

# The Beaver

17th June, 1991

Newspaper of the London School of Economics Student Union

Issue 341

## News in brief

### Security dogs "a complete success"

New security measures in the Three Tuns have been a roaring success, Bar Manager James Fagan has announced. The introduction of two attack dogs by Fiona MacDonald has already reduced the incidence of troublesome customers by 70%.

A minority of patrons have complained about the new measures, however, claiming that being licked to death and having ones ankles sat on constitutes a 'cruel and unusual punishment' as defined by Amnesty International.

Macdonald refuted this, saying that this was "the only way to keep troublemakers in line. You've simply got to teach these people a lesson."

The breed in question has recently attracted much attention in the popular press due to their extremely unpredictable nature. They have often been known to sit down and look mournfully at passers-by without any provocation whatsoever. The government has nevertheless stated that it has no plans to ban the breed at present.

Jon Hull was not available for comment as he had taken the day off.

### Discos a "absolute disaster"

Confusion and mutual finger-pointing is rife in the Tequila society, in the wake of last week's Tequila party during which no-one was raped or mugged. The Tequila executive denies that it was negligent in arranging so much security for the event.

Jon Hull was not available for comment as he was on holiday.

In the same week, accusations of incompetence have been leveled at the Rosebery Hall Society, following a hall disco where the DJ played some decent music.

Said one Third year who attended "I couldn't believe it. At first I thought I'd drunk too much when I saw people on the dance floor. Then I realised that the DJ actually had some taste."

"I'm absolutely disgusted" said another. "For three years I've been coming to these because I know no-one will want to dance, and what do I get? People dancing. It's just not good enough."

### Satan speaks in Old Theatre

Lord Lucifer of the abyss, first lord of hell spoke last Thursday in the Old Theatre on "Satanism in the Post Cold-war Era." The dark angel was at the LSE at the invitation of the LSE Conservative Association.

He began by noting encouraging signs of malign influence in London's traffic system, especially in the cases of Taxi Drivers and the London Underground. He went on to congratulate Britain on similar defects in its road & rail network nationwide.

Moving on to a global perspective, the Archfiend expressed regret at the ending of the Iron Curtain, referring to it as "forty years of hard slog down the drain". He drew some comfort however from the existence of Dan Quayle.

In conclusion, Satan considered the LSE. He particularly praised the examination system, which he felt was worthy to be called 'demonic'. The room numbering system was "a good effort", while the number of 9 a.m. classes was "disappointing, needing much more work - but still a worthwhile effort". He left the hall to unanimous applause.

However, some have criticised the decision to invite the ultimate evil to speak. In reply to this, Chris Pincher stated that "the invitation of Lord Lucifer is perfectly consistent with other such speakers such as Norman Tebbit and Edwina Currie." He also suggested that the criticisms implied a no-platform policy, which he felt was hypocrisy on the part of those making the criticisms.

Jon Hull was unavailable for comment as he was staying in bed for the day.

Reports compiled by Kimball Forman

## LSE to buy Empire State building?

### Derelict New York building suggested as solution to student accommodation problems

by Beaver Staff

The LSE is considering bidding for new student accommodation in New York, LSE press officer Ian Crawford has announced in a confidential briefing given to everyone. The site, known as "The Empire State Building", is hoped to provide accommodation for over half of the current student population of the LSE.

The acquisition would be in line with the LSE's policy of buying everything in sight, and would furthermore encourage the growth of American students leading to a more creative cosmopolitan climate, Crawford explained.

The Empire State building has lain empty ever since the demise of its previous occupant, King Kong, who possessed the site in the 1930s until he was abolished by the USAF. It cannot be used for office or hotel purposes for reason of its being a damned ugly bastard; making it ideal for the LSE's requirements. Despite this, the National Theatre is also believed to be interested in the site.

The sale would involve a number of technical difficulties. It is not yet known how the necessary £1000 Million would be raised. One suggestion is the sale of the old Houghton Street site, which has lain vacant since the move to County Hall, St. Phillips Hospital and Battersea Power Station.

Another problem concerns the fact that the current owners of the Empire State are as yet unwilling to sell to what they regard as "some backwards-assed little country off the coast of Europe. Damn Straight."

Some in the Student Union have criticised the distance of the new site from the LSE and its lack of proximity to Central London facilities. General Secretary Rob Middleton pointed out

that students placed there will have a 2-hour journey by Concorde to get to school each day. "The extra costs incurred in such a journey would only add to student hardship. Coming alongside the recent withdrawal of grants and all other financial assistance this can only harm current and future students." He felt that the School should spend more time looking at closer sites, such as Canary Wharf and Colchester Castle.

