

THE BEAVER

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THE DREAM TEAM



The four new sabattical officers: (clockwise from top left) Martin Lewis, General Secretary; Ola Budzinska, Finance and Services Officer; Vini Ghatate, Welfare and Equal Opportunities Officer; and Gary Delaney, Entertainments Officer.

Photos: Pam Keenan and Scott Wayne

Geoff Robertson

The sabbatical positions for next year were decided late last Thursday, in a high-drama count in A86. Martin Lewis will be next year's General Secretary, Ola Budzinska the Finance and Services Officer, Vini Ghatate Welfare and Equal Opportunities sabbatical and Gary Delaney will be the Entertainments Officer.

Despite the overshadowing of the election for General Secretary by the disqualification of Ralph Wilde, 1364 students still voted for the post. Martin Lewis beat first year Labour Club member Raj Jethwa by a convincing 537 votes to 435 in the 8th round of transfers, Jethwa earning much praise for the revitalised Labour Club from all quarters bar the Tories. Tom Greatrex, Labour agent, felt they "fought a very good campaign with an excellent candidate", and he promised that for the society this

was "not the end, but the beginning."

Lewis was quietly ecstatic after his victory, and left the talking to his agent, Justin Deaville. He believed Lewis "thoroughly deserves the job" and that he [Lewis] would "make an excellent General Secretary." Tory candidate Alexander Ellis (who came in 4th) was not deluded either. He claimed to have had a "good night all round" and was pleased that the Tory vote was up 10% on last year.

More drama emerged in the race for Finance Officer. After three rounds of counting, Peter Harris, acting as agent for Rahul Sriskanthan, called for a recount. This, though, proved no more than a delay, as the results were registered exactly the same, Sriskanthan coming third behind Ron Voce (432) and surprise winner Ola Budzinska (476). Budzinska was too happy for words, but Voce was lucid enough to note he was "gutted". He was still willing to credit

Budzinska, though, and felt she ran a good campaign, whilst his own suffered from his other commitments, in particular his position as Beaver Editor. Despite his obvious disappointment, he was still "very pleased to win the first round of voting."

The Welfare and Equal Opportunities election turned out to be the most closely contested of all the sabbatical positions, being won by Vini Ghatate with 523 votes to Kate Hampton's 499. Through his jubilation, Ghatate pledged to "work with both the overseas and home students as well as possible, to arrange a global festival for LSE's centenary year."

Louise Grogan, beaten into third place, was less optimistic. She opined "I think winning elections has nothing to do with being a good welfare officer." SWSS candidate Mubin Haq was pleased with his performance. He felt it was "a good vote for SWSS. A good anti-

Ashworth vote." He warned that "He [Ashworth] should expect more trouble before the end of the year."

Gary Delaney won the Entertainments vote by 495 votes to Rob Hicks' 347, the biggest margin of victory of the four sabbatical positions. Delaney thanked everyone, and apologised "wholeheartedly to all those I annoyed by campaigning for their vote." He concluded "Thank you and believe you are worthy."

1417 people voted in total, which is virtually the same number as last year. Returning Officer James Brown was pleased with this figure, he said "I thought the count went very well. It was tremendously professional especially from Rachael and Simon Reid." Brown's successor was named as Tom Greatrex, who beat Jason Waddle, a task easily managed by every other candidate in the sabbatical elections.

Other results on page 3 column 3

Union Jack

CONSTITUTION & STEERING-COMMITTEE - GATE / PRAT - GATE.

OK, Jack's feeling particularly rough at the moment following slightly over rumbunctious celebrations of Chris Eubank's noble pugilism last night so he's going to keep this short and sweet.

This week's UGM was tedious in the extreme. It began with Garan warning us that, if we were to continue to throw paper in our accustomed promiscuous fashion, the School would charge the Union for tidying the Old Theatre. And this time he was serious. Unfortunately Garan then rather ruined his case by admitting that, when he had made similar threats in previous weeks, he had been guilty of a certain economy with the truth, or in his words "bullshitting".

Next we were treated to a "speech" from James Brown, the Returning Officer. He informed us that the Beaver had fucked up and that we ought to vote. He also informed us that Ralph Wilde had been disqualified but Martin Lewis not. Now, as James declined to explain this apparent contradiction, Jack feels it's incumbent upon himself to do so. Basically the Constitution and Steering Committee, the final arbiters in cases such as this, had mislaid the committee brain cell when they came to discuss Ralph's appeal. Having reinstated Martin after his disqualification for illegal campaigning - thus setting a precedent (for you brainless, incompetant fuckwits on the Committee this means that you ought to try and act in accordance, or at least not in contradiction, with this decision) - the Committee decided to uphold Ralph's disqualification by the casting vote of the Chair - Nick "Keego" Kirby, may his name live in infamy. The only member of this Committee to demonstrate any prolonged residence on the planet earth was Ciaran Devery who promptly resigned.

