

BEAVER

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NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

No. 203

NOVEMBER 25th, 1981

CHAOS AS STAFF WALK OUT

SERVICES SHUTDOWN

STUDENT UNION services were brought to a halt on Monday when staff walked out after a dispute concerning pay and conditions.

The dispute originated in the coffee bar, Florries, and concerns the role of assistants Miguel Santoro and Lesley Jarvis. It appears that staff in the shop and Three Tuns Bar have come out in sympathy.

The strike is the culmination of a long-running grievance dating back some five months. Miguel and Lesley were given no job descriptions in their contracts of employment and over the summer have had to perform managerial duties as well as their dispensing roles. Because of this extra responsibility they are pressing for parity with the Assistant Manageress in the shop, Karen Kelly.

The extra responsibility borne by the two assistants had arisen due to personal problems experienced by the coffee-bar manager Roy Wells making him unable to carry out his job to the full.

In recognition of this the Union has offered to pay them at the requested rate backdated over the summer and for three weeks hence. During this time job descriptions are to be worked out so that Miguel and Lesley will no longer have extra responsibilities, and their rates brought back down to an appropriate level (which has been raised by 18%).

It would appear that the staff

want to stay at the higher rates and are supported by shop and catering manageress Kate Slay, who seems to be playing a dual role of manageress and "shop steward". The staff say they are staying out until the Union improves its offer. When the coffee-bar shut down at 2 pm, the shop and the bar closed in sympathy. The assistants have been taking advice from their union ACTSS, whose representative Peter Hopson is uncertain of its role in the dispute.

Reaction from the Union has been mixed. Incoming General Secretary Steve Pound sees the dispute as "the culmination of a long period of mismanagement which predates the present sabbaticals" but recognised genuine grievances. Senior Treasurer Keir Hopley felt that the staff were being "unreasonable".

Finance officers Samuel Kung and Robert Page are unhappy at the long-term financial situation; Florries lost £11,000 last year and a similar loss is forecast for this year. While services officer David Bearman has just produced a report on the coffee-bar, it is clear that fundamental action must be taken soon to resolve the situation and complications are added by the fact that casual staff are also pressing for a pay review.



Countering the cuts

AS you may have read in the national press, Wednesday marked the Lobby of Parliament by thousands of concerned students and university staff. The Leader of the Labour Party, Michael Foot, addressed a meeting of the AUT, calling for the continued efforts in reversing the education cuts implemented by the present government. The student representation was organised by the NUS and the LSO and a march was planned from Chelsea College to Westminster.

The LSE delegation set out for Chelsea by tube to join the huge group of protesters congregating just off the Kings Road. Coach loads of students continued to arrive from universities throughout Britain, ready to march in the pouring rain to demonstrate their concern. Their basic right of education, granted only 40 years earlier, was being systematically dismantled.

A junior minister for education, William Waldegrave, spoke at the LSE a couple of weeks ago upon this very subject. All institutions misallocated resources and thus can be made more efficient, or so he said. The result is a loss of jobs and a huge reduction in the number of degree course places available.

The marchers themselves were obviously determined to keep their moral spirit alive. The general

(Continued on Page One)

NEWS IN BRIEF

HE DID

FOLLOWING much indecision and confusion, a censure motion was finally passed on John Mumford and he was forced to resign, the post of General Secretary. Charges of laziness and incompetence were not answered and the motion was passed by 287 votes to 194 with 57 abstentions.

NEW GEN. SEC.

As expected, the Labour Club candidate Steve Pound was elected as General Secretary of the Students' Union, with a margin of 300 votes over his nearest rival. The Right-handed Albanian tied with the SWSO candidate for 4th place. In elections for School and Union committees the Labour club put up a strong showing, securing an average 45% of the vote. Exclusive interview with Mr Pound on Page Seven.

FIRE AND FURY

Fire has badly damaged the Deputy Bursar's flat at Rosebery Avenue Hall of Residence. The blaze was discovered in mid-afternoon last Thursday but is believed to have been smouldering for a few hours. The Deputy Bursar's dog was rescued by firemen so escaped unscathed. Foul play is not suspected.

Still at Rosebery, fighting broke out at Friday's disco and a casually-passing peeler invited nearly two dozen of his colleagues to attend the scene. No arrests were made and the incident will not be followed up. Staff and residents were not amused by their presence.

LSO LOSS

The question of disaffiliation from the London Student Organisation hangs in the balance following a vote at last Thursday's Union meeting. A motion to disaffiliate was passed but was a few votes short of a two-thirds majority. The Constitutional Committee must now decide whether it was a financial motion, requiring a two-thirds majority or an ordinary motion requiring a simple plurality of votes cast.

TOTS TOPPLE

The Three Tuns Bar is reintroducing its cheap spirits nights. Each Wednesday now will see double shots of whisky, gin and vodka at 55p, and doubles of brandy and Southern Comfort at 70p.

DEBATERS REACH FINAL

A GROUP of fifty LSE students saw a team of LSE debaters defeat opposition from, amongst others, King's College and UCL to qualify for the National Final of the 1981 Lloyd's Bank Intervarsities Debating Competition.

The Debating Society took two teams and a coach full of supporters to debate in the Regional round of the competition at the Cambridge Union. The teams consisted of two first years (Ed Lucas and Richard Bernstein), a second year (Justin Webb) and a third year (Ian Draude). Richard and Justin faced difficult opposition but were still unlucky to be de-

feated in the preliminary round leaving it to Ian and Ed to fly the flag for the LSE.

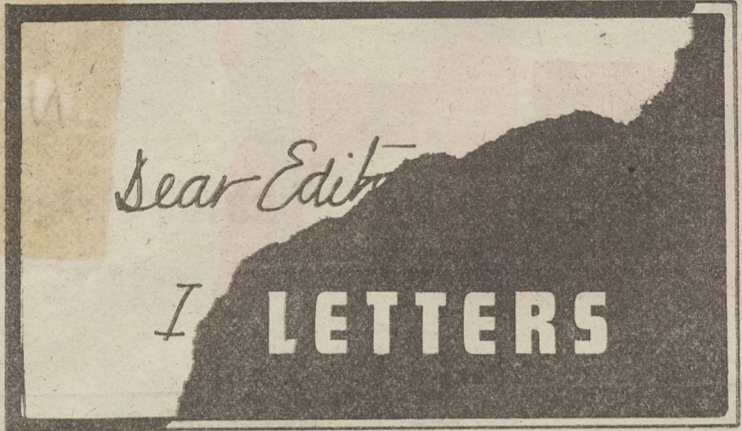
Draude and Lucas debated three motions in one afternoon to claim their place in the final and now face the prospect of a further three debates in Oxford where the National Final will be held. Doubtless they will be hoping that the Oxford Union will give them a dinner as good as the one they were given in Cambridge.

Besides seeing three high-quality debates, the team's supporters enjoyed an afternoon in Cambridge, sightseeing and

(mainly) drinking. The debating society believe that the trip was a success and hope to go on other, similar trips next term.

STOP PRESS

STRIKING coffee-bar assistants have returned following an improved pay offer. They have accepted a pay rise of one point below their demands on Nalگو Scales plus a lump sum of £250 for the summer's difficulties.



IRELAND

The debate goes on

Dear Editors,

THOSE who support the aim of a united Ireland at LSE do so on the whole from a position of isolation from that far away land and take as their basis the events of many decades and even centuries ago. A solution to the Ulster problem must come about in the light of the situation today so that no one is made to suffer.

Just as in the case of most nation states the Protestant claim to British citizenship rests on their historical evolution as such. The campaign to incorporate Northern Ireland into an all Ireland state is therefore a campaign of national oppression.

There is clearly some justification in the claim that sectarianism in Northern Ireland has been inflamed by the British government's lack of commitment to the maintenance of the UK. After partition the British government set up a quasi-independent state in Northern Ireland with its own parliament. Ulster Unionists never wanted Stormont but it was designed to keep Northern Ireland at arm's length from Britain and prepare the way for the ultimate unification of Ireland. As a result, the protestants in Northern Ireland have been almost constantly under attack and the threat of unification has always loomed. The dispute was therefore transformed from one between Britain and the Republic to one between Protestants and Catholics. If Britain was more committed to Northern Ireland then Protestants would not have to be constantly on the defensive against the Catholics.

Whereas it is clearly possible for Catholics to assimilate into a liberal, protestant UK it would not be possible for the Protestants to assimilate into the illiberal Catholic Republic. Education and health are administered by the Catholic church in the Republic and Gaelic is a compulsory school subject, a pass being necessary for entry to the National University of Ireland. In general the Catholic church is supreme in the Republic and reigns over a state in which few Britons would want to live.

The commitment of the IRA to a united Marxist Ireland and of many in the Labour Party to a united socialist Ireland is in reality quite ludicrous when one considers politics in the Republic. The two main parties there are very conservative while the Labour Party is almost non-existent.

It is clearly necessary that any discussions on the future of Northern Ireland should include representatives of the Catholic community. This means people who have been chosen through democratic elections not those who have bombed their way to recognition. The only way that the IRA can be consulted is by becoming a democratic organisation.

The only common ground between Protestants and Catholics is the British element. While the first preference solutions of the two communities are contradictory there is a massive overlap in their second preference which is for full integration into the Westminster parliamentary process. Such a solution would weaken sectarianism and therefore the stranglehold of the sectarian parties. It would create the conditions necessary for the development of non-sectarian parties such as the Alliance Party and the Republican Clubs and therefore an atmosphere in which the two communities could live in peace. If on the other hand we withdraw from Northern Ireland there will be a bloody civil war culminating in re-partition and a more homogeneously Protestant independent Ulster. We in Britain have a duty to all concerned to seek a lasting solution and not to abandon part of our nation to the ravages of civil war.

PAUL GARDNER

BEAVER

Newspaper of the Student Union of the London School of Economics, East Building, Houghton Street, London, WC2. 01-405-8594.

Editors: Colin Bates Margaret Cameron-Waller

With thanks to: Simon Garfield, Jeremy Rosenblatt, Sheila Curran, Chris Armero, Chris Collett, Matthew Price, Dina Rabinovitch, Penny Marshall, Biresh Roy, Robert Psczczel, Patrick Haverson, Tony Donaldson, Paul Murphy, John Mumford and friends and many more plus Dave Bearman for a headline on the ENTS page.

Photos: Tim Judah Paul Herring
Next meeting: Mon, 30th Nov, 12 noon, E204
Next Copy Date: Wed, 2nd Dec

F.C.S. FURY

BITTER? Sour grapes? You bet your arse!

As one of those involved with supporting the Conservative Candidate, Andre Brown, in the recent election for General Secretary, I have every right to be. The behaviour of our opponents during the run-up to the election was nothing short of disgraceful; the organisation of what was supposed to be a fair election was at best poor and at worst unbridled prejudice incompetence.

The Conservative campaign had been accused of using an illegal poster—this is correct. One semi-printed poster was displayed by mistake in Rosebery Hall—for that we apologise. But what about:

1. In the electoral rules it states that a ballot should be held to decide the candidates ballot paper order. If this was done, then the chance of the names appearing in the order that they did, in alphabetical order, was in the region of 9,000,000,000:1 against. • Still Keir Hopley is a lucky man.

2. The electoral rules were never issued to each candidate by Mr Sandler as the rules themselves state. They were in a filing cabinet in the Union Office.

3. The election should have started at 9.30 am prompt—it's in the rules. Many of our voters and others were ready to vote at around this time. Voting did not commence until 10.20 am. One crucial hour was lost.

4. Throughout the whole of election day, unfounded rumours that our candidate had been disqualified circulated around LSE. No prizes for guessing who started the rumours and no prizes for guessing the result that it had either. The effect was dramatic enough to stop even our own supporters voting — the effect on the floating vote must have been equally dramatic. Why do we have an election at all if the result is always so distorted?

5. Much was made of posters. Every campaign poster put up by the Conservatives in Rosebery was ripped down—the same is true in other Halls and in LSE. Of the rest, we have the graffiti-covered evidence for anyone to look at.

In all I count seven blatant contraventions of electoral rules.

Well, so what?

The election was not fairly fought. The election victor was massively let down by his so-called supporters. Steve Pound himself will be a hardworking General Secretary yet how will he avoid influence by these people?

A new election would not change the result and so FCS will not ask the result to be invalidated—next time FCS will have no hesitation, no matter what the consequences.

CHRIS McQUEEN
Publicity Officer FCS

APARTHEID APATHY

Dear Editors,

IN the last issue Liz Morgan Gray claims of the South African picket, "It would probably have been better if the picket had never happened." Exactly, the South Africans are far more likely to be worried about what people who might have been there but were not, are doing, than what people who are there are thinking of doing.

