

Election drama ends

Toby Krohn and Duncan McGrath

"I am glad that it is all over now", Steve Roy, Returning Officer, was not alone in his sentiments. Sadness was not an emotion present at the close of the LSE Students' Union (LSESU) elections. But that is not to say there was not a sparkle of drama.

After a fortnight of turmoil which has seen the resignation of one Returning Officer and the emergence of another, the loss of a voting list in a taxi and the extension of the poll for several days, the results were finally announced last week.

Counting for the non-sabbatical posts started first on Wednesday morning, whilst sabbatical posts were counted, as usual, in the evening. The sabbatical count only proceeded after Roy had reached a decision over a complaint from Hugh O'Leary against the conduct of Omer Soomro, both candidates for Education and Welfare, and an official appeal against Roy's decision had been heard by the Constitution and Steering (C&S) Committee.

Following an emergency meeting of the Committee, which took place as the votes for other positions were counted, Roy's decision not to disqualify Soomro from the election was upheld.

Just before midnight, the most important result of the elections was announced - the next General Secretary will be Kate Hamp-

ton, who stole the contest by 322 votes from her nearest challenger Baljit Mahal. Kate, who unsuccessfully ran for Equal Opportunities and Welfare Officer last year, thanked her boyfriend and campaigning team and said that she was "so happy to be elected."

Claire Lawrie won the post of Treasurer by the lesser margin of 154, beating Marie Darvill and Shaibal Dutta. In her acceptance speech she also thanked her campaigning team and vowed "to do a good job".

Following the earlier dramatic decision of the C&S Committee, the result of Education and Welfare Sabbatical was declared. Omer Soomro was pronounced the winner with 722 votes against Paul Bates's 455.

The count for Entertainments sabbatical was undoubtedly the most tense of the night. After the first, second and third rounds of counting under the transferable vote system, Darrell Hare and Nick Fletcher were tied on 498. Further rounds failed to deliver a clear victor so a recount was ordered. The final result was that Fletcher squeezed past Hare by a margin of just 3 votes.

Gary Delaney's imitation of Peter Snow-cum-Delphic Oracle, with improvised swingometer, managed to keep the waiting multitude suitably amused during the five-hour proceedings.

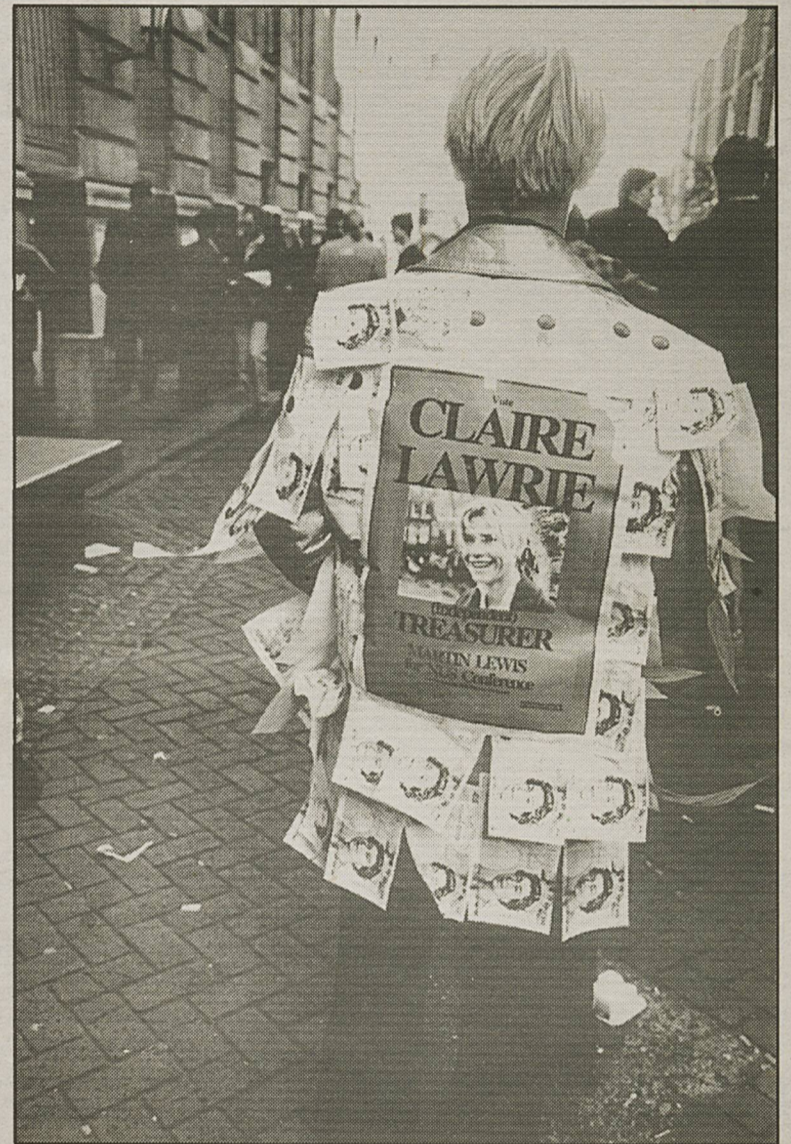
Most of the results of elections for non-sabbatical positions were announced earlier in the day. However, following a disputed result, the election of Mia Gilje to EU and

Overseas Students' Issues Officer was held over until after a recount on Thursday afternoon.

Following the earlier mishaps, Steve Roy concluded that the elections had been successful - the 28% turnout was higher than last year.

Roy also paid tribute to his assistants Liz Hummer, Kevin Keogh, Simon McKeon, and to all candidates who had displayed "a large portion of humour when the elections had been in question".

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Claire Lawrie, newly elected Treasurer

Photo: Hania Midura



Christine Wright, new Executive Officer and Kate Hampton, General Secretary-elect

Photo: Hania Midura

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**Martin Lewis – General Secretary**

With the elections finally over, we can all get back to the usual insanity of LSE life. The newly elected non-sabbatical committee members will take office at the end of the Easter holidays. The Sabbaticals change over on 1st. August. Until that time Ola, Vini, Gary and myself will still be in our jobs, so please come and see us.

24 hour Study Room: As part of my report on the Academic Structures of the School. I recommended a 24 hour a day, 7 days a week safe, secure and comfortable study room. I stated that this was a matter of urgency so that it could be in operation next term. This has been provisionally accepted and I am in discussions about the venue at the moment. It may be possible to have computer facilities in the room, but that will need further discussion. Watch this space for details.

Lap Top Computer Rental: I have organised with a newly set up company to start a rental service of Lap Top Computers operating from the Students' Union reception. The service is on a trial to judge if there is a demand. They cost 5.95 to rent for a 24 hour period. We are discussing with the School's information services extra functions that they may provide. If you want to hire a Lap top please take your Student I.D. and proof of address to the Reception and you should be able to get one. There are only 4 at present so you may want to arrange it early. If any students have other suggestions of how we may improve this service or new services that the Students' Union can provide please come and see me.

High Holborn Hall Committee: If any students want to be on the Hall Committee in High Holborn next year. (Positions available President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary, Social Secretary, Womens' Officer and Overseas' Officer) Then please come and see me. If you could bring a letter with name address, contact phone number, previous LSE and non LSE positions of responsibility, then this would be very helpful. You must have been on a Hall committee in a current LSE Hall to apply.

Annual General Meeting: This week is the Students' Union's AGM. It will be at one o'clock in the Old theatre on Thursday. There will be the presentation of the annual report and the election of Honorary Students. Please attend. If anyone would like copies of the Annual Report, they will be available from the Students' Union reception during the middle of this week.

Elections: I would like to thank all those involved in the Students' Union elections for their work, during the 11 day stretch of testing times. Special thanks to Steve Roy, (who regardless of the 'little accident' kept going and finished the election) Liz, Kevin and Simon. Also thanks to all those counters and data imputer's on Thursday. A little personal thanks goes to those Ents counter's for their patience with me during that dreaded recount.

Election Results: The results of the elections will be printed elsewhere in this paper. I wish all of those successful candidates the best of luck over the coming year and my commiserations to those who tried and lost.

If you have any problems queries, suggestions or want to know how to get involved, then either come to my Office (E205) or give me a call on 071 955 7147 (internal 7147) and I either try to help you or refer you to someone else who can.

LSE loses out in funding awards

Oliver Adelman

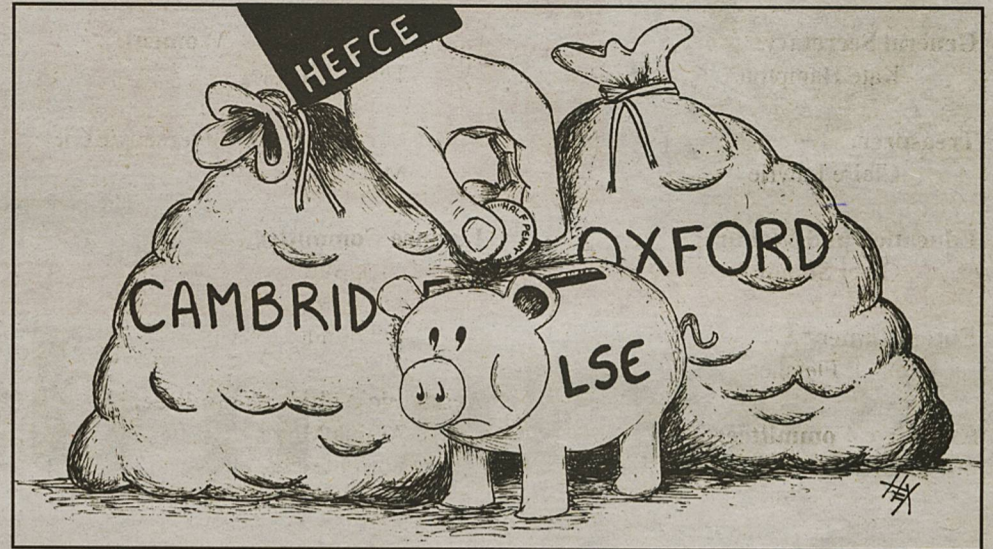
The Higher Education Funding Council for England (HEFCE) grant to the LSE for the next academic year has been increased by just 0.8%.

The overall grant from the Funding Council has been set at £15.7m – including £7.3m for research and £6.0m for teaching – a marginal increase on last year's figures. Oxford and Cambridge Universities received increases of 3.5% and 5.5% respectively.

Next year LSE is contracted to deliver 1,739 home/EU students, and will receive £730 in tuition fees per student. Overseas undergraduates will be charged £7,335.

Funding for teaching has suffered a 40% reduction over the last four years and the latest announcement means a reduction of 10% over the next three years, according to Iain Crawford, the head of Public Relations at the LSE.

Students from the European Free Trade Area, who had previously been charged full overseas fees, will now be charged at



the same rate as Home and EU students. "This will be offset by a block grant" however according to Crawford.

The School regarded this year's funding round as "better than last year, but only fractionally. I don't know if this is in response to our lobbying, but the figure is still fairly depressing." In previous years, the LSE has received the 'safety net' increase of 0.5%.

According to Crawford, the School will

receive £350,000 more than was forecast, but £200,000 of this will come in the form of a one-time grant.

The funding grant that the LSE will receive for next year ranks 66th among funds allocated to English higher education institutions.

Among other University of London colleges, King's College will receive £22.5m and the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) will receive £3.1m.



Lord Dahrendorf speaking at the School

Photo: Steve East

Dahrendorf on the LSE

Paris Kaklamanos

Lord Dahrendorf, ex-Director of the LSE, visited the School and delivered a passionate speech on "The Historical Perspectives of LSE and the Social Sciences" to a packed Old Theatre on March 2.

His speech, which gave the audience some insight into the book that is going to be published about the first hundred years of the LSE, received a very warm welcome from everybody who attended the public lecture. It focused upon the historical progress of the LSE from its founding by the Fabian Society in 1895 until recently. The events of past years and the work of previous directors were brought alive by Lord Dahrendorf's speech.

Throughout the lecture he made clear the strong sense of affection that he shared for the School. He stressed that "although it has been overcrowded, it has always been a wonderful and remarkable place." He also mentioned that "the staff/student ratio may have been pretty miserable but it produced many memories that reinforced the strong sense of com-

munity amongst the members of the School."

Trying to explain the reasons that "made LSE tick" he highlighted the efforts undertaken to explore and apply the contents of the social sciences within the framework of a rapidly changing world. In his view every member of the LSE was "trying to come to grips with the complex views of society", establishing the value of the social and political sciences in the modern world.

Lord Dahrendorf paid special attention to the Beveridge and Carr-Saunders years which are well remembered for the change they brought.

The second half of the LSE centenary saw a great expansion as a result of increased competition that led to a change in the structure of the School. Evening students now became the exception rather than the norm and the university faced a growing demand for space in the heart of the great metropolis.

Yet despite the changes that have been undertaken in recent years there still is, according to Dahrendorf, "a sense of community that makes it almost possible to say I love LSE."

Priority in social housing

Peter Udeshi

Last Tuesday, Chris Holmes, Director of Shelter, gave the fifth in a series of LSE Housing Lectures.

The informative talk discussed the theme of "Who gets priority for social housing?"

Social housing is now exclusively let to the poorest applicants. This policy results in the "concentration of the most vulnerable sections of the population." This policy is quite destructive as it leads to the stigmatisation of certain estates and decline of the community. He favoured a more balanced mix of income-groups.

He stressed that it is very important to counter the belief that an application for housing as a homeless person is an easy option. There are stringent checks on the authenticity of claims over half of such applications are not accepted.

Nationally there is a need for 100,000 new affordable homes each year. Last year only 37,000 new homes were provided by the housing authority.

He emphasised the need for home-ownership not to be promoted as "inherently superior" to rented accommodation. In his opinion, people should not be encouraged to take out a mortgage if they cannot afford it. He cited that in 1990/1 800,000 homes were lost through repossession and other factors.

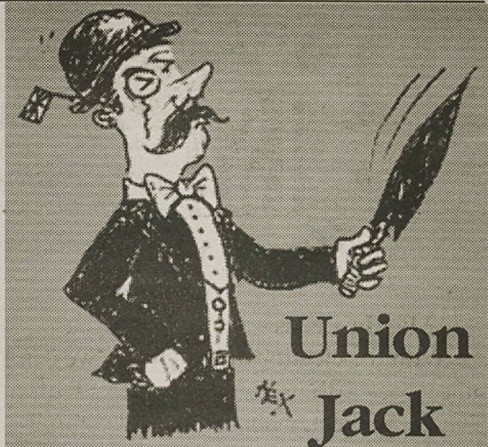
The number of lettings by housing authorities to the homeless has increased from 34,800 in 1978/9 to 80,800 in 1992/3.

