

The Beaver

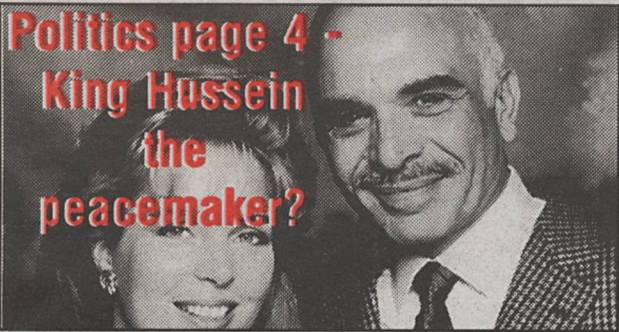
THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

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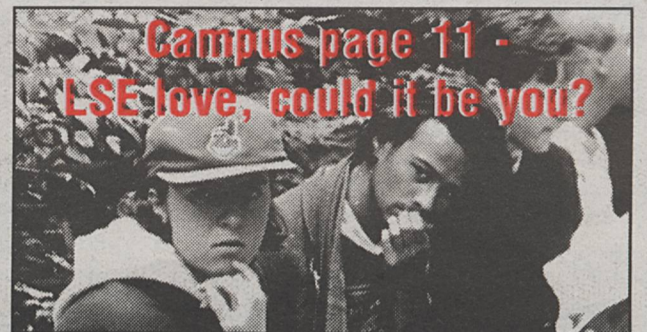
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King Hussein
the
peacemaker?



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Mapplethorpe
in the flesh



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LSE love, could it be you?



FRESHERS' FAYRE FINANCIAL SUCCESS

£9,000 made
before the
doors open on
this year's
Freshers' Fayre

Chris McAleely

This year's Freshers' Fayre was a resounding success before the doors had even opened thanks to the efforts of Students' Union Treasurer, Darrell Hare. He managed to raise £9000 for the union by selling space at the Fayre to numerous companies.

The largest contribution came from NatWest, whose generosity was chiefly to ensure that they were the only bank present. Their stall included a candy floss machine

Continued on page two ...



Freshers' Fayre continued from page one

and a magician; a slightly bizarre way of attracting custom. Another substantial sum came from STA, the student travel service, who once again will be operating on site in the basement of the Clare Market building all year.

On the evening before the Fayre, Hare was confident that everything would be ready despite last minute hassles as societies jostled for the best positions for their stalls.

The opening day was busy, with hundreds of students, new and old, grabbing all the freebies on offer and signing up to a multitude of different societies. However, everything appeared to run smoothly. There were far less complaints from stallholders about their site than last year. This was due to the wise decision not to use the badminton court and the strict enforcement of fire regulations which did not permit any stalls to

be placed in the corridors.

The students asked by *The Beaver* for their views on the fayre were short on words but the impression given was a positive one. Comments ranged from "just looking", "it's very busy" to "I think it's cool".

One black spot was the unwanted presence of Al-Muhajiroun, an Islamic society with highly prejudiced views which are contrary to the LSESU's equal opportunities policy. They were outside the Fayre in Houghton Street from which, since it is a public highway, the LSE has no power to remove them.

The Student Union Education and Welfare sabbatical, Sam Parham, responded to their presence by distributing a flyer explaining Union policy and directing students interested in Islam to the official LSE Islamic Society.



LSE is the nut they want to crack

Photo: Library

Chaos at Clement House

LSE's newest acquisition is still under
construction as term starts

Beaver Staff

Students will start going to lectures in the new Clement House on the Aldwych from Monday, though construction work is expected to continue for three more weeks and students are having a difficult time finding their way around the construction site.

The upper floors accommodate the International Relations department and students and staff agree that, "it is a vast improvement", but many query whether the move came too soon. "The old department was so tatty and badly needed refurbishment", is a commonly felt sentiment. One academic proudly remarked, "I've got a view", but said we would have to wait and see how things are once students start moving in and out of the building.

A student commented, "It's alright once you go off the ground floor and past the decorators". Another student called the new common room "a corridor".

Café Pepé, on the third floor still needs some electrical work to be completed, but should prove a good alternative to the existing catering facilities at the School. A use for the basement has not yet been

