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## 50,000 to march against student poverty

By Hans Gutbrot

The National Union of Students is organising what is planned to be the largest student demonstration ever, on the 12th of February.

The demonstration, part of the TARGET 70 campaign, has been in preparation since last September, and already a record number of coaches have been booked by students' unions across Britain.

The TARGET 70 campaign has listed specific demands which it feels should be met by the Government. There has been no commitment by NUS to any political party, as it intends to influence particular MP's whose re-election could depend on the student vote in their

respective constituencies. A "target list" of 70 constituencies has been drawn up and the campaign aims to exert pressure on the candidates in the given constituencies to a commitment to support students demands.

The five demands include the introduction of free childcare and the restoration of rights of benefits to students.

General Secretary, Michiel van Hulst and Senior Treasurer, Toby Johnson are coordinating LSE's part in the TARGET 70 campaign and they hope to organise record participation by LSE-students in the demonstration.

A number of 400 students is being envisaged, four times the maximum

number of LSE-students participating in the demonstrations in the last years. In order to transport the students to Battersea Park, where the march is going to begin, eight coaches have been booked. Tickets for the transport will be refunded at the demonstration. The Students' Union at the LSE has committed itself to support the TARGET 70 campaign with £800, even though the actual figure spent will be closer to £1000. The demonstration is expected to be very well coordinated with police in order to ensure that student demands do not lose credibility because of a violent fringe in the march.

It is expected that a total of about 50,000 students will participate

## Underground Unearthed



Left: The Underground Bar in action; Above: Bar Manager Jim Fagan; Below left: Starting young?; Below right: Razia and Fiona are tough bouncers.



## Task Force picketed

By Adrian May

The meeting of the Review Group on Student Hardship last Thursday was picketed by a group of about 30 people led by Steve Prince, one of the Review Group's members. Student members of the Review group were greeted by shouts of 'Scab' as they went into Connaught House.

The meeting, on this occasion chaired by Michiel Van Hulst, Students' Union General Secretary, questioned Michael Coops, Director of Site Development and Services, and Dr Elizabeth Fender, head of the Health Service on Security and Student Poverty respectively. Plans for a campaign aimed at all parliamentary candidates and party leaders, revealing the Group's findings on Student Poverty were also discussed.

The proceedings were interrupted by a "cabaret" from Steve Prince, as his animated demonstrations were described, which was



Students picket Thursday's meeting of the Review Group on Student Hardship. Photo: Steve East

designed to express Prince's view that the group was not confronting the issue of Student Poverty. In a display that included jumping around the room and clapping his hands, Prince also produced a rotten apple core and a handbill saying, "Stop the rot. Stop the Education cuts!", which he placed at the centre of the table. One

member of the group, Finance Officer Mr C Torrance, walked out at this point.

The group is planning to publish its findings on Monday 10 February. A full report on last Thursday's meeting, as well as a review of the workings of the Review Group will appear next week.

## SU receives funds for student welfare

By Emma Bearcroft

The Students' Union is to receive additional funding to compensate for the increase in student numbers since 1975. During a meeting of the Student Union Finance Sub-Committee last week, it was agreed that additional money would be earmarked for welfare spending.

Although the sub-committee, chaired by Molly Hattersley has not disclosed how much the Union will receive, it is estimated that it would amount to 5% of the current block grant, which would be about £15000.

During the meeting, it

was agreed that due to the rise in student numbers since 1985, the welfare department was under increasingly enormous pressure and would benefit greatly from the extra funding.

Commenting on the decision, Senior Treasurer Toby Johnson described it as reflecting the "success of negotiating with the School through the strong arguments put forward, as opposed to other means."

"This achievement is a clear example of the DSG operating through co-operation and not confrontation."

The Union will receive the additional funding on top of the annual increase in

the block grant, which is usually just below the rate of inflation.

This would enable the Union to pay for the proposed new sabbatical, the Equal Opportunities and Welfare Officer.

The actual increased funding the Union is to receive will not become clear until after the Task Force has presented its final report.

The Standing Committee and Finance Panel also have to complete their annual spending round before official figures are released. This will occur in the Summer Term.

INSIDE

Even if Harry didn't watch the Super Bowl, Joe Lavin did. Hail to the Redskins, in *Campus* see page 4

If the Union is getting a new Constitution, you might as well read about it, in *Opinions* see page 7

Sri Lanka is a "heaven in hell," according to Sarah Eglin's report in *Features* see page 9

The Crucible rounds off a double shot of Arthur Miller at the Young Vic, in *Arts* see page 10

The Beaver launches their new advertising section: check out what's up in *Classifieds* see page 14

Photographer Steve East gets a page almost all to himself and it is good in *Sports* see page 15

Commentary

# Union Jack

## Election Fever

It's that time of year again, when the self-confessed hacks and so-called non-hacks line up for a slice of the Student's Union Executive cake.

The battle for General Secretary is now more open than ever. It used to be straight choice between Labour, Tory and the odd Liberal. This year, who can tell? Sure favourites must include the nominee of the prize-holders, the DSG. Names, being canvassed include the veteran Union hack, Bob Gross. Former Postgrad officer, and a favourite with both left and right, he says his PhD does not allow him to stand. Another mover is, wait for it, Chancellor Tubby Johnson. The present Senior Treasurer has expressed his wish to continue at LSESU, this time at the helm.

But will the DSG hold on to the job at all? Labour, after all, is back, and the formidable Eugene Isaac, may well put in a bid. If the Labour-revivalist, Graham Burnby-Crouch, doesn't pip him at the post, that is. The Tories would be mad not to run their prized returning officer, Simon Reid, the first Tory in years not to be laughed at because of his views, but because of his jokes. As far as the outsiders go, Adrian Cattley may well try to claim the Indy Green mantle which got two of the incumbent's predecessors elected. Last year Ali Nikpay failed using just that label, but his friends (and foes) say he is the wiser for it now, and he may well give it another shot. But the 'outsider of the year' must surely be Razia Sharif, woman of the people and former Chair of the Union meeting. Although despised by left and right, she was the heroine of the Balcony, and the latter may well encourage her to stand, if they decide not to stand themselves of course! For Ron Voce, of Union Vice-Chair fame, has expressed an interest. He has been seen, interestingly, attending DSG meetings and NUS Conference in the company of the outgoing General Secretary and Senior Treasurer. And what of the joke candidates? John 'Salman' Pannu is a sure runner, although the LibDem label is in doubt.

The Senior Treasurer candidate is often the one who loses the nomination for General Secretary. Not so this year. The DSG have got William Shepherd lined up, fresh back from a Lockean exile in Holland and ready to give it a go. The Conservative loser, oops candidate, must surely be their very own press and publicity officer, Ian Prince. Despite his immaculate suit, he has gained respect by being the first Tory exec member in years to turn up to meetings. Sujata 'Fair Votes' Aurora would be a surprise candidate for Labour, though at the time of an General Election, Walworth Road might counsel its LSE appendix against such a move. And finally, there's John Spurling. Definitely a runner, in tandem with Cattley.

There doesn't seem to be much competition, though, for the Social and Services Secretary's job. Fresh-faced Beaver hack Neil Andrews is said to be in the running, and even former Carr-Saunders Social Secretary, Steve Peake. Where's the woman in all this? Perhaps Dominique De-light, could be persuaded to give it a go. Judging by the huge audiences at Left Society meetings, that would surely get rid of apathy once and for all.

# Further changes to the Constitution

By Beaver Staff

The original proposed changes to the Students' Union Constitution, have now been replaced with a new proposed Constitution. The amended version has been proposed by General Secretary, Michiel van Hulsten, and seconded by Martin Lewis, and is expected to be voted in, in its completed form, during the Union General Meeting on the 20th of February. It is suggested that under the new Constitution the Union Council will keep the power to make policy in the absence of the UGM.

However the membership will be changed to include Union officers and all School committee representatives. It is hoped that this will promote "intergration between administrative and academic decision making" and will ensure

more effective control on the issues of the Union which the UGM does not wish to take on. This will give the Union Council the chance to discuss these issues in more detail. A further amendment to the Council is to extend voting rights to the Chairperson and Vice-Chairperson of the Union General Meeting, as well as to members of the Entertainments Committee. The student representatives on the Committee on Undergraduate Studies, the Master's Student's Committee and the Research Students Committee of the School, will be included in the new Constitution as having speaking rights only.

The total number of executive members remains unchanged, as do the posts of overseas, post-graduate and women's officer. The remaining six executive members will be "assigned

to finance and services, equal opportunities and welfare. It is hoped that this will allow part-time executive members to become more involved in the work of the Union than at present. There are also proposed changes to the names of the sabbatical officers. As in the original proposal the name of General Secretary will become the President. However, the Senior Treasurer will become the Finance and Services Officer, and the Social and Services Secretary will become the Entertainments and Societies Officer. The names will be assumed by the elected sabbaticals on the 1st of August, following their election.

The original changes included the introduction of a Publications Officer. This has not been included in the current proposal.

However, the proposal for a fourth Sabbatical, the Equal Opportunities and Welfare Officer remains. Justifying the need for the fourth sabbatical, Lewis suggests "When you consider that in 1973 we had 1500 students and three sabbaticals and now 19 years later we have nearly 5000 students and the same number of sabbaticals, adding this to the fact that in real terms, student wealth has lessened considerably. I think it is about time we gained another sabbatical, especially one for welfare and equal opportunities. The Union is constantly changing, but we lack yearly continuity, thus having exec members with special responsibilities relating to the three non-presidential sabbaticals. This should ensure continuity in the future of the union."

## Registering Your Vote

Michiel van Hulsten and Fiona MacDonald stand outside the Old Theatre last week to register voters.

Although the Union will not be registering voters this week, students can still make sure their voice is heard in the next general election.

Registration continues until 15th February.



Photo: Steve East

# Cat Stevens: From rock 'n' roll to Islam

By Hans Gutbrot

Famed singer Cat Stevens, who now calls himself Yusuf Islam, was at the LSE last Wednesday to give a talk on his conversion to Moslem faith. The talk, advertised under the title "From Rock'n Roll to Islam", had been organised by the Islamic Societies of several Colleges of London University, including the Islamic Society at the LSE.

Addressing a packed audience in the New Theatre, Mr. Islam admitted that it was "intriguing how a singer with a thousand adoring fans and a life which seems perfect could switch to Islam." To understand that, one had to know something about who he had been before. He said that when he had been young, he had seen the West as the "place to be", with all its characteristics and luxuries, such as "Christmas,

TV, Rock'n Roll, Sex, Fashion, Money and Democracy."

He had decided early on that he wanted to be one of the winners in a society which judged people as winners and losers according to their success and the money they earned. The basic philosophy of that society had been that everybody should be happy and that everything which made people happy was good.

But this point of view provided very short-lived happiness only. He started questioning traditional values and beliefs in our society in the sixties, when he was in hospital, when "drugs were freely available and when there was a lot to think about".

Success had continued for him for some time, but the search for happiness had not. All that changed when he was given a copy of the translation of the Ko-

ran by his brother. He said that he had had a great reluctance to start reading as he had harboured the traditional Western prejudices. But when he had started, the book had become more and more important. Eventually he had declared himself a Muslim in Jerusalem. Ever since, "happiness was continually present", he claimed. Whenever mistakes were made, one only had to repent.

Asked about his comments on the death sentence which was handed out against Salman Rushdie by the Ayatollah Khomeini, Stevens said that it was an "unfortunate question."

The death sentence had only been a repetition of an already existing law against blasphemy. Blasphemy itself was a crime in the Bible as well as in the Koran. There was no need

to "insult the beliefs of any religion". To make fun of the prophet Muhammad was a crime rightly punishable by death, unless Rushdie repented. Stevens conceded that some schools of thought in Islam insisted that Rushdie should be murdered even in case he actually repented, but in that case the life beyond the grave would not be affected by his sin. The death sentence had been a deterrent and he said that he thought "that it has worked". No mention was made of the murdered translators.

Responding to another question, Stevens admitted that in many ways "Islam is hidden by Muslims" and that much had to be done. But if one was "engaged in study and evaluation there was hope".

# Brittan on the future of Europe

## EC commissioner examines Britain's future after 1992

By Hans Gutbrot

Sir Leon Brittan, Vice-President of the Commission of the European Communities, was invited to speak at the LSE on Friday the 24th of January.

Speaking in the Old Theatre on the future of Europe after 1992, he addressed a packed audience, with several people standing on the balcony and in the aisles.

Brittan, suggested that the Maastricht summit had not only been a "successful exercise of British damage-limitation" but also a "triumph for Europe" on quite a different level. Success in his eyes was not that Britain retained its right to opt-out but rather that initial agreement was found at all. He identified the two main advantages of the Monetary Union. On the one hand the costs incurred by the constant change of currency necessary across Europe would be avoided. More important however, was that the disadvantage of constant uncertainty in European trade would become irrelevant. He said that he "would have been delighted" if Britain had joined without any reservation, but he conceded that one had to "recognize the political realities" of the situation.

Nevertheless Brittan's reservation did not constitute the risk of "missing the boat" as the "tickets were on sale until the last minute". He said that he expected that Britain would be one of the first to join the monetary Union as soon as it became reality.

On the issue of the Social Charter, Brittan felt that the British reservation might have a positive impact on its development. He pointed out that the Social Charter itself did not impose any legislation. The actual content of the legislation was still "wholly uncertain" and would be shaped with regard to the competitiveness of all the nations in the EC. As soon as Britain would realise that not all the legislation was a disadvantage in economic terms it would "follow suit" in adopting the social legislation.

Brittan saw the advances achieved in Maastricht not only on the level of economic integration. In addition to these successes the first steps had been made towards a common foreign and defence policy, he suggested. In the light of the likelihood of diminishing US-involvement it was necessary for Europe to "get its act together". The lessons learned in the Gulf and in Yugoslavia had

shown that Europe cannot yet act as most would want it to. But he maintained that this was natural, as one had to "work from the bottom up". In this sense Maastricht had also been a positive achievement in moving in the right direction instead of imposing a "straight-jacket" on the individual countries. Brittan mentioned the accusation levelled at the Commission which alleged that the Commission was an unelected and undemocratic central body. In his view there was "an awful lot of double talk" in such accusations as long as the European Parliament was not given more power to legislate itself. He said that the essential goal in his eyes was to "use institutions and power to remove barriers and obstacles" instead of being "protectionist and dirigiste". He felt that Maastricht had only opened one door; one problem had been solved but many others remained. The solutions to those problems would not be merely theoretical but would affect the lives of every single European. He admitted that this was a great challenge, but it was possibly "that challenge that it makes it so interesting to work in Brussels".