For the future he urged different and more imaginative policies.

Holmes advocates more appropriate forms of support, allocation policies seeking appropriate balances, a mix of different types of tenureship, improvement of the most depressed estates and more sensible locations for new estates.

Full LSESU election results

General Secretary: Kate Hampton	Equal Opportunities (Women): Teresa Delaney	NUS conference delegates: Kate Hampton Martin Lewis Raj Jethwa Ron Voce Baljit Mahal Naomi Hill (observer)
Treasurer: Claire Lawrie	Equal Opportunities (Overseas/EU): Mia Gilje	NUS Women's Conference: Teresa Delaney Sorrel Osborne (observer)
Education and Welfare: Omer Soomro	Finance Committee: Nick Sutton Jason Waddle Benjamin Hawkin	Constitution and Steering Committee: Tony Armstrong Silvia Santoro Kerrie Henderson Mohammed Ali Miraj Aboudi Al-Hababi Alexander Ellis.
Entertainments: Nick Fletcher	Academic Affairs Committee: Amina Mirza Sorrel Osborne Yuan Potts	
Executive Committee: Baljit Mahal Christine Wright Katie Fisher Katryn Benhold Syed Ali Iman	Returning Officer: Damian Thwaites	



To be honest, Jack's mind was not really concentrated on the UGM this week. After an election campaign even more interminably long, boring and self-obsessed than a meeting with that famous Stalinist LibDem Independent Student Issues First Pathetic Platitudes Party showman, Martin Lewis; Jack was feeling rather tired by the whole political process. Indeed, as Martin Lewis and Phil Tod disappeared behind the curtain for the LibDem National Conference as the UGM was about to start, Jack's eyelids began to feel heavy. As Nick Sutton congratulated everybody for everything they have ever done in their lives (and please vote for me next year, because I am a nice bloke and Martin Lewis does not tell me what to think, honest), Jack was having difficulty concentrating. As James Atkinson began to remember his politics, now that the elections are over, Jack's head was starting to nod. When Martin Lewis began to cry after Raj Jethwa had asked him a question, Jack was beginning to drift into a far more pleasant realm. By the time that Hugh O'Leary was growling incomprehensibly about the Education Act, Jack was fast asleep...

"This is a new dawn for the Students' Union. We, together and united, have at last broken the hack culture which for far too long has dominated student politics. There is a saying, and please allow me to quote it unto you, that cometh the tide, cometh the man. The tide has well and truly come today, and students of the LSE, I am that man. I am here, through destiny, the Indian society and an industrial strength carpet stapler, to take the LSE Students' Union into a new era. An era of equality, opportunity and community. An era when it will become clear at last that there is a true leader worthy of serving the students of the LSE with a sense of duty, dedication and destiny. An era when lecturers will lecture, and students will study in the comfort of a newly-refurbished Houghton Street covered swimming pool. I promise this faithfully unto you, I was on that Committee myself personally, and I will deliver this. And, students of the LSE, an era when what is most important becomes most important. I make this solemn promise to you, that there will be committees, commissions and consultations in this new dawn. There will be delegations, there will be councils, and yes, students of the LSE, I proclaim to you that there will be working groups set up to examine every aspect of the LSE. I will ensure that The Beaver will have fifty pages each week, dedicated to reproducing thoroughly and without bias the minutes of every meeting of the Constitution & Steering Committee. I will ensure that no longer will the UGM be subject to paper-wielding fools, I will charge them entry into the UGM, I will run public speaking classes in the New Theatre with my good comrade Tim Payton to ensure coherent and constructive debate once again returns to the LSE. This will be the future of the LSE Students' Union, I will take the Union into the new dawn, fit and ready to face the challenges of the next century. As Martin Luther-King said...

Jack awoke with a start. A soothing Scottish voice reassured Jack, "It's alright. Kate Hampton won...."

Dorrell sets winning agenda

Nick Sutton

Stephen Dorrell MP, Secretary of State for National Heritage, last week issued a call for unity at a meeting of LSE Conservatives.

Speaking to an audience of under 20 people in the New Theatre, Mr Dorrell admitted that over the last few months, the "Tory message hasn't been coming over in a persuasive way", but outlined an agenda around which it was possible for a "more coherent and united party" to form.

Concentrating on four issues which he believed had "substantial resonance within the British nation," Mr Dorrell outlined a strategy to ensure a fifth successive General Election victory for the Conservatives.

Whilst accepting that the Party had "done itself no favours at all" over Europe, Mr Dorrell argued that the Prime Minister's recently outlined position was one around which Conservatives should have no difficulty in uniting.

Pointing to their record on the economy, Mr Dorrell, a former Chief Secretary to the Treasury, stated that the Conservatives had a strong case as it was in "better order today than it's been for a generation."

On educational policy, Mr Dorrell highlighted what he believed to be clear differences between the Conservatives and Labour. He also dismissed Labour's plans for constitutional change as failing to answer the "real concerns" expressed by the public about the democratic legitimacy of quangos.

Mr Dorrell concluded by stating that "the problem at the moment is that this case isn't being made." Whether it is possible for the Conservative Party to unite around this agenda in time for the next General Election will become clear over the next few months.



Rt Hon Stephen Dorrell MP shows his delight at addressing 17 people in the New Theatre
Photo: Hania Midura

School to move into Royalty?

James Brown

The Royalty Theatre, recently home to a Caribbean fantasy, could soon become the LSE's main lecture hall if current plans are successful. Negotiations are believed to be proceeding between the School, the current leaseholders (the theatre group Stoll Moss Ltd) and the freeholder,

in an attempt to strike a deal.

The process, however, is complicated by two factors. First, under City of Westminster and Theatre Trust regulations, all Westminster theatres must continue to be used for artistic (though not necessarily fantastic) purposes. Special permission, however, has been granted to the LSE to allow it to share the use of the theatre with an artistic company if a suitable and willing candidate can be found.

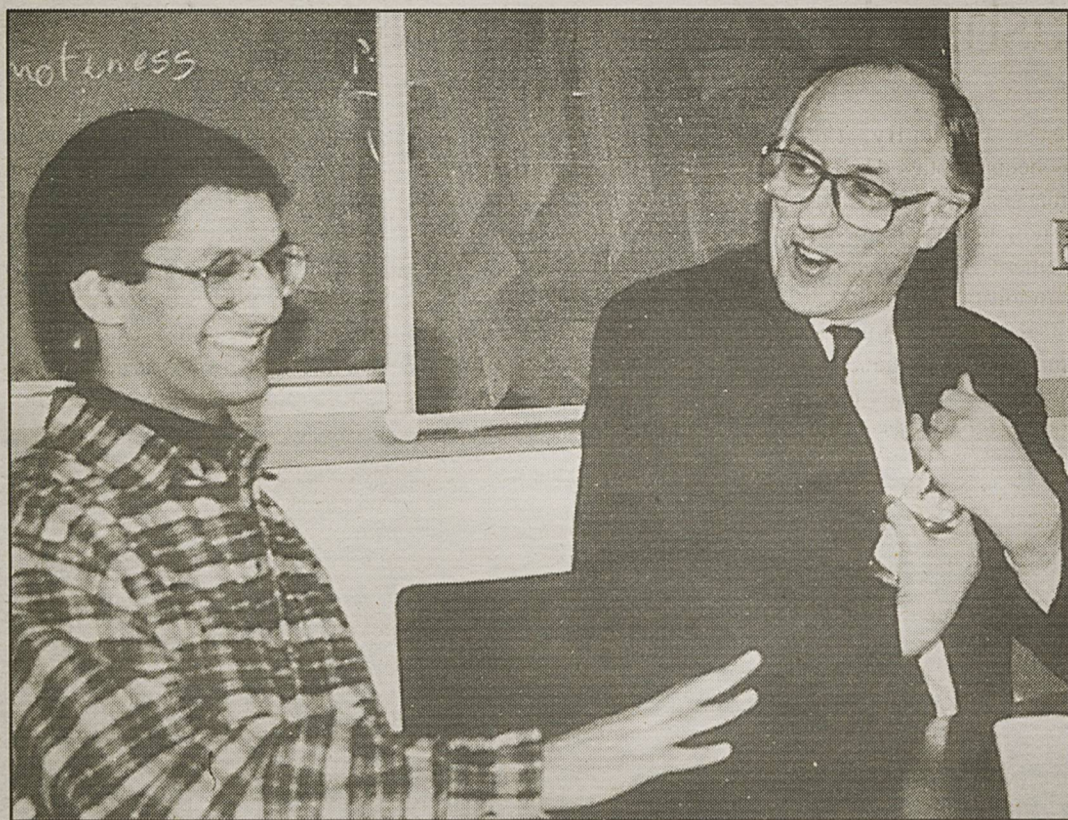
Second, the freeholders are keen to redevelop the site within the next 20 years. This could mean that not only would the LSE lose the use of the Royalty during the redevelopment, possibly for up to three years, but that the new theatre might not meet the LSE's needs.

The Royalty has a capacity of 1,000,

four times the Old Theatre, and would greatly relieve School overcrowding. The lease price of around £1m would seem like a bargain, too. However, there is the small matter of the estimated £250,000 annual running costs. School sources indicate that these would be paid for, as with most of the School's property acquisitions, by increasing the number of MSc students, particularly those from overseas, who pay a premium fee.

In the light of this, one senior academic described the School's property policy as a "vulture fund", picking off West End properties at low prices and paying for them from current income. It is not clear, however, exactly who is being picked on: rival property developers, or MSc students.

Donald Dewar on welfare



Raj Jethwa, LSE Labour Club and Donald Dewar, Shadow Social Security Secretary

Photo: Steven Cheung

Imogen Shillito

Donald Dewar MP, the shadow Social Security Secretary, led a stimulating Labour Club discussion on "Labour and the future of the welfare state" last Wednesday.

After mocking the inadequacies of the Tory reliance on private provision through the market, Dewar stated his objectives for future social provision.

Dewar argued that the welfare state should be more than just a safety net. Its focus should be how to create the conditions people need to achieve their full potential. The whole economic thrust of the Labour Party, according to Dewar, is to reduce unemployment through building skills, innovation, investment and increasing the competitiveness of Britain in a world market.

This new approach should be based on co-operation and the community, rather than the individual,

according to Dewar. The community must be designed to offer opportunity, rather than leaving this to the market or powerless individuals. Although these ideals ring a chord with the public, Dewar seemed vague on future policies. He realised the importance of "determination and imagination" and even offered to look at ideas sent from LSE students. A solution to the dilemma of fulfilling the demands of the public for better education and welfare despite their apparent unwillingness to pay for it, seemed to escape him.

He stated the importance of tackling the problems of poverty and inequality. Quoting recent studies of his Glaswegian council estate constituency and their lowered life expectancy, Dewar passionately argued for action. The welfare state must have a redistributive effect for social justice and above all, the culture of contentment must not be left unchallenged.

Butler-Sloss on family division

Judith Plastow

After vol-au-vents and wine in the senior common room, the Rt Hon Lady Justice Butler-Sloss spoke on "Life and Death in the Family Division". This prestigious guest - the first woman to sit on the Court of Appeal, was invited on behalf of the LSE Lawyers group.

The issue was made topical by a report published by the Law Commission last week concerning the legal stance on the right to refuse medical treatment. Butler-

Sloss outlined cases of adults, children and mental health patients. She was careful to emphasise she was talking on legal, not moral, grounds.

The complexities of making law on such a controversial subject were apparent. In the case of teenagers, who mature at different ages, how can an age be set at which one can or cannot make that decision?

Butler-Sloss argued that a court should be hesitant in overriding a teenager's decision to refuse treatment.

Judging the competence of an adult to

refuse medical aid when sick is very difficult. If in pain, is one in any state of mind to comment rationally on what one wants? And how should a decision be made for one who is mentally ill and unable to choose for themselves?

Enormous advances in medical technology are creating previously unheard of problems - keeping people alive who would otherwise die, but in a vegetative state.

Butler-Sloss questioned the suitability of the courts to decide to save or end lives. Is a judge more fitting to play God than any other person?

The importance of living wills, which outline treatment that a person would or would not accept, was emphasised by Butler-Sloss, however she argued that even these should not be "set in stone".

Butler-Sloss welcomed views from the audience on this complicated but thought provoking subject, but admitted, ultimately, that each case must be considered separately, and that a blanket verdict could not be reached in the confines of a lecture hall.



Lady Justice Butler-Sloss

Photo: Anastasia Shorter

Taking a ride

Harry Tomlin

Everyone agreed there had to be a new body to replace the inertia and incompetence of the Home Office minions in C3 department. Yet, the whole idea has been hijacked by the Home Office and the police, according to the controversial civil rights lawyer, Michael Mansfield speaking at the LSE last week.

Settled into our seats, the journey through Britain's bleak and discredited criminal justice system was about to begin. We passed the worn-out hordes of World in Action researchers, Rough Justice journalists, MPs and Liberty campaigners, quietly demonstrating outside the new Criminal Review Cases Authority show.

"We can't cope, will you do it?" shrieked two, before being arrested for criminal trespass for saying it too slowly and before the order was given. The police were disgruntled too, fed up with being used as the Government's lackey, causing social disruption to middle-aged people, when they should be rounding up gypsies, ravers, and squatters to build the Batheaston to Glas-

gow bypass.

"Look carefully!" exclaimed Michael, "You won't find any investigators in there. They're the same old toothless wonders as before, from the Police Complaints Authority - police investigating police".

"I blame the inventor. Even though the new show is going to be independent, Howard will pick all of the cast. It won't work, even after another three years rehearsals!" The rain poured down, it looked a total washout, so we sped off to find the answers. The Labour Party law and order bandwagon was of no help - "It costs money er...no...votes...what policy?" We hurtled off to the Promised Land.

"I know the answer" mused our brilliant guide. "We need something like the Hong Kong Commission on Corruption. A standing commission with its own powers to subpoena witnesses and rush into police stations and find the missing evidence. Pea-brain Howard should let ordinary families write to it, not just Appeal Court Judges who caused the problems to start with."

We sped through Criminal Justice Act land, whose aim was to get more convic-

tions, longer sentences, and younger offenders locked up in privatised prisons. What a dismal land, browbeaten, silent Middle Englanders deprived of their absolute right to a solicitor. Without any evidence, or an extracted confession, the courts will find them guilty too.

Goodbye, Middle England, battleground of courts and police stations and its brave, heroic lawyers advising everyone to be quiet. When you're all convicted, you can join our train to Europe, just like Ernie Saunders. I can see the welcome sign, "evidence obtained in breach of the right to silence, may be oppressive" scrawled along the tunnel walls.