Surely these people who failed to attend have rightly realised the fruitlessness of such methods of campaign. Far better to actively patronize or engage in work for one of the voluntary organisations which sends anti-Apartheid propaganda into South Africa, than some transient picket.

The fact that deep-seated attitudes are impenetrable seems to be overlooked by picketers. Hard economic reality means the West cannot afford to alienate White South Africa and will do its utmost, albeit cowardly, to ensure White South African rule is maintained.

Student pickets will achieve nothing, this lip-service to the apartheid problem was exactly what the great Steve Bilko claimed for the hypocritical white liberals of South Africa.

Jonathan Blake

Convening chaos

Dear Editors,

UNFORTUNATELY, I was unable to attend the UGM of November 19th where some criticisms were made of my role as the convenor of central area of the London Student Organisation last academic year.

I wish to make two brief points. Firstly, as convenor I called two meetings of the central area of LSO. On attending the meetings at ULU, I found that I was the only person to have turned up — not even the LSO sabbatical officers had bothered to make an appearance. I subsequently resigned the post for very obvious reasons. Furthermore it was clearly a waste of time and the Union was not paying me to waste time.

Secondly, due to ill health, I was unable to attend one of LSO's two annual conferences. I apologised to the Union for being unable to do so and my explanation was accepted. Thanks.

ED JACOB
General Secretary 1980-81

COUNTERING THE CUTS

(Continued from Page Two)

public, going about their usual business were obviously amused by such cries as "the last cut — Maggie's throat". Every single one of the Peelers spouted a half smile. They had seen it all before, and must have been proud of their success in diverting the march along the Embankment, past a power station and a building site and then finally along a section of dual carriageway. As the law of the land required banners to be disbanded as the march approached Westminster. People arrived continuously outside Parliament, wandered around a bit, disrupted the traffic, and then went home. They had completed their protest.

The LSE delegation was self-conscious and seemingly embarrassed. They had hardly enough people to carry the banner. Due to preoccupation with power struggles and the like there was absolutely no support whatsoever of a national demonstration set in motion by the two hierarchical student groups to which the LSE Union is (was) amalgamated and to which it pays thousands of pounds a year. I seem to remember a UGM at which some furious people stood up and denounced the LSO for its lack of pressure group action. In accordance with many other London Colleges, the LSE should have been made aware of the moral issues at stake.

There was a total lack of Union initiative — but the fact remains that in all probability you knew that this march was going to take place. The Labour Club had made a very strong effort to fill the gap. Every single student and teacher at the LSE should have been present on the march.

But, of course, the cuts have not really affected your position at the LSE. Marches are for left-wing poseurs. Marches never achieve anything. You had a class. You had an essay. It was raining. There is not much involved in casting doubt.

PAUL MURPHY

Audrey Newman adds . . .
WEDNESDAY, the 11th November, was the N.U.S. Cuts Day of Action. Originally intending to scale down the side of Senate House, a volunteer from the University of London Union scaled down the Malet Street side of the U.L.U. building to demonstrate visually the effect of the cuts on students. The decision to perform this feat from the top of Senate House was withdrawn, because seven doors would have had to be broken down to reach the top, and the Senate House authorities would not have been very pleased.

However, London University Drama Society had no trouble in performing a mock trial outside the building. Several Margaret Thatchers acted as the judge and jury accusing all the universities of "educating people and massive overspending". They consequently had to be cut by 15 per cent. A Tory Minister (Michael Heseltine) prosecuted and a Labour Minister defended the "right to education".

This performance ended with a stimulating discussion between the actors and audience, which was a positive end to a Day of Action.

LATE NEWS

AT the national inter-varsities' final held at the Oxford Union, our team of Edward Lucas and Ian Draude failed to achieve the degree of success that we had anticipated. Nevertheless, we performed well in the face of strong competition and have built a firm basis for the future.

The results were as follows:
1st Oxford.
2nd Cambridge 2nd team.
3rd Cambridge 1st team.

CUTS: How they affect you

REDUCTIONS in the number of porters, a general down-running of portering services, and "economies" in the heating of school buildings appear as the initial repercussions of University Grants Committee reductions in finance to the L.S.E.

In a package of contractionary measures proposed by the Standing Committee of the Court of Governors, nine porters have disappeared, "as a result of normal retirements and some switches of jobs", i.e., vacancies are not being filled and services are being significantly reduced and further decreases seem set to occur as the result of a policy of natural wastage. The East Building and Connaught House Lodges will no longer be manned, the St Clement's Lodge will have one porter between 8 am and 5 pm, and the Main Building becomes the main security and information centre of the School.

Further economies in administrative services will arise with the control of heating to "provide more precise responsiveness to needs", i.e. radiators may not always be warm, but statutory standards are to be met, in a move to save some £200,000 in non-staff areas in the present academic year with further reductions apparently inevitable next year.

And, in a situation where up to 3,000 of the country's 42,000 dons could be sacked over the next three years, the whole of London University faces the prospect of enormous restructuring and potential staff redundancies.

The L.S.E. has been confronted with a fall in income from the U.G.C. of an estimated 24 per cent with a real value of a possible 29

per cent if additional factors such as changes in Student Union financing and inflation are taken into consideration. And, in a context in which, as the School's Information Officer, Miss Shirley Chapman, has observed, "for every year we fail to break even it is essential to reach into our limited reserves of £½ million", the School is facing a precarious financial future.

Yet, as Miss Chapman has emphasised, the reductions were not entirely unexpected, nor do they represent the most serious onslaught upon the L.S.E.'s financial basis. "The most serious financial concern has come not in the more general issue of U.G.C. reductions, but in the effects of earlier moves to withdraw support from Overseas students".

Because of its unusually high proportion of foreign students, the L.S.E. has already had to respond to withdrawals in grant roughly corresponding to the overseas level of 35 per cent. While its drive to attract high paying foreigners has proved a considerable success, the necessity of "selling" itself abroad means that the School is obviously highly vulnerable to alterations in overseas demand.

As far as cuts in actual academic staff are concerned, no definite policy decisions have been reached; On the more general front, the Standing Committee has drawn up a series of contingency savings, area by area, affecting virtually every sector of the School. The School has reaffirmed its policy of "no compulsory redundancies where possible" but one can only speculate as to how long this will remain feasible.

Yet, in a situation where, as Keith Joseph has admitted, "random bankruptcies" are a distinct possibility in the university sector, the L.S.E. has emerged in a relatively favoured position. Less than half the School's income now comes from the U.G.C. In the context of mass pessimism, it seems we are to be grateful to survive at all.

SHEILA CURRAN

Awayday to Harrogate

LAST Tuesday, a coachload of LSE students joined forces with students from Harrogate College of Technology on a picket. The protest was against Andrew Brons who combines a post as lecturer in politics at the college with being Chairman of the National Front. The students have been organising boycotts of his lectures and the demonstration was designed as a show of solidarity for their campaign against his continued employment.

The National Front have some following in the area as we found when we were scuffled by a group from the Young NF on our arrival. Because Harrogate is a small town, it is easy to identify people, and students who have been taking part in the protest against Brons have

been victimised and attacked by gangs of fascist youths.

The picket took place outside a classroom where Brons was teaching and lasted for about three hours while he remained in the building. A group of Young NF supporters took up positions on the other side of the street, but were heavily outnumbered by demonstrators throughout. When Brons left the classroom, the picket line followed him to his car, voicing their feelings on his fascist politics.

The L.S.E. students were able to go to Harrogate because our UGM voted on 12 November to finance the coach for the trip up. The UGM also voted to mandate the Executive Committee to attend. However, most of the members seem to have thought that Yorkshire was too far away and so did not turn up.

Katarina Särivik



MENU

Chablis 1977

Smoked Salmon Mousse

Chateau St Pierre
Sevaistre 1973

Peppered Sirloin Steak
French Fried Potatoes
Saute Courgettes
Cauliflower Provencale

Lemon Meringue Pie

Coffee

DIRECTOR'S LUNCH

FRIDAY, 20 NOVEMBER 1981

AFTER stomping all over London on Wednesday to protest against the cuts, students might be reflecting on how the cuts are affecting the powers that be.

Quite severely it would seem. Apparently the chablis with the smoked salmon is not chateau bottled, there is not a whiff of sauternes with the dessert and as for brandy with the coffee, well, no chance. It is worth bearing in mind that if there is equality of sacrifice it all might be worth it in the long run.

(Shurely shome mishtake here, R. Darendwarf.)

ADRIAN WEIR

Rough justice

Part 2

IN the last issue of Beaver I gave a brief outline of the scandalous problem of homelessness: there are up to 150,000 people homeless in the UK at the moment. So what can students do about it?

Perhaps the most important thing is something that anyone can do, which is to be aware of the problem, and change one's own attitude to homeless people. Do YOU refer to homeless people preparing to bed down for yet another night in the open as "dossers"? What do YOU do when someone tries to beg money off you?

But there are more positive steps. Several students at the LSE help out in a night-shelter run by the Simon Community. This provides food, accommodation, medical care, and most important friendship for 14 people every night. There is a strong emphasis on discussion and total informality, which I found fairly disconcerting.

Another practical step is to help on a soup run. This is simpler, and can be easier for new volunteers. Imperial College run their own, using their student union minibus. Just down the Strand from the LSE is St Mungo's. This is a huge

and very grim hostel which takes up to 500 men every night. They run a bi-weekly soup run in the Trafalgar Square/Embankment area. Soup runs tend to start at around midnight, though the Simon Community's begins at 5 am!

You may well feel that you haven't the energy to get involved in such tiring work during term. But there is a great need for volunteers to do a few days work over Christmas. Crisis at Christmas is a charity which tries to provide homeless people with a reasonable Christmas. It isn't specifically Christian, though to Christians there is something peculiarly wrong about people spending Christmas out in the open, unwanted and unloved.

An LSE Homelessness Action Group is being set up, to publicise homelessness, to encourage students to take part in soup runs, etc, and especially to recruit volunteers for Crisis at Christmas.

If you want to help, or would just like more information, please get in touch with me via pigeon-holes. There is a Homelessness Action Group notice board in the Brunch Bowl.

EDWARD LUCAS

Academic to assist mentally handicapped

THE Department of Health and Social Security is financing a three year study by Mr Howard Glennerster, Reader in Social Administration at the School, in connection with the joint development of community based services for mentally handicapped adults. Work has begun this October.

The project arose from a decision taken by South East Thames Regional Health Authority to reduce drastically the number of patients (recently nearly 900) resident at Darent Hospital, Dartford, Kent. Eventually the aim is to close the hospital. It is a study of decision making and policy implementation rather than of the effects of such decisions on individuals, which are being studied by a separate project team.

The work follows from a study recently completed by Mr Glennerster which indicates that some of the most important barriers to implementing government policy for the mentally handicapped lie in the difficulty of inter-authority decision making and phased transfer of resources and responsibilities. The research workers are offered full co-operation with availability of planning documents and files. They will be able to attend meetings and talk individually to committee members, officers and professional staff to establish their views on relative success and failure of various strategies. They will in turn discuss their findings with the authorities concerned at intervals throughout the project. The project, which will lead to a published report, will also seek to draw lessons of relevance about organisational strategies and methods for other areas involved in planning for the mentally handicapped.

National Student Discount Scheme

Guaranteed Discounts for only £2.99.

This service is available to all students and everyone under 24.

Call in at the Information Centre.

Publicity and information on International Student Cards, Cheap Travel, Insurance, etc., are available to all students and staff.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE

for

Professor Robert McKenzie

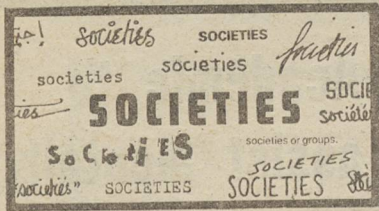
will be held at the

Church of Christ The King
Gordon Square, London WC1

on

Monday, 7th December, 1981

at 11 a.m.



Women to advertise their anger

SEXISM and the abuse of woman are phenomena which we may take for granted as they are all around us—on television, on the tube and in magazines. Advertising is particularly disturbing both due its subtlety and sometimes its lack of it. In the first week of December The Woman's Group will be mounting an exhibition outside Florries and running a workshop, also demonstrating some of the more flagrant examples that surround us but that we have unquestioningly accepted.

Saying that women are a major tool of advertisers is not an exaggeration, being used in the selling to both men and women, and although they use vastly different approaches, are exploitative. Many advertisements and even the scripts of many tabloid newspapers reduce individuality and create the now famous stereotypes of the homely mum, the competent secretary/mistress and the sexually emancipated woman (who is ironically still not free of the ad-man). The results may often be feelings of guilt and inadequacy due to the fact that woman cannot live up to these far-flung images that they are told they should or that society expects. Women are also the advertisers' victims.

