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THE BEAVER

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London School of Economics Students' Union

Monday 30th November 1987, Issue 272

Controversy Surrounds NUS London

Growing Secrecy and Political Factionalism reign at NUS London

by MARK MOSHER

In last week's UGM tempers flared after the Labour Club failed to inform the Students' Union of Phil Woodford's resignation from the NUS National Delegation.

This comes in the wake of harsh criticism of NUS London's handling of the demonstration in which fifteen London area students were arrested. Subsequent efforts of the NUS London Executive to come to terms with the problem of the "Westminster Fifteen" have called the unity of that organisation's leadership into question.

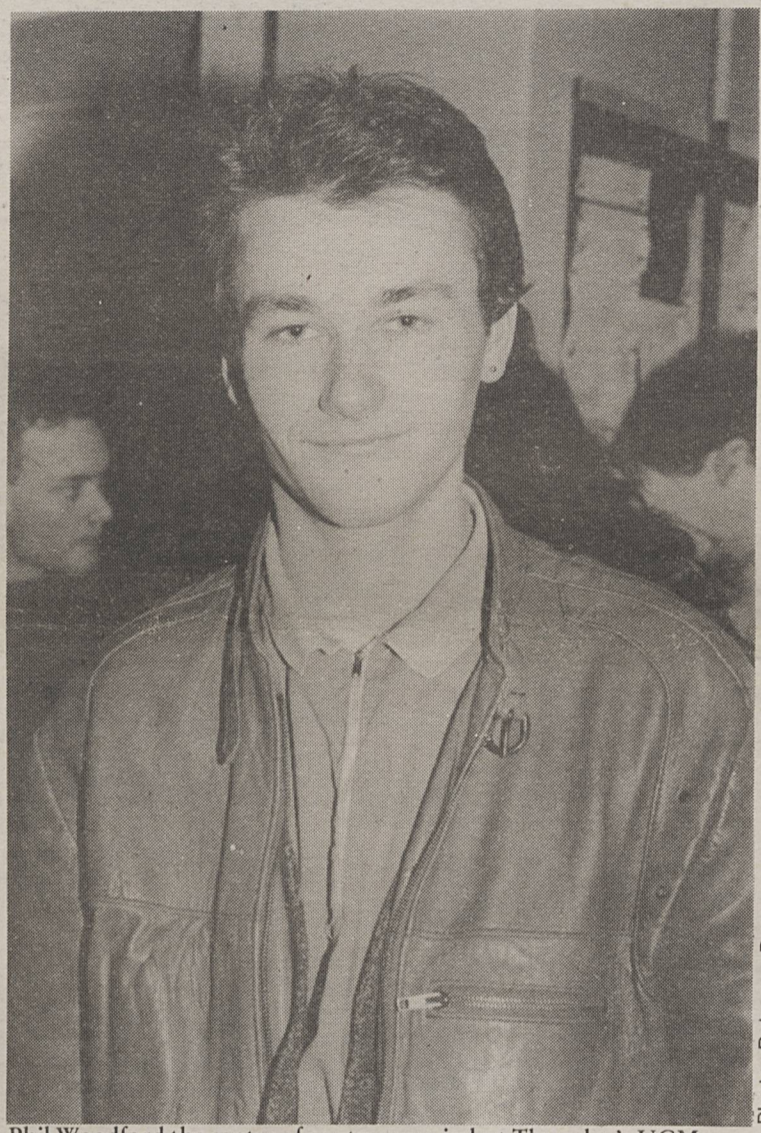
Controversy has arisen over the validity of a document presented at a recent meeting of an inter-collegiate defense committee for the "Westminster Fifteen". At this meeting two weeks ago, harsh criticism was brought to bare against what was referred to by members of the committee as an official NUSL press release, which labelled the demonstration on Westminster Bridge as a "Purposeless, Divisive Breakaway-March."

At this meeting, NUS London welfare official Rachel Pitkeathley claimed that the "Press Release" had been written by NUS London General Secretary Phil Woodford and that several executive members of NUS had refused to sign it. In an interview after the meeting, Pitkeathley and NUS London executive officer Sarah Hayward, said that there was a "disagreement over the content of the press release." Pitkeathley and Hayward said that they did not consider the demonstration that headed towards Parliament a break-away march and that it represented the majority orientation of the demonstration towards taking action.

Another NUS London member, Ruth Middleton, claimed last week that the "Press Release" was, in fact, only a memo written by Phil Woodford. "It was leaked somehow," she told the Beaver last week, "it was never intended as a press release."

In a Beaver interview last week, Woodford, himself expressed his displeasure with his colleagues' alleged release of the document. "I am extremely unhappy with what they have done", he said, "I can't believe they did not own up to what they have done."

Sources at LSE involved with national student politics have said that this discrepancy in opinion between NUS London officers is probably due to the existence of two factions within the NUSL Executive. These sources have said that Pitkeathley, Hayward and several other NUSL officers are members of Socialist Students in NOLS (SSIN), a left-wing group within the national organisation of labour students - (NOLS). This



Phil Woodford the centre of controversy in last Thursday's UGM

Photo: Rebecca Dutton

group is in open competition with DEM-LEFT, the student Labour which holds a majority in NOLS. Sources report that Phil Woodford, General Secretary of NUSL, is a DEM-LEFT supporter. When asked about the existence of a DEM-LEFT / SSIN struggle at NUS London, Woodford declined comment.

Because of the different affiliations of NUSL members, observers at the LSE are wondering if the allegedly fake document was a leak and, if so, who leaked it. A leak might imply an attack by the SIN faction on Phil Woodford and the DEM-LEFT.

Woodford, a student at the LSE, has recently gained notoriety among LSE's political hacks after criticism from the LSE Labour Club last week. An observer of last week's Labour Club meeting, said that the Labour Club became aware of Woodford's NUSL post by accident and subsequently asked him to step down from his post as a delegate to NUS' National Conference. Members of the Labour Club apparently felt that Woodford's position in the recently censured NUSL would stand as a conflict of interest in any motion regarding the Westminster Fifteen. Court of Governor's member Andy Cornwell asked Woodford if he would cen-

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Bill in Parliament

by TOM PARKER

On Friday November 20th as last week's Beaver went to press Mr Kenneth Baker introduced his education bill (GERBILL) into the House of Commons. There was no significant change in the content of the government's proposals, only a change in the style of presentation.

The bill had appeared, as reported by "The Independent", to exclude 'industrial contracting' from the proposed legislation. The Beaver asked the DES for a comment on this U-turn and was informed by the Press Office that 'industrial contracting' was never intended to become part of government legislation but that it was an option the new Universities Funding Council (UFC) would be empowered to adopt. So in actual fact 'contracting' is still very much on the cards only this way the opposition parties will be unable to air their objections in parliament.

The Secretary of State for Education will still be given complete control of the higher education system, despite the vigorous protests of Mr Paddy Ashdown MP and Mr Andrew Bennett MP. There is no intention to give the

incoming UFC the advisory powers enjoyed by the outgoing UGC. Mr Baker will be solely responsible for appointing 15 members of the UFC - there are no measures to guarantee a political balance within the UFC or to guarantee that other political standpoints are even considered.

The government does not intend to increase spending on education above 1987 levels to bring Britain into line with other developed nations. In fact there are no commitments to prevent further cuts in spending highlighted on Thursday when the UGC announced that 12 university classics departments would have to be closed because they are no longer 'economically viable'. There is still no commitment to safeguard the arts and humanities against the encroachment of science.

The GERBILL also represents a threat to academic members of staff. The government's policy will be that newly appointed staff "should no longer be given tenure", that is to say protection against dismissal on grounds of redundancy or financial exigency. In the Department of Education's own words, "this approach will

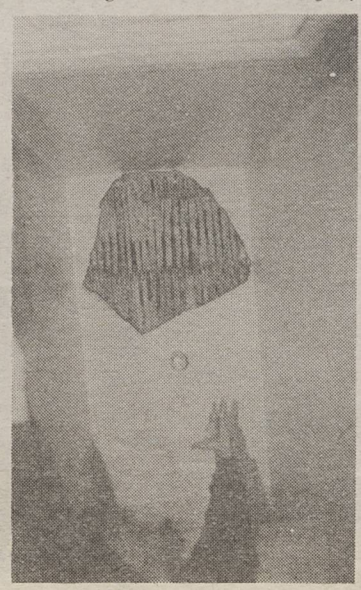
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Disaster at Passfield, Inmate Dices with Death

by MARK MOSHER

Terror and destruction struck Passfield Hall last Sunday when a flash flood occurred in several rooms in the main building.

Investigations into the tragedy



have determined that it was caused by the over-filling of a bath on the second floor of the hall.

The water from the bath presently seeped through the floor of the second floor bathroom, eventually collapsing part of the ceiling in the first floor bathroom directly below. The worst of the damage came when the water seeped through into the ground floor room of two LSE students. One of the two residents of room G30, general course student David Ravera, struggled to choke back tears as he displayed his soggy bed and belongings.

Sources at Passfield have linked the disaster to Tim Helm, a third year student at the LSE. Apparently, Helm allowed the bath to fill unattended, when calamity struck.

Sources at Passfield have told the Beaver that Helm was filling the bath for his pet goldfish. Helm apparently felt that his fish was cramped in its tank and wished to provide it with the opportunity to

stretch its fins.

Helm has since apologized to the residents of room G30 and they claim to harbor no ill feeling. Provisions for repair of the ceiling in the first floor loo have yet to be made.



Photo: Vanessa Brechling



Dear Sir
As is usual we are now undergoing the actual denunciations of government "cuts" in education and in student grant levels. Grants, we are told, have been "slashed" 20% since 1979 to a level bordering on subsistence. As a student on a full grant, with no parental support I feel entitled to voice an opinion on this subject. Despite having to live in the private sector for my first two years I never went hungry or cold and if my standard of living was not exactly that of a country squire careful budgeting always meant that I had sufficient cash left to last through the short holidays.

What the ranting left chooses to ignore in that the level of grants is both real and relative terms has fallen continuously since 1962-3 under both Labour and Conservative administrations. Given that a worker earning as little as £60pw pays income tax towards the upkeep of students and the left's obsession with making these grants as high as possible (never mind loans) this makes one consider whether their preoccupation with poverty is solely related to ensuring that they themselves never suffer it, even whilst studying to improve their future earnings potential. Finally, perhaps if those on the hard left who spend their time plotting the bloody proletarian revolution whilst propped up against the 3 Tuns bar spent more time studying instead, they wouldn't only be better educated but richer as well.

Yours faithfully

Chris Smith

What a Drag

Dear Beaver,
I would like to complain about the forthcoming play, "The Anniversary", in which the Social Secretary Richard Ford dresses up as a woman. Many of my best friends are members of the Executive Committee, but only a few of them are transvestites.
Yours sincerely,
Crispin Leyser

Scandalous Labour Club

Dear Beaver
The closing minutes of Thursday's UGM can be described only as incredible. Firstly, that the NUS officer decided that the union didn't need to be informed of a reshuffle of delegates meant to be representing the ENTIRE union at the NUS conference. Secondly, and more importantly, the autonomy exhibited by the Labour Club president. Admittedly, what goes on in a club is a matter of their concern only, but when it affects the democratic (?) selection of representatives from the union

as a whole, it IS OUR CONCERN! Perhaps the Labour Club do have a majority at the UGM, but this make them dictators?

