourite TV star on the lines of "Yah, Arthur, I watch 'Celebrity Squares' every week, you know" etc etc. Finally the big moment arrives. The Mystery Celebrity is revealed before an astonished audience to be surprise, surprise Arthur Mullard.

Arthur, decked in the latest "Blitz" academic fashion of graduate student gown and mortar board, turns to address the masses:

"You know, I used to be a cat burg-a-lar, but I ran out of cats." Stony silence. Had Arthur miscalculated? Obviously he had gone for too subtle an approach. Further embarrassment was soon to follow. The champagne would not pop. Arthur was stranded. The seconds ticked by, each one an hour. Finally just as humiliation was about to win the day, the cork extracted itself and relief poured as freely as the champagne all over Arthur's suit. Sensing total disaster, Professor Mullard took the proceedings into his own hands and launched into an impromptu singsong of "What a stupid son" and "Boiled

bees and carrots." I could have died for him. The response was a barely audible mumble from a couple of drunks in the front row.

Fortunately, in the meantime, the Reluctant Stereotypes had been hastened on stage such that Mr Mullard's abrupt eviction was none too noticeable. Now, when I say fortunately vis-a-vis our Reluctant Friends that does not mean that they were anything to write home about. They were pretty dullissimo in fact. Crappy white reggae combined with the "Good Time Syndrome," that gig damning indictment whereby everybody has to enjoy themselves, smile and clap

their hands to the music and, invariably doesn't.

Meanwhile the reluctant stereotypes (with a small "s" if you please) were boring the pants off everybody outside, good old Arthur was drowning his sorrows in double quick fashion in the bar, later to accompany myself and a select few by bus to Passfield Hall where our guest kept us up until the small hours of the morning talking about himself, Celebrity Squares and Arsenal FC. It could have been worse. It could have rained. Arthur Mullard lives in a council flat in Highbury.

PATRICK EGLESTON

Coming soon . . .  
**9 BELOW ZERO**  
 Friday, 17th Oct.  
 £1.75 Advance  
 £2.00 on door

**ROCKPILE**  
 Lunchtime on  
 Wed., 29th Oct.  
 £2.00 Advance  
**SELL-OUT IMMINENT!**

# ICARUS SHARE HONOURS AT GRAND FRESHERS' BALL

HUANG CHUNG I missed. Friends tell me they were like the Police, which is fine, I suppose, if you're a fan of Sting and Co. . . .

Icarus I did see and they were good. British reggae bands tend

to be a bit bland for this writer's liking. However, Icarus were an exception — heavy bass, choppy guitar, danceable tunes and relevant lyrics (no Jah and Africa, thank you very much).

"11 o'clock tick tick" must be one of my favourite records of the year, and U2 one of the best bands. Bono is a captivating singer — exuberant and enigmatic, he thrives on the attention of the audience,

carrying it along in the palm of his hand like a roller coaster through its crescendos and diminuendos, hurtling relentlessly through the set.

U2 walk a tightrope between rock and pop, balancing precariously between the two yet never quite falling on to one side or the other. If this is their attraction, it is also their downfall. Too boppy for punk, but too punky for pop, they

fall between two stools, two specialised markets which rarely venture outside their musical genre. "11 o'clock" should have been a hit. Perhaps that is why it failed. . . .

However, U2 are too good to remain relatively unknown for long. Look out for them on "Top of the Pops."

P.E.

## A.C.T.

NO, you don't have to join (titter). Dedicated to the principles of anarcho-cynicism, this grouping really grasps the fundamentals, ie nobody's interested in anything unless they're miming it. So the Tendency is on a party basis, ie each activity is a party.

The essential function of the Tendency is to:

1. Perform publicity stunts to further the mass spread of the ideals of ACT.
2. To produce fortnightly the scurrilous publication FACT. This organ really is scandalous revealing what's meant to remain secret, blurring out the unblurt-able. Hypocrites against hypocrisy.

If the Tendency grabs your interest then fill in a puce form and send it for your free copy of FACT Number One and further details of the Tendency and the forthcoming attractions. A photograph is essential.

