

The Beaver

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Ivy League of British universities

LSE to join the elite of higher education

By Sandrine Bretonierre

Wide-ranging reforms of the British university system have been proposed in a new Government White Paper, the Higher Education Act. Provisions laid down by the act on funding have led to predictions of an 'Ivy League' of top universities being established.

The Act will propose a classification of British universities according to excellence in research and teaching. This re-organisation is also meant as a device to allocate public funding following criteria of actual performance. Hence, the university who publishes the most research, at what will be assessed to be the highest level of national or international excellence, would receive the most funding. The "winner" would then be placed at the top of what could become the British equivalent to the American Ivy League.

This mechanism could create an important cash discrepancy between the more research-gearred universities and others which concentrate on undergraduates. Thus there seems to be a danger of seeing "better" universities monopolising

funds, leaving less highly-rated institutions with little funds except those allocated for teaching. In order to survive they would have to increase the number of students, presumably decreasing the quality of teaching (without mentioning research).

Asked what this would mean for the LSE, Neil R Plevy of the LSE Central Secretariat said the School would have to prove its reputation to earn the appropriate research funds. In other words, LSE's reputation will need to assert itself on tangible assets. In fact, funds will be allocated on a much more competitive basis. At present, for instance, a section of research funds are still allocated according to the number of students. This will disappear, forcing all institutions to directly compete for money for specific projects. A question that props to mind is whether this new system will not put undue amount of pressure on teachers, forcing them to devote more time to research and publication at the detriment of their students. Plevy believes that the reform will in fact change the present patterns of teaching. Assistant teachers, people specially trained to teach, will

thus be required. On the longer term, Plevy sees the principal effect of these proposals to be the specialisation of institutions - some will concentrate on research, others on teaching, both in specialised areas, maximising effectiveness in all cases. Questions have been raised, however as to whether students might not lose out by not being put in contact with researchers.

Ultimately, the LSE, as many universities, will need to concentrate not only on the quality but the quantity of the research it produces. This in fact may be the fundamental flaw of the system - pressurising institutions to produce relatively large amounts of published research may prove too much of a burden and could depreciate the dual value of higher education institutions. Dissociating the education of students and the advancement of academic excellence may limit the possibilities of the system instead of improving them. On the other hand, closing the gap between actual and perceived quality of universities by quality testing would almost certainly be an improvement and offer a fairer choice to future students.



400 march against student poverty



About 400 London students took to the streets last Wednesday to demonstrate against student poverty and staged a sit-in at Waterloo Bridge.

A delegation of LSE students was present despite the college having disaffiliated from NUS London. The decision to

demonstrate was taken prior to the disaffiliation debate.

Some students from NUS London assembled with the LSE congregation in Houghton Street and proceeded to heckle van Hulsten and Johnson. Insults were thrown at them because of their motion to disaffiliate. When van

Hulsten arrived at Houghton Street to greet the demonstrators, he was met with cries of "scab".

The demonstration was regarded by police as "generally good-humoured and peaceful" despite the numbers of students present.



Photo: Barry Pourghadiri

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S African Scholar comes to LSE

by Hans Gutbrod and Quinn Morgan

This year's South African Scholar has begun his year at LSE with a 3-minute speech to the UGM where he stated such schemes were vital to the dismantling of apartheid. Robert van Niekerk, 24, will be studying for an MSc. in Sociology and hopes that he can interest students at the LSE in the anti-apartheid struggle.

Much controversy surrounded him once he had arrived at the LSE for his outer appearance did not fit the traditional pattern of black vs. white, good vs. bad, typecasting in Western perceptions of South Africa. Rather, Robert is classified as "coloured" by the South African government. This means that on a social scale he is more acceptable to most apartheid followers than blacks, bearing in mind, however, that he does not hold any voting rights in South Africa.

It is symptomatic that in a time where a white South African writer is awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, not based on the color of her

skin but rather on her long-standing commitment to the anti-apartheid movement, LSE is funding a student who does not fit the traditional cliché.

Robert says of himself that he is here not only to study but also to point out that the political situation in South Africa is "more complicated and subtle" than it is often portrayed. "The dividing line in South Africa is not black and white but rather for or against apartheid", says the Masters student. He continues, "The two burning questions in South Africa are violence, initiated by fanatics on either side trying to retard the changing process, and the interim government. The interim government must include all political parties and engage in the redistribution of wealth as well as the total abolition of the policy of apartheid." In his view the transition of South Africa will take less than five years and the opposition must take every possible opportunity, "If it can happen tomorrow, it must happen tomorrow", says the active ANC member.

Robert received his under-

graduate degree at Cape-town university, where he then became a junior lecturer. He carried out research in the field of education in Nicaragua at the time when the Sandinista government was in power and has published a paper on this called "Empowering popular education: Lessons from Nicaragua." His main concern is the free access to education in his home country, where some 11 million adults are still illiterate.

The firm commitment to the anti-apartheid movement in South Africa on the side of Robert made him eligible for the LSE Students' Union South African Scholarship Fund. This fund, established in 1982, made its first award in the academic session of 1983/84 and has handed out £28,000 since. The award covers full fees, maintenance and return air fare from South Africa for one year of postgraduate study at the LSE. The selection is made by the School's Postgraduate Awards Panel and passed on to the director of the School, the chairman of the committee.



Van Hulten, van Niekerk

Photo: Thorsten Moos

News in Brief

Lambeth Council announced its intention last Wednesday to take the London Residuary Body (LRB) to court following Heseltine's announcement on September 5th that the LRB had granted planning permission for a commercial venture on the County Hall site.

The decision was taken because it is not within the jurisdiction of the LRB to grant planning permission. This is technically the role of Lambeth Council as the property lies within its boundaries.

Such court action has revived hopes of the LSE's bid for the building. A press spokeswoman for the Council announced on the radio last week that County Hall had been designed and built with government use of the site in mind and that a commercial use for the building would, in her eyes, be unfeasible. She argued that, if the building were no longer to be used for local government, then use as a higher education establishment would be preferable to that of a commercial venture of any kind.

Although this will be viewed as a favourable development, negotiators within the school foresee lengthy talks ahead.

Lilley foresees EC "superstate"



Lilley: "Unknown throughout the United Kingdom"

Photo: Paul Nugent

by Julian Sykes

European federalism is a replacement for socialism, Peter Lilley has claimed in a speech made at the LSE last Tuesday. The Secretary of State for Trade and Industry was in the Old Theatre on the invitation of the Conservative Association.

Lilley began by admitting that he was a Cabinet Minister "unknown throughout the United Kingdom", before moving on to the subject of his speech, Britain and Europe. Indeed, it seemed that at least some of those in the audience were attending "just out of curiosity" and "to hear what the official party

view on Europe might actually be."

He felt that the federalism of the EC would end up replacing socialism with a new European superstate; he compared this concept with the former union of the USSR to show that such action on the part of Europe would result in "disastrous consequences".

Instead, Lilley felt that the solution was the promotion of greater competition and choice within Europe. In line with this, only issues relevant to the whole community such as those of foreign policy or environmental policy should be decided at Community level. Other is-

ssues would be handled at national or even regional levels. He commented that countries such as Germany with a successful federal structure hold much less resistance to these ideas than Britain, which remains very centralised.

Implied by Lilley's arguments was a continued resistance to a common currency. However, he stressed that a major element in ensuring European prosperity is reducing restrictions on intra-community trade. He also pointed out that a continued obstacle to increased trade is uncertainties about exchange rate movements and transaction costs.

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STA
ULU TRAVEL

Sex problems at Saunders

Concern has been voiced by residents of Carr Saunders about the ratio of men to women at the school's biggest hall complex. In particular, one first year student, Cathy Lloyd Williams, who is at the centre of the dispute, is unhappy about the 75:25 ratio in favour of men, saying that it is, "Unnatural, and not representative of the student body as a whole." The current ratio in the LSE as a whole stands at 52:48 in favour of men. Lloyd Williams has dis-

cussed the situation with Students Union General Secretary Michiel Van Hul-ten, who recommended that she stand for inter halls committee, and take the matter up there. Matt Brennan, Hall President, confirmed that her name had been put forward for the committee and added, "I'm not sure how she is going to go about achieving her aims, but I agree with what she has to say."

Male residents have come out in agreement of Lloyd

Williams' demands, describing the current situation regarding females as "unnatural" and "unsociable.", though this is not entirely unexpected.

There are claims that some male members of the Hall, whilst being in outright agreement with the demands, are basing their opinions on what are being described as purely sexist reasons. "That's an understandable reaction," says Lloyd Williams. "Most guys appreciate the women, but I don't

think its only on the 'o-er that's a nice bit of skirt' level, but also because they think it would enhance the equilibrium of the Hall and appreciate a more balanced society. Ultimately the ratio should come down to 50:50 both in the Halls and the school."

The LSE Admissions office were unable to provide information on the Carr-Saunders male:female ratio for applicants, nor was the information available for other halls.

Rushdie up for Hon. President

The Islamic society of the LSE has strongly criticised the decision to nominate Salman Rushdie for Honorary President by General Secretary Michiel van Hul-ten.

Waqar Hussein, the society president describes the nomination as "insensitive" and feels that it could result in tensions between Muslims and non-muslims within the school.

Van Hul-ten and his second, Senior Treasurer Toby Johnson state that they are not supporting his writing, but highlighting the injustice of the novelist's exile into hiding. They recognise potential repercussions but feel that the decision isn't divisive, and that controversy can be minimised. At last Thursday's UGM, van Hul-ten maintained that by nominating Rushdie the SU is continuing its "long tradi-

tion of highlighting victims of injustice".

The LSE Chaplain, Liz Waller, foresees contention but stipulates that her job is to unite, not to divide faith and therefore will be supporting the muslims in this issue.

Other candidates are almost as contentious. Fiona McDonald, Social Sec., has nominated Daw Aung San Suu Kyi, a Burmese radical who has been under house arrest for her views since July 1989. The Conservatives meanwhile, have nominated Boris Yeltsin.

If Rushdie is elected, it will not be the first time a controversial figure has held the position. In 1989, Winston Silcott was elected but stood down after a great deal of adverse publicity being given to the LSE in the National press.

