

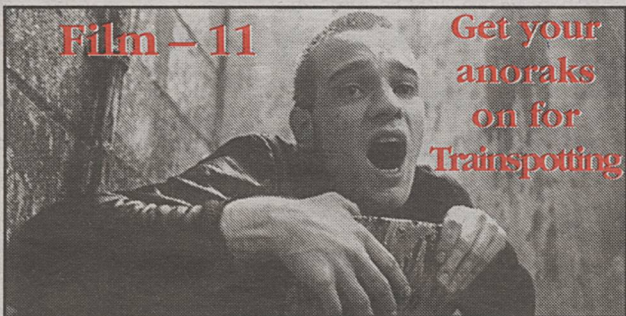
The BEAVER

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

Issue 438

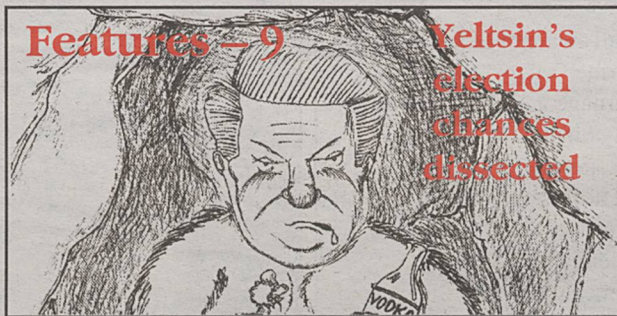
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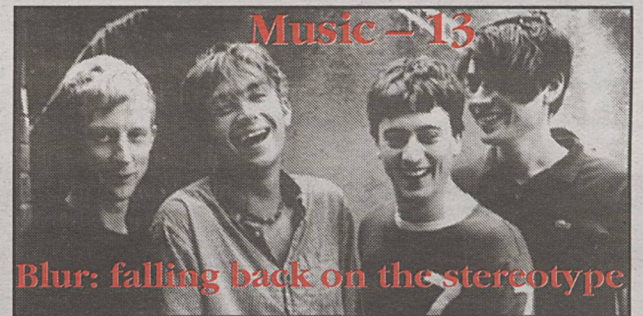
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Get your anoraks on for *Trainspotting*



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Yeltsin's election chances dissected



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Blur: falling back on the stereotype

LSE strategy review

James Brown
News Editor

A major consultation exercise has been initiated to help establish the future direction of the LSE. The strategic review is a response to the worsening financial situation currently affecting all universities.

The Pro-Director, Professor Leslie Hannah, is chairing the working party which will consider the options raised. He is at pains to emphasise that the opinions of all members of the School, including staff and students, are welcome and will be considered.

The options open to the working party fall into two categories: cutting expenditure or raising revenue. Professor Hannah feels that the first of these does not offer the scope to meet the shortfall in revenue; "I do not hear students willing to suffer cuts in information technology provision or the staff-student ratio: in fact, I hear the opposite.

"We have already gone down that road far enough. The government talks of the possibility of further 'efficiency savings', but we know this as quality reduction". Other possibilities, such as reducing maintenance or cutting back on rental of buildings would also further deteriorate the standard of LSE life.

Instead, the most likely choices will centre on increasing revenue. Recent efforts have concentrated on fundraising, through the LSE Foundation, and enhancing the value of re-

search contracts. The latter has risen dramatically and now accounts for one sixth of LSE income, or £10 million.

The diversity of LSE income is a source of comfort for Professor Hannah. "It is dangerous to be wholly dependent on one source. We are in fact less dependent on government income, which is about 30% of our funding, than almost any comparable institution; even Harvard University receives more public money than we do."

This situation arises partly because the majority of students at LSE already pay fees. If this source of income is to be tapped to meet financial shortfalls, consideration will be given to whether overseas and masters students should be the only group targeted.

However, any introduction of "top-up" fees for home undergraduate students will meet with resistance from the student body. Kate Hampton, LSESU General Secretary, is already planning a major campaign against top-up fees. "The attack will be on three fronts; writing to MP's, writing to the Pro-Director and lobbying tutors". She blames this year's financial problems on "bad housekeeping", pointing out that there has been a shortfall in high-fee overseas students and too many low-fee home undergraduates. Using top-up fees to remedy this would be the "most unfair option" in her opinion.

Any student with views they wish to express to the working party should write to Andrew Webb, H693.

IRA violence affects students

Peace or else ...



Nicola Hobday
Executive Editor

LSE students were inconvenienced last week as a result of the increased security in London after the IRA bomb planted in Canary Wharf on February 9. Because of the disruption to traffic many students who usually travel through the city were held up by the lane restrictions.

On Thursday of last week the centre of London was severely affected by a bomb scare. Picadilly Circus, Leicester Square and Charing Cross tubes were shut and many central areas were closed off. The bomb was eventually found and diffused in the heart of theatre land, close to High Holborn Halls of Residence.

Partly as a result of this increased tension the police were called to the LSE last Thursday evening after four 999 calls. The calls were made after a man was seen with a gun in the building. Both the Aldwych

and the Kingsway were cordoned off and armed police and dogs were brought in.

The gun in question was a decommissioned gun that belonged to a student at the LSE who had been using it as a 'James Bond' type prop. It was being 'played' with in The Tuns when the police seized it.

The student who had been in possession of the decommissioned fire arm was called a "prat" continuously by the police. When he went to bring the gun to them he had a marksman training a machine gun at his head.

Jim Fagan, Bar Manager, had not seen the gun before the police arrived, claimed that it was a result of "stupidity" on behalf of the boys involved. He felt that, luckily, the good relationship that he has maintained with the police over the last nine years has not been damaged.

The police were happy with the cooperation that they were given and hopefully future bar extensions will not be affected.

LSE moves into the red

Peter Udeshi
News Editor

A situation of "greater financial adversity" is imminent. The rising cost of major maintenance work and a shortfall in overseas student registrations during 1995-96, will result in finances "significantly less favourable" than in previous years.

A significant decline in government funding from 1996 onwards is anticipated. In the absence of corrective measures, the projected deficit will increase to a figure in excess of £1m in the financial year 1998-99.

Such a deficit could not be sustained by the School and both the Finance Committee and the Academic and Planning Resources Committee (APRC) are of the view that action must be taken to prevent this situation

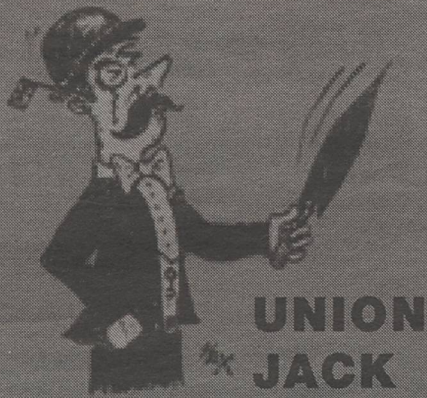
arising.

A Small Working Party has been set up to examine financial projections for the next four years and to brief the APRC on alternative responses to the financial situation.

There is the danger of a vicious circle arising where cutbacks reduce the ability to generate income, thereby making it necessary to cutback even further. The APRC has been asked by the Finance Committee to try to avoid any extra allocations of resources during 1995-96.

The APRC agreed that Departments should face a single set of reviews once every four years to reassess student recruitment targets and reiterated that high fee student targets must be "hit".

An Academic Board meeting turned down a recommendation that the APRC be authorised to offer limited extra resources to Departments which unintentionally over-recruit high fee students.



Jack is proud to tell that the Union flag was flying high in last week's UGM. It certainly outperformed the Austrian standard which fluttered briefly, then wilted, as a motion declaring the land of schnitzel and lederhosen "the greatest power on earth", fell on the second count. Not before delicious Austrian confectionary had been liberally distributed mind you. The sweetest power on earth? Maybe.

But this is mere frippery compared to the Glory of the red white and blue. The best of British were up there keeping it up. Alex Ellis stiffly proposed a motion condemning the IRA as cowards. Sinn Fein for not condemning the bombing and mandating the General secretary to write various letters to that effect and to John Major, Sir Patrick Mayhew and David Trimble urging them to "carry on as they have and to hold elections as soon as possible."

Despite anti-imperialist protestations and a liberal amendment adding things in about human rights and punishment beatings Jack was pleased that the essence of what his namesake stands for was preserved in the final passed motion.

Jack's heart swelled to hear British democracy in Ulster being defended, nay trumpeted, with all the aplomb appropriate to our great colonial heritage. No nit-picking about a built in loyalist majority being guaranteed by Britain's original partition of Ireland into six counties in the North (Ulster was originally nine counties with a catholic majority) and twenty-six in the South was tolerated. No hair splitting asides about democracy being an impossibility in an artificial statelet imposed and maintained by force by our boys in the Black and Tans and the Paras were so much as given the time of day. No.

Not even mention of a few unfortunate incidents from the past was powerful enough to trouble the utter moral conviction in British rightness, properness and above all peacefulness. (Excuse Jack if the emotion hampers his usual eloquence). The Irish Republican Army were condemned as 'terrorists' and 'cowards'.

No silliness about fourteen unarmed nationalists shot dead by our brave Paras on Bloody Sunday, nor even the release of Lee Clegg (who bravely shot a teenage civilian woman in the back and killed her) or internment without trial, or no jury courts, plastic bullets, shoot to kill, twenty four hour saturation surveillance of nationalist areas or anything else the treacherous mob could come up with could budge the morally erect union in this condemnation. Jolly good show! All in the interests of democracy and peace, of course.

Jack was a little disappointed that nobody really rammed it home. Jack's sources have revealed that the political content of the recent bombing is, in fact, the IRA and Sinn Fein's frustration with a peace process that they nonetheless initiated and support. And which, as such, already represents a retreat from their historic aspirations for Irish unity and self-determination. Never mind.

Some spoilsport called Simon McKeon tried to suggest that this was more a victory for the Stars and Stripes (Clinton getting all the cheering crowds and interfering on sovereign territory and all that) than for our Union flag. No matter.

The UGM held firm against the 'terrorists' and stood up for Great British traditions that any Irish man will tell you are the fairest, the bravest, the most democratic he could hope for. Nothing to do of course with little insignificances like thousands of true blue Brits staring at him, purely peacefully, down the barrel of a gun. Rule Britannia!

Bosnian Blue Beret

Dhara Ranasinghe

We are all aware of the atrocities of the former Yugoslav conflict, yet the extensive carnage and the reality of the United Nations behind the scenes was made even clearer in a speech presented by Colonel Bob Stuart. The former UN Commander in Bosnia spoke at a lecture organised by the Francophone Society last week.

The Government, Colonel Stuart said, had told him to go to Bosnia, but did not present him with a mission. As his talk progressed the Colonel gave vivid accounts of his experiences, some of which have not been seen in Europe since world war two: it became clear that his mission was "to save lives".

"Playing chess on the ground", was the term used by Bob Stuart to describe the way in which his company had to contend with the opposing sides, the road blocks and in setting up safe havens.

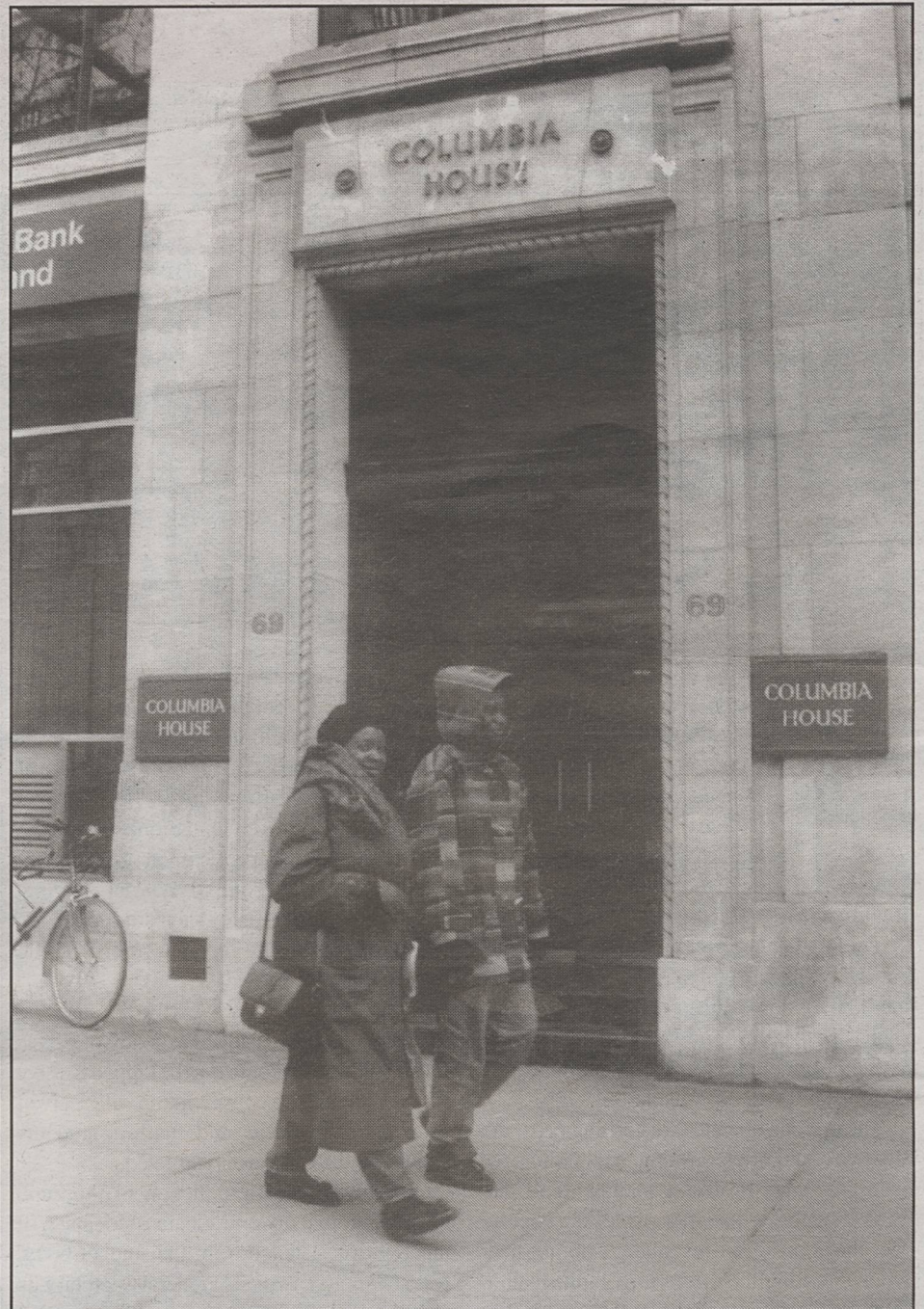
The Colonel's view on the UN was particularly interesting, though at the same time disheartening. He spoke of some UN forces who were there merely "to do nothing, take the money and go home".

Equally intriguing were his opinions on the media, whose images he believes to be sometimes more powerful than force.

On the whole, Bob Stuart delivered a hard-hitting and excellent speech, which in many ways left one thinking about the appalling atrocities which now, so clearly characterise the recent history of the former Yugoslavia.

LSE Cabaret
Copies of the tape
of the highly successful
LSE Cabaret
are available from
the Economist
Bookshop
Price: £7.50

Columbia House lease to be renewed?



Columbia House

Photo: Carla Cavarrubias

Chris McAleely

Hopes are high that the lease on Columbia House could be extended. The current contract is due to run out in June, and if it not renewed, could add significantly to the overcrowding problems of the LSE. Michael Arthur, Site Services Manager, is optimistic that the lease could be renewed for a further ten years.

The LSE is in negotiations with the freeholders of Columbia House, and is expecting a reply within a month. There is even the possibility, Mr Arthur added, that the

LSE might be able to gain a further floor. Currently the LSE only occupies the top four floors of the building. This provides valuable office space for amongst others Enterprise LSE and Continuing and Professional Education.