The psychology of selling is analysed in Vance Packard's "The Hidden Persuaders", an example from which is the material image of giving food. Baking is often paralleled with the representation of a baby to the family (hence "having a bun in the oven") and the giving of food in general is virtually synonymous with a mother giving her love. This is how freezers are sometimes sold; the idea of having more food on hand is linked with having more love to give. Most women do not use a shopping list and as a result most of the food bought in supermarkets are impulse buys. To cash in on this the shelves are at eye-level and goods are designed to draw her attention. Instead of being under tension because of the amount of choice, studies have revealed that eye hypnosis may occur (the blinking rate dropping from a normal 32 per minute to 14) until she reaches the checkout (blinking 47 per minute) and has to pay for her impulses.

Complaints about advertisements to the Advertising Standards Authority are not always welcomed—one complaint about an advertisement in a biking magazine met with the response that it was not offensive to the readers of the magazine. Advertising is a major industry taking two per cent of the G.N.P., which unless checked, will continue to exploit and cheapen women, their morality and their sexuality.

Pat Frazer

UNCLE SAM EXPOSES RUSSIA

LSE Grimshaw Club Visits the US Embassy

WE arrived at the American Embassy in good time; so good in fact that we were then obliged to wait on the Embassy steps for three-quarters of an hour. Promptness, it would seem, is not a quality readily associated with the LSE.

We were in due course allowed entry, and all anticipated eagerly the forthcoming tour. But wait. Our numbers were, unfortunately, in excess of expectations, and fearing disruption embassy officials wisely decided to cancel the tour. The end you may think. But no, in place of the forfeited tour we were to receive a SEMINAR.

Indeed the cultural attaché welcomed us with genuine warmth, and with almost equal delight handed us over to a colleague. A poor man who had it seemed been rushing around all day, here, there and everywhere, and who thought it necessary to apologise in advance for any lack of preparation, not to mention coherent thought.

International Relations—what else—constituted the subject under discussion, and which seems to consist solely of US/USSR military preparations accompanied by an almost obsessive concentration on Soviet tanks! North/South debate eat your heart out.

The desired aim of the US—bless them—is to stop the arms race at the point of nuclear "sufficiency". This is, however, not an easy thing to do; and the naughty Soviets will insist on strengthening their position. The Western Alliance is, moreover, handicapped by internal democratic restraints (CND take note), and even worse European isolationism. When it comes to building armaments, it appears you cannot beat a planned economy.

At the centre of the problem lies the Soviets' preference for nasty

offensive weapons as opposed to the Americans nice defensive ones. But then as our official later expounded motive is largely irrelevant, capability is what counts. The fact that this could be equally applied to the US from the Soviet perspective seemed to elude our friend.

As did questions on Cyprus and the Middle East which lay outside his sphere of interest, and the person within whose sphere these subjects lay, was unfortunately, absent.

When presented with a reference to yesterday's Washington Post, our little friend explained that he was unable to comment seeing as

he received his paper two weeks in arrears—shame.

But I am being disrespectful, and insensitive to the 'special relationship'. And as Americans go he was not too bad. He did agree, in fact, that President Reagan would be wise to moderate his message, and clarify his terms. Recent remarks were, he conceded, ever so slightly provocative, and open to all manner of dubious interpretations. It's just that this stale rhetoric coupled with an insistence on viewing everything from the national perspective tends to make suicide seem like a good idea.

Sandra Hope

The young Reagan contemplates future foreign policy?



... or another visitor to Chapel Market?

Fascists in Chapel Market

CHAPEL MARKET, between the Angel and Islington Green, has found itself a certain notoriety in the mythology of the Anti-Nazi Movement. This article sets out to explain the background of Chapel Market, the present situation and something about where we can go from here.

There are three "battlegrounds" in the struggle:—

1. The ideological war has been won hands-down by the ANL, who have collected 800 signatures calling for the Trades Council to campaign against free speech for Nazis. Politically, the Nazis' impotence has been exposed. RTW, CND, an anti-cuts campaign—all taken up by the ANL—have served to isolate the Nazis.

2. Each Sunday morning the ANL leaflets Chapel Market (a new leaf-

let is produced fortnightly), collects signatures and talks to shoppers about anti-Nazi politics. This confrontation has also been won by the ANL in that the fascists are now isolated from the community. Occasional outbursts of fascist violence have further isolated them. Having your shopping expedition disrupted by 50 rampaging Nazis Seig-Heiling and wielding iron bars and bottles doesn't exactly endear you to Nazi politics.

3. The final and most sinister form of conflict is the recent development of particularly vicious attacks on individual anti-fascists. These have included petrol bombings, stabbings, beatings and intimidation. The ANL is, not surprisingly, having trouble responding to these squalid acts of political des-

paration; on the one hand they do not relish involving themselves in such gang-warfare but on the other hand they have committed themselves to opposing the Nazis on any level. They cannot stoically ignore the fascist thug pushing a knife into a comrade's body. Necessarily, short-term unpleasant tactics have to be adopted as a matter of long-term survival.

How can LSE students help? Firstly by organising a strong, active ANL within the College. Secondly, by supporting the Islington ANL at Chapel Market from 10 am till 12 noon on Sundays. We must keep things in perspective—the fight against fascism will not ultimately be won at Chapel Market but this is where it could be lost.

LSE ANL Open Committee
Bob Jones

Malaysia and perhaps more important an ex-LSE student. The talk on Constitutional Law and Democratic Rights in Malaysia last Friday, November 13th, was refreshing to say the least, highlighting on the formation of the Malaysia Constitution which I suspect must have tickled at times our 'foreign' audience as it did the 'local' Malaysians as well. The question and answer session after that was however of hotter stuff, touching on quite a few controversial issues

like the Internal Security Act. The event ended with customary refreshments and presentation of gifts to Tin Suffian and his very charming wife. The chair was taken by Caesar Loong.

Incidentally, the MSS in conjunction with the Chinese Society will be holding a Fancy Dress Evening on the 27th November at 6.30 pm in the Haldane Room. Please look out for posters for more information.

Kids in America

FRIDAY the 13th was an unlucky day for the anti-American faction at the LSE. The BUNAC came to visit.

What is BUNAC? Maybe some new organisation to replace the CIA? Actually BUNAC is the British Universities North America Club, a non-profit organisation whose purpose is to help thousands of students to enjoy self-financing working holidays in America.

Their most well-known scheme is Bunacamp, which involves counselling at children's camps. So if you're willing to suffer about eight weeks of being up in the mountains, having thousands of things to do, getting all your food free and getting paid for it then maybe this is for you.

You may find that you're not suited to it with the rules and discipline, and the kids; children of the American variety are particularly tiring. But if this is for you then it's an opportunity you might not get again. BUNAC also runs other schemes. The Exchange Visitors' Programme EVP lets you find a job and they get the visa for you. About Christmas time Bunac publishes a calendar of jobs available.

They also help you to go tobacco-picking in Ontario, Canada, so if you ever wondered what it was like on the plantations here's your chance to find out.

Last year some of the students from the LSE went. Steve Webster went on a Bunacamp and coached how to play soccer. Steve Collins went on the EVP programme.

BUNAC will probably be coming again soon but if you want to know more get in touch with Steve Collins, your LSE BUNAC rep, by a note in his pigeon hole, there's also a BUNAC meeting every Tuesday between 8-9 pm at the Union Building, Malet Street (Room 2E), or if you're the lazy type you could write to BUNAC, 58/60 Berners Street, London W1P 3AE.

Mike Westwood

Headbangers re-group

LET'S face it, we have all got different tastes and music is one subject that gives us a very wide variety from which to choose something to enjoy. Hard as the Social Secretary and his colleagues may try to please the majority of students at LSE, we all know some tastes are un-catered for.

It seems to us that the main bands put on are all rather trendy and only continue the general London theme. Thus, in order to try and branch out from this, a Heavy Rock Society has just been formed, hoping to cater for virtually anything broadly defined as rock from Pink Floyd to Motorhead and back.

We intend to provide discos (not the usual Bony M type) and bands with a definite heavy rock bias. Also enquiries are being made into films and group concessionary tickets. What we need most of all at the moment is more members. We feel we can provide a worthwhile society for the serious heavy rock fan. Of course, the more members the better will be our events and thus the enjoyment derived. If you agree then look out for the posters or try and contact any of the undersigned. Any new ideas welcome.

Helen Barnes, Ginny Clother
Simon Talbot, Liz Carver
Jon Louth

As Beaver spares you an awful 'Pound' pun headline,

NICK FROMINGS listens in on the "Union Tapes"

HANSARD

REVISITED

UGM NOVEMBER 12th

STEVE POUND: I'd like to open this meeting by passing the Chair over to the Senior Treasurer . . . (Two anarchists shower downstairs with boxfuls of leaflets before running outside and giggling. Steve gives them a dirty stare.) As I'm a candidate for General Secretary, I feel it only fair that I should stand down as Chairperson; but, before I go, I'd like to suck up to you all. I would just like to say to the vast majority at this meeting who do take it seriously . . .

(A huge laugh breaks forth, followed by an avalanche of paper missiles.) I would just like to say that chairing these meetings has been a privilege and a prestige bringer. It's great. I get all the limelight, but because I've never been allowed to vote on anything, I'm regarded as the most fair-minded politician in the Union. That is me: I'm the firm, but fair, father-figure that you youngsters have all missed since leaving home.

You've been such a wonderful Union—to say I've been your Chairperson makes me a proud man, but also a happy man, a man who loves this Union dearly. You have given me fond memories to cherish and for that I give you a humble thank you from the bottom of my heart.

(A flattered Union thunders applause. Tears roll down cheeks. Several people overcome by emotion rush out to the ballot box.)

Senior Treasurer: So, elections will now commence for a new Chairman.

Screechy Voice: ChairPERSON!
(The Women's Group grumble amongst themselves.)

Senior Treasurer: So, could I hear nominations?

(Everyone nominates the person sitting next to them. Keir writes down all the names he can hear; then all those nominated go coy and Keir has to cross them off. Two ex-shop steward hams nominate each other. The first walks to the front to say why he would make a good Chairperson, turns around, looks nervously up at the balcony, gulps, asks Keir to cross him off, then sits down.)

So, by democratic procedures, ? ? ? ? becomes Chairman.

Screechy Voice: ChairPERSON, Fuckin'el Keir.
(The Women's Group all go red and dilate their pupils.)

New Chairperson: Right then, straight down to the serious business. Can we have ratification of the minutes?
(A few hands are raised.)

Right; the minutes have therefore been ratified.

Smug Member of the Union: Point of order . . . Does the Chair realise that before the minutes are ratified, he must also ask for those against to raise their hands?

Chairperson: Oh, it that so? I am sorry. You must bear with me, I'm afraid as I don't know a thing about Union procedure here. Come to think of it, what am I doing chairing this Union meeting? . . . So, then who is against ratification of the minutes?
(A few more hands are raised.)

So . . . what's next? (He shuffles through some papers, whilst the Union chatters impatiently.) Oh here it is . . . Matters arising . . . Matters Arising? (He looks round the room and receives no response). So . . . no matters arising then?

Union Member: Get on with it!

Chairperson: Look . . . I have got a bloody difficult job to get on with here. And it's not made any easier when the likes of you start pestering me. So could you please calm yourselves while I'm getting this business sorted out, because . . .
(A bored and noisy Union drowns out his voice.)

Right. Official Announcements.
(Members chatter again, while the Executive lines up behind the microphone to repeat last week's notices.)

Right then . . . Questions to Officers. I have a written question here. It's for Andrew Browne . . . Why are there no books of the 1981 examination papers in the Teaching Library, when will they be there, and will the academic affairs office do anything about it?

Academic Affairs Officer: Yeah, probably.

Chairperson: So, then, right . . . where are we?
(Meanwhile, a massed crowd gathered at the front of the stage. All are holding pieces of paper in outstretched arms, giving pleading looks to the Chairperson and trying to make themselves heard above all others.)

Hey shut up . . . I can't hear myself think here. One at a time.
(The same jostling and general hubub continues.)

It appears that moves have been made to prioritise every motion on the order paper.

First Mover: OK, look I think . . .

Second Mover: (snatching the microphone). MY motion is very non-controversial if you rush through it quickly without reading it in detail. So, I ask you, please to . . .

Third Mover: (leaning over the microphone). Listen, MY motion is just a formality. It will only take a few seconds—just quickly put your hands up now and . . .

First Mover: (snatching back the microphone). Look, I bet you my motion will be over quicker than yourn.

Fourth Mover: (elbowing his way in). MY motion will be over before you can say Jack Robinson.

