

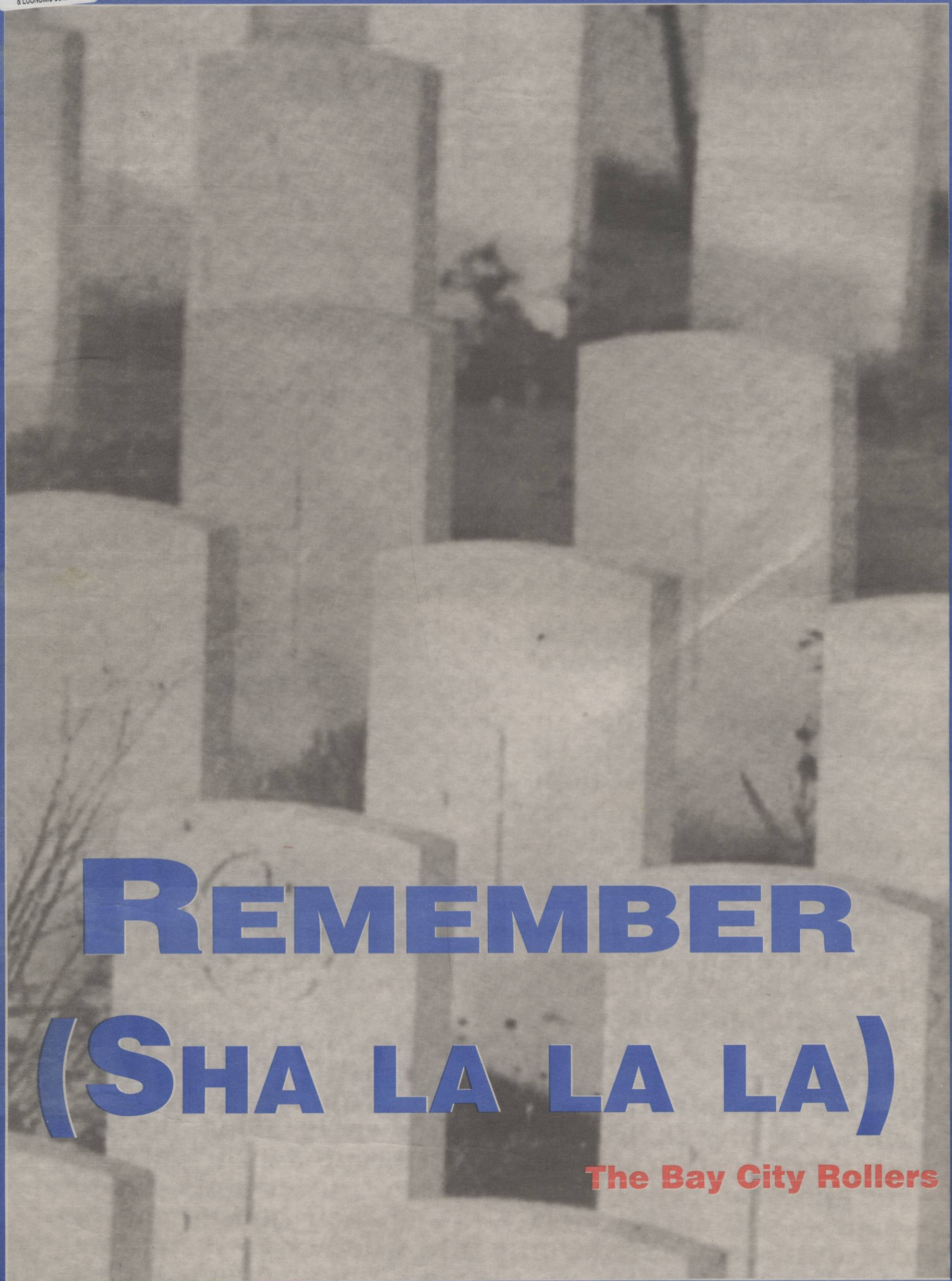
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THE BEAVER

THE STUDENTS' UNION NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

15TH NOVEMBER, 1993

ISSUE 387



REMEMBER (SHA LA LA LA)

The Bay City Rollers

Union Jack

Well, first things first - Jack feels it incumbent upon himself to apologise for last week's attempt at a column. No, no, don't try and dissuade me; it was horrible, no - it was bloody horrible. Never, and Jack means this, never again will Jack descend to the level of crass earnestness demonstrated last week.

Anyway, Jack arrived at this week's meeting disorientated, upset and shaking with anger. What, you may ask, was the cause of this strange state of affairs? Had Tesh's continued illness broken Jack's heart, had the prospect of Kate Hampton's being elected to a sabbatical post finally destroyed his unperturbable demeanour? No: THE TUNS WAS CLOSED. Some of you out there (if indeed there is anyone out there) may not realise the magnitude of this disaster. But then some of you (again very few) are not unreconstructed dipsomaniacs; for Jack, no Tuns = no reason for continuing this miserable existence.

Anyway, enough about Jack, lets talk about the UGM (not that that particular line has got Jack anywhere in the past); Tesh was still ill and thus we were spared her efforts. Lola said something but, as usual, Jack couldn't hear what. Leo meanwhile chose to read some letter, Jack can't recall what it was about but it certainly took some time - a quarter of an hour by Jack's watch. Justin announced an urban warrior; well very worthy but shouldn't he be busy elsewhere? Repairing the Tuns perhaps? Not that Jack's biased at all...

Kate ('girls they love it' c.1993 11 November 4pm Beaver office) Hampton decided to honour us with her insights into the School's academic audit. Well Jack felt honoured by her attentions, but the feelings of the rest of the meeting were not so clear-cut. Kate got a HUGE round of applause - when (because?) she sat down.

On to the motions. Today was the day that the Union was asked to adjudicate on the Cyprus question. For those of you who don't know, this traditionally involves abuse, coin throwing and various other forms of violence. Which, when Jack considers it, is probably why Simon (sensible and caring sabbatical candidate?) decided to treat us to a sermon on the rights and wrongs of democratic discourse, pointing out that "this is a university not a totalitarian dictatorship." All well and good but these fortnightly lectures are becoming just slightly tedious.

Anyway, all this meant that the debate was distressingly peaceful, enlivened only by Hans Gutbrod's insistence that the Union refrain from taking any moral stance over the issue at all. A stance that Jack found slightly confusing from the man who proposed Alia Isetbegovitch for Honourary President. And while Jack's on the subject of elections he ought to note Hassan Ali's performance; this chap's weekly displays of irredeemable niceness must surely point to some sort of candidature in the future.

When it came to the vote, Simon decided on a card vote (what him, totalitarian?) and kicked out Neil Andrews (erstwhile 'editor' of the Beaver) for not being a student (well what's new?). That's democracy for you. Anyway after a brief delay the motion was declared passed. What a relief, Jack can now sit back and await the outbreak of peace in Cyprus.

For our finale we passed an emergency motion proposed by Lola begging the School for money. Nothing like a change! Oh, where was Adrian 'perfect' May?

Noise Annoys, But No Legal Action..... Yet

Jonathan Teacher
& Stephen Lowe

Members of the Law Department this week denied allegations that they were intending to sue street vendors operating in Houghton Street, including student societies promoting events. Problems have arisen from the noise created by such activities which has disturbed those working in offices overlooking the street; this has particularly affected the academic staff of the Law Department as they pre-

pare for classes and lectures.

Complaints have also been received by Michael Arthur of the School's Environmental Services Office from other sources, and he has warned that the situation "...will reach a point where the school may have to do something about it...and might be forced to ask the police to move vendors along." He stressed that his main concern was the noise from stereos played in Houghton Street and the possible damage to the buildings caused by fly

posting. He added that such activities may constitute a breach of the School's regulations for students, specifically regulation 4 which prohibits any action likely to disrupt academic or administrative work; damage to School property; or any other conduct which may be detrimental to the School's purposes or reputation.

Entertainments and Societies Sabbatical Justin Deaville has acted to alleviate the situation by requiring that any Union society wishing to

operate a stall in the future must book one, either in the foyer of the Clare Market Building (contact Justin), or in the Quad (contact Lola Elerian, Finance and Services Sabbatical).

This new scheme will, by removing student societies from Houghton Street, allow the School and the Union, if they believe it necessary, to pursue organisations not affiliated to the Union, who nevertheless operate and cause a disturbance in the street such as the London School of Tequila.

Plug For Amnesty...

Jessica McCallin

"I have no idea whether I'll see my husband again. I don't even know if he's alive". These are the words of Mercedes Rojas whose husband 'disappeared' twelve years ago in Chile, presumably at the hands of the military government. His case is just one of many that Amnesty International, a worldwide, apolitical human rights movement, has been highlighting since it launched its campaign against the horror of political killings and 'disappearances' in October 1993.

As regards political killings and 'disappearances', governments basically print themselves a license to kill. These violations of human rights take on many forms. The victims can be singled out as enemies of the powers that be, due to their political beliefs, or alternatively a whole

community can be perceived as the opponents and be systematically exterminated. Amnesty also campaigns against violence perpetrated by 'liberation' movements such as the IRA and the PKK in Turkey.

L.S.E.'s branch of Amnesty International is organising an International Day in conjunction with several of the National societies for the 24th of November. The event will take place in the Quad, and food from the various countries represented will be served. Amnesty hope to be able to show a film on disappearances throughout the day and will also be manning their weekly letter writing stall. For more information, check the societies notice board and if anyone is interested in finding out more about Amnesty International or wants to help, they meet every Wednesday in room X315 at 1:00.

Meritocracy Rules

Michael Goulding

A recent study carried out by Professor Leslie Hannah of the LSE, whose results were reported in the Financial Times last week, has revealed the monopoly that Oxford and Cambridge once had on producing top chairmen for top companies is slipping.

A revolution "firmly rooted in evolutionary cultural and education change" is sweeping through the upper echelons of the top fifty UK companies that were studied over the last decade. It is suggesting a shift is occurring in favour of state educated graduates, with half of the chairmen surveyed - as opposed to only 14 in 1979 - having a non 'public school' background. Of this year's chairs only 14 had a fee paying education.

Professor Hannah commented "The trend favorable to business is now firmly established, with continuing success in business recruitment of first-class honours graduates apparent in all recent decades." He also pointed out that Oxford and Cambridge had become meritocratic in its broadening of its admissions base, and that the success of fee-paying pupils had fallen "to the level one would expect in (this) society."

While Oxbridge has managed to cling to its share of between a quarter and a third of top businessmen, the survey noted that Birmingham University, offering vocational-style courses, is starting to figure highly, and the best news of all was that the LSE was found to still provide more top businessmen than Oxbridge.

Ali's Attackers Charged

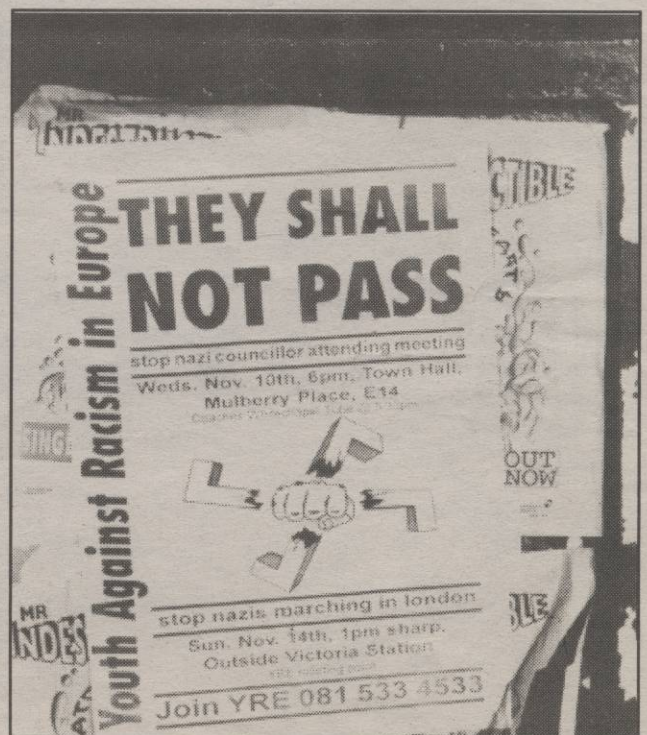
Beaver Staff

Last Thursday four people were released on bail at Thames Magistrates court in connection with the attack in Stepney on Quaddas Ali on September the 8th. Three of them were charged with attempting to pervert the course of justice, while the fourth was charged with affray. A fifth person, a 15 year old girl, had earlier been released on police bail pending further investigations.

Commenting on the seriousness of the charges, Leandro Moura, who has been organising

anti-racism week, said "it contrasts starkly with the charges of riot [which carry a maximum sentence of life] brought against the Tower Hamlets Nine and the absence of any arrests on September the 10th, when forty BNP thugs rampaged in Brick Lane under the noses of Police. If this doesn't amount to police racism, then I don't know what does."

Ali was two weeks ago elected LSE Student Union Honorary President. It is likely that a representative of his family will be invited to give an acceptance speech at the UGM.



A poster advertising an Anti-Racist meeting attended by LSE students last week.

Photo: Pam Keenan

"The time has come, the Walrus said..... for a Men's Society."

— Sarita Kharjuria —

The past few weeks have seen the establishment of yet another society within the LSE, only this time there appears to be an exclusion clause: men only. This currently low-profile group has a membership of approximately 20-30 students (male of course). Founded by Hans Gutbrod, the idea itself was formulated over the last few years by himself and friends who have now left the LSE. The society has already put in a claim for around £200 from the SU and they hope to enlarge this amount by attracting sponsorship from similarly exclusive, 'male orientated' clubs around the capital.

But for what purpose? The fact that the only other such society in the school is the 'women's society' is not simply a matter of coincidence. To push the similarity further, they have also asked for a room to be made available for 'men' only.

So has the time really come where students resort to the childish pedantry of provocation by responding to the existence of a women's group by establishing a polarized equivalent? Gutbrod would argue something different; "the purpose is to promote equal opportunities and to address specific male issues". He recognises the danger in being seen as purely confrontational and doesn't deny an element of provocation; but he justi-



Photo: Steve East

fies this by stating that society is already in danger of sectioning itself off into elitist fragments and forming isolated groups with people constantly trying to categorise themselves. In some ways he is trying to highlight this problem by forming such a club; but the society is also there to serve a useful purpose.

They plan to hold several 'wine and cheese' type events for men to discuss... well what men usually discuss, I suppose. But they have also invited a few lecturers to address 'male related issues' such as Men and Maternity and perhaps even whether or not men have become victims of Twentieth Century stereotyping.

Whether or not these events will be open to 'men only' is unclear as yet. Gutbrod is firm in stating that "we don't have absolutist claims" and that "we are prepared to compromise." As for the men's room, well it's a well-known fact that men are subjected to sexual harassment as well as women..... isn't it?