Mel Taylor, Senior Treasurer agreed. "This is a total kick in the teeth for the people who come to this university. Life is already bad enough coping with the yanks in existing halls, what's it going to be like when you're surrounded by them". She pointed out that the SU's own telephone Yankline, set up to offer sympathy to those surrounded by loud people in baseball caps dealt with over 3000 calls each week. She felt that if the Empire State proposals went through, it would be necessary to hire an additional member of staff.

Jon Hull was not in his office because he was off playing golf.

Meanwhile the reaction of the student population at large has been mixed. "Where the F--- is New York anyway? Near Canada, isn't it?" Asked one. "Personally, I think it'd be more convenient" said another. "I never come in to lectures anyway so all I need from a hall is a decent bar."

The decision has yet to be made. Crawford was possibly at pains to stress that the possibility was possibly only "a possibility", while at the same time agreeing that it was still possible. However, nothing was definite at the moment, though it was possible that a decision could be made in the future.



The future home of LSE students?

Photo: Andrew Bayley

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# Students protest against grants

## Demonstration outside Parliament supporting loans

Over 2000 students held a demonstration outside the Houses of Parliament last Thursday in support of student loans. The demonstration followed a UGM motion proposed by Mel Taylor which called for positive action in favour of the government's higher education policies.

Explaining what many see as a reversal of policy, Taylor said "The Labour party has talked this through at great length, and we now realise that the Conservatives have been right all along. You've really got to move to a market-based system, as it's only by restricting entry to higher education that we can popularise it."

At the same time, she denied that the move was in fact to match the policies of the national Labour party. Jon Hull was unable to comment as no-one knew where he was.

The demonstration formed outside the main entrance at 11 o'clock and marched down Fleet Street for 30 minutes, before someone realised that they were

going the wrong way. The crowd then obtained directions from a passing policeman.

Chanting slogans such as "Maggie, maggie, maggie, in, in, in!" and "We will pay the poll tax", the crowd remained for over 2 minutes before the DSG turned up and everyone ran away or fell asleep.

Afterwards, the action was generally seen as a success. Ian Prince, press and publicity officer was not initially aware of the demo, but said it sounded very nice.

However, not everyone had as positive a reaction. "This is a blatant attempt to steal conservative policies on the part of the left" claimed Lee Marriott, the LSECA's internal vice-chair-in-exile. Speaking from his retirement villa in South America, Marriott went on to express fears for the future of his party. "For decades we've been objects of hate and abuse. Now the bastards are starting to agree with us. It's just no fun any more." He felt it might be necessary to disband the group.



Stating the case against grants

Photo: Andrew Bayley



Waiting for God: a huge crowd seen in Houghton street after it was rumoured that Bernard Levin was thinking off paying a visit to the LSE. When the rumour

started, thousands of fans rushed into Houghton Street in the hope of catching a glimpse of the world-renowned sex symbol. Press Officer Ian

Crawford is in the background attempting to keep control.

Jon Hull was not available for comment, as he was paralytic.



# The Beaver

It is rapidly becoming apparent that John Ashworth is not just a biologist sent from Salford but a sage sent from Heaven. Our Director has seemingly turned having visions into a full time job - so much so that the Sun is reputed to be headhunting him to replace Mystic Meg.

The latest in a long line of omniscient insights into the future reads something like this:

First there was the LSE and it was good  
But the Thatcher thought it insufficiently business like.  
So the Thatcher spake unto John  
"Go forth and let the LSE make money"  
And verily John went forth and was given a vision  
And he spake "The LSE shall have a business park"  
And so it was that John was given the name Sir John.

Knighthood aside the most significant upshot of vision number 4 is that the LSE is to be set in the middle of a beautiful park - a business park. Ashworth's park is the kind where money grows on the trees and the park attendants patrol with Rottweilers.

Nevertheless it is easy to see the appeal: the World of academia is increasingly unfashionable, economics has very little to do with Asworth's beloved slime moulds, and above all, there is no money in it. The solution? Do away with any pretence of academia and make it all into a plc.

What is it that will attract the plethora of business and political consultants that Ashworth seeks to shelter under our wing? Will it be the chance of cheap beer and reduced price tickets to Karaoke nights in the Tuns or the possibility of being first to pick up a copy of the Beaver each week?

It might of course be something to do with our academic prowess. By sitting in on Saul Estrin's Economics B the putative mushroom farmer might gain valuable insights into his business. However shouldn't someone tell them that lectures and classes are most valuable for catching up on lost sleep and that the key to all knowledge is a BLPES card?