And while Jack's on the subject of eejits on the Constitution and Steering he ought to mention one Nick Dearden, whom a current rumour insists is denying himself various pleasures of the flesh (alcohol and cigarettes - what did you think?) in order that can purify himself for the revolution?

Anyway back to the meeting: Tesh, Lola and Leo gave boring reports. The aforementioned Ralph Wilde withdrew his censure motion. And we decided against accepting that Committee's constitutional amendment, hardly surprising this, given the fact that Ciaran, in his advocating speech, clearly demonstrated that he really couldn't give a toss whether or not his amendment was accepted. In any case it was opposed by Simon "man of the people" Reid - a kiss of death for any technical motion.

The first real motion we dealt with concerned anti-racism. It was intended to provide an uncontroversial policy that would enable the Union to effectively campaign against racism. As much as Jack hates to complement Martin Lewis, this motion's proposer, he must say that it does fill a gaping hole in our anti-racist policy.

Next we dealt with Satpal Ram who had, according to Leo, been unjustly convicted of murder. In order to remedy this miscarriage of justice the LSESU decided to affiliate to the "Free Satpal Ram" campaign (well it worked with Winston Silcott). Following this we decided that Westminster and Wandsworth councils were "flagships of corruption" after a debate notable only for Don McCarthy's bizarre speaking style and Fatkinson's unprepossessingly tight trousers.

Finally we rubbished Arsenal and Graham (expletive deleted) Taylor. Jack looks forward to next week's rendition of "He's fat, he's round, he scores at every ground, Mickey Quinn, Mickey Quinn." Good to see the UGM getting serious at last.

On The Oche

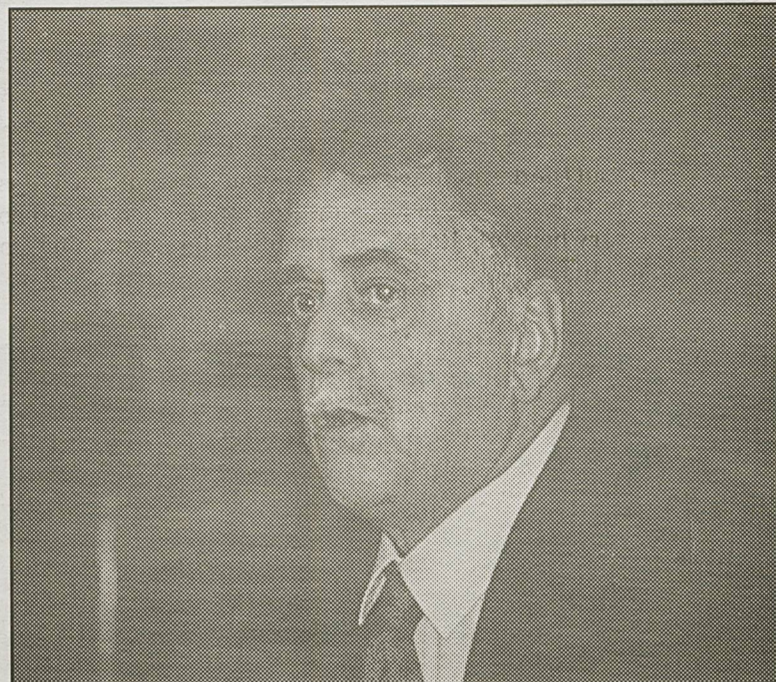
Italian left-wing leader outlines his hopes

Silvia Santoro

According to Martin Jacques of The Sunday Times, Italy is the political laboratory of the world. Now that the old system has collapsed in disgrace, with the dismantling of that "perverse compromise between old political potentates and economic-financial oligarchies" which was at the base of "tangentopoli" ("Bribe City"), the Hon. Achille Occhetto spoke at the LSE on 24 February. Hon. Occhetto leads the PDS (Democratic Party of the Left), and is one of the most important faces in the new left-wing alliance which could well be the next governing force of Italy after the General Election. (27-28 March)

The Italian Republic has been in a very peculiar political situation ever since it was born in the 1940s. The electoral system of proportional representation, together with the network of bribery and corruption, has allowed the country to be governed without interruption by coalitions formed around the Christian Democrats and the Socialist Party. It was precisely these two parties which have lately revealed themselves to be the protagonists of the corruption scandals.

It was by stressing the importance in this altered political context of a new left-wing that Hon. Occhetto started his speech, saying how the time has come to break with the past, and, with the help of a reformed majoritarian electoral system, start an era of true democracy in Italy.



The Honourable Achille Occhetto, speaking at the LSE.