# Pollak questions legitimacy of anti-zionism

By Julian Sykes

In a week that saw the Middle East peace talks founder in Moscow, Simon Pollak from the Union of Jewish students gave talk entitled "Anti Zionism = Anti Semitism".

Pollak argued that after the French Revolution in 1789 with its ideology of the secularism and equality of all people, racial theories were developed asserting the inferiority of particular races.

This was in order to justify their persecution, as plain religious discrimination could no longer be justified. However theories of racial inferiority have been discredited by the experiences of the Second World War. Thus the persecution of the Jews has progressed from an overt

religious basis through theories of racial inferiority to its latest manifestation: Anti-Zionism.

Zionism was defined by Pollak as the belief in a Jewish homeland—a return to Zion. 1948, when the modern state of Israel was created was thus a reestablishment rather than a founding.

The vast majority of Jews are Zionist in that they assert the "natural right" of Jewish people to have a state of their own.

As for the Palestinians, the early Zionists thought there could be a solution and UN resolution 181 (The Partition Plan) envisaged two separate states; a Palestinian state and a Jewish state.

The Jews accepted this but the 20 or more Arab states rejected it. If one

accepts the right of the Palestinians to a state of their own, then to deny the Jews a state of their own was hypocritical.

He went on to discuss the recently reformed Anti Nazi League (ANL) and its connection with and or the domination with the Socialist Workers Party Workers Party (SWP).

The SWP produce a book entitled "Israel, the Hijack State" which was, Pollak alleged, violently anti Zionist, and the SWP was obviously more interested in Anti Zionism than fighting racism.

As a result of this book Jewish people felt alienated from the ANL. We should set up anti racist groups that involve all people and the ANL is not the solution, he concluded.

## News in Brief

### Ashworth in Technology Bid

The Financial Times of Monday 27 January carried a report revealing that the Director, Dr John Ashworth, is heading up a consortium bidding for the state owned British Technology Group (BTG). BTG is responsible for selling inventions and ideas developed in British universities. Dr Ashworth's consortium, which includes the American equivalent of BTG, is one of three bidders for the organisation. The news

follows an announcement the previous week that LSE Chairman, Sir Peter Parker, is heading a consortium bidding for the Daily Mirror.

### School Profit

The LSE Annual Report, published last week, reveals that the LSE managed a profit of £157,000 on a turnover of £40 million in the year ended 31 July 1991. It also reveals that the school reserves topped some £2 million during the year.

### Union Inquorate

Last Thursday's Union General Meeting was closed after a quorum call. Under the Constitution, the meeting is inquorate when there

are less than 150 persons present. Votes taken in such circumstances are invalidated. This means that the vote taken on Business Motion 1, Hardship will have to be repeated at next Thursday's UGM, according to the rules of the Constitution.

### Obituary

Keith Thurley, Professor of Industrial Relations, died last Monday. Having come to the LSE in 1959, he served as Convenor of the Industrial Relations Department. He was also an academic governor and a member of the onerous standing subcommittee of the appointments committee

## Valentine's Messages

You couldn't get a more appropriate paper to slip them in than *The Beaver*.

All messages £1. Bring them to E197

by 5 pm Thursday

## Confirmation of Examination Entry for Session 1991-'92

(which concerns all undergraduates, General Course, Diploma, and Erasmus students)

### Selection of Papers for Next Session

(which concerns all First and Second Year Undergraduates)

Undergraduates, General Course, Diploma and Erasmus students: You should go to the **Timetables Office**, Room H310, Connaught House, as soon as possible on or after **Monday, 3rd February**, to collect your individual **Confirmation of Examination Entry and Selection of Papers** for next session.

The form must be completed, signed by your tutor and handed in at the **Timetables Office** no later than **Thursday 20th February**.

## Elsie's Ents

I've got a problem this week, I really don't know what the F\*\*K I'm going to write. I had it all sorted out in my mind at five o'clock yesterday, but as I'm the party girl of LSE, GROSS MORAL TURPITUDE, with the hangover I've got this morning, I'm stumped.

ADULTEROUS SABBATICALS, you may be wondering what all these words in the block capitals are and what their relevance to the, BESTIAL SODOMY, article is. The answer to that is relatively simple, no relevance whatsoever, I just thought that if I couldn't, HER HAND SLIPPED GENTLY UP HIS INNER THIGH, think of anything interesting to write, I may as well grab your attention via a tried and tested, DO IT TO ME BABY, technique, that of Sunday Sport Sensation seeking.

Being a sweet and innocent, THAT'S ENORMOUS, young girl, you may be wondering where I learnt some of these phrases, well to concur with what I expect to be the MEAT of Busy Beaver, I had my ear to a certain E205 last night where some digital financial techniques were being distributed. STUCK TO THE SEAT. It also helped me to answer that age old question of "what does an atheist say during orgasm?" as cries of "OH, YOU SCIENTIFIC PHENOMENA THAT CREATED THE UNIVERSE," abounded.

With that just to say thank you to Fiona and Jim for the superb party in the UNDERGROUND last week, please do it again (how about once a week). And to everyone else, RAG WEEK is soon upon us, so loosen your wallets and prepare to pay.

This is Elsie signing off, TOTALLY PISSED, and leaving you with a list of the week's events. NANOO NANOO.

**MON 3rd. Feb.** The Strongbow Students pub quiz in the Three Tuns starting at 8 o'clock with special guest presenter, Neil 'the sex machine with the small portfolio' Andrews. P.S. Belinda, Neil says he loves you.

**TUE 4th. Feb.** Meir Vanunu, the brother of Mordechai Vanunu, imprisoned alleged spy on the Israeli nuclear capabilities, will speak the New Theatre (E171) at 1pm.

Cinema Paradiso in the New Theatre at 7:00 presented by Constanza and the Italian Society.

**WED 5th. Feb.** Gunther Teubner will speak on Global Bukowina, the politics of Lex Mercatoria at 5:30pm in the Old Theatre.

Brian Stone, Chair of the Liberal Democrats Lesbian and Gay group will speak at 1pm. Venue TBA.

"This house believes love is the root of all evil!" Debating Society, Vera Anstey Room, 1pm. (Neil Andrews beware)

This is video night in the Underground, with a wide screen telly, I don't know what they're showing, but it's bound to be superb.

The Jazz Soc are meeting at 1pm in A698, even if you're not.

WPSS are meeting to discuss the crisis in Greece at 7.30pm. They didn't say where it is going to be, so I'd head straight for Athens.

**THUR 6th. Feb.** Elizabeth Patterson (Christian counsellor) will be speaking on does the Lord care. 6pm in S75.

Mexican night, with snacks in the Underground, with a sole promo and the Dominic Howles quartet. Yes it's a cross-cultural, cosmopolitan collection of ceaseless consumption.

THE RAG WEEK 24-HOUR TREASURE HUNT, GET YOUR APPLICATION FORMS FROM TOBY JOHNSON.

**FRI 7th. Feb.** The Underground presents a disco and lights show, which without unnecessary exaggeration will probably be the highlight of your entire existence on this paltry planet.

# Hail to the Redskins

## Joe Lavin reveals the trauma of spending Super Bowl night with American football fanatics.

I'm not exactly that big a fan of American football. I used to be, but when I was fifteen all the players went on strike, and I stopped watching. Surprisingly, the world continued to exist after this decision, and ever since I've managed to survive for the most part without football, except for one day of the year, Super Bowl Sunday.

In the States, this ranks right up there with New Years Day and the Fourth of July in the major holiday department. Almost everyone watches the Super Bowl, and in order not to appear as an evil communist Satan worshipper, I usually join in.

If, however, there were ever to be a year that I skipped the Super Bowl, this may have been it. After all, the game starts over here in Britain at 11:15 in the evening and lasts until around three in the morning. But since among the Americans I live with are two Washington Redskins fans and one Buffalo Bills fan, it soon became apparent that I wasn't about to fall asleep with all the noise.

Perhaps if only Nigel, our Buffalo fan, had been around, I might have got some sleep. After all, Buffalo played quite poorly and lost 37-24. Needless to say, Nigel was rather subdued for most of the festivities.

But Pat and Neerav, the Redskins fan, were not. Every time Washington scored the two of them would jump up, scream things like "Skins, baby!" and hug each other a couple of times. After the first touchdown, Pat even

picked up the much lighter Neerav and carried him across the room in celebration. This, as you can tell, was not the optimum environment for sleep.

To make matters worse, they insisted on singing

to kick field goals a while back. Mick wasn't really well received in our flat, as exemplified by the phrase, "Shut up, you [expletive]!" that one person liked to scream occasionally. Still, I think this was quite un-

their pocket books, and put their helmets on." At one point, he said Buffalo was "physically and morally tired." And I think he was right. Towards the end, the Bills did seem a bit slow on those moral decisions.

The other analyst was an NFL coach by the name of Jerry Glanville, and he wasn't much better than Fred. He talked about how the Redskins' game plan was to force the Bills to throw "short things." My roommate Wolfe suggested small wood carvings of animals, and we all spent a couple of minutes coming up with other short things the Redskins wanted the Bills to throw until the Redskins scored again, and we were all treated to another chorus of "Hail to the Redskins." Still, I think Jerry stumbled upon the truth, for if the Bills had just tried to throw the football instead of small things, they may have fared better.

And now let's end on a somber note and think of Nigel, the lone Bills fan. Sadly, the worst is not over for him, for he has lost a bet. You see, Nigel and Neerav both got earrings last term, and the bet was that the loser would have to get the other ear pierced and wear two earrings for a week.

So if you see a tall red head with two earrings who sometimes goes by the name of Tom, be gentle with him. He's had a rough time of late. Oh, and if you see two happy and hyper men singing "Hail to the Redskins," run for your lives.

**(They) would jump up, scream things like "Skins, baby!" and hug each other a couple of times.**

"Hail to the Redskins" as loudly as possible every time Washington scored. They had wanted to sing it after every happy thing Washington did, but they soon realised that if they went this far, the rest of us would have put our feet down, sharply on their mouths.

Still, you might have noticed that Washington scored a lot, so we got to hear a lot of "Hail to the Redskins." So did most of SW10, as Neerav had the window open to smoke. It wasn't exactly the most pleasant of sounds. Pat may have sung in various choirs before, but when drunk and excited neither he nor Neerav were very adept at carrying a tune. In fact, the closest they came was carrying a beer, which they were quite good at.

Our other major source of entertainment was making fun of Channel 4's coverage. The host was Mick Luckhurst, a Brit who used

fair, as Mick was extremely adequate in a mediocre average type of way.

His American analysts were much worse. One of them was Fred Smerlas who was chosen because he used to play for Buffalo. Unfortunately, before they became at all good, he was traded to the New England Patriots, a team that recently finished a season with a record of one win and fifteen losses. So it's safe to say that this was the closest Fred was getting to a Super Bowl.

I'm not sure whether Mick realised this, because he kept asking Fred what it's like to play in the Super Bowl. Fred would politely answer, "Well, Mick, it must be really great," all the while probably thinking, "How the hell would I know, you [expletive]!"

The rest of the time, Fred would utter wonderful words of wisdom along the lines of, "The Bills really got to get down, throw away

## Rubble Trouble

### Adrian May examines some of the possibilities presented to students now that we know that the Library could fall down any minute...

The best news of last week was that the Library is about to succumb to the same symptoms as most of its contents — old age — and shed parts of its ceilings onto unsuspecting students.

I have used this news to claim that ever since reading the news I have been afflicted by a series of nightmares in which I am bombarded by a concrete rainstorm, and therefore cannot set foot inside the Library without getting convulsions, and so am unable to do any work.

The more conscientious of you may not have used this excuse, and are still venturing into the danger zone regularly.

You are probably wondering what they are going

to do about the risk to your life. As I understand it very little until the summer. That is not very good news if you were planning to do some work for the exams this summer.

I don't have better news if you were planning to do some work for your exams next summer as there is a very real possibility that nothing will be done before then either. You see, the school really doesn't have £400,000 floating about to pay for the repairs, and will only go ahead with them if the engineers say that they are 'essential.'

Quite how the engineers define 'essential' I'm not sure, since they have already said that they think that some ceilings could fall in at any minute, but there

are no immediate plans to do anything.

How many ceiling collapses do there have to be before the work is deemed essential?

In the mean time the Library might consider expanding its loan range from just books, to include umbrellas, hard hats, or nuclear fall out shelters depending on the risk in the area one plans to study. I can just see the Library aficionados insisting that red hats should be limited to a one day loan, and, you guessed it, yellow hats restricted to a two hour loan.

And you can also hang on to that all important one day loan book that you need to write an essay that you know will take three days

to do, claiming that you are too afraid to go near the Library to return it.

What we all have to understand is that right now we have an opportunity to do no work at all for a few weeks while we watch workmen rebuild the Library.

How good it would be to take a few weeks off from the books. But I'm just dreaming and being very, very childish. The truth of all this is that people are not going to stop using our memorial to Lionel Robbins at all — if they want a degree that is — and since they are at the LSE chances are they do.

Looks as though I'll have to boycott the building on my own...

# Busy Beaver

## Digging the dirt on LSE's worst...but they love it!

Greetings fellow scholars. BB here bringing a little sparkle to your lives. There were curious goings on at the Former First Lady of the Beaver's party. A former news editor, who we shall refer to as the Karate Kid, was definitely not a happy chappy when Baby Lemonade spilt his drink down his back (no pun intended). The Karate Kid's lightning-fast, razor-sharp reactions took over and he brought his elbow back in a swift Bruce Lee move to quell the attacker. Unfortunately, the elbow connected with an innocent female by-stander rather

than Baby Lemonade. Busy Beaver will, of course, not reveal the innocent by-stander's name, but if you rearrange the letters 'lehcaR' you might just get a word that sounds similar. The Karate Kid, not content with debilitating one poor sod, then decided to try out his martial arts out on a wall. The wall won. The bandage comes off next week hopefully.

At the same party the hostess and 'lehcaR' had a bet as to who will 'get off' with more men. I don't know about numbers but the hostess did not get mostest.