Anti-fascist action

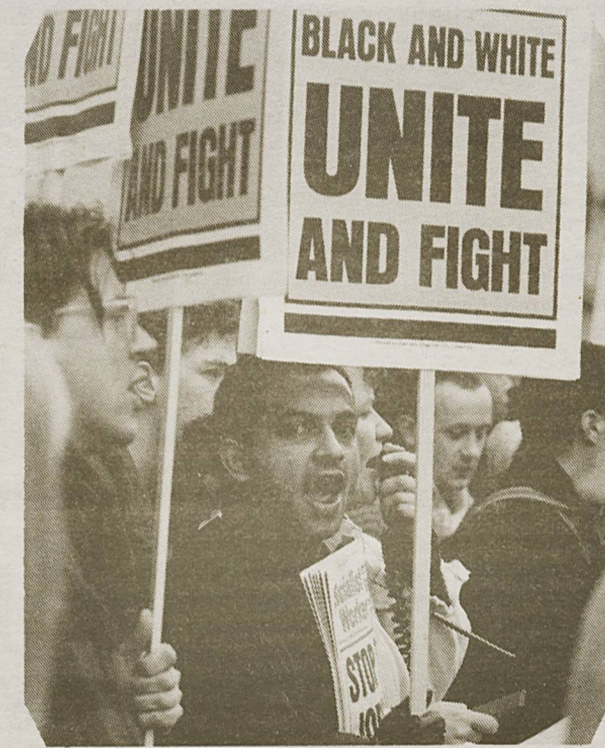


Photo: Steve East

On Sunday 20th, around 200 anti-fascists faced an equal number of National Front supporters at a picket on Brick Lane. Several prominent SU figures were present.

Contested Election Posts

| | | |
|------------------------------|---|---|
| Overseas Student Welfare (3) | Bjornar Jensen Erik Miekle Afonzo Reis e Souza Ludwig Kanzler | Diet Coke Monster Raving Loonie (Official) Conservative DSG DSG |
| Honorary President (1) | Daw Aung San Suu Kyi Boris Yeltsin Salman Rushdie | (Freedom for Burma) (Defender of the People) (Tolerance and Understanding) |
| Court of Governors (5) | Fiona MacDonald William Derbyshire Peter Mackey John Pannu Toby Johnson John Bradburn Antonia Mochan Zunaid Magid Juma | Independent Diet Coke Monster Raving Loonie (Official) Conservative Liberal Democrat DSG Athletic Union President DSG Conservative |
| Accommodation Committee (2) | Peter Harrad J K Plahe Bjornar Jensen | DSG Conservative Conservative |
| NUS National Conference (8) | Ron Voce Michiel van Hul-ten Toby Johnson Shabir Jogee David Mason Suke Walton | Monstrously Raving Do It Yourself Independent DSG DSG DSG Absolutely and Totally Unaffiliated (Honest) Revolutionary Communist Student |
| Constitution Committee (1) | Jaap Breugem David McAlonan | DSG Conservative |
| NUS/External Officer (1) | Dominic Bourke Shabir Jogee | Conservative DSG |

Commentary

Union Jack

So it wasn't the World Cup Rugby semi-finals - but the fans (pardon, the Union members) at Thursday's UGM sure were rowdy. And they apparently thought the game would be won by the most-liked rather than the best-playing team member.

Fortunately for them, such was the case, for their favourites certainly weren't up for the game. As per usual, the captains needed to brush up on their strategies, as they will have to do in the future if they want to keep the fans happy - and in the stands, and under control.

But Jack enjoyed the match, even if it was difficult to tell the score.

As the teams took the field, one soft-spoken yet hard-ball-playing member of the fairer sex (and in all fairness, it wasn't Captain Razia) brought the crowd to a frenzy of excitement - which was obviously not Fiona's intention when she asked everyone to shut up. After all, the game was delayed about 10 minutes, and it wasn't even a TV time out.

But despite her early lead, Fiona didn't have the endurance to keep the ball in her court.

Razia, it must be noted, made many an attempt to steal the ball, but as Jack has said, she needs to review those tactics. And unlike past contests, she didn't merit even a paper airplane (but for one mishthrown masterpiece).

In announcing the hustings for this week's honorary presidential elections, Simon Reid took the ball down the field several times and clearly made a number of well-placed kicks, rousing the fans to an even greater frenzy than the fair Fiona had.

Then suddenly in a late entry Peter Harris stole the ball - from whom Jack isn't sure, since it appeared to have been left unattended - and the audience's hearts as well.

With his dapper uniform - for all those interested, Peter is taking orders for similar hand-made jumpers, which he says his mum will be happy to knit - and dashing smile, there was no doubt that he was the odds-on favourite to win the MVUM (Most Valuable Union Member).

But this cocky lad must have done something wrong, for neither his jumper nor his announcement were ratified by the audience. Nevertheless, this action was a crowd pleaser - my, but fans can be fickle.

Ian Prince followed in Peter's footsteps. Jack is not sure what he was announcing, but it got the same boot that Peter's presentation did, and the kick was enough to score Ian a goal to tie him with Peter for the Audience Approval Award.

As the game dragged on Jack and the audience wondered if anything would actually be accomplished, but our fears were allayed when George Binette joined the team to add what he hoped would be "politics and sobriety" to the game, er, meeting. Interesting goal, George, but it doesn't earn you any points, and besides, aren't the two concepts mutually exclusive? At least in this club they tend to be.

Razia also appeared to have studied her game plan during the interval for she even came out with such phrases as: "Constitutionally speaking, ..." Jack was duly impressed.

Eventually something was discussed and amended, then the amendments were discussed and amended, and finally some voting took place - score one for the LSESU team! But Jack was not surprised to review the team's actual plans for the game and notice that most had been ignored. One hour just doesn't cut it, when the players are as adept and eager as this year's squad.

Maybe the lecture that follows could be moved back an hour... no, just remove some of the game's time-outs and maybe something useful will be achieved.

diary

BOO!

As October 31st draws ever nearer, The London School of Economics creeps into the mood for Halloween. Okay, there will be no trick or treating in Houghton Street, and no pumpkin heads in the Brunch Bowl (well no more than usual).

But on **Monday the 28th** the very spooky John Redwood MP will be speaking in the Old Theatre at 6 p.m., having been resurrected by the Business Performance Group.

Later that night, 8 p.m. to be precise, the Strongbow Campus Challenge takes place in the Three Tuns (that's the pub quiz to you and me). As ever it will be hosted by M.C. Steve, who looks like he has been raised from the dead at the best of times. The winners will receive money, T-shirts, pens, and loads of booze, and presumably the losers will have to drink a pint of Strongbow.

Tuesday the 29th is "Misery". Miss it at your peril. Stephen King is coming to haunt us at 7 p.m. with this critically acclaimed film. It will definitely be in the New Theatre, unless it has been switched to the Old Theatre (which is unlikely as they have bugged the projection equipment - so go to the New Theatre first, okay?) Anyway, it is only a quid.

For all you budding psychos there is a meeting of the Cinematic Society on **Wednesday the 30th** at 6 p.m. in C018 for their film "A Perfect Cut."

If you want to be fit and ready to mount your broomstick tomorrow night, you can limber up with Aerobics in the Badminton Court from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m., £1 a session.

Thursday the 31st - The mystical and chilling night itself. What has the LSE got in store to celebrate this terrifying evening? More aerobics. This time 5-6 p.m., again in the Badminton Court.

If you haven't the stomach for that, there is an excellent Jazz Night in C018 courtesy of Jazz Soc. and the LSE SU ENTS.

Meanwhile, in the Three Tuns, an acoustic duo called "Raindancer" will be enchanting us from 9 p.m., no charge.

The big night of the week is **Friday the 1st**. The place to be is the Quad. At 8 p.m. is The Gig Night with "L-Kage" topping the bill on their Passion '91 Tour. "I think they're great" is the word from Melody Maker. Thank you Ms. Maker. Supporting them is "This Year's Blonde" after their huge success at Tequila, and "When the World" start the evening off. Three bands - only £2 to LSE students and £3 to others, you would be a fool to miss it.

So, as you can see, a frighteningly packed week at the LSE. Go on, be a devil!

London on £173 a day

Joe Lavin looks for ways of saving money in London

London incidentally is not an inexpensive city, as I'm sure many of you have noticed while using up your entire summer earnings on a Big Mac and a small Coke. There are however several ways to get around this ugly fact and avoid the horrors of abject poverty caused by the unnatural desire to actually enjoy oneself.

The following will attempt to show some of these ways. The following may also fail miserably, but you try finding ways to live in London cheaply and see how well you do. Anyway, here are some simple guidelines.

1. Do not eat. Eating, remember, is a luxury. In fact, there is absolutely no need to go splurging all your money on something as nonessential as food. Ghandi could live without it. So can you.

If you're too weak to forgo food, why not smell it instead? Many restaurants do not actually get too angry if you stand outside trying to get a good sniff of their food. And nutritional value will just flow through your body, unless of course you're standing outside McDonald's in which case the only thing flowing through your body will be lard.

By the way, this method can also be used if you feel a

little short on energy. Just stand by a busy London street and inhale some gasoline fumes. You're sure to have enough energy to cruise up and down the M4 all day. Inhaling is definitely the way to go. It's cheap, efficient, and simple. Keep it in mind.

2. Do not drink. Yes, drinking may be fun, but it is not cheap. In fact, many a third world country has gone bankrupt after deciding to spend an evening at the pub.

The problem here is that money spent on alcohol tends to rise exponentially as the evening progresses. For example, if your first pint costs £1.75, then by the time you get to what you remember as your seventh pint, you will have spent about £1.75 to the seventh power. This is not good, as many of the economics students can attest.

The trick, therefore, is to find a drink that costs one pound, because we all know that one to the seventh power still equals one. Sadly, though, most pub owners are not particularly good at maths and will usually miss this mathematical nuance.

3. Do not have fun. Many fail to realize that fun costs much more than sitting in a room by yourself doing nothing. If you do nothing, chances are you'll have to

pay nothing. In fact, from my experiences as a summer employee for the U.S. government, you can actually get paid for doing nothing. Look into it.

4. Do not Live. Killing yourself is a very efficient way of saving money. After all, if you kill yourself, chances are that you won't be around to spend money in the future. (I'm pretty sure about this because I was forced to take some science classes in the States.) Still, you must be careful to choose a cheap way to kill yourself. Guns, for example, are right out. Anything that shiny is bound to be expensive.

Knives are also out unless of course you can borrow one from someone. Do not, however, under any circumstance tell the person why you need the knife. Just say you need to cut up some onions for this simply scrumptious soup you're making, and maybe even invite the person up for a bowl.