Photo: : Scott Wayne

The goals of the PDS, as outlined by Occhetto, are those of "ecological restructuring of the economy, of a policy of equal opportunity in the social area and of full assertion of citizens' rights, of a new quality of life and a new quality of development." The means to achieve this illustrate the profound crisis which has accompanied the transition from the former Communist Party to the PDS: Occhetto stated clearly that there is no longer a need for a state which manages the economy, but instead one which "exercises a role of direction, regulation and reference." Economic efficiency should be enhanced, even if this has to be reached through the privatisation of the dominant sectors of the economy, but the state has to intervene to establish a framework of democratic rules, necessary to achieve the ideals of justice and equality - people's welfare should not be left to the "invisible hand" of the free market.

The new populist right-wing alliance led by media magnate Silvio Berlusconi appears to be rapidly gaining support among the Italian electorate. If they were to win the elections, Occhetto believes this would be a political, economic and social catastrophe as this alliance between the former fascists, the separatist Northern League and Berlusconi has no coherent programme whatsoever - all they want to do is gain control of Italy to perpetuate the business-political relationships which have caused such trouble in the past. When questioned about the latest opinion polls showing the right-wing parties in the lead, Occhetto said that he was faithful that there would be a victory for the Left, hypothesising that the success of Berlusconi is only the result of a novelty effect.

Fiery Landlord Leaves Students Guttled

Helena Mcleod

After a fire over the Christmas holidays gutted the house of four LSE students, they now face a £5000 bill for damages. Three of the residents, Marcus Thomas, Alan Parnum and James Philips, had already returned home for the Christmas vacation leaving Dave Thewlis in the maisonette. The fire is thought to have started by a smouldering cigarette, belonging to Thewlis, rolling into the side of a settee. Thewlis then left for work. He returned early in the morning to find the door kicked down and an irate landlord standing in the blackened room.

The fire services described the episode as "care-

lessness" and the individuals concerned admit they are completely to blame for the actual fire. However, legally the landlord, Ozman Gani, is responsible for the repairs, as stated in the contract. The tenants have all claimed successfully from their own insurance. The insurance inspector told them if an environmental officer came around they'd close the house down as unfit to live in. Mr Gani has ignored a letter from the LSE Housing Officer saying he is responsible, and in return sent the tenants letters threatening legal action, although as the letters are not through a solicitor it is unclear if he has sought legal help. He is now asking them to pay the £5000 repairs themselves.

The problem seems to be that Mr Gani did not take out insurance for students, over triple the normal premium, but said he was resident in the house. Now his insurance broker won't pay, he is trying to make the students pay for his naughtiness. Mr Thomas and his two remaining flatmates, Parnum and Philips (Thewlis is house sitting in the Caribbean), are enquiring into legal help. They have offered to pay half rent to Mr Gani until the repairs have been carried out, but Mr Gani has refused.

Meanwhile the maisonette is still unsuitable to live in. Damage to the electricity means another fire is possible, and a combination of live wires, soot, and holes in the ceiling make living conditions unsavoury and dangerous.

In And Out

Phil Gomm

Much of the attention paid to this year's elections centred not on the candidates and their policies but the way in which the campaigning was carried out. In particular, there has been controversy about the disciplinary measures metered out on General Secretary hopefuls Ralph Wilde and Martin Lewis.

The Returning Officer, James Brown, originally disqualified Lewis for placing his election material in the foyer of the Old Building within minutes of campaigning having started. However, the decision to exclude Lewis was reversed by the Constitution & Steering Committee at an appeal meeting the next day.

While they agreed that the rules had been flouted, there was some sympathy for Lewis' argument that the regulations had not been readily accessible to candidates and their agents. Instead, he was docked 500 A4 sheets.

On Monday Wilde was also excluded from the race after being spotted distributing leaflets in the Library - something that is unambiguously prohibited in the rules. Wilde commented: "obviously it was wrong and against the Constitution. I plead 'stupid' for this."

Wilde was scathing about the decision to ban him which was upheld at a meeting after the Rosebery hustings later that evening. One Constitution & Steering Committee member

voted in Wilde's favour, and one against; another abstained. The Chair, Labour Club member Nick Kirby, cast the deciding vote.

Wilde said "it is inevitable that people are going to make mistakes....[and in this case] the punishment spectacularly did not fit the crime". He continued "it is a disgrace that students can be disqualified for something so petty. It doesn't encourage other people to stand."

In response to the charge that the Returning Officer wields too much arbitrary power, Brown said "these powers are balanced by the appeal process." He defended his decisions saying "I personally feel that any infringement of the written rules should be treated with disqualification", though he did concede, "with hindsight it would have been wiser to ensure that absolutely everybody had seen the rules."

It would appear that the next Returning Officer, Tom Greatrex, will have to consider ways of making the rules tighter, establishing a set disciplinary procedure - with a scale of penalties - and reassessing the appeal process to make it less open to potential political bias.

Brown also spoke about the traditionally low turnout of voters, "there is a general apathy and lack of understanding, especially amongst foreign and postgraduate students." He feels that it is up to the Student Union to increase its profile and role over the whole year and not just before elections.

