

1895 - 1995

The BEAVER

The Newspaper of the London School of Economics Students' Union

Issue 417

First published May 5, 1949

February 13, 1995

Peace in confrontation

Mr Afif Safieh, PLO Representative to the UK
Photo: Hania Midura

Steve Roy

A senior Israeli Government official attacked the PLO leadership for not doing more to "outrightly condemn terrorism" at an historic meeting at the LSE last week.

Speaking at the launch of the School's Global Festival, His Excellency Mr Moshe Raviv, the Israeli Ambassador to the UK, questioned "why the PLO leadership, who now have armed police, and know the addresses of wanted terrorists, do not do more to combat terrorism?"

Mr Rashiv spoke of the 123 Israelis killed in the violence since the Oslo Agreement was signed in December 1993. "The ultimate price of peace has been paid by their families," he said.

The Israeli Ambassador did, however, acknowledge the progress made at the recent Cairo meeting between the two sides, particularly praising the commitment made by the PLO to continue the peace process.

Both Mr Rashiv and the PLO's UK representative, Mr Afif Safieh, commended the LSE Students' Union for organising a festival that was both global

and specifically designed to promote peace and understanding.

Recalling his own days as a student, Mr Safieh said that his visit to the LSE plunged him into "nostalgic recollections".

The Global Festival was proof that the LSE has "not reached the end of ideas" and can look forward to the next hundred years with renewed vigour.

Tight security had surrounded the visit of the Israeli and PLO speakers. Police with sniffer dogs and private security guards had given the Old Theatre repeated checks. Students were subjected to stringent ticketing requirements before being allowed to enter the room.

Martin Lewis, the SU General Secretary, who chaired the meeting, was impressed at the voracity of the debate. "It left us all with something to think about," he said.

Vini Ghatate, SU Equal Opportunities and Welfare Officer, was equally enthusiastic, proclaiming the launch of the Global Festival as a major triumph.

Ghatate added: "We have shown that LSE students' deep interest in political affairs can be channelled into progressive discussion forums about international issues."

Mr Moshe Raviv, Israeli Ambassador to UK
Photo: Hania Midura

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Budzinska blasted by Bates

Nick Sutton
News Editor

Serious allegations regarding abuse of power were made against Ola Budzinska, Students' Union (SU) Finance and Services Officer, by members of the Finance and Services Committee (F&S) last week.

Paul Bates, a Labour Club member on F&S, claimed that Budzinska did no work, had blatantly abused her position since becoming a sabbatical last year and had lied to the UGM.

Bates stated that her behaviour was "just disgraceful. . . She's completely unfit for office."

His comment was backed up by another member of the committee who described her as "just pathetic. . . just crap."

It now appears clear that Budzinska has lost the full support of a majority of the eight-member committee. It is not, however, expected that there will be a

motion of censure brought against her.

The allegations of abuse made by Bates against Budzinska include missing vital meetings organised by the School and SU (including a meeting of the Site Development Committee which discussed the possibility of the School providing considerable finance to the Union), viewing private accommodation on SU time, sleeping in her office and excessive use of Union facilities for personal purposes.

Bates added, "She's earning over £11,000 and I want members of the Students' Union to know how their money is being wasted. . . her main preoccupation during office hours is not running the financial affairs of the Union. . . and she should seriously review her position."

These claims are not new - there has been considerable opposition to Budzinska within the Union for some time and considerable ill-feeling exists between her and other Sabbatical Officers.

A senior source within the Union

added: "As a Sabbatical, you're not just here to fulfil the minimum job requirements. You're here to improve the situation for students as much as you can. . . It's not a year out to relax from your studies and play a game of business."

Budzinska vehemently denies the accusations levelled against her, stating that although she "maybe once or twice" viewed flats on SU time, and had abused her position by sleeping in her office for two nights when she would otherwise have been homeless. "I am doing what is in my job description. Everything that needs to be done is being done."

Budzinska claimed that the attacks on her were electorally-motivated: "The campaign for getting new Sabbatical posts seems to have started already. . . Any sort of friendship doesn't matter."

Arun Velusami, another member of the Committee, supported Budzinska: "As far as I'm aware, the main function of her job is getting the budget through, and she's done that."

Dramatic new library proposals



Model of the proposed redevelopment of the library

Photo: Mark Baltovic

Dan Madden

A dramatic redevelopment has been proposed for the LSE library which will involve a complete overhaul of the building.

The biggest physical change will be the insertion of a huge spiral staircase to be sunk into the middle of the library, opening up the entrance hall of the building and every floor of the library, including the basement.

Plans proposed by Sir Norman Foster will vastly improve the working environment and have been designed specifically with increased information technology (IT) services in mind.

Lynne Brindley, Librarian and Director of Information Services, said of the improved IT facilities: "We hope to be able to provide the users with the technology to use the Libertas system, the standard computer services and CD-Rom all at the same workstation."

Following the refurbishment,

the library will have extra storage space depending on utilisation of the top floor.

The current project, estimated to cost between £10 and £14 million will not begin until a large proportion of the funds have been raised by the LSE Foundation.

The building work, predicted to last for two years, will require the closure of the library during the summer vacation whilst the staircase is sunk into the building.

It is hoped that the rest of the work can be done on a floor-by-floor basis. The closure of reading space will be compensated for by use of rooms in other areas of the School and by making special arrangements with other London colleges' libraries.

The Lionel Robbins Building was acquired from WH Smith during the 1970s at a cost of £3.7 million in funds raised through an appeal by the LSE. At the time of purchase, funds were available for modest refurbishment only.

Winston Silcott revisited

Baljit Mahal

It is now six years on after Winston Silcott was originally elected by the LSE Students' Union (SU) to the position of Honorary President. At the time this led to a barrage of negative publicity from national tabloids and media against the LSE SU.

Only two years later in 1991 when Winston Silcott was acquitted of the murder of PC Keith Blakelock by the Appeal Court, the LSE students of two years before were vindicated. Considerable evidence supported the claim that police had fabricated evidence used to convict Silcott such as doctored witness statements and confessions.

LSE students, however, have not neglected the plight of Silcott

for the outstanding conviction for which he remains in prison. For this offence, witness statements support the Defence's claim that he acted in self-defence.

The LSE SU voted on January 26 in a quorate Union General Meeting, to write to the Home Secretary asking for the remaining conviction to be referred to the Appeal Court.

This case has been surrounded by several significant breakthroughs. The Home Secretary has allowed the public disclosure of information considered for his appeal – described by *The Guardian* as "a major victory". The Police Federation declared "I am not saying this with hindsight, or to be politically correct, but it was much to the detriment of the legal system to have had him stand trial in the first place."

Already the Defence will be re-applying to have his case referred to the Appeal Court, whilst individuals speaking for Winston Silcott's campaign have said that it is now widely known who really did kill PC Blakelock, and that this man has been walking free since 1984, when the riots originally occurred.

Lawrence at LSE

Ron Voce

Accusations in *The Times* that a lobby group, which Sir Ivan Lawrence MP is a member of, was allegedly responsible for the leaked draft document on power sharing in Northern Ireland, were denied last week.

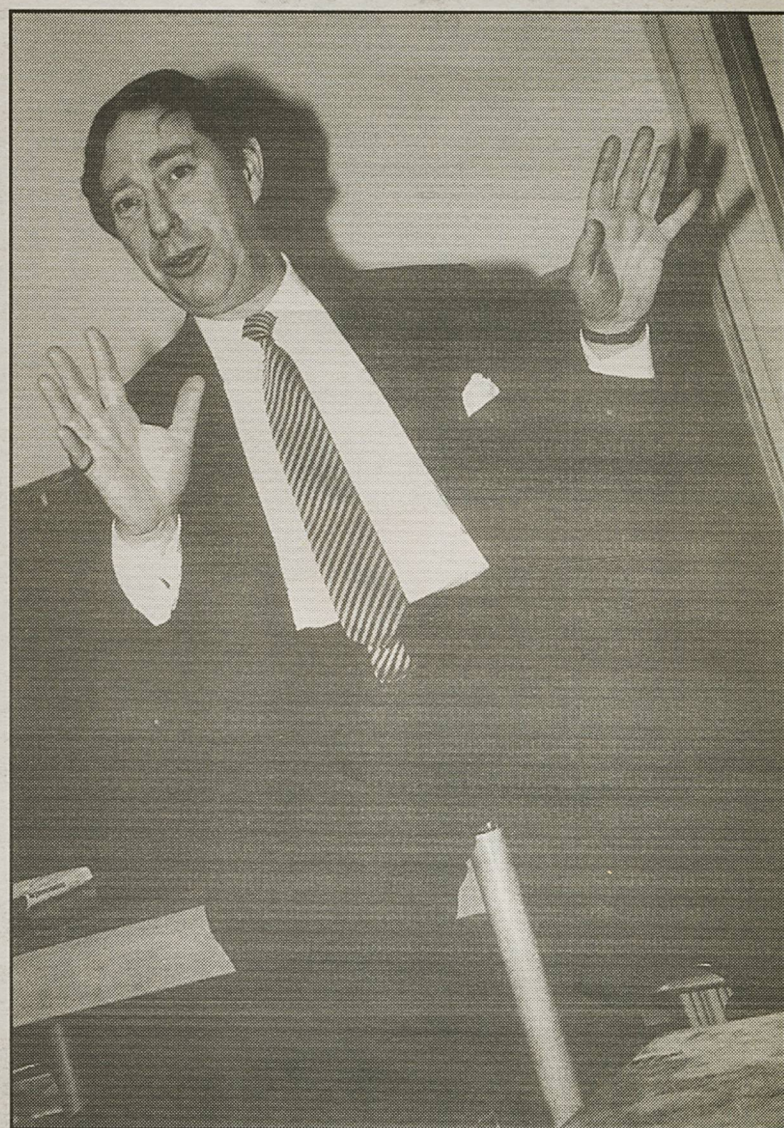
Sir Ivan, giving a talk for LSE Conservatives on the so-called "Feel Good Factor", defended himself saying his involvement in the Friends Of The Union, was one of personal choice after the death of a late Unionist MP, whom he considered a friend.

He continued, saying that, "if there is any link between the Friends Of The Union and the leaked document, he would resign from it."

Sir Ivan Lawrence, MP for Burton in Staffordshire, and the Chairperson of the Home Affairs Select Committee talked to only a few die hard Tories at the School last Monday.

He was sure that Labour's "honeymoon was over", especially with the current debate over Clause Four, and he was adamant that the Tories would win again at the next election, however soon or far off it was.

Sir Ivan's reasons were that everything was starting to "feel good" for the Tories. Investment from abroad was up, with over sixty percent of all non European Union investment coming to Great Britain. This created jobs, cutting over 500,000 off the unemployment total and



Sir Ivan Lawrence MP gets excited

Photo: Anastasia Shorter

stimulating the economy.

Commenting on his position as Chairperson of the Home Affairs Select Committee, Sir Ivan was disappointed that the general public perceived law and order in this country to be a mess.

Sir Ivan assured the meeting that because of the Government's action over the past few

years – in particular the Criminal Justice Bill, Operation Bumble Bee and more prisons, crime rates were lowering.

As an example he cited that the City of London Police had seen crime drop by fifty percent over the last two years. Yet whether this is due to better policing, or the anti-terrorist "ring of steel" is debatable.

News in Brief

The LSE's very own celebrity academic, Dr David Starkey, will be hosting his own show on Talk Radio UK, the new station launched this week.

From Saturday 18 February Starkey, whom the *Daily Mail* dubbed the rudest man in Britain, will be hosting a weekly 3 hour morning show, running from 10-1pm.

There will be an Emergency General Meeting of the Students' Union on Tuesday this week.

The meeting, at 1pm in the New Theatre, has been called to discuss the case of Pancho Ndebele, the sabbatical President of the University of Brighton Students' Union, who has been repatriated to Zimbabwe.

LSE Trial; R v. LSE [1995] Beaver Law Report

**Toby Krohn and
Duncan McGrath**

Justice Jacobs sat in session in the High Court convened in the Old Theatre last Wednesday evening. The LSE was summoned to respond to the allegation that it had betrayed its benefactors wishes in failing to establish a case for socialism.

In dispute was not only the whereabouts of, but also the purpose of the Hutchinson Trust of £20,000 left to, among others, Sidney Webb. The Trust was to use the money to further "the propaganda and other purposes of the [Fabian] Society and its socialism".

Lord Dahrendorf presented the defence, the prosecution being put by Lord Desai. In the dock, as

expert witnesses for the prosecution, were 'Professor' (for the purpose of this trial) Rodney Barker and the rebellious influence that was Martin Tomkinson. In defence were the last survivor of the Webb era, Sir Norman McKenzie, and the Director.

Kicking off the prosecution case Lord Desai enticed 'Professor' Barker to admit that Sidney Webb was "suspicious of politics,

but in favour of government", (hence explaining the difficulty in locating the Department of Political Science). Rodney Barker explained to Lord Dahrendorf that this was probably because "behind every famous man stands an astonished woman." For Beatrice Webb ascribed to the belief that socialism being a natural force, would be the result of academic endeavour.

Martin Tomkinson, giving evidence after narrowly escaping contempt proceedings, informed the Court that socialism was never spoken about at the LSE in the 1960s much in the same way that "pornography was suppressed in Eastern Europe". In cross examination of the prosecution witness, Lord Dahrendorf was told that academia was being threatened by the menace of commercially sponsored research that LSE had a duty to resist.

Having hurdled Lord Dahrendorf's questions by saying that Sidney Webb's socialism was "vague and jumpy", Norman McKenzie taxed Lord Desai when he told the Court that socialism had been directly advanced through the Ramsey MacDonald Lectures, but that the school had followed its task "To Know the Causes of Things". Lord Desai was happy to conclude that this had answered the case for the prosecution.

Dr John Ashworth, glowing with reminiscences of Heaven

(his love life in Passfield Hall when a fresher), was willing to accept benefactors with "strings attached" so long as they did not preclude the pursuit of objective academic ends. Lord Dahrendorf finally found an answer to his demand for an example of an academic institution that clones ideologues when the Director offered, in reply, the universities of the former USSR.

The case for the prosecution was summed up by Lord Desai who argued that teaching of the social sciences had not established a case for socialism and was eager for the Hutchinson Estate to be refunded, with the accrued interest, the original figure of £20,000 now estimated by him to be some £10-15 millions.

Lord Dahrendorf defended the LSE when he put it to the jury that in keeping with the general terms of the will, the money had been used as a catalyst to promote socialism through the MacDonald Lecture series and at the same time fulfilled Hutchinson's wish to found what still is a "very unorthodox institution" not constrained by fixed patterns of thought.

