

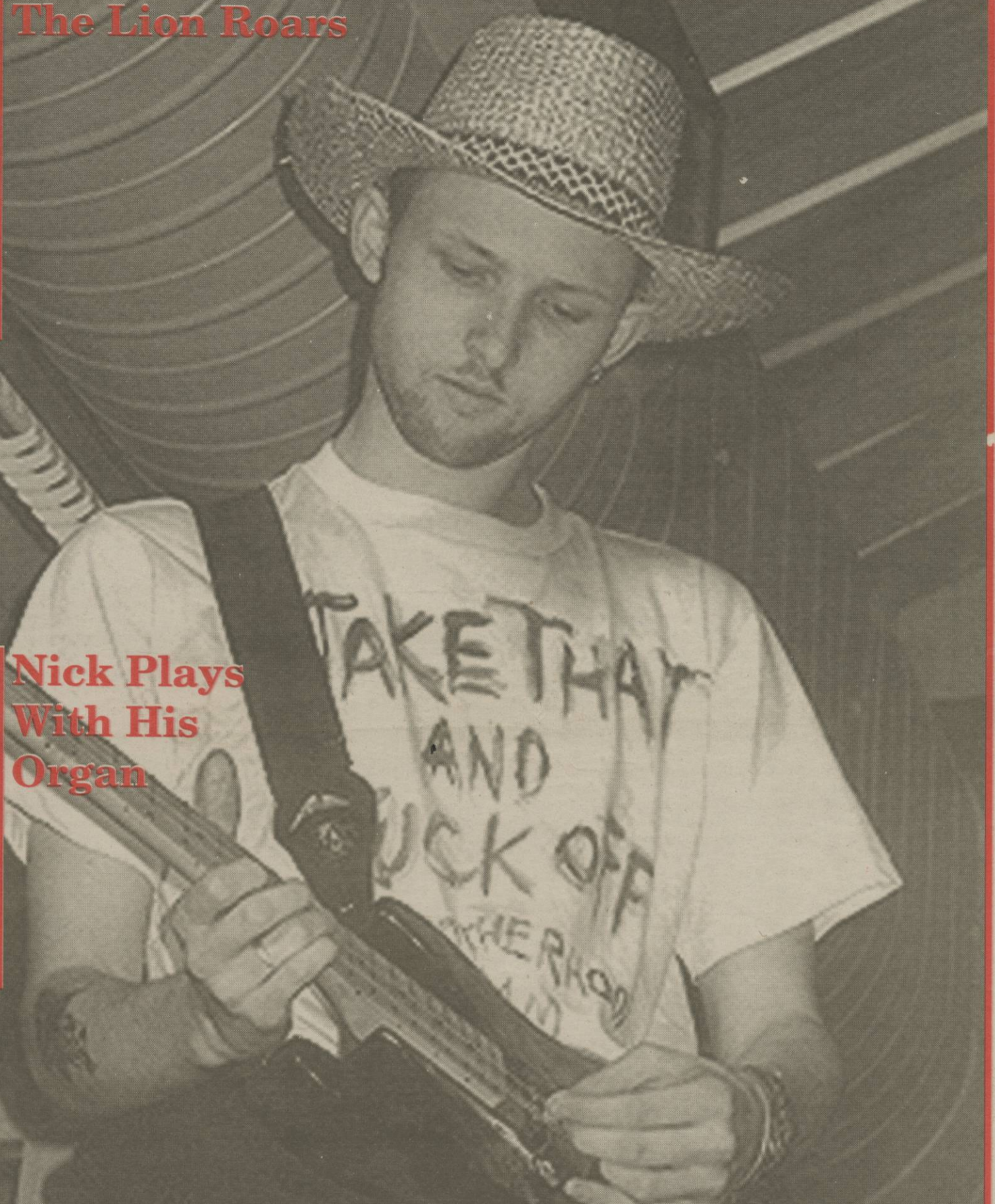
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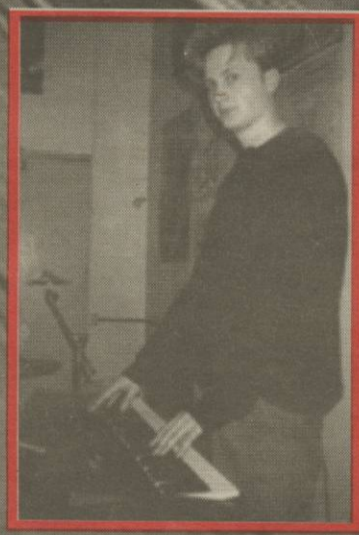
The Beaver

THE STUDENTS' UNION NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

The Lion Roars



Nick Plays With His Organ



Hail, Hail, Rock 'n' Roll

Ian Skins Up



* Tesha * Rag * Eggs * Double Feature * Goodbye Mr Andrews * Nicey & Smashey * Son of Sam * Sporty Sports Sports * M Hall in Bizzare Bracelet Sex Scandal

Union Jack

The crowd were pretty restless as they stormed into the ground for what promised to be an exciting clash. Defeat for either the Left or the Right was on the cards but both sets of supporters were ready to give their all in this, the Capital's first major Derby since last season.

Before the crowd could begin, however, tempers were subdued as Assad Khan, from the Convoy of Mercy, treated us to some pretty horrific facts about the war crimes being committed in Bosnia at the present.

The boiling pot began steaming once more as Sabbatical reports came and went. Mr Stupid rose to the occasion and thanked everyone who contributed to Rag '93, mainly himself, Justin Deville and Alice, preferring to leave out those members of the Committee who'd actually done something that overshadowed his own achievements. Chopper Harris enjoyed it though.

Reports over, the riot started. Mad Cut-throat-razor Duggan went for the jugular with a question for Lofty Fitzpatrick over whether her gang smashed the AU after they had invaded her patch of territory. This was an accusation which Lofty denied. Ronnie & Reggie thought up a few daft questions to do with the I.D. card scheme, The Lion Roared and Mad Dog Bradburn thought Eric Clapton needed a better babysitter.

The Chelsea Headhunters of the right seized the initiative and leapt to the foreground by condemning the actions of the Inter City Firm of the Left and their uses of eggs, a use which has yet to be seen on 'Get Stuffed'. Atkinson, he of Villa fame, requested we all sing 'God Save the Queen', as he tried to repel the attacks from the rabble to his right. His request for freedom of speech met with a response of "bollocks".

Failing to motivate anyone but themselves, the headhunts retreated having found themselves defeated. Up stepped Louise Ashon. Almost immediately she was sent off for being irrelevant. Then from nowhere came the middle ground in the form of the Arsenal boys who are anything but interesting. Up stepped Mr Stupid, he of the mural end, with a speech which, for once, was quite educated and not self-orientated. The balance of power had shifted, however, to the main stands upstairs where the Bushwhackers of Millwall and the Terrors of Norwich, Manchester, Bolton, Liverpool, Luton (eh? - Ed.) and Stockport had decided that they wanted a good ruck and here before them was a motion that would satisfy their lusts for blood. The motion was prioritized.

From then on all hell broke loose. Missiles rained down from the terraces. Speakers came and went and Peter Lilly was both a "scumbag" and a "saviour". What a remarkable achievement. This was anything but football, Brian.

Of course, the face of English football had been shamed the previous day when several members of the Left Wing Terrace stormed the Senior Dinning Room boxes and threw eggs at the opposition. A change of strip was called for by the key players of the side. But a new ingredient was thrown into the boiling pot when James O'Brien earned the respect from all sides of the ground with a dazzling put down not seen since the heady days of Nat Lofthouse and Stanley Matthews.

Despite this, the Chelsea headhunters were not going to be removed from the point that bore the legend 'right to free speech'. Seasoned campaigner George Binnette threw in his passionate penny's-worth and was beaten back by a clean cut Darren Coates.

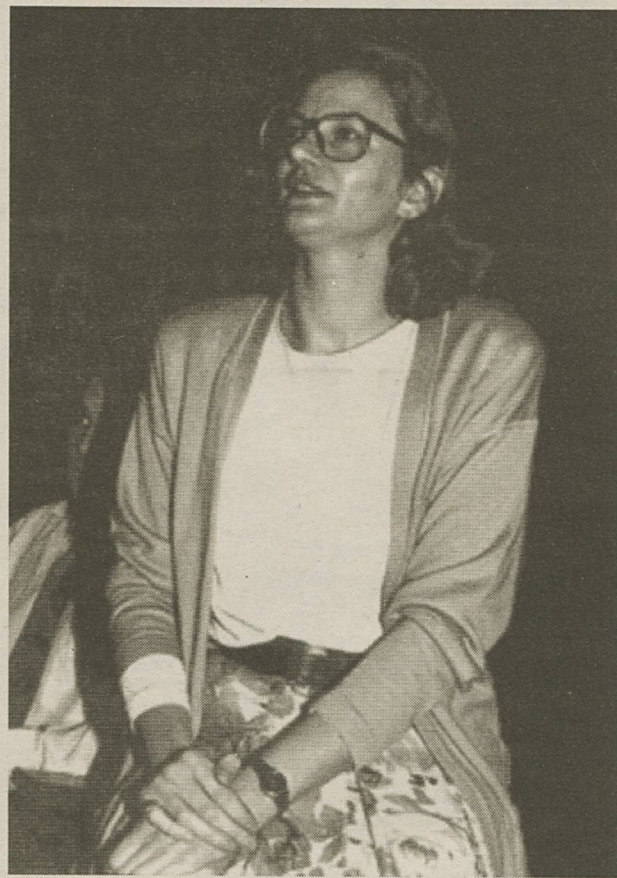
The motion was left on the treatment table for the second half next week. Whether Jack will be there depends on whether someone pays his bail money. Celery, celery....

Rent - A - Mob

By Beaver Staff

Political activists at the LSE used "Brown-shirt intimidation tactics" at the LSE last Wednesday against Peter Lilley, Secretary of State for Social Security. Lilley had been invited by the LSE Conservative Association to speak on social security issues in the Old Theatre at lunchtime. The Socialist Worker Student Society had prepared to protest against the visit of the "Tory scrounger" for several days by putting up posters and calling for the picketing of the Old Theatre. The first incident took place when Peter Lilley and his personal adviser were having lunch with Phoebe Ashworth and Darren Crook, both members of the Conservative Association at the LSE, in the Senior Common Room on the 5th floor of the Old Building. A group of more than ten protesters, mainly students from the LSE, apparently stormed into the room and ran up to the table on which Lilley was sitting. According to eyewitness accounts, the protesters, most of which have been identified, then shouted abuse and threw flour and eggs at Peter Lilley as about 40 surprised academics, sitting on other tables, looked on. One of the protesters proceeded to spill the orange juice which was standing on the table onto Lilley's suit. When one of the students at the table stood up, trying to intervene and hoping to persuade the protesters to leave, she was pushed by one of the protesters, allegedly not even a student at the LSE. Apparently it took more than one minute, before some of the security men accompanying Lilley arrived in order to ask the group of protesters to leave. Security staff had been in the Old Theatre at the time, conducting a routine security check. The Beaver has been told that Peter Lilley was "very upset", at what he

probably considered a lack of security precautions. At the same time members of the Conservative Association have stressed that they had organised all of the necessary security precautions. Such attacks had not been expected, and it was "unusual, to say the least, that students attack a speaker at the School in such a way." Due to the incident the lecture started ten minutes later than scheduled. In the meantime the protesters had gathered in the Old Theatre, and started disrupting Lilley as soon as he began speaking. For the about 170 students present it was difficult to follow Lilley, because of the constant heckling. Several students later said that they had left as it was not possible to listen to the speech. A megaphone had been brought into the Old Theatre by one of the protesters, allegedly one of the founding members of the Left Society. It was not possible for the stewards to take the megaphone away from the protesters. Ugly scenes developed between students - stewards on the one side, protesters at the other - in which stewards were abused and swore at. Despite the disruptions which continued for most of the speech, Lilley did not break off but continued for almost one hour, on the topic of the benefit system; before the end of the lecture he accepted questions from the audience. When the lecture ended, more than 20 policemen which had been called after the first incident in the Senior Common Room, blocked some of the exits in order to enable Lilley to leave the LSE without being harassed again by the same group of protesters. While some of the protesters admitted that they had only been kept away from Lilley by being prevented from leaving the Old Theatre, they at the same time complained about police



Phebe eggs-aggerates the left's claims

Photo T. Moos

action as "it always is illegal to block fire doors." It is understood that Tasher Fitzpatrick wanted to release a statement to the press, complaining about the behaviour of the police, even though most observers commented that there was little reason for complaint, considering what had happened before. At the same time one of the protesters has described the incidents as a "victory for people with humanitarian beliefs." He added that he was "not sorry that it had happened," and he did not consider his actions to be violating the principle of free speech. Fazile Zahir, General Secretary said it was "a shame that visitors are treated so badly. It happens at a particular bad time and flies into the face of the campaign against Voluntary

Membership of Students' Union, in which we are trying to show that students are responsible and mature." In the meantime disciplinary proceedings may have started against some of the protesters, many of which, it is claimed, "came with the clear intention of causing trouble." This claim which is not denied by some of the known protesters. It is rumoured that several students have written to the Director of the School, Dr. John Ashworth, demanding strict punishment of the protesters who attacked Peter Lilley. The letter apparently insists that it must become "absolutely clear that such 'behaviour is intolerable and unforgivable and must therefore be punished."

