

# The Beaver

THE STUDENTS' UNION NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

8 FEB 1993

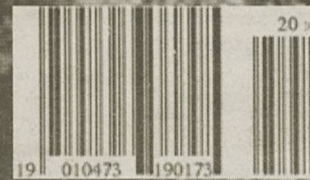
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& ECONOMIC SCIENCE



## SWEET VICTORY

SILVER WALK \* POPE \*  
M. HALLS BRACELET \*  
BOLSHOI BALLET \*  
JULIAN COPE \*  
PRISONS \* HARRY



OPINIONS  
SPECIAL  
CAMPUS  
ART  
MUSIC  
CLASSIFIEDS  
SPORT  
& MORE...

## GOODBYE RUBY TUESDAY

# 40<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY SOUVENIR EDITION

# Union Jack

Jack, with a new author this week, had been convinced before this weeks UGM that the atmosphere would be somewhat akin to that of a turkey farm on Boxing day, and his anticipations proved to be correct.

The purpose of this week's meeting was always going to be trouble and recriminations. First up was the somewhat constitutionally dubiously adjourned debate (sic), about whether or not Adam Cleary should remain the firm favourite to succeed Luton Jumper as equal opportunities officer. But Joe Student was to be thwarted. In an even more dodgy discussion during the week, the Steering committee, (having clearly placed their bets at Ladbroke's already), had decided that he probably isn't such a bad lad really, and allowed him to get away with just an apology. Adam no doubt scored an away victory, though, in that he managed to have another dig at the French in the process by claiming he didn't mean to offend any of the French nationals at the LSE, but that he was talking about the French government's change of course on conflicts including Iraq and Bosnia instead. Interpret whatever you will, Jack remains convinced he never actually apologised.

Officers reports were as tedious as usual. Peter quite fairly pointed out that applications for the "Hourdeship Fund" had to be in by the 29th, but then unfairly pointed out that three of the sabbaticals would be responsible for allocating the money, the odd man out to be Johnny B. Now Jack may just be being cynical here but he has to assume they feared that he would spend the money in a more "entertaining" way than you should do. The only other point which caught the attention of Jack in his new vantage point was that many of the officers were allowing the ordinary student to throw wet sponges at them. He had to note the comment of one seasoned observer that the phrase -wet sponge- actually very aptly described a number of people in the LSE's public life.

So on to the only actual argument of the day: Should we, or should we not send the man with the rugby shirts to the gallows, or in his case the dole queue/Three Tuns/prison etc. Answer probably, but wait! This motion was seconded by Steve Peake. Jack assumed that this would mean that the motion would be rejected easily, but maybe for a change he was going to say something that other people agreed with. However, he didn't actually speak on the motion at all. Instead, Gavin, as proposer of the motion was sent up first. Now this was all fair enough until what Jack thought could have been a bomb was thrown from a "tosser" off the balcony; which it transpires was in fact just a tightly bundled Financial Times (not bad entertainment for a paltry 12p from the Union Shop).

Unfortunately the first two speakers in the debate didn't manage to come up with anything particularly new that we haven't heard before, except for Fiona McDonald's accusation that "all of the sabbaticals have misappropriated funds this year" - slanderous was the Spurl's assessment of this; rather harsh being everybody else's.

At this point the debate definitely took a turn for the better. Jack has finally understood why Martin Lewis is nicknamed Martin Stupid, for today he actually surpassed himself. Whilst slagging Johnny off he was actually doing quite well, but then it all obviously went horribly wrong. He then apologised for speaking out against everybody's favourite drinking buddy, a remark which Jack considered to be somewhat self-defeating in view of the point he was trying to make. Nevertheless, the scene was set for Johnny and he took the opportunity boldly (well he tried to anyway - ed). Enough said. (He didn't say much -ed)

The final result after much debate and frolics is:

Athletic Union 1 DSG 0

Stop press: The year's most fashionable romance is still on. And no we are not talking Charles and Camilla here either. We are talking none other than our very own Faz and Bernardo, and Jack wishes them all the best for their forthcoming date. Watch this space for more!

# Silver Walk (Walk on)

It is not normally our view that Letters to the Editor should be published in the News pages. But sometimes letters in themselves tell their story. In this case, the story again is Silver Walk. Some of the readers may find it hard to understand that students can complain about their accommodation. After all, it is said, the complaints all concern details. In considering the complaints of the Silver Walk residents has to be remembered that all of us take some things for granted: it is difficult to imagine how a multitude of details start to form a conspiracy against a good study environment. The letters printed below are quite telling: the one apologetic, the other clearly over-emotional. As you all know, a student has to undergo a quite rigorous selection in order to arrive at the LSE - in the average, more than ten applications to one place. To the Newssection it seemed interesting that one of these well-selected students could feel him/herself pushed to the point of writing a letter in this almost hysterical style. Judge for yourself:

"Dear Editor,

First of all, I would like to thank you, on behalf of many of the Silver Walk residents, to have brought into light our 'cause' that we have been fighting for for so long. The disadvantages you pointed at in the LSE Silver Walk residence, are, however not the only ones we suffer from. In addition to the points you raised, I would like to draw your attention to the "behavioural mistreat" that we suffered from from the Accommodation Officer Craig Hickson and the Senior Resident Ide Ben Shaul who showed little or no concern for any complaint we had. Although presumably paid to help students, it looked like they were not ready to 'free the preys' they got to stay in Silver Walk. No will of cooperation was shown to us. But we had many chances to satisfy the School's regulations, without being able to ameliorate their accommodation to the nearest human level possible.

The solidarity and cover-up between Craig Hickson and Ide Ben Shaul forms an unbeatable network. Another point not raised in the article is the inadequacy of the kitchen equipment. How could a small freezer - 24cm x

42 cm - accommodate the food of seven hungry students? Much money had to be spent on the kitchens in order to properly equip it. The lack of any form of social life while at the same time the many inconveniences of studying in the houses due to reasons raised in your article is just another Silver Paradox. No social life and no academic learning.

No need to raise more issues that are deeply felt and widely expressed amongst the Silver Walk residents. After all, our freedom is completely restricted - due to uncompromising and unmerciful contracts that set the most severe penalties for those of us who attempt to free themselves. The only incentive possible is for the School to sharply reduce the rent to buy us off. If not, an appeal for a 'humanitarian intervention' by the Director of the LSE and all other peace loving personnell to 'intervene' to safeguard our basic 'human rights' of freedom of choice and adequacy of accommodation taking the form of a Silver and not a Desert Shield!

Yours sincerely  
A Silver Walk Resident"

"Dear Editor

I am writing in response to your piece "Silver that doesn't shine - the nightmare that is Silver Walk" which appeared as the front page story of issue 371. To begin with your headline was unjustifiably sensationalist. Indeed you went on to conclude your article by accepting that the School had "taken actions to improve many of the problems at the residence."

Apart from the sensational headline there are several misleading comments, inaccuracies and omissions.

We have accepted that some of the furniture is unsatisfactory. This furniture is scheduled to be replaced. New desks have been ordered and should be delivered to Silver Walk next month. The security arrangements at Silver Walk have been considerably improved by the fitting of mortice deadlocks, window locks, and the provision of intruder floodlighting. All crime is worrying but the level of crime at Silver Walk is no greater than for students living elsewhere in London. We know from the local police that most crime is petty theft generally committed by youths under 16 and that more serious crimes are not characteristic of the area. There has been 1 burglary at Silver Walk over the past 18 months. The security measures which have been taken will reduce the likelihood of a similar occurrence. Unfortunately, the School cannot obtain a block insurance policy for students' personal possessions similar to that in operation at the other residences, not because of crime, as your article implies, but because this policy is specifically designed for Halls of Residence and is not available for students living in private houses at Silver Walk or elsewhere. Students need to make their own private arrangements and are advised and encouraged to do so by the School.

You are correct in stating that 7 students have left the residence but you omitted to mention that 4 of those students left because of family or medical problems. Students leave School provided accommodation throughout the academic year, for example, 10 students have left Carr-Saunders Hall since November of last year. 3 of the students who left Silver Walk have been

replaced. The School's policy on students leaving accommodation is the same everywhere: students' circumstances are considered entirely on their merits with the result that some students, for very good reasons, may be released from their obligations.

Yes, there is a high proportion of overseas students at Silver Walk. This high proportion is a result of the School's random allocation procedure. A large proportion of applications were received from overseas students indicating Silver Walk as their first or second choice therefore a high number were subsequently offered places there.

*Apart from the sensational headline there are several misleading comments, inaccuracies and omissions.*

Effort was made to ensure that undergraduate and postgraduate students were accommodated in separate houses with the result that 90% of places were allocated without mixing of the two student groups. More than 10% of students are now mixed because students who accepted rooms did not turn up at the outset which meant reallocating their places to others, also a number of students have arranged to change rooms. We are aware of the transport difficulties and a feasibility study is currently underway for the introduction of a School bus service. Residents will shortly receive a questionnaire inviting them to give details of their transport needs. The walking time to the P11 bus stop, by the way, is at the very most 5 minutes walk from the residence, not the 15 stated in your article.

I am surprised that the Senior Resident at Silver Walk, Mr Ide Ben Shaul, was not contacted in the writing of your article. Mr Ben Shaul is one of our team committed to resolving management problems. He and Pauline Rushe, the Manager, have always acted promptly on any matter reported to them by the residents.

Yours sincerely  
Robert Smith Assistant Secretary"

## SU Revisited - Burglars

By Emma Bearcroft

A whole day's takings were stolen from the Students' Union print room last Thursday. Thieves broke into the print room between 7pm and 10pm, forcing the lock and stole £350 from a cabinet in Finance Secretary Sam Kung's office. They also broke open the till but took no change; a cupboard was vandalised. The two adjacent sabbatical offices were also broken into. The door of the Finance and Services sabbatical's office was removed from its hinges although nothing in the room appeared to be touched, and the General Secretary's door was forced open, but again nothing was stolen.

Two sabbaticals were on the premises when the burglary was discovered and they were able to move all the computers and printers into another secured office, which had remained untouched. The police were called to the scene immediately. It is thought that the thieves were familiar with the rooms and seemed to only be interested in stealing cash. All the locks have been replaced and the doors fixed back on their hinges.

The theft on Thursday was the third on Student Union premises this year, excluding the break-in to the shop last term. Finance sabbatical, Jon Spurling sees the break-ins as being "indicative of the declining moral standards of our society."

Last week King's sabbatical offices and bars were also broken into and vandalised. Although computer and disco equipment was piled up apparently in an attempt to steal it, the thieves left empty handed. It is not known whether the two incidents are linked.

# Firing On All Cylinders: Johnny B. defeats censure motion

The DSG motion to censure Students Union Entertainment and Societies Officer Johnny Bradburn was defeated after a recount in the Union General Meeting on Thursday by 130 votes to 110. An earlier vote had supported the motion with 109 votes in support and 106 against.

The vote was preceded by a lengthy debate which saw passionate speeches by the spectrum of political belief within the union, ranging from Dominique De-lite, member and co-founder of the Left Society to Pheobe Ashworth, President of the Conservative Association at the LSE. Union members drew the proceedings out by raising points of information and questions at every opportunity. Whilst the DSG faction emphasised the alleged lack of input to societies and failing to organise entertainments, Bradburn's supporters placed the blame on a lack of quality facilities and apathy by students who failed to attend events. Pheobe Ashworth was a surprise supporter of Bradburn, claiming that the motion was a vindictive action on an individual. She had earlier suggested that the Conservatives would support the motion as it was in keeping with her group's policy of saving money.

The first vote was a card vote, which is normal procedure with a controversial issue. On announcing the result, verified by independent tellers, UGM Chair Ray Yates was inundated with calls for a recount. There initially seemed to be some confusion as to whether a recount would be allowed, but after consulting with the Constitution and Steering Committee Chair Geoff Robertson, a recount was allowed. Yates took the unusual step of asking those present to stand on different sides of the Old Theatre according to which way they were voting. Bradburn supporters had clearly lost no time in getting supporters from the Three Tuns bar, in so doing changing the outcome of the vote considerably.

Peter Harris, speaking on behalf of the DSG, was clearly despondent at the outcome. He accused the 'union establishment' of "rallying behind their idle friend" and warned that Bradburn, "could now go home and do nothing for the rest of the year - being paid £160 a week - and seemingly Union members are powerless to stop this." Bradburn was unavailable for comment by Beaver Staff at the time of going to press.



Did you hear the one about the Escapologist? Johnny in fighting mood at the UGM: Photo T.Moos

# Co-operating with Corporate Finance.

A Report by Tony  
Thirulinganathan

## Who's responsible for this bad joke ?

The Friday afternoon 2.00 pm lecture, Principles of Corporate Finance and Financial Markets had concluded; but groups of perplexed students gathered around to discuss the impact of what had been said a few minutes ago.

According to an open letter addressed to the Director of the School, written by Daniel O'Riordan, a student pursuing the course, the lecturer, Professor Webb, had announced that the Friday afternoon lectures had been suspended because there appeared to be a "large number of orthodox Jews" in this class. Because of religious precepts, these required to be indoors by sundown. This statement first provoked stunned silence.

Subsequently students reacted angrily.

According to the sessional timetable, the 12.00 pm lectures and 2.00 pm lectures are distributed over the three terms as 9:10:1 and 5:5:0 respectively. The lectures are intended primarily for second and third year students and are conducted by Professor Webb and Doctor Board.

Professor Bromwich, Head of the Department of Accounting and Finance has received a letter regarding this matter. In his reply he

claimed that the lectures have not been re-scheduled for the Lent term and accused a certain section of the students of propagating a wrong impression. What had actually happened was that the lectures were re-scheduled unevenly throughout the Lent term. He attributed the reason for "re-scheduling" the lectures to the various committees that the lecturers are required to attend. He definitively stated that all five lectures will be held during this term. The religious factor was completely dismissed by senior members of the Accounting and Finance faculty who were asked to comment on the issue. Professor Bromwich's reply to the letter was regarded as unsatisfactory by many students in the course since it had failed to address the ability of a minority sect to "dictate lecture schedules."

Students were planning to write another letter to the Head of the Department supplemented by a list of signatures of those students who are opposed to the decision to "postpone lectures to the Summer term." The students involved were planning to distribute copies of the letter in order to publicize the issue.

The overwhelming majority of the students, Jewish and

non-Jewish alike, are opposed to the alleged postponement of lectures to the Summer term because they feel that there will be not be the time to absorb new material. The students maintained that Professor Webb had announced during the course of the lecture that the lectures had been postponed to the Summer term.

On being questioned as to the degree of truth in the statement that he had allegedly made, Professor Webb denied vehemently that he had made any statement of that nature. On being told of the allegation of postponement of lectures to the Summer Term, he rejected them as baselessly false. He stated that the lecture will take place during weeks 3 and 4 of the Lent term but will not be held in the two following weeks as he is required to attend a meeting. This meeting has been scheduled in the School Calendar. Professor Webb refused to elaborate further and went to the extreme of threatening to cancel the lectures.

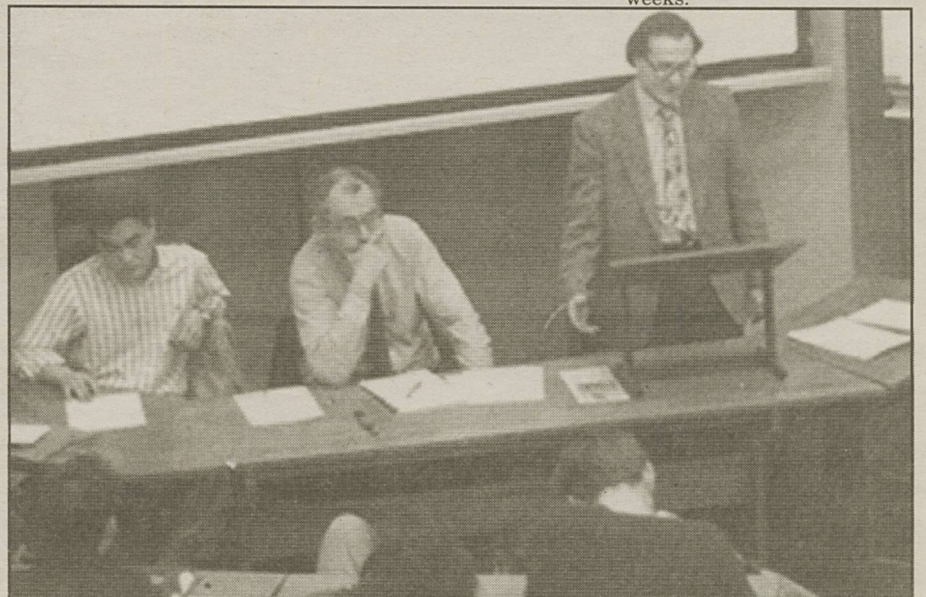
Members of the LSE Jewish Society varied amongst themselves in opinion. Some thought that religious interests of various sects should receive more priority while others argued

that interests of the majority should be the prime consideration.

It appears that there has been an unfortunate misunderstanding. A fairly volatile situation has been created

because of this issue. It is generally desired that this would not lead to any agitation of any member of the School. Most of those involved feel that it is in the interest of the School to

clarify this matter without delay. The Director of the School, Dr John Ashworth, was not available for comment regarding this matter. The overall response remains to be judged in the coming weeks.



Fred Halliday from the Department of International Relations and Anthony Smith from the Sociology Department were discussing nationalism last Thursday. Smith outlined his theory, only to be told by Halliday that "a general theory is not possible." Halliday called Smith's approach "geological" and proposed a "gastronomical" view of nationalism instead, while emphasizing that each case of nationalism was specific. Halliday, as expected by the audience, succeeded in amusing on the anecdotal level. Smith, on the other hand, managed to impress the audience by coherent thought and a well-developed theory. Unlike Ernest Gellner, who spoke last week, Smith did not lay claim to a "Euclidian logic" in his theory. His part in the discussion was more difficult, having to defend a theory in a situation in which Halliday advanced no alternative. Yet again, the discussion drew crowds of students into the Board Room.

Photo: T.Moos

# 'Trimming off Tumin on the Fat'

## Prison Reform

In an attempt to reshape and upgrade the organisation of the School's Athletic Union, it has been proposed that the Student Union employ a Sports Officer as of the next academic year. This means transferring the workload from the executive of the AU, currently six voluntary students, to the hands of a full-time employed sports organiser. The person would be employed by the Student Union although it would not be a sabbatical post and the wages would come out of the Athletic Union's budget. The new proposals for a Sports Officer came as a result of the School's and the Student Union's subsequent rejection of AU's suggestion to employ an Athletics Sabbatical last year.