Fleeing the land of dodgy evidence, we couldn't afford the tepid forensic services on offer, nor the tasteless fruits of the poison

tree. Fourteen million punters dropping out of legal aid, losing the right to chose a jury trial and solicitors going bust. "Answer the fucking questions" bellowed the investigating officer, as the green lights flashed past. "NO!" squirmed the travelling gypsy raver, in that crazy English game of 'Quick Confessions'. Mikey wouldn't let us stop at the Justice Hypermarket to chose our discount sentences, for confessing before we done it. "Tally -ho! Here we come... Scrap Trident, and give 2 billion for legal aid!"

We've arrived, we're safe, this is where it's at. Strasbourg - the Promised Land. The doors open, "Tickets please". We haven't got any. I hope they don't send us back. "Michael! Mike!" Our brilliant guide had gone.

Crash One

To celebrate the re-issue of Crash, a head-on collision of opinion

Crash, according to its author J G Ballard is the first pornographic novel based on our technology. A dark cult classic written in 1973 it has recently been republished by Vintage. Ballard takes as his metaphor for man, the car, and then proceeds to endlessly eroticise the crashing of it.

The arrogance of this conceit

is stunning. Transgressing the taboos of accidents, sexualising automobile accessories, and revelling in the bodies excreta is a hard vision to make palatable. Ballard has an eye for the modern space, the forgotten but omnipresent motorways, gas stations and airports. These convincingly overshadow the depraved characters previewing a bleak mechanistic world.

However ironically, the prophet has been sabotaged by his futuristic metaphor. His motor-car fantasies are now an anachronism. The green movement has stolen the dreams of mobility and glamour from universal car ownership. The motel displaced the car as the scene for furtive sex. The internet married sex and technology more seamlessly than cars ever could.

Even the wild promiscuity of Crash is now passé in the age of Aids. His futuristic vision is compromised further by its unlikely setting, London. Ballard's Americanisms (highways, automobiles) are incongruous to the dull suburbs of Heathrow.

There are though, some passages of intensity, noticeably the atmosphere of driving at night and

an alarming acid trip. Freud would certainly approve of Ballard's view of a world, monopolised by sex and death, but not of the novel which reads like a confession of an unhealthy obsession. An unholy blend of bodily fluids and mangled car interiors Crash is an unsatisfying book, more successful at sustaining nausea than the credibility of its vision.



Original Sin

P D James new block-buster reviewed by Martin Sprott

I have never liked crime fiction. At least, not the "modern" formulaic variety that was created and honed by Agatha Christie and has been aped religiously by a thousand writers ever since. What Christie's legacy has done to the great British crime thriller, as epitomised by Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, is tantamount to murder. We have come a long way from the great leaps of old logic and wry intellect of Sherlock Holmes, via the annoyingly busybody activities of Miss Marple to the literary pretensions of the so-very-aquiline Commander Dalgleish, subject of this. P D James' latest book. I was committed from the start to disliking this book as just another factory produced formula thriller.

First impressions do not help. That literary pretentiousness of the character Dalgleish which I suspect has its roots deep in James' own persona, is indulged to the full in this, the story of murder in a publishing company. The setting is largely inside the firm's offices, a (Gothic/Venetian/Georgian folly on the banks of the Thames. Its presence looms over the book and forms the physical representation of the struggle between the old and the new, past, present and future.

A struggle mirroring that of the building's occupants, who are torn between the past of a slowly ailing publishing company and the future competition, uncertainty and change. An abiding theme is that of the death grip that the past has on the present and future.

James' feeling for place is evident throughout as she moves up and down the Thames from the estuary and flood barriers to Wapping, Docklands and Queenhithe.

My initial scepticism (or rather outright antagonism) to the book was tempered somewhat by the characterisation in the story. They range from the hopelessly stereotyped to the admirably well developed. The best insights into character are invariably through the medium of a police interview. Describing the process of interrogation with its power plays, intricacies and emotional striptease is obviously something that P D James relishes. The backbone of the book forms around such encounters and it is clear that her interest in the characters, indeed in the story itself is lackluster up to the point of the murder. suddenly, the police pour in to ask innumerable questions and

the characters start to gauge their reactions to examination. With this the story becomes a living and breathing creature, seemingly alive with James' fascination with death and its repercussions. It is also at this point that the story tilts itself away from the death claws of the Agatha Christie model.

If my opinion has changed since my opening paragraph, it is thanks to James' unbridled enthusiasm for her story. Despite her choice to submit to the formula of a crime novel and holding up a cast of all too familiar characters for our perusal, her energy lifts the entire book and takes it far beyond anything that Agatha Christie ever achieved. By involving theories of change, revitalization the ushering in of a new era of uncertainty and putting to rest old ghosts, ideas which are at the heart of our changing society James seems to postulate murder as a means for change in itself. An inexorable force for revitalization and change that may partly explain our fascination with death.

Original Sin by P D James
Published by Faber & Faber

Crash Two

In favour of Crash, Jane Brown

"I drove back towards the airport. The lights along western avenue illuminated the speeding cars, moving together towards their celebration of wounds."

Crash, is J G Ballard's most extreme and controversial novel. From the opening moment, the reader of "Crash" is immersed and exhausted by a relentless impact of sex, death, violence and the combination of incongruous images. Vaughan, Ballard's sinister creation, is the centre around whom the novel orbits in a tighter and tighter circle.

The controlling event of the novel is Vaughan's demise in what Ballard calls the optimum auto death, what Vaughan fantasises as being a head-on collision with the film star Liz Taylor. The novel occupies a kind of dream time as all events lead to this event in a relation that is always mimetic. Vaughan's fantasies become increasingly intense as we are led along a cavalcade of perverse combinations in Vaughan's search for the optimum auto death, for example, we are given the scenario of a crash involving a lesbian waitress being ejected through the roof of a bus on a highway.

Crash is overflowing with two of our favourite subjects; sex and violence. Despite the sexual explicitness of this book it is by no means erotic or sensuous. Ballard describes the contours of the bodies of all the characters in a cold and unfeeling way they are simply events. Crash is however, regarded as a pornographic novel. It is pornographic in that it lacks any feelings of compassion or love, but it is not exploitative pornogra-

phy. Ballard specifically chose to use pornography as a genre because he believes it to be the most political form of fiction, of people using people without the involvement of ethics.

Although the relentless description of perverse sex acts could initiate a response that is one of disgust such timidity concentrates on one aspect of the novel at the expense of the rest. This is not a novel about violence just as Reservoir Dogs is not a film about violence. What Ballard describes is a world that 'is' violent, therefore as with Tarantino's films, it is absurd to state that the violence is gratuitous. With Crash, Ballard creates a total world which occupies intrinsically modern yet marginal spaces. The spaces of the airport, flyover, freeway and hospital. These vacuous space usually lacking all desire and aesthetics are the central geography of the novel throughout which Ballard weaves an intense, claustrophobic, yet compelling world. As with many of Ballard's other novels such as "High Rise" or the "Drought" the key question Ballard addresses is this.

What possibilities can develop and mutate within this space, exploring their own limits to the point of crashing through and becoming desert; a space that has run out time. While Freud gave us a psycho pathology of inner space Ballard gives us a geo-pathology of outer space.

Ballard's ingenious prose is in no way 'pulp fiction', so I suggest forget Tarantino or Stone's ultra violence and 'Crash' out with Ballard!

Crash was written by J G Ballard and published by Vintage.

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Stop the bickering!

Dear Beaver,

Once an Arab-Israeli ding-dong has gotten going, on letters pages or elsewhere, it is notoriously hard to stop. Those with no particular allegiance to either side probably wonder at the fuss. They have not experienced the hot little bubbling in the bloodstream that someone who is involved feels when he or she reads an article by "one of them" shamelessly distorting the truth, insidiously manipulating the readers' feelings, saying nothing about *their* side's base outrages and acts of wanton evil destruction... which is why the dinging and donging begins and continues. We are sensitive, indignant and never objective, and as an Israeli Jew I also find it hard not to embark on a 1000-word nitpick of what's gone before. However, the Middle East conflict is worse than that - even outsiders can't be objective about this one.

The Middle East debate since 1948 (or before) has always been centred around who did what to whom, which is the precise reason it got nowhere. It has taken the sides involved between fifty and several thousand years, depending where you count from, to

realise that unless you shut up arguing about the horrors of the past you have no basis for a peace process. Only now have those with influence in the Middle East started to do that, to try and ignore the killings that continue, though it hurts. The fact that they no longer hide behind a comfortable shield of outrage at every single new death is a huge advance, just in itself - for not every bit of the progress is tangible.

And, contrary to what the previous writers have suggested, neither the Israeli ambassador nor the Palestinian chief delegate are pessimists. They are tiptoeing through a minefield and there *are* explosions - but both men are pragmatic enough to try and ignore them.

So, steam has been let off, wounds re-opened, and can we now please shut up. I have only one gripe - that you printed an opinion piece under the anonymous byline "Beaver Staff". That makes the *Beaver* look partisan - something that, for the sake of all LSE students, you must not be, else you jeopardise trust.

Yours,
Gideon Lichfield

The opinions expressed on this page are those of the authors, not *The Beaver*.
The Letters deadline is Wednesday at NOON

Long live Lewis!

Dear Beaver,

Am I the only one to notice that this year's candidates for the post of General Secretary are a bunch of shitheads? I personally think that none can do a better job than Martin Lewis because they can't bring such enthusiasm, charisma and determination to the job, as Mr. Lewis did. Why oh why, didn't he run for a second year?

Yours sincerely,
S. S. Sahiwal

Dope smoking in the Library?

Dear Beaver,

I address this letter to the LSE Liberal Democrats. I notice that they are campaigning for unrestricted student access to E-mail. Does that mean you will continue your party line and campaign for a dope-smoking room in the library?

The use of e-mail is primarily for recreational use, and safer than tobacco or alcohol, and can have mildly euphoric effects - when you find out who's been snogging whom back home. However, E-mail before 6:30p.m., just like

dope-smoking, is illegal. Legalising it could cause its use to become rampant with some potentially dangerous side effects.

Consider the ugly scene when at 4:30 p.m. a techno-nerd is sniggering away at little green characters when the mudwrestling sociologist announces that he has an essay due tomorrow...

Does Liberal Democracy imply the right to break bones?

Yours sincerely,
Nicolas Holman,
M.Sc. Political Economy ...

Vini's Women's Week???

Dear Beaver,

Have any other readers noticed how much Vini Ghatate's office has been looking suspiciously like a Campaign HQ of late? I'm not begrudging Mr. Ghatate a bit of election fever to keep him on his toes, but is it really necessary to spend so much LSE SU time on the production of bizarre stickers?

Considering Vini devotes so many evenings and weekends to his job, I'm amazed at his apparent failure to notice the major welfare campaign going on around him. Yes - it's LSE SU Women's Week!

Would Mr. Ghatate expect the part-time, unpaid Overseas Exec. officer to singlehandedly organize the Union's anti-racism week? No, because it wouldn't be their job, just like it's not the women's officer's job to organize women's week. It's YOURS, Vini, so start doing it!

Yours lovingly,
Rachel Holdsworth

Disgust at Blind Date

Dear Beaver,

As a closet homosexual at the LSE, I looked forward with eager anticipation to the Rag "Blind Date" on hearing that there was to be a round where Paul Bates would choose from three gay men. I hoped this would be a good chance for the LSE to show homosexuality in an equal light, but how wrong I was. The whole thing was treated as a big pisstake, and I wonder what message this sends out to those afraid to 'come out'. The most galling thin, however, was the people who took part in it, especially Martin Lewis. To take part was bad enough, but to put on a camp voice was really very offensive. I wonder what people's reactions would have been had it been the Rugby team acting instead of three sabbaticals. As the self-proclaimed head of this Union, should Martin Lewis perhaps consider what side of the fence he really stands on?

Yours in disgust,
Anon

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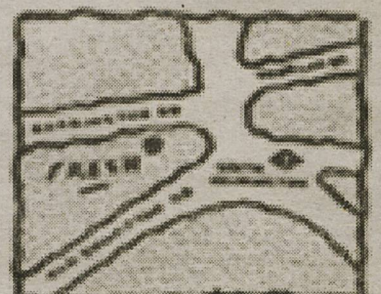
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This Week...

Monday, March 13

BACCHANALIAN SOCIETY

Bacchanalian Bash at the East India Club
For more details contact SU reception

Tuesday, March 14

BACCHANALIAN SOCIETY BASH

See The Three Graces and other 15th Century Italian sculpture
Meet 1:30 pm outside Old Building

HOUSING GROUP has invited David Curry MP Housing Minister to speak on Housing policy and homelessness.
4 pm in the Webb room
LSE ID cards only. No bags or coats

Wednesday, March 15

LATIN AMERICAN SOCIETY presents LATIN CONNECTION VI

The biggest Latin party of the year at 196 Piccadilly
Live band, Pinatas, Big surprises
Tickets on sale in Houghton Street

BRAZILIAN SOCIETY

Human rights: an International and a governmental perspective and the Brazilian experience
UN and Amnesty International representatives and Paulo Sergio Pinheiros
2 pm in C120

Thursday, March 16

ITALIAN SOCIETY presents "A VIEW ON ITALIAN ECONOMICS"

by CARLO SCOGNAMIGLIO, President of the Italian Senate
5:30 pm in A86
Student card or LSE ID only

LSE CHRISTIAN UNION

A Christian response to... "Economics"
by Dr. Roy Clements
6 pm in X002

DRAMA SOCIETY presents THE DINING ROOM

by AR Gurney Jr
7:30 pm in Old Theatre
£2 non-members
£1 members

TIME OUT K-CIDER QUIZ

In the Tuns

Friday, March 17

DRAMA SOCIETY presents THE DINING ROOM

by A R Gurney Jr
7:30 pm in Old Theatre
£2 non-members £1 members

MALAYSIA CLUB presents Y Bhg Dato' Dr Noordin Sopiee, Director-General Institute of Strategic and International Studies (ISIS) Malaysia

On **VISION 2020: HOW REALISTIC? HOW ACHIEVABLE?**

4:30 pm in A86

Seminars on "The changing face of Politics" hosted by Dunamis

March 15

"Community Politics for a sustainable well being." by David Gee, Former Director, Friends of the Earth and D Aitkinson Director, Phoenix Centre, Birmingham

March 22

"Rethinking Conservatism" by Alan Howarth, MP (Conservative) Stratford-upon-Avon and Perry Walker, New Economics Foundation

March 29

"Principle and persuasion in the 1990's" by Anna Coote, Hamlyn Feelo and Director, Social policy programme by IPPR and Ronald Higgins, Director, Dunamis and Author

TIME: 6:30 PM TO 8 PM

PLACE: AT ST. JAMES' 197 PICCADILLY, LONDON W1B 9LF
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ALL WELCOME

LSE CENTENARY PUBLIC LECTURES

Tuesday, March 14

"European Monetary Policy – in the Past, at Present and in the future." Chair: Dr Ashworth at 5:30 pm in Old Theatre

Thursday, March 16

"Technological innovation for the good of Humanity." Chair: Prof Nancy Cartwright at 5:30 pm in Old Theatre

**DEADLINE FOR
WHAT'S ON
PAGE
WEDNESDAY
1PM SHARP**

ACCESS FUND

Home, full-time, undergraduate and post graduate students under certain conditions are eligible to apply to the Access Fund subject to the continued availability of funds.