(Jeff Rosenberg gets up to give a stoney-faced look. The Union gets restless.)

Chairperson: Shut up everyone. I'm in charge.
(The SDG Chairperson rushes upstairs for urgent consultations. Votes are taken resulting in motions being prioritised and drafted into a different order. The SDG Chairperson speeds back downstairs.)

Smug Member of the Union: Point of order . . . Does the Chair realise that for a motion to become prioritised a two-thirds majority in favour is required? Does this not invalidate the new order of business?

Chairperson: Right . . . thanks for telling me. Don't worry. I'll get the hang of it sooner or later . . . Now . . . what happens next?

Member of the Union: No confidence in the Chair.

Chairperson: Look . . . leave me alone will you? I'm doing my best and it seems to me that you are a very rude young man. I hope you don't treat all your chairpeople like this . . .

(Continued on Page 94)

Jack Jones

JEWISH SOCIETY last week presented the one-time leader of the British trade union movement who came to LSE to speak on the topic of "Racism". Jack Jones basically talked about the factors concerning the situation in the U.K. between Blacks and Whites. What with the rioting in Brixton and in most of the major cities it was Mr Jones's worry that "racism" was beginning to develop into something that government could not handle. The police force and their Right-wing opinions could only damage any possible relationship with the black community. The fact is, there are too few black faces in the ranks of Her Majesty's police force, something that has apparently worried Prince Charles.

Jack Jones had in fact visited South Africa and had seen for himself the conditions of black workers, and their inability to mix with their white counterparts; it was his awareness that British "big business" was basically supporting the regime of South Africa and its policies towards apartheid that so disgusted him.

Was it not time, said Mr Jones, that the Conservative Government did something about the phevalent hazard called "Racism"?

JEREMY ROSENBLATT

Jo Richardson

TWO years ago the mention of the word "abortion" would certainly have raised the passions of many an LSE student.

Yet on Wednesday 18th November, in the second of the Fabian debates, only a handful of sober-minded arguments, rather than heart-orientated people met with Ms Jo Richardson MP and Clare Page (Society for the Protection of the Unborn Child) to debate the relative merits/demerits of abortion on request. (Obviously the passions of the majority were dampened by heavy rain and the sad sight of England attempting to play football.)

English football aside, the debate proved to be both serious and informative. Ms Richardson argued her case for "a woman's right to choose" (dismissing claims that she was in fact a murderer) and concentrated on the argument of viability of the foetus (i.e. when do we regard it as a human being), proposing to us that medical opinion disagreed on this subject—which was evidence enough for her to place the "upper limit" for an abortion at 28 weeks.

Further arguments offered by her ranged from that of "make it legal, keep it safe" to that of the dominance of the rights of the mother over the child—in strict contravention of the United Nations Charter on Human Rights with which, on this point, she disagreed.

Miss Page, in a more passionate statement, denounced the use of abortion on mentally/physically handicapped foetuses as immoral. She offered as a date when the foetus becomes "human" as that of the point when conception takes place for from that moment onward the fertilised egg had the potential of becoming a human being. Abortion was the taking of life and she suggested that abortion is used in many cases (well over 50 per cent) as a special convenience. Much more was said by both speakers and it only suffices me to say that if you want to hear more, come to the debates. The next debate, which is in early December, will see the Fabian Society duel with the Conservative Association of Graduate Students, with our guests being Chris Price MP (Labour front-bench spokesman) and William Waldegrave (Conservative Minister).

MARK WITHERS

Drama Society — a Phoenix rises

THE Drama Soc? What's that? I hear you say. "I didn't know there was such an animal at LSE; where does it hang out? What does it do? Can I do it too?"

Contrary to popular opinion, and tradition, the Drama Soc is this year doing more than just(?) putting on a few plays and the Panto. The ad hoc nature of the Organisation is being attacked at its very roots by a dedicated band of thespians and hapless admin people who have this term tried to get the show on the road. Before going any further I should make it clear that we are trying to let you get the most of what's on, but drama needs you; as actors, producers, audience and general dogbodies. The idea is that with your ideas and enthusiasm we can all benefit. In the cradle of socialist thought we should stand a good chance of going further in this direction than at some of the crustier institutions dotted around the landscape.

Back to business, or should I say pleasure? Our two major attractions this term are Brecht's "The Threepenny Opera" (an adaptation of an 18th-century play, "The Beggar's Opera" by John Gaye), and

the indefatigable panto, this year masquerading under the innocuous title of "Mother Goose". After a fascinating series of Machiavellian manoeuvres this is now in the capable hands of our intrepid Social Secretary and a highly active production team. Their courage is shown by their willingness to ditch the script *et al* within three weeks of the performance. Very characteristically of LSE pantos, it hits out at those features of the School that we love to hate. For the fresher, General Course and over-worked finalists it is a must.

"The Threepenny Opera" is possibly the most ambitious of all LSE productions in the recent past (living memory?); in terms of sheer hassle this will probably take the trophy. Labouring under language problems, and more normal misunderstandings we are trying to create a razzamatazz extravaganza, with music and dance, though I hesitate to add song. You will never appreciate the cats in your back garden as much as on the nights of the 7th and 8th December.

But we were talking of a new direction to the Drama Soc, and so far this is really very much in the traditional mould. A host of

new activities have sprung up. For instance we have had outings, at reduced rates, to "Amadeus" by Peter Schaffer, and "Can't Pay? Won't Pay!", by Dario Fo. Partly subsidised 'cheese and wine' helped to create a merry atmosphere but this was not, and is not, the major aim of the society.

Apart from these directly dramatic activities Desmond Jones gave a highly entertaining talk on mime, and Jon Newton is continuing to lead improvisation sessions on Monday evenings. A play reading, in cohort with the Lit. Soc., came to a sticky end when the *raison d'être* came down with mumps, rendering the whole idea irrelevant. We are hoping that Iain McEwan will be better next term so that we can try again; in the meantime another play-reading has been scheduled, "The Chairs" by Ionesco.

In the longer term, that is next term, we are planning a production of Joe Orton's "What the Butler Saw", which should be in the third week of term, followed by a ladies production, and ideas are needed for the end-of-term production. Those interested in directing a play next term should come prepared for

a meeting on the 13th January (the first Wednesday of next term) to decide what we will be putting on. Maybe our transatlantic cousins would be prepared to offer the "Continental's" a taste of American theatre?

Looking even further ahead, given that we never had any organised drama activities in the exam term, ideas are being floated for a trip to "Cats" in the first week of May, as seats have been impossible to block-book for any earlier dates.

So briefly, for the end of term, Wednesday 2nd and Thursday 3rd December, the Panto in the Old Theatre; Monday 7th and Tuesday 8th, "The Threepenny Opera" at 7 pm, also in the O.T. The Drama room is E75 (many thanks to those involved) and a newsletter, very promptly brought out by Mark Chapman and Frances-Clare Crowe, should be in various pigeon-holes, or if not then spare copies in E75. This will have, on a more regular basis, all the information you might need to get the most out of the Drama Society. In the theatre capital of the world we have opportunities that it would be criminal to miss.

MIKE ZOGHBI

Romania—another Poland?

ALKIS DIAMANTOPOULOS spent just over a month travelling around Romania this summer and, in virtue of being able to live with relatives typical of the majority of the Romanian citizens got a fairly good impression of the day to day affairs there. . . .

It was the first time I visited a socialist country and with a good deal of naivety, I set out to see how close Romania came to attaining socialist goals, as taught here at the LSE. It proved a bitter disappointment.

It all began at the border. It was dark, cold and windy, the atmosphere was eerie. I waited for hours as the passport authorities checked, double-checked and triple-checked my diplomatic passport (which is distrusted because it gives special status — immunity from domestic jurisdiction, access to Embassies, freedom of movement).

At last I was given the go-ahead. My first rendezvous was Bucharest where I had arranged to stay with relatives. More inconvenience awaited me — here in the West we take it for granted, that to visit a relative in another country is a simple matter — all one needs is a passport, a present perhaps, a sleeping bag etc.

Not so in Romania — one has to declare to the local police one's intention of hosting a guest — the application is con-

'I saw food queues here which rivalled those in Poland, for basic foodstuffs which were either badly distributed, in short supply, or both.'

sidered only if the guest is a relative of first degree. (Bribery, or as the Romanians call it Bakshish, always helps oil the creaky decision-makers' wheels). Permission was given and I stayed for one week.

Bucharest is the "Paris of the East" — an impressive city despite the cataclysmic 1977 earthquake. The centre is studded with imposing buildings of French Nineteenth Century design, wide boulevards flanked by lime and chestnut trees and littered with piazzas each with its own monument.

Parks abound — Herastrau and Floreasca have artificial lakes for summer swimming. Many imperial buildings have been converted into publicly useful centres: The Palace being the most spectacular example

has become the Art Museum; a building of impressive richness, quantity and variety of art and sculpture.

For the tourist, there are plenty of relatively cheap and charming restaurants and cafes along the little streets even though I found it hard to discover a typically Romanian restaurant with its own folk band and local food. Mititei, a short skinless well-spiced sausage, ghiveci, a vegetable mix cooked in oil and borsch, a vegetable and meat soup are typical dishes.

After eating at one of these taverns one comes away with the impression that the average Romanian eats really well —

bers. Luxury it seems, is a prerequisite to political decision-making.

Bucharest has an average standard of living which is higher than anywhere else in Romania, yet its small population of two million is kept at that level by rigid government control. Wages are higher, there is a greater variety of consumer goods and more entertainment. And yet, I saw food queues here which rivalled those in Poland, for basic foodstuffs which were either badly distributed, in short supply, or both.

The most annoying aspect was the sheer waste of time involved, the boredom and, if practised for long enough, the lethargic attitude it produced as hours were wasted aimlessly waiting for essentials such as meat, eggs, butter, milk, grapes, fresh bread etc. Often after hav-

commodated overseas by a friend or relative, and currency restrictions allow one to take out approximately US\$50). In political and scientific knowledge everything is strictly censored. I heard nothing about Poland's Solidarity, nor about developments in Iran. This inequality in a society which claims to believe that not only is man born equal but lives and dies equal.

The pigs of Animal Farm found their human counterpart in this nomenclature:

Napoleon has become Ceausescu and they too live in sumptuous luxury — a secluded residential area guarded behind thick walls and well armed policemen, they indulge in the best of foods (special farms cater for their dietary wish) and capitalist bourgeois luxuries such as Kent and Marl-

selves the wealth of the nation. Economically, it is a Stalinist dictatorship. Big Brother Ceausescu is the key intellectual force in the country, accredited with twenty volumes of his socio-political thought — the most bombastic and empty language I have read so far. He wields the greatest political power — on the 23rd August the national day celebrates the liberation of Romania from Nazism.

The only face to be seen was Ceausescu's, no one else's. Marx, Engels and Lenin seemed to have dropped out. Gheorghiu

'It seems strange to a capitalist conditioned eye, used to cars in all sorts of shapes and sizes to see streets full of almost uniform model Dacia cars'



falsely, in the end, because one forgets that these restaurants also cater for the nomenclatura, the elite political party for whom only the best will do.

Getting around is no problem — public transport is the main means of getting to and from work and has to be adequately provided for. Three forms are used: the bus, the trolley-bus and the trolley costing you a flat fare of two pence. Yet private transport showed signs of vitality — a recent industrial acquisition for Romania has been a Renault factory, set up and initially managed by French Government employees to found a genuine Romanian automobile industry—Dacia.

It seems strange to a capitalist conditioned eye, used to cars in all sorts of shapes and sizes to see streets full of almost uniform model Dacia cars. Occasionally, a black Mercedes whizzes by, breaking this continuity. These cars are owned by the Shtab, the party mem-

ing jostled in a queue for two hours, one would reach the counter to hear "ca feminat" — it is finished.

It seemed strange to me to find this contradiction in a system which is meant to have abolished all contradictions; on the one hand you have the state, press and television claiming that agricultural production has shot up and is well within the Five Year Plan securing a dramatic leap in the standards of living, and on the other, clear evidence that things have not changed since last year or the year before — if anything the queues are getting longer and the food scarcer.

The supreme contradiction however is that this inequality is found not only in food, but in the political power centre, in the economic distribution, in the means of transport, in access to travel overseas (a Romanian citizen has to make an application which will be considered only if he or she can be ac-

borough cigarettes, Johnnie Walker whisky, night clubs and bars which, up to recently were denied to the rest.

They too live in peace of mind secure that the official ideology will go on convincing the people that they the party, are the epitome of the working class values hence always acting in the interests of the proletariat. Why is it though, that at every street corner, a policeman armed with a machine gun or revolver and truncheon is to be found? Why do people fear to tell you their complaints about how little food they get, how much corruption does go on, how hard the work is? Is this democracy? Is this socialism?