Following instruction from Justice Jacobs, the jury (the assembled audience) affirmed Lord Dahrendorf's case that there had not been any betrayal of the benefactors' intentions beyond any reasonable doubt. The LSE was acquitted of all charges.



Lord Desai and Judge Jacobs

Photo: Joanna Arong

Hospitable Holborn Hall: welcomes all

Nick Fletcher

Hate your flatmates? Sick of paying the gas bill? Fed up of travelling by tube to the school? Well, maybe next year you could get into hall.

Applications opened recently for next year's accommodation, and according to Paul Trivett, the Accommodation Officer, forms are whipping out of the office quicker than they can be printed.

With the news of High Holborn Hall being ready for next year and the staving off of the loss of Maple/Fitzroy street flats, it seems that more students than usual fancy their chances of getting back into hall. This however, may not be the case. The Inter-Halls Committee will meet in March to decide the relative quotas of each year-group now that some 450 new places have been added to the general pool.

At the moment, the School already guarantees all first-years (who live outside London) a place; it follows then, that the extra places will be allocated to second/third years or postgraduates. Alternatively, the rule on

first-years who come from London may be relaxed. It's likely to be a difficult debate; second- and third-years are often heavily in debt and cannot afford to live out, but first-years from London should not be expected to continue living with their parents. Postgraduates, on the other hand, frequently argue that the intense study required of them demands the relatively stress-free atmosphere of a hall.

What do you think? If you are applying for hall, then you can at least express your opinion on the survey attached to the application form. Alternatively, see either Vini Ghatate, Welfare and Equal Opportunities Officer, or the elected Students' Union Interhalls Representative.

If you are currently in hall, you can speak to the member of your Hall Committee responsible for re-admittance. To increase your chances more directly, Mr. Trivett advises students to apply for shared rooms, for which there is always lower demand.

Thus far the new hall at High Holborn seems the most popular choice. This may not last long after the decision is made

on Holborn's fees; its prime location means that it is likely to be around 20% more expensive than the traditional favourites, Carr-Saunders and Rosebery.

Holborn's current popularity is due largely to it being eight minutes walk from the LSE, and fifty percent larger than any current hall. It will be self-catering, divided into flats of around five students, who will share a kitchen/dining area and bathroom; there will also be two large common areas (one bar, one snack-bar) in a basement of two levels.

Application forms (for Intercollegiate Halls also) can be collected from the Accommodation Office, E294, and should be returned there by March 31; the results of the selection procedure will be posted by early June. So, if you're sick of your flatmates setting fire to your bed and stealing your last drop of milk now's your chance to escape.



High Holborn; the new LSE hall

Photo: Library

Fever pitch at Rosebery polls

Richard Hearnden

Rosebery Hall, the scene of much election fever in recent weeks, has now returned to normality after the new committee was elected on Tuesday. The elections, held annually, saw the surprise victory of Christine Glover as President, who ran possibly the most low-key campaign seen for years.

Three other candidates stood for the top job, Nick Sheppard was described by one authorita-

tive source as being "too slimy" to get the female vote.

Andrew Wilson, who ran the most public campaign of the year became Secretary after streaking naked through the quad, and publishing a series of posters that can only be described as being "homoerotic".

Wilson overwhelmingly beat Amal Sanderatne who campaigned on a "no bar subsidy" ticket - his posters were generally accepted by the electorate as being "shite".

Whilst it remains to be seen whether this group of hacks will

be any better than the last lot, elder statesman Chris Parry, the outgoing Rosebery President and possible contender for General Secretary later this term, said of the new Committee "they will make a splendid new team." Parry went on to say that "the campaign was very friendly. I am pleased that so many dedicated students are now on the committee."

Other candidates were also elected: Riccardo Squitiori (Treasurer), Kirill Verevitchev (Social Secretary), Marcella Scatini (Women's Officer) and Kok Lim Chee (Overseas' Officer).



Rosebery Hall

Photo: Jon Fenton-Fisher

LSE student sued for £100,000

Beaver Staff

The Transport Secretary, Dr Brian Mawhinney, and three subcontractors working on the construction of the M11 Link Road in East London, are suing an LSE student for damages of up to one hundred thousand pounds, it was disclosed this week.

The construction firms Norwest Holst, J Murphy & Sons, and Christiani & Nielsen have issued a writ against part-time Development Studies student Brenda Puech and six others for their part in protesting against the controversial road last summer. The Secretary of State and the three subcontractors are claiming damages for the hiring of extra security staff and delays to the building project.

This latest court action, believed to be the first of its kind, was condemned as being "an outrageous attack on the traditional right to civil disobedience" by civil liberties groups. Miss Puech was also served with an injunction forbidding her to enter the construction site.

A breach of the injunction would be contempt of court, and be met with possible prison sentence. Such an action may prompt other perilous construction companies to pursue similar action, as well as using new criminal powers made available to road builders as part of the Criminal Justice Act of 1994.

Miss Puech complained that the construction firms "picked on us, because we weren't ashamed to hide our faces. Some protestors wear masks to prevent being identified." Describing her predicament as that of being on the brink of "financial ruin", she noted that her legal opponents had "all the power, the political power and the financial power to win the case."

Despite an offer to settle out-of-court for £5,000, the group known as No M11 Link Campaign, have decided to fight the case as a matter of conscience, even though the campaign has admitted its low chances of victory in the courts.

Miss Puech does not know how she will raise the money to pay the damages if successfully sued, but said that it was likely that the sum would be deducted from her future salary. Doctor Mawhinney was not available for comment.

Teresa Delaney

The Carr-Saunders Hall elections, in which every post was tightly contested, had a moment of tension when it was found that the candidates for the post of Treasurer, Stephen Bartlett and James Garner, had secured an equal number of votes.

Under the constitution the casting vote should have gone to Sam Gold, President and Returning

Officer, however he had already voted earlier in the day. Because he felt it was "undemocratic for anyone to have two votes", he decided to withdraw, leaving Stephen the winner.

Although this decision may have been somewhat unusual, most Saunders residents seemed satisfied, one even going so far as to comment "it really makes no difference to anyone here who gets elected except to the persons themselves." Stephen Bartlett stated that he hoped that the result would not

result in any acrimony and he could be left to prove his suitability for the position.

The new President of Carr-Saunders, Kailesh Mistry, claimed a convincing victory. Taking over as Social Secretaries are Dave and Jasper, who won Saunders voters over with their manifesto of "big cash prizes". Noble Chummar will be Overseas Officer, Rob Bush the new Vice-President, and Secretary and Women's Officer were won respectively by Dave Humphries and Lisebeth Willaert.

Power not powder for Labour women

Judith Plastow

Judith Church MP and Lorraine Monk chose the topic 'Women in Power' to address the LSE Labour Club. The irony is, of course, women are not in power and the question at this very interesting meeting was how to change that.

At the moment there are 64 women MPs - less than 10% of the total number in the House of Commons. Church blamed media perceptions. "Women MPs don't look like 'real' MPs." They do not seem to have the authority of the stereotypical middle-aged, paunched, pin-striped suit.

The House of Commons, she argued has a restrictive nature. The hours are long and anti-social - totally unsuited to a mother of young children. There is a dominant male culture. Church told of the time a (male) MP commented of her: "don't these Essex girls dress so well." Male MPs of all parties are guilty of this patronising and discriminatory behaviour.

Money is also a huge obsta-

cle. Men have more access to funds and contacts because of better job opportunities and "Old Boy" networks. Without the Labour Women's Support group, Church believed she would not have coped.

Monk despaired of the same question she is always asked: "Didn't Thatcher ruin it for women in politics?" Her retort? "Did Hitler ruin it for men? There is not just one 'type' of woman."

Monk praised EMILY (Early Money Is Like Yeast), a group that sponsors women of all parties to help them achieve an active role in politics. It's only precondition is that candidates must be pro-choice.

The Labour Party's own role in promoting women in politics is the introduction of quotas. Although a clumsy system, 40% of target seats will be for women. Hopefully this will encourage other political parties to mirror their efforts. As Monk indicated, "You cannot be a democratic party with 50% of it unrepresented. Women have certain views on important things and this must not be discounted."



Judith Church MP and Lorraine Monk talking at the Labour Club

Photo: Stephen Hau

Grave Waldegrave

Oliver Adelman

William Waldegrave, MP for Bristol West and Secretary of State for Agriculture, addressed a meeting of LSE Conservatives in the Vera Anstey Room last Tuesday.

Largely ignoring the controversy surrounding the export of live animals, in which he has been mired for the past few weeks, Waldegrave used his speech to 'clarify issues' on Britain's relationship with the European Union in the run-up to the 1996 Intergovernmental Conference.

Waldegrave said that a "deep and unresolved divide" on Europe existed across British politics and that the rift was bigger in the Labour Party than in the Conservatives.

"There is a growing sense of

disillusionment in the country at large with the Union's relations with Britain", Waldegrave said.

He added that: "There is a fundamental disquiet in Britain that the country is being taken somewhere they never voted for and do not want to go to - a federal state of Europe."

Despite these negative opening comments, Waldegrave went on to say that he was "utterly convinced that a Common Market in Europe is absolutely essential. British national power alone was not enough to influence international issues. This is why we joined the Community in the first place."

Waldegrave also accepted that "If we are serious about the single market, Britain has to be prepared to surrender sovereignty to a certain extent", citing in particular the example of the Common Fisheries Policy, whereby member countries are given access to a common mar-



Rt Hon William Waldegrave MP, speaking at the School last week

Photo: Anastasia Shorter

ket for their fish in exchange for submitting to rules governing the fishing industry.

He also added with regard to economic and monetary union that

he was in favour of the Prime Minister's proposed 'hard ecu' to exist as a currency option within Britain, while the country still maintained the pound as its main currency.

TUC chief speaks at School



John Monks, General Secretary of the TUC

James Brown

John Monks, General Secretary of the Trade Union Congress, spoke at LSE. In a talk organised by Demos last week, Mr Monks outlined his vision of the role of unions in the future.

He emphasised recent changes in the composition of the UK labour force; only 40% of the work-force are now in full-time "steady" employment, which he regarded as the "natural territory" of the unions.

The other 60% are split equally between casual or fixed-term employment and unemployment or very low-paid jobs, where it is either impossible, or in some cases counter-productive, for unions to be repre-

sentatives.

He cited the example of McDonalds, whom he said regarded unions as a "foreign body in the corporate structure", and would not allow their employees to join them. When unions intervene on behalf of workers in non-unionised firms, they often do more harm than good.

Mr Monks claimed that despite the success of some non-unionised firms, 44 of the 50 most profitable firms in a recent survey were all highly unionised.

In order to preserve this situation Mr Monks argued that unions "must keep up with change and be proactive." He also proposed measures to strengthen workers rights, including a minimum wage, the ac-

ceptance of the Social Chapter of the Maastricht Treaty, a minimum entitlement to training and a framework for greater consultation between employee and employer.

Mr Monks was asked after his speech of his opinions on common ownership and Labour's Clause 4. Although falling short of claiming that the concept was outdated, he did admit that the estimated bill of £60 billion for renationalising the public utilities would be too high for any Labour government to consider. He would prefer the money to be spent on education and other "more worthy" projects, to which he added particular enthusiasm for the idea of helping LSE, of which he is a Governor, move to County Hall.

Photo: Stephen Hau

Green Socialist MEP

Oliver Adelman

Pauline Green, a Socialist Member of the European Parliament and Head of the Party's European delegation, spoke on the future of the European Union (EU) at a meeting organised by the European Society at LSE.

While very optimistic about the future of the EU in general, Green had some harsh words for the Maastricht agreement and the actions of the European Commission in the run-up to the 1996 Intergovernmental Conference.

"We remain, then and now, dissatisfied with the overall result of Maastricht," Green said at the meeting on February 3, adding that the Socialists were calling for a thorough reform of the structures and objectives of the EU.

Calling for "clarity, openness, efficiency and democracy within the Union," Green said "It is utterly unacceptable that the European Council, when adopting binding legislation, does so behind closed doors."

Green, a forceful and dynamic speaker in a crowded New Theatre, conveyed genuine enthusiasm for her subject, indicating a passion for greater European integration that went beyond the platitudes of a standard political lecture.

During questions after the speech, Green described the Labour Party Leader Tony Blair as a "constructive European" who favoured closer European integration. But Green did acknowledge that there was "obviously" opposition to Europe within the Labour Party.

Killer gas

Teresa Delaney

In Walsall on January 22 two more students died of carbon monoxide poisoning and the NUS President, Jim Murphy is warning that "thousands of students will face the risk of death this winter".

The danger comes from faulty gas appliances in accommodation. Due to such a large proportion of students living in poor housing which is badly maintained, they are one of the groups who face the highest risk.

Clare Wilkinson from Aston University died in 1991, and John Else and Claire Short from Liverpool University were killed in 1993, all as a result of inhaling poisonous carbon monoxide fumes from appliances in their student lodgings.

A student from Goldsmiths College, in the University of London, also died. The NUS warns that "it is of vital importance that students take immediate action, and ensure all gas appliances are checked".

At the beginning of this year landlord Geoffrey Parker, of West Bridgford, Nottingham, was prosecuted by the Health and Safety Executive after brothers Alan and Trevor Leighton died on his premises in December 1992. It was alleged that his gas central heating boiler had not been serviced "in a proper and workmanlike manner".

NUS is working closely with other housing rights groups and families of carbon monoxide victims to pressurise the Health and Safety Executive into taking action, as well as setting up a telephone hotline to give information and advice. New government regulations come into effect this year to force landlords to service gas appliances, alongside a programme of advertisements and public warning films.

Portillo court drama

Nicola Hobday

Two ex-students from the LSE, Louise Ashon and Mubin Haq, appeared in Bow Street Magistrates Court last Thursday.

The hearing involved allegations that took place while the two were at the school in June 1994.

It was alleged that these two students threw eggs at the car of Michael Portillo.

Portillo himself was summoned to attend court but failed to turn up.

The judge was reported to have been angry that the case had been brought to court and dismissed the two on the grounds that the case was too trivial.