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# S.U. Cafe

## Summer opening times

10 a.m. - 3 p.m. Monday to Friday

12 p.m. - 2 p.m. Lunch time

## Post Haste

### Sex and Rock n' Roll at L.S.E. ?

Dear Beaver,

As a first year student I am writing to complain about the image of the college. In the first week of term I was promised, "sex, drugs and rock and roll".

However, I saw no sex or even participated in any; the only drug I got close to was paracetamol, and I think the rock n' roll band were having sex or something because I never saw them.

It is now the end of the summer term, and I am still a virgin and under the impression that marijuana is a province of the Soviet Union.

I know that this can be considered a healthy lifestyle but I would like the chance to be slightly unhygienic!

Please can you help?

A frustrated 1st Year.

### Brunch Bowling hot water?

Dear Beaver,

You will be pleased to discover that within the inner walls of the sanctuary we call LSE, capitalism is thriving.

The example at hand is our student cafeteria on the 4th floor of the main building.

The marvels of privatisation are quickly witnessed when one visits it. Staff uniforms are crisp and bright, clearly accentuating the division of labour. The tables are equally distinct - both a prison grey and a mustard yellow. Ah, and of course the food, clearly nouvelle cuisine at its finest. And all on a student budget.

This, however, does not include the hot water. If, perhaps, you are inclined to bring a favourite tea bag from home that simply requires steeping, you must be prepared to pay.

Now it is perfectly suited to the London School of ECONOMICS to charge for a non-refined natural resource. Perhaps even more sensible is that you can walk outside this shrine of absurdity and imbibe to your heart's content with as many



Wait 'till next year when you spend more time in the library

cups as you desire of this same precious resource, albeit room temperature, for free. Or better yet, you can walk further over to the Vegetarian Cafe in the basement of the East Building and obtain BOTH hot and cold water for absolutely free.

Please let me explain. If one desires a cup of hot water from the LSE sub contracted "beacon of capitalism" cafeteria, one must pay 6 or 12 pence depending on the cup size.

If, however, cooler water will do, please direct yourself to the fountain in the corner where both cups (small) and water (cool) are free.

Alas, if you enter with your own cup, the cashier, also a trained mathematician will instantly deduce a volume/price ratio adequate for the sale.

In search of answers I employed considerable investigative skills with little prevail. An assistant manager, a pure genius of cafeteria etiquette, enlightened me by explaining that this was not a "cafeteria" but a "restaurant" and that as such we have to pay for the water. Why then only the hot?

My conclusion can only be that this is an example of gross inconsistency and complete lack of good will.

William Birney.

### Seriously...

Dear Beaver

What a pity that one of the most heavily funded and interesting events organised by the LSESU was not given any coverage by the LSESU newspaper - the four East European student exchanges involved over 40 LSE students and almost 50 students from Bucharest, Prague, Warsaw and Moscow. One would have thought that the resulting interchange of insights, ideas and links would have provided interesting reading for all LSE students.

Sadly, however, the two feature articles submitted by participants of the Bucharest exchange have, it seems, fallen victim to one of the ads covering two and a half pages of the last issue. The only remaining feature item was Alex Neuber's good but nevertheless slightly dated article on Germany's role in the Gulf.

One wonders if this sense of priorities is shared by the rest of the LSE student body.

Sincerely,  
Bettina Wassener  
Tim Rayner

Beaver Replies

It was certainly regrettable that two good feature articles could not be printed in the last issue. However, this was an editorial decision based on consideration of the paper's future. The fact is that for many years there have been no issues of The Beaver in the summer term at all, operating as we do within a very tight budget. It was only due to the advertising contracts mentioned above that the issue was possible in the first place. Furthermore, the money generated will increase our financial viability and insure that interesting articles will continue to have a newspaper to be printed in. Unfortunately, more and more advertising will be necessary unless the SU decides to increase our budget for the first time in years.

We do however, extend our sincerest apologies to Bettina and Tim and hope that they will not be discouraged from making their valuable contributions next college year.



# See you at Reading

Up until the late 1980's the Summer rock festival seemed to be a declining institution in this country, reaching its nadir in 1988 with Glastonbury cancelled and a Reading billing that included acts as dire as Meat Loaf, Starship and Bonnie Tyler!

Thankfully, since then, things have improved considerably. Indeed this Summer will see, perhaps, more outdoor one day music events and weekend festivals than ever before, despite Glastonbury Festival again being cancelled.

**Reading Festival**, held as always over the August bank holiday weekend (23rd-25th), offers one of the most impressive line-ups ever assembled for a British rock festival. Promoted by London's Mean Fiddler and compered by the redoubtable John Peel, the £40 ticket price is justified by the first day alone.