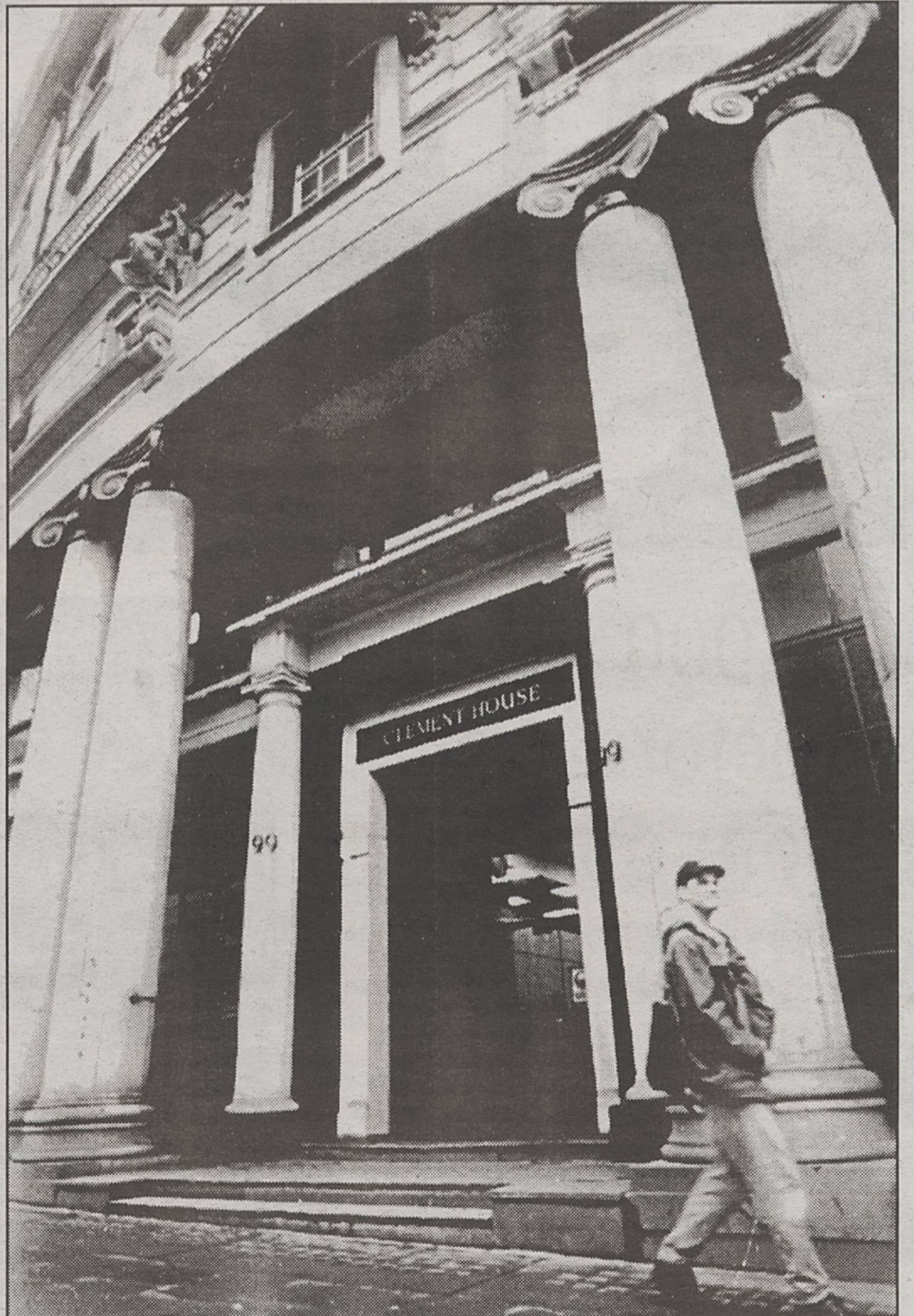
decided, but a press release indicates that it will be used for a social use of some kind.

Clement House is a grade 2 listed building and was designed by Sir John James Burnet in 1910. It is regarded by English Heritage as a piece of Edwardian architecture of the highest importance in terms of streetscape, intrinsic merit and internal architecture and planning alike.

The back half of the building has been taken out and replaced by a new concrete construction. A student remarked that the modern part of the building is "a bit ugly". LSE was short of a 120 seat lecture theatre so the impressive two storey banking hall of the former London headquarters of an insurance company has been converted to a lecture hall.

A worker on the site said that extra railings have been brought onto the building to keep out vagrants. The Methodology Institute replaces the old home of the International Relations department in the Old Building.

The name of the building leaves a little to be desired as many students are already confusing Clement House with the St Clements building. Students and staff are confident that the newest addition to LSE's fourteen buildings will be great once it is up and running and that it will provide a highly visible "front door" to the LSE.



Clement House - step inside and see the sawdust.

Photo: Hania Midura

Hovering Hannah hanging on

Peter Udeshi

Professor Leslie Hannah, was "in the right place at the wrong time, or the wrong place at the right time", to become Acting-Director of LSE. He will be in position until a successor to the previous director, John Ashworth, takes over the vacant position by next Easter. The Search Committee will start interviewing candidates in October and is expected to announce the new Director after making recommendations to the Court of Governors in November.

In order to speed up the selection process, the Search Committee has been trimmed from twelve to eight members and now consists of four academics and four lay-governors. The selection is shrouded in secrecy and none of the members of the committee could be contacted for a comment.

Professor Hannah admits it is, "quite fun to be an administrator for a short period of time rather than an academic." The self-proclaimed "honest, toiling academic" leads a

"terribly liberated lifestyle." He is a single parent, raising his eight year old son while his wife, who teaches at Edinburgh University, is raising their fourteen year old daughter. They meet at weekends and it is this long-distance relationship which makes him feel a lot of sympathy for LSE students.

Hannah was director of the Business History Unit at the LSE for ten years in the Economic History Department. He was Pro-Director of the School, before becoming Acting-Director. His claim to fame is being involved in Thatcher's Electricity Privatisation Programme, though he confesses he is "not particularly Thatcherite".

Hannah holds several non-executive directorships outside LSE, including "London Economics", the biggest independent economic consultancy firm in Europe, which was founded by one of his students.


He feels strongly about the proposed top-up fees, as he grew up on social security and is personally very upset that a system is not being devised where only those reasonably well-off, will have to pay a larger share of their Higher Education.

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Could Jordan be an oasis of stability?

Despite the recent turmoil King Hussein is a stabilising element in the Middle Eastern troubles, so says Lu'ayy Minwer Al-Rimanwi, President of the Jordanian Society

When it comes to Arab politics, I would ardently dispute the legitimacy of the colonial partition of the Arab world. The early 20th century clandestine European arbitrary divisions reduced our Arab nation into no more than futile and often marginalised political entities ruled by dictators and megalomaniacs. What resulted was a plethora of feudalistic and "progressive" pseudo-social-democratic Arab regimes which, despite their euphemistic and colourful titles, deserve no intellectual support. They have fought the Arab people's instinctive desire for unity, betrayed their collective Islamic duties to sister Islamic countries and scandalously failed to redress the legitimate aspirations of all local minorities. Their hypocrisy and intensive political indoctrination has achieved nothing, but has bolstered the vested interests and corruption of the "ruling Arab elites" at the expense of the masses.