It is the mindless assertions and political dogma expressed by the Labour Club president which deters so many from the UGM. At a time when a motion has been put forward about alienation of students from the UGM, this sort of behaviour is particularly distasteful. The Labour Club president and the NUS officer each owe an apology to the UGM.

Brian Schwieger,

Dear Editor,

Two weeks ago I wrote on this page that LSE students were being dictated to by certain sections of the left. At Thursdays U.G.M we saw once again how the labour club puts its own political aims ahead of the welfare of our students.

It would appear that Phil Woodford, the only Labour delegate to NUS conference was, because of some internal feud forced to resign. This information was not made public, despite the fact that the delegates to NUS go to represent all LSE students and not just the Labour club.

Firstly the NUS officer, Phil Davis clearly neglected his duty in not informing the union of a change in our delegation. This may be a forgivable offence, yet following my persistent questioning the chair of the Labour club got up and informed the U.G.M that it was an internal Labour club matter, and the fact that the U.G.M and LSE students were not told of the change in their representatives was "hard luck".

Last year at a U.G.M a Labour club representative made a Freudian slip when she said, "I have never put the welfare of the students above my own party political aims." It would appear that the Labour club still follows this dictum and the party still comes before the students of this college.

Yours,
Chas Begley.

Measles

Dear Beaver,
New standards of literacy seem to have hit The Beaver - with "privilege" (sic); mind you, the poor paper is obviously suffering from measles (page 2 and 3 particularly), so there is an excuse.

Yours sincerely,
Andy Blakeman



Dear Editor,

The anonymous writer last week claims that s/he opposes Baker's bill but thinks a half-day strike "a shallow and futile gesture" and so broke the strike. Now what has s/he achieved by this? Surely s/he has helped undermine the potential for escalating action and thus assisted the bill in going through. A half-day strike will not obviate Baker per se, but instead of using the strike to build opposition to the bill and as a platform for increased action, s/he is not prepared to sacrifice half a day's education to begin defending the future of education in this country. S/he says s/he comes from a mining area so surely s/he's learnt the cost borne now by the communities because of scabbing. Pit after pit, job after job, has been lost because scab miners refused to subordinate their pay packers to the interests of miners as a whole.

S/he says we're playing at striking and it's a game. Will it be a game when working class kids can't get to university in a few years? Will it be a game when universities and polytechnics become vocational training and indoctrination schools even more so than now? Has it been a game for students to run up massive debts as the government further cuts grants with a view to their abolition? Perhaps the next time the writer and those others who crossed will have sufficient conscience to sacrifice their own immediate selfish interests for the benefit of students as a whole. Crossing the picket did nothing but help Baker and helping Baker does nothing but continue the ruination of education in this country.

Steven Beales

A picket.

THE BEAVER COLLECTIVE MEETING

● The Beaver needs contributors in all departments.

● Anyone who is interested is welcome to come along to the collective meeting every Monday at 5pm in E205 (above The Cafe).

Christmas - Have you any plans?

Christmas. Have you any plans? Would you like to spend Christmas 1987 with a British family? Then why not contact the Victoria League.

If you are an overseas student and have no plans for this Christmas, the Victoria League can arrange for you to spend a few days with a British family.

Experience Christmas the British way and enjoy making new friends.

There will be no charge to you and we will make a contribution to your travel expenses. If you are interested, please contact your student services and ask them for an application form by the 7th December.

See the Welfare office E.294

Good Pay for Typists

The Beaver needs typists. If you have a couple of hours to spare on Wednesday or Thursday afternoons, come along and earn some (much-needed) cash and have a sneak preview of The Beaver in the process! Anyone interested should see Jon, Alex or Sivan in Room E205 (above The Cafe).

NUS London

From Page 1

sure himself and other NUSL members if a censure motion arose at a NUS National Conference. Woodford replied that he would, stating that he would vote independently of his views on the Westminster Fifteen. A motion to ask for his resignation was subsequently passed.

Woodford's replacement on the NUS delegation is Imogen Tranchell, formerly a non-voting member. Her vacated post is to be filled by Charlie Seward, who will attend as an observer.

GERBILL

From Page 1

provide a basis for tenure to be phased out as quickly as reasonably possible". Already members of the teaching staff at LSE have voiced concern at this proposal.

Lastly there is, as yet, no mention of 'student loans' in the GERBILL but opposition MPs believe that once the parliamentary committee researching 'student loans' publishes its findings then some steps towards the introduction of such a system will be tacked onto the Bill before its final reading.

THE BEAVER

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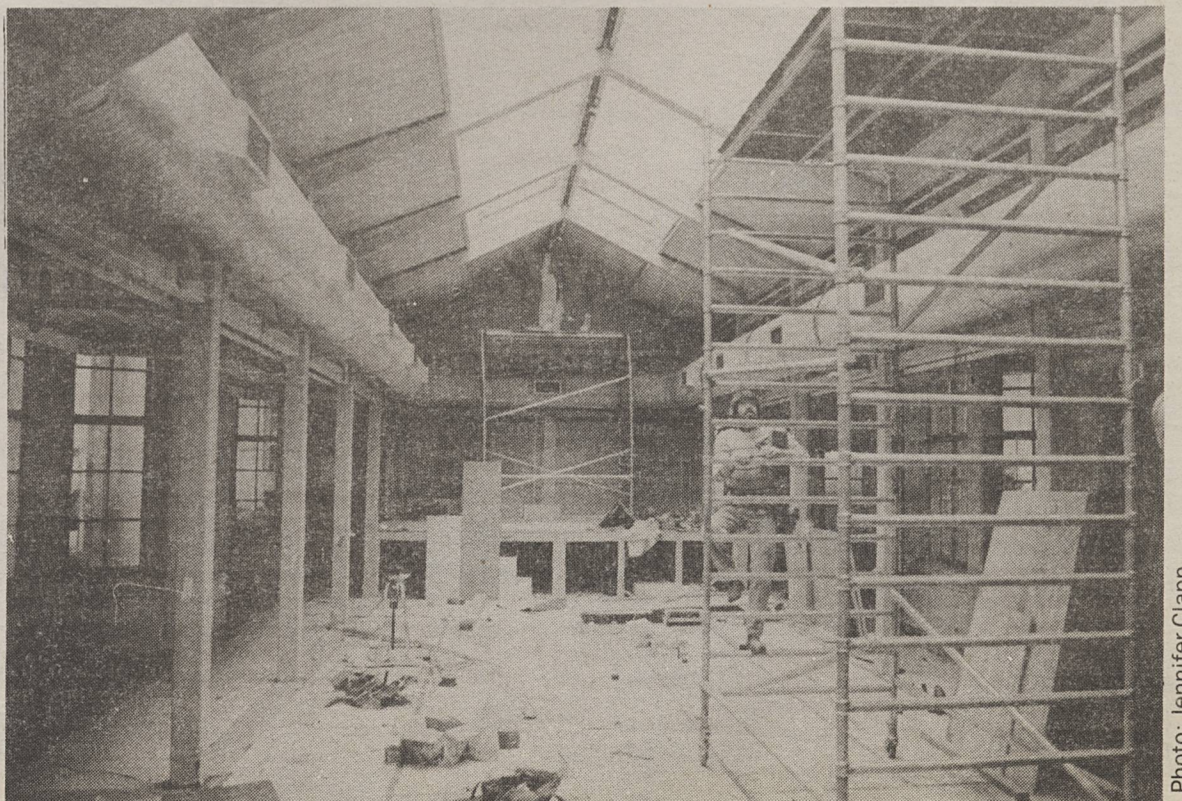


Photo: Jennifer Clapp

It was another long, difficult afternoon at last Thursday's UGM. Imogen promised us, as always, "masses of business", through a PA that sounded like it had been drowned in custard. I always thought that my hearing was one of the few senses that remained in good repair. After numerous weeks of straining on the edge of my seat to catch the trickling words of wisdom from that front, I am no longer so sure.

Meanwhile, the General Secretary's report informed us that NUS had agreed to pay the legal fees of the "Westminster 15". Randall also offered a few words on behalf of the "very unwell" Social Secretary (the Bay City Rollers will be here on Monday December 7th) before proposing outside speaking rights. These were granted to David Bergman who sought to draw our attention to the third anniversary of the Bhopal disaster - "the worst industrial disaster in the world to date" - and the attempts of the culpable multinational Union Carbide to escape its liability by offering \$600 million in compensation, as opposed to the \$15 billion which has been claimed. This "quite scandalous" situation has encouraged a proposed vigil outside the Indian Embassy for 2nd December from 2-7pm, which we all voted to attend.



Photo: Rebecca Dutton

Bhopal, Bergman concluded, "must not be forgotten", which, of course, it promptly was. Justin quickly ran through his report (Budget meeting next week), before calling upon the Advisor to Women Students at the LSE, Jan Stockdale, to outline the circumstances behind the "Notes on informal procedure to be followed in cases of sexual harassment made by a student against another student."

The Advisor had been appointed in the wake of a 1984 survey in which 52% of respondents complained of experience of some harassment. The new document dealing with student-student cases, is to complement the existing agreements with academic, academic related and clerical staff. It was ratified as Union policy as part of the Senior Treasurer's report. Hopefully all those who voted for it (which was everybody) will now read and inwardly digest.

On to the NUS Officer's report. "it's going to be messy", said Phil Davis, about 12:50. He was talking about the UGM in general, but his warning was most accurate in relation to his own presentation concerning the need to send properly elected delegates to NUS London Conference.

This was accepted (after two counts), and we were faced with eight candidates for three places.

To much groaning, the Chair reminded the meeting that each had to give a speech. These ranged

AT THE UNION

from Tim Hunter's reflection on the lack of "responsibility" shown by NUS last week, and Justin Russell's "hypocritical volte face" (as one observer put it) regarding the LSE's Emergency Motion, on the Westminster 15, for Conference; to the hapless von Hapsburg who wanted a "free holiday" (he forgot that it was in London), and Alex 'Squeaker' Aitken who, er, squeaked. The most amiable of the eight was Chris Bunting - unkindly described by one quarter as a "fat green irrelevance" - who declined to make a speech, and was left furiously flapping his arms in the air trying to persuade people not to vote for him.

Sadly, he was not elected. NUS London are now sobbing into their Filofaxes at the thought of having to face the hacking skills of Hunter, Russell and Annie Dixon.

Thus, by 1:35 we finally got on to the order paper, to return to the second half of the debate on Northern Ireland, started last week. This rumbled on much as before as speakers groped around the central (unarticulated) question regarding who/what is at the heart of the 'problem'.