Access Funds are intended to provide assistance for eligible students facing financial difficulties.

Further information and application forms are available from scholarships office room H209 during normal opening hours.

APPLICATIONS FOR HALLS OF RESIDENCE

For the academic year 1995–1996 are now open. Collect application forms from the Accommodation Office, E294 (ext 7531). Deadline March 31

LONDON NIGHTLINE

6 PM TO 8 AM
CONFIDENTIAL HELP AND INFORMATION FOR STUDENTS
0171 436 5561

University Challenge Teams Announcement

The following students were chosen after successfully gaining the highest scores in the selection meeting. Only one team may go through to the Television rounds.

Team 1:

Captain: Robert Northcot
Ron Voce
Damien Thwaites
Simon Wright
Reserve: Jeff Rasin

Team 2:

Captain: Richard Hearndon
Keith Vincent
Sasha Diklich
Martin Spratt
Reserve: Sanjay Mazumder

Apologies to any students who could not make the selection meeting. It was widely advertised but had to take place at short notice due to the closing date for entries. Thank you to all those students who took part.

The Beaver would like to wish both teams the best of luck in their future endeavours.



Amnesty

SUDAN: In April 1993, government controlled Popular Defence Force (PDF) troops proceeded to loot villages in southern Sudan, taking food, cattle and goats... and children. The children were put on a government train travelling north. Apiu Najok, aged 12, was among those abducted. Here whereabouts are still unknown.

The territory surrounding Bahr al Ghazal is controlled by the armed opposition Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA), engaged in a bitter civil war in the south of Sudan against the Government. PDF troops on horseback accompany government trains clearing civilians and the SPLA. Killings and rape of women and children by PDF troops are frequently reported. It is thought that many of those who are abducted are taken into domestic slavery.

Please send letters expressing concern at the taking into captivity of children by government controlled PDF militias, calling for a thorough and impartial inquiry into the "disappearance" of APIU NAJOK and all other children who have been abducted, and urging that the government takes immediate steps to prevent them taking into captivity of defenceless civilians, by establishing a clear chain of command to ensure that PDF troops are under strict control at all times and by issuing clear instructions that violations of human rights will not be tolerated, to:

Lieutenant-General Omar Hassan Ahmad al-Bashir
President
People's Palace
PO Box 281
Khartoum
Sudan

The Ambassador
The Embassy of the Republic of Sudan
3 Cleveland Row
St James'
SW1A 1DD

Mass Debate

This Wednesday saw a true clash of the titans. Fresh from its domination of the ULU Melitta Challenge the cream of LSE debating talent met to ponder the pros and cons of whether *This House Would Ban Boxing*. Big Jim dominated the opening speech as he attacked the "ignoble art" by comparing boxers to savage animals who must be saved from themselves and the exploitation of greedy promoters. The spectacle of two men "selling" their bodies was, he stated, as morally repugnant as prostitution— he really should become acquainted with "West End Luke" of seedy call-box fame.

Ben then answered the bell looking ill-prepared and wary. Telling poor jokes he stumbled through the opening minute without looking remotely like the world class that he is. It was only towards the end of his speech that he displayed the sharp argumentation and smooth delivery that makes him such a masterful orator, as he pointed out, the surprising but statistically-proven safety of boxing compared to rugby, rockclimbing and horseriding, the disciplined way of life that the sport represents to many amateurs as well as professionals and the danger of legislation driving it underground where its dangers would dramatically increase. Finishing with a fast flurry of witty rhetoric he drew deserved applause from the audience.

As far as I can tell the proposition had hired an intoxicated round-card girl called Lisa to speak for them next. Denouncing an activity where the objective is to kick the spit out of the other person she instead brilliantly suggested martial arts and wrestling as suitable and gentler alternatives because they involved "faking it"— her words, not mine! She mocked the low IQ and busted features of the traditional fighter stereotype and questioned their ability to decide for themselves the risks of their trade. She used the example of Mike Tyson to show why civilised society should ban boxing. She ended with a sarcastic imitation on the speech impediment of fellow American Sylvester Stallone, aka Rocky Balboa but this attempt at showboating was greeted with booing from the other members.

The opposition was concluded by another of LSE's award-winning debaters, this one sporting a ponytail and a pugnacious manner. His principal theme was the freedom of the individual. Contrary to the ignorance of the proposers, many boxers were not dumb and stupid animals. They were dedicated and motivated athletes who had made the decision to trade punches in pursuit of fitness, fortune and fame. Boxing was a science, the ability to hit and score points without being hit in return: comparisons with cock-fighting and prostitution were completely ridiculous. He also mentioned boxers such as Muhammed Ali, Naseem Hamed, Ray Leonard, Chris Eubank and Evander Holyfield to highlight the role-models of charisma, skill, intelligence and wealth that can be found amongst the game's best practitioners.

Looking a little over-excited at such testosterone-charged words the President called for floor speeches. Kevin Cough seemed to think he was in a debate about the relative merits of Rugby and American football. Martin Spott suggested that boxing was a valuable channel for society's aggressive tendencies. The decision of the ringside judges was unanimous in favour of the opposition by scores of 8-4-1.

From crisis to crisis

On the looming trade war between China and the U.S.

The United States and China recently reached an agreement which was better than the previous one in January 1992. Even so it is expected that they will continue to have problems not only with regards to trade, but also other issues such as the Textile dispute, Taiwan and entry to the World Trade Organization, amongst others. The United States and Chinese negotiators faced a critical test in trying to beat the February 26 deadline in order to prevent an all out trade war. Although US Trade Negotiator Lee Sands declined to comment on the issue, talks in Beijing have been heating up. The problem was the Chinese misuse of American entertainment products which is estimated to cost the US about a billion dollars a year. This is not only a problem for US businesses but also a hurdle for improvement in future Sino-American relations.

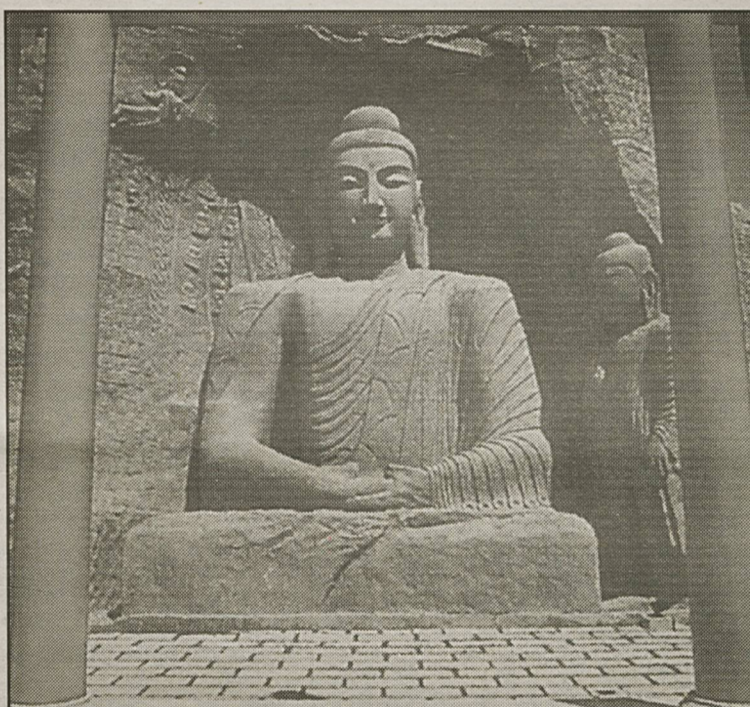
China is still making the transition from the Deng Xiaoping regime to the post Xiaoping era. In order to make this change easier for China, trade is geared to open up markets for future economic expansion. At the same time the U.S. is dealing with its own ambiguities created by a Republican dominated Congress. The new shift in power in Washington has caused animosity towards Beijing— which, along with issues such as human rights, arms control and Taiwan continues to deteriorate a once promising relationship, as well as threaten China's prized MFN status.

With regard to Chinese copyright violations, the Clinton Administration was threatening economic sanctions in which the US planned 100% tariffs. As the Financial Times Tony Walker has written, "Unless Beijing agrees to take 'concrete' action against counterfeiters, including 29 plants in Southern and central China producing pirate computer and laser disc.... Washington is also demanding stronger action against.... films, video games, books, magazines and computer software.... China has said it will retaliate".

These copyright violations have a serious implication on the US trade with China

Dana Johnson

US businesses were threatened by the hostility between the two countries. For example, US toy manufacturers see the hostility between the two countries as not just an immediate but a long term problem as well. As John Amerman CEO of Mattel says, "China is the single biggest manufacturing site for Mattel toys, producing a third of the company's product." One can see the American predicament because imposition of trade sanctions would risk not just foreign rela-



tions but a further \$50 million in trade.

However some think that the US has no option but to play hardball. This means that the US must back up its threat with actual economic sanctions and not just empty threats and rhetoric. In the words of Newt Gingrich, speaker of the House Of Representatives, "Trade cannot be a one way street. They can't cheat us and expect us to have our markets open". From this comment one can gather that in the newly elected Congress some view China as swindling the US of its Entertainment and Business industry.

Not only was the Sino-American relationship at stake but US officials were eager to improve market access to China in exchange for US entertainment and information products. The result was as follows: On

February 26, 1995 the U.S. and China actually worked together to prevent a trade war from occurring! This particular agreement included specific details with regard to Chinese copyright violations and also improved market access for American goods. In the words of President Bill Clinton, "Greater respect for rule of the law and greater access to intellectual property both promote a more open Chinese society". From that comment one can gather that the present US administration is in no mood to tolerate further copyright violations. But even if China displays minimal respect, Clinton must take US businesses into consideration with regard to its policy towards China.

Fortunately however, the US and China were able to reach an agreement before February 26. Still, whether or not this agreement was substantial remains a matter of debate with the US government viewing it with optimism. Ms. Charlene Barshefsky, US Trade Representative, described the recent Sino American on intellectual property rights as a win-win deal. This confidence of US officials rests largely on Chinese commitment on issues like copyright violations and improved market access, as well as promised preventive action against counterfeiters. As the Financial Times Tony Walker has

observed, "As a demonstration of good faith, China has closed seven pirate factories including the two most notorious plants.... the Shenfei Laser And Optical System Co. and Zhuhai Audio-Video publishing House". From this one can see that this agreement is more substantive in the sense that the Chinese made substantial concessions against counterfeiters.

In conclusion, although the US and China were able to avert a trade war, they will continue to have problems on other issues including human rights and arms control. Perhaps, it is time for Bill Clinton to delineate a rigorous US-China policy by making Beijing realise that if China is to become fully integrated in the world trading community, it must adhere to accepted rules and regulations.

Are you the next Branson ?

How many of you out there wonder are considering starting your own business, after your time at your university? Not many I guess! It seems natural after graduating to look for a job which leads you into your chosen career. An option that is clearly available - that of being your own boss - is often ignored or given little thought.

Perhaps there are valid reasons for this. What business? Where do I get the capital? How to go about it? Do I have the ability? We tend to give up before taking more effort in considering this question. I am not for a moment suggesting that this is easily done.

Abbas Merali

In fact, coming from an institution such as the LSE does not directly help you in this venture, whereas it does make job hunting a great deal easier.

However the LSE Small Business Society has enlightened us! For those of you not familiar with it, it is a well organised society, which arranges talks on aspects of starting up a business. It is a pity that only the same 80 to 100 keen individuals turn up at these meetings. This underlines the lack of interest in this topic, which is surprising considering the possible benefits that can be

derived from running your own business.

The unambiguous message from the society so far has been, "Doing your own business is not as difficult as you might perceive; and the rewards can be extensive". The speakers have pinpointed the important ingredients for success - initiative, drive and the determination to go all the way. The rest, they say, will follow.

Here at the LSE we are fortunate to have a society that represents those with similar ambitions, where ideas can be exchanged with those who have already made it. Look out for future meetings. Surely you would rather make money for yourself than for your boss!!

The secrets of my success

The new Sabbatical Officers, Claire Lawrie, Omer Soomro, Kate Hampton and Nick Fletcher, speak to Nicola Hobday about their victory.

The elections results of last week are known now by most. However, for those of you who were unscathed by the abrasive campaigning tactics of the candidates over the last few weeks, here is what next year's sabbaticals have to offer you...

Treasurer: Claire Lawrie

Claire won this post with 644 votes.

Were you confident that you were going to win, or did you have any doubts?

After the hustings on Thursday I really wasn't sure how I would do. I kept telling myself that I wouldn't win so that I and my campaign team were motivated to work a lot harder.

How did you rate your opposition?

I thought my main problems were going to be with Shaibal Dutta, the Labour Club candidate, I considered him my main opponent but I knew that Marie Darvill would do a lot of damage as well.

To whom do you owe your success?

To my campaign team definitely. They were absolutely excellent and I couldn't have done it without them. Sometimes it is not always the best person for the job who wins but the one with the best campaign. I would like to thank Linda, Martin, Kate and Phillippe, they're all stars.

What will you do now?

Just relax, get a few drinks in and go and watch the race night in the Underground. I'm going to concentrate on my exams and also attempt to make my job a bit easier next year by doing some work for it now.

How will you do that?

There is a very important meeting on Friday where the school decides how much money they will give the Student Union. It would normally be eight percent of the school budget but I think I shall press for ten percent this year.

So what will your policies be next year, in the light of your election?

I plan to redecorate the Veggie Cafe and I also plan to find ways to make the Union Print room more efficient which is quite controversial. I will definitely secure the hardship fund. I think it's important that everyone is informed and that they know where the money's going. All the finance files will be accessible to everyone and I want everyone to know where my office is and that they can come there at any time.

How do you feel about speaking in the UGM?