Yet, despite these disheartening realities, sometimes one finds that the sensationalist journalistic vitriol directed at Arab governments and leaders serves no purpose but to blacken an already deeply tarnished Arab reputation. In addition, despite their grave shortfalls, some Arab governments, including Jordan, are becoming aware of the imperative need to reform and are seriously attempting to remedy the colossal abuses on the basic human rights of their citizens.

The recent anti-government riots in southern Jordan in which many Jordanians demonstrated against the increases in bread prices have attracted wide international media coverage. Most Western reporters, however, blew these internal developments out of proportion. In addition, they wrote hasty diatribes against King Hussein ascribing "unprecedented levels" of corruption, nepotism and economic mismanagement to the Jordanian government. In Britain, left-of-centre and avowedly leftist newspapers took the lead and even one reporter in *The Observer* proclaimed the "death" of the nascent Jordanian democracy. Yet, although some of these allegations are verifiable the bulk of the reports were aimed at sensationalising an otherwise domestic crisis exacerbated by Jordan's delicate economic and demographic standing in the region.

However, I strongly believe that the erroneous (and often glib) recent journalistic diagnoses of Jordan's social and political "malaise" undermine the Kingdom's genuine march to achieving a pluralistic civic society based on devotion to regional peace and stability. And as President of the LSE Jordanian Society I feel I must dispel recent misconceptions and shed some general insights into Jordan and King Hussein.

It is not only the Middle Eastern social culture is heavily imbued with paternalism, its political culture is also based on authoritarianism and a nauseating cult of personality. But notwithstanding the murky and often brutish nature of regional politics, King Hussein has traditionally shunned away from following a narrow Hobbesian path. Yet, at a relatively young age King Hussein is now the world's longest serving head of state. Some may choose to label him as a regional Realist, whose actions are motivated by budget security (see Brand's *Jordan's Inter-Arab Relations*, Columbia, 1994). However, I prefer to see him as one of the region's few idealistic visionaries. For, he has consistently advocated injecting moralism when approaching wider Middle Eastern issues, especially the Arab-Israeli conflict. In addition, despite the fact that the region

nearly precipitated many international nuclear holocausts, King Hussein's brinkmanship and sedating role at such volatile times has been widely acknowledged by most regional analysts.

Externally, it is no exaggeration to say that Jordan's moderation is owed to King Hussein, who has traditionally remained in full charge of foreign policy. It is to his credit that he played an invaluable role in confronting Communism and the forces of Arab radicalism during the 50s and 60s. Currently, he is braving domestic and regional pressure to slow down Jordan's confident advance in the peace process. King Hussein's views have occasionally contrasted

The unity which took place between Jordan and the West Bank in 1950, complete with immediate free elections in April 1950, proved to be enduring. Yet since the constitutional inception of the unity between Jordan and the West Bank, this democratic and exemplary amalgamation between Jordanians and Palestinian West Bankers has been vehemently challenged by disenchanted Arab regimes and the PLO. On the other hand, one can justifiably blame the current stagnation in the peace process on Netanyahu's obstinacy and Likud's obsolete religious nationalism. But the Oslo Accords, though in essence a delicate compromise, were not intrinsically remedial and rather

advocated a Jordanian character which is enriched by its very diversity. Accordingly, Jordan has now grown to become a truly multi-cultural, multi-ethnic society, where sectarianism and religious intolerance hardly surface.

Despite its meagre natural resources, the Jordanian economy has proved itself to be highly resilient and quite capable. A simple glimpse at the Jordanian economy will reveal that finance and insurance account for 27% of Jordan's GDP, manufacturing 17%, construction at 11% and agriculture 10% (statistics taken in 1992, but should generally be representative). Inflation today stands low at around 4%, while a strong economic growth is averaging 6% per annum. But although Amman Stock Exchange is currently experiencing a sluggish period, from 1991-1993 its capitalisation almost reached \$5 billion and its turnover tripled. There has also recently been serious Jordanian attempts at cutting the burden of bureaucracy. Steps towards liberalising investment and tax law have been implemented. However, one cannot mention the Jordanian economy without paying tribute to the efforts of the crown prince of Jordan, Prince Hassan. For his part, Crown Prince Hassan has taken earnest interest in the implementation of many of Jordan's medium and long term economic plans (he chaired the National Development Plan Committee since 1973). In addition, in his own right, Prince Hassan is a formidable Arab intellectual who has written extensively on various regional issues.

However, a word must be added on Jordan's human rights record. Admittedly, the rule of law in the Arab world is often shelved to accommodate the whimsical prerogatives of the undemocratically elected Arab leaders. Yet historically, the kaleidoscopic array of regional ideologies has often dictated that a balance should be struck between popular democracy and the sustainability of the Jordanian state. But what makes one hopeful is that the Jordanian society of today is open about human rights issues. In addition, Article 16 of the National Charter mandates that the Jordanian government protect human rights and adhere to the UN's Universal Declaration of Human Rights. For its part, Amnesty International acknowledges that during the last few years there has been no records of any disappearances, political executions or any kind of extra-judicial killings. Like all other regional societies, the peace process has produced ardent rejectionists whose actions and reactions often bordered the extreme. However, notwithstanding the recent disturbances in southern Jordan, the majority of Jordanians, though occasionally pensive, has proved to be disciplined and pragmatic.

Finally, despite all counter arguments King Hussein's future hopes and apprehensions identity fully with the aspirations of his people. In spite of the treacherous seas of Middle Eastern authoritarian politics, he is still determined to make Jordan become a regional beacon. He wants the Jordanian democratic experiment to be a "regional example" in "democracy, political pluralism and human rights". However, unlike the European Union which is now doubting its self-imposed 1999 deadline for achieving monetary union, King Hussein has not set any target dates. But although he realises that regional democratic shores are still very distant, he nevertheless knows that they are never out of his visionary sight.