Global Festival special

The Beaver casts an eye over
last week's events



His Excellency Mr Moshe Raviv, the Israeli Ambassador and Mr Afif Safieh, his PLO counterpart.
Photo: Hania Midura



The Chinese dragon dance opens the society events, to celebrate LSESU Global festival
Photo: Ana Shorter



The Filipino fan dance as seen at the Global Fashion Show
Photo: Joanna Arong



Three Chinese girls in the Quad
Photo: Steve Hau



The Filipino Society do it again at the Global Fashion Show
Photo: Joanna Arong



Chinese handwriting workshops given in the Quad
Photo: Steven Hau

Eliminate the Queen

Dear Beaver,

Think of the English class system as a great, big pyramid - living and breathing - inhabited at the top by the Queen and the rest of the royal family. They are followed by the aristocracy which share the same tier as top salaried executives who, in turn, preside over the working class. The bottom rung is the domain of assorted groups who share the common lack of representability: homeless, children, criminals.

This organism does not prohibit mobility - England does not discriminate whether for race, gender etc more than the United States, Canada or any other supposed free market country. The opportunity exists for transfer between classes as it has since the Industrial Revolution when, for example, subsistence-oriented barge owners became wealthy overnight transferring goods on England's waterways. While the unquestionable ability to transfer belongs to the confident, the educated, the skilled and the fortunate: the timid have reason to worry: the class system not only

continues to fester but is built into society, continually rearing its repressive head.

The elitism is so entrenched that at times it goes unnoticed. Notice, for example, the subtleties of searching for accommodation in London. Add to our unrepresented group at the base of the pyramid, the large number of Japanese in London: they face the added discrimination of being vestiges of a war that ended years ago. However, for landlords and those possessing any modicum of power, the animosity is manifest in residential prohibitions for Asians. Or, in the case of one young Japanese woman, in being asked to leave shortly after moving in.

Sometimes the distinction in classes is more obvious. On an evening when the Archbishop Desmond Tutu spoke at our school, the hall long-since filled with students was asked to leave for a security search. Following the suspiciously brief check, the doors were reopened. For the next quarter hour, hundreds of students in queues stood back while a stream

of elderly, well dressed ladies and gentlemen entered. To the surprise of the students, invitations had been sent and students, again, on the bottom of the pyramid, had not been a priority. To further delineate the groups, the convenor of the question period suggested that students ask questions - which delighted the 50 or so in the hall but was impractical for the several hundred others watching by video relay from an adjacent hall.

The classist nature of society goes unnoticed to most here in London: it is hard to be snubbed when buying groceries at the supermarket. The streets are not informally designated (as they used to be) into six divisions of wealth and living conditions. One can walk anywhere regardless of who is in the way. For an acquaintance of mine, the person approaching on the narrow footpath in an otherwise muddy park was elderly, well dressed and sporting a top hat and cane. As they arrived at a full stop in front of each other, the gentleman brusquely gestured to the student uttering "Off the footpath. I'm a very important busi-

ness man on my way to a very important meeting", to which the student firmly replied: "I'm a very unimportant student on my way to nowhere in particular, and I'm willing to stand here for weeks, if necessary, to not let you by".

The young Japanese woman, my fellow students and the student in the park were confronted by the perceived class distinctions festering in English life. We were hardly in positions to change the values of society (although I'm sure the student in the last example left an impression), the meek will continue to be meek until they, perhaps collectively, establish an equitable relationship with other social groups. The alternative to this, of course, is to topple the aristocracy, eliminating the Queen as the head of state but I'm the first to recognise that this is too much to ask for of a society obsessed with the goings on of the Royal Family. Until then, this handicap will continue to scar English society propagating itself without limits.

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MSc Industrial Relations

Beaver

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Apologies all round

Dear Beaver,

Just because most of your writers are white and British that is not a justifiable reason to constantly slag off non-white, overseas students at the LSE.

Don't you think we have enough trouble dealing with racism in London at large and Britain as a whole? The most recent and one of the most offensive comments is where you refer to LSE as being "Chinatown", which appeared in your "Houghton Street Harry" column. The article continued to take the piss out of Chinese and Indian waiters.

Does good journalism equal

racial slurs? Obviously in *The Beaver* you have shown us time and time again that it does. If this letter is full of grammatical errors, please excuse us after all we are "NON-WHITE" and foreign.

Yours,

C Kaibano, R Bani, H Conduri, M Sanderalue, S Chatterjee and one other

PS You are a bunch of hypocrites. In the same issue you praise Desmond Tutu who is (incidentally) black African.

PPS If you don't print this letter, you'll prove our point.

Creating a balance between the humour of Houghton Street Harry and a sense of political sensitivity has never been an easy task.

Last week's edition of The Beaver was the first of a new managerial team. Amid the changes occurring in editorial positions, the safety net of editorial supervision was temporarily relaxed.

The Editorial Team of The Beaver take responsibility for the discrepancy highlighted in your letter, and offer every assurance that any reoccurrence will be avoided.

The opinions expressed in these pages are those of the authors, not those of *The Beaver*. The deadline for letters is Wednesday at noon.

Parry parries with Jack

Dear Beaver,

Just to clarify a point which caused some confusion in last week's edition.

I am not a Socialist Worker activist or a socialist as it appeared on your photograph. Although I am guilty of being photographed with a SWP banner.

Now that I have written, I would like to add that I am not 'fat' as Union Jack regularly stipulates, I just like thick jumpers. Although I do respect Jack's personal opinion; that Parry "as thick as pig shit, long haired Scottish git," many may disagree.

All the best
Chris Parry

CONFIRMATION OF EXAMINATION ENTRY FOR SESSION 1994/1995

(WHICH CONCERNS ALL UNDERGRADUATES, GENERAL COURSE, DIPLOMA, EXCHANGE AND ERASMUS STUDENTS)

SELECTION OF PAPERS FOR NEXT SESSION

(which concerns all First and Second year Undergraduates)

You should go to the timetables office, room

H310 Connaught House

as soon as possible

Form must be completed and handed

in no later than

Thursday, February 16

The rebel of '68

An evening with Martin Tomkinson.

Deborah Goldemberg

Was that really the point? Does the fact that perhaps the benefactors of the school didn't specify a cause for socialism, detract from the LSE having betrayed socialism by neglecting to teach it.

Martin Tomkinson, the President of the SU in '68, wanted to deal with the second issue. He argued that university is indeed not about preaching communism or socialism, but it is about learning to have a critical understanding of the system. He said "We never broke into the library. We were never anti-study, that would be stupid! I used to spend hours and hours in the library. I was a nymphomaniac for knowledge!" He claimed that the fact socialism, or "state capitalism", as he calls it, did not work in Western Europe does not mean that capitalism is the answer. One therefore has to not only know about the system, but must be able to see its faults and come up with alternatives.

Tomkinson fears that big corporations which sponsor universities will end up stifling the nature of further education. "If new ideas do not come from students in universities where will they come from - Barclays bank?!"

In an interview, after the trial, Tomkinson explained why there



Tomkinson in the chair

Photo: Joanna Arong

Talk about the '68 student revolution at the LSE exerts some sort of fascination in all of us who came here with hopes of belonging to a revolutionary university, or at least a political and ideological one. "The '68 troubles" have stamped the reputation of the LSE, regardless of what best characterizes its ideology, or lack of it, nowadays.

The Trial of the LSE, part of the Global Festival, united Lord Desai and Martin Tomkinson, who were leaders of the SU in 68, on the side of the prosecution against John Ashworth, Norman Mackenzie, Rodney Barker and Lord Dahrendorf on the side of the defence - the charge was "Has the LSE betrayed its benefactors wishes by failing to establish a case for socialism."

The case was decided by the audience in the Old Theatre. The defence won. The defence's position revolved around the argument that socialism was not really the benefactors' wish. According to Norman Mackenzie's detailed account, the Fabians were not all socialists. Also it was stressed that universities should be unbiased institutions aimed at promoting the learning of various ideologies - universities should not be institutions of propaganda.

are no major student protests nowadays. He said that there is so much unemployment that students cannot afford to protest. It is too big a risk; "Hedonism is the ideology today".

He is not very optimistic about the future, but foresees that resistance against the system will take place with the environmentalist cause. It will be a battle, "The environmentalists have to fight, or

the big corporations will destroy the environment".

The evening went on in the Three Tuns... Lord Desai, the Honorable Mr Justice Jacobs and the Revolutionary Hero sat with their pints of lager, like old footballers, telling stories. Some of them were amazing - apparently some of the UGMs were 12 hours long !! "We would all read the same books and just sit there de-

bating for hours..", recalled Lord Desai.

The Grand Finale was when they all joined the students in the Indo-Pak Party. Incredulous eyes stared at them wondering whether those rather clumsy dancers were the people they'd seen at the Trial!

"That is why there is no more protest - this is much more fun!", smiled Mr Justice Jacob. A bit of hedonism is not that bad after all.

To Tea or not to Tea

I've often thought that there was a lot of truth in the Feminist chant that the personal is the political. For me there is little more personal than a morning cuppa.

I am happy to be part of the tradition of tea drinking. It is quintessentially English and manages to cross class boundaries. It has the cosmopolitan tinge of coming from Asia and yet it is drunk by liberal, racist, prig and paraphiliac.

In 1946 Britain was subject to rationing, the Labour Party was nationalizing great chunks of the economy, and George Orwell was compiling a list of Stalinist sympathizers on the Left. Orwell was suffering from the combined effects of T.B., a bullet wound he had received in Spain fighting Franco and a lifetime spent hunched over a typewriter chain smoking and worrying. Orwell cared about truth and about politics.

In 1946 Orwell wrote in the Evening Standard an article en-

Tom Randell

titled "A Nice Cup of Tea". He didn't write about things which weren't important.

Orwell wrote: "tea is one of the mainstays of civilisation in this country". He listed eleven "golden rules" you should follow when making a nice cup of tea:

- 1) Use Indian or Ceylonese Tea.
- 2) Make the tea in a teapot.
- 3) Warm the teapot (if possible by warming on top of the hob)
- 4) Make the tea strong.
- 5) Put tea straight in to the pot (no strainers or teabags).
- 6) Use actually boiling water
- 7) Always stir or shake tea and then allow it to settle.
- 8) Drink from a large cup so that tea stays warm.
- 9) Do not use "creamy" milk
- 10) Pour tea in before the milk
- 11) Tea should be drunk without sugar.

If you don't drink tea already then you will no doubt regard the

above list of rules as trivial. Conversely any tea drinker worth his salt will see in it a rich fount of debate and controversy. I can understand if not sympathize with either response.

I cannot understand or indeed accept a response of smug, narrow, wrong-headed arrogance. Coffee drinkers have no right to the air of sophistication and superiority they presume with their talk of Arabica beans and cafetieres.

The P.G. Tips monkeys to my mind reveal the decent unpretentiousness of the British at their best. The social misfits of the Kenco, Maxwell House and most famously Nescafe adverts show to us the vacancy and moral bankruptcy of the typical coffee drinker.

Stop trying to emulate the sophistication of the tortured Left Bank painter, sipping his espresso and illicit absinthe, and wishing for truth to enter into his soul and transform his life.

Start brewing today's first "Nice Cup of Tea".

Last week's open letter was contributed by Avy Burstin not Avy Burstein as printed.



Amnesty

INDONESIA: Fears for prisoners on death row in Indonesia have greatly increased recently with the news that two executions - that of Kacong Laranu and of Chan Ting Chong - have taken place since the beginning of 1995. There had been no executions in Indonesia since December 1992.

Chan Ting Chong was executed by firing squad (like Kacong Laranu) on 13 January. He had been imprisoned since 1986, when he was sentenced to death by the District Court in West Jakarta for smuggling 420 grammes of heroin. He is the first person in Indonesia to be executed for a drug-related offence.

Amnesty International is unreservedly opposed to the use of the death penalty, which it believes to be the ultimate form of cruel, inhumane and degrading treatment and a violation of the most fundamental right - the right to life. It is very concerned that the two executions increase the risk of imminent execution of others on death row in Indonesia who have had their appeals for presidential clemency rejected - the last obstacle to execution.

Please send letters expressing deep regret at the recent executions of Chan Ting Chong and Kacong Laranu, appealing to President Suharto to commute all death sentences, and expressing opposition to the death penalty to:

President Suharto
Istana Negara
J1 Veteran
Jakarta Pusat
INDONESIA

Comic RELIEF

They're back, they're bad, they're funny and they're red! Yes after a gap that seems more than the two years that it is, Comic Relief is once more upon us with Red Nose Day Five.

In less than a month, March 17—that's the last day of term and St Patrick's night—Comic Relief will be out to match its £18 million total of two years ago and as always you can help along with the stars.

At the launch last Tuesday, Lenny Henry, Griff Rhys Jones, Ben Elton and Richard Wilson were among the stars present to give RND5 a terrific launch. Jane Tewson, chief Executive of Comic Relief stated that "homelessness was just emerging as a problem when we started in 1984 and now Centrepont tells us that there are over 50,000 homeless 16-18 year-olds in London alone."

She continued that in Africa 11,700 children die every day, many from preventable causes. The tragedy is that the need continues to grow.

Tewson argued that compassion fatigue had not set in amongst the British public even though the Comic Relief high point seemed to have occurred in 1988 when £27 million. Unperturbed Tewson argued that Comic Relief will have raised over £100 million over the last ten years.

According to research carried out by the Sunday Times, Comic Relief has high visibility amongst young people and they strongly approve of it. In fact 90% of young people mention Comic Relief as doing important work, putting it ahead of any other charitable organisation or event.

Also at the launch was Lenny Henry. He appeared to enjoy the fact that according to a TSB Youth Survey he is the celebrity most closely linked with Comic Relief and "the person most youngsters would like to be".

The fund-raising tactics are very similar to before. The stars are starring on a television telethon lasting for six hours on March 17. Richard Curtis, writer of *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, and co-founder of Comic

Relief, has scripted much of the show. Highlights include *Oliver 2* starring Diana Rigg, Jeremy Irons, Michael Palin and from the original film musical *Oliver Reed*.

Other passages confirmed include Jane Torvill *sans* Christopher Dean, who will perform Ravel's *Bolero* with Rowan Atkinson's character Mr Bean. Phil Collins, who will perform the nursery rhyme *Old MacDonald Had A Farm* with improvisational support from Emma Thompson, Hugh Grant and Archbishop Tutu and Ruby Wax doing her thing and trying to raise £1 million on her own.

Musical support for the event is coming from a serious record for a change. After other classics like *Stick It In* by Right Said Fred, *The Stonk*, by Hale and Pace, *Help* by Bananarama and *Linenananoonoo* and *Rocking Around The Christmas Tree* by Mel and Kim, Comic Relief has turned to three female vocalist, Cher, Chrissy Hynde and Neneh Cherry on *Love Can Build A Bridge*. Also on the record is guitar legend Eric Clapton.

