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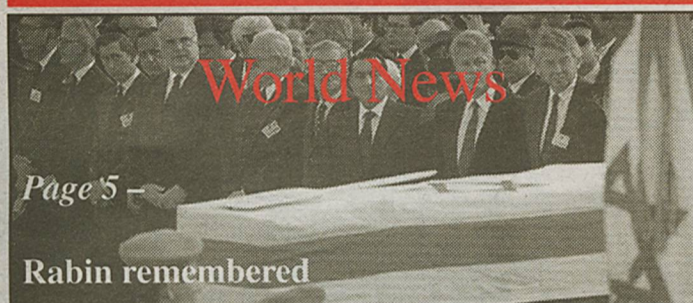
the *Beaver*

The Newspaper of the London School of Economics Students' Union

Issue 429

First published May 5, 1949

November 14, 1995



World News

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Rabin remembered



Features

Page 8 -

waiting death



News

Page 3

What do students think about the proposed move?

LSE to move to Bart's?

James Brown

For the second time in three years the LSE is considering moving from its Aldwych site. An approach has been made to the LSE by the taskforce set up to find a new resident for the St Bartholemew's Hospital site when it becomes vacant in five years time.

Although couched in general terms, the proposal has been taken seriously within the School.

The LSE's last target was County Hall, the former home of the Greater London Council, opposite Westminster. That plan fell through in 1992 after the government refused to act as lender of last resort in the aftermath of Britain's dramatic ERM exit.

Despite massive public support and obvious suitability to LSE's purposes, the building was sold to a Japanese company for development into a hotel.

There was near unanimous support from the academic community for the County Hall move, but divisions have already emerged in the School over the latest proposals.

At a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Court of Governors last Monday, it was decided that the offer should not be discussed "unless there was clear information about funding".

While careful not to rule out a move, the decision is a clear indication that the School feels committed to the current development plans for the Aldwych site and would only consider relocating if the financial burden was minimised. The Bart's site is valued at £29 million, well below the current value of the Aldwych site.

However, many of the 1950s hospital wards may have to be demolished and replaced with purpose-built buildings and there is currently no suitable accommodation for the British Library of Political and Economic Science. Estimates put the conversion of the

site into a workable LSE campus at £200 million. This is almost equivalent to the cost of the merger between St Bart's and the Royal London Hospital.

There are some academics who are concerned about becoming involved with the politics of hospital closures, especially with the fragility of the current Conservative government. There are others who see the closures as inevitable and are keen to find a compromise to share the site with a "community hospital" for the City of London.

Students' opinions seem generally negative. A survey by *The Beaver* shows that just over 50% of those asked are against a move, with only 26% in favour. At last week's Union General Meeting, a motion was passed mandating the General Secretary to write a letter stating the Union's opposition to the move.

The General Secretary, Kate Hampton, said "if the School receives a workable offer on St Bart's, the Students' Union will conduct a full survey of the student body to determine its opinion".

Such measures may not carry much weight with the School, however, as almost all the current student body will be alumni in five year's time.

None of this will happen unless the government secures funding for the move. At the time of going to press, *The Beaver* was unaware if the proposal was on the agenda of the next Academic Board. This may well prove to be the main battleground of any proposals.

With the County Hall debate, many academics who entered the Academic Board meeting against the move switched to the 'pro' camp after listening to the arguments. The end result was a unanimous decision in favour of the proposal. Those academics in favour of the LSE moving from its current site must be hoping for another such opportunity.

Results of *Beaver* survey, page 3
Houghton Street development, page 3



St. Bartholomew's Hospital - the latest venture in LSE's search for a site.

Photo: Steph Wellstead

Wave of thefts hits LSE despite new security scheme

Chi Kaitano

A recent spate of bicycle and other thefts on campus have caused concern about security policy at the School.

In the past ten days at least five bikes have been stolen from areas which are supposedly covered by closed-circuit TV.

In one case, the victim was refused access to the video tape that may have caught the thief, the reason given that "there was no point as the thief would never be caught."

This "don't care" attitude has disgruntled many students who think that LSE as an urban-campus University should have a much tighter security policy for the obvious

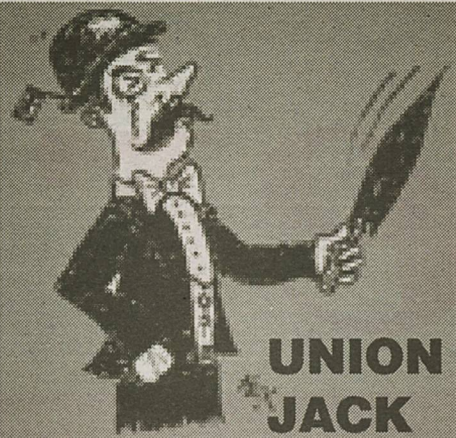
reason that urban areas have higher crime rates.

In a strongly worded response to these allegations, Bernard Taffs, the School's House Manager said that all accusations of poor security were "unfair and untrue." Furthermore, he stated that it was often the students' own fault that many of the thefts occurred and that students should "learn to

be more cooperative" as regards security.

Mr Taffs was, however, quick to emphasise improvements that have been made to the security system. For example, the number of surveillance cameras has increased to 18 from 12 and accompanying it is a new system of recording the day's

Continued on page 2



Jack detected a slight whiff of muck being raked over in last week's UGM. There was also a hint of old chestnuts, brought out for their annual air, and a delicate bouquet of sour grapes; altogether an unpleasant mixture.

The most odious part was the annual Cyprus 'debate' (an old chestnut that combined a bit of muck-raking into the bargain). Every year a hundred or so Greek Cypriots squeeze into the Old Theatre to hear an emotional plea for the return of Turkish-occupied Cyprus. In other words, they hear what they want to hear. Whether anyone else wishes to hear it is another matter. By sheer weight of numbers they always win, and then leave half way through to avoid listening to anything that they don't wish to hear or that might challenge their powers of discretion. All regular attenders of UGMs are expected to suspend the weighty power of their own powers of discretion to allow this self-indulgent motion to influence Union policy. So much for democracy.

In previous years, the event used to attract a sizeable number of Turks as well, and it was always a surprise to Jack that the motion was ever debated: a greater incentive to stir racial hatred is difficult to imagine. Jack now feels that Greek Cypriots should join Canadians on the list of sad people who take the UGM seriously. Expect the Turkish Prime Minister to resign next week, folks.

The other old chestnut went just as predictably. The motion for a Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual officer came up for discussion, got everybody excited and failed to get passed. Claire and Kate passionately embraced the motion, which was hardly a surprise. What Jack had not expected was a bitchy speech against by Omer Soomro, the Welfare Officer of the Union. The thinking behind his position was not altogether clear. But then neither was his actual position, as immediately afterwards he seemed to be contradicting himself. Whatever it was, there may well be an opportunity to find out exactly in the near future.

Well, so much for the muck-raking (Jack classifies the two 'green' motions that were discussed merely as muck) and the old chestnuts. Actually, not quite.

As a postscript to the LGB motion, and by way of explanation of the sour grape smell, some supporters of the motion were buzzing afterwards that Baljit, who had spoken against the motion, had counted the votes cast as well. Whilst this is not strictly unconstitutional, it is a bit naughty. One of the totals of votes in favour of the motion was 30% lower than the highest figure and rumour had it that this figure was Baljit's. The consequence was that the average was reduced and the motion fell. Reasonably plausible, thought Jack: If Baljit has problems with some of his "three Rs" why not all?

Sadly, scandal must be made of sterner stuff. But perhaps Baljit should in future spend more time looking after the Union's banner instead of putting himself in the firing line. After all, muck, once it is raked, usually sticks.

Privacy and the press

Dhara Ranasinghe

An interesting and light-hearted speech on *Privacy and the Press* was delivered by Professor Robert Pinker last week.

Professor Pinker, a member of the Press Complaints Commission (PCC) stated that it currently has 16 members, and works within its own Code of Practice. Any paper found to be in breach of the PCC's Code of Practice is obliged to print the Commission's findings. Since it was established in 1991, the PCC has resolved 70% of all complaints received informally.

Complaints concerning privacy appeared to be the most controversial aspect of the Commission's investigations. The dilemma lies in trying to create a balance between protecting a person's privacy and, at the same time, attempting to uphold the public interest. In the case of MPs, what they say in public is not necessarily consistent with what they do in their private lives and may, therefore be a matter of the public interest.

Professor Pinker pointed out that the Royal family (who, one might believe have a permanent account open with the PCC), complained about a photograph of Prince Edward kissing his 'friend', Sophie Rhys Jones. The photo was defended in the 'public-interest', but having been taken on private property and without consent, the complaint was upheld. Ironically, no one newspaper has emerged as a persistent offender.

The aim of the Commission, according to Professor Pinker is to come to a fair and just conclusion. He pointed out that of the 83 complaints made last year only 14 went to final adjudication; and only 2 cases involved well-known figures.

Professor Pinker also argued against the view that the Press should be governed by statute, asserting that self-regulation was "accessible... and independent of all self interest" and that the Press was a public watchdog, scrutinising those in power. Attempts to regulate, would have implications for democracy, may lead to censor-



Professor Robert Pinker, who spoke at the School last week.

Photo: G Spinner

ship and involve lawyers more frequently. Legal action would also result in delay and expense to the advantage of the newspapers, leading Professor Pinker to comment that statutory legislation would "strengthen the powers of the Press, without increasing the powers of the public against the Press".

With the Government recently adhering to the view against statutory legislation for the Press, this unfortunately appears to be one area of closed business for all prospective lawyers.

School and Hall thefts

Continued from page 1

events on time-lapse video.

Furthermore, the staff has been completely overhauled with 25 new men, who as Mr Taffs explained "are new to the job and are still learning the ropes." This presumably would explain the recent security fumbles. It was also explained that the old video equipment would often record images poorly so that thieves could not be identified on camera.

Further proposals include security cards for sub-contract workers and importantly, identity tags for students to be worn at all times when on campus.

With these improvements in store, students should expect a safer environment at the LSE and hopefully more helpful security

staff. Whether the School is prepared to accept this trade-off between personal liberty and security will, however, have to be seen.

Oliver James adds: Two thieves stole students' property from LSE's Rosebery Avenue Hall on Sunday November 5.

At around 4:00 pm, a mobile telephone and a portable CD player went missing from two rooms on the lower ground floor. The burglars gained access to the empty rooms through external windows. These windows only open to a maximum of 10 cm, supposedly to prevent such incidents taking place.

The burglars are described as male, white and in their twenties, so it shouldn't be hard to spot them! Police were called and are looking into the case.

LSE entry is getting harder

Shaista Ahmed and Aarti Chanrai

Rumours abound that economics courses are being made harder in an attempt to make the School more prestigious.

Dr Kuska, Head of Economics has said that "there have been discussions about the International Baccalaureate being upgraded with additional entry requirements." This is to ensure "that courses are done properly because students' tendency is to concentrate on just three courses".

A-level entry requirements for undergraduates have risen from BBB in 1992 to ABB in 1995; the number of students applying for the course has increased significantly while fewer students have been admitted. Dr Kuska has admitted that although standards have risen there are no plans to increase it further.

Dr Kuska accepted that teaching standards vary among class groups and although discussions are taking place about the staff-student ratio, there are no firm proposals to alleviate the problem.

Most second and third year undergraduates seem unaware of their courses becoming harder - their general opinion being that "economics is difficult anyway."

News in Brief

The LSE Cycling Club have called for students to report vehicles which release excessive diesel fumes in the air.

Contact the government's Diesel Hotline on (0181) 665 0885 for HGVs, buses and coaches or (0171) 230 1631 for taxis.

Students are invited to submit entries of not more than 1,000 words on 'Advocacy - what is its future' for this year's *Times Law Awards*.

Entries should be sent to *The Times Law Awards*, 1 Essex Court, Temple, London EC4Y 9AR to arrive by December 1

LSE debt to NUS discovered

Jason H Kassemoff

Three-quarters of the affiliation fee owed by LSE Students' Union to the National Union of Students – amounting to £7,500 – was not paid last year.

Claire Lawrie, LSESU Treasurer, explained to *The Beaver* last week that she would pay this year's affiliation fee of £9875, and that the debt will be paid to NUS over several years. She said that the NUS had been "very decent" about the whole issue.

With the debt being paid back over the long-term, societies' budgets will not be cut back, as would be necessary if the debt was to be paid back wholly this year. Fortunately, LSESU are "on good terms with the NUS" and that has enabled an amicable solution to be reached.

NUS affiliation fees are based on student numbers. The fee is spent on NUS sabbatical training, and also finances annual conferences for sabbaticals, at a cost of up to £30,000. Affiliation also enables all students to obtain discounts with NUS cards, and the Shop and Café to purchase goods cheaper than normal. Lawrie argues that there is a real value in the NUS, and paying the fees is a small price for the benefits obtained.

Denham on Britain's demise

Duncan McGrath

Last Monday the European Society was given a tearful recital on the demise of the British Empire this century from Sir Roy Denman.

In a talk littered with evidence of incompetence and illusion it was made clear that, ironically, 'victory' in 1945 had cost us the empire. A prediction that was shared by the unlikely bedfellows of George Bernard Shaw and Hitler. By implication, 1945 was also the start of Britain's self-inflicted ostracism from Europe.

Among many revelations from the former Head of the EU delegation in Washington, was that de Gaulle was pro-Britain in 1964 but following a catalogue of incompetence from Labour Government Ministers his position was soon reversed.

Denman contended that had Edward Heath not been Prime Minister, Britain would never have entered Europe. Wilson was solely interested in the UK and his own political ambitions; Callaghan embarrassed himself through proposing over-zealous schemes; Thatcher was unable to curb her ambitions; and Major, despite his claim that Britain was at the heart of Europe, is still to learn where Europe is.

Sir Roy Denman ended by lamenting that this is all that Britain had achieved from its illusionary 'victory' fifty years ago. His explanation of this was that Britain had never suffered a serious revolution unlike her European counterparts. The end product of this was that Britain was controlled by old boys' networks where all are afraid to rock the boat. This intransigence may well result in a two speed Europe that may harm Britain irreparably.

Students give thumbs-down to Bart's move

Beaver Staff

A survey of students by *The Beaver* during the past week shows a majority against the proposed move of the School to St. Bart's.

Of almost 150 students questioned, 53% thought the proposed move was not "a good idea" whilst only 26.5% thought it was.

Around 20% of students felt they had insufficient information to answer the question – "Do you think that the proposed move of LSE to St. Bart's Hospital is a good idea?"

It is not yet clear exactly what the attitude of the Government will be with regard to the financing of the project, and many students have little idea what the buildings or location are like.

The Education and Welfare Officer of the Students' Union (SU), Omer Soomro, was mandated by last week's Union General Meeting to conduct a survey of student opinion on the issue, and is expected to do so if the School pursues its plans.

The Union General Meeting also demanded that Kate Hampton, SU General Secretary, write to the School opposing any move to the Bart's site.

Survey conducted by Judith Plastow, Narius Aga, Dhara Ranasinghe and Nick Sutton. Photos by Mateo Paniker.



Rory MacGregor, 3rd year Government: "It's a bad idea. If the numbers increase then the value of an LSE degree will be diluted because the standard of the students will decrease."