If you were to give the real reason you need the knife, the person might get nervous. The idea that he would have to pull the knife out and wipe off all that blood would slowly register in his head as he made up some excuse about his Great Aunt popping in and needing the knife for something else.

Also, make sure the knife is a sharp one. A bread knife is useless unless you intend to spread yourself to death.

Another popular form of killing oneself is to run out in front of a car. This is cheap as you do not have to own a car. It is also extremely efficient, since it's not as if a London driver will bother to stop just because some crazy young person has decided to jump into the street.

Special note to foreigners: Remember to always look down on the street to see if it reads "Look right" or "Look left." There is nothing more embarrassing than trying to commit suicide on the wrong side of the road.

5. Read the Beaver. The Beaver is much cheaper than most other papers, in the sense that the Beaver is free and other papers are not. Besides, I figured that I might have a better chance of getting this published if I said something nice about the Beaver.

Well, I'll catch you later. I'm going off to McDonald's now for some lunch, since this article didn't really help me any. Say, are you busy now? Would you like to have some lunch with me? Your treat!

Concert supports Dessie Ellis

Folk musicians tell of "miscarriage of justice." Paul Nugent reports

Last Monday lunchtime, the "Free Dessie Ellis" Concert took place in Hacker's Bar. This was to draw attention to the case of Irishman Dessie Ellis, currently on trial (at the time of writing) at the Old Bailey for conspiring to cause explosions in the UK.

The concert featured English and Irish folk music and the reading of poetry written by Bobby Sands (the Republican prisoner and MP who died on hunger strike in 1981), which was read by Theresa Robinson, wife of

Jimmy Robinson who was convicted with three others for the murder of Carl Bridgewater.

This case, according to Ellis' supporters, has many similarities with that of Ellis and also with miscarriages of justice such as the Birmingham six case.

The concert was organized as part of a larger campaign, which has seen pickets of courts in major British cities and a public speaking tour by the father of Dessie Ellis.

According to Nick Connors, a folk musician who or-

ganized Monday's event, "This case is a travesty of justice. The evidence does not support the charges he was extradited on. Once he was in Britain, the prosecution could not support those charges, they had to admit he was never in this country."

He also claimed such injustices were caused by "police and judicial corruption" and they were not just confined to cases involving Britain's presence in Northern Ireland, he quoted the Orgreave case in the miner's

strike as an example.

"Because of the Birmingham Six and the Guilford Four cases, people are aware of the corruption in the system," he said.

To those who hold the view that it is right that Ellis should be put on trial, Connors said, "The point at principle is that people have a right to a fair trial."

He also warned that so long as Britain remained in Northern Ireland this type of case would continue to occur.

ADVERTISEMENT

In my final year at the LSE the idea of Accountancy seemed daunting, viewed from a languid existence at the Maple Street Flats the idea of both work and study seemed too frightening to even contemplate - but here I am, at KPMG for just over a year now and telling you all about it.

Accountancy for most people means auditing. Auditing means reviewing a company's firm's accounts with a view to giving an opinion on the "truthfulness and fairness" with which they have been produced. This means understanding the business or organisation you are auditing.

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You learn so much, accounting and auditing are not just to do with figures - understanding the business means understanding what it does and how it does it. For the auditor this could mean anything from inspecting and understanding the workings of a brewery to a field trip to Sri Lanka to see a Red Cross camp in operation.

The opportunity to travel

comes even before you qualify, I have already, within a year, been on two "away" jobs. After qualification should you decide not to stay in auditing - your training experience would have given you a solid base on which to build a career of any sort in the world of business and finance.

During your training at KPMG you can see yourself getting somewhere - because KPMG is split into departments of only 35-40 people, you know the people you're working with and if you're willing to put in effort, it doesn't go unnoticed. You get responsibility as soon as you are ready for it within a

year you're running your own small audits.

KPMG take care of your academic tuition, a private tutorial firm guide you admirably through your professional exams. Suddenly you realise that you are in fact, capable of organising your life-auditing, laundry, studying, cooking, shopping it all gets done and miraculously you still manage to fit in a fairly active social life.

At the end of the day, I suppose accountancy is like any other career or job - it is what you make it - KPMG give you every opportunity to make it a success.

The Perplexing Problem of Paper

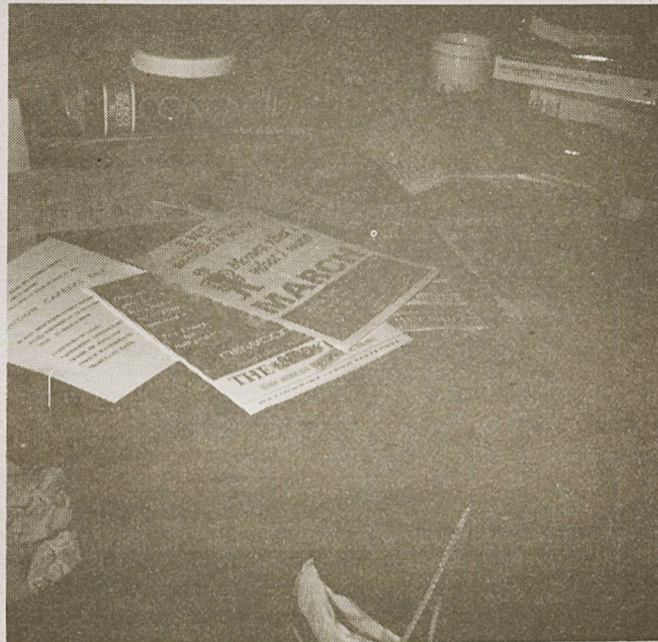
What is the biggest problem facing students today?
Eduardo Jauregui has the answer

I have a problem. I can't get any work done. Ok, so you're not impressed—I know, you're not finding it a bowl of cherries either, if you're even trying (i.e., not a fresher). However, my problem is not the usual post-summer allergy to academic work so common to student life, but a question of physical impossibility.

A monster lives on my desk, you see. Yes, a huge, hideous beast has slowly grown on my workplace over the past three weeks, and now engulfs it entirely. Call it PAPER. A confused mass of towering stacks, overturned heaps, and bulging mounds, the beast is composed of innumerable student offers, ads for every conceivable article sold in the free world, detailed maps and guides to the BLPEs, LSE, ULU, London, Britain, Europe, Life, the Universe, and Everything. Pamphlets, magazines, booklets, newspapers, leaflets—all of it free,

all of it very useful no doubt, but I calculate it would take the average person three lifetimes to wade through such a bewildering array of information.

At first I didn't give it much thought. I mindlessly fed it every information package I could get my hands on, trusting myself to 'sort it out' eventually. However, it has now been a week since I let myself stray anywhere near 'it', lest I be buried under a freak avalanche of NFT pamphlets and safe sex guides. My sagging desk creaks and groans under the strain, but the time is long past for well-intentioned, daredevil attempts at sorting through this ever-growing giant—more drastic measures will soon have to be taken. Finding myself alternative accommodation for instance. Or letting professionals handle the job. Unfortunately though, my meager budget cannot at this moment cope with either



additional rent or the hiring of a crack team of mercenary rubbish 'terminators.'

Torching the whole damn thing would probably do the trick; paper has never stood up well against the destructive power of a single match.

I realize, on the other hand, that certain very valuable, even sacred, pages would have to be sacrificed in the holocaust (my grant cheque!), but then again, would I ever be able to find them within that insane

tonnage of print anyway? Very doubtful indeed.

The worst of it is that it just continues growing and growing, whether I actually add any more papers on it or not! Every day it seems more bloated, and it's not just my imagination. They reproduce, you know—these bits of paper are fertile little bastards. Beware! The marketing laboratory of some scheming advertising conglomerate seems to have spawned a new strain of ecological paper, one that actually duplicates itself. And it does so from a single molecule of cellulose, and at such a rate that the chaps at Xerox are trembling.

What gave it away for me was an innocent-looking offer for a "free 3-inch cheese pizza when you buy a quadruple-deluxe Big Momma" from Pietro's Pig-Out Pizza Parlour, which (wouldn't you know it?) expired in September. How could I have guessed, as I stuffed it into

my bookbag, that two weeks later I would still be pulling out identical offers from between my psychology notes? The conniving little critter had actually cloned itself and hid copies everywhere it could. A new nightmare era looms before us: the age of the virus-ad. Oh Lordy.

Perhaps future years students could be spared my plight through the issue of one more—small—bit of paper to every one of them with his or her registration sheet: a dire warning about the imminent hailstorm of excess paper about to crash over his or her head, and a few suggestions about what to do with those piles of student packs. Organizing a 'Fresher's Bonfire' wouldn't be a bad idea.

As for me, I await the moment of 'The Great Confrontation' with Goliath. Wish me luck.

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The Beaver

This is my last editorial so anyone who actually reads this column will have to be a little bit indulgent. I have devoted many of my editorials to condemning selfish student apathy whether it be in politics, rag week or general social activities. This is going to be no exception.

Too many students spend too much time totally preoccupied with their degree certificate.

Of course your degree is important (that is why I'm resigning...) but unless you are totally boring, University life can be about more than a slip of paper.

So my final rant and rave is about the pitiful lack of candidates for the student elections. Half the seats will not be contested because there aren't enough people nominated. What are the labour club playing at? They have not put forward a single candidate. In fact, only one person on the left is standing.

So why have they gone on strike? Haven't they got a responsibility to the students who would like some choice other than loonies, liberals, the DSG or the conservatives? Is this a case of sour grapes because they did badly last time? Surely, they weren't just hopelessly disorganised. I would like to remind them of their argument when disaffiliation from NUS London was being debated. They said that it was better to change things from within by getting involved than opting out. Either they take their own advice or they too will have succumbed to the dreaded plague of apathy.

Heaven forbid that we have a Union totally dominated by the DSG, it's bad enough that one of The Beaver news editors has been elected on a DSG platform for two posts and is contesting a third! Is life at LSE to be totally boring and one-sided, or is this just a conspiracy to get me into the library for a bit of excitement.

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The Beaver will be holding elections for the Features and Sports page editorships, as well as the Executive Editorship, at its meeting Monday, 28 October, 6 p.m. in the upstairs room of The Cafe. Members of the collective, as well as those interested in writing, production, advertising and finance, are invited to attend this meeting.