The structure of the AU would be facilitated by an employed Sports Officer at the School who would play an administrative, financial as well as general organisational and co-ordinational role within the union. Students would still be organising the

'daily tasks' in the AU but they would be relieved from the burden of the administration and attending committees at other universities etc.

Fazil Zahir, the General Secretary of LSESU, said she was "100% behind the recruitment" of a Sports Officer. She felt the LSE's organisation of sporting activities does not live up to its full potentials; a lot more could be done to improve and expand on the services available through the AU. Zahir did point out, though, that she felt that the Athletics Union has been better organised this year than many previous years and that it was a 'good and dedicated bunch of people'. Bella Sleeman, the General Secretary of the AU, was hopeful and relieved with the new plan. She said that the scope of organising everything within the AU was too much for six students who have their degrees to think about as well. She also said that a lot of money from the AU budget is wasted because

there is no central management of funds. "The LSE have a lot of sporting talents and it should not be wasted. A better organised AU would improve the services available and hopefully motivate more students to become involved in sports." At the moment she feels there is a slight taste of student apathy to sports at the LSE but she partly blamed this on the inability of the AU itself for not having enough time or ability to organise certain sports which appeal more to overseas students.

Although the AU and the Students' Union are in agreement on the latest proposals, the School is theoretically to ratify it before a final decision can be taken. However, at the present time of writing, the School has not shown any signs of disapproval concerning the idea of a new Sports officer.

by Pernilla Malmfalt

Do prisons reform? This was the question addressed last Wednesday evening by Justice Stephen Tumin, H.M. Chief Inspector of Prisons since 1987. Judge Tumin spoke to sixty members of the LSE community in the New Theatre about the present status of the prison system in the UK and his own proposals for change.

Judge Tumin began by tracing the evolution of 'punishment' as a concept. Punishment, originally involving the infliction of pain in response to a crime committed, today focuses on the prevention of future crimes. To Tumin, this ideal embodies the basis of the British prison system and is realized only by helping convicts live "useful and productive lives both in prison and after release". The Judge's proposals on how to facilitate this process, which he discussed in the New Theatre, were to be submitted to parliament the following morning.

This major reform package was divided into four major parts. The first section suggested "good sentence planning" which

would take place after a sentence had been handed down and would include advisors to work out a preliminary term program. This program could involve a prisoner periodically graduating through prisons on the way to reintegration into society.

Tied in with this concept was Tumin's second point, the integration of the 'cluster prison system' based on creating prisons which specialize in one aspect of the assimilation back into society. In theory, a prisoner could learn a trade like welding, receive a degree and then progress to another prison where he could train with computers. The idea is that once the term has been served, the prisoner would be qualified for job opportunities (having also learned job interview skills) and be less likely to return to a life of crime.

Judge Tumin's third proposal focused on more extensive prison staff training designed to make working with young males - the majority of prison inmates - more productive. Finally, he suggested a revamping of security measures so that the

prisons are effective but "don't restrict development".

These points further reinforce Justice Tumin's stance on directing attention towards the lives of the prisoners rather than at the macro-level issues which arise from a bureaucratic institution like the national prison system.

The judge's thirty-five minute speech was followed by a lengthy question and answer period during which time, Tumin defended his liberal position on prison reform. By reiterating the importance of using prison as a "constructive" and "active" time period and not simply as a "warehouse" for criminals, he skillfully supported his argument. The essence of this argument came in his closing statement: "[the prisoners have] got to be given a sense of responsibility and respect if they are to lead productive lives and not return". Whether Judge Tumin's proposal can accomplish this task remains to be seen.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT Pizzaburger - going down the deep pan?

The Pizzaburger, which was established four years ago and has been consistently successful financially, made a loss last term of just over £1000, mainly due to a significant fall in income. This comes in direct contrast to the performance of the other two main eating outlets, the Robinson Room and the Brunch Bowl, which both recorded better than expected results.

The exact reason for the down-turn at the Pizzaburger is unclear. Some point to the lack of adequate advertising for the actual existence of the place. In the days when an illuminated sign was placed outside the entrance, the financial performance of the restaurant was much

improved. However, this contravened LSE regulations and had to be removed.

Others argue that the much-repeated complaint of congestion has led to an inability to serve food quickly and efficiently, which in turn discourages students from eating there, and that although the novelty of pizzas being prepared in front of your very eyes was a nice idea, it does not make much economic sense to have people waiting around what is already a confined area. Originally the Pizzaburger was designed to primarily serve hamburgers, but the popularity of the pizzas led to a switch of emphasis. However, the cooking facilities are designed to meet

this original aim.

Against this it is argued that the Brunch Bowl, regularly severely congested, continues to make impressive profits, last term in excess of £5000. Exactly what sort of profits it could make if seating arrangements were improved is a matter for speculation.

Overall the performance of the three centrally-provided restaurants during the year was good, slightly above expectations. The aim of the catering administration is to balance the books, and thus a deficit in one area can be maintained by a surplus in another. However, there might be room for improvement in the future.

By Steve Roy

## Are we being catered for?

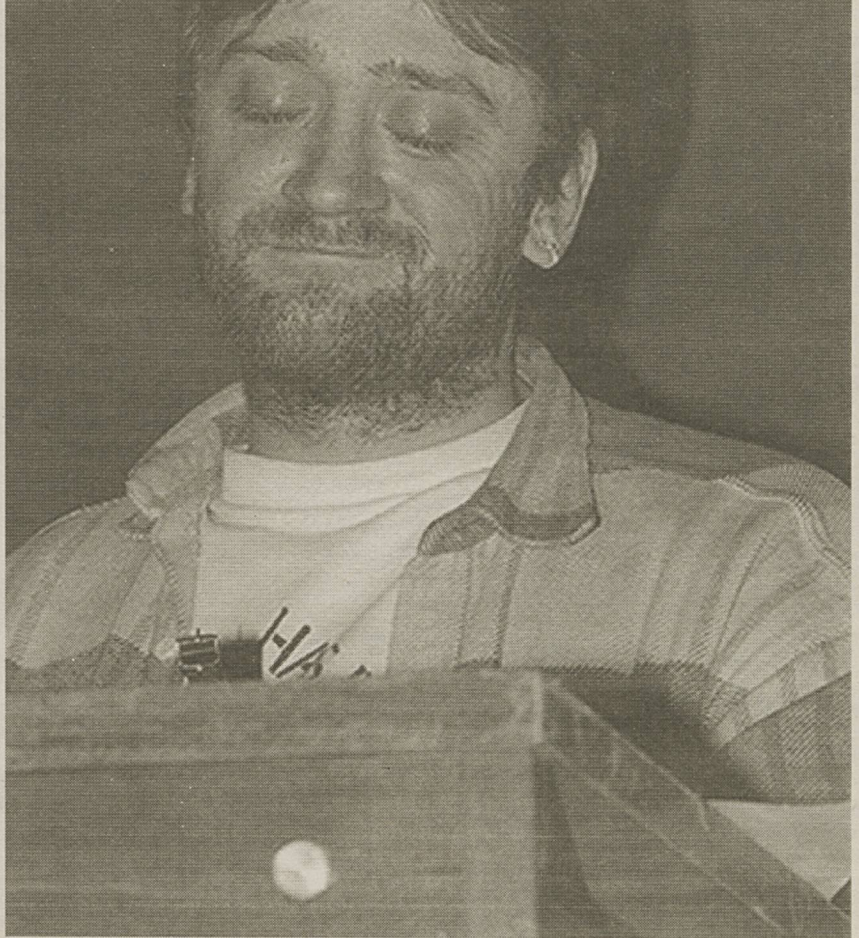
The planned refurbishment of the Robinson Room will start work in the summer, it emerged last week. The refurbishment will include replacing the old catering equipment and expanding the seating facilities. It is anticipated that the restaurant will re-open again in the middle of September.

The developments at the Robinson Room will jeopardise the exact starting date of the planned work on the 5th floor of the Old Building, the staff restaurant, which controversially has achieved priority over the ridiculously congested Brunch Bowl. As a concession to the clamour for change in the Brunch Bowl, the LSE administration are considering a proposal to put 50 more seats into the area. Over the longer term plans are afoot to relocate some of the offices towards the back of the 4th floor of the Old Building to make more room for the Brunch Bowl.

Generally the reasons cited for the refurbishment of the Staff restaurant are very similar to the needs for change in the Brunch Bowl. The latest moves involve a proposal for 'artist impressions' of the planned changes on the 5th floor to be approved by the staff, before work can go ahead. It has been suggested that the 5000+ student body may be tempted to think that the priorities of the administration lie with improving the comfort of the staff, rather than the students, when it comes to eating arrangements.

By Steve Roy

## Photo Of The Week



UGM Chair sleeps it out

Photo: T. Moos

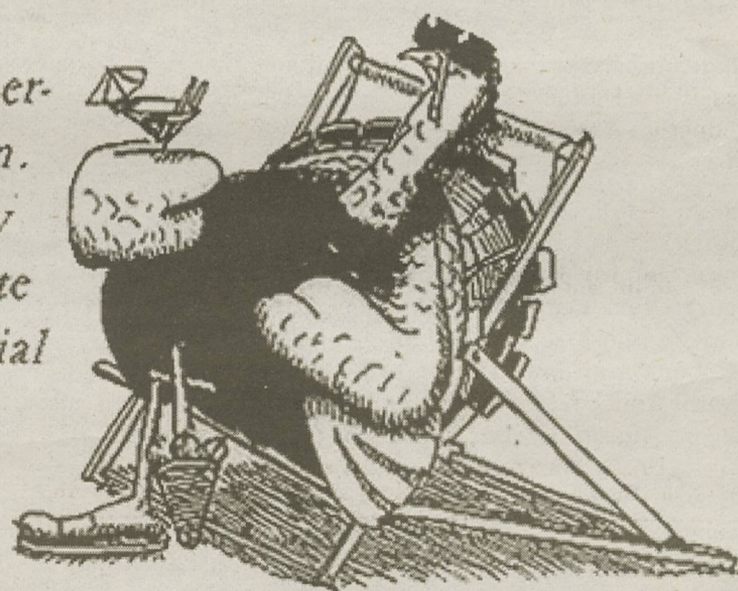
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# The Beaver

As you've probably noticed, this week's issue is rather special as it celebrates the Beaver's coming of age. First published in 1948, circulation ceased for a couple of years before being revamped in late 1952/early 1953. Since then, the Beaver has been published in a number of different forms and formats, but you find me writing this editorial at approximately 4.45am, Friday morning. The reason behind this being simply a lack of staff. Of the Beaver Collective listed below only six members contributed anything to the pull-out designed to give you, the reader a rough idea of the newspaper's history. A paper with such a colourful reputation that it is often difficult to change style without upsetting someone somewhere. As we enter our forty-first year the paper finds itself with an uncertain future. A victim of apathy, little interest is generated when it comes to producing the Beaver week-in, week-out. Writers are scarce, production staff are all but extinct and editors are not what they used to be. To help us reach our forty-first anniversary, why not write something and see your name in print, otherwise we might not be here to celebrate it. It might not mean much to you, but it means a hell of a lot to those who have worked on the paper throughout the years.

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## A Town Called Malice

Dear Beaver,  
I voted for the motion of censure on Jonny Bradburn at last Thursday's UGM as an expression of my disappointment at his refusal to resign from the post of ENTS officer. However, my views have changed somewhat since the vote was taken, and this has occurred because of the nasty vindictiveness the DSG showed at the meeting. Upon announcement of the first vote, which stated that the motion of censure was passed, several members of the DSG cheered (and in some cases acted like over-enthusiastic footballers, dancing and no doubt kissing each other too). It seems to me that this was nothing but pure malice - it looked as if Jonny Bradburn was soon to be out of a job, and the DSG was celebrating. Mucking about with someone's job and immediate future is not something to be taken lightly, unless of course you're doing it for your own political gain (DSG?).

If I were in Jonny's position I think that I would either resign (that's easy for me to say) or work bloody hard on other aspects of student life, but I do not think that it is right or proper for him to be hounded out of office by certain individuals in the DSG who use other people's purer motives to advance their own slimey ego trips,

Yours,  
Andy Baly

## Trumpton Riots

An Open Letter to the  
Vice-Chair of the UGM

Dear Gerrard Harris,  
Congratulations - not for winning the position of the Vice-Chair - but for using my format for writing the minutes. I'm sure just changing a few words and dates in my files from last term saves you a lot of time, however, it should not preclude you from using your brain:

- Points 2. e) and f) of your minutes (UGM, 14th January) are factually incorrect. At no time did I stand for the position of Vice-Chair. Were you so nervous at the time not to realise who your opponents were? Your "???" stands for Ragulan Sriskanthan, in case you still don't know.

- Either there are objections to the minutes of the previous UGM, or there are not. "No worthwhile objections" do not exist.

-The minutes from the ABM were not put forward for ratification, because they have to be ratified by the Finance & Services Committee only. So don't mention them in the minutes.

-You know why there was no report from the Union Council? Because the Chair - obviously far from being in an ideal world - never gave anybody the opportunity to report.

- Probably you are not aware of how important it is to minute the reports from Union Officers. The UGM is the forum which they are accountable to and their reports should reflect the work they have done for the Union. Of course, there is no point in minuting the announcement of unimportant future events.

By the way, if you are already too lazy to minute anything, delete at least the colons which I put behind the Officers' names.

-The same applies to the "all" in "To all Fazile Zahir from Jon Bradburn" which comes from my original phrase "To all sabbaticals from..."

-According to the constitution, a procedural motion requires the support of at least 25 Union members before being discussed. However, the Chair ignored this in the 14 January meeting - as did Simon Reid - commonly when he was Chair. Nevertheless, you can't claim that a procedural motion received the support of 25+ Union members (your phrasing again being mine) if the Chair never asked for it.

-Nobody asks you to minute every word said during a UGM - like Bob did when he was Vice-Chair. However, your minutes are ridiculously skimpy, apart from being factually incorrect. What about taking down at least the main points of a speech?

Had I been at the meeting, I would have made my points there and asked you to amend the minutes accordingly. Now, however, "Union Jack" enters the Students' Union books as a better record of the 18 January UGM than the actual minutes.

Yours Sincerely,  
Ludwig Kanzler  
Vice-Chair of the UGM,  
Michaelmas Term, 1992-93.

Sounds like sour grapes to me, Ludwig. Gerrard is a competent Vice-Chair and was elected fairly by the Union but what I'd like to know is do you sit at the end of the platform at Liverpool St. Station each Saturday noting down the numbers of various diesel and inter-city trains?

## Three is the Magic Number

Dear Beaver,  
We should all applaud John Spurling's wish that, "campaigns concerning non student issues...ought not to be carried out by persons working at the Union's expense." (Why it's three for me, The Beaver 25/1/93). ANY review of the Union structure that diverts funds away from trendy issues and towards a greater emphasis on student welfare should be welcomed. Student unions should not be a vehicle for the latest 'radical' trend - however worthy the cause or noble the particular political convictions.

Moreover, such a policy

would hopefully reduce the number of Union activists who turn out to play at partisan or adversarial politics instead of working in the interests of students at school. Maybe these elements could form a political debating society to massage their egos and continue to operate what is clearly a networking forum of a far more cynical nature than that which is practiced more openly by other societies who have less pretensions to right-on-ness and do not hide under a pretence of helping their peers.

I do not think such developments would increase student apathy, as might be feared. On the contrary, if student unions are perceived to be less trendy-for-the-sake-of-being-trendy then they would alienate the greater % of the student body that is persistently accused of being apathetic. There should also be a reduction in the clique bitchiness and pettiness which characterizes hacks of both varieties at the school. Once this is put aside the Union will be free to redefine itself and its purpose, that is to get on with issues of student welfare. Once this becomes clearer and those genuinely interested in working to that end come forward then it is less likely that the mistakes made (and it is important to realise that the blame for these mistakes must not rest on one person) this year will happen again and there will be less room for both the corruption and incompetence, which is sadly rife in Unions up and down the land

Yours faithfully,  
Chris Hadley.

## There's No Pleasing Some People

Dear Beaver,  
Every cloud has a silver lining. But here in oft maligned LSE residence Silver Walk even the silver lining is made of polyester. The ill-fated residents of this educational Hell-on-Earth are viciously forced to undergo hardship unknown to mainland Britain since the Norman Invasion in 1066.

To illustrate the point, one need only look to the size of the garden...there is clearly insufficient space for lawn tennis and the weather is awful. Furthermore the hyper-efficient low cost central heating system is rumoured to come on up to 30 seconds before it is due. This annoyance is only surpassed by the fact that there is no florist for miles around. Worse, the mail-box flap tends to catch the breeze on windy afternoons and risks waking up dozing students. In one instance the senior resident, Mr Ido Ben-Shaul refused to deal with a complaint relating to the missing golf course in the G rounds that he was woken at 4:30 a.m. to consider the matter. To this day construction on the aforesaid sports facility has not commenced. Household tensions are

exacerbated by the haphazard allocation of students to houses which clearly stands in the way of the rapid formation of long-term romantic liaisons.

Readers will understand that life in Silver Walk undermines academic progress in that so much time must be devoted to pursuing serious complaints, only a taste of which can be gleaned from those described above. In view of the gravity of the situation, common sense dictates that a full-time post should be established within John Major's cabinet to address the concerns of Britain's new underclass in Silver Walk. Nothing short of this will prevent the smearing of LSE's good name across the European Community and, indeed, the whole world.

The Righteous Nit-pickers of Silver Walk

## United We Stand....

Dear Beaver,  
Today the UGM missed an opportunity to invest £3000 in Union Societies and the future direction of the Union. Still, this is far from the end of the world.

When DSG members tried and failed to censure Jon Bradburn, the issues were always accountability and dedication. Today we showed our willingness to risk unpopularity in order to stick to our belief in putting the students of our Union first.

