

THE BEAVER

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Union Jack

Jack's a disappointed man. The one thing he had been looking forward to, nay, the one thing that was going to make this week's UGM worth heaving himself out of bed for, didn't happen. "What was this thing?" Jack expects you are asking yourself. Well, if you remember last week's meeting, you will recall the last motion mandated our glorious Exec, led by the even more glorious LSE Labour Club leader, to lead us in a little song. Now, to be frank, this just didn't happen. Jack wouldn't like to speculate on why it didn't but he feels questions must be asked and those concerned ought to explain themselves - ignoring a mandate is no joke. Alternatively the aforementioned reprobates could just do their bit next week, Jack feels that a little communal singing would set a nice tone for the Annual General Meeting.

While he's talking of the Annual General Meeting perhaps Jack ought to explain the function of this gathering. Basically it gives our officers the opportunity to report on their year's activity. As might be expected this means that it is normally mind-bogglingly tedious, after all these exercises in self-justification can go on for anything up to ten minutes (per officer)!

And as if this wasn't bad enough this is also the time when the Union selects its honorary students - normally twenty almost completely anonymous worthies. Which brings Jack to his point; he would like to nominate for honorary student-hood those twenty students who he feels have done their bit for the UGM this year. So, without further ado, here's Jack's list:

James Atkinson	(for showing that size isn't everything)
Ron Voce	(for his balancing act)
Denis Russel	(for making ordinary union business appear interesting)
Mubin Haq	(for making Dennis appear interesting)
Nick Deardon	(for putting emotion back into politics)
Nick Kirby	(for taking the Toon back where they belong)
Garan Goodman	(for his 'interpretation' of the constitution)
Kate Hampton	(for providing Jack with copy)
Simon Reid	(for telling Atkinson to 'fuck off')
Ralph Wilde	(for totally cocking up his attempt to get elected)
Louise Ashon	(for indefatigable optimism)
Gregor Claude	(for being the only communist with a sense of humour)
Paul Birrell	(for his trousers)
Martin Lewis	(for his come-back)
Avi	(for his uncannily accurate paper throwing)
Leandro Moura	(for his hair)
Bernardo Duggan	(just for being their - all the bloody time)
The Constitution and Steering Committee	(for being a joke)
Nalin Jayaratne	(for his snide comments and for failing to be included on the proper honorary student list despite being on the Exec.)
Lola Elerian	(for daring to go to France with the AU)

Having put these names forward Jack supposes the he ought to make some effort to describe this week's meeting but, since only one of the motions we discussed was actually opposed - and that concerned

Inquisition

Panel discusses women, education & Gaza

Helena Mcleod
and Zac Wald

The DEMOS societies end of term "Any Questions" satisfied the large audience with a raucous brawl. The Chair, Mr Geoff Mulgan, opened by inviting "provocative and controversial" discussion, but stressing fun was to be had. This request could hardly have failed with a panel composed of Jerry Hayes, Conservative MP; Tony Banks, Labour MP; the LSE's own Dr David Starkey; and Melanie Phillips, journalist for the Observer.

The men indulged in witty banter; Banks' riposte to Starkey's description of MPs as vomiting Gazzas was: "you forgot anal retention in that." Starkey, a self-professed homosexual replied, "Why, are you an expert?" Hayes related how at a recent function promoting senior citizens, "I was touched up by a 55 year old Norwegian lady." To which Banks replied: "you're lucky."

Serious ground was covered; particularly provocative were questions on the position of women in today's society, and the question of free education. On the former the panel agreed

that Women's Day "meant nothing". Banks said: "It makes up for the discrimination on the other 364 days of the year."

Higher education provoked feeling from all corners of the panel and floor. The question was framed around Jeff Rooker's statement that free higher education was too expensive to be sustained. Melanie Phillips said: "My reaction to that statement is one of dismay; free higher education is fundamental to society." If it is not free, "people able to afford to be educated will do so whilst those who can't, won't." Hayes trumpeted the success of the Conservative party in getting 1 in 3 people into higher education, although Banks couldn't believe this figure. Banks' stance was "higher education, simply to be open to all, must be free of loans."

Dr Starkey announced the incredible fact that the LSE is paid a mere £700 per student per year by the Government for domestic students' education. He said there is "gross cross-subsidising from foreign to domestic students", which is keeping standards up but not for long. He said loans are

compulsory for this but not the "fudge" the government has made. The LSE has developed a loan scheme used around the world which is "sensitive" and effective.

Dr Starkey drew on the ideas of two other LSE Professors, Jon Barnes and Nick Barr, whose strategy has been put to use in Australia. The two principles of this system are: getting educational expenditure out of the hands of public authorities because of government's basic ineptitude, and that students should pay for their education out of the future wage advantages that will result from their education.

According to Starkey this system would guarantee the education system the resources it needs by using the long-term interests of the private (especially insurance) sector to the advantages of students, who would be able to pay back their loans gradually. Hayes was sceptical about the idea, saying he was unsure about how it would in practice. The question time was an hour well spent. Both the audience and panel seemed to enjoy themselves.

Computers Go Down On Students

Chris Hutchfield

As many students will know access to the hard drive on the computer network was near impossible between Monday and Wednesday last week. After about ten users had logged on the system allowed no more, causing great delay to Information Technology students whose projects were due.

The computer support group thought they had solved the problem when the hard drive started working on Wednesday morning but by midday the system was down again. Richard Kaczynski, Systems Group manager, described the situation as "infuriating". He contacted Microsoft but even they had never encountered such a problem before. However by the evening the drive

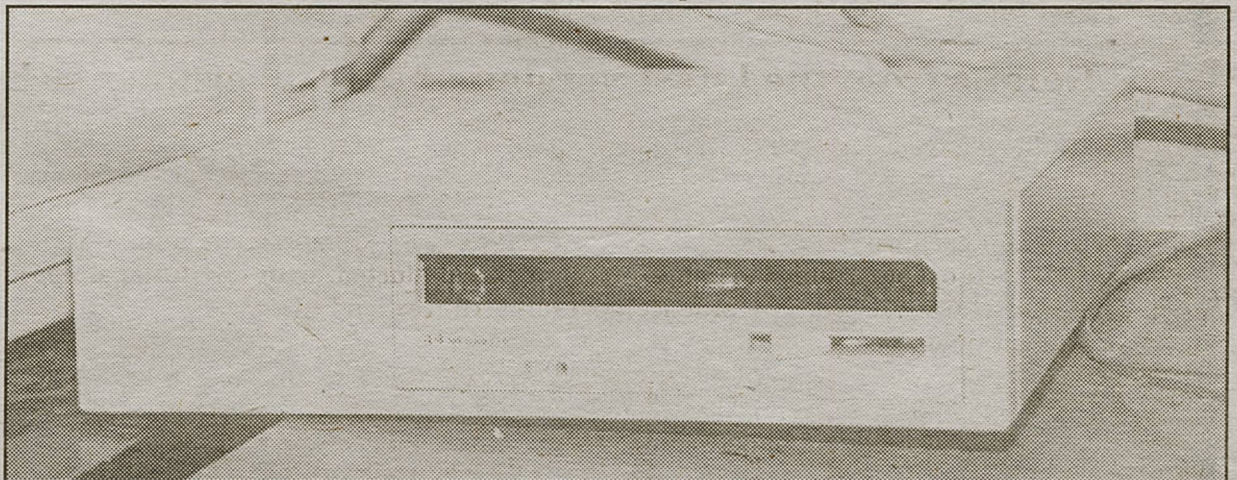
was made operative by the labourious job of changing the master hard disc. Mr Kaczynski stressed that it was unlikely to re-occur because the present Lanmanager system will soon be replaced by the more powerful Windows NT.

The hard drive breakdown caused yet more grief to fraught IT students who have had numerous problems since the start of the year. Last week was the deadline for the third project in a subject which is entirely course-work based. When previous project deadlines have approached, students were forced to queue for over three hours on occasions simply to get their work printed.

Technical problems also resulted in the disruption of an

important IT lecture last week when Marios Angelides' lecture and show on 'Multimedia' was repeatedly dogged by network failure, causing the lecturer to stumble over words and lose the thread of his argument. Many students present showed their disgust by leaving the lecture well before its scheduled conclusion.

Computing at LSE has been a victim of its success since increased computer literacy among students puts stronger strains on the system. Students reliance on their hard drive space has undoubtedly contributed to the problem, as often they have failed to make back-up copies on their own floppy disks. As one irate student said: "the moral of the story is that floppy is sometimes better than hard."



The source of the trouble; a hard drive

Patten Spells It Out

The Education Secretary outlines his plans to the News Editors

Phil Gomm
and Steve Roy

John Patten, Secretary of State for Education, admitted to *The Beaver* that he was disappointed by the opposition ranged at the current Education Bill. Talking exclusively in an interview at the Department For Education, Patten said: "I wouldn't hide from you the fact that as a Government Minister you prefer to win rather than lose... Nonetheless I regard the essential principles, which were democracy and accountability, as being preserved in the new settlement."

The amended Bill is to go to the Committee Stage before the House of Lords on Tuesday. It will no longer feature the controversial clause 20 which was due to distinguish between core and non-core student expenditure. Instead clause 21 has been altered.

He described the Bill as having been enhanced and now provided "a new way of tackling the problem." Patten continued: "We seem to have ended up, by another route, where we wished to end up, because there are now stricter provisions of unions. The opting out provision [of individuals from student union bodies] is there."

He believed that the changes will go straight through the Lords. However, "the problem will come then in the House of Commons where there are a number of people who will feel that it [the Bill] is still not tight enough - those who would have preferred the original clause 20."

Affiliation to the National Union of Students (NUS) would be "always something up for any individual student union organization to decide on, as guaranteed under the European convention - freedom of association."

Commenting on the suggestion by the NUS that the final amendments had been exactly as they had advocated, Patten retorted: "I simply don't recognize that. Certainly the NUS was against the concept of the

Bill when it was launched." But he welcomed that "they had shifted their position."

Though he was not prepared to judge whether the planned 50/50 split between maintenance grants and loans would be extended further in favour of the latter, Patten did outline why he believed that students should make some contribution to their education.

"We have to find the money to fund the expansion [in student numbers] so there is a financial problem. The second reason is motivation... If students have to contribute towards something, through a loan, they are more likely not to drop out. Thirdly there is a strong moral case... is it socially just that the two thirds of the population who don't go to University have to fund the third who do?"

"I know the counter argument; that it [grants] is a good investment because of the contribution students make through taxation payments. I appreciate that, and that's why I agree with the current settlement."

The Secretary of State was questioned on proposals to replace the current Treasury financed loans system with one which draws funds from the private sector. This, according to a recent LSE/BP report, would release public money which could be used to ensure current spending matched the growth in student numbers. Mr Patten declined to be drawn on further funding plans, saying: "I'm not at the moment prepared to speculate further."

But he did add: "... students will be funded properly. At the same time we are funding a 20% increase in real terms over the next three years in the universities' building program [though] there is a limit even to what that nice Mr Portillo will give me!"

Patten hoped comments by the School's Director, Dr John Ashworth, about a lack of emphasis on excellence, was not a sign that his name would have to be added to "my little list of difficult Vice Chancellors." Nor was Patten prepared to look



The Secretary of State for Education, John Patten, who gave the Beaver an exclusive interview last Wednesday.

Photo: Universal Pictorial Press and Agency Ltd

further than the next 3 years regarding top up tuition fees, as proposed by Ashworth last summer, and by Sir Keith Joseph when he was Education Minister back in 1984.

Talking about the protest which greeted his visit to the LSE back in January the Minister said "I was a bit surprised; I thought egg chucking had gone out of fashion." He claimed to "take a relaxed view of this kind of thing. I have represented a student constitu-

ency, Oxford, for 15 years... I thought the meeting was in the fine old English tradition of political meetings. I just don't think it was very good for the image of the college." Patten disclosed that the £7.50 dry cleaning bill for his suit was paid for by the School.

The Beaver presented Mr Patten with two copies of the paper. One was the latest issue, and the other included the report of his visit, complete with photographs of protesters hold-

ing Mickey Mouse placards.

Talking on a broad level, the Minister emphasised the importance that needs to be placed on vocational training. "I worry most of all about the 40% at the other [bottom] end of the ability and aptitude range. I think we need to do much more to follow some of the German, French and Japanese models about vocational education."

Patten would not be drawn on his political ambitions, saying only: "I would like to stay here for the rest of this Parliament." His final comments in the interview related to the speculation concerning William Waldegrave's future, following his suggestions that there are occasions where it is legitimate to lie to Parliament. Is it a resigning matter? "Oh certainly not!"

Mr Patten was interviewed last Wednesday. ©The Beaver 1994.

Details from the latest version of the Government's Education Bill.

The Government are proposing to drop clause 20 and to enhance clause 21 which will regulate the conduct of student unions.

The revised approach will:

- allow students to opt out of union membership if they wish;
- introduce institutional codes of practice governing the conduct of student unions;
- improve the democracy and accountability of student unions;
- protect individuals and groups of students from victimisation.

Specific aspects of the codes of practice:

- affiliations to external organisations should be subject to annual review and vote;
- the financial affairs of the union should be properly conducted, with institutional approval of the union's budget and expenditure;
- the procedure for allocating resources to groups or clubs should be written down and accessible to all students;

The Government's intention is that the reforms should take effect as soon as possible once the necessary legislation has been enacted.

UGM Approves The Idea Of Beaver Sabbatical Editor

Alan Davies

At the Union General Meeting last Thursday, the students present voted, almost unanimously, to make it Union policy that there should be a Beaver sabbatical editor.

With many of the sabbaticals-elect making pro-Beaver comments through the campaign, the current Editor, Ron Voce, decided the time was write to put a proposal of substance to the Union, so the Finance and Services Officer could add the idea to her submission to the school. The idea of a sabbatical editor is not new. It was put forward as an idea by Michiel Van Hulst, General Secretary in 1991-2, but after discussions with the then Executive Editor, Madeline Gwyon, it was rejected. Voce hopes that his time

and effort this year has shown in the improvements to the paper and he "does not want to see it wasted", because his successor just "doesn't have the time!"

In a brief speech he commented, "this is not about making a position for me to walk into because I have just lost another election." He went on to say that students on four courses cannot give up the amount of time needed to do the role well. This is especially so during the summer holiday when most of the advertising and ground work is done for the following year. Voce's predecessor who resigned early in the Michaelmas term cited over work and the fact that he had not had a summer break from the LSE.

As a side issue, Voce also raised the desire to have the Beaver funding guaranteed in

a similar way to the Athletics Union, where a percentage of the Student Union block grant is reserved. "We have gone down the technological road, there is no turning back. The capital investment has to be maintained, to keep the quality paper that over 2,000 LSE students read weekly. Gone are the days when there are Beavers left in the bins. We 'sell out' by Wednesday, we have over 100 students involved, the only thing that restricts us now is our small office and a lack of guaranteed income."

After the conclusive show of support for the proposal in the meeting Voce added that although this is policy, he does not expect it to happen within the next academic year. Short term he just wants to put the proposal in front of the School so they know the Student Union position.



Ron Voce arguing the case for a Beaver sabbatical.

Photo: Pam Keenan

'Keegan' Sticks It Out Crime Stopper

Toby Childs

The Chairman of the Constitution and Steering Committee, Nick Kirby, has described rumours concerning his imminent resignation as absolutely "ungrounded and false."

The allegations started to circulate after the apparent confusion and contradiction surrounding the two disqualification decisions taken by the Committee during the election campaign.

Ralph Wilde was disqualified for breaching the rules governing elections despite the precedent set in the case of Martin Lewis, who was reinstated after similarly breaking the rules. This disparity has led to accusations of incompetence from several quarters.

The suggestion that Kirby should resign seems to originate from the discontents,

rather than from Nick Kirby. Whilst some Committee members could be open to the charge of inconsistency, Kirby voted in both cases for disqualification in strict accordance with the rules. There are claims that senior Executive members "leaned on" certain Committee members to ensure that their protege, Martin Lewis, was reinstated.

Kirby is angry about what he claims amounts to a "whispering campaign" by "hacks", when decisions were in effect out of his hands once intervention by concerned parties had been initiated.