It seems as though a new class has been born, that of the bureaucrat, the party member, and their families and friends. And, worst of all, their wealth is based on the national product; they use the official ideology to expropriate for them-

Bej, Ceausescu's predecessor and in foreign policy terms his mentor seemed to have vanished. He is not a popular leader — despite appeal to the West as a man who defies the rigidity of Soviet based foreign policy (eg in 1967 he recognises West Germany, in 1968 he refuses to send troops to Czechoslovakia, he hosts Nixon in 1969, 1973 he joins the non-aligned "group of 77", 1979 he advocates dissolution of both NATO and Warsaw Pact) — he has not managed to feed his people on his pose of independence.

Romania is in dire financial straits — debts, due to his massive effort to rapidly industrialise the country by importing capital and know-how (Like Stalin) from both West and East, have not been paid off by industrial exports from these new industries. Because the leu, the currency, is not exchangeable debts must be financed by bartering agricultural products — hence a tightening of belts for most people except of course party members.

Food queues were bad enough when I was there but now new laws have been implemented: storing of food is restricted, rationing of foodstuffs has been introduced (one pound of bread per person daily) plus existing laws such as forbidding bread to be sold on the same day as it was made (discouraging large consumption).

"Traiasca Republica Socialista Romana" — long live the socialist republic of Romania — but for how long? Will there be yet another Poland in Eastern Europe?

NEW FACE — OLD

PROBLEMS

STEVE POUND is the Union's new General Secretary. At 33 he has much experience but not too many new ideas. His policies are realistic rather than over-ambitious. But will they work? And why should he succeed where others have failed?

THE first baby born under the National Health is asked to speak up. "The batteries are running down. Into THERE if you wouldn't mind".

Steve Pound, 33, sums up and picks up as before, and he's not any louder. The same sentence, the same word, the identical intonation; a continuous, flawless tape loop; a sure sign of a hard-fought election.

Set questions (Why do you want this job? What about the SDP? What about the cuts?) produce very set answers. On more personal matters he checks himself, pauses, but rarely stumbles. But then LSE's new Union General Secretary is extremely self-assured. He knows what he wants and thinks he knows how to get it. He's realistic, sharp, experienced and widely respected.

By his own admission he can hardly do a worse job than his predecessor—"The majority of students in this college could do a better job than Munford"—

His age underlines his commitment, and his deep-rooted involvement in the Labour Party strikes careerism from that opposition list of ulterior motives.

Yet come next June, Pound could well have blown it big. Boy could he blow it!! Past General Secretaries have achieved very little. Some may be sounder than others, but tangible, lasting results have been negligible. Why should Pound be any different? After all, Pound himself hardly over-rates the novelty of his approach: "I said to people when I was campaigning that this is probably the most boring election speech you'll ever hear.

"Apart from tidying up the outstanding correspondence, the first thing I'll be doing is establishing the link between the General Secretary and the students. I'll be writing to the secretary of every society . . . I'll be speaking to all the committees to find out what's gone wrong. In the wider political context there's no more important thing than the fight against the cuts."

Pound cites the local community as the most critical battleground outside Parliament. "In Bradford they've managed to get trade councils, trade unions, local workers—almost without exception—to support the students.

"I don't think we've got our message across to the community. There are seven residents' associa-

tions around here, there are 149 trade union branches. I'm prepared to put money on it that if an officer of this union went to one of their meetings and said that we want your help to fight the education cuts—offering all the standard arguments—even if it just meant their participating in a march to the Commons, I think we'd get told to sling our hook. We spend so much time debating the finer points in search of some mythical political purity, some steel-hard perfection, that we've missed the whole point of it.

"As far as I can see, Dahrendorf's efforts against the cuts consist of using the old-boy network and relying on distinguished alumni. It also seems to be based on a very elitist assumption that, come what may, Edinburgh, Durham, Oxford, Cambridge and the LSE are going to be all right, even if this means Further Education colleges going to the wall.

"But the fight for education has got to be broad-based or it's nothing. If we start saying we'll let Essex go because it's all sociology then we might as well pack up and go home now. There's an implicit elitism in the argument of the

Court of Governors that we are so well connected, that there are so many ex-LSE MPs, that it won't happen to us. It's a deception, and it doesn't do the fight any good.

"At the moment the student body isn't with Dahrendorf. If it's a problem of communication then I've got a job to do. The danger is that if he's seriously talking about, at the very worst, writing off a couple of F.E. colleges and a few unpopular courses here and there, sacking porters and not replacing them—generally putting elastoplast on it—then we can't continue in any form of co-operation.

"At Salford you've got the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor and Director marching with the students . . . Last year we asked Dahrendorf to come on a march with us and I think he agreed to it. I don't think he came, but he agreed to it. The majority of students give Dahrendorf a lot of credit. If anybody in the world could be on the wavelength of students then a German Social Democrat/Liberal would be that someone."

Pound's own background singles him out likewise as the best-equipped man for the job in years. Leaving school at 16 with no 'O'

levels, he was every inch a teen product of the love and peace generation — "Donovan . . . the beeches . . . hitching around . . . pretty much the late sixties business." As idealism grew thin he began work at University College Hospital, first as a maintenance electrician and later as a casualty porter. After a switch to the Middlesex he became Branch Secretary of the health service union COHSE in 1977, having already been a shop steward for three years. When he left in 1979, membership had more than doubled.

COHSE proposed him for the LSE's one-year diploma course in Trade Union Studies, and on passing he applied for the BSc course in Government and History. He was in his second year when the sabbatical post suddenly became vacant.

"I was asked by a number of people in the Labour Club whether I would do it. I accepted nomination because it's not justifiable for a person to complain about an absence of work if that person isn't prepared to do it themselves. And I complained vigorously (laughs) about John Munford's absence."

His crashing victory — Pound

Steve Pound	Labour	450
Andre Brown	Conservative	142
Inderjeet Parmar	Democratic Student Front	52
Julian Dean	Socialist Workers Student Org.	36
Paul Cawthorne	Left-handed Albanian	36
Lauren Munton	Beautiful Peoples' Party	15
Alan Charlton	Hartlepuddian Peoples' Front	15
Charles Unvala	Apolitical Vegetarian	14
Phil Richardson	Birthday Party	12
Graham Stewart	Party of Nothing At All	10

pulled over 50 per cent of the vote—suggests broad political support and cross-party voting. That the Social Democratic Group failed to put up any opposition, despite its resounding success last year, hints at the Group's approval of Pound's personal qualities. But Pound disputes the point.

"The reason why they didn't put up a candidate isn't to my credit at all. It simply means that their last candidate turned out to be a careerist in . . . I was going to say in Shirley Williams' clothing but perhaps that's the wrong expression. I think it's a political decision of expediency; they could not have won it. And that says much more about my predecessor than it does about me.

"John Munford was certainly misguided. He was over-ambitious and I don't think he should be condemned for that. What he should be condemned for is that his attitude to the job was not one of a hundred per cent commitment . . . There was still a very serious absence from work when he wasn't ill. Also, he wasn't turning up in the mornings. The number of people who couldn't see the General Secretary was far more than the number who ever did see him.

"I've actually got considerable admiration for a large number of

"If Dahrendorf is seriously talking about writing off a few unpopular courses and sacking porters and not replacing them . . . then we can't continue in any form of co-operation."

the Social Democratic Group at LSE. A fairly high percentage are doing what they're doing for totally honourable reasons. There is a core of utter, bare-faced careerists but there's also a fairly large group of people here who are making what are to them very painful decisions. The fact they've taken those decisions does not mean that we now say that we've got rid of the rubbish. It really means that we've got to look in at ourselves, both here and nationally."

Yet to Pound the national picture is somewhat less attractive: "To say that the SDP is a dustbin of failures is to be polite." His well-trained eye for the realistic now seems shortsighted: "The SDP has probably done the Labour Party a great service . . . a balloon that's going to have to burst . . . I can't see the Conservatives losing at Crosby . . . I don't think Shirley Williams has any future in the SDP . . ." Fearless talk indeed, and precisely how accurate he will see when he fights a council seat in Southall next May.

Ultimate ambitions do not lie towards parliament. "I'm here because a trade union put its hand in its pocket and paid for me. They gave me a bursary of £300 in the first term of my diploma year, without which I couldn't have come here. They paid for my books and provided me with secretarial assistance. Without coming out all hearts, flowers and violins about this, if I get a decent degree I go back to my union and say: 'I've got it. Do you want me?'"

His performance in the next seven months cannot help but influence that decision.

Simon Garfield

CRISIS IN THE LIBRARY

- ★ Not enough books
 - ★ Vital books missing
 - ★ Overpriced photocopying
 - ★ Unusable offprint collection
 - ★ Cloakroom queues
 - ★ Books defaced
 - ★ Journals missing
 - ★ Incomprehensible cataloguing
 - ★ Not enough desks & workspace
- Future: Saturday closing?
Staff redundancies?
Massive budget reduction?

Library facilities concern all students — full time or part time, undergraduate or postgraduate. In the face of cuts in library facilities, the students must have a joint approach to the School to ensure that we are not deprived of this vital service. All students interested are urged to attend the open meeting.

OPEN MEETING
WEDNESDAY, 25th NOVEMBER
1 PM :: NEW THEATRE
CALLED BY THE STUDENT UNION EXECUTIVE



THE LONDON ARTS

JILLY COOPER

THE ROSENBLATT INTERVIEW

JILLY COOPER sits in a Victorian armchair cuddling Barbara, one of a thousand dogs. I sit on her right, drinking gallons of "proper" coffee. Her living room is like every writer's living room: books everywhere, antique furniture and the occasional modern "piece," plants and paintings. Sanderson wallpaper seems to be in abundance and I begin to recall Jilly Cooper having done one of those "very Jilly Cooper, very Sanderson" adverts, if you get my meaning. She gets up when a cat appears and tries her hardest to explain to him why he should be in the garden. He doesn't understand.

Why did you begin writing?

Well, I always wrote when I was younger, but I seriously started writing books because I wanted to create something of my own. I think it was because I couldn't have children — both Felix and Emily are adopted — and I wanted to create something that was basically me.

Jilly Cooper was born and brought up in Yorkshire, her childhood being blissful — none of that loneliness stuff!

I was of course meant to go to Oxford but while at some sort of "finishing school" there were far too many boys around and so I didn't actually do much work.

Mrs Cooper, in fact, started her career the hard way, writing an article here and there, for magazines, newspapers, etc. She is a well known journalist as well as being a "personality" whatever that might mean.

I wrote an article for the "Sunday Times" about being a

young wife; having to get up early in the morning, taking the children to school, getting hubby off to work all right, going out to work myself, coming home and having dinner ready for one and all. Finally having to make love, and of course, all with a smile.

That article launched Jilly Cooper. The "Sunday Times" offered her a permanent column of her own, which she has been writing ever since. The media reject and accept Jilly Cooper. The snobs of the literary world have their predictable reaction to her; most people simply adore her.

Are you aware that there are those who tend to think that you write — how can I put it — superficially for the masses?

O God, of course, but you see, I sell thousands, they don't. I think that one day I will write a very good novel, but presently I'm very happy doing what I'm doing.

One of her latest books, "Class," received excellent reviews and is an hysterically funny book about the British class system. It has been an enormous success in England and is expected to do well in the States.

I wrote "Class" because darling Leo, my husband, went "bust" and basically, we needed the money. Revenue paid off the outstanding tax bills.

And marriage?

Well, I'm not one of those feminists who hate men — gosh, by no means, both Leo and I are volatile creatures and our marriage tends to keep us sane.

What are your feelings about contemporary novelists?

Well, Leo and I call them "drindles" — that is women who have good classes of degrees and who bicycle around with greying hair all squashed into



'One day I'll write a very good novel'

buns; but they write such serious stuff and aren't much fun.

She concluded that it was better to be happy than to write deeply intellectual stuff, that is, if you can't do or be both.

Over the years Jilly Cooper has written getting on for 20 books, amusing novels such as "Octavia," "Harriet," amongst "Men and Super Men" and "Jolly Super Ego." Success is obviously something she enjoys but writing isn't necessarily easy. When one book is completed there is always another waiting to be written.

Anyway, a doorbell rings and Emily is back from school with a friend. She wonders why her

mother is looking so smart, then makes her exit.

I, too, intend making my exit but first receive my directions.

Over the heath and through the church, then on to Putney Bridge. As the sun begins to melt away a shimmering Jilly can be seen, waving, smiling, laughing.

Jilly Cooper's latest publications are, "Intelligent and Loyal", a book about mongrel dogs, published in September, by Eyre Methuen, price £7.50. And in October, Arlington Books Ltd. published her collection of short stories, "Love and Other Heartaches", price £6.50.