Chico Ferreira back

again Tony Thirulinganathan



Mr. Chico Ferreira

This year many students at the School are financing their education with studentships offered by the School. This scheme was the brainchild of Mr. Chico Ferreira and was formally proposed by him back in 1989 when he was a Welfare Officer of the Executive Committee. Twenty four year old Chico is currently a PhD student at the School. At present, he is actively involved in the Working Party of Overseas Student Tuition Fees and helps review the scheme annually.

The WPOSTF was set up in 1989 to solve two crises that confronted the School: School finance and student hardship. A committee driven by the Students' Union devised a three year strategy that would provide need-based awards to students of the School. Thus students and applicants were not turned away from LSE simply because of their financial circumstances. This obviously had a great impact on the School. The response to this scheme maybe reflected in the fact that the Scholarships Fund

set up for this purpose has been increased considerably this year.

A fraction of the tuition fee paid in by each student is contributed to the fund. Awards vary in value according to need. Incidentally, this scheme is unique to the LSE and has not been duplicated by any other university so far.

Chico claims that the current figure maintains a "reasonable balance" between the incoming finances and awards tendered. The School has taken measures to promulgate this scheme so as to obtain optimum results. However, the Welfare and Equal Opportunities Officer, Peter Harris feels that the School is capable of more financial contributions. He claims that the School is able to provide more financial aid. Harris' negotiations with the School to secure an additional £60,000 for the Hardship Fund were unsuccessful.

Nevertheless, the Scholarship Fund has been successful in producing the desired outcome and many students have benefited from it.

Fitzpatrick fizzles out ?

Allegations increase over Womens' officer's role in AU destruction

The AU Barrel and Lesbian and Gay Society party were held on the penultimate Friday of the Michaelmas term. Exec and security officers were asked to stay late to monitor the situation and control it if anything went wrong.

Officers of the Athletic Union were in for a surprise next day. A section of the AU room had been partly painted in fluorescent coloured spray. "Women's Room" was painted on one of the walls. The AU lodged a formal complaint to the Students' Union. In their letter they had implicitly stated that the SU had taken little effort to reprimand the culprit even though it knew who was responsible for the damage. The cost of repairing the damage has apparently been paid by the SU without any further fuss. The AU claims that no apology was tendered for the damages caused from any party, but it did not take further action.

President of the AU, Ben Laidler and some members of the AU claim that Teshar Fitzpatrick was responsible for the graffiti. The writing on the wall is reportedly similar to that of Teshar's. The damage caused to the AU room is considered to be a retaliatory measure for what had happened earlier that day. Laidler admitted to having made a mess of the Women's Room during the customary Congo. However, no damage was caused to the room and members of the AU had later gone up and cleaned the mess.

Laidler claimed that the matter was hushed up by the SU which allegedly had been embarrassed by what had taken place.

Many members of the School were not aware of what had happened because of the inconspicuity of the AU room and the matter dissolved into insignificance until recently.

Relations between the AU and some of the Officers of the Students Union are somewhat strained. The AU claims that those officers have little regard for them. It seems that the AU fears that the SU is alienating them. On the other hand some members of the SU have accused the AU of not pursuing the policy of equal opportunity, but it is clear that this statement does not reflect the reality of the Athletics Union which has male and female members from all ethnic groups.

The writing on the walls of the AU room had allegedly been similar to that of Teshar Fitzpatrick. However, Women's Officer Fitzpatrick has repeatedly denied having taken part in any act of vandalising the AU room. Some of those denials have been ambiguous which has only reinforced the suspicions against her.

The WO claims that nobody had approached her with regard to recompense for the damage to the AU room. She denies rumours that she had refused to defray the costs when the SU had approached her are deemed to be false.

In Fitzpatrick's view, the Women's Room is the safest place for women in the School. Celebrating AU members had allegedly tried to enter the WR forcibly. Two women were in the room when some AU members had allegedly attempted to get in through the windows. The AU members entered the WR and left it later in disarray. The WO and other members of the Women's Group admitted that the WR was later cleaned up by some AU members. However, the purpose of maintaining a WR would be lost if intrusions of this like

occur.

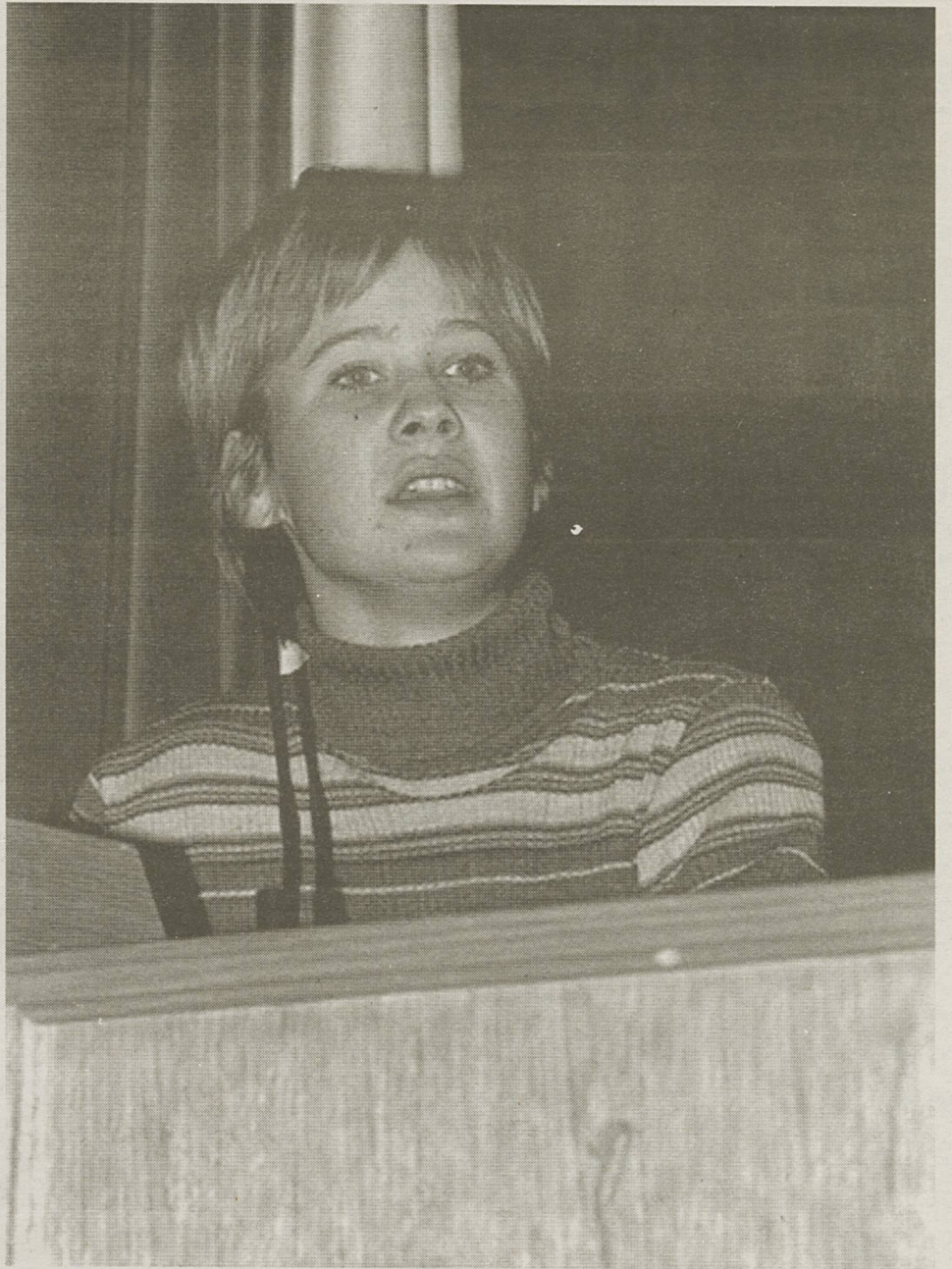
Launching into a counter-attack, the WO claimed that the AU Barrel is regarded with much apprehension not only by women but by most men as well.

Fitzpatrick accused members of the AU of harassing women on many occasions, especially in the Three Tuns bar. She stressed that women were subjected to sexist remarks and jokes.

According to the General Secretary an investigation is to be held with regard to this matter. The SU had paid out nearly £400 to repaint the wall. The cost of repairing the floor is expected to be higher. Given the present financial situation prevailing in the SU obviously someone has to defray the cost of the damage. The SU had not asked the WO to meet the costs since it has not been able to establish the identity of the culprit. Disciplinary action would be taken against the person responsible if she is identified.

Teshar Fitzpatrick's unsatisfying answer to a question by Bernardo Duggan in the UGM has led to renewed speculation that Fitzpatrick will sooner or later admit that she has caused the damage.

The whole story is already now damaging her reputation and some members of the Students' Union have indicated to take the matter further in case Fitzpatrick intends to run for a sabbatical post.



I suppose that naffs up my chances for A.U. President!

Photo T. Moos

Rag Week success

Praise for Deville, Lewis, Andrews, Bradburn & Voce

LSE Rag Week looks set to raise record amounts, the Rag Society Treasurer Martin Lewis has confirmed. While refusing to release precise estimates, Lewis has gone on record as saying "If we've made less than £3000, I'll be disappointed."

Most of the Rag events are now over, with the Rag Ball the only major fixture still to come. However, the film nights in the Old Theatre will continue until the end of the Michaelmas term, making a final calculation impossible until the summer. Lewis would not give out details for this reason, adding that as there was sponsorship money still to come in as well, to produce any numbers at present would be "ludicrous and misleading".

He promised that comprehensive accounts will be given in his end of year report as an exec member, as well as being

published in the Beaver. A major difficulty faced this year is the counting of hundreds of pounds worth of coins, all of which must be personally supervised by Lewis. He now feels that a 'junior treasurer' position should be added to the Rag committee next year.

Justin Deville, the Rag Chair said he was pleased at how Rag had progressed. He expressed regret that the 'Blind Date' event had received insufficient applications for a Gay & Lesbian section to be held, however. He was however satisfied with the surge of interest in the Treasure Hunt, noting that a team had even been fielded by one of the intercollegiate halls.

The success of this year's Rag is undoubtedly due to groundwork by Martin Lewis at the start of this year, most notably on the newly formed 'Rag Society' and on organising the first committee

meetings. Lewis himself wants to see Rag take on the form seen at larger universities, with no Rag Week per se; merely a continuous programme of fundraising events. He predicted that this would be the case in ten years time. Deville & Lewis are now considering the best way to start Rag next year.

One disappointment has been the input from the sabbaticals. As reported in last week's Beaver, Jon Bradburn, the Ent's Officer has already come in for criticism for allegedly incompetent handling of his role. Deville has since said that on balance, he would have preferred no involvement in Rag by the sabbaticals, as his job would have been that much easier. Responding to this, Bradburn merely commented that "Well, he would say that, wouldn't he?"

By Peter Harrad

Questions To Union Officers

Question to Fazile Zahir, General Secretary:

In the light of the experience this year, as well as the suggestions made from several sides, is the Students' Union going to change its sabbatical structure?

"Jon Spurling has submitted a set of amendments, which will in effect mean that we only have

three sabbaticals. But these amendments to the constitution will, if accepted, not come into effect until the academic year 1994/1995.