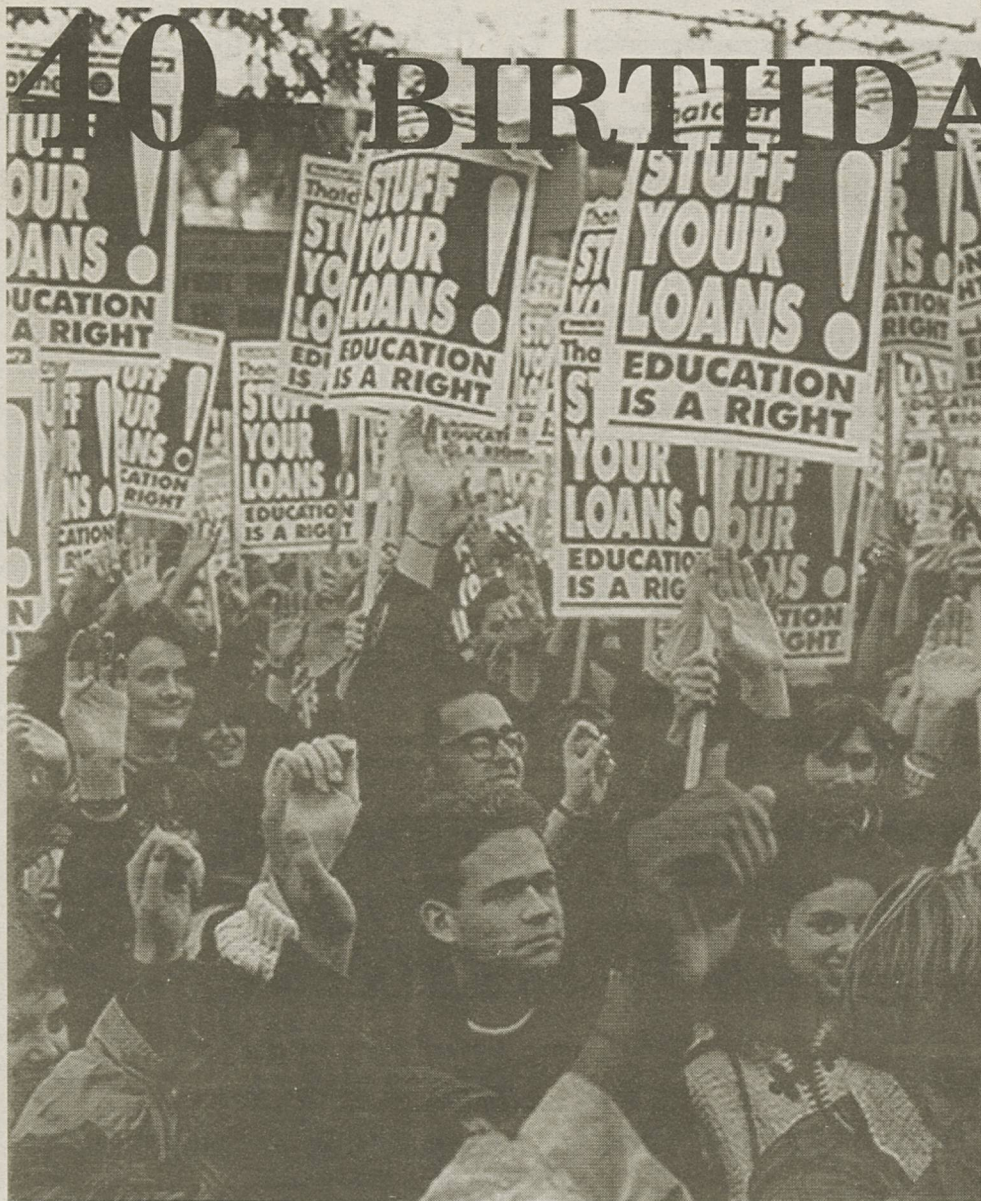
No other group has shown the commitment to both long-standing campaigns such as student hardship, overseas students' fees, library improvements and the welfare of postgraduates and also to more recent issues such as the housing debacles in Rosebery and Silver Walk. Principles, along with policies and a coherent agenda, are what the DSG will continue to offer and are exactly what the current Union administration clearly lacks.

Bob Gross  
Steve Peake.

## Post Haste

Letters to the Editor must be delivered, either by hand or internal post, to E197 no later than 4pm Thursdays.

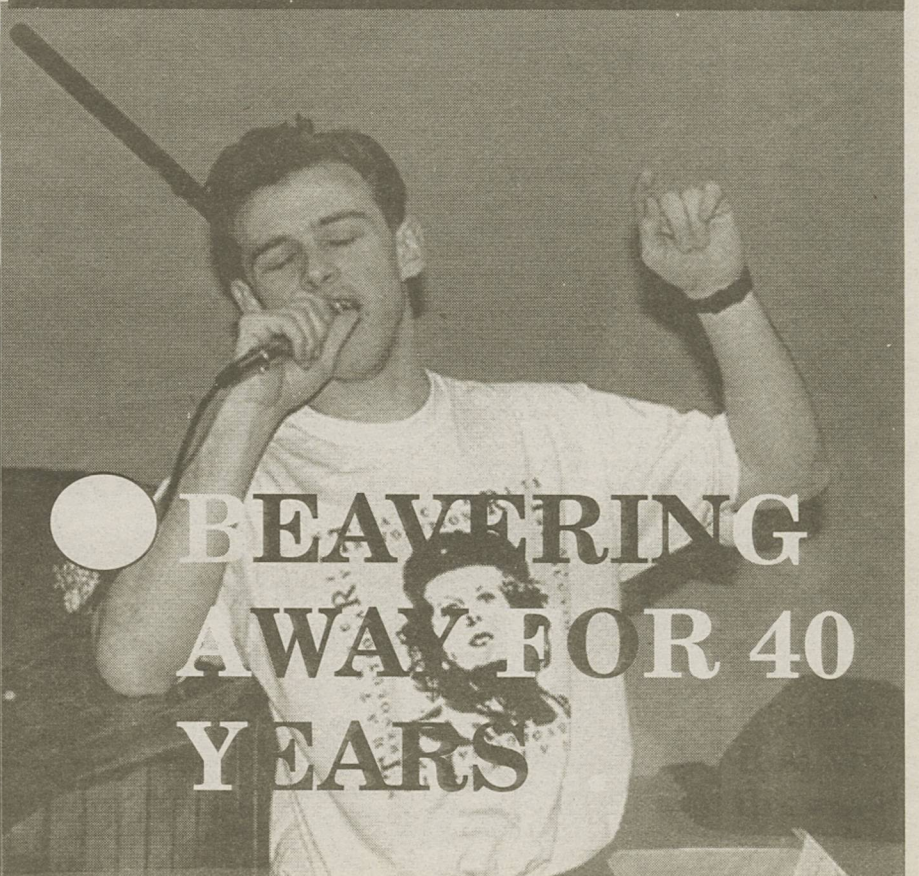
# 40 BIRTHDAY PULL OUT



● IF IT HAPPENED HERE, WE WERE THERE...



● THE BEST PAPER FOR THE BEST UNI...Oh yes!



● BEAVERING AWAY FOR 40 YEARS

Credits:  
Ron Voce, Ian Turner, Kevin Green, Neil Andrews, Bob Gross, George Binnette, Faz' answering machine.

So the Beaver is celebrating 40 years in existence, well that's a big surprise to many alumni, because the first Beavers, were 'mural' Beavers on the walls and notice boards of the LSE. However the first ever newspaper copy of the fortnightly Beaver was published on Thursday May 5th, at the princely sum of 3d. Some things have changed for the better, the Beaver is now free and generally publishes weekly.

The Beaver team were small in numbers, but had the actor, Ron Moody as Arts editor and resident cartoonist, he was even elected to Union Council in the first issue, what a hack! But the smallness of the group, the reliance on funding by selling the Beaver, saw it on shaky ground and this initial run petered out, in 1952.

The details of its demise are vague, something about, "torture in a dark room", and they "did not get a squeak out of our faithful guardian," bring to mind possible intimidation by the school, but as I said details are very vague and those issues do not appear to be in the Library.

The Beaver returned in October of 1952, after a 9 month sabbatical, as a type written hand out. Now published monthly, (oh what a luxury), January's edition was as an A4 size booklet. In February 1953, The Beaver, became recognisable as the forerunner of todays' Beaver. It is this anniversary, that we are celebrating, because from that moment onwards the Beaver was published uninterrupted.

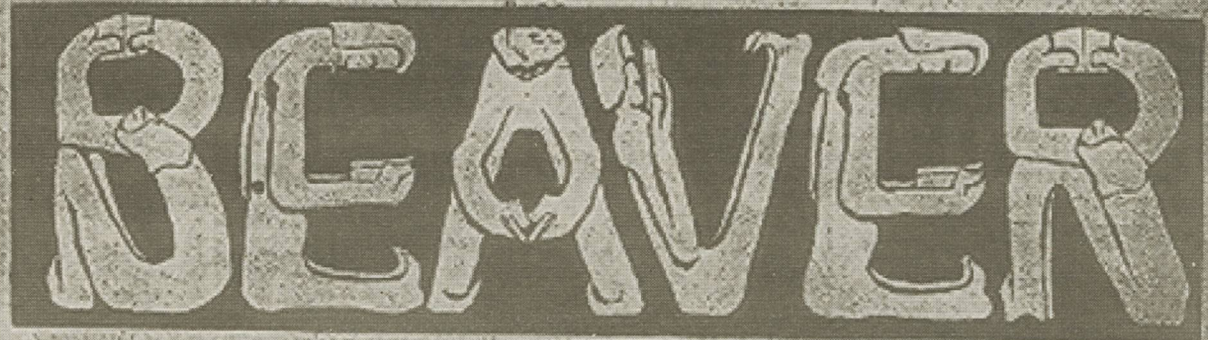
So what was in our first ever issue. Well the front page, you've already seen the first page, but what else. Firstly you'll notice that there is only four pages instead of our now common place twelve. The collective, didn't really exist, instead of the current 50+, there were just 8 members of the editorial board.

The first editorial, hopes that the Beaver will "induce a more cohesive atmosphere among students," but if it doesn't do this, then it proudly boasts that it will not have "justified its existence. Well to us, the fact that we are still going, means that we have and as we well now, we continue to stir up debate, whether you like it or not.

The rest of the paper is made of articles, that even today we could not match for interest or syntax. The leading article is whether the NUS conference in Bangor should have a drinks licence, because the Welsh Free Church didn't like it. That out of the way the conference discussed such things as 'The student, his studies and his nations.', sat through lectures by various visiting dignitaries.

Some of the students went to Paris for a trip and got rather drunk, whilst the LSE touring football team toured Devon and got pissed on scrumpy, which I suppose is the start of the AU barrel. The women's hockey team are compared to "hardened amazons.", whilst Mr Moody's art sections discuss the Follies, an Italian film called Angelina, and the classic Ingrid Bergman film, Joan of Arc. There were also items on conscription and pacifism and German students, all in all a great cross section and a pretty good first attempt at becoming a proper paper.

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# BERNARD SHAW GREET'S BEAVER

## N.U.S. Bangor Congress - TOTEM AND TABOO -

SHOULD too university students in Congress have a licensed bar? This, the crucial problem of the Congress, was resolved in the accepted and traditional Welsh manner - Mr. Lloyd Jones, representing the Free Church Council, opposed the Bangor students' application, adding that "it is a matter of tradition in which the Welsh University is founded." Yet another Free Church Council member said that he viewed the idea with "outraged and horror," and the Executive, adjusting in favour of tradition and dignity, refused a licence.

Yet perhaps the most striking part of the Congress was the journey from Bangor to London. Spending at the address to platform No. 12 a very solemn and reflective group, the party with a few exceptions - hand, a bus, rain, that's even for school's train. And the journey itself is an unparliamentary protest against the British Government. At Bangor, almost every college building was filled with the flags and the people of the party. It was a very different scene from the other side of the sea. The party was met at the station by the National Council of the N.U.S. Executive, and they were taken to the hotel in a motor bus. The party was met at the station by the National Council of the N.U.S. Executive, and they were taken to the hotel in a motor bus.

It is interesting to note that the party was met at the station by the National Council of the N.U.S. Executive, and they were taken to the hotel in a motor bus.

"Socialism will abolish classes: Beaver should organise the sets" - G.B.S.

*Socialism will abolish classes; but it will replace them by sets.*  
*The Beaver, whilst accepting this as natural and inevitable, should organise meetings of all the sets to save them from sinking too long in their several juices and live by taking in their own washing.*

Appt. Saint Lawrence, Wexham, Berks.  
 5/5/1949

The second day of the Congress was primarily notable for the fact that there was no plenary session. The rooms, procedure was somewhat chaotic and group discussions were held in the evening and the afternoon was intended for sport. Unfortunately all plenary sessions at the party of the school, and the Theatre group, were cancelled because of heavy rain in the streets. It was possible, however, to see the table tennis championships.

The Central Union, designed as an introduction to the following day's plenary session, was regrettably cancelled because of heavy rain in the streets. It was possible, however, to see the table tennis championships.

The plenary session on Friday was the most eagerly-awaited session of the whole Congress. The Student and National Councils in the place of a meeting. Culture was proclaimed, national, international, as well as a stimulus to a program for culture, the synthesis of civilization, and, finally, responsible of education. At the end of the night a notable discussion, two remarkable concluding messages, and the student who "grew suspicious" of any attempted definition of culture did so for very good reasons; and that the original of the phrase "we wonder to doubt" was, whether he knew it or not, a very able project.

**RENEE AGAIN**  
 During Friday afternoon the National-Social Student Association held its Annual General Meeting. As this is being dealt with more fully by Miss Irene Nathan in a social article, see it by reference.

is this the first edition of "Beaver," we asked George Bernard Shaw if he would care to contribute. Despite our invitation that we were ready to print an article, Mr. Shaw sent us one of his incomparable political. We are, however, grateful for such recognition and would like to take this opportunity to thank him for his major contribution to progressive thought.

**NAOMI AGAIN**  
 The Council of the N.U.S. Executive, and the National Council of the N.U.S. Executive, met on Monday, 7th May, at the National Council of the N.U.S. Executive. The Council of the N.U.S. Executive, and the National Council of the N.U.S. Executive, met on Monday, 7th May, at the National Council of the N.U.S. Executive.

**STOP PRESS**  
 The Council motions on the U.C. and the Resolatory Report will be presented to the Union tonight, Thursday, 8th May.

The Union Council Election Results - R. Moody 201 votes, I. Strong 148 votes.  
 F. Ridd 85 votes, Invalid 1 vote. Total pages 407-430. R. Moody and I. Strong are thereby elected to Council.  
 Miss Jeanne Schiller has accepted the post of Treasurer Officer. We wonder why!



# The Ragged School

## Ron Moody recollects his days as an Undergraduate at LSE, 1948-1950

Ron Moody attended the LSE from 1948-53, and it was while he was studying Sociology that he 'stumbled' into his acting career. He became an international star through his creation of the role of Fagin in both the stage and film versions of 'Oliver!', a part which won him a nomination for an Oscar, and five international best actor awards, including the Hollywood Golden Globe and the Moscow Golden Bear. Other film credits include 'The Twelve Chairs' with Mel Brookes, 'Summer Holiday' and 'The Flight of the Doves'. He has made countless television appearances and his numerous stage appearances include 'Hamlet' at the Globe and a highly successful one-man show, 'Move Along Sideways'.

'Oh, no! No, no, no! Absolutely impossible!'

The Squadron Leader S. Ad. O. was against me at once, even before he'd seen me. Which he never actually did, because from the moment I entered, his eyes had been fixed on the second button of my tunic.

'Oh, no, no, no! I can't see how you can possibly have full time off' (Nor could I, but I was hopeful.) 'At this - er - London School of Economics?' He thought about it for a moment, and made himself very angry. I could tell because his eyes moved up to my first button. It occurred to me that if I provoked him enough, he might actually look me in the eye.

'I'll let you know about it! 'Sir!'

I left without rancour because it was clear that this happy little haberdasher had never even heard of LSE. The Education Officer had, but he hadn't known what to suggest so he had referred me to the Squadron Leader. That same afternoon I was referred to the Commanding Officer (superior type - eyes on badge of hat) who couldn't give me full time off, but would see what the Education Officer had to suggest. After two trips round this Inner Circle somebody decided I could have some time off, but I must arrange my studies to take up as little RAF time as possible. So I spent my first term at LSE as an evening student.

It would have been much simpler if I'd been demobbed in time for the Michaelmas Term in October 1947, but the course of true life never runs smooth. So I spent my days in the Radar section at Hendon, doing DI's on Ansons, poodling around with Lucero and Ilc, toying with impedances and rejector circuits, and cursing clots who switched the RX so the gain was duff; and my evenings at LSE, listening to Robbins on Indifference curves, Blackburn on

hyperaesthesia, Hinchliff on the Bhuddist Dhammapada, and wondering why the hell the lecturers couldn't speak plain English.

I moved from jargon to jargon, milieu to milieu, a marginal man on the fringe of two worlds, blurring together like an off-phase projector. I lived for the evenings, and, paradoxically, had more fun with the days. The Radar section had Ken and Dave, who were my close friends, LSE was a passing show of anonymous strangers; the RAF provided me with crosswords, NAAFI breaks, table tennis and the radio-set I never did build, LSE gave me wallflower evenings at Freshers' Dances, Union Meetings where I sat in awe as 'giants spake, and a delicately nurtured inferiority complex. It was in the RAF that I saw a Jamaican bash a cook over the head with a vinegar bottle because he was refused more potatoes. LSE yielded no such happy moments.

Unless perhaps that cold October Sunday when I joined the LSE Boat Club and paddled out from Chiswick Boathouse in my first four. Eight arms and four oars punched the boat through the water at terrifying speed, I caught a crab, the boat heeled to one side, the oar thudded my ribs, and the purpose of the sport became alarmingly clear - to get back to the bank! As we did, I saw a lone rower, swimming towards us like a drowned rat, pushing his upturned shell before him - and I never went again.

But I was at LSE - the only place of Higher Learning I had ever wanted to be! I was a guest in the house of Bernard Shaw and the Webbs, the Citadel where Laski held court. And above all, I was a University Student! Part Time!

'Number, Rank, Name!' '1894342, AC1, Moody, R., Corporal!'

'Age!'

'24, Corporal!'

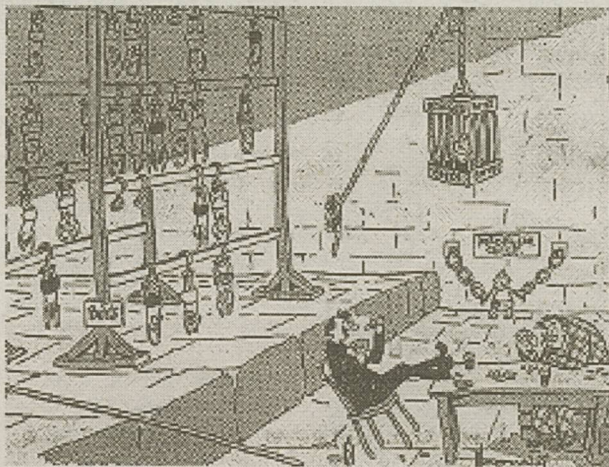
'Sign

that...that...that...that!'