Amy Mann, General Course Student: "It can't move. This place has history"



Eric Su, MSc International Relations: "As long as it has better facilities then yes."



Alessandro Perito, BA European Studies (Intercollegiate): "This is closer to the centre of London, it's a great site. I'm an intercollegiate student from Kings so LSE is just across the road."



Shoqat Bunglawala, 3rd year International Relations: "Anything's better than this place."

Development of the LSE – a brief history

Baljit Mahal

The life of the London School of Economics extends over 100 years. During this time the LSE has always tended to grow in an unplanned and haphazard way.

The current site became available as a result of slum clearance connected to the construction of a new road linking Holborn and the Strand.

Clare Market originates from a butchers market that originally stood in the same place. With a ten thousand pound donation, the LSE moved in to the Passmore Edwards Hall, now the East Building.

By the time Sir William Beveridge succeeded Sidney Webb in 1919, the LSE had become cramped and overcrowded. His exceptional influence led to dona-

tions and London County Council grant money resulting in the purchase of the site where the current Old Building now stands.

Haphazard development led to the purchase of the neighbouring buildings to result in what is currently the whole of the Old Building by the 1950s.

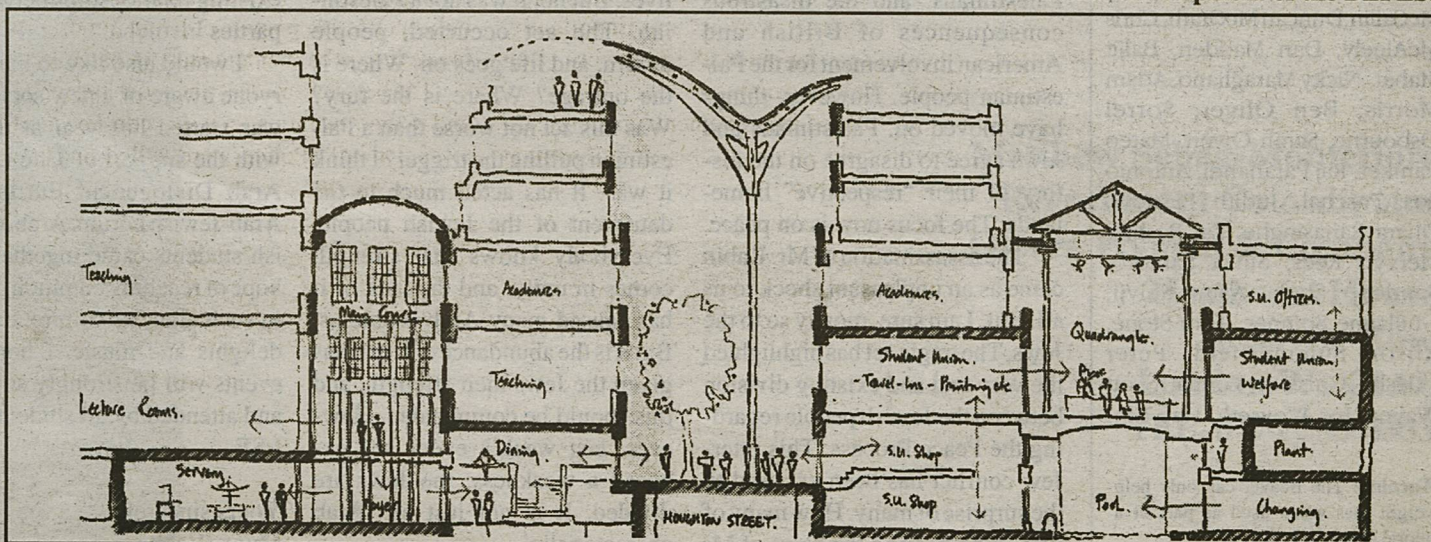
This explains the very poor layout of the Old Building and the congestion that results, but particularly why there is no central corridor that runs along the middle of the Old Building.

Since then only two major additions were made to the LSE. In 1960 the St. Clements Press building was forcibly purchased through an Act of Parliament, and then in 1979, the old WH Smith Headquarters were purchased to house the British Library of Political and Economic Science (BLPES).

Currently, the renovation of the newly-purchased Clement House Building is under way. This largely consists of new teaching space, including two dedicated teaching theatres, seven large seminar rooms, and a large number of classrooms.

The conclusion of a recent architectural survey of the overall LSE site, which included proposals for a glass roof over Houghton Street, a central corridor for the Old Building and moving the Pizzaburger and Brunchbowl down to the ground floor (as shown below), concluded that LSE staff and students are very badly served by the way that the current site is organised, which places a significant restriction on methods for developing the existing site.

A proposal has also been made for a £15 million development of the BLPES.



An artist's impression of the plans for the Houghton Street site.

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Beaver controversy rages onDear *Beaver*

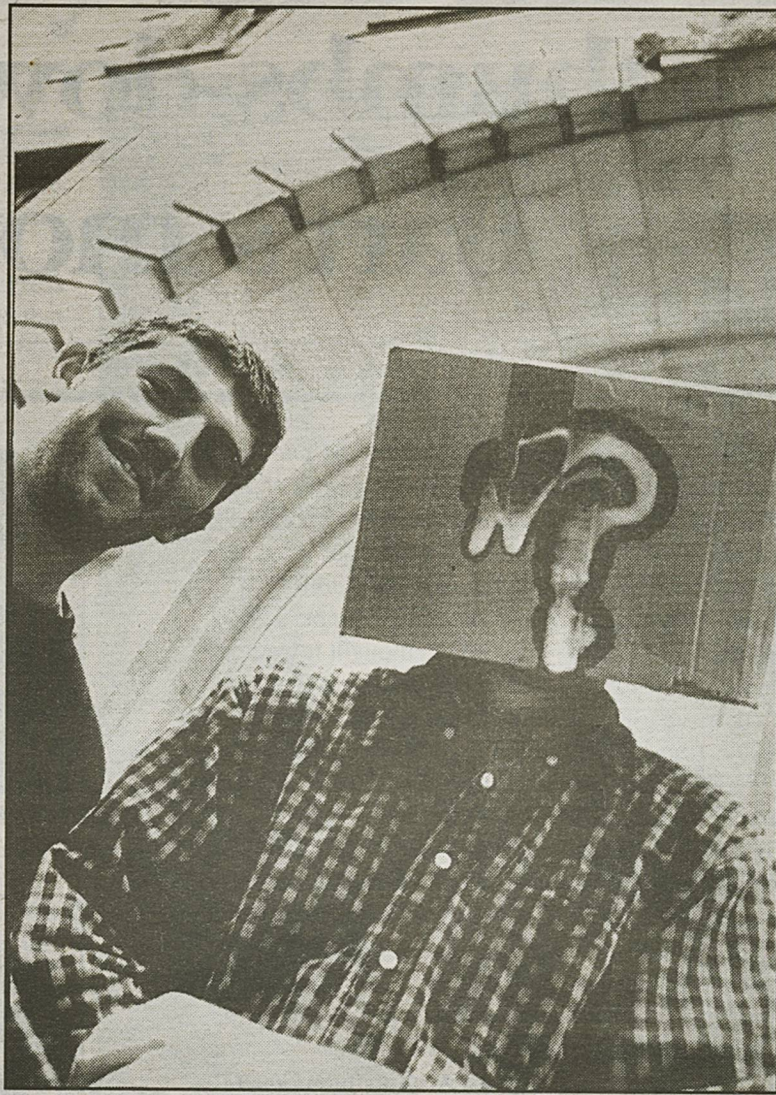
On the subject of David Whippe

Speaking of journalism: The freedom of speech is one thing. The freedom to play to the pity stereotypes of some alleged "tabloid types" is another. Why? Because actions do not happen in a void. They are deliberated and deliberation is informed by, among others, newspapers. From this arises the responsibility of journalism. Reporting and condemning racist attacks on LSE students is in line with this responsibility, publishing articles which, at least in their wording, employ the same phobic logic as an actual attacker would is not. On the contrary, it mightily undermines the Beaver's credibility and may be one of the reasons why it does not win prizes for good journalism, and, I think won't win such prizes as long as Dave-Whippe-type articles form its 'vital' link to the no-brains. Speaking of comedy: David exhorts his critics to have a sense of humour. Fair enough, but does what he writes really deserve the label 'comedy'? Comedy, insofar as it is based on our intuitive laughter at someone else's mishaps, is really a laughter about ourselves in a caricatured form. This entails that we, or the comedian, can, at least remotely, relate to what the joke is about. Mr Bean, to start at the most primitive end of actual comedy, is only funny because he's potentially a normal guy, but isn't. David, however, writes about whole bunches of people ('they', ie homosexuals, the homeless, etc.) to whom, and he makes this very clear, he does not in the least want to relate; who he, in fact, considers below his own (great LSE student) humanity. Consider this: the German conspirator in a failed coup attempt against Adolf Hitler, Count Schwerin, defends himself in the "People's Court" in front of chief justice Georg Freisler: he said that

Dear *Beaver*

I am writing in response to Carlos Gonzalez's beautifully penned article in last week's *Beaver* describing the hope for peace in the Middle East. Gonzalez was very eloquent in describing the history of Palestine, the plight of the Palestinians, and the disastrous consequences of British and American involvement for the Palestinian people. However, things have moved on. Palestinians and Jews agree to disagree on the history of their "respective" homelands. The focus now is on peace.

The assassination of Mr. Rabin came as an unpleasant shock to us all. But, I am sure, mostly so to the Jews. The tragic act has highlighted the very real and existing division between the Jewish people regarding the Peace Process. This inter-Jew conflict has been exposed to the surprise of many. How many of you, upon hearing the news of Mr



Dave Whippe, the infamous Campus Editor, and Houghton Street Harry, pictured here anonymously amidst fears for his safety. Photo: Stéphane Sireau

his deed was motivated by the many murders, which had been committed by the Nazis. He was interrupted by a yelling Freisler: "You are a dirty bastard, break under your deed." Schwerin was subsequently sentenced to death and executed. Would you, David, have written a comedy about Schwerin, the 'poor bastard'? It's real people out there, David!

Florian Hoffman

Dear *Beaver*

A lot of criticism has been levelled against Houghton Street Harry and the editor of the Campus page in the recent past. Commending David Whippe on

Rabin's assassination, thought immediately of a Palestinian? I admit this was the first thought to cross my mind, and I prayed that I was wrong. Because had this been the case, like the holocaust, be sure that we (especially the Palestinians) would have been made to remember it for the rest of our lives. But no, it was not a Palestinian. The act occurred, people mourn, and life goes on. Where is the outrage? Where is the fury? Was this act not worse than a Palestinian pulling the trigger? I think it was. It has acted much to the detriment of the Jewish people. Everybody knows that strength comes in unity, and the lack of it has caused many Arab problems. But it is the abundance of it that has given the Jews their strength, and this should be commended. However, last week's event has exposed a weakness: the Jews are divided. It is not just an 'Arab characteristic'.

his article titled "Fascist or funny? You decide" in issue no 428 of the *Beaver*, I would like to make two further points.

Firstly, Houghton Street Harry, in my view, is not a racist. If he was, he wouldn't target groups like Public School 'tossers' who are predominantly white. It is ironic that people who commonly tend to laugh at jokes taking a dig at the French or the Irish, waste no time in pointing out as racist, jokes aimed at say, the Chinese or the Indians; jokes which are essentially construed in the same lighthearted manner and reflect no hatred whatsoever. Houghton Street Harry targets different groups, the type of groups LSE students joke about among a circle of friends,

Mr Rabin did a great deal to bring about peace in the Middle East. As his widow highlighted in a recent interview, he was a firm believer in the Peace Process. As a result of this, his death will not be in vain. I feel and strongly hope that this will propel this Peace Process even further, and will cement existing relationships between the parties involved.

I would also like to make everyone aware of a new society that was started last year at the LSE with the support of Jade (Jewish-Arab Dialogue in Europe): the Arab-Jewish Forum. Arab and Jewish students came together in the hope of reaching common grounds in such areas as culture, culinary delights and music. I hope their events will be strongly supported and attended by all students at the LSE.

Yours sincerely
Muna Wehbe

but think twice before coming out in public with, lest they be declared 'persona non grata' by so-called 'Politically Correct' people.

My second point also includes the Campus page, the contents of which numerous students find boring, distasteful or offensive. A word of advice for them - don't read it. It's as simple as that. Read News, read Politics, read Features, Arts, whatever. Just ignore this one page along with this column. But bear in mind that it is not even a question of tolerance, it's a question of taking these pages in their true spirit ie in the humorous sense. There are a lot of students out there who do and who derive their entertainment from it. And for the sake of this audience, these pages must continue in the same style. The point of emphasis here is that students are not in a position to choose another newspaper, because the LSE Students' Union has just one and that is the *Beaver*. In this position of a monopoly, the *Beaver* should cater to every segment of its audience and not just the majority. For instance, there must be students out there who think the Politics pages are shite or Music maybe. They don't winge about it and urge the *Beaver* to remove them. They simply turn to the next page.

We simply cannot abandon humour for the sake of Political Correctness. Houghton Street Harry and David Whippe are not hatemongers. And they are certainly not fascists, for Christ's sake. (If you think they are, you badly need to read up on fascism) They are people who provide a lighthearted moment. They have a following among a segment of students who find them fun to read. If they do not happen to be on your wavelength, just ignore them. But you can't deny others of what they perceive as their lighthearted entertainment.

Narius Aga

Dear *Beaver*

Might Carlos Gonzalez (*Beaver* 428, Page 10) be slightly mistaken when he writes that "with the end of the Second World War, the Jewish population had increased...?"

Oliver Lewis

Deadline for the letters page of *The Beaver* is Thursdays at 10.00 am. Due to constraints on space, *The Beaver* cannot guarantee to publish any letter it receives.

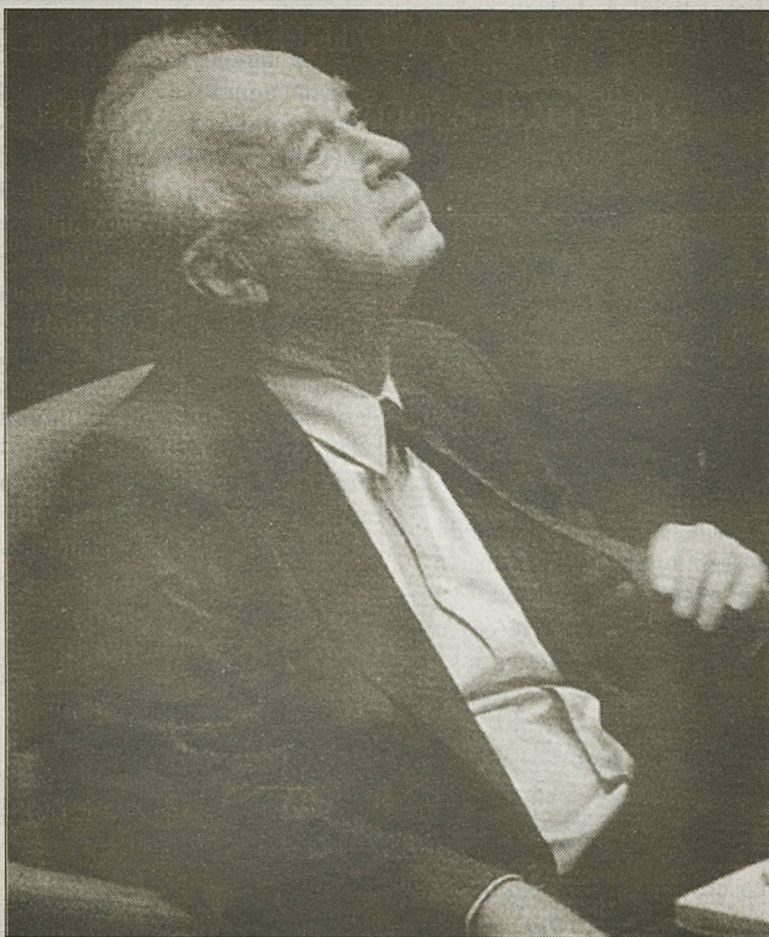
Death of a peacemaker

Moshe Merdler on the tragedy that has reverberated across the world

On the evening of Saturday 4th November, fireworks scattered all over the sky: in celebration of Sunday's Guy Fawkes' night.

