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Silcott cleared

High Court decision vindicates Student Union's stance

By Beaver Staff

Winston Silcott, former LSESU Honorary President had his conviction for the murder of PC Blakelock quashed last Monday. Silcott's election in 1989 placed the Students' Union at the centre of a media furore, and caused death threats to be made against the then General Secretary, Amanda Hart.

The 'Tottenham Three', comprising Silcott, Mark Braithwaite and Engin Raghip, were convicted in 1987 for the murder during the 1985 Broadwater Farm riots. Amnesty International questioned the fairness of the convictions soon afterwards, as they were based on uncorroborated confessions which were later retracted.

At the time of Silcott's election, the decision was described by the then Secretary of Education and Science, Kenneth Baker, as "despicable and shameful". At time of print, he was unavailable for comment. In addition, there were demands in the press that LSE should have its funding withheld.

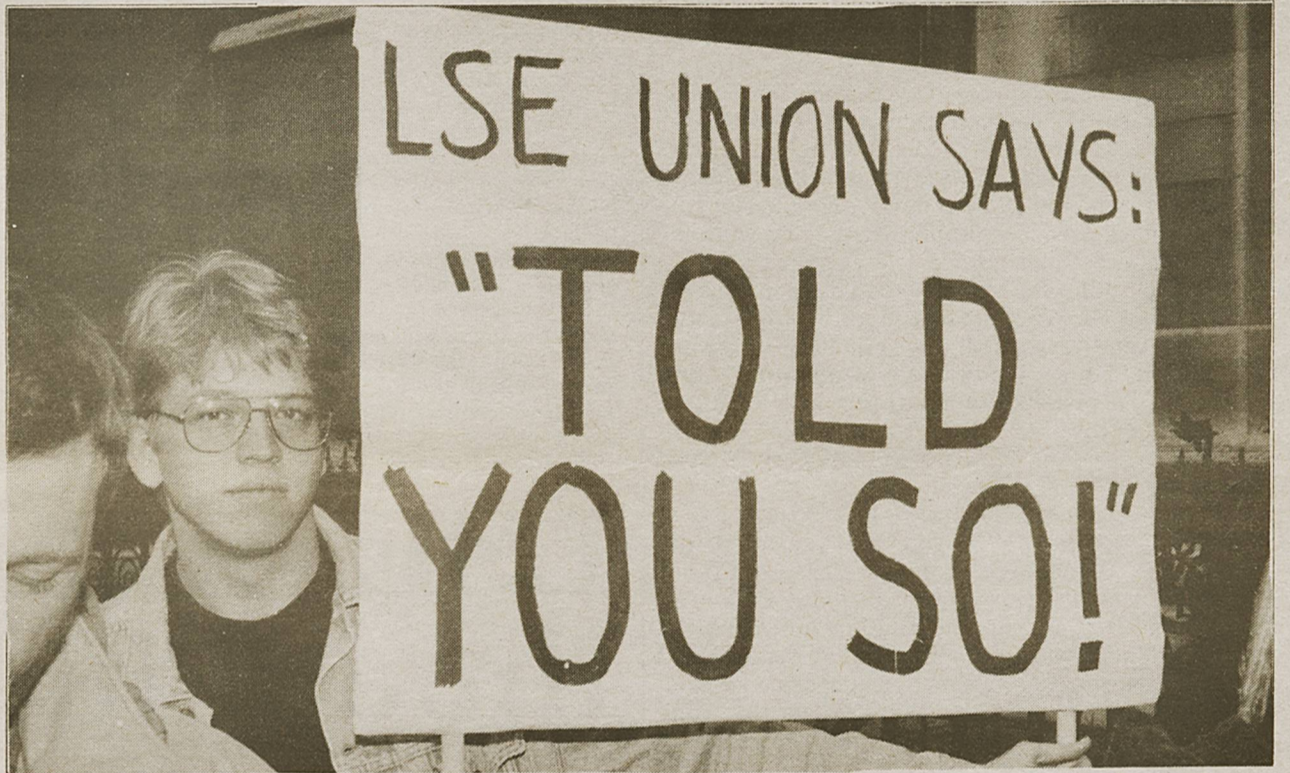
Extra security measures were taken around the SU, for which the School charged the Union £2000. It has been claimed that the School has since retained 5% of the SU budget subvention each year

as a 'good behavior deposit'. However, Iain Crawford, School Press and Publicity Officer, denied this; he stated that the 5% measure was introduced as a result of non-payment of bills by the SU at the time.

Speaking outside the High Court on Wednesday, Silcott's brother, George welcomed the decision, saying "On behalf of Winston I'd like to thank the LSE for their support. Obviously they knew it wasn't a fair trial and they elected him president and they were nearly scapegoated like he was."

A press release from the Tottenham Three Families Campaign on Monday, stated that they were "delighted that the Winston Silcott's wrongful conviction... has been quashed. We are confident that the convictions of Engin Raghip and Mark Braithwaite will shortly be quashed and they will soon regain their freedom." The statement goes on to quote George Silcott as saying "I myself am not totally satisfied. The police officers involved - Melvin and Dingle - should face trial to answer the serious charges laid against them this morning by Roy Amlott QC. It is appalling that it took so long to bring these three innocent back to court."

Michiel van Hulten, Gen-



'Score one for us'; Van Hulten outside the High Court on Wednesday

Photo : James Brown

eral Secretary of the Union supported the decision, saying "The Court of Appeal has just acknowledged what we have been saying for years. Winston Silcott was the victim of a gross miscarriage of justice and it was right for his conviction to be overturned. We were subjected to a lot of abuse two years ago for making Silcott our honorary president. It may

not have been an ideal way to highlight the case, but it did get the ball rolling."

Hossein Zahir, who originally proposed Silcott, described the decision as "Incredible - about time". He felt that "an apology from the administration is long overdue", claiming that "they didn't have the guts to stand up and were more interested in their finances and their

image." He also commented that the release highlighted what he termed "the hypocrisy of the media". Zahir, who has since graduated, also received death threats at the time, and requested to be moved to Rosebery Hall for his extra security.

Two days after the Silcott decision, Braithwaite and Raghip were released on bail after the Crown conceded

that it could no longer rely on the police evidence crucial in convicting them. Braithwaite and Raghip left the High Court at around 5 p.m. without making any comment.

Report compiled by Emma Bearcroft, James Brown, and Peter Harrad

See feature on page 7

Gay rights to be reconsidered

By Adrian May

The Court of Governors is considering enshrining gay rights in Article 28 of the LSE Articles of Association, which deals with discrimination. Article 28 as it stands declares that 'no religious, political or economic test or qualification shall be made a condition' for being a member or employee of the school.

General Secretary Michiel van Hulten, proposer

of the change says that although this declaration may have been forward looking when it was first put forward, "this can no longer be seen to be the case today." Van Hulten wants the article to be changed to read 'no test or qualification based on religion, political opinion, race, sex, sexuality, disability, or financial means shall be made a condition...' for being a member or employee of the school.

Eugene Isaac, President of the LSE Lesbian & Gay Soc expressed his support for Van Hulten's paper, and added that, "the purpose of this article is to say that no one will be discriminated against - and it should be changed again if new forms of discrimination emerge." He concluded that it would be important to ensure the Governors enforced the article when it was necessary. However, in the Memo-

randum of Association, point 3.a.iii discusses similar potential barriers to rights of membership of the school. The wording in this covers only 'all classes and denominations' and therefore casts an area of uncertainty over the position of other minorities. Nevertheless, when asked about this by the Beaver, Van Hulten felt that this did not need a change.

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Commentary

Union Jack

And now, we turn to Childrens Television!...

"Hello, kiddies, this is Razia here and this is my helper, Pumpkin. Have we got a bumper selection for you this week. Hey, all those who want to be on TV stick up your hands! Yippie, we're all going to be on TV. But first, the Magic Roundabout." -Theme Music-

"Hello", said Michiel the Snail to the others, "did you see about Winston Silcott getting released? Told you so!" "No", said Zebedee Johnson, "but I did hear about the NSSO/NUSSL conference. It soured jolly silly." Up came McDougal the Dog.

"It's my birthday," said McDougal. "Lets all hold a party." "We can't do that," the others said, "remember what happened last time we did that?" "No, this is okay", said McDougal. "Uncle Ashworth is letting us stay up late if we're good."

"Hi, this is Razia again. I'd just like to say happy birthday to (checks card) to Fiona, aged 23. She's even sent in a letter by her friend Johnnie. It says 'Sorry I can't be at the party. Thanks for the invitations. Love, Johnnie.' Right, now we have Blue Peter!" -Theme Music -

"Hello, children, today we're going to make a UGM motion. We're going to talk about Winston Silcott. But first, lets all wave our cards in the air. Hang on, Sinisa wants to say something." "Yes, thanks, I'd just like to say that witter on about something totally irrelevant then veryone thinks you're boring. And I'd just like to talk about Fascist Repression"

"Er, yes, thanks Sinisa, we'll look at that later in the programme." "Now, you take various points and write them down on paper. Here are three I prepared earlier. But what if you want to have all three at once? It's simple. You just cut along the lines we made earlier, fold in the right places and glue them together. And then it looks like this. Simon?" "Thankyou...and that's all we have time for this week, but tune in text week. Goodbye!"

"Hello kiddies, Razia again...stop doing that Pumpkin! Down! Anyway, I've had a phone call from Paul from Islington, emotional age 2, who says he can do anything he wants. Well I'm sorry Paul, but you can't. So there. Mubin from the left has written in saying 'please, please, please could you show that motion about occupation.' Well, I'm sorry, but we haven't got time for that just now. Instead, it's Newsround with, Dave, Michael and Antonia." -Theme Music-

"Ullo. I'm a bit sad that we ave to do this. The Seasoc meetin is going on in the Quad. Michael." "Hello. Today, the Master's student party in the Quad, Pearl Harbour day celebrations, plus, why you shouldn't stab people at Tequila parties." (cut to Antonia). "Meanwhile, the womens group find out why you can't have bags in parliament. Also, the walking home scheme after the Tuns shuts, intended for all those who can still walk."

"Be quiet Pumpkin! Fairly soon it's Neighbours. Goody! But first, in this weeks episode of Postman Jan, people are getting worried about the Death Penalty." -Theme Music-

"There's a £50 prize for hitting me in the eye." Said Postman Jan to the valley children. "But we've got to get rid of the death penalty. It's very naughty and people who do it are stupid." One of the children raised her hand. "Shouldn't you stop the Army shooting people in Northern Ireland?" she asked, waving an RCP flag. "No," said Shabir the Shopkeeper. "We don't get involved in politics here". "Boo" called out little Stevie. "That's no fun" But most of the kiddies agreed with Mr. Shabir, and they all agreed that we shouldn't have the death penalty.