'12th January, 1948! It's yer demob day - twit!'

'Now come on, chaps! A Flight Lieutenant with an insensitivity of cosmic proportions joshed us affectionately. 'Take your demob leave, chaps, then remember the old esprit de corps, chaps, and come back with boys, chaps!'

We took our eyes from the top button of his tunic and plunged through a series of corridors and offices and hangers in a never-ending stream, picking up money and chits and sports jackets and pin-striped trousers, and seeing - oh, blessed moment! - our Release Books ripped and torn to pieces before our bewildered eyes. Free. Free! Oh, madness and joy! Freeeeeeee!



On January 14th, 1948, a magnificent new Birthday Briefcase from Proud and Happy Parents gleaming in my Proud and Happy Hand, I set off for LSE to begin my new life as a University Student! Full Time!

Part time, full time, in no time at all I was Alice in Wonderland! Wandering through warrens of classes and lectures and societies and seminars....Ah! There was the Dormouse, pretending to be Professor Ginsberg, there, the White Rabbit, disguised thinly as Lionel Robbins, and as for the Mad Hatter, why, he was everywhere, proliferating himself onto every lecture platform in the place, pouring out platitudes of garbled logic and gobbledegook to the wisely nodding heads of Them What Was In The Know - everyone, that is - except me.

And of course, there were thousands of Cheshire Cats, smiling widely from afar and fading mysteriously when I came too close. When I discovered that if I kept very quiet, the Cheshire Cats would allow me to approach and listen to their conversations, I became an excellent listener, a master of the role of attentive audience. But if I was foolish enough to open my mouth and say one word, they would fade instantly about their business.

I lost the power of speech. The outrageous exhibitionist of the RAF, the buffoon of every barrack room, the Aneurin Bevan of every NAAFI from Hendon to Henlow. I was suddenly struck dumb! My syntax went to pieces and my sentences tailed off in mid-air. I was too busy listening to my own,

thin, nasal voice, my own vulgar London accent, so damnably aware that everybody else spoke so well! I went to a public-speaking class, determined to cure my disability, the Cheshire Cats orated - and I listened. When I was finally forced to speak, the trapped Cheshires listened back - and stopped smiling.

It was about this time that I developed my Nod, a symbol of acquiescence in group discussion, the limit of my participation in group activity. It carried me through classes, lectures, Union meetings and Refectory debates with considerable dignity. I became a Wise Silent Nodder Who Understood All. For of course, I did! I was intensely critical of Robbins and Marshall and Ginsberg and Hinchliff and Beales and Smellie, who continuously missed points that were so laughably clear to me, and without having read any of the recommended books. For was I not already a Shavian Creative Evolutionist, a Radical Socialist, a Rationalist and a Very Clever Person to boot? I was overcome with admiration for the student at a Robbins lecture on Economic Analysis, who, when that learned Prof. warned us that the lecture would be sticky if we hadn't read Marshall, stood up, bowed, and walked out. Almost as good as the Jamaican and the vinegar bottle. The only lecturer I really approved of was Dr. Mannheim, who introduced us to the heinous realities of Criminology and earned himself my affectionate title of 'Homicidal Hermann'.

I would probably have

noded my way through the next two years at LSE with no trouble, no loss of face and no degree, if I hadn't, one morning in February, taken my FIRST BIG STEP! I replied to an advertisement for the post of cartoonist on 'Beaver', the wall newspaper of The Three Tuns. Cartoons and cruel caricatures had been a happy hobby since childhood - I revelled in long noses, buck teeth and piggy eyes and drew and lost many friends in the process. A few days later I found a letter in my pigeon-hole from 'Tiger' Standish, the Editor, to say my application was gratefully accepted and would I cover the Valentine Ball? Fee, a free 4/6d ticket! The offer was irresistible! I had a Government grant of £180 per annum, lived at home and gave a pound a week to my very dear parents, and managed my LSE on two pounds a week. I covered the Ball, with cartoons and comments on the types and personalities present - LSE came out of it as the only college where all the men had bow legs and all the women had flat chests - and had an enormous pleasure of nipping down to The Three Tuns one lunchtime to find my piece prominently displayed on the 'Beaver' notice-board - and surrounded by a swarm of flat-chested, bow-legged students. I had signed it, unobtrusively, 'Juma Krash', and skulked around for a few changes of audience, revelling in the joy I brought to their piggy eyes and reading it a few dozen times myself. 'Brilliant!' the Walrus said; 'Very very funny,' returned the Carpenter. I nodded.

From that day, I had (you should excuse the expression) function and status. I was 'Juma Krash', the unobtrusive 'Beaver' cartoonist and if you were nice to me I could put your face on my wall. I began to spend my spare time in the 'Beaver' office and suddenly found myself in growing contact with the student elite - for the Union office was on the third floor. It wasn't long before I was asked to illustrate an article in Clare Market Review, the printed student periodical, edited by Val Sherman, iconoclast elect, egotist supreme, and already a brilliant journalist. I viewed him some awe because he used to stand up with great authority at climatic moments in the Union meetings - and speak! And he had made up his mind that I was a budding Daumier and was wasting my time reading Sociology and should be a political cartoonist on a national newspaper. How could I possibly consider such an idea? I was devoted to the ideal of an academic life. I attended every lecture on the syllabus, took copious notes in my meticulously organized, precisely tabulated master

file, and one day soon, I would read them all and understand them and assimilate them - if I could decipher them.

Like Mr Lewisham, I had a schedule of work, a plan of study. For a start, I got up every morning. It was never easy, now I was free of RAF discipline - perhaps I went to bed too late. It would have to stop! I must keep to my schedule, ten minutes of push-ups and exercises, half an hour of German translation before breakfast! No time now, but I would have to begin tomorrow! Definitely and absolutely, tomorrow! I rushed breakfast, took the tube to Holborn, jog-trotted along Kingsway, making small but significant gestures as I passed the RAF Recruiting HQ, all the time my ineptitude and my idiotic, inexcusable unpunctuality! Late every morning! Late again for Robbins in the New Theatre, scribble, scribble, what was he on about, egad, the man was so tall, no wonder he talked above our heads, hahaha! Stigler! That was the answer! I must read Stigler's 'Theory of Price' and all would be revealed - tomorrow! Definitely and absolutely tomorrow! No time now, I had to illustrate 'Beaver' Hansard for 'Tiger' and discuss drawings for CMR with Val. Anyway the Easter vacation was upon us, and I would now positively get down to some real work on all subjects. Definitely and absolutely!

In fact, I went to the NUS Congress at Leicester as an observer (subsidized) for CMR, and had my first taste of life in a student hostel, an old country house with large grounds, oak panelling and no ghosts - nodding sagely through lectures by Dr. Joad and Arthur Horner, listening with satisfaction to the inanities of their student critics, going to endless socials and informal hops, walking girls home halfway across the country, then walking back so late I had to climb in through the hostel window - this was living - and finding some of the old RAF companionship with Len Hiscock, the Landsberger twins and students from other colleges. I hated to leave and go back to London. For the first time I felt I really belonged. I had become (you should excuse the expression) integrated. The rest of the vacation was a terrible anticlimax and as soon as I had finished my strip cartoon reports on the Congress, I went into LSE. None of the warmth and bustle of term-time, but it felt good to be back. And I took my SECOND BIG STEP! I discovered the library!

I had dropped in a few times in the Lent Term, braving the caustic surveillance of the Guardians at the Gate, who, brothers to Customs men and traffic wardens, always made you



Ron Moddy(right) with his Pipe (left) .

...*(continued from page 9)*  
 feel you had half the library stuffed up your jumper. I had a paper to write on Veblen and took out his superb 'Theory of the Leisure Class'. And all at once, I realized I had been wasting my time only attending lectures last term. Here were all the words, written down, not flying blind over my head and being humped, half-heard, into my note-book. I was able to sit and read and study and read again and think and look at other readers and admire their legs and wonder what they were reading and read what I was reading and slowly, very slowly I was able to learn!

To the half-trained mind, the first major text book you read is close to the Holy Writ - the tight-knit arguments, the force of the intellect behind them, these are overpowering and unassailable. It is not surprising that the Bible and Marx had such power over the Peasant. The second book fills you with helpless panic, you blunder in circles of conflicting logic like a chicken without a head. In addition to the Wise Nod, I now acquired the Blank Stare into Space. Where do these great minds differ? At what point in this jungle of juxtapositions and jargon, this plethora of paradox and premiss, do you discern the definite difference? So you begin to read books about the books, critical surveys, analytic assessments, flirting with Philosophy and Scientific Method, and slowly - very slowly - beginning - just beginning - to learn - how to learn.

In the Summer Term of 1948, my LSE was a new place. Instead of a grind of disjointed lectures with nothing in between, I now evolved a real scheme of continuous study in the library, popping out only occasionally for lectures and food, and crawling out late in the evening, stiff, smug and satiated.

On Monday, May 3rd, I read my first paper. A critique of Veblen for Miss Hinchliff's Sociology Class. With a thundering heart, a dry mouth, and a voice that had yet to learn about resonant cavities and simple articulation, Veblen never had a chance. Filled with shame and despair at my stupid inadequacy, I stumbled out, seeking fresh air and inspiration from Lincoln's Inn Fields and the Soap Box Orators. There is an old water fountain near the Law Courts - on one side the Conservatives used to damn the Labour Party and themselves into the bargain; on the other, a small dark man, with a peculiarly grating voice, would attack middle-class morality with shocking abandon and his own particular brand of socialism. I called him Jolson and became an ardent fan. I learnt from him that you may speak the most arrant nonsense or the most inspired sense, you may have the cadences of a docker or a duke - but without the power and confidence to punch it across, you embarrass the audience and yourself. So obvious - so simple - but I could not - dared not - do it!

Apart from this, it was a good Summer Term. My work on 'Beaver' and CMR went from line to half-tone, I was promoted to Art Editor on both periodicals, and rumour went round went round that I

had worked on animation for Disney. In fact, my only link with the film business was my father, who was a construction head at Elstree Studios. But by the end of my first year at LSE, I was happily settled in, with a sense of freedom I had never known before, and two possible careers ahead of me - political cartoonist or social scientist. The Cold War was hotting up and the blockade of Berlin had begun. Freed from the common enemy, the former allies were looking to their ideological differences instead of to their mutual



interests. A new war threatened the peace of the world, but LSE was a buffer against the grim reality outside, my deep sentimental attachment to the buildings and rooms and students gave me a self-contained and complete way of life. Vacations were gaps to be wished away, never enjoyed, and that summer vacation was no exception. I wished it quickly away and was back for my second year in October 1949, bursting with determination to work as I had never worked before - this term, full out - hard at it - particularly in Economics! I must read Stigler - definitely and absolutely!

If Marx had cast a long shadow in the corridors of world power, Plato and Aristotle were no less evident in the intellectual corridors of LSE. I was now able, vaguely but unwillingly, to realize that the academic world, far



from being a joyous agglomeration of sincere minds seeking truth, was in fact the scene of endless sold wars of its own, thought to the finish with bewildering ferocity and intolerance. Plato vs Aristotle, Deductive vs Inductive, Theories and Methods vs Methods and Theories. There was rivalry between methodologists, between disciplines, between schools of thought within those disciplines, not to mention breakaways within those schools of thought, that manifested all the capriciousness of a dogma in the manger. For emotional and probably ethnic reasons, I favoured the Deductive method. When Ginsberg lectured on Theories and Methods of Sociology, with

his beautiful, quiet understatement and lucid, gentle delivery, I sat and adored him. He would pull great big satisfying plums from his philosophical hat, reconciling the difference between Freudian and General Psychology in one lecture, then, like a small boy disobeying an order, be almost apologetic in criticizing the Marxist Theory of Knowledge.

On the other hand, there was the 'empirically orientated' Edward Shils and his Sociology Class. This astonishing little American made his debut by breezing into the

room, asking us to introduce ourselves to each other with a few words about our intentions in the field of Sociology, and then proceeding to tear us apart with clipped, well chosen epithets, delivered between clenched teeth. He was a Socrates, directing his venom against students rather than sophists. He terrified me. I liked him enormously. Probably because he once told me I had a 'certain intellectual adventurousness'. But when I once dared to Nod Wisely at one of his discourses on Modern Social Structures, he asked me to tell the class why I agreed with him! I didn't know! I didn't even know I had Nodded. I reassured myself with the notion that the fault lay in the high level of abstraction and not my ineptitude - but I didn't Nod within sight of him again.

I revelled in Dr Popper's



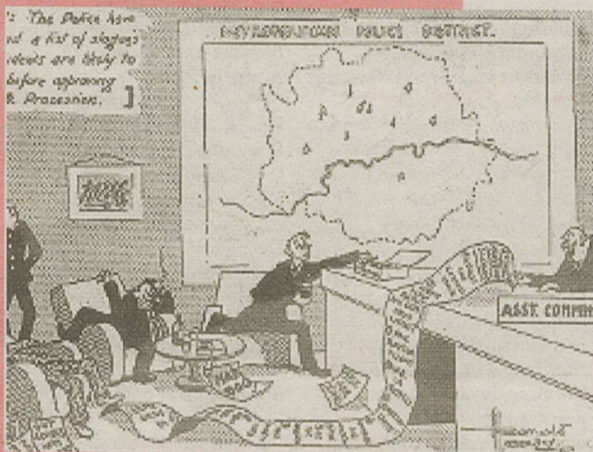
'Scientific Method' which did more to put my ideas into perspective than any other. And I began to reassess the lecturers that I had found an infuriating waste of time. For I could dimly see that I was rising - with the inevitability of gradualness - to that primitive intellectual level that made their intellects intelligible to me. And I could dimly see that the more I journeyed in the mind, the less I would be able to communicate, eventually, with people who hadn't come along for the same ride.

I dabbled in Aesthetics and read books on History of Art. To tie this in with my main studies, I read all I could on the Psychology of Laughter and made an analysis of newspaper cartoons to classify

the type of joke and the form of the ludicrous involved. I actually began to send some of my cartoons to Fleet Street and was quite proud of my collection of rejection slips. For however much these efforts hovered between hobby and blocked vocation, the academic life was still my cherished goal, the university was my place. Still I dreamed that one day, from its Ivory towers, I would shoot flaming barbs to burn down the pallasades of Myth and Prejudice that protect the Infidel, Reaction, and bar the Believer, progress!

I had overlooked the Dissembler, Destiny! For Forces were at work of which I had no awareness, and they were just about to put their Two Bits into the game. It was the Summer Term, 1949.

Ken Willy Watkins, Union demagogue - oh, what a speaker he was - started it. He suddenly decided I should stand for Union Council! Me? Speak at Union meetings? Impossible! With finals in 1950, not that far off? Impractical! Treating his sponsorship in the manner I felt it deserved, I drew a cartoon body with two necks, upon which I stuck two Polyphoto heads, and stuck



this monstrosity on the board for Council nominations. That was that! Next day, I was handed the Council Office key by Val Schur. I had been elected by 201 votes out of 230! And I am proud to say that in my period of office, as Chairman of the Refectory Committee (which led me, naturally enough to a study of the Manual of Nutrition and a book on Physiology) I did not speak once! Not, that is, until the last Union meeting of my Nodding office, where a wag stood up and asked me a long and complicated question about Refectory matters. I stood up and said, in a strong Welsh accent: 'I shouldn't be at all surprised, actually!'

But once elected, the chain reaction was set in motion. I moved up from Beaver office to the Union office, where the members spent their days playing liar dice and plotting lunatic coups. One of them was Allan Kingsbury, Entertainments Officer. And he plotted a coup in the Michaelmas term of 1949, a coup which he called a 'Smoking Concert'. And because I drew funny cartoons, he assumed I could write funny material. It just so happened that from the age of 16, with a guitar bought for me by my mother, who encouraged everything I did, I had been composing awful tunes. And in cahoots with an old friend, Maurice Bentley, I had moved on to writing parochial point numbers on the sexual proclivities of the Grange Park bourgeoisie. So I

submitted a few ideas. Allan decided I should also perform them, and I cannot remember my reaction to that at all. Except perhaps, fear. But some how it all went ahead. The smoking concert grew into a full scale review, and I suggested it be called 'Place Pigalle', because that summer I had made my first trip to Paris, and had still to recover from the breathless excitement, the vibrant magic, of my introduction to Montmartre, Sacré Coeur, and Pigalle! I had made a vow that one day I would grow a beard, go back to Montmatre, and paint - for the time being, I stayed clean-shaven and daubed the scenery for the show.

I was, of course, quite mad! With nine months to go before Finals, I plunged impetuously into all the time consuming activities, life involving, wildly fascinating activities that go into putting on a show. John Hutchinson and Len Freedman were to do their brilliant double act at the piano; Al Bermel, then Editor of Clare Market Review was to write and perform; Cyril Wiseman, a law student who should have been a concert pianist, was to compose and accompany; and



Bernard Levin was to impersonate Harold Laski and compeer. I first met Levin one evening, as he was walking ahead of me toward Holborn station. I caught him up and said for no reason whatsoever: 'Did you know that Finsbury Park, spelt backwards, is Y-RUB-SNIF-KRAP?' He pointed out that KRAP-Y-RUB-SNIF might be more accurate, and I had found a fellow lunatic.

Oh, the days that followed! Casting, rehearsing, directing, rewriting, auditioning, re-casting, elation, depression, inspiration, exhaustion - all punctuated with interminable cups of coffee and inquests in Villiers Street. The Singing Chefs Sextet lost two, acquired Groucho Marx disguises, and became the Four Grouchos. And driving us on, sustaining our flagging spirits, behind us all the way, was thy faith and energy of Allan Kingsbury, the finest natural producer I have ever met.!

On November 15th, 1949, 'Place Pigalle' went on. We under-rehearsed all day, adrenalin pumping from glands we didn't know we had, total chaos took on some semblance of shape, and I suddenly decided we needed a real horseshoe to set up a gag where we threw rubber ones (made in Elstree) at the audience. I left everything and everyone to hunt everywhere to find one - and I finally ran it to earth in an old forge, housed in a seedy archway behind Kings Cross! Mortimer Wheeler never had it so good!