Post Haste

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

AIESEC should not be banned

Dear Editor,

While attending the Union welcome meeting during orientation, I discovered that AIESEC (a French acronym for the International Association of Students in Economics and Commerce) was banned from the Union. As a former member of AIESEC-Berkeley, I was appalled. AIESEC's statement of purpose is as follows: "AIESEC is an international, non-political, non-profit, student-run, independent, educational association. It is comprised of students and recent graduates of institutions of higher education who are interested in economics and management. AIESEC does not discriminate on the basis of race, colour, sex, creed, religion, national or ethnic origin." AIESEC is composed of 60,000 members from 71 countries. What could any rational person (or union) possibly object to in this organization.

Since joining AIESEC-LSE, I have learned about the LSE chapter's recent history. In 1985 it was the largest society at the school. In 1986 AIESEC was banned by a witch-hunting union for having ties with South Africa.

Upon further investigation of this issue, I discovered that although AIESEC-South Africa is strictly politically unaligned, its members are anti-apartheid. AIESECers in South Africa refuse to hold segregated conferences and are actually known to have been hounded by the undercover police and treated as criminals for defying the government's apartheid policy. So, any claims that AIESEC "upholds the South Africa regime" are a farce. Banning AIESEC in 1986 was a damaging mistake. And today when the entire world community has lifted sanctions, it is outrageous that the LSESU refuses to recognize AIESEC. Why hasn't The Beaver done more to uncover this issue?

Sincerely,
Marcus Castain

Apology

To the News Editor:

While glad to see the Beaver highlight the appalling treatment suffered by Muhammad Haroun at the hands of the Home Office and Special Branch, I believe the article omitted a couple of important details. There was also a glaring factual error.

In an interview with a Beaver journalist I specifically suggested that Mr. Haroun may have been a belated victim of the Gulf War, which had given the state security agencies a virtually free hand to pick on Arab nationals with remotely "suspect" political sympathies. In addition the article

should have noted the work perused on Mr. Haroun's behalf by Daniel Trump, a third year LSE undergraduate, in his capacity as lay General Secretary of NUS London area.

Finally, I am not now nor have I ever been a member of the Socialist Workers Party, or its student wing, SWSS. I am in fact a supporter of Workers Power, a Trotskyist tendency which has very real and currently irreconcilable differences with the SWP. While glad to count SWP members as friends and happy to work alongside them in a range of united front campaigns, we would be at loggerheads on every-

thing from the nature of the Soviet Union to how to relate to the Labour Party and the strategies for fighting racism and fascism - amongst other issues.

Veteran SWSS comrades will no doubt be reassured that I am not a "prominent member" of their organisation. By all means, however, continue to press for the truth about Mr. Haroun's case.

George Binette,
Chair, Workers Power Student Society.

The Beaver would also like to take this opportunity to apologise to Razia Shariff, the Union Chair for wrongly referring to her as Indian when she is not.

What is all the fuss about?

The Lesbian and Gay Society would like to clarify some of the inaccuracies and misrepresentations contained within The Beaver's report on the Pink Plaque event, as well as outlining some further issues that need to be addressed.

As a beginning the written sequence of the article falsely attributes to different speakers the wrong comments. For example it was Eugene Isaac rather than Mel Taylor who outlined the background to the campaign.

The Beaver misses out the essential point that the Gay Soc. has been the source of much of the campaigning, the success of the campaign would have been impossible without the help of members of Gay Soc.

What is perhaps even more surprising is The Beaver's lack of interest in stating the position of the School and their failure to criticize the intransigence of the School around the issue of the Pink Plaque. If Dr Ashworth really wants to know what, "all the fuss is about concerning the Pink Plaque", all he has to do is consult the minutes of past meetings of the Court of Governors. (The Court of Governors inserted a clause in the Memorandum of Understanding which effectively meant that it would ban the erection of any plaque for whatever purposes on Student Union or School property.)

Rather tentatively, it seems as if the Director's appearance has more to do with the fact that he wants to acquire the support of Tony Banks MP (who is Chair of London Labour MP's Committee) who was one of the invited speakers. This would therefore be consistent with the Director's aim to cover

himself by acquiring support for his proposals to move to County Hall if a Labour Government were elected in the near future.

As for The Beaver's reporting of the responses of students who attended the unveiling, in fact the first year student who was mentioned was not interviewed. Some casual remarks that he made were overheard - if he had in fact been interviewed I am sure that he would have responded more comprehensively as he is a member of the Gay Soc. As for the anonymous student who was reported to have remarked that the "LSE lot are too political" this is absolutely nonsense, our anonymous friend is mistaken.

It is also felt that The Beaver did not clarify the underlying political messages raised at the event. The importance of the Gay Liberation Front was that it was actually the first group in the UK to organise politically for the attainment of civil and human rights and for equality for Lesbians, Gay men and to a lesser degree Bisexuals. In The Beaver's words, "the LSE was important because it gave the GLF the material space to grow".

Eugene Isaac, on behalf of the Lesbian and Gay Society.

(Paragraphs have been edited out of this letter as well as the grammatical errors - any letter of at least 1500 words, which is enough for a feature, has to be edited.)

EDITOR'S REPLY

Since Eugene Isaac has made some serious allegations of "inaccuracies and misrepresentations", I feel I have no option but to refute his points. As I myself reported on and wrote the front page article entirely devoted

to the Pink Plaque event, I can categorically state that everyone is quoted correctly.

I have two possible explanations for Eugene's false accusations. Either he has failed to realize that the article includes private interviews with The Beaver as well as what was said in the speeches or he wishes the paper to print only admiring comments about him which will enhance his position as Secretary of the Gaysoc.

The fact is, the success of the Pink Plaque event was due to the hard work of the sabbaticals who organised it as much as the Gaysoc. Is Eugene making such a fuss because he believes he should have done more; I certainly did not suggest that. Anyone who actually reads the article will see that it is naturally supportive of what it stood for and all those who were involved but is an independent report on the event. I believe in editorial independence so of course I did mention the smaller turnout than previously. I do not believe it would be of any benefit to LSE students and their right to freedom of information if The Beaver let people involved in a story write their own account.

As for the students I quoted I asked the first year in question if I could quote him and he said yes if he remained anonymous. His remarks were complementary anyway so goodness knows what Eugene is complaining about! The third year interviewed who criticized the LSE Gaysoc, much to Eugene's chagrin, did not ask to be anonymous but to be even handed I did not mention his name. I am now very glad that I did so because it appears that Eugene has been on a witch hunt since the article.



Inside a Romanian orphanage

Elizabeth Faure describes her volunteer work

This summer I spent one month working in the "Scoala Ajutatoare Zvoristea". Zvoristea is a "special school", situated in northern Romania consisting of 250 orphans between the ages of 6 and 14 years.

My family established a charity called FARA (Faure Alderson Romania Appeal) last December, Zvoristea is one of the four institutions in Moldavia it focuses exclusively on. Three of them are orphanages for supposedly mentally handicapped children. The other is a psychiatric hospital for adults. Although we fundraise and provide material aid for these institu-

tions the crucial aspect of our operation is to ensure that there is a rotation of a group of 4 or 5 dedicated volunteers, working for a period of 3 months at a time, in each place.

On my arrival at Zvoristea it was clear to me that only very few of the children have any serious form of mental handicap. The rest are essentially "normal" children who are being restricted intellectually and socially.

The children were very introverted - they had a tendency to sit alone rocking back and forth. This appears to have been a substitute for human affection. Our first task, therefore, was to

organise informal activities with the children so as to occupy them and encourage them to play with others.

The most popular activity was drawing. In this way we were able to gain their trust and help them to express themselves. Some of the children's drawings became much more creative and they soon began to concentrate better. We also played football together, went on long walks and sang, although much of the time we simply chatted, using our own sign language and pigeon Romanian.

The school receives a specific sum of money for feeding each



He'll go FARA

Photo: Elizabeth Faure

individual child. The meals at Zvortistea consist of rice, pasta and a lot of bread. They eat over cooked, mainly tinned vegetables that lurk underneath a thick layer of orange grease. Occasionally they are fed small pieces of bacon which consist mainly of fat or rind. Although the budget is small the quality of their meals could be improved considerably using the same ingredients but different cooking methods. On the occasions when my cousin helped in the kitchen a much more healthy and edible version was produced using only the ingredients available to the school. Also we suggested giving each child a multi-vitamin tablet once the school can get a supply.

The school now has an adequate supply of toiletries which the school administrator is responsible for. We made certain that every other morning he and a volunteer checked each dormitory to make sure that there was enough soap and toothpaste for the children. Hopefully this is continuing now that we have left.

Showering the children caused many problems. Throughout the month, we tried to convince the director to provide hot showers twice a week. In spite of this, it was calculated that the children had showered only 3 times in over 2 months! This is mainly because the pumps are in severe need of repair or of replacement. Providing that the pumps are in working order, if we are relentless in our requests and discussions with the director, the children will eventually be washed thoroughly twice a week.

Most of the children have very serious dental problems. We noticed that Marcel (age 10) had an infection in one tooth, that was causing him much pain. When Marcel was taken to the dentist she told us that there was no anaesthetic and proceeded to extract the tooth. Although Marcel is a tough, brave kid he was clearly in agony.

The ideal situation would be to

devise a system whereby all the children have their teeth checked regularly so that the damage can be detected at an early stage. We discussed this plan with the local dentist and doctor who both agree with the need for action. Future volunteers could therefore, press for this plan to be implemented.

The subject of feminine hygiene at Zvoristea is an important one. Although the girls attended one very beneficial talk on the subject it would be wise to encourage more such discussions in the future. Eventually these talks could include discussions

Although Marcel is a tough, brave kid he was clearly in agony.

about sexual matters. We were all concerned about one clearly disturbed adolescent girl, who we suspect has suffered sexual abuse.

Although we have plenty of good intentions regarding the future of Zvoristea it should not be forgotten that we are not running the school. We should like to be able to work at every stage with the Romanian staff and to gain respect and trust from them. In order to achieve this, it is vital that FARA volunteers, be given a great deal more language and culture training before they go out to Romania. By having a deeper knowledge of the Romanian attitudes we will be more understanding of their ways and means of doing things so that eventually we will satisfy our final aim, which is to improve the lives of these children.

(For more information contact FARA, 87 High Street, Hampton, Middx)

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SEE WHAT YOU'VE BEEN MISSING



And now for something completely different:

Unetsu - Admirations of the egg at Sadler's Wells

"The egg stands out of curiosity". A statement as interesting as it is meaningless, wouldn't you say? Watching five semi-naked dancers who bear striking resemblance to a well known religious sect won't reveal an iota more of meaning - but deliver a somewhat bizarre, if not outright fantastic experience. In this, for Japanese eyes probably progressive, pantomime dance theatre, homage is paid to (you guessed it) the egg.