The opening of Clement House on the Aldwych next year should further relieve pressure. The work on transforming the building into lecture theatres, teaching rooms and a cafe is proceeding on schedule, and is hoped to be ready for the start of the Michaelmas term next year. Clement House will also provide a new home to the International Relations department.

Oral delight – Debating might

Ben Hawking

Over forty of the finest debating teams from across the country, and two teams from the LSE, gathered at Dartmouth House in London to contest the ESU-John Smith Memorial Mace, on the last weekend of January. The competition took the form of three rounds, with four teams in each, followed by quarter-finals, semi-finals and then the final itself.

In the first round the motion was particularly topical: the pros and cons of "selective education". "Euthanasia" and "open govern-

ment" were debated in the two subsequent rounds against opposition that ranged from the great, to the good, to merely Birmingham.

Both LSE teams made it to the quarter finals and after arguing the importance of divorce within society, Richard Hearnden and Amna Naseer were elevated to the status of semi-finalists...but the best was yet to come.

Due in part to the poor quality of the team from Middle Temple (whose task it was to argue that "the liberal experiment has failed") but mainly Amna's impassioned summing-up of what would other-

wise have been a forgettable debate, LSE was adjudged to have made its first national final since...well, not that long ago really.

The final itself revolved around whether the "National Lottery is a load of balls". It included three teams from Oxford which is strong evidence that LSE is fast gaining a prodigious reputation as a force in English Public Speaking. The final was won by a team from Oxford, but the way Richard and Amna acquitted themselves at this level of very tough and experienced opposition suggests that they are likely to have even more success throughout the rest of the year.

Arab-Israeli peace debated



Mr Carne Ross talking to Lu'ayy Al-Rimawi (right)

Photo: Erik Wernevi

Beaver Staff

On February 14 Mr Carne Ross, Head of Arab Israel Section in the Foreign Office, spoke to the LSE on the recent British involvement in the Middle East peace process. Ross was the guest of the LSE Jordanian Society and SOAS Arab Society. The talk was chaired by Dr Kirsten Schultze.

The President of the Jordanian Society, Lu'ayy Minwer Al-Rimawi, opened the talk by outlining the historical background of major powers involvement in the Arab world. He especially highlighted the Soviet role "which historically viewed the Middle East as part of the Third World, in which the Soviets sought to nurture relations with bourgeois leadership of nationalist movements". However, Al-Rimawi finished by pointing out five reasons

which he thought "were most responsible" for the current peace process.

In his brief speech, Ross said that the Arab-Israeli question has to be settled according to international law. He emphasised the Foreign Office's full support for the Oslo agreement. Ross also expressed his satisfaction at the recent Palestinian elections, though he said that the Foreign Office was aware and regretted the atmosphere of intimidation which prevailed Arab East Jerusalem.

He said that the heavy presence of Israeli soldiers and the threats by Israeli right-wingers did contribute to the low turn-out of Palestinian voters in Arab Jerusalem which was as low as 30%. Ross added that the British government has pledged £85m of aid to be distributed over three years (1/6 of the total EU's contribution).

A discussion then followed. Dr Schultze opened the questions by asking Mr Ross what

was the Foreign Office's view on the final settlement which will determine the fate of Jerusalem? Mr Ross said that the Foreign Office accepts Palestinian claims to Arab East Jerusalem, but said that the British government will go along with whatever the parties concerned agree.

But when he was asked by Al-Rimawi how could his answer be practically valid especially given the strategic, economic and military imbalance between the parties concerned, Ross said that the current negotiations constitute a significant step forward. However, he concurred with Al-Rimawi's question that Britain and France are the predominant forces drawing the EU's Middle Eastern policy.

All in all, the talk was a very pleasant event and Ross's informal approach by structuring it on a one-to-one question-answer basis was appreciated by the attenders.

MACHIAVELLI

This week Machiavelli starts getting serious, along with the candidates: nominations are now open, as are the cheque-books.

General Secretary Adam Morris 3/1

Urged everyone to vote bottom last year. A surprise late entry. A right-wing extremist to some, though he has resisted attempts to recruit him to the Orange order since Stephen Miligan's tragic demise.

Childhood hero: Bobby Sands, MP

Baljit Mahal 3/1

Communications officer, Labour Students representative on NUS Higher Education Committee, baby kisser, flesh presser, slippery as an eel and twice as cold.

Childhood hero: Baljit Mahal

Tom Smith 3/1

Came in a sloppy second last year. (Or is that last came in a sloppy second year?) His outpourings are often in *The Beaver*. See for yourself, he's not proud.

Childhood hero: Lionel Blair (No relation)

Dan Crowe 6/1 (Apologies for last week's misprint)

Fucking pissed off, darling. Not on any account a Militant, militant or miscreant. Stropky though. Really fucking stropky, luvvies.

Childhood hero: Dickie Attenborough as Derek Hatton in "Militant Tendencies: The Movie"

Arun Velusami 20/1

Token Tory. And we're not talking Tiger Tokens. Rumours of a large porn collection must be false. A strictly bottom shelf kind of guy.

Childhood hero: Barbara Windsor's

Treasurer

Darrell Hare speed of light/1 on

Holds great Balls. His Balls are always bouncing to the left and to the right, it's his belief that his big Balls should be held every night.

Childhood hero: Johnny Ball

Sam Parham 2/1

Shrieking shrill shining head of the Labour Club. Sharp as a shovel. Earthy.

Childhood hero: Mark Thatcher (every relation).

Welfare

Ali Imam 2/1

Courteous, polite and congenial young man. The kind you'd take home to meet your mother, leave them there, go on holiday, and come back to find them still talking. Super.

Childhood hero: "0898 21 21 21... CHATBACK!"

Garth Mullins 300/1

Still a hot candidate for Welfare..... Someone call an ambulance.

Childhood hero: Michael Jackson (Bourgeois Broadcasting Corporation TV controller)

ENTERTAINMENTS

Iain "Stormin' Norm" Campbell 0.45/1

Gun totin', smooth talkin', hard drinkin' (but not in The Tuns). Caused chaos in central London by flashing a "gun" in the LSE watering hole. Now friendly with half the Charing Cross Rapid Response Firearms Unit, and really intimate with the sniffer dog. Should be able to negotiate late licenses with ease.

Childhood hero: Carlos the Jackal

Dave Nicholson evens

Could follow on from the great tradition of Brummie ents Sabbs. A Nick Fletcher groupie. Cool.

Childhood hero: The Fonz.

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Your knowledge creates expertise

A Change for the better a fifth Sabbatical

A contribution to a current debate

Baljit Mahal
Communications
Officer

Nearly four years have passed since the creation of the fourth sabbatical at LSE. For this period there has been a dedicated sabbatical to look after the welfare role and related areas. For any student making academic appeals, facing disciplinaries or having accommodation or visa problems a dedicated full-time officer of the Union has been there to help them. We must now ask if the time has not come, when the School must consider whether a fifth sabbatical is needed within the SU. A number of different remits are badly served by the current structure of the Union.

Consider, that now only one third of the student body consists of home students, whilst a sixth have EU status, and over half are overseas, non-EU students. Has the time not come when there should be a full-time Overseas Sabbatical Officer?

Elsewhere, the Union faces critical problems in its ability to communicate with the student body. The level of time and effort required on the part of a Communications Officer to honour even part of the job remit is tremendous. From Union meetings, to society events, to newsletters, and liaison with Halls, the workload could easily take up the time of many

more than just one part-time officer. The Union does not effectively communicate with the student body and this is reflected by the indifference and apathy that many hold towards it. The student body tends to polarise into a core and a periphery, with home, undergraduate students concentrated in the core, and overseas, postgraduate students concentrated in the periphery. Whilst the core is generally aware, participates and benefits from the Union services that exist, the periphery – often, through simple lack of awareness, does not. Such a polarisation seriously undermines the legitimacy of the Union, and where it seeks to represent the whole of the student body and not just a small minority of it, serious questions must be asked.

Some practical solutions may offer an answer. We must recognise that for various structural reasons that students will not come to the Union of their own accord, and the Union must itself reach out to the students. Direct delivered newsletters going out to all students offer one such means of achieving this objective, in a cost effective manner. One vital necessity for the Union is the creation of a Student Database, so that any vital issue or piece of information can readily be sent to students BOTH in halls, and other forms of accommodation. Perhaps, this could be achieved and managed through the creation of a Communications Sabbatical

Officer.

Furthermore, in *The Beaver*, many feel that the current situation where studying students must put in excessive amounts of time for a service that benefits the vast majority of the student body to be unsustainable. All students, past and present, would benefit from a student newspaper that can win national awards. But, a good student newspaper is not simply a means to an end. With the kind of student body that the LSE attracts, a *Beaver* sabbatical could easily be justified. A large body of social science students have academic as well as generally social interests served through a regular, independent student medium to air, debate and disseminate a diversity of views.

As the LSE pursues its policy of gradual expansion, a situation is reached where the resources for a fifth sabbatical can easily be justified.

There are a number of basic things that the Union should seek to do. Each of these should be done effectively, within a system that helps rather than hinders those willing to put in their time. Last week a first year undergraduate student raised the idea of having an office for part-time students, as exists in ULU and NUS, to help part-timers fulfil their remits. The School should be willing to recognise this need and make such an allocation of space. Lets hope for a change for the better.

The common interest

DanCrowe
Secretary
LSE Labour Club

Do LSE students share a common interest? Some might argue that they don't. Yet in the eyes of most students, LSE stands for Low Standard of Education. Issues like class sizes, relations with tutors and teachers, a lack of resources and ever-increasing fees affect all students: home, EU and overseas, undergraduate and postgraduate, mature and immature. If there wasn't a common interest, there would be no need for a Students' Union. Its job is to represent and serve LSE students. Some might argue that it isn't very good at it.

The sprawling hierarchial bureaucracy and "hack hegemony"

of the LSE-SU renders it ineffective in voicing the concerns of students. Democracy and accountability are lost, with Union platforms like the UGM and *The Beaver* becoming dominated by "self promoting bastard political clones" (Houghton Street Harry) – who do not accurately reflect the views of the LSE community. Long-term planning and development is frustrated by egotistical infighting, incompetence, and short-termism.

Students perhaps most benefit from the services provided by the Union. Most would agree that these are a hit and miss affair. The Tuns is outstanding value but could surely do with renovation, The Shop and The Café are both nice concepts but often come with high prices, and why the Print Room charges 16p for a double-sided A3 copy when ULU does it for 6p I have no idea. *The Beaver*, perhaps the most

vital organ (fnarr-fnarr) of the Union is chronically underfunded and understaffed, but with the necessary resources and talent could yet win another award.

As it stands many students feel they have no stake in their Union. This must be rectified if the Union is to survive and prosper in the next millenium. When we are gone from here and the LSE unveils plans to scrap all teaching and become purely research-based the Union won't have the power or legitimacy to do anything about it. If it does not seek to represent and reflect the academic, social, cultural, sporting and political interests of LSE students then it will die on its feet. The Union urgently needs to be renewed. Open debate on its future and its relationship with students is needed now. But perhaps no one gives a damn after all.

Overseas News

Summer in Russia

If you are interested in spending a summer at a Russian (Camp America-type) camp counselling high-school kids and teaching them English, then contact Martin Benedek through SU reception or on (0171 580 6338).

Malaysian graduates

A Malaysian-British firm is looking for Malaysian LSE graduates. For more information and leaflet contact the president of the LSE Malaysia Club or Martin Benedek.

Voluntary Service Overseas

Voluntary Service Overseas is currently recruiting men and women to work "in poorer countries in order to share skills, build capabilities and promote international understanding and action, in the pursuit of a more equitable world". For more info, get in touch with Martin Benedek.

Attention all students!

LSE SU Lent Term Elections

Your chance to elect ...

- General Secretary
- Treasurer
- Education and Welfare
- Entertainments
- Executive Officers
- Finance Committee
- Constitution and Steering Committee
- Academic Affairs Committee
- Returning Officer
- NUS Conference

Voting takes place on Wednesday and Thursday, 28-29 February

Nominations

Will close on
Wednesday, 28
February at 5.00pm

Hustings

These will take place
on Thursdays UGM
and follow in Halls

AV / STV

Voting occurs
through numbering
preferences, eg. 1, 2,
4, etc

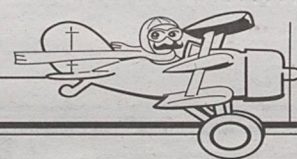
Agents meeting

Will take place after
this Thursday's UGM
at top floor of SU
Café

Proposed Society - Market Regulation

Aim: To cater for students interested in the regulatory aspects of financial markets

Contact: Nadeem Ahmed Tel 0181 446 4766



The Beaver

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Jewish Society

Free Bagel lunches every week!

With dynamic speakers.
Tuesdays 1 pm, A47

Francophone Society

presents

Trois Couleurs Film Season Blanc

Tuesday February 20
Rouge

Wednes February 21
7.00 pm, New Theatre

Games Society

Regular Weekly Meeting

Board Games, RPG's
Everyone Welcome
5.00- 10.00 pm, A144
Every Thursday

School Lecture

"Mathematical Methods in Telephone Routing: The Ring Loading Problem"

Peter Winkler: Visiting Centennial Professor,
Tuesday February 27
5.30 pm, Old Theatre

LSE Labour Club

presents

"The Future for the Beaver"

Speakers:

Nicola Hobday
- Executive Editor,
The Beaver
Claire Lawrie
- Treasurer SU

All Welcome

Tuesday February 20
1- 2 pm, S075

Schapiro Club

A 'Trial' of J.M. Keynes
Prosecution: Lord Desai
Keynes: Lord Skidelsky

Judge: Bill Letwin

Thursday 22 February
5.30 pm, New Theatre
(Will be followed by reception for members)

Welsh Society & Canadian Society

Walking Trip in Snowdonia

Visit Wales' national park.
Payment includes accomodation, transport & food for the weekend.
Tickets available soon.

Future of Europe Trust

All- Party

Parliamentary Group

seeks

8 volunteers for report- writing at International Parliamentary Conference 18- 20 March.

Unique opportunity

to meet many of Europe's emerging leaders at prestigious venue.

Speakers include Senior European Ministers.

Details from Future of

Europe Trust:

0171 219 4879.

LIONEL ROBBINS

MEMORIAL

LECTURE

"Growth and

Macroeconomics":

1. Determinants of

Economic Growth

Tuesday February 20

2. The interplay

between Economic and

Political Development

Wednes February 21

3. A Programme for Debt

Management

Thursday February 22

Robert Barro

Professor of Economics,

Harvard University

5.30 pm, Old Theatre

Latin American

Society

Spanish Classes

Wednesdays: Y001

1- 2 pm Beginn.

2- 3 pm Interm.

Thursdays: Y014

4- 5 pm Beginn.

5- 6 pm Interm

Law Society

Cherie Booth QC

Graham Walls Room

Thursday, February 22

Time TBC

LOOKING FOR EXCITEMENT?
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO PUT ON YOUR
C.V.?

LOOKING FOR A PURPOSE IN LIFE?
EVEN IF THE ANSWER IS NO TO ALL 3
QUESTIONS GET INVOLVED ANYWAY!!!

Leave a message for Anj at the S. U. Reception
(Women's Officer)

WOMEN'S WEEK 4TH- 8TH MARCH

Marxist Society

"New Humanitarianism, NGO's & the Politics of North South Relations"

Helen Simons

Researcher for

Genderwatch

Tuesday, February 20

7.00 pm, A44

Law Society

Law Ball

at

the Waldorf Hotel

After Dinner Tickets

Available at £10 each

Thursday, February 29

calling all men
No Love Of Your Life? No Romantic Encounters? No
Women Interested Ever?