Election Results

Executive Committee

Phillip Todd
Claire Lawrie
Nick Fletcher
Baljit Mahal
James Atkinson
Nick Kirby

Overseas Officer

Karen Lie

Womens' Officer

Sorrel Osborne

Returning Officer

Tom Greatrex

Finance & Services Committee

William Bratton
Arun Velusami
Paul Bates

Entertainment & Societies Committee

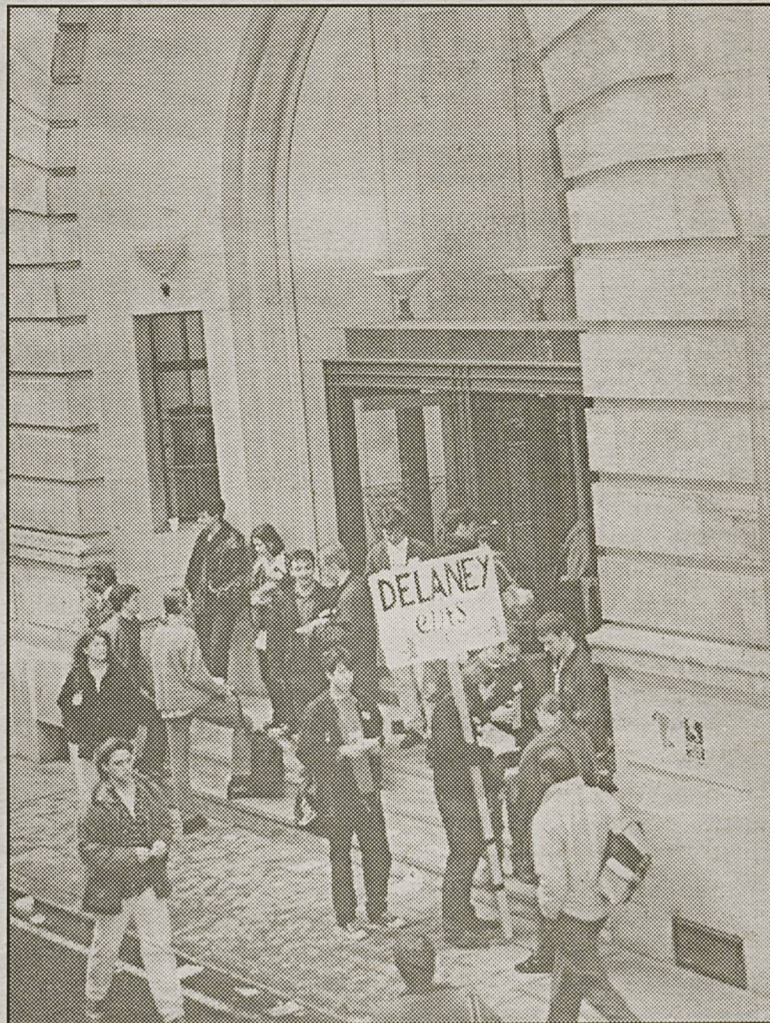
Samantha Chalkley
Justin Deaville
Derek Lin

NUS Conference (5 delegates, 3 observers)

Leandro Moura
Vinni Ghatate
Martin Lewis
Francisca Malaree
Kate Hampton

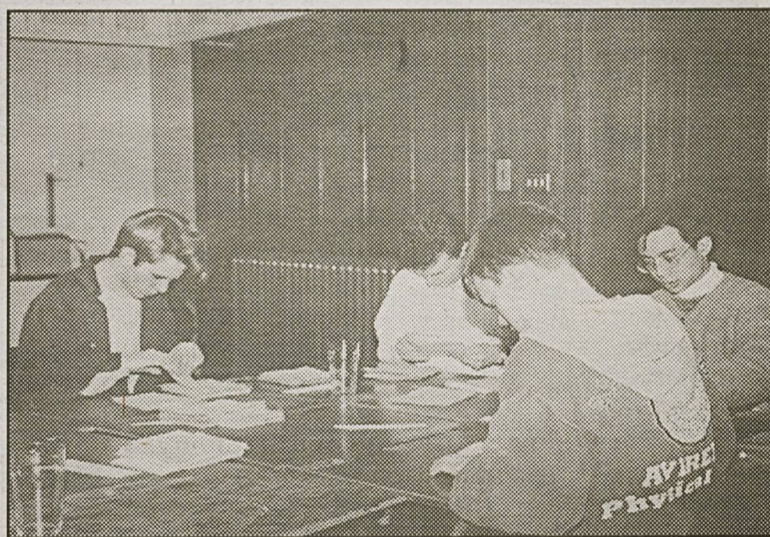
James Atkinson
Justin Deaville
Teshar Fitzpatrick

At the time of going to press, the outcome of Constitution and Steering Committee had not been declared.



Candidates doing some last minute campaigning on the steps of the Old Building.

Photo: Pam Keenan



The count in full swing.

Photo: Pam Keenan

Eubank, Eubank, Eubank...