But at present the society is still in a formative stage and the outcome can only really be determined by the type of men it attracts. It could well be that it would serve a constructive purpose by the way of informative lectures and such like; on the other hand it could also degenerate into a forum for anti-feminism and big piss-ups.

Rosebery Rumpus Over Common Room: Students Take Case To The Director



Photo: Beaver Staff

— Ben Oliver —

A row has broken out between the Warden and Society at Rosebery Hall over the lack of a common room. At a meeting last week the Warden, Kurt Klappholz, overturned a majority vote in favour of leaving the bar area open after 11 to provide a meeting place. Representatives of the Hall have met with Director John Ashworth in an effort to resolve the disagreement.

Residents have complained about the undemocratic nature of the Warden's decision, but Klappholz has defended himself by stating that "not all decisions are open to majority vote."

"Of course I'm not a dictator," he said. "If the Society disagrees with me they can go to see the Director, which I believe

they have done."

The Director is reported to have been surprised that Klappholz refused a trial period, but lent his support to a proposal to create a post-11 o'clock TV room in a double room, freeing the TV room to function as a common room.

This solution has been advocated by all sides, although it is unlikely to be implemented before Easter and will mean the loss of two residential places in the hall. It will be discussed at a future meeting of the Society.

One Rosebery resident said, "We pay around £10,000 each year in hall fees yet we don't have a common room. Unless we fight this now the next generation won't expect one and this will die as an issue."

Unite and Fight!

There must be a more practical solution to racism

By Hasan Ali Imam

Having lived in England for 19 years, never before have I witnessed racial tension on a large scale. I am originally from Bangladesh and I have no intention of staying in the U.K. permanently. I will go back without the cash incentive proposed by Bernie Grant.

Having been a victim of physical, verbal and psychological racism, I would like to put forward my opinion of what I think would be a practical course of action to solve the problem of racism in the short-term and the long-term. My views may not go down well with a lot of people but I certainly would welcome constructive criticism and value your opinions.

Let us first deal with the Race Relations Act 1976, Chapter 74. This is a 67 page booklet on rules and regulations concerning racial discrimination and a set of dos and don'ts. I quote a passage from this document:

"...In relation to employment concerned with exploration of the sea bed or subsoil or the exploitation of their natural resources, Her Majesty may by Order in Council provide that subsections 1 to 3 shall have effect as if in both subsection 1 and subsection 3 the last reference to Great Britain included any area for the time being designated under section 1 (7) of the Continental Shelf Act 1964..."

Race Relations Act 1976 (page 6, part 8, no.5)

It can be seen that language of this type will not be understood by the ordinary man on the street. The document is one large headache to swallow. The underlying motive of the document is ultimately to eliminate racism within employment, education etc. However, I do not believe that forcing institutions to follow anti-racist rules and regulations will solve the problem of racism. Racists can still hold on to their ideology and no man-made laws can change that.

Quite recently anti-fascist groups have protested against the British Nationalist Party

(BNP) in the East End of London and have tried to shut down their office. I do respect these anti-racist organisations for defending us but I do not agree with the way they deal with racism. A myriad of protests and demonstrations may be successful in closing down the BNP office or getting racists off the streets but this brings us to our original argument... the beliefs of racists will not have changed but merely suppressed

I am a firm believer in the eye-for-an-eye philosophy but in this case it will not work. The Nationalists are firm believers in their ideas and suppressing them will only lead to further tensions which will only spiral downwards. What I propose in the short run is discussion and debating i.e. a platform where Nationalists and relevant ethnic groups can exchange their ideas in an atmosphere of self-restraint. It should be noted that nationalists that harass ethnic groups will not gain anything and anti-racists who demonstrate against them will not gain anything either, both of their policies have ended in one fiasco after another, and that is why I propose this idea.

Having kept up to date with the Salman Rushdie affair, I am certain that dialogue is the only medium where tolerance and understanding can be reached especially on sensitive issues. I am also a firm believer in the 'Pen is mightier than the sword' philosophy. Whatever the issue, however hurtful it may be to us, we must at least hear what the opposition has to say and respond accordingly by reason. I have managed to get hold of two racist magazines, 'The

Vanguard' and 'Spearhead' and all the arguments they have come up with can be easily answered. More time should be invested in educating the nation about their irrational beliefs and giving answers to them rather than indulging in violent protests.

Here are some examples of their arguments and my rebuttals:

Argument 1: "Are we wrong to defend the sacrifices of our forefathers who fought to preserve this beautiful land and its accumulated heritage, not only for themselves but for us, their descendants, and

came to Britain to help British soldiers fight the Nazis.

Argument 2: "Can the territory and resources of the United Kingdom support a large increase in the British population? Common sense tells us that they cannot. The removal from these shores of some seven million or more people belonging to the ethnic minorities would most certainly provide some relief from present overcrowding..."

Spearhead (No. 292 June 1993, p.7)

Rebuttal: You are basing your arguments on Sir Thomas Malthus who argued that with our finite land mass we would face catastrophe when population grew too fast. His theory is being discredited now. This is what Dr. Allen Hammond (World Resource Institute) said: "...True, population growth has continued - in fact it's higher than most people predicted back then (1960's) - but the amount of food we grow in the world, nutrition per capita, on the whole has kept pace with that. And the reason why they (Malthusians) are wrong is that they have failed to take account of the impact of technology." In fact, the British government receive £2 billion annually from the catering business set up by people from

of George Knupffer is quoted:

"Fundamentally, the Right is religious. It accepts the laws of the Universe, which are the laws of God."

Here he is arguing that the Right is only acknowledging the anthropological differences between races as set down by God and that they are only following God's laws (which religion?). This is a contradiction because if they truly believe in God then they would acknowledge that all races were from Adam and Eve and we are therefore all brothers! So why has God made all races different? He answers this in the Qur'an (chap. 49 Vs. 13)

"O Mankind! We (God) created you from a single (pair) of a male and a female, and made you into nations and tribes, that ye may know each other not that ye may despise each other. Verily the most honoured amongst you in the sight of God is (he who is) the most righteous of you..."

Here, racial hatred is despised by God. If the Right are religious then it would be logical for them to accept that God would not plant hatred between races. I now come to the long term solution to the problem.

Pilgrimage to Makkah is one of the five pillars of Islam. Here you will see nearly 2 million people every year, from four corners of the world, king and pauper, yellow and brown, black and white all dressed in the same clothing, joining shoulder to shoulder, heel to heel, gathering at one place (the Kaba) facing the same direction, uttering in the same language of Arabic "Labaik Allahumma Labaik" ("Here am I O Lord here am I"). And this is brotherhood in action.

Is there any other ideology on earth that has been able to draw a large crowd every single year since 1400 years from all over the world and display this wonderful brotherhood? It is little wonder why Malik El Shabbaz (Malcolm X) on his pilgrimage to Makkah said:

"Never have I witnessed such sincere hospitality and the overwhelming spirit of true brotherhood as is practised by the people

of all colours and races here in this ancient holy land... For the past week I have been utterly speechless and spellbound by the graciousness I see displayed all around me by the people of all colours... America needs to understand Islam, because this is the one religion that erases from its society the race problem."



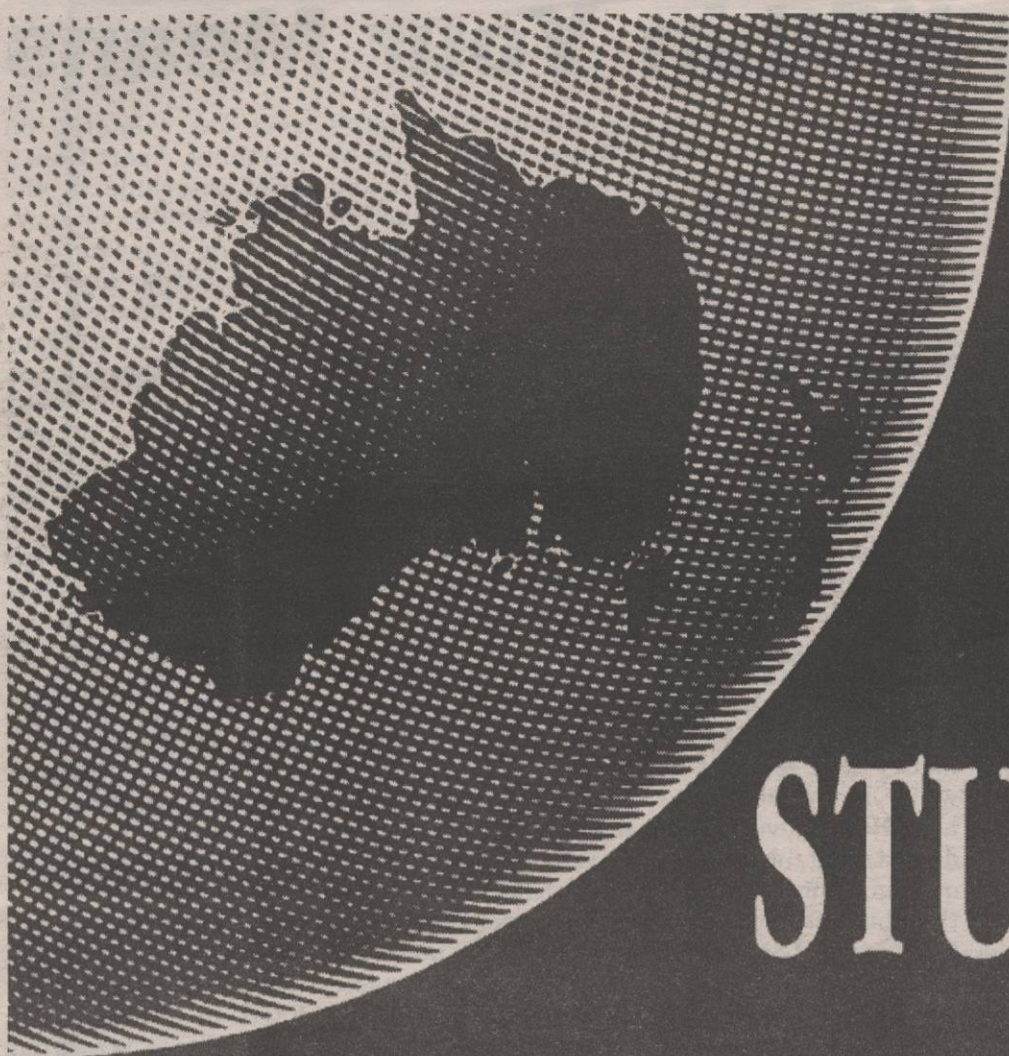
those who follow us?"

The Vanguard (July/September 1990, p.31)

Rebuttal: No you are not wrong to defend the sacrifices of your forefathers. The land is beautiful indeed but our forefathers helped your forefathers to make this land beautiful. During WW2, a battalion of Indian soldiers

Bangladesh, which goes to pay for your schools, roads, military etc. A large population is not a threat to economic and political stability as long as the population is skilled. What is needed therefore is more investment in the education sector.

On page 14 of the 'Spearhead' magazine a statement



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POLITICKING...

After the trials and tribulations of his first three years as Prime Minister, John Major has come through a period of sustained criticism to emerge as a talented and gifted politician. That, POLITICKING learns, is the new line to be taken concerning Mr. Major and his performance by backbenchers, Cabinet Ministers and sympathetic commentators alike in the run up to next year's elections which may well see the Tories wiped out of even more local councils and European constituencies. A case, it seems, of never mind the bollocks, here's the spin doctors.

Those European elections could well be a disaster, with some polls predicting a Tory bloc of just six M.E.P.s on the gravy train come next June. The opposition to the Tories is so great that it has reached even the European conservative parties who vote with the Tories in Strasbourg. The discontent arises from the fact that the process of drafting the European manifesto has gone to Euro-rebels such as Bill Cash and Norman Tebbit, part of the deal to keep this year's conference as unified as possible. POLITICKING hears that leading figures in the Italian Christian Democratic Party (conservative) are so 'not inconsiderably displeased' that they are keeping John Smith informed of developments.

One of the more interesting stories to emerge from the recent farce of Shadow Cabinet elections was the sacking of higher education shadow Jeff Rooker. Rooker, who is also Chair of the Labour Campaign for Electoral Reform, was dismissed for a published and then hastily withdrawn discussion paper on the funding of higher education which included such radical and original ideas as...erm...student loans and a graduate tax. Hence Rooker, who New Statesman would describe as a leading Labour high flyer has lost his job whilst the hopelessly incompetent Ann Taylor keeps her portfolio as chief education spokesperson. Rooker's revenge is to publicise the ideas anyway, by writing to top people in Universities. POLITICKING wonders if a certain Dr. Ashworth was on the mailing list, bearing in mind the article in last week's Beaver which could so easily have been written by the Member for Birmingham Perry Bar.

There is good mileage in those elections, and POLITICKING makes no apology for including another interesting sub-plot. Jack Cunningham managed to just about hold on to his place as Chief Foreign Affairs Shadow by a handful of votes. One of the key influences in keeping the place must be the work done by ex-L.S.E. student Michael Meacher, who was persuaded to canvass for his boss. Meacher, left-leaning and popular in the Parliamentary Labour Party, had the post of Overseas Aid and Development and had made it be known that he wished to carry on in a job he was making progress in. Who then was one of the main proponents in moving Meacher to shadow minister for the Citizens' Charter? None other, it is rumoured, than the eternally grateful Dr. Cunningham.

College POLITICKING. Following an influx of several aspiring beautiful people, the L.S.E Labour Club has undergone something of a revival and at least doubling its membership in the process. This news obviously percolated to the Tory group who are becoming as paranoid as their Parliamentary idols, or so it seems. The two groups until recently held their meetings at the same time on the same day in adjacent rooms, prompting one of the Tory grandees to ask a certain large-framed colleague to count the number in the labour meeting. POLITICKING can reassure the beautiful right that their status as largest political student group is not under serious threat as there are already signs of discontent within the Labour group from a handful of new members: how long before the birth of another left centre splinter group?

Living Within Your Means

— Adam Cleary —

There is one unflinching constant in political life, the need for more money. Governments, by definition, are always short of money. However much money they spend on a problem, the problem never seems to go away. In fact, the more they spend the larger the problem becomes. If the politician should so much as daydream of cutting expenditure on a certain area, perhaps to redeploy the money elsewhere, or perhaps even to be spent privately by individuals who might just have a better idea of what they want it spent on, induces agonised cries of betrayal from the recipients of the money, the opposition, and the mass media who immediately blame the failure to solve the problem on 'lack of investment', and call for more spending to really solve the problem, this time round.