We began with the second speech for the motion, which talked about the "oppression of (i.e. by) the (British) state." This was opposed by Liverpool Catholic Francis Cassidy (the first male chair of the Labour Club in several years), who talked about the role and attitudes of the British "government" (c.f. state) and "people" in relation to a situation where you "can't pull the troops out", because of the threat of increased violence. Notwithstanding the confused nature of the argument, or perhaps because of it, it went down well. It could appeal to those who were looking for support for the role of the army, as well as those looking for (limited) criticism of government. Uniquely for a first-time first-year, Cassidy got extended applause. He is a future sabbatical.

Then there were the amendments to the (RCP) motion. First the SWSS amendment, whose proposer talked about, amongst other things, the failure of terrorism as a political tool, and the hypocrisy of "state terrorism" (e.g. Belgrano, Libya). This was opposed by someone venturing, "we are all bigots" (sic). Ha, Ha. Amendment falls.

Second, the Militant amendment ("jobs and services"), talking about the role of British Imperialism, and the fate of Ireland as an "industrial wasteland". This was

opposed by the RCP - "the RCP telling Militant that they're utopian", as one wag put it - who called for everyone to join the Bloody Sunday march. Amendment falls.

By 1:55 we got a move to the vote. The (RCP's) summation was lost by a two-thirds vote which overrode standing orders, and saw us move directly to vote on the motion. Motion falls, with only RCP and SWSS voting for.

1:57, and that seemed fairly much to be that. Begley, however, sprang to his feet to give us his own, one-man, Punch and Judy show. Thrusting himself into the (unusual) role of defender of truth and knowledge, Chas obtained a suspension of standing orders in order to question the NUS Officer about the resignation of the (Labour Club) NUS Conference Delegate Phil Woodford earlier in the week.

One Tuesday, Woodford had pulled out of the NUS trip for "personal reasons". Following past precedent, when last year Nigel Kilby (Conservative) had pulled out, all those below Woodford in the original poll moved up a place. Thus, at the bottom, 8th placed Charlie Seward (Labour Club) became an observer to Conference.

This should have been reported to the UGM by Returning Officer Chris Matheson. When he did not, Begley sprang to attack the NUS Officer for reasons which were not apparent. When it was suggested that Woodford's resignation (as opposed to Seward's election) was an internal Labour Club matter (Cassidy blotted his copybook by suggesting rather forcibly that if Begley didn't like it that it was "hard luck"), Begley went apoplectic, displaying a complexion not dissimilar to that of a turnip.

As ever, the turnip head was "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing". His concern for Labour Club glasnost sits ill with the behaviour of his own Tequila Club - whose "abusive and sexist" behaviour at their last bash was attacked in the General Secretary's report - and, given the precedent set by the Conservatives last year, there was no issue to answer.

Gradually the sickly pallor returned to our anti-hero's cheeks. The meeting was over. I stood at the back of the room and, after a few minutes, felt something tugging at my feet. Grovelling before me was the General Secretary, as he sought to remove the masses of rubbish left by his slothful public. All the plane makers and paper throwers had gone. All the disgusted Americans and superior Sloanes had floated out to find some further "entertainment". All the "revolutionaries" had rushed outside to try and sell a newspaper. Only Randall, and George Binette (a man, who historically, has reflected far more credit on the UGM than it ever has on him), stayed behind to clear up the shit.



Photo: Rebecca Dutton

BEYOND THESE WALLS

by TOM PARKER

Contra-Aid

'Varsity' reports that the Cambridge University students' union (CUSU) is now officially with the Union Nacional Estudiantia de Nicaragua (UNEN) in Managua. A referendum on the issue was held by CUSU last Monday and of the 3800 students who participated 1663 voted in favour of establishing ties with UNEN while surprisingly as many as 1443 voted against. For ten months now, Union officials have been sending books and educational aids to Managua bought with money raised mainly from University dons but now with Monday's victory behind them they hope to broaden the appeal to students and intend to set up sporting and cultural links with the Nicaraguans.

Blue Genes

The John Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford has taken out the following eye-catching ad in the student newspaper *Cherwell*: "Gentlemen required to donate semen for expanding semen bank and research purposes." A payment of £10 is made for each 'donation' so now you know how the Oxford set pays for the champagne life-style.

Raisin' Hell

If you thought British education had moved on since "Tom Brown's Schooldays" think again. Last Monday, freshers at St. Andrew's went through a ritual, locally known as "Raisin Weekend", which owes more to public school than university. Following an evening of "serious" drinking, paid for by their "academic parents", the luckless newcomers, dressed in ridiculous outfits and nursing hangovers, are led into one of the university's hallowed quads and pelted with whatever items the rest of the student body can smuggle into the ceremony. Ammunition in past years has included everything from cow dung to a sheep's head. A spokesperson for the SU newspaper, "The Chronicle", described the event as a "celebration".

Food for thought?

The "Palatinate", presumably frustrated by the scarcity of good stories up in Durham recently, has been making its own news. Journalists working on the paper discovered two weeks ago that the SU was £20,000 in the red. An investigation was launched and the SU cafe was identified as the single greatest area of loss. Last week, filled with the appropriate facts and figures, the story went to press. It provoked an immediate response: the catering staff took offence and walked out! As yet the humble apologies of "Palatinate" editor Ashley Irwin have not been accepted and the strike continues. Clearly this is what Durham has been waiting for; workers of the world unite...

fifth COLUMN

By Paul Wood

It is nice to get away from politics every once in a while, to sample the finer and higher thing in life: the Ballet, Theatre, Poetry, Painting, and Richard Luce MP; Minister of State for the Arts.

All of his talk was very interesting, except for the parts which weren't and everything he said was right, apart from the bits which were wrong.

Mr Luce is what Edward Pearce would call a minor Sherpa. "Politics is peopled by mountaineers and sherpas. They both climb mountains. The sherpas carry the equipment and do the fetching and carrying. The mountaineers get their photographs taken at the top of the mountain. Occasionally, an important sherpa might join a group photograph. Most do not. Mr Luce is one of these lower useful functionaries who does a lot of necessary ground(?) work but does not get much glory. He was once, briefly, in the limelight, when his party fell off the mountain. Actually they were pushed, by a rival group of explorers from Argentina. But that is another story.

Mr Luce is like all politicians: tall, lean, grey, earnest, responsible, stooped, lined and balding, except the ones who are short, fat pudgy, squidgy, pompous, flabby and balding.

Nobody was unkind enough to point out to him that subsidies to the Arts might be a little un-Thatcherite. Instead we argued pleasantly about the Opera which takes twenty three percent of the Arts Council Budget. The Royal Opera house has a grant of thirteen million pounds, part of which is used to subsidise a seat in the centre stalls to the tune of £46 a ticket, or just under one week's social security benefit for a married couple (as Mr Luce himself pointed out).

The Minister was trying, he said, to raise the proportion of Private Sector sponsorship in the Arts. He thought that a private-public partnership would create a product which the public could enjoy. I hope not. I cannot think of anything worse than providing what the public wants. The National Theatre would be producing old scripts of "Eastenders" on all its five stages. No doubt Shakespeare would be "populaised" by re-writing the original text in soap opera style dialogue.

Perhaps I am being unfair. After all, this year more people went to the theatre than went to football matches although most of the plays were of the "Starlight Express" variety.

This subsidy of the arts is certainly not a Thatcherite endeavour. It could not be classed as Tory since such people believe that the best things should be kept for the right sort of people who have the money anyway. It is not democratic since things which are genuinely loved by The People, The Sun and "EastEnders" for example, do not need subsidy and are also repugnant to good taste. So what is it? As I hope to show in a forthcoming seminar paper, there are stalinist Fabian populist elitist rightist leftist tendencies at work in the modern Conservative party. You can believe me. Everything I say is true, except when its false.



NUS LONDON — Animal, Mineral, or Vegetable?

First of all the glory of NUS London organising a demo for us all to faithfully go on. Then the desertion in the field and the betrayal of our fallen. Last Thursday's UGM brought waves of wrath and a final demand that NUS London should pay the legal fees.

The next week saw the active trying to actually find NUS London and who was in charge. When someone actually asked the rather penetrating question "Who is your leader" the numbing answer, not Count Dracula, Hitler, or the Big, Bad Wolf but LSE Labour Club's very own nice little quiet boy Phil Woodford! This embarrassment was compounded by the fact that Woodford is LSE Labour's only NUS delegate this term, putting him in the interesting position of being the prime speaker in favour of censoring himself! Well, that's politics, I suppose.

Phil has admitted that he will probably now have to resign which does seem to vindicate the Labour "cock-up" of planning four candidates in the NUS election. One observer now becomes a delegate (by being fifth originally) and even Charlie Seward's 18 votes now becomes enough for him to be made an observer. Funny old game this politics.

On the other side of the fence the Torys have started "Blueprint". Dear, dear chaps, you're on the long slippery road now. Before long it will be Tory Worker and Hammer the Workers at the main entrance.

On an even lighter front the Tequila bash was certainly the social event of the term (so far only, of course Dicky Ford). Even with the Quadrangle in use as well as the Three Tuns the doors had to be shut at 10:10 pm. This was quite staggering and in fact by about 10:15 everyone was staggering, all except Mark "Angie" Rhodda the deputy bar manager who was to be seen in a most un-Tequila like suit. Only one un-

savoury event occurred — the stealing of the Tequila banner from the back of the stage. The band was so pissed they just watched but Tequila exec, through blurred vision was quickly on the scene and after a short chase it was recovered. Be fair folks, if the Student Union banner is worth £200 the Tequila one must be at least £500.

This brings me neatly to the "kidnapping" story of the term. I have received an anonymous note that someone has found the S.U. banner! Being kind souls they are quite prepared to return it for just half its value i.e. £100. UGM financial motion? Gen Sec's discretion? The person(s) involved have promised to keep in touch via this column. Pay up, your Union pride is at stake!

Rosebery

I have ten minutes, before The Beaver's deadline for hall reports, to tell you about another fine week in Rosebery Hall.

Birthday celebrations took place last Tuesday for Columbian Camila, 18; well eventually when people managed to make it to the bar, with the party continuing upstairs and a worrying declaration by the Birthday girl herself that she was "pissed off" was averted when confirmed she meant "pissed" and accepted another lesson in colloquial English!

A very successful hall disco broke out last Friday with a welcome bar subsidy — this was unmistakable due to the "pile up" of pints on the window sills — well flat by later in the evenings, but so were their owners! Slight problems in the choosing of a venue in which to vomit by outsiders and resultantly fluctuations from the normal sleeping arrangements for residents! Not that we had a night of unbroken slumber — Honey very kindly arranging an informal fire drill practice for us all.

A famous Tequila evening was enjoyed by most of the residents. Poor Julia was refused entry at the door, the attendants claiming there was no more room. The question is: were they really full or had they spotted that "intrepid troupee"???

The LSE rugby team enjoyed victory this week so I hear. Let me leave you this week with one question — why does Rick always return with nothing on under his trousers?! (forget how I know!)