Chris Hutchfield
and Jon Spurling

It was perhaps inevitable that Chris Eubank

should receive a less adulatory reception at the LSE than he did at Oxford earlier this year. He did not help his cause by arriving an hour late

last Wednesday, explaining the delay by reference to his need to dress for the occasion. Admittedly Eubank's appearance was distinctive.

His riding suit, complete with jodhpurs and monocle, drawing cries of "where's the horse" from the good-sized audience. This set the tone for the first half of the meeting when Eubank was asked, amongst other things, where he got his "crap dress-sense" and who provided his elocution lessons.

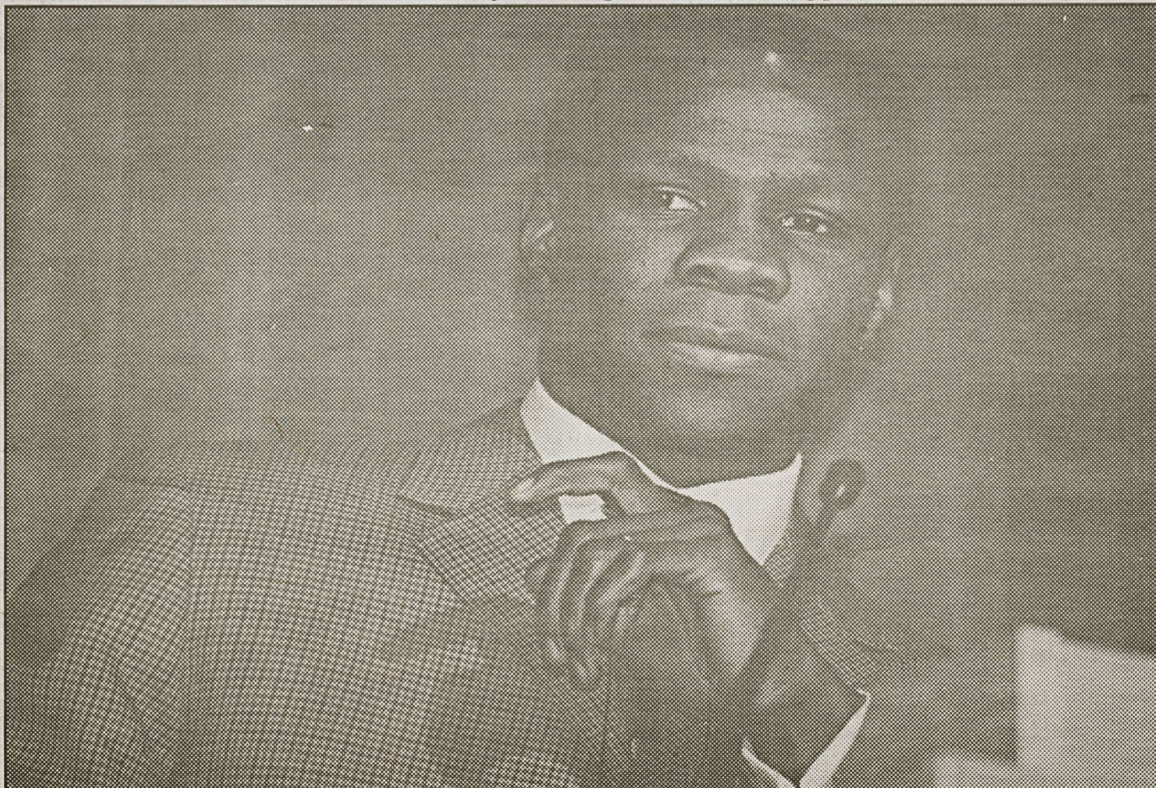
The less irreverent questions which followed allowed Eubank the opportunity to expound upon his "philosophy". In the struggle to get through "this life process" people are divided into the good and the bad.

It is everybody's duty to aim at the good although not everyone can achieve this consistently - the American boxing promoter Don King being an example of a bad man professionally but a good man personally. To Eubank, his success as a "pugilist" justified his belief that all success is based on perseverance.

In Eubank's opinion box-

ing was a "mug's game" in which he engages for profit only: "fighting for free would be ignorance." Indeed Eubank insisted that were he to have two million pounds "tax free, in the bank", he would abandon boxing for, as he said, "boxing is common, and I am not common." This distaste for boxing was reflected in his desire that his son not pursue boxing and his refusal to let his wife attend his fights. In retrospect, he said, that he would rather not have thrown the punch which paralysed Michael Watson even if this would have meant him losing.

Responses to Eubank's performance were mixed; the glaring contradictions inherent in his "message" provoked pity and perplexity although many of the audience were impressed by his evident charisma and courage. It is hoped The Beaver will be able to carry an in-depth interview with Eubank next week.



Chris Eubank talks about Life, The Universe and Everything

Photo: Jo Arong

Fight Row Go It Alone Jim?