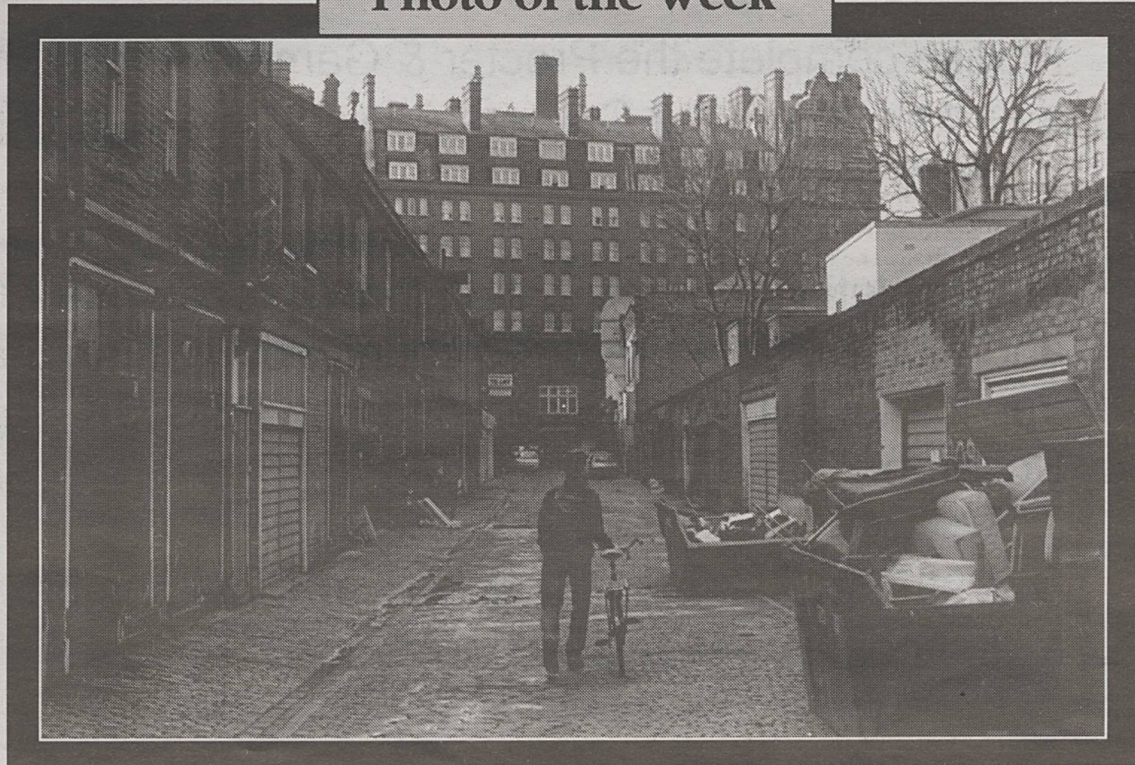
You Need To Meet Women (quickly)

You Need To Understand Them (to ever stand a
chance of pulling)

YOU NEED TO GET INVOLVED IN WOMEN'S
WEEK (it could be your last chance) & I CAN HELP.

Contact Anj (Women's Officer) through SU Reception.

Photo of the Week



WANTED:
PHOTOGRAPHY &
PRINTS FOR AN
EXHIBITION

The Student Union
requires
photography work to
exhibit in the Vegetarian
Cafe.

If interested,
please contact **CLAIRE**
LAWRIE
SU Treasurer
Room E206,
SU Reception
or Ext 7471

FAST TRACK TO RESPONSIBILITY**Summer '96 in Procter & Gamble
UK, Scandinavia, Spain and France****INTERNATIONAL INTERNSHIP OPPORTUNITY****in****Procter & Gamble Sales Management**

In summer 1996 P&G Sales Department is again offering its' highly sought after UK Internship scheme. Many participants go on to have successful careers with P&G.

In addition to the UK Sales Programme, a small number of suitable candidates will be offered the chance to participate in the SCANDINAVIAN, SPANISH or FRENCH SCHEMES.

For up to 12 weeks this summer, you could work on your own live projects and deliver business-building results for one of the world's most successful consumer goods companies.

Travel expenses will be covered along with salary and support package.

Dates: 8th July - September 1996

Eligibility: Applications from students wanting to start full time employment in September 1997. This will include penultimate and final year students.

It is planned that the Scandinavian and Spanish Schemes be conducted in English unless suitable local language speakers are identified. The French Scheme requires good spoken French as a minimum.

How to Apply: Please complete the Procter & Gamble Application Form available from your Careers Advisory Service or by calling (01932) 896473.

In completing the application form, please mark Question 5B and indicate your preferred country other than the UK. All applicants will be considered for the P&G UK Sales Internship Scheme.

Closing Date: By 29th February, 1996, with all applications being handled on a 'first come, first served basis'.

Do you know this man?

For Islamic Awareness Week, Yenson Silwood looks at the Prophet Muhammad

John William Draper, the reputed author of 'A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe' writes that in "AD 569" a man "was born at Mecca, in Arabia, the man who, of all men, has exercised the greatest influence upon the human race." Michael H Hart, in his book on ratings of men who contributed towards the progress of mankind, put this man top of the list of the world's most influential persons. Unfortunately, due to the lack of dialogue and understanding between people of different perspectives, this man is almost unknown in the Western world. This man was the Prophet Muhammad (may the peace and blessings of God be upon him).

What do people who have studied the life of this man think of him? Lamartine, a renowned historian wrote:

If greatness of purpose, smallness of means, and astounding results are the three criteria of human genius, who could dare to compare any great man in modern history with Muhammad? The most famous men created arms, laws and empires only ... material powers which often crumbled away before their eyes. This man moved not only armies, legislations, empires, peoples and dynasties, but millions of men in one third of the then inhabited world; and more than that he moved the altars, the gods, the religions, the ideas, the beliefs and souls ... His forbearance in victory, his ambition, which was entirely devoted to one idea and in no manner striving for an empire, his endless prayers, his mystic conversations with God, his death and his triumph after death; all these attest not to an imposture but to a firm conviction which gave him the power to restore a dogma. This dogma was two-fold, the unity of God and the immateriality of God; the former telling what God is, the latter telling what God is not ... Philosopher, orator, apostle, legislator, warrior, conqueror of ideas, restorer of rational dogmas, of a cult without images, the founder of twenty terrestrial empires, and of one spiritual empire, that is Muhammad. As regards all standards by which Human Greatness

maybe measured, we may well ask IS THERE ANY MAN GREATER THAN HE?

Mahatma Gandhi, speaking on the character of Muhammad, says in his 'Young India':

I wanted to know the best of one who holds today the undisputed sway over the hearts of millions of mankind ... I became more than convinced that it was not the sword that won a place for Islam in those days in the scheme of life. It was the rigid simplicity, the utter self-effacement, of the Prophet, the scrupulous regard for pledges, his intense devotion to his friends and followers, his intrepidity, his fearlessness, his absolute trust in God, and in his own mission. These and not the sword carried everything before them and surmounted every obstacle. When I closed the second volume (of the Prophet's biography) I was sorry there was not more for me to read of a great life.

George Bernard Shaw says:

I have prophesied about the faith of Muhammad that it would be acceptable tomorrow as it is beginning to be acceptable to the Europe of today. Medieval ecclesiastics,

either through their ignorance or bigotry, painted Muhammadanism in the darkest colours. They were, in fact, trained to hate both the man Muhammad and his religion. To them Muhammad was the anti-Christ. I

have studied him, the wonderful man, and in my opinion far from being an anti-Christ he must be called the saviour of Humanity. I believe that if a man like him were to assume the dictatorship of the modern world he would succeed in solving the problems in a way that would bring it the much needed peace and happiness.

According to Islam,

*Touched by the breath of the unlettered one,
The sands of Arabia began to sprout tulips.
Freedom under his care was reared,
The 'today' of nations comes from his 'yesterday'.
He put heart in the body of man,
And from his face the veil he lifted.
Every god of old he destroyed,
Every withered branch by his moisture bloomed.
The heat of the battle of Badr and Hunain,
Haider and Siddiq, Farooq and Hussain.
In the thick of battle the majesty of Azan,
The recitation of As-Saffat at the point of sword.
The scimitar of Ayub, the glance of Bayazid,
Key to the treasures of this world and the next.
Ecstasy of heart and mind from the same goblet,
Fusion of Rumi's rapture and Razi's thought.
Knowledge and wisdom, faith and law, polity and rule,
Yearnings hidden within the restless hearts.
Al-Hamara and Taj of beauty breath-taking,
To which even angels pay tribute.
These, too, a fragment of his priceless bequest,
Of his glimpses just one glimpse.
His exterior these enthralling sights,
Of his interior even the knowing unaware.
Boundless praise to the apostle blessed,
Who imparted faith to elevate a handful of dust.*

God created man for a noble purpose: to worship Him and to lead a virtuous life based on His teachings and guidance. Prophets are needed to convey God's instructions and guidance to mankind. We are told in the Qur'an that God has sent a messenger (or more) to every nation. By name, however, only twenty-five are mentioned, these include Noah, the man of the Ark, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Muhammad (peace be upon them all). A belief in all the prophets of God is an article of faith in Islam.

The last prophet of God, Muhammad was born in Arabia in the sixth century C.E.

Up to the age of forty, the people of Makkah knew him only as a man of excellent character and cultured manners and called him 'Al-Ameen' - 'the trustworthy'. After he was called to be a prophet by God at the age of forty, he changed the complete Arabian peninsula in a short period of twenty-three years; from paganism and idolatry to worship of One God; from tribal quarrels and wars to religious solidarity and cohesion; from drunkenness and debauchery to sobriety and piety; from lawlessness and anarchy to disciplined living; from utter moral bankruptcy to the highest standard of moral excellence. Human history has never known such a complete transformation of a people or place before or since.

The Qur'an describes the Prophet Muhammad as a blessing for the whole universe. He passed on a message which was restricted neither to a people nor a time. The revelation that he received was preserved in his life-time in the memory of his companions and was also recorded on pieces of palm leaves, leather etc. Thus the Qur'an that is found today is the same that was revealed to him, not a syllable of it has been altered. This Qur'an claims to be a book of guidance for all times, and mentions Muhammad as the last prophet of God.

We ask of you only to study the life of this great man. If the world is ever going to be a more peaceful place to live in, then people of different cultures, of different races, and of different religions have to come together to understand one another. This is why the focus of this second Islamic Awareness Week is going to be on the Prophet Muhammad, as he is one of the most misunderstood and unrecognised of the world's historical personalities. We would like you to understand why we, as Muslims, have such a great love and reverence for this blessed man. At the centre of this article is an exhilarating poem by Dr Iqbal, the poet of the East, as he is known in the Muslim world, in which he enchantingly depicts the great favours conferred on humanity by the prophethood of Muhammad (on whom be peace and blessings of God).

SAYINGS OF MUHAMMAD: "The seeking of knowledge is a must for every believer, man and woman."

"Wealth does not come from an abundance of goods but from a contented heart."

"He is not a believer who eats his fill while his neighbour remains hungry by his side."

"He who has an atom's weight of pride will not enter into heaven."

Yes, it's the
Rag week
timetable

T-Shirts and Rag
Mag will be
available during
the week

Monday, February 19:
Circle Line Pub Crawl - meet
in The Tuns at 6.00 pm

Tuesday, February 20:
1996 Student Quiz Promotion
on K Cider £1.00 in The Tuns
at 7.30 pm

Wednesday, February 21:
Collection in Waterloo
Station 1.00-6.00 pm (dress
up if you can)
Reservoir Dogs in the
Underground
Hypno Dog in the Old
Theatre 8.30 pm
Promotion on Two Dogs £1.00
all day

Thursday, February 22:
Blind Date, Old Theatre
8.30 pm featuring
stars of the show,
behind the screen
action and free dates

Friday, February 23:
1.00 am extension in
The Tuns LSE Mr
Strong Man Competition
Guest DJs Cheap
drinks all night

Saturday, February 24:
Rag Ball (Tickets still
available from
Houghton Street)



Are we all doomed?



Simon Retallack talks to a founding-father of the ecological movement – Edward Goldsmith.

Politicians and the mass media hardly ever mention the issue of the environment. Does that mean, as millions seem to believe, that the problems facing the environment have been solved?

It means that the problems appear too distant and too abstract to pre-occupy people who have more immediate and more pressing problems. In particular, the fear of unemployment, their reduced purchasing power, the increase in crime, delinquency, drug addiction, the effect upon families, the effects on their health of a whole lot of new diseases emerging and old ones reappearing, like Tuberculosis, while knowing perfectly well that the Health Service, just like the rest of the Welfare State, is going to be systematically dismantled, and has to be if we are going to be competitive in the global economy that we have set up. For this reason, politicians can avoid discussing the embarrassing issue of the environment. It is embarrassing because to solve the problems means reversing their current policies. If the environment is degrading fast it is because we cannot sustain the present impact of our activities, and by globalising the economy, by setting up world free-trade, we are massively increasing this impact and making the environmental problems very much worse.

What would you say are the most pressing threats to our global environment?

The most pressing threat to our global environment is of course climate change. This is occurring very much more quickly than anticipated. There are five or six dissidents among the climatologists whom we now know are being paid to question global warming by oil companies and others. But the truth is that there is now unanimous agreement that we are facing this problem, and pretty unanimous agreement that it is already occurring. This could make our planet uninhabitable very quickly.

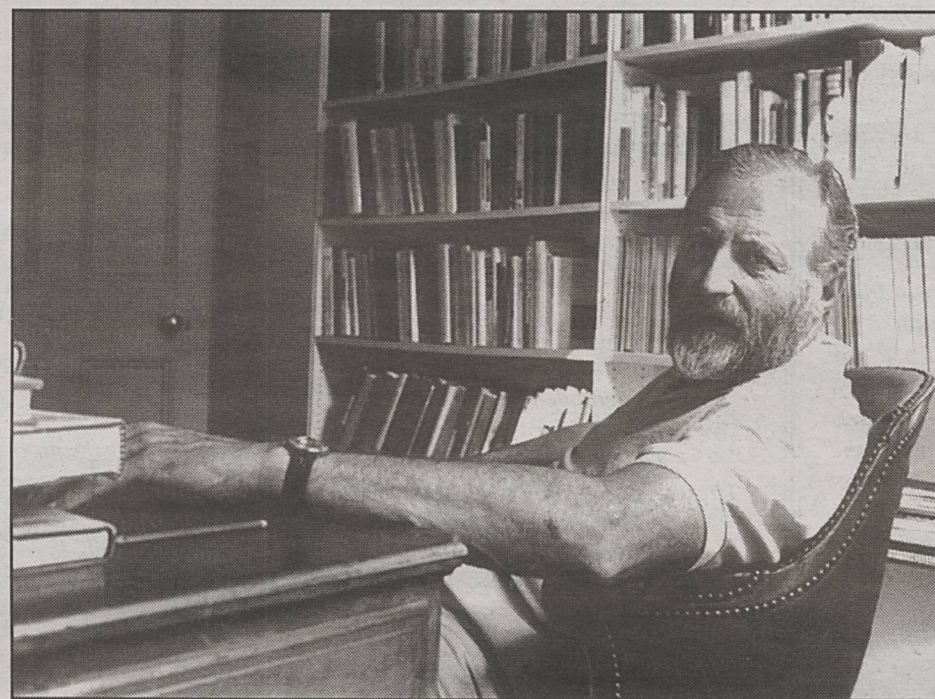
What is your response to those scientists who say that climate change may not necessarily have anything to do with man's activities, but it might just be a natural phenomenon?

No one has said that for some time, except a few people paid by the oil industry. There are of course long-term climatic cycles, but super-imposed upon these are the man-made changes, which no one now questions.

What would happen if we had global warming?

Global warming is best regarded as the destabilisation of climate. It may not necessarily lead to uniform warming. It is now generally accepted that the temperature change at the equator could be very small compared to the temperature change at the poles. This of course will affect oceanic currents, which are largely powered by the difference in temperature between the equator and the poles. It could mean that we would have to do without the Gulf Stream; England and Western Europe in general would freeze up – like Labrador. So global warming, paradoxically, could lead to freezing in certain areas. It is going to lead to a massive increase in storms and the severity of storms, and to rising water levels as the ice caps melt, which itself could cause absolute devastation. Certain areas, too, are likely

to become very much drier, and other areas could become very much wetter. But what is important is the unpredictability because you can only farm if you know when to reap and when to sow. Another problem is that if things warm up in the temperate areas we are going to inherit all the parasites that make life very difficult in the tropics. This will have another serious effect on agriculture, because we will have many more pests, and insects than we have today. It will affect our health as well. We'll start inheriting diseases like malaria, which already kills



Edward Goldsmith

several million people a year in the tropics, and because we have got no experience of it, it is going to affect us much more seriously. Life is going to be very difficult.