At the same time, thousands of miles away, a peace gathering was taking place in Tel Aviv, Israel. Thousands of people in front of the City Hall, and a platform, on which stood Israel's Prime Minister, Mr Yitzak Rabin. An old man in his seventies gathering all the strength in his war-weary body to speak about the contrary: peace.

According to the press, 100,000 people attended the meeting. All of them came in peace, or more accurately, all of them except one. The speech was over and the crowd started to sing the "Song For Peace". After the singing ended the leader folded the paper from which he sang the words of the song. He put the piece of paper in his breast pocket. He stepped down from the stage and couldn't resist the temptation to shake hands with his fellow countrymen. Suddenly, as he walked towards his car, a shot: two, three. The old man fell into the arms of the people he loved. The one man, wielding a pistol, remained standing, staring at his victim...



One of the shots went through the very piece of paper Rabin had sang from minutes ago. The Song of Peace, ripped apart by violence which Rabin had just spoken against minutes before. A tragic night for the Israeli nation? For the peace process? For Rabin's family? Of course. Moreover, it was a brutal viola-

tion of what Jews so much believe in: the value of life. Only in one case in the past have such a set of coincidences occurred. It was when a Jewish demonstrator called Emil Grinzweig was murdered by opponent demonstrators in the early 1980's.

We might ask ourselves how long killing can take place and be regarded stoically? The endless and pointless circle of murders will continue. Hopefully it will not deter the people who believe in peace.

Mr Rabin enters the hall of fame as one of the most important people this century, bringing hope for millions of Jews and Arabs, and will be remembered both in the heart of the Israeli nation, and throughout the world.

He joins the late Mr Sadat (Egypt's PM) as one of those who brought peace and paid for it with their lives. Hopefully this tragedy will emphasise the danger of fundamentalist, non-democratic movements throughout the world. Rest in peace Mr Rabin.

"May His great name grow exalted and sanctified"
(First line of the Jewish eulogy prayer)

Food for thought ...

'Now that he was about to lose her, she seemed each moment more desirable.'

A Room With A View
- E M Forster

AIESEC

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Applications by 31 December 1995



What no teaching?

With the possible exception of research students, we are all here to be taught. Teaching does represent an unarguably large part of what LSE does. However, at the last meeting of the Academic Board, teaching was omitted as an "issue for debate" in the School's Strategic Plan.

So what is the Strategic Plan? Submitted to the Higher Education Quality Council, it sets out the School's objectives for the year in the areas of its finances, estates, student recruitment strategy, research, staffing, services and so on. The 1995 Strategic Plan included targets for expansion, the balance between overseas students and home students, fee targets, investment in the Library and IT and quality assurance structures. None of these issues is uncontroversial and all should require consultation with the student body. Representation on the Academic Board is now ours and this will provide us with a forum to voice the concerns of students on these matters.

But what is even more startlingly obvious is that the relevant School Committees should not have forgotten to include teaching in their submission to the Academic Board. The two committees in question are the Standing Committee and the Academic Planning and Resources Committee. Students have representation on neither one nor the other, although the Standing Committee is currently considering this issue.

The Students' Union would like to express its thanks for the hard work of the Returning Officer, Damian Thwaites, during the Michaelmas Term elections

Union Council By-elections

Careers Advisory Committee
(1 place)

LSE Health Service
Committee
(2 places)

Catering Services
Committee
(2 places)

ULU GUC (1 place)

For LGB students, for all students

**Baljit Mahal
Communications
Officer**

In the previous weeks UGM the idea of an LGB Officer on the Executive Committee was proposed through a constitutional amendment and defeated. Although, this was a good idea in principle, little thought had been given to an overall look at improving equal opportunities effectively. There needs to be comprehensive debate and discussion before sweeping changes can be made to our Constitution and Codes of Practice.

Firstly, we need to consider how LGB awareness can be better represented and promoted in tandem with a wide variety of other issues. These include women's issues, anti-racism, overseas student issues, disabled awareness and a number of others. It is not possible to have another Executive Officer for all of these on an Executive which has a membership of 13. Already, the Executive is becoming an unwieldy forum where it is not possible for everyone to contribute to the extent they would like in meetings - that often drag for a long time. What would be a much better idea is if there could be elected members of the Cam-

paigns Committee who have specific responsibility for LGB awareness, disabled students and anti-racism campaigns, which do not at the moment have elected representatives in our SU. This is a solution that many Students' Unions in the country have opted for.

Secondly, we should consider exactly how any amendment should be composed. Before anything that changes the Executive is voted on in a UGM there should at least be some discussion of it in the Executive about its positive and negative aspects. This was not done. The result was that this debate opened up in the UGM, and the amendment was defeated by a margin of at least 40 votes at an optimistic assessment of the UGM tellers (vote counters) records. The worst possible direction this Union could take is where individuals off their own backs try to do things, without consulting all those affected.

Thirdly, it should be possible to look at how a new proposal can ensure that any deficit in the coverage of LGB, disability awareness and anti-racism issues can be enshrined in our constitution, but which do not in any way clog up the decision-making structures of the Union. Any change should open up the Union in a way that allows more students to participate.

The rights of students

**Katie Fisher
Equal Opportunities
Officer**

"The London School of Economics and Political Science is committed to secure equal opportunities treatment in employment training and education. The School rejects any direct and indirect discrimination because of colour, race, religion, nationality, ethnic or religious origins, gender or marital status, disability, HIV status, sexuality, age, political opinion and association, and trade union membership and activities. The School is committed to a programme of action to give effect to the policy and fully associates itself with 'Opportunities 2000' as a major part of the initiative."

The above statement is the new improved equal opportunities policy of the School and has come into being along with the formation of a new equal opportunities committee at the School. As equal opportunities officer of the Union I sit on this committee which meets

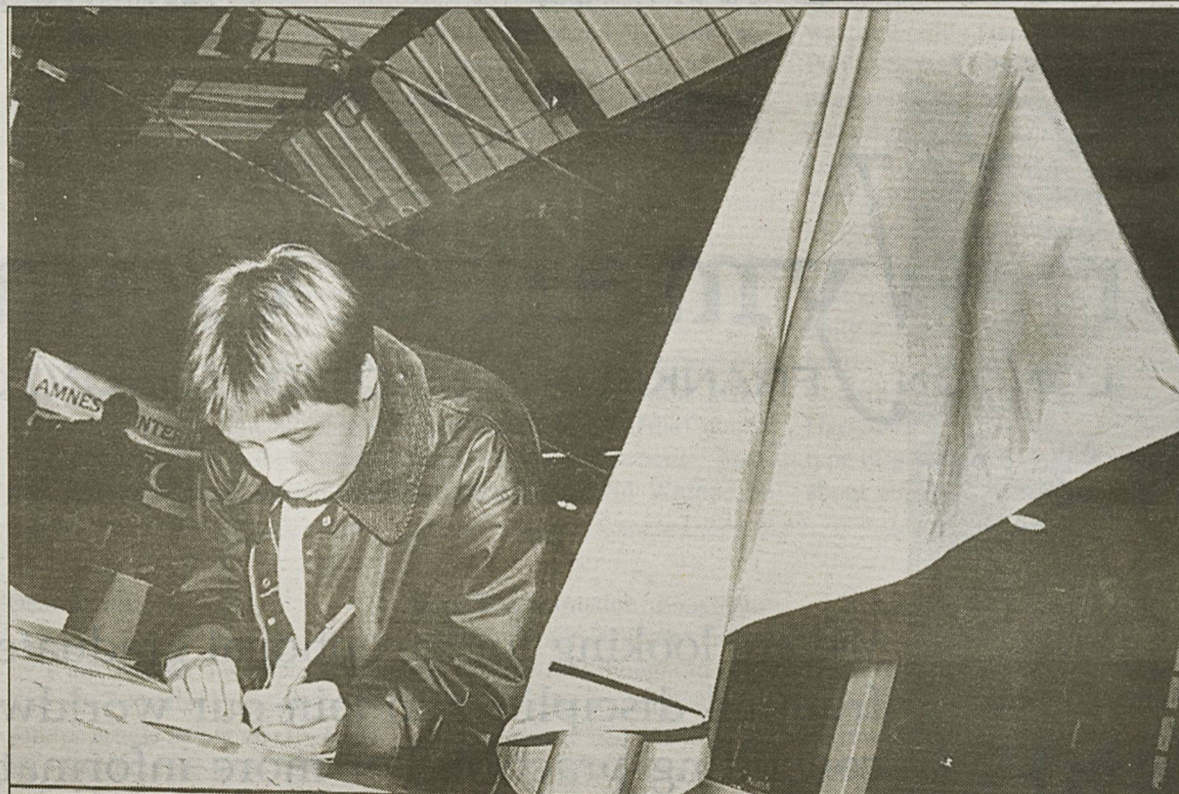
for the first time next week. It is encouraging to see the School taking the issue of equal opportunities seriously and this new committee will be investigating how far this policy is implemented, where it is not, and if so, why not?

The Committee meets only three times in a year which means that every time it does meet we need to use the meetings to optimum effect. As the only student representative on this committee I therefore urge you to come and see me if you feel that there are areas where this policy could be implemented more effectively, or if you have had any experience where you feel actions taken by others were not in compliance with this policy. This is vital if I am to fully represent the views of students at this committee. The issue of equal opportunities with particular respect to gender should be under the spotlight at the next meeting, and please see me if you have any views on this issue. You can contact me at the Students' Union Reception and I will be happy to discuss any issues relating to equal opportunities with you.

Union Council

Thursday 16th November, 3.00 pm

Members are Executive, Finance, Constitution and Steering, Academic Affairs, Returning Officer, School Committee Representatives, Departmental Representatives, LSE Hall Presidents and Athletics Union Executive Committee



A student signing an eco-awareness petition, as part of LSESU Eco-Awareness Week, organised by Environment Officer Katrin Bennhold
Photo: Stéphan Sireau

Representing students - the LGB debate

**Omer Soomro
Education and
Welfare Officer**

There were many students that were concerned about the proposed amendment to the Constitution and Codes of Practice regarding the introduction of an LGB Officer on to the Executive.

When I spoke on this motion I clarified my position. I am not against the idea. However, I feel that the needs or representation of

LGB students can easily be met by the Welfare Officer, the LGB Society and the Equal Opportunities Officer on the Executive. As Officers of the SU we are not allowed to advise students as this can have a host of implications, not to mention that we are not qualified to do this. We have a Welfare Advisory Service which does this very well. If it cannot then it can refer students to other specialised organisations. How can another Officer on the Executive (LGB in this case) advise? He or she can only represent. But, this is already done.

If the Union wishes to have one, I am not against it. I just feel it is not our priority. There is no Executive Officer for disabled students. Extremism on campuses is making waves throughout the country. Should we also have an Executive Officer for Religious Extremism? Where do we stop?

I just stated my opinion on last Thursday and not my opposition to having an Executive Officer on the Executive. I left it to the Union General Meeting to make the decision on how they felt - not unlike anyone else present there.

Notice of Union Meetings

*Constitution and
Steering Committee*
Monday 5.00 pm,
Room E195

Executive Committee
Wednesday 1.00 pm,
See SU Reception
for Room

*Campaigns
Committee*
Wednesday 2.00 pm,
See SU Reception
for Room

*Union General
Meeting*
Thursday 1.00 pm,
Old Theatre

Finance Committee
Monday 1.00 pm,
Room E206

Parliamentary
Passion

Quebec quagmire

Catherine McKenna and Yasmin Shaker assess the implications of Canada's narrow vote for unity

The latest interesting session of Parliament found a packed house full of obnoxious MPs carrying on their conversations over the incessant yelling of the speaker of the moment. With hardly a place to sit for the MPs, one would of course expect a very heated debate. True to circumstance, the proposal from Mr Newton (Con) led to raucous debate. His proposal was to amend the resolution of July 15, 1947. He wanted to add: no MP should for any fee or any benefit, either direct or indirect, either

1) advocate or initiate any cause for anybody outside the House, or

2) urge any MP, including Ministers, to do the same.

Mr Rooker (Labour) added that secrecy in voting is "tainting MPs with sleaze". He added that the MPs must win back the trust of the land through the transparent effects of open voting.

There were very few "Nays" on the proposal by Mr Newton. The actual vote was 587 (Aye) to 2 (Nay), sending a very powerful message that MPs should not be able to sell the right to debate. This decision goes to the very basis of democratic governments in that all are allowed equal access to the government regardless of social or economic status. Interest groups can be a dangerous force when they attempt through monetary or other non-political means to gain access to the interior of the decision-making of government. There is nothing wrong with lobbying or other means that are relatively open to all. This resolution is grounded in the principle that members of a representative government cannot or at the very least should not be bought.

The issue of secrecy in voting is a chord very out of tune with the harmonic working of government. It is reprehensible that MPs should be allowed to cast their individual votes in secrecy. Constituents elect their respective representatives with the expectation that they will represent their views. When the MPs are allowed to vote in secrecy, the underlying notions of a representative government are undermined because people cannot be certain if their MP is representing the ideas they were elected for. Mr Rooker was right when he said "Parliament is on trial", but a trial without putting a name to a testimony is pointless. In order to achieve the true harmony of a representative government, secret ballot voting of MPs must be removed. Constituents must be able to immediately ascertain how their elected member is voting.

During the recent referendum in Quebec, 50.6% voted against secession, while 49.4% voted to secede from Canada. Canada remained united based on a mere 1.2% margin.

Surprisingly none of the group of Canadians that had gathered early Tuesday morning to watch live French coverage of the Quebec referendum cheered at the results. How could we? Unlike in a sporting event, in a referendum, there is no real winner or loser. The truth was, our country had come dangerously close to dissolution. With results so close, we knew that the issue was far from resolved.

The realisation that almost 2.3 million Quebecois opted for sovereignty was a sobering and distressing thought. Never will Canadians forget (nor should they) the tears and expressions of heartfelt disappointment on the faces of those who voted "yes". After the referendum, a representative from the Government of Quebec in London noted that the vote illustrates that "something is seriously wrong with the federation, and Canada must now respond to the political statement." Canadians realise that the outcome of the referendum does not change the fact that there is deep resentment towards the "reste du Canada" in the minds and hearts of many Quebecois.