There are three reasons for this. The first reason is simply constitutional - the amendments would take six weeks to come into effect, by which time the elections for the sabbatical posts are already going to be held. The

second reason, obviously more relevant than the first, is that it is not fair to judge the existing sabbatical structure by our year's experience. It is well possible that next year's sabbaticals will work well as a team and this might then justify the sabbatical structure as it is now. An additional reason is that in case the School acquires the Royalty Theatre,

the job of the Entertainments Sabbatical might change profoundly, as we then will have the venue to attract bigger events. All those reasons make us believe that the Students' Union should have an attempt at another year with the existing sabbatical structure before abandoning it for the wrong reasons."

The Beaver

'London Student' is a paper that rests on its laurels. Voted Student Newspaper of the Year, it continues to bring the students of London the information it requires to lead a normal life. The hell it does. Last week's issue contained two stories about the LSE. One brief article about Silver Walk and a piece on Jonny Bradburn. Both were factually incorrect and misleading.

The Bradburn article contained several quotes by both John Spurling and Jonny. Both sabbaticals denied ever making those statements, which brings into question where London Student get their information from and whether it is trustworthy.

Many people congratulate London Student on being a good read but at the same time most students complain that the paper is too serious and, at times, boring. London Student lacks humour and diversity and is probably written by students who can't write for their own college magazines. This editorial may sound vitriolic but that's my opinion. And, believe it or not, it's an opinion that's shared by a number of LSE students.

It may have a better quality than the Beaver but at least we're more interesting. Thanks for having me.

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The War of Words Comtinues..

Dear Gerard,
Thanks for you letter in last week's Beaver. Some of the points you make are quite valid, which suggests that you must have taken my letter extremely seriously. I'm sorry if I deeply insulted you and would like to offer you my sincere apologies for all the anxiety I must have caused you. The whole incident proves once more that oposite to contrary belief - some Germans do have a sense of humour whilst some British don't.

Yours
Ludwig Kanzler

P.S. Neil, your comment, please:

Let's settle this argument now, shall we children. Dennis Law played for BOTH Manchester City and Manchester United.

It's A Hard Life

Dear Beaver,
In your article "Hardship? Hard Luck?" you may have inadvertently misled your readers. Although the SU is unable to allocate the money this year, the School are still going to allocate the same additional amount. Self financing students will be able to apply for the extra money through the Scholarships Office (H210).

It will take the School longer and it will be at a greater administrative cost. This is unfortunate but I see this to be the fault of the School. The Union did everything in its power to be constructive in helping the School, but ultimately they refused to recognise the realities of what an independent and confidential Welfare service can and cannot do.

Yours sincerely

**Peter Harris
Equal Opportunities
and Welfare Sabbatical**

To: General Secretary of the LSE Student Union.

The Nothing For Something Party

We've got a mighty list
Of Conservative Offenders we will very soon kick out
And who never would be missed.
There's Major, Hurd, Lamont and Lilley
The Last of whom is very silly
By his fascist talk,
He never will be missed
And MP's on huge salaries
Plus perks galore, and many jobs
They're really just a bunch of yobs
And never will be missed.
There's Mellor, in the nude of course,
Quoting Shakespeare and much worse,
He never will be missed.
There's Bottomley, who Closes wards,
Expensive clothes in Hoards and Hoards,
She never will be missed.
There's MacGregor selling Britains assets
(Just one of his appalling facets)
He never will be missed.
Tarzans quite out of his tree
Beats his chest, full of money
He never will be missed
Then there's Howard, deathly pale
When they caught him off the rails.
He could never be a picket
He hasn't got a ticket!
He never will be missed
Wally Waldegrave what an Ass!
Has destroyed the NHS.....
But if you think that's all of that
Just wait till Tories up the VAT
Add VAT to Food and Fares, then Council Tax.
It's true...they lie...these are the facts.
So when they up prescription charge
For us within our shores

We pensioners retaliate and tell them.....Up Yours!

I wrote this as a response to Peter Lillies pledge to recover millions of pounds from "scroungers" on DHSS benefits, that is the old, the sick and the unemployed. I hope the last line does not offend but anger at his implications got the better of good taste! hasten to add that 'i do belong to any political party but I cannot tolerate injustice, unfairness and politicians who put their Party before the people they were elected to represent and govern.

Congratulation! Great Demo! As a child in the late 1920's the Tory government targeted education, the sick and the aged as in any recession. We can never trust the Tories. (Maybe Portillo and Yeo would look less like bank robbers if they removed the stocking masks!
Good Luck!

Alf Bowden (71)
Takeley
Bishops Stortford
Herts

Rosebery Chaos

Student's facing further problems as constuction work continues

The problems caused by construction work at Rosebery Hall worsened this week as proposals for the remainder of the building program were put before the Hall Committee on Tuesday. The building of the new wing of the Hall which has caused disruption throughout this session, has now reached its final stage. For the residents, this remaining work looks likely to further deteriorate their already poor living conditions.

Two proposals were put before the hall committee on Wednesday by the contractors, Laing who also insisted on an answer by the end of the week. The first proposal was to start the last stage of heavy work on March 20 with such heavy work continuing into the first four weeks of the summer term. The alternative proposed by the contractors was the commencement of the heavy drilling on February 20th to be finished before the start of the summer term with the loss of the halls bar and television room for the rest of the Lent term.

The submission of these proposals has been necessary due to the four week delay in the original construction schedule and is doubly significant. The first proposal entails work during the summer term leading up to exams, something which it has been made clear to the LSE authorities from the beginning of discussions is unacceptable. The second proposal entails a further loss of amenities.

The disruptions faced by residents are considerable for all residents and impossible for those living on lower floors. Heavy drilling takes place on most days from eight o'clock often right outside

residents windows. Residents are woken up by this and it prevents them from working in their rooms. Drilling hours, extended and agreed upon by the committee in an attempt to speed up the work have frequently been ignored by the contractors such that drilling has occurred on Sundays (most recently on February 7th) and has been recorded by residents as continuing as late as 8 o'clock in the evening. Drilling was heard at 2 o'clock in the morning on February 4th.

Apart from these obvious distractions the presence of the builders creates further difficulties. The dust around the reception area requires doors to be left ajar all day. The tools and mess requires cleaning staff to work late each day, a mess that is a constant annoyance to the residents themselves. Short of space, the cleaning staff a required to leave smelly rubbish bags in the hall foyer and after a break in to the bar last Wednesday, fears are now being expressed of a reduction in security. Much of the work taking place is not recognised by the contractors as noisy work - a definition applied almost exclusively to hammer-drilling.

At an acrimonious meeting on Wednesday night residents expressed anger at the way they had been asked to consider the new proposals. An acceptance of either proposal would, given previous discussion with the school, be a concession yet there seemed no alternative. In what was nothing less than an ultimatum the school authorities and the contractors seemed unwilling to fully understand the needs of the residents. To most at the meeting it seemed that the

motivation behind both the proposals was the safeguarding of the revenue gained from renting rooms during the summer break.

In previous meetings with the school and the contractors it had been made clear that any work during the summer whilst students revised was unacceptable, yet this was proposed. The alternative proposal meant a further decline in living conditions for a term and loss of amenities. What was the point, asked one resident, of living in a hall and paying for it when you could not work in your rooms (described in contracts as 'study bedrooms') or even enjoy the bar or television room?

Along with the second the proposals came no further offer of compensation. Nothing on that subject has been heard from the LSE authorities since the threat of a rent strike was withdrawn. Students feeling most affected felt that they should, under the second proposal expect re-housing, especially those obliged to stay in residence over the Easter holiday. Nothing like that was offered at the Wednesday meeting.

A widespread disappointment with the LSE administration was evident. Whilst on an individual basis they seemed helpful, as a whole have achieved little in helping residents. Wednesdays meeting which due to the urgency of the proposals was called unconstitutionally and attended by 40 to 50 residents voted for the second proposal. This vote will take place again on Friday when hopefully more residents can attend.

Given the options available there seems little the residents can do to

improve their conditions without undesirable confrontation. Written in the school regulations is a commitment by the school to its fundamental purpose which 'can be achieved only if its members can work peacefully in conditions which permit freedom of thought and expression'. Given the strength of those words it seems difficult to imagine the current situation ever arising.

In the minds of many of the residents is a suspicion towards the attitude of the school. It is hard to conceive how the entire hall was rented out this year given the amount of work planned. Promises made to residents concerning deadlines and conditions have evidently been broken leaving few of those at the meeting with much faith in the dates put forward by the contractors. Genuine anger and disappointment is obvious amongst the residents especially those on the worst affected floors and it remains to be seen what can be done to improve conditions at Rosebery for the rest of this session or indeed how residents will be compensated for the disruption already experienced.

Graham Bell

LSE Debating Society.

Motions for the Lent Term.

All debates are at 1pm.

Monday, 15th February, 1993: New Theatre.

"This House Would Ratify The Maastricht Treaty."

Wednesday, 17th February, 1993.

In the light of events last Wednesday at the talk given by Peter Lilley, we will debate an emergency motion:

"This House Would Defend the Right to Free Speech."

Wednesday, 24th February, 1993.

Surprise motion for competition practise.

Wednesday, 3rd March, 1993.

"This House Would Kiss and Make Up!"

Wednesday, 10th March, 1993.

"This House Would Legalise Euthanasia."

Wednesday, 17th March, 1993.

"This House Believes the End is Nigh!"

All debates are held in C120 at 1pm, unless otherwise stated. New members are always welcome, both as possible international competitors or simply interested observers! Membership is £2, but all debates are open to anyone to watch.



Wales 10 - 9 England



UN IN SARAJEVO? : A JOKE

Louise Grogan criticises the U.N.'s passive role in a settlement of the Balkan problem.

Since the start of bloody clashes in Croatia in 1991, thousands of unarmed civilians have been killed in the breakup of Yugoslavia. In Bosnia-Herzegovina, Serbian nationalists continue to "cleanse" the land by torturing, deporting, or killing its non-Serb residents. Over the past year, U.N. involvement in Sarajevo has been focused on the distribution of essential supplies. Despite these efforts, Sarajevo is starving.

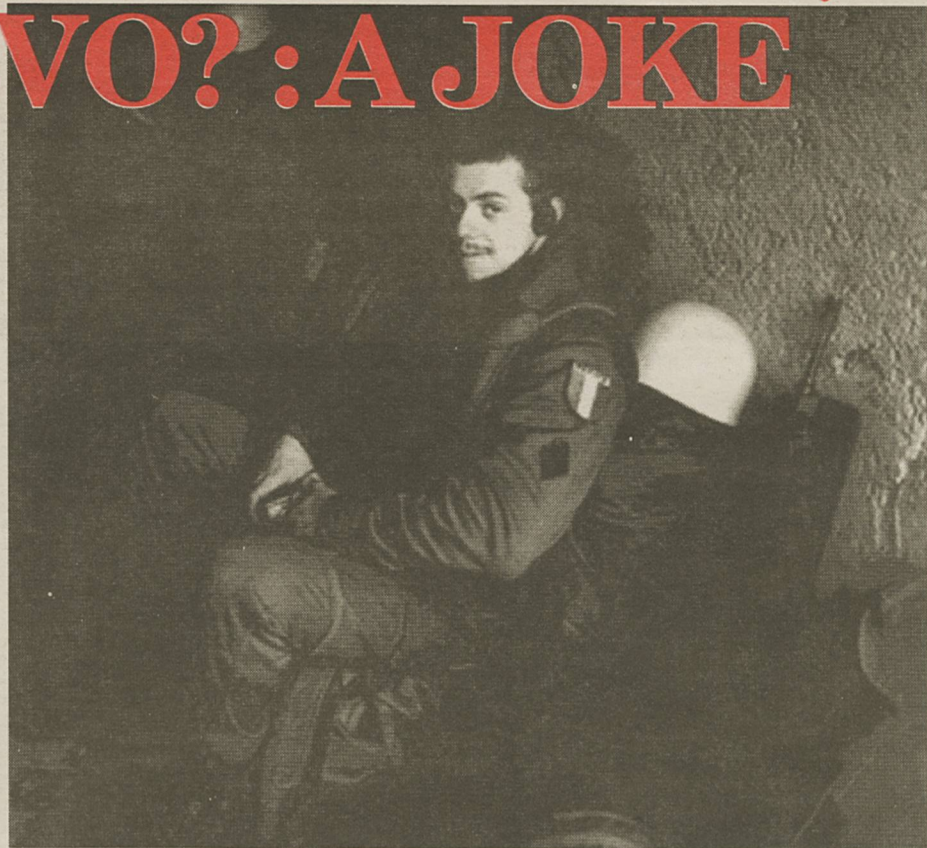
For most of December, the leaders of the nationalist Serbs used tanks and sniper fire to close off Sarajevo's airport from international food flights. Even now, aid convoys coming by land often come under fire as they pass along this airport road, nicknamed "sniper's alley".