Kirby has already said that he believes he acted in compliance with the regulations in an impartial manner. Two members of the Constitution and Steering Committee resigned over the decisions of the Committee concerning Martin Lewis and Ralph Wilde.

Larissa Howard

Last week a student from the LSE foiled a street robbery. Second year Philosophy undergraduate, Max Holland, was walking in Carnaby Street with friends when two distraught women approached.

It quickly emerged that they had been victims of a mugging, resulting in a handbag being stolen. Mr Holland spotted the felons and ignoring any risk to his own safety chased the group of five youths.

Just as they had stopped to plunder their haul he caught up with them and they dumped the evidence.

Having seen them off, Mr Holland returned the bag to its overjoyed owner, who insisted on giving a £20 reward.

He said of his action: "I was in the right place at the right time, and did no more than any other mortal would do."

Islam Storm

Beaver Staff

An extremist Islamic group responsible for distributing anti-Semitic and homophobic literature on up to fifty British campuses has attempted to set up at the LSE.

Hizb ut Tahrir, the Party of Liberation, has started university societies across the country. An attempt to register as a society at the LSE was foiled when it was realized that few of the required twenty signatures were of LSE students.

The Student Union is launching an awareness campaign, including leafleting and mailouts, to counter any further activity.

At the University of Central England last month a leaflet was handed out urging Muslim students to "fight the Jews and kill them." In a speech at Guildhall University one of the party's leaders questioned the truth of the Holocaust, and elsewhere the group has described homosexuality as "abhorrent" and "a moral decline".

Hizb ut Tahrir has its origins in the Middle East, where it has been responsible for several attempted coups d'etat. Four of its members are cur-

rently awaiting execution in Jordan for attempting to assassinate King Hussein.

Its aims include the re-establishment of an Islamic caliphate and a single Muslim nation. Much of their anti-Semitism is believed to spring from their opposition to the peace process in the occupied territories.

There has been an explosion of activity on British campuses in recent months. Universities have long been a fertile recruiting ground; academics and students have featured prominently in Hizb ut Tahrir membership, and it is noted for its informed dissection of rival doctrines.

The British wing of the party prefers to recruit foreign Muslim students who will become activists when they return to their home countries. The LSE, with its high proportion of overseas students, is seen as a valuable source of new members.

British Muslims have been quick to distance themselves from the party. Dr. Kalim Siddiqui, Leader of the Muslim Parliament described the group as "grossly irresponsible".

"There has never been racism in Islam. I hope these people will see sense."

Women

Sarita Khajuria

Tuesday, 8th March, marked International Women's Day, and the beginning of Women's Week at the LSE. Boris Yeltsin made an admirable attempt in his speech to the women of Russia, thanking them for their contribution to mankind etc. Back at the LSE however, a more concerted, or perhaps more constructive, effort was made as the Women's Group, chaired by Sarah Green, organized various events for the week.

The intention was to provide a variety of talks, discussions and videos relevant to women, but also of a general interest. Events were scheduled for every lunchtime starting from Tuesday, with representatives from The National Abortion Campaign, the Campaign Against Pornography, the Campaign Against Child Support Act, and a demonstration from The Women's Self Defence Group to conclude the week. Two evenings of "female orientated" films were also thrown in for the variety.

Most of these events ran quite smoothly attracting an average audience of around 25 students that was wide ranging. Even a few male speci-

mens turned up. It was unfortunate that after a great deal of effort had been made in organizing and publicising the week, firstly, the original 6 short films "made by women about women" failed to make it to the Post Office, and an alternative selection had to be made on the day, from the limited choice left. But perhaps more frustrating for the organizers were the difficulties involved in getting Wednesday's talk on pornography off the ground (which needless to say had attracted the largest and widest audience,) when the speaker forgot to make an appearance.

For Sarah Green, this "reflected my opinion of the state of British Feminism." But, the Women's Group appears to have recovered from last term's organizational collapse due to the former Chairperson's decision to "dropout". Green already has plans on how to strengthen and improve the Women's Group.

Next term there will be a debate with the controversial 'Men's Society'; and in the Autumn term of 1994/5 they intend to invite speakers such as Claire Short MP, and hold an open debate between representatives from Women's Censorship and the Campaign Against Pornography.

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POLITICKING

Edwina Currie, known for her supremely arrogant self-confidence, has become a little worried of late as it seems her political career could be coming to something of an unglorious end. Her fanaticism for all things European led her to seek adoption as the candidate for the European seat of Bedfordshire South, a seat which under normal circumstances would be considered something of a Tory stronghold. However, as John Major and his collection of assorted bastards know to their cost, these are far from normal circumstances. A combination of Boundary Commission changes, Government ineptitude and a widely respected Labour candidate mean that the 2977 majority will surely fall. The problem for Ms. Currie is that so confident was she of victory that she has spent the last couple of years ritually offending Tory party grandees and officials of her Derbyshire constituency, having delightedly proclaimed to them that she would not be seeking their nomination in the future. **POLITICKING** implores Central Office to find her a seat so that we will not have to suffer another of her appalling novels.

One seat which will definitely become available in time for the next election is the Oxfordshire seat of Witney, the stronghold of Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd. Hurd has had enough of putting up with what he reportedly feels are intellectual inferiors and unpleasant colleagues in the Cabinet, and is ready to go upstairs to the Lords and spend some time with his directorships. The seat has a majority of some 22568, which even the Tories may be able to win come the next general election. Francis Maude, the former junior Treasury Minister is already sniffing about and is ready to apply for the seat. Yet **POLITICKING** wonders whether or not Maude will have time to represent the gentle folk of Oxfordshire as he has managed to accrue so many part-time directorships and consultancies that his income level is something like £500 000 every year. He must be one of the few people in this country to feel the benefit of being made redundant.

The Liberal Democrat controlled Tower Hamlets council has proved its credentials for making a protest against racism in the area. The forthcoming TUC march was originally planned to finish in Mile End Park, the obvious place for it to finish after a demonstration around the area. This was turned down by the council, as was the alternative, Victoria Park. The reason for this decision perhaps has something to do with a fear of violence and wanting to protect local residents from the rampaging hordes of police? Well, actually no. The reason for being denied permission to have a finishing point in the area is the invocation of an ancient bye-law restricting the park to one gathering per calendar year, and fears for the grass and flowerbeds. Local government at its best.

Labour shadow Foreign Secretary Jack Cunningham has never been the most popular of people in the Parliamentary Labour Party, due largely to his aloof nature and the fact that he considers himself to be intellectually superior to all of his colleagues. Recently he managed to almost lose his shadow cabinet position (see **POLITICKING** 387). He has also managed to alienate his local party and his union sponsorship from the GMB. His popularity with other members of the shadow cabinet is also slightly doubtful. At a recent gathering in Glasgow **POLITICKING** was able to observe that whilst queueing to leave their hotel, Cunningham and Prescott began to have an interesting and at times animated discussion, the upshot of which being the next deputy Leader of the Labour Party using some apt and abusive terms for the man who has breakfast with Douglas Hurd.

College **POLITICKING**: Arts Editor of London student, Emily Barr, came to prominence for her employment with Tory Hartley Booth. The Evening Standard was able to reveal her previous liaisons with the imposed, not elected, leader of the Conservative Students. **POLITICKING** can reveal that one of the previous liaisons of the SWP selfpublicist is LSE's very own Tory love-child, Erik Meilke. **POLITICKING** assumes that that is what the SWP mean when they talk about "Fucking the Tories".

Oral Success



Adam Morris, front row left, and Cliver Ewerson, front row right, receiving the Melitta Challenge Trophy, for their collective debating skills.

Photo: Agency

Geoff Robertson

Two LSE students, Adam Morris (first year International Relations) and Clive Ewerson (third year Economics), found themselves considerably richer this week after having won the capital-wide Melitta Debating Challenge.

They beat off competition from 24 University colleges and Inns of Court teams, finally overcoming Lincoln's Inn,

QMW and Middle Temple (the favourites), to take first prize in the final.

The motion up for discourse, "This house believes that Western civilisation is morally bankrupt", was opposed by the LSE duo, who countered with the West's opportunities for liberty, equality and human rights. Although the challenge became fraught and heated, the LSE team stuck to their job, impressing the judges with their

clarity of speech. The panel adjudicating consisted of Frank Dobson MP, Stewart Steven, Evening Standard Editor, and Richard Hancock, Managing Director of Melitta UK. All the judges admired the force of argument from the LSE pair.

Morris and Ewerson won £500 and a silver coffee pot trophy, and both have decided to spend their winnings on a celebratory holiday (albeit to different destinations).

Theft Wave Hits School

Sonia Kalsi

Over recent years it seems that there has been a marked increase in the number of people who have had their things stolen in and around the LSE. Last week a first year Management Sciences student left her purse on a table in the library on the first floor. On her return, only minutes later, she discovered it had been stolen. It was later handed in to lost property - minus any of the money it had contained.

Several thefts have also been occurring in the Brunch Bowl. One first year law student had her purse stolen, which was later handed in to the Woolwich Building Society with money and phonecards stolen.

All this suggests that those who are stealing are in fact students. Usually only money is taken and the credit cards

etc. are left. Many students face financial difficulties, but it seems unfortunate that people have been reduced to stealing from their fellow students.

The Brunch Bowl is an ideal place for theft to occur. There are signs on the walls warning people not to leave their bags unattended but the question is, is this sufficient warning? A worker inside the Brunch Bowl says the signs are obviously there for a reason, and that it is the student's responsibility to take care of their own possessions. He could empathise with the student's situation because the Brunch Bowl is always very crowded and people often leave their bags in order to get tables. He warns that people should be a lot more careful about their things and not carry too much money with them. A female student had her bag containing £200 stolen from the Brunch Bowl.

On the more positive side, there are obviously occasions where lost property has been dutifully handed in in good faith. Another law student lost two birthday cards containing cheques of £20 and £15. Both were handed in to lost property.

A forgetful student left three library books in a lecture hall. The next day she went to the Library to find that some altruistic soul had returned them for her.

It may be rather obvious but the warning is to be careful with your possessions. Any stranger could walk into the LSE and probably go around unnoticed. If things are stolen it is important to report this or no action will be taken to combat the problem.

Academics are not immune to temptation; reports say that copies of *The Independent* have gone missing from the Senior Common Room.

Beery Beaver Busies Himself in Bristol

News Desk

There may have been controversy surrounding the recent LSE student union elections, but students

at Bristol University have got so desperate they have put up a candidate who answers to the name of Belvoir the Beaver.

In an interview with Epi-

gram, the Bristol University newspaper, Belvoir reputedly said that Claudia Schiffer would be his ideal one night stand.

His main policy is to provide cheap beer.

Lewis In-Lewis Out?

"Do we need a General Secretary?" asks the outgoing Returning Officer

James Brown

Ever since the creation of the fourth sabbatical post two years ago, questions have been asked as to the necessity of having a political figurehead in the LSE Students' Union.

Initially for two reasons, both connected with the recent sabbatical elections, those questions have intensified and constitutional reform is now set to be a major issue next year.

The first reason is simple: Martin Lewis, the General Secretary-elect, used this very issue in his campaign, and has indicated that once in office he will attempt to carry out this promise.

The second is more subtle. The General Secretary's role as defined by the Constitution is vague, encompassing "overall coordination of Union activities, student representation on School Committees, academic affairs, external affairs, contacts with the media, staffing matters, campaigns and publicity." It is possible for the incumbent to ignore or emphasise any of these areas without attracting attention, due to the general uncertainty over the role.

Put it another way - did any of the candidates in the recent elections seriously address these tasks? Is Martin Lewis brilliantly qualified to do the job? The position of Gen Sec is devoid of any real definition, making it a rusting ground for old hacks.

This political Bermuda Triangle has had two totally different navigators in the past two years: Fazile Zahir, and currently, Teshar Fitzpatrick. The difference in their attitudes to the job highlights the problem running to the core of the Union.

Fazile Zahir had, in the politest sense, a laid-back approach to the job. A few good ideas at the start, but studies obviously took up more of her time in later months. Despite her unpopularity in the Union, the collective could not bring itself to kick her out of office, mostly for fear of being unable to find a replacement. The fact that it was stupid to replace nothing with something when it costs money and you've lived without an effective Gen Sec for so long seemed to escape most peoples' thoughts.

By stark contrast Teshar Fitzpatrick has made a sustained effort this year. The only blemish on her record is a censure motion served against her for doing her job possibly too well, and opening someone else's death threat. Oops.



Photo: Jon Santa Cruz

The problem is despite all this extra work, has the Union been any better? Arguably, things have been more organised, but surely circulating minutes and notification of meetings is the job of the Union administration, and not that of a politician. Otherwise, any improvement has gone mostly unrecognised. There has been a similar level of discontentment towards Teshar (perhaps disenchantment is a better word for it) as was directed towards Fazile Zahir the previous year.

Just as it was difficult to pinpoint what Faz did badly (out of what she did), it is difficult to see what Teshar has done well. The other sabbaticals all have clearly defined jobs (Finance, Welfare and Entertainment) making it easy to gauge their performance, and comparisons can easily be drawn from year to year based on empirical evidence (ie success of events, budget deficit etc.).

The debate over the replacement of the Union political figurehead was given further impetus last week in the Union General Meeting (UGM), when students voted overwhelmingly in favour of a Beaver editor sabbatical.

The problem with this is funding, as the School is known to be unwilling to fund a fifth sabbatical through the block grant. Thus a solution presents itself which would satisfy the UGM's wishes, avoid problems with the School, and extract the worst political aspects from the current Union structure - simply, abolish the General Secretary, and create a Beaver sabbatical.

The current tasks of the General Secretary could be simply reallocated amongst the current sabbaticals and the new Beaver sabbatical. For example, "contacts with the media, external affairs, campaigns and publicity" would all fall quite neatly into the remit of the new position, whilst the Welfare Officer could take responsibility for "academic affairs and representation on School committees."

Staffing matters are, through the Administration and Staffing Committee (ASC), currently the preserve of all sabbaticals. This should remain the same, but with a different officer taking the responsibility of chairing the meetings.

The last part of the General Secretary's remit concerns "overall coordination of student activities", which could simply be subsumed by a modified Executive Committee. Coordination is assured by weekly meetings of the Executive Committee, which itself would be much strengthened if the members had more defined roles, and an office from which to work.

To strengthen the Committee, instead of electing six people onto a "slate" on the Executive - after which positions are divided up two each onto the Finance, Welfare and Entertainments committees - members should be given more defined roles, allowing them to compliment or take over aspects of the sabbaticals work. A Publicity Officer could assist the Beaver sabbatical, an Academic Affairs Officer - the Welfare Officer, and so on. Accountability of these non-sabbatical officers would as a result be beneficially enhanced.

the chances of smaller groups or individuals gaining representation. If the non-sabbatical officers are to be accountable for their new powers, they will need to be elected to a specific post, which has to be done separately.

However, it would not be necessary to commit the Beaver sabbatical to Union work; just give the Beaver the money for the position in its budget and let them get on with it: independence assured, but accountability out of Union hands. In this case membership of the Executive Committee would fall to thirteen, allowing the election of another non-sabbatical officer.

The debate over constitutional reform will be lengthy. Many different groups in the Union may object to various aspects of the changes, but it will be an important challenge for Martin Lewis and the incoming Executive Committee to ensure the proposals are presented as an acceptable whole; even one amendment could ruin the delicate balance needed for the proposals to enhance the working of the Union.

It will also be a test of Martin Lewis' political acumen, as he has the chance to abolish the position he will soon hold, and go down in history as the last General Secretary of the London School of Economics. In doing so he will probably have to admit that his position has no real use - save that of reforming the constitution - which might not sit easily with his ambition. Of such courage are great leaders (and great Unions) made.

A Question
of
Science



ipms

PUBLIC DEBATE

THE PANEL

David Bellamy ● Prof. Jocelyn Bell-Burnell (Open University)
● Prof. Alec Boksenberg (RGO) ● Anne Campbell MP
● Don Foster MP ● Will Hutton (The Guardian) ● Robert Jackson MP ● Chair: Bill Brett (IPMS)

IS THERE A
FUTURE FOR
BRITISH SCIENCE?
Can science
create new jobs?
How do we recruit
and retain more
women into science?