It should be one hell of an event on March 17 and you too can get involved. Comic Relief in association with the Outward Bound Trust and the National Union of Students have set up the 1995 Konk-a Your High Street Challenge. The challenge is to get to one end of your street, in our case Houghton Street, without walking normally or sauntering or any usual method. Walking on your hands is acceptable, but can you do better.

If you can come up with an idea then raise some sponsorship, get it organised and use *The Beaver* to promote the idea. When completed use photos or a video and send it by March 1 to:

Dawn Christmas-Smith,
Konk-a Your High Street Challenge
The Outward Bound Trust, Chestnut Field,
Regent Place, Rugby, CV21 2PJ

Other information about Comic Relief can be obtained from:

Emma Calverley
Room D115 Sulgrave House
1 Wodger Road, Shepherd's Bush
London W12 8QT



Lenny Henry gives Comic Relief the big thumbs up

Photo: Mauro Carraro



Griff Rhys Jones and Richard Wilson at the launch

Photo: Beaver

"Of course, the normal response to all this is just to say, well why should I bother? Why should I help them? What difference could I make anyway? And you shouldn't feel bad or evil about saying that, because this is a normal attitude to have. But what we do know is this: if this was happening to a neighbour of yours you would bust a gut to help: if you knew somebody on your doorstep who'd walked 11 days because they were starving and they needed a quid for food, you'd say "Have a quid, actually here, have five". The point is – forget geography. These are your neighbours, this is your doorstep. Please help".

Lenny Henry

Peace in our time?

Now peace has officially broken out in Northern Ireland Philip Johnston asks if a permanent solution is likely?

Is that it then?

Twenty-five years made up of "armed struggle", bombs, executions, murder squads, tit-for-tat, political stalemate. As the media would have it, nothing changed during the quarter of a century of sustained violence and everything was accepted as normal.

Is it all over?

Everyone is still holding their breath, as if waiting for something to happen. Peace, it would appear, is a big anti-climax. This is not even normal for anyone under 30 years of age.

Peace cannot be won by fighting; it cannot be won at all. It is not a prize, nor a goal. It is a way of life, of belief. If we believe in peace, we believe in the effect it has on every single action we take during the day.

Mahatma Gandhi once said "I reject violence, because the good it appears to do is only temporary." Any attempts at self justification by he who steps outside the law, in his own name or that of a perceived group or community, are to be rejected. We may believe we live in a democracy. This being the case, those responsible for the administration of justice must ensure that each individual's rights are not impinged upon by any other individual, nor by the state. Combating terrorism requires special powers, of this there can be no doubt.

The government of the country in which we are resident has international obligations with its signature on European and UN Conventions on Human Rights. The terrorists on both fringes of our communities have no such moral duty. They are both judge and hangman in their own sense of jurisdiction where they choose not to recognise the authority of our administrative system. A democracy does not allow revolutionary change, but should enable a peaceful transition, a flowing process according to people's wishes and aspirations. Whenever violence is called on to enforce this process, democracy ceases to be pure. When violence is deemed acceptable as a form of protest by elements in society, social stability is at risk.

We give the state the moral authority it needs to operate by transferring to it some of our personal freedoms; our own rights are corseted to an extent. We cannot, for example, take another's life without reckoning with the calling to account of our actions, deemed by the system in our name to be against the good of the society as a whole. The state is only a collective pooling of individuals' sovereignty to work for a better whole, to administrate day-to-day life. When this goes wrong, it is up to us not to acquiesce with apparent abuses of our transferred power.

I am, quite frankly, a child of the Troubles. I have grown up in a Northern Ireland which has, since my birth, not known peace. This saddens me greatly, as it does many. Unfortunately for us, the majority of the local population do not feel capable, spiritually, physically or socially, to speak their

mind, to be active in the search for a modus vivendi for our problems. Our "coasting along" is a silent indulgence of what is carried out in our name, both by the state and by elected and non-elected individuals claiming to

living with diversity. Two different notes in a scale will always retain their individual tone, yet they can be brought together to form the most beautiful harmonies. Twenty-five years of increasing polarisation and apartheid in

land, but don't forget that many of these are in a support role, logistics, etc. And naturally, only a fraction of the remainder would have been out on patrol at any one time. The talk of "troops on every street corner" a la

members of the Sinn Fein delegation in talks with the government, have been tried on terrorist charges for instance Gerry Kelly is a convicted bomber. Make no mistake: the government is talking to terrorists, face to face, something the very thought of which made John Major's stomach turn in 1993. The loyalist delegation are not free from terrorism either. Gusty Spence was convicted of murder and David Urvine was also in prison in the 1970's for planting a bomb. Make no mistake, the government is talking to terrorists, face to face - something which made John Major's stomach turn in 1993.

These are the people the government wish to join talks on the future of Northern Ireland. Draw your own conclusions. But when the hurly-burly's done, when the battle's lost and won, for many people the whole issue boils down to this: which flag is flying over Northern Ireland's buildings. Even the most liberal, tolerant person on all other issues can appear stubborn and over this question, namely whether a foreign country should be given executive powers over parts of the United Kingdom, against the wishes of the majority of those who live there.

Let me leave you with a caveat: it is time to end the chicanery over the IRA-Sinn Fein connection. You can either view them as a Janus-like creation, two faces of the same body, or as two separate organisations with no control over each other. The latter would appear to be what Mr Adams would have us believe, with respect to disarming the IRA. An enigma, yes, if I quote the man himself in March, 1992: "Sinn Fein tolerates IRA violence." Well, that's nice to know Mr Adams.

Eighteen months ago, before the Shankill bombing, most people felt there would never be any kind of movement towards multilogue (dialogue implies only two parties) on how to escape the quagmire of our own creation with the current generation of political leaders. They have largely been with us since before the first shots were fired: hellfire and brimstone Paisley, the charismatic veteran Molyneaux, upwardly mobile Hume and a succession of very agreeable, pleasant Alliance Party Leaders.

So therefore you ask, what is my solution to the Troubles, because inevitably you will, let me disappoint you. There is no military solution. Everyone has come to realise this. Pity they couldn't have done that 25 years ago. Stopping the violence was the easy part. Now the tricky business starts, finding agreement on how to proceed with inclusive all-party talks. Until recently we effectively had a veto by any single party on anything they didn't want to discuss. This was great for Paisley and his bitter Orange supporters (18% of the electorate in 1993) who could block any talks. But the recent cease-fire, announced on behalf of the Loyalists by two small, little-known hard-line Unionist parties, has made Paisley's followers the only party refusing to talk even in the future - ensuring that he will become politically more isolated.



be our representatives.

As the non-vocal majority remains silent, so it is that those with the extreme views and methods of forcing these views into our living rooms come

**Living in
peace does not
demand
anyone
surrender
their beliefs**

to the fore. With the yard to themselves, they sweep from corner to corner with very little to challenge them on their methodology, and on their views. Living in peace does not demand anyone surrender their beliefs nor views, rather that they express these in a way which respects other individuals and groups and does not infringe their rights as participants in our social system. As the reed bends in the storm, we must also accept that others have their lifestyles.

If someone wants to call their home city Derry, let them do that. If another looks to the island of Great Britain for his social ties, then let him do that. These actions do not cause any harm or damage; they are the normal actions of any modern society

certain areas cannot be diluted or reversed overnight, but a new state of mind is required to start the process rolling.

It is immaterial what politicians decide over and above our heads. As members of a society, we ourselves must be the first to take steps to improve our surroundings. Offering a hand of friendship is the first move. Accepting it equally so. What relationships are built on this depend on sincerity and openness, the readiness to share. Reconciliation is not an overnight process, especially in a region so painfully aware of the past, with its divided views on history. We must build on that great mass which we have in common, while not disregarding what makes us each individually different. The greatest difficulty is encouraging this spirit and frame of mind in areas where fires of hatred burn nightly, where contact is frowned upon and a frank sentence can be the cause of a severe beating. Many of us will never possibly imagine the set-up in conflict areas in Belfast. To solve this Gordian knot will require a lot of cutting. We can loosen the first few bindings by encouraging a climate of gradual change, of agreement on the direction ahead, even if it means the unfortunate queering of some pitches.

As for troop numbers, well I'd just like to put the record straight. People talk about 24,000 armed troops and 9,000 armed police on the streets. Tosh. Okay, so there may well be 18,000 British Army serving soldiers and officers stationed in Northern Ire-

Gaza is simple scare mongering. 7 000 of these troops are Royal Irish Regiment anyway, either based in Northern Ireland, their home, or operating as part-timers, tying down a job and soldiering three days a week.

While we are on the subject of Sinn Fein-IRA, let's just take a look at who the political leadership of the Republicans are. First off Gerry Adams: the scion of a republican activist, jailed and interned in 1971 on Special branch information that he was commander of the Ballymurphy unit of the Provisional IRA. The following year he was released to take part in secret talks with the government in Chelsea. He became leader of the IRA's Belfast Brigade and was again interned to be imprisoned for

**Make no
mistake, the
government is
talking to
terrorists,
face to face**

three years after attempting escape.

Martin McGuinness, IRA leader in Londonderry, became the Chief of Staff of the Army Council, thus the head of the IRA in 1977. Two other

Rag Charities to Riches

Daryl Hare, LSE Rag Chairthingy, reviews the forthcoming Rag Week

What is Rag, I hear you ask. The Rag Society is a society which has the primary aim of raising money for charity by organising fun events at which money can be collected.

Although various events are organised throughout the year, for example the Rag Film nights, the main brunt of efforts occurs during the actual Rag Week, which this year is the seventh week of term, February 20th-25th.

There are a number of events planned including the world famous LSE Rag Blind Date, following Cilla's format and the Rag Treasure Hunt, where teams from each hall compete against themselves and other teams over 24 hours to complete various tasks. The teams not only raise money during the 24 hours but also compete for a very good prize. Teams are also still needed for the Treasure hunt so please do come and see myself or Gary Delaney for any further details.

There is the Japanese style Endurance Contest where the contestants are dared to carry out amazing feats. There is also the Rag Auction where Martin Lewis tries to sell all the things that we have managed to blag off various companies, plus various hall events. Of course we must not forget the opening highlight of Rag Week, the Centenary Ball, which is being held at the Forte Crest Regents Park Hotel on Friday, 17th February. Tickets are £35, which is the same price as last year, for a three course meal including wine. After the meal, or during the meal depend-

ing on how quickly you happen to eat, there is entertainment in the form of a disco and also the Double Six Club.

For the uneducated, the Double Six Club, who were at the LSE earlier in the year, have a group of waiters who offer you a selection of fun games including all the 1970's MB Games classics e.g. Buckaroo, Kerplunk and Twister which you're advised to play on the table with the person who's been making those welcomed advances all term. (I'm sure I don't know what you mean - Ed)

Where else can you have so much fun for such a reasonable price? In my 1st Year tickets were £42 and the Oxbridge May Balls can be upwards of £90 per head. Enough said. If you have seen the posters, seen the advert in last week's *Beaver*, then you probably have your tickets already. If not the tickets which are going fast, are still available from the stall in Houghton Street or from the Student Union reception, which is found just inside the entrance to the East Building. So get your tables of ten together and GO BUY YOUR TICKETS NOW!

The charities that are supported by this year's Rag were chosen at a special meeting of the Rag Committee, but nominations were made from anyone who had an interest in a particular charity being nominated. This year the charities chosen to be supported are **Save the Children**, **Shelter** and the **Environmental Investigation Agency**. I bet you will never guess who nominated the last one. (The Little Green Goblin perhaps -



Would you give up the chance to throw a bucket of **** over Martin Lewis? Neither would I!

Photo:Library

Ed). Save the Children is probably the best known of the three, being both international and high profile. Its aims are to help children around the world in any way that it can. Shelter is a London based charity which is concerned with helping the homeless people on the streets of the city. It sets up temporary accommodation and tries to get as many people off the streets as it can and helps those who remain homeless however it can. Anyone who has walked along Kingsway will know what a problem London has with homelessness. Anyone who is not con-

vinced should go for a walk underneath Waterloo Bridge. The third charity, the EIA, is probably the least well known of the three probably because it is the smallest with only a few employees, but it has achieved a number of successes in its field. It was founded to investigate the world trade in endangered species. The ban on the ivory trade, for example, is said to have been due to the EIA investigations. A lot of the video footage captured by the agency has been aired on national television and embarrassed governments into action.

And, of course, it's not too late to get involved. We still have a lot to do and have a busy week planned next week, when we will need all the help we can get. Anyone that would like to get involved and do their little bit for charity and also have some good fun at the same time should come along to the Rag Society meetings, which are held at 5pm (sorry about the time it was the only time everyone could make) in E196. Anyone who has any good ideas for things we can put on next week please come along as well.

The LSE Centenary Ball

Friday February 17th
Regents Park Hotel
CARBURTON STREET W1

Tickets £35 in advance
FROM LSESU RECEPTION

Tickets include dinner
and dance, late bar,
pub price drinks and lots more

Brought to you by The Global Festival and Rag '95
All profits go to charity

13.5
Column

Students' Union Emergency General Meeting: Tues. 14th New Theatre 1pm.

Motion On Pancho Ndebele:

Union Notes:

1. Pancho Ndebele is the President of the University of Brighton Students' Union.

2. That he is an Overseas student from Zimbabwe.

3. That refusal by the Home Office to extend his student visa has resulted in his being forcibly repatriated to Zimbabwe on Friday 27th January.

4. The Home Office exemption granted to Overseas Students in 1974 whereby elected Officers continue to hold student status whilst contracted by the Students' Union.

Union Believes:

1. That the laws under which Pancho Ndebele has been excluded from Britain are racist.

2. That the grounds on which Pancho Ndebele have been excluded do not comply with Home Office regulations.

3. That, by claiming that Pancho should be excluded from Britain because he has no work permit, the Home Office is choosing to ignore the rights of Brighton University students to elect the President of their choice.

That the Home Office refuses to extend Pancho's visa, it will have implications for all Overseas students who want to be sabbatical Officers and consequently deny Overseas students Equal rights to British Students;

5. That students at LSE should support the campaign for his re-entry into Britain and his re-instatement as Union President.

Union Resolves:

To fully support the campaign to allow Pancho Ndebele re-entry to Britain.

To publicise the campaign widely amongst staff and students at LSE and other colleges.

To send a message of support from the Students' Union to the Brighton University campaign. (to Niall Crowley, Brighton University SU).

This motion for an Emergency General Meeting was handed with the necessary 50 signatures to the General Secretary on Thursday, 9th February.