Veteran punk Iggy Pop headlines with a mainly American supporting cast including New York's finest art noise brats, Sonic Youth and the return of J. Mascis in a reformed Dinosaur jr. The rest of the weekend promises amongst others, the perfect pop of James, post-daisy age rap from De La Soul and the intense rock of The Godfathers. The total of twenty eight acts on the main stage plus a smaller 'Mean Fiddler' stage offering everything from Edwyn Collins to Captain Sensible via The Pooh Sticks and Toasted Heretic ensures that Reading will again be the British musical event of the Summer and probably of the

year.

Of the other perennials, **Dorset Monks of Rock** (August 17th) provides its usual array of bland Middle of the Road radio rock in the shape of Motley Crue and Queensryche, supporting west coast thrash merchants Metallica and the exceptionally old and exceptionally reliable AC/DC in the headline slot. The **Cambridge Folk Festival** (July 26th-28th) offers what will almost certainly be the only chance to see Suzanne Vega in this country this year, as well as Roddy Frame, Steve Earle and Clannad. The late Gene Clark of Byrds fame was also due to play and the Festival could well become something of a tribute to his genius. Lastly and without a doubt leastly the annual **Milton Keynes Bowl** (July 6th) exceeds even its own utterly abysmal standards with ZZ Top, Bryan Adams, Thunder and the Little Angels.

One off outdoor musical events are the real growth area this year. The most interesting of these is undoubtedly the two day **Cities In the Park** (August 3rd-4th) being held in Manchester and promoted, in what may well be the shape of things to come, by Pepe Jeans. The first day's highlights include The Beautiful South and reformed teen angst punks, The Buzzcocks. As the second day is a Manchester based Factory Records day the conspicuous absence of New Order can only continue to fuel rumours of a split, particularly as both Barnie



Sumner's Electronic and Peter Hook's Revenge are playing. The day also offers another chance to see The Happy Mondays if exams caused you to miss their Elland Road gig of June 1st that kicked off the current festival season. The whole thing is being held as a memorial to legendary Manchester producer **Martin Hannet**, who died earlier this year.

Midlands' finest, The Wonder Stuff headline a one day festival in the unlikely venue of **Bescot Stadium**, Walsall FC's ground on June 22nd. Supports include the frenetic dance energy of the New FADS and the hotly tipped indie pop of Kingmaker.

Other events include UB40 and The Farm at **Finsbury Park** (June 22nd), the dreadful Level 42 (for some reason supported by the excellent Gary Clail and the On U Sound crew) on August 4th and INXS, Deborah Harry and the Hothouse Flowers at **Wembley Stadium** (July 13th). And for all you dance kiddies there is the **Midsummer Day's Dream** at Milton Keynes Bowl (June 22nd) promising some of the top Brit-

ish dj's as well as the best in live dance music.

Although the **Alternative Glastonbury Festival** that was to be held at Bristol does not appear to be on after all, there are enough events taking place over the next three months for virtually any taste to be accommodated.

Have a groovy gigging Summer and I'll see you at Reading.

Gary Lidington

# Noise Annoys

"I hope I die before I get old" (My Generation, The Who)

There is a certain art to dying. Especially if you happen to be a rock star. A well-timed rock death can bestow legendary status where before only mild respect existed. Indeed the truly great rock death acts as a process of deification. Where before there was an important but flawed artist there now is a god. Or in the most successful (for the record company and media vultures anyway) cases, the indefinite becomes the definite and we are left with nothing short of God.

Compare and contrast. LSE alumni Mick Jagger and celebrated star of (rock) stage and (posthumous) film, the late Jim Morrison. Both made their best records in the late 1960's, both were heavily influenced by the blues, both can be considered the foremost rock stage performers of their generation. But, The Doors are cited by a myriad of up and coming bands as a major influence: The Stones by next to nobody. Doors posters adorn the walls of numerous student bedrooms: Stones LP's remain hidden at the back of record boxes along with Abba and Wham to be played only at drunken parties. Why could this be?

It certainly cannot be explained by the quality of the records the two bands put out. The Doors eponymously titled debut LP ranks with the best ever recorded, but then so does the Stones' *Beggars Banquet*. If *Light My Fire* is one of the best singles ever released, then what of *Satisfaction*. More to the point, The Doors released some dire recordings. Witness the *Soft Parade* LP. Worse still - Jim Morrison's poetry. Yet his death turned him instantly into a visionary. Not only a poet, but a prophet. Oliver Stone's film implies that Jim not only wanted death because it would mean 'the end of pain' and hence be an escape, but actively sought it as part of some sort of spiritual crusade. Morrison the alcoholic junkie becomes Morrison the philosophic mystic.

