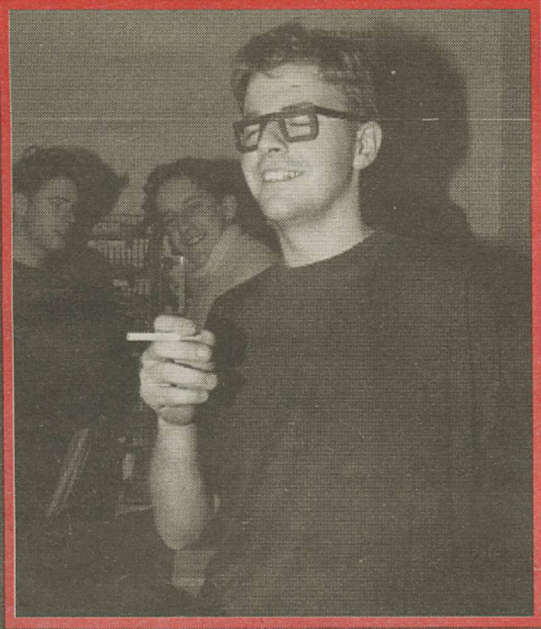


The Beaver

THE STUDENTS' UNION NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

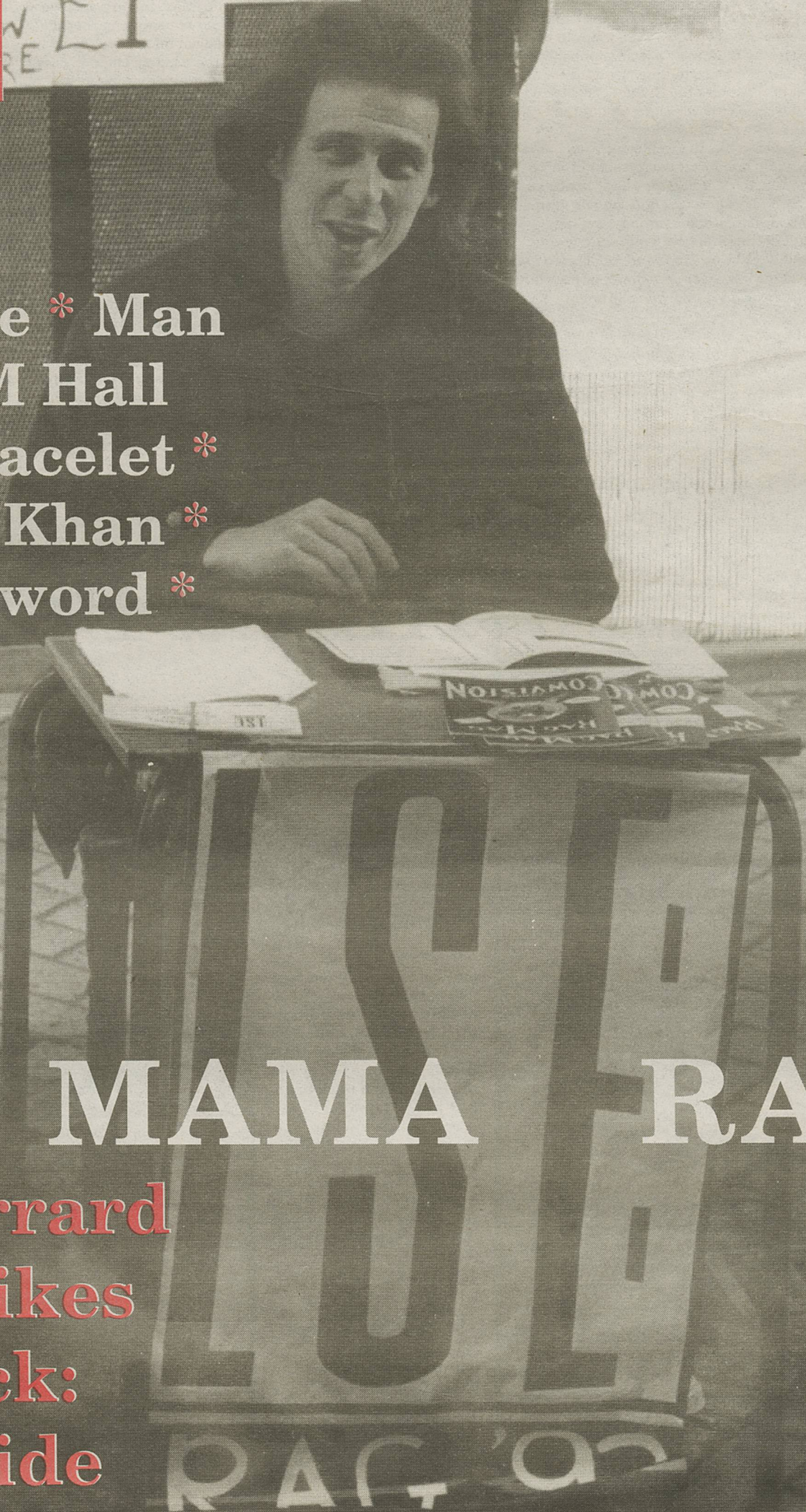


**OI! MY NAME
IS MICHAEL
CAINE
Rag Frolics!**

15 FEB 1993

BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL
& ECONOMIC SCIENCE

Rag Report *
Jack * Dr. Bike * Man
rapes dog * M Hall
has a new bracelet *
Sam Pappys * Khan *
Sports Crossword *
Harry *



RAG MAMA RAG



**Gerrard
Strikes
Back:
Inside**

RAG '92

Union Jack

Last week Jack had to stop the presses with his announcement that the relationship between our very own love-birds, Faz and Bernardo had reached new heights of passion. He promised to report back on this most natural of disasters this week, but is unable to do so under the thinly disguised veil (sorry Faz, no pun intended!) of charity. By this he means that the two have postponed their date until after the writing of this article, however with the aid of a Beaver photographer all will be revealed (yet another apology due here! Again Jack promises that no pun is intended whatsoever and disclaims all responsibility for the suggestion that these two are likely to end up in bed. I rest my case).

Before Jack casts his eye over the proceedings of this Thursday, he feels compelled to reflect upon the sort of political infighting that he relishes even more than the egg mayonnaise and sausage sandwiches available in the Three Tuns. He is of course referring to the letter in last week's edition, written by that pillar of the establishment, Ludwig Kanzler, criticising the handling of what is now the most important of the issues the Union is now facing up to so bravely - the issue of how best to set out the UGM minutes within the narrow confines allowed by "Wordperfect". Jack would like to recommend that this battle between the vice-chairs past and present - the job reserved exclusively for those losing the glory job of chair - should be closely observed; since this latest Anglo-german conflict has the potential to overshadow any feuding resulting as a result of the ERM, the world wars or even potentially the 1966 World Cup Final. Indeed! These two could even end up throwing paper aeroplanes at each other across the Old Theatre on a Thursday lunchtime.

All the sabbaticals were there present and correct (not necessarily politically); but unfortunately not very many people bothered to join them. Consequently, we were forced to go through one of those constitutional niceties, known as the quorum count. However once we were over this slight technical hitch we were in a position to crack on with the business in hand, only we didn't really.

Ray and the Steering committee both chickened out of making reports, but Faz didn't. No, she actually got up and told us about why she arrived on time most mornings this week. Spurl told us about the Christian Union's "Tear Fund" in the evening. Jack hopes the title isn't all part of an early realisation that most of the UGM's punters were unlikely to turn up, and that those that did were likely to end up drowning their sorrows in the bar. Peter informed us of the Ten Minute Theatre. One did in fact hope that some of these people could come to the Union meetings in future in order that they might liven up the atmosphere a little. Johnny, fresh from his survival of last week's meeting but not of the previous day's Rag Treasure Hunt, neglected to give us a report but then that's hardly surprising, I suppose.

Four motions were discussed during the meeting but Jack will not report on two of these since you could see a report of these simply by reading some of the back issues of Union Jack. As regards one of the others, Jack seriously has to question what the intention was exactly. Did they really mean that the UGM should gather together a posse, to vault the barriers and raid the history section of the library? This would surely have been better timed to coincide with last week's meeting when most of the rugby team were present in order to defend Johnny B..

At this juncture Jack wishes to let it be known that Kate Hampton says of Adam Cleary, "Darling, I love you anyway." Jack has no further desire to comment on this in order that in future years people will be able to look back and think, "My word, weren't the opposing factions nice to each other back in the winter of early 1993."

Good-bye and peace and

love to you all.

P.S. - as you have hopefully gathered by now the meeting was in fact boring, and Jack would like to congratulate all of those who have in fact made it this far. He furthermore believes that in future the UGM could in fact be entitled the endurance event, in keeping with the Rag's committee's get-together where similarly no-one showed up.

P.P.S. - "the taking of drugs is morally reprehensible" Union Jack in conjunction with "The Love Beast", shortly before 2:00 pm on 4th February 1993. No-one in the DSG takes drugs, man!

Is Investment Banking all it's cracked up to be?

On Monday, February 1, 1993 the Economics Society presented a lecture by Mr. Martin Armstrong entitled "What makes a successful Investment banker?". Mr. Armstrong, who is head and owner of the firm Armstrong International Ltd. which specialises in Executive Search for Investment banking, has seven years of experience in investment banking recruitment. His firm has exclusive relationships with Merrill Lynch, Goldman Sachs, SG Warburg and Credit Suisse First Boston.

The lecture started out with Mr. Armstrong defining the area. He separated the Investment bank from the banker.

In his opinion Investment banks must have 4 main principles.

The first one is a corporate culture. As an example of this he cited Goldman Sachs which, he said, is the "prime example of a bank which has a moral outlook and integrity in the peoples' business of Investment banking". This shows itself in the fact that Goldman Sachs puts the interest of the client ahead of the interest of the firm. The second principle is eternal relationship management

association or ERMA, which essentially embodies the idea that the structure of the bank must be simple. As an example of where ERMA does not work Mr. Armstrong cited Deutsche Bank, which does not promote co-operation between individual departments. The third principle is the capital base of the bank. "Clients want to do work with institutions they know will be around in a few years", said Mr. Armstrong. The rating of the bank is very important in his eyes. The last principle he stressed is innovation. In order to keep ahead in today's market the financial institutions must be on the "leading edge" in order to operate profitably.