Helena Mcleod

A student previously in residence at Carr Saunders, who would like to remain nameless, has recently been thrown out of the hall. Action was taken after an incident in Carr Saunders bar when she punched a fellow resident several times in the face.

The girl involved in the incident proceeded to press charges of Actual Bodily Harm although it is unlikely to stand up in court as the victim made physical contact with the individual in question first. The latter admits complete guilt for the accusation but, as a law student at the LSE, has an opinion on how procedural justice should be exacted.

She said: "I think I was treated badly. If I'd been given a fair hearing I wouldn't have been chucked out." Firstly, she claims that she didn't have access to the statements made against her.

Secondly the Warden, Craig Whitehead, had reached his decision before the case was heard. The correct procedure for the accused to take after the initial review, is to appeal to the Secretary, however, this was blocked by Dr Leifer, the Pro-director.

An informal hearing was instead set up, but this was called off at the time it was meant to commence. The accused was never asked to make a statement and was told to leave within seven days.

She is now in residence at Passfield but is having to pay double rent; £68 at Passfield and £52 for Carr Saunders until somebody else fills the vacated room. The individual took her case to Leandro Moura, the sabatistical officer for Welfare and Equal Opportunities, as she feels there has been procedural impropriety.

He says, "it is not a question of her guilt but how it is established." He maintains the "system of justice in LSE halls is antiquated... The procedures that exist have a problem even if followed perfectly.. they don't have to hear the other side's case before making a decision." At present the decision is made by the Warden with advice from the elected student Hall Committee.

In response Whitehead said: "The procedure was carried out in accordance with the LSE Hals regulations." He added: "I wouldn't want to act outside those regulations - it would not be appropriate."

The problem is that discipline is at the warden's discretion. The School is currently carrying out a review of "Pastoral Care and Discipline in Halls of Residence." The previous Welfare Officer suggested improvements to the system, including a Disciplinary Panel and access of both sides to witness statements.

Zac Wald

Jim Wallace, Liberal Democrat MP for the Orkney and Shetland Islands, gave a lecture titled "English Politics: A View from North of the Border." As the spokesman on Fisheries and Scottish affairs, he made it clear that he does not believe Scotland should break the union with England but the present system is "a system which I believe doesn't work."

Wallace gave numerous examples of policies that are dictated by the British Parliament, but that effect Scottish and Welsh institutions in such areas as housing, education, transportation, criminal justice and agriculture. He paralleled the positions of Wales and Scotland in Great Britain, to the position of England in the Eu-

ropean Union, where a careful balance must be maintained between local, single country issues, and the general desire to share information, governance, standards and markets, etc. A striking rhetorical question was put forth by Wallace: "What would the reaction be if policy pertaining to the prisons in England were decided by the European Council of Ministers?"

His general point is that important legislation for Scotland is being passed without the opportunity for Scottish representatives to review it.

Mr. Wallace noted with concern the growing trend of people appointed by the Secretary of State for Scotland being appointed to serve in positions of public authority. These infiltrators, or "Quangos", have grown to the point at which now 30% of government spending on

Scotland is administered by this shadow government of appointees.

Wallace believes this lack of regional and local representation and autonomy to be a problem throughout Britain, as local initiatives are entirely subject to the whims of the big-time politicians in Westminster. He sees Scotland as an especially unique example of the tyranny of the British system over a people with a unique and separate history and culture.

He would like a proportionally representative Scottish Parliament that deals with regional and local issues, while cooperating with Parliament and sharing the responsibility of taxation. In short, Wallace believes a federalist system would benefit all of Britain.

S.Hite Not Shite



Shere Hite speaking last week.

Photo: Pam Keenan

Fash Bash Students turn on the style

Mervyn Metcalf

"A bunch of girls trying to convince themselves that they are young, ambitious women." This was the view of an LSE student last year about the formation of the Women's International Network. However, a recent event has shown the true quality of their group. Any LSE society would be hard pushed to match what they have achieved in just four weeks: a fashion show combining music, auctions and designer models.

The 300 strong audience were treated to music from around the world, including a string quartet, African tribal dancers, and belly dancers. In keeping with the theme, long-legged models paraded up and down the stage wearing the latest fashions. Even during the interval the organisers did not fail to impress, with food being served from some of London's best known restaurants. The highlight of the show was yet to come... the student fashion show.

Unexpectedly bursting onto

the catwalk to the music of Madonna's Erotica came the far steamier, far sexier and most original part of the show, where student models took over. Where the professional models walked, the students slinked. Hyper music and hyper models provoked comments from the audience, including this writer, of "I want YOU!" All the clothes, the food, and the auction items were provided free, though guests were charged a fairly steep £15 for entry. The amount of outside sponsorship was enormous and was achieved through hard work, going again and again to businesses.

The society's aim is to raise £0.5 million over the next few years for cancer research. Last Thursday they managed to get a lot nearer their total. The President of the society, Naela Nijabat, said "the success is due to hard work and commitment." Proof of this was provided on Thursday. Potential members should call 0956 281 162. The society is looking for ideas and members, particularly young, ambitious women.