Busy Beaver's investigations have unearthed the

dastardly culprit who broke the table for disabled students in the Brunch Bowl. It was none other than the General Secretary himself Rip van Winkle. Having had a couple too many in the Beaver's Retreat the Generally Sozzled Secretary took it upon himself to jump from table to table across the Brunch Bowl. The last table decided that it wasn't going to take 180lbs of Dutch Deadwood and collapsed.

On Tuesday night the Underground had its opening party. Busy Beaver's spies were out in force to squeeze every last drop of gossip out of this fruitful occasion. Romance (or at

least something wet and sticky) was blooming again for Chancellor Tubby. This time it was with the American Beaver (definitely no pun intended). They were getting up to all sorts of unspeakable acts in his office. Eye witnesses said that it got so steamy that there was actually smoke coming from the room! The American Beaver, complete with stubble rash, did not return to her Butlers Wharf lodgings until noon the following day.

There were a number of unanswered questions from that night. Why did the Mad Queen Beaver kick down McMuffin's door? Why did McMuffin bite

Elsie's nipple (the chair of Rag)? Or why did the Karate Kid say that a good friend was better than sex? Answers on a postcard...

Busy Beaver had a great deal of difficulty coming up with a name for the news editor. But after hearing how she was given a fireman's lift out of the Underground which caused her dress to reveal more than is considered decent in polite circles (or even Soho), we have decided to christen her Miss E. Bearall.

The climax to the party (other than what was going on in Tubby's office) was a drunken beer/fire extinguisher fight in the sab-

baticals' corridor. Rip van Winkle didn't have a good time though, he was kicked out of 'anamda's' room due to too much alcohol and too little performance. Busy Beaver thinks that he should now be called Rip van Wrinkle.

C'est tout, as they say in Sardinia. Keep that gossip rolling in. And remember, all you party-people, to watch out — Beaver's about!

**B.B.**

## The Big Bet

The Cycling Society wants you to cycle against your professor in Rag Week...but with a difference.

Some people still don't cycle because it might rain....

...others feel sorry for them.

Some don't cycle because it is dangerous....

...others cycle and reduce danger for others.

Some people still don't cycle because they don't like the fumes....

...others do cycle because they don't like the fumes.

Some don't cycle because they are always in a hurry....

...others do cycle because they are always in a hurry.

Rag week will prove

again: cycling is the fastest way to get around in London. How? The 'Big Bet' is the race of the 'bikes versus the buses' (or other public transport). The idea: you meet your professor at his home one morning during Rag Week and see who gets first to the LSE, you on the bike or him on public transport. The loser pays £5 to Rag Week. For once it will be those who have the money paying for charity.

Like the idea? Want to join? Contact the Cycling Society leaving a note in the pigeon hole (2nd floor East Building), or Dr. Bikes (Friday 5-7pm in front of the Three Tuns).



Many people choose their own forms of public transport. Photo: Steve East

Anyone interested in being a Campus Editor, contact Paul or Simon in E197, or come to Monday's Beaver Collective Meeting

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# The Beaver

Next week is Rag Week for any of you who still remain unaware of this fact. This year it is a ULU wide fundraiser which not only means that there is a greater choice of events on offer (those in college and those outside) but it also means that there should be a greater opportunity to raise money. There remain two goals of Rag. To provide everyone possible with a thoroughly good time, and to raise money for Charity. The nominated charities this year are The Terrence Higgins trust, Save the Children and the Saint Martin's Homeless Project.

It has been a sad fact in previous Rag Weeks here at the LSE that not much money is raised. Many people have enjoyed themselves in the past but have conveniently forgotten to collect the sponsorship money, or buy the Rag T-shirt or simply donate money. Perhaps the fact that this year it is a ULU wide event will generate competition amongst the London colleges to raise greater sums. If this happens then it will undoubtedly be a success. However, remaining the sceptic, I can see the reverse happening: people not bothering to take part as they don't want to make the effort for something that is not in college.

If that is the case, then I hope some of you will take part in the Treasure Hunt that starts on Tuesday of this week and finishes on Wednesday. Firstly, it is an opportunity to shake off the apathetic image that has sadly been an inherent part of LSE life. Secondly, the prize is likely to be a barrel of beer or something of that sort (although as I write this it has not been finalised). So don't go and hide in the library, or the Three Tuns. Go down to the Underground at 6pm on Tuesday and register a team. The causes are very worthwhile and the entertainment value there is to be gained cannot be ignored.

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Campus Editors	Simon Bradberry
	Paul Cann
Feature Editor	Paul Bou Habib
Arts Editors	Ben Accam
	Navin Reddy
Music Editor	Neil Andrews
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## For:

Football stadiums need to be up-dated. This fact was made clear by the Hillsborough disaster. Terraces are a thing of the past. We should follow the Europeans example and build safe, all-seater stadia.

The list of disasters which occurred at terraced stadiums is endless.

On nearly every occasion the disaster was a result of a barrier of some kind or another giving way and leading to large numbers of soccer fans being crushed to death. In an all-seater stadium such an occurrence would not happen. If supporters remain seated there is no way such a disaster could occur.

Seats are safe. The average supporter would argue otherwise because of the enjoyment they get standing but this argument as no real strength because the Italians seemed to enjoy themselves during the 1990 World Cup Finals and they were seated throughout. The finals were an example of the safety and effectiveness of this type of stadium working.

In Britain we have good examples of all-seater stadiums and stadiums with a large seat capacity working. Take Glasgow Rangers

and Manchester United, for example. Two of the best supported sides in the country and they have incorporated seating successfully into their respective stadiums. There have been no complaints from either sets of supporters about the lack of atmosphere generated in each ground because of the seating. In fact, both teams still command a vigorous fol-

## Against:

In 1985 two major incidents changed the face of football-the Bradford City fire and the riot at Luton Town FC by so-called Millwall "fans". But while the former became a national campaign for safety, the latter was subjected to a number of inquiries which resulted in measures being

League and the FA is to introduce all-seater stadiums in the style of the big European clubs and the American stadia of the NFL, but these were purpose built stadiums. With no money coming from the government many clubs cannot afford this option and so the best they can do is convert their present grounds, thus reducing their capacities.

Football fans will stand up no matter what. When a team scores there is an instinct to stand up and cheer. But the design of all-seater stadiums mean that if one person loses their balance and falls forwards, a kind of domino affect takes place. Eventually everyone will fall forwards, causing a number of injuries. The situation would become worse if the weather conditions were bad. A hypothetical situation it may be but imagine if the Bradford disaster took place at Ibrox. Only a champion hurdler could have escaped.

What's more, the so-called riot at Luton Town began originally in the same way as the Hillsborough disaster. Overcrowding in the Millwall end led to fans spilling over onto the pitch and, because of their reputation, the police charged and the rest is history. The seats of Kennilworth Road become weapons in the hands of the "fans".

Eventually another disaster will occur but this time there will be nowhere for football stadiums to go.

Neil Andrews

## Should We Sit or Should We Stand?

lowing.

The only drawback is they cost quite a bit to build, but even this factor has been overcome effectively by clubs such as Arsenal and West Ham, who have introduced a bond scheme to pay for renovations, and Millwall, who've just sold their present ground to pay for a substantial part of the costs to build a new stadium. Cost is no argument for safety. Lives are worth a lot more than the value of a safe, all-seater stadium. Forward is the only way to go.

Steve Thomas.

introduced to combat football hooliganism. Unfortunately the safety aspects of these proposals were never considered.

In 1989, 95 Liverpool supporters lost their lives thanks, indirectly, to these proposals. The government has now changed its tune. High fencing with spiked railings were to come down and, more significantly, grounds had to become all-seated stadia. But the government had not learned through its previous mistakes and the safety aspects of all-seater stadiums were not given enough consideration.

The aim of the Football

## Post Haste

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

## Let Them Eat Cake

Dear Beaver,

Having not recently won the "Sun Bingo", "Times Portfolio" or, for that matter been born with a silver American Express card in my mouth, I shall not be going to the LSE "Luv-in Ball". For those of you who do not know the price, it is £38 per person. In student terms (i.e. those of us who live in the real world) that means one week's rent or forty pints of lager, or three decent concert tickets (including cab fare) or even a year's supply of Ragu sauce.

I am sure that many undergraduates eagerly look forward to the tradition of going to a university ball. Well, at LSE, they can forget it. If this is the Student Union's idea of a sick financial joke, I can only see it as another severe kick in the sack for an already impoverished student body.

Unless my fairy god-

mother appears pretty sharpish, Cinders will not be going to this ball, "Luv-in" or not.

Fiona Macdonald, "Let them eat cake".

Disappointed punters.

## First Year Problem

Dear Beaver,

I read last week's front page article on plans to make the first year exams count towards the degree, with a mixture of interest and horror. It is true that people soon learn that the goal of the first year is merely to pass; it is true that they don't take it very seriously. The latter, however, is not solely to do with the former.

The quality of teaching in Part II courses is, in my experience, so far good and I enjoy them. Last year, this was regrettably not the case. My economics subject consisted of, in the first term, a frustrated ballet dancer flapping his arms up and down and making surreal references to mushroom farming. In the second term, I had a semi-drunk Mediterranean quoting the text book at us (which he wrote, and which we had to buy in order to know what each week's exercises were). The classes

were not much better. My first economics class teacher didn't even speak English and my second seemed to be on drugs. Strangely, I stopped turning up in both cases. They didn't notice.

Likewise, while EST has now thankfully been modified so it is possible for human beings to pass it, I don't find it helpful to be told in my first class, "Your revision exercises were all completely awful. I don't think any of you are going to pass this subject." I would also have preferred it if one of my Maths teachers had not had a habit of pausing every fifteen minutes and realising that all the previous examples that had been chalked up on the board were, in fact, wrong.

On a less caustic note, the first year is an important time of adjustment for most people at university, not least for the forty percent of students who have come from another country to study here. The effect of making first year exams part of the final degree will be to make these students even less inclined to make the effort to mix socially, as they will not only have the English language to grapple with, but also a third of their degree.

Thus, I think the proposal is fine in theory, but an abysmal idea in practice - especially if the quality of teaching of core sub-

jects is not drastically improved at the same time.

Union Jack (a disillusioned second year)

## Fighting Nazis

Dear Beaver,

Recently, there have been attacks on the Anti-Nazi League, mainly by the Union of Jewish Students. They argue that the ANL is just a front for the SWP who want to cash in on racist attacks to build their ranks. This argument is rubbish, outrageous and offensive.

The ANL was launched in 1977 to combat the rise of the National Front. At the time, the Nazi National Front was able to gain 199,000 votes in the local London elections. The broad based campaign of the ANL smashed the Nazis. It was this broad based campaign that was effective.

This year, the ANL was relaunched to combat the rise of fascism. The ANL is not recruiting ground for the SWP. Anyone can join. The ANL is a united front against Nazism.

Mubin Haq (ANL and SWSS).

# And Now for the Real News

## Seeing Through the 'Kissing Baby' Syndrome

It is coming to this time of year again when election fever will take over and engulf the sanity of the nation. We have been promised a campaigning season more American than ever, with agencies employed by the parties to find the chinks in the electioneering armour of the opposition. The question remains, is it really all worth it.

In previous decades, the British public were quite happy to vote for who they really believed in. Then, the Conservatives discovered Saatchi and Saatchi's unforgettable use of a dole queue and the "kissing baby syndrome" began in earnest. It would be interesting to discover whether or not all this electioneering has really made a difference to the main parties,

or if the public still continue to vote according to the policies. This will perhaps be seen in this election over the issue of income tax. The issue seems to be, Does one vote Labour and risk seeing an increase in income tax, or does one vote Tory and risk seeing a rise in VAT, or does one vote Liberal Democrats and know that one will get a one pence in the pound rise in income tax? The answer is likely to depend upon how you, the British public, like having your money spent for you. Alternatively, there is the Monster Raving Party vote, where one does not know how one will get taxed or not.

Jesting aside, voting is a serious business. It seems that most people still vote for the Tories and for Labour as they believe they will waste a vote on one of the smaller parties. If there are enough people in the country that actually have the courage of their convictions, though, this may not be the case. No votes should be wasted. Elections only

come round once every five years and in the meantime politicians seem to get away with murder.

## What Cost Defence Cuts?

The newspapers have been full of praise over the past week for the new steps taken by Bush and Yeltsin on the road to disarmament. It has been regarded as a far reaching achievement that these two great "powers" are to encourage Britain, China and France to reduce their nuclear capacity.

The steps that can be regarded as positive are that reductions have been achieved at the first meeting of this type between Yeltsin and Bush. However, nothing could really have gone wrong as Yeltsin cannot be seen to achieve less than the man he has replaced on the world stage: Gorbachev. Both powers' long range nuclear weapons have now been reduced

in numbers to under 5,000 and the destruction process of these weapons will now be speeded up.

However, it seems ridiculous that, despite all these peace initiatives between the two powers, the Star Wars programme is still going ahead. Bush has tried to persuade Congress to increase the budget for this and has convinced Yeltsin that it is a development not specifically intended for use against Russia or the Commonwealth of Independent States (CIS). The scheme is "geared to shooting down enemy missiles from any quarter" which sounds ominously as if its suitability will be geared towards the Middle East in the next ten years.

The anomaly remains that the arms cuts achieved last week and the subsequent savings in defence spending will not cover the increase in costs needed to develop the Star Wars programme. This, for a country already experiencing economic problems seems to be a rather ironic use of

resources.

## Rough Justice for Women

It seems that men and women are poles apart yet again when it comes to British justice. As groups throughout the country are campaigning against the sentence of Sara Thornton for the murder of her violent husband, Bisla Singh was cleared of murder for killing his wife who was described as a "nag". Not only does this recent acquittal illustrate the anomalies present in the legal system, it also reflects badly on men.

It seems that women are creatures full of premeditation and an immense capacity for inexcusable violence whereas men are the pitiful he-pecked species that cannot speak up for themselves and are only capable of "snapping". I am sure that this is not the case. Men do possess an ability for reasoning and

they also have tongues in their heads. Similarly, women do possess the ability to "snap" and are not totally rational beings.

Singh has pleaded guilty of manslaughter on the grounds of "severe provocation" and was given an eighteen month sentence, suspended for a year. He said that he did not mean to strangle his wife, but had only done it to shut her up. Sara Thornton, on the other hand, had tolerated extensive physical violence and also said that she had been pushed to the limit by her partner. She was given life.

Judge Denison, speaking on the Singh case, said, "You have suffered through no fault of your own a terrible existence for a very long time. I do not see that sending you to prison is going to do you any good...". Perhaps it is about time that something is done to redress the imbalance that has occurred here.