THE VENUE

Wednesday, 23 March 1994
Old Theatre
London School of
Economics
Houghton Street
London WC2
6.30 - 8.00 pm

Information: Valerie Ellis, Institution of Professional Managers and Specialists 071 924 1151

The Beaver

Happy 400th to you all. It's been along time coming and I would never have thought four years ago when I came to the LSE that I would be writing this editorial. Apologies for being late, but if you look at the front cover and imagine the amount of effort that has been put in to it and times it by 400 issues, you can imagine the amount of hours that many students over the years have voluntarily put in to "The Beaver".

In fact many student at the LSE put in a great amount of effort that goes largely unrecognised. Yet every year the LSESU elects 20 honorary students and usually it is the "hacks" who are nominated. Many people will do what they have done regardless of being made an honorary student and in a way it is those that should put forward. Did the Exec. or sabbaticals publish the fact that any one could nominate people through Union Council, I think not. Instead they perpetuate the system by choosing the candidates themselves. I have yet to see the completed list but I suspect that only one or two nominees will not be hacks.

I will end by returning to the Beaver and it's future. I will be resigning soon and I think I've done my best for the paper. I have, by my motion to the UGM pushed the debate forward into a new area. It is one in which I see a Beaver Executive Editor being paid for the 40 hours plus a week for the hours they put in and a guaranteed income from the Union block grant so that we do not have to haggle through the press as we have done this year. Ironically we have two celebrations this year. The 400th issue you know about, but on May 5th we celebrate the 45th anniversary of the first ever Beaver in 1959.

Throughout this year I have been very pessimistic about the Beaver's future. At last with this issue out of the way, the Government proposals behind us I can congratulate Charles R. Stuart for being the first Beaver Editor and now I know that Ron Voce will not be the last Editor of the Beaver, and that makes me very, very happy even though I am very very tired

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Tyrannical Rule of the C&S Committee

Dear Beaver,

I would like to express my amazement at the number of candidates standing for the Constitution & Steering Committee (C&S) this year. Indeed it was statistically easier to be elected to the Exec., and the election count was so close (& the position so sought after), that a recount was called.

Democratically, this is all good news however, speaking as one of four appointed members to the last C&S, I cannot help wondering about the cause of this interest.

Part of the reason surely lies in the transformation of the role of the Committee, over the last year (when it

should be noted, the Committee was half-appointed). The C&S has powers to decide which motions go into the UGM; which are to be prioritised (pending a UGM vote); and now, seemingly, which candidates are allowed to stand for election.

The worrying aspect of this power is that candidates stand for C&S elections under party headings. Given that you can generally interpret the Constitution in any way you like, there is not naturally pressure from outside interests as the members of the C&S.

It is incorrect to suggest, that the C&S is unbiased, either politically or personally.

This year, we are fortunate enough to have an elected Committee. Even now, however, the power of the C&S can result in unchecked majority tyranny. If it is necessary for the C&S to have such power, I would suggest that the danger provided by the outside influences, and party hacks within the Committee itself, is reduced. If this cannot be done, it might be better to change the whole structure, perhaps creating an appeal system to deal with controversial issue.

Send any suggestions to the new C&S, where they can "recommend" a future for themselves.

N Dearden

Just Do it

Dear Beaver

First of all, I would like to thank Hasan Khalid for his well argued opinion in the Beaver 21st Feb, "Images of Muslim." I would certainly agree that the perennial question "Why are we here?" has never produced a consensus, even though the question "How are we here?" has been answered satisfactorily by biology and natural history. It is, however the proposition that religion, in this case Islam, can answer the "why" question that I would like to take issue with.

I would contend that belonging to a certain religion, or not, is largely an "accident of birth." If we ignore the statistically insignificant number of various conversions, your religion is taken from the kind of social climate you were brought up in - family, school, country, etc. In this way someone born in Egypt is overwhelmingly likely to become a Muslim whereas a Polish baby is almost certain to be a Catholic - there is nothing innate about any religion. So if Hasan had been born into a Russian family and myself into, say, a Pakistani one, then it would probably be me advocating Islam. My point is that religion, which is determined by something so arbitrary as birth-place, cannot explain the universal problem of why we are here.

People may counter my argument by saying that I simply do not understand what it is to be a Muslim and that is certainly true as far as it goes. I do, however, know that I resent being told that, "...the best quality a person can have, on which friendship can be based upon, is the understanding and practice of that which can give them real success in not only this life, but also after death-Islam." Here I am being told that successes that I have

achieved in this life are somehow not "real" because they have not been based on Islam. This is the central tragedy of all religion, the dogmatic self-righteousness and the principle of exclusion. For all believers there will always be unbelievers, outsiders who will at worst be persecuted, at best be dismissed as "not understanding".

Religion has no monopoly on truth or spirituality. I would say that the great works of Mozart, van Gough, Marie Curie or even Ryan Giggs for that matter are just as valid and as spiritually uplifting though they may not have been inspired by any religious faith.



But it is inevitable that religion will serve to limit the mind. If one route claims to be the only way, then it follows that other paths are seen as misguided. As Hasan says, "Islam is... the submitting of one's will to that of a God." This is an anathema to me as I'm sure to many others - I prefer to take full personal responsibility for my actions, success or failure, rather than submit my will to anyone. As students I would say this is especially true, at a time in our lives when we are surrounded by so many different views, books, opinions and learning it seems sad to me to

be already locked into one "true" system of beliefs as opposed to casting around for your own answers - they may be wrong but at least they are yours alone. Hasan's triumphant announcement that the "youngest Muslim boy" would answer instantly that the purpose of life is "to be a Muslim" is, to me, ridiculous and frightening. Young boys or girls cannot have a clue what life is about because they have seen so little of it. For my part I was, quite frankly, more concerned with the "Hardy Boys" latest adventure and my Grifter bike than whether my life had any meaning. This illustration of a young boy serves to show how religion is a result of childhood indoctrination rather than any sort of conscious thought process - which would be beyond the "youngest boy".

Fundamentally it is this dogmatic and authoritarian claim to represent the truth that I object to. It is quite understandable that people will seek to find a meaning to life. The "strain of civilisation" as Karl Popper puts it has made people look for some sort of order in the seeming chaos. I am saying that this order should not be imposed upon us. On the other hand I cannot be so pessimistic as to agree with Kafka when he said, "...the incomprehensible is incomprehensible, and that we knew before." All I am asking for is an attitude of "you may be right and I may be wrong, and by an effort we may get closer to the truth." I am quite prepared to admit that I am totally wrong, is Hasan prepared to do the same? Above all, just do your own thing and in the words of that fountain of spirituality, Belinda Carlisle, "Live your life be free...etc."

Yours
Mark McCrory

Sabbaticals... Why?

Dear Beaver

Being an ignorant American who will be spending three years at the LSE, I would like to know the reasoning behind why we even have sabbatical officers? Does the school really need to pay these four individuals £13,000 a year to do a job most students would gladly take if only to put it down on their C.V.'s. In addition to that, these people will no longer be students but will supposedly represent our views. I mean even Gary "wash much?" Delaney would do a credible job if he wasn't paid. Well maybe not, but at least now he can afford to clean himself up with a haircut and some soap. Rob Hick was robbed.

On a more serious note, I would like to rally behind our elected leader, I mean General Secretary, Martin Lewis who has been described as a "bastard cheat" by the likes of David "from the planet Vulcan" Whippe. The man, or rather child, who has even been known to insult the likes of the "great" LSE seconds football squad (including the speed of Pederson), as well as myself and my weight, or rather excess of it. Martin Lewis deserves our support. Hopefully he will make himself readily available to the common student, at least more so than his predecessor Tesh Fitzpatrick. I don't even know who she is, and I even attend the odd UGM if just to throw paper and noisily chant "Keegan, Keegan, Keegan."

As far as the other sabbatical posts go, I am both satisfied and dissatisfied. Satisfied in that at the LSE, not just any bird can win an election by being precisely that, a bird. Dissatisfied at the fact that at the LSE, a bird can win an election without a firm grasp on the issues, but by being just a bird. In case you are unaware of what I am getting at I'll explain. Vini Ghatate barely won the post of Overseas (sic) [Welfare] and Equal Opportunities officer over an obviously less qualified, non foreign, but much prettier opponent in Kate Hampton. On the other hand, Ron Voce was beaten by Ola Budwhatever. Ron without a doubt qualified and definitely experienced in running a campaign (especially now after

three unsuccessful ones), was simply overcome by the phrase "Totally" Independent.

Lastly I would like to congratulate all of the Passfield Hall women who were elected to some type of committee or other. I'm sure Sam Chalkey, Sarah Clifford, Karen Lie, Claire Lawrie, Vini Ghatate and last but not least, Linda Pearson (who I fancy very much) will all do a fine job.

Yours

**Guy Entin Abramovitz
(AKA the Lord of Lard)**

P.S. A little more advice for Martin Lewis. If you're ever stuck for something to say at a UGM or meeting, just start chanting "Yid Army". I'm sure Paul Schlagman, myself, or one of the many Spurs fans, will be close at hand to help you.

Lesson one: Multi-Coloured Cardigans Don't Win Votes

Dear Beaver,

In last week's Beaver I found Geoffrey Brow's letter concerning the disqualification of Ralph Wilde to be factually inaccurate and hypocritical. Firstly, to state, that Martin Lewis was acquitted for "a very similar charge" is absolute shite. Lewis broke what was a new rule and so had the infinitely believable argument of himself being completely ignorant. Wilde, on the other hand, in trying to gain the 'geek' vote (i.e. Nick Blunden) in the Library, and was infringing election rules that had stood previously. Also, to say that

Wilde was "unaware of" his law breaking is very hard to believe seeing as my good friend Raj "ooh ah" Jethwa, who has a beard, knew full well the rule despite not knowing how to speak properly or that multicoloured cardigans and jumpers are unlikely to win votes or respect. Conversely a man of Wilde's calibre who "puts the rest of the Union officers to shame" was unaware of any irregularity. The words "Jimmy" and "Hill" immediately spring to mind.

I also note with interest that Geoffrey, who confesses to knowing little about Union politics, seems at the same time

to know that Wilde was the choice of LSE students and would have won easily. This is probably true, but then most people would have thought that about Ron Voce and Rob Hick. Unfortunately they both fell victim to the LSE curse of ignoring the best candidates for the jobs and instead voting for the best posters, with the result that our money is controlled by a bar maid and our Ents budget will probably be spent on lentils. The difference is that Voce and Hick lost honourably without resorting to cheating (unless you count flyposting the law courts of course).

Finally, I would like to know if in between co-ordinating the Ralph Wilde fan club and judging a Union which he obviously knows nothing about, he could take the time to lend me his thesaurus because I'm not too familiar with "junta", "lexicon" and "egoaucracy". However, I feel compelled to mention a few choice words of my own concerning Geoffrey's article. Bollocks is a particularly good one. So is wanker.

Chris Cooper

P.S. Hard as it is to believe, there are not that many students who find the whole Dennis Russell incident interesting anymore.

Meaningless Student Politics

Dear Beaver,

In last week's edition you stated that you believed that two letters, one by Patrick Bateman and one from an "F. Bulsara", were in fact written by the same person under two pseudonyms. Of the nine letters published last week, five were written by me, but "F. Bulsara" (an anagram, maybe?) was not one of them. Over the last three weeks I have been published as Patrick Bateman twice, Evelyn Chambers, Craig McDermott twice, Paul Owen twice, Alex VanPatten, Tim Price and Marcus Halberstam. All the names were taken from Brett Easton Ellis "American Psycho", which you really ought to read, since you obviously aren't familiar with it.

At first I was sure someone would realise; they would recognise the names, and the letters were all the same length, structure, and used the same

vocabulary and tone of voice. Obviously nobody has either the perception (and it was fairly obvious) to spot the similarities, or knew the book. I began to write for amusement, to see how many people I could offend, but I also had a more serious agenda. The majority of the students at LSE dislike the way that their union is trivialised by a minority of self-serving egomaniacs, rendering their only representative body futile. The Beaver is consequently condemned to reporting petty squabbles and bitching between the same few hacks. The UGM is an arena in which insults are traded which, if directed at me, I would not tolerate. The normal standards of politeness and respect are abandoned, and no difference of opinion justifies this, especially over something as meaningless as student politics.

What worries me more is

that in what purports to be a place of learning, and one with such a reputation, there is so little tolerance for other people's ideas. Nobody has a monopoly on truth, be they Socialist, gay, Islamic, feminist working class or Tory. Equally a degree is no guarantee of a reasonable mind; if anything it allows one to find new arguments to prove they are "right". Anyone who cannot see this, and consequently does not show others the respect they deserve, has much to learn however well educated they may be.

A few people will have realised by now who I am, but really my identity is unimportant. The multiple pseudonyms aren't a symptom of schizophrenia, merely mild megalomania, but that doesn't seem too out of place at LSE.

Yours Sincerely,
Patrick Bateman



Identity Crisis

Dear Editor,

I would like to quell your speculations that both of the letters in your last issue were written by the same author. They were not.

Perhaps I should point out to you that F. Bulsara was in fact Freddie Mercury's real name - no indication of my sex or sexuality.

Yours Faithfully
I. S. Lamb

Your Right to Vote

Dear Beaver,

I would like to encourage all here who haven't done so to register to vote. Whatever your opinion on the economy, Europe, higher education, funding or "fifteen glorious years", it will all go unnoticed unless you are registered by 20th March.

To get on the electoral roll and be eligible to vote on the forthcoming local and European elections in May and June, either contact one of the main political parties or your local authority (in the phone book). Don't lose what people in South Africa have campaigned and died for, the right to vote.

Yours sincerely
Francisca Malarée
LSE Labour Club

Damning Indictment

Dear Beaver,

"Sex appeal sells chocolate, cars and LSESU candidates."

Very true, but something which should be put in its proper perspective. If the students of the LSE vote for a candidate based purely upon their respective sex appeal then it shows their inadequacies rather than that of the candidates they voted for. (Interestingly, this is a charge directed only against the women candidates in the election.)

The two letters written in last week's Beaver highlight the deeply apathetic nature of most LSE students. If they don't care who runs their union that is their prerogative, personally I see it only as a damning indictment of themselves.

Yours Faithfully,
Nalin Jaryaratine

Handy Hints

Dear Beaver,

I was having a wank last night when the oddest thing happened. Just as I was about to reach climax, the thought of James Atkinson, that fat bloke in the LSE Tories, popped into my head. I found this a little strange to say the least, since I had a good picture of Nick Kirby, Chair of Constitution and Steering Committee in front of me and I was concentrating hard, but I had to stop and lie down for a while to recover from the shock. Is this some sort of record?