The stage setting is about as unconventional as the performance, since the stage is covered by an ankle-high carpet of water, creating an amazingly magic play of light and motion. Dancers revolve between slow-motion and ecstatic craze as they reveal a cycle of life, centered and always revolving about the

mythical shape of the egg as the music manages to softly lull you into slumber... Suddenly wild splashing and heavy industrial hammering tears you from your seats as the stage transforms into the savage scenery Duran Duran's "Wild Boys" video (assisted by a slight undertone of Depeche Mode): The egg has cracked!... or maybe hatched? The cycle is completed and starts anew.

This perplexing show of elements, symbolized by falls of sand and water out of nowhere is the product of blending traditional Japanese art with 20th century contemporary dance and goes by the Japanese name "Butoh". Enacted here by the group of Sankai Juku it appears to be fascinating to most European eyes, while strangely disturbing at the



What a lay! (Sankai Juku)

courtesy of Mark Borkowski Press & PR

same time: However, it gives as exotic a pleasure as you may expect and indeed pro-

vides appropriate food (for thought) in London's current "Nipponmania".

Thomas Cohrs

The egg still stands until 2nd November, at Sadler's Wells

Briton meets Nippon

You guessed it: yet another Japanese art exhibition

The present exhibition at the Barbican Art Gallery continues the present Japan Festival, 1991, where the interaction between British and Japanese art is examined in a juxtaposition of photographs, prints, ceramics, furniture and costumes by artists from both nations. "Japan and Britain, An Aesthetic Dialogue, 1850 to 1930" is an opportunity to observe the introduction into mainstream British culture of Japanese design and style through a wealth of leading artists of the period, including J. Whistler in the 1860's to Bernard Leach in the 1920's.

Also examined is the less well known influence of Western culture on Japanese art and it is this aspect of the exhibition that will most surprise the uninitiated with pieces that are of a distinctly British in design.

'Aesthetic Dialogue' is beneficially arranged into fourteen chronological sections each showing the development of British and Japanese culture. It begins by examining the striking images of a rapidly changing Japan before and after the Meiji restoration of 1868, through the work of Felix Beato. The exhibition continues to illustrate how the introduction of 'Japonism' was popularised in Britain through works by both Whistler and Tissot. Rossetti, Soloman, Moore and Roussel are also featured, with paintings including kimonos, flowers, fans and Japanese screens.

The exhibition displays the impact on popular culture through a section on Aesthetic Movement. While



Japanese Fantasy (Revenge), by Dorothy Webster Hawksley

Western fashion appeared in Japan, Japanese fabrics and exotic artifacts were introduced to London through Arthur Lasenby Liberty's new venture in Regent Street.

Christopher Dresser's silverware and Arthur Silver's famous peacock designs illustrate the influence of Japanese fashion. Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado" became all the rage at the time, with costumes produced for a 1926 production being shown together with

other theatrical ephemera.

By the turn of the century, 'Japonism' had been widely absorbed into British culture. The exhibition continues to show how Whistler's initial influence spread to the work of painters like Wilson Steer and the 'Glasgow Boys'. A number of Aubrey Beardsley's original ink drawings of Oscar Wilde's 'Salome' illustrations of 1894 are shown and depict well the move from a Victorian style to one that is distinctly more 'Art Deco'. Meanwhile,

contemporary British art movements can be seen to have been introduced to Japan through the influence of art books and magazines which inspired the Romantic and Symbolist movements in the 1900's, as represented here by Shigeru Aoki and Takeji Fujishima.

The development of modern Japanese painting is examined through the work of the first British oil painting teacher in Japan, Charles Wirgman. His students, Yuichi Takahishi and Yoshimatsu Goseda produced some works of surprising ability with Wirgman's influence forefront as one notes the distinct similarity between their pieces and those of contemporary Victorian artists of the day.

The exhibition concludes with the beginning of a new exchange between East and West. From 1900, artists like Bernard Leach visited Japan on many occasions, resulting in further inputs of Japanese style into British art. For example, the Leach's decoration after his Japanese experiences took on a more oriental flavour, with him using a Japanese brush when painting his ceramics.

The presentation is one that is large and detailed, and as such will demand care and time if one wishes to fully appreciate that on offer. Perhaps not as commercially attractive as some current exhibitions, the Barbican is showing a collection that is both unusual and alluring that is certainly worth visiting.

Andy Rowlands.

Deadly Flirt

Playing Mikado at ENO

Imagine a state in which you could be beheaded for flirting, where an absolutist monarch rules with extremely ludicrous moral standards, the most important job in the land is that of the Lord High Executioner and where the King's son to escape all this turns to the life of a wandering minstrel. Now add the topsy-turvy of a comedy of mistaken identities, faked deaths and secret marriages, and you have Gilbert and Sullivan's much loved classic "The Mikado", performed by the English National Opera.

Just another item on the Festival Of Japan bandwagon? Not quite... Ironically David Richie's revival of Jonathan Miller's production offers a haven from everything Japanese, and more traditional sumptuous extravaganzas are forgotten in favour of the rollicking, empty-headed pseudo 1920's. Here we have the so called romantic hero in Bertie Wooster pin-stripes, giggling flapper girls and a swarm of chorus women wielding lacrosse sticks, and looking remarkably St. Trinian. However, having pompous tail-coated men incongruously singing "We are the gentlemen of Japan", was unfortunately not the only problem raised by this particular staging. By presenting it in this way, the directors apparently attempted to merge Gilbert and Sullivan's satirization of Englishness with all the aspects of Grand Opera. But such clichés veered too

often towards the downright fatuous merely because most of the characters were not spoofed enough.

Unfortunately, the two leading parts just proved this point continually. Rosemary Joshua (Yum Yum) was expressive and sang sweetly, but equally as tedious as her leading man, that red lipsticked romantic nincompoop Nanki Poo, played by Barry Banks. His portrayal of the archetypal weed was surely not supposed to be drowned out by the highly polished ENO orchestra and chorus.

It is therefore no coincidence that Richard Stuart in the role of Lord High Executioner, stole the show with his uncompromising ham acting. His updated "little list" for execution was uproariously funny, and amongst "society's offenders" were actors who became politicians, and a particular punk violinist... Stuart's 'love' duet with Katisha ably played by Anne Howard was undiluted fun of the carry-on nature.

Although Gilbert and Sullivan devotees would hasten to disagree, this production of "The Mikado" was by far not comic enough nor visually spectacular enough to justify its essential lack of substance. If you feel in need of a swish, flippant production harking back to the 1920's, go see some Noel Coward instead.

Laura Tayler et al.

At a Glance

Dance

Unetsu
at Sadler's Wells
until 2 November

Exposition

Japan and Britain
at the Barbican

Theatre

Beckett
at the Haymarket

Three Sundays for Sara

at the Gate
until 2 November

Kvetch

at the Garrick

Lady Audley's Secret

at the Lyric

To Kill a Priest

Bishop bashing at the Haymarket

Publicity for this first major London revival of Jean Anouilh's "Becket" centres almost entirely on the production's two stars, Derek Jacobi and Robert Lindsay. This is not entirely surprising but can be seen to be somewhat unfair because Anouilh's play is so good that you leave the theatre wondering why it has taken twenty years for it to return to the West End. It is an amusing, moving and highly enjoyable production.

The play chronicles the friendship between Henry II and his chancellor, Thomas Becket, which ultimately results in Becket's reluctant appointment as Archbishop of Canterbury. This event awakens Becket's sense of honour which has lain dormant in this career politician, and vocational cynic. Becket's new found, and much needed, sense of purpose compels his vigorous defense of the church, even at the opposition of his king. The deeply personal battle of wills that ensues is set against the power politics of a nation occupied and the racism prevalent in both Norman and Saxon. The final act builds powerfully towards the inevitable murder and consequent remorse. Henry, baffled, lonely, and tortured slides towards hysteria and paranoia while Becket treads serenely and



OK boys, who used my razor blades? (Robert Lindsay / Henry II)

resignedly towards the fate which he accepts with the same wonder and pleasure with which he greeted poverty and banishment. The central irony of the play is that Becket's surrender of wealth, royal favour and in the end his life gives him a real reason to live

The story is told with a great deal of humour, which Robert Lindsay in particular makes great use of. Lindsay's performance as the selfish, tantrum throwing, despicable monarch with a

school-boy whine is very likable and enjoyable. However, Derek Jacobi, both as a play boy and prelate, dominates the production. He is an actor of quality and anyone who sees this performance will both have difficulty discrediting this, and enjoy themselves.

As such, this is a well acted, well produced and above all well written play and is one production presently showing in London that is well worth seeing.

Neil McLean.

Kvetch!

Berkoff hates it all

Kvetch, it must be understood, is a Yiddish word roughly translated as meaning, a 'nagging fear or anxiety'. This subject matter is the focus of the new Steven Berkoff play now showing at the Garrick theatre along Charing Cross road. The play is essentially divided into four different scenarios, each one showing neurosis and paranoia lurking just behind the, '...grotesque mask of social ease and polite formality...'. Each scene is cleverly chosen and Berkoff's technique of freezing the action whilst the kvetch of one character takes over is a stroke of genius. In this way kvetches can actually be seen running around people, pretending to stab them or answer them straight back in some deeply secret, but of- fensive way.

This is a real Berkoff 'tour de force', and yes, I know that's a cliché much used in connection with Kenneth Brannagh's Henry V, but how else do you describe an excellent performance by somebody who wrote, directed and stars in the play. He makes by far the best use of his incredible talents to inject a very manic element into the kvetches - resulting in a most hilarious and cutting style.

I hadn't had the opportunity to see Anita Dobson act in anything more serious than Eastenders before seeing the play and didn't have very high expectations for her performance. In truth, her acting is not entirely un- Angieish, but there are many glimpses throughout the play of a really capable character actress.

I must stress that the play probably wouldn't appeal to everyone. A middle aged couple behind me walked out during the interval, complaining about the bad language, and to be fair it is liberally sprinkled throughout the play, but if that is what it takes to shake some narrow-minded people from their tepid attitude to theatre going then it gets my vote. Besides which, many of our kvetches in real life tend to be filled with uncensored abuse!

So, don't be put off by the advertising posters - it's not an horrific play, just one that highlights the subtle and implied horrors that lurk just below the surface in most people. Watch out for a great twist at the end - it may make you cringe.