Their grievances cannot be ignored. In order for the country to move on, the issue must be addressed.

The key to reconciliation lies in convincing the Quebecois that they should stay in Canada, and not that they have to remain. Stating that Quebec cannot secede from Canada legally, or that the province cannot afford to economically, are arguments which do not solve the underlying problem at hand. Using such threats in fact only served to exacerbate the tensions between the Quebecois and other Canadians, and encouraged the

further polarization of the "yes" from the "no" position. One need only compare the content of the French to the English papers, to realise the extent information was being manipulated to suit each side of the debate. In the end it can be argued that this approach almost cost us our country.

In the wake of the referendum, it is up to Prime Minister Jean Chretien to try and pick up the pieces. His task is unenviable. Not only must he somehow bring Quebec back into Confederation after two failed Constitutional talks, but he must not appear to favour Que-

bec at the expense of other provinces. A difficult balance must be struck. The most promising route to take is one which makes the issue of adjustment of a Canadian nation, rather than one that focuses on Quebec. The federal government must address the issue of decentralisation as something which is practical both politically and economically for all the provinces. Many of the grievances the Quebec government has expressed recently are in fact similar to those of other provinces.

However, with further decentralisation of federal powers, careful consideration must be given to the future role of the central government. Decentralisation must not mean the disintegration of national loyalty. Certain values and institutions remain common to all Canadians, and must be protected if Canada is to remain a united and strong nation. For this to occur, strong and bold leadership on the part of the federal government is absolutely vital. Only a leader with a vision of the future of Canada can successfully decentralise powers to the provinces while at the same time offer the nation a pathway into the future. The pathway must be one that all Canadians, will together want to follow. Otherwise we may face another referendum in the near future, and chances are the "no" side will not be so lucky.

UN-happy birthday?

Chris McAleely celebrates fifty not-so-glorious years

So the United Nations is fifty, and the Heads of over 140 states gathered last month for a party to celebrate. There seemed to be more whine than wine flowing, and many of the guests only came to criticise the host. The UN is used as a scapegoat for many of the world's problems, but is given neither the funding nor the authority to tackle them effectively.

The worst transgressor is the United States, who owe \$1.6 billion out of a total arrears of \$3.7 billion. Bill Clinton had the temerity to offer to try and persuade Congress to pay up in return for reforms. This is like not paying your membership fee for a club and then demanding a leading position on the executive board. Admittedly, the USA is not alone, but as a permanent security council member it should be setting an example, instead of dragging its heels. Perhaps the United States should lose its veto until it pays up.

The case of Michael New, the US soldier who is refusing to wear a UN blue beret, is a sad reflection on the general attitude in the country as a whole. The Americans stormed heroically into Somalia, then thirty of them were killed, so they stormed back out and left UN peacekeepers to clean up the mess. Time and time again, the USA is only willing to take part in UN operations if it can be in charge and can look good for the cameras. The US pilot shot down over Bosnia only had to be rescued to become a Hollywood star. Meanwhile, troops from countries all over the world are working hard on the ground, under a very limited mandate, to at least relieve some of the suffering.

With the focus of the world on the UN, surely we should be recognising the good work the organisation does, instead of returning constantly to bemoan its faults. Amidst a list of criticisms, a profile in *The Sunday Times* could

only say that "UNICEF, the children's fund...is better". Better. How about praising it, and other agencies such as the WHO and the UNHCR, for their important and effective work around the world?

It would be naive to deny or even ignore the UN's problems. But that doesn't mean they should be all that comes to mind when one hears the words 'United Nations'. While it may have failed to live up to some of the initial hopes, it should also be recognised that in the areas of humanitarian aid and Human Rights it has gone far beyond the mandate of its Charter. Article 2(7) prohibits interference in the internal affairs of its members. Yet failure to do just this is one of the primary criticisms of its mission in Bosnia and elsewhere. If there is a will to expand the UN's authority, then much more peace-keeping work can be done. However that will is sadly lacking, as states cling tightly to their sovereignty.

Amnesty International
Letter Writing Stall

Thursdays,
10.00 am - 2.00 pm
Quad

Please come and write for the
Ken Saro-Wiwa and other
prisoners of conscience

AIESEC
(on behalf of Oxfam)

THE BIG FAST
Friday, November 17
Volunteers welcome
Phone Barik: 0181 686 1637

European Society

Wednesday, November 15
Vera Anstey Room (A160)
1.00 pm
EMU - *The Rotten Heart of Europe*
Christopher Johnson,
UK advisor to Association for
Monetary Union in Europe

Italian Society

Italian Lessons
12.00 - 1.00 pm Beginners
1.00 - 2.00 pm Intermediate
S421

Sentenced to death

Simon Retallack reports on how profits took on human rights in Nigeria and won

Death by hanging. This was the sentence handed down to nine human rights and environmental activists in Nigeria two weeks ago. By the time you read this article they could already have been killed. They find themselves in this predicament because they dared to stand up to their government and a giant, multinational company, Shell.

Nigeria is currently ruled by a corrupt, undemocratic, and brutal military regime headed by General Sani Abacha, who took power two years ago. Oil is the lifeblood of this regime. It accounts for around 80 percent of government revenue. Without it they would go bankrupt and the military would be unable to rule. But they have very supportive friends.

The Royal Dutch Shell Group, is one of the largest businesses in the world with interests in over three thousand companies and operations in more than one hundred countries. Nigeria, being an oil-rich nation, has naturally been of great interest to them. Indeed, the importance of Nigeria's oil to Shell cannot be underestimated, accounting for almost 14 percent of the company's production which equates to the greatest production outside the USA.

Therefore, both Shell and the Nigerian government have an interest in maintaining the status quo and continuing with business as usual, no matter what it takes, no matter what the consequences. Profit comes first.

The Ogoni people know this. They have suffered the consequences. They live in the Niger Delta, and are a distinct ethnic group within the Federal Republic of Nigeria. This area has been described as one of the most fragile ecosystems in the world. The Ogoni have a long history of preserving their surrounding environment which they regard as sacred. Unfortunately for the Ogoni they are living on oil.

Shell has been operating in the Niger Delta since 1958. The effects have been terrible, wreaking havoc on neighbouring communities and their environment. Many of Shell's operations are negligent, and materials are outdated and in poor condition. This means that Shell's gas flares, high-pressure pipelines, open waste pits and oil spills have destroyed wildlife, poisoned the atmosphere and therefore the inhabitants in the surrounding areas. Acid rain falls which further poisons the water courses and agricultural land, rendering it economically useless for at least 30 years. Shell has not even provided compensation for the consequences of its actions. It has extracted over \$30 billion of oil from the Ogoni region alone and yet, despite its promises, it has spent just 0.0000007 percent of this on community assistance.

All of these practices would be illegal in most countries. But Ogoniland is in the Third World and is in Nigeria, where there is no accountability and very little media attention, so Shell feels it can do what it likes.

Five years ago, the Ogoni people, led by Ken Saro-Wiwa, a renowned novelist and a poet, formed MOSOP, the Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People, to challenge Shell's assumptions. Such was the level of protest organised by MOSOP, that about two years ago, Shell halted production in Ogoniland. Sadly, they did not leave it at that. Losing potential profits fast, they called on the Nigerian government for help, who were all too willing to give it.

The Nigerian regime sent in an Internal Security Task Force which has ruthlessly sup-

pressed the MOSOP protests with widespread beating, rapes and killings using soldiers and hired thugs. The regime also set about removing the MOSOP leadership by charging Sara-Wiwa and fourteen others with murdering four Ogoni chiefs in an alleged conspiracy. Saro-Wiwa, however, has always been committed to non-violence and has protested his innocence. To no avail.

could and should lobby our politicians and boycott Shell, but action is needed urgently and this can only be carried out by our leaders who have shamefully abdicated their responsibility. For those in power, the Ogoni's campaign cannot be allowed to gain momentum or international acclaim because it raises uncomfortable questions about the rights of communities to control



Ken Wiwa, son of Ken Saro-Wiwa, at a press conference in Auckland

At the beginning of this month Saro-Wiwa and eight others were sentenced to death after a show trial before a special tribunal appointed by the Nigerian military regime. An independent British eye-witness has testified that the tribunal was neither independent nor impartial. The prosecution are known to have bribed witnesses to give evidence against Saro-Wiwa. Even John Major has called the trial flawed and has appealed for clemency.

This, however, is clearly not enough. The Nigerian military regime has just reconfirmed the death sentences which could be carried out at any moment. The Commonwealth heads of state are currently meeting in New Zealand. What they should do immediately is to suspend Nigeria from the Commonwealth and impose full economic sanctions. They must show moral courage. The likelihood of this happening is slight. Britain is unlikely to take a lead in suspending Nigeria. The truth is that it continues to give the regime encouragement by trading with it and by selling it arms, in breach of the EU embargo.

Once again profit comes first. We all

their local environment and the rights of multinational oil companies to exploit them as they like. So with the brute force and systematic violence of the Nigerian government, and the acquiescence of the international community, the Ogoni are being silenced. The way in which Shell conducts its business in Ogoniland is an indication of the way in which Big Oil operates abroad without proper policing. But what is happening there is also a by-product of society's increasing consumption of natural resources. In effect, it is a tragic example of what we are doing to the entire earth.

Meanwhile, Ogoni villages continue to be attacked, adding to the death toll of more than a thousand since August 1993 and the 30,000 made homeless. They cannot give up hope, for in the words of Ken Saro-Wiwa, "We either win this war to save our land, or we will be exterminated, because we have nowhere to run."

3rd World First and Amnesty International are holding a meeting with a representative of the Ogoni People Foundation on Thursday November 16, at 4.00 pm in room A144.



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Jewish Society

Fun and exciting Bagel lunches every week with a range of dynamic speakers

Every Tuesday at 1.00 pm
Room S75

Catholic Society

Tuesday, November 14
5.30 pm, K51 (The Chaplaincy)
Apocalypse Soon? Options for the Millennium
Fr Jude Bullock, postgraduate at Heythrop College



Public Lectures

Monday, November 20
Old Theatre 5.30 pm
Rosalyn Higgins QC
Professor of International Law
The Reformation in International Law
Centenary Law and Society Lecture

Tuesday, November 21
Old Theatre 5.30 pm
Professor Robert Legvold
The Post-Soviet States and Peace in Europe and East Asia
LSE de Gruyter Lecture
Chair: Professor Richard Layard

Racism 1995: The politics of hatred

Daniel Crowe searches for light at the end of the tunnel

1995 is not only the 50th anniversary of the exposing of the Holocaust. It is also the "European Year Against Racism, anti-Semitism and Xenophobia". Big deal, you might say. Unfortunately, to the many Blacks, Asians and other ethnic minorities living in Britain it is a big deal. You may think that the multi-cultural LSE is immune to the racist threat. Well, you would be wrong. The attacks last year on overseas students in LSE Halls, and the recent activities of the anti-Semitic Hizb-ut-Tahrir show that this not the case.

Across Europe racism is on the rise. Preying on fear and prejudice, the parties of the racist Right are gaining increasing support, votes, and positions of power. In France

election approaching stand by for lurid rhetoric, exaggerated fears, and irresponsible allegations on immigrants stealing our jobs and indulging in social security fraud."

Let us be clear. Racism is evil. It is the politics of hatred. It has no place in our society. Yet today it poses the most dangerous threat to democracy and civil rights since the 1930s. The Trade Union Congress (TUC) "Unite Against Racism" demonstration in Manchester on October 28 attempted to highlight the issue. Following on from last year's successful demonstration in the East End of London, scene of an electoral breakthrough by the BNP and several racist murders, the message was taken to the North: Racism will not be tolerated. At its annual

Conference, the TUC debated the issue, with massive support for the Professional Footballer's Association campaign, "Let's Kick Racism Out of Football". As an ex-referee wryly commented, "when the bastard in black is black, he receives very special treatment."

The most significant contribution to the campaign against racism has been the "Anti-racist Charter for the New Millennium". This was launched in February of this year by the National Assembly Against Racism, sponsored by the likes of UNISON, TEWU, Liberty, New Statesman and Society, the Churches Commission for Racial Justice and the families of racist attacks. Aiming to create unity in the anti-racist movement,

and set a benchmark by which to judge the acts of governments, parties, local authorities, the criminal justice system and other institutions, the draft document is intended for discussion and debate.

So what is to be done? Well, education is of primary importance, eradicating preju-

Racism is evil. It is the politics of hatred. It has no place in our society.

dice at an early stage and encouraging tolerance and respect for other cultures. Anti-racist ideas must be incorporated into the mainstream curriculum.

Racism must be confronted wherever it rears its head: at school, in the workplace, on the streets and on the terraces. We cannot afford to allow the racists to propagate their poison, and we must organise and mobilise against them. This doesn't mean calling for a legislative ban of the parties of the far Right (being ineffective and setting a dangerous precedent), but rather the enforcement of a 'people's ban': a social ban. When they march we must march against them. Remember, the right to freedom of speech is meaningless without the right to be heard. With the case of Hizb-ut-Tahrir, instead of banning from LSE premises (forcing them onto Houghton Street) the Students' Union should have organised a demonstration against them.

Yet to defeat racism once and for all we must attack its roots, tackling the socio-economic problems which are conducive to its growth. Unemployment, bad housing, inflation and social deprivation are factors which allow the racist Right to point the fingers of blame at minority groups. The age old tactic of scape goating. In Nazi Germany it was the Jews. Today it is immigrants and foreigners.