That night, the Old Theatre was packed with stamping, shouting students, thirsting for blood and targets for the wit! They greeted the overture with a barrage of huzzahs and toilet rolls! The predicted disaster was set before them! It was a huge, unbelievable, rip roaring, runaway hit! Hutchinson and Freedman tore the place up, the Four Grouchos were a smash and the horseshoe joke was a socko boff! The cheers and laughter seemed to go on for ever and probably did. And what was most important to me, my mother and sister and father were there and we all went home by tube, glowing over every blissful moment.

I didn't sleep that night. I was floating a few feet above the bed on a cushion of warmth that flowed into my stomach and out of every nerve in my body. I had found the way to speak, to project, to be strong in public, to be a source of fun in public, and by means of one simple device... I did it as someone else! And when that someone else was the greatest verbal wit of our time, and I could speak his words and use his voice and wear his clothes and lose myself beneath his Master's mask - in a word, when I could feel that I was Groucho Marx - then all his power and glory passed to me. At second hand perhaps! Derivative? Of course. But it was the only way I could have done it. And when a midget sits behind a wheel of an Aston Martin and puts his tiny foot on the accelerator, God help those who deny his right of way!

Inevitably, my LSE went through another metamorphosis. The 'Place Pigalle' crowd basked in the glory of their success for the rest of the term, went to an endless round of parties, performed bits from the show at the drop of a hop ticket, anything to sustain the euphoria we had found that night. We did 'Pigalle' again in December and added a pantomime sequence. This time I actually ventured on alone as Crusoe, the Marginal Man, lost in a sea of Indifference curves and plunking, very rubato, on his ukelele to satirical words by Al Bermel. Still hidden, behind a mask of hair and furs, but all alone, solo, I found a communion with the audience that was even more exciting than before.

Val Sherman never commented on these activities - he was still convinced he had found a new Low! And indeed, through all this fabulously rich experience, my ambition was still crystallizing firmly in its original direction. I must work hard to get a first in 1950 and apply to lecture at LSE... I wanted to stay at LSE for ever! where else could I have found such fulfilment in every direction but in this Student City of Opportunity?

In 1950, I began to work long hours in the library, and when I found that sometimes distracting, I stayed at home and worked into the early hours of the morning. At last I tackled Economics! I read Robbins and wanted to apologize for all the ungracious thoughts I had had when I first went to lectures in 1948 - when I didn't see what he meant by positive science or formal economics. I read Stigler and

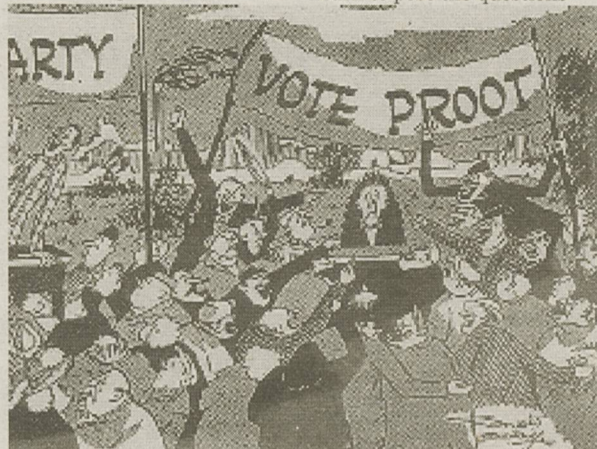
...*(continued)*

finally saw the point of abstract concepts, self-regulating mechanisms and other kinds of mental spectacles, which if not rose-tinted, were convenient ways of looking at the world.

'Moody', I would say to myself, 'how have you managed to cope until this moment without knowing that MR equals MC, which

under perfect competition also equals Price? And that MVP equals MR times MPP, which under perfect competition becomes p times MPP which equals V of MP? How could you?

No man can tell another what university means - it is the experience itself that is the answer, the intellectual leap into the realms of informed ignorance, the maddening phrase 'we must learn to pose the questions'



which so infuriates the Naive Custodians of Common Sense who want to know the answers.

On June 12, 1950, I take the tube for South Kensington...meet some of the LSE gang on the way in....we are shaking with large butterflies in our stomachs...I've never seen so many people looking green...I am in a huge room of the University Examination Halls, Imperial Institute Road...I am sitting at a desk marked '12259'...I am looking down all the things I have been rehearsing for the last six months...not sure if some of them fit but I'm putting them down all the same...just so they'll know that I know even if they don't want to know...I leave the room where a lifetime telescopes down into five written answers...a little dazed and disappointed because all my sweat on Stigler is wasted but for one question....

On June 19, 1950, seven

days later, I walked from the Examination Halls to the tube chatting with Len Hiscock. Only when he had gone did it hit me! The exam was over! I wandered around South Ken for something between ten minutes and an hour, feeling a most peculiar kind of sensation - I think it is called freedom - with a dash of relief, a soupçon of hope and a large helping of oblivion - for it is dangerous to think back for one instant over the questions, foolhardy and quite fatal ever to discuss the answers with other students! Just sit back, wait, and think happy thoughts.

On July 21, I went to LSE, for the results. No lists were up so I had tea with a chap who told me there were no Firsts in Sociology! Impossible! I went downstairs again and found a heaving mass crowding over the noticeboards. I fought my way through with a show of hysterical nonchalance, and peered wildly, with fast-blurring vision, at the IIA



section. My name was not there! I looked across - oh how I looked across - to the other side of the tracks, the nether regions of iiB, the lowly sub-strata of the Lower Seconds.....Moody, Ronald, IIB.

Moody, Ronald IIB! No professorship at LSE! No cartoons accepted! War in the air! Slam, bang, wallop, every line closed up tight! I called

that day Black Friday and the summer that followed, the Black Summer....

This piece was first published, unabridged, in 'My LSE', edited by Joan Abse, in 1977 by Robson books

# All Change

## Bob Gross fondly remembers the old days

LSE is different in many ways than it was when I first came in September 1985. For starters, there are many more of us now, up from around 4000 to over 5000. Although Butler's Wharf, Silver Walk and some of the smaller residences plus Columbia House and St Phillips' Buildings are new, many facilities such as the Library and Brunch Bowl are much the same size as before, only more crowded. Moving around the Old Building on the hour used to be difficult; now it's impossible. Here are some other changes.

IG Patel was Director. He seemed wise, kind and shy. I think he loved this place and saw it as something alive to be nurtured.

The Quad has a roof. I remember snow in there.

Florrie's is gone from where the travel agency is. It was a greasy spoon cafe, worse but homier than Wright's.

The New Theatre now looks older than the Old Theatre.

In the Union, the Cafe is new, and the Print Room is newer. Reception is very new.

The Three Tuns used to be black and red, generally dark, grungy and loud. It was run by a rogue named Simon. Now it looks more like a wine bar and is run by a rascal named Jim. There used to be two pinball machines.

C018 is now The Underground. The heads used to go there to smoke. The AU Office next door used to be the Snooker Room and the Women's Room before that. The Women's Room used to be the TV Room. And Hacker's (Cafe, top floor) used to be the Snooker Room.

The Clare Market lift used to be a paternoster. Imagine a vertical escalator made of open wooden phone booths. You could even go over the top or under the bottom. 'Hossing' was an activity that simulated weightlessness. You would stand up when going down or crouch when going up. Hossing was named after its discoverer, Hossein Zaheir, better known for nominating Winston Silcott as Honorary President.

The Labour Club used to be meaningful. Then it was shite. Then it was dead.

Students used to go to gigs, and we wore loud and proud clothes and drank Tequila (not pints) at Tequila. One year, we had six Tequila parties. The first tequila was a 'Beach Party' in Passfield.

Undergraduates can now take books out of the Library.



"When I was a lad, it use to be all fields around these parts..." The Quad used to open up the Union...

# Blood, Bolshies and the Balcony

## George Binette explores the last ten years of political life at LSE

"R-E-D LSE: we will smash the bourgeoisie", a chant still heard on student demonstrations as recently as the mid-80's and as much in earnest as in jest. No doubt in large part due to its physical proximity to Fleet Street, the one-time heart of the British newspaper industry, the very name of the LSE became synonymous with student militancy at the height of the movement against the US war in Vietnam. While there was always something of a media-manufactured myth about the LSE's reputation the Union remained the most through most of the Thatcher years one of the most politicized in British higher education. Until quite recently it was also a comparative bastion of the left, in a broad, non-sectarian sense.

1982

Over the course of the eighties the LSE's UGM both reflected and defied supposedly dominant trends in British politics. Amongst my earliest recollections of the sound and fury of the UGM comes from the autumn of '82. A one-time SWSS member decked the previous year's Senior Treasurer, a peculiarly obnoxious Tory whose preferred form of rebellion against his Labourite parents was to pose as a combination of absentee landlord gone on a grouse shoot and the Sex Pistol's Johnny Rotten at his most willfully provocative. In short many observers at the UGM, and not just from the far left, felt that a few well-placed blows were quite in order. Still, in the spirit of democracy the noble thug was barred for several weeks.

1983

The following spring the Union "Kept Left" as a pair of Labour sabbaticals came into office even as Thatcher was swept back into Downing Street. In October 1983 a number of LSE students were among the hundreds arrested during various protests against the arrival of Cruise missiles at Greenham Common. The activities included a somewhat madcap but genuinely angry sit down in Trafalgar Square which tied traffic in knots for some hours. After heated debate the Union agreed to stump up the legal fees for its members facing days in Court. That academic year would also witness a one-night occupation of the Library to win college funding for an under-

twos nursery and a strike by casual workers in the Three Tuns bar over the appointment of a new manager.

The temperature of struggle was to soar in the late autumn of '83 as maverick entrepreneur Eddie Shah attempted to smash the then NGA's closed shop at a printing plant in Warrington. Three dozen LSE students travelled by coach to join 5,000 pickets. We were, the ultimate "rent-a-mob", or so we thought until hundreds of riot police charged into the crowd around 3.00AM. In the wake of what I still recall as one of the most exhausting and frightening experiences of my life, I made my first appearance as a UGM speaker and somehow the left carried the day, winning a motion supporting the printer's strike and condemning the violence of the police.

1984

What later became known as the Great Strike began in March, 1984. During the next year the majority of British mine workers struck against the threat of massive job losses, pit closures and the decimation of their existing communities. This was to prove the most bitter and bloody industrial and political conflict in post-war Britain. A sharp polarization split the nation and the UGM was hardly above the fray.

Within a month of the start of the strike the UGM agreed to make payments from the games machines in the Three Tuns to striking miners and their families. In the mean time Labour had lost control of the Union's main sabbatical posts to Ed Lucas, a Liberal, and Mike Moszynski (a Tory wearing an independent suit) as Senior Treasurer. Lucas was soon to find himself between a rock and a hard place. Honest Ed desperately wanted to be true to the Union mandate to pay the miners but at the same time he rightly feared court action by the LSE Tories on the grounds of the payment being *ultra vires* (i.e. beyond the legal powers of the Union as a "Charity"). So he did the honorable thing - he resigned to stand again in what became known as the Arthur Scargill by-election. Lucas lost as the growing Miners Support Group threw its weight behind the Labour Club candidate, Dave Jackson, then a member of the International Marxist Group.

In the disappointing tradition of the Labour left, Jackson didn't quite live up to

his promise of paying the miners and their families, regardless of the consequences. Nonetheless, due to the perseverance of the Miners Support Group and the financial wizardry of one Richard Snell, the money did flow from the Union coffers. In addition Yorkshire miners from the Ferry Moor-Riddings drift mine (now shut) were travelling every week to London for nearly six months using the LSE as a base for collections. Tony Benn appeared as a Keynote speaker at a Labour club rally in the closing stages of the strike.

1985

In the wake of this crushing defeat a rather different sort of set back for the Labour Club as it lost its short lived hold on the General Secretary's post to a true son of Rochdale, the notorious pie and chips man, Elwyn Watkins. There was still unfinished business for the Students Union arising from the miners strike. One of our members, a then 45 year old, single mother of two faced the prospect of three months in jail on the basis of a grossly unjust conviction stemming from a picket line clash during the strike. Thus was born the "No jail for Jay" campaign, which secured its immediate aims of the women's freedom and the quashing of the original conviction on appeal. Our cause was absolutely just and we were bold and foolish in pursuing it. More than 100 students from the LSE and other colleges and some trades unionist staged a hastily arranged, technically illegal picket of the Home Office, eventually winning an audience for our petition with some obscure junior minister.

Only last year's General Secretary, Michiel Van Hulsten, incited more contempt at Union meetings. Still there were some positive memories of that year; Richard Snell as the first openly gay sabbatical in Union history, he continued functioning of Action Campaign against Racism and Fascism and the turbulent time of Anthea Burton as the Unions women's officer. I will long remember Anthea (and I'm sure she wasn't drunk at the time) delivering a blistering attack on the patronizing ideology which lies behind events such as Rag Week.

The year saw a combination of police racism, harassment and mass unemployment lead to the urban

uprisings in Brixton and Tottenham. The latter was to have profound effect on this Union in Years to come. In addition the apartheid state in South Africa teetered on the edge of a revolutionary crisis while a social secretary named Simon Bexon squandered takings from an anti-apartheid benefit gig on a Chinese meal for his hand-picked helpers. The affair prompted a six day hearing which meted out a mere slap on the wrist.

1986/87

The academic year of 86-87 featured another curious pair of sabbaticals, both of them Irish, one of them a Labourite from the six counties, the other from the Republic and a political chameleon. The latter, Senior Treasurer Rory O'Driscoll, abandoned his Tory colors for a Liberal flag of convenience on his way to office. O'Driscoll drew the attention of the media to the Union in the autumn of 86 with his scheme to purchase shares in the newly privatized British Gas plc, with the ostensible purpose of increasing the Unions financial contribution to the colleges nursery facility. The UGM indulged his whimsy for playing the markets only after a one-time women's officer made a dramatic reappearance in the eighth month of her pregnancy with twins. Midst the circus like proceedings at the UGM the real issue of the school's chronic underfunding of childcare position was somehow lost.

For some time the Union had maintained a paper policy of persuading the LSE to divest itself of holdings in corporations with investments in South Africa. The Court of Governors had unashamedly ignored it for an equal length of time. The Court of Governors had unashamedly ignored it for an equal length of time. The Unions' Anti-Apartheid Group finally decided that enough was enough and so the build up began to the February Occupation of Connaught House. More than 300 students took part in the week long occupation of the college's administrative nerve center to demand that the LSE sever its profitable ties to the apartheid regime. Hundreds more including railway and factory workers came to protest outside the high court as the college administration took the Union, or more precisely to of its officers, to the fount of British justice. Needless to

say the school authorities obtained their eviction order and we staged an orderly retreat, followed by a spontaneous march through Fleet Street, past the headquarters of Shell Oil and to the South African Embassy in Trafalgar Square. The Court of Governors after a number of negotiating sessions pulled out of several key corporations. At last we had some evidence that direct action could still get a result.

As the ephemeral eighties boom lost steam and a third straight Tory term dawned bleakly over Britain a Labour administration assumed office on the back of the occupation. The new regime gave birth to the long promised Student's Unions Housing Association, which was supposed to alleviate the crisis in LSE accommodation but has emerged as a rather sorry "white elephant". Numerous political aberrations came and often went into oblivion in this less than memorable year. The Greens showed signs of becoming an electoral force, while Michiel van Hulsten latched onto his first electoral vehicle, the Overseas Student Forum, which proved unable to carry his political ambitions. The year's new intake featured some promising stars, however. Amongst them Hossein Zahir (no relation to Faz Zahir) who soon found himself in court after a November clash with the National Front in, where else, Trafalgar Square and the unforgettable Anne Dixon, the outspoken scourge of all that was corrupt and reactionary (and a few things that weren't, who came to us from an engineering shop floor via nursing. She went on to achieve the dubious distinction of more fights than any woman in the Three Tuns history and a first in her law degree.

1988-89

After all that Labour retained office, winning the key sabbatical posts in March and so initiating a string of "out" lesbian Union officers. The year to come, 88-89, proved an extraordinary one, remembered most for events which took place in the final term, usually the graveyard for political activity at the LSE.

In late April, the LSE Labour club decides to nominate Winston Silcott as the Unions Honorary President with the expressed

objective of highlighting the case of the Tottenham Three, victims of an overtly racist media witch hunt for the killers of PC Keith Blakelock during the 1985 Tottenham riot. The nomination goes forward to the Unions AGM, which goes on to elect Silcott. Immediately afterwards a publicity seeking Tory contacts a best selling right wing tabloid and within hours all hell would break loose. Camera crews from Sky TV descended on Houghton Street. From the tabloids to the heaviest print journalists flocked to the LSE, death threats arrived in the post and over the phone to General Secretary, Amanda Hart. Hossein Zahir, who had nominated Silcott, went into temporary hiding as the *Sunday People* claimed that his "friends referred to him as the 'mad mullah'" and ran a two page spread entitled "Twenty Things You didn't know about the LSE Students Union".

After a weekend of trial by media the Union convened an EGM with the school administration and some Union hacks fervently hoping that the required two thirds majority would oust Silcott. Once more the media vultures swooped down on the Old Building. The EGM would feature as the second item on the BBC's Nine o'Clock News that evening; US newspapers ran stories and suddenly the *Independent* carried an article by a prominent solicitor suggesting that the case against Silcott and his co-defendants didn't stand up to serious scrutiny. By a slim margin, in a packed Old Theatre, with a video link to another room in the Old Building, as nearly 1,000 students cast their votes. The notoriously right wing *Evening Standard* cartoonist Jak, caricatured LSE students as champions of Hitler and Pol Pot, while other enlightened commentators suggested that the Union should lose its budget. The Labour Party leadership denounced us, the NUS leadership distanced itself as if we carried the political equivalent of the bubonic plague and a handful of left Labour MPs, constituency parties and other unions backed the minority. After the vote a scuffle flared in from of the television cameras on Houghton Street.

The Labour Club right worked overtime to find means of overturning the original decision. There was

supposed to be a cross-campus ballot which in the event never took place as Winston Silcott, who had, of course never sought the office ended the immediate drama by resigning from the honorary presidency. More than three years later, Silcott still awaits release from prison, though he is now cleared of the Blakelock killing, while the other two defendants, wrongly accused and convicted, are now "free" once again. Perhaps the events of April and May 89 at the LSE played some part in winning their eventual release in November 1991.

After that the following academic year was bound to be an anticlimax. Self styled independent and frustrated comic actor, Tom Bulman assumed the General Secretary's post. He sought to fudge the managerialism of the 80's with a kind of whacked out 60's idealism. Needless to say it didn't work. Bob gross, emerged as

a new big time player in the UGM. Bob swung a heavy bat in the hidden corridors of power in the revamped job of post-graduate officer on the Union executive. A nationally known report on the problems facing research students at the LSE bears Bob's name. Unfortunately, he also was one of the parents of the political bastard known as the DSG which gestated in the Labour club only to be nurtured by Michiel Van Hulsten, a man with a most peculiar mission.