An officer and a gentleman ...

with the Jordanian opposition. However, his response to domestic and regional observers who question the speed with which Jordan has normalised relations with Israel is to say that Jordan is still not moving fast enough. The King's rationale behind such a reply is that he wants quickly to compensate the suffering that has been inflicted by the state of no war and no peace. King Hussein has also been steadfast in articulating his pro-peace sentiments. His outspoken condemnations of the earlier tragic suicide bus bombings by Hamas are highly indicative: "The enemies of peace are our enemies and the enemies of life".

However, the ramifications of the Palestinian question have had substantial impact on the dynamics of Jordanian politics and the configuration of Jordanian identity.

hollow. They were strikingly devoid of substantive solutions to the crucial problems of Palestinian refugees, the illegal Israeli settlements, the issue of Jerusalem, Palestinian sovereignty, etc. In addition, they flagrantly disregarded the erstwhile, yet very valuable, role of Jordan in the Occupied Territories. Indeed, the subsequent Paris economic accord which was signed between Israel and the PLO was even criticised by some IMF officials on the grounds that it neglected the economic Jordanian role in the West Bank and Gaza Strip. However, unlike many other Arab leaders, King Hussein has consciously promoted a mild version of Jordanian nationalism. His "Jordanianness" is not built on jingoism, xenophobia or the parroting of meaningless and often hyped slogans. Rather, he has time and again

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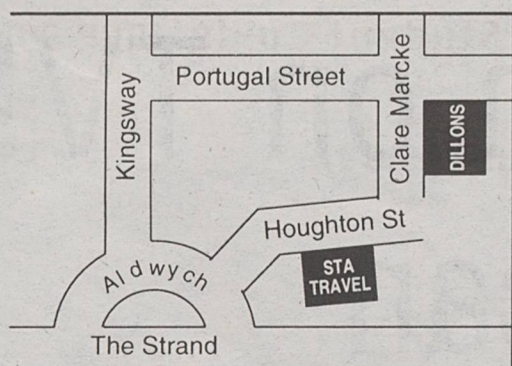
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STA TRAVEL

Editorial

This paper is being put together in the middle of Freshers' Fayre, although by the time you are reading it many of the festivities will be over. I'm confident that almost all of you will have come to the Collective meeting on Monday in the New Theatre at 6pm and pledged to write an article or take a photo. If you couldn't make it then fear not, as we have Collective meetings every Monday at 6pm in the *Beaver* office (C023). If Monday evenings are bad for you then just come to the *Beaver* office at any time as I am usually around and have a chat.

Being busy with the paper I haven't managed to experience too many of the events although I did try to show my face on the *Beaver* stand at the Freshers' Fayre. Along side all the LSE students working hard to attract new members to their various clubs and societies there was again the invidious non-LSE Islamic extremist group. They turn up at every Freshers' Fair without fail. We had many problems with the group Hizb-ut-Tahrir last year and this turned into a debate about Free Speech - a term much used but little understood.

At present Hizb-ut-Tahrir is banned from the LSE because its doctrine goes against the LSESU policy on Equal Opportunities. Believe me when I say that these people are very extremist and their views could be offensive to many of the minorities (and majorities) whom they are against; gays, jews, blacks, democrats, socialists, women, or indeed anyone who doesn't agree with them. The Free Speech argument went that they should have the right to air their views and be heard. Others countered that freedom of speech had to be limited in order to protect vulnerable minorities. And so the argument continues... The fact is that unless Hizb-ut-Tahrir can attract enough students to form a society then they will not and should not have a platform in the LSE.

Unfortunately we are unable to move them from Houghton Street and it is unlikely that they will give up without a struggle, however, I am confident that in a place of intellectual and rational thought such as the LSE any extremist group would not stand a chance...

No Sabbatical hate awards this week, Darrell has redeemed himself (just) and the others are doing a sterling job. None of them work as hard as I do though, moan, moan, grumble ...

Nicola Hobday

PS When I said that the staff in the Three Tuns were surly, what I actually meant was burly.

This week's Entertainments

Thursday - Scarlett

LSE moves to the Leisure Lounge at 121 Holborn. Your host is KISS FM's Graham Gold with support from Darren Pearce, Luke Neville and Mark Chang

Friday - Friday Feeling

1am bar extension in the Tuns plus top djs including Andrew Galea, Luke Neville and Mark Chang. Eighties classics in the Underground with DJ Cory and a big drinks promotion.

Saturday - Chuckle Club

Tonight's Chuckle Club boasts a bill of Alistair McGowan, Mike Hayley and Ian Keable. Doors open at 7.45 and entrance costs £5

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We will also be at the LSE Careers Fair on
Wednesday 9 October at the High Holborn residence,
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Sado-masochism in the Southbank