## First Person

A forum for individual opinions on issues relevant to students at the LSE

# The New Constitution: Michiel van Hulsten explains all

The existing Students Union Constitution was drawn up in 1975 and has not kept up with the many changes which have occurred - and should occur - in the way the Union is governed and managed. The revived and updated Constitution is designed to be both clearer and more relevant than the existing document.

The democratis process is crucial and that is where most of the changes will take place. The new document proposes the creation of a new sabbatical position, and the reallocation of responsibilities between

sabbatical posts. The new post of Equal Opportunities and Welfare Sabbatical is important for two reasons.

Firstly, the work of the Admin Sub-Committee (responsible for staffing) can be taken on by a team of four sabbaticals and the general Manager, thus freeing part time exec members from the time-consuming business of the ASC. Secondly, full attention will be given to welfare: a responsibility which is currently divided between at least four officers. The additional welfare funding from the School just announced will allow us to pay for it.

The total number of executive members remains unchanged, and so do the posts of overseas, postgrad, and women's officer. The other six executive members will be assigned to three areas: finance and services (which includes environment), equal opportunities and welfare, and entertainments and societies. Hopefully this will ensure that part-time exec members can become more involved in the work of the Union than they do at present, and that the sabbaticals have an active back-up team to help them out.

Increased accountability will be achieved by reviving the Union Council. Under

the new Constitution, the membership is changed to include Union officers and all School Committee representatives. The student members of the Committee on Undergraduate Studies, The Masters Students Committee and the Research Students Committee will be made non voting members, in the hope that this will promote integration between administrative and academic decision making. Hopefully, the revived Union Council will be an opportunity to debate many of the 'boring' issues, which the UGM won't discuss, in more detail.

The new Constitution

aims to create a better managed Union. The new Finance and Services Committee is intended to be a strategic committee to plan the Union's commercial development, and this will be the place. By including the managers of the different services, a sense of common purpose will hopefully be instilled.

The Administration and Staffing Committee's main change is in its membership. This is reduced from seven to five, and comprises only full time members. The ASC is a demanding committee in terms of time and effort, which is only just borne by the present part-time exec members. If we

are to be a responsible employer, we must ensure that our management is flexible and alert.

A new Constitution has been long overdue. This new document has been put together following extensive consultation with over 25 people, and I therefore hope that it reflects some kind of consensus amongst those who know the Union well, on what changes are necessary. Copies are available from E294, amendments can be submitted until noon on 11 February, and on 20 February it will be voted upon. Please come and support it.

Protestors participate in an anti-fascist demonstration (right); The British National Party has attracted a great deal of controversy (below right). Photos from Beaver library

## George Binnette examines the Resistable Rise of the Euro-Right

As 1991 drew to a close the spectre of fascism loomed once more over much of Europe. Dramatic electoral breakthroughs by virulent racist parties of the far right, combined with an horrific spate of fascist-orchestrated attacks against refugee hostels in Germany, drew the spotlight of the mainstream media for a few weeks last autumn.

The resurgence of right-wing extremism is hardly confined to western Europe. In the wake of the collapse of the former Soviet bloc and the headlong rush toward market economies by the post-Stalinist regimes a range of overtly fascist, anti-semitic and anti-gypsy movements and parties have emerged and grown in the past two to three years. The dislocation caused by the closure of whole sectors of industry and remorseless price rises for basic necessities has created fertile soil for the rebirth of organisations which had supposedly perished in the wake of World War II.

In Rumania, for instance, Vatra Romanesca, often known as the Iron Cross, claims up to 400,000 supporters for its crude anti-Jewish propaganda and campaigns to rehabilitate the country's pre-war fascist leader. Amid the civil war which followed Croatia's secession from the former Yugoslavian federation, the HoS movement has made substantial gains, appealing to anti-Serbian sentiment and frustration with the Tudjman regime's conduct of the war. HoS, however, makes no secret of its ancestry as a direct descendant of the overtly pro-Nazi Ustache forces, who controlled much of Croatia during World War II and waged a reign of terror against both Serbs and Jews.

Elsewhere in eastern Europe naked fascist organisations have yet to score successes, though in Poland anti-Semitic graffiti is commonplace in Warsaw's streets and Lech Walesa's 1990 presidential campaign stoked up hatred against the country's re-

maining 5 to 6,000 Jews. However disturbing the rekindling of fascist parties and extreme right nationalist movements in eastern Europe may be, it is all too explicable in the context of the scale of economic collapse and Stalinism's record of suppressing virtually all political life for more than four decades. In the absence of significant, credible left alternatives in these states, capable of directly confronting the far right, the fascists are likely to continue their growth.

In the European Community (EC) states, Scandinavia and Austria politicians of the far and not so far right have played upon fears of mass migration from the ravaged economies of the east. Specific national factors have also fuelled the electoral rise of some ultra-right parties as with the Lombard League which has whipped up regional chauvinism in northern Italy to capture 24% of the vote in Brescia's local elections to oust the ruling Christian Democrats. In Belgium ethnic Flemish resentment has figured in the appeal of the Vlaams Blok which now holds 12 seats in the National Assembly and attracts more than 20% of the vote in Antwerp.

Such local circumstances are secondary, however, in explaining the fortunes of western Europe's fascists and their "respectable" electoral fronts. The ability of the Vlaams Blok, the German DVU and, above all, Le Pen's Front National (FN) to spout a political message of undisguised racism has acquired a whole new significance in the context of European economic and political integration. The construction of "Fortress Europe", shielded by ever tighter external border controls against "economic migrants" from Africa and Asia, has given new resonance to the politics of scapegoating. The grotesque equation between the mere presence of immigrant workers in the EC and mass unemployment has gained a new lease on life.

With brazen dishonesty the likes of Le Pen play a numbers game in which "four million immigrants mean four million jobless Frenchmen". The FN leader, who dismisses the Holocaust as "...a mere detail of 20th Century history" and boasts of his savagery in France's war against Algerian independence, is by no means alone

in his calls for repatriation. At the same time, however, Kenneth Baker's Asylum Bill, now at its third reading, both panders to and seeks to reinforce anti-immigrant prejudice in Britain. What distinguishes the fascists, then, is not simply the virulence of their racism but their need to dramatically translate the rhetoric of race hate into the reality of

predictable response from the Kohl government has been to blame the victims, authorising the round up of asylum seekers and their relocation to military camps. The authorities have also shown a marked reluctance to act against the neo-Nazis in the face of overwhelming evidence. Such experiences should serve to remind the left and anti-fascists generally that the state will never be a reliable ally in checking, nevermind crushing fascism.

Has Britain, however, really proved immune to the fascist revival affecting virtually every other European country? Superficially, the answer is yes but there are no grounds for complacency. Thatcher's anti-immigrant rhetoric and the 1981 Nationality Act did much to placate racist voters who had cast ballots in local elections for the National Front. The fortunes of the Front also suffered due to the mass campaigns of the Anti-Nazi League in particular, but above all from sound thrashings at the hands of angry black youth in Lewisham, Southall and elsewhere. While the British National Party (BNP), which has now surpassed the Front as the largest and most coherent fascist grouping, seems puny and isolated relative to its continental counterparts, it has developed a dual strategy of electioneering and street thuggery which has begun to pay dividends. The careful targeting of limited resources to a handful of areas in Scotland and England has won the BNP several hundred new sympathisers and siphoned off a number of NF flag group members in the past two years. The organisation's would-be Fuhrer, John Tyndall, and his chief deputy, Richard Edmunds, are standing in the east London borough of Tower Hamlets' two parliamentary seats at the next General Election. Their "Rights for Whites" slogan has struck a chord amongst marginalised working class residents in a borough which

has long had the highest concentration of racist attacks in the country. In 1990 the BNP gained 12.5% of the vote in a ward by-election, driving the Tories into fourth place. Pending the decision of an electoral court which is likely to disqualify seven or more Liberal councillors for the publication of a bogus Labour leaflet, the BNP may soon be waging a series of by-election campaigns.

Even as state racism in the form of immigration controls, police harassment and more subtle forms of institutional discrimination remain central to the black experience in Britain the conditions for substantial growth in fascist support are in place with prolonged recession and structural changes in capitalism creating large pools of unemployed youth with little or no positive experience of the labour movement. BNP leader Tyndall writing on the October, 1991 issue of their journal, Spearhead, made plain his intention to focus on such elements as future cannon fodder.

In Britain Anti-Fascist Action (AFA) will continue to function as an organisation committed to confronting the likes of the BNP on the streets as well as ideologically. By addressing union branches and trades councils as well as initiatives like the 10,000-strong Hackney Unity Carnival and 4,000-strong demonstration in Tower Hamlets in November, 1991 AFA has begun the task of alerting the labour movement to the threat posed to its self-interest and the reality already faced by black communities at the sharp end of racist and specifically fascist attacks.

In the run-up to the General Election and with the prospect of council by-elections in Tower Hamlets, AFA is launching a campaign in the borough to counter the fascists' appeal and attempts to organise. It begins with a public meeting on Thursday, 13 February at 7.30 PM at the Davenant Centre, 179 Whitechapel High St.



in his calls for repatriation. In 1991 the FN came to all but dictate the agenda issues of race, immigration and "national identity" for the mainstream political parties in France. With one Le Monde opinion poll showing support for Le Pen at 32% and for his anti-immigrant policies higher still, the Socialist Party premier, Edith Cresson, did not hesitate to jump on the bandwagon. She called for the state to requisition planes to transfer suspected "illegal" immigrants to their countries of origin, while the traditional parties of the French right indulged in unashamedly racist slurs against Arab culture.

The language used by the like of Paris mayor, Jacques Chirac, made Thatcher's notorious 1978 television interview about foreigners "swamping our national culture" seem liberal by

physical violence. However glossy the veneer of electoral front organisations fascism must assemble a street-level fighting force that will often face the prospect of an extra-legal, clandestine existence but offers the opportunity to alienated sections of the jobless and downwardly mobile middle class to vent their aggression against blacks, Jews, lesbians, gay men and the organised left.

While fascist gangs are clearly not responsible for the bulk of racist attacks and "queer bashing" in Europe, neo-Nazis were directly involved in last autumn's sustained persecution of asylum seekers in Germany, culminating symbolically in the torching of a hostel in the small town of Hoyeswerda where local residents joined with bussed-in thugs to drive Sri Lankan Tamils from the town. The all too



# Caught in the middle

The beautiful island of Sri Lanka, which has achieved so much on the social development front, is a hell in heaven for those affected by the civil conflict, Sarah Eglin reports.

A few lines in the quality newspapers' news brief on yet another atrocity committed by the Tamil tigers or Ministers in Britain and Denmark facing censure because they sent Tamil refugees back to Sri Lanka when their safety could not be assured - both statements raise the question of what do we really know or care about what is going on in Sri Lanka?

Sri Lanka, the island shaped like a teardrop off the coast of India, is in many respects a paradise. The people and their way of life may bear a general resemblance to India but there are just as many differences as there are similarities. The predominant religion is Buddhism, the countryside is fertile with two monsoons. Travelling around the country you are immediately struck by the lush greenery (and the crazy drivers). Sri Lanka is a tropical island and not part of a vast continent. This last point explains a lot about the Sri Lankan psyche. As with other nirvana, the inhabitants are laid back and frequently disregard time keeping. The compact territory of Sri Lanka makes it possible to implement development policies in a constructive paternalistic way. In India one feels that the sheer magnitude of the problem and the enormous bureaucracy that must tackle it almost discourages initial attempts. A visit to Sri Lanka and a study of the aid work that is being done paints an optimistic picture. Certainly, abject poverty is rife - UNICEF calculates that forty percent of the population live below the poverty line - but one feels it could be improved; that is only my personal perception but similar visits to the shanty towns in India two years ago impressed me only with the enormity of the problem.

In fact, it is the opinion of many economists that if only Sri Lanka did not suffer from such destructive civil conflict, she could become the Singapore of the east. The annual GDP has maintained an average of 5% since free market policies were introduced in 1977 with a high level of investment. On several welfare criteria: life expectancy, infant mortality, fertility and literacy Sri Lanka has out-performed countries with far higher per capita incomes. There is free primary, secondary, and tertiary education available to all and the literacy rate is 85%! Unfortunately, the failure to create employment to match the aspirations of the educated labour force was respon-

sible for the uprising of anarchial group called the JVP in the South a few years ago which the government crushed. A crippling high defensive expenditure is

My students spoke more in sorrow than in anger about their plight and consistently expressed their desires for a new future in the west. The adults I

wife owns one of the agencies. I do not know whether it is a reputable one or not but it is certain that these agencies earn a huge profit and anyone going to the

Trouble only really began when the British withdrew in 1948. The Tamils got caught in the middle of a resurgence of post-colonial nationalism. The British had favoured the English speaking Christian elite and the backlash against this, along with the Buddhist revival, led to President Bandaranaike's 1956 "Sinhala Only" law. Making Sinhalese the only official language angered the Tamils since it excluded them from positions of authority. When Bandaranaike attempted to allow the Tamils "reasonable use" of their own language the UNP party reversed their political stance to oppose him. He was later assassinated by a Buddhist monk in 1959.