The second part of the lecture was spent characterising the person "investment banker". Apart from being well educated preferably with a numerate background "you have to be a bit off the wall in order to be a successful investment banker", explained the youthful thirty year old. Unconventional thinking is needed in order to succeed in two of the four traditional investment banking fields, namely research and trading. "I am very fond of research. It is the best foundation for a

career in investment banking", declared Mr. Armstrong. Although research has been underrated in the past the general tendency is to acknowledge that it is research which develops new products and thus drives innovation. Trading is the other area where people have to be quick on their feet. It is also the area where salaries are highest and where promotion can come fastest. Mr. Armstrong illustrated: "As a trader you don't have to put up with any politics. I mean, if you make 25 million you don't have to go to any meetings."

The other two areas, corporate finance and sales are a lot less hectic. "You can be in sales until you are forty years old", said Mr. Armstrong. However, the downside of this is that career moves especially in corporate finance tend to be much slower than in the other two areas.

As a last area Mr. Armstrong mentioned fund management. In his opinion that is an area which will grow in the next few years especially since the move is towards incorporating currency trading in the traditional equity and bond

trading.

When asked what degrees are best to succeed in the city, Mr. Armstrong replied: "I am going to say 'yes' to everything since I don't know what any of you are doing." He however, expressed his amazement at the fact that so many people are interested in investment banking. "Investment bankers have a lousy lifestyle. They work twelve and more hours each day but it is very lucrative", he stressed. On the other hand, he advised students to "never live your salary. Salaries go up and down."

Students present expressed that they were very pleased. "He certainly removed some fantasies I had about the city but I still want to go into investment banking", exclaimed a 2nd year economics student who wants to specialise in Mergers and Acquisitions. An American General Course student explained that "it was very helpful. He gave me some good guidance and advice especially in the light that I want to go to law school when I finish my degree."

By Quinn Morgan

Ayodhya - the Hindu Perspective

The discussion on "Ayodhya - the Hindu Perspective" held last Tuesday may well qualify for 'The Hottest Discussion of the Term' award. The LSE Hindu Society had invited Mr Bharat Shah, National Executive Member of the Hindu Swayamsevakh Sangh, to speak.

The venue of the lecture was changed from A144 to C120 in an attempt to accommodate the larger audience.

Hindus claim that the Indian city of Ayodhya is the birthplace of their god-king, Rama and the centre of his ancient kingdom. Today, Ayodhya has gained the dubious reputation of being the centre of clashes between Hindus and Muslims with the destruction of the Babri mosque.

The audience consisted mainly of Hindus and Muslims.

The discussion consisted of a twenty minute lecture by Mr Shah, followed by a question-answer session and concluded with an open discussion.

At the outset Mr Shah attempted to give an unbiased view. As the lecture progressed it

appeared that he was trying to condone the alleged bigotry of the Hindus. He denounced the media for adversely portraying Hindus. Ironically, he later cited an article from an Indian weekly on archaeological findings to substantiate Hindus' claims. Although he iterated that "Hindu interests were not served by the destruction" he justified their actions by

saying that "sentiments of faith" should be upheld. He called upon all "peace loving Hindus", quoting Home Office statistics to corroborate this particular nature of Hindus, to unite in support of their religion and conquer the world with their culture.

Questions on the coexistence of a Hindu temple and mosque and his satisfaction with the

destruction of the mosque were apparently evaded during the question-answer session. It was during this session that it turned out that a significant number of Hindus present were not prepared to relish the "victory" brought about by the destruction of the mosque.

By Tony Thirulinganathan

That's Handy!

Left hand dominance has been around since before 3000 BC, is found more amongst younger people, and is related to left foot dominance. These were the conclusions of Dr Chris Macmanus, who was invited by the newly refounded Psychological Society to speak on 'handedness', last week. It is thought that left-handedness, which is 27.4% higher in males than females, has a genetic basis, and is the result of a gene which mutated 600 million years ago.

Throughout history evidence of left-handedness has been found in art and culture, and can be detected by marks on the teeth. Although existing in all societies, no society has as yet shown a dominance of left-handedness. The reported incidence of left-handedness is currently growing, and affects 12% of the population.

It is more common now amongst the younger generation since in the past children were often discouraged or not allowed to write with their left hands, so right-handedness had to be learned. In some countries it was actually illegal to be left-handed.

Handedness is not related to arm folding or leg crossing, where one side naturally feels more comfortable folded on top of the other. For those who wondered where ambidexterity fits in, Dr Macmanus does not believe it exists at all, but is a result of learning and practice.

By Emma Bearcroft

From Rag To Riches

By Beaver Staff

Figures so far for Rag Week look promising, with the Treasure Hunt estimated to have risen nearly £1000, which is one of the highest ever amounts for this event. Blind Date is thought to have raised £350, the auction estimated at £250 and absailing about £150. Money raised for the film nights this term has averaged out at about £70 each.

****The Beaver team in the Treasure Hunt fared less well than previously. Having won for the past three years, The Beaver came forth, after two Carr Saunders Teams, with Rosebery winning, raising the most points as well as the most money.**



How did we lose? Three members of the Beaver treasure hunt team pictured after hearing the result.

Photo: Steve East

On a firm foundation

January the 1st saw the official launch of the LSE Foundation, an organization set up to coordinate the fundraising and alumni activities of the School.

Head of this new enterprise, which is a subsidiary of the School Standing Committee, is Howard Raingold, most recently of Lincoln College Oxford where he carried out a similar role, and one time student of the LSE. Discussing his decision to come here he said "I believe in the excellence of the School and having experienced the intellect and ability of the students and academics alike I was happy to accept the post."

Speaking to the Beaver, Howard Raingold was very optimistic about the chances of success for the Foundation emphasizing the School's reputation both in this

country and perhaps more significantly abroad. He felt that government financing was unlikely to increase whatever the party in power and it was prudent for the LSE to capitalize on its international standing. Alumni would be "targeted" with consideration given to their current circumstances and interests. Potential sponsors would be informed of the range of plans that the School intended to carry out with the money that was raised. These would range from funding for academic posts to student welfare provisions and general amenities.

The exact allocation of funds will be decided by the Foundation Committee, chaired by Professor Derek Diamond. Mr Raingold was keen to point out that this quest for money would not result in the LSE being

shaped by the whims or desires of potential donors; indeed the School would reject money rather than take it with unacceptable strings attached.

Its hoped that the Foundation could raise in the region of £40 million in the first five years, with costs and expenses calculated as being approximately 10% of the total sum raised. When questioned on the £200,000 that is being spent on the refurbishment of the Senior Dining Room Raingold made it clear that the setting up of the Foundation was in no way a consideration when the decision was made.

Student participation will be centered around a student Committee which will be involved in meeting alumni, acting as ambassadors for the School and to a small extent fundraising themselves.

By Phil Gomm

Hardship? Hard luck!

Peter Harris, LSE Students Union Equal Opportunities and Welfare Officer, has confirmed that there will be no increases of the Hardship fund after announcing that the school have pulled out of negotiations to provide an extra £60,000 for the fund this year.

Harris said that at the end of last term he had been led to believe that the School would allocate the money alongside the Student Union Hardship fund, after the amount had allegedly been built up through non-allocation of the Studentship fund. It is understood that the School were prepared to provide the money, but that they were imposing conditions that according to Harris "would have compromised the independence and confidentiality of the SU Welfare Office."

Harris claims that the School would insist on the Union making available completed application forms for inspection by officers of the School, which he claimed was not a legal requirement. "The school were being unnecessarily intrusive and this was unacceptable," said Harris. "We want students to feel that the office is independent of the school and that information is treated in confidence."

"The school were being unnecessarily intrusive and this was unacceptable,"

It is understood that the School are still going to give this money out this

year, but it will clearly be less than the cost of administration. It is not certain whether students would rather their 'confidentiality' was compromised, or have less cash as a result of the stand by Harris.

There has been good news for Overseas students this week. The School's Working Party on Overseas Tuition Fees, which has three student members, has agreed that Overseas Student Fees should rise at no more the rate of inflation. They also agreed a new formula that means that the Studentship fund should be allocated more fully in future. Students' Union General Secretary, Faz Zahir warmly welcomed the news. "I hope this helps overseas student who face very high fees" she said.