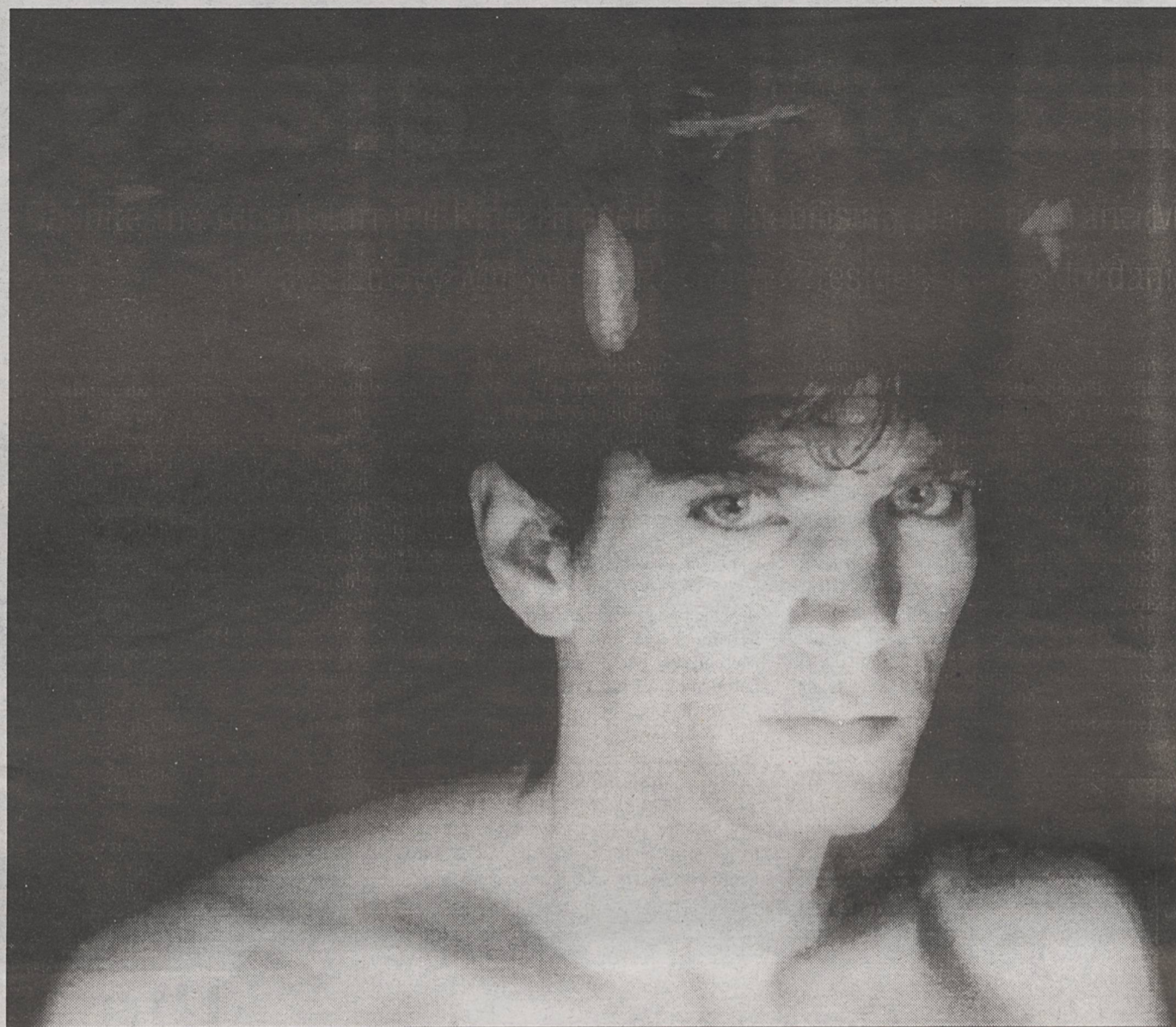
David Bakstein explores the mysteries of the Mapplethorpe exhibition at the Hayward

Forget all the sado-masochistic bisexual excessive perversities you have seen or done so far. The undisputed pioneer in this field in the 70s and 80s was the late American photographer Robert Mapplethorpe, constantly exploring in most of his portraits the boundaries of decency. His most famous pictures, all black and white occasionally black on/in white, are currently exhibited in the Hayward Gallery, the latter thereby confirming its rather alternative reputation.

One side of the collection are Mapplethorpe's fleshy and carnal motives. An abundance of muscles, ribs and, literally, big guns are complemented by analogies in the form of the eroticism of flowers. Complemented so far as portraits like the artist as a devil with tail or lillies attracted by tulips both express to a certain extent an identical emotion. That is the result of Mapplethorpe's fidelity to his shadow and light interplay.

The other side are portraits of Mapplethorpe's famous contemporaries like Warhol, Iggy Pop, a young Schwarzenegger and most notably his then fellow student and friend, the singer Patti Smith. People seem close but nonetheless far away and unapproachable.

All in all an exhibition of motives that some will love, but most will envy. The visitor is being confirmed in his impressions that the artist was both gay and narcissistic. But somehow it is not surprising that he died



of AIDS in 1989. It perfectly fits into the concept of his pictures.

Running until November 17.

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Suede played

Dan Crowe
reviews
Suede's
latest album,
"Coming Up"

Is Brett Anderson trying to be David Bowie or what? For all you laaavely ladies the boys are back in town as Suede make a come back with their third album, "Coming Up". Richard Oakes, the replacement on guitar for Bernard Butler does himself justice writing the music for six of the album's ten tracks, and the addition of a fifth member, Neil Codling on keyboards, fills out any sound vacuum left by Butlers' departure. "Trash", the recent single is probably the best, a tribute to a lost generation of youth, living in nowhere towns going nowhere. "The litter on the breeze, the lovers on the streets" are the white, trashy indie-kids, possessed with a space-cadet mentality summed up by Anderson as "kookiness". You have to really read the lyric sheet to pick that one out, as Brett's vocals roam the treble clef, and he's the only singer alive today (except maybe Morrissey) who could make "vest" multisyllabic.

This happens in "Lazy", detailing the drab, mundane lifestyle that the kids in "Trash" escape from. The song's really bouncy and upbeat, but drags on a bit at the end. The fade out is amazing, with carefully controlled feedback and distortion dying down to nothing and taking you into the sublime and submarine bassline that starts

"By The Sea". Keyboard-based, and very gentle to begin with, the guitar in the second verse gets increasingly aggravated, as two people run-away leaving "Seven Sisters for a room in a seaside shack". All very nice and romantic (...it's by the sea we'll breed...it's by the sea we'll bleed...) but the ambiguity of the pronouns make a riddle of the actual story. Anyway, who cares about the lyrics? Anderson does at times, as in "Beautiful Ones", the next single, glamorizing the fucked-up existence of the young working class, with their "Shaved heads, rave heads, on the pill, got too much time to kill/ Get into bands and gangs.", but does he really have to end the track with a ridiculous number of "la, la, la, la, la's"?