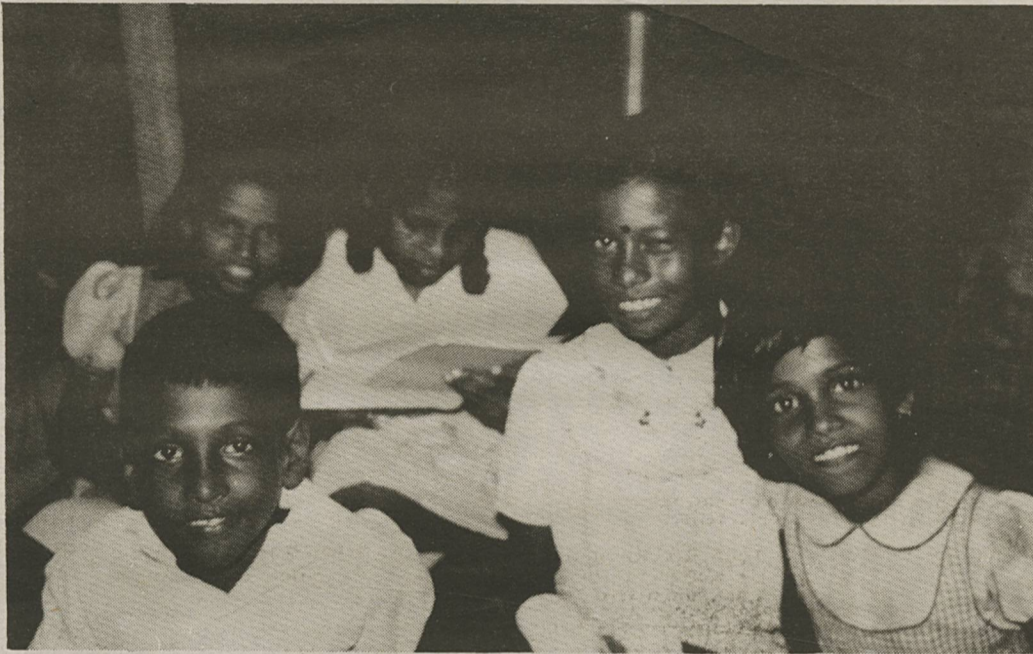
By this time the Tamil based Federal Party was pressing for a federal system, giving greater local self-government. Contentions between the Sinhalese and Tamils were exacerbated by the opportunism of the political parties to exploit the Sinhalese Buddhist fears that their religion, language and culture, which existed only in Sri Lanka, could be swamped

resettlement are in fact indirect attempts to colonise their traditional areas. In 1976 the Tamil United Liberation Front was founded to campaign for a separate Tamil country. Although the Jayewardene government then attempted a number of conciliatory moves by promoting Tamil to the status of a national language clashes between Tamil 'boys' and the security forces were now common place. In 1983 there was a nationwide outbreak of violence bigger than ever before. Between 400 and 2000 Tamils were killed and many fled to the Tamil majority areas whilst Sinhalese moved out. Massacres on both sides continued. Innocent Sinhalese and Muslim civilians in troubled areas were threatened and the government had many of its actions condemned by Amnesty.

Today the government of Premadasa is probably prepared to make political concessions and grant limited self-government. The Tamil feeling, unfortunately, but not surprisingly, has hardened and the grip of the guerrillas over the Tamil population has tightened as their methods have grown more brutal. Similarly, it is not surprising that the rest of the Sri Lankan population oppose the cession of one third on the island's already small territory. At the same time the sometimes ill disciplined and indiscriminately violent government forces have alienated many potential moderate Tamils. As in Northern Ireland there now exists valid grievances on both sides and a complexity of opposing demands which make compromise virtually impossible.

The most politically divided countries are among the most beautiful; Ireland, Israel/Palestine and Sri Lanka have in common a beautiful setting upon which ugly battles of race and religion are fought. Where the word "terrorist" is juxtaposed with "freedom fighter" and where most tragically of all, caught in the middle of whatever the rights and wrongs of the situation, there exists a group of people whose "fate is bad", to use the words of one Tamil refugee I taught in the camp.

Anyone wishing to write to Tamil Refugees in the Colombo Camp or anyone with books or other materials which might be of help in the camp should contact Sarah Eglin via the Beaver office. Any assistance would be gratefully received.



Sri Lankan children to whom Sarah taught English.

Photo: Sarah Eglin

still maintained to control the Tamil insurgency in the North and North East coast. Homeless families and young people afraid of been mistaken for combatants have been forced to leave their homes in Jaffna, Trincomalee, Batticaloa and other war-torn areas and congregate in refugee camps away from the conflict. I taught English in August and September of last year in one of these camps in the island's capital Colombo.

About three thousand Tamils lived in a requisitioned Kovil or Hindu Temple. There was only enough food and provisions for about half this number - for the past year and a half the government had refused to register anymore despite new people arriving everyday. Not surprisingly everyone was very thin and malaria, measles, 'sore eye' and fevers were rife. Families marked out a little area with their few possessions in the Temple, the hall or the long shelter made of branches. In a similar but much, much smaller thatched shack I taught English.

Despite having witnessed at first hand many of the atrocities of the civil war, my students were always very courteous and grateful, the young ones loved to play just like any other children. When we had a party on my last day the adults entered into the games with an equal amount of enthusiasm. I felt so sad, as I waved goodbye from my three-wheeler taxi for the last time, that young people who really know how to have fun should have no hope for the future.

taught were well educated, they included a teacher and a mathematician.

One day we chatted about their plans to go to the Middle East, as so many Sri Lankans do. I knew from my interview with a director at UNICEF that it is quite usual for Sri Lankans who go to the Middle East to do the menial jobs there to be exploited. They admitted it was difficult to make money out of it because they had to pay an agency about 42,000 rupees to arrange everything. There are approximately 70 rupees to the pound, a policeman would earn about 3,000 rupees a month and a taxi driver doing very long shifts 4,000 rupees

a month. So although they could earn 4,000 rupees a month in Kuwait doing manual work and have their food and accommodation provided, the loan and the interest on it negated this. Maybe the ethnic problem will be ruthlessly resolved through Tamils selling their property in Sri Lanka to finance opportunities in the Middle East. My students pointed out that they there was nothing for them to do stuck in a camp, afraid to go anywhere without the permission of the authorities so they might as well sell everything they had. I discovered that the President's

Middle East is forced to use them. Migrant remittances to Sri Lanka from the Middle East rival the main export tea as a foreign exchange earner.

The Tamils I taught had fled mainly from Batticaloa and Trincomalee on the east coast. They were there because they were young and afraid that the army would shoot them. Anyone who might look old enough to join the Tamil Tigers is in

The most politically divided countries are among the most beautiful; Ireland, Israel/Palestine and Sri Lanka have in common a beautiful setting upon which ugly battles of race and religion are fought.

danger of being victimised by the forces. As the refugee camps illustrate, there are now thousands of Tamil refugees from the north and east coast. Unlike the Tamils of the tea plantations in the hill country, who were brought over from India by the British, the Tamils here are mainly the descendants of invaders from India during the Tamil-Sinhalese war a thousand years ago. The Sinhalese themselves are not indigenous to the country as such, they too were originally settlers from India. A small tribe of Vedda aborigines live in the eastern jungles.

by the Hindu, non-Sinhalese peoples of India, whose natural allies the Tamils in Sri Lanka were thought to be.

The Tamils felt further alienated by the 1970 law which established a quota system of university places - previously they had won a higher percentage of places than their percentage of the population. In the new constitution of 1972 Buddhism was declared as having the foremost place and it was the state's duty to foster and protect it. A more recent grievance of the Tamils is that new irrigation schemes in the east which have resulted in land

# Miller's Second Act

## 'The Crucible' runs alongside 'All My Sons'

I have now seen 'The Crucible' performed twice, but what surprised me when I left the theatre was how much more I enjoyed this second performance.

The Young Vic studio is a very small stage and as such the actors had limited space in which to work. This, whatever the performers believed, works nothing but to the full advantage of the audience - there is something about being close to the action, especially in the plays' more emotional moments, that makes your nerves shudder. The performers whisk by your side chanting as they go, the effect being quite remarkable.

As for the performance itself? Excellent. These were young actors between the ages of 15 and 25. They performed however, with a fluid maturity that I thought only existed in young actors in a few exceptional cases.

Having said this however, the focus of the story, Mr.



The Young Vic Youth Theatre in *The Crucible*

John Proctor (played by Jud Charlton) must have been pressuring the upper limit of that range. This however did nothing to discredit his performance. His charac-

ter is totally believable, for some reason he shone throughout the play, and (I hope he doesn't mind) made me think somehow of Kevin Costner but then that can

Photo: Gordon Rainsford

be put down to his physical appearance.

Proctor's wife Elizabeth (Amanda Ryan) was played with similar impeccable skill. I didn't even cry at the

end of 'Watership Down', so that finding myself so concerned for the pair at the end of the show was confirmation of a good performance by these two actors in particular.

I could carry on in a similar fashion about almost all the others but this is perhaps not worthwhile. Still, perhaps it's because I may be naive, but when Abigail Williams (Zazie Smuts) claimed that there was an image of the devil (a yellow bird) upon one of the beams, I honestly believed her and looked up at the roof! (I almost shouted out "where?").

I once had to explain to my mother that the reason she hated such characters as Alan Bradley in *Coronation Street* was because they were acted so well. I had to tell myself the same about Reverend Paris (Simon Meacock), I felt somehow provoked. Well done.

The only character that I doubted for a moment was

Reverend Hale (Jon Lee). The part seemed somehow slightly overacted, but then I suppose that clergymen are this way. If the directors had born this in mind then it was a credit to the and Lee. His performance towards the end was also first class, maybe because he became a more likeable character.

This isn't the sort of play that demands an elaborate set, yet what was provided was authentic, the Proctors' kitchen in particular was very good and this certainly helps (I think they savagely set upon the furniture before the show with a chisel or two).

Go and see the this performance! it's only (I believe) £4 and worth twice as much. The Young Vic is in 'The Cut' behind Waterloo station.

By the way Amanda Ryan, You're wonderful will you marry me?

Justin Crowley

A poster  
of the  
world  
A quintuplet of  
plays by gay  
writers

The first-ever performance by the London Gay Theatre Company cannot be described as anything less than superb. Formed only one month ago, the Company aims to increase the range and style of gay writing.

There are no pink balloons in any of the short plays performed. This show is about the realities of gay life; it is about alienation in the search for identity; it is about coming out in a world that would much prefer to keep the closet doors shut. Most importantly, these plays are about life. You don't have to be gay to understand the issues raised, but being involved in "the community" would make some of the dialogue more easily understood. By no means is this a gay plea for sympathy; it is a power-

ful expression of human identity.

The first short play entitled 'Andre's Mother' takes place just following the death of the central character's lover. It is an expression of attempted solidarity between the main character and his lover's mother. Andre's mother had previously refused to acknowledge her son's sexual orientation. She has closed herself off to her son's lover and emotion runs high as she realizes the eventuality of what has occurred.

The second show, 'Seeking Wild' involves only one character. He stands as a solitary man trying to regain a positive view of the world. He is an idealist lost in an unempathetic world. He presents everyday difficulties experienced by gay

and straight alike in a very humorous light, although it is through him that many non-homosexuals may come to realize a certain similarity in relationships.

The third and fourth shows were written by the same playwright and follow the same general theme. 'Uncle Chick' is about a nephew recently moved to the city to follow a gay lifestyle who visits his uncle (who is also gay) looking for support and reassurance. 'Rex' is about a gay couple who learn to love and support each other and to respect each other's individuality.

The last scene is by far the most moving. Again, it involves only one character: a gay man who has been brought to the police station following the death of his lover. Gradually,

amidst much frustration and anger, the men's love story emerges. Describing graphically the AIDS death of his lover, the character completely exposes all of his feelings. In closing, he describes his own attempts to contract the disease. This is an incredibly powerful role and Adam Magnani is mesmerizing in his interpretation of it.

There are absolutely no words that can describe the emotion in this play series. It is a brilliant European premiere of all 5 playlets and definitely a must-see for all.

A Poster of the Cosmos, as the play collection is titled, runs until 16 February. Tickets may be obtained by calling 071 267-0457.



Kaethe Cherney as Miss A. in "The Shawl"  
Photo: Laurence Jaugey-Paget

## Manipulation by Mamet

### 'The Shawl' at the Etc.

David Mamet is the Pulitzer Prize winning writer of plays such as 'Glengarry Glen Ross', 'American Buffalo', 'Speed the Plow' and 'Sexual Perversity in Chicago'. In the world of films he has written and directed three features: 'House of Games', 'Things Change' and in 1991, 'Homicide'. It is a shame thus that he is hardly known in this country even though another of his plays 'A Life in the Theatre' was recently playing in the West End.

'The Shawl' is unlike any of the plays mentioned above in that it is very short - only an hour long if that,

but what it lacks in length it certainly makes up for in the quality of its content.

Written in 1985 'The Shawl' probably formed the basis for 'House of Games' as it draws on the same subject of psychological manipulation and fraud, only in a slightly different context; whilst 'House of Games' deals with men who are by their own admission frauds and con-artists, in 'The Shawl' the main protagonist is a man, a 'clairvoyant', who believes that he is helping people, and in this particular case a woman to see, see the past, and the future, and

thus understand herself. What he actually does is to play with her confidence; as he gains it through what we see to be nothing more than calculated guesses, it becomes easier for him to "see" what she is thinking and thus manipulate her at the finish for his own ends.

Mamet does here what he does so well; he looks into the human mind and shows how easy it is to deceive somebody if you know how, one of his great strengths is his dialogue and this is shown to great effect in this production in which there are minimal

props and scenery and an excellent cast. This is moreover enhanced by the setting for this production - the Etc. Theatre Club which like many other smaller theatres in London is situated on top of a pub and thus has only a very small stage which is the perfect setting for a play such as this. Whilst the play is very short it is still well worth watching either as an introduction to the work of Mamet or simply as an entertaining evening out.

Navin Reddy

At A Glance

Theatre

**The Crucible**  
the Young Vic

**A Poster of the Cosmos**  
through 16 Feb;  
call for details

**The Shawl**  
UIMEC Theatre Co.

**The Cotton Club**  
The Aldwych

Film

**Autobus**  
selected London  
cinemas

**Zero de conduite**

**Boudu sauvé des eaux**

# The Journey of a Lifetime

## A French road movie with a difference or two

Deep in the heart of a man's mind lies the potential to cross the boundaries of drudgery and normality into the alien world of knights and maidens, not excluding the odd dragon or two. "Autobus" firmly reminds our Hollywood-infested brains that the French are without doubt the best movie-makers in the business. With four adults and a bunch of children, the director weaves a web of tangled emotions and persistently draws on the strings of human nature with an amazing mix of humour and suspense. The end result is something quite unique.

"Autobus" explores the depths of society's hold on people, and the way it stifles and suffocates those who try to break out of it's all-engulfing mould. Modern society has no place for knights in shining armour, and slaying dragons of any kind induces not public admiration but public prosecution. The culmination of boredom, unemployment, idleness and plain nihilistic existence is the desire to

create a racket, to be noticed and to be respected. If getting respect means putting a gun to the heads of eight year old children and threatening to plug them, then that's what he'll do. From the start, putting a gun to the bus driver's, the screaming schoolchildren, hysteric schoolmistress and reluctant obedience of his half-hearted commands are fuel to the engine of his confused desire to please his long-distance girlfriend by getting them mentioned on the radio and inducing a nationwide manhunt for himself.