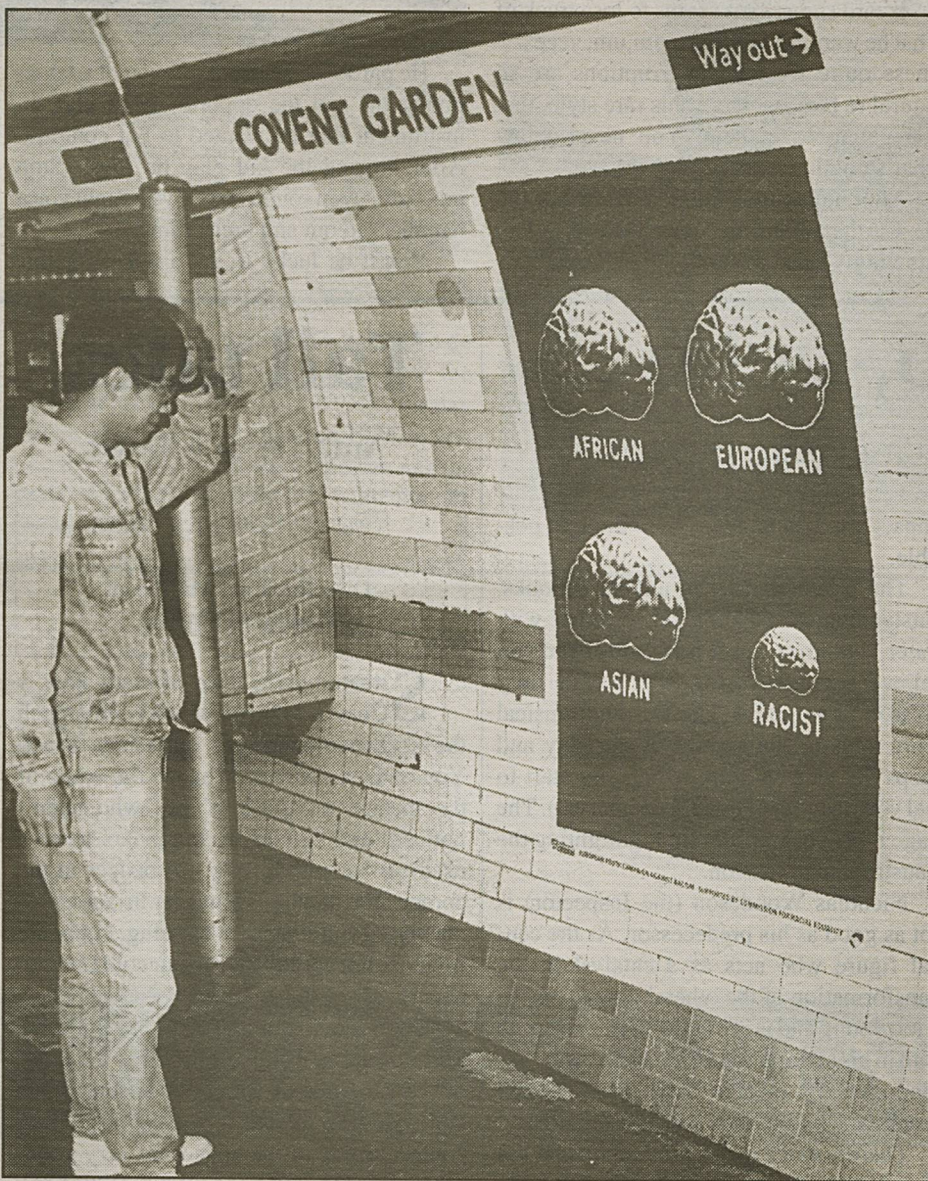
Never again can we close our eyes to the problem of racism. It must be acknowledged and it must be dealt with. If not, we will soon find ourselves on the brink of an era of barbarism: a new Dark Age.

For further information on the Anti-Racist Charter, and the Howard's Immigration and Asylum Bill, contact the LSE Labour Club.

Racism must be confronted wherever it rears its head: at school, in the workplace, on the streets and on the terraces.

the 'Front National' won control of the municipal governments in Toulon, Orange and Marignane. Its leader, Jean-Marie Le Pen is racist, believing the Holocaust to be a "mere detail of history". The climate of hatred created by the political activities of the racists translates onto the streets as attacks against those who are 'different'. When the BNP (British Nazi, sorry National, Party) opened a 'book shop' (read HQ) in Welling, London, racist attacks in the vicinity shot up by 140%. In the UK there are 150,000 such attacks reported each year, another estimation being one every four minutes.

Against this backdrop is the growth of state racism. As support for the racist Right increases, governments succumb to the temptation of playing the 'race card' to revive their electoral fortunes. Michael Howard's (the Home Secretary) new Immigration and Asylum Bill is the most racist measure introduced by any British government this century. His proposals would mean that non-whites would have to prove their right to be treated as equal citizens. As a recent Guardian editorial observed: "With ... an



Does science have an answer? Marco Boggero examines genetics

Those who are determined to dislike one race or another are unlikely to be much impressed by scientific arguments. However, genetics has settled the question of racism, along with that of evolution, and produced two effective and fascinating arguments.

The history of race illustrates how biologists have been talking about the different races for decades. The theory of pure races have cast a long shadow and, unfortunately, its spectre has not yet disappeared. Anthropology has searched for perfect racial types since the last century. It came to the conclusion that Africans, whites and Asians were completely separate units, different from

each other and this fallacious idea had a disastrous impact, particularly with the Nazis. At this time it seemed that humanity was divided into biologically different units, each at different stage of evolution: Africans were at the bottom, Asians somewhere in between and whites - of course - at the top. Therefore, race was considered as a pure and unpolluted lineage and outbreeding would have meant degeneration.

An analysis of genetic diversity showed that the idea that humanity is divided up into a series of distinct group is wrong. The measurement was performed in one hundred and eighty different populations and

the result is that the overall genetic differences between races are not greater than between different countries. Thus, there are more differences between two randomly chosen Englishmen than between a black and a white.

So far, humanity is not biologically different. Moreover, there is a far stronger argument. The diagnostic potential of genetics reveals that outbreeding would mark the beginning of a new age of well-being. For most of the world's history, societies were based on small groups and marriages were within that group. This doesn't happen anymore. Today's increased movement has

created a new phenomenon, referred to as the geography of mating, which is bound to influence the pattern of evolution of mankind. No longer will large number of children be born with two copies of defective genes because their parents are related. Increased outbreeding means that recessive genes are partnered by a normal copy which masks their effects, so that in a new mixed Britain the incidence of genetic diseases, like sickle cells or cystic fibrosis for example, could drop dramatically.

The foreseeable conclusion is that 'mixing the races' doesn't lead to a degeneration. On the contrary, it works pretty well.

Definitely Eddie

Jason H Kassemoff writes the definitive article

Eddie Izzard in his new West End role at the Shaftesbury Theatre is at his sparkling and refreshing best. As the title of the show says, he is without doubt the 'definite article'.

Into an atmosphere of loud music and multi-coloured lights, he comes on stage in a huge armchair – relaxed and composed. He walks slowly down some stairs, and the show has started. His heavy make-up, particularly around his eyes is his trademark. You really know he has arrived.

Behind him on stage are two screens put together, resembling a book, with texts constantly changing: Macbeth – Jabberwocky etc...

A heckler shouted, 'Come on!' after Eddie's slow start. He calmly retorted, 'Shut the fuck up!' the very second the man spoke. He was very quick. He certainly had his wits about him.

He talks about how fruit usually comes first in supermarkets to give the impression of it being a fresh – natural shop. Toilet rolls never come first, he said, because you'd think, 'This is a poo shop'. The whole section of material about supermarkets, fruit and vitamins is both observant and very funny. From the person wanting to pay with string at the checkout, to a method of mov-

ing to the front of the queue, 'Look over there, a badger with a gun!', his ideas are ripe with parody.

His act involves a lot of miming and it is great to see a comedian getting just as many, probably more, laughs by not speaking. He mimes a check-out operator doing 101 positions for putting the item in if the bar code does not register. His movements are jerky and incredibly funny. He mimes a queue of murderers standing at a petrol station. His facial expressions are so varied and go on for so long that you are in tears with joy. At the head of the queue he says, you are there, asking for brown bread. The murderers all sigh behind you and so you turn round and say '...for my bread gun.'

He also mimes some new salutes for armies. The length of these mimes and their almost MontyPythonesque obscurity makes them some of the best parts of the show.

Izzard sometimes seems to lose track of what he wants to say – 'um,um,um, yees...' These quite frequent interruptions are so natural to him, so part of his rare style, that you get to love them. You never know what's coming next, after them.

After bullshitting about the Romans and the Carthaginians for ages, he easily and knowingly says "Hmm, that's all true".



He parodies the usual relation of a father giving his son the opportunity to play an instrument that he wanted to but couldn't. After hearing the kid play he says, 'Stop practising, you sound crap. I've bought you a hammer, go out and break things'.

You'll be lucky to get a ticket for this

show – word of mouth has spread the news that this is one of the hottest comedy gigs around. If you've got the chance to see Eddie, then take it at any price. Two hours of obscurities, rare insights, observations and his very different yet loveable personality are a priceless treat.

Hello, hello, hello ...

Oliver Lewis investigates a classic production

An Inspector Calls

Director: Stephen Daldry
Garrick Theatre

This thrilling production, having recently returned from an international tour, has just started another run in the West End – this time with a different cast. The compelling plot is about a family in 1912 whose lives are irreversibly shaken at their very foundations by the unexpected appearance of a mysterious Inspector Goole. The five members of the family each have a part to play in the death of a young woman who, the Inspector claims, has killed herself. The family discover how seemingly futile actions of theirs have had major consequences on this girl.

But that sounds too simple to be true, and perhaps it isn't true? If you like a twist or seventeen at the end of a play, this one's for you. If you know the play, please don't be put off by the "school play" image that *An Inspector Calls* has had in recent times – this production manages to achieve a theatrical

impact you would never have thought possible.

The production is, in anyone's books, outstanding. A stunning set, together with water-vapour-rain and mist will make you believe you are staring at a wonderfully stylised photograph. The thrilling musical score adds to the texture of the play and keeps the tension going when you start to feel your legs ache (there is no interval). The stage is also beautifully lit, highlighting the claustrophobic tension.

Nicholas Woodeson (the Inspector) is not as good as his predecessor. As the central figure who acts as a catalyst in the transformation of the others' characters, he is too young and is not authoritarian enough both in his actions and voice. He is, however supported by an able cast, including the excellent new-comer Tom Goodman-Hill

There is much in this production that has won 19 major awards that will keep the theatre lover in awe. *An Inspector Calls* makes a determined effort to bring the audience into its fabric, and in doing so challenges us all to examine our conscience in the light of what we have witnessed. See it.

Tall tales

Amit Desai reviews

The Canterbury Tales

Director: John Muirhead
Courtyard Theatre

Situated in the heart of seedy King's Cross is a theatre which is very much the sort known as fringe – very fringe in fact. You enter a courtyard (hence the name of the theatre for those of you who hadn't noticed) and behold what appears to be a used-car lot with a rusty old banger in the corner. The theatre is however in-doors in a converted warehouse – a blessing, I imagine for those not yet adjusted to our cold London evenings.

This modern version of *The Canterbury Tales* consists of eight of the tales, the order of performance of which is chosen by the audience, and takes the form of a tale-telling contest. Some of the tales were very good, others just OK, but none were real stinkers. Because it made Chaucer modern, the performances risked regressing into pantomime, but it still remained true to the spirit of Chaucer. Although all the actors were amateurs, they acted really well with great en-

thusiasm, and it was plain to see that they all enjoyed what they were doing immensely. This in turn put the audience at ease which is very important in small theatres as the atmosphere is inevitably more intimate.

The problem with fringe theatre, apart from the fact that by the end of the performance you feel like throttling the woman sitting three seats away because of her annoying, loud, bellowing trumpet-of-a-laugh which is released upon unsuspecting theatre-goers at wholly inappropriate moments, is that you always take a gamble. Their performances are hardly ever reviewed except in obscure local freebie newspapers and Houghton Street Gazettes such as ours and so you never really know what you're letting yourself in for. Some are training grounds for wannabes, others for wannabes that are never-gonnabes, and others still for wanted-to-bes who never quite made it.

Having said all that however, this is one play worth going to see. My personal favourite was the Nun's Priest Tale in which the narrator impersonated bespectacled and buck-toothed Sister Wendy from those art gallery programmes on BBC2. This is not the place to go to if you want to impress your girlfriend/boyfriend with a posh night out and show them how cultured you really are, but the price of the ticket at a measly £5 should provide some sort of an incentive for us poor and under-funded students.

Art and soul

Davis Bakstein reviews the art of an Englishman in LA

Entering the inner courtyard of the Royal Academy of Arts one can currently admire a beauty of a Bavarian motorised vehicle in a glass 'cage', disclosing the sponsor of the latest of exhibitions held here. Made in England, born and bred, David Hockney is maybe the most significant contemporary British artist, living and working in self-imposed 'exile' in Los Angeles. Having started his work in the 50's the influence of Pop-Art in his works is undeniable and comes along with studies of Picasso and the

American Expressionists.

"I only do my work" is Hockney's response when being called a superstar and indeed this ordinary looking apparently average British small town citizen hardly would be attributed with the glimmers of Hollywood. When timidly facing the audience he defends his oeuvre and that of other artists who specialise in, as he calls it, 'Warm depictions of human beings' – another major aspect of his work. 'Something has to be wrong when artists are being questioned by the police because of their works'.

The exhibition is scattered through three galleries, distinctly separating various stages of his artistic life. Starting with his early works one will discover a Leitmotiv in the homoerotic depiction of the carnal male

body which is developed throughout the entire exhibition. His persons are drawn with pencil and coloured crayon on paper and gradually he reveals more of them, reminding one of Modigliani's depictions of the opposite sex.

Another aspect are images of Los Angeles. Be it *Bank Building, Los Angeles*, or *Study of Water*, amongst his colours an omnipresent blue dominates the water and the sky. But a contrasting grey is the Pacific's colour in *Waves*, a picture that bears all the power of breakers. In his more recent works the allusion to Picasso becomes evident. He resorts to the latter's technique in *Cubistic Woman* and the structures of *Hotel Acatlan* remind one of Picasso's *Guernica*. As an exploitation of new techniques and

means, the scattering of bodies of relatives and friends is exposed in his photo-collages at the end of the exhibition, constituting the climactic part.

Finally there are drawings of his mother and his two Dachshunds. Maybe there, at the end, one does really comprehend David Hockney's subtle character and starts to think of the naive, almost ridiculous design of the £85,000 car standing outside, certainly the object of the sponsor's pride.

Real connoisseurs of contemporary art should not miss this excellent opportunity to see the artist's work. Others, who seek aesthetic satisfaction might invest their time, or rather money, more efficiently elsewhere. Nonetheless, *A Drawing Retrospective* is a worthwhile exhibition to see.