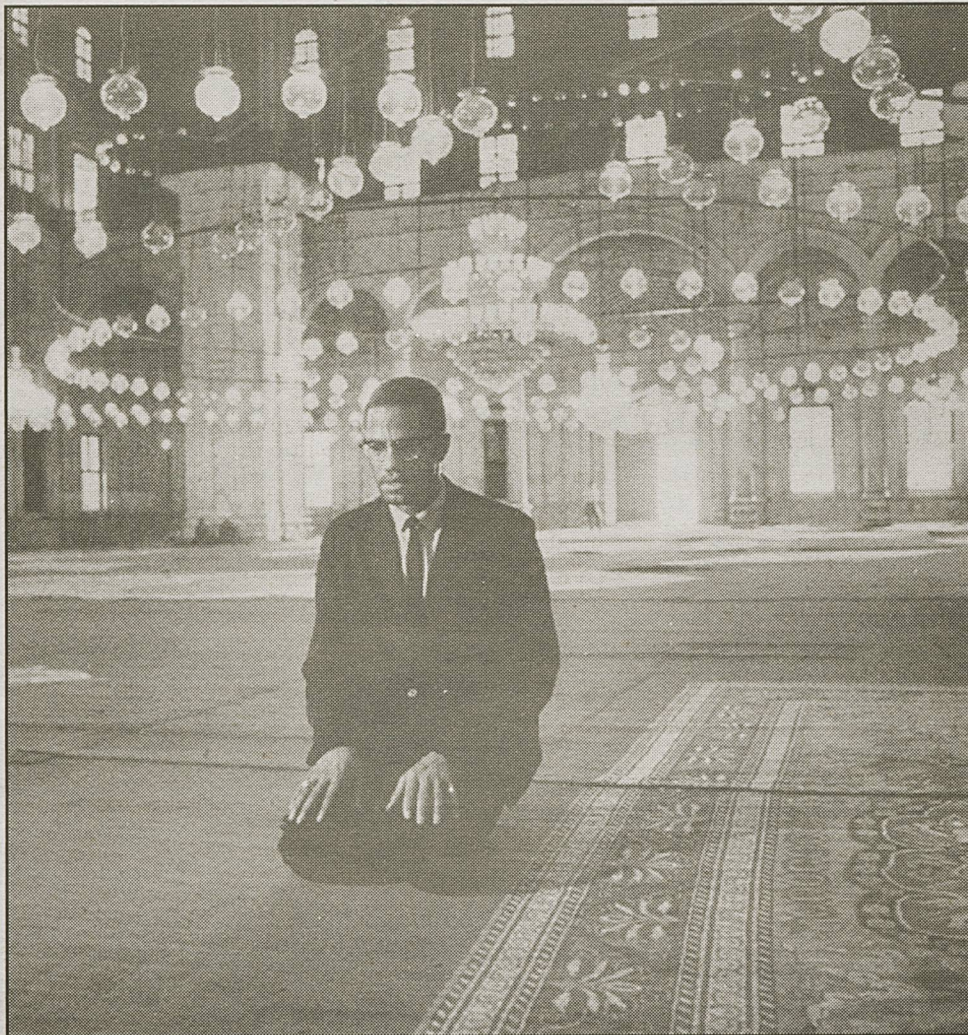
Yours embarrassed,
P.Nis (Post Graduate
Aeronautical Engineering)

Malcolm X:

Hasan Khalid

We've all seen the movie, read the books and bought the t-shirts. X-mania has come and gone leaving us with no real understanding of the man: his life history and how it contributed to the creation of a most remarkable leader, his ideas and where they came from and how unique they were, etc. This short article hopes to raise these points and more:

No one knows for sure who killed Malcolm X. We know who actually pulled the trigger, but we know that those individuals were just puppets. We don't know who controlled the strings. We don't even know exactly why he was killed. Maybe he was getting too militant. Or too much of an internationalist by calling for a unification of the worldwide anti-oppression struggle. Or perhaps the Nation Of Islam saw him as a threat to their leadership and their membership drive. Maybe. What we do know is that it was in the vested interest of a number of groups to eliminate him - not because he was an irrelevant rabble-rouser (for if he was then there would be no reason to kill him) but because they knew well his present capacity for mass agitation and his political clout (witness the effect his second African tour had on the leaders of those countries who created a precedent by taking



America to task for its Human and Civil rights record in the U.N.) and his profound ability to change and improve with time. But while we know that Malcolm was despised by many, we also know that he was loved by many. In any literature which deals

with the quest of the Afro-American for upliftment and respect, you will find Malcolm X holds a central place. The name "Malcolm X" is uttered with respect mingled with awe. When quoted, his words give a sense of superiority to an argument. Yet how is it that one man on whom so much attention has been showered, is still as difficult to define today as he was when Ossie Davis delivered his famous eulogy, nearly 30 years ago?

X-tremes: The Theme Of Change.
"But people are always speculating - why am I as I am? To understand that of any person, his whole life must be reviewed. All of our experiences fuse into our personality."
 (The Autobiography Of Malcolm X)

This is certainly true for Malcolm X. His evolution from a virtual orphan to an "internationally-known symbol of the Black struggle for human and civil rights" is a testimony to not only his greatness, in particular, but in general to the indestructibility of the human soul which, even after reaching the brink of despair, can still rise to the highest of heights. Malcolm Little was a pimp, a drug addict, a thief, the lowest of low. A societal parasite, sucking the blood of the rich and poor alike. This was Malcolm at his worst. As he himself admitted, he had no mind in those days, he just reacted. Whatever society was doing, he did. Whatever society demanded of him, he responded. Yet through the Nation Of Islam (NOI) he was "resurrected". He was almost literally brought back from physical death to a new life. How many people, be they selfless junkies or just soulless materialistic students, would be prepared to leave a life of proverbial

'freedom' for one of regimented discipline that characterised the NOI in those days? The Nation taught that smoking and drinking were societal evils and were to be avoided. Malcolm never touched either of these after leaving prison. Detroit Reds (as he was known in hustler circles), just before being caught by the police, was high from cocaine, heroine, marijuana, LSD, benzedrine and alcohol - simultaneously. The Nation taught the value of the family and the responsibility of the father in particular - a job was a definite "yes" and extra-marital affairs a certain "no". Malcolm fulfilled both responsibilities admirably. Detroit Reds couldn't keep a job (even illegal ones) and once even live with prostitutes. All of these changes and more, were symbolised by the dropping of his family name for the almost mythical "X".

But this theme of change, a kind of revolutionary evolution, is repeated throughout Malcolm's life: when confronted with the truth of a matter, his complete willingness to totally reject the old and fully accept the new. This willingness to accept what is proven, instantly, is one of the hallmarks of those who are really sincere - to themselves and to the truth. And this theme was repeated. For those who think five years in a state of ignorance as a juvenile delinquent renders a person incapable of change, then imagine nearly sixteen as a blind follower of Elijah Muhammed and the Nation. Yet he did change. The second time it was more philosophical and theological and less physical, but just as drastic. Today's generation, especially the young 'armchair-revolutionaries-in-waiting', would do well to learn this theme of change and improvement.

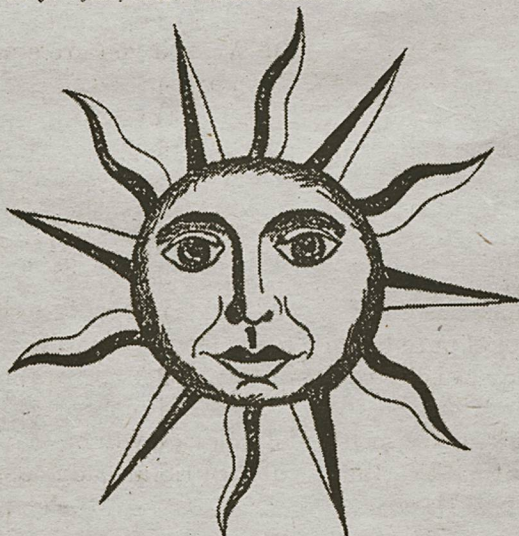
X-amplar: Malcolm The Man, Islam The Ideal.

"...only when mankind would submit to the One God who created all - only then would mankind even approach the 'peace' of which so much talk could be heard...but toward which so little action was seen."
 (The Autobiography Of Malcolm X)

All great revolutionaries are led by a dream, some sort of practical ideal to which they are striving. Whether it be the earthly great classless society, or the otherworldly heaven, all visionaries have it. And the fulfilment of that dream is the over riding aim. On the civil-rights front, Martin Luther King dreamed of a day when "all of God's children could walk hand in hand," despite differences in colour. Malcolm X dreamed of a society based on brotherhood, where people of different backgrounds could live together with mutual respect and love. Martin's dream was based on Christianity. Malcolm's on Islam.

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Revisited

But the dreams were different if only because the dreamers themselves were. Unlike King's, Malcolm's dream wasn't based upon a Book. Malcolm had spent 16 years philosophising and intellectualising in the NOI. Malcolm had studied and researched and created for himself a pseudo-dream: a great Black society, based on racialism and nationalism. This was the dream that defined the Malcolm of the Nation Of Islam days. Everything he did, everything he said was unilaterally aimed towards this. The social mobilisation programs, designed to get Blacks off drugs (legal and illegal ones), was for this aim. The economic independence programs which were geared towards getting Blacks off the welfare checks, also fulfilled that aim. And so on for all of the other programs. But this wasn't the dream Malcolm died upon; his final dream wasn't one he read about in a book, or heard about. The dream he died upon was a living dream. A reality. Something he actually saw and felt. And those few days in Mecca where the dream was lived was sufficient to completely destroy any previous dreams he had:

"The colour-blindness of the Muslim world's religious society and the colour-blindness of the Muslim world's human society: these two influences had each day been making a greater impact, and an increasing persuasion against my previous ways of thinking." (The Autobiography Of Malcolm X)

This was the dream that Malcolm tried to explain to America. A society of brotherhood where people were united by worship. The worship of the One God Who, unlike in Christian traditions, could not be symbolised at all. (It was while in Mecca that Malcolm finally realised the twin dangers of symbolisation and of deification of men. By symbolising God you limit what cannot and shouldn't be limited. Moreover you identify God, Who is universal, with a particular group - by drawing God as a White man you

make Him European, likewise if you make Him Black then He is African. Similarly with deification.) So by not symbolising God He remains universal. For everyone to worship, together. And this was one of the ideals that Malcolm spent the latter months of his life. Malcolm also realised that the Afro-Americans needed cultural and education programs to build up their identity and sense of worth. His two organisations, the Muslim Mosque Inc. and the Organisation of Afro-American Unity were dedicated to both of these causes.

Whatever the merits or demerits of their dreams, both men sincerely believed in them. And died for them. And now, thirty years later, we are still reaching out for the same old dreams and grappling with the same old problems, of exploitation, racism, materialism...

X-ism: Putting The X Back In Revolution.

"...to be respected as a human being, to be given the rights of a human being, in this society, in this country, on this earth, which we intend to bring into existence by any means necessary."

(Malcolm X)

We need change. We need great leaders with programs which can try and get us out of this mess we call "the modern world". I think we have a good example in Malcolm X. Let us study his life and take from it the good and leave the bad and maybe, just maybe, we can turn this world around for the better:

"...if by my dying it has helped to cure the malignant cancer that is destroying America...then all praises are for Allah. Only the mistakes are mine."

(Malcolm X)

Hasan Khalid replies to the criticism of his articles on the "Images of Islam"

Dear Beaver,

I hope that you will bear with me for anyone to appear twice in one paper is bordering on a drag but I think last week's letters of criticism by Mr. Bateman(?) raised some interesting issues. Anyway I'll try and be brief.

The whole aim of the few articles on Images Of Islam was to present to a predominantly white-European audience a few glimpses into Islam and to the mind and world of a Muslim. Obviously when one reads such articles and then turns on the TV. The two images to a large extent don't agree. But Mr. Bateman, you have to remember to make the most elementary distinction between Islam-the system for life, and Muslims-the human beings who are supposed to follow the ideal. The images I dealt with were of Islam and of those Muslims who understand and earnestly tried to follow the ideal. The images you brought were largely unfocused views of humans beings doing whatever they wish, under the name of Islam. The two are different. In fact, I could tell you of even worse things that Muslims do in the name of Islam. Suffice to say that under any system, be it religious, political etc., there will always be some individuals who will carry out their own agenda which will be in total contradiction to the system they are supposed to be upholding. Moving to the examples that were raised:

1- Everybody should know that Louis Farrakhan is not a Muslim precisely because of his racism and other things he is oft to say (e.g. that the Black man is God on Earth, and whites well...aren't.) So to use him as proof of racism in Islam is folly;

2- Likewise to talk about Iran as if it was the standard-bearer of pure Islam is nonsense-with over 52 Muslim-controlled governments you only bring the case of one (the most extreme at that);

3- You talked about Jihad-what do you know about Jihad? You said that the convenient teaching of going to heaven if you die while fighting has inspired many a war. May I remind you of two primary school facts: no.1-the most oppressive and bloody wars have not been waged by Muslims, but by Christians- both World Wars, the conquest of most of Africa, the America's, large parts of Asia and Australia, the Inquisition (a virtual religious civil war), the Crusades etc., and no. 2-that any time you have an ideology that people strongly believe in, be it religious, political, economic, even environmental etc., that there will always be some ready to kill and die for it. This is a fact not just peculiar to Islam.

4- I won't waste space dealing with women in Islam because you obviously don't know what you're talking about - arranged marriages, subservience of women, women-paid dowries (and heavy ones at that) have nothing whatsoever to do with the teachings of Islam (though Muslims persist in doing it). Moreover, if Islam is so oppressive to women then why are more women entering the religion than men in America (Times), and certainly in my part of the C'bean (Barbados)?

5- Finally you dealt with Islamic law. Mr Bateman, the only reason why there is no such thing as "rape in marriage", in Islam, is because by the legal definition, rape in Islam can only occur between a man and a woman to whom he is not related to in any way (including marriage). Likewise, by definition, fornication occurs when neither party are married. However, if a man forces himself on his wife, what he is guilty of is not rape, but of being harsh, cruel, uncaring etc. which has a specific punishment attached to it. You also dealt with punishments in general, calling them "repugnant". If that's your opinion, fine. But I'll tell you this, you'd think two or three times before snatching a tin of baked beans from Tesco's if you knew that you'd lose a hand for it. And anyway, the law only applies to those who had no need for what they stole. So unlike here in the West, if you are starving and the Government hasn't provided you with some kind of sustenance, you won't be punished for that tin of baked beans.

Lastly a word of advice to Mr. Bateman - if you look to the practices of the generality of Muslims for an idea of Islam you're going to get very messed up; if you are sincere but confused then it is best to talk to Muslims of knowledge, or to refer to good authoritative books. From next term the Islamic Soc. will have such books, and the BLPES already has.

Yours Sincerely,
Hasan Khalid
President Islamic Soc.

The Beaver is here to represent all the students of the LSE, their opinions and points of view. I will allow anyone who asks or writes to be printed, space and deadlines permitted, regardless of my own personal view on the subject matter.

The Beaver will have Hasan Khalid's articles and those under pseudonyms from "American Psycho" if they are of interest. But frankly we wondered how long it would be before you had to write in and tell us you were one (or five) and the same.

The Editor

The Cafe

The Students' Union Cafe will remain open during the Easter Vacation between the hours of 10am and 3pm with lunch being served between 12pm and 2pm.

If you are staying on campus, come and try our new products, sandwiches, hot food and cakes as well as salads.

We remain open from 9am-5pm during term time, with a special exam breakfast from 8.30am starting on May 21st.

Starting on April 10th, afternoon tea will be served between 3pm-5pm

An LSESU Service

Women Students Presentation Skills Workshop

Having difficulties in seminars? Need some help in presenting your material?

Come to skills workshop on Wednesday, 16th March 2.15 - 3.30pm, Room A157

Rose Rachman
Advisor to Women Students

Liz Waller
Chaplain

Busy Beaver

Hello my little darlings, it's me again Busy Beaver back to spread the word to the faithful. My, my it's been a busy week, hasn't it? Those rapscallions in the AU went to Paris and had a wail of a time, more of which can be found elsewhere. BB was absolutely thrilled with the postcard, chaps, but it did leave me wondering just how many games one can play involving one's cack. Of course not everyone played games on a Wednesday afternoon and could therefore not join the "lads" on their outing, so an alternative good time was sought at either Hellfire or the Rosebery Party. Unfortunately my aching bones weren't up to bopping the night away to all the latest sounds by the those top combos so I satisfied myself with a nice, warm mug of cocoa and finished a tricky bit of needlepoint, but my spies were out.

Hellfire was a laugh once more, filling the pockets of Verity Lambert. Pity about the ladies bogs, though. One needed a canoe to get to the urinals, apparently. More was needed the following night at Rosebery, however, where Western Civilization collapsed, hell froze over and Il Vocé almost pulled. No kidding, luvvies, the man whose organ has circulation figures of over 4,000 spent the best part of the evening dancing the night away with a very nice young lass by the name of Claire Sorry, despite the efforts of Martin Stupid and Pissed Pooper. On hand to fend off any attempts to interrupt Vocé's evening were the terrible twins Neil and Nick Fuckinghornybastards, who although quick, were fucking horny, apparently. This young lass thinks so, anyway. One lass who did pull was bar manager Julie Hacksaw, whose tongue disappeared down the throat of a certain Ginger-haired Rugby player's cousin.

Elsewhere, the Tuns staff had their own, special night out, instigated by Fax Zebra. Worst for wear coming sunrise was Norwegian Nick, who managed to puke up "at least ten times". Next time dear, down go so hard on the alcohol. Other establishments don't water it down like Mr Fagan.

The Football dinner caused a bit of an uproar. The shock affects are still being felt along certain corridors of Carr Saunders after a motley detachment of the main party took offence at being water bombed by a sleeping resident. Not wanting to be humiliated, the not-so-talented assailants kicked down the door of their attacker only to find that they'd picked the wrong room and disturbed an innocent Fresher from her slumber. While all this was happening, no one noticed Mr Whippe slip away into the night. It's alleged Rosebery was his destination. BB has yet to find out why.....