We hear little about the ozone hole – is that still a problem?

It's getting bigger every year. The ozone hole is now about the size of Western Europe. But it is not just where the ozone hole is located that ultra-violet radiation is increasing. The ozone layer is being thinned throughout the world. It's not surprising that skin cancer rates have increased very dramatically by something like 80 per cent over the past few years. Of course the Government would never admit this because it makes a nonsense of their policies. So they pretend that if there is more skin cancer it is because more people spend their holidays in the sun.

How is the planet going to cope with the industrial and economic development of China?

It's not. First of all, is it actually going to go on developing? Because to industrialise a country you have to get rid of its peasantry. When we developed in Europe we had to send 35 million peasants to America. When the Soviets decided to develop they exterminated 30 or 40 million surplus peasants. When you develop you have to move from small two or three acre farms to five hundred to one thousand acre farms. If you are going to do that in China, you will end up with nearly a billion surplus people. What are you going to do with them? There are already about 100 to 200 million of them wandering around, desperately looking for jobs, and the government talks quite blithely about resettling 440 million in their cities by the year 2040, which is not even remotely

possible. This is going to lead to so many revolts and civil wars, that the development of China is going to be very seriously threatened by this alone.

What will be the impact on the global environment of every Chinese family owning a car and a fridge?

It will massively accelerate global warming and ozone layer depletion. It's something the biosphere cannot sustain. Economic development is something that is feasible if it is limited to a few specific areas,

quite a lot of lawsuits by the EU, because the level of these pesticides in our drinking water is far too high. There shouldn't be any, the limit should be zero.

What effect will that have on us?

Among other things, it will increase cancer rates. Cancer now affects one person in three and the incidence is going up all the time. Again we are lied to about that. This cancer is largely caused by increasing exposure to carcinogenic chemicals and to radiation, and it is going to get very much worse.

If we don't start making changes now, how long has the human race got until it's too late?

It is already too late now to save an awful lot of people. There are a lot of people on this planet now whose future, as a result of environmental degradation, is pretty grim. With global warming, the people who live on low-lying islands like the Maldives have no future. Those islands will be submerged and some have already been evacuated. One third of the population of Bangladesh live on land which is extremely low lying and which will be flooded. It will affect Britain very dramatically, especially in the eastern part of the country. Don't forget that we build all our nuclear power plants by the sea, and if they are flooded it would be pretty nasty. Also, some of our worst chemical waste disposal dumps are at sea level and if they are flooded they will pollute the sea in a very dramatic way. We hope all these problems will not occur all at once. You've also got the problem of land erosion; of agricultural land which is being subjected to terrible erosion throughout the world, as a result of over-exploitation and a failure to return organic matter to the soil by just using artificial fertiliser. Vast areas of the world are becoming deserts. Officially we are losing 67 million hectares a year of land to erosion. That's about 15 million acres of land a year which are abandoned because they have become so eroded and so desertified, or so salinated, or compacted by big machines, or simply paved over. So you can see that our capacity to produce food is going to fall very dramatically, especially as the responsiveness of crops to artificial fertilisers is falling all over the world.

So what will happen?

In my opinion, the world's population is going to be very much lower in the future than it is today. People talk about ten billion people on this planet in forty years time, but they have no idea of the problem. There is going to be a massive population reduction, by disease, by starvation because of a loss of food-producing land to erosion and by being paved over. No one is going to be able to feed China for example. There are a number of other possible collapses on the horizon. Our society is collapsing very quickly, which is why we have got all this crime and delinquency and drug addiction. The biosphere is under threat, and the economy itself could easily collapse. Everything's out of control.

Edward Goldsmith is the founding editor and publisher of *The Ecologist*, and author of a number of works, including *The Way: an ecological world view*. In the next issue of *The Beaver*, he will be setting out his radical solutions to the planet's ills.

Russia: wherever next?

Alessandro Volcic reports on the cross-roads facing Russia.

The results of the Russian parliamentary elections held in December frightened the hell out of many western observers. With the non-reformed Communists gaining a spectacular 22% and with madman Zhirinovski's Liberal Democrats as the second biggest party, Russia seemed to be destined to fall to the forces of darkness. It was clearly a big Communist victory. But the electoral victory itself will have little impact on the path to reforms because of the extremely minor role played by Parliament in the Russian constitutional set-up.

The elections were, however, very important as an indication of the anti-government mood of the population, in view of the presidential elections due on June 16, 1996. At this critical moment for the whole process of reform, a victory by a non-reformist candidate, such as Communist party leader Zhiuganov, would jeopardise Russia's economic future. For the next six months, Russian political life should be seen as a continuous electoral campaign.

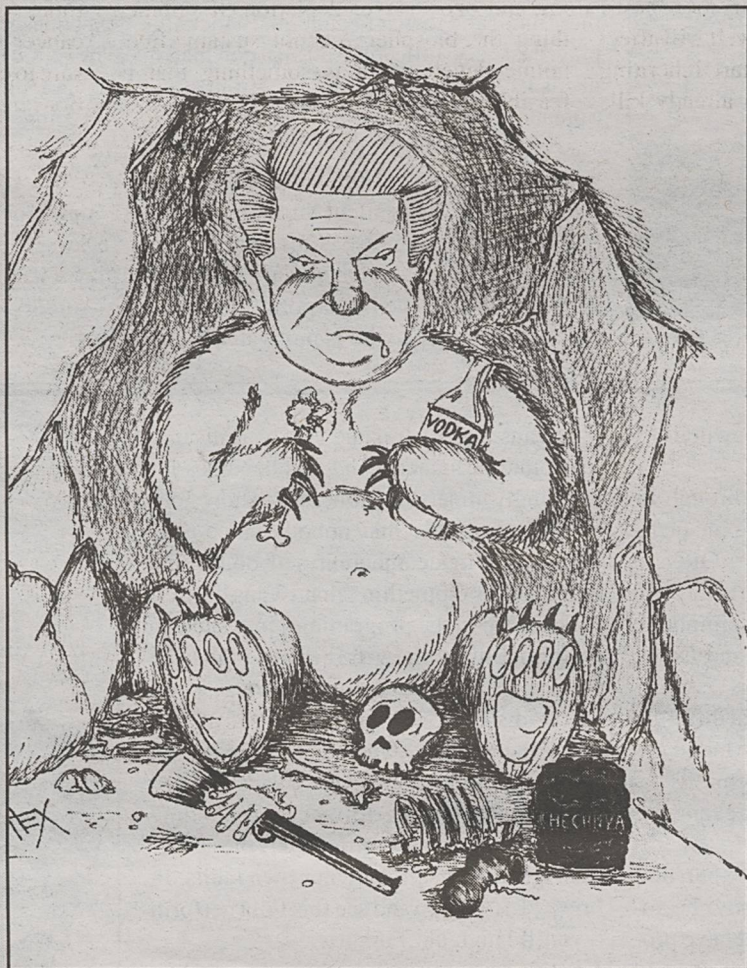
The imminence of the 1996 presidential election has had an enormous influence on both the handling of the Chechnya hostage crisis by the authorities, and on the sacking of foreign minister, Andrei Kozirev, and of Anatoly Chubais, the government's leading economic reformer.

On January 9, Chechen guerrillas attacked the town of Kizlyar in Dagestan, a small Caucasian republic, which borders Chechnya. The details of the events are known. The whole affair ended in a blood bath when Russian "elite" troops bombarded, with heavy artillery, the village of Piervomaiskoe where the Chechens were resisting with some hostages. Not a very delicate way of handling a situation where civilians are involved. The brutality and ruthlessness of the Russian actions are a clear indication of the fact that Yeltsin chose a hard-line way of solving the Chechnya situation.

Chechnya is a political issue, not a military one. Previous experience has shown that it is not possible to defeat a well organised guerrilla army such as the Chechens. This is why the conflict has been dragging along for 13 months caus-

ing 30 000 casualties.

But if Yeltsin seeks re-election he must solve the problem quickly. The Russian people want the war to end as soon as possible and it is obvious that Chechnya damages his chances of getting re-elected. A



poll taken right after the Piervomaiskoe disaster showed an approval rating of 6%. Chechnya is the President's weak point. The tough handling of the hostage crisis was an attempt to appeal to the nationalist public that supported both Zhiuganov and Zhirinovski at the parliamentary polls.

The sacking of the two last pro-western and pro-economic reform ministers from the cabinet must be seen as an indication of a change in two crucial policy areas. For the next six months Russia will be more lax on monetary policy and less friendly to the western world.

Kozirev became victim of the everlasting love-hate relationship Russia has with the west. His successor, Evgenii Primakov will be less easy to handle.

At the same time the departure of Mr Chubais looks like a serious setback for stabilisation and reform. The President will probably move away from Chubais' economic austerity policies, hoping to "buy" votes with higher salaries and pensions. Sources close to the President confirmed that the priority at the moment is to get Yeltsin re-

elected, even at the risk of high inflation. In fact two weeks ago, pensions and student salaries were significantly raised.

Chubais' departure can be interpreted as a souvenir for all the critics of privatisation, who at the moment are likely to vote against Yeltsin at the presidentials. It is a way of saying that a tight focus on economic stabilisation and the re-election of Yeltsin are incompatible. Increasing pensions and salaries, a measure strenuously opposed by Chubais and other reformers, would probably do the trick. Economically it would be a disaster. The situation though is not as clear cut as it seems. Yeltsin claims that, "going back on reforms would be the ruin of Russia". A sharp shift in policy would also endanger the nine billion US dollar loan from the IMF which is being negotiated at the moment.

Everything is still possible. The outcome of the elections depends on so many variables that it would be premature to make predictions. But no matter who wins the elections, the aftermath will not be catastrophic. For it is impossible to re-establish a centralised economy, and even the Communists know that. Private property is so widely spread that it is not

possible to reverse the trend. Freedom of the press should not be in great danger, but there will be attempts to influence it, as Yeltsin is already doing now. It is also important to realise that every Russian government will have to deal at some point with the proliferation of organised crime.

However, Russia will want to count more on the world stage. At the moment the Russians are satisfied with a recognition of their theoretical great-power status. Tomorrow they may want a practical implementation of their status, which would contrast with the real economic possibilities of the country. Russia will also be even more vehemently opposed to Hungary's and Poland's entry into Nato. The 'Partnership for Peace' agreement will have to be reformed. Ominously, the model of society that will be imitated will be the Chinese or Pinochet's Chilean model: quite a strong, semi-dictatorial government, sustained by the military, combined with a controlled free-market economy. This would be the most worrying development. One can only hope that the future proves me wrong.

Indefinite Article

The problem with moving in with someone is that just because you were friends with a lot in common before, it doesn't mean that the differences that were once ignored will stay ignored. I live in a flat with three other people; two are working and the third is a student not at LSE. The third is male and the rest of us female. Is he lucky or not? Is the balance right or is there a rule of thumb about flatmates that I never quite got before? These considerations are especially important when the space is small and there is an absence of a living room.

I've lived with many people and I've always thought that I was right. I was right about wanting to wash up as I go along, right about hoovering when there are hairs in the carpet and in saying and expecting in return "good morning" or "you're looking under-the-weather, what's wrong?" And even if they don't want me to say it, they should realise when I want them to pay this kind of attention to me. But I've realised that I'm not right at all; just because I've been brought up like that and value certain things, doesn't mean that that's how everybody lives. And now that I've realised that some people are more right than I am (I am never wrong, just not as right), it doesn't really help. I still get



annoyed when the Saturday's washing-up is still festering on Tuesday.

I think that the most perplexing problem, is when two people of different genders are cohabiting. Before we shared, he and I could flirt; now we can't. We used to be closer because we didn't see each other so often; now I have to suffer when he leaves the toilet seat up or when I have emotional problems that he can't relate to. We don't talk any more but we both know that we get on okay because we always used to. We share the same friends, but it's difficult when he wants to go out just with his boyfriends and I'm there too. And now, if we both get a bit friendly, there's nothing that we can do about it, because I have to see him every morning for the next few months. We don't fancy each other, but I know the thought is there for both of us of "what if?"

I have tried to discuss it, but it's hard. I am more aware than ever that the difference between close friends and flatmates is huge and made even harder when you're of different sexes; the difference even between men and women in the most general sense is huge. Perhaps I'm doomed to living alone or with a gaggle of girls for the rest of my life or until 'The One' comes along.

So I guess we'll just carry on like we always do, silently communicating and building up angst. But why is my flat not like the ones shown on soaps like 'Friends'? Answer: because they're not real and situations like this you can only learn from with experience. I just wish it wasn't so difficult. AB

DO NOT READ THIS

... but since you have done, go and buy your LSE Ball tickets
(Saturday, February 24) from Houghton Street right now

The Long and the Short and the Tall

Amit Desai on the horror of war and frailty of human existence (well sort of)



Mark Arden, Burt Kwouk and Alex McSweeney get physical

Photo: Sheila Burnett

One of the first things that strikes you is the magnificent set, made out like wooden hut in a jungle it conveys an unnerving atmosphere even before the play begins. Written by Willis Hall, *The Long and the Short and the Tall* is about a group of soldiers who surrounded by the enemy in Malaya, capture a Japanese soldier. The bulk of the play revolves around their different responses to this prisoner (played by Burt Kwouk, who you might remember as Cato, Peter Seller's butler in the Pink Panther films) and to war in general. In fact, the play has very little plot at all (not that it needs it), and consists entirely of the creation and development of characters.

Private Bamforth (Kevin Dingham) develops a sort of friendship with the prisoner (who incidentally is silent throughout) and begins to conceptualise him as a human being, rather than the hated 'Jap' or 'Nip'. At the other extreme is Corporal Johnstone (Alex McSweeney), who is motivated by no

other emotion but passionate hate and takes every opportunity to try and kill him. In the middle is the group leader, Sergeant Mitchell (Mark Arden), whose response to the soldier is totally unemotional. The underlying tensions come to a head when it is discovered that the prisoner has stolen a British-made cigarette case. All the soldiers accuse the prisoner of looting and prepare to kill him when it is pointed out by Bamforth that they are just as guilty having themselves looted from the Japanese. It is here that the universality of the experience of war shines through.

The acting throughout is terrific especially by Kevin Dingham and despite (or because of) his being silent, by Burt Kwouk. Although the tone of this play is very serious it does avoid descending into grimness by a few nice comic touches and a very rude song about fucking a pig !!! Anyway, go and see this play if its only to learn a new drinking song.

Venue: Albery Theatre

Until: March 2

Lee Evans

Lee Evans held his audience captive from start to finish in this stunning West-End debut, which gave the talented comic a wonderful opportunity to showcase his talents on possibly the most demanding of all stages. Reveling in the comfort that familiarity with an audience brings, Evans performed with the self-assured brilliance that highlights him as possibly the most talented of all modern-day British comedians. All of the immense peculiarities that initially inspired his fame were as apparent as ever, from his trademark fidgeting and stuttering to his acute mastery of mime and his ability to contort his body

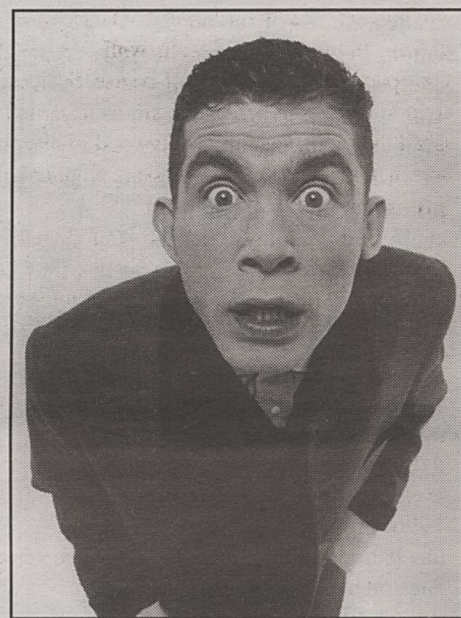
into a variety of increasingly bewildering shapes.