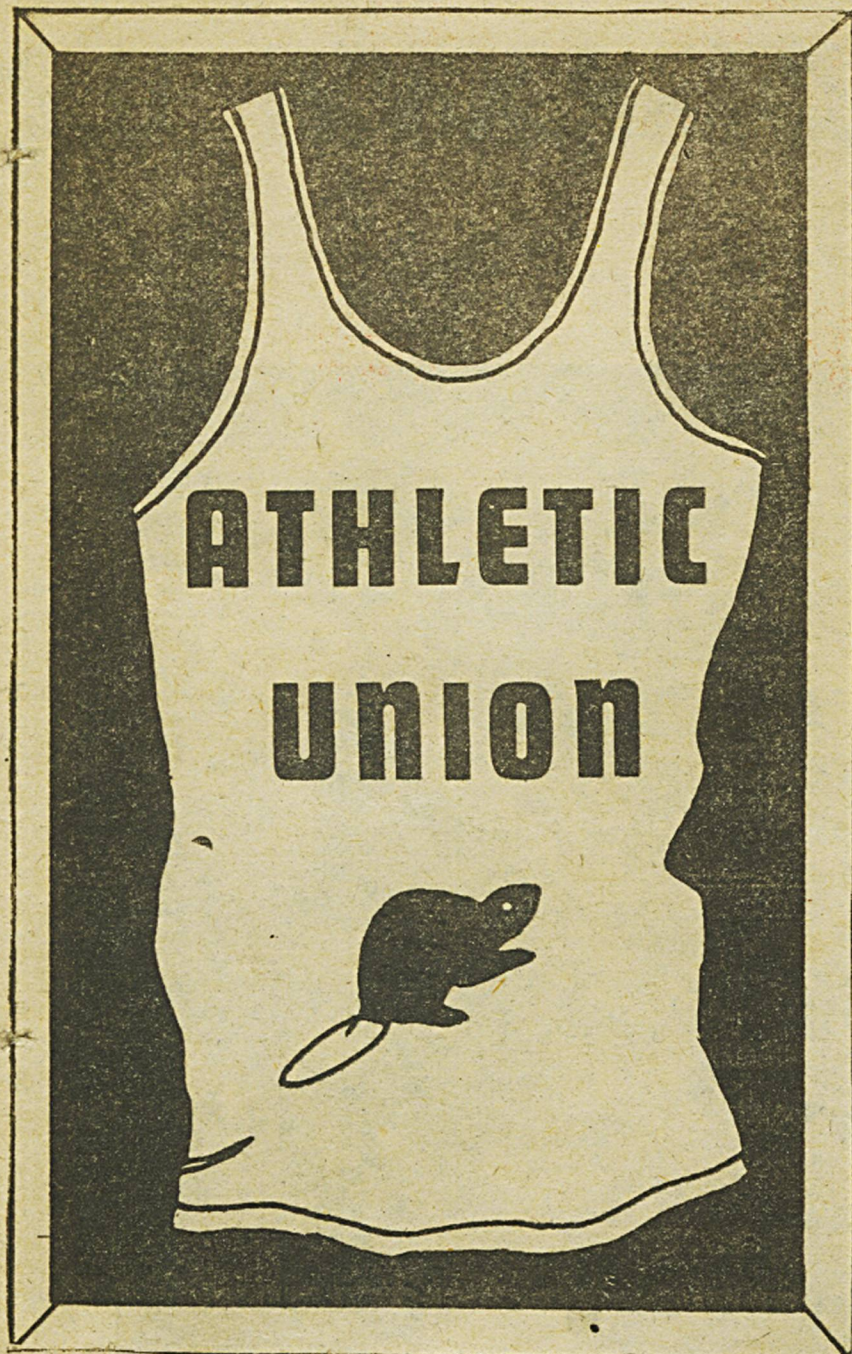
Send letters to John Smith, Flat 8, 53 Fitzjohns Avenue, NW3.



PICTURE: SIMON GROSSET

ENTS. STEWARDS CONTROL THE SURGING MASSES AS U-2 TAKE THE HALDAN ROOM STAGE.





## Batting bureaucratically

MARTIN WHITTAKER recently wrote an article of welcome for the A.U. Argus which suffered from tampering at the hands of the editor who, moreover, as a cricket umpire, has previously rarely been known to raise a finger for the club. You may, in spite of this, have been able to gather that L.S.E. is a large and successful club which does not confine its activity to the summer term. We would like everyone to become involved at the earliest possible stage, and the club will need efficient organisation as well as the players' ability to go further than it did last year. It is therefore important that as many members as possible attend the A.G.M. on Thursday October 16th at 7.00 p.m. in S300. This is an occasion to learn how the club is run, to elect officers for next year, and to get to know other cricketers. Throughout the winter nets will be held at Lord's and an indoor league and knock-out competition is played. Notices will be posted regarding attending nets and matters will be organised so that everyone has a fair chance to take advantage of the facility. So watch the A.U. notice-board and be at the meeting if you want to enjoy a well-organised and successful club.