Speaking of dinners, last Wednesday the Finance and Services Committee met for their annual end of office bash. Indeed Sum TracksuitbottomsKung the SU Finance Secretary, almost was bashed by the fat Italian manageress of "Pollos". This was due to his tactful negotiations for a larger table and his tactful references to the state of the Italian economy. Thus the merry party were impolitely dismissed and filed across the road to take their business elsewhere. The lunchtime concluded when several Exec members stumbled into the Exec meeting, dreaming of Bulgarian red wine. Good to know we have responsible people in power. Continuing in this vain, it's no wonder that Ola Softfocus Budweiser is offering the Women's Room to the Beaver next year. This is obviously in exchange for Beaver funds stolen from Il Vocé to produce her "page three" campaign photos.

Oh well, BB must fly. The milk's on the boil and Mother's getting irritated by my constant scribbling on A4 foolscap. Before I fly, however, there is just time for one quick announcement. Nalin Jarofchutney would like to know who he snogged last weekend. Wouldn't we all, mate. Rabies shots are so very hard to come-by nowadays.

Whoops There Go My Trousers

Rogers gives LSE a rogering.....

Mr Rogers

Don't get me wrong, I love almost everything about this wonderful place, the charming people and beautiful surroundings, but there are a few boils on the L.S.E's arse which "bug and annoy" me. I'll start from the top I think, with John "I've got an ugly chauffeur" Ashworth. He is not a director, he's a headmaster and he's not fooling anybody with his pretence. If I had my way he'd don a cap and gown and be forced to shout at kids who fart in assembly. Mind you he does spank a lot of little boys bottoms, so the rumour goes.

The thing that first raised my heckles when I first came to the L.S.E is the name of the ever popular canteen. What sort of stupid name is "The Brunch Bowl" and who thought of it? Also, considering its' stupid name there are always far too many people there. I went there at 5:00am on Christmas day with David Whippy after what would have been a very memorable Christmas Eve, if we could have remembered it, and we were still forced to split up. Davy had to sit next to an oddly shaped lardy effeminate man, who kept spilling his juices on his feet whilst emanating unique gastric noises. I was slightly luckier and had to sit on the lap of an old diseased lady who had wandered in off the street thinking that it was the Post Of-

fice and smelt strongly of a bizarre concoction of lavender and stale urine.

Looking around the Brunch Bowl, I pondered over the mentality of the electorate who selected this year's snatch of sabbaticals. Upon hearing the sabbatical results as they happened, we were constantly amazed at the inability of the voters to elect the most competent candidates and instead opt for the largest poster campaign. They did manage to vote in Vini though but this was for the Equal Opportunities and Welfare post which doesn't actually do anything except finance dungarees, drugs and handbags if the last year's experience was anything to go by. Good old Teshher made a very emotive speech last Thursday in the UGM asking for a more positive attitude towards the sabbaticals from your birthday Beaver. What would probably help is if firstly they earned their money and secondly if we elected the best candidates. There are 5 months worth of holidays in their sabbatical year for which they still get paid. They don't even sing when they're mandated to by the UGM. All that they appear to do is put in a motion about racism or grant cuts every week and get annoyed if somebody mentions the word "poofter".

That's another thing I hate, we're supposed to have free

speech at the L.S.E but I'm frequently prevented from using words like "snatch", "beef curtains", "soapytit-wank" and "Martin Lewis". Obviously there has to be some restriction on what you are allowed to say as words like "bug" and "annoy" are obviously very threatening and too harsh for most peoples' ears.

This brings me on to my next point - why are some people completely devoid of a sense of humour? When you approach these people about it they always insist they do have a sense of humour because they watch Fresh Fields. The number of times I've seen good jokes fall on deaf ears nearly makes me weep, usually the culprits lay on the hard left of the political spectrum. The same people are also, generally, very, very ugly. Actually everybody is very, very ugly, there appears to be an inverse relationship between economic/political skill and looks. This gives me some comfort seeing as how I'm a fuck-wit.

Finally, I hate the Vegetarian Cafe. I have no objection if people do not have the desire to eat heated corpses, but I wish they'd fuck off and graze in a field somewhere because I want to eat some animals in there. If they don't start serving meat there I shall be forced to provide for myself and kill pigs in there. Is that what you want? Because that's what's gonna happen.

What's On

Monday 14th

Today, tomorrow and Wednesday... The LSE Drama Society will be performing "The Rules Of The Game" by Pirandello. Performances start in the Old Theatre at 8pm on Monday and Tuesday, and at 8.30pm on Wednesday. Tickets cost £2.50 (£2 members).

Japan Night 1994. With karaoke, disco, traditional Japanese music mini concert, dating game and a quiz with prizes. Excellent Japanese food will also be available. Tickets are on sale in Houghton Street. (King's College, Tutu's from 6.30-11pm)

Monday Night Soccer... Not worth watching in the least. Watch the Coca-Cola Cup Final and see Man U. get fucked up again.

Tuesday 15th

LSE Psychology's Society welcome Prof. Christopher Peacocke who will be speaking

on "Concepts Without Words". 6.30pm in S318. All welcome and wine/snacks will be served.

The Latin American's Latin Connection V party at the Lime-light. Tickets (if not already sold out) are available from their stall in Houghton Street.

The Underground Prog Rock Party 2!! The return of that mammoth society!! Top bands "Sonic Oscillating Love Prolapse" (with go-go dancers) and "Strop!"; top bands honest!! Entrance is 10p for members and guests. £2.50 otherwise.

Wednesday 16th

The Rag Society presents its final film night of term, tonight's fodder includes "The Commitments" and "The Fugitive". Tickets are £2, 7pm in the New Theatre.

Thursday 17th

The final Habit! The last evening of mellow Jazz this term! Free entry to the Underground.

Butlers Wharf have organised another Boat Party down the River Thames (not that it's likely to be any other river)... Whatever, tickets cost £5, and the night ends at 1pm.

The LSE Italian, Hellenic and Cypriot societies present "Mediterranean Vibrations" at SW1. Tickets are £5 for members and £6 otherwise, with a big subsidised bar.

Friday 18th

End Of Term Bash!! In addition to the usual Time Tunnel Disco, we have DJ Jules spinning plenty of Housey beats. Beer costs £1 a pint, and the bar will be open until midnight. With no bias intended What's on would like to highlight the plight of all those working behind the bar on this last night; right up 'til the point they are all as pissed as us and start charging any old price for drinks. Sorry about that just had to be said, see you all next term...

Cory Gets His Tallants up Whippe (who loves it!).....

David Whippe

The L.S.E. football teams have been the worthy recipients of enough accolades in their time, but few on-pitch performances could boast the same levels of endurance and courage in the face of adversity as was seen at the football dinner last week. The goal, for non-sporting infidels out there, was to meet in the Tuns at 5 p.m. and last the way through to a 5 a.m. meet for breakfast at Smithfields market the following morning. There are few with the mettle to accomplish this, but those who do possess a boast which will carry them through the rest of their lives wallowing in almost impossible amounts of adulation.

It was thus with honour in our hearts that we counted ourselves as lucky enough to be amongst those gathered in the Tuns that evening. Free beer, courtesy of rebates on our travel cards, saw us through until 8 p.m. at which time we left for the food. Villa Carlotta was indeed heaving with piss-heads, which was fortunate for the kitchen staff, as more sober people may probably have noticed that the meal was a pile of shit and not even close to being worth twenty quid. The fifth team however let it be known that they were capable of becoming drunk far more quickly than anyone else, and therefore started the night's chanting. The atmosphere was gladiatorial as different teams

attempted to shout each other down, but all were united for one glorious moment as we chanted "Lets all do an Alex" and helplessly waved our arms in the air in an attempt to mimic Lowen's lack of goal-keeping prowess. The fun continued as the next recipient of the crowd's attention was Howard "Jailbird" Wilkinson, who was cruelly reminded of his lucky escape from the law over the charges of public indecency which were incurred the last time he took his girlfriend out.

As the chanting ended, the awards ceremony started, and the aforementioned Lowen became the spawniest person on earth when for some reason known only to God, he received the third team captaincy. "Scouse" Gardiner was the most obvious candidacy for the "Arse lick your way to a captaincy" award, and momentarily removed his tongue from Cory Tallants behind in order to receive the prize, and used his speech to insult Chris Cooper over his birds. The Golden Boot was taken by Chetin Patel, who also received the prize for Most Resembling a French peasant. Finally, Cory popped up again and won the Worst Dressed award to add to the one he received at the Rag Ball.

After the excitement, it was finally time to embark for a night club, though the journey to Equinox was not without incident. To begin with, several members received waterbombs



Don't get carried away, boys.....

Photo: Steve East

outside Carr Saunders, and the ensuing investigations resulted in various doors being kicked in by the drunken hooligans. False names were given by those involved, and fortunately, the door staff were stupid enough not to realise that a group of lads all called Angus Kinnear was against the law of probabilities. Having made good the escape, Andreas Popov then took it upon himself to kick every car door mirror he could find. Cooper attempted to imitate this legendary hardness, but his beginner status necessitated in that he forget to check whether the car had any occupants. Needless to say, the owner took it very well when he found himself faced with forty drunken football boys.

Once at Equinox, we rapidly

realised our mistake as it turned out to be a shithole full of foreigners and the white sock brigade. Pooper's legendary ability with women was once again evident, as everyone he spoke to left very shortly afterwards. This left just three hours until closing for the rest of the boys to complain about the lack of women. Three a.m. therefore was very welcome, and it was then that we left for what was for most the final leg of their journey. Smithfields market beckoned as the only caf open at that hour of the morning, and it was time to see which team contained the most survivors. As it was, only twenty of the original sixty made it, and the fourths revealed themselves to be the team with the biggest balls. The night over, most elected to

return home in the knowledge that they had gone where most others had feared to tread. For two worthy heroes however the night was far from over, and Dave Whippe and Chris Cooper struggled on like men possessed to secure their place in the annals of L.S.E. football legend. At five-thirty in the morning, they reached their destination of Houghton Street knowing they had only three and a half hours sleep before their nine o'clock classes. The stone benches outside the Tuns have never looked so enticing, and it was here that the worst night's sleep in the history of mankind was received. It was a fitting end to a night that shall be remembered for years to come. Pity the poor fools who are required to live up to this legacy next year.

Hamlet's Erektion After a Few Carlsbergs.....

Caroline Barnes

Oh Denmark; land of my fathers, home to Hans Christian Andersen, Hamlet, vikings, Carlsberg, European cup football, and beautiful people who vote "no".

In this age of European Union it seems only fitting that we should learn more (than what the stereotypes tell us) about our continental neighbours, such as the Danes. And this is exactly what many LSE students, myself included, were doing last term. You may have wondered (actually you probably didn't) where this sudden influx of lost and confused looking Euro-types appeared from. Well, we've all spent about four months on the ERASMUS exchange programme, in various European

universities, having a whale of a time, in the pursuit of academic excellence, personal fulfillment and European integration (or something like that.) In fact, our Leiden representative got to know the concept of integration in the fullest sense!

This year the Government Department sent students to Copenhagen, Leiden, Rotterdam, Moscow and Oslo (Bordeaux and Omea are being added to that list for next year). Brussels then gives the lucky chosen ones an ERASMUS grant to help pay for the flight and cover the difference in living costs; prices in Copenhagen, for example are substantially more expensive than in London (unless of course you are thinking of buying property, which didn't really fit into my budget at the time).

You do have to weigh up the pros and cons, although for me the reasons for going vastly outweighed those for spending another term in London. The exchange gives you the opportunity to get to know a foreign city and its people. You experience a different way of studying, and get a chance to work with many other European students. Classes are taught in English - although I advise going to language lessons, because when else would you be able to learn Dutch or Danish, and actually use them in practice, and more importantly, they are an excellent laugh. With good friends you can catch up on the work and all the gossip you missed! And finally, it fills up the character building/personality influencing gap on job application forms! The closing date for applications, however, is very soon, so if you

are in the Government Department contact John Madeley or the appropriate person in your own department.

The exchange is an opportunity that should be taken advantage of. Then you too can see the cliches of your favourite European country in reality. I didn't see Hans Christian Andersen but I cy-

clered past his erection every day, and I didn't see Hamlet, but I saw his erection too. However, I did savour the joys of Carlsberg, and watched Denmark not get into the World Cup either! Just another reason why I could sympathise with the Danes, and an even better reason for not being in England.

LSE St Phillips Health Service

Following an initiative by Camden and Islington Family Health Service Association and as part of our Health Promotion activities, **FREE** condoms are now available in the Health Service. Those interested should arrange to see our Nursing Sisters

Basics with the Bacchae

Susha Lee-Shothaman
and Sonia Kalsi

You are mad, grievously mad, beyond the powers of any drugs to cure, for you are drugged with madness."

"The Bacchae", by Euripides and translated by William Arrowsmith, is an example of classic Greek tragedy yet also a radical departure from the usual commercial theatre. It is currently running at the Courtyard Theatre, situated conveniently near Kings Cross, which is in fact converted from an old Victorian coach house. This adds to the atmosphere because the stage is small and enclosed and the audience is drawn into the story fairly easily.

There is not much to the plot but the story unfolds in a rather oblique manner. Basically, Dionysis (no relation to the kebab shop) is the illegitimate son of Zeus but he is not acknowledged as a god in his hometown of Thebes and is cast in prison by the young ruler Pentheus. Dionysis' revenge

takes a menacing form and he forces the citizens of Thebes to recognise and worship his divinity.

The most confusing element in this whole production is the fact that Dionysis, a male god with firmly female followers, is played by a woman. It is difficult to say exactly what this is meant to signify because no definitive message ever emerges. We can only suggest it refers to feminine threats to masculine power as gender appears to be an important issue in the play.

The lead role of Dionysis is played excellently by Robbi Stevens who conveys the arrogance, strength and sensuality of the character. Also worthy of mention is Dominic Burdess who plays the stubborn Pentheus. The remainder of the cast provide strong support by extending the traditional role of the Greek chorus and thus providing the play's unique style. They advance the action by chanting, singing, whispering and repeating certain phrases. The actors make artful use of the corners



of the stage and at times the noises seem to come from everywhere.

The performers wear contemporary dress rather than costumes. However this does not detract from the historical feel as the acting and sound effects overcome this possible weakness in the production.

The actors rarely leave the stage, lending intensity to the play while the songs reinforce the religious and fanatical themes of the story.

The dramatic climax of the plot shows the savagery of mankind, or in this case, womenkind, when driven to madness by religious extrem-

ism. There are obvious parallels to modern cults like David Koresh and the fringe elements of established religions. On the whole "The Bacchae" attempts to tackle fundamental issues of humanity but does so in a way the audience is left unsure as to what those issues actually are.

Oz & LG Festivals

Dennis Lim

"Wild Things!", the 8th London Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, is at the NFT from 19th-31st March.

"Grief", Richard Glatzer's first film, closes the festival and opens at the ICA April 1. It's a quirky chronicle of a week in the lives of a few daytime soap scriptwriters, who devise wildly improbable storylines involving circus lesbians and leper colonies.

Mark (Craig Chester, from last year's disturbing "Swoon") is still grieving his lover. He fancies Bill, who's just broken up with Karen. But Bill's getting off with Jeremy. And he's still seeing quite a bit of Karen, who in turn is seeing Bill - another Bill. While this love pentagon (or whatever) is developing, Lesley the secretary (Ileana Douglas, whose cheek got bitten off by Bobby De Niro in "Cape Fear") is deliberating whether to shag the photocopier repairman. Executive producer Jo (Jackie Beat-overweight, in drag, wholly convincing!) is off to Prague to get married. As the week progresses - and the plot thickens - she discovers cum stains, used condoms and lubricant on her couch.

A sharp script and superb ensemble acting make "Grief" an absolute gem. Glatzer has

made a poignant film which never gets mawkish. But then, "Grief", despite dealing with loss, social stigmas, workplace discrimination (of women, gay people, fat people), remains a comedy, which never trivializes these somewhat difficult issues.