Evans's humour stands out through its originality, relying as it does upon facial expression and nervous energy. Often it seems as if we are viewing the world through the eyes of a child, such is the simplicity with which Evans analyses life and its eccentricities. And this, essentially, is his greatest strength, the defining facet that differentiates him from a thousand other failed comedians. Evans continually reminds us through his humour that everyday events are inevitably the most amusing of all occurrences. So instead of trying to pursue a moral agenda through his comedy, he focuses instead upon the things that have provoked laughter over many generations and will continue to do so in the future – male/female relations, the elderly, physical pain, male obsession with sport, fatherhood.

Evans lists Laurel and Hardy as his major comic influences, and this becomes increasingly understandable as the show goes on. It is arguable that nobody since Stan Laurel has made inherent self-doubt and nervousness (something that Evans himself picks up on in the programme) into such an art form. But the show did have its faults; the plate spinning routine especially was a mediocre distraction in an evening of almost unabashed genius. One can forgive such a minor aberration however; Evans thrilled his fans with this performance, reminding us all that the greatest gift of all is the ability to laugh at yourself and your own faults. In brief, PLEASE go and see this fella perform – you'll laugh until it hurts.

Venue: Lyric Theatre

Until: March 16



Raj Paranandi

The weird and wacky Lee Evans Photo: Library

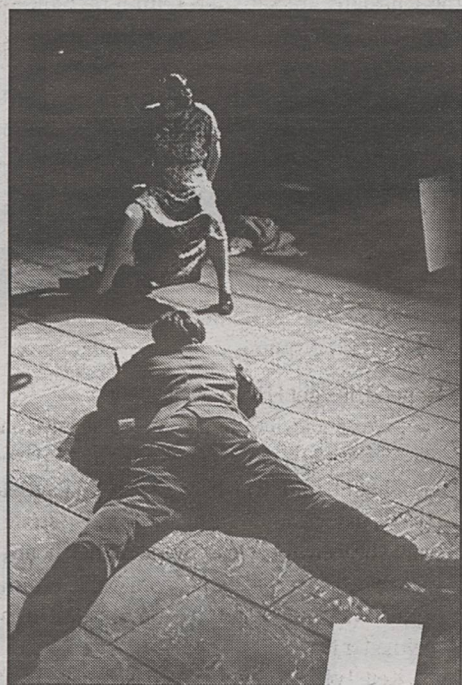
Stanley

James MacAonghus on two more brilliant productions at the National Theatre

You could go and see this play for two reasons. One is the abundance of totally naked women within ten feet of you, which is closer than some of you will ever get. The other is the play itself. This is the story of a painter with a flawed personality, and as such inevitably leads to tragic consequences – particularly since the hero never realises the tragedy unfolding him.

Stanley is played by Anthony Sher (a painter himself), who imbues his character with emotion and sensitivity, never losing sight of the pain that Stanley feels as he battles between his work and his women. Happily married to Hilda, Stanley falls for the beautiful and pretentious Patricia Preece (Anna Chancellor, who played Duckface in *Four Weddings and a Funeral*). Patricia forces him to divorce Hilda and marry her, promptly running away with everything he owns to live with her lesbian lover. Torn between Hilda and Patricia, Stanley fails to understand why he can't juggle with both their lives. Even when he causes Hilda's death, Stanley remains consciously oblivious to the emotional destruction he has wreaked.

Being set at the Cottesloe, Stanley is a very intimate play and you cannot help but be carried along as the play flows between ecstasy and pain, sexual freedom and the



A Sher & D Findlay Photo: iusov

confusion of love – feelings that we can empathise with all the more because we have felt them at some point too. A moving and compelling portrait of the artist as a middle aged man.

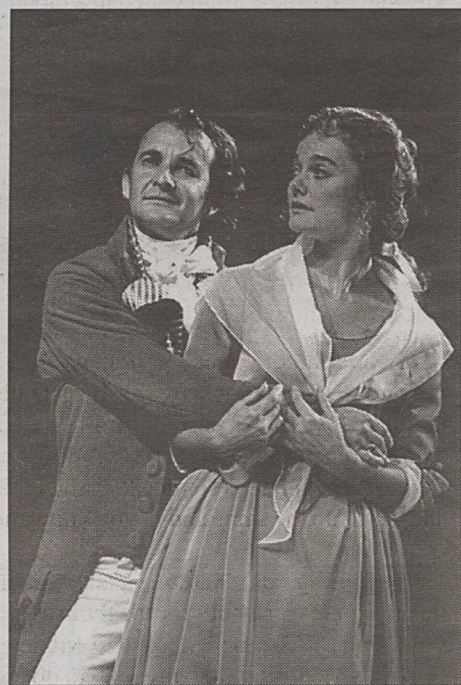
Venue: National Theatre (Cottesloe)

Until: June 1

Wild Oats

Once again, the National presents us with a play produced to the highest possible standard. *Wild Oats*, is the usual concoction of incredible coincidences, pairs of couples falling in love with each other and entire families, supposedly irretrievably separated, brought together under one roof. All too often such farces fall prey to the banality of over-predictability, but Jeremy Sams has directed *Wild Oats* out of such a swamp and elevated it to a superbly-staged comedy. John O'Keefe's almost token gesture to the contrast between the different levels of society in his day, makes the play all the more farcical when the different social classes meet.

Anton Lesser plays the lead role with a humour reminiscent of Robin Williams and keeps the audience in constant laughter; from his overstated use of Shakespearean quotations to his confusion in the face of love for the beautiful Sarah Woodward (Lady Amaranth). Lady Amaranth, in fact forms the connecting link between all the other characters and performs this in an appropriately controlled, but equally light-hearted, way. James Bolam plays a highly comical role as the traditionalist father who fails to see the humour in everyone else's capers. The casting as a whole is perfect and the actors enthuse us with a genuine feeling of



A Lesse & S Woodward Photo: Mark Douet

enjoyment.

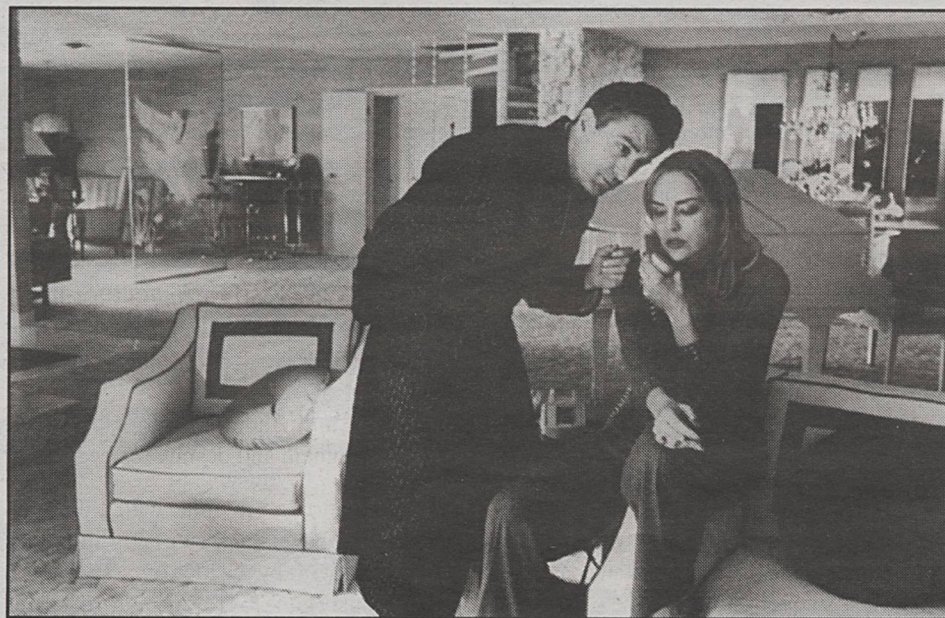
The acting is superbly natural, the plot highly enjoyable and the set design smoothly impressive. If you want a fun night out, this is a sure bet.

Venue: National Theatre (Lyttleton)

Until: February 27

Casino

Liz Bougeral thinks Scorsese needs a break



Robert de Niro and Sharon Stone know it's good to talk

Martin Scorsese needs a hobby. I'm not suggesting he gives up filmmaking altogether – his are some of the most memorable images ever captured on celluloid. *Taxi Driver*, *Raging Bull* ... he cuts to the heart of Underworld, U.S.A., his characters oozing with the moral corruption of dreams gone off-course. Scorsese used to unravel these dreams just as he demolished their long-standing Hollywood myths on screen. I guess that kind of pressure would burn anyone out.

He still has a knack for the 'Unforgettable Shot' – barely a minute into the new film *Casino*, Sam 'Ace' Rothstein (Robert De Niro) turns the key in his El Dorado's ignition and gets blasted to bits. Roll opening credits. Dicey way to open a three-hour movie, telling us the 'hero' is not but once was. A reformed gambler from back East, Ace and his minions are beamed to the reins of the Tangiers Casino in 70s Las Vegas. Technically these people aren't Mafia, they just have a penchant for such tried-and-true corporate tools as the head-vice, the cattle-prod and the really big hammer. Ace runs a tight ship: overseeing who wins and loses, convincing those who win never to return, and sending the creamy profits up to the head of la familia. Orbiting Ace are brutally-violent-for-his-size Nicky Santoro (Joe Pesci), an oily little thug out to terrorise everyone in his path, and virtually plastic hustler Ginger McKenna (Sharon Stone), whom Ace marries – even though she confesses to not loving him – because she's grateful for the diamonds and later for the drugs.

Predictably and ambitiously, the film tries to turn gambling-as-institution inside out. We get a

confusing barrage of too-fast swishpans across gaming tables, glitzy restaurants, neon palms, too-loud incessant jazz soundtrack and too-redundant narration supplied by the main characters. As true as such a statement may be, you can only hear Pesci nasally oink the words "Bottom line is, Vegas is all about money" so many times before shifting your attention to the lava lamps – and you get the point: this place is hell, and these sleazeballs decide who's on Satan's guest list.

In its anatomical dissection of greed, *Casino* succeeds, but perhaps more weight should have been given to the characters. You expect Scorsese to make Ace's life and death mythical, to turn him into a synthetic vessel for all things seedy and downright wrong about the place and the society that allows it to exist. The characters all seem on the verge of a raw moment of need, desire, or regret – and then they're reminded not to upstage Scorsese's little fantasies. Plus, there's no voice given to those who really keep Vegas alive: the poor saps on the other side of the table, emptying their kids' piggybanks for a last throw. Sooner or later everyone seems to coagulate into a shadow of Vegas itself, the film becoming as cold and clinical as the world it's recounting, and Scorsese seeming to revel, for no apparent reason, in the one-dimensional portrayal of violence at will. As it stands, I wonder if *Casino* is less about greed and gambling in Polyester City and more about the same in Hollywood. Presumably, both are Scorsese's areas of expertise.

Director: Martin Scorsese

Released: February 23

☆

Trainspotting

James Crabtree unravels a masterpiece

Hollywood, it appears, has found a new way to be cool. The post-Tarantino revolution has snatched traditional cult concepts from the be-anoraked obscurist, and thrust them straight into mainstream popular culture. For modern films to be ultimately credible they must conform to Quentin's generic norms of cinematic fashionability. Post modern nineties Hollywood seems intent on providing a relentless supply of fast paced, sharply spoken, intelligently shot, darkly comic, extremely violent, and shocking exhilarating film noir: and we love them for it. Witness the majesty of *Reservoir Dogs*, *Pulp Fiction*, *Killing Zoe*, *Shallow Grave*, *The Usual Suspects*, and *Seven*; this is what film making is all about.

Yet, these frankly ordinary efforts may as well pack their bags, and go home in disgrace. Eventually, every genre will find the definitive standard against which others are judged; that film has now arrived. Demanding a mix of fawning adulation and adoring superlatives, *Trainspotting* is here. Drooling critics have proclaimed this the best film of the decade; don't believe them. It's much better than that.

The team behind 'Shallow Grave' has reformed to take this snap-shot of Edinburgh's heroin scene. Centering upon Mark Renton and his dysfunctional friends, the audience is taken on a rollercoaster joy-ride through the literal highs and lows of under-class drug culture in Thatcher's Britain. And it's good; it's really good. In equal measure hilarious and depressing, enthralling and shocking, riveting and uncomfortable, *Trainspotting* is near perfect in all areas. Simply crackling with energy, it is superbly scripted,

flawlessly acted and relentlessly impressive; deathly despair and high comedy are moulded into one cohesive whole. It is filmed as if every scene is vital, and scarcely a moment is lost without the insertion of some sharp dialogue, innovative directorial technique or surrealist imagery. No issue is ducked, no opportunity wasted, no trick missed; how often can you say that of any movie?

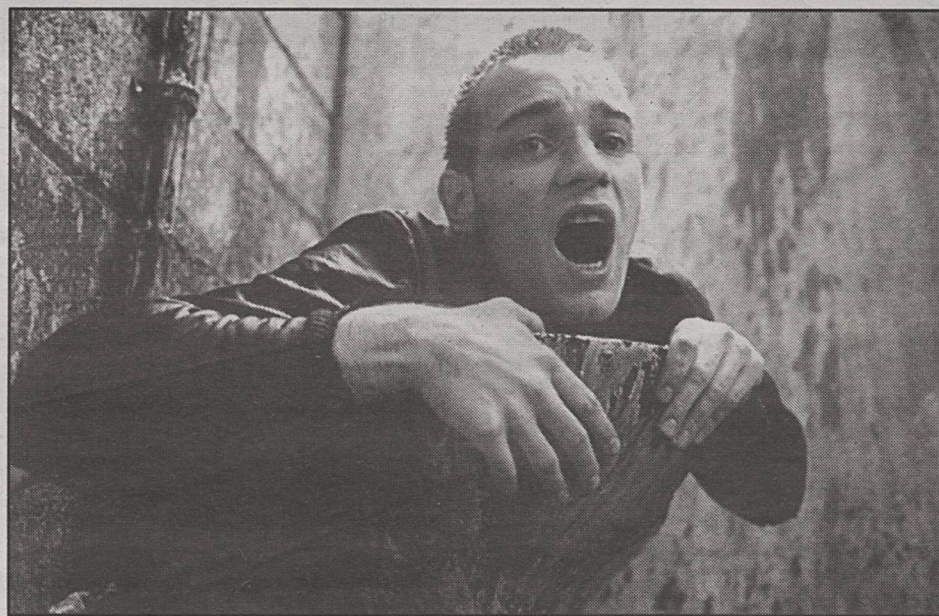
Perhaps only for the hardened *Trainspotting* elitist will the film disappoint. Director Danny Boyle has talked of his disciplined attempt to keep under ninety minutes; necessarily avoiding the creation of a pseudo-artistic turgid pile of drivel. Unfortunately, it means that the scope for full development of character, essential to Irvine Welsh's superlative novel, is occasionally absent. Yet, such criticism is akin to staring at the Mona Lisa, and declaring that you don't think much to the picture frame. The intention of *Trainspotting* is neither to navel gaze, nor moralise, nor pontificate. As a film, it conveys admirably the very essence of Welsh's original; taut, powerful, vital and bursting with energy. Moreover, the experience mirrors exactly the subject matter; it is in equal measure the most exhilarating narcotic high and the most depressing come-down in recent cinema history. Yes, that good.

Beg, steal, lie and cheat to get your ticket. If necessary, sell vital parts of your anatomy. More than anything, enjoy the ride. And when you get off, shaking and drunk on emotion, ask yourself one question. Quentin who?