The deification of Jim Morrison that resulted from his death (from a drug-induced heart failure) in the bath of his Paris apartment is aptly symbolised and indeed aided by Oliver Stone's portrayal of the event. Jim the overweight, bearded, under-washed and out of control maniac of the previous two years is shown as slim and clean-shaven, with a smile on his recently deceased face positively oozing control and contentment.

No one, of course has made a similar film about the Rolling Stones. Nor as far as this column knows is anyone planning to. The story simply went on too long. At first it looked promising. A host of great records, Mick and Keef arrested for marijuana possession, Mick being interviewed by the then editor of the Times, Sir William Rees-Mogg, for the BBC about the youth of his day. Then there was the stabbing of a Stones fan by Hells Angels at Altamont, Brian Jones quitting the band and being found drowned a few days later. And, of course, the free festival in Hyde Park in 1969 in front of (apparently) half a million people. But much as Mrs Thatcher would have liked to have done, they went on and on. Mick the young rebel and spokesmen for a generation gave way to Mick the boring old fart.

He missed his chance. The difference in the Stones reputation and Mick Jagger's if it had been his body found floating in the swimming pool rather than that of Brian Jones is scarcely imaginable. Instead it is Brian Jones who has been raised to the pantheon of minor rock gods with many devotees pinpointing the Stones decline as beginning with his departure.

There is a scene in Oliver Stone's film just prior to the formation of The Doors with Jim Morrison walking along an LA beach with Ray Manzarek. The future keyboard player turns to the future god and says, "let's make the myths". Yet if it hadn't been for Morrison's exquisitely timed death the chances are he would have just continued to get fatter, hairier and more pretentious and ended up as old and irrelevant as Paul McCartney. Merely remembered for a couple of great records made in the dim and distant past.

Jim Morrison's was perhaps the greatest of rock deaths. Perfectly timed and coated with an air of mystery. Even the Parisian setting was right. With all of this on his side the myths could not but help to take care of themselves.

Gary Lidington

# Mad fat and bald

Potentially, the line-up for the **Crystal Palace Bowl-Pixies-Extravaganza** promised a celebration of the best in US/UK indie rock. Despite numerous obstacles, such as a surreal placing of a boating pond between stage and audience, the 'event' came within a whisper (or scream) of the right royal shindig that was eagerly anticipated.

Whilst five bands were billed, as usual, only the two headline bands were capable of mustering enough energy to bridge the moat between band and punters. One was British, one from the USA. **Ride**, from Oxford art college students to TOTP and indie chart domination; **The Pixies**, from college drop-outs (naturally) to Reading headlines and world domination.

Guitars -loud, unleashed and multilayered- have been firmly placed to the fore in what is lovingly or laughably called alternative music. At the bowl the most prominent examples of the british and american varieties were on show. The ability of both bands to twist that all important 'pop-tune' through a barbed noise core has enticed

indie kids to devour them en masse. For Ride the live performance has been central to this while The Pixies have revamped the energy after fears that the *Bossanova* LP was leading to a more mellowed, 'mature' and docile (never) future. Thus, the inclusion of guitar number 3 in the hands Bob "can we have a spotlight for-nevermind-fuckit" Santiago.

The Pixies have never hidden their influences. (No need when you could never be accused of being mere copyists). Husker Du and Peter, Paul and Mary as the now legendary advert for a bassist read (replied to only by Kim Deal) summarises their taste for guitar energy sci-fi bubblegum throwaway pop. Lacking only explanation for the perverted, deformed lyrics of the first three albums, the answer must lie in lead-screamer Black Francis, his tortured mind and his desire to turn tales of biblical incest into massily consumed pop songs.

Covering the Jesus and Mary Chain's 'Head on' at Crystal Palace was a obvious move for the Pixies with the final ingredi-

ent of their musical mix being surf.

The ear-punching, rib tingling, blood rushing, jolly jaunt rendition by the Pixies may go some way to explain where the reinvention of guitar music may differ across the atlantic.

'Head On' Pixies style, burst into the air and didn't let you rest until its dying seconds. Had the P.A been as loud as might have been expected at such a concert Cod alone knows what might have happened as 'Makes you want to feel, makes you want to try / Makes you want to blow the stars out of the sky' left the lead Pixie's lips.

The Pixies let loose-musically and lyrically. Twenty five songs speed by taking us on journeys with UF's and to the seedier side of life. Not every band could shake the British distaste for voicing sexual matters by turning a homage to masturbation into a thousands strong sing along of 'it always turns out this way / This ain't no holiday / Here I am with my hand'. The more you hear the more natural it seems. The more natural it is the more powerful it seems.