Passfield

... of Birthdays and Goldfish
Passfield Hell this week strengthened its reputation as the hub of London's dazzling wheel of culture. On Tuesday, Ted Hughes popped in to recite some nifty lines, we were additionally blessed by the delivery of a lecture by Quentin Crisp on *Morals, Television and the Student*, though later on Quentin admitted to me that he disliked the subject matter. Indeed, oh curious plebians, Passfield is truly the most powerful magnet to London's intellectual iron and steel.

All this week, as the dark clouds of winter rode the gruesome night sky, warn scents and cries of laughter drifted from Passfield to the plains of concrete anonymity outside. Star residents celebrated their birthdays: Stewart had a very nice time, I think; Monica reenacted a scene from Hamlet at Makie's 19th birthday (apparently a dog exploded throwing chocolate cake all over the walls), those who missed the party had a choice of licking off the walls or Makie's dress (guess which one I chose?)

The Pool Competition inherently dull though it may seem, was actually as lively as anything organised by Passfield, and was a huge, incredible, passion-filled experience.

By now we all know who should have won the presidential election — Passfield '87 — Sidney Camel.

Ah! ... the pains of throwing up (read growing up) following the Tequila Party. Many Passfield droogies donning maximum loudness gear were seen carried (trolled??) in late at night, should I name names? You are all now older, wiser and sicker. As an act of unprecedented generosity, the Hell Committee have decided to have a Formal Christmas Ball to which even more plebians are invited. Tickets are £48.50 which includes signed photos of Passfield Celebrities, a tour through a Cosmopolitan Jungle, plus the opportunity to clear up the S.A.S.'s mess afterwards.

The victims of the Goldfish Downpour will be allowed in for nothing, while the owner of the Goldfish is expected to pick up the tab (a small price to pay for being at the helm). The date, for the Formal Christmas Ball will be announced in the very distant future. Till then, stare in awe ...

SOCIETIES RNER

by STAVROS MAKRIS



On Saturday 21st november, the LSE Tequila Society held their first party of the '87-'88 academic year. As it has now become customary the society managed to attract cohorts of enthusiastic members sporting the loud style which has come to be associated with the society. Non-members were allowed in for a "nominal" £2.00, unless they were "loud" in which case they only had to pay £1.00 for the privilege. Some new members were at a loss in the begining not knowing what to expect but as soon as the Sunrises started rising they stoped caring and they even braved the disco hosted by JR and PE. Their fun was disrupted at around 10.30pm by the return of the Slammers. Many new members did not know who the group were, nor did they care. They all danced or at least wobbled trying to keep up to the two hour set of obvious rock bits. Well for those who still do not know, the Slammers are/were the Tequila Society. Some would even say that the society exists only for the Slammers.

This Party was a historic occasion, this was the first party to be held in the Greenhouse, which stood up to the test though it left some wondering about the viability of holding large gigs in such a claustrophobic environment. But then again maybe that is what the School wanted, an effective ban of large gigs on its premises; a wonderful way of achieving it. One can't help wondering who their chief strategist is.

Another very successful party, though not as successful as the Tequila one was help by the Hellenic Society on Wednesday 25th of November. Though it was only a cheese and wine party it managed to attract an unprecedented high number of hellenes. According to acting Chairman Harris Lambropoulos 'this year they are very enthusiastic, they want to participate ... the general consensus is that the society should be apolitical, and that it should pursue issues of a wider Hellenic interest'. All the wine at the party was provided free of charge by Boutaris.

In common with the seasonal festivities, the Wine Society will be holding a Christmas Tasting. Fine and interesting wines will be accompanied by a delicious selection of cheeses. (Meeting in S421 at 6.30).

The Drama Society are holding auditions for next terms production of a Noel Cowards play on Tuesday December 1st at 6pm in C018. All interested in aiding the production should attend.

The first open meeting for members and those willing to become involved in the European Integration Forum (EURIF) will be held on Wednesday December 2nd in C120 from 1 to 2pm. (This is a Wine Reception).

The Industrial Relations Society Christmas party will be held in the Quadrangle on Friday December 4th. Tickets £1.00 members, £1.50 non-members. Tickets for this Soul Music Party available from Industrial Relations Students.

The LSE Amnesty International will be discussing plans for a Human Rights Week at the LSE. Society meetings are on Wednesday in A220 at 1pm, letter writing outside the Old Theatre on Thursdays.

The LSE Conservatives present Michael Portillo MP, Social Security Minister, on Monday (today) at 1pm.

The LSE Conservative Annual Dinner is held on Monday 7th December at the City Livery Club, Victoria Embankment. The guest speaker is Cecil Parkinson MP. Tickets obtainable from the Conservative stall outside the Old Theatre on Tuesday (tomorrow) between 12 — 3pm. the very same stall will also be giving out "the real facts behind the Education Bill and its effect on students". So why don't you go and talk to them, even if you are not interested in the Annual Dinner, you can ask them questions.

The Chess Society is organising a tournament open to all LSE students, a second intramural Tournament, and possibly a tournament between students and lecturers. The Society are also entering two teams in the U.I. Intercollegiate League and Knock Out Cup. The Society meets on Thursdays in S221 between 6 and 9pm, membership is only 50p and players of all levels are welcome.

The Chess Society is also planning to provide sets in the Shaw library, Beaver's Retreat and the Three Tuns for those who "need" to play at odd times.

Have you got your tickets for the LSE Christmas Hop (tonight!) yet? The Bay City Rollers will be putting in an appearance.

And a short reminder of the LSE SU FORMAL BALL which is to be staged on December 9th. Tickets are only £22 per person. Can you afford to miss it?

The Anti-Apartheid Society are hosting a benefit gig together with the Soul Society in the Quadrangle on Monday 30th November Starting at 8pm, going on till late. Anti-Apartheid will be showing a video on Tuesday 1st December in A86 at 12pm.

The Lesbian and Gay Society meets every Monday in A506 at 6.30pm. On Friday 4th December a group will be going down to the Oual Theatre to see Parker and Klein meeting at 7pm outside the Old Theatre. For enquiries contact 674 4360.



Photo: Rebecca Dutton

COLLEGE SCENE

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ANNIE HICKISH

Three women travelling unaccompanied from Rio de Janeiro to Santiago seemed a dubious and alarming prospect to certain relatives and friends. We were warned of knife-brandishing thieves, of cocaine being planted in our rucksacks and of political instability which would almost certainly involve us in revolutions and military coups. In the event, things proved somewhat dull. None of our belongings were stolen and no-one even offered us any drugs!

Our problems were more mundane, for example finding our bus tickets had been double booked and running out of "imodium" during a dose of "Incas Revenge" in the Atacama Desert.

The most dramatic and frightening experience was when a lorry crashed into the back of our bus. We were sitting in the back row! A hilarious memory is that of myself riding on the back of the Chief of Police's moped around a small town in Paraguay. He insisted on stopping to introduce me to his friends and I began to feel like a character in a Graham Greene novel.

A further highlight was a trip up the River Paraguay by cargo boat, living on deck with the people who were transporting their produce. The people were incredibly friendly, offering us "mate" to drink and welcoming us under their shelters during a torrential rainstorm.

It is obviously the people who make a place. Being three females had the advantage that people tended to approach us and talk to us. It was a marvellous opportunity to find out about their lives, countries and attitudes.

74 year old General Alfredo Stroessner has been in power even longer than Margaret Thatcher – since May 1954 to be precise.

The political situation in Paraguay was quite exciting during our visit. 74 year old General Alfredo Stroessner has been in power even longer than Margaret Thatcher – since May 1954 to be precise. His "Colorado Party" has recently split into two factions: the Militants and the Traditionalists; who are engaged in a struggle for post-Stroessner control. The traditionalist wing argues that limited liberalisation is the best way of ensuring that the party maintains the reins of power whilst the Militants are opposed to any changes.

When we arrived in Asuncion, the Party was holding its National Convention. The bars were full of people intently listening to the radio. We walked past the Convention Hall which was surrounded by crowds of chanting Party members. Was this our promised revolution/coup?



'The Gringo Trail'

Politics and culture in South America as seen by three women and reported by Annie Hickish



We later learned that the Traditionalist President Senor Ramon Chaves had been ousted by the Militant leader Dr. Sabino Montano. There were rumours that the Traditionalist delegates, including Chaves himself, had been forcibly prevented from voting and that Stroessner had intervened directly to ensure a Militant success. Victory for the hard-liners is thought likely to lead to increased political repression.

Paraguay's population is a mere 3 million, with over 60% of these having been born after Stroessner took power. It is very difficult for young people to imagine life without Stroessner. We spoke to some

Local Colorado Party militias operate extremely efficient counter-intelligence against political opposition and Paraguay has been under an almost constant state of siege since 1954, due to the supposed threat of Communist subversion.

who told us that they were uninterested in politics because they had no chance of changing anything. Local Colorado Party militias operate extremely efficient counter-intelligence operations against political opposition and Paraguay has been under an almost constant state of siege since 1954, due to the supposed threat of Communist subversion. This state of siege means that all individual rights may be suppressed.

Amnesty International has published details of deaths under torture in Paraguay and both the OAS and Catholic Church have condemned Human Rights violations. However, it seems that the average Paraguayan can lead a fairly unmolested life – so long as he avoids politics and ignores official corruption. The Paraguayans are wonderful people who cannot

be held responsible for the system under which they live.

Similarly, we cannot be held responsible for the actions of the British Government vis-a-vis the Malvinas. However, it was with some trepidation that we set foot on Argentinian soil. Would we be received with coolness or outright hostility? It was impossible to keep a low profile because once people knew our nationality, they invariably demanded "What do you think of the Malvinas problem?" We had only to emphasise

In every bar and cafe there was a TV broadcasting pictures of Alfonsin or his rivals visiting hospitals and schools or making rousing speeches in a way akin to our own leaders.

that we believed that they belonged to Argentina and to express our dislike of Mrs. Thatcher and they were our friends for life.

It was impossible to keep a low profile because once people knew our nationality they invariably demanded "What do you think of the Malvinas problem?"

Argentina was caught up in election fever during our stay. The coming vote would be a test of Alfonsin's popularity, his Radical Administration's record and would provide an indicator of the prospects for democracy in a country which has suffered so many years of military rule. The party banners and slogans had even reached Tilcaia, a tiny village high up in the Andes. In every bar and cafe there was a TV broadcasting pictures of Alfonsin or his rivals visiting hospitals and schools or making rousing speeches in a way akin to our own leaders.

However, there was little of the apathy towards politics found in this country. We spent time with some students who were Alfonsin supporters and who told us that most students were interested in politics because democracy was a new experience for them, which they were anxious to preserve. Life under the military had been very different: "Then you were not free to talk to your friends. There was no liberty," we were told.

The students were very concerned with their image abroad and told us that there were "bad people" in Buenos Aires who gave

All they knew of Britain were the pictures of strikes, riots and drug addiction which they had seen on TV.

the country a bad name. All they knew of Britain were the pictures of strikes, riots and drug addiction which they had seen on TV. They were extremely concerned about AIDS and one saw it as "the greatest problem in the world today".