The fact is that giving millions of pounds to a problem for existing, is not a good way of getting rid of the problem. It is actually the best way to aggravate the problem, and create new problems, all of them of course seeking money for existing. The decision to spend government money on a problem immediately creates an army of parasites, who become dependent on the existence of the problem for their survival. Since it is only by insisting that the problem continues to exist, and what is more that the problem is worse than before, that these people are able to continue enjoying the state created sinecure, the problem becomes worse, by definition if not in reality.

This process is compounded by the populist government policy of providing 'welfare' goods which are 'free'. Goods which are apparently free (but which are really extremely costly) are of course infinitely demanded (NHS, roads). This infinite demand constantly stretches the resources these services have to the limit. So the managers of these services constantly demand more money to keep the service going. It is so simple and easy to argue that all you need is a bit more money and all will be well. Have you ever heard of a government department, agency or quango complain that their budget is too large? Of course not, it is not in their self-interest to ever admit this because if they do they will get less money next time round, and become less important. Someone just might even question the need for their existence.

From this we can see the paradox of any allocation of resources by a central body who does not have a direct interest in the resources being allocated. The recipients who will be rewarded are the bodies that are most inefficient, that waste the most money. Bodies which are efficient and frugal in their expenditure will not be rewarded for their thrift, but will instead be punished by a reduction in next year's budget, because future budgets are set with reference to the previous year.

A perfect example of this is our very own student union setting societies' budgets. The prime criteria is: what did they spend last year? It doesn't matter whether it was all totally wasted at the last

minute by the society's officers in The Tuns, or whether they really did spend it on the activities of their society, the vital thing is: did they spend it? Because they will find that if they didn't, their budget will be correspondingly reduced. The rational response of society officers is, we must find something, anything to spend this money on before it gets taken away from us, at the end of term.

So a significant percentage of the society's budget is then, of course, wasted on activities which the Students Union should not really be paying for. However honourable the Finance and Services Committee are, they have no incentive to stop this waste or to do anything about it, because it is not their money and they have no direct interest in or control over the sources of the money, they get their money from the government, who is also uninterested in saving money, because it gets its money through coercive taxation on the country's citizens, which explains why it wastes money, giving it to Student Unions, who in turn waste it as described above.

The ludicrous SU budget setting process described above is a microcosm of what happens in all branches of government, as they are not subject to market competition or any but the most meaningless of audits, they have no incentive to save money, cut costs, reduce or re-deploy spending, even when such reductions are a patently necessary and efficient thing to do.

This is why I do not understand all this talk of government cuts, the government has hardly

ever cut spending on anything. Apart from a brief interlude in the late 1980's when a booming economy gave us booming tax revenues, which made the government a debt repayer, rather than an issuer, government spending as a proportion of GDP has risen consistently since the war to almost 45% of GDP now! And they say this is a free market economy!

The rate of the rise slowed under Mrs Thatcher, which was quite an achievement, but John Major has now reversed this, and is still happily spending money as if there were no tomorrow (not, of course, fast enough for the opposition parties, but they are notoriously hard to please). The myth of 'cuts' is a strong one, but it must be firmly debunked. There have been no cuts, and there will be no real cuts until the ridiculous, wasteful, cumbersome, resource allocating mechanism of central planning and budget setting described above is changed, abolished or circumvented. I hope that this mechanism is trashed soon, because real cuts, huge cuts in the size of government are what this country desperately needs.

Most of the country's problems stem from the fact that the half the country's wealth is centrally planned, and that collectivism is still firmly entrenched. The country is not even close to being a free market, individualist country. The sooner it stems the tide of European collectivism, and completes the 1980's free market reforms that attempted to reduce the role of the state, the better.

Political Dictionary

I do not mean to imply:

People didn't just hear what they may have thought they just heard.

Immigrants: Almost always to be praised and glorified, as long as they are from Europe.

Imperialism: Never American.

Impotent: Referring to powerlessness and not inability to have an erection - but use this double entendre at optimum times to your advantage.

Incomplete success: Failure

Innocent victims of AIDS: Children, persons with Haemophilia, transfusion recipients who contracted AIDS.

A sleight - of - tongue way to blame other people with AIDS - gay men and drug users in particular - who are declared guilty by implication.

Intelligence: Data collected by MI5 and other espionage agencies. Not to be confused with smartness or wisdom.

Intelligence gathering: Spying.

Intransigent: Overly independent and inhospitable to manipulation.

Involuntary immigrants: Slaves.

Jobs, jobs, jobs: Carrots, carrots, carrots to dangle, dangle, dangle.

Just say No: Just be simplistic about drug use

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The Beaver

So what were you doing last Sunday at eleven? Head up your arse, doing that Monday morning essay, or were you amongst the many millions across the world remembering the "Glorious Dead"?

The two minute silence has nothing to do with the glorification of war, but of a hope, a vain one perhaps, that there will be no more wars. Wars are started by politicians and fought by the mass of the population. The suffering is spread throughout the whole population, even amongst those that conscientiously object to the war.

I wore my red poppy with a sense of pride, for my dead relatives, my living relatives and my parents who did take part in the second world war, and I'm happy that I haven't been put in that situation, where I have to make that choice of fighting or not.

The Poppy, whether red or white, is a symbol to all of us the futility of war. We should not vilify those who have taken part because we personally object to war. These people, in some cases your relatives fought because they felt it was right and we should respect their right to do so.

Let us hope that in our lifetime we are not put into a situation where politicians again can send the flower of generation "over the top" for what at first appears to be a patriotic issue, but in retrospect appears nothing more than a hankering for "old style" patriotic and jingoistic values.

**The Beaver
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Weekly at 6.00pm
in C116**

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Paper Takes Constructive Criticism from LSE DEMOS

Dear Beaver,
On behalf of LSE Demos thank you for your recognition in The Beaver (Issue 386). It gave me great pleasure after you ignored our first event, "Is Party Politics Dead?" involving David Willetts MP, Jeremy Corbyn MP and Dr. Brendan O'Leary. I would like to make three points about the article which appeared on page 3 of the paper. Firstly, a journalist should always ensure that he can spell the name of the speaker in an event on which he is reporting. It is Teresa not Theresa. Secondly, Mrs Gorman is certainly not consid-

ering pressing charges for sexual harassment against two MP's as Paul Birrell asserts in his article. He would have understood her position on this matter had he listened more carefully to what she was saying. Finally, Room A85 may have been 'rather empty' but those students present enjoyed an entertaining and thought provoking discussion. LSE Demos is about providing a forum for political debate with prominent public figures and all students are welcome to attend. However, I will not judge the success of events by how empty or full a room

is. I go to a lot of trouble organising events and attracting speakers, I cannot and will not drag students to the meetings. If The Beaver 'hack' enjoyed the Gorman event it must have been O.K. LSE Demos and many other societies at the LSE pull in speakers that one might never have a chance of meeting again let alone questioning. Surely students should take advantage of such opportunities? The problem is most students are too apathetic. The Beaver and societies can try to motivate students but at the end of the day it is down to the individual.

Incidentally had Mr Birrell counted the number of students present he would have arrived at a figure of thirty-one, as many if not more than many other events held by societies at the LSE. Admittedly the audience looked small in a room with a capacity of up to one hundred, so what? In conclusion I hope that The Beaver will attend all future events organised by LSE Demos if only to make up numbers! I think The Beaver is great and please print this letter.

Yours sincerely,
Brendan Barns
Chair, LSE
Demos

Fabian Society Replies to Dr Ashworth's article

Dear Beaver,

The LSE Director, Dr John Ashworth's useage of the term 'equity' as a principle for higher education, in the light of his infamous proposal, constitutes an appalling misappropriation of the word's true meaning. In what sense is equity compatible with 'top-up' fees?

Inevitably perhaps, Ashworht evokes the legacy of the Webbs: what would they have made of this attempt

to privatise universities? It was a basic Fabian premise that access to social services, like education, should not be based upon the ability to pay.

Although the Director's reference was made in a different context, if values and historical figures are to be cited in 'theory', there should be a consistency with the 'practice'.

Yours,
Roger Wicks
President: Fabian
Society

Those Election Blues Strike Again.....

Dear Beaver,

Many readers were saddened to read Bernardo Duggan's letter on the disqualification of Adrian May in the recent SU election. While I am in no position to question the action taken by the Returning Officer, being unfamiliar with election etiquette, those who know Adrian well find Duggan's interpretation of events vindictive, while his allegations of greed unfounded. Duggan himself noted that no attempt was made by May to conceal his actions, neither was May's election to the post in serious doubt.

Having myself found vote procedures confusing I have no difficulty in accepting the explanation that was offered by May and the voter concerned. If these are the most "displeasing" events that Duggan has come across in his long association with SU elections he should consider himself fortunate. I fear that Duggan's interpretation of events says rather more about his attitude of mind than the events themselves, and I am led to question his own motivation for writing in such a spiteful manner.

Yours,
Andrew Patterson

Don't Impose VAT On Books

Dear Beaver,

Most Beaver readers have no doubt heard 'rumours' that the government may introduce VAT on books in the upcoming budget speech. Much has already been said about the possible effects of such a policy on basic education and literacy rates. However, most of you are presumably unaware of the likely effects of this policy on every university student in the United Kingdom including all of us at the LSE. It will probably come as a surprise to you that the imposition of VAT on books will cost the BLPES an estimated £80,000 per year. Unless the School is willing to increase the library's budget by a corresponding amount, the result will

be reduced services - in other words - longer queues, decreased availability of books and a longer waiting time for servicing of broken-down equipment. Although most of us would agree that the BLPES is a distinguished library, most of us would also readily acknowledge that library resources are coming under increasing strain. It may also come as a surprise to you to recall that VAT on books will further affect every student at the Economists' Bookshop cash desk. Even those students who do not buy many course books should remember that a decrease in library resources may force students to purchase more books. It does not take much imagination to

foresee a necessary choice for students between personal expenditure on books and a lower standard of education. In my opinion, a policy which so clearly undermines the standards both of basic and higher education can not be tolerated. If you believe in a higher education that is worth having, this is your opportunity to voice your opposition. Please write to the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Education Secretary to express your dissatisfaction. If nothing else, at least sign the petition that will be circulating this week. Don't let education become even more inaccessible.

Yours,
Sarah Owen

Letters to the Editor must arrive by 6.00pm of the Wednesday preceding publication. They can be posted in the new Beaver Post Boxes, E-mailed, or handed in to LSESU reception or the Beaver Office in E197.

"Spanish" Club Noise Annoys

Dear Beaver,

In response to last's week Club Noise, I would like to make a few comments on Nick Fletcher's irrational attack on Deportivo. It is absurd to believe that Villa deserved anything else than a "nice playing with you guys-see you next year" farewell. I don't have any problem to admit that Villa's performance in Coruna was excellent, but Villa's football two weeks ago was crap. And so, they deserved to loose. Some teams are better than others.

If you are a true Villa fan, let me advise you to choose, for your own psychological benefit, another team. I have never experienced anything as pathetic as the Villa Park's crowd. Why did the Villa's loud speakers have to beg by midhalf for some support? Is Birmingham really so boring? I wouldn't expect them to be as ex-

cited about their club as Galatasaray's studs, but it must be frustrating to live among such languor.

I would also tell you that Deportivo's recent wealth did not originate from "a multi-millionaire with no vague football tradition" but by the enthusiasm of almost one-tenth of Coruna's population that decided to become the new shareholders of the club. Deportivo already plays some of the best offensive football in the Spanish League (defeating the likes of Real Madrid (4-0) or Barcelona (1-0), and the four goals the team has conceded till now only evidence how good the defence is.

Finally, may I conclude by wishing Aston Villa the best of lack for the remaining season. They will need it. It seems.

Yours,
Fernando Criado
Alonso

Party, Party, Party, Party

Dear Editor,

I would like to touch here on a topic which I find painful: the party scene at the LSE. Coming from a place where parties are parties I fell hard when I attended the sad parties at the school where people seem to love paying for 3 hours of ultimate boredom. Sparing no one I will use examples from a range of events such as the Hellfire society, which seems to have as much knowledge of how to give a party as most librarians and investment bankers I know of, the Halloween Extravaganza in Butler's

Wharf or the Intro Experience where it was demonstrated that even a live band could not electrify the crowd of the Quad.

Giving parties is an art, and someone at LSE must know the way to a good time. So please, to those who agree with me let's do something to improve this sad but oh so true situation.

And to you who organize parties without knowing your ass from your elbow as far as having a bash goes, spare us a fiver and go to the library, it's often more fun!!

--M.

Unity Demonstration: Is Size Important?

Dear Sir,

There has been much discussion in these mighty pages recently about the anti-racism march of 16 October. You know the one where they rioted and attacked a black police officer. However, one point still remains unsolved, just how many people were on the march? Leandro claims there were 50,000, whilst others there plumped for figures as low as 30,000, even though the police

put the figure at a maximum of 15,000. If Leandro and his friends can't agree on the number of people who were present, why should we trust their other pontifications?

As a parting shot I must point out that according to the national press, a delegation was allowed to walk past the BNP HQ. Leandro and associates of course know better.

Yours sincerely,
Alexander Ellis

Anti-Racism Week Deserved More Support

Dear Beaver,

I would like to add my comments to the many other reactions that you will no doubt have about anti-racism week.

I have been very lucky that in my life I have not been on the receiving end of much prejudice, however I still feel very strongly about discrimination that others suffer. We are all involved in the constant struggle to fight against this discrimination even in the politically correct environ of LSE.

I know that many people feel as strongly as I do and therefore I waited with anticipation to see what we could all gain from the things that had been organised for the week ahead. There was smorgasbord of events arranged and I believed the interest in them would be extensive too. Not so. I was one of eight people that turned up to hear Colin Prescod (Chair of the Institute of Race Relations) and his inspiring discussion on black images in the media, and I believe that the support for some of the other events was just as poor.

To be fair the interest in the events picked up as the week went by and the showing of Malcom X was packed (rightly so - what an inspiring film) but my main gripe is the general apathy of many students to the week as a whole. Why out of five thousand students could only a tiny minority have the courage of their convictions? Why when so many people sound off constantly about this prejudiced world that we live in could none of the same people be bothered to support events designed specifically to raise our awareness on this issue? Leandro Moura (Equal Ops & Welfare officer) did a brilliant job of scheduling a week full of informative and fun events. I for one have been inspired and feel sorry for all of you that missed out.

Yours,
Sorrel Osborne

Invitation from the Foundation and the 1895 Committee

—Emma Bearcroft—

The LSE Foundation was formed in January this year, under the directorship of Howard Raingold. Its aim is to improve and enhance the School's relationships with its alumni and its supporters, as well as to launch a major fund raising campaign for a provisional target figure of £40 million.

The campaign will mainly centre on a range of specific projects as well as endeavouring to strengthen the School's over all endowment. One of the major aims of its

efforts will be to raise money for student support schemes and scholarships as well as for increased student accommodation. To assist the Foundation with its work a small group of students have formed the 1895 Group, named after the year in which the School was founded. It hopes to organise a fundraising event while acting as 'ambassadors' at alumni and other receptions.