**1989-90**

In and of itself the UGM generated a few shock waves in 1989-90. There were worthy motions in support of non-payment of Poll Tax but the real action was unfolding some distance away. Two weeks after the Lent term had ended, Trafalgar Square sprang into life in one of the most massive social explosions to rock the capital since

the war. On 31st March, more than 200,000 marched to Trafalgar Square in opposition to Thatchers flagship of her Third term. Thousands plundered posh shops and many more rampaged through the streets destroying every symbol of affluence and status in their path. At once horrifying and exhilarating, this was certainly not the revolution, but it shattered the myth of Britain as a staid and stable society. And by the way there were quite a few LSE students there on the day.

The Labour Club proved unable to reestablish its hold over the sabbatical posts, though Mel Taylor captured the Senior Treasure's office. Wearing an independent Greenish hue, Rob Middleton, won the General Secretary's contest. In October 1990 the LSE Tories succeeded in getting up the UGM's collective noses with an invitation to arch-Thacherite

and arbiter of the famous "cricket test" for people of the "wrong" skin color, Norman Tebbit, to speak in the Old Theatre. More than 200 students turned out for a lively picket of Tebbit's appearance which ended in chaos as demonstrators surrounded Tebbit's car and his driver attempted to plough through the crowd. The usual stream of hate mail arrived on Cde Taylors desk after press reports in the **Daily Telegraph**, etc., the newly installed Director, John Ashworth, expressed his disappointment at the Unions embarrassing behavior and Rob Middleton did the 90's equivalent of forelock tugging in response to the effrontery of the "ultra-left" hi-jackers.

In New York, Washington and the Persian Gulf events were unfolding with far more profound implications. Margaret Thatcher packed her bags for a Tearful farewell for 10 Downing Street. A few of us celebrated,

whilst others were more circumspect about the "Iron Lady's" departure. As the major powers imposed sanction on Iraq and finally went to war, the UGM fiercely debated the issues raised. One casualty in this "phoney" war was the LSE Labour Club who split along ideological lines. On the day the bombing of Iraq began, the UGM was packed and voted by a margin of twelve to back the butchery. I believe the Union flunked its most important test of the year.

Division on the left about the Gulf War overshadowed real achievements of the year including the support for the Irish students campaign for access to information on abortions against their still draconian laws. Under the Taylor regime the Lesbian and Gay Society waged a tireless campaign which culminated in a well attended unveiling of the long awaited Pink Plaque, which sadly disappeared within a few

days of the ceremony. A second attempt to mount the Plaque in the Union Cafe also fell pray to homophobes.

A litany of long dormant factors finally coalesced in the spring of 1991 to put an end to Labour dominance of the Unions structures and fundamentally change the character of the UGM itself. The aforementioned Democratic Socialist Group scored an electoral triumph, putting Michiel Van Hulsten in his long coveted role as general Secretary. The DSG had stood on an explicit platform of steering the Union away from the broader political questions and towards an egocentric view of student life and cooperation with the school, which was helped by their majority on the executive which only led to laziness and their own demise.

**P.S.**  
**1991-93 balcony rules OK!**



Spot the Honorary Vice President

# RAG WEEK IS UPON US

**Monday: Blind Date in the Old Theatre 7pm. £1 Entrance fee**

**Tuesday: 24-hour Treasure Hunt Begins 6pm.**

**Auction in the Tuns**

**Wednesday: Endurance Night**

**Thursday: Hall Events**

**Friday: Stocks in Houghton Street**

**Saturday: Tequila Party 6pm onwards. £3**

**Saturday 13th: Rag Valentine's Ball. Tickets £25**

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News in brief

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News Summary

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# OSF Breaks Through: Labour Holds Firm



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**THE BEAVER** 250TH ISSUE

# LSE: The Slide into Mediocrity

Students Speak Out (Privately)

**British Gas to Save Nursery?**

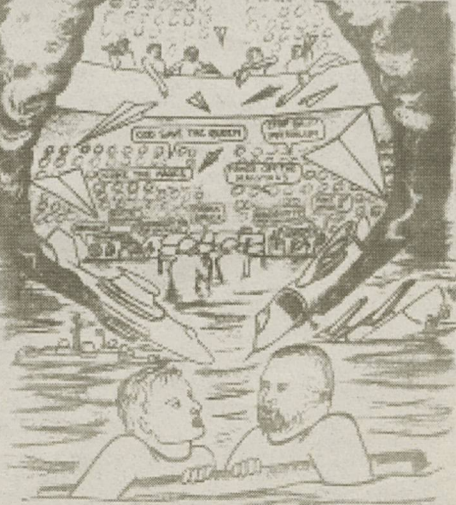
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**BEAVER**

Weather Made by the politicians - roll on the new generation!



# Campus Quiz

Are you the Pope? With this simple quiz, the Beaver will put your mind at rest.

# Where do all the numbers come from?

1. What is your nationality?
  - a. Polish
  - b. French Bulgarian
  - c. Too early to be sure
  - d. Three times a day mostly in sporadic bouts of sneezing.
2. Where do you live?
  - a. The Vatican City
  - b. Bolton
  - c. In a treehouse, I forget where!
  - d. All woodlice look the same to me.
3. Do you have outspoken opinions on;
  - a. Homosexuality and contraception
  - b. Luton's chances in the Coca-Cola cup
  - c. Baked beans on toast
  - d. Since my last encounter with Dr Schneken my hair has started to fall out in large chunks.
4. Who do you usually spend your Sundays with?
  - a. God and about 10, 000 others
  - b. Jack and Mavis from next door
  - c. I don't have Sundays - I go straight from Saturday to Monday and I have two Thurs days each week
  - d. I was refused bail because of my Mexican ancestry.
5. What clothes do you wear?
  - a. White robes and an ill fitting scull cap
  - b. Jeans and a bomber jacket
  - c. A coconut dress
  - d. I once had a tremendous vision of a toucan on horseback



6. If somebody makes a condom joke do you;
  - a. Give them a reproachful glance and pray for their soul
  - b. Put on an embarrassing laugh and change the subject
  - c. Congratulate him or her for being 18 months out of date with their humour
  - d. The combine harvesteris approaching with frightening speed.
7. Do you believe in God?
  - a. Yes
  - b. No
  - c. How can there possibly be a God when the pubs shut at three on Sundays?
  - d. Ever since I was a baby I have suffered from a pathological fear of nutmeg.
8. What is the first thing you do when your plane arrives at the airport?
  - a. Kiss the tarmac gratefully
  - b. Pretend I'm not bothered about having gone 2, 000 miles out of my way on the wrong plane
  - c. Empty the sick back discreetly
  - d. There is no wholly satisfactory decimal representation of the fraction one third.
9. Do you possess the keys to the kingdom of heaven?
  - a. Yes
  - b. No, but my next door neighbour has entrusted me with her keys while she goes on holiday so that I can water the plants
  - c. The path to heaven lies via my boxer shorts
  - d. I once had an uncle called Dustin.
10. Are you head of the Roman Catholic Church?
  - a. Yes
  - b. No.
  - c. With my acne?
  - d. Hamlet's mental instability is a positive reflection of man's inability to eat seaweed for long periods at a time.

**How did you score?**  
**Mostly A's:** Yep, you're the Pope alright! Get those drinks in son!  
**Mostly B's:** Not only are you not the Pope but neither are any members of your family. Go away, please.  
**Mostly C's:** You are Martin Lewis.  
**Mostly D's:** Who are you and what have you done with my geraniums?

"I am not a number, I am a free man!" said Patrick McGoohan, usually before a large plastic bubble surfaced in the sea and rolled serenely towards him engulfing him, only to wake up still in The Village!

With the reruns of the seventeen episodes just finished on Channel 4, this years 25 anniversary of the cult 60's TV show *The Prisoner* meant that the get together of the Six of One club, the Prisoner fan club, the other weekend was well attended.

At the Great Western Hotel near Paddington Station, a whole gamut of generations gathered to talk over the moral and ethical aspects of the series. Unlike Trekkies and Whoies, dressing up into costume is frowned upon, as it goes against the individualistic aspect of the series.

The series has spawned a degree in television studies at the University of California at Berkeley, which concentrates solely on the series. Portmeirion, the Hotel complex in North Wales where *The Prisoner* is set, has thrived on the followers of the series who wish to stay in the Village.

The Japanese are the most recent nationality to convert to the series after it was shown their last summer. But the series has been drawing people in since its original 17 episode run in 1967. A rerun in the late 70's saw many of my generation converted mainly due to the 'mod' revival of the time and the indulgence to all things sixties and many more when Channel 4 showed it in the early eighties. The factors that draws people into it is the complexity and frustration and the off the wall sound track.

For all those that don't now the Prisoner is about a secret agent who has had enough and resigns. The system, big brother if you like, believes he's been got at and is going to defect. So he is whisked away to the village, because he has bucked the system. The rest of the series revolves around the system, personified by a variety of Number 2's, played by the likes of Leo McKern and Donald Sinden, trying to break down the agent now called number six, but all to no avail.

With a then unprecedented budget of £120,000 per episode, Sunday evening entertainment was never the same after the series was hastily finished after 17 episodes, rumours of McGoohan going insane, unable to come up with an ending, floated around.

"Who is Number One?" Number Six used to ask of the Number 2's, The reply of, "You are, Number Six!" now became clear in reality and on film. He had to finally escape from the village as Number Six had become Number One.

So what did it mean and did anyone really care. its difficult to say. The whole series was very allegorical and Orwellian, but I suppose, it's the classic scenario of one man versus the system. Be seeing you!

**Number One**

# To Cut, or not to cut, that is the...

Chris Ovendon tries to ask the questions but will we let him?

We are told that the Calcutt report will herald the end of a free press in Britain. The controversies surrounding David Mellor, Norman Lamont and particularly the Royal Family which filled our papers in 1992 have it is said- provided the final justification the establishment needs to bring in the legal controls it's been threatening for some time. Parliament will regrettably have to act because the "gutter press" is incapable of "putting its own house in order."

The most interesting aspect of the debate on press freedom has been the reaction of the papers themselves. It goes without saying that no Fleet Street editor is going to welcome the prospect of employing more lawyers to vet articles for infringement of privacy as well as existing legal obstacles such as libel. And loss of sales through missing out on juicy

scandals about public figures must be a galling prospect. But the arguments they *actually* put forward sounded surprisingly like good sense rather than good business. take the Evening Standard for instance: "The press does not have the power to make people behave badly.... All it can do is report. When it gets it wrong and when, indeed, it lies it can be sued.. we are dealing with the problems which arise when newspapers get it all too right." (11th January 1983)

Now let's be clear about this: I am all in favour of press freedom. Although I personally couldn't give a monkey's about where cabinet ministers and royalty choose to put their toes, all the time it matters to somebody it should be printed- and with impunity. The point is that this same press tends to be rather less abundant with the truth when the issue at

stake has real consequences. Take Bosnia, for example. All papers were quick to accuse Serbs of running 'concentration camps', but slow to retract the accusation when it became clear they were nothing of the sort. The impression has thus been created that Serbs are new Nazis, and the recent story that 50,000 Muslims have been systematically raped is greeted with credulity rather than scepticism.

The consequence of such reports is far from academic- they may soon be used to justify a military strike against Serbia, just as the now discredited Kuwaiti babies being thrown from their incubators by Iraqi soldiers helped pave the way for the Gulf War, in which hundreds of thousands were killed (though you may not have seen much mention of that either- they were all Iraqis).

In the process, our leader ac-

quire political kudos at home, even as they preside over another huge wave of job losses.

I don't want the state interfering in what I read, any more than I want self-censorship by newspapers editors or proprietors. I would gladly take the risk of being unexpectedly photographed from afar in exchange for a genuinely free press, unfettered by either the Law or the Market, and motivated to report accurately on the dangerous machinations, not just the minor indiscretions of the ruling elite.

## hello mum! in Sweden



# The Bolshoi Ballet

## Royal Albert Hall

by Kate Hampton

Mention going to see the Bolshoi Ballet to any lover of dance and watch him or her lapse into a state of ecstatic anticipation. You have heard of the Bolshoi, but until you have actually experienced it you cannot begin to understand why the company has become one of the marvels of the artistic world.

Although ballet has the reputation of an artform accessible only to a minority of traditionalists who enjoy watching men and women prance about the stage wearing leotards, you will find that this is not at all the case if you go and see the Bolshoi. Classical ballet is an unparalleled form of escapism that delights the eyes and ears of an audience, moves the soul and entertains the imagination. The Bolshoi, as one of the most loved and most lauded ballet companies in the world, enchants ballet lovers and first time spectators alike. It is an occasion not to be missed.

The Bolshoi Ballet company is based in the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, and is renowned worldwide for its aesthetic, expressive and artistic excellence and professionalism. This brilliant tradition began more than 200 years ago in 1776 when dancers from the Moscow Orphanage, trained by Italian ballet master Filippo Beccari, made their debut.

Moving from theatre to theatre, finally to find its home in 1856, the Bolshoi did not really come into its own until the early 20th century, the centre of Russian art being St Petersburg under the Tsar. After the 1917

revolution, Moscow became the pivot of Soviet art, and the Ballet became a mirror to the ideals of this new nation. Evacuated during the height of the War to Kuibyshev on the Volga, the Bolshoi returned to Moscow in 1944 under the direction of Lavrovsky.

This was the beginning of the international renown to which the company is now well accustomed, initiated by the Ballet's 1956 visit to Covent Garden. Lavrovsky's successor was Grigorovich who is still Artistic Director to this day. In the words of Clement Crisp, the Bolshoi Ballet masters the "refinement of past experience", sustained by "an apostolic succession from teacher to pupil, from great artists of the past to the leading interpreters of today". With a repertoire encompassing both traditional 19th century ballets and more modern works, all interpreted with exultantly dramatic sensitivity, the Bolshoi Ballet is unique in its constantly renewed and refreshing approach to dance.

At the Royal Albert Hall until the 14th of February, the company is putting on a choice of eight performances, accompanied by the BBC Concert Orchestra. Seven of those are comprised of suites (ie selected parts of various ballets) and the eighth is the full length ballet of Giselle. Each one will be performed at least once between now and the 14th. the performance I saw was programme D: The Stone Flower Suite, The Sleeping Beauty Suite and the Spartacus Suite.

"The Stone Flower" is

based on a fairytale by Bazhov (a writer from the Urals) and is set to music by Prokofiev. The Suite performed by the Bolshoi is Act II of the ballet and opens with a meeting between the Keeper of Copper Mountain (Nadezhda Gracheva on the night I saw the ballet) and Danila (Yuri Klevtsov). This pas de deux (ballet speak for a dance sequence performed by a couple) astounds the public with its precision and sustained control, and in particular with the beautiful lines of Gracheva, an especially supple ballerina. Such life will enchant the spectator from the very first.

The second scene is the longest, predominantly character ballet - a form of ballet in which the portrayal of individual character is prioritized and which has a style of movement different from that of classical ballet. It depicts a fair which brings together gypsies, merchants, pedlars and jesters. The variety of personalities, enhanced by colours and costumes, is beautifully coordinated into an amusing and joyous whole.

Enter Katerina, Danila's lover (Elina Palshina), who performs a lyrical solo with poise and precision. The fair scene resumes, and with it a particularly expressive sequence of character ballet by the gypsy girls; a sequence that contrasts in tone with the revellery of the other townfolk. The leader of the gypsy women (Julia Malkhasiants) entrances the audience with a dramatic solo expressing melancholy mixed with pride - masterfully portrayed. This is followed

by a violent scene in which Katerina falls victim to the solicitations of Severian (Yuri Vetrov), a drunken and unpleasant individual supported in his advances by his friends. However, the Keeper of Copper Mountain suddenly appears to the bewilderment and fear of the townfolk, and works her magic, finally bewitching Severian and leading him to Copper Mountain where the ground opens before him and he is swallowed into the earth.

This last scene, performed by the Keeper and Severian, stirs the audience, captured by the power of the sorceress and the helplessness of her victim. It is a dramatic final scene, aesthetically and musically enchanting. Grigorovich has successfully captured the fairytale magic of "The Stone Flower" with choreography certain to delight any audience.

The second suite was drawn from the wedding of Princess Aurora and Prince Desiré in "The Sleeping Beauty". Made up of different fairytale characters coming to congratulate the couple, this suite was enjoyable but does not move the spectator. In my opinion a ballet such as "Sleeping Beauty" needs to be performed in its entirety if the audience is to be immersed in the dream world created. The suite is nevertheless delectable.

Choreographed by Petipa with music by Tchaikovsky (it is the 100th anniversary of this composer, the most celebrated in the history of ballet, renowned for works such as "The Nutcracker" and "Swan Lake"), the suite opens with the "Garland Dance", a sequence performed by a well-coordinated part of the corps de ballet (ballet speak for the main body of dancers ie everyone minus the principals). The first couple of fairytale characters to

appear is that of the Bluebird (Sergei Filin) and Princess Florine (Galina Stepanenko). The pas-de-deux is fittingly light footed and airy, and Stepanenko performs a particularly beautiful cambré (a movement in which a dancer lifts one leg behind her to perform rear splits whilst leaning forward) and was my favourite sequence of the fairytale. This sequence was followed by several others taken from a varied selection of fairy tales - 'Puss in Boots', 'Little Red Riding Hood', and 'Cinderella' in which Elena Andrienko in the title role performs an amazing feat of ballet; having been presented with a slipper by Prince Charming she proceeds to dance wearing it, even though it was not a pointe shoe (which enable ballerinas to dance on their toes), and manages not to appear lop-sided despite this.

What follows is a beautiful solo by the Lilac Fairy, and a duet between the Prince and Princess. Eventually all the characters join the couple in their respective pairs, followed by the corps de ballet, in a wonderfully happy ending. Not a ballet for cynics.

Then came the 'Spartacus' suite, taken from a ballet that this company is renowned for, choreographed by Grigorovich, with music by Khachaturian, this absolutely brilliant ballet was the best of the evening, and amongst the best I have ever seen. Here the music was inseparable from the dancing; dramatic, tempestuous, and soul-moving. The first scene shows a procession of soldiers led by Crassius, (Alexander Vetrov) leader of the Roman army.