The final fortnight of our trip was spent in the Atacama Desert in Northern Chile and in Santiago.

Life under the military had been very different: "Then you were not free to talk to your friends. There was no liberty," we were told.

An Austrian we met in Brazil had told us that he didn't think things could be too bad in Chile. He had spent a month there and had found the police extremely friendly. He had seen a poster in a police station which claimed that any Officer who maltreated a member of the public would be sacked. I found the Austrian somewhat naive.

Having said that, we did find the country surprisingly unrepresive on the surface which was rather disturbing, since we were all too aware of the darker side of things. There was no conspicuously large police presence and the people of Santiago seemed relaxed as they went about their everyday lives. Of course, a large proportion of these city dwellers were the affluent middle classes who had perceived their interests as threatened by Allende's "Chilean Road to Socialism" of the

early 1970's. Many still see Pinochet as the only safeguard against the "evils of Communism" and find it convenient to ignore the numerous cases of Human Rights violations and political repression which are an intrinsic part of Pinochet's Chile.

Despite its politics, Chile is a beautiful country and the people are humorous and terribly warm and friendly. For myself, it was perhaps the most interesting country we visited.

Despite its politics, Chile is a beautiful country and the people are humorous and terribly warm and friendly.



Meet Your Flexible Friend

Bryan Gould MP, architect of the Labour's election campaign and the Party's fastest rising star, talks to Andrew Cornwell

If it wasn't for his blue tie with the vague outline of a Labour rose on it, you'd be hard pushed to find much that is apparently socialist about Brian Gould and his House of Commons den. No union momentos scattered about or party posters on the walls, the usual trophies of activism. Instead his secretary-wife taps at a computer. Robert Chesshyre's observation, on returning from the US, that the social background of any English person can be immediately guessed from their attire does not apply to him. Indeed much of the fascination and interest in Bryan Gould seems to be inspired by his individuality and apparent rootlessness. He is enemy to the Left, feared by the Tories and frowned upon by the media; but none of them can place him.

He is his own man, not an adjunct of class or party faction. He could never be leader of a tendency. One pronounces the

that the endless TV footage and column inches he has attracted are unrequited.

"I don't have any sort of game plan, any strategy for getting to the top... Of course, if somebody said one of these days you're going to be Prime Minister, I'd say fine. I can see, not without reservations, that would be a job worth doing."

To this standard modesty of the serious contender for power he adds that he would be satisfied with a Cabinet post. Above all he seems to be keeping all his options open.

The same can be said of his politics. He speaks seamlessly of policy, presentation, principles, policy review, trying to verbally construct distinctions of dubious quality. In the end they run into each other and blend into an infinite pragmatism.

Appropriately, he will speak at the LSE on "Politics - the art of the possible". He tells me the idea was to explore what he calls "the

"If we said, 'squeeze the rich until the pips squeak', the majority would say, 'that means me'."

word "Gouldite" uneasily, for only Bryan Gould could be a Gouldite. And yet he is ordinary, probably too ordinary, because whatever his politics, you still can't do what the British love to do to their politicians - place them socially. Maggie is shopkeeper's daughter. Kinnoch from the mining valleys. Benn the aristocrat who turned. But Gould?

The question is worth asking, for Gould, if the commentators are to be believed, is a serious candidate for future glory in Downing Street. He himself rather disingenuously denies that he has risen particularly rapidly since becoming an MP in 1974, and claims

supposed conflict between principle and the grubby realities of politics", but then admits to seeing no problem with political action as a means of carrying principles into practice.

Doesn't practice, though, mean compromising your principles?

"All politics is about compromise. You don't compromise your principles, you stand by your principles. But in order to put them into practice, you have to see the world as it is, not as people wish it were."

Gould is scornful of those on the Left who think this is wanting it both ways - principles and compromise. He accuses them of



Photo: Rebecca Dutton

hypocrisy, saying:

"I've lost count of the number of people I meet at social occasions who say 'We're very much on the Left, but we're not members of the Labour Party because we think the Labour Party doesn't carry into practice our position.' It then emerges, later on, that although they are raving left-wingers in their own minds, they find that when they send little Johnny to the local comprehensive it really just wasn't quite right for him, he was too sensitive, so it turns out they send their children to fee-paying schools."

But hasn't he himself ever compromised his principles?

"Never. I know people may think that sound prissy but it's true. You make all sorts of compromises in politics, but you don't compromise your principles, at least I don't."

This statement might be more credible if Bryan Gould was Arthur Scargill, uncompromising hard-liner, and not Bryan Gould,

here, and about principles losing votes. If that is not pragmatic, then Gould is not a smooth talker, and that is not a Fabian Society pamphlet called "The Politics of Prosperity" lying on the table between us.

This is not the only contradiction about Bryan Gould. Some of his fine flexibility wears thin when talking about Labour's latest piece of introspection, its policy review. While he thinks the review is a recognition of failure at three elec-

"There's a sort of conspiracy on the extreme right and the extreme left to misrepresent me."

tions in a row, he believes little will change in terms of fundamental principles as a result. So why not attack the government instead of spending eighteen months navel gazing? He replies weakly that he sees no conflict here, nor does he see in this a great loss of time and energy. To refute the contention that Labour is simply waiting for

Its astonishing how many people on the left take their views from the total lies told in 'The Sun'.

media guru to the Labour campaign team. I put it to him that compromising on presentation may also alter policy - in trying to sell a product successfully you may also alter it to suit the market. Hasn't Labour done that by pragmatically abandoning any class conflict or attacks on the rich?

"It's not pragmatic. If we said, as Dennis Healey said, 'Squeeze the rich until the pips squeak,' the problem we face is that the large majority in Britain today would say, 'That means me'. It's not that we've abandoned our commitment to redistributive taxation, it's just that the political impact of that is now very different, and you have to take account of it."

I think he is talking about votes

the Tories to make a mistake, whether on the poll tax or the Education Bill, he can do no more than to produce a checklist of Labour policies.

As a member of Gould's party I am beginning to get worried by this kind of insubstantiality, but we manage to conclude with a more healthy piece of media-baiting.

He is extraordinarily sensitive, for such a manipulator of the media (their acknowledgment), on the subject of his pronouncements on share ownership. Was it not after all ill-timed, I asked, reflecting on the Stock Market collapse?

At this he demanded to know my source, and that I quote precisely what he said on the subject.

When I was unable to do so, having read twenty or thirty times that share ownership was now acceptable he told me I had been misled by the jackals of Wapping.

"It's on the basis of The Sun newspaper, misrepresenting my views. It's astonishing to me that so many people on the Left seem to have derived their views from The Sun, and from the total lies that are often told in that rag."

So the rest of the press has just followed The Sun?

"Yes they're as lazy as you are in checking facts. I said we ought to take the concept of share ownership that Thatcher had proposed and give it a socialist ring. The Sun then published a report saying 'Bryan Gould, Labour's Golden Boy, Says Maggie is Right, Everyone Should Own Shares'. What I'm talking about is a workers' share ownership scheme in which shares are held collectively by workers and are not traded on the Stock Exchange."

"I get irritated by this because there's a sort of conspiracy on the extreme Right, such as The Sun, and the extreme Left to misrepresent me."

Is this irritation, or paranoia? Does this conspiracy include The Guardian which also reported his remarks?

"The Guardian is just as much to blame as anybody else. They're sloppy and lazy in what they write as well... What makes me really angry is that I've been misrepresented quite deliberately by people who are dishonest because they want to discredit me."

Bryan Gould's media honeymoon, at least in his rather hurt mind, is over. But as he rises towards Labour leadership, he

will surely have to resolve the contradiction which sees a consummately skilled performer outraged and out-manipulated by a media he has until now handled with ease.

His other obstacle to that Cabinet seat, whether at the head of the table or not, is that awful word 'socialism' which he managed to use just once in our conversation. Even then it was qualified within the phrase "socialist ring", as if he were somehow not sure that it should be heard in public. All par for the course for a Labour politician in government, but less excusable in opposition.

Perhaps Gould should dig himself some roots, let himself be placed and be recognised as emerging from somewhere, ponder a little more to the requirement of British politics that everyone, of no matter what views, should appeal to history.

Otherwise he may remain as a 'Golden Boy', a sincere individual, brilliant perhaps, but at the mercy of a media that is always capable of turning and devouring whoever it has brought into the limelight.

Bryan Gould MP will be speaking at the LSE on Monday December 6th at 1pm in A85.

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The Prodigal Son of Toryism

by CHRIS PHILIPSBORN

Jeffrey Archer has had a varied career. He has, amongst other things, run for Britain (1964-66), been elected an MP, lost all his money, written bestselling books, been appointed as deputy chairman of the Conservative Party, resigned as deputy chairman of the Conservative Party, sued for libel and persuaded a number of Britain's more unsavoury daily newspapers to give enormous sums of money to charity. He is currently the author of a successful West End play.

Mr Archer's office is on the tenth floor of a building on the south bank of the Thames. One enters immediately into a large reception room. The floor is polished wood. There is a suite of cream coloured sofas placed around a large square glass coffee table which is covered in hardback books and overlooked by a stone statue. The room is sprinkled with expensive-looking artwork. The view from this vantage point is breathtaking. Straight ahead, the Thames meanders past Westminster Bridge and the Houses of Parliament, and continues towards the distant City of London. In the background, an efficient hum emanated from a small army of secretaries. It was all rather restful . . . and then Mr Archer arrived.

He wore a blazer and grey trousers. His face was rather deeply lined and slightly tanned. He radiated ominous efficiency . . .

Why had he become an MP? . . . why had he chosen the Conservative Party?

"I suspect that I was brought up in a very conservative household. My mother sat on the local council. My father was, I think, president of the local Conservatives for a period of time. I suppose I was brought up in a Conservative atmosphere. Believing in free en-

terprise the way I did there really wasn't much alternative for me.

"I became a Member of Parliament because I thought it was the most exciting and worthwhile profession to pursue. It was that simple."

Were you idealistic then?

"I still am . . . about the young, about the defence of this country and about the love of my country."

What did you want to change?