Howard Raingold sees student involvement as crucial. He says that the support of students for the Second Century Campaign sends an

important signal to former students while enabling current students to play a role in the School's future plans.

The present Group will be holding a reception on Monday 29 November at 7pm in the Shaw Library, at which light refreshments will be served. All students, particularly those from the first and second undergraduate years, will be welcome to come along, hear more about the 1895 Group and explore opportunities for participation in its work.

500 Protest Outside Beacon's First Council Meeting

—Leandro Moura—

About 10 LSE students were among about 500 protesters who gathered outside Tower Hamlets Town Hall on Wednesday 10 November, the day of BNP councillor Derek Beacon's first meeting. The protest lasted nearly two hours during which demonstrators braved the cold winds typical of the barren landscape of the north of the Isle of Dogs.

The event was co-sponsored by the public sector union UNISON and the Anti-Racist Al-

liance and supported by Youth Against Racism in Europe, Anti-Nazi League, Tower Hamlets Against Racism and various other local trade union branches and anti-racist groups.

In between bouts of enthusiastic chanting, there was room for a few speeches. The picket was addressed by representatives of the YRE, ANL, THAR, UNISON, Tower Hamlets Trades Council and two members of the Labour group which walked out in protest. One of them, Phil Maxwell, stressed the

importance of taking the fight against the fascists into the broader arena of politics. Alluding to the brand new Town Hall building, he said, "This monstrosity behind us demonstrates that there are resources available that could be used for better housing and public services for all, black and white." He also pointed out the logical conclusion of the BNP's policies on immigration and homosexuality: "80% of my constituents would be put on a boat and I would be put in prison."

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FOR THE ARTS

ARTS!
ALERT 93

Save the Arts
Tuesday 23 November

RALLY

and join celebrities from all the arts
from 12 noon to 2 pm

at the
Victoria Palace Theatre
Victoria Street, London SW1

LOBBY
OF PARLIAMENT

2.30 pm onwards, St Stephen's Entrance

Professor Fred Halliday, Department of International Relations, talks to Hans Gutbrod and Rita Solanke about Life and Academia

the



**Hans
Gutbrod**

interview

Could we start with your background? You finished your PhD relatively late, in 1982, which implies that you did not have a full-time academic career.

Before I came to the LSE in 1983 - as a temporary lecturer - I was working outside the University system. I graduated in PPE (Philosophy, Politics, and Economics) from Oxford in 1967, and then I did an Msc in Middle Eastern politics at SOAS over two years, taking an extra year to do an intensive Arabic course associated with the degree. From 1969 to 1983 I worked partly in publishing, in what is now Verso Books, and partly as a free-lance writer

Did you earn enough in that way?

No. I was able to do that not because books make money - they don't - but because I also got a fellowship, a part-time fellowship with a research and policy institute which operates in both Europe and the United States, the Transnational Institute. They gave me a small grant. It began with two thousand dollars a year - which in those days was quite a lot of money. In the course of this I did a book on the Arabian peninsula, one on Iran and one on Soviet Foreign policy. I also co-wrote a book with my partner on Ethiopia.

What about your thesis?

The thesis was on the international relations of what was formerly known as the state of South Yemen.

It took its time: I say this neither to encourage or discourage people - but it took me 17 years. In the end I was sorry to see it go, I became very fond of the subject.

Do you consider your time in publishing as something from which you still profit?

Some of the skills and some of the experiences I gained were very useful for teaching. For example editing manuscripts helps one to be a PhD supervisor. Curiously one of the books that I edited into its present shape and which has had a considerable influence in the relevant field is a book called "Against Method" by Paul Feyerabend published in 1975. It is a sort of classic in the debate on the philosophy of social sciences. I had been asked by Verso to be the Editor of that manuscript - they appointed me editor because I knew German and Latin and a lot of the footnotes were to Galileo's notebooks written in Latin and obscure German texts including German operas which Feyerabend had in his way thrown in. Editing that kind of book teaches one a lot: one just absorbs a lot of ideas even if they are not of immediate use.

I don't think that there was or is an easy solution on the Bosnian issue. I basically hold the opinion..... that something could have been done earlier on and can't be now.

But the financial support for those broad interests, as you said, depended mainly on the financial support from the TNI?

Yes. And this small but recurrent research fund was also important for me in two other aspects. One was that

it enabled me to travel. I could go to the United States every year, I travelled to Russia and went to quite a number of places in the third world - Grenada, Ethiopia, Cuba, Afghanistan, Iraq and India. In connection with the research I spent three months in Yemen and then went on to Ethiopia.

It also gave me a in Germany. That's why, in a sense, the first thing that I did when I left school was to live in Germany for 9 months, learning German, and then taking a course at University to try and understand what had happened in this country. In those days everybody walking down the street in Munich over the age of thirty-five had actually lived through, and in some way participated in that experience. Germany remains an abiding interest.

But also growing up in the '50s and '60s there was the upsurge of the third world. There was the revolution in Cuba, there was Vietnam, the Congo. I developed a general interest in the Third World. In the language school in Munich in Germany there were a lot of the students from the Middle East. Through them - through a group of students who were there when I was a student - I went to Iran for a month, learnt to speak Persian and stayed with their families during my holidays. It was the first third world country I went to, and a very fascinating one.

So that trip stimulated your interest in the Middle East?

Yes. I then broadened my interest

in the Middle East and did my Master's course at SOAS. And one thing led to another and the first book I did was about nationalist and revolutionary movements in the Arabian peninsula, which I began actually researching when I was a Masters student. In 1970 I went with another student, a Lebanese student, to the guerilla held areas of the Sultanate of Oman where there was a war going on against the Sultan who in those days still owned slaves. There I met people who were legally slaves who had run away from the Sultan and I interviewed them. Given the nature of slavery in those societies their health was better and their level of education was better than that of those who weren't slaves - they were from the Sultan's private household and he needed them as accountants and administrators. After the the book about nationalism on the Arabian peninsula, I wrote the book on Iran, to which I went back after the revolution.

How was the experience of go-

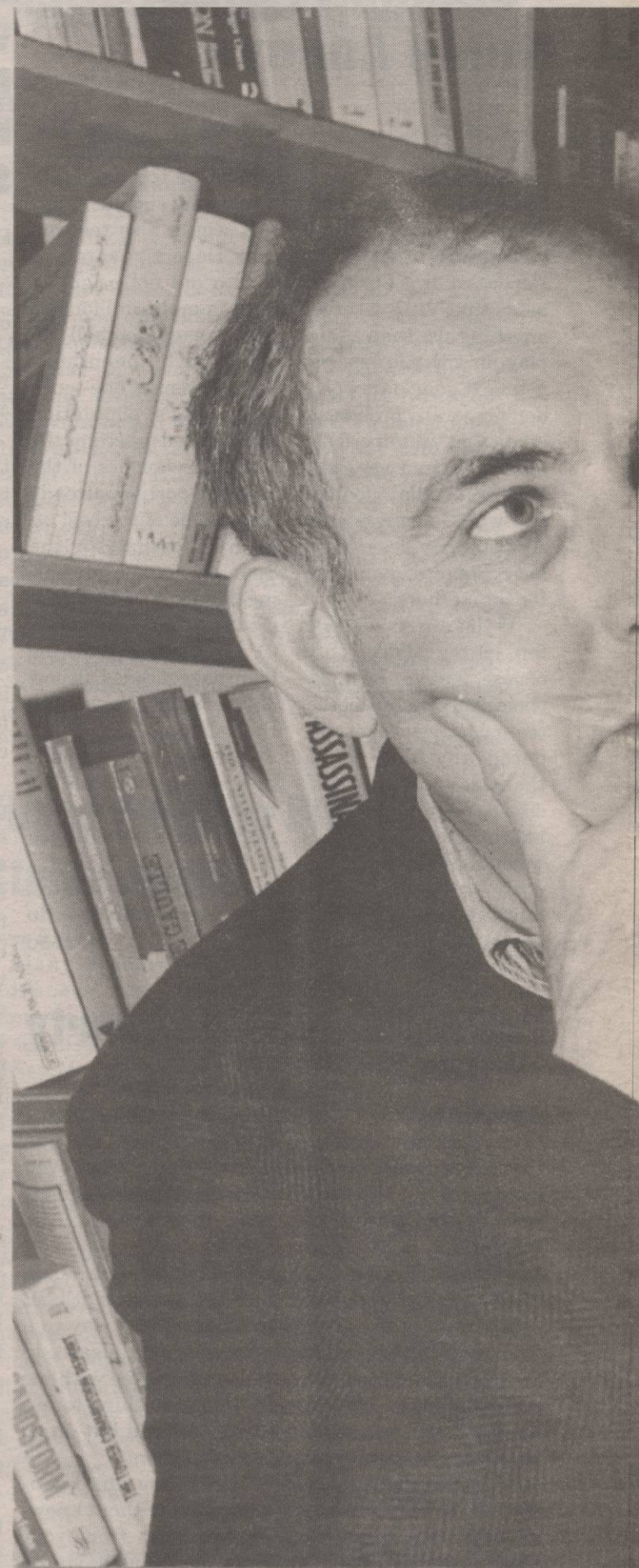


Photo by Steve East



Misha Glenny, who has written a lot on this and basically said that something could have been done earlier on and can't be now. Secondly I think that the main reason a mess has been made of it is the same reason a mess was made of Abyssinia. It is not because politicians are stupid or corrupt or because there is some covert anti-Islamic or pro-Serbian bias in Western policy, but because of the unwillingness of democratic public opinion to pay the financial military and human cost of doing something. Another problem is the underestimation of people who are, for want of a better word, evil. To keep the peace we need an awareness of how evil people can be.

As for what the consequences would be - there will be serious consequences on a world scale when people committing aggression or ethnic cleansing think that they can get away with it. I don't think that it will lead to a world war and so my Abyssinia analogy is false, but I think that it demonstrates the lack of political will and co-ordination in a post Cold War world, something that many will draw advantage from.

Ernest Gellner has argued that in many ways most social scientists have discredited themselves by failing to see the Cold War in proper terms. Gellner says that the social sciences are not at the centre of the stage any more

and that what is going to matter now are the anthropologists - those who understand cultures. This also somehow ties in with claim that we have witnessed the 'end of ideology'. Can you support this emphasis on culture?

First of all I have great respect for Ernest Gellner. He is one of the great original thinkers, one of half a dozen in the world today. It's a great tragedy that the LSE allowed him go. Having said that, I disagree with him on a number of things. I am cautious about what I would regard as anthropological hubris which is saying that "ah, now that all the others have failed, let us return to jealousy and the rites of transition, etc". It's one dimension: it is important in so far as the anthropologists remind us of forces that con-

cern individuals, their perceptions, their psychologies and their relationship with others, and also remind us of forces that are practical, transhistorical and also transnational in that most people have them, and have had them throughout history - be it jealousy, or love, or fear, or whatever. This is a dimension which indeed has been ignored far too often. But I think that there is also danger in that. Anthropologists don't have a specific conception of the kind of contemporary societies that we live in, anthropologists in particular are very weak on questions of value, and the greatest danger anthropological hubris is that people end up being relativist, which I think is very dangerous. I'm dead set against that: part of my cosmopolitanism is a commitment to certain universal values. The danger in the use to which anthropology may be put in that one can start saying "hey, this is how people are! Everybody has always wanted to hate everybody else and what can we do about it?"

One may end up denying the possibility of ethical positions or progress. We see that, for example, in North-South debates over the position of women, over the Rushdie affair or the rights of children or indeed of democracy. That is something that I would resist.

What is your perspective on the future? A negative one, as put forward by some followers of Nietzsche, who foresaw a 'Dark Age', or a positive one along the lines of 'the end of history', 'triumph of democracy' and so on?

My positive vision is rather sober and progressivist, and I would link the maintenance and the generalisation of prosperity to the development of democracy. In that sense, I subscribe to the 'end of history' argument in that indeed we know exactly what we want. But I don't subscribe to it in that I think that the 'end of history' protagonists whether it is Doyle, or Fukuyama are greatly mistaken in how far the world is dominated by democracy. The fact is that of about 190 states less than a quarter are stable established democracies. The Weimar Republic is there to remind us of what may go

wrong, as are Lebanon, Liberia and Sri Lanka.

The point about the Nietzschean argument is not just the prediction about the future. It is also a statement about the inexorable return of certain negative traits of human nature: conflict, superiority, self-destructiveness, greed, etc - I believe those can be tamed.

I subscribe broadly speaking to Freud's optimism, not that you can abolish all those things but that you can reduce extreme hysteria to everyday human misery. The discipline of International Relations - which, I think, deals with more irrationality than any other of the fifteen other subjects taught at the LSE - can reduce international hysteria and war-

warmongering and contribute to a more manageable international misery.

There are some ways in which the world is in an even worse shape than when Nietzsche wrote when you consider ecological questions, demography, and so on. But I also hold the view that some solutions are within our grasp and that it's possible that the social sciences can help. In that context the LSE

along with other places has an important role to play.

A trivial question towards the end: do you have a favourite book?

Kafka's novels. One of the best teaching experiences that I ever had was with a student who came in one day furious not having been able to get any sense out of Connaught House. Having told me that he'd been through this door and that door I told him that it sounds like Kafka, so he said "who's Kafka?" And so I told him. He came back the next morning, about midday haggard and unshaven and he said "I haven't slept I read The Trial and The Castle in one night, and now I understand it..."

And another: after all you travels which country do you prefer the most?

Somewhere I could swim outdoors before breakfast for 10 months in the year, and with some beautiful hills. My choices are not at all original. I would settle for some part of well protected California or France or Tuscany: - but then I'm not there! The important thing is be somewhere where you can feel comfortable and at ease but also be able to travel. As somebody once said, my favourite trip is the next one: In two weeks I am going on a visit to Estonia.

ing back?

It was a very bitter experience: not only was the country in general taken over by a clerical dictatorship but quite a few of my colleagues and friends had been murdered in the years after Khomeini came to power. I have no intention of returning to Iran as long as those mullahs are in power, but I keep an interest.

About the Balkan conflict you once said that Bosnia was our Abyssinia and that we the West would have to pay for inaction. Do you still think so?

I don't think that there was or is an easy solution on the Bosnian issue. I basically hold the same opinion as my former colleague on Verso books,

Another problem is the underestimation of people who are, for want of a better word, evil. To keep the peace we need an awareness of how evil people can be.

Busy Beaver

Yes folks, the moment you've not been waiting for. BB returns to haunt those who shouldn't be doing what they shouldn't be doing in Houghton Street and its environs. I'm here to dig the dirt and stir the shit and maybe embarrass a few people.