"Sorry, kiddies, but that's all that we have time for. Now, Neighbours with Professor Stern! Today, Jim has problems with how supply-sider shocks affect the open economy"

Soviet Jews find a home

By Matthew J. Scease

The Jews of the former Soviet Union are being courted by many of the new, or soon-to-be independent, republics, it was alleged in a talk given by Dr. John Klier last Tuesday. Speaking at the invitation of the History Society, Dr. Klier sketched out his views, informed by his visits to various Soviet republics in the past year, on the future of Jewry in the post-Soviet Union.

Despite the presence in the republics of both vocal anti-semitic groups (which often garner a level of publicity disproportionate to their actual public support) and the more articulate, though small, enclaves of anti-semitism in academic and intellectual circles, there is a counter-phenomenon of goodwill, what Dr. Klier termed a "judeophilic mood," on the part of the independent republics.

In Russia itself, Klier noted the increasing activities of the Jewish Free University and of the four yeshiva in Moscow (and even the opening of a kosher res-

taurant), but cautioned that much of that activity comes from outside sources and not from grassroots movements.

The Baltic states - Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia - have made efforts to placate their various Jewish communities - for example, by supplying hard-won commodities like ink and paper to Jewish publications. The Baltics also moved swiftly to normalise relations with international Jewish groups and with Israel. Some efforts have been more symbolic but no less important, as when President Landsbergis issued an official apology to the Jews of Lithuania for that country's role in the Holocaust. Much the same has occurred in the Ukraine, with the pro-independence Popular Front stating in its charter its support for the Ukrainian Jewish community. This year also saw an apology for the World War II massacre at Babi Yar in Kiev and the dedication of a monument there.

Klier also identified possible political motives responsible for the overtures of reconciliation. The Bal-



Dr. Klier ponders the position of the Jews

Photo: Paul Nugent

tics especially have an interest in using the Jews as a "model" of assimilation into the new, nationalistic Baltic states, in order to ease the fears of disenfranchisement held by non-Baltic populations. The Ukraine, its history tainted by the pogroms of 1881-82, may be courting the Jews as a "ticket of admission" into western Europe, given the considerable emphasis placed on human rights records by the West. Moreover, acceptance of the Jewish community simply represents another

reaction of the independence-minded Ukrainians against the traditions of Russian nationalism.

But what of the future? Although the spectre of anti-semitism may always reappear, especially in times of economic extremity, Klier pointed out that Jews are no longer first on the list of scapegoats as they have been in the past; Baltic separatists (who have been accused as fascists) and the criminal operations of the "Chechen Mafia" now draw a large share of popular blame.

LSE in the limelight again

By Emma Bearcroft

Students at the LSE were under the scrutiny of BBC television cameras last Thursday. During coverage for the programme "Reportage", which was examining the state of student politics, selected students were filmed in situations representing the day-to-day life of

an average student. Cameras were also present at the Union General meeting and Saturday's Tequila party.

In addition, General Secretary of the Students' Union Michiel van Hulst was interviewed on his impressions as to how student politics had changed, his own political views and the role of the Students' Union. A

meeting of the DSG's delegates to the Court of Governors was also filmed.

During a staged seminar, LSE alumnus Robert Orr lectured on politics in the 1960's, saying that the influx of American students from Berkeley during the Vietnam war caused a marked increase in political activity on campus. Students

who were either apolitical or politically moderate were then interviewed by the presenter, Sarah Smith, primarily concerning their political views.

The programme is to be shown on Wed. 11th December at 6.50 p.m. on BBC2.

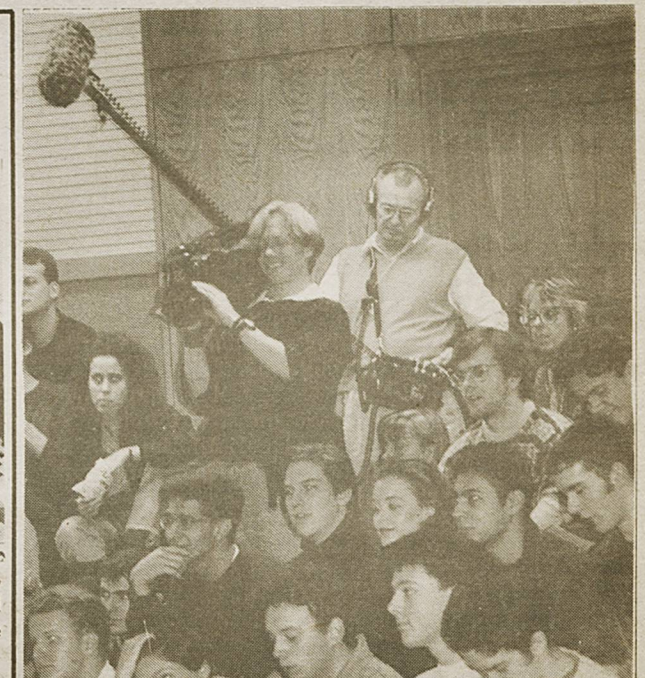
Sexuality Awareness Week



Gethin Roberts, General Manager takes time out on the Gaysoc's stall in the Quad. Amongst the other events organised during the week were

various speakers, a disco in The Underground, and a fashion show in the Quad.

Photo: Barry Pourghadini



Just ignore them and maybe they'll go away...BBC cameras at the UGM

Photo: Thorsten Moos

MATT



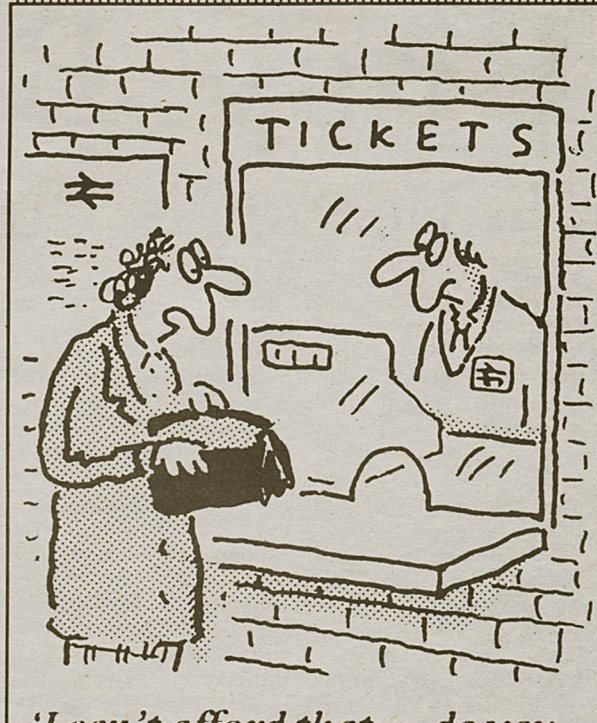
'I think we can afford the first incision, nurse'

MATT



'I said IF there was an election tomorrow...'

MATT



'I can't afford that - do you have any older, dirtier trains I could go on?'

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Busy Beaver

No Beaver is Busier...and that's official

Hello folks, Busy Beaver is back with a head which has grown twice as large after being mentioned in the UGM itself. If I can just get my head out of the clouds and back into the gutter I will try and titillate you with another generous helping of juicy gossip.

Those infamous Duncan twins were at it again. This time they got arrested for stealing road signs and ended up spending four hours locked up in the cells and formally charged. It all happened after construction workers, having spotted the terrible twins climbing their constructions to "borrow" some road signs, decided to give the friendly Met a call. Don't forget to tune in next week for another exciting

episode of "Duncan Dares", only in your brightest and best Busy Beaver column.

All you pinball wizards out there could not have helped but notice that the Tuns pinball machine insists on flashing up "Drug users don't get high scores" every few minutes. Busy Beaver would like to add its whole hearted support for this and to encourage the LSE student population to follow in the good example which obviously must have been set by the holder of not one, but three of the top scores...Big Bob.

There is nothing like a Christmas pant to bring out the best in staff fashion sense. Neil Plevy, who made a worryingly authentic Maid Marion in the staff pant, insisted on sending his dress back as it did not have

enough frills on it. Next week Busy Beaver prints how Iain Crawford sent back his tights as the colour clashed with his eyes.

Congratulations to President Brownie upon being acquitted for harsh accusations that he had merely doubled the legal alcohol limit whilst "in control" of a motorised vehicle. The AU honcho had to suffer, with great emotional turmoil, this cruel and terrible injustice for many long, dark months. Fortunately justice prevailed, and although failing all the scientific tests, he was rightly let off on a technicality.

Busy Beaver would like to express its sincere apologies to Social Sec. McMuffin after libelling her in last week's column. It was printed that she has had five men since starting her term of office.

This is, in fact, completely untrue and so to avoid any law suits or general bad feeling between the forementioned column and the SU Sabbatical officer, Busy Beaver will hereby retract last week's slanderous statement and state categorically that McMuffin has not slept with five men since becoming Social Secretary, it is seven.

A certain senior member of the Tuns bar staff was heard to mutter that McMuffin and Dragnet were like the Yeti and a beanpole. Busy Beaver is not saying who it is, but it doesn't take a "pure genius" to work it out.

The latest society to be formed at Roseberry is the "Farmers Against Red Turnips" society, also known as "FART". Its aims are to promote home brewing and the

noble art of "farming" (which I believe is Welsh slang for breaking wind). You may snigger but they are thinking about becoming officially recognised by the Students Union as they now have twenty members. You are a sad bunch of people at Roseberry.

Will the person who pick-pocketed Chancellor Tubby's wallet at Euston Station please return it forthwith. The poor guy was in the process of purchasing his ticket to Manchester when he embarrassingly realised that he no longer had any money on him. What chance has the Union got of clearing its £40,000 deficit if its treasurer can't even look after his own cash? Anyway, does anybody want to buy a new Visa card?

General Secretary Rip van

Winkle is definitely a Super Trooper, not to mention a Dancing Queen, after performing his classic Abba act at the Carr Saunders karaoke. Though he probably would like to know What's The Name of the Game after receiving a rather curious phonecall from the Tuns. A member of the bar staff, being a public-spirited sort, thought that Rip would like to hear the not-so-complimentary conversation his colleagues were having about him. So he promptly rang up Rip and subtly held out the phone, enabling the illustrious Gen Sec to hear all. Oops.

Well, that's it for this week. Keep that gossip coming in. So long slander-slurpers.

B.B.

Houghton St. Hollywood

Stevan Lee reports on the Cinematic Society's latest elections

As Beaver readers well know by now, someone started a Cinematic Society this year. It was swiftly followed by a script and the promise of an Students Union budget. The starlets emerged from behind the smoky clouds of the Three Tuns and suddenly we were all making movies.

The script, *A Perfect Cut*, painstakingly honed by Ambrose Braun, the long lost son of Orson Welles, was an anti-heroic, blacker-than-black tale of jealousy and murder, based on Freudian connections between Roman Catholicism, latent homosexuality and homicidal paranoia (strictly non-sexist, non-credeist and non-homophobic, apparently).

For weeks, all seemed to go smoothly, but something was slowing it down: Hollywood politics. Whilst everyone was everyone else's darling at general meetings, an undercurrent of subterfuge, Machiavellian manoeuvre and faction building was swelling in the dimly lit anterooms of the LSE.