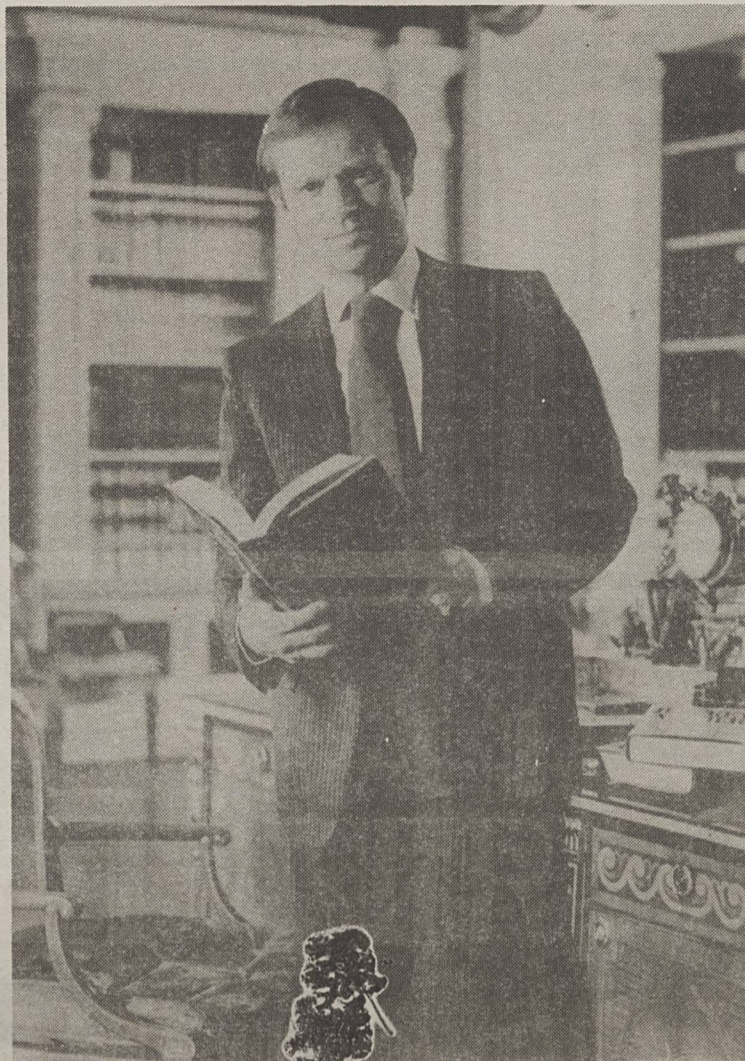
"I suppose coming from where I did, I wanted whatever that strange word 'equality' means. I realise that equality is impossible, but I wanted equal opportunity and I think that has changed considerably since I was a child."

Mr Archer's favourite biography is Lord Blake's "Disraeli". It is the story of the flamboyant nineteenth-century Prime Minister and arch rival of Gladstone's climb to the top of the 'greasy pole' of politics. What was it about Disraeli which appealed to Mr Archer?

"I think the fact that despite all the adversities he had, that he could end up leading the Conservative Party. It's in its own way more staggering than Margaret Thatcher becoming the leader of the party . . . to have achieved what he did in that period. I don't think that he achieved more in his premiership than Margaret Thatcher has, but I do think his becoming leader was a remarkable achievement.

"We (the Conservative Party) have produced the first Jewish Prime Minister, the first batchelor Prime Minister and the first woman Prime Minister; all the things you would have expected the Labour Party to do. He (Disraeli) would be bound to admire the radical approach the Conservative Party has had to politics in this country and the way it has lifted us back to being taken seriously as a nation."

How have politics changed?



"I think there are certain jobs in politics which are just damn hard work. It's very much more of a profession. It's no longer the pastime for well-educated gentlemen, it's now a full time profession for trained people. It's irrelevant whether it is good or bad, it's what's happened today, those are the facts and it is going to get more and more like that."

American characteristics (likes to win, makes money, works hard and says so, good at self-promotion) and Britain's future

. . . or should the British be more like Mr Archer?

Well I think it (Britain) is changing at the moment. I think we've realised that if we have to join in against the Japanese, the French, the Germans and the Americans we have got to get up and fight. I don't like seeing Britain in second place, it doesn't appeal to me. Britain is stronger now than it has been for twenty years. We'll survive, don't worry. We'll get by, we'll struggle on, we Brits."

Has Mrs Thatcher changed the British?

"Yes I think she's changed attitudes. No longer are we considered a losing nation. When I was a young man, it was called the 'British disease', which was the Trade Union movement running Britain. This is no longer discussed in America or Tokyo; those days are gone."

Conservatives and the far Left

I don't think there's any likelihood of the far Left getting in. Margaret Thatcher has moved the centre of politics by ten or fifteen degrees. The far Left can never hope to come back in any form. We'll get more like Japan in that way, or like the Democrats. The only opposition will be a wishy-washy Tory party . . . wonderful! I have all the patience in the world for the Labour Party. Twenty (hard Left MPs) out of 635 is not a problem, they actually ensure that the Conservatives are returned again and again. Neil Kinnock used to be (far Left) when he was young, but he's not now. I would be staggered to find he'd gone all the way back to things he used to say twenty years ago, because he's been selling a different tune and Mr Kinnock is not a dishonest man."

Journalism

"The standard of journalism is very high in this country . . . there are few people who have few morals at all."

Next project



"I'm speaking up and down for my country. I've spoken five times in the last ten days; it's mainly politics. I may, if I can find the time, write a set of short stories."

Proudest achievement

"Running for my country, because I wasn't very good at it and I just squeezed into the team . . . and I suppose my first novel, seeing it published; sixteen publishers turned it down."

ULU travel

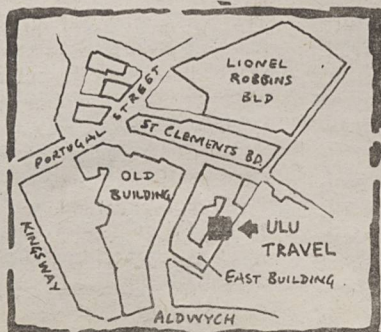
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Soul
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Groove

While nobody is quite sure what Rare Groove is, it is safe to say that the perfect Rare Groove record would go something like this. For openers there's a Soulful Screech and a flourish of jazzy horns whereupon the drummer and bassman lay down an irresistible beat. The singer rants about the struggle for *Survival in the Ghetto* on top of some *Psychedelic Schak* guitars and mellow sax. There's a drum break, then someone shouts everything else. Before you know it it's over and there ain't a single part of your body and soul that hasn't been moved. Most importantly of all, there's only one copy in England and it belongs to Norman Jay.

This kind of sound first brought to London by the Family Funktion and Shake and Fingerpop crews, has had planeloads of English D.J.'s pushing and showing their way towards Harlem, buying anything with those crucial words - Funky, Bad, Thang, Brother, Mutha etcetera - in the title. New York record stores were quick to catch on (especially as native Hip Hop D.J.'s are using the same sounds), as were the London ones. The trick is to find bulk quantities of a mediocre record on a good label (like, say, GSF or Abet), made by a bunch of retired hoods with extreme Afros and radical collars, and produced by someone who once lived next door to Bobby Byrd's hairdresser. You then jack up the price to around £10 and flocks of unwary customers will lap it up.

But if you're dying to win friends and influence your uncle with your own slice of authenticated Rare Groove, I can recommend the Wild Magnolias LP currently available at Quaff Records, Finsbury Park (£7.50) and Red Records, Brixton (£8). Inside the outrageous cover is some spicy New Orleans Funk a la Mardi Gras.

Otherwise steer clear of the rip offs and go for the reissues. Though of course, for the music snobs, it's been reissued its not Rare Groove anymore. Polydor's subsidiary Urban Records have done a grand job in putting out Maces and the Macks *Cross the Tracks* (the record behind it all), the Jackson Sisters *I Believe in Miracles* and Bobby Byrd's *I Know You've Got Soul*, all with good B sides. The first two appeared on a bootleg that used to go for up to £15 which makes you wonder whether Polydor weren't in on the act. RCA's *Rare* compilation is disappointing despite the inclusion of essentials like Chocolate Milk's *Action Speaks Louder Than Words*, and Larry Young's *Fuel's* dead sexy *Turn Out The Lights*. Kent have done a much better job with *Got To Get Your Own*, but perhaps the best introduction is *James Brown's Funky People* (Polydor import), a compilation from the early 70's People label on which the James Brown entourage was allowed to get loose and lay down some of the

Tom Waits — Franks Wild Years

Rainville. Hardly ever did though. Rain that is. It was nowhere. Railroad tracks ran up the back of the state like stiches. Telephone lines slashed the orange dawns like a wrecked ship's rigging . . . and when it rained the whole town went mad. Dogs ran wild in the streets. Frank was squeezed between scrap iron places and radiator repair shops . . . Rainville, good place to dream yourself away from. When the trains thundered past the backyard fence, bound for Oxnard, Lompoc, Gila Bend, Stanfield, and parts South where the wind blew big, Frank would count the cars and make a wish just like he did when he was a kid . . . At least something was getting out of town alive . . .

One moonlit night Frank packed up his accordion and said blow wind blow wherever you may go . . . cause I'm going straight to the top . . . up where the air is fresh and clean.

So begins Tom Waits' latest album - an operachi romantico in two acts, *Franks Wild Years*, and the basis for this concert.

Mixing material from the operachi, *Raindogs* and *Swordfish-Trombone*, Waits loosely charts the rise and fall of Frank, from disenchantment to success and then back to the gutter.

most exciting, down to earth Jazz since Be Bop.

But if the likes of the JB's, Maces and the Macks and Lyn Collins, the original obsessions of the Rare Groove craze, laid down some of the most immediate dance music ever, everything has its limit. The bass heavy funk of the early 70's is giving way to classic disco from the likes of the Jones Girls and Jeanee Reynolds, jazzier sounds from Leroy Hutson, Roy Ayers and Sonny Stitt, and Latin from Willie Bobo, Joe Bataan and Mongo Santamaria. The problem is, 70's and early 80's balck music simply didn't throw up the wealth of beautiful records that the 60's did. The small local labels, so vital to the durability of the Northern Sould scene, largely collapsed or got swallowed by Majors early in the 70's. Rare Groove is rapidly running out of grooves.

The new direction is to make new records out of old. Much of the original impetus behind Rare



Photo: Gilbert Ortiz

Playing the first set, half bent over the microphone and writhing rigidly, Frank sets off on his journey to stardom as epitomised by a white tuxedo, dark glasses. His ensemble shrouded in black, the spotlight is on Waits at the piano (a pisstake of Sinatra) singing of drinking champagne and Manhattan's, throwing cigars and glitter into the audience. And finally, back to the twisted writhing, back to the

gutter and a devilish intensity.

The whole performance is held together by anecdotes and Waits confessing all on hookers, alcoholics, the down-and-outs and the lower reaches of 'American civilisation'.

And all this to be followed by two encores giving a totally mesmeric two and a quarter hours performance. Backed by an excellent, versatile band, every minute revelled in

gleaze, every minute demanded attention and concentration and every minute (something you can't say of many acts today) was totally original.

If you were foolish enough to miss one of these concerts (and it serves you right), all I can suggest is that you find consolation in "Franks Wild Years".

Moz

Earthworks is back

Yes, it's true! After 7 months of inaction the best record label for (South) African music is back in the game with 5 new album releases. They're all brilliant on first listening but one of them is outstandingly brilliant: *Thunder before dawn* (EMV 1) subtitled *The indestructible Beat of Soweto vol.2* is a real contender for the best album of the year awards. Following nicely into the footsteps of it's critically acclaimed predecessor (*The indestructible Beat of Soweto*), arguably THE best ever compilation of South African music, this compilation features *Mahlathini* and the original *Mahotella Queens*, *Amaswazi Emvelo* and *Malombo* amongst others. It is always surprising how people living in the most brutally oppressive country in the world

produce some of the most joyous and celebratory music; music that is easily more powerful than that of the *Bhundu Boys* who seem to be everyone's standard for African music. Absolutely Essential!