Domestic food supplies have now been exhausted, so most families are entirely dependent on the bravery of lorry drivers dodging bullets.

According to Rod Head, a lorry driver who delivers food for the London-based organisation "The Serious Roadtrip", the United Nations is less than helpful at protecting food convoys. In a speech to Amnesty LSE he explained how stops at U.N. checkpoints could involve sitting in a sniper's firing range for five minutes or more while U.N. troops checked their radios and shifted papers. Head explained that U.N. efforts to secure the passage of heavily-laden food lorries into Sarajevo were useless in the case of small aid operations, because U.N. vehicles zoomed

ahead of their old, heavy aid trucks. U.N. troops, it seems, regard small aid operations such as his as a hassle. Still, Head says he is unwilling to leave his cargo for the U.N. to deliver, because he believes that much of the U.N.'s food supply ends up in the hands of the Serbs. He says he's seen the "heaving warehouses" of the Serbs, and is confident that the twenty percent of his cargo demanded by the Serbian Red Cross is less than the U.N. loses. When asked how he would describe U.N. help towards non-governmental relief efforts this winter, Head replied, "A joke."

Whether or not the same could be said of total U.N. humanitarian action in the former Yugoslavia must be assessed in terms of both



All Photographs on this page are courtesy of Hans Gutbrod

U.S. IN SOMALIA: ALTRUISM OR DECEIT?

Duncan Smith provides a critical account of U.S. intervention in Somalia.

The crisis within Somalia has seen the unprecedented use of American troops in a humanitarian relief effort. Operation Restore Hope marks the first time that the U.S. has deployed its military forces not to protect its strategic interests or shore up a dictatorship in the name of anti-communism, but to assist in a large scale humanitarian effort under the somewhat ambivalent auspices of the United Nations.

Under the Bush Administration it has been the second time in a year that the United Nations has been evoked in order to legitimise a U.S. foreign policy initiative. Operation Hope invites some comparisons with America's last venture, Desert Hope, through its military sponsorship and its disregard for the opinions of the subjects of intervention. Its objectives have been loosely defined by resolution nr. 794: "To use all necessary means to establish as soon as possible a secure environment for humanitarian relief operations in Somalia."

Interventions in Somalia, Bosnia and Iraq have been cited by leading commentators in the media as manifestations of what has been called the "New World Order". Yet, little effort has been made to establish what this new order means for its recipients in Africa, Asia and Eastern Europe, since most of the debate has been defined by western prerogatives. For the U.N. Secretary General Bhoutros Bhoutros Ghali as in his "Agenda for Peace" it means, "challenging existing notions about the inviolability of sovereignty", and that "the time of absolute and exclusive sovereignty is over."

It therefore seems that the outcome of Operation Restore Hope will determine if U.S. foreign policy will seek to utilise the United Nations in

attempting to redress some of the consequences of the Cold War. America's determination to save the "innocents" in Somalia stems more from its need to shore its declining position as world policeman rather than from altruistic motives. It may be the beginning of a "new containment" policy whereby the U.S. furthers this desire to retain political muscle in the West as its military guarantor by directly intervening in destabilised regions where there exists volatile domestic disorder.

Scepticism over American and U.N. motives in Somalia has been echoed by leading members of the Africa Group and the Non-aligned Movement at the U.N.. One member was quoted as saying, "Somalia today, somewhere else tomorrow, where will U.S. interventionism end?"

For some observers the situation in Somalia offers a possibility of demarcating the lines of a "New World Order", free from external influences such as the existence of another superpower or the presence of an indigenous anti-imperialist protest movement as in the Vietnam War. Rhetorically Bush and now Clinton present humanitarianism as their sole reason for going to Somalia. Yet, the simplicity of their words is an indication of their deceit. It can hardly be possible to reduce a situation that has taken years to unfold to the simplistic notion of feeding the starving. The hypocrisy of such words are obvious to all. U.S. complicity in the disintegration of Somalia is underlined by its previous involvement with the dictatorship of Siad Barre. The problems of Somalia are complex and interdependent. Looming high above them all is the issue of restructuring, rebuilding and regoverning the country. Ironically this is

supposedly what the West was doing during the Siad Barre regime. The World Bank was reportedly restructuring the Somali economy, and the United Nations handling the Ethiopian refugee crisis. There have been countless western backed initiatives in the Horn of Africa yet they seem to have done little but compound problems rather than solve them.

If this "New World Order" is to continue along the lines it has set itself with the interventions in Iraq, Yugoslavia and Somalia then other potential disasters loom over the horizon: Cambodia, Haiti, the Soviet Republics, Mozambique, Liberia and the Sudan. Western intervention can only have dire consequences for local subjects. In Iraq we have had the killing fields of Basra and the crippling of the country's economic structure leading to huge suffering among the civilian population. German recognition of Croatia in Yugoslavia provided the impetus for secession and subsequent war. No sooner had this lapsed than America in a fit of diplomatic jealousy recognised Bosnia and forced Serbs into confrontation again. All this does not bode well for Somalia's chances.

In essence what we are experiencing is a moral rearmament of imperialism. This is a view implicitly backed up by recent comments by Senator Nancy Kasselbawm, the ranking republican on the Senate Africa subcommittee when she stated America had a "moral obligation" to intervene in Somalia. Such obligations seem to be a central theme of the "New World Order" yet behind the rhetoric lies the cruel fact that in the past such moralism has been little more than a codeword for the increased brutalization of the non-western world.

present suffering and the prospects for change. Systematic rape is now wartime policy for the Serbian forces that have overrun over seventy percent of Bosnia. At least seventeen rape camps, whose victims are mainly Moslem women, exist in Bosnia. The Bosnian government claims over 14 000 women have been violated by Serbian soldiers. This woman's account is typical of those who have escaped these camps:

"There were more than 100 of us taken every night. It got worse when they lost a battle — then they came wanting more."

Several member states of the U.N. Security Council have now agreed that these sexual assaults are war crimes, and should be tried as such. Even so this possibility is cold-comfort to victims, and doubtless no deterrent to those who kill civilians daily. Unfortunately, an intention to punish the perpetrators of such human rights abuses shows nothing of a commitment to defending these rights.

War cannot be a justification for the cruel, degrading punishments by which soldiers in Bosnia defy international human rights law. Common Article 3 of the Geneva Convention of 1949 mandates human rights protection by prohibiting "violence to life and person, in particular murder of all kinds, mutilation, cruel treatment and torture..". It is the responsibility of nations who have signed the Universal Declaration of Human Rights to ensure that it continues to be a statute to which the world is bound. The Declaration means little when you're dead.

Those who perpetrate human rights abuses, particularly rape, in Bosnia, are not acting as individual criminals. They are acting as groups who justify their

actions by the actions of their colleagues and the words of their leaders. Their crimes are an act of war, and Serbian warlords who allow such actions are also guilty of these war crimes.

At the time of writing, the U.N. and E.C. eagerly await the decision of a group of extreme Serbian nationalists and warlords regarding the partitioning of Bosnia. This is a deal which grants Serbia half of Bosnia; payment rather than punishment for "ethnic cleansing". These are the people the Security Council hopes to charge with war crimes.

The E.C. and the U.N. now have little choice but to offer this settlement, or to begin full-scale intervention against the Serbs in Bosnia. Of course the Serbs know the U.N.'s dilemma, and will make demands accordingly. The U.N. must not settle for peace at any price.

United Nations military missions have traditionally

focused on maintaining peace in trouble spots, and protecting countries which become the objects of unwarranted aggression. This was the reason for defending Kuwait in the Gulf War. Whether or not that defence was justified, the rewarding of the aggressors in the Bosnian conflict definitely is not. Indeed, a peace plan offering half of Bosnia to Serbia does make the U.N. look like a joke.

Even if E.C. and U.N. negotiators achieve a peace agreement this week, the need for an international military presence in Bosnia will remain. Food aid will still be essential, as will access to the thousands of refugees left by "ethnic cleansing", and monitoring of the human rights situation. Instead of playing war games with Iraq, the United Nations should spend more energies making its humanitarian mission in Bosnia work.



ANNOUNCEMENT:

Amnesty LSE meets each Wednesday from 1-2pm in S50. This week LSE student Hans Gutbrod will speak about the situation in Croatia. All are welcome!

Take That and Fuck Off - The Brotherhood of Spam

This is the tale of a brotherhood... a tale of determination, strength, courage and sheer spunk in the face of adversity. It is the tale of the Brotherhood of Spam.

It was a cold, sullen November morning, and Mr. Pink was huddled in the corner of his preferred drinking den, nursing a pint and brooding over the existential void. He could hear all around him, but listened to nothing. The doors swung open...The jukebox, which had been playing the last bar of Whitney Houston's "I will always love you" mysteriously fell silent. At this moment in time, the shared destinies of five men were forged permanently, unknown to them, and quite probably against their will. The enigmatic figure who had entered was Captain Scarlet. He strode enigmatically over to Mr. Pink, and sitting enigmatically down opposite him, somehow hid his enthusiasm behind a carefully structured facade of flailing arms and agitated tone of voice.

"There's been a lot of talk about this next song... Maybe too much talk. This is not a rebel song! This song is... 'I will always love you'"

"Mr. Pink! I've got it! We make a rag record! We'll get some tunes, you'll play guitar, I'll do bass or something, and Mr. Ginger's said he'll sing - fuckin' ace lar!!". Mr. Pink remained cynical: "Fucking BRILLIANT!! I'll be FAMOUS!! GREAT! YEAH YEAH YEAH!!". And so they began to plan the scam - songs were researched for playability, chord sequences were analysed, funding was sought. However, it seemed that Fate had changed its mind about our heroes. Though a rough assortment of musicians were found, enough songs were deemed playable, and free studio time had been donated, the Supreme Rag Committee in their wisdom refused to put up the money for pressing the records. In their minds, this wasn't a winner. Plans were put to the backs of minds, and the motley collection of musicians retreated back to their underworld holes, the last shreds of innocence and naivety rapidly decaying in their souls. While Mr. Pink went back to the drinking establishment and dreamt of construction work and pneumatic drills, Captain Scarlet and Mr. Ginger continued to scheme...

It was a cold, sullen January evening, and Mr.



Isn't it a good job you can read about them in the Beaver, otherwise you might have to listen to them! Photo: Ron Voce

Ron Voce

Pink sat huddled in the corner of his second favourite drinking den. The doors swung open, and the stereo, which had been playing the last bar of "Summer Nights" fell mysteriously silent. It was Captain Scarlet. He strode in a particularly non-committal and enigmatic way over to Mr. Pink and shouted quietly in his ear "Fuck the record! We're doing a live gig instead!!". Mr. Pink calmly considered these words for what seemed like seconds, then murmured "WHOOOO!!!! YEAH! FANTASTIC!!!" in reply.

The elements began to fall into place - Captain Scarlet called on Mr. Blonde and Mr. Black to boost the number of musicians. It was discovered that the Supreme Rag Committee were considering holding a party in a number of weeks, at which the band could play. Mr. Blonde and Mr. Pink began to rehearse, and Captain Scarlet learned how to play bass remarkably quickly, considering that he didn't have a bass. It seemed to all as though nothing could go wrong, but Fate was not through with our heroes. In the space of a week, three of the five band members received bad news that could only hinder the band's collective chances, and it seemed as if replacements would have to be found for them. With three days left, things seemed grim. However, the plucky musicians stuck at it, and it was agreed to continue in their present incarnation, leaving the urgent rehearsals to the last minute. All that was missing was lyrics, vocals and drumming. Captain Scarlet, in his enigmatic alter ego as Initiative race judge managed to get the lyrics for all the songs. Someone else however lost them, but our heroes didn't care - If you can't remember the words,

make something up and shout it so loud that noone cares anyway!". The final part of the jigsaw had to be found... a name. Mr. Pink went amongst his underworld contacts and they helped him thrash it out. Something appropriate, something dignified was required. "Arthur Rectum's Bogey Quartet" was suggested, along with "Enoch Bowel", and "Denis Nielson and the Love Reaction". There were other suggestions from these depraved characters that are so offensive, they're impossible to spell. With one day to go, after a heavy afternoon's rehearsal underground, Mr. Ginger exclaimed, as though not aware that he was doing it, "Take That Wankers!". Within half an hour, this had been modified to "Take That and Fuck Off - The Brotherhood of Spam". And that is what they came to be forever known as. A legend was born.