Dream a little dream

Stewart Fyfe sings of the praises of Pountney

The Fairy Queen

Director: David Pountney
English National Opera

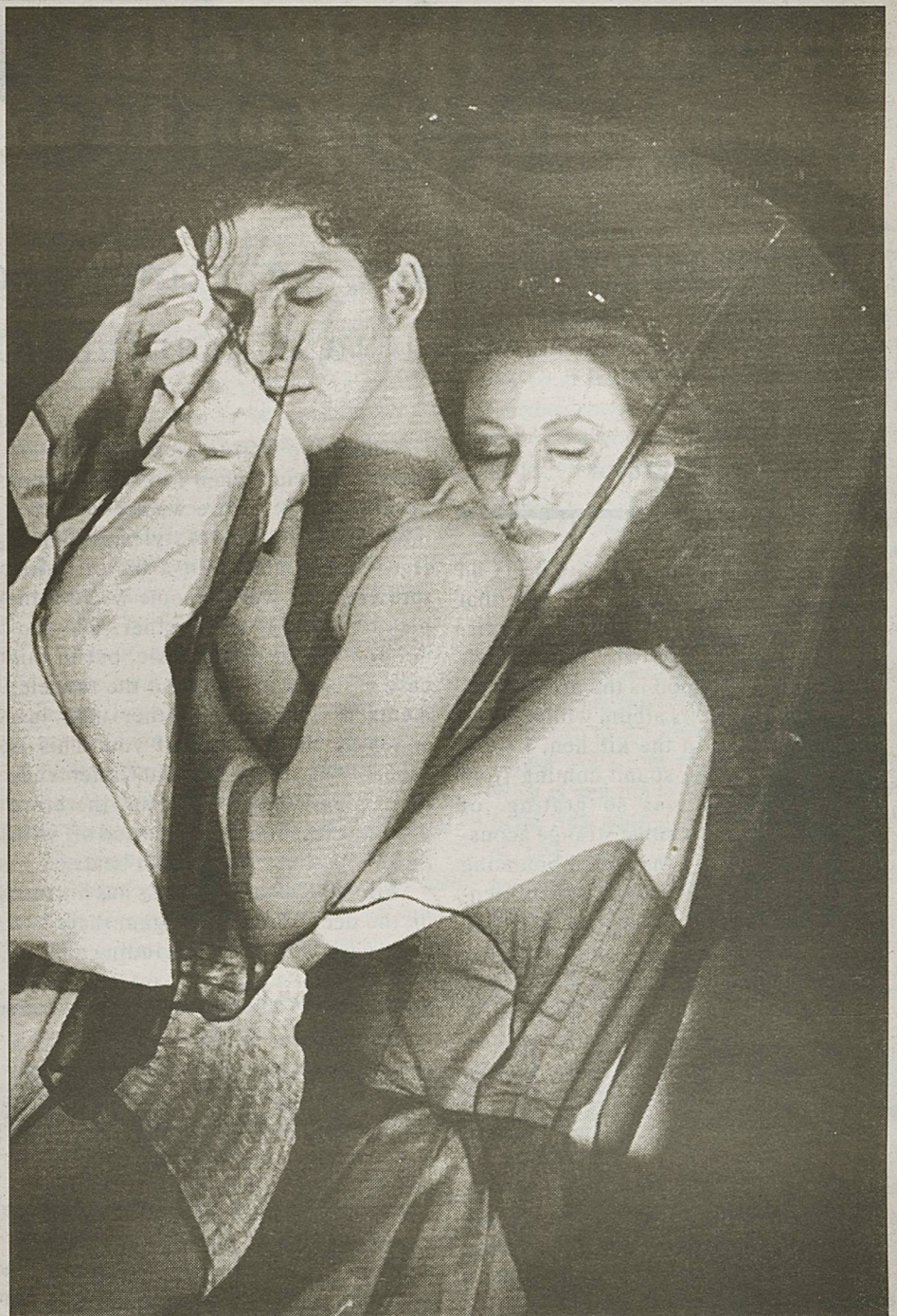
Noel Coward said 'People are wrong when they say that opera is not what it used to be. It is what it used to be. That is what is wrong with it.' Not with David Pountney's new production of *The Fairy Queen*. Those who know this as the most English of all English operas (Purcell set to Dryden, based on Shakespeare) will hardly recognise it, so heavily has it been revamped. The original work was, in fact, not an opera at all but more akin to incidental music for a play. The English National Opera have done away with the original play and created their own version where dance replaces the spoken words. They have retained the songs and music to weave something new into something old.

The result is quite startling. Only glimpses of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* upon which it is based, remain. For example, Bottom here is a pantomime donkey. It is a show that never stops. One thing after another catches the eye and often there are so many episodes taking place on stage at the same time that one hardly knows where to look. It is unquestionably avant garde but retains a grace and elegance that should also appeal to everyone. It is at times beautiful, then grotesque and funny and sad. There is over-dressing, cross-dressing and undressing. There are quite strong erotic overtones, but they are kept within tasteful limits. Above all it is humorous. It does not take itself too seriously and at times the humour is almost

too riotous and in danger of swamping the rest of the performance particularly in Part II. It is important that the audience does not take it too seriously either or its bizarre elements can overcome. Drift with it and it will carry you wonderfully.

The music is performed superbly, the only criticism being that the words are not as clear as one would wish. Thomas Randle as Oberon has not only a fine voice, but also proves to be a gifted dancer. Richard Van Allen exhibits both his singing and acting genius as Theseus and Hymen. Jonathan Best is a hilarious, drunken poet who sings magnificently, enunciating with refreshing clarity. Michael Chance plays several parts and shows why he is regarded as amongst the very finest counter-tenors in the world. In case you wonder, this is his natural voice. He claims never to have sung in the baritone register, even in the shower. The result is a voice of rare natural beauty rather than trained falsetto. Above all is the world renowned Yvonne Kenny as Titania. There are fewer more accomplished sopranos in baroque opera and her voice radiates a thrilling quality that shines through the whole performance. In addition, there was a sizeable company of dancers from which Simon Kice stood out as Puck. Looking like a cross between Pan and Freddie Mercury his mischievous characterisation and energy was an integral part of the drama.

It is well worth seeing so long as you do not mind your conventional view of the opera being upset. My tip is to go for the day seats, which are available from 10.00 am on the day of the performance and can cost as little as £6. The performance runs until 23 November.



WOMEN

in

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No one's trying

DJs Justin Robertson, Jon Carter and Richard Fearless fail to impress on their new compilation 'No One's Driving'

Tom Stone

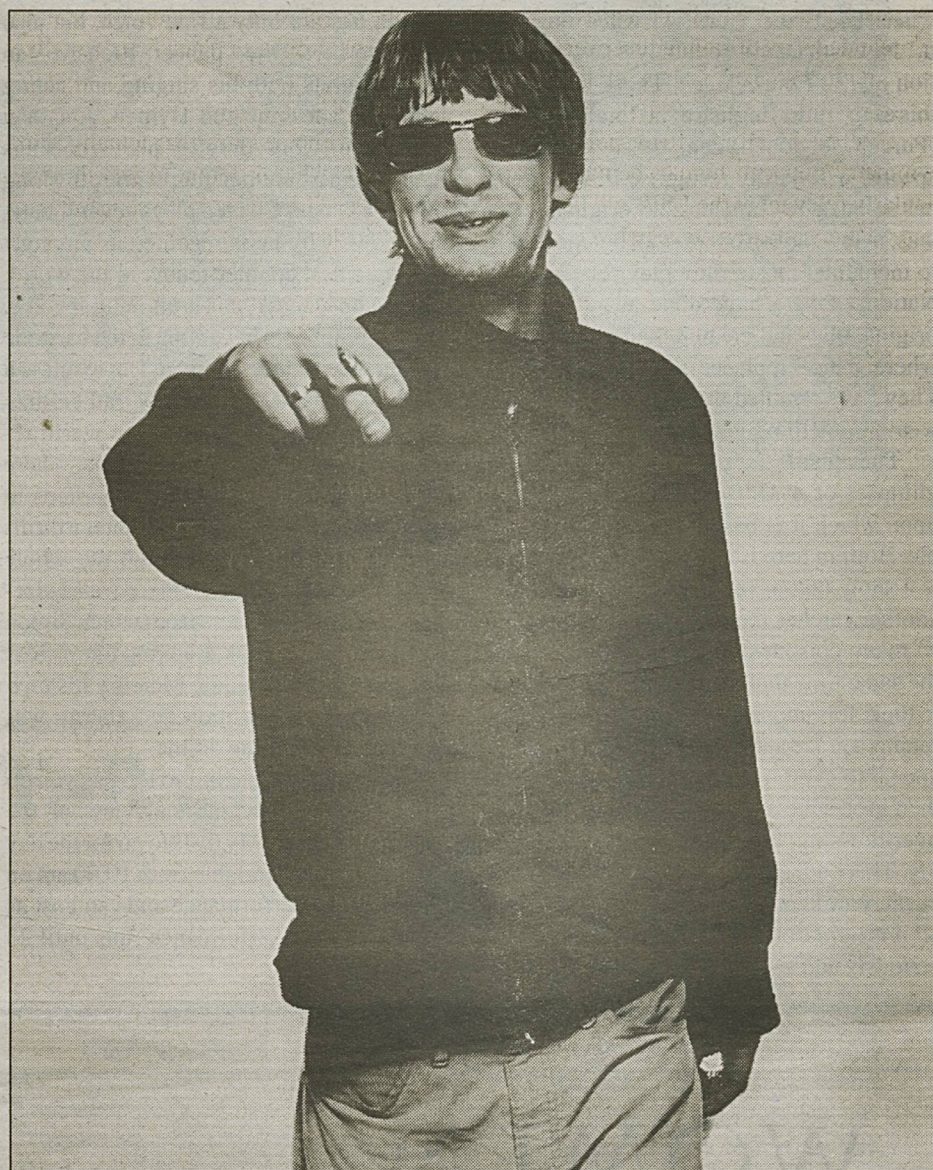
It's not that this is particularly unimagined, it's not the fact that most of the tunes are pretty uninspiring; the main reason why this mix album isn't much good is the production.

Listening to this album whilst doing the washing-up in the kitchen, I wondered whether the sound coming from my hi-fi really was so grating, or whether it was just some strange acoustic trick played by the sound bouncing off pots, pans and other kitchen utensils! I had to return to my room to find out for sure... Oh dear, yes it did rather seem to be the case that the entirety of Justin Robertson's mixing sounded as though he was playing the records on his five-year-old Alba music centre. There's simply no feel to the vast majority of the bass lines, there's no depth to any of the sounds, and consequently it sounds like the sort of thing that might have passed for dance in the late eighties. I suppose the defence to these criticisms would be that this is Hard House, and as such is supposed to be raw. Well, raw is one thing, sloppy production and skimping on instrument quality is quite another. This is not to say that Robertson doesn't have some imaginative ideas, and Hard House certainly makes a change from the pop that's passed off as House these days, it just would have been nice if he'd spent a little bit more time on this.

Things do start to pick up a little on the second side when Jon Carter steps up to the decks. Here we are offered a much greater variety of styles: Hip-Hop, Hard House and even a bit of guitar thrown in, as well as some weird samples to string it all together. The production is still pretty basic, but in this case it serves to bring out the raw elements of the music, rather than just annoying the hell out of you. This is probably due to the fact that Carter tends to play less of each track, and therefore you have less time to get pissed off with those repetitive tinny drum beats.

Finally Richard Fearless has his turn on the decks, and once again there is a wide variety of styles including a bit of funk, which keeps the interest level going.

This album seems to be mainly a promotional device for the current "No One's Driving" tour, and also for the band; Death In Vegas, whose tunes are mixed on this. It seems they are promoting this style of mixing as "Brit-Hop", and it clearly does have an underlying Hip-Hop element, and is an imaginative move away from commercialised House. The main problem with it is that the two DJs who actually seemed to have some ideas were given half the time of Justin Robertson, who although has a good reputation as a top DJ, seems to have let the side down on this particular recording. Maybe in time this "Brit-Hop" will come into its own, but with material like this I don't think that'll happen just yet.



Monkey Mafia

Photo: Deconstruction

You know the score: Hardfloor

Alan Mustafa and his high speed phenomena

Hardfloor are a well respected techno piece from Stuttgart. Their 1995 mix of *Blue Monday* was a classic, the best one ever. Other than this I know little but from the press release it's clear that Hardfloor are aiming for something new. This fits an overall pattern. As dance music becomes over-familiar, overexposed, oversubscribed and often overly repetitive everyone's trying to find a new slant on things. People are mixing in styles from trip-hop to jungle to establish themselves and avoid being left behind. Given the originality of many new acts and DJs releasing their own material the pressure is greater than ever. The 'old school' of techno have tried especially hard not to become redundant or fizzle out as the once 'revolutionary' Spiral Tribe did. So Orbital went jungle, the Grid got camp, the Prodigy got funkier and harder, Moby strapped on a guitar etc. This trend seems to have developed in the more underground areas of techno; hence Hardfloor and this EP.

Yimtrop: the first and best track has a tense intro that threatens to burst into the expected techno workout. It doesn't, and develops a resonant funky beat, beautifully layered with a spacey, sirenlike pulse. It winds down to thump back in crisper, sharper and more upfront than before. A fine track

reminiscent of Leftfield at their best. *Triplepay* is darker, harsher and more urban. It has a tense barrage of blips but manages to be funky, veering towards jungle at times. *Drive Thru* is deep and bassy; almost like the Chemical Brothers and is good even if it follows the same pattern as the others. *Phatpacker* has an even more 'drum and bass' feel but is more meandering and fails to lock to a definite path in the way that makes the others so good. *Dubdope* is a more expansive synthesis of the styles of all the tracks. It is more throbbing, earthy and tribal combining a unique pipe-like sound with a more clinical pulse to create a very good track. This seems to be the best example of what they are trying to do and perhaps points the way for the future.

Given the silly title of the EP and the suggestion of 'noihze' it's all quite understated, stylish and mature. It creates pictures in your mind and could almost be played at dinner parties. In all, it's an unexpected and interesting move from Hardfloor but they clearly have to develop this sound to bring it to its full fruition. The EP is missing something that given time I'm sure they'll find. For the moment it's a very worthy and enjoyable effort and bodes well for the future.

Dave is great!

Whippy gives Michelle Gayle one to remember

Now I remember Michelle Gayle from Eastenders, and apart from getting up the duff from Steve, she had no redeeming features whatsoever. In fact, to be blunt, she was minging beyond comprehension. Now, I get this record and find that not only can she sing, she also scrubs up pretty well. This gives me hope for other Eastender duffers such as Bianca and Sam, who, in all honesty could mingle for England. Then again, I wouldn't expect too much.

Getting to the music though, the single's actually rather good, comprising 3 different mixes of the same song, the genre of which I'm sure I could identify if I had ever written or read music critique before. That would entail buying the NME though,

and I'm not sure my confidence is up to it yet. Maybe I'll give it a couple of years when I've grown some dreds, and neglected to bathe.

Anyway, funk is the order of the day for Ms Gayle. She's a cracker, and so is the song. To tell the truth, I stuck it on before midday and it was such a happy jumpy little number that I got out of bed and danced around in the back-garden with only my kecks on until the crush of lustful, nubile women got the neighbours complaining. The only drawback is the fourth song which I turned off very rapidly when the shit rap bit came on. As Danny Fielding and Steve Curtis would say though, "Don't 'dis da homeboys ma' bru, I respect dat bitch, buy it now, it's kickin'".

Bah'a'i Society presents "Conrad Lambert" in concert. Conrad is an artist from the World Music Intimate atmosphere - not to be missed.

Thursday, November 16, 6.00 pm in the Underground Entrance 50p, £1 non-members

Hard men are lard men

'Nice' boy Raj Paranandi berates beery bully boys

Life's incredible ability to throw up links between hitherto unrelated subjects and people has never ceased to amaze me. It often seems as if every action and every reaction is governed by one of a select few base desires or instincts. All of which is a particularly longwinded way of saying that every fragment within society is inevitably highly reflective of society as a whole (bear with me, I will eventually get to the point). Such symmetry between human beings is particularly relevant at the LSE, and becomes immediately apparent once one ventures to the Tuns on a Friday night (at last, back on familiar ground).

The door to The Tuns represents, in my opinion, one of life's great dividing barriers. Before one enters, one is wholly indistinguishable from any other rational human being. Such a situation is immediately transformed, though, once the Mr Spock-esque Ents sabbatical and his merry band of trekkies massage you with their crazy luminous stamps. Henceforth, even the most

timid of mentally retarded pygmies is transformed into a fire-snorting, violence seeking, bad-mouthed motherfucker (go large). This explains the somewhat amusing proliferation of piss-poor Friday night mauls, once the third pint of lager dash has started to have a highly discernible effect on the solitary brain cell of various elephant man lookalike, quasimodo wannabe, Bernard Manning idolising rugby second teamers.

It goes without saying that actually being hard is somewhat different to just thinking that you are. Take absolutely no notice of those that claim that hardness is a state of mind. This is a blatant lie; I realised this after having been beaten into a stump by a Milwall supporting version of Dolph Lundgren with go, go gadget fists. Still, it never ceases to amaze me that relatively sane individuals can be converted into salivating, incontinent buffoons once a beer has been merely sniffed.