Some of the tracks on *Thunder before dawn* feature the legendary mbaqanga vocalist *Mahlathini*, who is expected to tour Europe for the first time next year. To prepare us for his visit Earthworks also released *The Lion of Soweto* (EMV 004), an album which captures *Mahlathini* backed by *The Queens* at his peak during the 70s. His deep growling voice (hence: *The Lion*) is the perfect match with the fast guitar dominated rhythms and the bruising female gospel choruses. Superb.

Fabian

Tom Lloyd

Film

Best Seller General Release

Genre exploitation is a thriving industry: make one hit zit- and-tit movie and before you can say acne, everybody is making them. Get a brain-dead Visigoth to flex his pecs maiming innocent barbarians and next thing hordes of b.v.'s are swiping away all over the place. If you can't be bothered to find a different b.v., make the same one do the same thing all over again and call it a sequel. And so on until the public gets sick of it.

The latest in the line of exploitation themes reads a bit like this: wary middle-aged cop who likes to point out that he's "getting too old for this shit" gets loaded with psychotic, sharp-shooting partner who makes it clear from the start that inflicting pain is no issue and being inflicted with it even less of one. Cue for lots of eye-balling and "I wouldn't touch you with a barge pole if it wasn't for this" talk. Wary cop and psycho partner get more and more immersed in pursuit of very nasty baddy and kill most people remotely involved. Nasty

baddy obliges by knocking off the rest of the remotely involved. Cue for violence, car chases, violence, thumping music and violence. Just when you thought all the remotely involved had been wasted, enter nubile daughter of wary cop, who keep asking Pops if he's all right and keeps getting the "just fine, princess" line thrown back at her. Nubile daughter, read defenceless victim, read perfect hostage. Top it all off with token love-interest hovering anonymously in the background, confirming her presence in the film as totally unnecessary.

It all sounds a lot like *Lethal Weapon*. It is in fact the plot for *Best Seller*.

But here's the surprise: working within the thriller genre structure as sketched above, *Best Seller* manages to throw a few big punches. What it lacks in basic plot originality it makes up by deft characterisation. James Wood's crazy murderer slits throats with clinical slickness and sick satisfaction, but he also sings French cantiques with moving sincerity. All he wants is a little respect and he's ready to kill for it. Brian Dennehy's part is more than the honest tough-cop - he's a best-selling author who has run dry because he can't come to terms



with his wife's death. All he needs is a best seller, and he might just get killed for it. Under John Flynn's direction, the film moves along at a blistering pace, blotting out the implausible with furious bursts of

violence. Flynn's camera is just as comfortable on Dennehy's ursine features and Wood's haunted eyes, as it is on the carnage around them.

For all its shortcomings, *Best Seller* nevertheless delivers the ex-

pected goods, which is probably more than you'll be able to say about the ones which will inevitably follow.

Ali Fassa

Theatre

The Rover Mermaid Theatre

Forget *Brideshead*, leave aside *The Mission*, for it is only in this production of Aphra Behn's play by the RSC that Jeremy Irons is at his

most entertaining, convincing, and quite simply, best. More than anything, it is refreshing to see him tackle a role in which he is not the pensive and reserved Charles, nor the raging and emotional Richard III, but just fun.

It is rare to find a play in which I cannot criticise anything of import-

ance, and have everything to praise, but I am delighted to say that in the case of *The Rover*, this is one of those rare occasions.

Being a big Irons fan, you most allow for the optimism with which I entered the theatre, which could well have tainted my opinion. But the audience only seem to ratify my optimism, insisting that the cast return to the stage many times, to thunderous applause.

Moved recently from the Swan theatre in Stratford, the play is now at the Mermaid Theatre, incidentally a wonderful little theatre, with marvellous views over the river.

Jeremy Irons was, it goes without saying, wonderful. He played the libidinous rogue Willmore with an ease which made one wonder if this was his true character. Equally worthy was the performance by Imogen Stubbs, who matched the knavery of Willmore with a fiery spirit and a host of witty repartees. The most surprising performance of all came from Stephanie Beecham (of *The Colby's* fame), whom I shall never insult again. She turned in a marvellous almost cameo-like performance as an older, but expensive, courtesan (whore being too crude a word, in light of such a convincing performance).

In all, *The Rover* is an orgy of colour, humour, and thoughtful social comment, which would be difficult to describe fully, even if I were to use all the superlatives in Roget's Thesaurus. I can only recommend that you see this play as soon as possible, and sample what I found to be a delightfully entertaining evening.

Ed Giblet



Faustus Lyric Studio

As the year nears its end, the theatre scene is progressively drying up. However, the Actor's Touring Company's (ATC) production of Marlowe's *Faustus* provides an interesting denouement after a relatively unexciting season in the fringe theatre scene.

True to their word of "producing exciting interpretations of classic texts", the ATC, in collaboration with Mark Brickman, has created a well-written (dare I say well-edited) and well executed adaptation of Literature's most infamous over-reacher.

The play satisfies both purists and innovators alike, by remaining loyal to the text and yet placing *Faustus*, in his arrogant and deluded foolishness, in a modern setting against the stylish sparse staple of fringe theatre - 'the Black Set'. Against this bare background, a more intrinsic and compelling study of *Faustus* and his suave and devilish mentor, Mephistopheles, is made.

To the audience's great relief, the countless tedious comic scenes in Marlowe's text have been pruned into a highly original and witty portrayal of *Faustus* from his initial desire to achieve godliness, his eventual degeneration to a world of physical desires and finally, to his pathetic disposition in the face of damnation.

Regretfully, Peter Lindford's *Faustus* lacked the dynamism of a tragic hero. He fails to attract our sympathies and awe as he delivers the immortal lines: "Yet art thou still but *Faustus* and a man." *Faustus* is merely reduced into a weak and shallow man filled with human foibles.

On the other hand, George Anton shines in his portrayal of the poignant and tortured Mephistopheles. In spite of this slight imbalance, the ATC's production is perhaps one of the best adaptations of a classic text to modern theatre. It is devoid of the banal devils and angel props, providing us instead with a sense of intimacy to the intellectual dilemmas of a mere mortal being.

Katherine Pena



The London Film Festival

Stake Out

London Film Festival

The choice of presentations at this year's London Film Festival has been something of a surprise, a welcome surprise. The wide range of mass approachable films shown at the Festival on the Square includes films which are sure to dominate the box office for the year to come, films which will be talked about for different reasons: among them the Kitchen Toto, an impressive first feature by a young 27 year old graduate of the National Film School; the predictable Predator by the saint of muscle and tongue-in-cheek heroism, Arnold Schwarzenegger; the Garden of Stones by Francis Ford Coppola (needless to say more); the packed, brilliant, refreshing RoboCop, (anything said will be sort of true – it has got to be seen to be believed).

Stake Out holds its own with the aforementioned films, easily. It is loosely based on the formula *cop shadows girl, cop falls for girl, so successfully exploited in Sharkey's Machine*. Only this is not a Burt Reynolds movie. This is an Emilio Estevez and Richard Dreyfus movie. These two make up an unlikely couple of cops, one, Estevez, with a young family and a steady life-style, the other, Dreyfus, an ageing man at a turning point of family and booze crisis.

They, together with another couple of cops, are asked by the local FBI agent in Seattle to shadow the girlfriend of an escaped convict, a cop-killer, on the odd chance that he will try to contact her. The plot is simple enough but the storytelling is steady, full of comic relief provided by the rivalry of the two cop teams and the incidental encounters of one of them with their object.

Emilio Estevez, by testing a new kind of role yet again, almost pulls it off convincingly as the ambitious,

career orientated young detective with a square approach to his job and a knack for revenge on his partner's practical jokes. The moustache does not quite fit, but his taste for the obscure, matching that of his fathers, is to be applauded. His quest for different roles and varying shadows of human personality is the mark of the actor; seemingly effortless, perceptively natural.

Richard Dreyfus, enjoying a new chapter in an acclaimed career, follows on his success of *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* and *Tin Men*. In *Stake Out* he is, for all intents and purposes, the main figure around whom the whole movie revolves. His timing is tight and conscious, best observed during the last one-line exchanges between himself and Estavez. Dreyfus is the experienced cop who faces problems in his private life, yet he is undeterred in the pursuit of his job. He is rather like a bulldog, who will not let go. His performance may appear grin-deep, but this is only because we have seen it before. In the *Goodbye Girl* as in the *Tin Men*, Dreyfus plays men who survive by their ability to show skin-deep emotions on their faces while managing to convince their lady friends (and us?) that these emotions are soul-deep.

Stake Out is not going to hurt either Dreyfus' or Estavez's career, and in the process it might make them a couple more million (the film has already been a huge box office success in the States). It is well worth contributing your £3 or £4.50 to these millions, for what you will get back is a thoroughly entertaining film, full of comic relief and effortless performances. Start queuing now ... Stavros V.S. Makris



Sometime, Somewhere

Set in the 1950s, Aravidan takes an affectionate look at a quiet southern Indian village where life jogs along, regardless of what goes on in the outside world. Socially self-sufficient, the villagers live happily with the usual agonies, joys and troubles of small communal life (including the ravings of a communist tailor).

And then, at the request of the village panchayat (council), "electricity" arrives, duly transforming the economic and social realtions of the village. There are arguments over electricity poles, the communal priorities (temple or library to get electricity first?), strangers ar-

rive and settle, people no longer sit and chat, instead there is the radio or the television ... nothing will ever be the same ...

As Aravidan, recalling his childhood, puts it, "... up to the age of ten I hadn't seen electricity. I still remember with nostalgia those times, when people moved through the night with burning flares. When electricity came, they went out."

At times the film is technically flawed and confusing, but it remains an interesting study in the invasion of modernity into a 5000 year old culture.

Moz



Yeelen (Brightness)

Souleymane Cisse

This film from Mali, one of a growing African contingent, written and directed by Cisse, has been a long time in the making due to numerous tragedies and misfortunes.

Made in stunning Fujicolour, it is based on the myth, folklore and, most importantly, magic of the ancient Bambara culture; more specifically on the transmission of knowledge and Yeelen – meaning light in a spiritual sense. ("Bright-

ness" is not a good translation) – in an age unadulterated by "Western Civilisation". It tells the tale of a magical father determined to prevent his son from becoming his equal. The mother rescues her son, and sends him away on a journey of enlightenment and the awakening of tribal magic, with which he will challenge his father. Pursued across sand, time and different tribal cultures, the two finally meet in a scene of apocalyptic destruc-

tion – the confrontation of good and evil. But hope, personified by the grandchild, lives on ...

Every facet of this film is brilliant, ranging from the music to the choice of landscapes, to the authentic depiction of an alien, but self-sufficient culture ... Issiaka Kane, in the lead role of the son, is truly magical and captivating.

Cisse has created a masterpiece!!!