By Adrian May

THE HELPFUL DR. BIKE

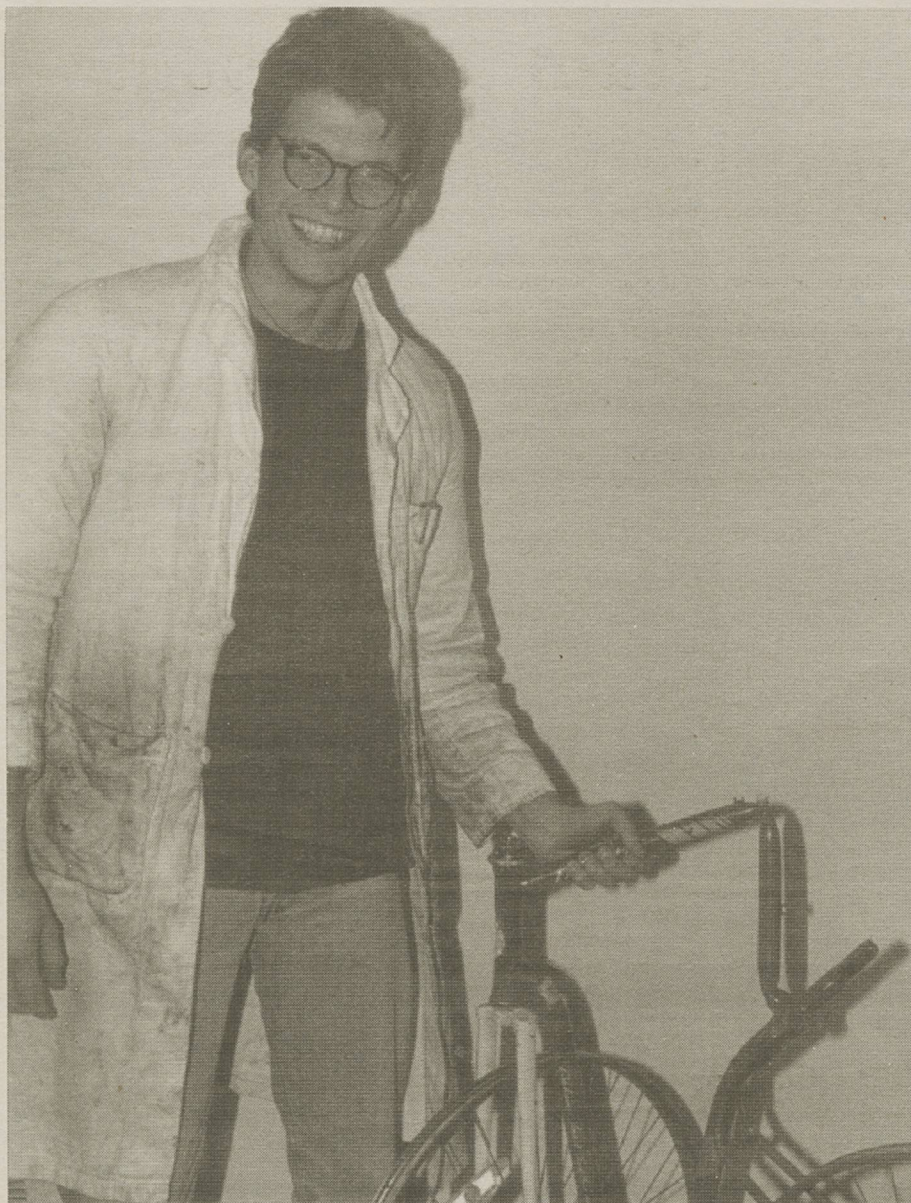


Photo T. Moos

If you happen to be on Houghton Street between 5-7 pm on a Friday evening you might bump into Dr. Bike, a friendly German student by the name of Christoph Drewes.

A student of anthropology and law, Christoph is the sole member of the Cycle Society sponsored by the Students Union. His job is bikes: be it a puncture or problems with your handbrakes Dr. Bike never fails to provide a calm, thorough repair-job, and yes,

By Paul Bou-Habib

everything is for free. His reputation as an effective bike-mechanic has spread far and wide: once he was called up at eight o'clock on a Monday morning by an LSE lecturer who had problems with his third gear.

Dr. Bike epitomizes a life style so rare in any hectic city- that laid back, "one thing at a time" philosophy. His modest repair-shop set up outside the Tuns is catered

for those who prefer leisurely paced peddling on a Sunday afternoon as opposed to the hussle and bussle of midweek traffic rushing by without missing the finer points of life-low stress levels and taking it easy.

But, why does Christoph repair bikes and is it really for free? With a spanner in one hand and a can of oil in the other, Dr. Bike smiles broadly and replies, "I'll have a bitter."

Finland and the EC: The End of Exceptionalism?

By Antonia Mochan

I have to admit that if it weren't for the fact that I'm writing my final year dissertation on the subject, as well as having lived in Finland for four years, I can't think of anything that would have induced me to go to a lecture entitled "Finland and the EC: The End of Exceptionalism?". Which, as it turns out would have been my loss, as Professor Esko Antola, from the European Institute at Turku University and Finland's top expert on European Affairs, gave a very informative and witty exposition of the Finnish perspective on Europe.

"Finland is a little country on the periphery, not even cursed with interesting politics"

In his introduction John Madeley, a Government Department lecturer in Scandinavian Politics, quoted what the rest of you no doubt felt; that Finland is a little country on the periphery, "not even cursed with interesting politics", a view that he clearly does not share. In the past few

months, Scandinavian politics have been very high profile, with Finland's 75th anniversary of independence, the Danish referendum and, on Monday, the start of the negotiations for Finland, Sweden and Norway to join the Community.

Prof. Antola started by giving some necessary background on the Finnish political and economic situation, issues fundamental to Finnish accession to the EC. He sketched in some of the historical detail of Finland's attitude to European integration, within the sphere of the European Free Trade Agreement - EFTA. It became clear that while security issues are only one, fairly unimportant, part of the EC debate for most of those concerned, they are of major, perhaps even primary, importance for Finland and Sweden. How the EC and Finnish negotiators deal with the question of neutrality, or non-alignment as certain Finns prefer to call it, will be central to the negotiations. The idea was mooted that should Finnish accession take place, a group may be formed within the EC consisting of neutral/formerly neutral countries to balance the pro-NATO bias.

Issues that are causing

such concern in other parts of the EC - Economic and Monetary Union, the Social Chapter, Political Union - seem to have been readily accepted in Finland, possibly because they haven't had to deal with the realities of them yet? Prof. Antola pointed out that Finland was in the bizarre situation of being prepared to ratify the Maastricht Treaty before most of its signatories. Once again, security came out as the prominent consideration, as Finland's previously crystal clear position in the bi-polar world has been shattered by the break-up of the former Soviet Union. Furthermore it shares a very long border with Russia and is thus very wary of how events proceed there.

The question and answer session was also interesting, with the issue of the Nordic Council's position in Finnish political thinking being raised, once bitten, twice shy, being the response to that question. Naturally the Danish referendum was referred to once or twice (!), and Prof. Antola didn't seem to feel that a second rejection of Maastricht by the Danes is on the cards, though that view was never implicitly expressed.

News in Brief

Nursery Places

Three places are available in the LSE nursery. Children should be between six and five months of age and fees are £49.50 per week. Contact Claire Boyack on 071 955 7772.

Production Problems.

We are sorry that the Beaver has now been late for two consecutive weeks. Edition 372 was delayed due to problems with our Negative printers in Covent Garden. This week the delay is due to refurbishment of the presses at Eastway Offset, our printers. We do everything in our power to ensure that it arrives on time every week.

Photo's of the week



Picture 1: The Lost Boys on death row. Photo T. Moos



Picture 2: Hans Gutbrod, news editor, doesn't like his writers breaking their deadlines! Photo T. Moos

For Your Man Bites Dog, Delectation Breaks Neck and Rapes It!

Once again, a lack of Arts reviews is in evidence, but never fear, your Beaver will struggle on! However, if you've been to see a film, opera, play, comedy, musical or whatever recently, and fancy reviewing it and offering your opinions to some other like-minded students, why not do so? You can drop them to me or Nav of the Beaver office in E197 anytime. We hope to have some

more plays next week, but for now, here's a review of "Man Bites Dog", and "Gift of the Gorgon". By the way, congrats to everyone who took part in the 24 hour Treasure Hunt, which was better than ever, Cheers, Geoff.

Duncan Needlam talks about an animal with sub-titles

Having scarcely been able to look at a newspaper in the last week without being punched in the face by another screaming polemic on the subject of the latest film to turn the blue rises of middle England grey, it is with much trepidation that I lob my tuppence worth into the burgeoning coffer of literature on "Man Bites Dog". Unfortunately, for a potential trite description, I can do little better than filch from the Observer: "A fervid black comedy". Fervid certainly, and blacker than the prospects of England ever playing open and entertaining rugby [Wimbledon ever knowing the meaning of the words "Play it on the deck, lads"; the LSE 5th ever knowing the meaning of the words "Give up"????-GR]

The three main Belgian filmmakers, Renny Belvaux, Andre Bauzel and Benuit Polvcode have created a stunning film, tying together the seemingly disparate strands of

unnecessary ultra-violence [Please read Burgess' "Clockwork Orange" if you don't know this phrase!! - GR] and humour. The guilt usually felt whilst watching child-murders, rape and generally anti-social behaviour is eased through the razor-sharp use of wit. And guilt there is, initially at least, because, just as Benuit is performing for the camera crew, so he is performing for us. As the documentary style film crew are gradually drawn into Benuit's psychotic world to the extent of becoming by the end fully compliant partners in crime, so we, the audience, shoulder some responsibility. Yet it is fun to watch. The self-conscious groans which emanated from around the theatre with the opening brutalities soon turned into lunatic laughter until the ground was swept from under our feet as an initially believe-it-or-not funny rape scene[?????- nothing constructive to say-GR] ends in a bloodbath. Just as Bernard

Manning can make a living as a racist homophobe bigot through making people laugh about it, so Benuit can draw in the compliance of the film crew, and the audience, by making his work, as he refers to it, seem bloody funny - the immediate aftermath of the granny killing being one of the most amusing things I have ever seen on film.

Whilst "Man Bites Dog" is a film of humour, it is also one of seemingly irreconcilable contrasts: the paradox of the innocent and tender family nurturing the serial killer, the nonchalance of the husband watching his wife being gang-raped and the killer in a recently murdered postman's uniform playing with small children.

There is one small qualification to be added to this film. While Benuit is portrayed as the stereo-typical serial killer, a white under-achiever whose half-baked ideas and morals prove once again that a little knowledge is far more

dangerous than no knowledge at all, his violence is kept within the tight and skilful framework of a well-crafted film. One must hope that a dangerous precedent has not been set whereby subsequent film-makers will now feel justified in using a new level of brutality without confining it to the same pathos-laden context imposed here. The bounds of acceptability have been shoved back, and future directors will have to show the same level of talent displayed in this film that has allowed it's makers to not only get away with what may have not seemed possible, but to justify going so with a very important film.

Gift of the Gorgon Sarah Ebner sees a star of a play rise in EC 1

To say that "The Gift of The Gorgon" was awaited with anticipation would be a serious understatement. Just to have a new play in theatre at present would be enough for many avid theatre goers to rush to book. The fact that this one is by Peter Shaffer increased the rush, whilst the realisation that it stars Michael Pennington and Judi Dench turned the rush into a stampede. To have it performed in the Pit at the Barbican became an added incentive, as it is rare that a bad play is put on there.

I'm pleased to tell you that for a pleasant change, the excitement is all justified. The play is magnificent; Shaffer has forsaken the lighter touch of "Lettice and Lovage", returning to drama, and in particular, the themes of passion and revenge.

The play has a lot of Greek parallels, but have no fear, you do not need to be a classics student to understand what is going on. Set on the Greek island of Thera, in the villa of the recently deceased playwright Edward Damson, it concerns his life from university student to his plays being studied at universities, his extreme personality and his relationship with his wife.