Jeremy Spencer

## Il duce

FOLLOWING his marathon (45 seconds) inspirational address to this year's Freshers' Conference, Il Duce displayed astounding dedication to the task of advertising the A.U. in the frenetic first week of term. Almost non-stop, Generalissimo Walters appeared "on-call" in or outside the George; while there was hardly an hostelry in the area which a fresher could enter without witnessing another instalment in the long-running serial, "Stan gets drunk and makes a complete fool of himself". To maintain standards of numeracy in furtherance of achieving his degree, the Führer played fizz-buzz exceptionally well, assuming of course that the object of the game is to be awarded most penalties in the shortest possible time, and collapsed before anyone else.

Only once, however, was he banned from a bar, having been dragged away from the pumps to the accompaniment of innumerable good wishes from innocent bystanders who were fooled into thinking that the President was engaged in a once-in-a-lifetime "stag night" piss-up. Little do they know . . .

# Botham scores

. . . to help a London child

AFTER walking away with both major trophies in London last season it was fitting that L.S.E.'s first-team footballers mingled with celebrities at the beginning of the season, featuring in a star-studded spectacular which made the Thames TV Telethon seem like an endless bore (that's no lie!).

Of course, when our lads were asked to play (nay, perform) in a charity football match against a celebrity eleven they proudly jumped at the chance to aid the worthwhile cause of Help a London Child with admirable enthusiasm.

Dave Squires (Football Club captain): Will someone please go out and try to sell a few of these programmes; we've got 16,000 left?

Rest of team: We've done our stint. We sold three whole copies this morning.

Despite these setbacks, quite a few programmes for the charity match were sold to many students (I hope the others can live with their consciences) and some of them actually turned up to our ground at New Malden to watch the game.

For the L.S.E., they were originally relishing the prospect of coming up against one of the greatest names in the game's history, Jimmy Greaves. At last, a real challenge.

But it was not to be. Instead, the occasion was honoured by the presence of one of the biggest men in cricket, or anywhere else, for that matter—England captain Ian Botham—and also by the dazzling singing sensation of the present hour, Miss (Shorty) Sheana Easton. Other celebrities amongst LSE's opposition were various members of the Blues Band and a reggae artist, Mexicano Grant (brother of Eddie), and also Capital radio D.J. Duncan Johnson was on hand to mispronounce the names of the players.

The lovely Sheena, the only Scot not banned from attending English football matches, got the game under way by booting the ball towards the portly Botham, much to the chagrin of the LSE lads who were humming the tune of "Nine to Five" just to grab Ms Easton's attention, and an exciting match ensued.

The Sun newspaper proclaimed that



Duncan Johnson, Sheena Easton and Ian Botham at New Malden

on the evidence of this game, Big Ian was looking fit and slim and published a picture to support this claim. Typical of the journalism of the gutter press this is a load of nonsense. Botham, after breaking into a run for the benefit of the Sun photographer, spent the rest of the game carrying his immense bulk around with the grace of a lumbering elephant. However, Botham did provide the match with a most memorable and thrilling moment for the crowd with a scorching shot from 30 yards which almost broke the net.

Botham's goal was the highlight

of an entertaining and high-scoring game which saw the L.S.E. eventually come out on top, rallying from 2-4 down to win 5-4. The result, of course, was of minimal importance on a day when Ian Botham provided the crowd with a magical goal and good money was raised for the Help a London Child fund, but it was a useful outing for the L.S.E. first team who must try to emulate the success of last season and will have the problem of facing teams trying extra hard against a side recognised as the best team in London. Good luck to them and our other teams for the coming campaign.

## SOCCER EXTRA

After the confusion of the trials, the Football Firsts, Seconds, Thirds and Fourths took part in the traditional first Saturday friendlies against the Economicals last weekend. The fixtures provided equally predictable results. Every year our sides suffer at the hands of these wily old men and only the Fourths "did us proud" by refusing to succumb to their opponents' professional if unexciting approach. The Fourths won 4-2 with goals from Steve Kennedy and Joe Myskeiro, who, modest as usual, hasn't admitted to scoring (at least not to me). The Thirds, under Andy Smith, put up strong resistance, hitting wood on two occasions before going down 2-1. Chris Jones scored the L.S.E. goal.

Further up the scale, the Seconds scored twice through Liam O'Donaghue and Harry "Handsome" Theochari but this proved to be insufficient as Economicals scored the odd four.

The Firsts lost 1-0, Pat Rimmer accepting full responsibility (at least he should do; he drew the team out of a hat).

Now to the Boat Club, where David Mapley is announcing plans to buy an Armada to sail on Raleigh. We should have the result next issue.

### The A.U. NOTICEBOARD

is now situated by the  
Undergraduates'  
Pigeonholes, diagonally  
across the quadrangle  
from the A.U. Office  
by the Three Tuns  
entrance.

Please check it daily for all Clubs.