T minus 6 hours and counting. The trust shown between the collective Mr.'s had proved to be worthwhile. Mr. Black had learned all the songs in the space of an hour. Mr. Fingers Fletcher had brought in the bass on which Capt. Scarlet was to enigmatically play. Things were looking good. Then Mr. Ginger arrived. The International Rugby Association (or whatever it's called) had made a crucial error in having England play Wales that afternoon. Mr. Ginger was visibly crushed, and stood apparently a foot shorter than usual in front of the Brotherhood to inform them of England's loss. Mr. Ginger sought solace in the nearest drinking establishment. Meanwhile, the band cleared the stage, the PA was set up, and they checked their instruments. Mr. Ginger was a somewhat

transitory, drifting presence at this time.

The clock's inevitable slowly ticking hand ticked slowly and inevitably towards eight, the time at which the concert began.

Eight. Mr. Pink, Mr. Black and Mr. Blonde took to the stage. Mr. Muttley helpfully checked the voltage levels of Mr. Black's cymbals.

Vicious, powerful, thrusting notes burst violently from the amplifier of the extremely talented and devastatingly handsome Mr. Pink. Then came the Sound of Mr. Black's drums, and Mr. Blonde's keyboards. Mr. Ginger leapt onto the stage, evidently concerned with the fact that he was being watched, and subtly crooned "BATMAN!!!!!" into the microphone, for that was the song. The crowd, a thronging multitude of thirty or thirty-one very sober people erupted in paroxysms of appreciation, and the confidence of the musicians doubled. Except Mr. Ginger, who was still quite nervous, but understandably so. Lights flashed all around, as Capt. Scarlet's sister and the Brotherhood's manager, Mr. Shiny Grey took photos. Batman came gracefully to an end. Mr. Ginger stood manfully in the centre of the stage and said...

"There's been a lot of talk about this next song... Maybe too much talk. This is not a rebel song! This song is... 'I will always love you'". Soft string quartet noises emanated from Mr. Blonde's machinery, the chords that had been playing when Capt. Scarlet and Mr. Pink first started out... Mr. Ginger sang gently, "I-I-I will always lo-o-ove yo-oo-oo..." and then all the demons of rock'n'roll violence broke their leashes and thrashed like fuck for four bars. Then settled down for four bars, then thrashed

Television, a not-perfect, sorry, note-perfect version of Smells Like Teen Spirit, and the epic, destructive Wild Thing. The Brotherhood left the stage to screams of adulation from their fan. This constituted an encore, so they returned and stole a very good joke from "the Mary Whitehouse Experience" involving the Cure's "A Forest" and the theme from Rainbow. It was over, an unmitigated triumph. The heroic fivesome drank the rest of the night away (except Mr. Ginger, who was assisted home early, being tired and emotional, and Mr. Pink, who can't take his beer, truth be told. Actually, it's just because he's so incredibly responsible and self-disciplined. Really.) Now, of course, the stardust has worn off. The Mr.'s had used up their fifteen minutes of fame, but the legend lives on...

It was over, an unmitigated triumph. The heroic fivesome drank the rest of the night away (except Mr. Ginger, who was assisted home early, being tired and emotional, and Mr. Pink, who can't take his beer, truth be told.



Neil assults the microphone, no further charges. Photo: Ron Voce

"Son of Sam" Pepys

Yes, as the huge and fearsomely efficient machine that is LSE student politics rolls into top gear more erstwhile political behemoths add their weight to the electoral fray. Not only this but candidates exposed by Pepys last week twist and turn in their efforts to accrue a slightly less miserly share of publicity and so boost their chances of making it to the top of the greasy pole. This weeks sees a few newcomers on the scene:

General Secretary/ Facsimile machine operator.

Duncan Bryson (Independent Scruffy)

Another candidate dragging the deadweight of utter political obscurity behind him as he enters the contest, this man has no discernable political views but, Pepys remembers, this proved no hinderance to last years' winning candidate. 30/1.

Gerard Harris (Independent minuteman)

If successful this candidate will have performed the most astounding feat of coming from nowhere, it seems more likely, however, that he simply misinterpreted the job title and saw it as a continuation of his present task of UGM minute taker. 100/1.

Iain Roberts (Lib Dem)

Part of the Lib Dems' dream ticket Roberts is hindered by the fact that very few people know what he looks like. Doubts also persist that while niceness may work on the national stage it might make Pleacey and Roberts seem incapable of the vicious backstabbing so necessary to LSE politics. 25/1.

Finance & Services/ Friend of Societies.

Lola Elierion (Independent Goth)

Part of a powerful Tuns contingent who could upset the established order of things with a new brand of slightly interesting commercial ideas. Seen by many as a political novice she has a couple of weeks to prove otherwise. 20/1.

Ents & Societies/ Not.

Rachael Goldwyn (Independent Aerobics)

A less scary version of Dave Jones who could well be up there when the time comes, an affable and friendly character often to be seen in the Tuns who might get the AU vote. Pepys feels she will have to work hard not to be seen as a female Johnny Bradburn. 6/1.

Meanwhile, live from the Tuns, Pepys reports on the meandering campaign trail. Rumours abound of a secret pact between **Tesher Fitzpatrick** (Independent hair colour) and **Lola Elierion** (Independent black hair), will this new group become the new DSG (Pepys hopes not), or is it just a cynical ploy to gain publicity? Sources close to the **Fitzpatrick** campaign indicate that **Tesher** is planning a major publicity stunt to prove that she cares as much about the AU as the Womens' group but remain secretive as to its exact nature. Stay tuned; Pepys will relay all information as it comes in.

Still with potential Gen Sec candidates **Martin Lewis** (DSG/ Wanker/Lib Dems?) has gave us all a revealing glimpse of just what a Union under him would be like when he fired his fellow candidate **Simon Reid** (Indetory Sarky git) from his (unpaid) job of steward at the Rag Tequila party.

Now some sad news; this bruising campaign has claimed its first victims. **Sue Pearce** (Independent deceased) has dropped out of the race following unsubstantiated and in Pepys' opinion quite slanderous rumours that she had once "spoken" with Jon Bradburn. Although the accusations are untrue and Pepys considers them defamatory he recognizes the public interest in publishing the entire, unexpurgated transcript:

SP: "Its half past twelve, WILL YOU PLEASE GO HOME NOW!!!"

JB: "Please, just fifteen more pints of Kronenburg."

SP: "NO!!!"

JB: "All right then."

SP: "Bye."

JB: "Bye." etc....

In many ways SU politics resemble a circus and election time brings with it a whole host of new performing animals. It is traditional for UGMs to be swamped by first-time speakers proposing very popular motions of dubious originality. It is also traditional for unknowns to pledge to "open up the Union". Both these gambits are rhetorically greeted with cries of "you're not standing as you" (or Wanker"-ed) in a slightly sarcastic tone.

CORRECTION

Last week Pepys indicated that Bob Gross was a "promising young new-comer". He's not, he's the old one playing pinball (not to be confused with the even older one playing the fruit machine; that's George and he hasn't yet dec his candidature.) Bob Gross is also the DSG's best hope of success; no-one doubts he has the experience but has he the charisma?

Pepys P.S.

Thanks Pleacey for your underpants, but you've picked the wrong guys. Pepys is a solo effort and definately not a duo. But at least you've a sense of humour!

"Until we Meet Again We Wish You Well!"

Graham Bell on Neil Andrews who has resigned this week as Beaver Editor and ended nearly 3 years with the Beaver

Monday 8th February was Neil Andrews' last Beaver collective meeting as Executive Editor. Neil had chosen that day to resign after two and a half years working on the paper - this much I know because he kept telling everyone at Rosebery Hall all evening. Being a first year and not having been involved in the production of the Beaver my perception of Neil may be limited compared to others but there are some things about his work that I have noticed during my time at LSE

"The conflicting (trivially or otherwise) views expressed in the Union are represented fairly in the Beaver."

Firstly, everyone at LSE has cause to thank Neil for the hard work he has put into the Beaver. As he stressed in the Editorial (issue 372) increasing student apathy has meant that the Editors

workload has become larger and larger.

Neil has always been prepared to work hard to ensure that the paper was as good as he could make it, appreciating that the Beaver is an important part of the LSE Students Union.

Neil has also, in my view, done a good job as Editor. The conflicting (trivially or otherwise) views expressed in the Union are represented fairly in the Beaver which is, thankfully, always entertaining. A good proportion of students enjoy reading the Beaver and respect it enough to continue to send in opinionated pieces as a good means of expressing their views.

Apart from being Editor of its paper however, I have seen Neil in one other vital role in the Union - that of champion of common sense. Along with several others, Neil is Commander in Chief of The Balcony. You may not agree with the collective views of the balcony or some of Neils comments, but there is no doubting why he is respected at Union meetings. I breath a sigh of relief when Neil's comments are heard at UGMs. He is light-hearted but only because he understands more about the Union than anyone else I have noticed. When it is appropriate to be serious, for example when defending the Beavers

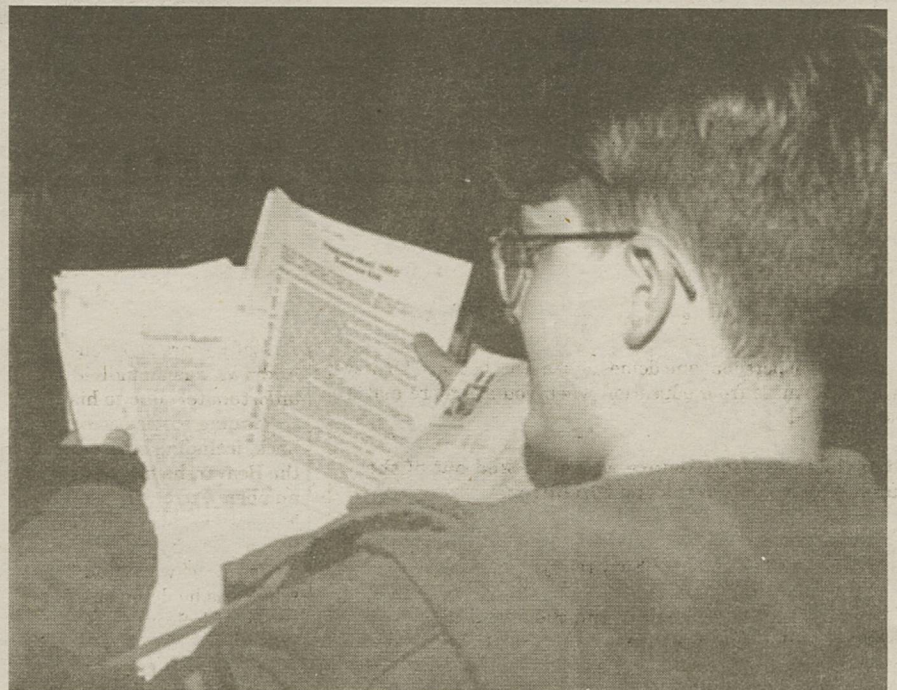
budget against attacks from the DSG, he proved himself to be as serious and committed as anyone.

I do not know what Neil plans to do with the rest of his time at LSE (rumours of serious study abound) but I wish him luck. I hope also that this article does not seem sycophantic or even inaccurate - these are my views based on seeing Neil in action and meeting him socially.

"...everyone at LSE has cause to thank Neil for the hard work he has put into the Beaver."

In a Union crippled by discord and in-fighting we should all take the opportunity to thank someone who has contributed (and will hopefully continue to do) so much to the LSE Students Union.

Respect is due to Neil Andrews!
(Thanks Mum -



Clue number 189, Who is the new Number One? See above and on the next page for clues.

Photo: Steve East

Room at the Bar

Ray Yates was elected Chair of the Union General Meeting at the start of the Lent term. At first he seemed a little out of his depth, prompting letters to the Beaver concerning his competence. It is now the fifth week in term and in a quiet corner of the Tuns, Ray Yates answers a few questions about his role.

Why did you want to become Chair?

I felt I was fair and impartial and I believed I could help speed up procedure. I felt that as I know a wide cross section of people at the LSE I would be more approachable.