Gavin Gillham



"Anita Dobson's face follows her mouth"

photo by Alistair Muir

No strings attached

The Lyric opes a lady's secret

If you are looking for a serious play to attend this week, you should probably not attend this one. If, however, your tastes run towards melodrama, then perhaps this might be the play for you.

Adapted by Sylvia Freedman from an 1861 serial by Mary Braddon and is about a woman who rises in social stature by marrying an upper class gentleman. But alas, as the title implies, she has a terrible secret lurking in her past which threatens to destroy her wonderful new life, a secret she will stop at nothing to keep hidden. I would reveal it here, but it's a secret.

Annie Castledine's production of this play fluctuates between parody and melodrama. Indeed, it seems impossible to stage this play without some elements of parody. Many of the characters' emotional outbursts were so overdone that the audience had no choice but to laugh.

Furthermore, for the more overly dramatic scenes, a violinist would suddenly pop up onto the stage to perform background music. The violinist seemed to function as a theatrical high-lighter, always clueing the audience into what was important, but



I wish he wouldn't stare like that (Sally Edwards, Gillian Wright)

after about two hours it began to seem a bit silly.

Still, I don't think that the creators of this version would be too upset by this criticism. Obviously, many portions of the play were intended to be funny, and the play never takes itself too seriously. It is an unabashed melodrama, full of the requisite plot twists and emotional speeches.

My problem was that I slowly became disinterested

in all the plot twists and began to concentrate on how ridiculous the play seemed. This would be fine if the play was produced as a straight parody, but as a melodrama it needed the audience to move beyond this level of parody. In this respect, the production failed.

Joe Lavin

"Lady Audley's Secret" will be revealed at the Lyric Theatre off Hammersmith

Sundays for Sara

Drama as means of political appeal

The two playlets, "The Same Old Story" and "Medea", are performed as a benefit for Sara Thornton, who was convicted in 1990 for murdering her violent alcoholic husband and given a life sentence. After suffering her husbands' assaults, threats and insults she filed a charge of assault against him. A few days before his trial, the strain too much, she stabbed him, he later died. Her appeal case was thrown out after judges ignored evidence explaining the extreme stress she was under at the time of her action. She remains imprisoned.

The playlets, are concerned with the entrapment of women by a society, whose laws and values have been created by men for men. Both monologues are performed by Ellie Haddington. She depicts the role women have to play whilst having sex, the continual fear of pregnancy, the lack of options for women who wish to have an abortion, the pain of childbirth and the problems of bringing up a child on one's own. However, she also shows the comic side of life, the strength of women and

the wonder of having a child. The props are simple, her dress childlike, the music quiet and the lighting as changeable as her tone of voice. In the final half of "The Same Old Story", the character tells a fairytale to her daughter, one in which the oppression faced by women throughout their lives is depicted. Her vibrant performance, mostly funny, sometimes sad, reaches its peak during the 'story' sequence. By making the audience laugh, she can also make them feel, the sadness inherent throughout. The first piece is bright, ironical, farcical and fast moving, while

the second piece, in an historical setting, makes brilliant use of analogy. Tone and pace are in complete contrast to the previous piece, slow and moody, reflected by the cold, grey walls, making up the scenery coupled with harsh, misty lighting. Ellie Haddington has her back to the audience, her arms outstretched, pleading to the imaginary character Medea. The grey walls and white ghostlike face reflect Medea's pain and bitterness.

The playlet captures Medea's feelings of betrayal, her anger towards a society that condemns her for getting old and removes the only part of her that is alive; her children and also the pity she feels towards her 'women' whom are so trapped by the society they live in that they become part of that society and trap her. Her character is powerful, and at times, shocking. However, she fights to the end. Ellie Haddington injects her performance with a powerful realism that causes some thinking.

Together the playlets offer one a glance at the two most passionate themes in theatre; comedy and tragedy. Their one downfall, is their brevity, only one hour in total. However, both men and women, would gain inspiration and insight into the struggles and strengths of women by watching it.

The two playlets are performed at the Gate Theatre (nearest tube Notting Hill Gate) at 8.00p.m. on the 27 October and 3 November.

Sarah Motta

OO-ER, MISSUS

Teenage Fanclub play the T & C and Lynn Holland plays LSE

According to the Melody Maker - the 'bible' (or bog roll depending on your musical tastes), the Teenage Fanclub, which it blissfully splashed (oo-er) all over its' front page, are being hailed as the new indie sensation, or at least until next weeks edition. Therefore your intrepid Beaver reviewers ventured forth to the T & C to witness yet another sensation (oh dear, matron).

Arriving late, we were shocked to discover the excellent Revolver half way through a secret warm up gig. We were only able to catch this modern Beatles three piece, playing "Rave", "Crimson" and "Up and Down" which should be part of any self-respecting record collection, it's that good. So as mysteriously as they had appeared they departed, leaving a small but satisfied (oo-er) audience, and we were left pondering whether we had seen something rather special and look forward to the day when we can boast that we saw Revolver in '91. They should be huge.

The official support saw Velvet Crush, Creation's new signing, fresh from America playing yet more college scrap. Even the sight of their drunken drummer losing his sticks after chucking them into the audience and pathetically crawling over the stage to recover them, failed to grab the audience's attention (but it made us chuckle anyway). Thus proceeded 45 minutes of the same song played over and over again with different titles such as "Superstar" and "White Soul"; you could actually hear their lyrics for once but nobody cared and even Brendan from the Fannies couldn't make any difference. No doubt they will be huge, thanks to Creation (and probably on

the front of next weeks NME) but please, send them home.

Finally the main act of the evening arrived and today's darlings TFC began their set. Full of confidence, they soon had the audience slam-dancing. New songs off the forthcoming album "Bandwagonesque" were eagerly devoured and favourites such as "Starsign" and "Metal Baby" prompted full scale madness. Unfortunately, one poor bloke failed to take notice of the T & C's strict policy on stagediving and got nicked in mid-flight, by the largest pair of bouncers we have ever seen (oops, no innuendo intended this time).

The Fannies new single "The Concept" demonstrates why they are the new darlings of alternative music (in other words they sound like everybody else eg. Ride slowed down), but any song which mentions Status Quo in the opening line must have some balls and it is obvious they are trying to break new ground commercially; the top forty is a long way off yet, although they are sure to make it eventually.

So they wound up with their fabulous, however overplayed, "Like A Virgin" cover and the oldie "What You Do To Me". Nevertheless, one can't help but think that they are going to fall into the realms of T-shirt success before their music catches up; according to rumour more shirts have been sold than singles, but this is not so unique today as one realises when walking down Camden Market on a Sunday or Houghton Street any other day. Overall impressions? Buy the T-shirt, borrow the album.

Nick Fletcher and Zaf.

Lynn Holland at 'The Cafe'

The Union's 'French Day' on October 15th began with an enjoyable lunchtime performance in the Hacker's Bar by London-based singer Lynn Holland.

Drawing on the repertoire of songs that Edith Piaf made famous, Holland - accompanied by David Harrod on keyboard - sang a variety ranging from the lesser-known 'L'Accordeoniste' (on request) to the classic 'La Vie en Rose'.

Another Piaf favourite 'Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien' was also beautifully sung and well-received.

The audience of around sixty people enjoyed lunching and listening, and were content to remain largely passive when encouraged from the front

to join in with some of the songs.

Holland is an accomplished singer and performer who has been described by 'Time Out' as a "beautiful Piaf sound-alike". In 1988 she was given the curious honour of singing at the first requiem mass to be held for Piaf - some 25 years after the French singer's death. This was at Leicester Square, but Holland has also completed 'Piaf' performances in France, which is no small achievement bearing in mind the esteem with which the legendary Edith Piaf is still held in the country.

Hopefully Lynn Holland will return to the Student's Union in the not to distant future for what would be her third appearance here.

John Hobson

Oh Yes, We're The

The Beaver guide to the most overrated

Jimi Hendrix

Why the morbid fascination with dead musicians? Following on the wave of nostalgia for John Lennon, Jim Morrison and Sid Vicious (does this mean we are going to worship Status Quo eventually) it now seems that big bad Jimi Hendrix is next for the merchandising machine, for someone somewhere must be making a packet. Let's face it Jimi's time for royalties are over. In fact the qualities of Jimi's skills were always under suspicion, recent discoveries (as we can exclusively reveal right here and now) point to the real truth behind the fur-clad, flaired lad that performed all those fabulous, sparkling, live gyrations.

It was in reality a mere Telford butcher, Jimi's much neglected uncle Jack, who penned the "psychedelic saint's" ditties in his spare time behind the shop counter. He was, alas, too busy to perform the songs that poured out from his surreal soul. So, he sent his masterpieces by second class post along with a rusty old guitar to his lazy, unemployed, as yet good-for-nothing, layabout

nephew James. James was at this point the centre piece of a renowned yet commercially bankrupt street act, made possible by large intakes of paracetamol and attention grabbing leg-wear.

It was only until kind Uncle Jack decided to get his let down of a nephew out of the ghetto back streets and onto the glittering, foxtress-flooded, showbiz stage, that the myth was born.

The rest is well documented elsewhere but the story of Uncle Jack remains a mystery still. Rumours have it that Uncle Jack is still alive and has moved up in the world, deciding to abandon his song writing career following his nephews death to pursue his future in catering; supposedly he is alive and well in a fashionable Birmingham hotel and is a well known voice on the Villa terraces, where if one listens carefully the vibes of "Claret and Blue Haze" can be heard echoing throughout the ground.

Zaffar Rashid and Nick Fletcher.



Jimi reads the Arts pages

The Smiths

"Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now". It's only because I've been subjected to an hour of Salford's "greatest adopted band and their not-to-sweet and not-so-dulcet tones. Being a Mancunian, most people expect me to idolise these depressing non-entities. From the age of 14, every club, disco or party that I frequented had at least a dozen requests for the Smiths or Morrissey.

The music can be described as original but not artistic. As for the track "The Queen Is Dead" the lyrics make me wonder if they have pretensions to the punk of the '70's. Mind you, I'll grant them one thing - musically, they at least have some gifts to play with - it's just a shame they don't exploit them fully. Morrissey has a good voice, so why waste it on

emotionally draining drivel.

As for pretensions to being "right on", The Smiths are experts in this field. Pilgrimages of devoted fans make treks over to the Council estates & pubs of Salford supposedly to discover the inspiration for and the background to the entire Smiths cult. Meanwhile, Morrissey sold out years ago and lives in relative luxury shunning the working class ideals that he preaches.