Braun, not unlike Alex, the central character in *A Perfect Cut*, became worried that his good friends were med-

dling with the love of his life (his screenplay) behind his back.

He was right of course. Feeling that their more open suggestions for script adjustments had fallen on deaf ears and worried that too few people were controlling the progress of the film, a group which included society secretary Georgio Shani and S.T.O. Vivek Couto finally

"For weeks, all seemed to go smoothly, but something was slowing it down: Hollywood politics."

confronted Ambrose with a heavily revised script.

They had cut the thing to pieces as far as Ambrose Braun was concerned. It seemed he had created a monster and lost control.

His reaction? After much frenetic telephoning, Braun accepted some script changes but sacked Vivek and Georgio.

In true Gorbachevian style, he awarded himself special powers to help save his fading dream, remaining treasure but also becoming casting director, casting him-

self as the leading man, and appointing his own directors.

As Arturo Sarmiento was to point out later, film making and democracy are not necessarily a fruitful combination.

This may have been the shakeup that the film required, but before the cameras could roll, it was revealed that, outrageously, democratic elections to the society executive had never been held.

Deadlock! All contracts were void!

The eminently fair and honest SU Social Secretary, Fiona McDonald, saw to it that demo-

cratic elections were held on the 22nd of this month.

The turnout was roughly 50%, including the surprise attendance of the LSE rugby XV, and Ambrose Braun was fairly comprehensively endorsed, along with his golden ticket combination of Jodie Raab, Alphonso Rais and David Turns.

This executive fully intend to go ahead with *A Perfect Cut*, which should be ready for us all to see some time next year. Let's hope it's a good one.

A Day of Thanks

Monica Neal celebrates an All-American holiday in true, multi-cultural, LSE style

It's really weird celebrating Thanksgiving in another country, especially when it is for all intents and purposes designed as an American holiday.

But the one thing that's great about being at the LSE is that a person can feel at home even when home is really a few thousand miles away.

I'm sure everyone has noticed the large number of Americans at the school; just listen to all the people with the funny accents. So of course I expected to be able to have a nice Thanksgiving dinner, with all the fixings, when last Thursday rolled around; all I would have to do is find a few of my compatriots and cook a turkey.

But wouldn't you know I was unable to do either?

Yet the holiday was not ruined — and this is the best part about studying at such a cosmopolitan university — I just celebrated it with my flatmates and friends, none of whom were American. And with the daunting prospect of cooking a whole turkey and going to my two classes as well, I decided instead to cook just the turkey parts.

Of course, this may seem completely irrelevant to most of you, but it was important to me, and having everyone wish me a Happy Thanksgiving made me feel welcomed, even in a foreign country where I was observing

equally foreign traditions.

Back in the States we tend to witness the celebration of all sorts of holidays, especially in my home state of California where Americans are in the minority. But never had it been made as clear to me how important these holidays are to the people who celebrate them, until last Thursday.

My flatmates, as I said, are anything but American — in fact, we each come from quite different countries and cultures. Yet we respect and admire each others' differences, and I believe we even learn from them. That is the beauty of the LSE.

Back at my home university the student population is very homogenous. Very white, very Christian, very All-American. There are many clubs and organisations that cater to the minority of students who do not fit that bill, and many more that cater to those who do. Mostly, it is very easy to get lost in the shuffle and want to identify with the status quo, even if you don't. So the minorities' clubs have even lower membership, and their events have minimal attendance.

Basically, it's difficult to learn about other people because no one really wants to, and those who do rarely get the chance.

That's what is so different about the LSE. Students here can't help but be inundated by the myriad cultures that surround them on a daily basis. And we can hardly help but learn from

them as well.

I know of few places in the states where I could have had the opportunity to live with a Malaysian, an Indian, a German, a Mauritian and a Brit, and get to know people from even more far-reaching and exotic places.

My home university may have had celebrations for Diwali, but what better way to learn about it than by living with two people who celebrate it?

And back home they may have lectures on intercultural awareness, but can people really be intercultural aware whilst living in a white-breaded world?

I don't think so. Unfortunately, I won't be able to stay at the LSE next year with all of my friends, and I won't be able to share all my experiences with my friends back home, because what I have done and felt this term, and what I will experience for the rest of the year are what one might call inside jokes that no one except those in "Butluhs Whahf" and those who attend the UGMs or write for the Beaver would understand.

It's probably too early to get nostalgic, especially since I have yet to experience exams, but maybe that's something Thanksgiving brings on. Because, for all of you who don't know, this American holiday was about friends, and that can be celebrated anywhere.

But Seriously...

Genesis are overawed by their meeting with Joe Lavin

I am not planning to review the new Genesis album "We Can't Dance," partly because my Walkman broke depriving me of any music and partly because this is the Campus section, and we don't do that type of thing over here. I mean, we have gossip columns to write.

Still, Genesis is a very important subject that needs to be delved into and examined deeply, primarily because the three members of Genesis actually met me.

I'm sure it was not a very formative experience for them. In fact, they probably don't even know they had the unique pleasure of meeting someone as meaningless as myself.

But I am quite sure that 20 years from now, Phil Collins will jump up from a deep sleep thinking to himself, "My God, that was Joe Lavin I saw 20 years ago." On second thought, maybe it'll just be heartburn.

The famous encounter took place outside the BBC buildings near Oxford Circus.

I was walking by when I noticed three middle aged women completely decked out in Genesis gear.

I had an essay to finish and not a minute to waste, so I stopped and asked them what was happening.

They told me that Genesis was being interviewed in the building and that they had been there all day and that Mike and Tony came in together but that Phil came in separately, so they couldn't get a picture of all three together, just one of Mike and Tony together, and that hopefully Phil and Mike and Tony would walk out together, so they could get a picture of Phil and Mike and Tony together to add to their collection of many pictures of Phil and Mike and Tony together.

I wanted next to ask them if they had any semblance of a life beyond Phil Collins and Mike Rutherford and Tony Banks, but I figured that would be rude.

I also realised that I was about to join them so that I too could see Phil and Mike and Tony together.

I had many reasons for staying out in the cold for 45 minutes to see Genesis.

First, they are probably my favorite band. More important, though, I had an essay to write the next day, and I figured I could write some of my essay while I waited. Then, after I finished the essay, I could negotiate a lasting truce between the Serbs and the Croats, after which I would find vaccines to cancer and AIDS before seeing Phil, Mike and Tony.

Unfortunately, I didn't quite make it to the peace treaty or the vaccines, but I did write a whole entire paragraph of my essay, some of which even made it into



Genesis long before they were transformed by their meeting with Joe.

the final draft.

Forty-five minutes later, Phil Collins emerged. By now, there were about ten people there, and they all lunged towards Phil.

Pens, pictures, and paper were thrust into his face, while camera continually flashed in his eyes.

All politeness had been

something was and had only about a second to discover it. Needless to say, I never did.

The closest thing I could think of was a compliment, but it had to be a short one. A sentence was right out. At last, I issued a wonderfully deferential smile and said proudly to Mike Rutherford, "Great music!"

could know that someone likes him more than he likes Phil Collins.

As Tony ambled towards me, I knew I had to say another wondrous something to him.

Unfortunately, all creativity and originality within me picked this exact moment to die, not slowly but quickly and decisively.

I just stood there as Tony walked past with a mind completely blank. Finally, grasping for anything, I came up with the amazing ad lib of — Get ready! — "Hi, Tony."

It would not have been as pathetic if I had said this when Tony was in front of me, but it had taken me so long to think of this exciting line that Tony was now past me.

As a reflex, he turned around quickly, expecting that someone he knew was addressing him. When he turned around, his head drooped as he noticed that there was no friend there, only some stupid fan.

Finally, he uttered a very depressed "Oh," and walked on.

Phil was done with the autographs, so he caught up with Mike and Tony and walked off into a sun that was probably setting behind all sorts of clouds.

The festivities were over, and my quest to have a meaningful conversation with the members of Genesis had failed.

All was not lost, however, because at least I had made a difference in the life of Tony Banks. For one split second, I had caused a public figure to be completely depressed.

You have to admire the talent.

"The only reason I like Tony is that he gets absolutely no attention, and this time was no different."

abandoned in the quest for some sort of memento, some sort of proof that said, "Wow. I saw Genesis. See."

I have no proof because I wasn't carrying a camera and didn't really want an autograph. Silly me actually wanted to talk with the band instead.

There was no chance of talking to Phil Collins, so I decided to wait for Mike Rutherford or Tony Banks to come out.

I finally had my chance when Mike Rutherford slid past Phil Collins and out the door, walking right past me. And it was now time to say something to Mike Rutherford, say something so utterly insightful and phenomenal that I would become his friend for life, or something like that.

There was only one problem. I didn't know what this

I was going to add a "Mike" after this, but I never quite got around to it. It's times like these when I wish my life was a sitcom with a talented group of writers to give me wonderfully witty things to say.

Surprisingly, I did get some response from my new friend Mike. He turned to me and said "Thank you" with such feeling that I knew that from that moment on he would be completely ignorant about my existence. Oh, well. But the excitement wasn't over yet.

Next, as Phil was still signing autographs, my favorite member of Genesis, Tony Banks, began to walk by me.

The only reason I like Tony is that he gets absolutely no attention, and this time was no different.

I almost wished I had gotten his autograph just so he

diary

I'm on a diet. It's not going to get to me. I am not hungry. I am still not hungry. Food is the last thing on my mind...

Monday 2nd serves up a veritable feast of events. At 1pm, lunchtime, the LSE Debating Society and the DSG (which doesn't stand for Dinner Soon Guys) are holding a debate in the New Theatre. Dr. Ashworth, Prof. Zander, Mr. Steuer, and Rip van..sorry, Michiel van Hulsten will be discussing "Does the LSE Have a Future?" After tea, at 8pm, the Strongbow Campus Challenge is taking place in the Three Tuns. There will be all the usual prizes and the same team will win it again (no, there's no sour grapes).

On **Tuesday 3rd** in the Old Theatre (four floors down from the Brunch Bowl) at 1pm, Afif Safieh, the London PLO representative, will be speaking on "The Peace Conference — What next? A Palestinian Perspective". Following afternoon tea, the Schapiro Club will be presenting a talk by Dr. David Starkey at 5pm in A42. The title is "The Renaissance: the uniting of Europe or the beginnings of nationalism", chair to be taken by Dr. J. Coleman. If this works up your appetite the Schapiro Club Christmas party follows. At the same time Prof. Richard Freeman will be talking on "What Future For Unions?" in room C120. At 7.30pm the Italian Society are holding a Pasta Evening, the bastards! It will be in the Quad and Cafe, cost £5 members, £6 non-members, and I promise I won't be there, honest.