Pennington proves himself a virtuoso performer, catching

the wildness of Damson, whilst not losing him as a believable character. Jeremy Northam shows just why he is such a lauded young actor, and all the supporting roles are admirably played. The direction too, is quite perfect, although with this being Peter Hall's responsibility, it is not too much of a surprise. However, it is Dench who is absolutely superb. Anyone (like me) who never quite understood what all the fuss was about, just has to see this performance to understand why she is Dame Judi. Her acting is breathtaking, every word is clear, her grief painful to watch. This is acting indeed.

The play is not easy, it is a powerful and draining experience, for the audience as well as the actors, but it really is worth seeing. It makes you think, about drama and the theatre, and about how one should respond to our enemies; whether the extreme way is the right way. Within the restricted confines of the Pit it works perfectly. Go and see it, - if you can get a ticket.

NEIL BROWN

AND THE

brilliant pebbles

I'll Be Here, She'll Be Gone

The Single

Limited Edition



SAM PEPYS

Well folks its that time of year again; when the saddest of the sad emerge to take their places on the world stage and the student on the Clapham omnibus gets a chance to fully participate in the glory that is Union politics (usually they won't but don't tell the DSG). Anyway for your perusal "Pepys" provides a list of likely sad man or women.

General Secretary/pointless social event

Tesher Fitzpatrick (Independent Feminist)

Joint favourite whose renowned hair colour will guarantee AU support. 4/1.

Dave Rich (Unshaven Fax acolyte)

Veteran DSG campaigner. 10/1.

Bob Gross (DSG)

Promising young newcomer on the political scene must expect to fall at the first hurdle but expect to see him in years to come. (Shurely shome mishtake.) 25/1

Steve Peake ([wishes he was] DSG)

WHY. There is no bookie cruel enough to take money on this bet.

Adam Cleary (Monster raving French loving party)

The politically sound face of the MRFLP. Hero. 100/1

Julian Clary (Conservative)

The sensible face of Conservatism. 50/1

Martin Lewis (Liberal Democrat)

What can I say which hasn't already been said. For more info see Nick Lambert. 20/1.

Simon Reid (Independent sarky git with Tory tendencies)

Will have to come terms with fighting his closest friend Steve Peake, this might be too much for this gentle soul, expect Eops candidature next year. Joint favourite 4/1.

Micky Khurana (Labour)

Who. 1000/12

Finance & Services Officer/embezzlement & corruption

Andy Baly (Love Beast)

Boring but competent, deplors the use of drugs; look out for the Cat Stevens campaign anthem. Favourite at this early stage. 2/1.

Gavin Blackburn (sounds like Bradburn)(DSG)

Pepys tried to find something amusing or just perhaps relevant to say about this man but, even with the help of his good friend Roget, failed miserably (ed). Rank outsider 50/1.

James Brown (Get Down)

Closet Conservative, like this years non-entity has served his apprenticeship in the Three Tuns. Drinks Scotch but doesn't inhale. 5/1.

Adrian May (Umbrellas/ Christian Democrats/ Just Say No!)

Following in the illustrious footsteps of other famous Umbrellas whose names I can't recall. God's own candidate (Isiah 4.2). 15/1.

Ian Pleace (Lib Dem) Charismatic constitutional reformer; "Pants down Pleacy" combines the wit and charm of Woy Jenkins with the sexual prowess of David Steel. 50/1.

Entertainments & Societies/part time only

Navin Reddy (Independent Film critic) Fondly imagines that knowledge of the job will make him a more appealing candidate. Early Favourite despite allegations of friendship with Johnny Bradburn (crap). 5/1.

Sue Pearce (Independent Bar perkin - right on kids)

Dark horse and interestingly only women Ents candidate. No relation to Stuart the notorious hard man and penalty misser. 6/1.

Justin DeVille (Independent rag)

The Rag supremo taking the Martin Lewis road to fame and fortune but thankfully not quite as annoying. 15/1.

Phil Jones (Independent Jazz)

The Jazz supremo. Nice bloke. 17.7/1.

Dave Jones (Independent Anarcho-Vegetarian)

Another candidate with experience but whose terrifying exterior may put off the more imorous voters. May appeal to the dodgy haircut vote. 30/1.

Neil Andrews (Independent Robert the Bruce Beaver editor)

A close runner up in last years debacle, sorry election. Slightly improved chances this year due to the Weddies unprecedented chart success. Also more voter friendly as he now smiles (occasionally). 8/1.

Mick Jagger (Independent legend)

Rock guru, guaranteed to provide at least one sell out concert at the LSE, however there may be problems due to his tax exile status. 1/1.

Suke Wolton (Independent SWSS Annie Lennox)

Pledges to prevent the demonisation of LSE SU Ents by errant, American, imperialist capitalism. Big Madonna fan. Spirit of '68/1.

Equal Opportunities and Welfare/Nice post

Leandro Moura (Labour)

Another figure from the past hoping to re-live former glories unencumbered by any official Labour party. Very cool. 5/1.

Jamsheda Ahmad (DSG)

Caring. 7/1.

Kate Hampton (Independent Green Anarcho-Ballerina)

Deeply caring. 7/1.

Ray Yates (Independent UGM chair)

Hugely caring but also very laid back, renowned constitutional whizz-kid. Respect. 20/1.

Daniel Godfrey (What's Left)

Mean left hook and so caring he makes Florence Nightingale look like Jack the Ripper. 8/1.

Jon Bradburn (No party(s))

Ex Ents Officer trying to repay his debt to society(s). Reformed alcoholic and drug abuser so the AU vote will probably carry him to victory, a clear favourite. Evens.

Phoebe Ashworth (Conservative)

No relation to you know who? The caring face of modern Conservatism. 100/1.

Those are the opening odds folks but Pepys believes that the opera isn't over until the fat lady sings so check next weeks' issue for the latest campaign update.

Clare Market Reviewed

Gethin Roberts looks into the past to find more reasons for the LSE to be proud of its Gay heritage

In common with most other Students' Unions, the LSE Union organises each year a Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Awareness week. In the case of LSE it is particularly apposite for it was here that the modern Gay movement first emerged. By that I do not refer to the founding of the Gay Liberation Front at a meeting at the School in October 1970, an event commemorated by the "Pink Plaque" in The Cafe, but to the development some 250 years earlier than that of a recognisably modern gay subculture, much of it centered on Clare Market. Clare Market as the name implies was originally a provisions market, built in 1656 by John, Earl of Clare and Baron Houghton, (both titles bought for cash). By the beginning of the 18th Century the area now occupied by the School was packed with butchers, fruit dealers, hardwood dealers, candle makers and drapers. It was within this lower middle class of small shop keepers and tradesmen that during the first half of the 18th century a gay male sub culture developed, facilitated by the rapidly increasing population and probably, by the publicity given to it by its opponents and persecutors. The most prominent feature of this sub culture, according to Rictor Norton, the historian who has done most research into this area was "the molly house, or club for homosexual gentlemen, an institution as characteristic of the 18th century as a coffee house". As Norton shows in a recent book, Mother Clap's Molly House, by about 1720 there were more gay clubs in central London than there were in the 1950's when parliament first started thinking about reforming the laws against homosexuality. Most of these were in Holborn and the adjoining districts Lincoln's Inn (notorious for the goings on in and around the "Bog Houses", public toilets built in 1692) and Covent Garden to the West and St Pauls and the Royal Exchange to the East. From the beginning the development

of a gay scene was accompanied by harassment, the use of agent provocateurs and by police raids. Most of what we know about the lives of these gay men comes from police and court records. One characteristic that has survived to modern times was the use of camp names or maiden names as they were then referred to. In 1794 a club of mollies meeting in Clare Market (every Monday evening like its modern counterpart the Lesbian Gay and Bisexual Society) was infiltrated by the police and then raided. Among those arrested (although not charged) were Lady Golding, Countess Papillon and Miss Fanny all local tradesmen. Another characteristic that strikes a modern note is the lack of guilt of many of these gay men. In the words of William Brown, arrested by an agent provocateur in 1726 "I think there is no crime in making what use I please of my own body", a sentiment that could also sum up the position of those gay men who recently had their appeals turned down on the Operation Spanner case. Despite the activities of the police and of the busybodies of the Societies for the Reformation of Manners the sub culture survived and flourished in a fairly open manner for about 150 years. As Norton points out there were few instances of gay men committing suicide between the period around 1710 to the mid 19th century. "Internalised guilt is absent not because the mollies were libertines or rakes, but simply because they enjoyed themselves, and seemed genuinely surprised when others called their pleasures sinful. Not that there weren't moral clamp downs. These generally followed well publicised criminal cases such as the prosecution of some 40 mollies arrested in 1726 at Mother Clap's in Holborn or of the Vere Street coterie in 1810. Vere Street ran from the top of Clare Market through what is now the Nursery and St Phillips and directly across where Kingsway now is. It was here

that James Cook and a man named Yardley set up a molly house in the White Swan (on the site of the St Phillips Building). The White Swan would appear to have functioned also as a gay male brothel, serving the needs of lawyers from the Inns of Court as well as the tradesmen of Clare Market. On Sunday, July 8th 1810 the White Swan was raided by police from Bow Street Police Station and 27 men arrested. Seven of these were charged, convicted and sentenced to the pillory where they were pelted with rotting fish, offal, dung and dead cats and dogs by a mob several thousand strong. It was not however this kind of oppression that destroyed the molly sub culture as much as the more insidious effects of the emerging scientific and medical models that portrayed homosexuality as a disease. Norton sums this development up. "The oppression which the Georgian molly faced was largely external: fear of capture, conviction and execution. But the oppression experienced by the Victorian margery and the modern poof and queer became internalised as shame and guilt-repression from which there is no escape. For many, especially the puritan middle classes, fear was replaced by self loathing, and executions were replaced by suicides. By the 1950's the gay sub culture was riddled with self oppression, an issue that was addressed and challenged by the gay liberation movement of the 1960's. The most visible aspect of that challenge was the Gay Liberation Front, which for many of us changed our lives. In commemorating that event the Union put up a plaque in remembrance of those who have suffered oppression and in honour of those who have contributed to the struggle for Lesbian and Gay emancipation. Those 18th century mollies who frequented Clare Market deserve to be remembered among those and the awareness week itself is one more small part of a struggle yet to be won.

LSE Students' Union Lesbian, Gay & Bisexual Awareness Week 8-12 February

Monday, 8 February: Reception/Party:

Sex, drugs & rock 'n roll! (& munchies). 7pm, in the Cafe

Tuesday 9 February: Discussion Meeting:

Lifestyles: *Is being lesbian or gay more than what we do in bed.? Should we follow heterosexual stereotypes?* 7pm, in A144.