The Australian Film Festival, at the Barbican from the 25th-31st, features films and shorts, including a few well-known ones like Jane Campion's lyrical "The Piano" and the ludicrously overrated "Strictly Ballroom".

The film which the Australian Film Commission chose to unleash on an unsuspecting press last month was "Black River" - an adaptation of the contemporary opera of the inquiry into the high incidence of Aboriginal deaths in police custody. A topical subject - Australia's disgraceful track record certainly warrants attention, but I'll be surprised if Kevin Lucas' highly ambitious but hard-to-stomach film doesn't put most people off the subject for life.

Don't let the word "opera" lead you to believe that you might actually like this if you're a fan of, say, Wagner or Mozart (or anyone who writes anything containing tunes for that matter) - "Black River" is 58 excruciating minutes of the agonized, tune-free wails. Under the pre-

Love Hurts

Beaver Staff

All the elements of a tragic love story are present in Racine's "Andromache" which was performed for the first time on Valentine's Day at Camden Studio Theatre.

The plot is certainly a complex one with unrequited love emerging as a major theme. The story takes place when years of war have ended, and the battles being fought are of a more personal and emotional nature. Pyrrhus, the king of Epirus, wants to marry Andromache but when she refused his advances he threatens to kill her son. In turn Hermione desperately loves Pyrrhus. He however, does not return her affections so she tells Orestes that she will be his if he kills Pyrrhus for her. The result of all this are tragic, with each person's desires being left unfulfilled.

"Andromache" was first dramatised by Euripides in 420 BC and was later written by Jean Racine in 1667. The

production performed at Camden is both translated and directed by Jon Harris. His translation is written in prose, rather than the usual verse, which makes the language a great deal more simple and direct. The dialogue is clearly strong and emotive and although at the beginning the characters seem quite static, the build up of tension in the plot and the oscillation between the extremes of emotion soon take over.

The performances of the actors are of an excellent standard. Anna Kirke's portrayal of Andromache's strength and courage contrasts well with Adrienne Swan's portrayal of Hermione's selfishness and petulance. Although set in a male dominated world, the female characters come across most strongly in the play.

It is important that the stage is fairly small and uncluttered because in the kind of play the audience's concentration lies completely in the speech and expression of the actors. The lighting is also fairly basic and

not over dramatic. However, one scene which is particularly effective is where the light fixed on Andromache as she communicates with her dead husband, Hector, about the choices which lay open to her. She must marry Pyrrhus or her son dies. This is very much central to the play and is re-emphasised by the sound of a baby crying between certain scenes. Andromache's child is not actually seen, but its role within the play is obviously crucial to the outcome.

"Andromache" provokes several questions about love and hate because the dividing line between the two extremes seems to be a fine one. The love of the characters is such that if it is not fulfilled it only alternative is hate. "I'll eat the heart I couldn't win," says Hermione. The love they all feel is selfish, yet it is what propels the characters to act in the way they do. The interesting thing is that although this play is set centuries ago, these issues are relevant even today.

text of modern music, we have mezzo-sopranos screaming banal lines like "Stop, rain stop" again and again. By the end, you are shellshocked, nails dug firmly into the arms of your seat having endured the most unnecessary and irritating sounds known to mankind. Prime torture-chamber stuff.

It's brimming with imagery - serpents and water and jail

cells - terribly symbolic or, more likely, hopelessly pointless. "Black River" will find its audience (the tone-deaf, for starters) - it's already been garlanded with accolades (dubious ones - the Oscar of Operas - and just how many operatic films are we subjected to each year?) There is an intensity, but that's due mostly to the terrifying glares which the cast

throw straight at camera.

Two accompanying shorts, "Palace Cafe" (a percussive dance routine) and "Excursion To The Bridge of Friendship" (a silent musical... never mind) are both interestingly eccentric if somewhat unoriginal starters. But the main course is damn near unpalatable. Try it, by all means, but don't say you weren't warned.

Hopkins Shadows the Oscars

Beaver Staff

After reasonably successful forays into biopic territory with dramatizations of the lives of Mahatma Gandhi, Steven Biko and Charlie Chaplin, Richard Attenborough returns with "Shadowlands", yet another film with a "based on a true story" postscript. Already being hailed as the movie which will reconcile Attenborough with even his fiercest critics (i.e. British ones), "Shadowlands" is the story of writer C.S. Lewis' tragic love affair with the American poet, Joy Gresham.

C.S. (Jack to his friends) Lewis is very much the upright, uptight Oxford don - a devout Christian and the sort of person for whom repression is a way of life. He tells his students that the highest form of love is characterized by unattainability and he delivers public lectures expounding practically masochistic views on the importance of pain and suffering.

Joy Gresham is brazen, forthright and charming. Lewis' relationship with her begins as a friendly correspondence and develops into more when she visits him in Oxford. Before the sombre tone of the second half sets in, the first uses the standard of "bold, liberated and, above all, loud American woman in England" scenarios to infuse the film with some much-needed humour. In a staid hotel lobby, she demands loudly "Anyone here named Lewis?" - jaws drop, eyes pop out of sockets. A chau-

vinistic Oxford don spouts some "women have soul, men have intellect" nonsense and, without hesitation, she humiliates him publicly.

After divorcing her abusive, philandering husband, Joy settles in England, but she needs British citizenship and Jack marries her secretly - they are only "technically married", as Jack seems at pains to point out. It is not until Joy is diagnosed as suffering from advanced bone cancer that Jack finally faces up to his feelings and confesses his love for her.

Casting Anthony Hopkins and Debra Winger in the lead roles seems like the only conceivable decision. Both know their parts only too well. Hopkins, surely the epitome of reserved Englishness, reprises roles in "84, Charing Cross Road" and "The Remains Of The Day" - the consummate repressed man, who fears nothing more than his true feelings.

Winger is perhaps best known for playing Shirley MacLaine's cancer-stricken daughter in epic tear-jerker "Terms Of Endearment". Not wanting to sound flippant with "cancer-victim typecast" remarks, it must be said that Winger dies brilliantly on screen. She portrays Gresham with a strength and dignity which few others could convey. It's her finest performance to date and she must now be the only possible obstacle to Holly Hunter strolling off with the coveted statuette come the Oscar ceremonies.

So with first-rate lead performances and a fine script (by William Nicholson, adapted from his stage play), why does "Shadowlands" seem strangely wanting? It washes over you, leaves you curiously detached in parts and somehow less moved than you might have expected. The film seems to barely skim the surface of some aspects which just demand to be contemplated in far greater depth - how a previously unshakeable faith falters in the face of tragedy, why we even love at all when loss is so unbearable, how agonizing it is to watch a loved one die. Quite simply, it dwells too little on the human psyche. Instead parts of the film seem too much like some Merchant-Ivory nostalgia-fest, Oxford 1952 lovingly recreated - and it IS very lovely, almost distractingly so, in fact.

Only once in one of the film's last scenes, when Lewis and his stepson (Joseph Mazello - the brat out of Jurassic Park) hold each other and break down in tears of unspeakable grief, does Attenborough really get down to the business at hand. The naked emotion in that one scene is more telling and profoundly moving than anything else in the film. On the whole, a more involved examination of human emotion wouldn't have gone amiss. As it is, "Shadowlands", by skirting difficult and less audience-friendly issues, although touching and well-acted, seems like too much of a cop out.

A.K. At New End

Danny Silverstone

"Alexandra Kollontai" at the New End Theatre

A unique character with a fascinating life, involved in amazing events, at an extraordinary time. A colourful set and an accomplished actress bring this evocative story to an intimate theatre to create a terrible play. This inability to match cause and effect is due to the glaring omission of that crucial ingredient, dramatic tension. In the rush to vindicate Alexandra Kollontai's place in history everything is reduced to ephemeral, superficial outbursts.

The so called "whore of the

revolution" fought patriarchy and capitalism to become the first woman to hold office in a modern government. She was a devoted single mother, and later took a Ukrainian sailor, fifteen years younger than herself for a lover. She was a prolific writer, impassioned speaker and ardent communist. Any aspect of her complicated life could have sufficed for a play, especially if skillfully woven into the topic of public and personal morality, which Barbara Ewing is keen to discuss. Unfortunately taken as a whole, much of her story is trivialised and ridiculous.

The Russian Revolution comes and goes in a sentence,

rapidly followed by Kerensky's government which is covered in a few rhetorical phrases, and Lenin's usurption which flies by in minute long meeting. The unendurable pace of the play wreaks similar havoc with her emotional potential which has to be reduced to a few visceral screams indicating tragedy, and bashful glances to cover everything else. Though the play may make good radio, and is a worthy effort in historical revisionism, it fails as a piece of drama. Ironically like communist art before it, in its earnestness to convey a message it has forsaken the equally important components of creativity and inspiration.

A go-go for Jo-Jo's



Anonymous

Soho is a lot of people's favourite place. The home of British sleaze shows just why hard-core pornography and prostitution should never be legalised; it would just make them far less interesting. On the continent, in the Reeperbahn in Hamburg or in Istanbul's brothels it's in your face, it's too readily available. Soho is sleazier because you have to try to be sleazy. Not everyone knows where to get it and how much to pay; only the cognoscent can be sordid, and we have British law to thank for that.

The flipside is that in the course of investigating Soho's nefarious delights you're likely to be ripped off, beaten up or worse, particularly if you're foreign and look like a tourist. For the unadventurous (or the scared) Madame Jo-Jo's has been distilling the Soho experience for years. Not a nipple or a buttock in sight, but you know how much you're going to pay for a drink, and you're not going wind up with a bill for £300 for the company of a "hostess".

Situated on Brewer Street, the hard-core of Soho, it's £10 to get in, £15 on weekends. Pay the transvestite on the door and go down. Inside, get a drink (£2 for a bottle of a decent lager), stride across the plush red carpet and take a plush red seat. Any further drinks will be served by the Barbettes, Jo-Jo's tv waitresses. Male customers, no matter how straight they are, will have to fight to stop themselves leering at these fantastically attractive fantasy females.

And then comes the floorshow. Mr. Terri Fox, "Britain's premier female impersonator," two strapping lads in dresses and four male strippers, two of whom are the puniest specimens ever to take most of their clothes off in public, produce a two hour routine of predictable covers and strip routines. It's sleaze without the sleaze.

But you don't go to Jo-Jo's for the floorshow. If you want sleaze, look at the clientele; high-class hookers, outrageous transvestites and SM freaks. Go. Become one.



Sounding Off?

James Shield

It's been a long time since we last heard from Soundgarden, three years in fact since "Badmotorfinger" was unleashed to a largely unsuspecting public. The rest as we know was history, and like 'em or hate 'em, Soundgarden have become very big news, a sort of Take That for the rock scene. That's why this release came as such a surprise.

The standard-bearers of the Seattle movement have stripped away much of the metallic undertones that adorned their last offering and gone "back to basics", but do you fix what ain't bust?

"Superunknown" ('cos my typewriter can't do those fancy backwards letters), as Soundgarden would have you believe, is the album they always wanted to make. "We realized that we were playing songs for other people and not for ourselves", Chris Cornell has been telling anyone that has cared to listen and whilst this sort of Spinal Tap-esque cliché normally signals that what a band is about to put out is a load of self-indulgent shite, it would seem to be genuinely true in this case. "Superunknown" takes little pieces from previous works and mixes them up, unfortunately what comes out of the blender ain't exactly new.

"Superunknown" certainly is a much more introspective and deeper offering than "Badmotorfinger", but would seem to lack its predecessor's

overall intensity. The opener "Let Me Drown" tries very hard to be Led Zeppelin, good time rock'n'roll with a little bit of that oh-so-fashionable grunge thrown in for good measure - honestly, you've heard all this before, believe me. This is the type of album that despite all of its attempts to be truly dangerous, unsafe and intense just seems to pass you by, it's neither here nor there. When Soundgarden get a little bit selfish, and stop trying to re-hash old Sabbath numbers, they are capable of coming up with some little gems - Forty-two carat diamonds like "My Wave" and "Fell on Black Days" stand out like one of my rings on a tray at Ratners.

It's no coincidence that it is on these tracks that Soundgarden forget all the posturing and get a little bit introspective. They're testament to the fact that if you just lie back and relax, things happen much better. Just sit down, close our eyes and let them wash all over you, perhaps even light up a cigarette if you smoke, and indulge. (Go on, James, say it - have a fucking wank if you want - RH) Gorge yourself on "Black Hole Sun" and "Limo Wreck" - otherwise when the tape runs out you might find yourself a little bit hungry - not for more, but for something a little bit more substantial.

I can't help but get a real sense of déjà vu when I listen to "Superunknown" - it seems that Soundgarden have attempted to change the magic formula that struck gold for them,



Soundgarden - the band with the ugliest audience in the world

they've stripped the rhythms bare and probably tried to be genuine, but apart from a few notable exceptions they've ended up sounding like every other band that tried to be them. When they first gave the industry the kick up the backside all

those years ago.

"Superunknown" is worth buying, if only for the five or six numbers that triumphantly save this offering from the obscurity of the bargain bin in four or five months time. A little bit of advice - try to be

true to yourself, lads, not to what people perceive you as - you're no longer a breath of fresh air, more of a nasty smell on the breeze. Sorry, Soundgarden, you were nearly saved five or six times, but you've let this friend down.

Hard As Nails

Geoff Robertson



You can't see his nails in this pic, but they're fucking long, believe me

Nine Inch Nails and Trent Reznor are one and the same thing. Alternatively described as a genius or a very sick man, depending on how you enjoy his music, he is certainly unhappy. Debut "Pretty Hate Machine" was followed by the darker and heavier mini-LPs "Broken" and "Fixed" (assorted remixes and re-hashes of its immediate predecessor). Both featured loud, drum-based industrial workouts, and both were laced with self-loathing and a universal hatred: "After everything I've done...I hate myself for what I've become" (Gave Up). What made the albums stand out was the anger and frustration that Reznor's lyricism brought through, and the latest opus, "The Downward Spiral", continues in exactly the same vein.

Reznor has always courted

controversy. The video for "Down In It" had US authorities believing he had been murdered. Another video, this time for "Happiness in Slavery", was banned as it featured a masochist being literally torn apart by complex machinery. His latest exploit was to record this album in the infamous Tate house, where Charles Manson's followers butchered five people and wrote "PIGS" on the walls in their blood. Reznor claimed not to have known the history of the place, but his critics don't believe that washes at all.

But enough of Reznor's personal curiosities. "The Downward Spiral" features fourteen tracks, but in all honesty, would have suited ten better. The title track for example, is so distorted, that you can't tell if you're hearing the lyrics advertised or if it's Jackanory's greatest hits. "Eraser", too, is unnecessary, and it is these odd tracks that taint (although only marginally) a great album.

The power and pace of "Big Man With A Gun" carry it's tirade against chauvinistic men,

contrasting starkly with the quiet beauty of "A Warm Place", Reznor's only instrumental since "Help Me I Am In Hell".

Opener "Mr. Self Destruct" is back to NIN's best of the "Broken" era, and musically, "Heresy" is certainly coming from the same place. The moody "Piggy" and "March of the Pigs" feature organ and piano respectively, even within their industrial framework, to better effect than the guitars they replace. But the one song that really makes this album is "Hurt", the final track. This is slow, quiet, above all poignant, and disturbing. "You could have it all...my empire of dirt...I will let you down...I will make you hurt" rasps Reznor, sounding close to tears and most definitely well over the edge. If you are perfectly happy with your life, if you see nothing in yourself that you don't like, then you will be wasting your time here. If you often wish you were someone/where else, then it could be for you, because it is certainly well crafted. Fuck knows what will happen when they tour.