A new academic year brings new faces but the old ones are having their bit too. What about our "Mad Dogs" in the Rugby team. In particular, Mr "I want a ginger haired officer", who might gain more satisfaction from a "promiscuous one night stand" officer given his nocturnal liaisons. Indeed, Chips does go with anything, just ask the Rugby boys, having rendered one of them on crutches....

Staying in a sporting vain, one may ask who is the young lady allegedly pinching the balls of the 5ths football captain? Indeed, Rosebery Hall does appear to attract football types in light of recent sightings of "Scouse Git" our prominent 5ths player and Captain "Curly" of the 4ths. The rise of the Liverpoolian has continued apace, as the Toy Boy from the Mersey has recently scored with one of Heseltine's army, namely a DTI employee. Are we mocking the afflicted, we ask you?

Speaking of mocking the afflicted, a certain young Arts Editor, who's not from Liverpool and doesn't go out raving at the Villa, is creaming his underwear for a certain Ex-Sabbatical who has now joined the Beaver. Cliquey or not, this sabbatical is now an Editor, Politics editor to be exact, but why this young lad has decided to go for God's gift to common sense is beyond BB's imagination. But it doesn't end there. BB has learned that this self-styled guru of politics fancies Mark Lazaar and thinks she's hit on a great idea of fixing up a date with him, involving lies, faxes and lots of money. Nothing's changed there, then.

BB has always been keen to keep an eye on elections, and did have a chuckle at the outcome of the Bar Committee elections at Carr Saunders Hall. My heart goes out to the ex bar manager, "Dr Fun and his Chemistry Set", who was defeated in the elections by some first years.

BB has been staying up late this week and was lucky enough to witness a game of "cards" between some more first class footballers. Although the financial gain of the evening didn't really go his way, the true goal he was shooting for was one deserved by a captain. He has recently been seen dribbling up her wings and hopes to score between Mags's old posts soon.

That's all for this week - but just remember that you never know whether there's a BB behind you.

PS A Big hello to "The Boy" Kinnear from Joanne in Dagenham - can you return her nappies please.

Busy Beaver

Do you have any gossip you would like to share with the rest of LSE? If so, BB would like to hear from you. Simply post your tittle-tattle to the following address: Busy Beaver, C/O The Campus Editors via the Beaver Collection boxes or drop us a line via the vax. So simple, even Martin Stupid could do it.....

Don't Forget Your Toothbrush

Your guide to fame and fortune....

You've done it in the Tuns, you did it during Freshers' Week and now here's your chance to do it on TV. We're calling out to all you talented nutters in search of fame and fortune. Chris "one lump or two" Evans has recently set up a production company. His first venture is set to be a new TV show, provisionally titled "Don't Forget Your Toothbrush", and is scheduled to air on Saturday evenings on Channel 4 from January. Chris is on the look out for would be celebrities to perform a Star Turn on his show, and we think he's written to the right place to find them. The only restriction on entry is a time limit of 60 seconds per act. Your act can be anything from playing "Yesterday" by bodyslapping, ventriloquists, wacky comic characters, singing funny songs well or badly, even belly-dancing (look out James Atkinson!).

Let's face it, guys, we're awash with talent - take for example our track record in stair surfing, swimming the Thames after 15 pints and bopping away to Peaky's amazing music and light show on a Friday night. We've seen it, we know it's out there, and after a few beers in the Tuns we're sure the entries will come flooding in. Ginger Television Productions are going to be holding their auditions very soon, so send your entries in to the address given below:

Chris Evans
Ginger Productions
4th Floor
Norex Court
195 Marsh Wall
London E14 9SG
(or call Katie on 071 512 0322 during office hours)

If anyone requires further details regarding this competition they should come and see the Campus Editors, who may be found practicing



"I want to hear from you as long as you make me look witty and talented."

their buttock clenching amongst other things, in and unclenching routine, the Beaver Office (E197).

Erections at Passfield, mate?

—David Whippe—

Hallowe'en was the day which marked the pinnacle of one of the most important events on the global political calendar. Yes my friends, the Passfield elections were contested and decided once again.

The first stages of the campaigns were furiously competitive, though largely ignored by the politically apathetic electorate. Thus, by the time that it came for the all too critical speeches to be presented, the tension was approaching fever-pitch, and no real front-runner could be discerned from the pathetic mass of also-rans.

The speeches themselves were truly very boring, and brought into question the sanity of several of the candidates. One thought that a macroeconomic breakdown of the finances of Passfield Hall would ensure his election to his

desired post, whilst another simply sang "Where the Streets Have no Name" in the mistaken assumption that this would provide the telling knockout blow that most other campaigns were lacking.

After these hammy performances, the electorate finally awoke to its critical responsibility in a liberal democracy, and thus a spate of poster defacing ensued. The recipient of by far the harshest treatment on this front was aspiring treasurer Stefan whose punchy catchphrase "It will pay to vote for STEF" was rather ingeniously altered to such comic classics as "I pay for penises" and "shits will vote for Stef." (Allegedly). I presume that everyone must be in agreement with my amazement over the amount of delight that can be gleaned using only a little imagination, some spare time, and a black marker pen. However, for

fear of reprisals, the identities of these wily pranksters must remain eternally anonymous. In all though, the effect of these many startling revelations upon the electorate was negligible at most.

Come result time though, all of the clear favourites were blasted clean out of the running by a massive broadside from a group of girls whose joint campaign was of such cunning and deviousness that they could probably get the Lib-Dems elected on a national scale. The first point of their plan was that being women, they automatically secured the large numbered (but small minded) feminine vote. Secondly, they were rather better looking than their male counterparts, and thus completely shattered all of the support that the men might have previously counted upon. (A friend of mine indeed still has several soiled and crum-

pled versions of their campaign posters under his mattress).

Anyone not understanding this crushing victory may wish to relate it to the larger platform of the L.S.E. elections where Kate Hampton used much the same tactics to get resoundingly elected to nearly every post in which she so much as registered a passing interest.

Returning to the point however, crushing defeat was taken graciously by the men. Raj, a sad and pathetic loser in the presidential stakes said "I lost because I'm black and have bollocks." Simon, another spurned presidential candidate said "The people of Passfield have made a mistake and the people of Passfield will pay." He then proceeded to organize the universally feared "Passfield Liberation Organization." Sour grapes? I hear you ask. Not at all my friends, just politics.

WHAT'S ON * WHAT'S ON

The Definitive Weekly Guide For LSE Students Covering All LSE & London Specials

Cut Out Guide 7 - For Micheltmas Term 1993 - November 15th - November 21st

Time Out

Top Tips

Five-nights-a-week Clubbing

Monday

High and Dry

Café de Paris,
3 Coventry St, W1.
Piccadilly Circus
tube.

10pm-2.30am; £4.

Live bands and
house tunes in the
West End.

Tuesday

Student I.D.

Club U.K.,
Buckhold Rd, SW18.
Wandsworth Town
BR.

9pm-4am; £2.50

before 10.30pm,
£3.50 after.

House night.

Wednesday

Club Libido

Imperial College
Student Union,
Beit Quad,
Prince Consort
Road, SW7. South
Kensington tube.

9.30pm-1pm; free.

Popular mix of chart
dance.

Friday

Lost in Music

University of
London Union,
Malet St, WC1.

Euston Square,
Warren St,
Goodge St tubes.

7pm-midnight; free.

ULU's busy
'70s dance night.

Saturday

The Good, the Bad and the Ugly

Grays, 4 Grays Inn
Rd, WC1.

Chancery Lane tube.

10.30pm-4.30am; £3

before 11pm, £4
after. Hip Hop and
funk.

Don't ask me why, but I've decided on a lecture bias this week. It has absolutely nothing to do with the fact that I've got nothing else to put in or the fact that LSE's "News and Views" has been sent to me. It has everything to do with the fact that you are all supposed to be intelligent students with the one aim of furthering your education. Yeah, like really.

Tuesday
16th

Julie Hall -Kinnock's Press Secretary during the last election - will be asking "Did the Media win the 1992 Election?" 5.30pm in Room C120 (The lecture is hosted by the Shapiro society but all members of the School are welcome).

Geography Society Party, to be held in the Underground. See posters for details.

Monday
15th

Kenneth Baker MP (the man who introduced Student Loans) will be appearing in the Old Theatre at 1pm. Remember: no placards, bombs or eggs will be allowed.

1pm. Lincoln Chambers, Room L04. Hansard Society for Parliamentary Government Lecture (OK, so I know it doesn't sound too riveting but...) Charles Kennedy MP, President of the Liberal Democrats. "The Liberal Democrat Party". All members of the School are welcome. Admission free.

Matthew Parris will be discussing "Politics or Fame" at 7pm., in S421. (He's a journalist by the way).

The European Society welcomes all to attend "Rethinking Monetary Union" a lecture by Sir Michael Butler, (Former Permanent UK Representative To The EC) At 5pm., in the Vera Anstey Room.

Wednesday
17th

The Rag Society hold their regular film night in the Old Theatre. Tonight's films are "Scent of a Woman" and "Hoffa". Usual prices apply.

Luckily or unluckily, depending on whether you could be bothered, tonight could be England's last international football match for ages. The Underground will be showing tonight's game live (check details for exact kick off time because it's earlier than usual), against San Marino. Also playing for World Cup places tonight are Wales and Eire.

Thursday
18th

Time Out is published
every Wednesday
priced £1.40.

The Complete Guide to
the next 8 Days in
London.

News, Reviews, Features, plus
all the regulars: Around
Town, Art, Books, Children,
Clubs, Comedy, Dance, Film,
Gay, Music: Rock, Music:
Places, Music: Classical,
Politics, Sport, Theatre,
Classifieds.

1pm. Shaw Library. Lunch-time Concert. Daniel Veis, cello and Martino Tirimo, piano, will perform Beethoven's Cello Sonata No 2 in G minor, and Mendelssohn's Cello Sonata No 2 in D major.

5.30pm. Old Theatre, (Video link with New Theatre). Bank of England Lecture. Eddie George, Governor, Bank of England. "The Pursuit of Financial Stability". This is a public lecture chaired by the Director, Dr. J. Ashworth.

Friday
19th

The regular Time Tunnel disco is on again in the Underground. Entrance is FREE! ULU also hold a regular revival disco every Friday but it's miles away, you won't know anybody, and it costs money to get in. However, it is hugely unlikely that the lights will fail at ULU.

Saturday
20th

Another Rosebery party!!! Details are pretty sketchy at the moment, half the people in Rosebery don't even know it's happening but your reliable Beaver is pretty sure. It will probably be around £2 to get in (LSE i.d. plus 1 guest), and will have a HUGE bar subsidy that will last around twenty minutes. Have you freshers learned to get there early yet??

See Harry Hill, John Moloney, Jenny Eclair, and Woody Bop Muddy at Ivor's Comedy Engine at the Cochrane Theatre. Doors at 8 pm, student tickets £4.50. 071-242 7040 for details.

Sunday
21st

If you have an event you wish to publicise on these pages, drop Nick Fletcher a line at the Beaver Office, Room E197, or shove it in one of the Beaver collection boxes.

Time Out

MAGAZINE

This week Julie Emery is ill, poor thing, so instead David Hutcheon writes on record shops and how to waste your grant.

London can be too much for the enthusiastic record buyer. In the main Virgin, HMV and Tower branches there is such a wealth of riches that Howard Carter would have forgotten the pyramids and concentrated on his CDs. Once you have scraped away the surface gloss and overcome your susceptibility to chainstore marketing strategies, what do you find? Only the world's best selection of small independent retailers, offering better choices, nicer prices and the personal, knowledgeable service the megastores are unwilling or unable to give.

Yeah, as if I'm going to tell you the best places for bargains. I'll give you some hints and you'll be grateful. It's not because I think you'll beat me to the best deals, but because I squandered my first grant cheque on the Tamla Motown catalogue long before November arrived. I don't want you to make the same mistake: I've still got those records, but I went hungry the rest of term. Stay away from Camden and Greenwich markets for a few weeks after cashing your cheque.

If you only have time to visit one shop or are in a 'life, death, or no butterscotch Angel Delight for you' situation, then rush to Tower. However, if you'd rather shop around, save money, and maybe get distracted by something far more interesting than your original preference, then either wander along Soho's Berwick Street or spend a day in W10 and W11. You go looking for Queen, you come back with 'King Tubby Meets The Rockers Uptown': believe me, you gain. Your life, and your record collection, will never be the same again.

If the first thing you are going to do with your grant is rush to HMV and spend £13.49 on the 'Dark Side of the Moon' CD, then fine, that's what students do. Had you bought it for £10.99 from one of the independent shops, then at least you could exude an air of 'I may be unsound, but at least I'm not stupid'. Of course, CD is the superior medium, in every respect except price, sound and sleeve, but eventually you will realise that true suss is measured by the records you own that are unavailable on CD. Scattered throughout London are nearly four million second-hand record shops (hey, you want accuracy, you read Hansard) that should be a magnet to you.

Don't be put off by the assistants. They try to affect an air of knowledge and disdain, so be aloof back. If they get snotty because they think you don't know what you want, try this: 'I was after the US remix white label 12', but if this is all you've got ...'. Puts them in their place every time. Conversely, some of the trendiest shops are run by enthusiasts who will be happy to spend all afternoon helping you browse, and they probably have the US remix white label 12".

Do be put off by the bloke at Portobello who tells you all his musty funk singles are scratch-free: he used to DJ at some of London's most debauched parties and removed the bits of vol-au-vent with a brillo. Don't pay over the odds for 'Anarchy in the UK' on Virgin. Don't raid your elder sibling's wardrobe and give all their records to a charity shop: sell them for good money. Ignore part two of the two-part CD single, it will never be worth anything, and the bonus tracks will stink your flat up worse than a week of mung bean curries. Remember, there will always be another sale along shortly.

The best record shop in London? There is no such thing. There are grocers, delicatessens and supermarkets. There are genre specialists and there are second-hand shops. There are scratched masterpieces for £8 and mint-condition dogs for £5. Somewhere in London, every record you ever wanted is available. Good hunting and *caveat emptor* - let the buyer beware!

Smashing, Super, Great

'Demolition Man' hits town

Nav

How do you get Joel Silver (producer of the 'Lethal Weapon series, Die Hard etc.) to produce one of your scripts? Simple. Somewhere in your pièce de résistance you must include the pointless destruction of a fairly large office block or residential building. (At least six storeys high, twelve to be on the safe side, skyscraper-like if you want extra brownie points.)

Bearing this in mind, Daniel Waters, Robert Renau, and Peter M. Lenkov (a name that begs the question; what's the 'M' for?), the writing and 'creative' team responsible for this little masterpiece, were thus probably in absolutely no doubt that the infamous Mr. Joel 'I've got a budget but

I'm going to ignore it' Silver would be in fits of orgasmic joy over their story.