And this, at last, is where I find my parallel with the outside world, where people call a spade a spade (although, personally, I've always thought that it would be fucking

stupid to call it anything else). I've arrived at the conclusion that Tuns behaviour is a distant cousin of football hooliganism; nowhere else can so few soft mongols exert such a vast range of tyranny upon so wide a range of undeserving victims. Football hooligans don't need to be tough either; the police generally ensure that rival supporters don't find themselves within a few hundred metres of each other. This knowledge, as well as the inevitable comfort that safety in numbers provides, ensures that many a pre-pubescent cry of "Let me at the scum" is destined never to come to fruition.

All of this proves that football transcends most barriers of class and circumstance, largely because its constituent supporters comprise such a wide range of different peoples. But more importantly, it highlights the desire of many people to try to be someone different, someone more exciting, someone that they actually can't be.

What worries me is the impact of such behaviour within the LSE, where similar attitudes are increasingly prevalent. People

who act like neanderthals on a Friday night do so in the hope of impressing people (admittedly this is strange logic). They don't normally act this way, though; their schizophrenia is only apparent at weekends, when they seem to have more ups and downs than a manic depressive on a pogo stick. This is because a pivotal misconception exists within our fluffy, duffy Houghton Street shrine to the social sciences. People are convinced that academic rigour and fun are mutually exclusive. Hence the continual appearance of creatures of extreme. Thus LSE students are generally excessively studious and intolerably boring or excessively lairy and intolerably pretentious. (Excessive violence can occasionally be excused; a quick trip to the library, and even Mother Teresa would run around nutting people). What is missing is a comfortable medium. In the final analysis, that's a sad indictment of LSE students; too many people are ashamed of themselves to act as they would naturally. That makes them extraordinarily sad bastards.

It's life Iain, but not as we know it

Iain Haxton

1. Firstly, if you have joined the Young Conservatives, the Management Society, the Economics Society or the Maths Club For The Sexually Inadequate - *stop reading*. This article is not for you. It is already too late. You are crap, and will be crap forever.

2. Always maintain a sense of extreme irony, no matter what the situation. This does not mean be sarcastic. Irony is when you are aware of how gently pointless irony is.

3. Students of High Holborn: Stop complaining. There are plenty of less fortunates who would gladly swap with your prestigious, privileged, five star, larded, over-ripe, opulent, fat-arsed, grandiose surroundings. So fuck off, the lot of you.

4. Rule three applies to all apart from Garth. Garth is allowed to organise rent strikes, and needs militant, radical, Che Guevara, urban guerrilla strike-team commando operations like the rest of us need hot dinners. So carry on that man.

5. At the Three Tuns repeatedly drink the following combination to achieve economic inebriation: pint of Theakston's, two pints of Snakebite and black and then a double scotch. Repeat as often as physically possible.

6. Once inebriation is achieved there will be the unshakeable urge to urinate. Conduct yourself in the gents in an orderly fashion. Do not vomit on the floor. Do not look at other blokes' willies. Do not feel the need to write on the walls. There are few things worse than a pissed English student's attempts at poetry whilst he is trying to have a dump. Witness the crapness of "John" who wrote "*Sitting here on the summer solstice, drunk and depressed, why am I here instead of Glastonbury? Oh, why am I so unattractive to members of the opposite sex? Why am I so shit and boring*

? Oh why? Why?" He has a lot of explaining to do.

7. If you do feel the need to write crap things, send them to *The Beaver*. The more crap articles printed, the more pages can be printed each issue. The more pages printed, the more ammunition the student population has to throw at Kate Hampton come the

review them. Instead keep all the decent ones for yourself (or your flatmate), and give out the shit ones you don't want to the reviewing team. You know, stuff like "Big Sugar", or "Moondog Jr.", or "House Collection Volume 3". Really crap music like that. (Correction, I give anything half decent to people who are able to write. Any-

18. Drink an excessive amount of tea. Earl Grey is the discerning gentleman's choice.

19. Sex. Birds love it, they do.

20. Seriously though, come on girls. Make an effort. In this age of equality the woman should be determinedly striding up and seizing her man. And then buying him a pint.

21. And maybe a kebab on the way back to her place.

22. And if she's got an open-minded room-mate, so much the better.

23. Blokes - avoid the desire to pull after four hours drinking. If you haven't by then she's not worth it. There is a direct mathematical ratio thing known as "The Slippery Slope Syndrome". This is when a chap has locked on target with a prime specimen. A prize bird. She will be unobtainable however. So the chap subtly adjusts his perception, lowers his aspirations and moves to a more "homely" type. She will have a crap boyfriend (see point 17). She is also unobtainable. Standards are again dropped. And so on.... With enough beer and enough time it is possible to plumb the very depths of fat slapperdom and awaken the following morn next to an absolute drooling moose who is now madly, psychotically in love. Be warned. For further guidance, study Fig. 89.4

24. Never go to the library. It is a strange centre of psychic evil that radiates wicked torment and soul-crushing anguish. It is a place against nature, a place of wrong. If you listen hard enough you will be horrified to hear that, mysteriously, *there are no birds singing in the library*. No trees grow in there, for verily it has been abandoned by nature. If you must go in, get the books and get the fuck out before it does permanent damage.

25. And when the old geezer sitting at the exit asks to see your books stamped, punch him.

26. That's it. Words of advice can only go so far. The rest of your life is down to you.

Fig. 89.4 - Illustrating the inverse ratio of beer and sexual quality control. In layman's terms; one is more likely to 'pull an old slarrer' after a few rints.



next UGM. Go on, write a crap article today.

8. Try and kill at least one Young Conservative a week.

9. Regarding point seven, avoid didactic patronising articles (he says, ho ho). The drugs and drink stuff published has been ludicrously subjective as well as just crap. James MacAonghus actually said that the myth of drinking was that it made you more witty, sophisticated and attractive to the opposite sex. He also said "I, for one, do not drink but am still dashingly charmin". Bollocks to that.

As long as you're still standing you're still attractive to at least *someone* of the opposite sex.

10. So drink lots then. Obviously.

11. If you are music editor at *The Beaver*, make sure you are able to cadge lots of free CDs to review for the paper. But do not

thing shit I give to you. I think you all know what I mean - Music Ed.)

13. If you want to remain carefree and untroubled by the prospect of being knifed down a dark alleyway, avoid thinly disguised articles that slag senior students off.

14. Never stay in when you could go out. The whole notion of sleep is just a government conspiracy to keep everyone in check.

15. My mates are cool.

16. Try and psychologically damage at least one Marxist activist by saying "Actually you're so right. I agree." They hate that.

17. Blokes - on no account wear jeans, casual shirts and hush puppies. It is offensive. Dress from the bottom up, grow your hair (but only a bit), spend 60% of your clothing budget on underwear and footwear. Go to Oxfam. But don't buy underwear there.

Tattersall's Sunday morning glory

Danny Fielding

Following in the footsteps of last year's championship-winning Fourth team was never going to be easy, but with a combination of skill, courage, determination, and, most importantly, ringers, this year's team may come close. The earlier cancellation of a Wednesday afternoon BUSA fixture, led to the intellectual giants at QMW rearranging the match for Sunday morning. They were, however, soon wishing they'd stayed in their minger-filled beds.

Fourth team gaffer Mike Tattersall's excellent organisation meant the arrival of 13 players by 9 o'clock at Waterloo station (some 4 players more than the 9 studs the first team managed to assemble the previous Saturday afternoon), and after a British Rail detour through Surbiton, the barmy army arrived by taxi at Berrylands safe in the knowledge that the travel delay had reduced the length of the incomprehensible skipper's pre-match team-talk. This was probably the reason why instead of the normal sleepy start, the Fourth team opened brightly. Constant LSE pressure from the kick-off was too much to handle as the Fourth's imported stars found a combination to open QMW's defensive safe. A battling run down the right by Danny Fielding produced a clever ball to Sean Gollogly, 31, whose pinpoint cross was met by the head of the Fourth's heroic striker Steve Segget. It truly

was an exquisite finish from the highly-rated young goal ace, as a leap like a salmon took him above their Shaquille O'Neal size-a-like centre-half to finish powerfully from fully ten yards. Steve had yet another impressive game, often operating alone up front, and showed that his talent really is natural, even if his hair colour isn't.

Losing 1-0, QMW were forced to chase the game, but came up against a brick wall. The defence stood firm as centre-backs William Hague and Dave Ferguson prevented their strikers from testing the athletic, but short, Guy Burton in goal. Meanwhile defence was turned into attack by Enda Hannon and the mazy dribbling skills of Hamza, although LSE were ultimately unable to extend their lead, despite Fielding and Tattersall going close. As the opposition realised the game was slipping from their feeble grasp, tempers flared, Hague becoming involved in brawls with their midfield. Indeed, the carrot-top was fortunate to avoid dismissal, as was Hamza for playing the entire match in a woolly hat. Fair enough if you're on your mercury one-to-one trying to arrange a fight in Equinox, but when you're trying to look hard in midfield, I don't think so.

At the final whistle it was all smiles from the Burnley boss. His young team had triumphed once again and he himself had played particularly well. It must be said that he has recovered admirably from the trauma of going out with Mad Jane and successfully rebuilt his life under the new alias of Mick.



Say cheese

Photo: Stéphane Sireau

Debating Society

This House believes that the homeless have only themselves to blame

Wednesday, November 15
1.00 pm A85

Psychological Society

The British Psychological Society

Professor John Radford
Thursday, November 16,
7.00 pm, Room S318

Afro-Caribbean Society presents

A MASSIVE BLOW-OUT

Tuesday November 14
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Members £4 Guests £5
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Wednesday, November 29
Christmas Boat Party
7.45 pm - 12.00 am
Ticket sale daily
11.00 - 12.00 pm
European Institute Study Room
2.00 - 3.00 pm
Schapiro Room, Lincoln's Chambers (L102)

Women go down

Female footy flop

Lotta Takala

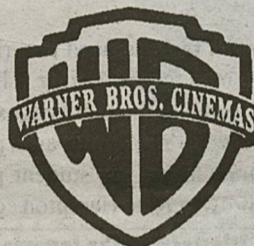
After a long break, the LSE Women's football team once again winged their way down to Berrylands to test the effects of the special Norwegian training program against the feared Imperial College First team. There were a few breakthroughs with Mia, Francesca and Lucinda courageously defying the Imperial defence, although most of the game was situated in the LSE half of the field, with the nine LSE players merged into one big defensive block intent on keeping the oppressive Imperial attack at bay.

With Julia and Lin on the left wing, Priyanka and Tracy on the right, and Lotta giving loud comments from the middle, Imperial were kept at 0-0 until the beginning of the second-half when exhaustion set in and our brave goalie Kristina fought in vain to keep the ball out of the net. After a few curious events, such as the whole LSE team lined up on the goal-line (as if in a group photo) to defend a free-kick, the game ended 4-0. Thanks to all of you who gave up that valuable essay-writing time and proved that team spirit still exists.

Squash quash UCL in white-wash

The LSE First team recently thrashed UCL 4-0 in the ULU Squash Championship played at the LSE courts. None of the four players representing LSE dropped even a single game. The first match saw the top seed Luca take on a lady challenger, surprisingly the top seed for UCL (why is that a surprise? - PC Sports Editors), also Britain's junior no. 4. But she was no match for the Italian Stallion as he rushed to a 9-1, 9-3, 9-2 victory in under half-an-hour. The second seed Ziyad Rahim, playing in his first match of the season, outclassed Mark Jenson in every department of the game. The match lasted just twelve minutes. At the start of the season Ziyad was suffering from a severe groin strain which kept him out of squash for four weeks, but yesterday he showed his true class by thrashing his opponent 9-0, 9-1, 9-0.

Ranjeev Bhatia, the old warrior, surprised everyone, not by winning his match but with his funny haircut. His 10-9, 10-9, 9-4 victory was not as close as the scores suggested. He looked as if he was trying to get some practice for the crunch match against Imperial. Fourth seed Jay Karpartia didn't actually fool around in the court as he rushed to a 9-1, 9-0, 9-2 win. The reason he rushed to this victory was because he had to meet SOMEBODY.....



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Get togged out in the latest Warner Bros gear by entering our easy competition.**

We have a Warner Bros cinemas black padded jacket worth £50 to win, plus two runners up prizes of Warner Bros cinemas sweatshirts. All you have to do to get your hands on these absolutely fantastic prizes is tell us when the new superdooper Warner Bros cinemas are opening in Watford and Croydon next year.

Answers to *The Beaver* office by Tuesday 14th November and somebody please enter this time!!



*Do you find it difficult to communicate with others even by telephone?
You need to be brought out of yourself at the CHUCKLE CLUB?*

The Chuckle Club

Comedy Cabaret Show is at the LSE Three Tuns Bar Every Saturday at 7.45 pm Students £4.00 only Others £6.00

Saturday November 18 Alan Parker - Urban Warrior Ronnie Golden Sean Connery Brotherhood

Eugene Cheese & Guests

Anybody interested in refereeing Rugby matches see Liz Petyt in room E78

LSE dick Imperial special * * * LSE dick Imperial special * * * LSE dick Imperial special * *

Terrific thirds triumph three times

The super team are flying high

Alex Lowen

This week heralded a new dawn for LSE sport. Never before has one team been triumphant four times in a week, but that's what the Mighty Thirds have achieved. Following the victory against Holloway, the Thirds faced tough games but sailed through with arrogance and ease. On Saturday they gave St. Mary's 1sts a footballing lesson in a 4-1 mauling away from home. The following day they resurrected their weary legs to hammer QMW in the BUSA competition 2-1 with a magical winning goal from Andre Granditsch. The week was rounded off with a 4-1 spanking for Imperial College to make it an unbelievable four wins out of four in the national competition.

You may ask who these Wondermen are, well, lets give you an insight into the players you all wish you'd picked for the Beaverball team, and who have won 6 of their last 7 games (and the loss to Vets was fat Cooper's fault).

1. ALEX 'Sad Bastard' LOWEN - LSE Club Captain and

inspirational skipper, he used to go out but now snogs his bird at half-time. He is guiding the 3rds to further glory and establishing himself as LSE's second-best keeper, behind Saves Cooper.

2. THEEPAN 'Cowpat' JATHLINGHAM - A little terrier at right back this newcomer has made a fantastic start to his LSE career which is not bad for somebody who can't even take a throw-in.

3. FRANCESCO 'Baresi' - The left back with Italian flair and guile he is proving himself an important part of the water-tight defence.

4. JOHN 'Crazy' EDIPIDIS - This Greek nutter takes no prisoners in the defence and covers well for his inept partner at centre-back although he has a tendency to get smacked.

5. SCOUSE 'Gay boy' GARDINER - This ugly bastard is actually playing the best football of his life, but you have to remember he only started playing to make some friends at university.

6. HOWARD 'Biffa' WILKINSON - This Geordie ex-model has recovered from

hernia problems in order to bring his hard man qualities, and never-say-die attitude to the centre of midfield.

7. NICK 'Malaka' STAVRINIDES - Academic by day, this quiet, subdued character transforms into a creative maestro when he's on the hallowed turf. He weaves his magic spell over opponents, and soon the doctors will be weaving magic hair onto his balding pate.