Wednesday, 10 February: Film Extravaganza

A selection of short (but sweet!) films. 7pm, New Theatre (E171).

Thursday, 11 February:

A 10 Minute Theatre: a selection of short plays. 8pm, Quad.

Monday-Friday:

Stall with information, leaflets, posters, t-shirts, badges, books, etc...

11.30am - 2.30pm, Quad.

LSE Students' Union, East Building, Houghton St. WC2A 2AE

Tel: Mel, on (071) 955 7609 for more information/details

No Sleep till Barnet!

All winners, no losers, as six teams go twenty four hours for charity.

Ron Voce reports on a £1000 Rag success!



It's all over now, as the alternative famous 5 finishing clue number 34 at Barnet FC. It was all down hill from here! From right to left, Belinda, Zoe, Mike, Callum and Tim is taking the photo

When International Hall pulled out of the 24 hour Treasure hunt, there was no shame attached. They had fought hard against adversity and still lost, but they carried on, until injuries, a towed away car and the lack of team members, finally made the obstacles too much that they pulled out. A cheer went up from the rest of the participating teams, not because this would make their jobs easier, but because International hall had tried, and in trying helped restore the Treasure Hunt to its rightful place as the flagship event of Rag week.

Last years debacle of two teams, of basically Beaver staff fighting it out for the barrel of beer, seemed ludicrous, especially as the event had been put off for 24 hours to let more teams enter. This year, rumours abounded that there were nearly ten teams including London Student and Kings, sorry Strand Poly, but they were unfounded, as only six teams formed up on the starting grid at 6.00 pm in the Underground last

Tuesday night.

Last years winners, the **Beaver** team showed their usual strength and were no doubt the team, if possible to beat. Psalm 69, representing Carr Saunders' Old Boys, set the pattern, because it contained some Beaver Staff. Defections continued as I, under threats from my neighbours at Rosebery Hall, defected from the Beaver team to the Rosebery Hall team. Cries of "splitter" ran through the Underground from the Beaver team. Other teams included another team from present residents of Carr saunders, a team from Passfield hall a merger between Butlers Wharf, Silver Walk and Carr Saunders, AKA Silver Saunders and the intercollegiate team from International Hall.

The judges were veteran Bob Gross, Neil Andrews, another Beaver defector, and the perennially annoying Martin Lewis. Rule sheets were handed out and ignored, team sheets were handed in and ignored, Rag Mags were handed out and sold, and

before you knew it we were off. The Beaver took the first points as hidden amongst the 125 clues was a simple question on how many floors the library had. But worse was to come when I ballsed up the game of computer risk, but at least we got our post card posted. From know on it is difficult to try and relate what went on in other teams as I was only really in contact with the Rosebery team, but if you see what we went through, then imagine it six times over and then you will realise what it was like for the other teams as well!

When I arrived back at Rosebery, Elton, the other Captain, had got things moving, a list was being prepared things were starting to come together. Everyone, all 196 people in our hall, pulled together. One of the builders said he would bring in his receipt for his Rolls Royce. I promised to do the blood donation. We acted illegally and got away with it. But then again, I suppose did every one else. After all it is supposed to be about using your initiative.

We managed to get Maurice Mickelwhite (Michael Caine) in a Mini in Houghton Street, a telephone directory from Vienna, a drink for our own Olympian Hughie Teape and..... I could go on, but with 150 items to find or do it is difficult.

Nearly as difficult is credit as with everyone helping out at some time or another, it is difficult to give credit to every body, but I'm going to try. Of course this is only for the Rosebery team, but it's the same for every team that took part. Some deserve credit, others have credit thrust upon them and others are just a credit!

Elton, for being there when I wasn't and generally holding things together.

Chris Longridge for writing the play, that no one dare speak of!
Dave and Jon, for the togas and the money they collected.
Sarah for the taxi service and stuff

Hannah Jones and Paul Trivett for helping Ollie and me get our videos. Nuff Zed!
Danny Beharall for the

herbal cigarette.

Rashad for twisting his ankle in the line of duty.

Marie just for being their and doing a great impersonation of Faz.

Angus and Jimmy for not going to Heathrow!

Ollie for showing great prowess on a mountain bike.

The Alternative Famous Five: Belinda, Zoe, Tim, Mike and Callum

A 1963 Ford Anglia 105E called Byron (for making it!)

Caroline for telling Denis Skinner MP to F**k off.

Simon for trying hard and at times succeeding

Graham for putting up with Simon. Not

Tina, Valli, Jean, Elaine, Lucianna and Vita

Ross our resident tee-totaller and good on him for it.

Brian our resident American, with the best Irish accent that side of the Atlantic and good on him too.
All the builders at Rosebery.

I'm sure there's people I've forgotten, but if I have I'm sorry because I'm writing this after having very little sleep,

so my apologies.

One final thankyou must go to Kate Smith whose skills were widely recognised before the treasure hunt, but not in telephony. She sat by the phone for nearly 23 hours, spending nearly £20, but she was wonderful. We would never have been in contention without her. On behalf of the team, thank you Kate.

Well thats the thanks out of the way, well sort of, because the winners had to be announced. At 6.00pm on Wednesday night it all finished. The last minute rush, saw many things tried just to get points. No one knew the scores or how close it was. The money was counted up and just before 8.00 pm the announcement was made. Just under £1000 was collected by the teams which meant that for the first time in years, the Treasure hunt has made money for Rag Week. The Beaver team came third, they'd fallen down on the money collecting. Psalm 69 and Silver saunders came joint second. Rosebery Hall won. ROSEBERY LADS !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The Beaver

You may have noticed that the Beaver has been late arriving over the past couple of weeks. The reasons behind this were beyond our control but we would like to take this opportunity to assure you that it is only a temporary situation caused by the updating of machinery at the printing presses and DTP bureau we employ to produce the paper.

You may or you may not have noticed, but the last few weeks have witnessed a heavy build up of underground electioneering by certain groups of LSE's community as the elections for Sabbatical and other Union positions approaches. With only another month to go before all hell breaks loose, prospective candidates have already begun listening to the grapevine in order to assess their chances while others are changing their image and appearing in public in order to get their face known. The Jonny Bradburn censure motion proved an ideal opportunity for candidates with a cause to show their political colours and try and gain some sort of advantage. It was a disgusting display motivated more by politics than anything else. Major speakers included Gavin Blackburn and Phil Jones, while the motion was seconded by Steve Peake, all of whom are considering whether to run or not and the fact that the DSG proposed the motion, ahead of a similar motion by Fazile Zahir and John Spurling, suggests that there was some political reasoning behind it's appearance. I'm not condemning such actions, after all it could be considered hypocritical, I'm just trying to point out that there's more to these public appearances than meets the eye.

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Laughing all the way to the bank?

Dear Beaver,

When I read in the Beaver last week, that "Bradburn was unavailable for comment by Beaver staff" after the defeat of the censure motion, I couldn't help laughing out loud. It seems Johnny hasn't wasted a single minute to get back to what he's been doing since the beginning of last term, ie nothing.

Personally, I feel a bit (euphemism) distressed at the result of last week's vote. Obviously, I must be too thick to grasp the extent of the pleasure one could get by giving away one's money for Johnny to spend in the Tun's. Obviously, £160 a week is far better spent on Bradburn than on Society parties that we could enjoy. Obviously, Bradburn's friends (Thanks to whom Bradburn had already been elected to the post last year) did well in coming to the UGM just before the recount, in order to democratically unbalance the scales.

What I have trouble understanding is how Bradburn can respect himself. No one would dare disagree that he doesn't respect the Union or his "fellow students". How he found the guts not to resign, I don't know. How he can look at himself in the mirror having not attended any of the meetings concerning societies (sic Faz), helped the Rag Committee (sic Justin), or simply been around in his office to do what he's payed to do, is a mystery to me.

Obviously, I must be quite dumb, and Johnny must be a wonderful man, full of qualities. Well, there's at least one quality which I'll grant you Bradburn - and that's your astonishing ability to bullshit your way through whatever you do. It's a great asset, hold on to it.

Laura B.

No room for change?

Dear Beaver,

We would like to bring to the attention of all students a motion we have submitted to the Union General meeting. It voices our opposition to the plans of the School to spend £200,000 on refurbishing the Senior Dinning Room (SDR). We feel that this is yet another example of the wrong priorities shown by the School. At a time when the Brunch Bowl is massively over-crowded and the library is suffering from a shortage of books and staff, we are demanding that if the school can spare £200,000 for the SDR then they can spend an equal amount on students, particularly the library and Brunch Bowl.

The school argues that the

refurbishment is necessary to attract academics to the school. We are convinced that academics are more concerned about academic standards, which will inevitably decline if the library is not funded properly.

For too long the School has been able to ignore students' interests. This is an issue upon which we must unite. Too often the Union concentrates on issues of little relevance to immediate students' interests. We can no longer afford to allow the School to continue on the road to privatisation, of which we feel this is yet another example. The Students' Union must strongly oppose this unjustified expenditure, from which students will not benefit. Instead we must unite in our opposition to the school's proposals and stand up for the interests of all students, regardless of political persuasion.

We look forward to the support of a united student body, in the Union General Meeting, on Thursday 1pm in the Old Theatre.

The Democratic
Socialist Group.

Train Spotters of the World Unite

Dear Ludwig Kanzler,

Congratulations - not for losing the position of the Vice-Chair - but for establishing what must be the greatest format of minute taking I've ever witnessed. Your style, wit, passion, ingenuity and 'bon vivant' approach to what some people (but not me) would say was a task only performed by complete tossers who never become Chairman, enchanted, nay mesmerized not just by myself but the whole union. I have admired you since the first UGM of the Michaelmas Term when I was but a naive fresher with absolutely no ideas of my own (and certainly no expectations of being elected into such a great job!). I honestly think you are fantastic.

On a much less serious note, I feel that I may be justified in pointing out that I couldn't give a shit what you think. Do you really think I care if the minutes are 100% factually accurate? Actually, you are right in thinking that just changing a few words and dates in your files from last term saves me a lot of time, that's why I do it. Perhaps it should not preclude me from using my brain, but as I have no brain to speak of, I'm afraid I have no alternative.