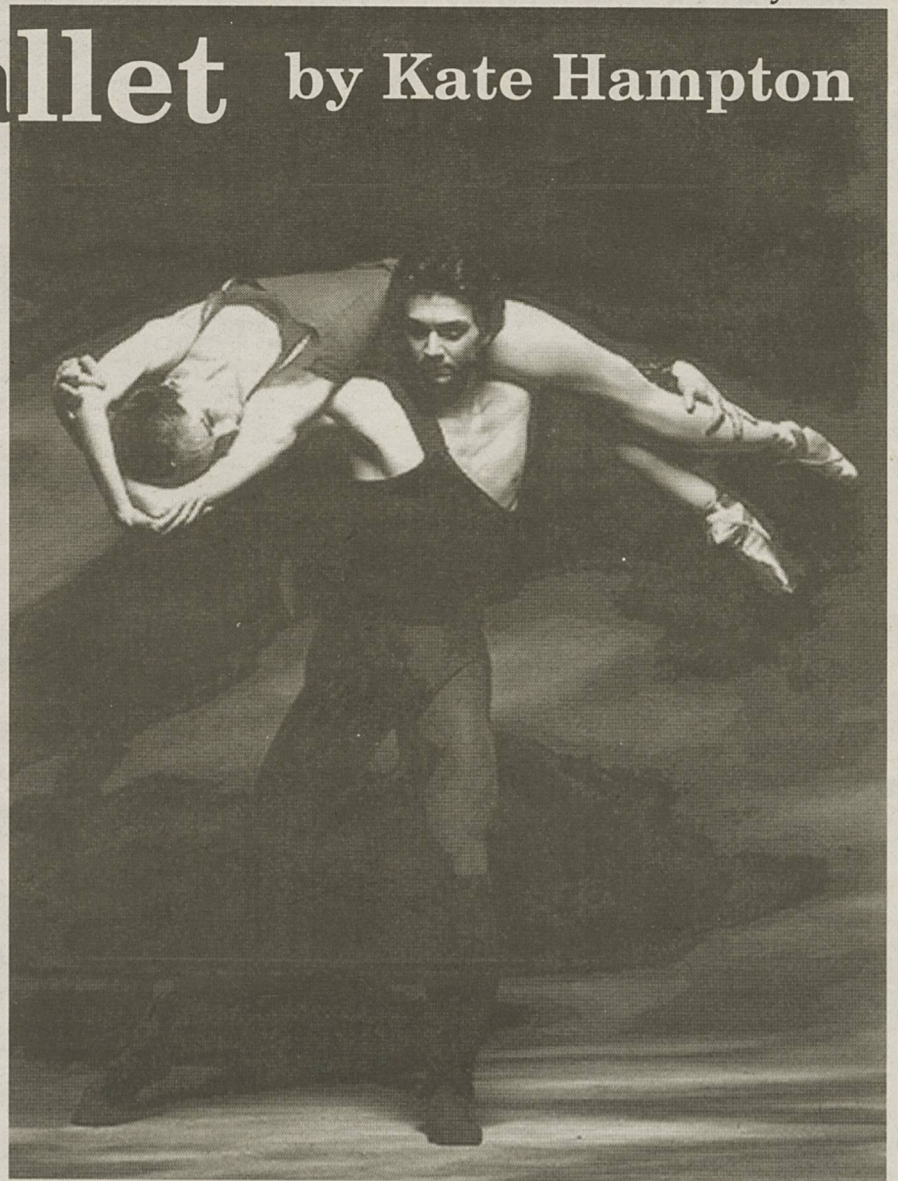
Powerful to say the least, this scene is dominated by Vetrov, and particularly by his grandes jetées (leaps). The next scene brings Spartacus, (Yuri Vasiuchenko) with his slave drivers, and beloved Frigia

(Inna Petrova) to the stage. The beautiful Petrova portrays Frigia perfectly as a sensitive, fragile, heartbroken girl. Indeed, Spartacus has been taken as a slave by the Romans and this is their goodbye. Danced with feeling, the love between Spartacus and Frigia is sensitively portrayed.

Frigia is then left alone on stage to be tormented by devils and mimes, her torment being prolonged with the arrival of Crassius and his concubine Egina (Maria Bylova). Egina is brilliantly portrayed by Bylova; provocative, powerful, and sexual - a stark contrast to Frigia's innocence and purity.

Then comes the gladiatorial scene, musical tension, and well pondered lighting, reinforce the struggle, building up the emotion until the climax of the fight. What follows is a pair of beautiful pas-de-deux, one by each of the couples. Petrova and Vasiuchenko perform a sequence, punctuated by perfect adage, powerful leaps, and breathtaking lifts; then we see Vetrov and Bylova go one step further and perform even more breathtaking lifts, making the most of some highly imaginative choreography. Then Spartacus reappears renewed in strength to perform ballet of spectacular standard, that led the audience to applaud him in the middle of a sequence of turns - very rare for a ballet audience.

The rest I shall not tell you as hopefully you will go and see it. If you have never seen ballet before it is a great introduction; apart from the Bolshoi being of a high standard, the different performances in each programme provide ample choice and a variety of different styles of choreography to experience. If you are already a lover of dance - why haven't you seen it already?





# Misery

You've seen the film,  
and read the book, now  
go see the play!

I suppose the trouble with the play 'Misery' (Criterion Theatre, Piccadilly Circus) is that most people are coming to see it with preconceptions, either of the Oscar-winning film or Stephen King's book that started the whole thing off. I'm sure Kathy Bates as Annie Wilkes is a very hard act to follow. Luckily I haven't seen the film or read the book, so I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

Unlike the film, the cast is kept down to two. Bill Paterson, playing injured author Paul Sheldon, is one of those actors whose name nobody recognises, but the minute he walks on stage you go "oh yeah, I know him, he's in lots of things." He's not an Olivier and never will be, but he was a very good Paul Sheldon, dealing well with the slightly hysterical humour, as well as the suspense and torment of being held captive by a raving lunatic, his screams of pain and anguish horribly realistic.

One of the drawbacks of having a big name in the cast of a play, especially one identified with a particular character, is

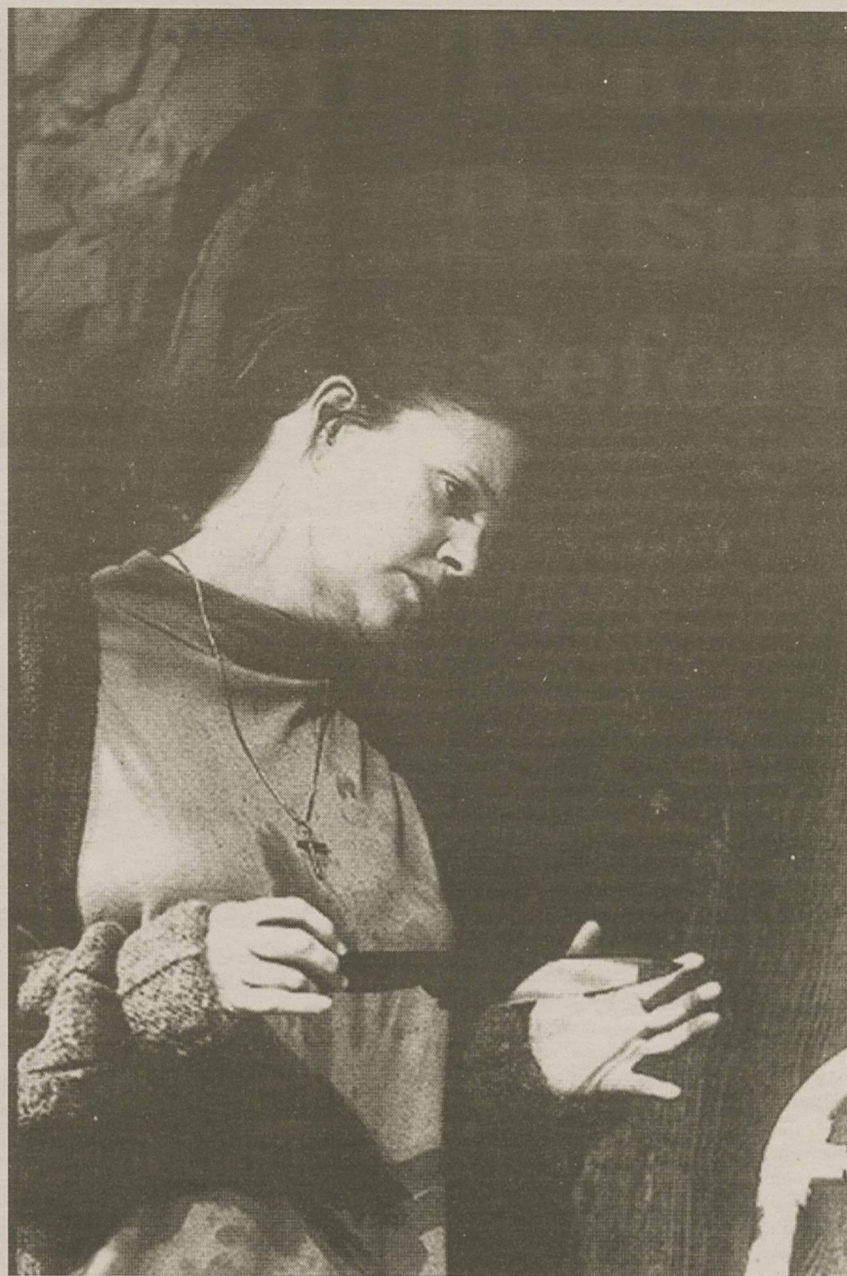
that the audience have already formed an opinion of that actor. I think in my case this was certainly a factor with Sharon Gless who plays psychotic pig-farmer, Annie Wilkes. How, I thought, could Christine Cagney ever be a baddie? However, it wasn't as big an issue as I had imagined. Firstly, Ms Gless had undergone a physical transformation, from slim, power-dressing cop to slightly dumpy, frumpy spinster. (If the Radio Times is to be believed, part of the reasons for this was giving up smoking.) Secondly, she is a better actress than I gave her credit for. She was frighteningly convincing in her mood swings from adoring fan to obsessive psychopath, and scared me shitless on several occasions - I still shudder when I see a blow-torch.

Having never read King's book, I am not qualified to comment on the accuracy of the adaptation, but I felt that the writer struck a good balance between the terror of the situation and occasional humour, just to give us a chance to recover. I particularly

liked the way we were kept guessing right until the very end as to what actually happened.

Full credit must go to the set designer for ingenious use of a very small stage (and to Bill Paterson for negotiating it with such apparent ease in his wheelchair) and to the Music Director for very atmospheric music that never made the all-too-common mistake of becoming intrusive. The main drawbacks for me were the underground trains rattling past every few minutes and having to stand up to let several old ladies with pale faces and shaking hands make good their escape.

My overall impression of the play was good - it scared me, which is what it set out to do and I even screamed at one point (the bit with the axe and blow-torch) much to the embarrassment of the people I was with and the acting was steady. If you haven't seen the film then I definitely recommend it. If you have seen the film and get a kick out of live theatre, go and see it. It's a good night out.



Oooer misus watch out that's bloody sharp (Sharon Gless as Annie Wilkes in Misery)

## Watercolours at the Royal Academy

Now don't get me wrong, I like watercolours; they're really nice to look at and are totally harmless. I would take my mother to see this exhibition and she would enjoy it. Shit! Even my nan would like this exhibition, and the landscape outside her window is of council estates and Canary wharf. But this is exactly why I don't consider watercolours to be on a par with other art mediums and styles. Since when has the general public ever been a cursor for art? Hence the popularity of the over-plagiarized Impressionists, and the feeling that abstract expressionism is below art. This exhibition I found, filled me with boredom and despair over the realization of the reactionary attitudes it would instill in my elders.

Granted I'd had a bad day but I put some faith in the watercolours taking my mind off it. I was wrong. I left the exhibition with a strong dislike of peasants and wondering where a rather attractive girl had disappeared to. Not the most

thought provoking of exhibitions then. OK desires are one thing but peasants! Why any self-respecting artist would include them in his composition, I don't know - unless they were dead or at least interesting. In fact I'm lying. Unfortunately I do realize why they were included, and it just adds to my dislike of the medium. It's got something to do with this romantic vision of the past, of how country life used to be and how corrupting the modern age is. In short these paintings are the kind of impulse that provoke normal minded middle-aged parents to retire to the countryside. I mean lets face it the countryside is shit. It's not peaceful - all those fucking roosters and birds see to that, it's not relaxing - it's too boring for that, and the people are all inbred, cretinous bastards. But as I said my parents would probably enjoy it, and I already know they have urges to retire to the country - thank God I'm young.

The exhibition traces a major change in watercolour style. Watercolour was originally used for sketching a landscape, which would provide the basis for an oil painting to be completed in the studio. However, by the end of the 18th century this had changed into the medium being used in its own right. The exhibition itself traces this development quite well, but only a handful of the artists express any inventiveness or original use of the medium. These artists such as JMW Turner, John Constable and John Sell Cotman, take watercolour far out into the abstract and get away from the peasant preoccupation the others so readily indulge in. Throughout this broad exhibition both Constable and Turner show why they are held in such high regard. Often seen on their own, they justify their reputation when seen in the context of their contemporaries. If you like watercolours, then this is the exhibition to see.

However the general

tone of the exhibition is similar to that of someone showing you their holiday snaps. Oh they look good alright, in fact I might go to some of those places myself, but it's not really art now is it? Maybe that was the attraction to watercolour in the 18th century then; glorified photography. But if you think you were pissed off at your next door neighbours photo's of the Algarve, can you imagine living next door to Turner?

So, if you like watercolours and consequently have an unfounded romantic vision of the countryside, then by all means go. If, on the other hand, you don't want to run the risk of bumping into John Major or Cliff Richard, then I would advise giving the Royal Academy's watercolour exhibition a wide berth. Sorry Royal Academy, maybe I was just having a bad day?

Citizen Smith

## Singles

SARAH EBNER

Singles marks the return of writer-director Cameron Crowe who was responsible for the brat pack movies Fast Times at Ridgemont High, and the superior Say Anything. Singles may have an older cast, but the overall feel is the same. These actors are brat pack (exemplified by Matt Dillon) grown up and with jobs, but the same problems with their love lives. The only difference is that no parents are to be seen.

The setting is the grunge scene of Seattle, Washington, and Crowe makes good use of it, a welcome change from LA, New York and Chicago. He also uses current music, with a strong soundtrack and Soundgarden in concert, accompanied by Dillon (wonderful as a rocker, together with goatee beard and spaced out demeanour). There are also a few well placed and amusing cameos, including Eric Stoltz as a mime artist (I think I was the only person to recognise that it was him), Tim Burton as a seedy video director to whom one of the characters goes to create her image for a video date and Peter Horton as a bike loving blind date who falls for the wrong person.

The plot revolves around the lives and loves of six people, but especially Campbell Scott (last seen in

the dreadful Dying Young, and far more appealing here) and Kyra Sedgewick, Matt Dillon and Bridget Fonda. Scott is sure that he has found the 'real thing' with Sedgewick, and their bittersweet relationship is the more gripping story. Sedgewick is a revelation; she looks something like Julia Roberts, has the same kind of appeal, to both men and women, and is simply delightful, conveying warmth and naturalness. Fonda and Dillon provide the lighter relationship, with Fonda besotted by Dillon, but creating murmurs of agreement in the audience when she confides that in reality she only wants a man who says 'bless you' when she sneezes. Sheila Kelley and Jim True give strong support.

The film is split into different named sections, which gives it the vague feel of a documentary, particularly as the characters talk to the camera at various times. Yet this, for once, does not detract from what is essentially good fun entertainment with something for everyone. There is music, tenderness, drama and humour, and at only 90 minutes, no chance of boredom setting in. This is a picture worth seeing.

# NOT NEWS! TUNS JUKEBOX IN "CRAP" NON- SHOCKER!!

Is it only me who thinks the jukebox in the Three Tuns is crap? I think not. What a pile of cack. About as accurate in reflecting the state of popular music today as the Brit Awards or Radio 1 FM. Something should be done!

It has an appalling repertoire - the likes of "rock supergroups" GENESIS, QUEEN, DIRE STRAITS, 70s AOR wank like E.L.O., THE EAGLES, FLEETWOOD MAC, HALL & OATES and past-it bastards like ERIC CLAPTON, PHIL COLLINS and ELTON JOHN.

But that is only the beginning. We also have housewives' fave ROBERT PALMER, the undeniably poor TINA TURNER, Ms. synthetic CHER and Geordie Knopfler-alike CHRIS REA. There's also the none-too-exciting ALEXANDER O'NEAL, and 80s "weren't very good then but worse now" piss-flaps A.B.C.! What could be worse? Nothing, I hear you say.

WRONG! WRONG! WRONG! We also have The Worst Band Ever - THE CARPENTERS (gratuitous slimming joke) and bloody STEVIE WONDER. Fuck.

But the misery does not end there. Nay! We have pompous jock-rock drivel the SIMPLE MINDS - BIG COUNTRY - DEACON BLUE - WET WET WET way, Celtic cock-abuse a la HOTHOUSE FLOWERS and then some!

Yes! It's getting pretty fucking ugly! Rochdale Runaround Retard LISA STANSFIELD, one-hit-wonders ALANNAH MYLES (par for the course for a Canadian) and cuddly ROACHFORD (who? - Exactly). THE FARM, oh how we love 'em, CATHY DENNIS - what talent - and that sodding GLORIA ESTEFAN woman. And - wait for it - TALK TALK!

What an assembly of assholes! A sad reflection on the world today. What, oh what, can we possibly do?

It's a dirty job but someone's gotta do it. Bin the frigging lot. Then get some new, good, music. That is where you, the Beaver readers, come in.

No, you don't have to part with any money, tightwads. Just send your ideas to me, and we'll see what we can do. Perhaps you'll plump for Galactic Rock Supergroup NIRVANA's "Nevermind" squillion-seller, or Mercury Prize Winner PRIMAL SCREAM's "Screamadelica". Maybe it'll be the rather excellent STEREO MCs with their latest offering, "Connected". For the indie folk, how about PJ HARVEY, THE WONDERSTUFF, SUGAR, SPIRITUALIZED, RIDE, POP WILL EAT ITSELF, CARTER or even THE W\*\*\*\*\* P\*\*\*\*\*? As our Cilla might say, "the choice is yours". For you "dancey" (horrible generic term) types, you, how about some GALLIANO, ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT, APHEX TWIN, ICE CUBE, whatever. I'm just thinking of names to help you along. The Voce sorts could go for some FAITH NO MORE, GUNS'N'ROSES, PEARL JAM or anything with guitar solos in it, I suppose. And on that subject, what sort of bloody student bar doesn't have any JIMI HENDRIX on the noisebox? It's a disgrace, pop pickers, a fucking disgrace!