When the core of a fruit is good, one can tell because it rots slowly. So human nature can be corrupted and fermented by the stigmas of society, releasing the dank fumes which make an alchemist but destroy a man. This is the essence of the film. On the surface, a bored youth has kidnapped kids on their school bus and is revelling in the newfound glory and his girlfriend's pride in his reckless insanity. Underneath it all runs a stream



Yvan Attal in *Autobus*, directed by Eric Rochant

bubbling with battle, a war of the senses, an emotional struggle and ultimately a gut reaction to constricting codes of conduct and weakening inability. The end result is one long joy ride in which all those years of conformity and boredom are wiped out and a resili-

ent determination to screw society and take the consequences is put in their place. *L'Autobus* is the foetus of road movies and in it's wake it brings with it a new life of it's own and a new way of living it. You will come out of the cinema feeling that you just expe-

rienced something unique and wonderful and the chances are you would want to keep it very secret. "Autobus" will soon be on the move at selected cinemas around London

Sahr Emarco Johnny

# Back to school

## Jean Vigo's "Zero de conduite"

Set in the early 1930's in a small French town, "Zero de conduite" is above all a film about anarchy. It is Jean Vigo's third movie and like all his other productions, is strongly autobiographical. The director gives an account of life in a boarding school, where pupils are victimised by authoritarian staff.

The story starts off at the beginning of the new school year. The latter promises to be more unbearable than it usually is, for the school establishment has suddenly decided to take a

tougher stance against unruly behavior. However, this fails to deter the film's main characters (Colin, Coussot, Bruel and Tabard) from pulling their usual pranks, for which they get repeatedly punished. Frustrated with the proceedings, the four boys decide to take their revenge against the principal and his staff by inciting their fellow boarders to revolt at the school's annual feast.

Shot over a period of seventeen days, "Zero de conduite" is surprisingly well directed and clear in

its message. The film has a fresh look at authority from a child's perspective in which adults are seen as hypocritical, oppressive and corrupt. The rebellious anarchistic tone of the film is a direct reflection on Jean Vigo's link with the anarchist movement in France. "Zero de conduite" is a rather pleasant film which does not lack any sense of humour due to the portrayal of characters. Teachers and members of staff are constantly parodied in a somewhat molieresque fashion. However the

film does not contain the usual ingredients that make contemporary movies so appealing to the general public; sex and violence. For those of us who prefer "Rambo-type" films, Jean Vigo's portrayal of young rebels will seem boring and long. On the other hand this simple story with a strong message will be thoroughly enjoyed by those seeking originality and a bit of nostalgia.

Mehran Charania

# Down and out in Paris

## Renoir's view of the bourgeoisie

Boudu, a parisian tramp, loses his sole companion, his dog, and attempts to drown himself. But his wish to die is denied by a bourgeois bookseller, who saves his life. Cultivated, educated, but above all generous, the bourgeois decides to take the tramp into his home against the wishes of his snotty wife and his maid-mistress.

Boudu soon upsets the households' bourgeois tranquility with his difficult ways and his tremendous arrogance. Despite his annoying personality he manages to seduce the

bookseller's wife and win over the affection of the maid. When he finds out that he has won the lottery he decides to legalize his affection for the maid by marrying her. A marriage that will not even last minutes. Floating downstream, his bride on his arm and his benefactor toasting the triumph of the bourgeoisie over a life of freedom, Boudu tips the boat, the establishment swim to one bank and the tramp to the other, thereby returning to his old lifestyle.

A light bourgeois comedy set in the middle of Paris,

"Boudu sauvé des eaux" is the last and probably the best of Jean Renoir's films with legendary French actor Michel Simon. It is a mixture of both farce and drama, which hides a deeper message. Boudu's ineptness to adapt to a bourgeois life symbolizes the constant struggle between the "anomalist" masses and bourgeois convention. For all its humour, the film's end is dramatic as it portrays the incompatibility of the bourgeoisie with the rest of society, and vice versa. Filled with quality acting

by an ever-so present Michel Simon as the tramp, and explicit in its depiction of Paris in the 1930's, "Boudu sauvé des eaux" has its good and bad moments. The storyline is interesting and the humorous parts are numerous, yet this film does manage to get boring. 87 minutes is far too long for what the story contains. So, entertaining, but not indispensable.

Mehran Charania

# It ain't got that swing

## The joint isn't jumping at the Aldwych

"The Cotton Club" opened last week to a fanfare of press passes, publicity and pretty good performances, but unfortunately I would question whether it is worth £13, let alone £30 or more, to see it.

For those who haven't seen the film (the normal American cop-out for not having seen it on stage), what plot there is revolves around the lives of the performers at Harlem's Cotton Club in the era of Prohibition. All the actors are black, and most of the audience (both at the time and at the Aldwych Theatre), white.

A number of fine performances are given, mostly in the second act. Joanne Campbell as drug-addict and former star Millie Gibson has some excellent solos and duets, and Marilyn Johnson as 20-year black stage veteran Emma Washington really belts out her jazzy numbers, which are too few and far between.

Another top-notch act was seen in the fleet-footed Marcel Peneux, a superb tap dancer playing Bill "Bojangles" Robinson. His first-act

number left me hungering for more, but, like Johnson, his talents were put to little use.

From all these praises it might seem that "The Cotton Club" comes highly recommended, but as I said before, the amount of individual performances that were good were far exceeded by those that weren't.

Debby Bishop as Dinah Andrews, the rising Cotton Club starlet and possible successor of Josephine Baker, needs to improve her vocal talents if the audiences to believe that she is indeed an up-and-coming star. To say that her acting left a bit to be desired is an understatement as well.

This is all quite sad, for I went to the show with high hopes. The songs were all extremely familiar to me, at least (no, I haven't seen the movie, just another production of it), and I expected them to be done better. Maybe if you haven't seen it, but like jazz and swing, it's worth it. But my advice would be to wait until, as one of Millie's songs states, "There'll Be Some Changes Made."

Monica C. Neal

# Subterranean Pub Sick Blues

## The Dominic Howles Quartet in the 'Underground'

What was I, the bastion of indie music, doing at the grand opening of the Underground last Tuesday evening reviewing the Dominic Howles Quartet? After all, what do I know about Jazz? I know Johnny hates it and the bassist from Spinal Tap, Derek Smalls, once wrote a jazz concept piece entitled 'Jazz Odyssey' but apart from that I know very little. So, why was I there? Well, it was because there was a free buffet and all the free Newcastle Brown I could drink before eight o'clock.

There were two major problems with the Dominic Howles Quartet. Firstly, there was only three of them and second, nobody was listening. Despite these two drawbacks, the band played on. Reports on their ability vary. A drunken history student....actually most of the history students present were drunk, but a certain individual proclaimed: "Ere Neil, these lot are crap. Why don't you slag 'em off?"

Unfortunately, I have to agree with him. They were not very good. Cover versions came and went, including the traditional 'Blue Moon', until well into the night but they still did not grab the guests' attentions. True, they were only there for the purposes of background music but still, they could've at least tried to entertain their audience. In fact, their only attentive customer was a small child who kept trying to avoid Michiel and Fiona's outspread arms and cries of "Aaaaahhhhh!"

The evening went quite well and was apparently rounded off with an orgy in Fiona's office. Some of us had to get up early in the morning though, in order to play football (For a match report, break a life time promise and turn to the Sports section).

Oh well, now let's gun down the venue. Who's bright idea was it to create a bar where the Three Tuns used to be situated and then try and make it more upmarket in order to "Turn away the riff-raff", as Razia is fond of saying? The Underground isn't that appealing actually. The bright pink walls have a funny habit of making your eyes go all wobbly while the stools could give James Stewart vertigo. As for it being a possible future venue, well, if you want to see Ron Voce and his Magical Tortoise 'Enry then your more than welcome. Any really huge names and the place would have to be closed because of fire regulations. If an underground coffee bar is your kind of place then don't deter but if you like sitting next to beer swelling louts then stay seated where you are now in the Beaver Retreat.

Neil "The Boy Blunder" Andrews

## Attention

If you think this page is a load of old toffee then tough cheese. I like it. If you want to write a letter of complaint, congratulations or merely send a Valentines card then the address is:

Boy Blunder,  
The Music Editor,  
c/o The Beaver,  
Room E197,  
The East Building

....blah,blah,blah. You could also send me a crap joke at the same address.

Q. What do call a pop star who stands at the the end of the garden painted green?

A. The Hedge. Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha,ha,ha.

Q. Which pop star can you take into the bath with you?

A. Loofer Vandross. Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha,ha,ha.

Free George Jackson. Come on you Lions.....

# Heavy Indeed!

## Nightmare on Houghton Street part two.

Right you were warned, its more of the same. You're lucky in a way as my mate's tickets didn't turn up, thanks to the Royal Mail. So last Thursday I didn't see Simply Red so there is no review, relief all round no doubt. However I could make it up like I do most everything else, but Neil probably would n't let me get away with it this time. So.....

It is 1981, the summer and I forgot the musak! and the question this week is, if you know what I was on about last week tell me I have forgotten I think I was talking a lot of garbage so here some more!

Cue music and we shall boldly go where no man, sorry better be P.C., person has gone before. These are the voyages of the Ron person to seek out strange venues, to fall over pissed, to smoke strange African herbal cigarettes, to generally be an arsehole and to wake up on Monday and think: "How many people do I have to apologise to?" (Erm, let me see. There was... - NA.)

Going to concerts in the winter months was great; snow, rain and sleeping on stations or coaches. But it was those open air festivals that really made the summer worthwhile. I used to work all summer and save my paltry two weeks paid summer holidays for the last two weeks in August to coincide with the two most excellent concerts that happen every year. Each was known by its location, Donnington and Reading, but to those fellow travellers who lived for those two weekends they were the 'Monstrous C\*\*K' weekend and the 'Ultimate'. This week I am going to talk about the former, next week as I said who knows their maybe something more excellent happening!

I first went to Donnington in the summer of 1981. This was the second year it had been running and the line up was pretty O.K. AC/DC, Whitesnake, Blue Oyster Cult, Slade, Blackfoot and More. To me, still only 17, the only name that captured my imagination was Slade. I had already seen the two headlining bands the previous January, but Slade, there was a blast from my past. When travelling to school to a place called Morchard Bishop in Devon on "Snelly's cronky busso!" in the early 'Seventies all the grown ups, read eleven year olds, were into T. Rex, Slade, Sweet and all that glam stuff of platform shoes, tank tops and side burns. Anyway, the breakfast show was still on the Radio and throughout my formative years I was subjected to the bad spelling and football style chants of 'Cut down, Gut wiv it!', 'Tak Me Bak'Ome', 'Cum on Feel the Noize' and 'Gudbye T.Jane'.

My friends from the band were of that age and I was told by the High Priest of the Band that Nod is God and so I was expecting wondrous things.

We left Devon at the ungodly hour of four in the morning to miss the rush. Mother still couldn't get over the fact that this wasn't a school trip and that I didn't need a packed lunch, but I took it just to humour her (You Saddo - NA). The bands transit was full, well, it felt like it; three in the front and eight in the back. The beer floweth, the cigarettes were smoked and this funny looking roll-up was passed around. For something that appeared disgusting as no one took more than two or three puffs,

sandwiches and coke at exorbitant prices. It was 8am, and the first band was not on until 1pm. We entered the arena, crossed the racing surface, found a convenient place, and finished our few cans, yes, we were allowed to take them in at this time, and caught up on lost sleep.

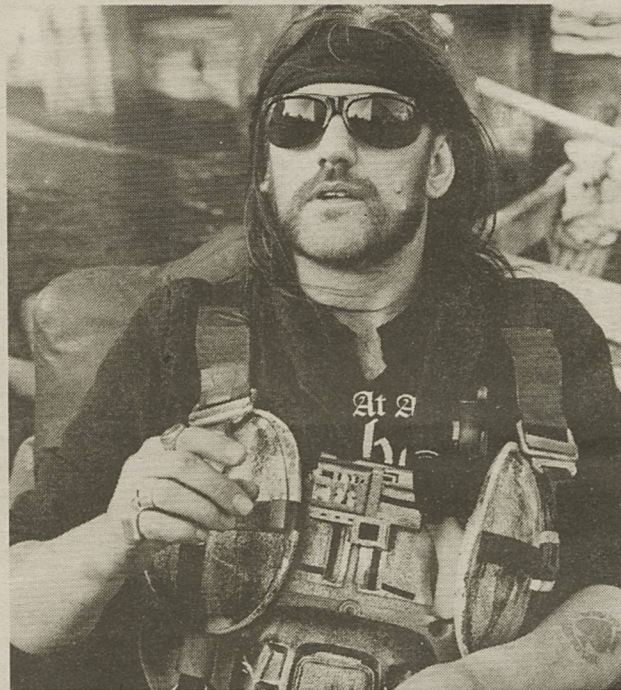
When I woke up the empty field had grown to a mass of long hair, leather jackets and petoulli oil. The first two bands were only slightly memorable, before at around 2.30 Slade came on as ominous dark clouds were heading our way. The God Noddy went up to the mike and said "I think it's going to piss down" and a big cheer went up from the crowd as he finished "later

illustrious band, but they were different. If you have heard them recently post-1987, have a gander at their more early stuff, 'Trouble', 'Come and Get it', 'Saints and Sinners' and David Coverdales' solo album, 'Northwinds', which knock the spots of there recent, more polished Americanised albums. Once more I have digressed from the thread. Whilst my friends watched with complete boredom on their face as they went through their repertoire I quietly enjoyed myself in the corner (Oo-er. More tea, vicar? - NA). It is amazing how inward looking some people can be, even today you find people like this sort of metal but not that sort. It's very strange.

Now in my years of going to Donnington I have now seen AC/DC three times there in 1981, 1984 and 1991. Yet to be quite honest I think instead of getting better, they have declined. When I saw them in 1981 they were just off the back of the 'Back in Black' Tour, and they were pretty good. In 1984 they were almost upstage by Dave Lee Roth and Van Halen and in 1991, they were just boring. I had seen them earlier last year at Wembley and they were really good. I mean they have released more albums since 1981, so their set list would be different. Wrong. Apart from a few singles and tracks from their new album, the set was the same. The antics were still the same. Big bell in 'Hells Belles', Angus Youngs' Strip tease. Things such as the cannon in 'For Those About To Rock..' are nearly their to distract the attention away from the fact that the bottom line is they have become boring and old, a metal/rock version of the Rolling Stones. But this was not so in 1981, when they were on the proverbial ball. Brian Johnson's, not the cricket commentator, voice had not deteriorated into its almost annoying Jimmy Summerville whine and the majority of the songs still remained fresh. But what did I know? I was only 17 and amongst 70,000 people who didn't care that the P.A. was ripped to shreds, the sound was crap, they were all wet, they all had many miles to go home but it was a great way to spend a Saturday.