The funny side of famine

PJ O'Rourke's new blockbuster is reviewed by Issam Hamid

PJ O'Rourke's latest book 'All the Trouble In the World' is every bit as good as his previous ones, and is probably his most ambitious. Its subtitle 'The lighter side of Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death' really says it all. From starvation in Somalia to overpopulation in Bangladesh, he unceremoniously shatters our illusion. PJ O'Rourke's pet hate is quite obviously the environment friendly ecology brigade—whose fastidious

standard Rape of the rainforest bearer, Vice president Al Gore is savagely ridiculed. The same treatment is reserved for "fifty simple things you can do to save the earth." Facts which would normally leave us holding our breath are treated with disdain and complete irreverence. A favourite of mine is when he quotes fifty simple things as saying "the world's 1.3 billion cows annually produce nearly 1000 tons of methane, a powerful green house

gas"—meaning cows fart!

PJ O'Rourke's sojourn to Magadishu is



The last topic he tackles is disease or more specifically AIDS. You would imagine that here at least, O'Rourke would act with restraint. Instead he, mercilessly criticizes the high profile given to the disease over other less "fashionable" but equally deadly illnesses. PJ O'Rourke's grip over such a wide range of subjects, wealth of personal experience and a liberal use of well researched facts and figures distinguishes his work. Political correctness is well and

truly trashed. O'Rourke is undoubtedly a true satirist, not just a joker, whose research and style not only make this an incredibly readable book, but also makes you think about your perception of reality (and where you can position such an elitist bigot—Ed).

All the Trouble in the World by PJ O'Rourke.

Published by Picador

The West is the best

All the Pretty Horses reviewed by Martin Sprott

There are very few books that can turn you inside out, take you somewhere else, and change the way you look at the world. They come along maybe once every twenty years. There is no doubt that after reading the first page of this book that this is one of them. As John O'Grady rides down to Mexico with Rawlings, McCarthy's writing steepens you into the plains of Texas, the campfire and trail riding life of the old west, the pioneer spirit as clear and powerful as if still existed today. It is great irony that a book dealing with the clichés of the western novel, falling in love with a Mexican girl, riding the trail, fighting out of prison and riding off into the sunset, should be acclaimed as one of the greatest novels of the century, but McCarthy has pulled it off. His reworking of those clichés into a story so very powerful is a tribute to his ability, some would say genius. The prose has a lean, lyrical style with little adornment, once described as:

"sounding like water running over pebbles in a mountain stream."

Pretentious but to the point, his writing has electric clarity. The ideas behind the book are equally clear and simple. Moral integrity, the dawning of self awareness and the need for responsibility are the themes behind the tale of a young man's rite of passage. A crude analogy would be the tale of Luke Skywalker in Star Wars, only this one has horses instead of robots. Indeed, it is the horses that make the backbone of this story. It is a book about how to tame a horse in the same way that Moby Dick is a book about how to catch a whale, the wild mustang is as much at the heart of the book as is



Arizona landscape

Photo: Library

John O'Grady himself. The blood, sweat and fear of horses is described with power,

"They did not smell like horses, they smelled like what they were, wild animals. He held the horse's face against his chest and he could feel along his inner thighs the blood pumping through the arteries and he could smell the fear."

McCarthy's attitude to the world that reads his books is as singular as his writing. He has lived as a recluse for the past fifteen years in El Paso, avoiding every sort of publicity and has been interviewed once only in that time. His determination to follow in the footsteps of Pynchon and Salinger in the role of shadowy American writer seems firm, and as likely to guarantee as

much success as any block busting novelist. Stories about meetings with him are rare. His English publisher met him once for one hour during which time McCarthy was apparently, "charm personified," and then never saw or heard from him ever again. Stories abound about his unorthodox writing habits, holing up in a motel in the desert, cut off for weeks on end, sometimes riding off into the desert like his characters. Whatever the truth, as long as he keeps writing, something he started in university with the prize winning *The Orchard Keeper*, his reputation will undoubtedly continue to grow. A reputation for writing bloody good books.

All the Pretty Horses by Cormac McCarthy is published by Picador £4.99

Societies Review

AFRICAN CARRIBEAN SOCIETY

Careers Evening

African Caribbean city professionals will be coming to talk to and advise interested students on possible obstacles they could face particularly as African Caribbean graduates in the job market and how to overcome them.

Thursday, February 16 at 5:30pm, The Vera Anstey Room

Dress: Casual/Smart

Free refreshments and a great way to make contacts.

BACCHANALIAN SOCIETY

A tour of the Royal Opera House Covent Garden

Thursday, February 16 from 2:30 to 3:30pm

Info at the Student Union Reception or
E-mail Cawdery

Price: £3 Members £4 Non-Members

LSE CHINESE SOCIETY

Variety Show '95 £6.

Saturday, 18 February in the Old Theatre.
Contact Jenmon on 0973 209784 or your local
president for details.

LSE JEWISH SOCIETY

Meetings every Tuesday at 1pm in H216

Bagel lunch, speakers, music and lots of fun!
This week, JIA speaker.
All welcome!

LSE LAW SOCIETY

Barristers Evening

Tuesday, 21 January at 5:00pm, in The Vera Anstey Room.

National Law Fair

14th and 15th March 1995

Opening Times:

Tues 12pm - 6pm & Wed 10am - 4pm

Telford International Centre
Telford, Shropshire
Admission: Free

YOGA SOCIETY

Classes now ONLY on Wednesdays, at 6pm in X032.

Beginners welcome, bring loose clothing and a towel/mat.

Price: donation. For further information, contact Nathalie on (071) 582 1899

Any Society wanting to advertise in *The Beaver* should leave a note in the 'What's On' tray in *The Beaver Office* (E197) addressed to Valerie Handal or Priyanka Senadhira by 1pm on Wednesday for the following week

VALENTINES DAY!!!

Rose delivery on Valentine's Day
to all LSE and Inter-Collegiate halls.

To place your order, come into the stall in Houghton Street/Old Building.

RAG WEEK COMING SOON!!

Meeting Thursday at 5pm in E195

"Not long to go now folks, so do all come along as RAG WEEK is NEXT WEEK"

LSE Rag Treasure Hunt Wednesday, February 22

Get your teams together for the 24 hour Treasure Hunt. Great Fun, great prizes and also raising money for charity.

See Martin Lewis in E205

LSE Rag Blind Date Thursday, February 23

Contestants still needed!!!
See Daryl or Gary in E79

PUBLIC LECTURES

Tuesday, 14 February

"Adult Sexual Behaviour in the United States"
by Robert Michael, Visiting Centennial Professor of Demography, University of Chicago

at 5:30pm in the Old Theatre

Thursday, 16 February

"Vietnam and the Disillusioned Strategists"
by Lawrence Freedman, Professor of War Studies, King's College London

5:30pm in the Old Theatre
Chair: Professor Macgregor Knox

Tuesday, 21 February

"East Asian Values and the Politics of Enlargement"
by Michael Leifer, Pro-Director of the School and Professor of International Relations

at 5:30pm in the Old Theatre
Chair: Dr. John Ashworth

LSE DEMOS

Trip to the House of Commons to see Donald Foster, MP (Liberal Democrat Spokesman for Education). Monday 20 February, 5:00pm. Meet outside Old Building at 4:00pm

LAW SOCIETY BALL

LSE Law Society Ball
To be held at the Hotel Russell
on Friday, 3rd March

COMING SOON!!!

ARE YOU FINDING IT HARD TO GET AROUND?

You need to come to the friendliest place in the universe! Where? Why it's the ever lovely

CHUCKLE CLUB COMEDY CABARET SHOW,

LSE UNDERGROUND BAR every Saturday

It only costs £4 for students, £6 for others.
Doors open 7-45. Tickets at the door.

Saturday, February 18th we have
Time Out's Special Comedy Award Winner

MARK HURST

Radio's Mary Whitehouse Experience

STEVE GRIBBIN

From New York, the fabulous

ALBERT OWENS

Your Host

EUGENE CHEESE

PHIL GENNOCHIO

JAMIE CASON



BE EARLY TO GET A SEAT

America, what a joke!

Philip Lam explodes the myth of America

Will Durst
Riverside Studios

Listening to Will Durst expounding on 'Myth America' is like facing down the barrel of a machine gun with bits of America spewing in your face. 'I love America, I hate America', he exclaims. His only prop is a map of the USA in the background. He doesn't seem to have any formal lines ready and memorised. He just looks at the map, and then gets his inspiration. Genius? He must be. He dissects everything on the viewpoint of a 'renegade' social commentator who 'shares the journalistic goal of afflicting the comfortable and comforting the afflicted.' Hypoc-

ris, according to him, is graffiti on walls across America telling the native Indians to 'go home'. His favourite targets are politicians. 'The problem with Hillary,' he explains, 'is that she doesn't look like Barbara Bush. Americans,' he concludes, 'want pie not justice'.

Will Durst looks like a man out of control, whirling on stage, jabbing his glass of mineral water (with lemon, please) at the audience while striking at his homeland. Will Durst is good. He should be, having been on Arsenio, Letterman, and Rivers. His other claim to fame, or so he tells us, is that he (and his wife) have taken up a full three seconds of Bill Clinton's life. Whoopee. A career of 20 years jibing at the government, the justice system and everything else that comes within his

sights. He's a cynic, crusty and slightly disillusioned by what he sees in his country. However, one gets the impression that underneath that jaded outer layer lies hope and belief in what his country stands for.

He ended the evening with silly jokes like 'What's got four legs and an arm? A proud bulldog.' I think he degenerated towards the end because the audience didn't quite get all the jokes. Lots of them were aimed at an audience who were already well-acquainted with American politics and culture. The audience (an inexplicably paltry 30) was completely non-American. But we certainly weren't disappointed. It was absolutely enjoyable, an unforgiving tirade on America, a good reason to pay Hammersmith a visit.



Oh, sweet oblivion

Leila Butt on a reworking of a Shakespearean tragedy

Fortinbras Gets Drunk
Timepiece Productions
The Polish Theatre

Fortinbras Gets Drunk, based on the play by one of Poland's most popular playwrights, Janusz Glowacki, is a wickedly inspiring tragi-comedy. Glowacki has rewritten Shakespeare's *Hamlet* using extremely black humour and vernacular language. The story is retold from the Norwegian point of view, with Norway as the aggressor who contributes to Denmark's downfall.

Sternborg (Paul Stewart) and Eight Eyes (Richard Dixon) are the two political manipulators who try to control both Denmark and Norway from the sidelines. Fortinbras, Prince of Norway, drinks himself into oblivion, while political intrigues, murders and sex pass him by. Both Dixon and Stewart play their parts to perfection, especially Dixon who manages to portray his slightly foppish character without overdoing it. Tim Frances as Fortinbras, is slightly less good - he did tend to overact sometimes but perhaps it was the effect of the drink? The other actors don't have large enough roles to be able to develop their characters though some of them do come across as being a little stiff.

The play allegorises all oppression throughout history and its villains can be said to represent



Tim Frances as Fortinbras

Photo: Beer Davies

all dictators. It highlights the desire for power and how the people who are supposedly in authority can simply be puppets in the hands of other people. This point is brought across most vividly when the King of Norway is introduced to us as a skeleton - a mere pawn in the game of manipulation. As one of the characters says, 'What's wrong with these little countries?

Why do they get upset just because we're occupying them?'

The play was written in 1984 as a political satire of post-war Eastern Europe, but has relevance for Britain today as backbenchers rebel in the Commons and the future of the Royal Family is being decided. Definitely a play to see for both the humour and the political content.

Bedtime

Kerrie Henderson reviews
Paul Merton's new show

Live Bed Show

Incidental Productions
Garrick Theatre

You'd think that any play that started with an orgasm would be deliberately setting out to be outrageous and controversial. Not so. *Live Bed Show*, although featuring a lot of talk about sex, isn't out to shock. Instead it just tells the story of two ordinary people, and the very ordinary down to earth relationships they get involved in.

Paul Merton plays Cash, a sad, slightly paranoid thirty something who spends most of his life day-dreaming. His ideal fantasy would be to spend 9 1/2 years in bed having sex, drinking coffee and reading the Sunday papers with Maria (Caroline Quentin), his acquaintance and wannabe sexual partner. They go through all the 'lets just be friends' palava, and make a couple of good gags about sex, before finally diving under the sheets together, and living or talking through almost every sexual fantasy, nightmare, fear and regret imaginable. Maria for instance has slept in over 500 beds of every conceivable type: cots, bunk beds, divans, futons, four posters and even flower beds. Cash too has his own slightly tragic sexual history, being unable to woo the woman he's fallen in love with and never having snogged a girl

before the age of seventeen. As the story unfolds you can't help feeling sorry for him. His feelings for Maria, whilst not unnoticed are, at first hardly reciprocated. She's supposedly playing 'hard to get' ie. she's celibate and doesn't fancy him anyway, and this, in the circumstances seems cruel and unfair.

The story, besides providing an opportunity for a few quick, tasteless and hilarious knob gags is both enthralling and entertaining. The part of Cash gives Paul Merton the opportunity to use his deadpan comic style to good effect. For a play so bound up with sex and sexuality there is a definite lack of cheap double entendres. The 'dirty' gags, when they come (no pun intended) relate to the storyline and weren't inserted into the script solely for a cheap laugh.

What won me over though was not the well penned script, nor the acting but the fact that Paul Merton looks quite cute in his 'wee willy winky' style bobble hat, and blue and white striped pyjamas. In fact, whether you warm to this play or not probably depends on your opinion of him. If you've been convinced by the hype and believe him to be a comic genius then his role in the play will only confirm what you already know. Agnostics and anyone scornful of his talent, will probably be converted. Either that or they'll endure one of the worst one night stands imaginable.