Wednesday 4th sees the Debating Society chewing over another issue, "THB that the Homeless should be Responsible for Themselves". It's at 1pm in the Vera Anstey room. At 6.30pm the SWSS are sponsoring another debate on "Can 'The Market' Deliver the Goods?". Dr. Alan Sked is taking on John Rees in the Old Theatre. The highly calorific Scotch Appreciation Society are holding their usual piss-up at 7pm in the Vera Anstey room. If you can't stomach that, the Friends of Palestine are having a dinner at 7.30pm in A86. There will be music, dancing, and lots of food (sob), all proceeds are going to the Palestinian Scholarship Fund.

Luckily on **Thursday 5th** there are absolutely no dinners, parties, or drinks whatsoever. No food will be mentioned at the Workers Power Student Society discussion on "Europe, 1992: Why are the Tories split?" in S419 at 7.30pm. Throughout today and tomorrow the Bangladesh Society is presenting an exhibition of textiles and embroidery in the Quad, all are welcome.

The well-fed Peter Brooke will be speaking on **Friday 6th** in the Old Theatre at 5pm. I assume the usual security procedures will apply. The Carr-Saunders Christmas Disco takes place from 8pm. It is the ultimate diet as you always end up sweating buckets and are completely unable to get a drink from the bar. Anyway, the doors close at 10.30pm and the disco goes on until 1.30am. There will be a bar subsidy for those of you fortunate enough to make it to the bar.

Saturday 7th is the Graduate Christmas Party in the Quad/Tuns/Underground. There will be a live performance from "That Swing Thang" and a wine bar and buffet (well, that diet is completely down the toilet). It's only £3 to LSE students and everybody is welcome. Not a bad evening at all for £3 on a Saturday night in London.

So, there you go, enough events to threaten my svelte-like figure permanently. Oh well, if it's a toss up between Ryvita crackers and the Italian Soc's pasta evening, I know which one will always win. Back to the bran...

The Beaver

Well, it seems that the LSE can give itself a pat on the back for believing from the start that Winston Silcott was innocent. However, there are a number of points that just seem not to add up in my mind. Firstly, the Students Union quite happily voted in Winston Silcott as Honorary President in 1989 (and Michiel was there - just to show how old he really is). Yet, on the other hand, the SU (and Michiel) refused to vote in the Tottenham Three the following year. Does this mean that the Union are trying to say that one of the Three men, until recently in jail, was more innocent than the other two, or somehow more deserving of the accolade? I myself find this rather bizarre.

Another thing that amuses me is how quickly the press can change their opinion. In 1989, Silcott was termed a "savage cop-killer" and the LSE students made "this monster their hero". Now, however, it is the shameful behaviour of the police that is so readily slated by the Fleet Street mob.

All was quiet when we chose Terry Waite as the Honorary President in 1990, despite the fact that he had dubious links with the CIA and was linked to Colonel Oliver North in the middle of the Iran Contra Affair. I am not saying that he did anything less than a good job in his attempts to release hostages. I am simply trying to point out the blindness of the media gurus in seeing through a myth. Why do they have to jump so readily on to the bandwagon? It seems that none of them are free-thinkers.

Anyway, the LSE SU has proved itself correct over the Guildford Four, the Birmingham Six and the Tottenham Three. Let us hope that we can continue to prove the media wrong. Long may the foresight of the Students Union continue.

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First Person

A forum for
personal opinion
on matters
relevant to
the LSE

Jon Hull's article about political apathy at LSE in the Beaver edition of 18th November, opens up a legitimate debate. But his diatribe against the present Sabbaticals and the DSG misses the point.

Jon writes that "we are dominated by anonymous politicians whose pledge was to open up the Union."

The DSG never promised to "open up the Union" for the simple reason that it is an empty, meaningless concept.

The DSG did promise a Union in which debate is accessible to all, information is readily available, and activities are organised with the diversity of the student body in mind.

Nor did we seek, as Jon claims, "to sweep away the legacy of the old left wing", by which I understand the work of the very able Labour Sabbaticals of the mid-eighties.

They campaigned magnificently on a range of issues, including divestment from

Michiel van Hulten answers criticism about the lack of the Left in the SU

South Africa and the establishment of the Housing Association.

Their work inspired us to campaign for the Studentship Scheme: the largest means-tested financial aids fund of its kind in a British university today.

But perhaps the most serious claim is that "the new politicians have forgotten what is at the root of politics: people and ideas". People is precisely what this is all about.

The changes which are now taking place within the Students Union are caused by a changing student population with changing demands.

In 1979, the average LSE student was male, British and funded by the Government.

Today, the average student is more likely to be female, from overseas, and self-financing. Overseas students face ever-increasing tuition fees, cushioned only by the LSE's unique and widely praised Student-

ships.

British students face cuts in grants and benefits, while access funds are grossly inadequate.

It is inevitable that students who spend hours every week earning their school fees and living expenses should worry about getting value for money before they consider the latest political developments on remote countries.

Students have become consumers, and the Students Union exists to represent them.

They do not mind a campaign in divestment, but they prefer the establishment of Studentship funds, new guidelines for research students and a review of the teaching structure.

So, Jon is entirely right to point out that there has been precious little campaigning going on in Houghton Street in the last few months.

The campaigning has taken place in Connaught House, where we continuously urge the school to

improve its level of service to students.

At our initiative, they have agreed to begin work on a charter setting out what students can expect from the LSE.

The Court of Governors will amend the LSE constitution to incorporate a broad equal opportunities statement.

Jon talks about the hard left, about people opposing each other, about the need for Labour to "mount an attack".

That is the outdated language of the barricades.

The real challenge is finding radical solutions to the real problems that we face today.

It may mean that student politics is becoming more boring, but it has stimulated serious debate of a kind that we have lacked for years, and that in itself is exciting enough to justify our new direction.

Post Haste

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

Fighting Back

Dear Beaver,
Last week Ashwin Juneja comprehensively described his experiences of the traditional British welcome to black people - racism.

We are not welcomed in this country for the myriad of social and economic contributions that we make.

It has always been made quite clear to us that we will be treated as outsiders.

However, Ashwin contributes racism to bigotry, ignorance and misunderstanding.

We must delve a little deeper for a true understanding.

Racism in Britain and in Europe is part of the cultural baggage: a culture that is born out of colonialism.

European nations invaded, occupied and massacred people in Asia, Africa, the West Indies and the Americas.

European culture is shaped and moulded by this experience and, as such, is inherently racist.

However, now black

people are in Europe to stay and we have every right to be here.

Ashwin is very pessimistic in saying racism has always and will always exist.

This is the logical conclusion if you view racism as being purely individual.

If you look at individual racism in the context of mass societal cultural racism then you can see prospect for change.

The first change in that stage must be black people respecting their own culture and history.

How can we expect respect from white people when we don't even respect ourselves?

Consequently, we should respect ourselves enough to challenge racism whenever it occurs.

Ashwin said that to challenge the man on the tube would have made him as bad as the racist.

But racism is not a problem that black people have, we do not perpetrate racism.

Not challenging racism is our problem.

To challenge the racist is to show respect for yourself and all other black people.

It will not make you as bad as him: only as good as Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther King or Malcolm X.

Europe is becoming more racist. The fascists are mobilising and the subtle, underlying racism is being strengthened.

However, as black people, we are also getting organised.

The situation necessitates that blacks and all other oppressed sections of the population oppose racism and fascism.

In Germany, France and Britain self defence is not a debate but a necessity.

The challenge to racism must beat all levels because turning the other cheek has never, and will never, work.

We must overcome racism "by any means necessary".

Daniel Trump.

Dear Daniel,

I do believe that racism is an abhorrent thing that sadly is very much inherent in British and European society.

However, I do not believe that fighting racism "by any means necessary" can be the solution.

Does this mean that you would be prepared to commit murder if a racist attack provoked you to such an extent?

Such behaviour would only lower you to the level of the racist and I would agree with Ashwin Juneja on this point.

A solution would be more readily found if co-operation could be brought about through integration of all cultural and racial sectors of society rather than through confrontation.

Such an attitude only breeds resentment and fighting fire with fire does nothing to quash the flames.

Such flames are those of racism and of aggression (aggression on both parts of the spectrum).

I should like to point out that Ashwin is not black, but Asian.

The article was written to highlight the nature of some subtle racism that people of all creeds can experience in British society and not just blacks.

No Time for Patience

Dear Beaver,

Once again the school and the student body are in conflict. However, this time it has nothing to do with student politics or student poverty.

Instead, the school is trying to stop us working. In the good old days, the only problem an honest student had in the library was that there were no books.

Nowadays, they're actually trying to stop us getting into the library. The school is employing hundreds of people to pose as students in the queue for the baggage room. In fact, a man with inside information (Bernard Ollocks) said,

"It is my belief that the exorbitant salaries paid to these imposter student queuers were the main reason for the attempted introduction of top-up fees."

So act now! Rise up united and defeat this oppression! Er... yes... well... despite all this, it is ridiculous that we have to queue for 20 minutes just to leave our bags and I hope the Students Union, or someone, will act soon.

J. S. Edwards

A Typical Week at the LSE

Considering the repeal of the Tottenham 3 conviction, **Michiel van Hulten** compiles a retrospective diary of the Union's 1989 election of Winston Silcott as Honourary President

Thursday 27th April

At 1pm, approximately 150 students gather in the Old Theatre for the Annual General Meeting of the Students Union. On the agenda: the election of Honourary President. There are five nominations on the order paper: Jaques Delors, Brian Clough, Terry Waite, the Queen Mother, and someone very few of those present have ever heard of, Winston Silcott. Speeches are made on behalf of each candidate and Silcott, the alleged victim of a miscarriage of justice, wins by a slim majority thanks to the block vote of the Labour Club. At first, that seems to be the end of the story. After all, LSE SU has been highlighting miscarriages of justice for years.

Within five minutes of the end of the meeting, the School Pro-Director, Professor Pinker, receives a phonecall from the Sun newspaper. The Sun journalist, Robert Bolton, who has been tipped off by a member of the LSE Conservative Association, wants to confirm the rumour that the LSE Students Union has just elected Winston Silcott, the convicted murderer of PD Keith Blakelock in the 1985 Broadwater Farm riot, its Honourary President.

Iain Crawford, the Press Officer, consults with the Pro-Director and the Administrative Officer, Neil Plevy. The School informs the Sun that election was a Student Union matter, that it had no advance knowledge of the election or the candidates, and that not having any advance knowledge, there had been no discussion with the School and therefore the School could not comment.

Meanwhile, General Secretary Amanda Hart is also contacted by the Sun. She refuses to speak to them, and instead decides to prepare a press release, in which the election of Silcott is described as "purely symbolic".

The press association breaks the story nationally at 5pm. Within hours, film director Michael Winner, Lord Gifford and five Conservative MP's issue statements about the election. Independent Radio News covers the election in its broadcasts from 5.30 pm onwards, and ITV carries the story on News at Ten.

At a midnight meeting, former General Secretary Nick Randall expresses his concern about the election to Crawford, outlining the problems which may arise from an external relations point of view.