One thing about Suede is that they sound best loud, live, and with 18 pints of lager churning in your stomach as security guards pull you out of the sweaty, steaming throng. Out of the other numbers, "Filmstar", "She" and "Starcrazy" are as good as any of the songs on their debut album, even approximating the best Suede song ever which is "Killing of a Flashboy". Suede are "The Smiths" of the 1990s. Brett is a better frontman than Liam or Damon, and unlike Ian Brown or Jarvis, boy can he sing!

DC



Go Faster ...

Saturday Night at Turnmills - The Gallery

Fed up with big, flashy clubs? Then here's an idea, go to Turnmills and be a trendy sardine for a while. The queues aren't bad, and if you get bored, there's always the stubble ridden trannie on the door to keep you occupied, (what's the difference between a transvestite and Denzel Washington? At least Denzel can surf the Crimson Tide!).

Once you've tried and failed to blag your way in (knowing the DJ's christian name helps), you have to face the trauma that is the cloakroom. Be afraid. Be very afraid. Just you try and run the Gladiator style gauntlet of leopard print and camouflage gear ridding young things. Imagine two thousand Chris Coopers after their first smell of fully condensed woman.

Once you have emerged looking svelte and soignée, the music will try to hit you hard. The mixture of hard house and wannabe techno is pleasing in itself though the whistle blowing, shirtless (and often witless) youths will do their best to distract you. However, overall if you like nothing better than an alcohol (or E) [not that we are condoning the use of illegal drugs in any way - Ed (do you think we got away with that one?)] induced space full of like minded hedonists out to party, then you could just be in luck.

The place itself is small but has a wicked sound system and lighting. If you are off your face, the spotlight over the stairs will really screw you up. The furniture, when you can get it, well, suffices.

The Electronica bar is more of the same, only a little bit more glam, though the seasoned clubber would choose to stay downstairs until a respectable hour in the morning.

To conclude, (in best LSE essay writing style), the venue's good, the music's better and the crowd are fine. Talk about damning with faint praise.

Most likely to say: DKNY?

Least likely to say: NO really, it IS a paracetamol.

"The Gallery" at Turnmills, 63b Clerkenwell Rd, EC1. Farringdon tube. 10pm-7.30am. £8 b4 11pm, £10 after.

DJs: Among others, Judge Jules, Paul Bleasdale and Darren Pleased.

Clientele: Mixed, up for it (generally mixed-up) crowd.

Dress: Names darling names.

Tip of the week: PVC may appear to be cool, but get too near a radiator and you're fucked.

The boys are back in town

Ruthless Rich - Rich is our resident gangsta rap freestyle fanatic who'll be writing and fighting, shanking and wanking with all the latest Hip-Hop releases. Fuck you bitch it's Ruthless Rich.

Alan Mustafa - He's got red hair, he's kissed Bret Anderson, and he'll write us some nice reviews on all that weird techno shit. To empathise with the Mustafa style you must be prepared for a long haul, but patience will pay... is Nick Cave gay?

James Crabtree - He'll give you the low-down on britpop, triphop or even shitpop. Crabtree's not fussy about what he reviews, but if it's an honest opinion you want then Crabtree's your man.

Iain Haxton - Ginger/peroxide hair apparently aids the art of hating every single CD he reviews, however if he thinks its good (a once per term shocker) then you know that it must be bloody good, and if it's not he'll personally refund your money, or a least change his mind and decide it was cack after all!

Dan Crowe - An occasional exclusive guest appearance is made on the music pages by your friendly (and sexy) Gen. Sec. Being the big boss of the union means that Dan hasn't got a lot of time for listening to music, but amidst the turmoil of fresher's week Dan prefers to write a Suede review than do his job!

Tom Stone - That's me, your friendly music editor, if you want to see the best looking bloke in the world then come down to the Beaver office (next to the Underground bar) for free sex and CD's, or if you prefer just the CD's in return for a decent review.

If you want to join the motley vrew then come down to the Beaver office in C023 and speak to Tom

London Revolts

New band Revolta prepare to play at the Raw Club

Revolta's an amphetamine driven joy ride from the backstreet of a souped up Cortina through the obsessions and preoccupations of London's misguided flotsam.

"If the Government ever get a sniff of this band they'll incorporate them in the the National Grid!" Barks Lewis Khan - Revolta's manager. Lewis has been behind some of the biggest and fashionable events in London for 10 years (past glories have included parties for Madonna, Simply Red and Red Hot Chilli Peppers as well infamous celeb magnates like "Cultural Sushi" at Browns and "Playboy" at Madam JoJos). His current babies are "L'Amour" at The Cross and "FAB" at the RAW.

Revolta's bloodline can be traced back to the cult indie "The Milk Monitors", who were rocking the airwaves aged only fifteen. Bandmembers Keith and Jake went on to form hip mod/pop combo the Revs, who in 1992 at the height of Nirvana mania, lit the torch of Britpop, when others were just a Blur on the horizon.

Steve "Leave my wife alone!" - the man-about-town - his "Leave my wife alone!" being the funkier club Ministry of Sound, as well as being behind the Pret-a-Porter and Withnail and I film parties, says "never mind the bollocks, Revolta's sending shockwaves through London town at the moment!"

Revolta will be showcasing live at their press party the RAW Club on Thursday October 10 with DJs Johnathon and Eko adding flavour on the night. Free champagne, free Metz and free Wildbrew will be available on the night, all beers £1. Limited tickets are available to the public but it's first-come-first-serve.

Revolta @ RAW Club, 112A Great Russell Street, Thursday October 10. Ticket hotline: 0171 436 2279.

Love in the first degree

Diana Elbirt makes us all go "Aaaaah"

In my first year introduction to LSE I was told that I would meet my future husband in Houghton Street. LSE is a love nest, not just a place where we ridiculously prance about with our cellular phones and pretentiously masquerade about as the next Friedman or future government technocrat. You may mistakenly believe that the Tuns is a hot bed of love, but romance dwells in the most inconspicuous places, like an overlooked student pub in Endsleigh Place ...