Ride are also loud, guitar based and melodic, but they are smooth, precise and melancholic. Ride are art college kids *designing* music and beautiful with it. 'Vapour Trail' is woeful romance. 'Nowhere' bursts and blinds then caresses silence, flirting with extinction then bursts again. The only problem is that it is all controlled and accurate. Ride cannot let loose, the Pixies make a living out of it. Even the seemingly endless thrash-out on the climactic 'Drive Blind' has no life of its own, living only as Ride designed it - no match for Black Francis' wild screams on their finale 'Tame'.

Ride are art, The Pixies are Rock n' Roll. The perverse side of Rock n' Roll that was inevitably to be found in the USA, not in the UK where the moody, arty, romantic image prevails - where it is next to impossible to be cool. In the US even the mad, fat and bald are cool. At least if they want to be.

Steve Bradford



MATT



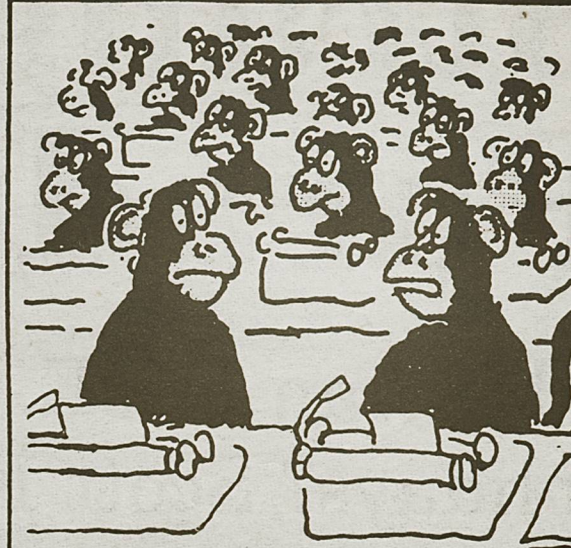
'I think we can afford the first incision, nurse'

MATT



'Is this beach leaded or unleaded?'

MATT



'Well, that's the Complete Works of Shakespeare, now let's think of an alternative to the poll tax.'

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# Strangers From Paradise?

What can L.S.E. students really do in their holidays? Scott Kelly reports.

Holidays sneak up on L.S.E. students when they are least expected. One minute you are in the middle of an exam trying to

holidays at all. Between revision and finding some where to live next year the idea of doing absolutely nothing for four

Dartmour. So the question arises of what to do - the options are numerous but each is littered with pitfalls and problems that

answer that they intend to go 'interrailing'. This is an answer intended to be sufficient to stop any further enquiries but it must

be noted that there is more than one type of interrailing. For some interrailing simply means taking the train to Paris and checking into a five star hotel for a month. However, in a few sad cases interrailing isn't so much a holiday but a way of life. The hardened interrailer is very easy to spot, they are even amongst us in our own city. They can be seen on tube trains sporting track suits knocking over pensioners with their ruck sacks which are the size of a small mobile home. They can also be seen in camping shops wasting their money on the latest useless accessory. They can even be seen along Oxford Street late at

actually enjoy sleeping in cramped conditions above floors covered in dust while people you have paid to endure this experience get the chance to order you about. For some strange reason people over the age of 26 apparently prefer to stay in hotels with room service and soft comfortable beds, why this change in attitudes should happen so suddenly remains a mystery. But because we are young we're supposed to take this opportunity to see the world because, as I've so often been told, we will probably never have this opportunity again. We are after all, all destined to spend our lives chained to a desk. I have found that the pressure on students to travel during their holidays can be enormous but if the idea doesn't appeal to you it might be a good idea to get someone who is travelling to mail postcards,

themselves in the position of the lowest of the low in the firms hierarchy gaining useful experience in nothing more than tea making. Summer work shouldn't be undertaken by anyone who doesn't need the money. Once out of college we can all look forward to years of endless work anyway it seems slightly pointless to jump the gun and work when it isn't necessary.

The real problem with the summer holiday is that it is really too long. It is difficult for a student with even the most exiting life not to go through such a long period of time without coming face to face with boredom more than once. If a student travels it is likely to be expensive, if he or she works then life at the L.S.E. will, sooner or later, begin to be remembered as heaven on earth.