Director: Danny Boyle

Released: February 23

☆☆☆☆☆



Ewan McGregor does his special jumping-out-of-the-loo trick

Bed of Roses

Cyril Megret gets lost in lurve

A bewitching and heartwarming love story, they said ... Lewis (Christian Slater as the "perfect man"), a very mysterious, almost freaky, florist falls madly in love with a perfect stranger, Lisa (Mary Stuart Masterson) after sending her flowers. In fact he is so nice that she feels she has to do the same and ... you know the drill.

Yes, Hollywood has done it once again: the boy meets girl story for the thousandth time. Only this time they asked Michael Goldenberg (writer and director) to do the job and it seems he was out for blood ... All the old clichés are here: syrupy music and slow motion sunsets, non-sensuous kisses and existentialist lovers' quarrels (plus a bonus reconciliation scene with extra sugar!), not forgetting the great American family values and the funny Jewish best friend: it is new York after all.

Goldenberg, thinking that we had

not suffered enough yet, added a few Machiavellian "cute" details: Lisa's abandoned and abused childhood (tears), Lewis's ever so young widowerhood (re-tears) and his late involvement with health care and housing programmes, the best friend's troubled youth activities (profound despair!) and an invasion of menacing pink flowers that would have turned David Vincent into One of Them.

Drowned in this overpowering flow of "feel good" incentives and puritan emotions, the very decent, though slightly over-acted performances and New York itself won't provide much consolation and might leave you saying (if you have managed to stay till the end): "I have seen the face of the film devil ... and it looks like a rose!"

Director: Michael Goldenberg

Released: February 16

☆☆

Ulysses' Gaze

Nick Atkinson tackles a quasi-epic

Ulysses' Gaze, I said, "What's that then?"; "Some film about a Greek film maker," replied the Arts Editor, "It's supposed to be good, it's got Harvey Keitel in it."

Five minutes into the film and I realise it is one of 'those' films, in other words a deep and meaningful film which everyone pretends to understand but no-one actually does. Realising I would be there for at least two and a half hours, I wished I'd brought some popcorn with me. In the event it was 3 hours and I only just made it home in time for tea.

Keitel plays a Greek film maker (called simply 'A') returning to Greece from the US where he works, in search of lost film by the Manakis Brothers, on whom A is making a documentary. The brothers were early pioneers of the cinema and filmed everyday life in the Balkans near the start of the century. *Ulysses' Gaze* follows A's trek through the Balkans and eventually to war torn Sarajevo in search of the forgotten reels. Finding the film becomes an obsession for A and

at times, his identity becomes confused with that of the original film makers.

The film is also littered with flashbacks into A's own past. He comes across three incarnations of the same woman (played by Maia Morgenstern) who represents the love A lost 35 years before when he left to work in the USA. On reaching Sarajevo the film reaches a rather disturbing conclusion.

Ulysses' Gaze has had its fair share of prizes, including the International Critics' Prize at Cannes, and although the acting and direction are faultless, the film is rather confusing. A's fascination for the lost film is never really explained – why is he prepared to travel to Sarajevo for some old film? What exactly is on the film? (Maybe I'm missing a deeper meaning here). Basically the film rambles on too much, one and a half hours would have been fine, 2 hours maybe, but 3 hours – no.

Director: Theo Angelopoulos's

Released: February 16

☆☆

Jumanji

Gulshan Verma thinks that the end is nigh

Many years ago, oh best beloved, there was a comedian named Robin Williams. He was a successful comedian with several sell out tours and his own TV series. But as all success comedians are wont to do he moved to Hollywood to become an actor, where he made several surprisingly good films such as Good Morning Vietnam, Dead Poets' Society and The Fisher King giving him three consecutive oscar nominations. But, best beloved, Robin Williams was still unhappy, for being a clever man, he realised that none of these films were actually commercially successful. Whereupon Robin then changed the kind of films he made preferring those films you could take your children to and from which a moral could not only be drawn, but also hung and quartered. And these films were called Toys, Hook and Mrs. Doubtfire and were successful, thus allowing Robin Williams to go to his Swiss bank account in Zurich and stuff it full of cash.

The next film in this series is called Jumanji, a boardgame which magically comes to life and traps young Alan Parrish (Adam Hann-Byrd) in it for 26 years and only releases him in 1995 when 2 kids start playing the game in the attic along with a host of killer vines, lions, alligators, monkeys, bats, a hunter called Van Pelt (Johnathon Hyde) and all sorts of other things you find in the average hollywood movie jungle. This film doesn't just provide you with a life-affirming moral, it oozes them slipping one in your popcorn, another in your drink and just in case you manage to avoid these hits you on the head with all the others. One of the oh-so-cute kids actually tries to cheat at this game and *gasp* ends up turned into a baboon. When young Alan is mercilessly bullied, his father tells him to act like a man and face his fears and funnily enough the hunter who comes after an

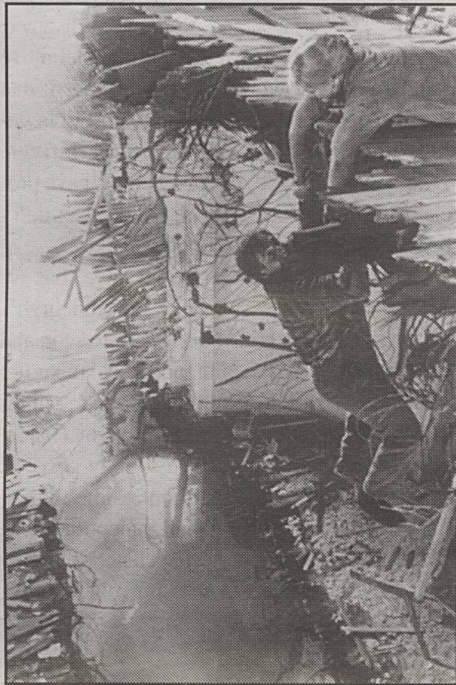
older Alan for being a coward is in fact young Alan's father in a dodgy moustache and khakis.

Actually I'm being too hard on this film, as a piece of holiday fluff for children it fulfils its task admirably well, with cliffhanger endings and spectacular special effects from the team that created Jurassic Park's excellent dinosaurs and watching the animatronic monkeys hotwire a police car is the best thing since the gremlins last hit our screens. Just don't go expecting a film for the over twelves, Myself, I think I'll pop over to the video store and hire out Dead Poets' Society again.

Director: Joe Johnston

Released: February 16

☆☆



Hang for your career's sake, Robin Photo:Library

Sense and Sensibility

Kabo Morley watches an English classic

By now the wheels of Columbia's publicity machine will have propelled this release into every corner of the media. For once however, you may just have cause to believe the hype. Emma Thompson's adaptation of the Jane Austen novel has already earned her a Golden Globe for best screenplay and an Oscar looks probable. For those of you ready to turn the page at the faintest whiff of Austen or the dreaded words "costume drama", fear not, for this is superbly approachable and atmospheric adaptation of a classic story.

Sense and Sensibility is first and foremost a good old fashioned love story with a good element of humour to boot. Austen's tale of a family of sisters and their search for the right man is one which could easily be like the big hits of last year - *Clueless*, was an adaptation of Austen's novel Emma. So the message is, don't be intimidated by the notion of having to sit through arcane language and manners; banish those Merchant Ivory nightmares to soem dark corner of your mind, this is "Hollywood Product".

Thompson herself takes the lead role at the head of a fine cast, many of whom are famous names. The wonderful Alan Rickman, Imogen Stubbs, Hugh Laurie and the guilty looking Hugh Grant, to name but a few, all turn in fine performances.

Those who have seen any of Taiwanese director Ang Lee's previous films will not be surprised to hear that this is another feather in his

cap. The bustle and tension of Eat Drink Man Woman is mirrored here by displays of typically English reserve. He makes wonderful use of the beautiful scenery and once again indulges what might well be a food fetish (something of a Lee theme). Make sure you eat before going in.

Emma Thompson is superb as Elinor, the reserved and phlegmatic elder sister. Juggling an increasing weight of responsibility whilst trying to keep her emotions beneath a thin veneer, Elinor is a character you can't help but want the best for. Thompson seizes on this with a great deal of charm, creating a calm and yet rippled centre to the film with which the audience really sympathises.

This then is a movie in which the high quality components click smoothly into place. Do not be put off by the idea of it; Thompson has obviously gone to great pains to make this as accessible as possible whilst retaining the polished decorum of Austen's prose. There are so many reasons to recommend this, yet if you still remain unconvinced, Hollywood has run off a set of costumes which, whilst not from the window of Soho's Agent Provocateur, still display more of the human form than your average U movie. So go on, even if you only go to indulge in some lecherous leering, this movie is nothing but highly recommended.

Director: Ang Lee

Released: February 23

☆☆☆☆

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Kill for a ticket

☆☆☆☆

Maim for a ticket

☆☆☆

Pay for a ticket

☆☆

Save your money

☆

Only if they pay you

Letters to the Editor * * * Letters to the Editor * * * Letters to the Editor

A Return from the Returning Officer

Dear Beaver,

In response to last week's UGM debate on Hall voting and Union Jack's typically one-sided account of the events, let me make several points about the arguments presented for the retention of Hall Voting which were rather obtuse and devalued the debate. I would have preferred reasoned argument to populist demagoguery, especially when the latter came from a surrogate who reflected the views of potential candidates with vested personal interests.

How would abolishing Hall Voting 'disenfranchise 1500 students'? If they are so keen to stampede towards the ballot box, would it not be far more convenient for them to do it in front of the Old Theatre? I repeat, last time less than 100 students from all the halls availed themselves of the opportunity to vote in Hall - and how many could be bothered to turn up at our largest hall of residence, High Holborn? Four. Subsidising this wasteful process costs 40p per vote - funds better spent perhaps on, Education and Welfare?

Union Jack has cloth ears. At no time did I argue for abolition because it is too much hassle for the returning officer or because I fear losing the box. Did I lose the ballot box last Michaelmas? No.

So, can I invite Mr Lam to accompany me - at his own expense - around the Halls of Residence for the Lent Elections - if, that is, he has a spare six hours one evening? If not, I expect him to be the first in a long queue of anxious voters when I and my assistants arrive at High Holborn.

No, Mr Lam, I am no god, but I do not think that I would be a false idol if I predicted that 1500 students do not vote in Halls at the forthcoming elections - last Lent, total turnout was only 1400!

Mr Lam also displays trenchant stupidity about the fundamentals of elections. Take for example, his accusation that the proposers of the motion were campaigning out of self interest. Has it never occurred to Mr Lam that Claire Lawrie has already obtained her Sabbatical position and that I, as returning Officer am ineligible to stand for election anyway? Methinks not. Mr Lam's cheap jibes about resignation will always play well with the gallery, but there are some of us in the SU who exercise responsibility. I for one have no intention of letting down the 700 people who elected me as Returning Officer last year.

Yours Faithfully
Damian Thwaites
LSESU Returning Officer

Lefty letter

Dear Beaver,

I don't wish to take part in the hack infighting which seems to dominate the Student Union, but I feel I should set the record straight. In last week's *Beaver* I was described twice as being "Militant". There was no mention of me being the Labour candidate for General Secretary, while Tom Smith was described in the Machiavelli column as "the acceptable pink face of New Labour" Calling someone "militant" is a tactic traditionally used by right-wing tabloids to discredit people, but with a capital "M" it refers to the Trotskyite splinter group whose members were expelled from the Labour Party by Kinnock in the 1980s. The truth is that both Tom and I stood for the Labour Club nomination for General Secretary, but with broad support from the right and left wings I won the nomination. Tom, last year's Labour Club Chair, now intends to stand as an "Independent" candidate against myself, the Labour Club nominee. Ironically, this is a repeat of the scenario last year, when Baljit Mahal, a Labour Club Executive member, stood as an "Independent" candidate for General Secretary against the Labour Club nominee, Tom Smith. This caused a certain amount of friction. Because neither of them won, it looks like they will

both be running again this year, for the same post. Both are apparently committed to Labour's principles (Baljit is the Labour Students representative on The Higher Education National Committee of the NUS), but will stand against them in order to get elected.

It is, as they say, a funny old world. Apparently I have "luvvie tendencies". But coming from Tyneside I'm not some fucking Brannagh-darling type, and considering I'm President of the Drama Society and will be co-directing LSE's first student Revue show I'd say they're slightly more than "tendencies". Anyway, that's the record set straight. Oh, and with odds of 60 000/1 I'd advise you to rush down to the *Beaver* Office to see this Machiavelli geezer to put a tenner on. I'm going to.

Yours,

Dan Crowe

Secretary, LSE Labour Club and General Secretary Candidate

Letters Deadline:
Thursday, 12.00 pm
The Editor reserves the
right to edit all letters

Time for Techno

Starsky and Hutch prepare to meet The Replicants, under the bold direction of Alan Mustafa

Artist: Dave Clarke

Album: Archive One

Much like his music, Dave Clarke is an uncompromising and hard figure. To some this is a humourless, purist and stubborn DJ to be avoided. However, to others he is the saviour of British techno, as evidenced by his excellent *Red 1-3* EPs. What is clear is that he is a passionate individual who is not afraid to do what he wants and rejects formulas and the "techno hierarchy". Such a 'fuck you' attitude is ever present on his long awaited debut album. As with Leftfield and Underworld he is aware that a techno album has to be more than a collection of great tracks. It has to be a complete affair with a mix of moods to make you listen again and again. Such an album is contained within the beautiful red packaging of *Archive one*. It has a strong central style complemented by a range of differing tracks.

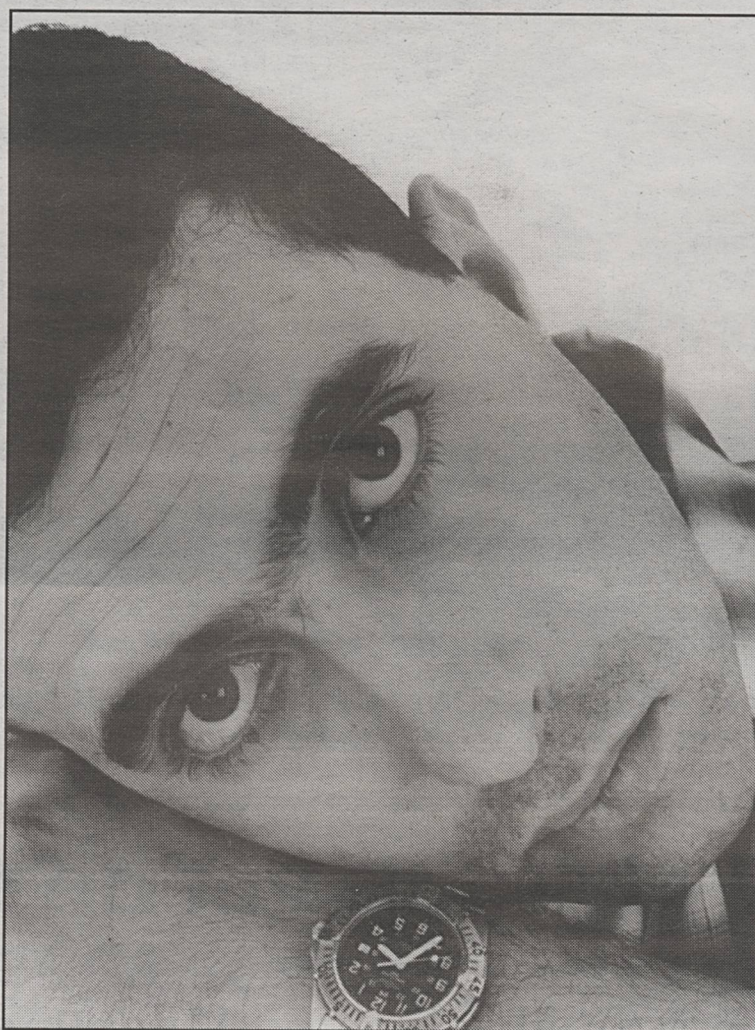
The emphasis is on hard forceful techno which is made even more powerful when allied to hip hop beats. The classical sombre opener gives nothing away as to the musical fury that follows. However the sense of menace and its title *Rhapsody in red* seem to warn that blood and passion are to follow. *Protective custody* from *Red 1* bears out the threat. It's sucking, slicing, cut up backwards kick drums mesh with pulsing beats in a ripping attack on the ears. The pace rises on *No one's driving* that uses Chemical Brothers like funky sound surges, snippets of rapping and precision scratching to full thumping effect. Next comes the innovative *The Woki* which builds on previous tracks adding deeper layers of Orbital type throbbing chimes and twisting in a distorted, distressing sample of a herd of elephants. This is a brilliant track, primeval and unique. The current single *Southside* has a further twist. It uses an uplifting rising disco melody mixed with a parallel harsh techno beat.