You've already met the love of your life by the fourth week. But for a time they remain idiot number 15B next to you in line for dinner or the nut from Room 108 that spilt beer over your head purposefully because she despised your raised eyebrows. Amongst your maths exercises and Weber readings dwells a great tension between their clear logic and your panicked longing to be in John's or Jane's arms as Miles Davis gives you his Kind of Blue. This enrapture will overcome you without notice until you find yourself actually liking LSE. By about week one and a half, you depressingly accept the twisted politics that rule LSE life.

But thanks to Jane or John you come to overlook the antics of pseudo-intellectuals that plague the Brunch Bowl or the fancy and ostentatious clothes and portables that certain LSE puppets don. All these pale in comparison to John's or Jane's world that has taken you in forever. Somewhere between the Union Shop and The Café, John's conceptual band theory triggered something in your senses that induced you to ignore the coffee burnt tongue that you'd been suffering from all day, and to concentrate on the comfortable thickness of his arms. Not even ice-cream Soleros match the sweetness and euphoria of LSE love. Yes, your work will go to hell, all other acquaintances will be ignored, you'll stop going to the Tuns and you'll want to drop your course and become a



Looking for love in all the wrong places?

sheep breeder on a wondrous and isolated farm in order to see, breath and feel nothing but John. But isn't that what you came to University for?

You must not fight what is about to happen to you because then you would have an average London University experience. LSEers like to think of themselves as a bit more than the average Birbeckian, Kingser or UCLer. Enamourment is especially more important here than the average cookie-cutter worthless degree that you can always get anywhere else.

But regardless of this, it is still possible at the LSE to become a victim of the Cheap Puller Epidemic (CPE) that is prevalent in other Universities. This is most common in the usual haunts, amongst equinox-clubbing, brunch bowl-eating, olive branch waving, library-inhabiting, mobile-sporting dunces. But then again croissant lovers and Tarantino fans are just as likely to contract CPE. The most painful effect of this disease to observe as a spectator is

the endless attempts on the part of the CPE casualty to make pull, ceaselessly and uncreatively, any bird or lad who breathes or walks. These folk dig themselves into your standardized two week bed-kicking relationship until yet another pissed encounter at the Tuns. What a sad impediment! For those of you with the minimum standards, steer clear of the cheap puller, most commonly known as the die-hard Oasis fan.

While once you were wishing this cursed Houghton Street experience to end by guzzling 20 pints of lager in the evening, soon you will be willing to use the stairs instead of the elevator in the Old Building, wishing your Aldwych days would never end. Maybe this inexplicable enlightenment has already hit you. I know it has hit me, thanks to a history postgraduate who now "rocks my world".

Diana Elbirt is currently employed by Relate and is *not* open to offers from Freshers.

LSE girls strike the first blow

Caroline Hooton gets her claws out for the lads

For those of you who become regular readers of this fine example of the English student press, you should be forewarned that the word minger will feature heavily in any article concerning the LSE's female population. Such articles are usually written by sad pathetic creatures whose only sexual experiences have been with packets of Kleenex and who wouldn't know what to do with a real 'bird' if they were given a pop-up instruction book and plenty of encouragement.

In a very round about way you have to feel sorry for the poor sods. You see, tragically women [or more to the point tragic women - Raj, Campus Ed] are grotesquely outnumbered in the ratio stakes which, as any first year stats student will tell you, means that if you have two X chromosomes then you're more likely to get laid this year (not that I personally will be beating off admirers with a stick). Those men (and I use the term loosely) who feel the need to pour out their bitterness at their own lack of attractive qualities, both physical and emotional (go to the Tuns on any Friday night and you'll see what I mean) are to be pitied for their puerile vitriol. This is especially because they write such pieces in the vain hope that it will help them pull at some later date - after all girls, we all like a guy with a sense of humour, and if we don't then we're obviously lesbians.

So, if you're quietly minding your own business in the Tuns when a guy comes over and says "So what's an ugly minger like you doing in a place like this?", then you know that you are talking to a Beaver staff writer.

Caroline Hooton is currently auditioning for the sequel to *Striptease*.

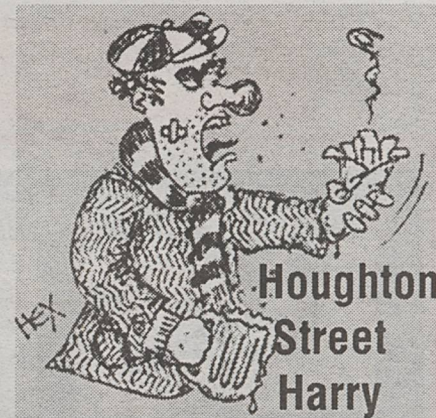
LSE Lad lashes out

Lambert Williams just hates everyone

I have cause to complain. The reason being that if you're reading this then, more likely than not, you're some scarcely pubescent, zitty, boring git who has just arrived. That's right, and no matter who you are I probably don't like you. If you're male then you're one of two things: On one hand perhaps a Leeds comprehensive self made type who thus far has achieved little beyond complaining about the bitter down south and decorating your scummy little room with road signs. Or, conversely, perhaps you're a public schoolboy. In which case you fall into one of two categories; the all boys hybrid or else the lesser known co-ed mutation. To the former I shall devote little space, for as a group they are difficult to insult. This does not owe to how extremely thick skinned they are, merely that they're currently locked away in some dark lavatory expressing their five fingered delight at finally seeing the opposite sex outside of captivity. And as for the latter, that mobile totin' spritzer drinkin' bunch of wankers, you won't have to see me or hear me ever again because I'm not a member of the Conservative Students and I don't drink in wine bars.