Okay, so the music is depressing and similar and the group consists of a bunch of phoneys. I can't understand why they don't channel their talents more appropriately. Why on earth do people waste their time listening to a bunch of manic depressives drivelling on.

Madeline Gwyon

The Beatles

The Beatles were four people from Liverpool, England, three of whom played guitar, one of whom played drums. Together, they became a pop group whose success was to be unparalleled, both before they formed, and after they split.

None of them were spectacularly brilliant with their instruments, yet, unlike most pop groups of their time and of many now, most of their songs were self-penned.

These songs were, for the most part, two minute ode's to young love with euphemistic lyrics of feigned innocence. The Beatles sung good harmonies, were initially renowned their jovial demeanor, and had long hair (for their time). The Beatles were musical geniuses on a par with Beethoven and Mozart.

Erm, now children, one of these sentences doesn't belong with the others. Can you guess which?

Our craving for the famous and the exaggerated importance laid upon them by society has convinced me that the whole world has gone mad. This is especially true in the U.S.A., where every middle class white kid is brought up to believe that the Beatles were undoubtedly the best pop group ever (like it really matters), and their all falling for it with cow bells

on. Hey you people, get a life! You're being brain-washed. What you need is a good (popular) revolution.

I was born and raised in south Florida - Any anti-Americanism is wholly intended.

Sure the Beatles were influential, but so were Einsterzende Neubauten. 'Who?' I hear you ask. Exactly.

The only Beatles songs worth listening to are the ones they did when they were doing loads of drugs. Even now, though, Paul denies 'Lucy...' was about L.S.D. (John wrote the song). This just goes to show what psuedo-hippies they were.

This band, just before they 'hit it big', changed from wearing leathers to suits so as not to offend public sensibili-teas (sic). They also flirted with a mod image when it was trendy for two milli-seconds in 1965. Oh and do you know those T.V. nostalgia clips of the screaming teenagers greeting them at the airport on their first visit to the U.S.? The little darlings were all hired and, at the time, didn't have a clue who the Beatles were!

Yep, the Beatles definitely invented pop music as we know it.

Justin Harper

Prince

Ponce, whoops, Prince, the man from Paisley Park, has quite a large following now, and they're very loyal as well the sad people that they are - a couple of them threatened me with physical and mental torture of the severest kind when they heard that I was going to be writing less than kind words about their quiffed american wonder.

They are however the problem-loyalty to a pop star is all well and good but they don't seem to get annoyed with any of his more recent production line 'works of art'.

Pity; if they did maybe he'd get himself together and stop being so indulgent. Prince was at one time a pretty good artist, but following the successes of 'Purple Rain' and 'Sign O' The Times', both fairly decent albums he has not stopped getting worse; 'Lovesexy' was made to appeal to a wider audience as can be seen by the greater chart success of the singles released from that album, whilst his more recent singles have used the old trick of

using sex to sell the material-sexy music is totally different to music that is simply filled with innuendo or direct but uninteresting material about his own sexual prowess. (Oh yeah, I can't help wondering whether all the rumours that we hear about his exploits behind closed doors are true or does he just manufacture them to help sell his records?)

A lot of people say that he's a genius and maybe he is in his own way - in creating a lot of noise and confusion around his work and himself in just the right way he has successfully managed to get people to overlook the fact that all his recent work just sounds the same. A really good artist doesn't need to create such hype - a really good artist lets his or her music speak for itself.

And what idiot let him make Graffiti Bridge? That's a point, he can't act either.

Navin Reddy.

Great Pretenders

artists in the history of popular music



'Keef, Keef, they're slugging us off'

Rolling Stones

Ask Kurt Klapphotz about his verdict on L.S.E. alumnus, Mick Jagger and he'll tell you that 'he was a very quiet boy'. Unfortunately he didn't stay that way.

The Rolling Stones. The ultimate Rock 'n' Roll monument. Every element is there - sex, drugs, rebellion, a dead guitarist and even a few decent songs. Sounds perfect doesn't it? How could they be overrated? Well...

For a start, remember that these multi-millionaires established themselves by doing second-rate covers of some fabulous 1950's R'n'B numbers. Call me a purist, but comparing the Stones version of 'Little Red Rooster' with that of Howlin' Wolf is like comparing Vic Reeves with somebody who is actually amusing. Wolf naturally died a poor man.

'Ah!', say the experts, 'but they went on to record some of the greatest Rock songs in history'. Certainly material like 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' and 'Sympathy For The Devil' is very good. Keef certainly knew his riffs from his elbow. But four or five years good work in a career approaching the thirty year mark hardly constitutes excellence. And the rebellion? Taking a few drugs and pissing on garage walls is pretty tame isn't it? Anyway, Brian Jones died,

the sixties went, and the Stones rolled along gathering a little too much moss. Mick decided that the high society which he had supposedly spent almost a decade mocking was rather fun, and meanwhile Keef took lots of smack and alcohol and behaved like an obnoxious prat. Oh yes, and they made some records too. Countryish, Reggaeish and even Discoish tunes were all tried, and were generally quite awful.

Now, of course, the Stones are literally very isolated from their audience. Huge gigs in football stadia throughout the World have hardly encouraged any degree of closeness between band and fans. Elaborate stage set-ups, extra musicians have been used to attempt to disguise the paucity of new ideas. If the Stones had stopped when Jones died, they would have my respect, but twenty years later, their music and their endless pursuit of cash has made them a joke. They are not a crap band, but to claim that they are the greatest Rock 'n' Roll band in history is absurd.

Moral: if you see any 'quiet boys' sitting in Houghton Street tell them that you think that they would make a great accountant!

Chris Short

Bob Dylan

In 1961 Bob Shelton wrote in the New York Times that "there is no doubt that he (Dylan) is bursting at the seams with talent."

At that time I would have had to agree with him. Dylan (or The Bob as I like to call him) was a man who displayed a remarkable sense of perception and a phenomenal aptitude for melody and improvisation. His lyrics were instrumental in stirring the passions of the youth of that era.

Unfortunately, the Dylan of today shows only the slightest glimmer of the genius that was taken for granted 25 years ago. Although he is still greatly

respected within the musical community and can pull large crowds in most countries, he has degenerated into mere mediocrity.

The transition from acoustic to electric has possibly distracted Dylan from writing songs. He now writes rock, which often has very little to say. Maybe this suits him now, since he seems to have lost his vigour and passion.

I guess he is content in his twilight years just to earn a few bob out of the inconsequential drivel he is currently writing. Well, good luck to you Bob. It's a damn shame though.

Hok Pang

The Grateful Dead

The hardest part about taking the piss out of an over-rated band is that you have to assume that every one else thinks they're terrible as well.

In the case of the Grateful Dead, this problem does not arise. Any writer in Britain can be assured that none of his or her audience will have a favourable opinion of the Dead's potential British supporters have already emigrated to America so that they can follow the Dead around on tour, at least until these so-called "Deadheads" (an apt name for a group of fans, if ever there was) realise what a poor excuse for a life it really is: moving from city to city every four days, setting up camp and selling beaded necklaces in the stadium parking lot, being spat upon by the local citizenry and harassed by the police. Horrible, really.

And just in case this entire piece seems devoted solely to the castigation of those aforementioned Deadheads (because it is, after all, the fans that make a band over-rated as much as the fact that the bands themselves suck pond scum), I will not fail to mention the outdated hippie platitudes, the interminable solos (even the Almighty rested on the seventh day), the annoyingly disoriented lyrics, and the general self-indulgence, that are all part and parcel of the Grateful Dead experience.

Granted, the Grateful Dead are a good band to listen to if you're in the right state of mind, but for those of us who don't wish to spend the rest of our lives stoned, mesmerised by "Dark Star" for the fifteen-hundredth time, I will politely decline.

Mathew Scase

U2

Not only are U2 over-rated, they're also pretentious, self-important megalomaniacs who listened very carefully to every Echo and the Bunnymen album ever produced and then nicked all their ideas and music.

If you don't believe me then just listen to the simple glories of such songs as 'Ripeness', 'Rescue', 'Crocodiles' and 'The Cutter', and then compare them to every song U2 have ever recorded. You'll soon discover where Bono got his "inspiration" from.

It's a well known fact that every single guitar solo that the "Edge" as ever recorded is just a second-hand, watered down version of a Will Sergeant composition. Trust me, I know.

Your average Irish citizen will try to convince you that Bono really can walk on water and that they really did see him perform the miracle of the loaves and fishes to a hungry audience at the Milton Keynes Bowl in '85. Don't believe them.

The only miracle U2 have ever achieved was to single handedly screw up the Irish music scene for years to come. At this year's Feile Festival in Eire, every single Irish band that did not sound like The Pogues, i.e. The Pogues themselves and the Waterboys, sounded like a second rate U2, and subsequently a third rate Echo and the Bunnymen. Only Power Of Dreams failed to break the mould, but then only they had the guts to turn down any "parental" advice that came from the four wise men.

U2 are not the band that their fans will have you believe. Just because Bono danced with someone at Live Aid it doesn't make them any better than they actually are. Religious freaks they are not. They're not even Irish when you think about it. They're just over-rated. As Ian McCulloch once said, "U2 is just music for fat plumbers and Bricklayers"

Neil Andrews

Do you agree with our selections and opinions? If the answer's no then let us know. Replies and abuse to E197

Big Love

Roxette rock Wembley

There are times when I as a Swede feel very proud of my country and all the glory this nordic nation has to offer, but then there are times when I don't...

However, Saturday night as I watched Roxette perform in front of a packed out Wembley Arena, my patriotic sentiments bloomed! Even as a supposedly biased critic, I must admit my expectations of the coming concert were not particularly high as I gazed in fascination at the surprisingly 'old' and mixed audience at the crammed arena. I do not think I was the only one expecting a teen-pop gig, a bit like Top of the Pops but on a larger scale and hence ten times worse! But I was soon to be proven wrong as Marie Fredriksson and Per Gessle (try pronouncing that for a laugh) kicked off their first London performance and made sure this was not to be their last.

Although it started off rather slowly and they did not succeed in getting the audience on its feet until four songs into the concert; you had by then completely forgotten the first almost boring minutes, and from then onwards it was a 'hot' (as Marie called it) and mostly entertaining evening. To sing along to the jolly tunes of 'Joyride' or even better their debut single in England 'She's got the look' (which took both Europe and America by storm in 1989) was an irresistible temptation even for my dear friends I dragged along who claimed Roxette was kids stuff and almost appeared embarrassed to be seen at such

an event. "Dressed for success" and the current release 'The big L' were other tunes that not only got the audience going but actually revealed a lot of potential professionalism in the band. There's no doubting that the talent is equally divided by the two members although Marie was the one with most initiative to converse with all those screaming fans! And for those of you who are fortunate (or unfortunate!) enough to have heard interviews with Roxette in the past will all now be glad to know that Marie has been taking intensive English lessons...