Me, rather unsurprisingly, well I'll be putting my ha'pence in for some TEARDROP EXPLODES / JULIAN COPE and the one and only FATIMA MANSIONS, who incidentally, conveniently, have a retrospective compilation out soon (subliminal ad - BUY IT, people) and perhaps THE FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON. Maybe you'll want THE SHAMEN or CHARLES & EDDIE. Piss off, then, twats.

But seriously now, how about dropping your ideas into E197 and we'll see what, if anything, we can come up with. We're relying on you!

Scottish League Div.1 Top Scorer GORDON DALZIEL of The Mighty Raith Rovers

# COPE-ULATION

Julian Cope is a Rock Star. Capital "R", capital "S". Rock Stars are certainly a dying breed, many bands providing us with frontmen who you would hardly be bothered to watch. The key to being a Rock Star is one thing, Stage Presence.

Mick Jagger had Stage Presence, but the Beatles did not. Morrissey has Stage Presence, but, alas and alack, most of Manchester's recent offerings have not been able to impose themselves on stage. Miles Hunt of the Wonderstuff has Stage Presence, but Clint Poppie lacks it. Axl Rose can make you want to watch him, but Kurt Cobain cannot (viz. Nirvana's "theatricals" at the 1992 Reading Festival). I hope you are beginning to understand just what I mean by "Rock Star".

Mr. Cope has been practising his art for some time now, since 1979 in fact, and so, consequently, has become pretty damn good at it. He maintains a captive audience throughout his concerts, you watch him because you don't know what the hell he will do next.

I had looked forward to tonight's gig for some time, and my expectations were certainly not to be denied. Julian was as impressive as any other act I have seen recently, if not more so. And besides his ability to "put on a show", he has 13 years' worth of quality material to work with.

Let me explain a little about this concert. It was from the "Head-On" Tour, and followed three earlier nights at the Town & Country Club which had been rescheduled from last year due to Julian's illness. This extra date had been added due to ticket demand, as the previous three nights had sold out well in advance. I am not sure whether this night attracted a full house, but it must have been pretty close, which makes almost 8,000 or so tickets sold in London alone. And Island drop him from their roster. Silly, silly fuckers.

£8.50 for this gig was a bargain. No dick-wipe support bands - just three sets from Julian Cope (and his band). What more could one ask for in these recessionary times? Perhaps the value-for-money aspect assisted ticket sales, and if so, good on him. Seeing as you could, if only having half a brain, pay £14 or thereabouts to see Jesus bloody Jones, it was a good deal for sure.

We arrived at the T & C at 7.45, with the show scheduled to kick off around 8.00. It was a pity that we missed the demo outside the venue against its closure, but thankfully I heard it was well attended and so our presence was not missed. It would be sad to see the Town & Country disappear, if only for the fact that at £1.90 for Guinness, Newcastle or Lager you can actually afford to drink without telephoning your bank manager first!

The first set showcased much of the new material, it being a "Peggy Suicide/Jehovahkill" set. For those of you who do not know, they are Julian's two most recent (double) albums. They have shown a return to form for him, as during the late 80s he somewhat wandered astray a tad. First track up was "Going Upwards at 45 Degrees" from "Jehovahkill". Starting mellow, it then builds into power guitar and a noisy climax. This was quickly followed by "No Hard Shoulder To Cry On", an almost Carter-esque pun, I suppose, and much in the same vein as its predecessor tonight. "Akhenaten" and "Slow Rider" ensued, and then it was off to "Peggy Suicide" for "East Easy Rider", pure rock'n'roll.

"Soul Desert" was in there as well, the opening "slowie" off "Jehovahkill" but the highlights were saved until the latter part of the set - the epic "Safesurfer" from "Peggy" and a towering, monumental "Subtle Energies Commission" from "Jehovahkill". Most recent single "Fear Loves This Place", one of the most sadly neglected 45s of 1992 translated well to live sound; testament, I would suggest, to Cope's professionalism, but live it still retained some idiosyncrasies to distinguish it from the recorded version.

This first set lasted for an hour, and then we were granted a 20 minute break while Jules & Co. recuperated. Then it was on to Part Two, the "Acoustic Set". I tend to avoid these usually, but I was interested to see just how it would come off. We were treated to a superb "Poet is Priest" and the Lou Reed-y "Julian H. Cope", performed a capella, another phrase that strikes fear into my bones. With guitar this time we received "The Greatness and Perfection of Love" and "The Great Dominions" amongst others. This was a shortish interlude really, and lasted for only 30 minutes or so, and concluded with the appearance of comedian Sean Hughes.

The reason for Sean's appearance was to draw the winning ticket for the Lynx benefit raffle of the Cosmic Asshole mike-stand. This you may remember, was used in Julian's performances of his biggest solo hit "World Shut Your Mouth". The lucky winner was announced by Sean, and then Julian said he was going to play one more song from the stand, and inevitably, his band reappeared and roared into the opening bars of "World...". Thus began the third set, "Floored Genius - Greatest Hits".

This was to be the highlight, without doubt. Having been too darn young to ever see the Teardrop Explodes it was a privilege to witness their songs being performed so well by Julian's new band.

An interesting phenomenon of the night was the positioning of the band members and their instruments - as we looked Julian was at the front of the stage, central, his bassist was

above and behind him, the drummer to the right with his kit side-on so he faced centre stage. Guitarist and keyboards were to the left, and there was a further set of keyboards front right, which Julian would utilise whenever he saw fit.

The last set was a real treat. We were treated to Teardrop's oldies "Read It In Books", "Passionate Friend" and "Bouncing Babies", early solo stuff "An Elegant Chaos" and "Sunspots" - mid-career numbers "Charlotte Anne" and "Spacehopper", as well as some more recent tracks - the superb "Out of My Mind on Dope and Speed", with its brilliant guitar and keyboard lines, "Jellypop Perky Jean" and top single "Beautiful Love", Julian's last brief flirtation with chart success.

All the while through the concert Julian was chatting to the audience, in a respectful rather than patronising manner, dancing around like a dervish, running around his drummer and generally making an arse of himself, but it was good to watch. Exuberance and effort are always nice to see, especially if the artist in question could quite easily just mumble through the songs without giving them a bit of bollocks.

The gig was drawing to a close - we had forsaken "the front" deciding instead to stand back and appreciate rather than get bumped, bored and sweaty, which appeared to be a wise move, as things were getting a little busy "down there". Now for the triumphant orgasm of the evening - the brilliant, evocative "Reynard the Fox". A perfect pop song, it centres on a fox who's had his family butchered, and fled. It's an anti-foxhunting song, obviously, but whether or not you agree you cannot but appreciate it. Mid-song Julian breaks into a sinister speech in the "Jim Morrison - The End (and he walked on down the hall...etc.)" mode, about the death of this poor bastard fox. Following that, it's speed-driven, almost psychedelic guitar to the end. Exit Julian Cope.

Predictable encore alert - there has been no "Reward" tonight. As was expected this all changed rather soon. "Reward" was the Teardrops' biggest hit, from 1980: but it still sounds as fresh today. One of the best pop songs ever penned - it defined much of the 80s music, and justifiably so. 2-and-a-bit minutes of memorable melody, mad sax, great guitar. Marvellous.

Last night of the tour and all that, another encore, perhaps? You bet. "Sleeping Gas" was performed in all its deserved 1979 glory and was well received by all. A quite excellent end to a rather superb evening, my only gripe being the T-shirt prices - £16 long-sleeved or £12 short-sleeved - which I was unable to purchase. A pity, but never mind. It'll be a long time before I go to a gig as good as Julian Cope's performance at the Town & Country.



CONFIRMATION OF EXAMINATION ENTRY FOR SESSION 1992/3 ( Which concerns all Undergraduates, General Course, Diploma and Erasmus Students)  
 SELECTION OF PAPERS FOR NEXT SESSION ( Which concerns all 1st & 2nd Yr. Undergraduates)  
 You should go to the **Timetables Office, H310**, as soon as possible on or after Monday 1st Feb to collect your individual Confirmation of Exam. Entry and Selection of Papers for next session.  
 The form must be completed, signed by your tutor and handed in at the office no later than **Thursday 18th Feb.**

## The Cafe

(East Building Basement) is open during term -time between 9am-6pm Monday-Friday. Petit dejeuner francais, international food and much more.  
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## EASTERN VISION FORUM

**S601**  
 Wednesday 3rd Feb  
 1.30-2.30pm  
 'Asian people are at a disadvantage in Britain'

**NIGHTLINE**  
 confidential help and information run by students for students in London - open every night during term-time  
 6pm-8am

**071-436 5561**

## DEBATING SOCIETY

This week's motion ( 3rd Feb):  
 "This House would ratify the Maastricht Treaty."

## LSE INTERNATIONAL NIGHT

Are you interested in helping out or taking part? It won't take up a lot of your time! Contact Sara ( the Overseas Officer) via her pigeon-hole, the Students Union Reception, E65.

## HALF-TERM PLAYGROUP

The half-term playgroup will run this term between Monday 15 Feb and Friday 19 Feb inclusive. It is free of charge. The sessions are from 10am-1pm and 2-5pm.  
 Parents are expected to look after their children during the luch-hour. Places are open to children aged 5-11 years, of LSE students and staff. It is held in the Women's Room situated on the top floor of the Cafe in the East building. If you would like to register your child/ren, please sign their name(s) on the list outside E299.  
**\*\* VOLUNTEER HELPERS ALSO NEEDED: SIGN YOUR NAME ON THE LIST OUTSIDE E299 \*\***

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## VACANCIES IN THE LSE DAY NURSERY

There are currently several vacancies in the Nursery for the children of student parents.  
 The cost per place is #49.50 per week excluding meals.  
 For further information please contact

## JAPANESE LESSONS

on Wednesdays 2-4pm in X132 for beginners  
 on Fridays 2-3.30pm in E196 for intermediates

# Houghton Street Harry

The latest scandal to rock the football world, Lancaster GateGate, shows no sign of dying down; this morning saw the finger being pointed firmly at the International Football Policy Unit (IFPU) headed by Dino Zoff, Geoff Hurst and Eusebio, as Graham Kelly dispelled rumours of his own part in the shambles.

The IFPU's silence is a clear indication that they have accepted that Lancaster GateGate is due to negligence in their own department. The unit, whose executive committee includes Pele, Jonny Bradburn and Beckenbauer, is responsible for the strict monitoring of Footballing Cliches (FC's). When a popular phrase is presented to the IFPU their pragmatic analysts check that it has no meaning and conveys no information whatsoever before conferring FC status. When they are satisfied they send a copy to all 92/91/90... league managers who must each find 12 examples of this phrase's applicability in daily footballing life. This process, similar to Papal beatification of prospective Saints, is rarely completed; only 13 FC's have ever made it this far. The committee then vote on whether to elevate the FC to an FP - Footballing Postulate, with the West Bromwich Albion reserve goalkeeper having the casting vote in keeping with an age old tradition. The most recently created FP, "It's a game of two halves", took 18 years to verify due an inexplicably high number of half-time riots at Villa Park in the fifties.

Lancaster GateGate came about when one of the IFPU's 8 Postulates of Football was totally discredited in a mystery letter to the Football League, who were initially suspected to have infiltrated the IFPU and planted a bogus cliché - to undermine the unit's growing authority.

Even the England manager once agreed "Goals win Games", yet this postulate is now less credible than Wimbledon. The Beaver can exclusively reveal that the identity of the letter's author is Mrs Doris Bonkers, 47, an LSE cleaner.

High above Houghton Street in room S761 a team of Quantum Philosophers were undertaking some routine research on "Cataclysmic Consequence in the short stories of HG Wells and Aldous Huxley". They were sick of this topic and one day filed everything away at once under "Cataclysmic Misconsequences, Coincidental Non-Consequences and Dangerously Believable. Early last week an incredible stroke of fate ensured that the relevance of file SG9116c was to be fully appreciated.

Doris explains how her first day at the new job was more eventful than she could have ever imagined, "I like to have something to read on the loo, so when I finished hoovering I picked something out of the Dangerously Believable file, because it has the initials as me", she said at speakers corner, "anyway, until Wednesday I'd been cleaning at the IFPU's flagship headquarters in Shepherd's Bush, so I knew all about the postulates, they were cast in stone and I had to dust them every morning". Doris, who claims to have had a gut feeling all along about the whole notion of goals winning games, then became quite emotional. She told how she'd been fired on the spot by the IFPU after 28 years service for forgetting to polish Bill Shankley's Division Three Runners Up medal from his Under-16 days, even though it was still quite shiny from the previous time. "I was so grateful to the LSE for giving me a job, that's why I agreed to talk to the Beaver." The LSE press and publicity officer has ruled out an official announcement with Michael Jackson at half-time in the Superbowl, saying that more time is needed to research the situation.

What Doris found in the Dangerously Believable file explained how a tiny event in History can have massive consequence on future events. An often quoted example is of a time traveller going back to the 5th century, killing a single butterfly, and returning to the present day to find no human life whatsoever. Imagine a football match, on pitch A, the ball is rolling towards the corner flag, no one will catch it, everyone stops. Someone very clever manages to make an exact copy of the game and places it on the neighbouring pitch B. On pitch A the ball goes just to the left of the flag for a corner, but on pitch B goes just to the right for a throw-in. Will the two games proceed in the same way? Not according to Doris, "one may end up 6-Nil, yet the other could stay at 0-0. If you're 1-Nil up and shoot on goal only to lose the ball in the crowd, you may still win 1-0; had it gone in you could lose 9-2".

On the other hand you could try the UGM's trick; if losing at full-time just keep playing - statistically you will eventually take the lead, then stop the game immediately, the winners.

# BEAVER ED IN SHOCK POOL WIN

Neil Andrews, once described by Nick Lambert as "The worst pool player I've seen in my life" defeated Arts Editor Navin Reddy in the Three Tuns Bar over lunch on Wednesday. Rather unsurprisingly the ashamed Mr Reddy has not been seen since. (The two Beaver Sports Editors remain unchallenged as "Pool Sharks and Sorcerers" of the L.S.E. - ed2)

From our own Pub Sports Correspondent.

# WELL DONE GIRLS

Saturday 16th January - the date is firmly rooted in our minds. At last, the LSE ladies hockey team is victorious. With a stormy, steamy and torrid hat-trick from the true star of the team miss Bella Sleeman and a goal from yours truly, a 4-0 win was not something to be taken lightly. Furthermore,

contrary to your multiple cries of "Oh, the opposition must be REALLY crap", the team we beat are actually second from top in our division. It looks like we may be beginning our slow but steady come back. Keep it up girls!

RITA MUKERJEE



"Literature and society students demonstrate E.M. Forster's maxim - only connect"

:Photo Steve East

# CAMILLA DOES IT ON HER BIKE

The all new L.S.E. Mountain Bike Society

Yes, you can go Mountain biking in and around London. Of course Wales is a much better place to do it (or Northumberland - ed2), but that doesn't mean that Lincoln's Inn Fields is the roughest terrain in the "Big Smoke". There are excellent routes for adventures with your bike while your at L.S.E. It's just a matter of getting together people interested in the sport. Unable to pursue their favourite sports of beach volleyball, glacier summer skiing or jet-skiing, L.S.E. students need not get frustrated. Mountain biking is dead glamorous - in fact an as yet unpublished part of the alleged telephone conversation between the Prince of Wales and Mrs Parker-Bowles featured a surprising reference to the sport...

**M: Darling, I'm off mountain-biking at the weekend, with Will and Harry, but one will have one's portable phone with one.**

**F: Oh, I wish we could go away together on an L.S.E. Mountain Bike society adventure, just you, me, and the phone with it's hard buttons!**

**M: Me too, God yes, Oh yes...**

So there we are - people with mobile phones, dodgy sexual maturity, and

pretensions to be King are on the M.B tip too. Joking aside mountain bikes are really useful when they can get you away from civilisation to places Mountain Rescue can't reach in their Range Rovers (risking death from exposure sounds "useful" to me too).

I must stress that the latest high tech gear is not essential to enjoying the sport, enthusiasm is infinitely more important. If your bike is not shiny or made to

N.A.S.A. weight standards, don't worry (what about if your shiny, lightweight Mountain Bike got stolen from your flat opposite a police station, two weeks after you bought it? Eh? - ed2).

This proposed society (sorry about that little outburst - ed2) is as yet unrecognised by the A.U. and we need more members (Prince Charles is certainly a member - ed2) to make a go of

it. Finally, if you are enthusiastic but do not have a bike (that's right, rub it in - ed2) remember they can be hired. So don't let that stop you joining. If your problem is that you find the buttons on your phone too exciting, sort it out!

For further information about the L.S.E. Mountain Bike Society contact "Leo" on 081 558 4979.

Leo Taffy

# Magic Morris

LSE 1st XI.....6  
St. George's 1st XI..2

Continuing in their relentless assault on the coveted mid-table spot, the sometimes soured cream of LSE football talent (and George -A.K.) steam rolled the luckless but much fancied Medical School. Despite the tenacious tackling of Sugar Ray Lovell and Der Kaiser Steph, and having one of their fattest players missing after Dilly's impressive right-hook in the previous encounter, St. Georges took an early two goal lead due to a combination of lack of endeavour on LSE's part and Carsten "It was already over the line..." Thode's clinical finish.

LSE were guilty of missing several chances, the main

culprit being Jonny "Unlucky in Love" Butler who contrived to miss an open net from inches. The team however cast aside fears that it was not to be their day and Toad's Run and Cross almost made amends for the earlier mistake and Angus "no body fat/no body weight" was left to power home past the despairing dive of the keeper.

In the second half St. George's contribution dwindled and LSE tightened their grip, playing a type of football that would have graced Kenilworth Road. The finishing touch still eluded them until Rainbow's driven corner was driven home emphatically by the man Kinnear. Captain Clasper,

back to his irresistible best, curled in the third, despite most of his team being too respectful to mention that it came off someone else. The floodgates then inevitably opened and the match was effectively settled as Angus slotted in his Hat-Trick with consummate ease and was promptly substituted. His replacement Grant continued where he left off with a neat finish to a flowing move.

St. George's humiliation was complete minutes before the end when Jonny boy thrust deep into their most vulnerable area to score and bring the performance to a fitting climax.

TREVOR BROOKING