8. DAVID 'Bond' WHIPPE - This Sean Connery lookalike is enjoying a rejuvenated career despite his Gazza-like eating habits. Lucky he's got Gazza's vision too.

9. MATTEO 'Italian Stallion' MOTTERLINI - This groovy corduroy-jacketed funkster is scoring at will with his Continental genius that has attracted the attentions of the 2nd team. In his twilight years, he is bringing maturity to the youngsters around him who marvel at his skills.

10. ANDRE 'Pigshit' GRANDITSCH - This 2nd team reject has found his feet amongst better players and the service he has received has led him to score a hatful of Fantasy points already.

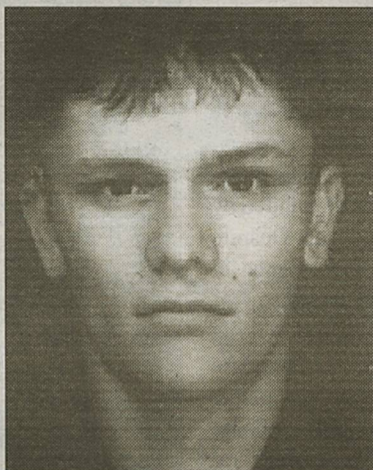
11. FRANCOIS 'Permhead' CURLY - Currently recovering from an ankle injury, this Spaniard uses his athletic prowess to score goals for fun, and puts Tim Ludford-Thomas into his true shit perspective.

12. BRADLEY 'Cocksucker' FETZER - Club Captain elect, this Yank has fitted in well on the left of midfield, especially when running up and down the line with a flag in his hand. He opened his scoring account with two tremendous strikes against IC.

13. GEORGE 'Ape-hair' GEORGIOU - Cypriot international and 3rd team hair monster, he has continued his role as the play anywhere genius. His Saturday appearances have been a joy to watch and a change of class may see him strut his stuff on Wednesday afternoons.

Squad members like Mate, Alex Smith and Sanjay are waiting for their opportunity to join the superstars whilst others like Takis have realised they are out of their depth and gone to the 4ths.

The pride of LSE march on to football glory and the question remains - Is there anyone in the ULU league that can stop them? (including the 2nds and 1sts).



No wonder they all turn 'Zammo' Gardiner down

LSE dick Imperial special * * * LSE dick Imperial special * * * LSE dick Imperial special * * * LSE dick Imperial special * * * LSE dick Imperial special * * *

Babes battered by boffins

Luscious Livvy's lovelies lose

Alison Summerfield

Fourth game of the season for the LSE Netball Babes and keeping in step with the losing performances set by the First XI Football, they lost (23/21). But, it must be said it was not a crushing defeat for the LSE Babes because unlike all the other LSE teams they once again showed their ability to score on (and off) the court. In fact, the 21 goals that LSE's starry shooters, Caroline, Gemma and Sarah scored on Wednesday surpasses the accumulated points that the Rugby First and Second XV have tallied in the past two seasons.

Imperial were the opposition and certainly didn't live up to their name although the first quarter score (13/4) suggested otherwise while the LSE (not so) Babes all gave oscar-winning performances of Rip Van Winkle. But they soon settled into the second half of the game partly because Ms Petyt had dragged herself away from spending her usual Wednesday afternoon getting paid to watch footie legs and constructively hinted to The Babes what improvements could be made.

Not one of The Babes has

been injured on court this season but in every game they've played one of the opposition has. On Wednesday Imperial's County Goal Attack (GA) player suffered a knee injury. As she clutched her knee crying for an ambulance. The Babes composed themselves at the opposite end of the court, limbered up and talked team tactics ready for their next vicious assault. Imperial smothered the casualty with coats and mourned dramatically trying to equal the oscar-winning performance The Babes had displayed on court earlier, only to discover GA was pretending.

For those of you who seem to be bizarrely more interested every week in whether Babe Vice-President's goal drought is still in existence, yes it is, but she was quoted as saying "It's difficult to score when you only get three seconds to make a pass".



Tom Twat's Harem

Rugby 2nds break their duck

Except for Tom Twat that is

Denis Aghaizu

Well well! I say, indeed. A titanic moment in LSE history occurred on Wednesday as the noble warriors of the LSE Rugby Second XV strode forward to pastures new. The eternal question "When are they ever going to win?" has finally been answered. As the day of reckoning dawned, Tom Twat was demonstrating his usual bout of shit-spouting about some backward, third-world village in the middle of Yorkshire, where the pigs are good but the sheep are more satisfying. We stepped off the Empress chariot like warriors, except for Dave 'Eye-Shadow man' who had lost his make-up box in the coach and was therefore inconsolable.

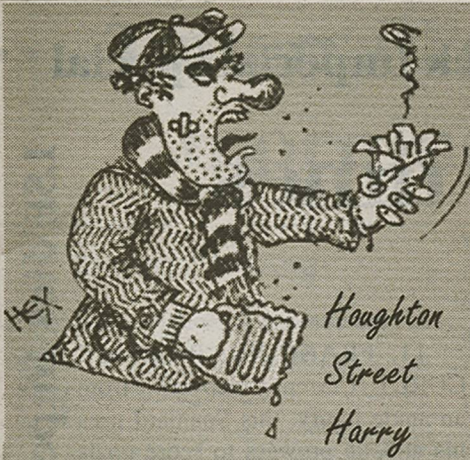
The Imperial cabbages waited for us while Tom Twat gave his momentous incomprehensible pre-match gibberish, which put us at a disadvantage when the game finally commenced. The first half was a scoreless affair, despite LSE's constant pressure. Alex 'Jenkins' Malloy narrowly missed a penalty attempt, but ten-nil would have been a fair reflection of LSE's dominance.

Imperial started the second-half much

stronger, and it was left to Malloy's boot to kick to safety (although his kicks were as safe as a fart in a net). The mazy running of Eye-shadow Man also sent the opposition reeling, but this may just have been due to his mascara running. The forwards begin to grind IC into submission; James Rastafarian, Chris 'hedgehog' Hussy and Nick 'slimfast' Hindle started to make big in-roads with their own individual deficiencies.

Unfortunately, the cabbages broke through some piss-poor defending to lead 7-0. With Denis 'Quicksilver' Agaylord bursting down the flank, pressure was built up and Malloy, finally realising that he should aim for the posts rather than the First team pitch, slooted one in to make it 7-3. Now only a try was required. Agaylord had one disallowed for having a perm, but as the game was reaching its climax, tremendous forward pressure took us within a yard but to no avail. With six seconds left, on the clock, the ball was spun out to pony-tail Jezza, who'd had a quiet game, who produced a storming run down the wing, nimbly side-stepping the gigantic blades of grass, to score in the corner. It came as no surprise that Malloy missed the conversion, but history had been made in a sensational finish. The warriors stride on.

LSE dick Imperial special * * * LSE dick Imperial special * * * LSE dick Imperial special * *



It's not very often that Harry can sit here and be proud of something that's happened at the LSE, but this week is an exception. The place might be shit, the birds crap and the blokes ugly, but we won on University Challenge! Messrs Thwaites, Voce, Northcott and Wright have been taking on some of the finest beards and odours from other institutions and resoundly thumping them. I'm not allowed to say how well LSE did, but I can say that they go on to do quite well. (Sorry to spoil it for those who follow BBC2 8.30 on Wednesdays intently, but I don't care. Oh yes, and the girl in the Crying Game is really a man, and in the Usual Suspects, Verbal Kint is Keyser Soze), the performance has put LSE at the forefront of the public imagination. I could go on more about it, looking in depth at issues such as how Ron Voce could be the best looking member of the side, or why Paxman insisted that Damian Thwaites sit on the end, but I'd rather look at how LSE students would fare on other TV game shows.

In theory we would be quite successful, as we practice in our everyday tasks. Every chicken & mayonnaise bap from Wright's Bar incurs a Wheel of Fortune ranging from 90p to £1.40, and I always look forward to running the Gauntlet on Gladiators every time I leave a lecture in the Old Theatre. John Fashanu turns up and says "Harry, you are up against gladiators 'Macro', 'Dictaphone' and 'E-Mail'"

Similarly, LSE students would fare quite well on "The Price Is Right" It's not been the same since Leslie Crowther took a short cut on his way home through a cabbage patch, but Brucie is holding the fort adequately. There would be a problem however if one of SWSS was invited to 'come on down' and guess the price of a Zanussi. "I wouldn't pay £400 for that. Washing machines are a way for enemies of the proletariat to gratify themselves and fulfil their caprices whilst wallowing in the putrid stench of their own affluence," they would say, before getting into their Golf GTi convertibles and going home to their mansion in the home counties for a slap-up meal of one cornflake and a thimble of prune juice.

Another old favourite from my childhood was "Beat The Teacher" (4.45pm, after Battle Of The Planets). There's not really much to say about this one, except if I ever see the señor that coached me to a mark of 41% in micro principles last year, I'll kick his sombrero through his anal beard. Meanwhile, Football Club captain Alex Lowen would have been a great success on an old BBC favourite, not just for his Les Dawson-esque frame, but because he genuinely does fire blankety blanks.

Finally, Brucie could make a reappearance in his role as host of "Play Your Cards Right." Unfortunately LSE is doomed to failure because you get nothing in this game for a pair (bad luck Hobday). And this would happen a lot because the pack would be full of queens.

LSE dick Imperial special *** LSE dick Imperial special *** LSE dick Imperial

BUSA Kinnear us coming!

Banjo plays the tune in first team victory

Although three defeats had left BUSA dreams in tatters, the First team's trip to Imperial Centre for Food Studies and Electronics was still vitally important. A resounding win over the brainy boffins would bring about some much-needed confidence and bode well for the impending league meetings with them. After Saturday's nine man debacle against Henry Woodcock, Casey, Madou and the rest of the boys, an impressive performance was demanded by Leong-Son of his talented side. Despite his man of the match performance in goal on Saturday, Saves Cooper's creativity and pace was required down the left flank, which allowed the fortunate Svein Mikkelsen to regain his place. Kinnear also returned from his graduate job washing up at Welwyn Garden City Bed & Breakfast ("I wouldn't get out of bed for less than £2.75 plus tips"), as did Paul Cherry, recently recovered from a stress fracture of his hair.

Within minutes the glory boys of LSE had already stamped their authority on the game. Dominating possession, Kinnear's cannonball punt hit Nic Jones, reinvigorated after his Saturday in Amersham, and landed at Ludford-Thomas's feet. A Cruyff turn, a blistering thunderbolt finish, none of these happened, but it still counted. Soon afterwards, Kinnear's through-ball released the banjoman once again, and, following the defence's ideology, he chose to put some snow on it. As the

ball re-entered the Earth's atmosphere, Ludford was already wheeling away in celebration and the ball found its way fortuitously into the back of the net.

at the feet of Kinnear who finished with aplomb. Ludford could have had a hat-trick, but put it behind when the open goal was gaping, just like he did with



The capacity crowd pay a fitting tribute to the first team back four

Photo: library

Midway through the first-half, Filipe Venini dribbled down the right flank, and the French maestro crossed over for Kinnear to rifle home.

3-0 at half-time, Rikos rewarded the ten men with the usual phrases. Why only ten men? I hear you cry. Matt "hardest kid on the estate even though I went to Public school" Miller, suffering from a nasty graze, went off to find some aspirin. Unable to find any, he bravely battled through the pain barrier to put in another good performance.

Cut out the drag-backs though, Matt: that's why Edghill and Scholes are in the Premier League and you're just bitter and lairy in the Tuns.

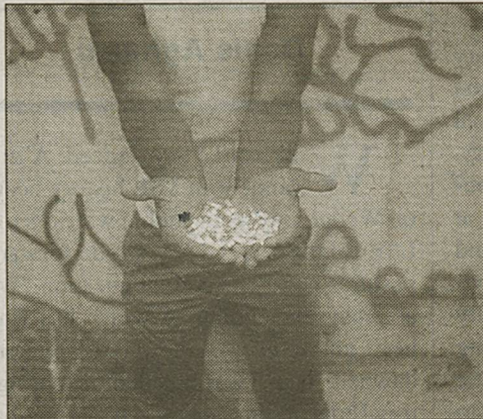
Fortunately, the remaining trio in defence (who have lower aspirations of fame but far more chance) were having a blinder. Goals Cooper was marauding down the left flank, leaving CostaCurtis and Fielding to keep their attackers at bay with a combination of well-timed tackles, Star Wars impersonations and KWS renditions. Indeed, it was Curtis who supplied the fourth goal, his duffed corner falling

Kate Hampton.

A Danny Fielding own goal (the first of many perhaps) marred proceedings slightly, but 4-1 was still a fine result, the most impressive performance of the four victorious LSE sides.

As usual the Tuns left the lads in a sorry state. Rikos did his usual act of disappearing in a pool of chunder, Matt Miller was his usual charming self, decking girls and trying to glass members of his own team, while Jones and Ludford looked in awe at the strange new surroundings of the non-Saunders bar.

Meanwhile, the film offers keep rolling in for Banjo-Thomas. This time it's a remake of Anna Sewell's tear (and bald man)-jerking novel "Black Beauty," starring Andi Peters as the man himself, Richard Gere as Butcher Fielding, Antonio Banderas as Goals Cooper, Tom Hanks as Steve Curtis, Esther from the Tuns as Cooper's plaything and Martin Clunes as Rikos Leong-Son. Come along for the ride of your life.



Matt Miller's half time refreshment Photo: Library

Rugby team win at last

Their long wait for victory is over, it won't happen again though

Femi Adewale

The Eagle has landed. The LSE warriors (aka the Rugby team) has finally broken its duck. On the back of four defeats, BJ's men were fired up and raring to go. And who might the unfortunate fuckers be who would feel the full might of our boys? Imperial College, that's who. As the game commenced, first blood went to IC as we conceded a weak try. Unlike our other games, where heads go down (like our girlfriends on a Saturday night), this game was to be different. Good lineout possession from Rick Psycho and TomLevi's secured enough

ball to allow Dave Humphreys to go over. A virtuoso performance from Lenny Kravitz then took us into the lead.

Mike Oz then produced a try of great individual skill; chipping the ball ahead, he was taken out, but recovered and still made the touchdown. A definite candidate for 'try of the season', it was simply marvellous. I think I love him, unlike everyone else, even his mother. They say the Lord moves in mysterious ways; turning water into wine, Pepsi into Coke. I have seen the light. The second coming (ooh er) is here. Christian is God. Never in my three years of losing for LSE have I seen such a superlative kicking display. I think I want his babies. Drop goals, touchline conversions, the full monty. In all honesty he was probably the difference between the two sides. In fact, I know

I want his babies.

Not to be left out of the action, Pete Greedius Maximus ran the length of the pitch, and the width a number of times, handed off two of his players and scored in the corner. "What a cunt" I quote, in a vain attempt to get the 'c' word into the Beaver. What of Brian Femi? I hear you cry. Well, to be diplomatic, he had a 'quiet' game; in other words he was shit.

That brings me to another point.; on such a victorious day, everyone except James Redier and Brian Femi decided to leave early, or try, and fail, to pull. Such a performance will not be tolerated or expected again. Congratulations are definitely in order.

LSE dick Imperial special *** LSE dick Imperial special *** LSE dick Imperial special *** LSE dick Imperial special *** LSE dick Imperial special ***

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