Your next point I'm afraid I cannot reply to because I can't be fucked to find the minutes from last week. However, if as you say, you did not stand for Vice-Chair, why don't you sue me for such a slanderous statement? Did you really think that I would know who Rogulan Sriskaitchan or anybody else was, being a balconoid? I didn't go to the UGM's for

stimulating potential debate or to support any parties, I went to have a laugh, take the piss and throw paper aeroplanes. In case you forgot, I was nominated by Neil Andrews as a joke, I accepted as a joke, my speech was a joke and my election was a joke.

As far as objections to previous weeks' minutes go, the reason I reported that there were no worthwhile objections made was due to a worthless objection made by Adam Cleary against a mistake in your minutes for the previous week. So far I've had no objections and don't expect to receive any worthwhile ones during my term as Vice-Chair (Erratum: for "worthwhile", please also read "and not pointless ones made by Ludwig Kanzler")

As far as your points on stylistic plagiarism go, I would remind you that I only have to write the words that are said on paper, it is Mel Taylor who types them up and changes them accordingly. Oh dear, it looks like there may just be some possibility that your minutes are not entirely your own work, but those of a collaboration! Even if they aren't, it is still perfectly valid to point out that no one (worthwhile) could give a shit.

You made some point or another about the constitution, but I'm afraid I can't defend myself because I have never read it.

Nobody asked you to criticise me on every word said during a UGM. However, your criticisms are "ridiculously skimpy", aside from being factually incorrect! Furthermore "Union Jack does not enter the record as a better record of the 18th January UGM than the actual minutes because the UGM actually took place on the 14th January. Now who's being factually incorrect?"

How many different ways are there to shoot an elephant? Not many, I think. I personally feel that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and I feel sorry for you if all you can do is hurl petty criticisms at me instead of being proud of your "style" of minute-taking has probably set a precedent that may last for a very long while. If you want your old job back, why don't you propose an amendment to the constitution to enable me to be got rid off (okay, so I have read a little bit of that gripping work) then propose a motion of censure against me then a motion of No Confidence. I'm sure the Union would love to have you back and wouldn't at all mind you wasting everyone's time.

Since I got the job I feel that I might as well give it a go and do a good job. So far, I'm quite satisfied and, if I'm not wrong, so are most others.

Whenever you pass me in Houghton Street you utterly ignore me, even though on every occasion I have smiled at you hoping you would acknowledge my presence. I must say, I had absolutely no idea what a cunt you were until I read your letter last week. Perhaps it would have been better if you had simply approached me in the Tuns and asked me politely what I was doing ripping off your minutes. Then maybe you would not have made such a fool of yourself by writing such a shit letter to the

Beaver.

Much love and respect,

Gerard Harris,
Vice-Chair of the UGM
Lent Term 1993, ha,ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

PS. I do hope you understand this reply.

Children, children.....

Bring on the clever bastards...

Dear Beaver,

I am amazed at the lack of research in your paper. It's a well known fact that the song 'Read It In Books' was written by both Ian McCulloch and Julian Cope while they were in the band A Shallow Madness. However, the song was first recorded in 1979 by Echo & the Bunnymen and released, along with 'Pictures On My Wall', as their debut single, TWO years before Teardrop Explodes released it as a B-side. By calling it a "Teardrop's oldie" you were talking bollocks. I reckon you should sack your Music Editor for being an infertile lard eater who couldn't recognise a decent fact if it walked up to him and slapped him across the face.

Yours
Ian McCulloch's Big
Lips

PS The chord sequence for 'Read It In Books' was then nicked by U2 and used for 'Where The Streets Have No Name'. As you already know, U2 ripped off everything Echo & The Bunnymen ever did.

PPS. I think the Khan should get a whole page to himself every week.

Post Haste

All letters to
the Editor must
be delivered,
either by
Internal Mail or
by hand, to room
E197 by 5pm
Thursdays

STARSTRUCK

Sarah Jane gets a gutful of the new Belly album.

BELLY - such a reassuring name, so safe, so warm, so "mother earth". Think about it, then think again. Belly are deceptive, Belly are weird.

"Baby's playing dead in the cellar gave her water she got paler grass stains back burns she's a screamer she's just dusted" - "Dusted".

See what I mean? Freaky.

As an album "Star" is a stunning debut, the fifteen tracks revealing a depth previously only hinted in the singles. Instantly accessible and yet curiously disconcerting Belly are worryingly beautiful. Pure, breathy vocals float across guitar melodies in a world where everything is not all sweetness and light;

"So that kid from the bad home came over my house again decapitated

all my dolls and if you bore me you lose your soul" - "Gepetto".

Like I said; freaky. Tanya Donnelly has obviously learned a lot in her previous incarnations in the Throwing Muses and the Breeders. From the songs on "Star" it is immediately apparent that Kristin Hersh does not have the family monopoly on angst. Donnelly's music carries an underlying melancholy, it is simultaneously both haunting and enchanting, the bass line on "Low Red Moon" is almost sinister - it certainly spooks me.

To compare Belly to the Muses would be unfair. Belly walk in nobody's shadow, they tread a path of their own. Donnelly is clearly an accomplished songwriter and musician in her own right and Belly are the living proof of her

talents. Pretty tunes lull you into a false sense of security until the lyrics turn your head backwards. This album doesn't just grow, it positively gnaws.

Musically, "Star" exposes Belly's variety and depth. Songs like the upbeat, kooky "Slow Dog" and "White Belly" are next to the more disturbing "Witch" and "Someone To Die For". The album is impressive and a valuable addition to any self-respecting record collection. Belly are beautiful and bizarre - "Star" is a suitable introduction to their weird and wonderful world.

"Star" is out now on 4AD
Belly play ULU on Feb. 25
(Melody Maker Reader Alert!!!! - RH)



Cor! Tanya Donnelly's belly.

A FILTHY FRATERNITY

Having finally been turfed out of the Scala cinema onto the mean streets of King's Cross in the wee small hours the other Saturday, what else was there to do but sample the authentic taste of Weimar Germany at Das Frat Shack, a mere goose-step up Euston Road?

Declining the more obvious temptations of N1 was woefully easy with the prospect of scantily clad go-go dancers, leather-bound hostesses and the most outrageous cabaret this side of 1933 to look forward to.

Once inside, and having been relieved of a mere £4 for the privilege by a disappointingly well-clothed receptionist, we descended into the Mephistophelian depths of Weimar decadence. The decor was appropriate with liberally dispersed inflatable phalli and enough leather and chains to make

even Madonna flinch. Some of the accents were distinctly Midland rather than Rhineland but those rubber shorts were genuine enough. The band were rockabilly three-minute wonders but since they called themselves "The Kaisers" they seemed to go down well with these bauhaus bohemians.

And then came the cabaret. There were shades of "Thundercrack!" as the star of the show in an anatomically exaggerated Gut Bucket style costume took bets from the drooling crowd on gynæcology row as to just how many household vegetables it he/she/it could stuff up his/her/its various crevices. Despite your intrepid reporter being spot on with his educated guess of ten, the prize of a fully operational Ann Summers vibrator (batteries not included) was given to a less

vocal, and female, member of the audience.

We were sponged down with a few more blasts from The Kaisers, now relegated to the status of thirty-second wonders, which made an average of aabout ten seconds per chord, before making our excuses and leaving to emerge into the distinctly undecadent fin de siecle environment of Euston concourse, wondering if it had all really happened, and would it ever happen again?

Thankfully, leather lovers, you won't have to content your selves with watching Liza Minelli's ugly mug despoiling the film version of Isherwood's beautiful novel in "Cabaret" for a taste of bratwurst Berlin style, for Das Frat Shack will be up and inflating some place, next month.

Baron von Bifferidge

THE LOST CORD

Corduroy; Live at the Jazz Cafe, January 25th

Some days you just don't feel like having somebody's combat boot in your head as they engage in that oh-so-sociable activity of stage diving. Some days you want to hear more than manufactured bleeps and bass. Monday was such a day, Monday was a Corduroy kind of day.

For those of you unfamiliar with acid jazz, let me explain a few things: funky wah-wah guitars, vibes, a "you don't have to f*ck people over to survive philosophy", a few goatee beards, Pucho and the Latin Soul-Brothers, Mother Earth, Totally Wired compilations, The James Taylor Quartet and tonight dad, man,cat, Corduroy.

Acid jazz doesn't just mean the record label. Acid jazz is a vibe, a philosophy and most of all some damn fine music. If jazz conjures up images of old men playing big band sounds then you should reconsider. This jazz brings freshness and vitality to the music world, this jazz promises Barbarella style with a groove and that's what we get.

To rapturous applause Corduroy take to the stage for a serious amount of grooving. Dougal from the Magic Roundabout, amongst others, is on the wall behind them and we're treated to some funky-up jazz. They're a tight band but that doesn't stop the keyboard player taking his feet to his instrument and one of the guitarists frenziedly playing with a violin bow. These boys can hold a vibe and we're loving it, even the nutter up on his chair, who's out of his mind on who knows what but with a groove like this I don't mind the odd bit of whiplash from his flares.

With an encore and a hot afterglow we kiss Corduroy good night and this is a night when you should have been here, not there.

Steve Kinkee

LA NEGRESSE MORTE

Helno, the singer of Les Negresses Vertes, was discovered dead of a heroin overdose, in his mother's flat in Paris, on 21st January.

Though the French band was mainly known in French-speaking and Latin countries, it had a minor hit in England during the year 1989 with "Zobi-la-mouche", a sample of its slangy black humour. It had also released two LPs called "Mlah!" and "Familles

Nombreuses" which sound like a mixture of Latin, African, and French popular music. In some ways, partly because of its frontman and partly because of its popular musical roots, the band had been compared to the Pogues.