Within the first five minutes of 'Demolition Man' Messrs. Stallone and Snipes have indeed managed to demolish a city block, with of course the graphic extinction of several, no I tell a lie, lots, of human lives along the way. This apparently is John Spartan's (Stallone) normal method of law enforcement, hence his nickname, "Demolition Man". Cunning eh?

From here the action proceeds in similar fashion throughout the film, with only a brief interlude whilst Sly gets framed and put away for the involuntary manslaughter of the hostages being held in the now non-existent building men-

tioned earlier. His punishment? Frozen internment in the California Cryopenitentiary.

Also held in the same penal establishment is Snipe's character, the somewhat psychotic Simon Phoenix. Thawed out from his frozen cryogenic state for a parole hearing, he manages to escape leaving death and destruction in his wake.

The future by this time (the year 2032) is a comic book place, where there is no physical contact, no violence, no crime and so on - a seemingly Utopian society where everyone is happy.

Soon Phoenix' antics get too much for the resident police to handle; the most they're used to dealing with is graffiti, and no violent crime means they're not used to beat-



"Let me out you bastards, I wanna make another film, grunt, don't push me"

ing people up, a strange trait for an American policeman I know, but this means that they have an excuse to defrost Sly so further mindless violence can ensue.

Enough about the plot: it's extremely predictable but this in itself is not really important - it is but

an excuse for the action and humour in the film. The sociological aspects of 2032 and Sly's inability to fit in provide the humour and Snipes and Stallone together make a fine action pairing, although sometimes you have to think that you've seen it all before. Marco

Brambilla on his first feature outing makes an impressive debut, and the sets by David 'Blade Runner' Snyder are as brilliant as expected. John Spartan; "A 90's kind of cop for a 90's kind of criminal". 'Demolition Man', pure entertainment for a 90s kind of audience.

Three Is the Magic Number

Post-holocaust vice at the Cockpit Theatre with Malcom Campbell's 'Three Japanese Women'

Dennis Lim

Uninspired though it may seem, "Three Japanese Women" is, by far, the most suitable title for this play. There are the odd sub-themes (the infiltration of American culture into Japanese society and the effects of the 1945 devastation of Hiroshima on its citizens), but it is apparent throughout "Three Japanese Women" that the focus will always be on the recollections, longings and emotions of its three central characters.

They are Izumi, Teishi and Keiko - three prostitutes in a Hiroshima brothel. The year is 1951 and the mental and physical scars of the bomb are still very much in evidence. The play takes us through a few days in the lives of these three women with narration from their neighbour, blind flutemaker Kiro (Lim Kay Siu).

A few minutes into the play and it starts to seem a little too familiar. The almost caricatured characters are too stereotyped to ever warrant more than casual interest. Consider

each of these women in turn and the adjectives just roll off the tongue with alarming ease.

Izumi - the oldest and therefore the most disillusioned and cynical. Weary and worldly-wise, also foul-tempered and foul-mouthed. Makes wanking gestures and cracks vulgar jokes with almost tiresome regularity. Keiko - the youngest and therefore the most innocent. Foolish and naive to the point of imbecility. Dreams of going to (surprise, surprise) America with her slimeball 'boyfriend' Hoji (more of whom later) and given to bursting into tears every two seconds. Teishi - the one in the middle and therefore the most boring. Quiet, demure, thoughtful, soft-spoken, bookish, but - like most characters of this sort - she has her customary demonstrative outburst midway through. The love interests of Teishi and Keiko are equally predictable. Mr. Tanaka - a rich, elderly, guilt-ridden, unhappily married man. Hoji - a young, oily, presumptuous, wheeling and deal-



Post-holocaust, the Japanese idea of a dolly mixture leaves a lot to be desired, probably.

(Jaqui Chan as Izumi)

ing windbag.

There may be a few occasions when-through no fault of the actors - the dialogue tends to be a little stilted, but Malcolm Campbell's script is generally fine. Izumi's is a gem of a part and Jacqui Chan takes evident rel-

ish in it. Her bitchy repartee (complete with clever alliteration like "Terracotta Tits" and "a groin made for melon mashing") is actually rather entertaining before she overdoes it and comes on like a parody of Madonna.

The others don't get much of a chance to show off - although Swee-Lin as Teishi handles her aforementioned outburst very well indeed. Pamela Bijou-Yang, who plays Keiko, is obviously very good at being very annoying. Now, there is a subtle difference between being very good at being very annoying and being very annoying - period, but fifteen minutes of incessant whining does blur this distinction somewhat and you'll begin to feel like throwing something heavy at her. Incidentally, Pamela has appeared in "Shanghai Surprise", "Carry On Columbus" and a Living In A Box video.

This isn't a play with any terribly major flaws. It's entertaining enough and if you're feeling kind, you can even forgive its staggering lack of originality. But it's still difficult not to see it all as a little wasteful - what was the whole point of making this? The play doesn't seem relevant or necessary - surely stories like this don't need to be told and characters like these resurrected for the ump-

teenth time. We've seen and heard it all before - in some form or another.

The Mu-Lan Theatre Company, which staged "Three Japanese Women", has enjoyed considerable success in recent years. It was formed to heighten the profile of Oriental artists and to challenge the stereotypes so often attached to them. Quite how "Three Japanese Women" even begins to do this is beyond me.

Hello. We're trying to fill space. Ever thought of Thai Boxing? Tuesdays 8.30pm Fridays 7.00pm Top Gym, which is above the lower gym, in the gym. Well hard, well funky.

Relatively Camp

Noel Coward's 'Relative Values' at the Savoy Theatre

— Geoff Robertson —

Last Monday night saw the star-studded press preview and gala premiere of The Chichester festival Theatre's production of Noel Coward's "Relative Values" at The Savoy Theatre. This, Tim Luscombe directed performance, was eagerly anticipated not just in its own right, but also because it marked the re-opening proper of the Theatre after the 1990 fire which gutted it. The Theatre is absolutely beautiful inside, and a lot more impressive than we were led to believe from the recent Chess Championship television coverage. All this, of course, provides a superb setting for the play which it more than lived up to.

The play itself is an excellent social comedy, with some serious and very salient points on the nature of social classes and interaction amongst them. Susan Hampshire

stars as Felicity, Countess of Marshwood, who has just received word at the beginning of the play, that her son (Nigel, played by Paul Rattigan) has decided to marry a film star after a whirlwind romance. This leads to consternation throughout the family, amongst servants, relatives and family friends alike (including a marvelously horrified reaction from Margaret Courtenay as Lady Hayling, a family friend).

Their reaction is due not only to the length of this relationship, but also the nature of Nigel's intended, who is deemed "unsuitable." Sara Crowe, as Miranda, Nigel's lover, turns out to be as dotty and over-the-top as expected and is also pursued by her last lover, Don Lucas (John Elmes), an American actor, all the way to the Marshwood's home. This, and a couple of plot twists, give plenty of opportunity for hu-

mour, and there are some brilliant one-line quips, particularly for Susan Hampshire, who dominates superbly as Felicity.

At one point, after Nigel's rival for Miranda, Don, has arrived, trouble has stirred and Miranda decides to go to London, "You can't possibly" says Nigel; when she enquires why he retorts, "It's an awful train. You'll have to change twice." There are many great lines like this, and also plenty of jibes at both the upper and working classes and their attitudes. The play also manages to get in a couple of quips at the expense of more modern day characters. Felicity at one point draws herself to her full height and, in a voice impersonating a well known female politician from the last fifteen years, announces "I intend to rule you with an iron rod, for as long as possible."

To tell you more of the plot would give the game

away, and to indulge in more quotes would no doubt spoil some of the gags too, so I won't. Suffice to say, the play is hysterical and the performances here are fabulous. A special mention should also go to Candida Rundle who plays Alice, one of the servants, and dances around in an entertaining fashion a la Peggy from Hi-De-Hi! The set was excellent, especially the painted backdrop, and avoided distracting scene changes, due to the entire play being set in the one room.

There was an understudy for the character of the Hon. Peter Ingleton, but in common with the rest of the first class cast, he was superb and no-one would have known, I suspect, if we hadn't been told. Overall, a brilliant performance of a very funny play, and highly recommended to anyone with any inkling of interest in the theatre or a good night out.

Friendly Fire

— Ron Voce —

"We're both killers!" exclaims Sophie's estranged husband ex of the South African Defence Force. Sophie has just blown up Jan Smuts airport in Johannesburg in 1989. With that one line the whole film becomes clear. We are all but liberal thinkers looking in on South Africa, with an inherent disgust at apartheid, yet who was worse: the "freedom fighters" of the ANC, or the uniformed soldiers of the state?

This thought permeates the whole film. You not only share in Sophie's disgust of the killing of two persons in the airport, but you share Sophie's disgust of her husband Jeremy, of Sophie's parents of her actions, blamed on her long-term friend Thoko and the naivety of Annika..... the list is endless. Everyone in the film feels a sort of disgust at not only themselves but South Africa, their own

race, of the other races, and you realise that we do not understand the problems of South Africa, nor can we hope to.

Elaine Procter's "Friends" starts on graduation day with three friends about to venture out in the world. Sophie is the idealist, Thoko is the pragmatist and Annika is the archeologist. Four years later, Sophie's ideals had led her to become a fighter for the cause, the respectable face of white South Africans; Thoko is teaching in the townships advocating education rather than revolution; and Annika has married an Afrikaaner and is happily settling into married life in their shared house, when the airport bomb is set off.

This is the pivotal point of the whole film. The deaths shock Sophie into giving herself up. Annika is forced to reconsider her friendships as her naive attitudes are challenged by her father.



Thoko turns to activism when Sophie's parents blame her for Sophie's radicalism. Their friendship, once so strong at University, had over time weakened as they grew up and apart, but as the film continues, the changes in them all bring them back their friendship.

This film is not about South Africa, Apartheid or the struggle. It is about

friendship. The sort of friendship where you know that if you ask they will be there for you, that if you don't write back they will still write to you. They are a few select people and they are your friends, not just people you know. "Friends" is a momentous film, well filmed, great soundtrack and a great advert for visiting South Africa... but only when it is truly free!

London Exposed

— Dennis Lim —

You are unlikely to see a movie more funny or disturbing than Mike Leigh's "Naked" this year. Already honoured at Cannes for directing and acting, "Naked" is a hard one to categorise - part comedy, part drama, part social commentary on the human condition.

David Thewlis plays Johnny, a Mancunian who comes down to London for what at first seems like no other reason but to make life miserable for his ex-girlfriend Louise. He shags her drugged-out flat mate Sophie, who falls in love with him. Then he leaves, (after roughing her up a bit, natch) and proceeds to aimlessly walk the streets of London - through Leigh's camera, a seedy, depressing and especially ugly London - making the acquaintance of a host of characters and taking the piss out of all of them.

There's a young Scottish couple, a middle-aged female alcoholic, a bored, lonely night watchman, a drab, confused waitress - all completely real and believable. Johnny engages them in conversation and either exasperates, confuses or annoys them no end.

Throughout, he's irritatingly clever and stingingly caustic. When Louise, on returning to her less-than-tidy flat, greets him with "You look like shit", the prompt reply is "Just trying to blend in with the surroundings." When he takes a bath in the waitress's house, he ribs her, "You're not going to come at me with a kitchen knife, dressed like your mother, are you?" then as an afterthought, "You already are dressed like your mother."

One of the best moments ever in the history of cinema has to be Johnny's long and frighteningly articulate exposition of his theories on God, evolution and the universe (there's a particularly brilliant hypothesis about the bar code being the sign of the devil). Through it all, you are entranced - you know it's a load of bollocks, but it's amazingly eloquent bollocks.

The script virtually never falls short of excellent - tight, terse wit from Thewlis, who inevitably eclipses everyone else. Interestingly enough, there isn't a single likeable character here - which is, in its own way, refreshing.

"Naked" manages to be simultaneously funny and unsettling - you'll laugh, but you'll feel uneasy about laughing. Is an illiterate young Scot with a tic really that funny? Should issues like violence against women be addressed in (what may well be perceived to be) such summary fashion?

There are plenty of troubling images in "Naked" which will undoubtedly linger with you for some time. Physical (especially sexual) and emotional brutality towards women is ever-present. Yet accusations of misogyny would be misguided because the tone of the piece is always observational. Leigh handles some disturbing matters, but remains detached and relatively ambiguous about them all. Which - depending on your viewpoint - may or may not be a good thing.

"Naked", despite all the laughs, will set you thinking - and the next few movies you watch are going to be hard-pressed to match it for sheer impact. It addresses an array of topical questions, resolves none of them and throws up even more, but it does establish one indisputable fact; that the man behind it is one of British cinema's most prodigious talents.

Mister Manners Leaves The Room

— Ben Oliver —

After a couple of just plain bad nights at the theatre I needed a play like "The Collector" to restore my faith in drama. It was a production that felt right from the start; the tiny audience at the Camden Studio Theatre was plunged into utter darkness for ten seconds before the lights came up on a young girl lying in bed, and a story of obsession, abduction and claustrophobia began.