I don't mind at all. I think that if someone can't handle the paper throwing and the insults than they can't handle the job. However, I do feel that there should be more women speaking at the UGM and that it should be less intimidating. It would be great if everyone felt that they could go up and speak.

Education and Welfare: Omer Soomro

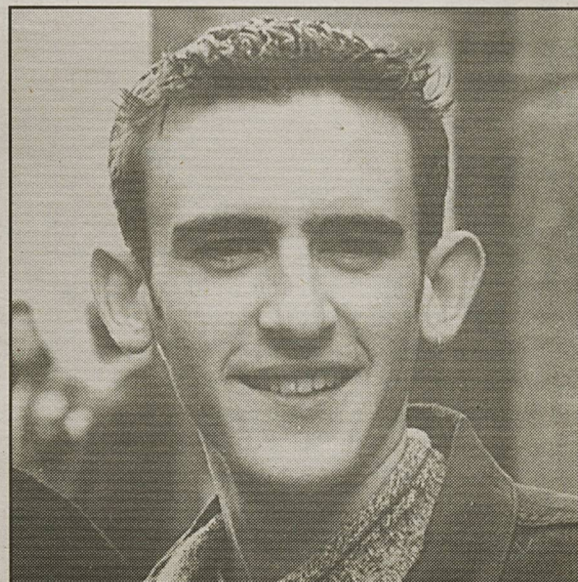
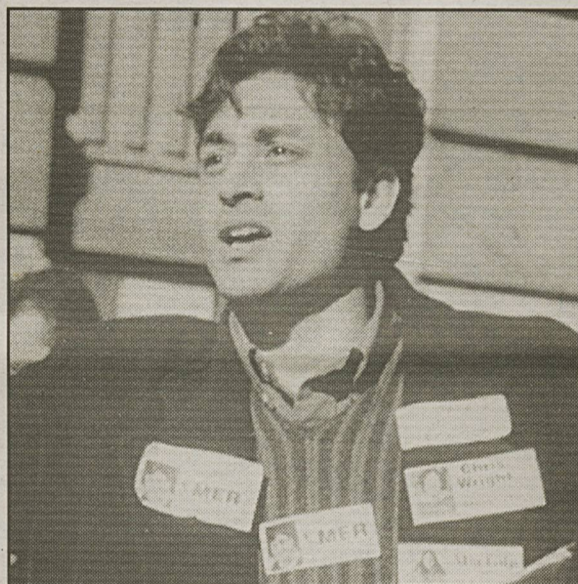
Omer won this post with 722 votes.

How did you find the election processes?

I felt like I was working in a vacuum, in a situation where I was not completely familiar with the mechanisms.

What do you have to say to those who accused you of being Vini's candidate?

I am proud to have been supported by Vini but I am not Vini's candidate. Everyone seems to think that with the backing of Vini you cannot fail to win but the man is not a legend. He asked for my help last year and this year he gave me his. There were many candidates who knocked on his door and asked him for help, it was not just me. It is not unusual



for candidates to get help from present Sabbaticals either. I think what is important about Vini's support is that Vini is Indian and I am Pakistani. We are able to overcome the political bickering of our countries, that our soldiers are killing each other every day, and work together. Maybe next year a Turk will propose a Greek, this is what we are aiming for.

How important was the Global Festival to you?

Very important. It was this that helped me get interested in LSE student politics and I met a lot of important people through it; I realised that I was the man for the job of Education and Welfare Officer. I also learnt that students at the LSE are interested in student politics and they are interested in doing things. I think that my landslide victory is a major indication that very many students want to take part in Student Union politics and they want someone to represent them.

What will your policies be next year?

I am particularly committed to getting fair representation for post graduates and I also intend to secure resits in the autumn. These are both problems that involve overseas and home students, I don't want anyone to think that I represent only one and not the other.

General Secretary: Kate Hampton

Kate won with 676 votes.

Did you think you would win?

I wasn't sure. I thought it would be really close with Chris Parry or Ron

Voce. In the final stages of the campaign I realised that I would face my main opposition from Baljit Mahal because he had worked really hard on his campaign.

What are you going to do now?

I'm going to write a dissertation and then I've got to graduate.

What will you do when you're in office?

Well, I won't be as dictatorial as Martin Lewis. Obviously the environment will be the main item on my agenda. Anyone who thought that green politics was a not a big issue at the LSE was wrong as at least some of my votes came from my green policies. I want to get people involved more as the worst problem we suffer from here is apathy. I am also very concerned with the future of higher education and want to promote equal opportunities, not in a tokenistic way but as a valid contribution. I would like to involve all the societies in Student Union politics and have loads debates. I really think that the SU ought to be more dynamic. I also think that we ought to have one minutes silence in the UGM every week to remember all the trees that have been cut down.

How will you cope with the workload?

I'm going to work as hard as I can. I know that it is an incredibly hard job but I care enough about it to try and make a difference.

Your campaign wasn't incredibly high profile, why was that?

I didn't use many photos in my campaign because I didn't want to be accused of using my looks to my advantage as I was last year. However, I think the campaign that I had was effective and I'm glad that it was done on recycled paper.

Entertainments and Societies: Nick Fletcher

Nick won this position with 572 votes.

How do you feel?

I'm well chuffed but still a bit pissed off that we drew 0-0 with Coventry on Monday. (Thanks Nick - Ed)

From top to bottom Claire Lawrie, Omer Soomro, Kate Hampton and Nick Fletcher Photos: Hania Midura

Women on top

Sex, lies, intrigue and the internet. Mervyn Metcalf reports

Disclosure

Director: Barry Levinson

Warner West End

She pulls of her black silk top, bearing her full chest to his gaze he steps back she lunges forward and pulls down his trousers he tries to resist she continues edging down to his most certainly interested member 'Is this a

new Michael Douglas movie, or are you just happy to see me?'

Yes, Hollywood is at it again. Major stars, major director, and major writer, all out to make a major blockbuster. What does that involve in Hollywood today - well a bit of scandal, a bit of sex and a bit of science fiction for good measure. *Disclosure*, starring Michael Douglas and Demi Moore (Mrs Bruce Willis) is such a film. Written by Mr Jurassic Park, Michael Crichton, it centres around a sexual harassment case. But this



Demi Moore and Michael Douglas

Photo: Warner Bros

being Hollywood and 1995, she harasses him!!! The poor man.

To cut a very long story short, Michael Douglas loses out on a promotion to an old flame - Demi Moore. During their first meeting she makes a pass at him. He being married, declines. Next day she claims he harassed her. The company answer is that they will forget that it ever happened if Michael moves to some hick town in America (are there any non-hick towns in

America?). He decides to fight for his rights and prove his innocence to clear his name. In so doing a mystery takes shape. Unfortunately the shape is more like a squidgy jelly than a concrete statue. It twists and turns so much that by the end of the film Michael Douglas is 'interacting' with Demi Moore in a virtual reality office! Long live the internet.

What's it like? Well, you're all too young to know the answer

to that, but the film isn't all that bad. Michael Douglas, shot throughout in shadow, mumbles his lines reasonably well, while Demi Moore is excellent as the villainous mastermind. She is in full control, only slipping at the very end. Don't they ever learn from Mrs. Thatcher? The film is tightly directed by Barry Levinson (*Rain Man*, *Toys*) with just enough top spin to knock the audience for six.

The agony and the ecstasy



Gary Oldman

Stephen Lloyd on a musical genius

Immortal Beloved

Director: Bernard Rose

Opens March 17

From gun-toting, drug-tak-
ing psychopath to classical

maestro, Gary Oldman explains his passion for Beethoven in his latest release *Immortal Beloved*.

Oldman plays the musical genius himself who on his death bed leaves all his possessions to his immortal beloved. The film follows his closest friend Anton

(Jeroen Krabbe) in his search for the mystery lady, although the film's conclusion is spurious. The thin and rather dry plot is just an excuse for Bernard Rose to write a documentary on Beethoven, and why not? We learn of the child prodigy made to practice, practice and practice, the young man who becomes deaf before the pinnacle of his career and Beethoven the great lover - well so they say! We also discover the tragic solitude of his deafness and his sad determination to make his nephew into the next Mozart.

Isabella Rossellini, previously a regular Vogue model, now Gary Oldman's wife, portrays one of Beethoven's lovers. Surprisingly, Rossellini learnt to play the violin, especially for the part, although it looks like all the actors are miming - and badly at that. However, Oldman is meant to be so good on the piano that he has contributed to the soundtrack which although over two centuries old is funky. Also look out for Barry Humphries - Dame Edna Everage no less - as the obligatory corrupt aristocrat. Bernard Rose's direction is disjointed and confusing at points but the sets are visually impressive. Sadly, this makes the film, which is altogether enjoyable, incomprehensible at points.

Ask me about Beethoven and I think of the musical dude from *Bill and Ted's*, not of a genius frustrated by his deafness and the solitude that goes with it. It is amazing that this deaf, impossible little man could produce music of such beauty and passion. There is no aura of being polite and sedate that some classical music carries. There is something incredibly vibrant, passionate and timeless, and nothing dated about his works.

Wild child

Language of the gods? Philip Lam reviews

Nell

Director: Michael Apted

Odeon West End

Nell tells the story of a young woman (Jodie Foster) who grows up in the wilderness, totally insulated from society and all forms of civilisation. She is discovered by the local doctor Jerome Lovell, played by Liam Neeson, only when her mother passes away. Her language is incomprehensible, not aided by the fact that the only person to have taught her anything was her mother, whose speech was impaired by several strokes. The result? Something called 'Nellish'. More on this 'language' later.

Lovell doesn't know what to do with Nell, and enlists the help of psychologist Paula Olson (Natasha Richardson). He soon regrets this move as she begins treating Nell as more of a once-in-a-lifetime research opportunity than a slightly socially-challenged human being. A court hearing is called for, and lacking sufficient information on the subject, the judge decides to defer judgement for three months while more is learned about Nell. During this period, Lovell and Olson get to know Nell and her past better. As expected, they learn to respect Nell and want to try and protect her. Everybody learns

something about themselves they never knew about (this is actually done in a less trite way than it sounds) and at the end of the three months, Nell manages to persuade the judge that she has the right to her own life, and everyone lives happily ever after.

Jodie Foster has a tendency to make movies that get critically acclaimed (as this one probably will be) but will probably not be runaway commercial successes. This film, in essence, is quite cerebral (read boring). If you enjoyed *Little Man Tate*, chances are, you'll like this one. If you didn't like it, then go watch *Disclosure* or something. What could have been a very interesting film about a woman brought from the relative peace of the wilderness into the chaos of the big bad world has effectively been turned into a documentary on 'Nellish'. Most of the film should have some subtitles, as we just listen to babble coming out from Nell and Lovell as he attempts to pick up this absurd language. Be prepared for words like 'erna', 'kine', 'tata' and my personal pet hatred, 'chickabee'. You only get the idea as to what they mean towards the end of the movie. So you'll have to content yourself with the superb acting of Jodie Foster who plays an idiot, and Liam Neeson's wonderful portrayal of a doctor who is trying to understand the said idiot. Certainly more than a placebo for insomnia.

All dressed up

Danny Silverstone on TV fame and reality

I Love a Man in Uniform

Director: David Wellington
Metro

I Love a Man in Uniform is the debut feature from Canadian director David Wellington. An unusual mixture of cliché and innovation, it never quite lives up to its supremely suggestive title.

Henry Adler, (played by the brilliant Tom McCamus) is a timid bank clerk and unsuccessful part time actor. Unexpectedly, he gets the role of Flannigan, a heroic policeman, on a trashy cops and rob-

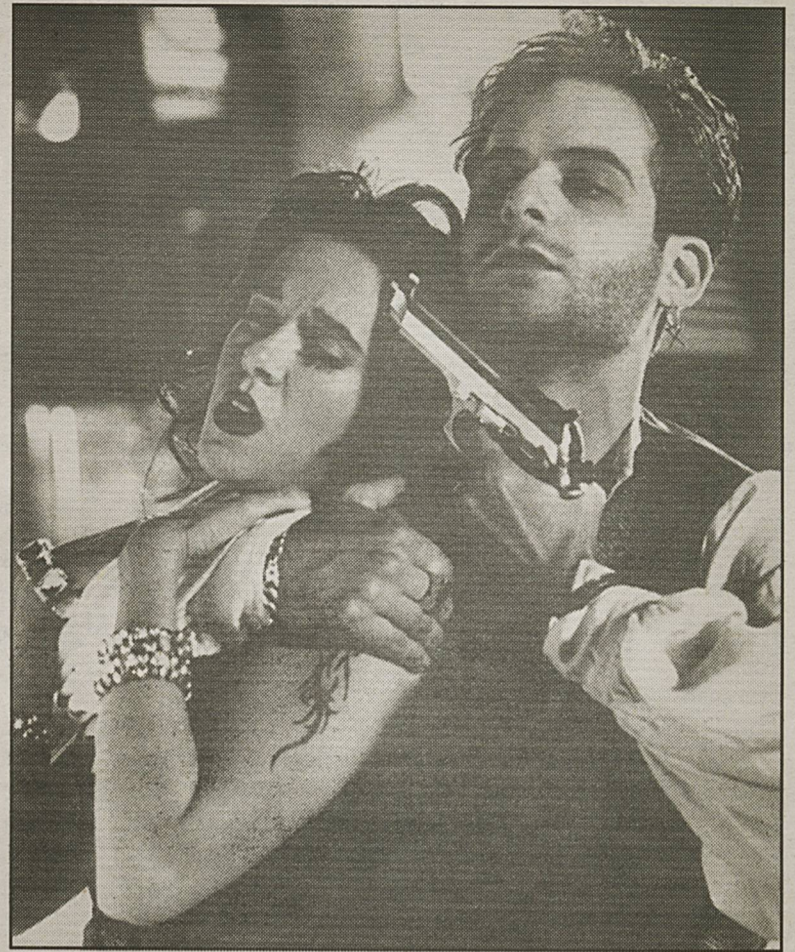
bers show called Crimewave. In the TV show he rescues repentant prostitute Charlie Warner and casually rights all wrongs. Unfortunately, this dynamic persona takes over frustrated Adler, as he takes to the streets in his sexy police uniform.

The film works best when it is exploring or sending up the conflicting demands of Henry's two roles. The dark humour is at the expense of Henry's slow realisation that perhaps the general public don't share his awe of the police authority.

The humour, the movie allusions and the poignant explanation of media myth, makes this a truly post-modern movie. As such it sits

comfortably alongside its alternative American competition.