A Positive Identification

Selman Ahmad talks to Renegade Soundwave, and does a bit of robbery (probably)

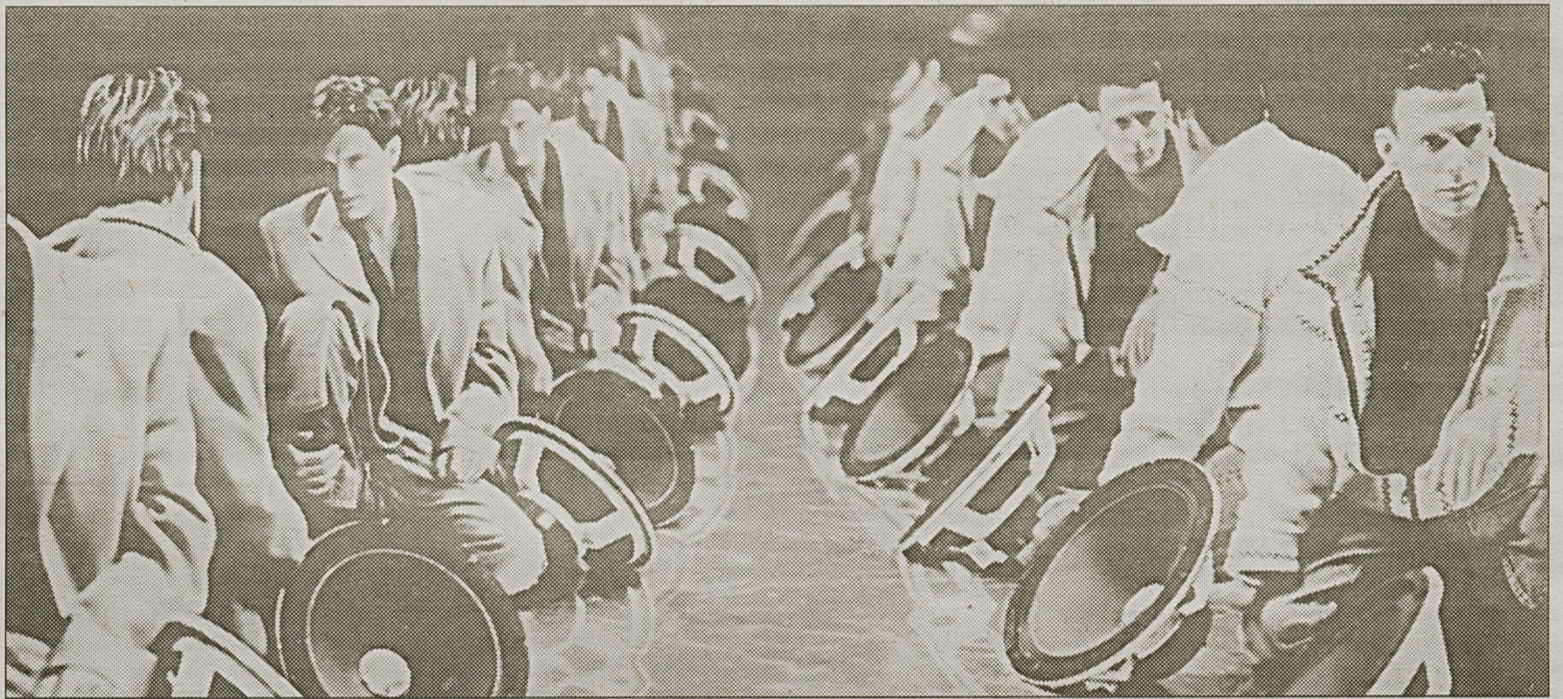
For some seven years now, Renegade Soundwave have been ripping up the dance floors with their quiet turntable terrorism. They are shadowy figures - rumours abound about their tool-carrying antics and their dislike of journalists and questions in general.

"I like being left alone but it makes us look faceless... it's not like we're a couple of boring dudes... the thing is we don't get on coach parties with the NME" -

Gary

That's the thing about RSW - everybody knows them yet you've probably never heard of them. If you go to any of London's "hot" clubs you're bound to hear at least an hour's worth of RSW inspired-lifted-produced-remixed stuff in a night. Yet who is it that we see in the NME, Mixmag or even Smash Hits? It's more likely to be fellow Mutemate Moby or K-Klass. This is hardly the stuff of conspiracy - RSW are fairly awkward sods: they don't like journos, they don't like touring or clubbing and they don't like releasing too many records. When they do release material, however, it is the stuff of which legends are made. Take the latest single, imaginatively titled "Renegade Soundwave". A hippy guitar riff is spliced with singer Gary Asquith's haunting voice and the derigreur Soundwave drum roll. What could turn out like Joan Baez on drugs - or on "Top of the Pops" - instead turns out to be well worth adding to the RSW back catalogue of classics such as "The Phantom" and "Biting My Nails".

RSW look like they sound: Gary Asquith is the free-flowing singer, but in pictures he looks like the sort of thug that hangs around the tube stations of my home borough (which is, incidentally, also his home



It's probably photography / A bit of camera trickery - Renegade Soundwave in one of those oh-so-avant-garde Mute press shots

borough) waiting to do you over. In real life he looks like, well like a free-flowing singer actually.

It's only later when the room at Mute Records, by the Grand Union canal, fills with smoke and darkness does he bear a resemblance to the face in the pictures, the face on the records. He talks at length and with knowledge on all sorts of subjects ranging from the intricacies of Jeremy Thorpe's disgrace and resignation to the finer points of the legal profession ("It's a good way to make money, but I don't know why they don't just stand on a street corner with a crowbar, it's a lot fucking quicker" - RSW have had a lengthy run-in with the legal profession over the illegal sample of one of their songs in a Nintendo advert).

Soundman Danny Briottet is quieter and seems to be more engrossed in the technical aspect of making music, a suspicion confirmed when you notice the technical accomplishment of RSW records. The roots of RSW lie in the club that they used to run although "Danny was more involved." In fact, Danny Briottet is an accomplished DJ, on and off vinyl. His DJing credentials extend as far afield as New York, where he also used to do a famed regular club night.

What is intriguing is that RSW are such professional musicians. Their long recording gaps often provoke the comment that they are lazy. Asking them what they do in between releases does little except to confirm the suspicion.

"We just try and enjoy ourselves, I guess" says Gary, lethargically.

You're not involved in other projects?

"We do odd things but we try and concentrate on the hardcore really." Some persistence elicits the real reason for their apparent laziness.

"We bunged loads of stuff down without Dolby and recording had to be done in between Nick Cave recording an album" says Gary, referring to the infamous Mute Recording emporium, upstairs from their tatty offices (it must be said, these do not look like the offices of Depeche Mode's record company, - actually it doesn't look like the offices of any sort of going concern). Danny visibly bristles when asked if they take long breaks and Gary counters "Well, we do take breaks but they're not any of our doing... We've got a private vault up there we've recorded so much!"

They are also obviously somewhat concerned about their chronic public underrating.

Gary: "I think a lot of people hear different little things but I don't think the gather up the bits of information and put a face to it."

Although they appreciate the advantages of anonymity it is something of a point, if not quite a sore one yet.

"I like being left alone but it makes us look faceless and I don't like that. It's not like we're a couple of boring dudes really. The thing is we don't get on coach parties with the

NME."

Danny agrees. "It is nice to be anonymous sometimes but then again it's like all these acts these days with no faces to them... all done on a computer program".

"Maybe we're a bit aloof", Gary admits. "Things like "Thunder" appear on funny little skiing videos and other records..."

Like the Nintendo advert? "That was a complete and utter rip-off".

Danny adds bitterly "They never even asked us for it. It's kind of half resolved at the moment."

So what about all these acts today "with no faces to them", is all pop dance like that?

"Gabrielle I thought was good", Gary ventures.

And what about a chart hit all of their own? They have come close twice with their slightly spoof gangsta song "Probably A Robbery" and the aforementioned "Biting My Nails".

"We thought this one was going to do it, actually" Danny reveals, somewhat despondently. "We just don't get played on Radio One, everything we do seems to get defined as drug songs".

Drugs are conceivably an excellent accompaniment to RSW's sound.

There is a definite split on the albums between songs like "Blue Eyed Boy" (from "Soundclash"), which are not only good dance singles (potentially), and the more atmospheric. The latter, such as "Pocket Porn" - from the same

album - wouldn't deign to be classed as ambient (they're too menacing for that), but conjure up the seamy side of London - prostitutes and poverty, the face of the capital which most students and tourists either ignore or can only gawp at.

Danny: "Each song's its own little world - it has its own little story."

"We just don't get played on Radio One, everything we do seems to get defined as drug songs" - Danny

And on the latest album ("Howyadoin", set for release sometime toward the end of this month, on Mute Records) this perfect split is repeated. The low-intensity missile of "Positive ID" (heavily rumoured to be the next single), with its characteristic chunkiness combined with Gary Asquith's smooth vocals, blends amazingly but perfectly with the more upfront, less commercial ragga toaster "Funky Dropout". DJ Danny Briottet proves his technical mastery once more with crashing samples to charm you and harm you. Pretty soon, Renegade Soundwave will not be particularly Renegade at all - they'll be weary and wise chartmasters. Remember who told you first!

The London "Chicago Blues" Festival

The Chicago Rib Shack, 1 Raphael Street, Knightsbridge, London SW7 (071-581 5595), is holding a month-long blues festival from Wednesday April 6 to Friday 29 April, in celebration of The Chicago Blues Festival, USA. The event is sponsored by Budweiser and entry will be free to those eating in the restaurant. Festivities will include a competition prize of a trip to Chicago, and a showing of the cult movie The Blues Brothers at a major West End cinema.

There will be bands at The Chicago Rib Shack three nights a week with a range of music from Big Boy Henry from Charleston, Virginia (first recorded in 1947) to jumping, jiving bands like Uncle Fish Fry. Midweek gigs will tend toward acoustic music with boogie bands reserved for motivatin' Friday nights. Highlights will include:

Ray Book Binder, playing from his USA Southern roots and his recent album (Wednesday 20 April)

Errol Linton's Homeboy Blues - extraordinary raw country/urban blues harp player recently featured on BBC2's Rhythms of The World (Wednesday 6 April)

Big Joe Louis & Little George - gravel-voiced blues shouter, voted blues vocalist of 1993, with accomplice Little George on harp (Monday 11 April)

The Boogie Brothers - big bar room blues and soul review band in the style of The Blues Brothers. Not for the faint hearted (Friday 15 April).

The bands have been selected with the help of 102.2 London's Jazz FM who will broadcast programme information in advance.

As part of the blues festivities, there will be a late night showing of cult movie The Blues Brothers on 21st April at MGM Shaftesbury Avenue. Tickets cost £3.50 each and can be purchased from the restaurant.

In addition, a Chicago Rib Shack/Jazz FM competition winner will travel to Chicago, USA, for the Windy City's very own blues festival from June 3rd to 5th.

Specialities at The Chicago Rib Shack include apple wood smoked baby back ribs and onion loaf as well as barbecued chicken, spicy grilled halibut, sandwiches such as barbecued beef and turkey and a selection of salads including chicken Caesar, plus a deliciously sweet and sharp key lime pie.

Which all goes to prove that don't have to be born in Chicago - or even have a name that begins with 'Blind Lemon' or 'Big Boy' - to get up one evening, dust off your blues, and get on down to The Chicago Rib Shack for a date with The Blues!

The Blues Festival Competition

The Beaver in association with the Chicago Rib Shack has two meals for two, plus wine to be given away to one of the gigs at the Chicago Rib Shack in Raphael Street SW1 by answering the following questions:

1. What does B.B. stand for in the legendary Blues guitarist B.B. King?

2. Name the first names of the Blues Brothers from the eponymous film?

3. Name Chicago's National Football League Team?

Send your answers to the Beaver Office (E197), by Wednesday at 6pm or in the mail boxes. The winners will be posted at LSESU reception on Thursday. Please collect your prize before Friday (the end of term).

Who's Who on the Front Page

(Just in case you wanted to know)

1. Pete De Freitas (Drummer, Echo & the Bunnymen)
2. Neil Kinnock (British Politician)
3. Teshar Fitzpatrick (General Secretary, 1993-94)
4. Edward G. Robinson (Actor)
5. Rev. Richard Whatley (Archbishop of Dublin/ Eccentric)
6. Hughie Gallagher (Soccer Player)
7. Francis Farmer (Actress)
8. Ian Curtis (Singer, Joy Division)
9. Adrian Edmondson (Comedian)
10. Sigourney Weaver (Actress)
11. Jon Bradburn (Ents Sabbatical, 1992-93)
12. Joe Louis (Boxer)
13. Stavros Makris (Beaver Collective member)
14. Giovanni Toscani (Creative Director, Benetton)
15. Dannii Minogue (Singer/ Actress)
16. Scott Walker (Musician)
17. Len Hutton (Cricketer)
18. Charles Lindbergh (Aviator)
19. Chris Short (Returning Officer, 1992-93)
20. Alexi Romanov (Crown Prince of Russia)
21. Courtney Hagen (Beaver Collective Member)
22. Ho Chi Minh (Vietnamese Revolutionary & President)
23. Ron Atkinson (Soccer Manager)
24. Mike Myers (Comedian/ Actor)
25. Patrice Lumumba (Congoese Prime Minister)
26. Gerard Harris (UGM Vice Chair, 1993)
27. Buster Edwards (Great Train Robber)
28. Bobby Charlton (Soccer Player)
29. Björk (Singer)
30. Rudyard Kipling (Author)
31. Brian Clough (Soccer Manager)
32. Ralph Fiennes (Actor)
33. Ginger Lynn Allen (Porn Star)
34. Sidney James (Actor)
35. Theodore Roosevelt (US President)
36. Sarah Eglin (Beaver Executive Editor, 1991-2)
37. Michael Madsen (Actor)
38. Julianna Hatfield (Singer)
39. Alexander Dubcek (Czechoslovakian Politician)
40. Tony Hancock (Comedian)
41. Bob Gross (Pinball Wizard, Seasoned LSE Hack)
42. Julian Cope (Singer)
43. Kris Akabusi (Athlete)
44. Zig (TV Personality)
45. Ray Yates (UGM Chair, 1993)
46. Stimp (Cartoon Character)
47. Lew Ayres (Actor)
48. Neville Chamberlain (British Prime Minister)
49. Steve Kinke (Fashion Designer, One of LSE Three)
50. Virginia Woolfe (Author)
51. Laura Palmer (Murder Victim, Twin Peakes)
52. John Dillinger (Gangster)
53. Harvey Keitel (Actor)
54. Otis Redding (Singer)
55. James Stewart (Actor)
56. Zag (TV Personality)
57. Joseph McCarthy (American Statesman)
58. Charlotte Brontë (Author)
59. Steve East (Beaver Photographer, 1991-94)
60. Bela Lugosi (Actor)
61. Nat Lofthouse (Soccer Player)
62. Marie Darvill (Campus Editor, 1993-94)
63. Avinash Shown-Keen (Campus Editor, 1993-94)
64. Sidney Vicious (Bass Player, Sex Pistols)
65. Quentin Tarrantino (Film Director)
66. Jack Nicholson (Actor)
67. Martin Luther King (American Civil Rights Leader)
68. Wayne Rogers (Beaver Collective Member)
69. Eddie Cochran (Singer)
70. Shane MacGowan (Singer)
71. Lola Elerian (Finance & Services Sabbatical, 1993-94)
72. Jane Fonda (Actress)
73. MC Fusion (Rapper, Credit To The Nation)
74. River Phoenix (Actor)