This creates a unique blend that summons up images of a Starsky and Hutch style chase in an apocalyptic Bladerunner setting. *Red-2's Wisdom to the wise* will be familiar to many. A true classic that is brilliant traditional techno with piano explosions and relentless thumping; it is simple yet totally effective. Of all these harder tracks it is the title of *Thunder* that sums it all up. On it is a piston-like driving undercurrent is joined by house piano that results in a more old school Euro techno track.

As well as the diversity in and between these tracks there are other styles on hand as a respite from the "techno terror". *Storm* has Dave reciting tales of ancient battles in a scary Darth Vader voice. *Miles away* is dramatic and more like soundtrack music. It is glistening and summery and adds trancey swirls. Lush female vocal snippets of *Feel the magic* complete the atmosphere. The album closes with the low funky trip hop of *Splendour* and is the perfect come down finale. Echoey vocals rise and

climax in a tortured crescendo. The silence that follows is almost painful.

In all Clarke has made a brilliant modern techno album that uses a range of influences to the full. Unlike too much hard techno it is never a one dimensional affair. It reminds you how strong and angry techno can sound and is crashing and intense. However, it never forgets to remain human, shift the pace and style thus remains gripping throughout. A truly brilliant album that re-establishes the freshness of British techno. If you want to buy one archetypal techno album then this will be perfect.



Dum de dum de dum.

Photo: Rankin

Singles**Singles**

Artist: Sludge Nation

Single: Wise Head EP

They are from Sweden. They are weird and they are heavy. So blurs the press release abruptly in a sorely miscalculated attempt to whip up enthusiasm. Picturing some hideous death metal bizarro, Northern European satanic body-pierced, nose-ringed, skin-headed, neo-Goth crap effort. I am in fact pleasantly surprised. Because they are in fact American college-boy alternative rock, and it's actually quite good. Who'd have thought it, eh?

Think Dinosaur Jr. Sebadoh. Pavement etc. with a slight country rock feel. It's not very challenging, but hey, they piss all over the Peaceniks. So it looks like it's Sweden 1, England 0 at this stage.

Artist: G Love & Special Sauce

Single: Kiss and Tell

Ignore all music critics. This band were totally (and justifiably) hyped a couple of years ago, but for some reason have now been knocked down by the music press after they were so adamantly built up. Ignore the backlash, because the new album "Coast to Coast Hotel" is an oasis of flavoursome cool in a desert of second rate indie-slop.

This cut is typical of the whole G Love & Special Sauce sound - croaking drunken singing, one skuzzed-up out of tune guitar, and groovesome liquid bass sliding over fantastic laid back pseudo-hip hop drumming. It's catchy, happy and the whole mixture is of course truly magnificent. Buy four copies tomorrow.

Iain Haxton

Artist: Blur

Single: Stereotypes

Blur, Mmmmm. Do you remember that album 'Parklife' they made a while back? Not bad really was it? Well the story goes that they started having a silly argument with another band called Oasis about who was best. Nothing of course could be settled at the time because both bands had decent albums out. However, as you'll know if you foolishly bought Blur's new Costly Disc, Blur have decided to finish the debate about who is best, not by rising to the occasion and producing a completely stunning album as Oasis have, but rather by becoming completely and utterly wank. Well it's one way to finish an argument, but I don't think it's really going to earn you much respect lads.

'Stereotypes' is the opening song from their latest pile of wank 'The Great Escape', and if you haven't heard it believe me it is complete shit. The thing about Blur has always been that after a good few listens even their best songs get a little bit irritating. The thing about this single is that it's irritating from the moment you put it on, all the way through until the end.

Never has Damon's voice been quite so irritatingly whiny. Stop fucking whinging you arrogant twat! Do you really think we want to hear another song about how you think that everyone else but pop stars has completely boring lives. Fuck off Damon, you had one idea, with the song 'Parklife', now you've used that one idea on every single song on your new album, you tosser.

TS

Artist: Various

Album: The House Collection: Club Classics

The House Collection returns, with the follow up to Volumes One, Two and Three, yes it's 'Club Classics'! Mmmm, that won't look quite so good in your CD collection if you've got the other three will it? Oh well, maybe volume four will be the next release, anyway what's in a name? What's really important is the music and of course the mixing, and it certainly looks like The House Collection has come up with the goods once again. Maybe the fact that they seem to produce some of the higher quality House compilations around could be to do with the fact that they aren't associated with a club or a club night, as so many House compilations are these days. This means that their one selling point has to be the music, and of course the DJs; they're not going to be able to sell it simply by plastering "Ministry Of Sound" or whatever all over the cover. However I suppose they make up for this by plastering clubbing babes over their covers... that'll sell it to half

the population anyway!

So what's this compilation got to offer? Well for a start there's a whole three CDs of house to enjoy, with DJs Brandon Block, Luv Dup and Mike Cosford, each taking a separate CD. This truly is a journey through house from 1990 right up to the latest bargin' tunes of '96. What is surprising is how little the tunes on the first CD (mixed by Brandon Block) have dated. They span '90-'91 but classics such as *Take Me Away* by True Faith and *Forgotten* by Leftfield are still definitely worth a listen, and if, like me, you were a bit too young to be really into clubbing back then, it's good to hear some of those oldies for the first time.

The Second CD mixed by Luv Dup is just as delightful, but the best tunes and mixing come on the last CD in the set with Mike Cosford at the decks, just to prove, in case you haven't noticed, that the predictions by 'musos' at the beginning of the decade that House was just a fad and would be dead within a few years were not exactly accurate. On the contrary House has gone from strength to strength, and its popularity and quality has been pretty consistent, as these CDs illustrate. So, House is just a fad? Didn't they say that about Rock 'n' Roll?

TS



Blur's reaction when they heard that someone actually bought their new single! Photo: Food

Blur Competition

Blur have just released their new single "Stereotypes", and *The Beaver* has got together with Parlophone/Food to bring you this competition to win exclusive Blur prizes, including videos rare CD's and The Blurbook!

Question: Why aren't Blur good anymore?

Answers to The Beaver Office before February 27

Access Granted!

Finding faults in fraudulent funding furore

When Access Funds were first established by the Government in 1990, their original aim was to provide financial help to home students who would otherwise have their access to education inhibited by financial considerations. This year the LSE allocation stands at £157 000, but once again this fine and noble idea has been turned into a farce by those conniving students of Houghton Street.

The nature of the LSE alone should persuade the Government to have a rethink. Whereas a typical student drinks the 89p tar at his local, a typical LSE student drinks Pimms on a Covent Garden roof bar; whereas a typical student delivers pizzas over Christmas to stem the surging tidal wave that is his overdraft, a typical LSE student goes skiing with Mater and Pater; whereas a typical student wears shit clothes and pulls a lot, a typical LSE student blows his grant in Paul Smith on Armed Forces jumpers and remains a virgin all his life. Herein lies the problem of Access Funds. Who is there at the LSE who is genuinely poor? Notice the word genuinely. Just because you're £800 overdrawn after purchasing a new CD player and propping up The Tuns for the past six months does not make you poor – it makes you a fucking bell-end for not realising that the academic year lasts until July. Anyway, the majority of home students here are Public School twats who begrudge their London existence owing to the fact that Oxbridge asked for a bit more than webbed feet and a generous contribution to the steeple restoration fund. Perhaps instead of begging the school for money,

they could ask daddy to sell off the West wing of the annex so that Simpkins minor can continue to eat at Mezzo.

Besides, as for the 0.00000001% of LSE students who have genuine financial difficulties – tough shit. Dennis Russell and his sad mates can wank on all they like about education being a right, not a privilege (and defend to the death each other's right to say it), but it is not. Studies show that a degree provides on average 25% higher earnings throughout a lifetime, and this figure must surely rise con-

siderably for LSE degrees, as the big City firms are stepping over each other to snare us foxes (as not witnessed by the Campus Badger's tentative first steps into the big wide world). Perhaps current investment in human capital is a small price to pay for the individual, when compared to the future consumption it will accrue (if that doesn't get me a First then nothing will). If you can't afford it and you're not prepared to get into a bit of personal debt, then don't come here in the first place.

But, at the end of the day, who can blame

the students for sponging off the Government. A free lunch is a rarity for LSE students (unlike a hot lunch – but that's a different story), so why not blag your way to some more beer and bong money. However, one must surely question the competence of the Scholarships Office and the Awards Panel in dishing out vast sums to these jokers. Until the day they put 'beer money' down as a category, the other categories are afflicted with the most ludicrous estimates since Brandon Lee said "It's alright, it's not loaded". Apparently it's acceptable to put down £8 a day for food, yet not even Alex and Karen combined, and with the munchies, could trough that amount on a regular basis. And while we're on the subject, the library also holds much scope for largesse. Even if it was possible to copy every single item on the reading list (ie if it was possible to get there ahead of the sad fuckers who sprint away from each lecture or actually pay rent to BLPES), you would still struggle to come up with the sort of estimate usually seen, unless you run off a few hundred arse prints at the same time. And show me someone who spends £100 a year on phone calls and I'll show you someone who's been ringing "Whip my latex arse" on peak rate permanently (© Alexander Ellis). So, for the guys and gals in H210, if you want to see those people you've 'assisted' this year, try looking in the library for thirty-stone photocopying addicts. You probably won't find anyone fitting that description, but go in The Tuns and you'll certainly find some people pissing themselves and raising their pint glass to you and to the Government. And I'll be one of them. Cheers.



“To all the girls I've got no chance with”

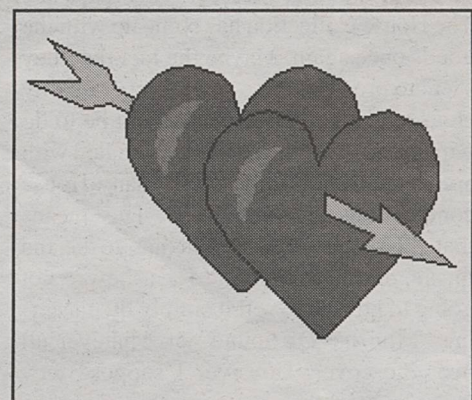
Tom Smith's belated Valentine verse

In honour of our ability to relate on a different station
I thought it important to send you this communication
There are some things I want you to consider tonight
I think that you are cuter than Christine Wright
for that I am not sorry
it's just that I care about you more than Claire Lawrie
I really do not mean to be bold
but you are sexier than Katrin Bennhold
I hope that I haven't left this too late
but it's you I should have married and not Gen Sec Kate
my candle just doesn't burn for her
I want to be with you, not 'blind date' Barbara
sometimes when we chat, I get short of oxygen
that never happens when I talk to Imogen
unlike with you, I don't feel I could trust her
or that other Tuns girl – the lovely Esther
Tell me you love me – oh go on
It's you I want not Rowan
Let me take you away from this and we can be

happier than Pete Sime and Francesca Malaree
Oh you're so cool – you're even cooler than that other Tuns bird – mad Polish Ola
I'd like you to see that I just wanna kiss you more than ex-Miss Canada – Evonka
I know I love you – this time I can't be wrong
I bet your sister's much nicer than Liz Chong's
I can't say how it happened it's just bliss
you're so much hotter than Emma Justice
and something further I feel I must say
you're so much nicer than Nicola Hobday
I hope that my rantings don't sound zany
but I would rather shag you than Teresa Delaney
My love for you is extremely wholesome
unlike anything to do with Claire Wilson
You are so sweet that my soul I would sell
I couldn't do that for Ceri Hopewell
your body is amazing, you touch my Zen
unlike that walking bean bag, Kerrie Henderson
When I think of you, I am at times filled with hurt
unlike my morning friend Rachel Cuthbert
Your voice in my ear, commentating like John Motson

not really annoying me like Lindsay Watson
When I see you it shakes my bones
Unlike Swansea starlet, Sally Jones
I am a sensitive soul my suger sweet candy
I can't say that about that friend of Justice, Randy
You make me appreciate nature, the field and the tree
when other girls make me urban like Rosebery Felicity
You are so intelligent that when talking my opinion leans
it takes a special kind of girl, not Tory cow Samantha Means
Elle Macpherson doesn't make me want to kiss her
in fact I have an aversion to Scottish women, even Katie Fisher
supermodels are gorgeous but they can't persuade me
that I should fall in love with them, neither can Caroline Ridley
the Tuns on Friday nights, all the girls ming even the mature one like Julie King
to get someone like you I'd need loads of bucks
not just the fiver I'd need for Nicole Fuchs
when you love me you will waive the fee

please don't take note Karen Lie
Your eyes shine like diamonds, your mind lunar
I can't see those things in Finoulla
You never bring me down, your ideas aren't heavy
unlike Darrell Hare's bird Evi
I want you for my love, my sexy seniorita
that isn't what I want with film star Sarita
I hope you have listened to me and taken the time
to read my special message, my gorgeous valentine
I am so smitten, you're the one I'd like to lay
My fancy is Dave Bond, coz really I'm gay.



Terrific Thirds tame Holloway

Cooper an Miller strike Thirds to glory

The LSE Third team took another step towards promotion with a resounding six-two defeat of Holloway Fourth on Saturday, largely thanks to phenomenal performances from Matt Miller and Chris Cooper. "Don't they play for the Firsts?", I hear you cry. Well, yes they do, but captain "E Honda" Lowen knows his side's pathetic limitations. With Matteo on the Saturday shift at Wright's Bar, and Howard Wilkinson recovering from his hernia operation with a unique rehabilitation of Super Nintendo, Kings Pizza, Men Only, heart-to-heart phone calls with Christine Wright and only half his pubic hair, Blobby chose to reinforce his faltering ranks with some First team beef. This bold, cheating gesture paid dividends almost immediately when Lowen, in trying to prove he wasn't too fat to come off his line, was caught out by their striker only for Goals Cooper to make a flying goal-line clearance to save his bacon (not that Lowen has ever saved any bacon (except for fat storage maybe), or any shots for that matter).

Incredulously, Lowen did actually make some good saves, covering Scouse's

arse in a way only Max can, and when his fat paw hands were breached, Cooper cleared another two efforts of the line. Indeed, our six strikers were certainly grateful that it remained goalless as they watched from the safety of Holloway's penalty area. Towards the end of the first-half Andre "oaf" Granditsch headed LSE into the lead after good work from George Georgiou. One-nil at the turn, a second-half into a strong wind was never going to be easy, and more goals would be required to ensure victory. An indirect free-kick thirty yards out usually presents no problems to the defending side, but add dead-ball specialist

Cooper into the melting pot and the equation changes. Still suffering criticism from bachelor boy Danny Walker over his scoring ability, he unleashed a scorcher that skilfully wriggled through the keeper's

hands and nearly burst the net. That should have settled the game, but almost immediately Theepan/Teapot/Tinpan/Cowpat allowed their striker to blast home with a display of inept defending that can only come from

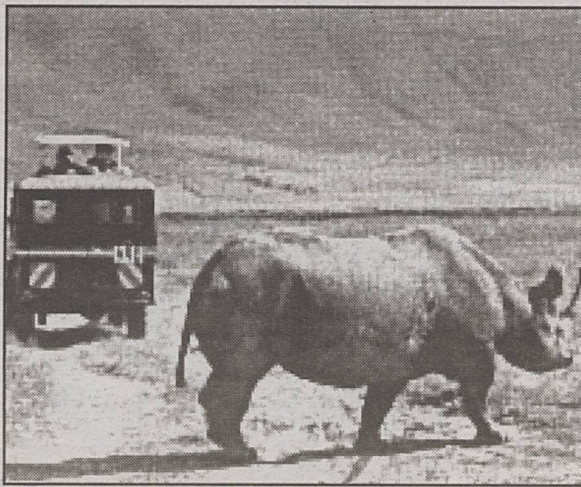
playing alongside Scouse and Ian and being given advice by Lowen.