The other side of Cecil Beaton

IF you thought that Don McCullin and the Russian photographers of the Second World War were the "be all and end all" of war photography, then you have a pleasant surprise awaiting you. The Imperial War Museum last month opened a tribute to a man better known for his fashion and society pictures, and in a fascinating exhibition shows his work during the time that he was employed as an official war photographer.

The exhibition has brief sections on the periods of Cecil Beaton's life and work which both preceded and followed the war. This gives a valuable insight into his style and technique in that it shows us how even if subject matter has changed from fashionable debutantes to soldiers and shipyard workers his application and even interpretation did not. The sheer elegance and simplicity of such photographs as "Fighter Pilots of Number Four Squadron" outside their camouflaged office, or "Lunchtime in a Shipyard" are nothing short of stunning, as are his portraits, be they of Lord Halifax or three year old Eileen Dume in the Hospital for Sick Children.

This exhibition is not about the horrors of war; it is not about terror and death nor are there any action photographs à la Robert Capa. If one must discern a theme from this exhibition then perhaps it is one of determination and the beauty therein as perceived by Beaton

Tim Judah

Victoria and Albert Museum

Splendours of the Gonzaga

THE Gonzaga dynasty was commissioning and amassing works of art for two centuries before the line petered out in 1628. They ruled the City State of Mantua for 300 years, rising from local government to the heights of ducal splendour and extravagance. The Victoria and Albert museum have resurrected the vanished line by re-assembling their collections of art.

The Gonzaga were true Renaissance patrons who fostered

painting, architecture and fashion, as well as devoting themselves to professional soldiery and the breeding of horses.

Isabella d'Este, the beautiful "ray of sunshine" at the Gonzaga court often had to take the reins of responsibility while her husband (the fourth Marquis Francesco) was at war. She did so with alacrity, but was most admired for her style and taste. She personally collected paintings, precious objects and antiquities to display in her "Studiola," which eventually had to be transferred to the ground floor as increasing girth

prevented her from navigating the staircase. Two paintings by Titian and Rubens show her in youth and middle age. As a bride her beauty was extraordinary, but Rubens captures the fleshy lines and blurred features of later life.

Ascending the family tree we reach the hunchback Guglielmo, immensely pious and an ardent patron of the "Beauty of Holiness." There is a powerful sculpture of the crippled Duke at prayer, perhaps the only way he would wish to see his body immortalised. He was responsible not only for commission-

ing sacred objects of great beauty, but for the encouragement of church music.

The final years of the Gonzaga Dynasty were its most magnificent. Rubens' 17th century work for Duke Vincenzo 1st is dominated by a huge canvas intended for the Church of the Trinita, but which was later cut up and dispersed as a series of portraits. Many of these have been reassembled, to show the Dukes in full Baroque regalia, adoring the Trinity (who scarcely shine more brightly than their earthly subjects!)

But the Dynasty's end was

near. Vincenzo 1st's three sons died without heirs; the line weakened by dynastic intermarriage. In 1630 Mantua was sacked by Imperial troops, and plague struck the city. St Francis is depicted by Borgani, praying for the relief of Mantua, surrounded by the decaying bones of the city's dead. However much of the Gonzaga collection had already been swiftly bought by Charles I from Vincenzo II (who was desperate for money) and many of his acquisitions are the property of the Royal Family today.

In fact the exhibition is brought to life by seeing the short film history shown in a side room; the commentary and accompanying music illuminate the Gonzaga personalities as well as their treasures.

J. Martin

THEATRE THESAURUS

Borderline

MOST who venture to see Hanif Kureishi's "Borderline", currently at the Royal Court until November 28, will receive an education. Though the play has been criticised by some elements within the Asian community as "untypical" and "exaggerated", "Borderline" does portray the changing attitudes and values of the Asian community, and of its youth in particular. A community once (and still often) thought to be characterised by its passivity in the wake of racist attacks both from skin head boot-boys and the state and political establishment.

Growing attacks upon the Asian community have recently created a militancy and determination to fight back (though many consider leaving). The violence may surprise some as it did Susan, the broadcast journalist in the play. One gets the impression the Asians living in Southall (where Kureishi did much of his research) are on the Borderline in a way that Mozambique is on the Front Line.

The tone is pessimistic — unfortunately justifiably. The acting is both inspired and convincing and the humour is rollicking. This play should not be missed.

Joel Levy

Brothers Karamazov

HOW can one turn a book like "Brothers Karamazov" that is both full of description and immense detail into quite a short play, one may well ask; Brighton Theatre have done so, and successfully enough.

Richard Crane's so-called "new play" deals with the most important theme of the book, the relationship between father and sons. . . . In this play the father has four sons and with each one his relationship is difficult. One begins to see the moral, that if only fathers would love their sons then perhaps sons would love their fathers and the world would be a better place.

But Smerdyakov murders his father. Each son's life comes to nothing and there lies the tragedy. It is only Alyosha who seems to survive life; he enters a monastery and thus builds his brick wall to protect himself. Ivan, the intelligent and bright, only ends up mad; Dmitry is in fact accused of his father's murder since after the crime Smerdyakov hangs himself thereby avoiding "The Trial". It is an ambitious task and a hard one to bring off. The stark set and company of four bring a "stripped down" version of a masterpiece. The acting is good enough as is the overall effect; a different and by no means uninteresting piece of theatre.

Jeremy Rosenblatt

All my sons

THIS play was first performed in post-war America of 1947 and was Miller's second play to be professionally produced. To some degree it is dated but this factor does not take away its sense of tragedy and the important moral, man and his greed.

Joe Keller owns a factory which builds aeroplanes; war time means big business for someone like Joe. Good money, the American dream. But Larrie knew of his father's misrepresentation with regard to the planes; quite deliberately. They fall out of the skies and their pilots are destroyed with them.

Kate and Joe Keller have lost one of their sons in this war. Kate cannot accept Larrie's death and can only believe that he will return to her. Chris, the surviving son, begins dating Annie, once Larrie's girl, Kate cannot believe this and makes every attempt to stop their certain marriage.

But as the play reaches its climax Annie feels that Kate must face up to Larrie's death and she shows her his last letter. One gleans that Larrie knew of his father's misrepresentation with regards to the planes; his plane in fact crashes because he has committed suicide. It begins to dawn that not only was Larrie Joe's son, but in a sense all those pilots were Joe's sons and he was responsible for all their deaths.

Rosemary Harris gives a stunning performance, so full of emotion that one realises why she is so admired for her craft.

Jeremy Rosenblatt

The Last Elephant

THE "Last Elephant" is Steven Davis' theatre debut and is a highly entertaining and amusing one. Edward Rumsey is a very dull, unpublished and unadventurous anthropologist who discovers a North American Zuni dressed in a loin-cloth collecting pebbles on Brighton beach. Edward takes him home to his wife, Victoria, who has much more success communicating in body language than Edward could ever hope to achieve with his interminable "kinship and family structure" tapes, which he insists upon playing to the mute and decidedly dis-interested native. With the arrival of Mick, one of Victoria's highly disapproved of friends, a mad stranger who is watching out for the invasion from outer space, and Flavia, Victoria's mother, the play builds up momentum and becomes both a successful comedy and a thoughtful investigation into sexual mores.

We never find out who the whisky-smelling stranger actually is; each of the three theories put forward seem reasonable enough. The cast itself is uniformly excellent; and the play, well worth watching, especially for those who have studied anthropology.

Susie Kelly

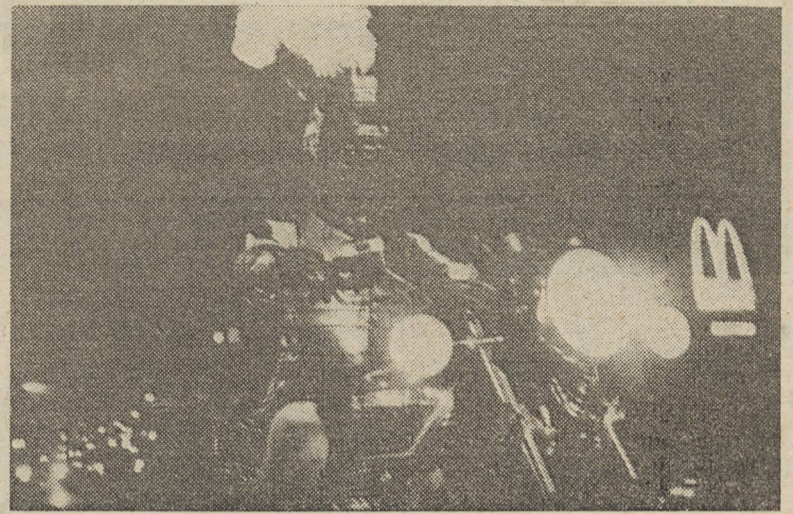
LONDON FILM FESTIVAL

THE 25th LONDON FILM FESTIVAL (NOVEMBER 4-22)

THE Festival draws to a close this Sunday with a grand finale of King Vidor's 1928 film "The Crowd", shown with live music composed and conducted by Carl Davies. Over 150 films including shorts and two animation programmes have been shown in three weeks, some of them up to three times, so any attempt to analyse and draw conclusions is as superhuman an effort as trying to see all the films. Personally, I count myself lucky to have seen barely a fifth of the films and since it would be a pointless exercise to talk about films no-one will ever have a chance of seeing, I'll just mention the more important films which should be released in London eventually.

The LFF is not one of the grand international competitive festivals like Cannes or Berlin but it is steadily growing and hopefully we can be optimistic about its future; it has certainly outgrown its original function. Theoretically the LFF is an annual showcase of what is happening in the world film industry, for the London public which avidly fills the NFT all year round. However, the addition of more and more sections to the official programme, sections such as: New Directors, U.S. Independents, Third World Cinema, British Cinema, Controversy, and added features such as the Guardian Lectures and the National Film Archives Selection, have increased the stature of the LFF and its reputation with it, internationally.

The festival opened with a European premiere of Peter Weir's "Gallipoli". Augured to become the first Australian international box-office smash hit, it is a well-made, well-told story of two boys drawn into the first world war, to the massacre at Gallipoli. Reviews of this film are embargoed until it is released so I'll refrain from further comment except that it was a definite



A knight in full plumage provides a certain contrast to McDonalds in George A. Romero's "Knightriders".

high point of what was to follow. The problem with seeing lots of films at a festival is that most of them are a gamble. Generally the LFF programme praises them all to the seventh heaven when most of the celluloid you get to see is merely average. It seems a bit ridiculous going to a festival to discover new foreign films from obscure places and concluding that the best ones you've seen are Bolognini's moderately exciting "The Lady of the Camellias", Bertolucci's "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" both from Italy; "American Werewolf" and "Cutter's Way" from USA, and others from the more prominent film industries. Maybe it's just a matter of taste.

"Subway Riders" was a dubious treat wavering between high camp with an awful script and a possible "Underground classic" status. Pulled through by the fantastic sounds of The Lounge Lizards (whose sax player features in the film), the film tells of a schizophrenic writer who confuses himself with his creations, one of whom is a murderous sax player who shoots people out of the frustration of not being able to play.

"Knightriders" is a strange film, not in style but in subject-matter. It tells of a travelling group of artists who put on a Renaissance show including jousting and duel-

ling on motor-cycles! The actual story-line does not live up to what it promises at the beginning, but the film is definitely different, entertaining, and marks a fresh change of pace for director George Romero of "Night of the Living Dead" and "Dawn of the Dead" fame. "Montenegro" the new film by Dusan Makavejev ("WR. Mysterjes of the Organism" and "Sweet Movie") has already been released in London under a much hyped sex-comedy-anarcho-film angle; in deed it is amusing and clever, but it is the sort of film you forget as soon as you leave the cinema.

Bertolucci's "Tragedy . . ." is also a change of pace for him. His first all-Italian film for years tells of a kidnapping of a factory-owner's son under strange circumstances. The film has its ups and downs, and Bertolucci's camera movements do seem a bit gratuitous at times, but it is still the work of a master, if not a masterpiece.

Lots of other films were seen, none incredibly outstanding, a few are still to come, like Brooks's "Modern Romance" and Volker's "Tin Drum", Schlöndorff's new film "The Forgery"; but I wouldn't be surprised if "The Crowd" proves the absolute high point.

Christophe Armero

FILM ROUND-UP

Mephistotlean magic

ISTVAN SZABO'S latest film "Mephisto" confronts ethical problems involved in conforming to a Nazi regime. In his own words: "It deals with the relationships between an individual and certain historical, political and social situations. It is the story of a man who has the boundless capacity to conform." The man in Hendrik Hofgen, an actor who we see progress from experiments in "workers' theatre" to administer the Prussian State Theatre and become a toll of the Nazi's propaganda machine.