To oldly go

Edd Bannell voyages to the stars with captains past and present

STAR TREK: GENERATIONS

Director: Peter Carson

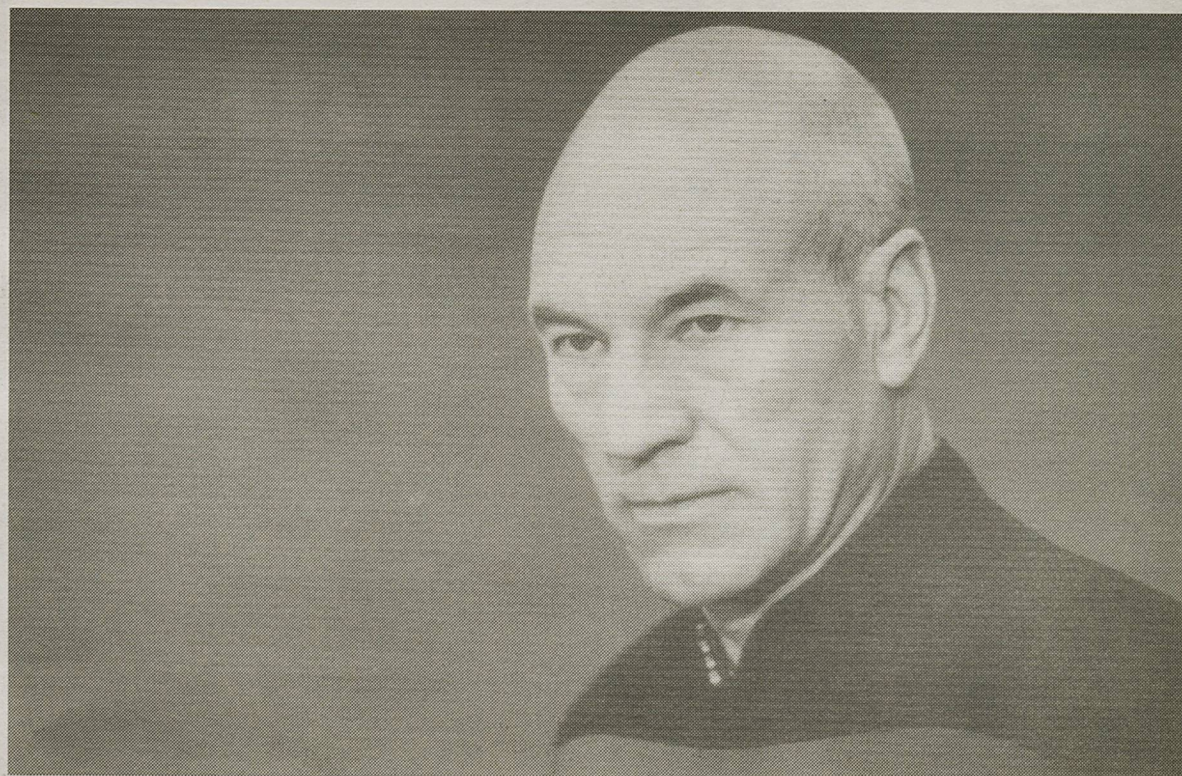
Empire, UCI Whiteleys, MGM Trocadero

This film is a veritable feast for Trekkies and normal people alike. It's all thunderous explosions and very special effects that take you for an amazing ride before dumping you down breathless at the end. And if that wasn't enough, it's got Lieutenant Worf in a sailor's outfit and a cat called Spot.

As the title suggests, this is really a feature length Star Trek: The Next Generation with special guests. To preserve continuity, the film (the seventh in the series)

starts with the retired Captain James T Kirk (William Shatner) joining the inaugural voyage of a new Starship Enterprise with Scotty (James Doohan) and Chekhov (Walter Koenig) in tow. This simple exercise turns to disaster when the Enterprise has to go to the rescue of two ships caught in an energy ribbon. We then jump forward to the Next Generation crew, under the command of Jean-Luc Picard (Patrick Stewart). They encounter Soran, played with wonderful malevolence by Malcolm McDowell, a scheming alien and survivor of the first sequence, who is trying to return to the energy ribbon and gain immortality by entering "The Nexus", an alternative reality where time stands still. Then it gets complicated!

It is the two Captains who carry



William Shatner without the toupee

Photo: UIP

the film, each embodying the style of their respective series - Shatner all jokey asides and boyish smiles, Stewart the more serious. Indeed, Shatner coasts through with the air of a man who knows where he stands, rug, corset and all, and gets to utter the film's best line - "I was saving the galaxy when your grandfather was still in diapers". McDowell, though, makes a typical scene stealing villain.

Actually, the three writers have

squeezed so much into two hours that some subplots are left underdeveloped. Furthermore, the approach assumes familiarity - non Trekkies may be lost. Even worse there is no Spock, McCoy, Sulu or Uhura. Perhaps that would have been too many stars for one movie - we shall never know.

The film does not rest solely on its effects, underneath all the phasers there is a strong message concerning the values we place on

time and family, with Stewart giving a particularly fine performance. Director David Carson has the sense to let a cast fully at home in their roles get on with it and concentrates instead on the action scenes, which are certainly gripping - this is a film which simply must be seen on the big screen. As to the rumours concerning certain shock events, and that this will be the last Star Trek movie - see it for yourself.

Hell's angels

Peter Jackson's dramatisation of a true story finds favour with Ron Voce



Cheer up girls, it's only a murder charge

Photo: Buena Vista

Heavenly Creatures

Director: Peter Jackson

Lumiere, Renoir, Screen on the Hill, MGM Fulham Road

With a portfolio of films of the blood/gore genre of *Brain Dead* Peter Jackson's new film *Heavenly Creatures* is to be a departure for him. It is based on the true life story of two girls and the gruesome murder they commit in New Zealand during the fifties. The story revolves around the relationship between these two adolescents, both outsiders shunned by their peers.

Pauline Parker, played by new-

comer Melanie Lynskey, is an intelligent but dowdy girl whose dull life in the boarding house of her parents appears to be going nowhere. Suddenly a breath of fresh air blows into her life from England in the shape of Juliet Hulme, the daughter of the new rector of the university.

Juliet, played by Kate Winslett has suffered from tuberculosis for most of her life. Her parents have often sent Juliet to sanitariums "for the good of her health" and for her sanity Juliet has built up a fairytale country where she can escape to called "Borovnia". Juliet's outspokenness at school attracts Pauline and soon they are escaping to the fantasy world together. The two girls are close and

some sexual chemistry between them starts to arouse suspicions from both families. Then Juliet's health deteriorates and she is placed in another sanitarium, where Pauline cannot see her for weeks. On top of this the Hulmes use this time to return to England leaving Juliet and Pauline only able to communicate by letter.

It can't last, and child psychologists are brought in as Pauline's family believe she is a lesbian. Their reaction - "it's just a phase she's going through" rings particularly ironic as the recent age of consent debate provoked similar responses. Juliet fully recovers and finds that her parents are divorcing. She is going to leave and she wants her friend to go with her but as Pauline is only fifteen, she needs her parent's permission and here the final fatal plot twist occurs.

This story for *Heavenly Creatures* was taken from the diaries of Pauline Parker. The final scenes are long and essentially graphic. The ubiquitous "where are they now" closing titles leave you thinking that there should be more from this film especially since it is only 100 minutes long.

Winslett is an actress of immense talent and this film has won a Silver Lion award at the Venice Film festival already. It is surely set to win many more.

Dallas dull

Nicky Maragliano on a dire example of cinema

Dallas Doll

Director: Ann Turner

Metro

Dallas doll is an Australian film that tackles social issues such as the Americanisation of Oz, sexuality and its role in the family, and Japanese capital infiltrating the land of Kangaroos, Crocodile Dundee and Bar-B-Q's with lots of shrimps on them for some reason.

It doesn't set out to be a bad film, it just winds up that way thanks to its choice of star: Sandra Bernhard of Roseanne and "I slept with Madonna" fame. She plays Dallas (just so that we understand that she's meant to be America personified), a golf pro from the US who settles in with the perfect Aussie family in a small town and tears at the fabric of both the family and the town. Predictably the father (Frank Gallacher) and son (Jake Blundell) are both seduced and bedded by Dallas and more, erm, interestingly so is the mum (Victoria Longley).

Golf and UFO's are the two subplots that desperately try to stamp out a significance for themselves. The golf thing has now been clarified by a review in the TNT magazine but could anyone with the faintest idea of what all that UFO malarkey was about kindly come to the Beaver office and have a word with me any time this week.

The real problem is that had director and script writer Ann Turner tried to tackle less social issues and shot Sandra Bernhard it would have done her flick a world of good. The first would have allowed her to go into more depth into social questions without making every scene smack of parable drowned in its own importance and the second action, however drastic would have allowed her to give a role as potentially rewarding as that of Dallas to an actress and not a failed singer who's so rough she should have turned the son and dad gay rather than the mum a lesbian.

Bernhard's supremely annoying presence and voice turn what could have been an interesting if disjointed film into a complete dog, ironic that really.

Mass Debate

This week's exhibition of linguistic lasciviousness and gregarious gratuitousness concerned itself with the resolution that *This House Would Not Protect Endangered Species*. Looking around the Chamber and observing its weekly-dwindling population it occurred to me that we could be discussing the death sentence of LSE DebSoc as we know it; for some strange reason none of the speakers seemed overly concerned by this responsibility.

Nicole, looking as sophisticated as her Renault-advertising namesake spoke first. Her main arguments concerned the assertion that humans are animals themselves and unable to significantly influence the natural world. She drew attention to the money wasted on sustaining languishing species and the undesirable existence of Black Markets in rare animal artifacts that are clearly a by-product of such policies. James then sprung up to defend the rights of all animals except rugby types enjoying a 'swift half' in The Tuns. After this sad excuse for a joke it was all downhill. He mentioned Free Speech at the same time as actually illustrating sound reasons for VAT (Verbosity added tax). He then advocated giving animals the vote when a more pleasing alternative might have been to imprison all Tory supporters in tiny crates and ship them across The Channel where they could be greeted in Belgium by Jaques Santer reading them the Social Chapter. His sole relevant point emerged from a morass of confusion in a manner reminiscent, so I am told of Mankind's evolution. He reminded us of the wealth of undiscovered resources that will never benefit mankind if we abandon the Rainforests and other such natural havens.

Mr Carrasca then proceeded to continue the proposition. He had no moral obligations to animals he said, and presumably benefitted from a similar absence of sartorial guilt when attiring himself in a horrendous technicolour waistcoat. In a shameless display of extreme right-wing economics he suggested leaving conservation to "Market Forces". Of course. How obvious. If there is sufficient demand for some extinct species then it can be resurrected to satisfy the needs of the consumer. After an equally unconvincing jibe at Socialists he left the floor though not, unfortunately, LSE. The exceptionally suave Tariq Lewis took the opportunity to deplore the insensitivity of humans who allow nature to decay before their eyes out of sheer neglect. Attacking the "silly materialism" of the proposers he demanded that we reconsider our role on Earth and force ourselves to be more considerate, more caring and more sensitive to the needs of a dynamic and finely-balanced environment.

Siouxsie kicks butt

I hope my tutor sees this 'cos he ain't getting no homework this week!

Pretty much at the last minute, and with the very kind assistance of a certain Mr Stone, I found myself driving to the Shepherd's Bush Empire to see the one and only Siouxsie and the Banshees who are now on their thirteenth tour, surprisingly enough to promote their thirteenth album. It's a lovely venue, something akin to a shrunken Royal Albert Hall, only with a real bar in the gig rather than the other which you need a map, a key and a pouch of magic dust to find.

The support were, well, different. Initially I dismissed them as being complete piss takers, a conclusion aided much by their setup of bassist, guitarist/singer and someone else hitting lumps of metal and plastic which were somehow linked to a drum machine so that they produced any possible type of sound from a tumbling echo type brass stab to pieces of machinery grinding. And then I changed my mind, because it wasn't random shite, it had some kind of form, and so therefore must have been intended to sound like that, and so I decided it was plain wierd. As the



Siouxsie, Siouxsie, Siouxsie

Photo: Polydor

night wore slowly on the sun finally touched the horizon of my awareness: this band was the worst pile of dogshit I've ever had the misfortune to have witnessed, and when they left nobody even looked up from their beer, they were so fucking crap.

The headliners arrived on stage amidst a certain amount of indif-

ference due, I can only say, to the last band's effect on them which was to generally numb their senses and turn brains into Smash. The crowd soon woke up though and proceeded to go loonie in all the usual ways, much to the obvious delight of Siouxsie.

The material presented was more or less all from the new al-

bum, Rapture (sort it out Wayne!) and was surprisingly good. You see, when you've made it, whatever you put out, people will always give it more of a sympathetic listen because they're already fans of yours, and so it's quite a shock when you can say, well, yes, this really is good stuff, and take my word for it, yes, this really is good stuff!

The gig was excellent - all those years of putting on shows goes a long way to making her and the guys outstanding performers, and the simple but very effective use of lighting was, to be sure, the icing on the cake. The only downer about the evening was that from where I was standing I could see the band's setlist on the sound desk well enough to read what was coming next. Why is that bad, I hear you ask? Well, they came on to do an encore, which on the

list was to be the first of two containing two of three songs each, and then they went off. There I was waiting for the next extravaganza, which didn't happen. Disappointed, I was, but I guess the moral of the evening is; what you don't know can't hurt you, and here at least is one old dog that's still got new tricks to show us.

Cardinal sin

An unholy mess, claims Dickie Hamilton

Don't believe the hype. The NME and Melody Maker seem intent on making Cardinal successful with an MM Single Of The Week and a tip from both papers as a band to watch in '95. The only reason I can think of as to why they are doing this is that they are pursuing their usual "Build them up then knock them down" strategy. There is certainly no shortage of potential to slate Cardinal when our music press grow tired of giving unjustified attention.

First impressions of Cardinal's eponymous album were about as unfavourable as they could be without Oasis being on the cover - two anaemic, Bluesque youths walking along, one slightly behind the other, you know the types. The music within

the horrid case was intriguing in the range of artists that they are trying to be. "You've Lost Me There" and "Angel Darling" sound like The Beautiful South minus Paul Heaton's irony and social comment. On the final recording of the album, "Silver Machines" Cardinal try to get all clever on us. However, it is all very well coming up with allegorical statements like "Why do the leaves leave the trees in the wintertime? Is there ever a season when they don't want to fall?" but oblique words suggest a complexity which does not exist in these ten tracks. Elsewhere are songs that could have been written by Crowded House if what little talent they have were removed.

Whatever else, they can play their instruments. Eric Matthews,

who performs the majority of the music on each track, does so very proficiently. The problem is just that he does not have a great deal with which to work. The best songs on the CD are when they keep it simple and leave it to guitars, bass and drums. When they introduce trumpet, violin, marimba etc. it tends to emphasise the very worst aspect of the whole record, the lyrics. Large, pompous orchestral arrangements lead one to expect some importance from Davies' words. Imagine sitting down to review a record to find that the opening lines are "Listen to the sound, That makes the world go round. My feet won't touch the ground, In the world that let me down." Added to the banality is a total lack of emotion but I suppose this is excusable when you have to

sing such crap songs.