What did you think of your predecessor Simon Reid, was he approachable?

I think he did a good job, firm but fair. I believe many people felt he wasn't approachable, though I do not personally think so. I think many saw him as part of the political establishment.

The establishment was rocked, when Gerard Harris was elected Vice-chair. His role has led to a couple of letters being published in the Beaver. How do you see him in his role as Vice-Chair?

He's OK, he's a first year, he's new. What do you expect. Like myself, he's growing into the role, learning names and procedures. Yes he's doing a good job.

Talking of procedures, the first meeting was a bit chaotic, but you seemed to have pulled it together. Are there any reasons for this?

It's a bit like sink or swim, after you've been elected. I was given conflicting advice from those hacks supposedly in the know, and Constitution and Steering did not give me any advice in that meeting. I have since attended their meetings and have a rapport with them and by working together the meetings seem to be going much better.

On a lighter note, what band(s) do you like?

Disposable Heroes of ..., Consolidated, The Pop Group.

The Chair of the UGM is not your only role within the Union, as you are also a member of ULU General Council. Pepys also gives you a mention as a possible EOPs candidate in the sabbatical elections. Do you see the Chair as a stepping stone to something more?

Where does it say that, I haven't read it yet. No I don't think I will stand for a sabbatical, though possibly I might go for NUS conference. I really want to get out of here at the end of the year.

In the light of the question to Peter Harris in last weeks UGM, what opinions do you have on the use of drugs?

People have been smoking hemp and its derivatives for 20,000 years at least. Why try and stop them now. However I'm not sanctioning the use of "Hard" drugs.

You've followed in the foots steps of past Chairs of the UGM, with a lot of heritage and history. Is there anyone you look up to, respect even, what about a personal hero?

I've never looked up to anyone. No definately no hero's. I suppose I just look at everyone in the eyes!

As Chair you have the casting vote in a tie. If the censure motion on Jonny Bradburn had been declared a tie, which way would you have gone?

It's a hypothetical question as the decision has been made. But hypothetically if it had been a choice of putting £3,000 into the Hardship fund or on new entertainment equipment, i.e something useful from his demise, then I would have voted in favour of the motion. If as I suspect it would have ended up in the reserves of £250,000+ then I would have voted against.

Why did you come to University late in life?

Apart from personal and domestic reasons, because I believe you benefit more from education when you are more mature and balanced

One last question, before we get kicked out of the Tuns. Why do you drink the 99p bitter?

A £1 coin is a beer token and I can give a penny to the hardship fund collecting tin. Easy really!

Thanks Ray. Next week in the Bar, we'll discuss Gerards' toilet amongst a host of other things with the current Vice-Chair. All right Paul we're leaving!

It Just isn't Cricket old boy!

A view on the First Test Match in India by Sundeeep Tucker

Sidhus' latest attempt to despatch an England spinner into the Hooghly river fails. It only reaches row 35 of the main stand, yet the 82,000 spectators are in raptures. "This is modern history. India is ruling over England," one banner proudly proclaims.

Day five of the First Test in Calcutta and India are just a few runs away from an emphatic victory. The scene is Passfield Hall, it is 5.10am and seven weary souls have gathered around to watch Sky TV's live coverage and applaud the winning run.

Strangely and unlike on the first two days play, no England supporter is present to enjoy the pleasurable conclusion of this most graceful of games.

Five of us have British passports. All of us - and countless others watching or sensibly tucked up in bed - have failed the "Cricket Test". This is a 'test' formulated by former Cabinet Minister Norman Tebbit. According to Mr. Tebbit, British born Indians who fail to support the English effort, clearly do not see themselves as British and by extension should reconsider their residence here.

The 'cricket test' has touched a raw nerve. It has generated a perhaps healthy debate on the issue of national identity, which is feeling threatened given the advent of the European single market and the increased

assertiveness of ethnic minorities in Britain.

Can a citizen really feel allegiance to a country when it supports an opposition sporting team? I know I speak for many in replying that yes, a citizen can.

For a whole host of reasons I wholeheartedly disagree with the 'test' and am surprised it comes from a politician who has never criticised British expatriates for waving the union flag when England play at the Sydney Cricket Ground. (Perhaps it is because they are still allowed to vote in their former country.....).

To understand why British born Indians support India - and many British people care not to - one must consider Britains' colonial past.

England bequeathed the game of cricket to the former colonies. It remains today the single stick with which to attain parity with or indeed beat their former colonial masters. For countries like India, Pakistan and the West Indies, cricket functions as a symbol of their ability to throw off their colonial past and assert an independent future.

An individuals' identity is a complex entity made up of competing strands. As a second generation Asian I feel somewhat attached to

the country where my parents were born and indeed where many relatives still reside.

It is far too early to expect second generation Asians to forget, throw off or betray the genuine feelings, inherent in their ideology.

As such, to people like myself, cricket represents a bridge between the past and the present. Like many, I see myself as anglo-Indian, happy to live here, pay taxes, abide by the laws and contribute to the well being of the nation.

Yet still I yearn for an Indian victory, to satisfy the other part of my psyche. I want people to respect India. Beating England at cricket is a fine way to earn and demand that respect.

A victory over England exacts some retribution for the countless colonial crimes. Tendulkars' sixes are revenge for the 1857 crackdown. Sidhus' blows are for the 1919 Amritsar massacre, with Gooch in the role as a modern day General Dyer.

Parallels can be drawn between Mahatma Gandhi and Azzarhudin. Both, non-aggressive and fearless, capable of uniting India and slaying the English Lion.

A successful cricket team also acts to focus Indian minds away from the worsening religious and communal tension.

Given the importance of

cricket to British Asians, English crickets' peculiar ability to invent ridiculous excuses for defeat, serves to polarise the issues further. Bad luck, the toss, smog, water, pitch, travel and bad umpiring, have all already been plucked from the bestselling England Cricket manual, "101 Excuses for Defeat". The old colonial master squirms as its' former pupil teaches it a lesson.

The 'cricket test is an anachronism. As the world shrinks and vast movements of people occur, we must face up to these facts and adapt accordingly. The 'test' is a misguided attempt to try and resurrect a narrow British identity. The ideals it is based upon also begin to feed into intolerance and racism with all its' attendant by-products.

An individual is but a product of his/her times. Caught in between two insecure stools, I proudly fail the cricket test so that I don't end up on the floor.

Nicey & Smashies Fansupertastic Blasts from the Past, LSE Topicalish Ten

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Give My Love to Kevin | Emma Bearcroft |
| 2. Pleasant Valli Sunday | Dave Whetham |
| 3. Paint It Black (The AU) | Tesher Fitzpatrick & the AU Swingers |
| 4. I Can't Stand Up for Falling Down | Jonny Bradburn |
| 5. (Maries' The Name) His Latest Flame | Ollie Stevens |
| 6. Hoplessly Devoted To You | Bernado and Faz |
| 7. A (Lilley) Whiter Shade of Pale | Adam Cleary |
| 8. All Together Now (The Remix) | DSG featuring Steve-E Peake Sick Lampost |
| 9. See Emilyn Play | |
| 10. We Hate It When Our Friends Become Successful/ Big Mouth Strikes Again | Martin Lewis |

Who's Next? Who Cares? We Won't Get Fooled Again & Again!

Many years ago Neil Andrews was an individual, unfortunately due to his continuing participation as a hack, including editorship of the Beaver, he has become a number, 6 to be precise. What we require is information about why he resigned.

Was it the work load? What was he doing at 4.45am on the fifth floor of St. Clements house with the all time election loser Ron Voce? Those of you who know Neil (or those parts of him

between his legs) know that he will go to any lengths to complete his assigned task.

Was it the Beaver staff? Known for their incompetence and wildness they are now being caught in a pre-orgasmic state upstairs at GEOG. ASS. balls.

We want answers Neil, answers. Why did you resign?

Hey, who is going to be the new Beaver editor? Well, we can discount Mr. Election loser who hasn't got a chance

in hell. There's always Mr Interesting Bosnia but I'm sure he'll bore the pants off everyone under the sun, and does anyone read his stuff anyway. There's always the Food editor but he has enough problems trying to make up 1000 words a week let alone a whole page, sad bastard. Then there is Navin. He's promised to shave his head again if he is elected and go to all the crap plays he's handed out tickets for. (At this point readers be

warned; these two are congenital idiots, who talk crap for a living (they're history students) and are just too uncultured to appreciate a good play-NKR). There is always Rob with his collection of freebie vinyl but I think that says it all. Does anyone care as I imagine the Beaver will not fundamentally change as there are still plenty of unused pictures of Ron Voce to put on the front cover. That leaves "Fontwell" Kev. Good luck to ya Kev. Tom and Steve

AREN'T ALL RIGHT

THE KIDS

by
Rob
Hick



"Lord High Arse Kicker Cathal Coughlan"

It is a well known fact that Cathal Coughlan is a bit "mental" at times. If you spilt his pint and he asked you for a fight you would be well advised to circumvent the spitting rage to ensue by politely declining and offering full reimbursement for your iniquities. But, he has not always been quite like this. There is, surprisingly enough, a more subtle side to the Tory-hating, religion-baiting motherfucking nasty bugger. He can also write some good little ballads and ditties as well.

This Monday sees the release of the "new" Fatima Mansions album, "Come Back My Children" (Kitchenware/RadioActive - all formats). I say "new" because it's actually one of those retrospective compilation things. Which is no bad thing as you'll have a lot of trouble trying to find early singles and the first mini-album "Against Nature".

As hinted above, a lot of the material for this album is mellow than one would normally expect from the Fatimas, much of it originating from "Against Nature". This release contained the brilliant, snarling, but upbeat and tuneful debut single, "Only Losers Take The Bus", and the strange, strange "On The Day I Lost Everything". "The Valley Of The Dead Cars" was a highlight, speed-driven, exceptionally fast but still retaining one of the most memorable tunes of the album and a fabulous bridge piece three-quarters of the way through.

Also included here are the tracks from the following two singles, the majestic, demonic "Blues For Ceaucescu" and its B-

side, the rambling mumbling of "On Suicide Bridge", and the "Hive" EP, one of their finest moments. "Ceaucescu" sees Cathal ranting about how he really detests the UK, and who can blame him, to a power guitar bassline. It was Single of the Week in the NME on release, and a wise choice too.

The "Hive" EP, basically eleven or so minutes of pure phlegm from Cathal, is included here minus "Chemical Cosh". The title track is quite simply the most horrifying cacophony you have ever heard, and to the uninitiated ear might take a little bit of getting used to. "Stigmata", by fellow noisy sods Ministry is covered to great effect, and, to my surprise on first hearing it, is almost every bit as good as the stunning original. Also, we have more religious insults in the electro-rap that is "The Holy Muggler".

Also included is the cover of The Velvet Underground's "Lady Godiva's Operation", originally included on the "Heaven and Hell" tribute album. Nothing is sacred to Cathal, this has been destroyed.

Cathal Coughlan is a man you really should have some time for. There is no-one in Europe today making music to compare, and it ought to be said that it will probably be quite a while until there is, so enjoy it while you can.

Alas, there is no plan at the moment for the Fatimas to play live in the near future, so you'll have to make do with this. But then again, that alone is no cause for complaint, if you've got the common sense to buy it.

DISCO DANCING WITH JULES

THE THEME - BLACK GIRL ROCK (D:REAM REMIX)

Can D:Ream put a foot wrong? The talented artists that produced the storming "U R The Best Thing" and "Things can only get better" come up with a remix that'll have your granny slapping her thighs and reaching for the Evian. Though a tad slow, uplifting vocals and a rumbling bassline put this song in a class of its own.

BURRUCHACHA - MUKKA

HI-NRG stomping rumbling house with a female vocal telling you that things are "Gonna be all right". And they will be if you can get hold of this record - promoed on Limbo and out soon. Love it.

MMM - BANANARAMA (REMIX)

Where Bananarama come in I'm not sure, but this is lovely happi house. "Do not resist the beat".

UHH AHH - BEEBUZZ

I'm not sure of the origin of this one, but a fine rhythmic tune it is.

PIANO MANIA - PIANO MANIA

Rumbling piano tune, with bags of energy, excitement and breakdowns.

RALPH FALCON - EVERY NOW AND THEN

Not really my cup of tea. The provocative male vocals and tune are fine, but it is all so low-key. My mum calls it chugging garage, I call it crap.

Jules Stewart

FRANKLY, MY DEAR, I GIVE A DAMN...