There are two characters; Miranda, a young art student, and Frederick, her abductor. They are familiar but not stereotypes, allowing Ben Dudley, who adapted John Fowles' original work, to get straight on with developing their relationship. Dudley also plays Frederick, giving a convincing performance as the lonely clerk and butterfly collector who is driven to abduct

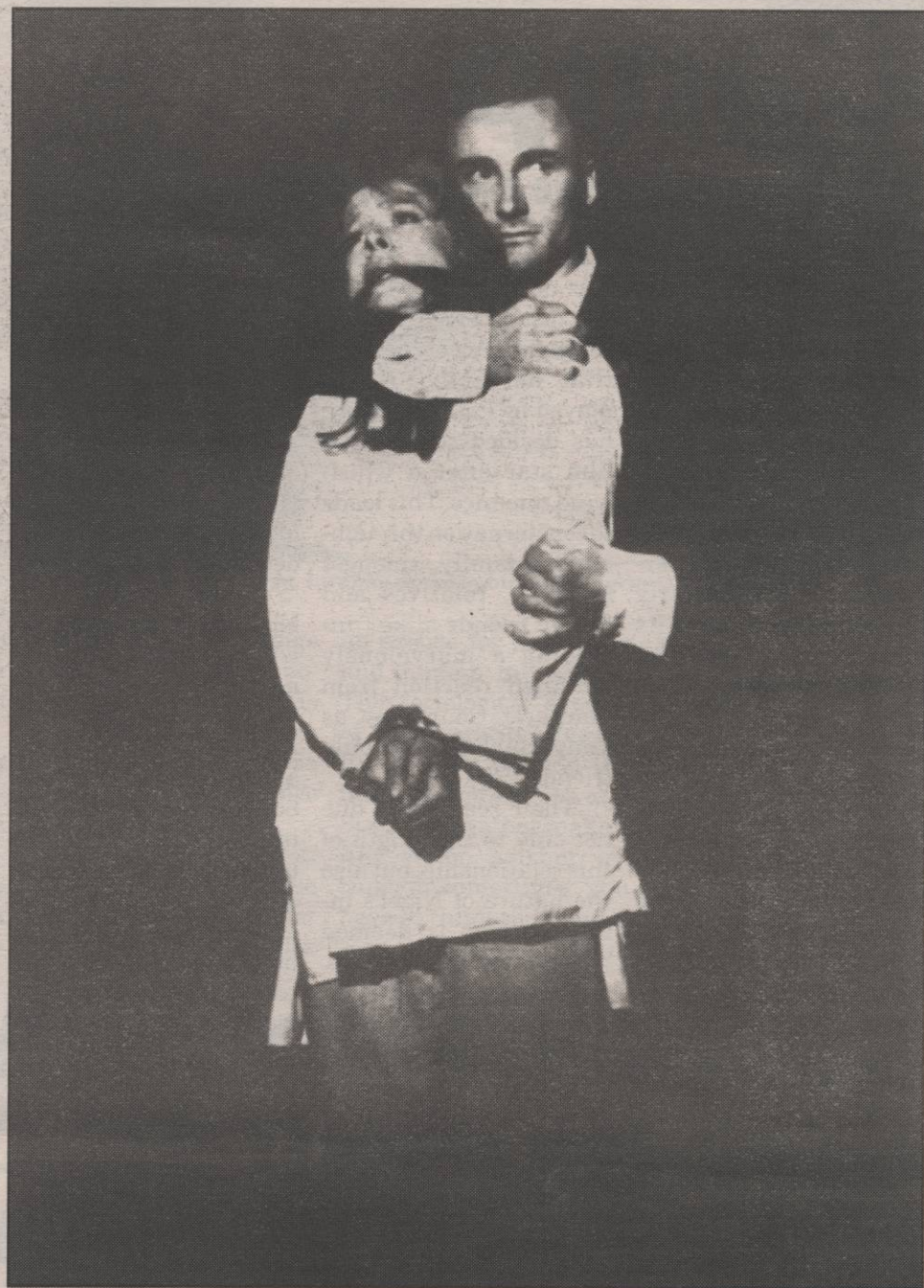
Miranda, the object of his obsessive but platonic love. Miranda, played by Susan Duerden is confident and strong-willed, her vibrancy frustrated by her imprisonment.

It quickly becomes apparent that Frederick is not a pervert; although he finds it acceptable to kidnap someone he remains bound by his lower middle class upbringing, and castigates Miranda for swearing. She soon comes to realise that he is lonely, rather than dangerous, and becomes interested in him. By understanding him she is able to manipulate him, but remains unable to escape. When she changes tactics and attempts to seduce Frederick, she encourages the darker side of his personality, and the play takes an uglier hue.

Few plays benefit from their venue as much as this one does. The Camden Studio

Theatre seats fifty but feels much smaller, and suits the idea of claustrophobia and imprisonment. The intimacy is used to great effect; Miranda's nervous breathing needs no amplification, nor does the piercing scream she delivers, which fills the room and stuns the audience. It's also possible to plunge the entire place into utter darkness, and there's a wonderful bit of staging where the lights go out and Ferdinand takes photos of Miranda, each intense flash exposing for an instant her increasingly naked form.

Writing, acting, staging; it's rare to find a play where all three combine so effectively. This is a value for money night out which will grip you throughout, and leave you either endlessly discussing or shocked into silence. If you don't go and see it you're all bloody idiots.



Stars and Triangles Hang Beautifully in the Sky

A review of 'Bent' at the Etcetera Theatre

— Dennis Lim —

"A pink triangle - if you're queer, that's what you wear. If you're a Jew, a yellow star; political - a red triangle; criminal - green. Pink's the lowest."

Martin Sherman's classic play about homosexual love in Nazi Germany was first staged in 1979 with Ian McKellen in the leading role. Now revived by the True Perspective Theatre Company, it runs until 28th November at The Etcetera Theatre, Camden.

The play begins in pre-war Berlin with lovers Max and Rudy - two characters who could hardly

be more different. Max is from a well-to-do family, but alienated from them (except his uncle - a clandestine homosexual, or a 'fluff', as he likes to call himself). Max is promiscuous, does coke and drinks excessively. An unpleasant experience has made him incapable of loving or at the very least, incapable of expressing love, hence his "Queers are not meant to love" philosophy. Rudy is an aspiring dancer. The sensitive type who talks to his plants, he's the perfect foil to Max's wild, constantly stoned bad boy.

Their troubles begin when Max, completely

out of his head, picks up the wrong boy - some important person's lover who happens to be on the Nazi black list. The boy is shot dead in their apartment and the lovers flee Berlin to escape the Nazi witch-hunt. But eventually they are caught - Rudy is beaten to death and Max is sent to Dachau.

There he befriends Horst - a 'pink triangle'. The play's most harrowing moment is when Max tells Horst how he avoided wearing the pink triangle. He had to fuck the corpse of a 13-year-old girl to prove he wasn't 'bent' - he did, struck a

deal with the Nazis and now wears a yellow star, which is marginally more respectable and therefore deserves marginally less inhuman treatment.

The entire second half sees the relationship between the two men intensify as they slave alongside each other in the concentration camp. There is a bizarrely sexy scene which sees Max and Horst 'making love' without actually touching - as they stand apart and at attention, they have sex by verbalising their fantasies and after, proclaim each other 'good fucks'.

Martin Sherman's play is a true classic -

imbued with dignity and poignancy at every point and True Perspective's production is a superbly powerful reading of it. The acting is superlative - as Max, Nick Mercer is unfailingly brilliant - giving us a character who is, above all else, human. The fascinating relationship between Max and Horst is keenly observed and movingly portrayed. It's a sexual relationship although the two men don't even kiss, let alone fuck - a play for the AIDS generation?

It wouldn't be entirely accurate to pigeon-hole this as gay theatre, because anyone - regard-

less of their sexual orientation (who happen not to be bigoted bastards) - will come away from "Bent" unquestionably touched and righteously indignant.

The chilling fact is that more than half a century after the period in which it was set and a good fifteen years after it was written, "Bent" is every bit as relevant and important - if not more so. Homophobic fuckwits and Nazi scum remain an uncomfortably close presence and that, in itself, makes "Bent" compulsory watching. We can only hope that its significance will diminish in time.

Arts is fun. Why not re-read these pages at Thai Boxing!!!!!!

What Katie Did Next...

— Ron Voce —

Well, the second film of Thursday meant missing my first UGM of the term, but as it was the hardy perennial Cyprus motion week, I thought a little talk with Kate Bush at Planet Hollywood, a free lunch and as much Rolling Rock as I could drink seemed a much better offer than Simon Reid's dulcet tones, coin throwing and an intense feeling that the Union's equal opportunities policy was not being enforced.

So, where was Kate? Nowhere to be seen. But the man who was announcing all the films assured us she would be there at the end to ask questions..... great, then straight out afterwards to the bookshop to talk to Francis Rossi and Rick Parfitt from Status Quo, to get their biography and their autograph, sad but true.

The film - well you can't really call it a film, more a collection of music videos joined by a

story. Not a bad story, but boringly predictable. If you've seen the 1940s classic "Red Shoes" you'll have some idea.

Bush, who is also directing the film/video, is rehearsing her songs with a bunch of musicians, two of whom I've met through the band Barclay James Harvest, but that's another story. An electrical fault, just like in the Tuns, fuses the lights and every one takes five except Bush who, whilst staring at the mirror, sees a young woman run from the mirror into the room.

The woman, played by Miranda Richardson, pleads with Bush to help her return by drawing a line, a cross and a curve. Bush does, and as Richardson turns to leave, she offers Bush her red shoes. Bush doesn't hesitate and accepts but as Richardson goes back through the mirror, Bush is drawn by the dancing red shoes through the mirror into a new world. In this new world Bush is a captive of the red shoes



Kate Bush: Absolutely mad as pants, if you ask me.

and Richardson and until she reclaims the line, the cross and the curve, she cannot return to her own world.

To see if she does make it, you can buy the video which will be released soon, or wait until one of the TV channels shows it, because they are bound to. This forty minute film is well done, but as a directorial debut it's nothing special, just 6 songs in a music video format. However, the upside is

that Kate Bush looks as good today as she did when I first set eyes on her on TOTP in 1978.

However there is a down side to this article. Kate didn't show, so I couldn't ask that convoluted question I had worked out during the screening, and when I left at 1:55pm to go to get my autographed Quo biog, the security guard told me they'd gone..... ah, gutted on two counts.

Rusty Bullet Hole

Those of you who are regular readers of this column may be somewhat disappointed to hear that RBH can't be with us this week. 'Oh woe is me', I hear you cry! But despair ye not, lads and lasses, this is only temporary, and normal service will resume next week.

Why no RBH? I'll explain. Due to consuming too much bad (or good, depending on how you look at it) LSD, RBH has mutated, Jekyll/Hyde style, into his sinister alter ego - Rob O'Cop, the vigilante scum-killing London's Finest warped and twisted Irishman. Fuck music this week, the streets are not safe, and someone has to do something about it. Shitheads of the Smoke be warned - "...you have twenty seconds to comply...".

Do you know who I really fucking detest? Despatch riders, that's who. I think you'll agree. Bastards bastards bastards every single bloody one of them. Hanging's too good for 'em, for sure. I think that instead I'll sit on top of a tall building with a crossbow and give each one a bolt in the back of the head as they ride past. Perhaps that will teach them that "Amber" on a traffic light does not fucking mean "Full throttle, scare poor bloody pedestrians witless" it bloody means "Prepare (stressed, double underline) to Go". Wankers.

Taxi Drivers? Oooh... give me strength. You do not own the fucking road, other people are quite entitled to drive on it, thank you very much, pal. Furthermore, three bastard years on "The Knowledge" and none of you know where the fuck you're going. This just goes to further emphasise how frigging thick you are, you social rejects.

Before I forget, Mr. "Minicab driver Poppers addict" who drove me home from Subterania last night, a word of warning - don't you ever come near me again, you fucking suicidal/homicidal maniac.

The above amoebic individuals are the petty offenders. Capital crimes? We have them. You felons, you know who you are...

YOU DO NOT FUCKING STAND ON THE WALKING SIDE OF ESCALATORS, UNDERSTAND?

Probably not, you fuckwits. Not only do you irk me quite considerably by what you do, you drive me to psychopathy by the way you bloody well look. You're always the sad gits, aren't you - the Norman No Friends, the Tracy Grown-Out Bubbleperms, the Giftless Clueless American Sodding Tourists - dullards to a man (ooh sorry, "person", mustn't forget). Go home! Stay at home, and never dare use public transport again.

But we have only touched the very tip of the iceberg. There's more...

IF YOU MUST USE A BASTARD UMBRELLA DO NOT STICK THE POINTY BITS IN MY EYES, YOU HOPELESS CRETINS.

Aaarghh! Kill Kill Kill KILL. Look here, you've got the umbrellas, you're nice and dry - why the fuck do I have to get out of *your* bloody way, mate? If it happens again I'm going to kick you until you die. For your sake, please remember, that this is not a threat, it is a promise.

Kids. When an old lady gets on a bus, offer her your seat. After all, you've paid sod all near enough to travel on it, and should your friendly neighbourhood bobby Rob O'Cop see you being as pig-ignorant as you usually are, he'll give you a clip round the ear. With a brick, you little bastards...

PCO'Cop was last seen heading in the direction of Capital FM at Euston, with an Uzi under his arm, muttering something about "...that over-exuberant Chris Tarrant motherfucker...". Uh-oh!

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- Across**
- 1. LSE's most famous rock star (4,6)
 - 8. To kick out Sensor, perhaps (5)
 - 9. Age Of ____, they gave us a "Kiss" (6)
 - 10. Lynn, Gerry or Angry? (8)
 - 11. Eric Clapton album - summer listening? (6)
 - 12. One across won't gather this Culture Club man (4)

- 14. What Liza Minelli was doing with her mind (6)
- 18. See 5, 6 down
- 21. In short, it's extended play (1,1)
- 24. ____ Roam, a Waterboys wandering (4,2)
- 28. There are one thousand of these DJs (4)
- 31, 25 down Cyndi Lauper in transplant surgery (6,2,5)

- 32. He could be either John or Robbie (8)
- 33. ____ Royale, James Bond oddity to which Herb Alpert provided the theme tune (6)
- 34. Mr. Morricone, he of spaghetti western scores (5)
- 35. Herb Tellie gives us an early effort from one down and his clan (3,2,5)

- Down**
- 1, 3 down Contrary to rumours, this man has not had a hit with "Two Little Boys", the dirty pervert (7,7)
 - 2. Sugar went through these (prematurely?) in 1992 (7)
 - 4. There's no-one quite like her (7)
 - 5, 18 across Let me go, Engelbert!.... (7,2)
 - 6, 18 across Chaka Demus and his tool want you to do this (5,2)
 - 7. Superintendent Sumner? (5)
 - 13. See 17 down
 - 15. It's ____, the end of Level 42 (4)
 - 16. Telly Savalas's No. 1 hit (2)
 - 17, 13 down Gabrielle's "Dreams" became reality on this label (2,4)
 - 19. That David fellow who had "Words" with us (1,1)
 - 20. Legs & ____, ex-TOTP dancers (2)
 - 22. See 30 down
 - 23. The Style ____, Paul Weller and his mates in the 80s (7)
 - 25. See 31 across
 - 26. PJ Harvey's big tissue song, I think (3-4)
 - 27. The Stone Roses' biggest hit came with this in 1990 (3,4)
 - 29. That stranger on the shore, Mr. Bilk (5)
 - 30, 22 down Ca ____ said Plastic Bertrand (5,4,3)

SOLUTIONS NEXT WEEK

Boxing Helena

—The Lion Roars—

You wait for nearly a Century and then two come along at once. First we got Lennox Lewis, he of the dubious British nationality and cockernee accent. Now we have Michael Bentt, the WBO Heavyweight Champion of the World. What's more, he's background is just as dubious as Lennox Lewis. Like Lewis, he was born in London and emigrated to North America as a child. He holds both a British and an American passport but unlike Lewis, he's never boxed for another nation. Furthermore, he's a Millwall supporter, so he must be hard.

After just sixteen

fights, Bentt was crowned WBO World Champion last month and now he is looking to become the undisputed World Champion, no matter what Holyfield and Lewis do. He claims he is more British than Lennox Lewis and just as British as Frank Bruno, ask Des Lynam. Interviewing him on 'Sportsnight', Des commented on his choice of t-shirts. A life-long Millwall fan, only a true Brit could wear such an item of clothing (because let's be honest, no outside of the UK has ever bloody heard of them, except ex-pats). Now we're faced with another 'All-British' show down which could subsequently result in an uni-

fied title. But it doesn't stop there.