Hofgen is based upon Gustav Grundgens, the main character in Klaus Mann's "factional" account of his own family in the fascist rise to power. But, whereas Grundgens is treated unsympathetically in the novel, the film gives him an ambivalence which allows the audience to identify with him. This is shown especially in the scenes when he pleads for his best friend, Ulrichs, and even pushes his relationship with his benefactor (the "General") to a crisis point. The General is splendidly played by Rudolph Hoppe and conjures up visions of Goering, but the real star of the film must be Klaus-Maria Brandauer whose Hofgen is a wonderful and thought provoking performance.

Hofgen's needs consist merely of praise and ad-

miration; politics is a pose and he will fit into any system that will give him the success and admiration that he craves. Hence, when he has the chance of not returning to Germany (whilst on location), he has no real choice; not to return means anonymity which is something he could never accept. We learn most of his characteristics through the three women in his life; his black mistress Juliette; marriage of convenience partner Barbara and his second wife (who closely resembles himself) Nicolatta. Another interesting character is the fascist-activist who finds himself even more restricted in the regime he himself fought for, and when he fights back, he is shot by the Gestapo.

One other notable plus for the film is its setting. Budapest doubles magnificently as Hamburg in the late twenties and Berlin in the early thirties, and conjures up the exact feel generated by the period. However, what gives the film its real force is its treatment of a complicated issue. It asks the inescapable question: "What would you have done?" and leaves us with a fine conclusion that we should all be wary of snap moral judgments and trying to look at complex problems with the benefit of hindsight and our safe detachment.

Paul Tittley



The rise and fall of Mark Smith

THE Fall. Acid from heaven. This was no rock concern, no uncomfortable celebration of a common knowledge, this was Mark Smith's New Prole Vision, bleak and unforgiving.

The set was harsh and constant, the numbers individually anonymous, the kids that turned on the bullies but never forgot the way it had been, the Fall as wised up victims.

This subdued, damp huddle of a North East London audience got no chance to stick its two communal fingers up at whoever was conveniently Outside; Mark Smith's fingers were pressing too hard down our own throats. There was no way of dancing your way into the Fall's ranks, they never let slip a smile to reassure us, their vision is not of Pursey's grinning fallen angels, rough diamonds or Strummers noble savages, they spat their hearts out at us, all of us, there were no Insiders.

It was not the singles trail some obviously wanted, no lazy compilation conversation with those already acquainted but a macabre, infuriating indictment on all those outside Mark Smith's aggressive impotence, the bitter and kitsch.

The startling imagery of the crooned, religiously recited word picture lyrics was embodied in the Fall themselves. Mark Smith's dress sense has been comfortingly written off as sub-undertones chic, the cheeky no-hoper, but again as with all this entertainment every appearance contained a sinister mocking unreality. Here was a pop star dressed as a div, neither picturesque nor safe never wanting a moment of your attention.

Some rock 'n' roll brothers bristle in a sudden, silent confrontation. Nothing comes of it. I look around at this collection of students and itinerant new wavers and we all reflect like distorted faces in those seaside mirrors, sick and pallid against the malignant backdrop of the Fall. Tired eyed punks try and pogo to an unaccommodating encore. The ritual of The Encore seems that much more obvious when frantic last chance dancing responds to the measured Fall indifference, chickens rushing to feed at the flash of a laboratory light. Maybe it was a big wind up.

Don't say that's just for ENTS Stewards



The Fall breaks the rules, they break the rules about how to break the rules. Its bus stop passion as grey and unspectacular as real hate and love ever can be. It avoids the "Come and Watch me suffer" theatrics of punk hero/victims, but draws instead on a deeper current of common mundanity.

Northern Kitsch portrayed through viciously unfunny comic strip characters — Totale, John Quays and Jack. To define the Fall in terms of any broader perspective is to ignore their purpose. Its Frankie Livers not Frederico Lorca they cite as evidence. Their cultural squalor does not need the comforting definition of an alternative fashion. They are the Fall of '81 the fall of tonight. The band who dismantled the Stage that beat PIL, refusing to be someone else's proxy voice, or even God's smallest stage.

All I can see here is the Fall, cramped inside this double sided stage, bored and possessed in front of a garish People's Art mural, full of student good intention. And then Mark Smith, timeless as that wait for the last bus, kneels as if to confess, strummer like to the front row, those defenders of a defunct rock 'n' roll faith, and then turns away on his knees and out of sight, addressing himself only to the band — those fallen with him.

It was just the Fall. Take it or leave it. They don't need us anyway.

SEAN COUGHLAN

Western treat

THE few people who turned up to "Way of the West" were treated to a lively and pulsating set.

The show opened with the LSE group "I Glorious", an innovative, lively and poppy dance band who soon livened up the audience.

Headliners, "Way of the West", with their tight rhythms got off to a fine start and built steadily to their best known song, "Don't say that's just for the white Boys", a clever piece of sharp, social comment hidden in a catchy framework. Other highlights were "See you Shake" and their excellent new single "Drum".

This is characteristic of the band, whose seduction of the audience through their feet tends to cause people not to really appreciate the force of the argument.

Despite the force of the music, I feel that as purveyors of style in dress, they have no easily identifiable image. This tends to hamper their progression as a force in popular music. It strikes me that unless they create some kind of stage presence and general charisma they are destined to remain a relatively unsuccessful band. This in no way detracts from their music which is highly danceable.

All in all a night of good music, deserving of a far larger audience.

GRAND CHRISTMAS BALL MUD

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Get those Tiger Feet tapping
Oh Boy and many many more...

—plus the return of BIM

PLUS THREE FILMS including James Bond, Pink Panther

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Rhythm and booze



DR FEELGOOD have just embarked on a Nationwide tour to promote their latest album "Dr Feelgood's Casebook". The Feelgoods, Lee Brilleaux, Johnny Guitar (replacing Gypse Mayo), Johnny B Sparks and Big Figure, reach LSE on December 11.

Here is a quote from this week's "Melody Maker":—

"The set turns into a roaring showcase of the hits and favourites from past to present concluding with a furious finale of "No Mo Do Yakamo", "Milk and Alcohol" and "She's a Wind Up" which leaves you feeling just about ready to drop, while Brilleaux's voice sounds painfully sore."

But they're soon back with a fag, a pint, "Route 66" and "Great Balls of Fire".

Energy, sweat, booze and irresistible fun, the Feelgoods are still incomparable.

See them Friday, December 11th in the Haldane Room.

Tickets available now from Union Shop and Information Centre. £3.00 advance or £3.50 on the door.

More songs about buildings and virtues

FOLLOWING their two previous LPs, OMD had a high standard to maintain; Architecture and Morality keeps that standard. "The New Stone Age" opens the LP on a powerful and imploring note — possibly the most promising number on the record. Classic OMD is evident in "She's Leaving" and the single, "Souvenir". However, not all the songs maintain the same sense of direction. "Sealand" and the title track, whilst being atmospheric and interesting lack the substance

which made songs such as "Stanlow" so brilliant.

The LP also includes a track about Joan of Arc — their superb current single. This and another track both describe Mc-Cluskey's questioning search for the ideal of true faith.

The LP is neither disappointing nor surprisingly good merely a progression of the already competent and original art of a talented band.

Nick Jones

Budgeting for fashion

THERE can only be a handful of shops in London which have fresh stock deliveries every day, new designs every week and prices competitive enough to make the chain stores look pricey.

The "Warehouse" chain of shops, set up nearly ten years ago, does this effectively by buying their clothes from the manufacturers and so cutting out the retailers, provide good quality with value for money.

Warehouse has a wide range of clothes, concentrating mainly on the high fashion looks of this season. Many are designed by Jeff Banks, well known for his designs in the '60s and '70s. Recently one of his outfits from the shop, won an award at the London Fashion Awards, televised last month.

The sweater collection is very good, being bright and fun in lots of colours and designs. Round necks, V-necks, stripes and squares, lurex threaded plain all cotton jumpers, Fair Isle patterns, small tassels and splashy geometrics, are some of the highlights of the sweater range. Colours are reds, blues, greens, purples and yellows, all cheerful for this winter.

There are cardigans too. In particular, one in lambswool mix, in green, black and pink, is delicately decorated at the front with embroidered flowers in contrasting colours and with pompoms tied at the neck.

A large selection of shirts in brushed cotton with pastel checks, are full and frilled around the neck, bodice and cuffs. They would go well with a full skirt and the waist cinched in by a wide belt. There are a number of interesting features at the neckline where the buttoned openings slant at different angles.

For those Christmas parties there are paisley separates of baggy shirt with matching bloomers, which will carry through into next Spring. More preferable perhaps, are the loose lurex threaded jackets with stripey breeches to sparkle through the evening.

The range of jackets is good, particularly those in wool tweed. For £19.99, they are fitted and lined and for quality, not only excellent value but also an investment. For more casual wear, there are some cosy blouson cord jackets in green, blue, black and brown, with leather lined collars and pockets. These are slightly more expensive but certainly not overpriced.

For skirts, Warehouse can offer cord minis, kilts or full, wool flannel wrapovers in red, yellow or air-force blue. To match there are leather backed waistcoats with cord fronts.

The most publicised range at Warehouse is the silk collection which is priced within reach of most people and includes pure silk shirts for under £10. Designs are simple but made up in vivid colours, are well suited to the extensive jewellery ranges in bronze and gold, which can be found in most clothes shops.

Another range worth looking at is the leather jodphurs, breeches and jackets which sell as fast as they arrive. Prices are quite high but well below other retailers in the market.

Anyone crazy about sweaters, beautiful colours and a ready made separates wardrobe under one roof, should visit Benetton. The Italian genius for simplicity has been used to create an elegant comprehensive range of clothes, suitable for most ages and remarkably reasonable in price.

The colour range is extensive with all the colours of this season and more, each with two to three different shades. Greens, blues, reds, yellows and gold, white, black, browns and rust. V-necks and round necks or collared with three buttons at the front, in pure new wool or lambswool. (Approximately £11-£16.80).

To match the sweaters there are plain wool skirts with buttons down the side, tucks at the waist or ribbed all over (Approximately £14.00-£16.80) again in pure new wool or lambswool.

Knitwear includes slippers and cardigans which can be

worn together as a twinset, which is very popular this season, or separately as they match the colours of the skirts.

For a complete change of style try Flip which provides an economical way of dressing. An American company which set up in the UK three to four years ago, Flip sells mainly 'forties to 'fifties clothing, so perhaps your bargain could turn out to be a collector's item.

Sweaters being so important in fashion at the moment, are again the main feature of Flip's range. There are many colours, particularly cream and white, and a wide variety of textures.

RIGHT: Wool tweed overcoat from FLIP, price £24.99. Variety of textures and colours. Also in plain wool, £19.99. **BELOW:** Lambswool, angora and nylon mix cardigan, in green, dark pink and black, £14.99 from the Warehouse.



Prices work their way up from 3.00 to £30.00 for a lined, beaded lambswool cardigan.

A good buy now that it is winter, are the wool tweed over-



coats. Although second hand, they are in good condition, semi-lined, comfortable with deep roomy pockets and a back vent. Slightly smarter but in the same style, are the plain wool overcoats in navy, brown and black. Either would look good swathed in shawls or thick woolly scarves, multi-coloured gloves and topped off with ankle boots and thick tights.

These are the best shops I found for clothes which help make a grant go further but still help you look fashionable this winter.

ALISON HAYWARD
Drawings by Cecilia Campbell

ARTS EXTRA: Queueing for the gate

IF "The French Lieutenant's Woman" is this month's "film of the decade" then "Heaven's Gate" must at least rank as its alternative. While the film of Fowle's novel has been excessively acclaimed as a masterpiece, Cimino's work has been universally slated by critics and shunned by audiences.

Admittedly it is almost universally unintelligible as an overall entity but it does boast two of the most remarkable set-pieces ever seen on celluloid. Cimino's perfectionism coupled with Vilmos Zsigmond's photography make it one of the most visually stunning films since Kubrick's "Barry Lyndon" — unhappily it is almost as boring. Hostile reactions from critics and United Artists' lack of nerve, coupled with severe financial constraints, force Cimino to cut almost an hour from his finished film. Like the "Deer Hunter" it originally ran over three hours. It is probably the cause of many of the film's intelligibility and credibility problems.

Like Cimino's other films, it has a clear prologue, melodramatic central portion and reflective epilogue. However, the opening sequences of Harvard bear no relation to the activity of the rest of the film, merely adding a period charm. The central portion of the film is based upon a factual event. It deals with the plight of European immigrants in Johnson County and the "death list" drawn up by the cattle "barons" when some cattle are stolen. This death list was sanctioned by the state government, federal government and the President and the film deals with the massacre which occurs when the immigrants fight back under the direction of Kris Kristofferson.