With Holloway back in the game it needed an instant reply and LSE struck back with great goals from Georgiou and Francois

Curly before Miller finally opened his season's account. An inch-perfect cross from balding maestro Nick Stavrinides was met at the far post by the bleached bombshell who powered home a header to kill the game off. Putting it in has been a problem for the boy Miller. Not only has he been denied many times, but now he has been trying to score in a goal where the net has not yet been put up. Perhaps his return to the world of soft drugs will improve his luck.

Each side scored again, LSE through an own goal and Holloway through another Lowen blunder, letting a soft shot slip under his obese body as he crashed to the ground with one of his customary 'dives.' Every other man on the pitch, including retired referee Carrigan, would have saved it, as would Steven Hawking or Christopher Reeve.

The six-two victory was comfortable enough in the end, but clearly the Thirds owe a lot to their ringers. As Mr Carrigan so eloquently put it, "I don't think you'd have won without the powerfully built blonde lad and the incredibly fit and athletic centre-back. They were a class above". Wise words indeed.



Rhino Gardiner marshalls from the back

Euston, we have a problem

Rim boys go one step closer to BUSA glory

By now *The Beaver* readers must be sick of reading about the basketball second team. Don't let their articles deceive you. When Joe Shwartz and Yianni Hadoulis are amongst your top players, you know you're in trouble.

This article details the exploits of the first team, winners of eight straight games and qualifiers for the final 16 of the All

Beavers entered a hostile gym. Greeted by Greek flags for some reason, LSE players were confronted by an angry mob of a crowd.

LSE controlled the game from the start, jumping out to a 16 point halftime lead, before cruising to a 71-45 triumph. Jay "Juwan" Bernstein came off the bench to drop in a team high 14 points, leading a balanced scoring attack. Nine LSE players

arm injury dominated the boards. His injury was sustained in the Charing Cross game; with his beloved Anna Heywood in the stands cheering him on, Robb attempted a 720 degree dunk, only to land on his right forearm.

The win over Bangor came on the heels of two decisive wins over King's College. The first win was an 80-61 win at Aldgate East (aka The Beaver Dome). Leo "The Legend" von Bredow paced LSE with 17 points, while Bret Rosen dropped in 15. LSE's newest addition, "Jose," fitted in well with the Beaver 10.

Two days later, the rematch was held in an igloo of a gym at Hounslow East. But the Beavers heated up the place in a hurry. Andrea "Malakas" Vourloumis led LSE with 30 points, Bret Rosen poured in 21 and Leo von Beethoven added 17. But LSE's 3 points shooting was a sight to behold. Malakas Vourloumis, Rosen and Andy Staab combined for 11 of 13 shooting from 3 point land (a percentage that would make the Chicago Bulls jealous). Christoph "Worm" Raatz controlled the boards, pulling down 21 rebounds; Sanford has another solid game at running the Beaver offense. The final score was 95-70.

With their eight wins behind them, some members of the LSE squad can now worry about some more important things. Oliver "J.P. Morgan" Rey can go find a job; "Arsenal" Robb can beat up angry hooligans; PhDs Paris Yaros and David Leibowitz can finish their dissertations; and Andy Staab can spend time grading boring government papers, rather than designing the Beavers' next brilliant offensive scheme.



Oliver Rey (first left) struggles to keep up in the warm up

Britain tournament. LSE was dealt an interesting draw for its first game ... an all-expenses paid trip to Bangor, that thriving metropolis in northwest Wales. After one train cancellation, an hour and a half wait for the next train, and a five hour trip, the

scored; Oliver "El Puto" Rey was a perfect 5-5 shooting, Bill "Captain One Eye" Sanford dished out a truckload of assists, and Ahmet Mesinoglu dazzled the crowd with a two hand reverse jam in the game's waning moments. Andy Robb back from a

Women dick on UCH

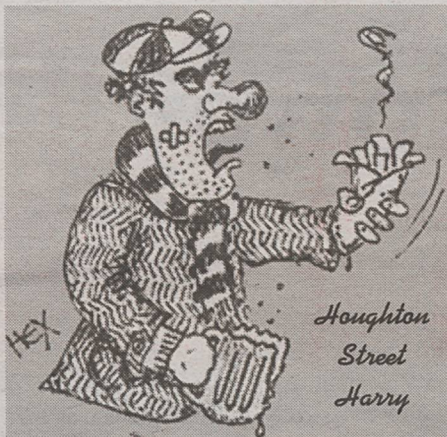
Francesca Malarée

The women's football team carried on their noble tradition of crushing medical colleges, romping home to a 10-0 win against University College Hospital. The absence of our glamorous captain Mia seems to spur these girls on, particularly when eleven players show up. Once again it was a case of hypothermia for our goalie, Oddny, as she was rarely challenged by UCH. The mercurial Anna scored our first two within five minutes, after superb runs down the wing which left the oppositions hopeless defence standing, and she regularly supplied Lucinda, back after a toe injury and a hangover, with fine crosses.

As another one-sided battle ensued, the case for LSE's promotion into the first division became more urgent than ever. A magic moment was Lotta's penalty kick, which no-one wanted the responsibility of taking from which she scored with a Dwight Yorke-like shot into the top left hand corner. That made three and sealed victory for LSE, and annihilation for UCH. Connor even recovered her scoring ability (only on the pitch), so lacking at Royal Holloway last week, to score two. Madelina scored her first and Connor and Sylvia combined beautifully, given acres of space.

UCH only once got past the rock solid LSE defence in a clear case of offside, but the ref then announced 'we're not playing with offside' - he was obviously one of their psychiatric patients.

We are the team that apparently has everything-success, looks talent, our only problem is our lack of support, and no, I'm not talking about underwear.



Mercifully for all *Beaver* readers, Harry has decided to be a little more serious than usual this week. So I promise you; no hideously poor gags about chundering, sex, Americans or ugly women (or even about chundering whilst having hideously poor sex with ugly American women). Instead, I'd like to focus a little on the current scourge of everybody associated with this paper – the armchair critics that continually knock our every effort. Now I admit that none of us here in the *Beaver* office are perfect. Indeed, none of us can read and write... or pull... or get a life; but the fact is that we do try. What we can generally do without, is the constant stream of self-indulgent letters that constantly abuse us without offering any suggestion as to how we could improve the paper. For example, the appropriately named R Singh really took the biscuit when it came to dishing out self-contradictory claptrap (*Beaver* issue 437). We are accused in the same breath of being too cliquey, too offensive and too politically correct, whilst my crime has been the loss of my "distasteful sparkle". Now it would be far too easy to go back to the HSH style of old, emitting racist garbage about Indian waiters wanking in curries, Chinese people eating dogs and "Birds loving it", but unfortunately my mind doesn't work like that.

Also, we'd appreciate it if any of your criticisms were at least vaguely checked for spelling and punctuation. I'd have thought that you'd at least be able to spell 'ming'. You also refer to "Kate Hampton's fellating bananas"(sic). Does this mean that the Gen Sec owns bananas that fellate themselves? If so, then I'd be intrigued, because I haven't yet seen a piece of fruit that could give itself a gob job.

I must admit that some of your criticisms makes sense. It's fair to say that the *Beaver* office is frequently dominated by badger-haired virgins and balding southern Casanovas who continually come out with prejudiced shite in an attempt to convince themselves of their own importance. Amusingly enough, these folk are convinced of their own irresistibility to females, which is bizarre when you consider that the Pope and Julian Clary have probably had more women than all of them put together. I too despair for them, but it's unlikely that they'll ever see the error of their ways; quite frankly, there's more chance of Stevie Wonder seeing the light.

So my suggestion to our increasingly fervent critics is to take matters into their own hands by actually contributing to *The Beaver*. If 'quality' journalism is what you desire, then you're more than welcome to write about the interesting things that are happening in your life; like working in the library and, erm, wearing LSE tank tops, and owning mobile phones, never going out, and eventually kissing daddy's arse in order to get a job after three years.

Because that's what really antagonises me so much – none of these faceless critics ever take the time to help in any way with the production of this paper. So you know where we are, come and help us, and let's see if you really can do any better than us.

Terrific ten tame Kings

Cooper and Miller stike Firsts to glory

Beating Kings is a challenging task. The Rugby team can only dream about it (except for Femi on a Friday night), the Hockey team go all public school on us when they do it once, while the netball gals lose by a cricket score. However, such is the confidence of the mighty First XI that they dared to take on a Kings side who had only lost twice in the league this year with the now customary ten players. The absentee on this occasion was the prolific Ludford-Thomas, gone to Guildford to try for a place at Law School, having not yet understood the significance those two little words "equal" and "opportunities" hold.

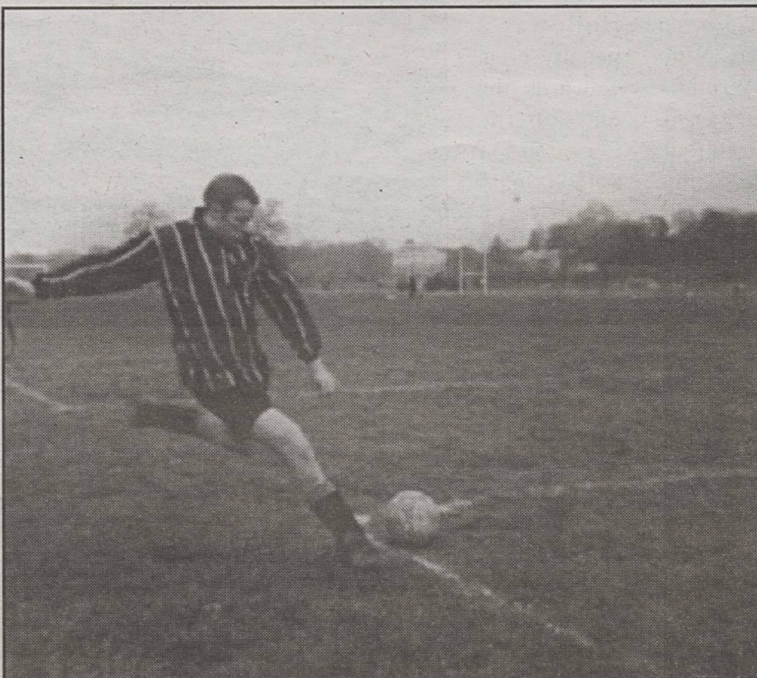
When the game finally got under way after a detour around Earlsfield station thanks to Enda's mates, the LSE took first use of a strong headwind. A flowing move from the back led to Markus Kern forcing a great save out of their keeper, but, from the resulting corner, dead-ball specialist Goals Cooper planted the ball onto Matt Miller's head and it went like a rocket into the roof of the net. The blonde defender has usually promised much but ultimately failed to deliver from corners, but is beginning to make amends. Perhaps it is because the ball has stopped sliding off his ridiculous greasy slicked-back hair.

LSE piled on the pressure thereafter. Filipe Venini hit the post after a mazy drib-

ble and Cooper had a monumental Hagi-like effort disallowed for offside. Despite all this dominance, the lead was not increased and against the run of play Kings levelled just before half-time. Instead of the usual oranges, the ten men chose to sample some Pepsico Mountain Dew®, lifted from the

the deadlock, but there certainly seemed no danger when Goals Cooper took a throw on the half-way line. A quick one-two with Venini and an inch-perfect Gullit-like pass found the head of Kern and the keeper could only parry the ball out for Mark Chang to blast home from an acute angle.

2-1 was probably not going to be enough so Farmer Cooper rolled his sleeves up and drove down the left flank. His floated chip found Venini who rounded the keeper only to be brought down with the goal at his mercy. After Kern's Imperial debacle, Leong-Son had nominated himself penalty-taker in the dressing room, yet his immense bravery under pressure seemed to fail him on this occasion. When asked whether he was taking it, such were his nerves that he could only mumble quietly, but he still made more sense than normal. While blood gushed from the skipper's nose, up stepped "Iceman" Cooper to plant the ball firmly into the bottom corner and seal the three points. The victory was only marred by Kern being



Goals Cooper swings in the corner for Miller to head home Photo: Scoop Gardiner

booked for his record with LSE women. Sarge Turnbull almost booked young Fielding as well, but reconsidered as, unlike Kern, he had not actually made contact with the 'opponent.' And so the Firsts march onwards. This result should ensure third place, and by the time you read this, the semi-final against those Holloway bastards will be just a mere memory. Will it be cup glory or a fall at the final hurdle? Find out next week.

Rim boys ram UCH

Scoop Shwartz shows showmanship, skill and a score line – unlike Yianni

Before the start of last Thursday's game, the men of the Second Team were significantly distracted by internal strife and angst. These open signs of conflict on the team were the first to bubble to the surface this year. "GI" Joe and Teague "Strangers in the" McKnight, were bombarded with harassing comments about the USA and the quality of the American hoops game. The lynch-mob mentality of the team's Eurotrash was getting uglier and uglier till the voices of reason took over.

More specifically, the sweet sounds of Yianni "Skee-Lo" Hadoulis filled the gym. While taking his lay-ups Yianni was heard singing, "I wish I was a little bit taller. I wish I was a baller. I wish I had a girl who looked good, I would call her. I wish. I wish..." Singing did not distract Yianni who skillfully missed every lay-up he took before the start of the game. Hardly fazed by this, Yianni told the bickering Seconds to cool it or he would not pass to them during the game. With the point-hungry players not willing to risk their scoring chances, cooler heads finally prevailed. Warm ups soon began for the coming siege against UCH.

The game started with LSE going up by

ten early on, but UCH quickly closed the gap. Then the decisive moment in the game occurred. UCH's best player was crippled by a devastating blow delivered by Damir "The Bosnian Dream". With the players of the LSE stunned by this happening, Yianni calmly called a time-out and decided to take matters into his own hands.

Having to play with only four players, as UCH neglected to bring any subs to the game, Yianni stepped onto the court. Wearing a faded turquoise tee-shirt purchased in the early-80s, Yianni brought back memories of a pastel covered Don Johnson saving the day on another Miami Vice thriller.

In a matter of minutes, Yianni's poise helped to thrust the men of LSE ahead. They never looked back. It would be the understatement of the year to say that Yianni was everywhere that night. After scoring only two points in his entire LSE career, Yianni equaled that total in just one night, pumping in two more points. But scoring wasn't his only weapon that night. Yianni also had one rebound and one assist for his first "triple-single" ever.

When all was said and done, LSE had defeated the horrendous UCH team by a final score of 52-23. It was no surprise

however, with "Field Marshall" Yianni on the court for most of the night directing the high powered offense. Though flooded after the game by admiring fans seeking only to be in the presence of such a basketball god, Yianni had time to give a post-game interview. Asked about his new found fame Yianni only said, "Some people go to Hollywood to see the stars. I look in the mirror". If you can walk the walk, then you're entitled to talk the talk.

Adding to Yianni's total of two points, Felix "The Cat" had 8, as did Teague. David "Staten Island" Ferrin had 7. Chris "Lil' Miss Priss" and Damir each pumped in 6. Nick "in the next issue of *The Beaver* I'll show you my d*ck" had 5. Christian "Liver" Wurst and "Broadway" Joe each added 4. Rounding out the scoring was Andreas "Papandreas" with two point performance. Though he does deserve some credit for doing the scorebook for an entire period.

With Yianni finally elevating his game to new heights, the only team that may pose any threat in the foreseeable future is Dream Team Three. But hoops fans the world over will have to wait till this summer before they can see Yianni strut his stuff with the world's best in America.