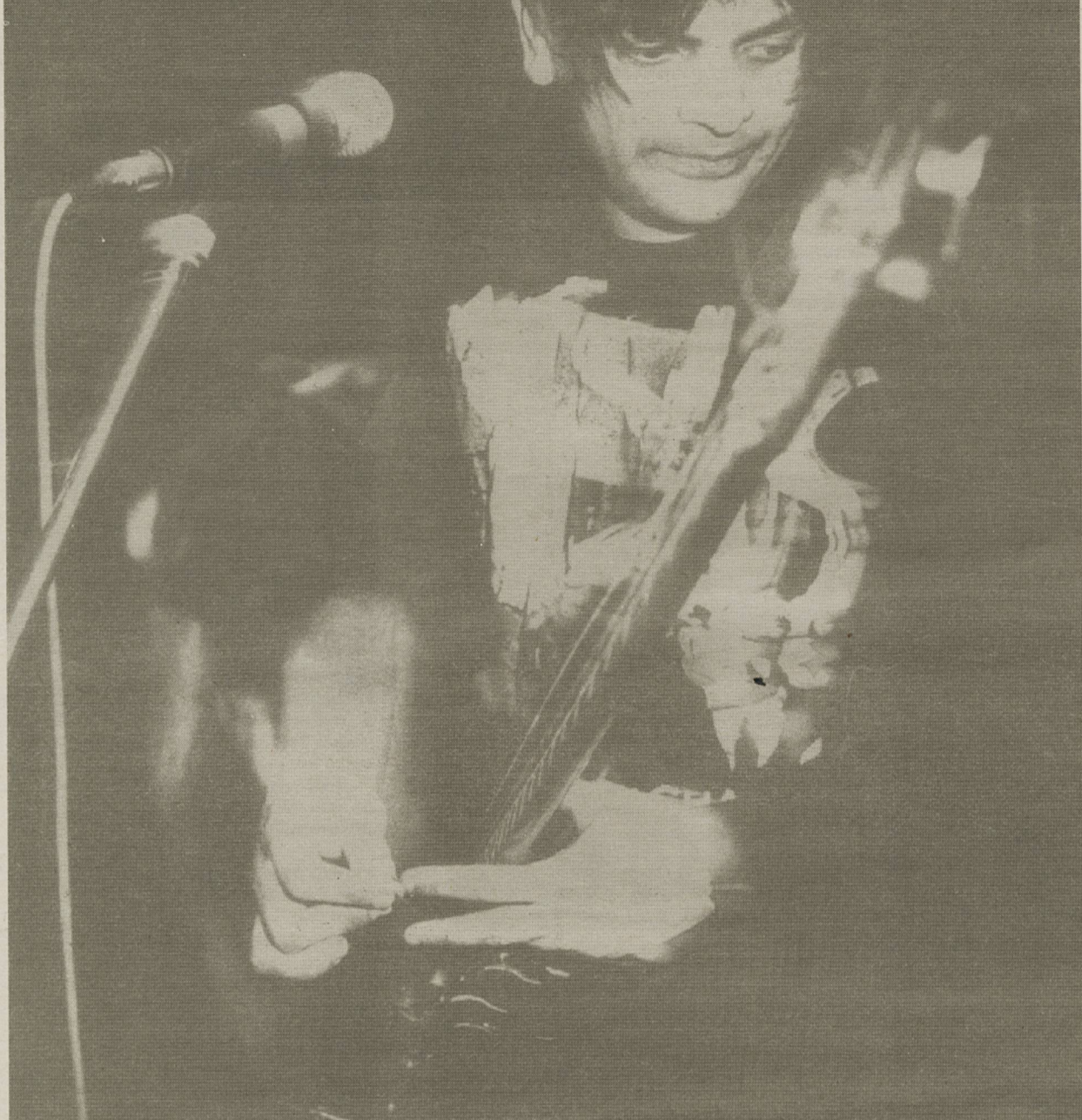
Like the Pogues the band has decided to carry on with its career without its singer. Since a tour in Lebanon, tensions had risen between Helno and the rest of the group who

argued he was less and less involved in the activities of Les Negresses Vertes and he was likely to quit.

However, his dramatic death remains a surprise and nobody knows yet who will be his successor, whose task will not be easy Let's wait and see if the band will be able to remain as interesting as it was before its leader's disposition.

Pegui.

(NEWS)AGENTS PROVOCATEURS.



CORNERSHOP (above) promote their debut EP, 'In The Days Of The Ford Cortina'.

The fact that Cornershop, a new, young quartet from Leicester, are half-Asian (with two "token honkies"!)

along with the fact that I have a higher melanin content than the average Indie-kid, first attracted my attention to them. Having missed the band play in the Covent Garden Rough Trade Shop, I went all the way back home to Essex to catch them at the Army & Navy in Chelmsford, a pub frequented by trendy VI Formers, punky-crusty types and various other weirdos.

There's been much fun about the Shoppies/ the Corners (no - they're not like any C86 band!) because of the novel phenomenon of 2 Sikh brothers making White Guitar Noise and because of their furious outspokenness against racism and fascism. Besides the anger and polemic, there's a wry, dry self-deprecating sense of humour which should not be forgotten. Their debut lo-fi EP, on "curry-coloured" vinyl, is called "In The Days Of Ford Cortina" and has a song on it titled "Kawasaki (More Heat Than A Chapati)"!

Anyway, on to the actual performance. They complained the sound system was inadequate but they could've fooled me! They mainly produce a frenetic thrashy, grindy, scratchy feedback-drenched sound, with a few Asian samples thrown in here and there. Their lyrics consist of snarling

rants against the injustices of this society, but there was no inbetween song sloganeering, which I'd expected. The sound and the message is all they really have - the songs lack structure and tunes, melodies and harmonies are absent.

Cornershop are self-confessed non-musicians. Yet it appears their very lack of proficiency and formalization causes their originality. They looked awkward and sloppy on stage, but the strange noises they effected by abusing their instruments (oo-er, missus - RH) and pedals possessed a tense, powerful, vital aura. The gig climaxed with a dramatic final song where they orgasmically, spasmodically stumbled around the stage, violently throwing their guitars down, although I felt Tjinder's (vocalist and bassist) kicking in of his drummer's kit was unnecessary and perhaps contrived.

It was a short set, but sharp and shocking. No tired, predictable encores with this lot. I don't believe agit-propping and their cultural significance alone can blast them to a prolonged career - they'll have to develop and vary their music for that - but right now their raw, ragged, chaotic, unique, strangely-moving thing is exciting and happening. Hopefully, Cornershop's barbed sound and spiked vocals will tear up the apolitical complacency of many an Indie-kid!

Robin Joughlah

SOLAAR POWER PLANT

The Khan captures the French mood

The funk-driven Monday night at the JAZZ CAFE proved to be the opposite of the crowd's expectations from a rap show. TALKIN' LOUD's newest act URBAN SPECIES opened the way for MC SOLAAR. Jazzy-mellow, but still close to the real funk, the London-based late night groovers caught the crowd's feelings and energy with the right rhyme at the right daze. GILLES PETERSON, the man behind the aforementioned jazz-rap label, witnessed too an aphrodisiac rally by the Funkhorns, who definitely lost their virginity at the Jazz Cafe (first time the band played since their record deal). A 12" is said to be released soon.

The groove was in the heart, in the feet and in the soul. English rap, Spanish rap and even Spanglish rap are well-known to our ears. Let's think of ICE-T or KID

FROST! But French rap was doomed to be the seducer of the future. It just needed the right input of energy to "break on through to the other side". For it has taken many rappers to open up the French "scene de rap". NTM (Nique Ta Mere; no translation needed), BENNY B and even the French comedians LES INCONNUS have been on the rap-tip for quite a time now. But SOLAAR energy was the answer. This Paris-based rapper, influenced by US jazz-rappers like GANG STARR, was the propulsive momentum in a time seldom paved by freedom. His songs are well known in France: "Bouge de La", "Caroline" and "Qui seme le Vent recolte le Tempo" (LP title meaning "He who sows the Wind shall reap the Tempo"; available on the funkyard compilation TALKIN' LOUD 2).

Not only lyrically versatile,

but also funny is CLAUDE MC SOLAAR, the Continent's strongest rapper. He managed to melt without any problem the vibes of the English-French crowd. Along with DJ JIMMY JAY, a fervent believer of mellow jazz-rap a la GANG STARR and A TRIBE CALLED QUEST, and SOON E MC, the main seeds of France's "creme du rap" proved to be the rejuvenators. Heavily jeep-booming (??? - RH) beats, flowing music and conscious lyrics are the key ingredients of the 501 POSSE's success: over 200,000 records sold in France! SOLAAR's lyrics are fresh and amusing: rap at its best (although the music is heavily copied from US rappers - the only minus). "We are ze best", you'll know... and the show went on. Rap proved to have no language barriers, your mind is the only obstacle. "You must Learn", "Sur le

Boulevard du rythme funky" (the 501 Posse's French Ragga rap) and "Armand est mort" moved the crowd, like RAKIM would say. According to SOLAAR "French and English are in a league". The Frenchman had to get back on the mic by public demand and what followed was an a capella rap against war, chased by heavy beats. Claude knew what he was doing, so did his dancers and the crowd: he gave us all a lesson in French poetry at its deepest!

The Jazz Cafe session gave rise somehow to an important question: should France opt out of Nuclear energy and switch to SOLAAR energy? "Ouai!"

I'M LOOKING FOR A SENSITIVE, ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT MAN... BUT ALL THOSE GUYS HAVE BOYFRIENDS!

8-12 March
1993

WOMANS
WEEK

CONFIRMATION OF EXAMINATION ENTRY FOR SESSION 1992/3

(Which concerns all Undergraduates, General Course, Diploma and Erasmus Students)

SELECTION OF PAPERS FOR NEXT SESSION

(Which concerns all 1st & 2nd Year Undergraduates)

You should go to the **Timetables Office, H310**, as soon as possible on or after Monday 1st February to collect your individual Confirmation of Exam.

Entry and Selection of Papers for Next session

The form must be completed, signed by your tutor and handed in at the office no later than **Thursday 18th February**

The Cafe

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

NEW Take- Out Window in the Quad is now open daily between 12-2 pm for HOT FOOD, Jacket potatoes, percolated coffee, bagels, etc..... NO QUEUES

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MATURE STUDENTS SOCIETY AGM/ ELECTION MEETING

WEDNESDAY 10th FEBRUARY 1PM-2PM

(Keep eye on posters for room)

Could all members please attend.

Positions for election:-

- Chair person
- Treasurer
- Secretary
- Safe Transport

Confidential help and information run by students for students in London.

Open every night during term time. 6pm-8am

DRAMA SOCIETY presents

10 Minute Theatre

Scenes, Dance and lots more.