It isn't the Marxist Western that Cimino still claims it is, but it does again deal with his beloved immigrant hordes and the harsh reality of their life in the land of golden opportunity. "Light" relief is provided, as in Cimino's other films, by the existence of the eternal love "triangle" made up of Kristofferson, Christopher Walker and Isabelle Huppert, who plays the classic Western "tart with the heart". The other main character is John Hurt who gives such a bizarrely cut performance that at times he himself seems to have difficulty remembering who he is playing.

If you have tired of the "hype" surrounding "The French Lieutenant's Woman" then go and see "Heaven's Gate"; its visual impact alone will repay the visit. But don't ask me how the immigrants could afford to roller-skate!

DEBORAH GUDGEON

EVENTS

"People who listen to Ken Livingstone should be given a Short Sharp Shock!"

November 25th: Sociology Society presents Anthony Giddens. Room A40, 1 pm.

Academic Affairs Open Committee, Old Theatre, 1 pm. Make your comments on the Library.

November 27th: Labour Club present Ken Livingstone, Old Theatre 1 pm. "Jobs Express" march reaches London.

November 30th: St Andrew's Day Party, Three Tuns Bar. Free admission.

December 1st: Debating Society present Eric Heffer and Dick Taverne, Old Theatre, 1 pm.

December 2nd & 3rd: Drama Society Pantomime "Mother Goose".



Old Theatre, good for a bit of fun... Only 50p.

December 4th: Memorial Service for the late Robert McKenzie at Church of Christ the King, Gordon Square, 11 am.

December 7th & 8th: Drama Society in "The Threepenny Opera", Old Theatre, 7 pm.

FILM FOLLOW-UPS

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON

by John Landis
with DAVID NAUGHTON and JENNY AGUTTER

"AN American Werewolf in London", now on general release after a premiere at the London Film Festival, seems set to continue Landis's formidable record of never having made an unsuccessful film.

From "Sohlock"—an awful spoof of exploitation movies — through "Kentucky Fried Movie", "Animal House", "The Blues Brothers", to "AAWIL", all Landis's films have rapidly recouped their production costs and gone on to make large profits. Indeed, after "The Blues Brothers" it seemed Landis was doomed to "Cimino-hood", with an expensive failure on his hands, but it found its audience and was a success. He has followed it up with an infinitely more attractive film. The idea came to him ten years ago and he has carted the script around since then, getting rejection after rejection. Finally, having made it cheaply and efficiently, it is bound to make him the most firmly established of all

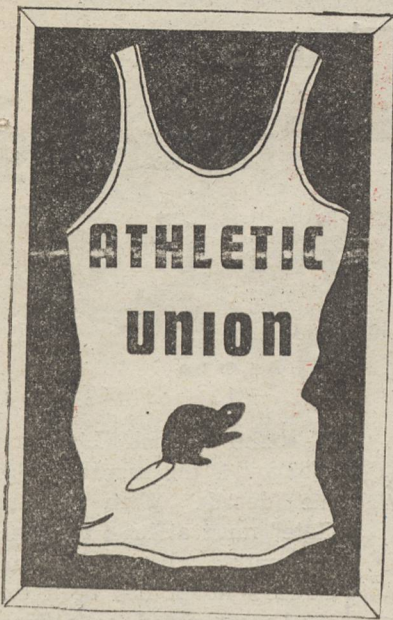
the young Hollywood directors.

"AAWIL" is a horror-comedy. Usually films so described have comedy which is just bad horror and vice-versa, but Landis makes it work. The horror is horrific, the comedy is funny and they both blend in perfectly.

Actually the story is all pretty predictable (apart from some nice twists) and it is held together by three factors. The intelligent casting, which made the leads all fresh (unknown) faces ably supported by a secondary cast of British TV character actors, the realistic, even in broad daylight, special make-up effects, and finally, the contagious enthusiasm of John Landis himself, which can be felt throughout.

A final word is necessary about the view of London we are given by Landis. Far from the picture postcard tourist London he could have easily reeled out, we are offered an interesting view of London and the English, funny and intelligent, coupled with a lot of off-hand commentary which provides a great background to an entertaining film.

CHRISTOPHE ARMERO



WHILE last Wednesday evening crowd and commentator alike screamed hysterically that "England are back" (when in fact they blundered into the World Cup finals only due to the non-performance of the exceedingly accommodating and patently Croat-phobic Hungarians) a return of a considerably more significant and momentous kind occurred the previous Saturday. Almost three months after a major cartilage operation LSE football's greatest gargantuan once again wore the famous red and white stripes of the first team—the Mackintosh was back.

"I got lost on the tube!!" say LSE basketball hotshots

AFTER weeks of secret and intensive training the LSE "beaver" basketball team burst from the LSE gymlet (like a gym, but smaller) to rejoin the first division of the London Metropolitan League (having been banned last year for accumulating an enviably large and diverse number of unpaid fines).

Four games have been played to date, the first was lost but the last three have been won in convincing style (95:38 in the last game).

To date in fact ability doesn't appear to be a major problem—palled into insignificance when compared with the organisational mayhem created by a badly organised captain trying to look after a team of whom all but three are American.

In particular, only 70 per cent of the team managed to negotiate the notoriously hazardous and complicated journey from Holborn to Caledonian Road (three stops direct on the Piccadilly line) for the first game.

The American contingent have also struggled to grasp the "three half" system prevalent in many British sports two halves on the court and one in the nearest pub).

In fact, the rules are very simple: being sent off in the first two halves renders one financially liable for the rest of the team in the third.

Doug Gardner, having paid the price in the first game, selflessly sacrificed his wallet again by being sent off in the third game. (More Americans like this next season, please, Professor Day).

Individual mentions this time go to Doug Gardner and Dave Loder for consistent scoring and to Chaz "give that man a machete" Gore for dramatic ability.

NIGEL KNIGHT

"THE KNEE'S LIKE NEW!" Says AU wunderkind Mackintosh

With mighty thighs seething with the famous embrocation he strode out, bull-like, to lead the attack although the troubled knee was untried and untested. This premature appearance was required as regular striker Lee Henry decided to drive the alternative route from Lewisham to New Malden—via Tunbridge Wells. But in magnificent style our lionheart netted two first-half goals, setting up a five-nil victory over Chelsea College.

Hopefully, this will now inspire the first after a couple of adverse results, most particularly this disappointing defeat against Kent University which removed them from the UAU competition. The Mackintosh will especially be needed to provide the goals if Lee decides to get lost every week and that usually consistent goal machine Roy (the boy) Coles continues to reserve his scoring for elsewhere.

One would say that Tom Denyer, like Paul Mackintosh, was a hefty

chap, but he is less bull-like than pork-like. As well as serving the club admirably (more or less) as fixtures secretary, he has already notched a couple of goals in the 4ths and 5ths and has a 100 per cent penalty-taking record. But Tom, you're a goalkeeper (we exclaim) so why can't you keep the goals out of your own net?

Most relevantly, the 4th turned out for an important cup game against Charing Cross Hospital recently with this praetorian guard of the goalposts. A thrilling match ensued which had reached 5-5 when Praetorian Tom punched a cross into his own net and the 4ths into oblivion.

The 4ths will presumably remove their albatrosses to find better luck; some of the luck, perhaps, that has befallen the 3rds who, lest one forgets, have actually qualified for the next round of the UAU. So far, they have beaten Sussex, Surrey and Kent, were narrowly defeated by Brunel, but are still through to

an away match at Bath. Under the quiet but masterful leadership of Steve Kennedy this team has been drilled into a machine of military precision and discipline (boring bastards).

Of course it would be too much to think that our wondrous seconds could be anything more than a disorganised rabble, but they did score at least a moral victory over Kent (although naturally they actually lost). In fact, the 2nds are quite good at moral victories, seeing as you don't need to score goals for them. But for a more tangible result the 2nds must probably count on their highest scorer at the moment, Mr Own Goal. (Funny I haven't seen him in the AU.)

Finally, there were anxious faces last week when first-teamer John Pittallis was stricken with stomach pains during and after the match, exclaiming that he never thought it would be like this. Never mind, John, it'll be all over in a few months.



"We both failed miserably!" say kickers Prosser and Wright

ALTHOUGH John "the Mouth" Box has been kicking astoundingly well for the second XV, the first XV have found goalkicking a problem area. Both Keith Prosser and Nigel Wright failed miserably with numerous attempts in the Surrey UAU match and although Martin Easterbrook started off well, his standard has declined to such an extent that in the game against HMS Warrior, the cheering hordes on the touchline were in perilous danger of being decapitated. Such dismal displays only enhance the growing clamour from the lower echelons of the club for the long overdue recall of Mr Thomas Charles Armour Denyer. The recovery of flankers, Simon Brayshaw and Pete Savage, has led to far more speed around the pitch, but unfortunately far more unintelligible comments.

Results for the 1st XV have improved dramatically with large wins against Belsize Park, Kodak and HMS Warrior and a hard fought victory, 9-3 against Kent in the UAU. Unfortunately the 2nd XV have been somewhat overwhelmed recently, but this must be due to the after effect of Mike Denoma's jokes! One word of warning for any aspiring third team players—do not drink with Quinn or Kilpatrick—quadruple shorts are four times as potent. Finally recent scorers: C. Perry 2 tries, E. Suttan 2, J. Hooper 1, R. Cresswell 1, P. Savage 1, S. Brayshaw 1, but hard luck Dave Rowe with 2 near misses: one in Lincoln's Inn and one on the tube. Hope you are able to convert such opportunities next week Dave.

K. BOOTH

"Success is sweet, so sweet" says William Yap

STRENGTHENED by the return to LSE of Gary Evans, the men's team of Alan Wallace, William Yap, Wolfgang Leininger, Nigel Sirett and Gary, is having its most successful season for several years. In the UAU championship victories over Surrey and Kent ensured progress to the South East play-offs, where a resounding 14-3 win over Essex could see the team as LSE's only remaining representatives in this year's UAU (no disrespect to the 3rd XI football team who might prove me wrong).

In the Central London League, the team is currently top of their division, being undefeated in the matches played so far.

The women's team of Isabella, Kay and Nicola is involved in a group play-off with Surrey in the UAU.

Finally, practice sessions on Wednesday afternoons will resume for any members of the club on 2nd December, and continue throughout next term. Thanks to Rob and Tim for stepping in against Sussex.

EXCLUSIVE!!

Ron Blackbird comments on the "BIG" game

"WELL, John, we're naturally very disappointed, the lads know themselves which ones of them were to blame—they're very disappointed—but I don't really want to dwell on individual performances. They know who they—the crowd do and I do and er—he's just very sorry."

"May I presume Ron that you're referring to Paul Mariner?"

"Well, John, I didn't want to mention names but—er—yes. The lad played a pretty good game but, you know, there was just that momentary lapse of concentration."

"Do I take it, Ron, that you're referring to when Mariner got in the way of Brooking's mis-hit shot and deflected off him into the net?"

"Yes, that was the unfortunate incident. Trevor was placing it well wide, but it just caught Paul as he was trying to dive out of the way."

"Apart from that, Ron, you were not disappointed in his performance?"

"No, apart from that he played perfectly—he missed a lot of very easy chances, some of which were extremely difficult."

"Now, tell me Ron, and I'd like you to be as honest as you can here, how do you account for England's failure to produce a boring, tedious, goalless disaster?"

"Well, Barry, you know what it's like trying to play these Continental sides, who give the ball away, have useless goalkeepers, give lots of free-kicks and can't play football. It's not easy producing a normal England performance under those circumstances."

"Well, Ron, we seem to have the same old story marred by a moment of confusion and indecision."

"Yes, I'm afraid so, and all I can say is we're very sorry. I'm sorry, the lads are sorry, we're sorry..."

MATTHEW PRICE

"I was just the tonic!" says sharpshooter

Britvic Barker

WELL, here's another season, another promising start, has bestowed itself upon us. Already a full team has been fielded on no less than five occasions. A special thanks here to Florrie's for its abundance of voluntary hidden talent?

Results follow the usual format with nearly fifty goals against compared to a staggering total of five goals to LSE. The criminals responsible for these are "Britvic" Barker and our hero, who lead our piercing attack.

Greenwood beware?

Meanwhile, another good note of cheer is the defeat by Richmond 1st. A creditable performance, save Mr Simon Hall, despite the absence through injury of our hero, who will make his long awaited comeback next week. Finally, at last, anybody interested in "camaraderie" and a good cause, please join us or subscribe. The latter is preferable. See you next time.

(We want more Dryszko's Drivel — Eds.).

NIGEL CHAPMAN