Donnington comes every year just like Christmas. This was just my first visit over the years I have yet to miss one. As I get older who knows, one day is something I can still manage. But the long weekend of Reading had defenetly hit the dust. So next week perhaps a weekend in Royal Berkshire, a swim in the Thames and a drink or two in the Tudor Tavern. Rock and Roll!

Ron Voce



"Don't you like Motorhead, Ron?" Lemmy speaks out.

everyone wanted to try it. My friend, Steve, had brought along his party piece. Two bottles of gin and a two litre bottle of orange cordial. The trick was to pour out enough cordial so as the two bottles of gin would fit exactly into the two litre bottle. It was something over the years he became extremely good at. However the problem was he usually drank it so quickly that we often had to stop in the nearest town for a restock.

Any way, after an uneventful trip, the following year the van broke down and we completed the trip by coach spending a night on Derby bus station with a Police cordon around us to prevent us getting beat up by the Mods out for a punch up. Well, we certainly arrived early in 1981. No police, no car park attendant, no nothing! So we parked up in the car park, ie a field, and walked up to the Racing Circuit. It was now I began to realise how young and naive I was. On the tickets it says "No Camping" yet as we approached the Racing Circuit there were tents as far as we could walk. Local residents were out to make a quick buck, with poxy

on!" The set was a blinder, all power and bon hommie. Slade were one of those band that were classed as "Pop" and so not considered hip by the cognoscenti of the rock genre, but they kicked everyone's ass that day. Before they finished with the rousing 'Mama Weer All Crazee Now!', we had an a capella version of 'Merry Xmas Everybody' sung by over 70,000 people in the pouring rain in the middle of a British summer, how more eccentric can the English get!

Well Blue Oyster Cult couldn't. Being used to playing in the clear blue sky's of California, the damp and dark English summer day did nothing but highlight the fact that their drummer had, not like Spinal Taps, spontaneously combusted, left. After their only recognisable cheer went up for 'Don't fear the Reaper' they departed from this sceptred Isle never to bore us shitless again. What followed was Whitesnake. A band who I thought were great, although my older chums saw it as no more than a renamed Deep Purple. After all you had Ian Paice, John Lord and David Coverdale, all of whom played in that most

# "If Joan Of Arc Had A Heart..."

## Toasted Heretic headline at the Borderline

The opportunity was just far too good to miss. A band which I had been listening to for three years and had followed from complete obscurity to well, obscurity, playing just a stone's throw away at The Borderline followed by a much-hyped group of ex-music hacks at Camden Palace. A night of alcohol abuse beckoned - by the end of it I would be very pissed, very poor and bloody knackered.

The Borderline is a quirky, intimate venue, situated below the "Break for the Border", just off Charing Cross Road. Advised about the extortionate beer prices, I got "well tanked" in the Tuns and at Passfield before venturing down. At £2.85 for a bottle of Newcastle I'm bloody glad that I took this initiative!

Missing the support act, the hotly tipped Setanta (home of A House and The Frank and Walters) band The Divine Comedy was the price I had to pay for drinking cheaply but Toasted Heretic more than made up for that.

Julian Gough, the extrovert lead singer, appeared on stage looking surprisingly like Captain Birdseye with brown hair: hat, coat, beard etc. to a warm reception from the 200-strong audience and turned in a performance the like of which I had never seen before.

Musically, Toasted Heretic are unremarkable. Lyrically, they are excellent - singing about situations which we all can relate to. Julian is the poet, eulogis-

ing about teen sentiment in a more accessible style than Morrissey, and without fear of injecting a little cynical humour from time to time. The music press had portrayed him as a bit of an egotistical gobshite, in the mould of Bobby Gillespie. Like Primal Scream's frontman he has proved that he can deliver the goods when required. Both the NME and the Melody Maker tipped the band for '92 and the Maker gave "Galway and Los Angeles" - the band's first general release 45 - Single of the Week. As if in thanks for this publicity, they played a "blinder".

Song after bloody excellent song came forth - the words poignant, the musical accompaniment simple but fitting. Much of the material was lifted from the two early limited release albums, "Songs for Swinging Celibates", and "Charm and Arrogance" - on the band's own Bananafish label. Such "classics" (to about half-a-dozen of us at the front) obtained universal approval, from upbeat, spunky, pure pop ditties such as "You make girls unhappy", "Some drugs" - with its Hall of the Mountain King intro, and "Sodom tonight" (!!) to more mellow offerings, "The best things in life are mine", "L.S.D. (isn't what it used to be)" and "Here comes the New Year" - their anthem and their finest song.

The new songs, "Tarty girls", "Money loves you" and "Don't scuff my tan"



"Ever been cheated, Rob?" The Manics hit back.

indicated future promise, to follow in the footsteps of "Galway.." and propel the band to cult status, if not commercial success.

The highlights of the evening, though, were "Drown the Browns" - not a racist song but an attack on a family of obnoxious little bastards with the surname Brown - and "You can always go home" - the best song ever to rip off Pachelbel's Canon in D! (It's a damn sight better than "Altogether Now", in other words!).

Julian provided us with some wonderful acrobatic

entertainment, hanging chimpanzee-like from the lighting rig and disappearing towards the back of the audience in that manner. He also modelled an Oh-so-stylish sequinned silver top (get on the phone to Liquid Records, Dublin, Steve - you never know, he might sell it - oh, you've got no money, sorry I forgot) and performed two songs wearing a World War II gas mask. What marvellous cabaret.

Toasted Heretic have a new single out later this month, and an album will follow in May. They will be

playing over here again in March - if you have any sense you will make an effort to see them. For five quid where can you go wrong?

Also, the drummer, Neil, (decent bloke - Fatima Mansions "Keep Music Evil" T-shirt) said that they wanted to play somewhere where the beer was cheaper - he was pissed off at paying £1.95 for a pint of Kanterbrau. Well said, Neil, you see us poor students don't have an awful lot of money and what little we have we spend on silly clothes!

A hop, or more accurately, a stagger onto the Northern Line took me to Camden Palace (£2.40/£2.60 a pint...Aaargh!) where I arrived in good time to see the highly-touted Fabulous. An inappropriate name for this lot, that's for bloody sure. They are led by Simon Dudfield, an ex-NME journo, and I would advise him not to give up his day job, but he was never particularly good at that, either.

Nor is Dele Fadele, who I have just learnt did not appreciate Toasted Heretic, and panned them completely. What's your problem, matey? Julian is an entertainer, you can't slag him off for being imaginative. What do you want him to do - stand there singing to his shoes? So in true "Al Goldstein" fashion, Dele: Go fuck yourself!!

Back to Fabulous. They are signed to Heavenly Records along with The Manic Street Preachers,

and play the same '70s punk retro toss. Utterly talentless. Bollocks live - about as rough and tough as a coleslaw sandwich. Frankly, they were completely crap and had I paid any more than £2 to get in I would have got up on stage and lamed Mr. Dudfield. "We're Fabulous and we're the best band you've ever seen" - never has a more untrue statement been made (unless, of course, the only other band you've seen is the revamped Echo and the Bunnymen (Hey, you're funny, Rob - NA) in the history of supposedly decent British music.

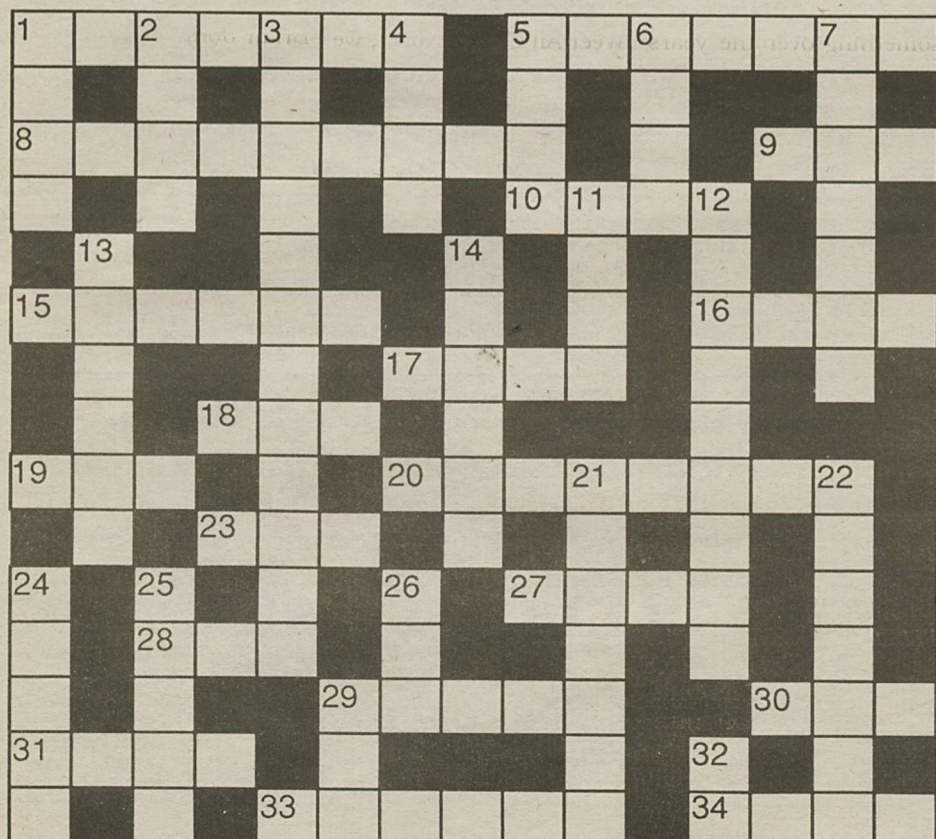
The songs were instantly forgettable - thankfully - and woefully dated. The Manic Street Preachers, despite being unbelievably bad themselves, have nothing on this lot. Music journalists - look at Bob Geldof: he started out like you, but at least he had two reasonable songs. How shit is he now? Don't bother, Simon.

As you may have guessed, I have little time for the above motley crew of cretins and their loud-mouthed, shit-thick Welsh stablemates. Manics and Fabulous fans, do you ever get the feeling that you're being ripped off? 4 REAL - I bloody hope not.

It's a shame that such a great night ended with such an anti-climax but at least I had the solace of being absolutely arseholed. Too arseholed, in fact, to write this article for last week's issue!!

Rockin' Rob Hick.

# Blimey! It's A Non-Symmetrical Crossword



### Crossword Clues

- Across**
- 1) A load of garbage from Carter USM (7)
  - 5) (See 14 down)
  - 8) A lethal album from Michael Jackson? (9)
  - 9) (See 25 down)
  - 10) Somewhere in the Never Ending Story you'll find a track by the Charlantans (4)
  - 15) There were three of them (6)
  - 16 & 11d.) Frankie's comeback single from 1986 (4,4)
  - 17) The record company of Blur and Jesus Jones (4)
  - 18) Ouch! Its the Sugarbubs (3)
  - 19) \_\_\_ Of Chance. Leeds noise package from the mid-Eighties (3)
  - 20 & 33a.) Christmas Number One from the Pet Shop Boys (6,2,2,4)
  - 23) Record company once directed by Rob Dickens (1,1,1)
  - 27) Techno group containing ex-Soft Cell mem-

- ber Dave Ball (4)
  - 28) The Wonderstuff's second offering (3)
  - 29) 'Easy To \_\_\_', The Senseless Things (5)
  - 30) 'I'm Your \_\_\_', The Leonard Cohen tribute album. (3)
  - 31) Crap American programme about useless students at some performing arts school or other. (4)
  - 33) (See 20 across)
  - 34) 'Bela Lugosi's \_\_\_', Bauhaus; '\_\_\_ Ringer', Meatloaf. (4)
- Down**
- 1) A dire group from Oxford? (4)
  - 2) "\_\_\_ goes another day/Where it went I could not say". 1991 (4)
  - 3) Chumbawamba's current single (1,5,4,2)
  - 4) Peter's Revenge (4)
  - 5) (See 13 Down)
  - 6) Theatre of \_\_\_ (4)
  - 7) Charly's always in the place for this outfit (7)
  - 11) (See 16 Across)

- 12) A group who are full of 'Chicken Rhythms' (9)
- 13 & 5d.) A drunkard album from the Wedding Present (6,4)
- 14 & 5a.) Top Ten hit for Altered Images from 1982 (1,5,2,5)
- 21) "'Boing' went a Maidstone group who have trouble sleeping (7)
- 22) They always smell like teen spirit (7)
- 24) Theme from a hit film by Isaac Hayes (5)
- 25 & 9a.) '\_\_\_ On \_\_\_', the Darling Buds from 1988 (5,3)
- 26) Crap group from Athens, Georgia (1,1,1)
- 29) You have to repeat yourself three times when speaking to McCartney and Jackson (3)
- 32) The 4 \_\_\_ record company. (1,1)

Compiled by The Lion Roars

The Women's Group and The Parent's Society  
are having a

## Jumble Sale

in aid of the LSE Nursery  
on **Tuesday 18 Feb** in the Quad.

Please bring all your unwanted books, clothes etc. to:

The Women's room (top floor of the cafe)  
or Fiona MacDonald's office (E206)  
as soon as possible.

## Lipman & Sons Menswear

22 Charing Cross Road, WC2

Tel. 071-240-2310

Special Student Rates

Hire of Dinner Suit: £16.50p

Complete with Shirt & Tie £21.50

Group Discount Available

Student Discount on all purchases

Near Leicester Square Tube

Open 9am - 8pm Mon-Fri

9 am - 6pm Saturdays

## SCOTCH

is to be drunk  
where it's made —  
join the trip  
to Scotland  
end of Feb '92  
call 071-233-5885  
or 071-706-2390

**SAS**

## FRIDAY NIGHT DISCOS

There will now  
be a disco every  
Friday night in  
the new  
**UNDERGROUND.**  
They are free,  
and will feature  
a variety of  
D.J's as well as  
a new,  
improved light  
show.