Friday 28th April

The morning press is not favourable to the decision taken by the Annual General Meeting. The Star's screaming headline reads "SICK: Students make this monster their hero" accompanied by a large photograph of Silcott. The Sun, on page 7, writes "Fury as students honour cop killer", and in a leading article, the Sun writes, "Even the sewer rats will find it distasteful to go near the London School of Economics



From The Sun, Saturday, April 29, 1989.

Cartoon courtesy of The Sun

today. By a large majority, the in-mates of that academic madhouse elect police killer Winston Silcott as Honourary President of the Students Union...The students say Silcott's election is a 'vote in favour of justice and a fair trial'. What sickening rubbish." The election receives coverage in all tabloid and quality papers.

The School Press Office is inundated with calls from the media. A crisis centre is set up in the School Secretary's office, and remains in place until the end of the crisis. The Secretary, Christine Challis, the Senior assistant secretary, Adrian Hall, Administrative Officers, Neil Plevy and Catherine Manthorpe and Press Officer, Crawford, man the office which is in constant contact with Director Patel and the Chairman of the Court of Governors, Sir Peter Parker. The School issues a press statement: "The School regrets unreservedly the Students Union decision to elect Winston Silcott as Honourary President, and totally dissociated itself from it. The Director has set up an immediate enquiry and will be discussing the position with the Governors of the School on Tuesday."

By early afternoon, the school crisis centre is told of firebomb threats by Bow Street police. The team decides to issue a circular to all members of the School, announcing closure of the Three Tuns Bar and all School buildings after 6.30 pm until the end of the Bank Holiday weekend. Four society functions, including an all-day Labour Club meeting, are called off. Members of the Students Union similarly receives death threats.

Throughout the day, journalists are in Houghton Street interviewing students. On 28th April, there are no less than 24 mentions of the election on radio

and television. The public reaction is described by the School as "fierce and hostile".

Kenneth Baker, the Education Secretary, condemns the election which he blames on "the small minority of left wing students". The most measured response comes, at the end of the day, from the Evening Standard, which condemns "the usual Tory rent-a-quote mob which had been rounded up" and goes on to say "Those who are boiling over should calm down. Students like to bait us with teases in order to draw attention to themselves."

Saturday 29th April

The Mail reports death threats against the school and the Students Union. It reveals the identity of the proposer of the motion, Hossain Zahir, who has to go into hiding.

The Director and Professor Meghnad Desai organise a group of academics to sign a press release. It reads: "As academics working at the LSE we note with dismay and anger the decision of the Students Union to honour Winston Silcott. Neither the cause of justice nor the larger interests of the pursuit of truth with which the LSE is concerned are served by the stealthy manner in which such a decision was sprung on the LSE community. We believe that this move was inappropriate and can only strengthen the hands of all those who wish to see the culture of tolerance in universities destroyed." The statement is signed by Meghnad Desai, David Metcalf, Ioan Lewis, David Bartholemew, Tom Nossiter, William Cornish, Rosalind Higgins, Fred Halliday, Anthony Hopwood, Eileen Barker, Roger Alford and Nick Barr.

Students Union leaders are infuriated by what they see as betrayal, particularly the signing

by progressive academics such as Desai (himself twice former Honourary President), Halliday and Barr.

Desai, the Chair of Islington South Labour Party, contacts Peter Mandelson at Labour Party Headquarters. He is concerned that the political fall-out from the Silcott case will damage both the LSE and the Labour Party. As a result, a petition signed by 15 Labour MP's supporting the LSE decision is not made public.

Tuesday 2nd May

The school circular is headlined: "Silcott - day of decision" which reports that the school has already received a call from one potential donor indicating that they wish to have nothing further to do with the school.

Reporters arriving at the LSE for the Emergency General Meeting are told they cannot bring cameras or tape recorders into the meeting.

At 1 pm, The Old Theatre and room A85 are both full to capacity. A video link is established between the two rooms. Outside, dozens of reporters scramble for space between the television broadcasting vans.

The emergency motion calls for a new election to be held, and for a letter of apology to be sent to PC Blakelock's widow. Meghnad Desai and Phil Davis, the Senior Treasurer of the Students Union, speak against the motion. (The latter ignoring the mandate he has been given by the Labour Club.) Desai shifts his position from the published statement, now claiming that he is not opposed to the election per se but rather to the method by which it happened.

The motion is amended to include the belief in a fair trial, but that doubting the fairness of the trial does not justify election as Honourary President. The

amendment further adds a resolution to reconvene the Annual General Meeting, and to give notice of a constitutional amendment mandating the Union to hold future elections by cross-campus ballot.

Following a heated debate, in which the Afro-Caribbean Society reads out a statement in support of the election, a vote is taken on the motion. Tellers in both rooms take ten minutes to decide that 530 students supported the motion and 305 voted against, thereby failing to reach the required two-thirds majority.

Students outside complain that they were unable to get into either room. The journalists outside are mobbed by a crowd of students making V-signs surging out of the Old Building. Minor scuffles break out between students. Ron Beadle, who chaired the meeting, resigns.

Wednesday 3rd May

The morning press reacts with vigour. The Times quotes Tory MP Tony Marlow, who call the election "despicable". The Star writes an editorial headed "London School of Loonies", and heads one article "Students keep cop-killer as president".

A special edition of the School circular contains a statement from the Standing Committee of the Court of Governors.

"Current arrangements appeared to give power to a minority of students to speak with more force than they should command. One section of the School should never again be allowed to bring the School into disrepute. [...] The relationship between the School and the Students Union should be reviewed thoroughly."

The Students Union executive meets and decides to call for a cross-campus ballot. Fifty signatures are collected, so that a meeting is called for Friday.

Thursday 4th May

The press begins to look at the wider issues involved in the Silcott decision. The Times runs an article by Bernard Levin, and the Independent writes an article sympathetic to the LSE's decision, but endorsing voluntary membership of Student Unions.

Friday 5th May

The Emergency General Meeting votes overwhelmingly for a cross-campus ballot. The decision is welcomed by the School.

Saturday 6th May

Silcott writes to the Independent saying, "I don't want to be an honorary president, there are other people who can take the post."

Tuesday 9th May

Silcott announces his resignation from the post of Honourary President saying that he did not wish to cause the Union any problems. The Students Union Executive decides to cancel the cross-campus ballot.

Hot Shots: Hot Sh**?

Abrahams's latest is 'A very silly film indeed,' but it's funny for only sixty percent of the time

'Hot Shots!' is a very silly film indeed. Coming from the same stable as 'Airplane', 'Top Secret' and 'The Naked Gun', 'Hot Shots!' is basically a send up of the 'Flying Aces' films of the past.

The plot evolves around "Topper" Harley, played by Charlie Sheen with some style, who is a renegade pilot with heroic potential but who suffers from a self-destructive psychological disorder called "Paternal Conflict Syndrome".

Having been enlisted into an elite corps of flyers code-named "Sleepy Weasel", Topper becomes the all-round American hero to the rest of the squadron with the exception of Kent Gregory (Carl Elwes), Topper's rival for the position of "Top Dog" and for the affections of psychiatrist Ramada Thompson (Valeria Golino).

But unknown to the squadron, a group of treacherous industrialists are intent on sabotaging their top secret mission in order to sell the Navy \$40 billion worth of defective new superplanes.

The plot is, however, of very little importance. The main purpose of this film is to make people laugh and in first the first hour it succeeds somewhat successfully. They parody every



What the hell do they think they're doing?

photo: Marsha Blackburn, 20th Century Fox

conceivable film possible, from 'Dances With Wolves' to 'Officer and a Gentleman' and 'Top Gun'.

Sometimes the jokes are subtle but most of the time they come at you like a sledgehammer and after a while you can tell when the next joke is coming. They soon become repetitive and the long running joke in-

volving Chihuahuas wasn't funny to begin with.

The visual jokes are delivered with expertise but most of the verbal jokes usually go down like the proverbial lead zeppelin, i.e. they're not very funny. The trouble is that they are delivered so fast that by the time the audience have got the joke the film has moved on to the next sketch.

During the final 20 minutes or so the comedy is very scarce. The climatic battle scheme is completely out of sync with the rest of the movie and the blowing-up of several quasi-Iraqi aeroplanes simply wasn't funny.

The humour only returns after the Iraqi nuclear power plant has been blown up but by that time there's only five

minutes of the film left.

The cast as a whole perform well, in particular Lloyd Bridges, who plays Admiral "Tug" Benson, a blustery multi-war veteran whose bodies parts have been systematically replaced after a series of illustrious combat injuries and who has "flown 194 missions and been shot down in every one of them."

Jon Cryer, however, is woefully under-employed. Playing a character with Walleye vision, his performance is limited to an almost cameo type appearance and more could have been made of his character. Sheen, however, displays a very good comic ability and holds his own against a cast of comedy regulars.

In the end, one leaves the cinema with the feeling that you've seen all this somewhere before, in particular the recipes which appear in the end credits, but you don't really care because the jokes are still funny.

The Americans loved this apparently, but then again, films like this ease their consciences.

Neil Andrews
(confirmed dickhead - Ed.)

At A Glance

Theatre

The Cabinet Minister
at the Albery Theatre

Agamemnon
at the Bridge Lane

Dance

LCDT
at Sadler's Wells

Exhibitions

Hokusai
at the Royal Academy of Arts

Turner Prize Exhibition
at the Tate Gallery

Film

Hot Shots
at the Odeon Leicester Square,
general release
from 6 December

Yes, Minister

'The Cabinet Minister'
— humour at the Albery



"Derek, British Telecom say they're not going to let me make any more adverts" (Maureen Lipman and Derek Nimmo in 'The Cabinet Minister')
photo: John Haynes

"Val, please don't go and live in a rock!"

"The Cabinet Minister," by Sir Arthur Pinero, is a late Nineteenth-century play detailing an episode in the lives of the upper-class Twombly family. Short of money, they fall victim to an unscrupulous money-lender, who seeks to use his profession as a way of climbing the social ladder. The play is basically a light-hearted bit of fluff; all of the characters are amusing stereotypes, from the East-end money-lender, Joseph Lebanon (classic comment: "scuse my 'umour!"), to the Public-school twit, Brook Twombly (classic comment: "I'm against work — it's all these folk wanting jobs that's leading to unemployment!").

The sub-plot revolves around the old dragon, Lady Drumdurris, and her match-making for Imogen Twombly and her ill-fated suitor, Sir Colin Mcphale. A socially retarded Scotsman, Sir Colin is himself the object of the desires of Fanny Gaylustre, Joseph Lebanon's sister and seamstress extraordinaire. The last piece in this social jigsaw is Valentine, Imogen's cousin and intrepid explorer. Val rejects upper-class English society in favour of a decent set of clothes and a rather spartan existence, hence the plea from Imogen which forms the title of this review.

Everything is finally re-

solved in the climax of the play, a ball at Castle Drumdurris. True love and justice are both seen to be served; Imogen does not have to dance the Strathspey with Sir Colin, and Lady Twombly does not have to grow her own vegetables.