All of this brings me back to



fill four pages with information that in reality amounts to one paragraph and the next you're a free man. It's incredibly easy not to make any plans for the

months can seem very inviting. However, after the first week of paralytic bliss an uneventful holiday offers all of the interest and excitement of a short stay in

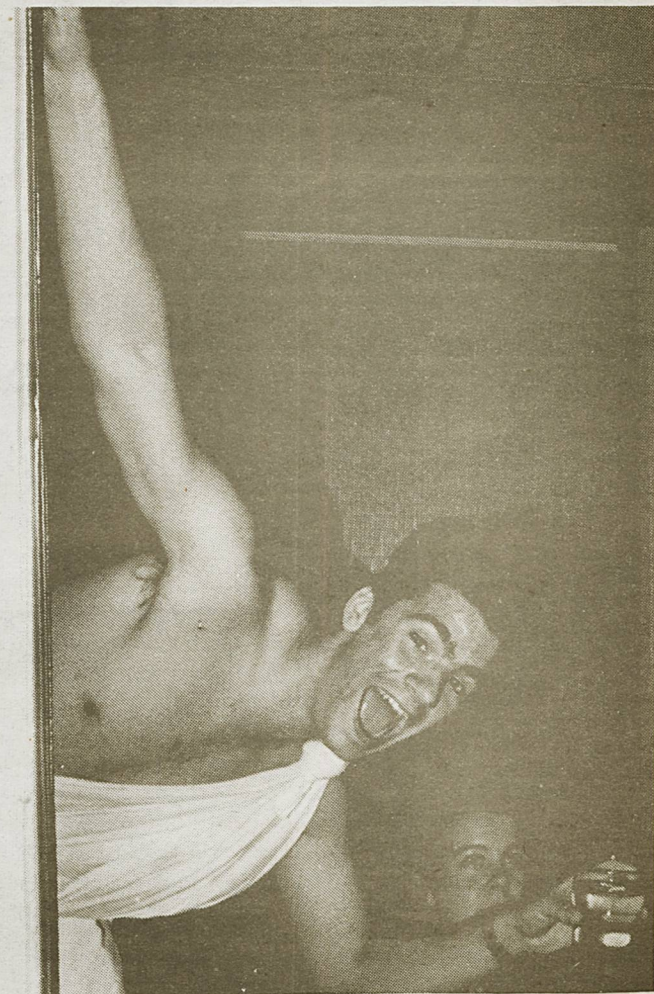
can turn your holiday into a nightmare even worse than term time.

Many L.S.E. students when asked about their summer plans

night trying to put up a tent after failing to get into a youth hostel.

There are many "DO'S" and "DON'TS" that have to be considered before embarking on a month of endless railway lines. Firstly DON'T plan the trip weeks in advance and DO just jump on the nearest train without knowing where it is going. If you do try and plan your trip weeks in advance you are likely to come across so many complications and extra expenditures likely to incur that you will probably come to the conclusion that the trip is more bother than it is worth. If you embark in blissful ignorance the joys of international bureaucracy will all be in front of you. Secondly, DON'T take any 'survival kits' or emergency provisions or indeed anything of a practical nature DO however, go with simply a pair of swimming trunks and a change of underwear. People who prepare for the worst always have the worst things happening to them. If one wonders through life with a constantly negative attitude then it is hardly surprising that things tend to go wrong. It is also always advisable not to travel alone. However, DO travel with someone you hate and DON'T travel with your best friend. After putting up with someone's company for an entire month you're bound to end up hating them anyway so it's much better to save time and travel with your worst enemy than to alienate one of your few remaining friends.

The sad truth is that interrailing involves waiting around for hours for trains you have to stand up in while worrying about where you are going to spend the night. As for youth hostels themselves the whole mentality is beyond me. The idea is that people under 26



you have written at suitable locations, while you hide under the bed for a month.

Another option much favoured by students in a more difficult financial situation is to work in the holidays. There are many areas of summer work open to the hard up student: from apple picking to clerical work but the one thing to remember about all possible occupations is that they are all awful. Amongst employers students are even more identified with slave labour than YTS trainees. Many firms offer work with the promise of useful training and experience and then put hopeful applicants through a whole series of interviews when they should be revising for exams. Successful candidates then find

the initial problem, if one does nothing than life will begin to resemble life in Dartmour prison, but compared to the other options this isn't really that bad. In fact it might not be such a bad idea to go the whole hog and commit a crime just big enough to enable you to spend a few months at Her Majesty's pleasure. After all the foods free, the works more interesting than your likely to find on the outside and in general the accommodation is of about the same standard of the average youth hostel.