The problems begin as all of the film's ambiguity dissipates. Charlie the TV prostitute refused to be rescued in real life, while Adler lets his TV identity completely take over. The result is an diluted *Taxi Driver* with Adler as an ineffective Travis. The puncturing of Adler's idealism is too predictable to be powerful while his social fascism lacks all conviction. The violent ending is disappointingly familiar. The overall impression is one of failing conviction. If only the director could have maintained his imaginative sedition, the film could have lived up to its superb title.



Tom McCamus as Henry Flanagan

Photo: Metro

Remembering the dead

Jason Kassemoff reviews modern art

AFTER AUSCHWITZ

Royal Festival Hall

This exhibition remembers the Holocaust in a strong way, yet does so without getting emotionally involved with the horrors. The good point about it is that it touches your head more than your heart, and has an essential message to put across.

Exhibits include paintings, photographs and models. There is a huge wall of suitcases and other travelling containers, built to resemble the wailing wall in Jerusalem. The cases remind one of going on holiday, yet for the victims the holiday was doomed.

There is a large ink print of the poem: *The Ballad of Marie Sanders, the Jew's Whore* by Brecht, on canvas. This includes a print of an actual photo of a prostitute being punished for her non-aryan behaviour.

The *Alter to the Chajas High School* is an innovative work using

lights, school photographs, and rows of children's lunchboxes to create an impressive effect. The wires of the lights go, significantly over the faces of the children.

There are items of furniture made of iron, with young children's faces superimposed in a ghostly manner on them. This is very effective. "These children are no more".

Three paintings by Natan Nuchi, all black backgrounded with a thin, white, dead body drawn on them. The figures are spirit-like in their being. It is unusual to see a dead body of its own in remembering the holocaust, we usually see piles of bodies. These three paintings stand out in their enormity and their unique subject-matter of portraying a single victim.

The Combing Shawl is a large model, resembling long strands of hair, each depicted by a strand of vellum, with words from Anne Frank's diary printed on them. This hair is surrounded by hundreds of metal combs, combs from the victims. The combs seem to prevent the hair from flowing, like a waterfall stopped suddenly in its flow. This is one highlight of the exhibition.

This is an excellent exhibition, not too large, but large enough. It is accessible. The images of the holocaust are not trivialised, as art sometimes threatens to do, but are strengthened in the memory - intellectually, not emotionally. The exhibition runs at the Royal Festival Hall Galleries until April 17.



Prince of darkness

Jessica Chaffin on the production of the year

Hamlet

Hackney Empire

Ralph Fiennes. The name conjures the image of an incredibly talented and intelligent actor of astonishing classical beauty. If you pay any attention to the media cognoscenti in this town, he is the great English hope of stage and screen for the 90's. So he was a magnetic, unforgettable sadist in *Schindler's List*, so he was near perfect as morally muddled WASP Charles Van Doren in the Oscar nominated *Quiz Show*— but is Ralph Fiennes really worthy of all the praise and publicity that he has received as of late, or has he just got a good press agent? The answer is an unequivocal yes to the first.

Theatre. The final frontier. The actor at his most vulnerable, pitted against the audience in a contest to entertain or move. Gone is the security of the movie set - one shot to get it right, there are no extra takes. Add the seemingly insurmountable task of *Hamlet* to the equation, and the stakes increase twofold. So how does an actor who has made his

name in movies and hasn't been on stage in two years fare? Exceedingly well.

Hamlet is now playing at the Hackney Empire. If you can schlep all the way out there, it is well worth the journey. Jonathan Kent's production in association with the Almeida Theatre Company is superb. Done in turn of the century costume, it's set is incredibly minimal and sparse. All the better, as it forces the audience to focus on the immeasurable importance of the language in this, one of the greatest plays ever written. *Hamlet* is a play which supposedly speaks to any generation - Kent's production certainly strengthens this argument. It has been said that Kent, who began his career in the theatre as an actor, is not a director of great focus, but one who delivers great results. This could not be more true. He is a true actor's director, if this production is to be taken as any indication of his ability, facilitating astounding performances from his exceptional cast.

Fiennes' *Hamlet* is one of inner turmoil, humor, and intelligence. He brings a casual intellectual quality to the role, speaking, as opposed to preaching, *Hamlet's* words as though they had just occurred to him. His *Hamlet* is incredibly watchable, but

also incredibly likeable. Nobody wants to hear some spoiled Prince talk about himself and his problems for three hours, unless you're his well-paid therapist. But, if you like him, find him charismatic, witty, and altogether wronged, you are compelled to wait it out and see what is to become of him. Fiennes succeeds here where other actors have failed. He is able to find the balance, producing a *Hamlet* who is both compelling and comprehensible.

However, Fiennes' is not the only performance of note in this production. The supporting cast, if you can debase a group of actors as talented and established as these by calling them such, is outstanding. The chemistry is perfect between *Hamlet* and Paterson Joseph's Horatio, a tried and true companion. James Laurenson shines as Claudius, alternately Machiavellian and cowardly in his actions. Tara Fitzgerald (*Hear My Song, Sirens*) and Francesca Annis both deliver incredibly strong performances as the two women in *Hamlet's* life, Ophelia and Gertrude respectively. It's a performance well worth the bus fare to Hackney, but catch it while you can - it bypasses the West End for Broadway after a brief European tour.

The winners of *The Day Today* competition were Alex Smith, Sean McNulty and Marie Spenwyn

Mud, glorious mud

Emma Justice on an unusual threesome

Mud

Etcetera Theatre, Camden

Maria Irene Fornes new play *Mud* must be one of the most unusual plays I have ever seen. It is about two "uncivilised" people Mae and Lloyd who live in poverty and squalor within both an abstract and a real world. The play begins with their mad rantings and Mae insulting Lloyd for not being able to "get it up" – sound familiar guys? Well, it continues in much the same vein with multiple references to sexual perversions but wait – there is some deep meaning to all this.

Mae is feeling rather unfulfilled and so has enrolled in school where she attempts to learn to read. As a part of her quest for educational fulfillment (she should have come to the LSE) she invites a rather scruffy intellect, Henry to stay. He agrees and Mae chucks Lloyd out of her bed to make space, a wise move considering Lloyd's problems. The end result of it all is much animosity between the unlikely threesome. Then Henry falls over some wet stones and becomes paralysed – I never said this was a realistic play! Mae gets fed up because neither men can give mental or indeed physical satisfaction and she decides to leave to bigger and



Caroline Oliver and Reg Wilson in *Mud*

Photo: Danielle Faiman

better things. Both men are devastated and Lloyd in his grief shoots Mae in a last ditch attempt to make her stay, she dies and the two men live happily ever after – NOT. What a whirlwind plot you may be thinking and I agree but it was all totally

unbelievable and out of most people's experience. The acting however was excellent and the cast did do their best to bring some realism to the play, there were also some funny bits but that unfortunately was all.

Madness

Deborah Goldemberg in the asylum

Marat/Sade

Courtyard Theatre

The persecution of Marat as performed by the inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the direction of the Marquis de Sade, is what this play is supposed to be. The bullying of a revolutionary who lives in his bath wrapped up in bandages, as performed by the loonies of the Asylum (who seem to be more epileptic than insane), under the direction of Napoleon, with some insights from the Marquis de Sade, is what it turns out to be.

The year is 1808, while Napoleon is at war in Europe. In France, the bourgeoisie is living off the profits of the war, while the rebels are being locked up in asylums for being "unsuitable" for living in society. In short, the underlying idea is – where everything has a price, where love is corrupt and sexual orgies are all that matter, who is mad? Isn't sanity just a willingness to participate in the spectacle which diverts from the truth? Ultimately, this is supposed to point to our own society.

The text by Peter Weiss is ultra ambitious, aiming at dealing with a wide range of issues – social resentment, hero worship, twisted political actions, corruption, and the battle between the ideology of

revolution (Marat) versus the ideology of individualism (Sade). By nature, therefore, this is a difficult play to stage.

Thomas Baker's direction fails to clarify the text, what could have been done in a theatre, where the space, voice, light, costumes would help. The production is chaotic. There is not one moment of silence, or whisper, or visual peace, or soothing lighting. From beginning to end the actors are exhaled. Their tones of voice vary from intense to very intense to screaming to singing to crying to begging. The inmates of the Asylum have nervous tics throughout – non stop. The result is that the spectator is so overwhelmed with movement and voices that he ceases to make sense of the meaning of the play. If he was not supposed to "make sense" of it, neither does he feel anything towards it, because his senses are numb.

There were some very good moments – the Marquis de Sade, played hypnotisingly convincingly by David Love, in a sadomasochistic climax where he begs to be whipped while talking of what he did in the revolution. The jester, played by Challona Deicke, was a mischievous narrator with an incredible sense of timing when interrupting the climax of the scenes to deliver her riddles. These scenes end up lost in midst of the whole insanity. You can disagree – after all this is just a Beaver review?

Hell is other people

Room to let for coward, bitch and airhead. Dawn Read reviews an LSE Drama Society production

In Camera

Old Theatre

Anyone familiar with the philosophical writings of Jean Paul Sartre – novelist, playwright and founder of French existentialism, might be forgiven for believing him capable of portraying only the gloomier side of human existence. That is unless they were fortunate enough to catch the LSE Drama Society production of *In Camera* (aka *Huis Clos*), one of Sartre's many satirical analyses on human relationships. Directed and designed by Andy Sears, the play – set in Hell – struck a fine balance between the agony of life eternal amongst those we most despise, and the humour inherent in the confrontational reposts between three egocentric individuals.

The central character Joseph Garcin (Andy Sears), a professional journalist, coward and misogynist, is left to spend the rest of eternity in the company of Inez Serrano (Nathalie Von Kunitzki), a lesbian and man-hater and

Estelle Rigault (Lisa Dickstein), a spoon-fed affectitious airhead. Each were introduced to their hell by a wickedly sinister Valet (Cyril Megret), who could equally have been an employee or Old Nick himself. In line with Sartre's atheist stance, all soon discovered that hell is not the burning flesh and brimstone as depicted by scriptures, but that they each represent the hell of the other two.

A garish and minimalist set was used to great affect, incorporating a false wall and smoke emitting entrance to distinguish between the traditional hell "out there", and the psychological hell on stage. The audience were treated to a merry-go-round of spiteful, malicious, conniving and often humorous exchanges, as Inez vied for Estelle's affection, Estelle made plays for Garcin, and Garcin searched for silence and solitude. Blue spotlights on each character represented a deteriorating view through to the living world, and the life they once knew. Interesting point: *In camera* is an anagram of American!

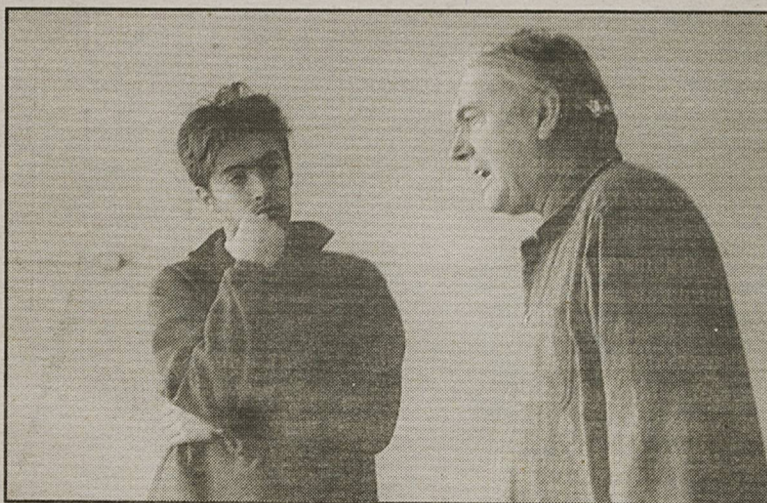
Mystery men and stuffed shirts

Mariam Zarmalwal watches two individual productions

Who is Eddie Linden?

Old Red Lion Theatre
Islington

The intimacy of the Old Red Lion Theatre lends itself well to a play that delves into the personality of Eddie Linden, pub-



Dallas Campbell (Stuart) and Michael Deacon (Eddie) Photo: Jane Clark

lisher of *Aquarius* magazine and poet, and the young man who visits him. Set in Eddie's squalid bed-sit, the audience gradually discovers the life, loves, and literature of this curious, eccentric and often misunderstood man.

This poignant, but fascinating history is kept alive by an engaging and fast-moving script that is

both entertaining and credible. The combination of pathos and dignity in the character of Eddie is made evident by Michael Deacon's extremely convincing acting. The "visitor" – a character who is intriguing in his own way and adds an element of suspense to the play – is played, somewhat uncertainly at the start, by Dallas Campbell,



but he undoubtedly redeems himself during the second half, especially towards the tense climax. "Who is Eddie Linden?" It wouldn't make a great deal of difference if you knew or not but this is certainly a worthwhile two hours of drama and Eddie is certainly an interesting, endearing and charmingly gentle man.

Stuffed shirts and Marionettes

Warehouse Theatre, Croydon

Four actors – two men and two women – appear on an empty stage naming themselves as 'conjurers' or 'spirits' and relate the story of Ellen Ternan, child actress, mistress of Charles Dickens and housewife through a combination of song and drama. With incredible energy, considerable talent and without a hint of or inhibition, the four convey both disturbing scenes of violence, hypocrisy and immorality and contrasting scenes of slapstick humour and "show business" which characterise the era of Victorian England.

This piece of theatre moves extremely fast: words of verse and prose and dialogue flooding unceasingly as the 'spirits' bound on and off stage, burst into song, dance or mime; grimace, glare and growl at the audience, and create such an atmosphere of intensity that the mind boggles, the eyes squint and the ears throb.

Sometimes, I wondered what the hell was going on – but did it really matter? Certainly an experience if nothing else!

Fake flowers more like!

Mr Goulding is sadly not impressed

You know that great Levi's advert, where the hardened "I've seen it orl before luvvie" cabbie picks up what looks roughly like a "hot chick" only to find that the passenger is indeed a "not chick", (with all due respect)? Well, the typically good music that accompanies it is none other than those brave bunch Freak Power, who have received some bad press from these very pages in the past. How can it be? Well, that's exactly what I wanted to know, and so, in spite of all those bad reviews and essentially bad feelings I took it upon myself to investigate their latest live show in Camden.

Why did I bother? I don't want to write a bad review, I don't. Really. But, even being charitable, I can't bring myself to give them any more than that

they are only slightly above average because their lead singer has a bald head. Musically, they are supremely normal. Stunningly plain. There were even points where the band were fucking up - which puts them well below the shite threshold, all things considered.