Danny Silverstone

The award winning journalist Shere Hite gave a talk on Tuesday about her new report "The Hite Report on the Family". The packed Old theatre and her late appearance, due to *The Late Show* being late, gave a definite air of expectancy. A blithe though slightly defensive Ms Hite began by summarising her two earlier reports on female and male sexuality. Though she found both sexes did not marry their most passionate lover, men, unlike women, were strangely proud of this fact.

Her new report gave some insight into this trend, and to the patriarchy that exists today. The defining influence on boys is that as they experience their puberty, which is supposed to be directed towards woman, they are simultaneously told to express contempt for them. They are coerced through social pressure to be tough and "macho" which is

realised in acts of aggression or athleticism. The pressure coming from schoolmates, elder relatives and the media is primarily aimed at distancing the boy from his feeble mother or friends.

This influence has proved so hard to relinquish due to its multifarious causes. Ms Hite also suggested that it was further enforced by the child's inability to escape from the home. Thus by the time the child reached adolescence its social inheritance had become internalised and permanent.

She digressed less coherently, about female sexuality, which according to her report begins at birth, and in puberty only gains its reproductive element in puberty. She contrasted the plethora of images available for men to follow, focusing in particular on Jesus, who she muted as the prototype for the long haired rebel of rock band fame, to the paucity of female role models. The single women present in popular culture were portrayed as dangerous aberrations.

She sincerely offered to take suggestions or comments on her research from the floor. What followed was curious in that the hostility present from the male questioners was out of all proportion to the conciliatory arguments presented. Despite Ms Hite's enviable ability to nonchalantly discuss masturbation, vulvas or patriarchy she was subjected to sustained criticism.

Initially the questions were directed at her apparently suspect methodology. She replied that her methods were not exceptional but rather the best of several flawed systems.

As none of the other questions were directed at her research one was left with the unpleasant feeling that either men found her conclusions unacceptable but were to afraid to say so, or that they could not accept that it was a women presenting them.

Anybody who may be interested can write to Shere Hite at 2 Soho Square, London W1.

"You Have To Be Willing To Lose It To Win It!"

Frank Rogers Owen

On the evening of Thursday 3rd March 1994 the air of room A86 was filled with smoke, the anticipations of the citizenry of L.S.E. and the hopes and fears of the candidates in the Student Union elections. Twenty three candidates were standing for sabbatical positions and numerous others for positions on the Student Union Executive. The candidates gathered in A86 where the count was taking place to find out whether they had what the people wanted. Their agents stood by them hoping that their publicity campaigns had struck the right balance between hyping their candidate and making them appear ridiculous. It was just like "real" politics when issues matter and peoples careers are on the line.

Of course (an expression the practical politics page is very fond of in this relativist, amoral, post historical society of ours). Of course, the Student Union elections at L.S.E. are conducted in a manner which must cause any democrat considerable unease. I do not wish to get in to a technical and theoretical discussion either of what democracy is or the merits of it's different variations. I think most of us would accept the use of the term democracy to describe a system which represents the people, acts in their interests and is accountable to them. Democracy in this sense is fundamentally flawed at L.S.E.

A low turnout, such as we have year after year, is not necessarily a sign that the electoral system is undemocratic, though a turnout of little more than 20 percent of the student body is certainly a sad reflection on how disaffected most students are with Student Union Politics. Crucially post-graduates and overseas students are not it seems interested in the same things as their British undergraduate counterparts. They appear to be both interested in things other than politics and to believe the Student Union is interested in other things than them. Whether they actually could or should play a greater part in the Students Union is an open question.

The difficulty of finding out the real differences between the candidates, and the problem of personality being so much more significant a factor than policies are other problems with L.S.E. democracy. Problems it shares with most democratic systems throughout the world. The policies which at least superficially the