This wry social satire induces merriment, not sympathy, from the audience at the problems of the aristocracy. Pinero carries across his disdain for the Upper-class in a subtle but not vindictive manner; perhaps it can be said that his true sympathies lie with Joseph and Fanny, whose attempts at integration in a new society are shunned by the snobbish elite. The sets are sumptuous and well-designed; the ladies all look like porcelain figures and the men are never seen to move their upper lips. Derek Nimmo seems to be wasted in the role of the cabinet minister himself, but the overall standard of the acting is very high, particularly that of Maureen Lipman as lady Twombly, and the portrayal of both the Mcphales. Unfortunately the price of student standbys is rather high at £9; but if you can spare the cash and you want a fun evening at the expense of the old imperial classes, then this play is for you.

Faz and Dave

Tragic!

'Agamemnon' is a bit too minimalistic for our times

Writing this review as a complete outsider to the world of Greek tragedies, thinking pretentiously that just saying the phrase limpens your wrists and forces you to address everyone as lovey.

With this in mind I went along to the Bridge Lane Theatre to see just exactly what Agamemnon is all about.

I have to start by saying that the story is a classic.

It is notable, not just because it has aged well (it is 2500 years old), but for the way it highlights the psyche and attitudes of the ancients.

The story is a portrayal of lives dominated by fate and destiny.

It is also surprisingly well written and the major themes are seen reflected through each of the characters.

Having said that I must say that I expected much

more from a modern version of the play.

The props were very meagre — a fishing net, a red carpet and a walking stick (which doesn't really count anyway as it's part of costume).

This was a definite failing — I know that some may say that this just promotes the spirit of early Greek theatre or others that it focuses the viewers' attention on the more important dialogue. Accepting that, then the production company may just as well have recorded the dialogue on tapes and distributed them.

I felt that better acting and more varied and better use of props would have helped turn a classic work into a very powerful piece of theatre. The Bridge Lane Theatre is brilliant though — rugged and barn-like.

Gavin Gillham

The LSE
Drama
Soc
present
two plays
by Lorca:

"The Love
of Don
Perlimplin
and Belissa
in the
Garden"
and
"The
Butterflies'
Evil Spell"

at 7.45 pm
in the Quad
Wednesday
4 December
through
Friday
6 December
price:
£1.50/£1.00

Flying High, Part II

London Comtemporary Dance Theatre have their second programme at Sadler's Wells, and it's just as good as the first one

You picked up last week's Beaver, read bits of articles here and there, not really paying attention to anything. Perhaps you even glanced at the photo of a dancer poised in midair or read bits of the brilliant review accompanying it.

Those of you who were already planning to see the London Contemporary Dance Theatre's performance probably became more excited at the prospect; those others who had no intentions of going most likely flipped to the next page.

If you didn't manage to get out of the pub any evening last week to see Programme Two presented by the London Contemporary Dance Theatre, you should be disappointed. You missed quite a show.

I have never seen any type of contemporary dance before and I must admit I was impressed. That's not to suggest that I went home after the show vowing to see every other contemporary dance performance in London for the remainder of my time here.

I'm not even sure if I would shell out £20 worth of my own money to see the LCDT in their next season.

However, for a Tuesday



Dig that funky music, man (Tracey Fitzgerald, Peter Dunleavy and Kenneth Tharp of the LCDT)
photo: Anthony Crickmay

evening's entertainment, it was definitely worth the time.

The programme consisted of four fairly short pieces separated from each other by an intermission. Each segment was completely distinct from the others, but equally as enjoyable and thought-provoking.

I had originally intended

to describe a little about each of the sections, but as I started to write, I realized how ridiculous my description would sound to you.

How could I possibly describe a group of male and female dancers all clothed in very plain dresses and heavy boots throwing themselves about on the stage and get you to take me seriously.

Well, I am about to describe some of the more interesting details and I hope that you do take it seriously.

The first dance was about crossing through space. It involved a group of dancers trying to get across the stage.

The most striking aspect of this dance was not the crossing itself but rather the interpersonal relationships

which became clearer and more demanding of attention as the action progressed.

Next, one woman danced to a harmonica/washboard duet. This dance could have been quite evocative, but the brief five minutes during which it was shown were hardly enough to do it justice.

The third act was set as a telephone conversation; a script was read by several actors while dancers portrayed the emotion behind it.

Lastly, and perhaps most strikingly, a large number of dancers demonstrated the making of a routine as it travels through choreographic and rehearsal stages. This finale was particularly interesting because most of the dancing was done without music. Amazingly, the dancers followed a certain rhythm amongst themselves.

All in all, Sadler's Wells Theatre and the LCDT treated us to a really enjoyable evening. If you missed last week's performances, don't worry—there's always next season!

British Talent at the Tate Gallery

Entries compete for Turner Prize

Now in its seventh year the Turner Prize continues to be a valuable opportunity for young British artists to gain a 'toehold' in the international art bazaar.

The prize is important is important because, in a way, it compensates for the disadvantages that British artists face as a result of inadequate government funding.

The exhibition displays the works of two sculptors (Rachel Whiteread, Anish Kapoor) and two painters (Ian Davenport and Fiona Rae) and is sponsored by Channel Four.

All four finalists display freshness in their work and the juxtaposition of the Award rooms to the Francis Bacon room provides a vivid contrast and an apt comment on the progress of art over the past 30 years.

Fiona Rae's paintings benefit particularly from this proximity. Her paintings revive the stylism of a unitary dullness that is so difficult to dismiss when the strength of colour and force

are taken into account.

Her work is easy to dismiss as being part of the 'modern' art movement and another step away from the classical paintings of Constable and da Vinci. It must be remembered that Turner, after all, was a 'classical' artist and his innovative use of colour in representative pictures can be found in Rae's work.

The art of Ian Davenport, however appears more eclectic and further in unison. Davenport could be the 'new' Jackson Pollock. His work however is not merely a copy of Pollock's but is a step beyond it. Unlike Pollock's later works which have a colourful jarring effect he works with simple colour schemes. The effect of two dark tones is still shocking within the broader concept of the new urban art.

Urbanism is a predominant theme in the works of these artists and the sculptures rely heavily on this trend. Kapoor's giant pot shows the artists predilec-

tion for large objects and the use of them to encapsulate the concept of space.

Space, it seems, is a metaphor for freedom, in its grey, granite, faceless form. Walk around his pot and there is a large chunk missing from one side; draw your own conclusions.

Similarly, Rachel Whiteread's work takes the form of pressure of a city scape but with an opposite approach to Kapoor.

Instead of concentrating on the freedom of the exterior to emphasise the oppression of the interior, Whitehead cleverly uses objects such as an oversized car seat and divorces it from its background and associations; the result is mildly disturbing.

It is irrelevant who wins. These four artists are the crest of a wave of great British talent. Art is one of Britain's greatest assets; let's not strangle it.

Selman



Sudden Gust of Wind at Ejiri, c. 1831

Musee National des Arts Asiatiques-Guimet, Paris

The Old Wave

Classic Japanese art at the RAA

Katsushika Hokusai is probably the most famous Japanese artist in the west; The Great Wave is probably one of the best known images of the twentieth century, and this is included in this new exhibition along with the series it comes from—'Thirty-six Views of Mount Fuji'

In the good old Japanese tradition, Hokusai died at the age of ninety, an age at

which he once modestly predicted he would have approached "the essence of art". At the time of his death, Hokusai had completed over 30,000 designs, ranging from prints for de-luxe editions of poetry, to illustrating popular novels and producing commercial albums of landscape prints.

The exhibition includes over 150 prints as well as drawings, sketches, and

paintings. The pictures range from actors' portraits to book illustrations, flower studies and landscapes and inevitably the famous landscapes are the centrepiece (although, for all you perverts out there, there is also a 'naughty' section).

The exhibition ends on the 9th February 1992, and if you get a chance to go it's well worth a visit.

Jon Fenton-Fischer

The Good, The Bad and Everything Else

Neil Andrews reviews this week's singles

Single Of The Week: Throwing Muses 'Not Too Soon' (4AD)

Oh well, It's goodbye to Tayna Donnelly. The Throwing Muses have split up. Except they haven't. Like the rest of the Muses' stuff, this is unlikely to make the Top 40, despite being backed by a re-mixed version of 'Dizzy' (no, not that one) but then who cares. It's still a great record. I should know, I've listened to it about a thousand times. It's a fond farewell to a dear old friend.

Christmas Single Of The Week: The KLF featuring Tammy Wynette 'Justified and Ancient (Stand By Your Jams)' (KLF Communications)

The KLF are as daft as a brush. Dear old Tammy is a two hit wonder. Now she's going to be a three hit wonder! Anybody familiar with the band's album 'The White Room' will tell you what a great song this is, but that's not all! The B-side features two new tracks 'Let Them Eat Ice Cream' and 'Make Mine A 99'. This should be the Christmas Number One, but the death of a certain pop star will probably mean the re-release of that piece of art-wank commonly known as 'Bohemian Rhapsody'. There are only two decent versions of this song in circulation today and Queen did

not perform either of them. Cud and Frank Sidebottom. Need I say more. Mu Mu.

U2 Single Of The Week: U2 'Mysterious Ways' (Island)

Nay, nay and thrice nay. People who loved 'The Fly' will love this. People who hated 'The Fly' will hate this twice as much. Result: I hated it.

Manchester No-Hoppers' Single Of The Week: James 'Sound' (Fontana)

They do not sound like Simple Minds. Well, not all the time anyway. This is more 'Johnny Yen' than 'Come Home', only not as good. Perhaps they should never have re-released 'Sit Down?'. Their new t-shirts bearing the legend 'We Are Sound' are also a bit dodgy.

Debut Single Of The Week: The Daytrippers 'She Said That' EP (October Records)

My copy of this EP only had two songs on it but did I worry? Of course not. It'll probably be worth a fortune in years to come. Then again, it may not. The Daytrippers are apparently 'Hot outta Grantham' and to prove how hot they are they've recorded this in a disused railway arch. The first song 'Stutter' (no, not that one) is a touch



"Come in Number 36, your time is up." The Daytrippers have found a new toy.

Photo: Louise Rhodes

lack-lustre, the second, however, entitled 'Miss America' is a bloody gem. Both songs feature the talents of the New FADs percussionist, Icarus Wilson-Wright (Made up name or what?) and a "mystery" guitarist, probably Johnny Marr. Probably not. Watch out for the quote on the back of the sleeve, for some reason.

Crap Single Of The Week: Happy Mondays 'Judge Fudge' (Factory)

Does anyone actually like the Happy Mondays? Or is it just a phase people go through? Maybe it's a fashion statement? Or is it one of those stigmas that every teenager goes through, like smoking for example? Who cares, they're still not much cop. Hey, hey we're The Monkees.....