## RAG WEEK EVENTS

THIS YEAR'S RAG WEEK IS FROM FEB 10th TO  
16th. THERE WILL BE LOTS OF EVENTS,  
INCLUDING ALL-DAY BARS AND HUG SQUADDING.

## RAG BALL

The Social Event of the LSE calendar, held on  
Feb. 22 at The Waldorf Hotel. Tickets now priced  
at £38, and this includes a four course meal, half  
a bottle of wine, and a groovy Jazz Band.

## THE BLIND DATE GAME

Looking for a partner for the Rag Ball? Well, this  
could be your chance to get a bit of the action...  
Prizes include a pair of tickets to the Rag Ball for  
the best couple. Host to be announced, venue the  
Old Theatre, on Friday 14th.

## RAG T-SHIRTS

The ultimate fashion statement... These unique,  
trendy, black articles are available with short or  
long sleeves, priced £5.00 and £7.50 respectively.

## 24-HR. TREASURE HUNT

From 6pm on Tuesday 4th to 6pm on Wednesday  
5th. Application forms and sponsors forms  
available from Toby's office (E205).

## LSE PINT GLASSES

These are priced £1.25 in aid of Rag Week.  
Available from Fiona MacDonald (E206).

## PUT ALL YOUR LUV-IN...

...AND DON'T PULL OUT 'TILL IT'S ALL OVER.  
RAG WEEK IN AID OF THE TERRENCE HIGGINS TRUST, SAVE THE  
CHILDREN, AND THE ST. MARTIN'S HOMELESS PROJECT.

FOR MORE DETAILS, TICKETS AND APPLICATION FORMS, SEE  
FIONA (E206), OR MARTIN LEWIS, ROOM 125, CARR-SAUNDERS.

## LSE ACCOMODATION 1992/1993.

Application Form for LSE  
Halls, Flats and houses, along  
with University of London  
Intercollegiate Halls are  
currently available from the  
Central Accomodation Office  
(E296) and the Housing and  
Welfare Office (E297).

The closing dates for  
applications by continuing  
students (undergraduates and  
postgraduates) are as follows:

LSE residences (halls, flats and houses)  
**30 April 1992**

Intercollegiate Halls  
**31 March 1992.**

## DON'T LOSE YOUR RIGHT TO VOTE.

You must register by Feb. 15th to be eligible to vote in  
the forthcoming elections. A stall will be outside the Old  
Theatre or in Houghton Street all this week from 12noon  
to 2pm with more information and registration forms.

## EASTERN EUROPEAN CONFERENCE

A round table discussion, held jointly by the LSE/KCL European  
Society and the Grimshaw Club, will look at the changed relationship  
between Eastern Europe and the E.C. The event will take place in the  
Old Theatre from 5 to 7 pm. on Friday February 14th, and the panel  
will include Five Eastern European Diplomats.

"I WOULDNT SHED ANY TEARS IF A VIVISECTOR DIES."  
A VIDEO AND TALK BY THE ANIMAL LIBERATION FRONT.  
Friday Feb. 7th, 2pm, Vera Anstey Room.

## GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The doors from the Clare Market entrance to the Quad  
will be locked after 6.30 pm on weekdays to help ensure  
the security of the East Building during non-use hours.

## THE TABBOO CHALLENGE

A brand new game with prizes for the winners.  
In **THE UNDERGROUND** on Thurs. 13 Feb  
Presented by **TIME OUT** as part of Rag Week.

**BEAVER  
CLASSIFIEDS.**  
To place an  
advert, call  
James Brown,  
ext. 2870, or  
write to the  
office (E197).

# AU Photo Love Story

Steve East goes west for a trip out to the wild side of London — Berylands. All the thrills & spills, trials & tribulations of the LSEAU



It's a Rave!



Who needs balls?



Eh! La's, calm down!



Can you spot five popstars in this photo?

## Good Old LSE!

### Kindly 2nds help grannies cross roads

UCL 3rd XI ..... 8  
LSE 2nd XI ..... 0

LSE must be just about the most benevolent college in London. Here are UCL, bottom of the league and without a win all season. Many, less charitable universities would have taken the greatest of pleasure in hammering their miserable little excuse for a team into oblivion. But not us. Showing a large measure of the sporting spirit sadly lacking in other teams these days, LSE fielded a mere nine players for this match at London Colney.

It mattered not, to bastions of fair play such as ourselves, that our lowly side sat just one place above UCL in the league. For it is always important to remember those less fortunate than yourselves. It did my heart good to watch those defeat weary little rascals,

running us ragged in all areas of the pitch, undoubtedly enjoying a match for the first time this season. I felt pleasure for each one of their eight goal scorers, as they turned away in delight and excitedly hugged their shouting teammates. It was much like helping an old lady across the road and then giving her a tenner for good measure, it was that type of feeling.

I often saw a smile on the faces of our fullbacks, Dave Keeble and Brian Aymes, as they were overlapped for the umpteenth time, safe in the knowledge of the happiness and joy that another goal would bring. Good old LSE, we know that if we get relegated that means that another team won't. What joy!

When we returned to London the whole of the team went down to Waterloo, to the bullring, where about six homeless people were sitting, swilling Tenants Super. We gave them

what we could. Steve Hitch gave one of the unfortunates fifteen quid. Andrew Cox gave another his grant cheque. Good old LSE, always willing to oblige.

One of those that we found was particularly drunk and skint so I gave him the deeds to my house to prove how accommodating I could be. I'm now sleeping under the embankment but gave away my cardboard box to someone else. I also gave away my clothes to someone in more need of them. It gets a bit cold at night but at least I'm doing my bit for the poor and hungry.

By the way, after the match UCL informed us that they had won their previous two matches and had climbed several places above us. You can't win them all can you?

Andrew Pettitt.

# Houghton St. Harry

It's not for nothing that the term 'footballers haircut' has penetrated the nations consciousness. The list is endless. That classic Keegan perm started the ball rolling, bouncing around the pitch with more vigour than many of the players in the late seventies/ early eighties. Keegan is only first, of course, if you don't count the legendary Bobby Charlton and the cobweb that spanned the middle section of the world cup winner's head in the sixties. You can't fault Bobby for continuity though. Even today those thinning strands are dragged across the central reservation to meet their counterparts on the right hand side of his shiny pate, cunningly giving the impression that he isn't in fact bald.

The same can't be said for Keegan, who has recently abandoned that Leo Sayer look for a more natural, shaggy style. The reason behind the change is said to have stemmed from the former England captain's recent beating in a layby while sleeping.

As the hooligans caved in the windscreen of his Range Rover and set about Kevin himself they were heard arguing amongst themselves as to why Keegan was sleeping with a cat on his head. One of the villains wasn't fond of our feline friends and took it upon himself to dish out particularly savage blows when dealing with the ex-Liverpool star's pride and joy.

The Keegan years were a vintage era for footballer's haircuts. In addition to Keegan there was Frank Worthington who adopted a style which was to become the prototype for a cut that would escalate the footballer to a new level of ridiculousness. Long at the back, shorter (thinner in Frank's case) on top. This was the style that made Worthington the fashion guru of his time. Many called him clueless, others a scruffy gipsy bastard. But to me Frank was on a higher plane of thought. He brought the footballer out of the pub and into the disco.

And of course into the disco they went. Not content with silly haircuts footballers began to sing silly songs as well. Who can forget Hoddle and Waddle and their 'Diamond Lights'. A top of the pops appearance resplendent in suits and the haircut which characterised the early eighties soccer style. A progression from Worthington (aren't they all) this was a look which scaled new heights. The short, layered flicked bit on top. But long and permed at the back with half a can of hairspray thrown in for good measure.

This turned out to be a particularly popular one. Tottenham had three at one point; Tony Galvin succumbing to the vaigries of fashion together with the singing superstars Hoddle and Waddle. It seemed that if a team didn't have one they quickly signed one. Spurs had won the F.A. cup twice in a row and the 'barnets' were said to be the key.

If anyone has done their bit for the cause of the footballer's haircut it would have to be Chris Waddle. Following on from the permed look Waddle decided that like all the best trend setters a frequent change of image is required. However not having the fashion sense of Vivien Westwood proved to be something of a hindrance to the boy from the north east and his crusade quickly became a one man band.

Spiky on top, long at the back. Then just plain spiky, Waddle has done more for the image of footballers than Saatchi and Saatchi ever could. Long may he reign. The cause of the 'footballers haircut' has been the need to express individuality. Let them wear their own kit and all this nonsense would die out. It's what the kids want.

Finally, for my American devotees, a word about the superbowl, that sensational finale to the U.S football season.

I didn't watch it.

# Wombling Free

## Thirds keep relegation hopes alive



"What? Me Ref?"  
Photo: Steve East

LSE 3rd XI ..... 0  
QMWC 3rd XI ..... 6

After the 7-0 fiasco earlier in the season, the thirds were in a spirit of vengeful determination. Recent league performance and talk of a late title challenge bolstered confidence within the ranks.

The opening minutes gave hope to the LSE vagrants and gypsies, performing well and playing an unusually high level of football. Three unfortunates who happened to be around LSE at that fatal hour of twelve were accosted - Reze Atzarzardeh, Mark Cather-sides, and the Beavers' own boy blunder, Neil Andrews - slotting competently into the innovative total football system now in operation in

the thirds.

Total football, however, provides no answer to the Womble-magic displayed by QMWC's captain (I thought we were man to man marking him, the defender must of gone the Romany way - Ed/Cap). He was fast, fit, skillful, a natural goalscorer, and sported a nice pair of bins to boot; although estimates suggest he may end-up as a primary schoolteacher.

Womble's efforts resulted in a hatrick for him and the coveted "Piemman of the Day Award" going to Neil Andrews. Too late the defensive donkeys discovered his weakness; if you kicked him firmly around the upper-shin, he fell over!

Unfortunately, the Ref soon rumbled the plan,

Vinny Cox giving away a penalty and getting booked within five minutes. Womble, for his part, took it well, and just to show there were no hard feelings, casually scored a couple more.

The result didn't flatter the thirds' performance, the team worked hard and didn't give-up until the final whistle. Secure in this knowledge, after-match morale was unaffected. Perhaps Laurie "Rent-aquote" Ryan was right when he said, "A happy team is a winning team". There again, a cursory glance at the scoreline may hint otherwise.

Anyway, I was in the Tuns the other night.

Andrew Graveson

# Shock Defeat

## Basket Cases come unstuck in Leicester

LSE ..... 63  
Leicester Uni ..... 73

LSE ..... 70  
Birmingham Uni ..... 57

LSE ..... 80  
U.N.C.W. Bangor ..... 48

After finishing last term with a 12-0 record, the LSE Basketball Men's 1sts dropped one, and won one during a recent road trip to the Midlands. The Beavers (Are they like that? - Ed) also advanced comfortably to the Challenge Round of the UAU competition, despite an uninspiring performance against Bangor.

The loss - LSE's first - was to this year's surprise (Why surprise? - Ed) Midland's

UAU regional champions, Leicester, who beat both 1991 finalists, Birmingham and Loughborough, to win their division. Although definitely skilled, Leicester remains a team that we could beat if we needed to.

We travelled to the Midlands minus star point guards, Ranko Jelic and Bobby Zirkin, with the attitude that it was time to provide everyone with the court-time they will undoubtedly need should we make it to the UAU Final Eight Tournament again this year.

After spending the night in Birmingham - and making sure the locals knew about it - we faced the defending UAU champions,

Birmingham. This match was typical of this year's Beavers. Up only 29-28 at half-time, the boys went on the rampage, outscoring Brum 16-2 in the first six minutes of the restart. Brum were never in control again. Our usual ferocious second-half defence rendered impotent what - so we were told - was essentially last year's championship team.

So we are optimistic that we can do well should we make it to the tournament. The only thing that stands between it and us is our match against Exeter, January 29th. This is a formidable hurdle, for not only are Exeter always there or thereabouts, but they are

also coached by ex-England coach, Vic Ambler, who was one of the first inductees to the recently instituted English Basketball Hall of Fame. Pretty serious credentials, no?

Robert Dickinson

# Naked

LSE 5th XI ..... 3  
QMWC 6th XI ..... 1

Despite the wintry conditions, the battlefield wasn't as hard and dry as expected. In fact, as we worked over the well trimmed surface, it appeared soft and wet, resembling James Pearson.

At the toss the Captain called for, and got, the head he wanted. The game was LSE's from the beginning, from the kick they went down pleading for mercy, while we were whipping them all over.

Our firm mallets, studded and leather bound, were stroking balls about the pitch, as we thrashed away, leaving our victims pleading for mercy yet again.

We then decided to let our forceful thrust splash into the depth of their box, QMWC on wobbly knees as they choked on these. Again and again, we kept coming so close to that point of no return, until, eventually we score thrice and the result was sealed.

I then came out of the shower.

Thomas Jepsen

# Boring

## Ten things you never wanted to know about Norwich

1) A once proudly Christian town, Norwich has a great many fine churches as well as the magnificent cathedral. The "eye-catching" buildings have made ideal craft-markets where high quality home-made earrings and brightly coloured leather boots can be purchased.

2) Nineteenth century Norwich boasted a higher concentration of public houses within its city walls than any other city in England.

3) Dave Stringer, manager of first division Norwich City began his career in football 18 years ago as an apprentice at Luton Town, who are today one place above "the Canaries" in the league tables.

4) Moira Stuart, top television newswoman, is a born and bred Norwich lass who likes nothing better than browsing around....., the town's famous department store.

5) The sprawling open-air market in Norwich's main square is famous throughout East Anglia - and many a shrewd bargain can be had by the canny shopper, it is said.

6) Ian McEwan studied at the U.E.A. (University of East Anglia). He took the renowned creative writing post-grad course, whilst living in Norwich. He no longer does either.

7) Lou Reed, when writing "I'm waiting for the man", was in fact waiting for a woman - the Velvet

Underground's drummer Mo Tucker - standing on platform 6 of Norwich railway station. Mo had spent the afternoon in "Lexington", a small rural town on the North Norfolk coast, and was planning to return on the recently introduced Inter-City "125".

8) Sixties Conservative M.P. for Norwich Alan Titchmarsh claimed hunting, choral singing and gardening(!) as among his hobbies in his entry in Who's Who.

9) Mao tse-tung probably never heard of, and most definitely never visited Norwich - a fact surprisingly few historians have explored.

10) The L.S.E. Men's Hockey team couldn't be bothered to last Wednesday! J.Fawley