75. Alan Sked (LSE History Lecturer)
76. Joe Strummer (Singer, The Clash)
77. Captain Scarlet (Spectrum Agent)
78. Harry Cripps (Soccer Player)
79. Andrews Graveson (AU Soccer Club Captain, 1993-4)
80. Bill Hicks (Comedian)
81. Morrissey (Singer)
82. 'Scruffy' Duncan Bryson (LSE Student)
83. Louise Brooks (Actress)
84. Matt Osman (Bass Player, Suede. LSE Alumnus)
85. Lenin (Russian Revolutionary)
86. Sidney Poitier (Actor)
87. Keith Moon (Drummer, The Who)
88. Steve Buscemi (Actor)
89. Groucho Marx (Comedian)
90. Sean Hughes (Comedian)
91. Antonia Mochan (Woman's Officer, 1991-92)
92. Patrick Troughton (Actor)
93. Fiona MacDonald (Social Services Sabbatical, 1991-92)
94. Goya (Artist)
95. Rob Newman (Comedian)
96. Guy Chadwick (Singer, House of Love)
97. Josip Tito (Yugoslavian President)
98. Peter Tork (Bass Player, The Monkees)
99. Pam Keenan (Beaver Photographer, 1993-94)
100. Dustin Hoffman (Actor)
101. Roger Bannister (Athlete)
102. David Baddiel (Comedian)
103. Sean Connery (Actor)
104. Scott Wayne (Beaver Photographer, 1993-94)
105. Bobby Moore (Soccer Player)
106. Damon Albarn (Singer, Blur)
107. Malcom X (American Political Activist)
108. Tony Benn (British Politician)
109. Phil Gomm (Beaver News Editor, 1992-94)
110. Steve Roy (Beaver News Editor, 1992-94)
111. Judy Garland (Actress)
112. Jon Spurling (Finance & Services Sabbatical, 1992-3)
113. David Lynch (Film Director)
114. Robert De Niro (Actor)
115. Steve Diggle (Guitarist, Buzzcocks)
116. Alicia Marchant (Rag Chair, 1994)
117. Nick Fletcher (What's On Editor, 1993-94)
118. Marisa Tomei (Actress)
119. Simon Reid (UGM Chair, LSESU Returning Officer, 1991-92)
120. Chris Longridge (SU Exec. Member, 1993-94)
121. Josef Stalin (Soviet General Secretary)
122. Kate Hampton (SU Exec. Member, 1993-94)
123. Richard Nixon (US President)
124. Kylie Minogue (Singer/ Actress)
125. James Brown (LSESU Returning Officer, 1993-94)
126. Tom Randell (Beaver Politics Editor, 1994)
127. Paul Harmon (Assistant Bar Manager, Three Tuns)
128. Harrison Ford (Actor)
129. Corey Tallent (AU Soccer Player)
130. Clint Eastwood (Actor)
131. Lauren Bacall (Actress)
132. Chris Eubank (Boxer)
133. John Nance (Actor)
134. Cathal Coughlan (Singer, Fatima Mansions)
135. Lloyd Bridges (Actor)
136. Barney Sumner (Singer, New Order)
137. Jim Fagan (Bar Manager, Three Tuns)
138. Geoff Robertson (Arts Editor, 1992-94)
139. Tom Greatrex (LSESU Returning Officer, 1994-95)
140. Eric Houghton (Soccer Player)
141. Steve Thomas (Motorcycle Courier/ Novelist)
142. Tim Booth (Singer, James)
143. Spike Milligan (Comedian)
144. Ian Staples (Sports Editor, 1992-94)
145. Fazile Zahir (General Secretary, 1992-93)
146. Neil Andrews (Beaver Executive Editor, 1992-93)
147. Rob Hick (Music Editor 1992-94)
148. Kevin Green (Beaver Executive Editor, 1993)
149. Navin Reddy (Arts Editor, 1991-94)
150. Dave Gedge (Singer, Wedding Present)
151. Bill Drummond (Musician)
152. Harpo Marx (Comedian)
153. Annika Bosanquet (Advertising Editor, 1993-94)
154. Joseph Payne (Soccer Player)
155. William Reid (Guitarist, Jesus & Mary Chain)
156. Steve Bull (Soccer Player)
157. Ron Voce (Beaver Executive Editor, 1993-94)
158. Beegee (Marie Darvill's Dog)
159. Gary Delaney (Ents Sabbatical, 1994-95)
160. Gary's Pants (General Secretary Candidate, 1993)
161. Bill Badger (Resident of Nutwood)
162. Betty Boo (Singer)
163. Rupert Bear (Resident of Nutwood)
164. Jaws (Great White Shark)
165. Tim Roth (Actor)

Psychofuckin Mental

Stuart Pearce -
God of Left backs

The Pat Van Den Hauwe Appreciation Society

Stuart Pearce, to many, can be summed up by three incidents: 1) Blasting an Indirect Free Kick into the net against Holland in 1990 before anyone else had touched it 2) Blasting England's fourth penalty against Bodo Illgner's legs and 3) Underhitting that back pass to David Seaman nine seconds into the game against San Marino. Dropped for last Wednesday's game against Denmark, it looks as if dear ol' Psycho's England career is coming to an end but is he being discarded too soon by Terry Venables. For my money, there isn't a better left back in the country and England's results since his International debut way back in May 1987 back up my theory.

Stuart Pearce is a very undervalued player. Following Kenny Sansom's disasterous performance in the 1988 European Championships the way was clear for Pearce to establish himself in the Number Three shirt. He established himself in the best way possible - kicking the shit out of the opposition. As a result, he won over the crowd and his (over-the-top?) never say die spirit always made you feel secure about the back four. Like it or not, England haven't tossed many matches (three in total) when Pearce has played left back. Take him out of the set up and the defence seemed to collapse.

When Pearce was injured in the 1992 final of the ZDS Systems Cup he was sidelined for over a year. The more nimble Tony Dorigo could take on players and deliver a good cross, as could Pearce, but he couldn't destroy the opposition's right wing



Stuart Pearce - His mum loves him, anyway.

with one tackle. As a result England floundered. Poor performances against Poland, Norway and Holland away, as well as that "forgettable" American shambles, are prime examples. Pearce came back in the middle of that slump, against Poland at Wembley, and helped give England hope with a well hit free kick. He proved that he was noticeable by his absence but Venables has chosen to go with Le Saux. Le Saux is a good team player, but as an International Left Back he is going to need help from his fellow left sided players. My mind goes back to Phil Neal, who won fifty caps for England. A full back with a "midfield touch", like Le Saux, he

was regularly left wanting when the opposition broke forward and often needed the assistance of Steve Coppell. As a result, Coppell's talents were never fully exploited and England suffered.

Venables take note. In a back four, at least one player has to be as hard as nails. It's the law of football. Think about it: You're running down the right wing, towards goal, in the last minute of the World Cup Final. You've got one defender to beat before glory is yours. Who would you rather face? The nimble Graham Le Saux or the hard as fuck Stuart Pearce with his tree trunk thighs who is likely to put you in hospital rather than see you score.

Let's Stick Together

L.S.E. HOCKEY 2nd X1 3 WYE COLLEGE 3

Beaver Staff

L.S.E. 2nd's gathered for their final match of the season, a friendly against the Farming Boys of Wye College, on a cold, grey afternoon at Berrylands. The hockey stood in stark contrast to the weather as LSE produced a consistent display of the skilful and beautiful play of which everyone knew they were capable.

With Vishu and the two Matts, Walker and Stenpin-sky, linking fluently up the middle and the forceful charges of Paul Lodge, ably backed up by Vincent Van Panhuys, on the right wing the crowd didn't need to wait long for the first goal. Another run by the dashing Lodge was met by Wye's impressive

keeper who saw the ball threaded neatly through his legs and, with the defence all at sea, the ball found Vishu unmarked, leaving him with a simple tap in.

Ten minutes passed and Wye began to find their feet and started to pressurize the L.S.E. goal. With the wingers running free the ball was shifted to the centre and a goal looked likely. Likely, that is, but for the near superhuman presence of the team's hub and mascot, Ali Khalpey, who managed to wrestle two country yokels of the ball and, with the ball on his stick, Ali began to smell goal. Upfield he charged, players to the left of him, players to the right him. "Pass" they cried, but Ali unselfishly kept the ball, sprinting gazelle like to the edge of

the opponents D and after pausing for breath fired his shot straight and true into the back of Wye's goal, the keeper left sprawling.

21 players stood motionless, looks of bemusement and shock etched into their faces. Slowly they came round and ecstatic cheers rang around the hallowed Berrylands reserve pitch.

While the muck spreading lads of Wye were still in shock Vincent managed to put Matt Walker through into the clear and BLAM!!!, 3 0.

Unfortunately Wye managed to score three goals to draw the game but, as they left London to go and ride their tractors one thought and one man filled their minds, haunted by an ethereal Chorus; "Ali!, Ali!, Ali!,....."

No Score (after extra-time)

The Scottish League instructs home teams to supply a new ball for each game but some years ago Stirling Albion boss, Tam Ferguson, found this a bit expensive. So he told his players to kick the ball out of the ground as soon as the game began. An old replacement ball was thrown on and the new ball was hidden away ready for the next game...and the next...

13 Things I Didn't Buy My Very Old Gran For Her Birthday

1. "Very Loud Sudden Noises" LP from the BBC Sound Effects Department
2. Ginger Lynn - Queen of Triple Penetration
3. A rock of Crack
4. An Uzi
5. Twister
6. US Army Improvised Munitions Handbook
7. Mortal Kombat for the Sega Megadrive (she's got a Super NES)
8. Big Black's "Songs About Fucking" LP
9. "The Lover's Guide" video
10. Ninja nunchaku and throwing stars
11. A pair of football boots
12. Life Membership for the Ministry of Sound
13. Anything at all - she took an OD of the Smack I got her for Christmas

A Tarragona defender couldn't keep his elation under control when an opponent from Badalona missed a penalty in an important Spanish Cup match. The man in question, Santiago, ran up to the dejected Rebollo and hugged him. The referee promptly pointed to the spot once more, penalizing Santiago for ungentlemanly conduct. Despite his reprieve, Rebollo missed again.

17 Things That Piss the Music Editor Off

1. Kitchen appliances worn as fashion statements
2. People who stand on the walking side of escalators
3. Manchester United FC
4. Björk's hairstyle
5. "Vincent" by Don McLean
6. "Bette Davis Eyes" by Kim Carnes
7. Mark Lamarr
8. The Vegetarian Café
9. God-botherers
10. Kebab shops which do not understand the concept of "chips instead of salad"
11. Torvill
12. Dean
13. Shit pool players
14. Non-smokers
15. British Licensing Laws
16. Steve Wright in the Morning
17. The fact that there's only space to write 17 things which piss me off

The FA Cup is renowned for producing exciting matches between sides from various divisions which are settled by a single goal in the last minute of the game. Oddly enough Millwall once feel victim to such a scenario, but with a difference. The Lions, then in the old First Division, were playing Fourth Division Cambridge United in a Fourth Round reply at the Abbey Stadium. The game was well into extra-time and drawing to a close with the score still at 0-0 when Millwall's goalkeeper threw the ball to defender David Thompson. The clock was ticking and the Ref had indicated that the game had entered injury time. Trying to make it safe, Thompson went to pass back to Keith Branagan but mishit the ball. A powerful twenty-yard shot eluded Branagan, hit the post and bounced over the line. Three seconds later the ref blew the full time whistle.

The World's Worst Homing Pigeon

This historic bird was released in Pembrokeshire in June 1953 and was expected to reach its base that evening. It was returned by post, dead, in a cardboard box, eleven years later from Brazil.

No Score (after extra time)
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Houghton Street Harry

And now the end is near, final curtains etc. Basically this is my Waterloo as I will be leaving this educational establishment and joining the real world (at last), but don't cry for me Argentina, the truth is I'm sick of the sight of this place. Once I'm over the wall there will be no more having to listen to beardy soap-dodgers warbling on about the latest tie-dye sensations. No more Van Morrison, Rolling Stones or Rage Against The Machine to spoil a nice quiet pint. I can give up being politically correct if I want (although I doubt that I would be that sad) and above all I can give up having to listen to sad little girls going on about recycling, rainforests and other sad crap while I'm trying to mind my own business.

It really does take a long time to get me upset, but Tuesday 8th March marked the International Women's Day, and the beginning of Women's Week at the LSE. Boris Yeltsin made an admirable attempt in his speech to the 'women of Russia,' thanking them for their contribution to mankind etc. Back at the LSE however, a more concerted, or perhaps more constructive, effort was made as the Women's Group, chaired by Sarah Green, organized various events for the week. The intention was to provide a variety of talks, discussions and videos relevant to women, but also of a general interest. Events were scheduled for every lunchtime starting Tuesday, with representatives from The National Abortion Campaign, the Campaign Against Pornography, the Campaign Against Child Support Act, and a demonstration from The Women's Self Defence Group to conclude the week. Two evenings of 'female orientated' films were also thrown in for the variety.

Most of these events ran quite smoothly attracting an average audience of around 25 students that ranged from female and mature, even to reach a few male specimens. However it was unfortunate that after a great deal of effort was made in organizing and publicising the week, that firstly, the original 6 short films 'made by women about women,' failed to make it to the Post Office, and an alternative selection had to be made on the day, from the limited choice left. I have finally cracked. Mother Theresa would lose her rag at some of the LSE carry-ons. The elections last week were a prime example. What makes you want to stand? What makes you vote for the people who want to stand. I'm sure it's all meant well, but haven't they got anything better to do? Being a Chomskiite social anarchist the whole thing rather baffles me.

So where was I.....

And now the end is near etc.... This is my Waterloo (somewhere I seem to have spent a lot of my undergraduate career) so I've got to say my farewells. For the kids who regularly read this rubbish I've got some bad news for you. I'm over the wall soon and will not be back. The job hunt has gone rather slowly so it's off to the continent for me. Emigration seemed like a good idea at the time and that's what I'm going to do. I've had a bit of a duff week after losing my 45-page dissertation, but as long as I get it done eventually I'll be able to fulfil my dream of going abroad and pissing the locals off as has been done to me for 3 years.

This is brief(?), and to the point, good bye. I'll leave you with a quote which doesn't have much relevance to anything:-

"We can be educated for freedom-much better educated for it than we are at present".

Aldous Huxley (1958)

"Superb Lads!"

Saurus' boys make some noise!

LSE 2nd XI 5

Goldsmiths XI 3 (aet)

(3 - 3 after 90 mins)

Ian Staples

Fortune is a fickle mistress, but it favours the brave. This is why Blundasaurus and his merry men are walking around town with their upper reserves ULU Cup winners medals. If you like tales of bravery, endeavour and deep, deep human resources, read on.

After a gaggle of goals on Wednesday, the 2nd XI knew that they had to tighten up their back door to lift the cup, and as they warmed up there was much conversation and clean sheets (although some of the team haver never had clean sheets). As the discussion unfolded tow coach loads of Goldsmiths supporters arrived with drums, beer and painted faces arrived with the intention of out-shouting LSE's one fan-Brian the groundsman (though eventually Matt, Belinda, Alison, Richard, Scouse, Sean, a few others, whose names I don't know and myself, brought our vocal support up to twelve including the substitutes! - Ron: Exec. Ed.).

Clearly rattled by taunts of gypo's after having to wear our kit inside-out due to a clash of colours, LSE concede two early goals. Nothing new, I suppose, but the spirit is as strong as a bottle of Polish Vodka. The

linesman made sure everyone knew it was his cup final by pulling up the Goldsmith's keeper for (Five!) steps and "Deep Fat" Fry obliged by hammering the kick in off the bar. The quality of football was low, but excitement was at fever pitch when Ian Davies mixed pace with persistence to level the score before half-time.

Jones and 'Ringer' Nelson began to get on top of the Goldsmiths midfield midgets. Playing uphill and against the wind didn't suit LSE, but patience is a virtue. This was when Staples Durrr and Menno combined to patiently score for the opposition. It was conclusive evidence that you don't need to shoot to score as Menno netted his second in two games to leave LSE 3-2 down with 20 minutes left.

Saurus began to read us the riot act when he threatened to wave his iron rod if we didn't win. If you've seen his iron rod you would do exactly what Davies did. As Durrr and Mailman discussed who was to blame for the own goal he darted daringly into the box and silenced the opposition fans with the equaliser.

This didn't silence Charlie Grunfelt or Brian Whitworth who bellowed from the touch line for all they were worth. We hung on from extra time and another ear bashing from the Saurus. He obliged with the usual Agincourt, cometh the hour stuff and received the response he wanted.

In extra time we rolled them over like a barrel. A corner from Mailman, a header from Davies, a thudded cross bar and the hour cometh, Saurus leapt like a gambling lamb and hammered home what proved to be the winner. It left time for Jones to cap an exemplary display with a goal from Pederson's flick ("the first time it has worked all season" - Pederson). Goldsmiths were smashed and the trophy was ours (and our supporters pointed out to the Goldsmith's supporters that, "they weren't singing any more!") When Blundi, went up to lift the ULU Cup we were there. It was filled with lager, emptied and then taken off us because they had given us the wrong trophy.

Signed photos of the squad will be available and after-dinner speaking by Saurus on "Life, the Universe and Superb Lads" at very reasonable prices. I think that is the double for a team from hell. Into Europe next year and Alex Ferguson was at the game hoping to pick up a bargain. The team celebrated by passing round peace pipes and giggling all night. Saurus knows what's coming on Wednesday, but has he got the bottle? Only time will tell.

P.S. Many thanks to the Paperboy for tanning a Goldsmith's fan from a good yard. He was singing soprano by the final whistle.