Sympathy Single Of The Week: Queen 'Bohemian Rhapsody' (EMI)

Death. It's a funny old thing affecting different

people in different ways. To some, it means the loss of someone special. To others, in particular large record companies, it means the re-issuing of an artist's back catalogue in order to make a fast buck. This should never have been re-released. It's a pompous piece of work which basically sums up Queen's entire output i.e. totally shite and over-the-top. When it comes to the death of a pop star there is always double standards involved. Freddie Mercury may have influ-

enced a lot of people but when Pete De Freitas died there wasn't a single obituary in the papers. Why?

If Cliff Richard manages to release a Christmas single you can rest assure that we'll probably hate it. If Slade re-release their bloody Christmas record again I'm going to scream and scream and scream until I'm sick. Free George Jackson.

Woo, I'm Back Again

Michael Jackson returns more 'Dangerous' than ever before

With only four solo albums to his credit in a career spanning over 20 years, Michael Jackson should, in theory, have been a prime contender for the "Overrated Artist" section of this newspaper a few weeks ago. Nevertheless, Jackson's talents have never been called into question and with each new album, he seems to come up with the goods - and this seems to be what he has done with his latest release.

Unlike Prince, his nearest rival in musical ability (What about Bryan Adams - Ed.), Jackson goes for quality rather than quantity. Prince is able to churn out at least one new album every year, but this inevitably means that amongst a few great songs, there is usually a lot of crap, the 'Graffiti Bridge'

album being an example.

His pathetic recording output isn't Jackson's only problem - he also has a major lack of street cred. Maybe it's just me, but high-pitched screaming and holding your crotch seems more like a sign of bladder control problems than being cool, then again, I don't try it too often in public (What screaming and trying to grab your crotch or trying to act cool? - Ed.).

In order to overcome this problem of street cred, on his new album Jackson has hired producer Teddy Riley, guitarist Slash from Guns 'n' Roses and rapper Heavy D, and generally this new approach seems to work. However, one can't help but feel that Quincy Jones is the best producer around, and his loss is felt on this album (his last

album 'Back On The Block' showed that despite being over Sixty years old, he is still going strong). Fortunately, Teddy Riley has still managed to keep an eclecticism in the musical styles without relying too heavily on repetitive rhythms, as many might expect from him.

Of course, a Michael Jackson album wouldn't be a Michael Jackson album without the inevitable puke-inducing song, ie full of stupid idealistic lyrics. In this case it's 'Heal The World', virtually a complete rip-off of 'We Are The World', even down to the melody, verse/chorus formation and actual lyrics themselves. Simplistic lyrics are pulled off better with 'Keep The Faith', simply because of its funky Gospel melody.

Despite, therefore, a few predictable and unoriginal tracks, there are still some good moments on 'Dangerous'. 'In The Closet' and 'Give In To Me' show that Jackson can be both modern and original, something which most of these tracks in the Top 40 these days are not. The worst of Michael Jackson is still better than the best of what most people can come up with. So, if there's only one new album you'll buy this Christmas make sure it's this one - U2 are crap anyway.

Jon Fenton-Fischer.

Michael Jackson's album has just been released through Epic records.

Things Ain't What They Used To Be

The Aints 'Ascension'

Perhaps fans of the Saints, Laughing Clowns, and even Ed Kuepper himself will receive this offering with excitement. I, on the other hand remain unimpressed, and am still unable to pronounce Kuepper. The first track on the album is titled 'It's still nowhere'. After hearing the entire album I conclude it would have been more accurate to title it 'It's still going nowhere'. It's an album with promising and impressive intro's, but Kuepper and co. seem unable to find themselves a tune. As the advertising blurb claims, it is abounding in clashing guitar and brass. Unfortunately that alone is not enough to keep

me entertained throughout the thirty-five minutes of songs.

The sound of the Aint's has been accurately likened to "four guitarists beating themselves up" and would be great played live and loud, otherwise, despite the repetition, this album is immemorable. The peak of the album is the final track, "Ascension". A tune finally captured, momentarily, before deteriorating into a cacophony of noise, rather like that of a school orchestra tuning up. Interesting stuff, but don't bother taking out a loan to buy it.

Becky Hartnup.

Next Week: As Christmas rapidly approaches, the Music pages of the Beaver are proud to announce an exclusive 'U2 are quite good' article. Plus a FREE gift will be yours in the form of a mystery present. If you have any comments, queries or questions then write to us here in the Beaver Office. We'd really like to hear from you. The address is: "Bobby Charlton's Fact Finding Mission", The Music Editor, Room E197. By the way, the Tequila tickets were won by a Mr N. Lambert. Congratulations Mr Lambert. I hope you enjoyed it. The winning entry was drawn by Mr Steve Thomas, a BA History student (Andy Baly refused).

Dead Pop Stars

Ron Voce explores something which is quite tasteless indeed

No, this is not sick. "Dead Pop Stars" was the first single by the easily forgettable, Altered Images (No, not really. I remember them, especially Clare Grogan! — Ed.), but it has nothing to do with what I am writing about. I awoke like many on Monday morning to hear about the death of Freddie Mercury. Nothing new about that you might say, popstars come and they go, but their memories still remain.

What with the announcement the previous day about him being HIV+ I knew what Monday would be like, all obituaries and self-congratulation, all saying, to quote a phrase, "he was good"; but I say, "was he that good?" What do the dead pop stars think? It's difficult to say. Anyway, here follows the sick part... One seance later, a few late and greats offered me, a humble and poor Beaver writer their views.

"C'mon everybody, he was something else" — Eddie Cochran.

"Those little things he said and did... Rave on, such a crazy guy" — Buddy Holly.

"He was a real hound dog crying all the time, he

never was a rabbit but he was a friend of mine" — Elvis Presley.

"Imagine there was no Freddie, it's very hard to do" — John Lennon.

"He gave us a load of satisfaction, but it's all over now!" — Brian Jones.

"Hey Freddie, you ain't going nowhere with that mike stand in your hand, I mean Voodoo Child" — Jimi Hendrix (really his Uncle Jack).

"My brother Freddie will be alright now" — Paul Kosseff.

"Joking apart, hell aint such a bad place to be" — Ben Scott (Who He? — Ed.).

"Got a sandwich" — Karen Carpenter. (Sick. If only Mama Cass had given Karen that last piece of Ham Sandwich — Ed.)

"He was an enigma, a variation" — Edward Elgar.

"I heard the sound of distant drums" — Jim Reeves.

"It'll be a long time before he rock and rolls again" — John Bonham.

"My wail wasn't in vain" — Bob Marley.

"He wasn't a witch and I loved the way he twitched, Bong a gong, Get it on" — Marc Bolan.

"Oh you silly thing, you have really gone and done it now!" — Sid Vicious.

"Break on through to the

other side" — Jim Morrison.

"He's lost control...." — Ian Curtis.

All right so this is sick so I'll put a stop to it. We all have our idols, the music of our time, we all remember certain people and what they mean to us. Pop stars die, usually not of old age (Not including Bill Hailey, though. He died from natural causes — Ed.), but because of the rock and roll lifestyle. "Sex, Drugs and Rock'n'Roll", make the world go round.

Maybe, but one day these people fall off. People have a right to music idols, but if you put them on a pedestal they more than often let you down. Freddie will be remembered as the first real rock star who died of AIDS (Please don't forget the lead singer of Department S and Ricky Wilson from the B52's, Ron. I don't like double standards, remember — Ed.), but we should do something about placing rock stars on the pedestal only for them to fall. It's not their fault, Freddie Mercury was only human.

Please support the Terence Higgins Trust. Live people need to support live pop stars, without a cure we'll all be dead pop stars.

Hole In One

Hole and Sun Carriage play the Camden Underworld

Let me start with Sun Carriage. Crap, pure complete crap. They need help, lots of help. But we've developed a five point plan to fix these idiots.

1) The bass player needs to learn how to tune her own bass, without the drummer's help.

2) The guitarist needs to learn how to tune his guitar, without the help of an electric tuner (throughout the concert)

3) Repeating three guitar chords just doesn't work unless you are Nirvana.

4) Here's a new word this band desperately needs to learn: Stage Presence.

5) I could say the bass player's better than Flea but I would be lying.

Now onto Hole. Crap, pure

complete crap (I like an open, informative review. It makes one feel as if one was really at the gig — Ed.). They need help, lots of help. But we've developed another five point plan to help these idiots (Surprise, surprise).

1) Courtney Love should quit trying so hard to be cool. It's really pathetic. She could learn a lot from the lead singer of Silverfish.

2) If you like trendy fashions, this band's the one for you. Hype is their middle name.

3) They have been watching too many Guns and Roses videos.

4) Courtney's stage masturbation was anti-climactic, even for me.

5) I'd say this band were harsh, but then I would be

lying. This is the kind of show that needs to play Girl Scout Jamborees.

Usually, I'd never go this far out of my way to bash a band. In fact I've never written a concert review (Really? — Zaf). But this show was so incredibly boring that I feel honour bound to let the masses know. (Well thanks. Next time Hole are in town I'll remember not to look them up — Ed.)

Charles Bikos and Nik Winchester.

If anyone would care to disagree with this review then let me know. I'm sure someone out there likes Hole, even if it is only the lead singer of Nirvana — Ed.

Jumping Barbie Dolls

Intastella play ULU

The controls were set for the heart of the sun last Thursday night at the smoke-drenched U.L.U. stage, glossed over in ostentatious silver letters, spelling out I-N-T-A-S-T-E-L-L-A.

This hot-tip, top-shot, tip-top, pop-lot, are the sort of band who probably spend more time checking on their rock'n'roll reflections in the mirror than they do rehearsing before their gigs. It pays off though.

The first thing that hits you, is the singer. Stella, the horny, foxy, throbby, stoaty, celebrated chantress of the arrangement, looks and acts like a living, singing Barbie Doll.

The band's overall appearance on stage was impressively glamorous, the outerspace lights pouring down all over the crowd adding to the futuristic aura of the band, which their music supposedly reflects.

Although the band look as much like Pink Floyd as the

Royal Family does, early psychedelic Floyd references seem to feature heavily throughout, and it appears that these mad, mystical, Mancunian melody-makers had grooved along to that fab, uncontrolled Floyd classic, 'Interstellar Overdrive' on quite a few occasions.

Apparently however, they'd never even heard of the song until long after they'd started the band off. I'd have believed them if they'd not called themselves, 'Intastella', not played a song called 'Overdrive', and half their music didn't sound like the aforementioned song with a do-it-yourself computerised drum beat chucked in.

This isn't to say that I don't like their music. I think it's dead good, it's just that a little bit more honesty here and there wouldn't go amiss.

Songs like their debut single, 'Dream Some Paradise' and their latest, 'Century', sounded well groovy. They're the sort of songs you might want to take for one of

those super, scenic, summery, Sunday strolls in the park if your sobbing poodle didn't feel up to it.

Stella sings like an out of breath schoolgirl and her cute little voice swims gracefully over the swirling, spaced-out, sensual sounds seeping out from all over the stage.