Per Gessle who's past goes back along way in the Swedish music industry writes all the songs and not to leave out is his singing, although at times this would be the one thing about the band I would like to leave out... Not to worry Per, your partner sings well enough for the two of you. 'It must have been love' made everyone think of the 'oh so sad' scenes from Pretty Woman as Marie gave it her all with no background music.

Not only did I witness a surprisingly good show with talent and atmosphere but also the advent of a new Swedish contribution to the world music industry; so it is time now for all those loyal ABBA fans out there to stop wishing for their reunification (because you won't live to see the day!) and it's time to stop giving Roxette a hard time... and instead welcome them with Big Love.

Pernilla Malmfalt

This Picture

'A VIOLENT IMPRESSION'. Released on Dedicated Records

Having never heard of anything by This Picture (or indeed of the band themselves) even though they have previously released a single on the creation label, I looked forward to being introduced to a new and original style of music or at least a decent rehash of one that I already know.

As such I was fairly disappointed; the first track 'Naked Rain' is not a bad track, nor is it superb, it's just good. On hearing it one is immediately introduced to the This Picture 'sound': melodic to say the least, it's a 'nice' sound, the kind you could quite easily fall asleep to in fact, and is heavily reliant on the lead vocals of Simon Bye who has a pretty good go at sounding like Bono. In mentioning the above 'God' of popular music I am simply commenting on the vocals, however the rest of the 'sound' is along the same lines: sort of U2 'ish' but

with some 'meaningful' Cure 'ish' lyrics. It's safe to say that This Picture are one of those bands that sound exactly like a lot of other bands mixed together and exactly like that one band whose name you just can't remember.

Of the remaining 9 tracks, three sound nearly identical; 'Still life', '5.30 a.m.' and the title track 'A Violent Impression' are pretty dire attempts at coming up with slow and soulful tracks and the 70 percent of the tracks on the album as a whole use slightly different versions of the same lyrics. 'A Violent Impression' isn't really all that violent at all, and as a result the album just kept trundling on to its quietly unoriginal end with only one other track of any note to be heard; 'Breath Deeply Now' was nicely upbeat, but once again I was left with a niggling feeling that I'd heard it before ... somewhere.

Navin Reddy

Houghton Street Harry

The LSE, as we all know, is stuffed full of philistines. I had planned for this week's column to be a culturally uplifting sortie into the field of fine arts. However, my well laid plan was wrecked when a young protegee reporter, Tommy Three-Tuns, returned from an assignment in Theatreland with his report on a well known West End production.

He wrote: "It was a tragi-comedy of two halves. Ninety minutes of hectic action. A great advert for the game and Theatre was, most definitely, the winner!" All I could do was to mutter "Fine" and send poor hapless Tommy away to watch the LSE Rugby IIs as punishment. This has left my grandiose scheme in tatters. So let us, instead, indulge in some pleasant tittle-tattle on the burning issues in sport this week.

It seems that the noble sport of chess is at the centre of a scandal involving a former British champion who has allegedly skipped bail. The Grand Master, charged with child abuse, obviously didn't take long to think of his best move and has apparently fled to sunnier climes. The police are, understandably, concerned that they will be outwitted in the endgame and have enlisted the services of several high ranking G-M's in an attempt to bring our man to justice. Any aspiring champs can contact the incident room through this column.

Meanwhile winter is closing in. This is clear not because of the dark evenings, nor because of the usual proliferation of awful overcoats at LSE but because snooker has returned to the small screen, much to the delight of insomniacs and, probably, snooker buffs across the nation. Of course, David Icke is there no more to entertain us with his wordly wisdom. The hot seat is shared by the excellent David Vine and the distinctly mediocre Eamon Holmes. He has yet to find his vocation in life. After stints on 'Open Air' and 'Holiday '91' the affable Irishman seems ill at ease with the old green baize and is already struggling for superlatives to describe the odious Stephen Hendry. Perhaps a move to 'Songs Of Praise' would be best all round.

As for the game itself, snooker seems to be struggling to maintain the momentum that swept us off our feet and into our armchairs throughout the eighties. Sponsorship, the lifeblood of the game, is drying up and the goal of world domination now feels as far away as the Reardon/Spencer era and their frilly red shirts.

And now, as they say, for something completely different. I was mortified to see that Martin Amis, regular reader of this column, and novelist extraordinaire was yet again overlooked for the Booker prize. His latest book "Time's Arrow" is a book of rare genius. It appeals to me for reasons too extensive to list but the way in which the story is a life told backwards has lead me to some fascinating, albeit trivial, asides.

Imagine such glorious reversal of events: the jubilant supporters are suddenly silenced as David Seaman picks himself up off the floor and the ball flies out of the net. The furrowed brows of the Arsenal all-stars are straightened. The ball whizzes back to Gascoigne's feet thirty yards from the goal, it's nil-all, play continues, then it's kick-off time. The players walk down the tunnel backwards, the crowd (me included) leaves Wembley. I go home, get into bed and go to sleep. Heaven!

Martin, if you are reading this (as I know you are), don't you worry about the vagaries of the Booker judges. You and I both know that "London Fields" should have won last year. Just concentrate on that book that you're currently writing (I can exclusively reveal that its title is 'Great Post War Right-Backs') and send me the manuscript when it's finished.

Finally, it looks as though the tabloids finally got the bona fide scandal out of the World Cup that they were gagging for when the coach of the French team, M. Dubroca, decided to extend his "fraternal greetings" to referee Bishop of New Zealand. This reportedly involved a vigorous shaking of the lapels and the delivery of a generous helping of spittle into the facial regions of the aforementioned New Zealander. While the more learned among you may know of a colloquial definition for the term 'Scotch kiss', I can only hope that this sequence of events doesn't lead to a redefinition of the meaning of the phrase 'French kiss', as I saw it described in the better selling weekend tabloids. This line was repeated in Monday's edition of 'The S@£', despite their customary reluctance to insult our neighbours across the Chunnel (remember 'Up yours Delors!'), leading to a week long assault upon French Rugby including such favourites as 'twenty things you didn't know about etc...'

Anyway, next week in your super soaraway Houghton Street Harry, twenty things you never knew about my mum. Don't miss it.

Clinical finishing

FOOTBALL

School of Pharmacy IXL.2

LSE IXL.....6

The long-awaited encounter with the recently promoted School of Pharmacy finally arrived amid talk of hat-tricks and ten goal thrashings. From the kick-off it was obvious that the LSE's

greater physical presence and flowing football would be too much for the opposition.

Sure enough, the chances were plentiful and the LSE took the lead in the first ten minutes when an excellent cross from Pat Eyre was tucked away by William Sheppard. The second goal followed hard on the heels of the first, created and finished

by Andy Clasper. Pete Conchie added the third on the half hour before Will scored the goal of the game, a cheeky lob from outside the box. Will completed his hat-trick soon after the interval with a sweet left foot strike before LSE fell into a lull of complacency, allowing SOP a couple of good goals.

LSE finished off an excel-

lent game with a well worked fourth goal for Will and a hatfull of squandered chances. The score reflects the convincing win, hopefully the first of many. As for SOP things don't look too good, proving just how much harder the premier is compared to the first.

Andy Clasper

Back in the ball game

BASKETBALL

LSE I.....111

UCL I.....70

The LSE Basketball Club is looking very good this year. The Men's 2nd team and the Women's team are both entered in the London Colleges Basketball League, which will begin in the first week of November. Both of these teams should do well even though the Mens 2nds will be up against the 1st teams of the other colleges.

The Men's 1st teams schedule will consist mostly of friendly games, although the highlight will be the UAU (Universities Athletic Union)

tournament. The selection of players we now have is probably the best since the 1988 European University Championship team. Having said that, doing well at the UAU tournament will require a lot of time spent learning to play as a unit and practising set moves. We will be foregoing matches against weaker local colleges, preferring instead to play whichever National League 3rd and 4th Division teams are willing to take us on.

The 1st team played its first friendly on Saturday the 19th of October against UCL. An early lead of 23-9 gained in the first nine minutes was slowly eroded as some of our newer players learned the

differences between the North American and European games and adjusted to different interpretations of the rules. In European basketball any contact with an opponent carrying the ball constitutes a foul, so LSE was quickly accumulated team fouls. Formidable free throw shooting from UCL brought them within three points with twenty seconds to go in the first half. A three-pointer at the buzzer tied the game at 41-all.

However, in the second half, the LSE began to find its fast-breaking transition game. Using our speed we were able to break and score before UCL even had a chance to think about defend-

ing. This, combined with competent outside shooting and a good inside game, particularly from 6'7" 1st year Leo Bredow, led to LSE outscoring UCL 70-29 in the second half, with 40 points coming in the last 9 minutes. Seventy points in a half is rather remarkable, and cause for cautious optimism: we'll have to see how things go against Cambridge on November 2nd, and Oxford (last year's overall University champion by far) on the 23rd.

(Scoring: B Zirkin, 23 pts; R Dickinson, 21; L Bredow, 19; P Cornette, 18; V Rao, 13; G Pope, 11; D Ivison, R Jelic, 3)

Robert Dickinson

Profligate fourths

FOOTBALL

LSE IV XI.....2

RLH II XI.....0

The fourths continued their unbeaten run with a somewhat unflattering scoreline. Having totally dominated play, with the opposition having only one chance in the whole game, the scoreline should have reflected that expected in an Australia Zimbabwe rugby match. Credit must be given to the opposition goalkeeper who was the only player who performed well for them.

With the LSE defence superbly marshalled by Thomas Randell and Eugene Stalker, the 'anarchistic' full back had, and took, the opportunity to attack. With myself and Laurie 'the stroller' Ryan in the centre of midfield, chances were plentiful. Top scorer Mark Rogerson 'bagged a brace' to keep his phenomenal goalscoring record going, but was guilty, as were many of the LSE players, of wasting too many chances. But the chances were created, and so someday soon, expect to see a double figure scoreline.

After the game many questions were asked in the dressing room. Will there ever be a fourth team captain, and if so who will it be? Will Mr. Ryan really hang up his boots? Can Liverpool come back from a two goal deficit? Of course not.

Adam Ryder

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