Moz

Swan Song

Zhong Zeming

Zhong Zeming's study, based on the novel Kung Jiesheng, is a panoramic view of change in Chinese society, from the Cultural Revolution to the contemporary "Westernisation", focusing on the lives of a struggling composer, On Laoshu, and his son Guanzai, living in back-street poverty.

In the paranoid aftermath of the Cultural Revolution On is accused of writing mournful music, loses his job with the Cantonese Opera Troupe and is forbidden to play again. However, his ambition to have his music published and performed remains, only to be thwarted by successive betrayals. Guanzai faced with a "loser" father



and a divorced, estranged and absent mother, runs away from home, only to return years later as a hardened delinquent cum rebel.

All this is put together with great finesse and charm, although, in some ways, the film does not fully exploit its dramatic potential. Kong

Xianzhu (the father, On) and Chen Rui (Gauzai) both turn in good performances but perhaps the highlight of this film, other than the compositional quality, is the wonderful Cantonese music.

Moz

The Wings of Desire

Wim Wenders

It's all about angels ... A grey city, grey people with grey thoughts, but amongst all these, unseen by everyone "real", hundreds of angels roam through the streets of Berlin and through the minds of the Berliners. Mainly men, they are dressed in dark overcoats and have long hair tied back in a little ponytail. And they spend their time (not their life – they're immortal) collecting peoples' thoughts, which they can clearly hear. So, for them, a library is far more noisy than a street ...

Out of this idea, Wim Wenders, who gratified us a few years ago with *Paris, Texas*, has surpassed himself. *The Wings of Desire* is quite unforgettable.

It is mostly in black and white, with some absolutely stupendous photography. Along with this visual beauty, Wim Wenders has asked Peter Handke to write the script. Handke is one of the foremost German-language writers. His script is highly literary, very poetic, yet very simple.

The acting, as everything else, is

superlative, with Bruno Ganz and Otto Sanders as the sad, troubled angels, and Solveig Dommartin as the "real" woman with whom Ganz is in love and for whom he de-angel-ises himself.

With "the Wings of Desire", Wenders has given us, in his best film to date and one which places him among the very greatest ever-green directors, the most sumptuous and the most intelligent film of the year.

Narr Havas

Football

LSE II 3 LSE III 0

Last Wednesday saw the long awaited LSE local derby. The II's were at full strength while the III's were missing the devilish skills of Pete "the ozzie" who was lost in France.

From the start the game was fast and competitive. After only ten minutes, controversy hit the game. Mark DeRidder and John Battersby went in on a 50-50 ball, a challenge which left DeRidder with a broken leg thus putting him out of the game for several months.

The game restarted at a relentless pace. Chris Atkinson missed a sitter for the thirds despite being renowned for his shooter. Nick "the most popular man at the LSE" Moreno was left sprawling on the sidelines following a challenge from Marco Boschetti and the same Mr Moreno was on the receiving end of a punch from 'goldilocks' Davis moments later.

The breakthrough came on the half hour. A corner from Alex Hunt was met by Marco, who rose like a salmon and thundered the ball "into the back of the net."

Half time arrived following a waring from the ref to the captains, instructing them to 'cool it'. The classy midfielder, Jeff Tudor, said he was cool enough already.

The second half was an early goal from the seconds. Again it came from an Alex Hunt corner, but this time was met by Farruk who made no mistake.

The thirds hit back soon after and were unlucky not to get a goal when Alex cleared a header from the line.

The final blow came from Richard Korab, leaving the thirds 'gutted' and badly in need of a beer.

Chess

The Chess Society is very much alive and strong, as the results of the UL Pugh Cup showed on Saturday, November 21st. Enthusiasm and motivation has equipped two fairly strong teams of six players, who went on Saturday to Imperial College and left with the cup. All eleven present players had a good performance and the LSE A (1st team) managed to get eight out of a possible maximum of twelve points. Imperial managed seven points, and Kings got six and a half, with the rest trailing.

The first round found LSE A in the lead with five points. Kah Wou (David) Lim, the captain, and Imran Ahmad won both their games easily, with Neil Reeder, Philippe Papaphilippou, Jens Svenson and Charles Federak contributing one vital point each.

LSE B also played well and got four well-deserved points despite playing on only five boards. Olle Halfords (captain) managed a blow to the arrogance of a 186 Kings player and Antony Petropoulos beat an Imperial College player after a second round battle of 70 moves to let LSE A be the sole winners of the cup.

We all enjoyed the event (and the cup!), leaving with self-confidence boosted and increased motivation to further improve our game. So when LSE A played on Tuesday November 24th against London Hospital for the Knock-Out Cup we were certain we would win and indeed we did, beating them 3-1 and passing on to the second round.



Photo: Vanessa Brechling

Fencing

In the first meet of the season, University of London beat Cambridge 17-16. Although the UL men's team boasts several top national fencers, they trailed leading into the final competition of the day - men's epee (B team). UL pulled ahead by the closest margin to finish Cambridge.

From the start, it was a tight race in the epee(A) and foil team matchups. The tough UL loss came in the saber event where the UL squad fell 3-6. All three wins were recorded by top-calibre fencer, P. Kumar, or LSE. It almost seemed as if he was just out for a day in the country since he won nearly uncontested.

The UL women's team was represented by two LSE students, as well. With four foilists on their lineup, the home team managed to hand UL a 2-6 defeat. The UL team included Ha Yahya, a first year, who came out storming to defeat her first opponent easily, but lost the following three bouts against keener competition.
Nina Chien

Basketball

The LSE 1st team played Cambridge University away on Saturday, 21st November. With the support of a number of LSE students, the team was once again victorious.

The inspired LSE team had a great start going 18 points ahead by half-time. Fred Scherneck was particularly inspired and his slam-dunk was the best play of the game. Despite the efforts of the Coach, the second half was slower and less impressive. Scott Huntsman fought well, and Richard Burgos played staunch defence. Yet, with the game clearly won, many players lost their self-discipline, missing lay-ups which would have increased the 81-54 final score. Coach Bradshaw was disappointed with this aspect of the game, feeling Cambridge should have been well and truly buried.

Houghton

Street Harry

Googlies

With their combination of doctored pitches and that little wizard, Abdul Qadir, it seems as of the Pakistan cricket team can't fail to win.

As a leg-spinner, Qadir is able to brilliantly bowl this cunning delivery, so-called to give Sun headline writers multiple orgasms over such classics as "England struck by Abdul's Googlies" and "Ouch, those googlies."

Five things you didn't know about Abdul Qadir

- 1) He used to look like Jerry Dammers, Rodney Rama or anyone out of Los Lobos.
- 2) He doesn't any more.
- 3) His favourite music comes from Dire Straits and Phil Collins.
- 4) His bowling action looks quite hilarious.
- 5) English batsmen rarely see the funny side.

Ten things you didn't know about Mike Gatting

- 1) His favourite hobby is getting dismissed playing the sweep, reverse or otherwise, in vital games.
- 2) He once said "There isn't a spinner alive who can bowl at me."
- 3) Abdul Qadir doesn't look like an embryo to me
- 4) Nor does Alan Border.
- 5) He likes cheese.
- 6) And he's awfully fond of pickle.
- 7) His nickname is "Fat Gat".
- 8) He genuinely thinks he is the reincarnation of Henry VIII.
- 9) He loves Dire Straits and Genesis.
- 10) He has never played Willie Thorn at Snooker.

Hockey

LSE 2nd XI : 5

King's 2nd XI: 2

Two goals each from Mike Edmond and Yiannos Leannov, and one from Glyn Walters secured LSE 2nds a first victory of the season. To use a couple of apt cliches, it was a hard fought game, which moved quickly from end to end. In the first half, despite going in leading 3-2, there had been a number of hair-raising moments for the LSE defence. However, in the second half the defence tightened allowing the forward line to attack with confidence. More goals could have been scored as Steve Moriarty and Mahmoud continually harassed the King's defence. One horrendous miss deserves special mention, Glyn and Mike finding a well of hitherto untapped sympathy for the King's goalkeeper at the crucial moment. At the end though the result reflected the play, showing what a bit of determination and a damned attractive right-half can do.

LSE I : 0

URHBNC : 2

Despite the final result, the game was a close fought battle, with some fine cross-pitch drives from the LSE forwards, placing their defense under pressure and putting LSE in with a chance of winning (at last?). Some fine subversive sabotage by a certain forward led to a mid-pitch pile of bodies, just when the opposition had the advantage (good thinking Janine!). Royal Holloway's first goal was merely a fluke, as our goalie was occupied at the time with her camera, while the backs posed for pictures.

The second half was relatively uneventful, despite the enthusiastic tackling by our players (sadists). Attempts at an equaliser were fought off by the Royal Holloway backs - had we seen them in the rugby firsts last year? However, when it came to the sandwiches and biscuits, URHBNC were a walk-over. Well done girls.

Rugby

LSE 1st XV : 18

QMC 'A' XV : 25

Well, it's a game of two halves, Brian, none more so than this one. First team rugby reached new depths as we went down to a small QMC 'A' side. A strong wind blew up the pitch and QMC elected to play against it in the first half. We failed to make the most of the wind and only led 18-4 at the interval, tries coming from driving forward play.

QMC used the wind well in the second half, with many high kicks and fast-running backs. LSE heads, once again, went down and the forwards failed to re-establish their dominance. A bad day.

LSE 2nd XV : 17

SOAS XV : 7

At long last the team played to its full potential with flowing play reminiscent of the French at their very best.

Despite the lack of height in the line-out the pack secured good possession and provided a firm foundation from which to launch the speedy back division. The SOAS front row were given flying lessons by the monsters of the LSE pack.

In the second minute an attack from our own 22 led to Josh Chetwode running the length of the pitch to score an unconverted try. Despite complete domination, SOAS held out until a penalty put us 7-0 up. An unwarranted SOAS try spurred us on to greater things. A good ball from the pack led to a brilliant run through the cover by Peter to score underneath the posts. With three minutes left, once more the pack drove on to get up the backs with Josh going over for the final try.

The team must be praised for their excellent commitment and play with all fifteen players outstanding.

Edrico's 21st was celebrated in traditional style - drunk by 6:30, obliterated by seven, showing that too many orange juices (???) don't mix with chicken and chips.

The evening marked a continuation of the resurgence of apres-rugby spirit, so lacking at the start of the season. Ian Hart, obviously pining after the lack of the Surrey Gun Club lynch mob last week, decided lost time had to be made up. Proof that there is no place to hide from the rugby club was amply demonstrated when Gavin was tracked down in the library and met his fate from the mob.

Julian also made the mistake of wearing boxers and was consequently lynched in the Tuns, and suffered from the textile qualities of M&S boxers.

A decision was made to make a cultural visit to the Flounder and Firkin, with Spencer providing amusement on the tube. The contingent was disappointed at the absence of Dogbolter (especially nine pint man Mark Mulkerin). However, this did not dampen enthusiasm with everyone rolling outside, virtually without exception, out of their trees.

After a consensus view that Ian had been obnoxious, he was ceremonially stripped, culminating a momentous evening of entertainment. It was summed up by Mark on Thursday morning asking "Were we as bad as I've heard?"