The Beatles sampled, 'People', their toe-tapping, beat-bopping, shoulder-shaking, toast-topping, second single would sound great on 'Top Of The Pops' and the band would look even better. They'd confuse the hell out of the audience at any rate.

A different gig, definitely not Rock'n'Roll, packed with pulsating cascades of light, dreamy vocals and detached, flickering tunes.

The future of British pop music? Naah. Certainly something else though. Far out, man.

Zaffar Rashid.

Boring Brits

The BPI awards simply aren't very good

The Brits have always been a bit naff, even in the early days when they were commonly known as the British Rock and Pop Award.

For the last three years or so the BPI have tried to reinvent these awards into some kind of Grammy ceremony, but with little success. This is because the awards are very boring indeed. Every year the same people win.

George Michael usually wins the Best Male Solo Artist category and Phil Collins gets an award for just turning up. Why?

The only real competition can be found in the Best Female Solo Artist section but even this is somewhat pathetic. Alison Moyet and Annie Lennox seem to take turns in receiving the award depending upon who is having the baby this year.

In 1988 the BPI nominated Sinitta for this category for some bizarre reason and other odd candidates include Talk Talk's nomination for Best Group last year.

The BPI is an obscure foundation. Nearly every record company, including the obscure Reggae and Jazz labels, has the right to vote but last year the foundation had egg on its face, not for the first time after Depeche Mode won the Best Single category for 'Enjoy The Silence'. Their record company, Mute, do not belong to the BPI and the group were unable to attend their own



Sinead disguises herself to avoid Jonathan King (I wonder why?)

presentation because they didn't receive any tickets.

At the same time, the National 'newspapers' slammed Radio One for allowing the record to win instead of Elton John's 'Sacrifice', simply because Elton's a good egg and does a lot of work for charity. The BPI also slammed Sinéad O'Connor for refusing to attend the ceremony (she actually had an invitation) and took the piss out of her. Why?

The BPI is crap. It only exists in order to celebrate itself. Bands like the Wedding Present and Carter

USM never win an award, they're only asked to play at the Brit's Weekend at Wembley arena.

This is because by performing the BPI can at least gain some credibility and the entire event is not a total washout. Someone should kill Jonathan King simply because he's a total tosspot who lives for the Brits.

The BPI are a bunch of corporate men in suits. If you want to celebrate British Music, listen to the wrong end of the charts.

The Lion Roars.

Houghton Street Harry

A friend of mine once told me that he thought London simply to be a place where nearly everyone walks the streets shouting "BOLLOCKS" at the top of their voices. Well, at the time I contemptuously laughed off his curious claim, but now I am beginning to see the attraction. There are goings-on at LSE which are in danger of sending me into a cringing mess.

So this is why I need to have a word with some of you lot out there. Listen carefully (come closer to the page), I'm afraid that there is a section of the Three Tuns community which has taken to drinking Sol beer (you know who you are) and it is going to have to stop!!

The student population is generally, for whatever reason, about a year behind the rest of London in picking up on fads etc. Only the other day I saw five or six people sporting hooded tops (circa 1989) in Houghton Street. So it should really come as no surprise to me that the misguided among you have started to drink this Mexican reject cats piss with a slice of lime in the top, whilst sitting on the floor of the tuns (and you think you're bloody cool as well dont ya?).

Listen boys and girls, I understand that you come to the big city as naive 18, 19, 20 year olds looking to make a big impact before you piss off back to your humdrum towns but take my advice; Sol is not cool, hip or even palatable. Dye your hair orange and form the new Sex Pistols rather than drink the muck that even those detestable city bars can't shift anymore. Finally a word to Jim Fagin (Tuns manager), stop stocking the stuff, can't you see that you're making fools of them you sadistic man?

Now I've got that off my chest I needn't worry about ever seeing a bottle of the overpriced Mexican rubbish again and I can concentrate on getting a word or two of sport into my column of opinions.

Most interesting sports story of the week has to be the sensational news that Ian Botham has finally made his big break into films. The role: Rambo? Teenage Mutant Ninja turtle? No no, Beefy will be making his silver screen debut as the Archbishop of Canterbury's special envoy, Terry Waite, in a film of the recently released hostage's life entitled 'Caught at square leg'. The figurehead of English cricket fought off strong competition from Sir James Anderton (the ex-chief superintendent of the Greater Manchester police force) and filming is believed to be starting in January. For obvious reasons Ian will now not be able to join the England Cricket team for the World Cup in Australia, David Capel is the likely replacement.

BBC television names its sports personality of the year shortly. Yes indeed, what a myriad of shining stars there is to choose from. From the alcoholic, drug abusing wild woman of athletics, Liz McColgan (who?-ed) to the politically subversive, outspoken, bad boy of soccer, Sir Gary Lineker. We must be able to do better than this, so the Beaver is holding its own poll. Submit your nominations to the Beaver office whereupon me and Mr. Cox will choose one of our own as the winner.

Anyway, that appears to wrap up this week's box of tricks (with a slice of lime in the top). My agent has requested that I inform you that I am still available for pantomime, all offers should be directed to HSH promotions via the Beaver office. Any roles will be considered but I must admit that I'd rather like to play Buttons this year, if at all possible. Thanks.

Blues for Oxford

LSE93
Oxford91

The LSE basketball team's unbeaten record this term continued on Saturday 23rd November, yet this was no ordinary victory.

As Rob Dickinson said in an exclusive after-match interview, "It was a phenomenal result, against some of the best players in the country."

Despite a flurry of points by LSE to earn an eight point lead after eleven minutes, we were trailing by two points at half-time.

It was clear that this was to be no easy victory, as either side could have won. The strain the teams were under became increasingly obvious as the game progressed.

A double technical foul resulted in Oxford having six foul-shots at a crucial point in the second-half, giving the "Blues" a sense of victory.

With only four minutes remaining, Oxford held an 11 point lead, LSE still trailing by six points as the game entered the last minute! LSE tied the game 81-81 after normal time, and ten minutes of over-time followed.

As play began again, and with only 49 seconds of over-time remaining, the scores were still tied (91-91).

It was thanks to an Oxford infringement that LSE were awarded two final foul shots to win 93-91, in what was a very memorable game.

James Hull

"...we're crap at sport."

A harsh but fair assessment of the LSEAU

What is there to be said about LSEAU's dismal performances in the Commercial Union UAU Championships that hasn't already been said? As the qualifying round moved into the last leg at Kent last week, it was obvious something very special would be needed to salvage honour for this great University. Unfortunately far too many people, realising they weren't anything special, suffered pre-match injuries (brought on by the long bus journey — Ed.), leaving team selections a lottery.

The football club suffered worse than most in this respect, with the 3rd XI only managing to field three of their regular players and only a ten man team. Thanks go to Tom Randal for cancelling the 4th's match, and to all those: Mark, Laurie, Danny, Johnny, sorry there was too many to name, who braved that gruelling bus journey which claimed so many victims.

The 3rds suffered another humiliating defeat, going down 8-0 (seven before half-time!) against gale-force winds, although there were some encouraging flashes in the second half. The 1st eleven were very quiet after their holocaust, the only post-match conversations revolving around whether it was 8 or 9-0, and Johnny Butler's black pants. Further disgrace was brought to the team through Pat Eyre — the butcher of Soho — receiving his second booking of the tournament, and costing the AU a small fortune.

The 2nd XI also failed to shine, losing 6-1 despite convincing debut performances by Runa and Nigel. Asked to comment on the ranks clamouring for his resignation, club-captain Laurence would only say a tight-lipped "No Comment". However, in a



"At least I'll get a job, mate!" — Johnny Butler photo: Steve East

later interview he did say that his main objective at the moment was to get the club on an even keel. These are stormy waters, Laurie, with neither the 1st nor 2nd XI qualifying from a league of five, in which the top four go through.

On to the rugby, and despite impressive performances from both Kent teams, LSE 1st and 2nd XV still go through to the next round. The 1st XV have been awarded the enviable task of travelling to Loughborough, a chance to pull off an historical giant killing, although I feel the only deaths could be as our boys are out-played, out-sung, and out-drunk.

It could be noted here that the last few weeks have seen rugby reports only for those matches which have been won, and no criticism of the teams for being humiliated. Whilst this may settle the egos of those concerned, to see their names printed in glory and splendour, it is not what the public want.

This goes for all sports reports, as it has frequently been left to my co-editor and I to put certain clubs in their places, regarding necessary criticisms for poor performances. These are normally followed by bleatings around

At Last!

Firsts overcome jinx, thrash dismal QMC

LSE 1st XI4
QMCW 1st XI0

LSE's total domination is not reflected in the score-line which does not take account of a host of point blank misses (funny that, I always thought it did! — Ed.) by mercurial midfielder Andy Clasper. QMC's only tactic appeared to be to put a player with the physique and attitude of Mike Tyson (lucky there were no women about — Ed.) in midfield in an attempt to wind up LSE. However Dilly-Willy, Webber, the magnificent Eyre, and even the usually aggressive Butler refused to be distracted.

The defence, under the experienced command of Eyre, gave nothing away with Paul 'shithead' Habib at Left Back man of the match. In midfield Clasper was superb with 2 goals, Cleveland got another, whilst upfront Stewart was outstanding.

The game turned on LSE's vital second goal immediately after half time. From Dilly's free kick Eyre (who else? — Ed.) lost his marker and guided a flying header into the corner of the net. Experience like that cannot be bought (neither can lines such as that — Ed.) (neither can cancer — other Ed.)

Patrick Eyre.

apologise to the hockey squads as due to an administrative error, their report cannot appear on this page this week. This match was followed by a defeat in the mixed hockey, despite another special guest appearance by President Bradburn. Continuing with this kind of performance, the men managed to lose again, against Imperial, although the ladies did pull-off another scorching league performance, despite injuries to their enigmatic, acrobatic keeper.

The UAU preliminaries are over, the league tables drawn-up, and as expected, with a few notable exceptions, such as Zoe Taylor—the highly revered tennis captain—LSE are placed convincingly near the bottom for most sports. However, fear not, as the battle cry went out in the Tuns after the Kent crisis, we are still at the top when it comes to "A" level grades and projected incomes, so sod-off, who cares if we're crap at sport?

Andrew Cox

Revenged

Imperial 6th0
LSE IV3

LSE IV's returned to their winning ways with a comfortable victory over a poor Imperial side. After a patchy opening, the IV's took the lead when Danny followed up a weak back-pass to slam the ball home. Despite further pressure, LSE failed to enhance their advantage before the break.

The second period began with a concerted effort for more goals, with Tom, Laurie, Nigel and Charlie all

coming close. There then followed a spell of complacency as the opposition threatened to get back into the game. Fears were allayed, however, when Nigel poked in a second after the goalkeeper fumbled. The match was wrapped up shortly afterwards when the Imperial sweeper nicked the ball off Mark's toe and into his own net.

Overall, a satisfactory and pleasing result for the IV's against the team that had ended their Cup hopes earlier last month.

Laurence Ryan