And now for the ladies, these drawn haggard creatures that one always sees drinking gin in the Tuns, apparently thinking it a solid remedy for the raging case of amoebic dysentery they've brought back from their South American mud hut. As a good Midlands boy I have seen some mingers in my time, but the fact is that the women at the LSE supercede even those in Dudley for appalling looks.....they really are that bad

Lambert Williams is currently serving a two year prison sentence for viciously nutting an Etonian fresher.



Rather annoyed that my editor seems to be editing everything that I write with an increasingly perverse relish, Harry returns this week with as much vitriol as ever, although whether anything that I write will now remain in the column is open to question. (ARE YOU LISTENING HOBDDAY?)

The greatest films, the greatest books and the greatest jokes of all time have one common theme...all of them involving ordinary people doing stupid things. Witness John Travolta decked out in daft flares in Saturday Night Fever, Holden Caulfield exchanging pleasantries with a hooker in *The Catcher in the Rye* or a stupid (no surprises there) Paddy drinking a bowl of vomit/copulating with an elephant/trying to smoke a joint through his arse in any number of Bernard Manning gags.

People's eccentricities are the substance of life, the reason that we all soldier on instead of killing ourselves at the thought of another Spice Girls single, another Man United victory or yet another series of *Play Your Cards Right*.

We love our families, for example, because of their idiocy, not in spite of it. The alcoholic grandfather, anorexic aunt, bulimic cousin, sexually frustrated brother, even more sexually frustrated dad, pissed-up uncle that gropes teenage girls, younger sister up the duff, middle aged mum simultaneously up the duff and the step-dad that's mid-way through a prison sentence for pissing on a cashpoint before being caught by the police and attempting to redeem himself by exposing himself to pensioners and excreting in the afore-mentioned policeman's helmet are all an integral part of life's folklore.

Without Aunty Dot's tyranny, Uncle Bert's bigamy, and Grandpa Joe's sodomy, life would be very standard fare. Think of the hours that are pleasurably wiled away in pubs, proudly recounting tales of holidays gone wrong. Scenes of devastation on family camping trips, a variety of abominations at Eurodisney, unwise molestation on Club 18-30 jaunts to Ibiza, and of course rather unfortunate arrestation (I'm sure that this word doesn't exist, but I'm sure that you get the point anyway) as a result of the previous events.

This, folks, is what makes life tick. This is what makes life the beautiful hotch-potch that it is and this, alas, is why Harry has such grave fears for the LSE. Because people here are just much too normal. Student life should be full of bizarre occurrences, as a natural progression from getting pissed and eating pies. In Houghton Street, though, people are far more likely to get pissed and calculate pi. So immersed are we in academia that the really important things in life, like beer and sex and chips and gravy (Copyright Mack Lads 1989) are neglected as we wallow in our own affluence and become submerged beneath a deluge of flip-flops, Dictaphones and LSE sweatshirts.

The fact is that most LSE students, when placed in situations where obscure and subverse characters are required, are about as much use as an incontinent trapeze artist. Even Harry is unsure as to what can be done to remedy this, but if any Freshers have the answer, then come and tell me instead of inundating everyone with inane questions about A-levels, Economics B and gap years spent cleaning bogs in Liberia.

Houghton Street Harry is currently attending Family counselling with Aunty Dot and Grandpa Joe.

BeaverSport BeaverSport BeaverSport

LSE SPORTS TRIALS

At the LSE Sports Ground Windsor Avenue, New Malden

Football

Trials for all five teams on Wednesday, October 9.

Featuring: Mark Chang (Turnmills, Motspur Park)

All those who didn't register at Freshers' Fair make yourselves known to club captain, Brendon McGraw on the day.



Rugby

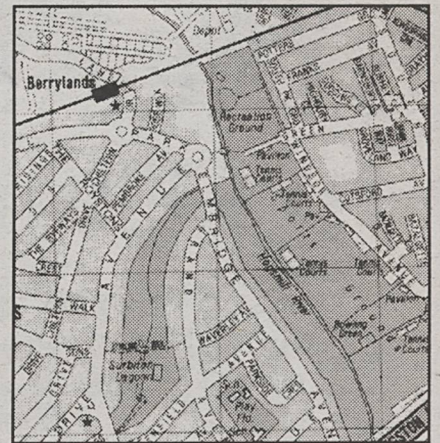
Trial for first and second XV take place on both Wednesday, October 9 and Saturday, October 12. Players of all size and ability are welcome. If there are any problems or queries, please contact 1st XV captain, Tom Jeans.

Mens Hockey

Trials are on Wednesday, October 9 for the first and second XIs. All players should meet at 12.45 at the bottom of the steps outside the main entrance of the Old Building. Please bring your stick, football boots and white and coloured shirts. Any problems, please contact club captain, Sam Hart.

Women's Hockey

Trials are on Wednesday, October 9. Everybody welcome, from internationals to novices. For more information please contact Emma Pinkerton or Joy Ferneyhough.



Coaches for the above trials leave from Houghton Street at 1.00 on Wednesday, October 9. (£2.00 per person including cheap beer voucher for sports night in the Tuns). Alternatively, trains leave from Waterloo to Berrylands from platform 3 or 4 at 24 mins and 54 mins past the hour.

Netball

The trial will take place on Wednesday October 9 at Lincoln's Inn Fields starting at 2pm. Any problems contact Gemma Wicks.

Squash

For those who didn't join at Freshers' Fair, you can join the Squash club by contacting Liz Petyt in the AU Office (E78). The cost is £10 a year for students, £25 for associate members and £2 per court session for occasional players.

Squash club trials will take place on Tuesday October 8 from 4-7pm, Wednesday October 9 from 4-5pm and Friday 11, 4-7pm. For more details contact Jay Kantaria or Rajiv Ball

Club captains can be contacted through the AU office, top floor of the Café, or through Sports Administrator, Liz Petyt, on 0171 955 7161