Being a regular reader of the Beaver's music pages, I've never read anything about the Frank and Walters. I hope there is no particular reason for this, such as an allergy of the editor to the Cork trio. (Now, now, you cheeky bastard! - RH) Anyway, since the Beaver asks us to co-operate, the best way to undo the harm is to take advantage of the recent success of their latest EP, "After All", produced by Ian Broudie, and to write an article myself. (What a frightening prospect)

There is actually no particular reason why one should buy Frank and Walters records, without having heard them before. The press has often depicted them as three jackasses who have learnt to play some tunes and have a lot of fun with it. The point is that you

too can have a lot of fun with them if you concentrate on what they do best, songs. Actually, there are a lot of songs you can enjoy, with their five EPs, the last of which is available as a two-CD set. There is also an album, "Trains, Boats and Planes".

The tunes of the Frank and Walters are the most catchy I've heard since the beginning of the shoe-gazing period. (NB - for those unenlightened, shoe-gazing refers to those young lads and lasses who make funny guitar noises, staring down all the time, the miserable gits. Ride are the only good ones.) Niall's guitar would even wake up a "Gregorian chant" fan (? - RH) but most of all, there is Paul's voice and lyrics. This is the detail which makes the difference. When Paul sings at the top of

his voice, the band sounds so sincere but also so fragile that after having heard them, anyone would want to go and buy all of their records.

On the other hand, the absurd, naive but heartwarming lyrics are also a characteristic of the Frank and Walters. They tell you that, after all, there are still some reasons why we should not all have a nervous breakdown. I've never seen "a giraffe as tall as my knee, making shapes of letter Z" but I'm sure I'd like it, and trainspotting is as interesting a hobby as shoegazing. (Quite - RH) The songs of the Frank and Walters are indeed about all the little things that can make you smile even though there aren't enough "happy busmen".

If you're still not convinced yet, that the Frank and Walters are great and worth

listening to, the only solution is to go to one of their gigs. These are the kind of gigs you will surely enjoy because of the cheerful atmosphere they can create. After Paul, Niall, and Ashley have thrown away their huge hats, hopefully keeping their flashy orange dungarees, it's time for stage diving. Anyway, you can be sure to leave the venue in a good mood.

There may be a UK tour before June, you will then be able to see these fantastic performers. Meanwhile, you really ought to listen to their records -

Pegui.

"And most of all, I love you all and wish you well!"

FEAR AND HIDING IN PIMLICO

here is normally no such thing as a bad day at the Tate Gallery-but I had one. However it must be said that events prior to my visit did not set me up for a 'good one'. Having lost my invitation the previous evening I debated informing Navin, but the thought of adding more stress to his undoubtedly busy day left me with no choice but to bullshit my way in. Private views are normally anything but private, with hordes of middle aged wannabee socialites milling around paying more attention to each other than the art. But I think that I must have read the invitation incorrectly as the entire exhibition (the new collection) was open to the public-for nothing. This at least solved my immediate problem of gaining entry into the Gallery, but consequently brought up another-a viewing public. Public views are fine, but the timing of the visit as in so many areas of life is crucial. I chose the wrong time; schoolkid time. Now some schoolkids are bearable even welcome-I'm talking about the sixteen plus type-but the rest, well they just smell and snot everywhere. My parents had numerous offspring, and being the eldest, I am under no illusions as to what parenthood entails. Thus although University offered escapism, ironically the Gallery did not. The Gallery was full of schoolkids, all dressed in different uniforms but all members of the same army, and I was the enemy. It took me some

time to find refuge, which manifested itself in the form of the Mark Rothko room. Rothko as an exiled Jew was inspirational in the New York abstract expressionist movement of the 1950's and 1960's. He also sought escapism and pursued it to its ultimate end-suicide. This room then seemed quite apt. But no! I was pestered even there. Firstly by some fool sitting next to me, who took it upon himself to eat his lunch there and then, which consisted mainly of purposefully loud packaging. After the security guard politely reminded him that food could not be consumed in the gallery, he turned and said to me; "Fucking stupid ain't it?" It was then that I began to empathize with Rothko on a level I had not before found. Then predictably the kids arrived, but surprisingly not en masse. They were too clever for that. A few scouts entered looking around knowingly, then perhaps mockingly one said; "Ah! This room's bollocks!". I glanced at their uniforms looking for some insignia. Had I heard a slight trace of an Eastern European accent in that clever ignorance of the abstract expressionists? I was after anything, some sign, a link to this child regiment and the Serbian Army. Weren't the Bosnians enough? Must they culturally purge me here too? But a second glance revealed their true loyalties; Hackney Comprehensive. I quickly escaped through the Pre-Raphaelites, and into a blue room adjacent to it.

Now I admit the room

looked quite good. It was lit up by sunlight through high windows which shone onto the painted walls in such a way that the room had an aurora. But it was obviously intentional right? With no disrespect, if you can see, it is clear what the Gallery did to this room-I think it was even called the 'blue room'. So imagine my disappointment when more schoolkids possibly older than sixteen and female-although too ugly to warrant further investigation-stood in the room as if in awe. "Ah! It's amazing!", one said, then another said analytically; "The blue makes it seem so cold, but it's not!". Wow! give that girl a GCSE. I left the room wondering if they had ever noticed the blueness of a winter and the redness of a summer. I thought of returning with a blowtorch (blue flame) to prove a point, but didn't bother. I left the Tate Gallery and was somewhat comforted by the hustle and bustle of London life, it's rush hour and the destitute.

With hindsight perhaps I overreacted, but you weren't there. Undoubtedly if I had visited in the early evening, things would have been different. Even so whilst on my escape mission in the Gallery, I saw quite a lot. My initial brief had been to visit the Tate Gallery's new collection of paintings, and in this I succeeded, but not without reliving childhood nightmares in the most unlikely of settings. The new collection is comprehensive and impressive. All the major modern movements are covered,

by Citizen
Smith

especially cubism and fauvism. Even minor themes are explored, although far less comprehensively. The major theme though, is that of British art in the context of its contemporaries from roughly around the turn of the century. The conclusion that one is left with is that British art was not just a disciple of modern art but in the case of fauvism, quite instrumental. Artists such as Roderick O'Connor and Matthew Smith added a new twist to the french dominated fauve scene and are as worthy of as much praise as Degas and Derain. More specific themes are also explored, although limitations of space and material do not give the it much authority. The depiction of manhood in paintings and art, or "Visualizing Masculinities", is a limited but nonetheless genuine attempt to explore man's view of his gender role through his art. Unfortunately the theme is weakly supported with less than fifteen exhibits, and a room no larger than fifty square feet. However, the Tate is supporting the exhibition with a series of films and documentaries on the "Visualizing Masculinities" theme, so it would be fair to assume that the Tate recognizes it's limitations.

It is easy then to forget just how good the Tate Gallery is and this annual rotation of material is a perfect excuse to go, as is the fact that it's just off Pimlico tube and free. But paranoia beware, they're out to get you and not even Rothko can stop them.

By
Emma Bearcroft

Damage

Damaged people are dangerous because they know how to survive, according to Anna, who is the object of obsession and desire in the film Damage- 111 mins, Cert 18. A powerful and poignant adaptation of Josephine Hart's novel, Damage is a tale of a married MP who becomes entangled with his son's enigmatic girlfriend. Jeremy Irons plays the Tory MP, Stephen Fleming, who is destined for greater things until Anna (Juliette Binoche) walks into and takes over his life, his family, his work and ultimately his being. Irons, who is a well practised player in such sinister and bizarre plots, and who has definitely lost those youthful good looks of Brideshead, is convincing as the dispassionate father and husband, clearly maintaining a 'comfortable' distance from his children. His son played by Rupert

Graves is a womaniser turned home-maker. The pace and success of Fleming's work seems to provide an alternative to the realities of life, despite the portrayed perfection of his home and family. His wife, Miranda Richardson, adeptly provides loyalty and support throughout (as politicians' wives are wont to do), but is uncontrollable in her final vitriolic outburst, displaying all the sensibilities of a wronged woman.

When Fleming meets Anna he does not fall in love with or even lust after her, but she becomes the focus of a complete obsession which he refuses to see beyond, providing the basis of their subsequent relationship. Even during their love-making, she remains captivatingly expressionless and he maintains his remote emotionless stance to hide his

anguish. There is a veritable array of (wierd) sex scenes involving various acrobatic feats, clothes most of the time, and definate invocation of the Karma Sutra.

The film is sensitively directed by Louis Malle who successfully portrays the complexity of repressed emotions, the intuition of the women in the film, and the pathos of a man weakened by an uncontrollable malignancy. Where it lacks passion the film compensates with its lavish use of sexual (and other) imagery. At first the film is frustratingly unrealistic-it seems incongruous that such a successful politician would be so lacking in rational judgement and become so uncontrollably afflicted, or even that such a lack of enthusiasm would get him to that position. It also fails, perhaps intentionally, to develop the relationship

with his wife and his work.

This film is definitely one with a moral; be it don't mess with your son's woman; love gives us a sense of the unknowable and nothing else matters in the end; or politicians- don't have affairs (or don't get caught at least!), you won't make it to No.10, but we knew that already. Whatever the intended moral, the film provides a 'real-life' interpretation of the chaos theory of physics- unpredictable succession of events with potentially devastating consequences etc etc., and plenty of ammunition for Michael Medved (who he? NKR), of the "Hollywood, your soul is sick" tradition, but is worth seeing anyway!

Souls

by Steve Kinkee

Here we go, into the darkest, seediest regions of Kings Cross, what a voyage. I feel scared already. Well, actually, it's not that scary. As long as you keep walking and don't try using a phone. Oh and don't buy anything offered to you at King's Cross, it's either underweight or an Oxo cube.

Theatre. Now there's an idea. It's performed before your very eyes, no cathode ray tubes here. Fringe theatre. Now there's another idea. It's performed before your and about fifty other peoples' eyes. In some kind of converted garage or above a pub somewhere. Very bourgeois and Arts- Council Grant. Very symbolic cultural capital accumulation.

Souls, in this context, concerns an economic as well as a spiritual sense. The play concerns the lives of a group of serfs in slightly pre-revolutionary Russia, a group about whom very little is known but whose 'souls' were owned by their master, economically and spiritually. This group are actors and an overseer, and they are joined by another actor who is an expert in the field of (then) trendy French plays. The plot is unimportant as well as being fairly vague but this is of little concern as it is the performance and production which make the play enjoyable.

The impending revolution is hinted at and the petty intrigues and love affairs of the characters are involved, there is a feeling of being in the midst of the era, with faithful reproductions of the costumes and actors wandering in from behind you... but what can I say? How am I supposed to convince you to go and see it? Should I do that? This isn't a bloody advert you know, or is it? In the era of the postmodern it has no more worth than Coronation Street (although, with the current poor quality of that's script, this is actually funnier) and it costs about £4 more... but try it. You might like it, which is more than I can say for Instant Tea.

Anyway, being able to see your breath in an underheated theatre is a fair trade-off against the £10+ and binoculars needed for the West End. You might even be seeing stars of the future and that is worthwhile cultural-capital. Maybe.

Souls; Courtyard Theatre Club, 10 York Way, until Feb 28th £4 Concessions, 50 pence membership

Jit

A poor young boy, UK falls in love with a girl Sofi and wants to marry her. Undeterred by her disinterest and her rich boyfriend's belligerent attitude he gets down to the task of procuring the high bride-price that Sofi's father has set up. His tenacity prevails and he eventually succeeds in getting his girl who becomes disillusioned with her boyfriend.

Quite a commonplace theme. The story for Michael Raeburn's "Jit" is set in Zimbabwe. The title is derived from the new Zimbabwean style of music - Jit. The film is packed with vibrant pieces of jit music performed by popular artistes and relies on it to a great extent in order to claim the attention and satisfaction of the viewers.

Although the film employs some inexperienced actors in the cast the story is portrayed fairly smoothly. A major part of the film depicts UK's attempts to earn money. The humour is outlandish at times and may not be a prime contributor to the appreciation of the film. Dominic Makavachuma portrays UK's role brilliantly.

The dimension of fantasy is provided by the Jukwa, UK's guiding spirit who mangles to get UK fired from various jobs with her uncanny ability to be present at inopportune moments. Eventually she succumbs to UK's crafty deal that promises her ample libations of beer and money for his rural parents in return for help in securing his girl.