Coming up quickly on the outside is Herbie Hide, the British Heavyweight Champion and cocky bastard. Whenever someone mentions a rival to Hide's abilities, the undefeated champion confidently replies "I'll knock him out". Hide, 22, hails from Norwich (well someone as to), and is considered by those in the game to be a very promising prospect. He stopped American Mike Ricardo Dixon at Bethnal Green's York Hall last weekend and is now touted to face the people's champion, Frank Bruno. But there is some doubt cast over Hide. Many feel he may only go as far as

Gary Mason and not have the stamina to go the course. When not under pressure, Hide "moves with grace" and puts his punches together with speed and flair. When pushed back or faced with an evasive foe, however, he runs out of ideas. He also has problems with his weight. Hide is just a few pounds over 15st but promoter Barry Hearn reckons that by next May, his weight will have risen to 16st. Whether or not Hide will manage this remains to be seen, but if beats Bruno he will be up there with the big boys, knocking on the doors of both Lewis and Bentt looking for that all elusive title fight.

CLUB NOISE

No.7 Tiverton Town

After last week's foray into the world of international club bitchiness, I get to talk about the real game of football: the full blooded amateurism of the Great Mills Western League Premier Division side called Tiverton Town. Now I know I could have talked about Bolton Wanderers, the league club I support, or Sunderland, the team of my birth place, but Tiverton Town is the team of where I've been brought up for the last 25 years.

At the dawn of the nineties Tivvy Town were at the start of a breathtaking three footballing years. Not only had Tivvy Town assembled a squad of local talent, but also ex League players into a team that was not only hard to beat, but scored great goals. As I spent the first of my four years in London at the LSE, I was sent the "Gutsche" (Tiverton Gazette) weekly and enjoyed reading of Tivvy's exploits as well as scouring the Independent on Sunday's sports pages to see whether they had won. Inevitably they did.

So often in the last two seasons they have been way out in front with games in hand to be cruelly overtaken by more obscure and less imaginative teams, but there have been the fringe benefits, the money has continued to roll in to such an extent that they know they are going to make it to the next stage of the football league ladder and are building a new grandstand on the picturesque Ladysmead site, which was donated by the Heathcoat family whose Textile factory and Knightshayes Court dominate the views from either touch line, in the Exe valley.

How has the fortune been amassed? Well three successful cup runs have helped. Successful, you ask, well after innumerable qualifying rounds, Tivvy Town finally reached the first round of the FA Cup proper in 1991, where they lost to Aldershot, just before they went bust, 3-1 I think the score was but it didn't matter, what did was sitting in Butler's Wharf Residence, seeing Tiverton Town on "Match of the Day" and feeling proud.

The following year Tivvy were back, this time playing fourth division Barnet, yet again there was no cup run, Tivvy lost 4-0 after a creditable 0-0 at half time. 1,000 supporters came to support their team, many of us lived in London. I met friends I hadn't seen since school, people I've been pissed with and those I've driven home by taxi. This is what amateur football is about.

Last season Tivvy reached their pinnacle running out on the hallowed turf of Wembley against Bridlington Town of two leagues higher in the FA Vase. Yet again Tiverton turned out for the occasion. Of the 6,000 people who were in Wembley 4,500 were from Tivvy, this time even people from Lloyd Maunders were there. Tivvy Town on tour turned Wembley into a home fixture. Alas we lost, but we still cheered. The final comment on Tivvy Town must go to Graham Kelly of the Football Association who said after the match, "Tiverton supporters were great, the team played well and didn't deserve to lose, but Tiverton are what amateur football is about." Well said Graham.

The Magnificent Twenty

Mr Rogers gives his advice on the greatest sport of all, 20 chat-up lines that are guaranteed to fail.

1. "Moobly moobly moobly." This is generally used after a microdot of L.S.D, so I've heard.
2. "Are you gonna drop 'em then, or what?" Apparently this worked once in Essex, but if you're in a decent part of the world don't use it.
3. "Hi, I'm a friend of Adam Morris." You may win with the sympathy vote, but I wouldn't risk it.
4. "Hi, I'm Adam Morris." Game over.
5. "I weave baskets every Sunday and Bank holiday." This does your street cred no end of damage.
6. "When did you last wash?"
7. "I have a very small penis."

8. Stare at her for a while and when she comes over and asks why you've been looking at her, tell her the number of spots she has on each cheek.

9. Pour your pint down her top and offer to mop/lick it up.

10. Punch her squarely in the face and offer to mop/lick the blood up.

11. Trip her up as she walks past and get your mates to laugh at her and stick the boot in. One of my favourites this one.

12. Burgle her house the week before, then go up to her and say "Excuse me, I think you dropped this." and hand back her telly. Repeat with her fridge, dog, bedroom carpet, shed etc. until you have returned everything.

13. "I love you." This must be said in a sad pathetic squeak, with a tear in

your eye.

14. "I can't pull any of the half-decent birds, so I've had to settle for you."

15. Repeat the word "Wanker" for 5 minutes. To my knowledge this has never been successful cf. David Whippe.

16. Walk up to her in a nightclub wearing paper maché wings and beak, place a condom on your tongue and waggle it furiously in her face, squawking and beeping.

17. "1011010101010101." Unless she speaks fluent binary, this is unlikely to succeed. Equally, semaphore is a bad idea, as waving flags wildly at her in the Tuns is not going to impress her.

18. Sacrificing livestock on her table is also an out of date custom, besides the torrent of sheeps' blood may spill her drink.

19. Push a pipe organ up

to her table and play the death march, then tear her clothes off with your teeth, snarling and growling whilst chanting well known devil worship verses and drag her to a burning pentagon at Stonehenge and kill her at dawn. This is not really your best bet for a long term relationship.

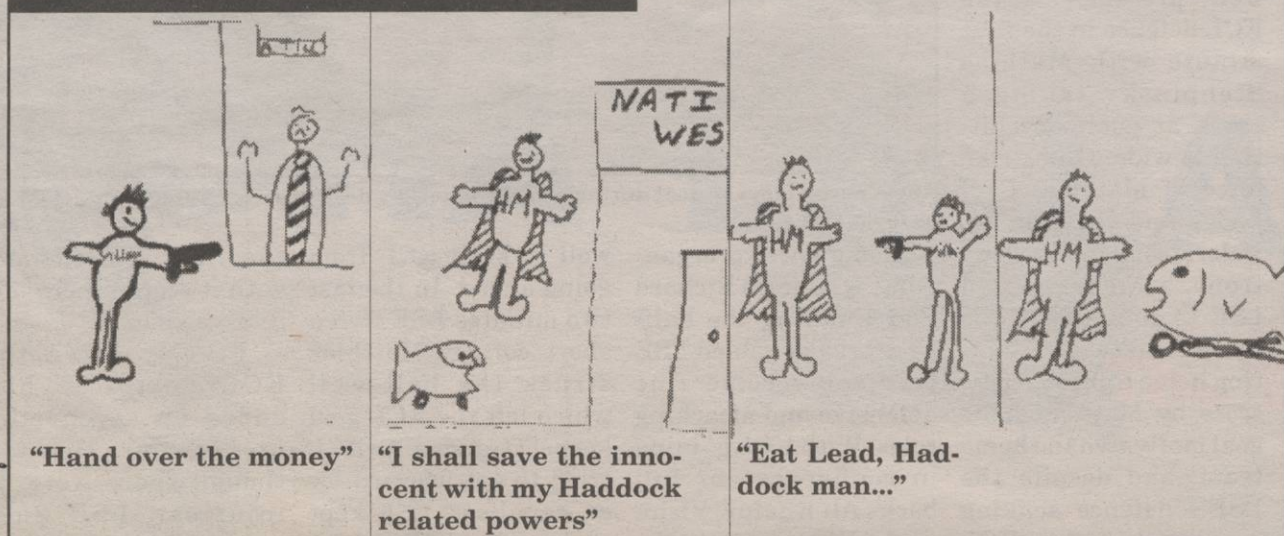
20. I've overstretched myself and can't actually think of 20, I had enough trouble with 19 as you can see.

If by some bizarre freak of nature one of these lines actually works, be careful not to ruin it by screaming "Thar she blows!" at an inopportune moment. Also, if you ask her what she's doing on Saturday and she replies "nothing" resist the urge to say "Have a bath then, you stink!"

Super Heroes of LSE - No.1 Haddockman

At the bank.....

Suddenly....



More Super hero fun next week

Written & drawn by Mad Kenny's all-night drinker

Rocket Ron Voce

Houghton Street Harry

Harry is a worried man. England are on the verge of going out of the World Cup Finals. Sacrilege. How can England not be in the World Cup Finals, especially when it's in America. Pur-lease. If Taylor goes, who the fuck is going to replace him? Surely there can't be anyone worse than the turnip?

How about Trevor Francis? Trev, the first million pound footballer in Britain, is apparently one of the favourites to land the job at Lancaster Gate. Harry is a concerned man. Why, I hear you cry? Well, apart from Graham Taylor, Trevor Francis is the only man in England who seems to rate Carlton Palmer enough to pick him each week for Sheff. Wednesday's first team. Aaaaarrrggghhhhh. This man is a talentless donkey. If his old club manager does get the job, Palmer will be in the England team for a good few years to come. Surely this is a fate worse than Ron Voce becoming Beaver Editor or Steve Peake doing the 'Time Tunnel'™ disco. But what are the alternatives? Howard Wilkinson of Leeds Utd? No thank you. He makes an Arsenal team look interesting. How about George Graham? Nope, he's Scottish and makes 'Casualty' look interesting. Who can save us from this den of talentless Managers? Who lead us to the promise land filled with the delights of nirvana?

Pundits are split, for some reason, between Glenn Hoddle and Ray Wilkins. Ironic, considering that down the years England managers have preferred the ball-passing talents of Ray than the all-round genius of Glenda. But Wilkins has blotted his copy-book. He has only played in two internationals following his sending off against Morocco in 1986 and has a distinct lack of managerial expertise. Hoddle, on the other hand, could save English Football but is one of those rare breeds that the Selection Committee hate. He's got talent.

Ha! English managers are a law unto themselves. Ron Greenwood, Don Revie, Bobby Robson, Walter Winterbottom, Alf Ramsey, Graham Taylor etc. Taylor wanted the job. He wanted it badly. He fucked up badly. He never won anything on the domestic level but the selection committee thought he could do the job. Following their dismissal of Robson (before he took England to the Semi-finals in Italia '90), they ushered in Taylor and stuck by him. Do these people have a clue what planet they are on? This is the man who dropped Paul Gascoigne in favour of Gordon Cowans, this is the man who selected Batty and Palmer instead of Waddle and Hoddle, this is the man who went to the European Championships in Sweden without a right-back. His excuse? He couldn't find one. The fact that 92 played every week in the Football League seemed to elude this soccer genius. This is the man who decided to play against Norway with three central defenders and no full backs. This is the man who single handedly put English football back thirty years and we should salute him.

Hail Graham Taylor- Soccer Supremo.
Hail Graham Taylor - the man with no idea.
Hail Graham Taylor - 'cause he's a cunt.

Come Play With Me



LSE's Sporting Body comes under scrutiny from Leeds' greatest son.

Hello, God speaking or to those of you who are unaware of my great song writing talents, it's David Lewis Gedge. I'm not renowned for my prowess on sport in general, although I did once have an album entitled 'George Best' and I once wrote a song about Millwall's excellent new striker Mark Kennedy called 'Kennedy', believe it or not. I must say, I am impressed by those sportsmen and women who go to make up the Athletics Union at LSE. It appears that they can only write articles for the sports pages when they win a game or when they're pissed. Unfortunately, no one won this week, with the 1st XV Rugby team going down 74-17 to Charing Cross Hospital. But at least our

lads can look on the bright side because with the National Health in the state that it is, none of their side will probably get a job when they graduate, but anyone can make a mistake. The Netball team suffered their first defeat this term following a string of set backs in the New Cross area. According to the Sharp Shooter, the line-judge, or whatever they have in Netball, was extremely biased. Don't feel betrayed, ladies, everyone thinks he looks daft anyway.

The lads in Andy Graveson's Footballing Army obviously had a mixed day. Apparently the 4ths and 5ths weren't playing and news filtered back to the Beaver Office that Angus Kinnear scored a hat-trick.

Kinnear, so I've been told, is the best player at the college and one of the most popular people around. Girls love him and blokes just want to be his buddy. Why are we being so reasonable now? Angus gave us a fiver.....Cheers, mate.

Of course, it's not only the defeats that have stopped LSE's gallant sporting body from submitting articles. On Wednesday night, the Tuns lost its power. Thursday was a total disaster, therefore teams could not congregate in their favourite watering hole and compose their usual high standard of prose and poetry. Does the school know what it is depriving itself of? Talented journalists from around the nation have gathered at this college

so they can play sport and write short masterpieces not seen since the reader's previous visit to the toilets.

Never fear, the sports pages will back next week in it's full glory. Hussar! I'm off to write another twelve Top Thirty hits....haha, Brassneck, I've just decided I don't love anymore, I've just decided I don't trust you anymore.....

Oh, by the way. If Ian Crawford or Howard Reingold are reading this, hello. The Sports pages would like to thank you for your efforts in securing a laser printer for the Beaver. If you could see your way to a Super Nintendo as well, we would be eternally grateful. It is Christmas, after all.....

Revenge Is Ever So Sweet

Hockey: Strand Poly 2nd 1 LSE 2nd 2

— Ali Khalpey —

Following our UAU knockout by Strand Poly three weeks ago, we challenged KCL to another fixture, this time with a full team. In our first meeting, we played with only eight gallant men and succumbed to a 6-0 defeat.

LSE began the match well, pressurising the KCL defence in the first minute with Mathias Stenpinsky taking a crack at goal, but hitting it wide. Our strike force of Mathias, Paul Lodge and Crispian St. Valerie combined well up front, which enabled LSE to go ahead in the tenth minute, Paul slotting home from a terrific cross by Mathias. This goal motivated the home team, and despite the LSE's defence soaking up the pressure, KCL managed to draw level.



Anyone who plays in goal during a game of hockey deserves everything they get. Mad as fuck.
Photo: Steve East

Some shrewd organising by captain Richard Pierce during the half-time break enabled LSE to display some fine defensive and attacking roles. With KCL gaining in confidence our full backs Ali Khalpey, Vishu and Vincent Vanpamuys did extremely

well to keep KCL from going ahead. In the last two minutes LSE won a short corner, Matthias struck the ball well which left the KCL goalkeeper stranded. As KCL tried to get forward for an equaliser, LSE kept their cool and played the ball around waiting for

the final whistle and with it scored their successive victory.

Finally after the KCL "umpire" had added on seven minutes of injury time (although there were no injuries), LSE 2nds won a well deserved victory.