# diary

Due to the lack of anything happening I am presented with the opportunity to conclude the latest story from a typical L.S.E. student

You may remember that when we left Bertie disaster had just hit Richard Little's show 'The Importance Of Being Bingo'. Members of the audience had cleverly spotted the similarity between Bingo's songs and those currently on release. The Girl Bingo had hoped to impress had instead been highly embarrassed by the whole spectacle. On telling Jeeves what had happened Bertie found him at a loss for a solution to Bingo's predicament. Now read on.....

I must confess that I have never seen a man as deep in thought as Jeeves was over the next few days. Though I am not one who moves in the kind of circles where one often encounters the pensive look, the Drones not being a home to such activity, Jeeves's behavior still amazed me. I found myself addressing him as if talking only to the air around me and on several occasions I

found him staring into space standing as still as Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square.

It was only five days later, when I had long given up hope of him finding a solution, that a brain wave finally hit his little grey cells. I sat in front of the fire engrossed in Rosie M. Banks's latest novel 'She was only the Duke of Westminster's daughter' when Jeeves shimmered in. 'Sir', he announced, 'I think I have found a way helping Mr Little'

'At last Jeeves!' I cried, 'just when I thought there was no hope of any light at the end of the tunnel you finally come up with the jolly old goods.'

'Indeed sir.' 'So come on Jeeves spill the beans, I think you've kept me in suspense long enough eh what.'

'Well sir it occurred to me that Mr Little problem was one of credibility.'

'You mean that the young lady believes that he stole those songs?'

'Quite so sir, and it would appear that the only way of filling, what might be described as a credibility gap would be to make it look like Mr Little had

indeed written the songs in question.'

'Yes I get the picture, we need to bridge this gap so that Bingo, so to speak, can run over the bridge and meet young miss Simmons with open arms in the middle.' I was rather proud of the mental picture I had just conjured up.

'One could put it like that sir.' 'So Jeeves how do you propose that we fill this gap?'

'Well sir, I felt that if you were to suggest to Miss Simmons that Mr Little was well known for his talents as a song writer then she might begin to think that Mr Little was underrated in his capacity as a composer.'

'By jove Jeeves I think you've got it. By the time I'm finished with her Bingo's name will be up there with the greats.'

My enthusiasm for Jeeves's scheme only began to thin when I found myself facing the very girl in question in one of the L.S.E.'s many popular eating venues. She smile weakly at me as I sat down at her side. The trouble was that I didn't know how to even start going about convincing her of the great depth of Bingo's talent. For what

seemed like ages I sat nervously eating while the food turned to ashes in my mouth. Then, just as she looked like was about to go I finally spoke.

'I say wasn't it a shame about poor old Bingo's show' She turned around to face me with a particularly old fashioned expression.

'What do you mean 'it was a shame?'

'Well what I mean is if only they knew'

'If only they knew' what?'

'Ah'

'Ah?'

'exactly'

'Bertie have you finally gone completely mad?'

'Oh I see then you obviously don't know the real truth'

'No I suppose I don't know if the real truth isn't that Richard went out of his way to make me look like an idiot'

I turned my head first left and then right giving the definite impression that I believed walls to have ears.

'I saw Bingo having lunch with old Lionel Bart the other day'

'Lionel Bart!'

'Shh' I lowered my head towards her, 'we don't want people

to know.'

'People to know what Bertie?'

'I also saw him with old Andrew Midland Weber and with old Stephen Sontag or whatever his name is.'

'Bertie would you please get to the point.'

'You see the thing is that Bingo has been the victim of a gross miscarriage of justice.'

'I find that very difficult to believe.'

'What I am trying to say is that Bingo actually wrote all of those songs only under a pen name to protect his anonymity.'

'So why did he display his name so proudly as the writer on the program then?'

'Ah you see this is why the whole bally thing is so sad. Bingo intended to come out in to the open and admit his song writing genius but, alas, it his plans fell in to ruins' I could see that my words had moved her and I could detect a tear forming in her eye. I decided to go in for the kill.

'I don't suppose that now anyone will ever know the truth about bingo's talent and his songs will always be associated with another.'

'Poor Richard.'

'Yes I know it really gets me here,' I pointed in the general direction of my heart.

Before I could say another word she was gone searching for her spurned hero. I could satisfy myself with a job well done and returned home to tell Jeeves the news.

'So Jeeves it appears you were right.'

'Thank you sir, I felt that the young lady simply needed a push in the right direction'

'And by jove how true that was. I suppose that's the thing about girls that I'll never understand. One moment they wouldn't go near you even if you just happened to be the last man on earth and the next they look up at you as if your every action was filled with greatness.'

'Indeed sir, as the hero remarks in the opera Rigoletto, 'Women is caprious like a feather in the wind.'

Jeeves left me to ponder the wisdom of Verdi's words.

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