Thursday 11th February 19.30 pm in the Quad

LSE INTERNATIONAL NIGHT

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

VACENCIES IN THE LSE DAY NURSERY

There are currently several vacancies in the Nrsery for the children of student parents.

The cost per place is £49.50 per week excluding meals.

For further information, contact the Nursery

JAPANESE LESSONS

On Wednesdays 2-4pm in X132 for beginners

On Friday 2-3.30pm in E196 for intermediates

HALF TERM PLAYGROUP

The half-term playgroup will run this term between Monday 15 February and Friday 19 February inclusive. The sessions are from

10 am-1pm and 2-5pm.

Parents are expected to look after their children during the lunch-hour.

Places are open to children aged 5-11 years, of LSE students and staff. It is held in the Women's room situated on the top floor of the Cafe in the East Building.

If you would like to register your children, please sign their name(s) on the list outside E299.

****VOLUNTEER HELPERS ALSO NEEDED: SIGN YOUR NAME ON THE LIST OUTSIDE E299**

Houghton Street Harry

Ferrari are about to exit Formula 1 Grand Prix racing. Graham Gooch is to be denied I.C.C. recognition of a century he scored in the 1982 Rebel Tour of South Africa. The Eskimo Games, just finished have proved the growing supremacy of "ear pulling", as a sport now more popular than fishing.

What do these three events have in common? How come all three came to the notice of Harry, when just covering L.S.E. sport is a full time job in itself? And finally how does what Harry has to say affect you, as "sun-person" or "ice-person", "man" or "wofem", "motherfucker" or "father-engulfer"?

On the first point the only thing that these three news items from the worlds of motorsport, cricket and the Native American games have in common is an ability to warm the cockles of Harry's big heart. Harry is a generous minded and sensitive individual as I expect you have come to realise and few things really get to him. But fat-cat, bleeding-heart, industrialists, priggish, narrow minded, self-important men with moustaches and high-pitched voices, and Vegetarian-Fascists all get to the very core of Harry's being.

Sitting, anonymously, on the London Underground on the way home from a long day in the Beaver office my mind sometimes turns to what it is that drives each one of us to feats of courage, what allows us to fulfil our ambitions, to what we aspire to be in our lives. While on this topic the other day I became aware in particular of the rarity of heroic sporting physiques on the lines of a Ben Hur, a Malcolm Macdonald or an L.S.E. sporting hero such as your very own Harry. Perhaps you think this unworthy of remark especially out on the Jubilee Line toward the impoverished ghetto's of NW6 but to Harry this sort of fact cannot be so easily passed off. Why are people in general so unlike the heroes of my youth? It was in the days of "Superstars" when real men like Bryan Jacks and Andy Ripley fought it out with squat-thrusts that I formed the mistaken view that adulthood was a time of achievement and knowledge. It was I thought then only a minority of people who felt crushed and helpless. If Bryan Jacks could do over 100 squat thrusts in a minute then there was real hope of a better future for us all.

Of course the likes of the L.S.E. Darts team are not, as representatives of L.S.E. sport, the only heroes of our hallowed institution. There do exist heroes that possess no skills as archer or footsoldier on the fields of New Malden, and who prosper by brain alone. But sporting prowess can, if allowed, become a goal of only a few and the means of expression of only those few. When this happens it is only only a step away from becoming the means of oppression by a self selected few. A few who are not the fastest, the strongest or the most skilled but the most manipulative, the loudest and - to Harry - the most obnoxious. Sporting prowess like any other skill should be recognised and encouraged. Of course the boffins of the lower levels of the St Clements building are just as much cerebral champions as their fellows of the Darts Society are "arrows artistes" but the "Apple-Mac room regulars" do not form in to the sort of cohesive group that the Rugger-buggers do for example. It is Harry's idea that unless the boffins and commuters and proles of the Jubilee Line mobilise and start practising their football skills they will continue to be oppressed by the worst elements in society.

To return to Gooch, Ferrari and the Native North American arm-pullers and high-as-you-can-in-the-air ball kickers there is in all three cases a clear example of elitest behaviour. Gooch is simply a stupid and self serving deferential by nature "Yeomen" of "Olde Englande" and has problems accepting people with ideas-especially if they are their own (Gower). Ferrari are getting uptight about losing out to more competent and well financed opponents in what has long been a competition that rewards teams willing to burn the most cash for the longest period. They should dampen their ridiculous Latin arrogance and accept the natural dominance of the English speaking nations of the world when it comes to quirky and pointless technical innovation. The athletes of the Native North American Olympics should along with the fishermen of England realize that theirs are marginal if popular occupations, which are by their neutrality helping the oppression of the common man by the sporting cliques, in University and without.

Get on your boots, pick up your darts and go and join the collective playing Kabadi at the end of Mandela Terrace. Be rude, eat pies with gentlemen's relish and buy a square a gin and tonic.

Up The Boys

LSE 1st XI Hockey . . . 11 St. George's 2nd XI...0
LSE 1st XI Hockey . . . 3 Queen Mary's 1st XI...0

Last week LSE played a really crap team from St. George's hospital. Gary scored three, Matt scored three, guest star Emmanuel Ringer scored three and Jez Cartwright, on his eventual return from a crippling Gazza-like knee injury, scored two [NB: we actually outnumbered them].

This week, the opposition was more formidable - QMW (Queen Mary's and Westfield) 1st XI. The importance of this match was heightened by the fact that this was to be a double header (i.e. for reasons only known to those with sticks the result was to count in both the cup quarter-final and the league -ed). Playing in surroundings alien to the team - i.e. not on grass, with substitutes, AND with supporters (easy now -ed), and, er, Jez, the LSE team coped admirably with the pressure. With the return of the rock-like Casper, and Martin marauding down the right flank, their Teutonic influence was to prove the deciding factor in this see-saw encounter. With Steve "Simms" Simms looking very tired indeed, Richard Walker opened the scoring with a great goal. Numerous chances were missed, most notably by Matt and Gary.

After the break, inspired by emotional oratories from their leaders and oranges cut into twenty like only groundsman know how, the men in fluorescent yellow bore down on the opposition's goal. This relentless pressure, coupled with some decidedly imaginative and at times inspiring untiring umpiring from guest umpire extraordinaire Ebenezer Ringer, was to prove too much for the hapless opposition, who conceded a penalty stroke (!) (not my exclamation mark -ed) in the final stages of the match. Martin converted this expertly, and was to score another only five minutes later, his predatory finishing style reminiscent of the great Gerd Müller.

So, through to the semi-final and still unbeaten in the league - a happy day for all concerned, especially Onno, who had to be restrained/protected in the bar afterwards, his dubiously unique brand of Dutch humour (no contradiction whatsoever -ed) not appreciated by all (i.e. the opposition). Special thanks to Ezekiel Ringer for the wonderful catering.

RICHARD WALKER

STAZZA'S BOYS GRAB FAMOUS GLORY

LSE 2'nds.....4
LSE 3'rhs.....2

Thirds go home and watch Jackanory

In the first game of the season the thirds had shocked the footballing world by upstaging the mighty seconds. Any dreams of repeating such a performance were soon to come to an end. Fourth division games are by nature unpredictable and so it is perhaps justice (as well as a crap link) that the first goal was scored by an unpredictable player, Stewart Fry. Turning sharply in the thirds box he guided the ball into the top corner with more than a modicum of panache. This set the tone for the game. Whilst the thirds battled, the seconds always looked more composed at the vital moments. Despite this, certain aspects of their behaviour led to serious concern. I'm offering Danny la Rue's underpants and a tub of KY Jelly to anyone who can explain why Arne Niemann insisted on holding my hand in the second's penalty box. Moving on to even less fertile ground, why did Dave Keane insist on grabbing a handful (or at least a couple of fingers full) of my nether regions whilst in the same area. The more cynical amongst you may well now be developing theories about the improved morale in the second team.

insisted on scoring a few more goals. Very rudely their defence would not let us get very many at all. Nick Blunden effectively cancelled out Pederson and thus perhaps was man of the match. For the thirds that grizzled veteran of the downtown jungle once again stood out. Birnbaum did much to quieten Keane and also scored a well executed goal. Whitehall also did well and his goal ensured that over the season the thirds have beaten the seconds on the away goals rule, a great statistic but bugger all consolation after the game. So, which way forward for the thirds? Many will feel that the close working relationship established between Graveson and Pederson during the match is indicative of the glowing warmth within our ranks. This should be capitalised upon in the next game against UMDS who, for the uninitiated, are a pile of toss. If people want to get stroppy then perhaps they should save it for games that will be won, and forget about trying to blame other people when everything isn't going right.

John Noakes (but not Shep, because he's dead)

Inconsiderately the seconds



Barry McGuigan (BSc(Econ) 1978 with fellow L.S.E alumni:

Photo Not Steve East

Sporty Sports Crossword

Across

- (1) Oh no !! Thug adds to the street. (8)
- (5) England's flying winger. (4)
- (6) Anthony, Hateley, Thatcher or -y Mark. (4)
- (8) Alpine yoghurt. (3)
- (10) Oy homeboy !! Reverse !! (2)
- (13) Referee who indulges in too much self-stimulation of his genitalia. (6)
- (15) Ian who prays for the Hammers. (6)
- (17) Initially, the only Premier League team named after a day of the week. (2)
- (19) Caber or faeces. (3)
- (21) Pots become the pits for Mansell. (4)
- (22) Marc gets 1500m start for breakfast. (4)
- (23) Coin tree becomes hard. (8)

Down

- (1) This sporting gent completes the L.S.E.'s address, know what I mean? (5)
- (2) Be a man like Forget. (3)
- (3) On which morning can we see Richard and Judy? (4)
- (4) Halve a wooden runner in the 1992 Grand National. (3)
- (7) Gattling and Gooch were not without common cause. (6)
- (9) Line up for the botanical gardens. (3)
- (11) Get on the express at Leyton. (6)
- (12) AIDS victim Arthur got his end away. (3)
- (14) Mr. Stiles's phalus. (3)
- (16) Bodily excrement or singular Belgian eurocrat. (3)
- (18) Now me in my own room. (5)
- (20) Yucky Al. (4)
- (21) Waddell - the voice of darts. (3)
- (22) Former goalkeeper who sat on the mat. (3)