If you are not a very demanding film-goer then this comedy might turn out to be quite good. That goes for those of you who are interested in various cultures contemporary music styles. "Jit" will be screened at the ICA cinema from the 12th of February

by Tony Thirulinganathan

See a play and write today. Nav and Geof would just love you to write for them, on anything to do with Art and things. And if you do we will not have to put these little ads. on their pages, and that would be just great. Topper. Sorted. Got any Vera's. Jubbly. I think you get the message.

Houghton Street Harry

Harry is heartened if he gets a smile from the WW1 Veteran who sells flowers outside his North London home. There is little that can please Harry more than a peck on the cheek and a bit of a cuddle from his lovely lady when he returns home from the Beaver office (often very late). I can tell you Harry is a man of simple tastes, easily pleased and difficult to offend. A man who in the greatest traditions of England finds his greatest pleasures in the home. You are unlikely to come across a happier man than Harry, a man often to be found reclining on his couch, with a beer in one hand and his female companion in the other, enjoying unashamedly the spectacle of an afternoons sport.

Harry (of Houghton Parade) is not an aspiring politician, he is a simple and honest man of the sort that kept Britain going through the Blitz. The contrast with Peter Lilley is revealing. Lilley, the present governments' Minister of Social Security, abuses the natural trust of the British people. Britons expect honesty and a belief in public service from their politicians. But of course they have never got this. You may say this is obvious and the sort of boring truism you expect from do-gooders on the left and on the Beaver Sports Page.

You would be wrong on all counts. Harry knows from experience how naive most people are. In his "bad boy" days before he settled down with his "lady" and gave up all night drink and drug crazed nights of investigative journalism, Harry did the dirty once or twice, and lived to regret it. People are damn gullible, whether they're Americans who think they invented the concepts of freedom and equality or Filthy Frenchmen who believe that Paris is worth a heap of rotten snails.

Regarding the "obviousness" of the naked self interest and absence of integrity we see in our politicians I would point simply to the self delusion of most people in this world, Britain and this University. It is simply in most peoples interest to go along with the system and avoid rocking the boat. More's the pity.

On a football pitch the referees' word is final. In football this is the way that works, for if the referees' word is questioned then the game can degenerate into a brawl that drags in all the players. In the real world the situation is similar and the need to avoid violence is even greater. However in the real world we are not playing a game against another team. We are all supposed to be on the same side and the referee in the form of the government is not chosen by the football league but by us.

Anyone who hits a referee in football match because of a bad decision is in my view an idiot and a deluded and dangerous individual. After all it's only a game. In the world of politics, it is still a game of sorts, and whatever anyone tells you this country is not a deliberately oppressive or violent place to live, and though this game is a bit more important than a kick around on a Saturday afternoon it still calls for a certain standard of sportsmanship.

Peter Lilley may be a bad-guy, along with the rest of the government - oppressing us - sacking miners, spending more or less time with his family and a few lucrative dictatorships, and giving us poisonous apple juice to drink - but we elected him! If we are a team in this country, a pretty big team at fifty-six million but I can't think of a better description for us, then what the hell was going on in the Old Theatre when he came to speak the other day. He was treated to the sort of tactics the Brown Shirts used to break up opposition rallies in the Munich of the 1920's?

Harry voted Labour in 1945, or at least his grandfather did, and it has been a family tradition ever since, so don't ever say he's anything but apolitical. With particular respect to Peter Lilley, who has three times been cautioned by the police for propositioning under-age boys for sex, and yet manages to maintain a public image of upstanding member of Her Majesties cabinet, I do have a certain sympathy with the loonies of the L.S.E. Left

Out of the departing salvo fired at Lilley on the stage of the Old Theatre, not a single egg found it's target. This sort of sporting inability would not have been a problem had the demo organisers merely approached the Darts Society for some advice. A few hours free drinking would have been enough to get from members of the Darts-Soc Executive sufficient egg throwing expertise to ensure the eggs reached their target. If only the rabble on the revolutionary left could organise themselves they might make some impression on the rest of the students. As it is they are just sad, inadequate, public school failures who want to look trendy. Take a leaf out of Harry's book and do your own thing.

FOOTBALLERS DRINK ORANGE JUICE

Geoff Robertson

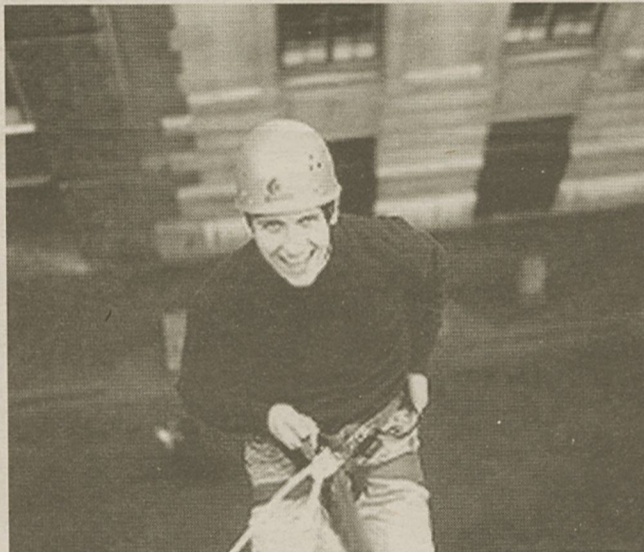
You can't buy talent and skill. You're born with it. Lesson number one for a hapless 'Cross side, who never looked like coming away with anything from this game. With a fired up 5th's out for revenge, there was more chance of David Mellor starring in a remake of Captain Pugwash.

Even with 8 men braving hangers the 5th's had a great start, pinning Cross' back with a forward line augmented with the new £1-50 signing Adrian Vetta. He brought pace to a team who thought pace(read "mace") was what a woman used to say no and mean yes.

Rewards were soon to arrive, Chetun set free on the right slid a low cross to his left which Adrian elected to "dummy" before Craig slotted it home. Bob's your uncle, 1-0.

'Cross did have a couple of chances, forcing Bernie into one great save, but were subdued by an L.S.E. back four that looked so solid you could break rocks on it. We could have made it more, Alan having a cross/shot well saved, and Sean challenging Geoff for the title "miss of the season". Apart from that, Sean, ably assisted by Bill, kept a grip on the midfield that was never broken.

A very solid performance from the team, despite both sides kicking for touch late in the second half. The first clean sheet of the season, reflected in an eleven man turnout for the piss up ("debriefing"-ed2) afterwards. Super Brian. (Three cheers for the best groundsman in London and the Home Counties-ed2)



Sponsored S & M for Rag Week

Toss Off Every Sunday

The patrons of Madame JoJo's open air massage parlour (a.k.a. the L.S.E. Ultimate Frisbee Club) invite you to toss a trash-lid at your mates (we've got some killer new discs straight from Southern California). For those of you not in the "know", Ultimate Frisbee is one of the premier field (uhh pitch) sports sweeping the planet. Frisbee is no longer just for dogs in the park or babes on the beach. Ultimate is best described as American football played without the contact, soccer without the

goalie, water polo without the pool, or badminton without the shuttlecock (perish the thought)(these Frisbee people must be on some new-age drugs-not good for the mind-ed2). If you are at all intrigued, mildly confused (you seem a little-ed2), or perhaps just bored (no-ed2), join us any Sunday for "a workout you won't soon forget".

Sunday 1pm Hyde Park corner near Speakers' Corner. For more information call Joe (071 586 1395) or Jennifer (071 378 8231).

AU Elections

Between 11-00 am and 2-00 pm on Wednesday 24th February the annual elections for positions in the L.S.E. Athletics Union will be held. Nominations must be handed in to the A.U. office by Thursday 18th February. The following positions will be up for election : President, General Secretary, Assistant General Secretary, Internal Vice President, External Vice President. For further details concerning the election please contact the Athletics Union Office.

Sussex Learn The Meaning Of "Respect"

L.S.E. 2nds 38
Sussex 2nds 31

Following the deplorable incidents in Brighton in October, when the first team strip disappeared under mysterious circumstances, the match was unsurprisingly hard fought. The seconds started in devastating form scoring two well worked tries, and going 12-0 ahead after ten minutes. The points came from Chris aided by the sturdy springbok Saul and the Captain for four successive wins: Graeme "Jolly" Jenkins.

Unfortunately over-confidence and tackling akin to kiss-chase allowed the south coast pilferers to rob three tries.

Stirring words at half time had the desired effect and the L.S.E. came out now seven points behind but in determined mood. The glove-wearing winger Jason Varnish, who managed to refrain from displaying his breakfast on this occasion, left a scorching trail through the Sussex defence to touch down the first of two tries. The reliable boot of Gary Sweeting then brought the teams level.

The tension increased after a rather pedestrian member of the Sussex team ambled his twenty stone six foot five frame through several L.S.E. players suffering severe loss of bottle at the sight of this genetic freak. Although a generally even tempered game the tension spilled over once or twice, with normally passive L.S.E. players jumping into the affray. Dean "psycho" Philips, Taylor and Saul all managing to come up

on top after two falls and a knockdown. The all-seeing, all-hearing referee Titchmarsh (no relation to Alan-ed2) was quick to restore order to this unpleasantness which has no place in modern rugby-NOT.

There was then a definite turning point as L.S.E. moved into overdrive and outclassed Sussex, scoring two tries in quick succession. The tries were aided by the Seconds very own "International Brigade". Saul later singly displaced no less than six of the Sussex pack to go over the line, unluckily having the try disallowed. The ensuing five metre scrum allowed "ferret" McQuaid to dart through the legs of the defence in his first appearance as scrum half seemingly settled by his extra responsibility. The L.S.E. forced errors out of Sussex which led to the fourth try from "Spawny".

Next one of the two seconds "guest" players - "Desperate Dan" Brookes rounded off the scoring with an ingenious number eight touch down under the posts. The other guest was a kidnapped spectator of the other game of the day: Kings/Surrey, wearing an entirely borrowed strip, including the ref's jock strap, thoroughly rinsed to remove the more stubborn stains.

If and when the next game can be organised the seconds will attempt to maintain their impressive form, hopefully starting a game in the near future with a full team.

Joey Deacon

F	U	C	K	T	H	E	R	E	F	E	R	E	E	Y
U	T	O	A	E	U	W	I	L	S	G	U	R	D	L
C	A	T	A	R	V	L	W	F	L	O	G	A	O	Y
K	B	S	O	B	T	I	A	L	A	N	B	A	L	L
O	E	E	M	M	Y	H	N	V	A	U	Y	A	Y	N
F	L	V	E	N	R	N	U	K	T	R	L	Z	P	W
F	O	I	I	E	O	E	A	R	E	B	A	Z	M	O
A	N	O	W	N	E	D	D	N	A	E	D	A	I	R
R	H	O	T	E	K	N	R	C	O	S	G	G	C	C
S	U	R	I	B	E	E	E	A	M	T	H	A	S	E
E	H	C	O	T	A	O	E	S	E	Y	N	E	N	L
N	I	G	E	L	C	L	O	G	P	R	R	A	X	P
A	D	A	R	T	S	U	L	O	A	U	Y	R	C	I
L	K	A	B	A	D	I	N	D	Q	N	R	A	E	R
E	R	I	C	B	R	I	S	T	O	W	Q	S	R	T

- | | | |
|---------------------|---------------|-----------------|
| 1) Fuck the Referee | 10) Alan Ball | 19) Golf |
| 2) Fuck off Arsenal | 11) Football | 20) Cantona |
| 3) Rugby Lad | 12) Olympics | 21) Spurs |
| 4) Kevin Keegan | 13) Darts | 22) Arthur Ashe |
| 5) Kevin Keegan | 14) Coe | 23) Ray Raerdon |
| 6) Terry McDermott | 15) Bruno | 24) Drugs |
| 7) Triple Crown | 16) Gazza | 25) Bat |
| 8) Eric Bristow | 17) Gower | 26) Dogs |
| 9) Kabadi | 18) Oche | |

CROSSWORD NO 1 :SOLUTIONS

Across: 1)Houghton 5)Rory 6)Mark 8)Ski 10)Yo 13)Wanker 15)Bishop 17)Sw 19)Log 21)Stop 22)Cram 23)Erection
Down: 1)Harry 2)Guy 3)This 4)Oak 7)Rebel 9)Kew 11)Orient 12)Ash 14)Nob 16)Poo 18)Women 20)Gore 21)Sid 22)Cat