The best track (with the shittiest title) is "Public Melody #1" because it is an instrumental. The second track, "Last Poems" sounds like the start of a Pearl Jam song but when they would launch into the main part of the song Cardinal just keep going with so little purpose that it merely serves to frustrate the listener. The aforementioned MM Single Of The Week, "Dream Figure" must have come out during a particularly bad week but I suppose the music press liked S*M*A*S*H as well.

We are told that Richard Davies' last band, the Moles, split up due to lack of money. There was a good reason for this. The Moles were shit. Cardinal are worse. Hang around for the backlash.

a, b, c, d, emf interviewed

Thanks to Nikki of Wild for probably the worst headline in the world, by MG

I didn't know what to expect when I phoned Mark, the drummer of EMF and my heart sank when he answered and the line sounded like someone was frying bacon all over it, but I soldiered on and introduced myself, to which he replied "hold on, mate, I'm just doing a bacon sanger and a cuppa, I've been at this all day." Things were on the up.

My first question for him concerned him feeling like a rockstar still; the band just haven't been heard of for two years now since their second album kind of, er, flopped, and appearances here both live and on TV have been minimal with the only sight of them being on the Tom Jones show (more of which later). How did this no-man's land feel? Mark first assured me that the band had not been on holiday for those two years, but instead had been touring those other countries where EMF had hit big, particularly Argentina, and perhaps one of the reasons they hadn't had TV coverage was the fact that they had referred to MTV presenter Paul King as a complete wanker in a conversation to which he was listening - not good policy, since MTV do have the biggest bollocks when it comes to TV and it's surprising just how small the world is...so by now, the novelty has kind of worn off a little.

"Yeah, for the first (headlining) tour we were well into it - we knew that all this could stop next week, and so we took every chance to live the life that we were offered." Initially the band would go out into whatever town they were at, clubbing it up and not worrying



English Man in fucking silly trousers

Photo: Parlophone

about tomorrow 'til six am. But that takes it's toll, and by the fourth tour or so they would just do the gig and go straight back to the hotel "...and wank. Groupies nicking your clothes only has so much appeal to it...so then we took a break. We had two months of doing nothing, relaxing, taking stock. We still saw each other as we all live close by." But now, that's all very far away from where Mark is today, doing what he sees as his job, drumming in a band, writing and recording material, doing gigs. He's surprisingly down to earth, expressing his guilt at taking money out of the band's coffers when

he felt he hadn't earned it, like when the band "...weren't doing much. It's set up so that we draw a regular wage, and I just didn't feel right having it paid to me when we had our break." Now that's a surprising attitude from someone in a business populated so heavily with complete wankers.

By now I simply couldn't resist asking about that Tom Jones gig. "It took us about eight takes to do; we couldn't get over him being there with us, and he would come on and crack us up with all these jokes and then we'd do a crap take!" Afterwards they all went to the bar for a few jars and I was mightily pleased that Jones

stood his fair share of rounds, which is well within the image I have of him as a generally good bloke.

The conversation then turned to others in the business who had turned into dickheads since they'd made it big, and Mark told a few stories I don't think Rachel would have me repeat. Shame, but that's the law, I suppose. In his own words, "of all of the people we've met, there's only a handful I'd like to see again. Most of them are just arseholes on the take."

The conversation turned to his drum roadie, a bloke who lives over the road and was a car me-

chanic when the band were getting it together. "It was me with my car and him in his Escort van going to gigs, setting it all up and stuff." As a clue to their current position he had gone back to his old trade - "he does my car for me now, this geezer who'd worked with us from the start and then come round the world with us on the big tours and lived the big life. Back fixing cars." Mind you, that's the kind of person that's good to have around you, to keep your feet on the ground when there's so much going on that could really fuck you up.

This year sees EMF return with a new album, Cha Cha Cha. What I've heard of it so far is excellent, full of energy and sounding like the band have about them again some of that hunger that bands frequently lose when they've made it and feel like the world is at your feet. Perhaps that's true of EMF, and Mark certainly didn't deny it, but I feel there's a lot more at stake this time. EMF have seen massive success turn to shite with the release of their non-placing second album, and the pressure may be on them for this to work; if not, they face the prospect of being yet another one-hit wonder.

Mark sees all this with a certain maturity born of experience. "I think we've all mellowed from being at home for a while. I mean, I look back at some of the things we've done over the last two years and I think, No Fucking Way!" The band are now looking for a support for a busy year touring, with plenty of dates both here and in Europe to look forward to. If you can, see them, it'll be a good gig.

Long live Live live!

Yes, another "revision evening" missed by yours bleeding truly, MG

Live (as in a & not I) are a band I for one would be surprised if you'd heard of. They're a group with two successful albums already under their belts at home in the States who as yet aren't doing any serious business here. However, if what I saw last Thursday was in any way representative of them then hold on to your hats because, in PR speak, "they're about to go ballistic."

They played The Garage, a venue about the same size as The Marquee but having very low ceilings which make it seem, well, like a garage. The four lads came on just as I got the beers in and I was simply taken aback by them. We couldn't agree on who or what they're like, I think it's Nirvana meet U2 in that they're fucking heavy but then you always know that they are very aware of things

like dynamics and use every part of the song, every idea they have so intelligently. And the melodies...there wasn't one track they played that the mighty crowd, who were seriously enjoying themselves, couldn't or in fact didn't sing or chant (or throb or heave or sway) along with.

The sound of the gig was awesome, brilliantly mixed, so well balanced that there wasn't a single point at which any one of the instruments couldn't be clearly heard doing it's bit. That for me was the give-away that this was no small-time band; the soundman was obviously in their very own employ, as he mixed each song differently, giving them their own space, changing vocal sounds or drum sounds to very dramatic effect. It was just as good a mix as I've heard on any live album, say, and that requires a sound engineer who not only is very good at his job but



Live live

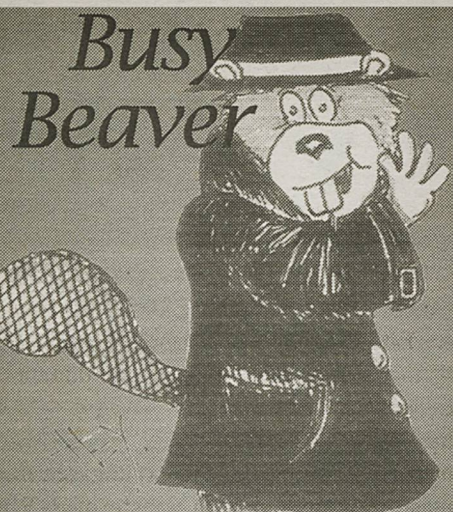
Photo: Library

also knows the material just as well as those who are playing it.

As performers they were faultless too; everyone was into the gig, and there were no signs of anything but the utmost professionalism. In fact it was quite far into the set before the singer even cracked a smile at the crowd as it bubbled up people and seethed before him, something you can be sure he's a bit out of the habit of seeing. He was so intensely in-

involved, eyes shut, moving with the flow that you couldn't help but be drawn inside the music, with him as your guide, as it in turn sets a scene then thunders along. The only downer was that they were only on for about 45 minutes in all, which went by so quickly. I could hardly believe they'd done a whole set when they went off. Live currently have an album out, called Throwing Copper, which has very recently been getting air-

time on radio stations such as Virgin 1215, that play more album kind of tracks than chart singles and I'm sure this will give them the exposure they need to get a more substantial following. When that happens, and it will if the literally dozens of men in suits at their gig do what they ought to, these guys are at last going to be the laxative that the chronically constipated British music scene is so badly in need of.



A big Bonjour to all you gossip fans out there. BB comes to you this week in the spirit of international reconciliation, what with the LSE Global Festival, and the visit of our French friends last week.

Although, according to BB's footballing and rugby friends, those Frenchies didn't like it up 'em, they certainly never failed to disappoint on the social scene when the action moved to Kings later that Friday night. One lady who was certainly doing her bit for multi-national mergers was Sexy Sinéad who purportedly used her roguish charms to bed half the Gallic rugby team. Allegedly, their performance in the sack was much improved from their on field display, but it did leave one tearful and disconsolate Irish man drowning his sorrows in his Guinness. The lachrymose 'Big' Bill Kissane was thrown to the wayside like so many other Rogue rejects. Perhaps he and Il Vocé and Sharky should have a quiet pint together and swap notes on their failure to pull.

Another one to score in the presence of our garlic eating brothers was the divine Rascal Cuthbert who bagged an ex-LSE rugby boy Richard Stringer. Having already consumed the current rugby team, she has decided to extend her options, and BB thinks that the footballers should be on their guard against the man eating ways of this roving vixenette.

Despite coming over for a sporting weekend, the boys from ENSAE could surely never have expected to witness a boxing match, but they were introduced to the pugilistic arts by street fighter Ginga Matthews who was chucked out of Kings after a ruck. On his re admittance, most thought that he was emulating the Frogs by sporting the open shirt look, but it later emerged that all his buttons had been pulled off by the midget who had battered him earlier. BB thinks that he should take note of Rob Gallimore who managed to draw blood from Nathan Spock. A Vulcan hand grip was most definitely in order, but he instead chose to run to the toilets to mop up the rivers of blood.

After the sordid events of the weekend, BB feels compelled to update you all on LSE's hottest romance. Our man Dick Felcher was truly distraught on hearing the news of Alun Xanadu who added to the brimming trophy cabinet of the firsts with his latest conquest, the lovely Tracey. The whirlwind love looks back on, however, as it later emerged that the goddess handwashed the very boxer shorts that she dreams of being in for the princely sum of seven pounds. Not the first time that this man has paid for the services of a woman, or that she's received payment for services rendered. Seven pounds isn't alot though when you're a Scouser at Rosebery. More like two hundred and sixty, with an evening in the Waldorf thrown in for good measure. Obviously, the company of the lovely lady (ex-Rosebery treasurer) was not enough incentive, but 'nuf said on the matter otherwise we might get sued.

Flares Lorry on the other hand was keen not to repeat her performance of last week with Beardy Parmesan. She would have been up for it, but she "Wasn't wearing her beer goggles" that night. Maybe Martin's quick word in her ear had some effect, but judging by the tears in the Tuns at closing time, she probably chose to ignore him and go for a bird instead.

Well, on that sad note BB must départ back to his den of iniquity, so au revoir mes amies, et je vois tout le monde dans le club de Trois Tuns a Vendredi.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"If Ron pulls this year, I'll shave my pubes."
(Marie Darvill).

Hair today, gone tomorrow

Is your pate great asks Dave Whippe?

Most people are pretty rational in their approach to life. They have certain choices, and they exercise these in certain ways. Considering this, it is surprising that people get it so badly wrong when it comes to their hair. Faced with a multitude of styles to opt for, you will invariably choose the wrong one, and render any chance of success in life, be it romantic or otherwise, obsolete by the simple fact that you look ridiculous.

An option that was once popular for men is growing hair very long, yet despite the obvious advantage that many women are of the opinion that lads with long hair are hung like rogue elephants, this option is fraught with difficulty. Primarily, there is the dilemma between choosing to have your locks long and flowing, like a girl, or dirty, unwashed and rank, like Gary Delaney. The problem with the flowing look is two-fold, in that not only must spend half your grant on shampoo's designed for women, but you also risk the mirth of your friends who will call you a birdy ponce when you take your Pantene Pro V into the shower after a football match. The final humiliation is yet to come though, when you step into a dimly lit night-club and assume the appearance of an ugly flat-chested woman, thus placing you irresistible to beered up scousers who will then proceed to pinch your arse. The alternative is the grunge look, though the disadvantage of this is readily apparent, being that unwashed hair smells like a Turkish wres-



Gary's pate is great

Photo: Scott

ler's armpit, and has things living in it. You will soon find that not only will you fail to pull, but your mates will also desert you like rats leaving a sinking ship. Finally, the rocker look went out with Meatloaf, and Kurt Cobain is dead, so give it up.

As an alternative, you may, like myself, wish to plump for the skinhead look. Personally, I find the advantage of this style emanates from the fact that it makes you look as if you have attitude, and are hard, thus giving you the ability to death-stare just about anyone on earth, safe in the knowledge that you are rendered invincible by your cropped locks. This though is where the difficulty starts, in that I am not actually hard and am likely to get battered one day when I stare at the wrong person. The fact is that you can tell genuinely hard people a mile away, usually due to the point that they are a lot bigger than you. Whilst cropped

hair may look credible on men, it is definitely out of the question when it comes to women, unless of course they are not attempting to pull the opposite sex. A skinhead on a woman is like a billboard advertising the fact that they are not interested in men, which I suppose makes it easier for all of us, not that I'd be interested anyway, despite the claims of the Sports Editors who maintain that I tried to pull a Jimmy Crankie lookalike.

As a sort of in between, it is possible to consider the currently fashionable Hugh Grant look as sported so effectively by Tom Randell. This is a bonus because every bird on earth loves Four Weddings and

a Funeral, and every time you toss your tousled locks affectedly, you will drive the ladies wild with desire. Unfortunately, you will also take on the appearance of a public school tosser, and be disowned by the rest of society.

The aspect of choice, however, is a luxury which some are not in a position to take advantage of. I am of course referring to those who have shit hair regardless of what they do with it. One of the unfortunate victims of this syndrome is the popular Nick Kirby, who previously looked like Kevin Keegan, but since his haircut looks like Tom Cruise. Actually, he doesn't, he still looks crap.

Being a member of *The Beaver* editorial team, though, I suppose I'm not actually in a position to comment, considering the proliferation of dyes, ponytails, prematurely grey, and prematurely bald heads. Now, where did I put that Grecian?

Sab's and Co. get dressed up

(with varying degrees of success)

Davina Standhope

Cynical observers at last week's inauguration of the Global Festival, may be forgiven for thinking they had stumbled in on a fashion show for LSE's own aspiring dignitaries of tomorrow.

The stage was illuminated by the suave sophistication of Vini Ghatate, dressed in traditional Indian costume, and looking cool enough to usurp Chris Eubank as Britain's best dressed man in his best threads. Muna Webbe, Chair of the Friends of Palestine, plumped for tailored elegance, a dark, crisply cut suit rising just above the knee, delighting the front rows with ample chances to leer at her immaculately slim legs.

Naomi Hill also chose to offset her flowing dark locks with a stylish, deeply

professional outfit that radiated off her slender frame. Delivering a speech that smacked of polished resonance and betraying few signs of nerves, a political career must surely be a possibility.

Mr Martin Lewis had chosen the carefully half-shaven approach, and spoke paradoxically of a "Forward looking retrospective." A traditional dark jacket was perfect for the thrusting vibrancy with which this born leader and ego-maniac chaired the proceedings.