Fairly soon I found myself joining the steady stream of people that didn't want to miss any of The Word and that too does not elevate Freaksters (rhymes with cheeksters) and so I conclude: if you're considering buying any of this band's material, give that money to me, and what I'll do is get pissed and throw up in your lounge/bed/shoe/lap, and believe me, you'll be getting much greater value for money. Chris "not only but also" Clevercunt says "It's a load of bollocks."



Bald heads aren't enough. Someone needs to tell them

Photo:Island

Tom's fruity salad evening

Tom Stone

The size of Jongleurs meant that this was bound to be quite a small and intimate gig. This was emphasised the moment we arrived when we were able to sit down at a table, which is not something you are able to do at most gigs these days! Unless, of course, you're mellowing out and being sophisticated in some jazz club. Salad however, are certainly not jazz, and they're not usually that mellow!

I couldn't imagine the support band, "Powder" ever being in the slightest bit mellow. They pounded their way through a pretty raucous punk-oriented set with the lead singer (yes, you guessed it, she's a woman) screaming out the vocals with enough energy to get even the least receptive of Salad fans tap-

ping their feet. Earlier in the day, in my interview with Salad, they'd told me that they rated Powder, and this certainly seemed to be the case on the night, as throughout Powder's set, the members of Salad could be seen mingling with the audience and enjoying the music. No VIP room for Salad - although for some reason Powder seemed to get one!

The energy that came from Powder was pretty raw, and although the tunes were good, as soon as Salad took the stage it was clear that there was no way that they were going to be outdone by their support. Salad's lead singer seemed to be simply bursting with vitality and enthusiasm, in sharp contrast to the reserved soft spoken girl I had met earlier in the day.

The lighting effects on the stage were simple, but the size of

the venue made them very effective. One moment there were pulsing red strip lights across the back of the stage, and the next, as Salad launched into their opener "Drink The Elixir", the audience were blinded by white floodlights shining across the whole of the venue.

Salad's songs came across very well live. The simple production of their recorded versions means that they were able to reproduce almost exactly the same sound live. The quality of their material gave them a distinct edge over Powder, but the fact that they were able to maintain, if not exceed Powder's energy level also added greatly to their performance. The smallness of the venue meant that you could really appreciate the lead singer's commitment to the band. She was completely full of herself throughout the whole of the set, although not in an objec-

tionable way. Her actions and expressions as she sang really gave you the feeling that she cared about the music, she knew exactly what she was singing about, and wasn't simply reeling off lyrics which had no meaning for her. Her interaction with the audience through her expressions, and even by mimicking the audience's dancing, as they went crazy to one of Salad's more up-tempo numbers, made for a really great atmosphere.

Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, and if you weren't, all you had to do was look at the band and see how much fun they were obviously having and you couldn't stay miserable for long. Salad are tipped to be destined for greater things, and certainly, if they can maintain performances like this at their larger gigs on the tour, it should help them greatly on their road to success.



Our other Radiohead picture this week

Photo:Tom Sheehan

Probably the smallest but longest headline ever

Another press gig. Radiohead's new single "High and Dry" and possibly forthcoming album "Who Cares?" sounds okay. My slightly green tinted friend really liked all of it - the single is lovely, I have to admit, and your man's a good singer and so on but the problem was that it was supposed to be an unplugged gig kind of. However, the guitarist from Hell decided to make it's ugly presence felt in the form of the lead guitarist from the band who was very much plugged in, and to be honest he sounded like the piece of shrapnel that was

tragically working it's way from his heart to his fingers was giving him some mighty pains and so he could only manage to produce a racket akin to that of a cow full of scrap iron being thrown down a very deep well. (Phew - I didn't stop for breath in that sentence and I don't think you did either).

Any road up. The single's fine and I'm sure you'll hear it on the popular scene soon, close on the heels as it is of their somewhat successful last effort (no sarcasm intended) and so you can judge for yourself. And don't forget, hole mi coke, I'm biling.MG

Just about Squeezed in

Oliver Adelman

The root of a lot of good rock and roll lies in relatively simplistic, yet highly pleasurable dance music. One man and his acoustic guitar are not necessarily the elements that one would immediately associate with such music, but a crowded London pub and enthusiastic audience are.

Such were the ingredients the evening of Thursday, February 16, when Glenn Tillbrook, the lead singer of Squeeze, played the Half Moon in Herne Hill, South London. The set began at approximately 10 pm with a new Tillbrook solo composition, "The Truth."

In his normal uniform of striped cotton trousers and rumpled sweat shirt, Tillbrook has to be one of the more sartorially repugnant pop singers today. His is also an exceedingly relaxed stage presence. Jovial and chatty throughout, Tillbrook established an immediate rapport with the audience.

The set was that of a standard night of good live music in a small bar. The evening first reached the boil when Tillbrook played the Otis Redding classic "Sitting on the Dock of the Bay." Thus enlivened, the crowd was highly emotional for the rest of the evening. The pub, an ugly Victorian edifice in a working class area of the city, was surprisingly full of yuppies, two of whom joined Tillbrook on stage at various points in the show and favoured the audience with lusty choruses of "My Father was a Dustbin Man" (an extremely unlikely proposition considering the gentleman's SW 3 accent) and "Puff the Magic Dragon," respectively.

Wide-ranging in his selections, Tillbrook covered songs by The Beatles, The Monkees and Ray Charles during the set. One of the more bizarre features of the concert were the repeated calls from the audience for the title track from the latest Squeeze record "Some Fantastic Place." The song is rubbish, as is the whole album, the band's noble intentions notwithstanding (one of the songs on it refers to the death of a close friend of the band members).

It would, however, be petty to dwell on the negative. An excellent night out, and the whole pub was dancing to the set's last song, "Tempted," even if it was played acoustically.

Mission impossible

Mr Goulding discovers nothing to substantiate what could have been a bloody good headline

Who's heard of The Mission? I suppose the man with a mission is Wayne Hussey, who as far as I know is the remaining member of the band that started officially back in '86 and hasn't looked back since. The Mission are one of the biggest selling British bands ever; indie Rock Gods who have only ever gone out of favour with the press, never with the public.

Well, I'm going to break the mould - fuck it. I like the new album, oh yes oh yes, I like the new album. It's called "Neverland" and it's hurrahs for Wayne and the boys who have filled the gap that the Simple Minds' new album defined in that this is as good but it's not a hard on the ear. There's no "farkin' LOUDER" voice in your head when you play it, and it has some of the - dare I say it - poncey bits that we all know and love and are needed to give the whole album a light and shade, light and heavy, toast and jam contrast that the oth-

ers can't compete with.

It's a very "band" collection of material; it does not sound like the work of one person giving orders but indeed the collective efforts of four guys thrashing out every detail in the studio until it's just right. The feel is quite dark and the sound is massive with big keyboards and deep bass that will sound great on a good system turned up FUCKING LOUD AND WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT IT'S ALL A LOAD OF BOLLOCKS, MY WIFE'S GONNA KILL ME!!!

Since I actually liked the album it was suggested by the people who know about such things that I should phone the man up and have a chat, which I did. The band are - or were at the time at least - busy rehearsing for their forthcoming tour which sees them not in their accustomed stadia/arena set-up (yes, they're that big) but instead at venues such the Shepherd's Bush Empire, which could be an

indication that they feel like they need to rejuvenate their supportive foundations. That sounds like a bloody good question...which is obviously why I didn't think to ask it at the time.

Instead I had the usual reper-

"The music press is more concerned with character assassination than with critical appraisal."

toire of "hi"'s and "how's it going?"'s to make him think deeply on his feet. The conversation began with his munching on a bacon sandwich (déjà vu) and a general chat about the album, i.e. that I liked it, which surprised him. Did

I like the old stuff? No. Yet another avenue of discourse closed to traffic. I did get a good quote: "The music press is more concerned with character assassination than with critical appraisal." What a great fuckin' quote. You could really put a quote like that to good use; give it the correct motivation, and pull it out of the text in bold quotation marks and ultimately make the interview sound like it was a meeting of two great minds in finely tuned dialogue. Oh well, another one bites the dust. I guess it'll just have to stay in this box here to my left.

I did put it to him that it sounds a very band oriented offering, with a lot of it sounding like the meeting of many great minds, this time in the language of finely tuned instruments - not to mention intuitions. "Yeah, I suppose" came the reply of a mind truly met with a finely tuned observation. He went on to point out that there will always be parts that have to be pro-

grammed by the individuals otherwise it was the case.

After more not at all interesting dialogue of finely tuned etc etc I discovered that the line up was new, the guitarist being the most recent member as they had to wait for his old band, who I think were All About Eve, to split and thus free him. Wayne is happy, as are the other members in the current line-up, and everyone is looking forward to the upcoming tour which hits London in March sometime.

To cap it all I found out from the CD's cover that their keyboards person is an old, old friend of mine and so I spent the rest of my allotted time catching up with said, drifting back to the good old days of silly voices and running jokes that would be almost meaningless to the outside world. So. Buy the album, see the band, read the book, breathe the model - be the model.

MG

MC Hammers 'em

Not that one, the 900 ft Jesus type



Eltons Johns in the good old days

Photo:who cares?

Imagine a musical of the film Pulp Fiction. Set in the seventies, cool jazz grooves, real musicians, a story being narrated over the top of the girl who loves to drive fast; we are talked through her day, leaving work as normal, dropping her keys on the way to the car, setting off...and driving as fast as she can into a piece of concrete. To the last words of the first track, where she holds the moon in her arms, and disappears off over the horizon, you are transfixed by the voice and

down to the (somewhat good) production. The lyrics are among the best I've ever heard - I was so curious about this CD that I read them on the tube home to get a clue as to what it's all about and couldn't put them down. It sounded just as I had imagined it to.

The album is almost Zappa in it's initial inaccessibility and it's high levels of musicianship blended with surreal humour. It's hard to tell if he is making any serious statement about the world rather than taking the piss out of it

and/or producing something that's good on ear. The background is a mixture of beatbox rhythms, and inspired keyboard and trumpet solos, which only deepens the mystery about how to take him (ring any bells, Zappa fans?).

So I had to go to the gig to find out more. The Jazz Cafe in Camden is a lovely venue (sorry Al, but it's true) and had just the right amount of people for it to be a good crowd, who incidentally knew all of his songs, without it being too crowded. He opened with the first track off the album and suddenly everything was clear. The band were tight as a rat's arse and simply pummelled the audience with a brilliant performance of what was now obviously the result of good players having a great fuckin' time. So that was it. No statements, just vehicles for a bloody good jam in front of an appreciative crowd.

A bloody good jam. I wondered how it never all went horribly wrong, as the CD falls twixt bebop and hip hop, and the kind of people who like either may not have liked both - or, as could easily have been the case - live, they may have pushed the scales too far in any one direction. But of course they didn't and the Milky Bar Kid saved the day blah blah blah and what happened was that I had been introduced to an artist new to me that I think is fuckin' brilliant. By the way, hold mi toat, I'm bilin' - and you're very bold so ya are. Love ya Fi.

Read me

- I could change your life

"It's all just fingers and frets. The music comes from inside." Quote of the century from someone who is truly a bluesman proper - Jeff Healey. Being blind from infancy is the key to his unusual technique, where he has the guitar on his lap and plays with his hands over the top, rather than approaching from behind (always a fave approach of mine), and that quote comes from a rather brief meet a week or so ago at Ronnie Scott's where he performed some music from his forthcoming album, "Cover to Cover", the latest in a career spanning a decade.

I guess it's more R'n'B than rock'n'roll, and the initially stiff crowd of music journos/leeches soon warmed up when they got the drift. His solos were without doubt

Good old boy Johns Denvers

Photo:some old magazine



the highlight of the gig, ripping out through a stack of Marshalls, but that's not to say the rest of it was in any way below standard.

The single taken from the album is a cover of the classic "Stuck in the middle with you" and was awesome live - that guitar sound blew me away, and I should imagine my going on about it will get quite boring - but then I suppose if you made it this far you have a fairly high tolerance for boredom. What made it all a dream come true for me was that the last track or so that they did was a cover of "Yer blues" from the (Beatles') White Album, which is heavy enough without - you guessed it - that fucking guitar. Jimi Hendrix also had a contribution, the name of which I can't remember off the top of my head because it wasn't one

of the usual guitar wanks but a more songlike affair.

So that was my day, in my Heaven. Your man and his Gibson Les Paul, Marshall stacks and a good backing band rip-snorting through some of my favourite music. Truly, this was the gig that will go down in history as knob out.

MG

Balls

Beaver Staff

LSE Squash team thrashed Imperial College 4-0 in the ULU championship encounter at the Imperial sports complex. It was a sweet revenge for LSE after the defeat in the last 16 of the BUSA national championship. The opening match featured Ziyad Rahim, the number two seed. Known for his marvellous retrieving and breath-taking drop-shots, he certainly lived up to his reputation, brushing aside Liam Miller 9-1, 9-3, 7-9, 9-2 in under half an hour. Known for his Harpy Eagle looks, the top seed Khalil Ali from Guyana virtually frightened his opponent off the court to win in straight games. After a disastrous first term, captain Ranjeev Bhatia finally found his winning touch as he came back from a game down to beat Karl Bridges in a tough four-game encounter. Apparently, Ranjeev's form was hampered by a torn ligament in his funny bone (although some found that excuse really funny) but this time he played a captain's role to steer his team into an unassailable 3-0 lead.

The hero of the day, however, was third seed Jay Karkiria who came back from a two game deficit to beat Mike Smith in a thrilling five set encounter. The match was virtually lost when Jay was 7-3 down in the third game, but a change of racket and the addition of a lady spectator pumped him up and after that he never looked back.

Khalil Ali, a second year BSc (Economics) student has flown to Argentina to represent his country in Squash in the Pan-American games. Khalil is the No 1 seed here as well as captain of the LSE first team. Under his dynamic leadership, they were second in the ULU championship last year. He has also played in many international tournaments and was at one time the Caribbean junior champion.

LSE proudly wishes him the best of luck in Argentina and hopes he comes back with the winning trophy....or Sabatini.

So go on Khalil...Squash your opposition.

Mind the culture gap

Matt Shepatin crosses the divide to bring you his insights

I was kicking back at Chi Chi's in Covenant Garden sipping on a half-price Margarita watching the chubby bee girl dance around in the silent ITV video to the Mexican music playing in the restaurant. Three of my American housemates and I sat around and argued about what the best line from all the Star Wars movies was. Reaching for a nacho John said "Okay, Luke has just done a Jean Claude double flip and Darth Vader looks up at him and says: 'Impressive. Most impressive.'"

It was then I came up with the end for this column. I would tell you know but then the end would come before the middle. I'll leave those trippy narrative plot twist to Quentin.