The final member of the stage party was a carefully spruced Gary Delaney, fresh from the make-up department, who arguably stole the show, upstaging even the lovely Muna. Conventional tatty jumpers and a reputation for unwashed homeliness had been jettisoned in favour of a single grey suit and checked shirt. The hair was a revelation.

LSE Top Two: Places to Wank.

1. In your bed like normal people
2. In the library like Chris Cooper

LSE Fifths batter Strand Poly

Johnny Parr

Last weekend was host to two of the best games of football you are likely to see. At Burden Park, class shone through as Bolton stopped the First Division. But even that was no match for the Fifths in this local derby where the capacity crowd of one witnessed one of the most gutsy displays of this or any other season.

We couldn't have hoped for a better start and ten minutes into the game were already 2-0 down and playing with only ten men as Graham deputised for the absent ref, leaving the midfield as bare as Elton's pantry. The first goal was almost unanimously attributed to "keeper error". I say almost because there was one dissenting voice. However it came from a deaf, blind passer-by who was both unaware of Dan's efforts

not to pick up the badly hit centre and unable to hear the exclamation "fuck" as he lost control of his arms. After the game even Dan accepted responsibility and, putting his hands in the air (just to show us how it should be done), he added "It was a minor blemish on an otherwise faultless performance" and on the evidence of what was to follow no-one saw cause to disagree.

The phrase cock-up could also be applied to their second goal when the ginger ref, flagging after ten minutes of exertion, couldn't find the energy to blow up for a blatant offside. No matter. Were we disheartened, demoralized, defeated etc? Well perhaps, but we took refuge in the fact that they are shit and we are not. Now, playing all the football, we took control of the rest of the half and were unlucky to go in still one down. Nils overlapping from the left forced his way into the box and was brought down. Mark stepped up to place the ball in the back of the net and edge him closer to Golden

Boot fame.

More chances came our way but the composure that has taken us so far was gone and we went into half-time 2-1 down. This was where the game turned as Graham performed what can only be described as a stroke of genius. Some, myself included, missed the significance of the move but his decision not to give Kings any oranges left us with the extra 10%. The move paid dividends within a minute of the restart as the midfield won the ball and, combining down the right, put Rob through to level the score with a clinical finish, which can only fuel transfer speculation - the latest of which suggests that he'll sign for the popular outfit "Confirmation of Examination Entry and Papers for the 95-96 session" in the next few weeks (the fee to be decided by Surrey).

Back on level terms we pressed for the winner but couldn't convert pressure into goals - instead we were hit by a good counter. Having clawed back from 2-0 down and

pushing for the two points this blow might have been fatal to lesser men, but the Fifths are not lesser men (except for Dan).

Elton sprang into action, finding energy from somewhere, having until that point done jack shit. Marauding down the right he tipped the seesaw game in our favour (just as he would do any seesaw). Within ten minutes the score had been transformed. With time and space the midfield orchestrated two almost identical goals when passing through to Elton on the overlap (just as his gut overhangs his belt). First he shot across the keeper for Jamie Moses to level and then moments later Elton himself put us ahead. Goading them as you can do with the quality of defence that was then displayed, the back-four held out until the whistle - whilst the rain came down and the floods came up the defence stood strong. And the wise man? He was putting money on Bolton to win the Coca-Cola cup...and the Cup Winners Cup next year...and the Premiership.

Mburu scores!!! Club Captain in goal shocker

Alex Lowen

Confidence is now running high in the Third-team camp after another impressive victory took them to the top of the table. The high flying Kings College were brought down to earth with a devastating 3-0 defeat at the hands of LSE's fattest footballing side. The Third team's miraculous change of fortunes now leaves the Seconds battling with the womens hockey team for the mantle of LSE's joke team. The team's pre-match warm up routine led by Mr Motivator, Mburu, seems to have done the trick again, providing the Thirds with a new round fatness.

The result never looked likely after a disappointing first half display. Kings attacked from all angles, and were only prevented from scoring by the woodwork and Lowen's fine goalkeeping. LSE's typically rock-like defence crumbled under the attacking assault, but poor finishing proved costly for our next door neighbours. Relieved to go in level at the interval, it needed a stern and inspirational

team talk to lift the flagging spirits. Half time also saw the introduction of our Italian ringer which left Howard to take up the second half refereeing duty. He's never



played better.

LSE looked a completely different side as they rained wave after wave of attacks upon the Kings defence. The breakthrough soon came after an intricate passing move, left Mbob clean through on goal

and he finished in typical style with a lucky toe punt that lobbed the head of the midget goalkeeper. Nothing could stop the mighty Thirds as they continued to pound Kings into submission. The win looked assured, especially once the predatory fat Whippe delightfully scored with a flick header after a pinpoint cross from the pocket dynamo Giggs-Yi. The game turned into a rout with a third goal from the rejuvenated Andreja Popov, after he turned and hammered the ball into the roof of the net. It was nearly four, but Yi's pile driver, which he was already celebrating, unfortunately hit the woodwork.

The game finished with the opposition crying at the loss of their league lead, whilst LSE wildly celebrated in the Kings clubhouse with their pies and lager. The future looks bright for the saviours of LSE football as their league dominance continues. The Thirds are looking forward to the Football Club Dinner so that they can parade their medals in front of the mocking joke teams. They are currently negotiating for the open top bus to cruise around London in a ticker tape celebration. We shall see who has the last laugh.

Kinnear's magic not enough for Firsts, and Fourth's hopes dashed by Pinheads own goal blunders

Wednesday saw the demise of the last two remaining LSE football sides in the last 32 of the national BUSA championships. The Firsts travelled to West Sussex on the back of a good performance against table-topping IC, but found the Sports College too good for them, going down bravely 7-3 including two disputed penalties. One highlight however was a fine hat-trick from Angus Kinnear, the seventh of a glittering LSE career. Unfortunately this was the round when he realised he could no longer carry the whole team on his manly shoulders.

Meanwhile, the Fourths went out at home to Reading after a woeful second-half defensive performance saw them go down 5-2, with own goals from Scouse Gardiner and his twin brother Ian Devine and goals from Sergay Bumboyov and Faroukh (playing ringers and still lost - that is shit). As for the Thirds, they didn't play because they went out of both cups in the preliminary rounds.

Valentine's Day Aero-Box

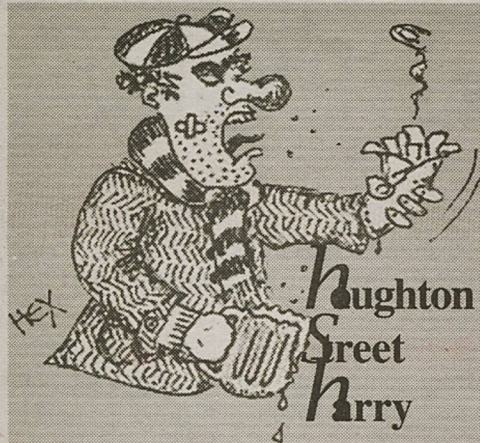
Interested in "keep fit" and worthwhile causes?

In the Polygym (as part of the Variety Clubs Golden Heart Appeal) there is a sponsored Aerobox session to help raise funds for disabled children.

The session lasts for two hours. Instruction comes from one of London's top professionals.

Aero-box is the new fitness sensation that has taken the USA and Europe by storm.

For more information and a sponsorship form see Liz in the AU Office (top floor of The Cafe).



Are you like me? Do you hate veal crates, but relish the thought of seeing the animal "rights" mob banged up in them? Harry (Garry?) can't abide cruelty to animals. Yet all my sympathy in the Jill Phipps case goes to the lorry-driver under whose wheels she tragically died. Why doesn't this peculiar alliance of mad matrons and Animal Lib jobs run riot in Brussels? Isn't that where the problem is? Alternatively they could volunteer to swop places with the veal calves. The French eat anything - horses, snails, frogs. Why not Carla Lane and a few Kentucky Fried travellers? It would be a noble sacrifice?

Eric Cantona asks why he should accept abuse just for being French. How long have you got Monsieur Eric? There's Napoleon, veal crates, burning our sheep, Vichy, Jean-Paul Gaultier... Actually I've softened towards the French since we whipped 'em at Twickenham. They've got at least two good points: Brigitte Bardot. Plus Nicole from the Renault ad. And hearing the French speak English is always good for a laugh. Remember when Madame de Gaulle was asked what she most wanted in life and replied: "A penis." It was left to the General to explain that "In English, it is pronounced 'appiness.'" *Ooh la la Madame de Gaulle.*

I don't know. Just because Cantona wears his collar up, writes poetry and earns £50,000 a day does not mean he can go flying hell for leather into a crowd of young children laughing and joking at his misfortune in the most sporting of manners, nearly decapitating several tiny babies. Not only should we give him *le boot* out of the English game for good, but we should pack him in the next veal crate home and hang him. And then he should be shot. *C'est la vie.*

Why, oh why, oh why is everybody making such a fuss about Eric Cantona? He was minding his own business when he came up against a crowd of foul-mouthed, burly ex-cons with three-yard spanners, throwing boiling oil and firing bullets at our Gallic hero. He acted so bravely, putting the thug element in its rightful place. *In the gutter.* Not only should he be left alone, he should be given the highest award possible - a knighthood. *Levez-vous Sir Eric.*

After Fantasy Football, how about Fantasy Wives? My ideal missus would have the eyes of Suzanne Mizzi, the curves of Liz Hurley, the giggle of Barbara Windsor, the wiggle of Claudia Schiffer, the sex appeal of Kim Basinger, the wit of Victoria Wood and Madonna's bank account. Mind you, I'd settle for Pamela Anderson as long as she got her round in, learned to cook a curry and understood what "1-6 Reversed through the card at Crayford" meant.

I was looking in my Bible just the other night when I came across a rather interesting line, "Thou shall not lie with the beast." If that's the gospel then there's rather a lot of people who are going to burn in eternal fires of hell from what I can see going on at this college. It's all very well God telling his flock that they can't go out and have a bit of fun with a moose, but I bet in his younger days he put it around a bit, and I'd wager his quality threshold was slightly less than omnipotent.

UCL feel the heat of deep-fat Fry

Perry power saves the day

On Wednesday the Seconds took another giant step towards regaining the ULU Upper Reserves Cup with a stylish victory in their rearranged quarter-final against UCL Thirds. The usual ominous signs were there in the morning however with driving rain and no players, but Goals Cooper made an audacious double-swoop in the transfer market, snatching up the big Serb refugee Andreja Popov to amply fill the fat hole at centre-half and Beavers' Retreat barman Mike Tattersall to keep the bench warm. When Graham Walker managed to sneak out of his class (shameful for a man of his age) just in time for the coach, the team was complete, but still more adversity would be thrust into the gorgeous faces of the mighty Seconds.

It may have been the Thirds we were facing yet they sportingly chose to field a handful of First teamers, obviously fearing our worldwide reputation of total football, hard tackling and soft drugs. We started strongly, running around like headless chickens perhaps partly due to the kit, which was still damp and not totally clean. Stewart Fry forced three fine saves from their keeper while the rest of the midfield battled away (yes, even Raj) and the back-four of Cooper, Popov, Walker and Danny Fielding was as tight as an Argentina 1978 World Cup top

on an overweight goalkeeper from the Midlands. Just when it looked like a goal would never come, Rainbow Nelson was brought down just outside the box and stepped up to take it himself. He rolled it to Stewart Fry, who weighed up the options, extinguished his cigarillo, put down his book of poetry and rifled an unstoppable shot into the top corner. It truly was a great goal, but this couldn't change the fact that he chose to wear a cravat. Fine if you're talking about surrealism outside the Old Building, but on a football pitch - I don't think so. There's a fine line between looking suave and sophisticated and looking like a bell-end, and in this game Stewart crossed it.

One-nil at half-time, we knew more was still required and with fifteen minutes gone, an inspired substitution was the catalyst as Tattersall came on for Paranandi. Not that Mike had anything to do with it though, with his first touch he knocked it about twenty yards off. Giftless twat. Minutes later, Nelson dribbled down the left flank to the byline and crossed low. Dave Keane skillfully flicked it through his legs (although it looked suspiciously like a mis-kick) and Tim Ludford-Thomas slid in bravely on the line to knock it in. Two-nil up with 25 minutes left, it was backs to the wall stuff, and I don't mean Fourth team wingers from Russia. They pressured con-

stantly, hit the post and then Paul Drew tipped a free-kick over the bar. Anyone else would have caught it though. With around ten minutes left, Drew was called up for a minor offence, giving them an indirect free-kick eight yards out. The back-four coped with their usual capability only for Stevie Quick, 'helping out' in defence, to blunder his way into a challenge which was both rash and illegal for under 21's. The ref had no option but to point to the spot. Incidentally, this was the same bondage ref we had last time at UCL, he of the rubber vest, holster and bullets. He didn't remember any of us however, except Rainbow Nelson, with whom he is 'very good friends' if you know what I mean. There used to be a time when a shot was as good as a goal for the opposition but times they are a-changing. The penalty was struck firmly into the bottom corner but Drew leapt to his right and produced a magnificent save. His post-fluke berating to the rest of the troops demonstrated his new found confidence and almost made us forget about all last term's blunders. Almost.

And that was all she wrote. For the second year running it's a semi-final for the Seconds and a day out at Motspur looming ever closer. The cup final song is already being considered and Mburu is starting to ask about the number 14 shirt. Now where did I put my suit?

Prominent AU members in drink cheat controversy

Sensational new evidence has come to hand which places great doubt over the legitimacy of the winning crew in the AU barrel boat race of last term. From the photo it can clearly be seen that Rob Gallimore, Tim Whyte and Mark Ellis are consuming their pints already, even though frontman Dave Bensley has only just placed his plastic pint on his head to free the next man to drink. Investigative photographer Jane Morton has now brought this revelation to light, believing that her team were the rightful winners. "We knew no-one could drink faster than us" she said, before giggling and falling off her chair.

The accused had little to say for themselves. Gallimore said "I wasn't actually drinking, but chundering into the glass due to the two pints I had earlier." Whyte stated "I had to start early because it takes me five minutes to down a



Onlookers gasp at the cheating antics of the shandy boys

Photo: Jane Morton

pint," while Ellis said "That one was the same that I had started an hour earlier." Rumours that the pints contained 50% lemonade have yet to be confirmed, but are

likely to be correct. The disgraced team have now been disqualified, giving first place to the Tuns girls, who have shown their swallowing qualities once again.

LSE Cricket Club

Nets are continuing at Lords every Tuesday from 8-9pm
Nearest tube St. Johns Wood (Zone 2)
Whites and AU membership compulsory