Anywho, we took the tube back to our seven person flat with a nice little buzz intact. As the rain spat down on us we sang: "Wasting away here in Margaritaville". Once inside we cooked up some Sainsbury pasta with Sainsbury sauce and Sainbury toast topped with a little Sainsbury parmesan. As we ate we watched the ITV telecast of Pretty Woman on our tiny black and white TV with the broken knob.

"Did you know that Julia Roberts uses a body double in this movie?" said Rob.

"Julia does not use a double" defended Mark.

Gesturing to the steamy sex scene Rob said "I'm telling you that is someone else's ass arched back on that piano."

"Where did you hear that?" asked Susan.

"It's true, that's like common knowledge. Sort of like the fact Richard Gere sticks gerbils up his butt," said Rob.

"That is such an unsubstantiated rumour," said Mark.

"No, it's true," I said.

"How do you know?" said Susan.

"I have a friend whose friend's dad's cousin knows the doctor who operated to get it out," I explained.

"Thank you but that's a little more infor-

mation than I needed to know" said Susan in an upper middle class East Coast sarcastic tone.

"I wonder if he tried to get Cindy into it?" asked Mark.

"Stop," said Susan.

"They broke up you know. I guess Richard was cheating on her," said Rob.

"What idiot would cheat on Cindy?" asked Mark.

"Oh I love this song" says Susan. She starts singing along to the classic Roxette song on the TV. "It must have been love, but it's over now. It must have been good but I lost it some how."

"That's total cheese."

Rob starts singing along and it's a duet. One by one everyone joins in until the whole kitchen is singing in out of tune unison.

It was right here I would end the column but I can't remember the exact line I was going to use. I know it is a line from Star Wars when Luke is in Dagobah and is about to enter the cave to fight Darth Vader and Yoda says something profound.

In search of the quote I had Rob telnet from LSE to a computer in Austin Texas where he can get access to the Star Wars Newsgroup. If he so desired he could have entered the Star Trek Newsgroup the Pave the Earth Newsgroup or even the Newt Gingrich Die Die Die Newsgroup. My friend posted the question and we waited. The next day we got two different responses. One from David in Utah and the other from Steve in California. We agreed Steve was clearly more on the ball than Dave.

His message read: "WHAT IS IN THERE?" - Luke.

"ONLY WHAT YOU TAKE WITH YOU." - Yoda.

And so although I'm not necessarily proud of it I can't help know all the words to the Pretty Woman love song. And even if I forgot I could probably find out on the Pretty Woman Newsgroup.



Busy Beaver

It's been a happening week for once on the romance front. Maybe people have forgotten that it's exams in three months time? Anyway, here it is. Not content with sharing a room with one hockey captain, Scary Stifford has moved onto another in the shape of Twat Robber. But what has become of her ex-boyfriend, you might ask? Apparently he has been incapacitated after slipping in the bath while getting ready to go to the Post Office to collect his pension. BB wishes him the best of health in the twilight of his life.

Friday night in the Tuns saw the usual success for Racy Gash. Having been put off Dick Felcher for good by his escapades with Christiny Fright, she moved into the arms of Alun Xanadu. When he disappeared at eleven o'clock though (taking coaching from Angus perhaps?), the vixen from the valleys set her sights on something better. Feeling a bit peckish as she got the minibus home, she fancied an Indian, and got it in the shape of Vinegar Tartare. Quite what BB makes of the welfare sab using his "safe" transport as a passion wagon is another thing, but good luck to them anyway. It seems that love is veritably blossoming in the sab circles however, as on the next night it was the turn of Hairy Smellaney, who spent a wild night of passion in Passfield after having finally found Mrs Wright at the Chuckle Club. Even Martin Penis has been pulling again. Actually he hasn't. He's still moping and slaving like a dutiful, pitiful puppy dog over his beloved Flares Lorry in the hope that she'll take pity on him and have him back. BB wouldn't.

It would be a very disappointing week if Alison Scummerfilled hadn't done something of note, and once again she came up with the goods with another battling performance for the Seconds in the ample shape of Andreja Popov. Whether or not he did actually "Pop ov" or not is not known for definite, but they were seen sharing juices two nights later in Popov's local. BB can hear wedding bells ringing, but our Al's quest is not yet complete, for she needs "one more for an entire team." BB is unsure who it will be, because there aren't many left. Long Island Iced Tea Bar on a Monday night has always been a place where the pride of LSE come into their own. BB can remember many a relationship beginning on the hallowed sofas over the years, and this Monday was no exception as the First team hit the cocktails. Alun Xanadu was having a great game in the centre of the dancefloor, ably assisted by Rimmer Sleaze. Having failed with all of Cast-Iron Toad's friends, they went looking for Cinderella, but as it was after midnight they had to settle for some fucking ugly sisters. Fat yes, nice no. They were grim, but Xanadu still managed to shoot into a very wide, fishy net. It was his best pull though.

I know it's going to make people ill, but BB must end with a tale of Rosebery showers and lifts, involving the Golden couple themselves, Gerard Hairshit and Pristine Lover. BB cannot condone sex in the showers, especially with him!

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"If me and Molly had children, they wouldn't win any beauty contests."

- Nick Shandy

A GOOD RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

Heidi Gomez

On April 2, 1995 thousands of people will try to go the distance by running the London Marathon. Hundreds will fail to run the 26 miles in order to cross the finish line. Most LSE students are too busy griping about the distance they have to walk to school, to even think about the competition. However, one LSE student, Matthias Seidl, has set his sights to completing the London Marathon in under three hours in order to raise money for the Cardinal Hume Centre for the Homeless.

He accepted pledges for the Centre from students and staff in the LSE entrance hall on Monday, March 6, and will only collect the money if he finishes the race (provided it does not rain) by the specified time.

Seidl is an Erasmus student from Germany. He began running when he overheard two Bavarian girls in his favourite pub say that he was fat. Initially training for only the physical benefits, he decided that he wanted to run at least one marathon after watching one on television. Now, having completed four marathons, he stated, "I am sure I want to run all my life. Old marathoners never die, they just run out!"



Seidl now hopes to run for the cause of the homeless, rather than for the sake of running. After helping a University Catholic Chaplaincy soup run for the homeless, he realised that they needed much more than food dispensation. He believed that the Cardinal Hume Centre was ideal in that it supports homeless youth and helps them to reenter mainstream society.

Bear in mind, Seidl is a management student here at the LSE. As he noted, "...the more money donated to the Cardinal Hume Centre, the more I am intrinsically motivated."

The Beaver staff wishes Seidl luck during his endeavour, and will report the marathon results, and total donations raised in a forthcoming issue. If anyone is interested in pledging, fill the pledge below and return it to the stall in the Old Building on March 6, or the LSE Chaplaincy in King's Chambers, Room K51.

London Marathon - Sponsorship for Cardinal Hume Center

I, Mattlew Seidl, promise to finish the London Marathon on April 2, 1995 within three hours (provided it does not rain). I will collect the money pledged after completing the marathon. ALL funds raised will be donated to the Cardinal Hume Centre.

Thank you for your generosity. PLEDGE _____

Name _____

Address _____

Telephone No. _____

N.B. Please hand this slip to the LSE Chaplaincy King's Chambers (Room K51) by 17.3.95.



It's been a lot longer coming this time around, but, thank God, the sabbatical elections are finally over for another year. At this stage Harry would like to congratulate all those who had the guts and lack of pride to put themselves up there and stand. For the winners, it's a time of great rejoicing, as all those posters and stickers and hours spent completely pissing off those in halls now seem worth it in the shape of £12,000 and a very healthy-looking CV (they're not the only reasons for running though. Not fucking much). For the losers, the phrases "didn't want to win anyway" and "only ran for a bit of a laugh" suddenly seem to apply. Thankfully, unlike last year, no losing candidate made an exhibition of herself by crying in the Tuns.

So what have we let ourselves in for next year? The Gen Sec result was not much of a shock, because of the infamous LSE knob vote, which has seen some right slappers elected over the years. The electorate always seems to place great emphasis on tits, a good example being last year's supremo, who is surely the biggest tit of all. Congratulations must go to Kate Hampton though, for winning despite being up against James Atkinson, who had the biggest tits of any candidate. Harry sends out deep commiserations to Adam Morris, who managed to get beaten by joke candidate Angus Kinnear. A future with the Conservative party doesn't look too good when the only candidate you beat is made of pastry. Still, I bet, as always, he'll put it behind him.

The tightest race of all was Ents, with lipstick and eye-liner triumphing over t-shirts and big hairy men. This was always going to be a two-horse race due to the dress sense and speech impediment of the third man. Harry can only wait with baited breath for next year's ents, as going by election promises we should be seeing the artist formerly known as Prince playing the Quad while Carl Cox mixes happy house beats in the chill-out room. It might be that, or it could be Fletcher plays his Now albums while the Quad is ankle high in foam and lager.

Treasurer ultimately became a survival of the fittest - bleached hair against bleached hair, stupid clothes against stupid clothes, Dave Whippe thinks she fancies him against Dave Whippe thinks she fancies him. The final decision went to the more bleached hair and the more stupid clothes, as Claire Laurie won the day, obviously benefitting from her mentor. Hopefully she won't follow in his footsteps. Come to mention it, I hope no-one ever does.

Last but not least, Vini's protege Omer won easily. Let's just hope he doesn't go chasing after Welsh girls as well.

One thing that struck Harry over the last two weeks is the different styles of posters and stickers used. Anyone with an 'O' in their name was on a winner from the start, because this letter can cunningly be turned into a globe, thus emphasising the commitment of the candidate to international students. Or is it just to get a few foreign votes I wonder? Now that the elections have been done, it will be interesting to see whether Kate, Claire, Omer and Nick will go on to carry out their pledges and ideas, or whether they just piss our money up the wall. I know what my money's on.

Seconds out

Jones ruins season

The Seconds valiant ULU cup run finally came to an end on Sunday with a heart-breaking defeat at the hands of UCL 2nds at the semi-final stage. It was always going to be a bad day after ULU, in their finite wisdom, re-organised the tie to a Sunday morning 11 o'clock kick-off at the neutral Royal Holloway shit-heap that boasts Alex "fat, sweaty 4th team reject" Mcleish as its most famous alumnus. A nine o'clock meeting time looked like posing a few problems for the rogue group who went out the night before, except Tim Ludford-Thomas who didn't get in for looking too young, but everyone was on time, even Nic Jones, and so Egham was reached in good time.

A game of this magnitude required a proper linesman and some hardcore supporters. Unfortunately none were available and so Blobby rent-boy Lowen held the flag while the LSE 'firm' swelled to five with the attendance of Mr and Mrs Fielding, Senor and Senora Fry and Mburu, although Mburu did disappear for a couple of minutes during

the game to "pay a visit" to his ugly "sister" who wallows at Holloway. The opening exchanges were quite open as our beautiful game spread them wide and their long-ball hoofing forced Paul Drew to make a string of fine saves. Tragedy struck on the half-hour though when their unmarked winger blasted home from twelve yards.

One-nil at half-time, it went from bad to worse as UCL went three-nil up in the next half-an-hour. Once again poor marking allowed the second, while the third could only be described as a Paul Drew blunder. Noticing the video camera, and fully aware of the lucrative rewards on "You've Been Framed" and "What Happened Next", he greedily dropped the ball at an advancing forward's feet and was laughing all the way to the bank with his £250.

It was at this stage that Andreja Popov began to struggle, complaining of tiredness and a sore knob. Goals Cooper brought on old favourite Asif Rafique to replace the weary refugee loverman and from there the game began to turn in our favour. With

fifteen minutes left Rainbow Nelson found Ludford-Thomas on the edge of the box and he curled in a rocket with the outside of his foot. "Neliniho" he cried, but we all know there is only one Neliniho. Constant LSE pressure followed and it paid dividends when Nelson's free-kick was headed home by Stevie Quick. With less than ten minutes to go, LSE were back in the game. All it needed was one half-chance taken up and extra-time would be ours. Amid a goalmouth scramble the ball fell to Nic Jones, eight yards out with the keeper lying on the floor. This was it, or so we thought, for Jones chose the wrong option of gently tapping it back, rather than blasting home. It was such a missed sitter that even Raf took the piss despite his own blunder against St Barts. With this chance our hopes faded and in the dying minutes the ref gave a dodgy penalty against Danny Fielding. After the ref castigated an unruly, obese fan, the penalty was slotted home and the holders were out; our dreams were over. Still, there's always next year.

Firsts deliver the goods

Golden boy Kinnear beats pie and UCL

A fitting 5-0 humiliation of supposed ULU giants UCL by LSE's finest on Wednesday saw the sun slowly setting on the careers of some of LSE's best loved sporting names. Ten of the players on show will be reluctantly hanging up their boots at the impending end of this season.

The performance came on the back of a disappointing cup display against Royal Holloway. Heroically the lads went two up and seemed assured of a cup final place, Kinnear's majestic through-ball straight from the centre found Delea whose shot was parried. This left Arne with the simplest of chances. A Goal, so we were 1-0 up and only 10 seconds on the clock.

Minutes later Kinnear's mazy dribble in the box saw him cruelly scythed down by the advancing 'keeper and Trees made no mistake from the resultant spot kick. However playing into the wind in the second half a two goal lead was never going to be enough and distinctly poor handling from Dimitri let Holloway sneak an ill deserved victory.

Against UCL however the boys bounced back in typically resilient style, early in the half Kinnear's astute cross finding Pagenstert who flicked home for the opener. After the game Dierk poetically summed up his LSE career in his

Alun Howard's Long Island bird



for the library bound Blunden at centre half. These two elements let LSE concentrate on what they do best - fast, fluid attacking.

Alun Howard discovered that his newly revitalised sex life has done his performance on the pitch no harm at all delightfully chipping the hapless keeper from fully twenty yards. As usual Delea could not be kept out of the action for long, the telepathic understanding he has developed with Kinnear is truly remarkable to behold. Grant notched a fine brace to sign off his LSE goal tally, both created by Kinnear. Delea then returned the complement allowing Kinnear to smash home the fifth.

It is a travesty that the LSE electorate have denied the football club another year's service from Kinnear by voting him a close second to Kate Hampton in the race for Gen Sec Hampton reflected in her magnanimous acceptance speech "Kinnear's charm and good looks were my biggest threat. By beating him I feel I have cheated the Union out of the best Gen Sec in years. If I can do the job half as well Angus

would have done I will die a happy woman." Kind words Kate.

So the curtain falls on the first team season, it promised much yet ultimately delivered little.

A bit like Jimmy really.

native language "Mein Hund hat Durchfall." Moving words indeed from the big German.

UCL posed no real threat in attack. A rising star, Danny Fielding, showing promise for next year, ably deputising