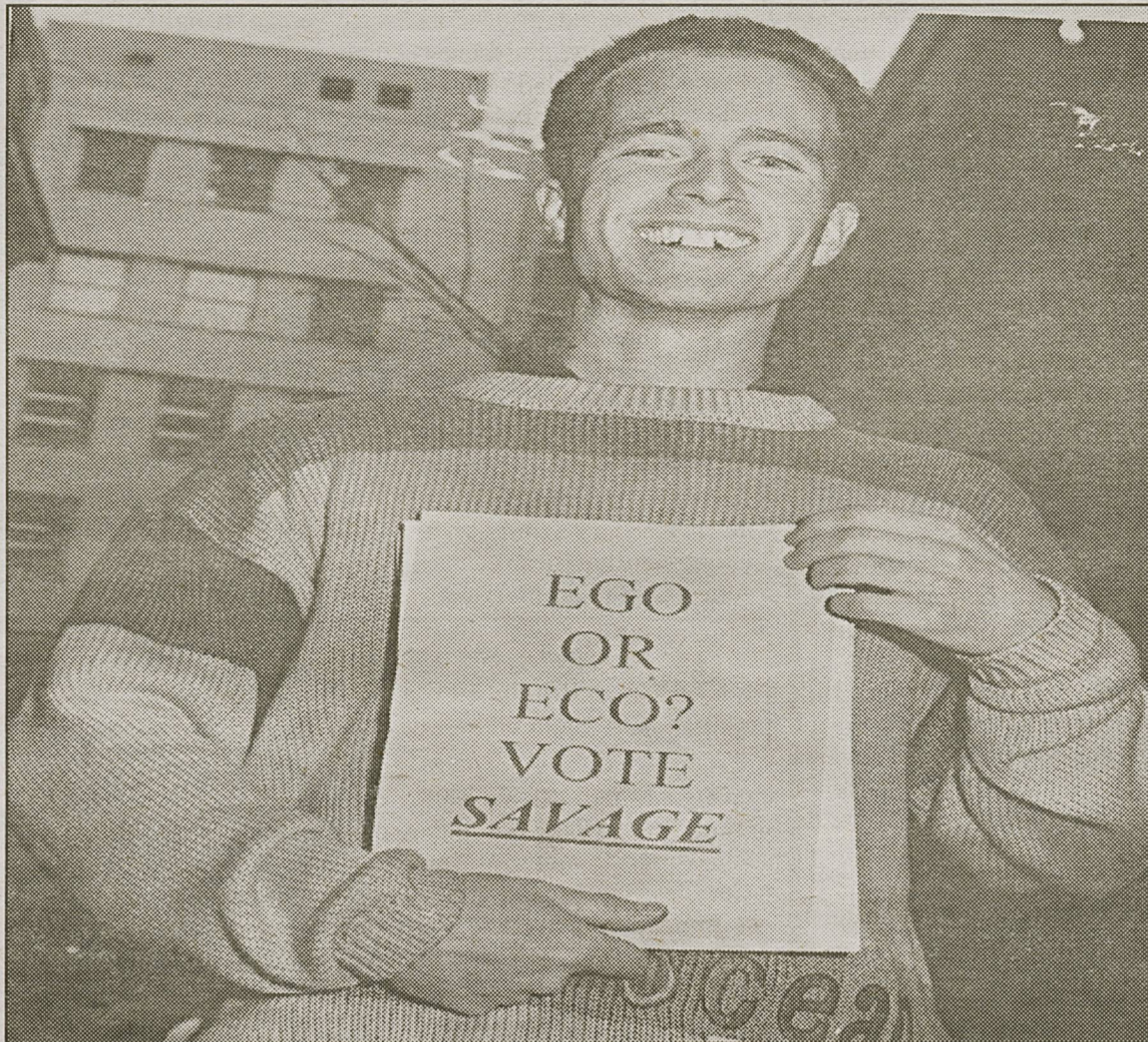


Photo: Jon Santa-Cruz

candidates campaign on are almost never carried out by those elected. In the case of the real life democracy called the United Kingdom, the Conservative Government's commitment to Manifesto pledges such as not raising V.A.T. are similar to L.S.E. Sabbaticals' commitment to their campaign pledges.

I could go on and give you a lengthy treatise on the failures of all existing and once existing democracies. A system of government famously described by Winston Churchill as the least bad system mankind has yet dreamed up.

The observation I wish to share with you is only meant to add to your no doubt already extensive experience of political life. I appeal to your innate sense of democratic justice.

There is in fact little difference between the inadequacies of Elections at L.S.E. and those at Westminster. Both are limited in their concentration on personality and need for good presentation to a relatively small politically active fraction of the electorate. There is also little difference between L.S.E. and Westminster in the way in which power is held by small groups of the politically active. At Westminster cross-party friendships and alliances normally hidden from the public eye are both encouraged by the system and one of the reasons why it exists. Periodic threats to the hegemony of the two party system, and occasional hiccups in the smooth day to day functioning

of parliament are not to be confused with a genuinely competitive political system. Paddy Pantsdown speaking authoritatively on Bosnia, and resulting fantasy's about his place in a future labour Cabinet, and a threat of temporary breakdown in the Select Committee system do not mean we have an open and contentious political debate in the house of Commons.

The political "elite" of L.S.E. such as the redoubtable Martin Lewis and his predecessor

Tesher Fitzpatrick, behave just like their counterparts in Westminster. Through a combination of undoubted ability, determination and contacts they are likely to win most of the sabbatical positions year after year.

The mistake which is easy to make is to think that at Westminster issues matter and peoples careers are on the line, while at L.S.E. there are no issues and the careers in question are only those which Ex-Sabbaticals acquire on the strength of the "business skills"

they built up running the "service provider" we call the Three Tuns. In fact in our Student Union elections we have an opportunity to have a perceptible effect on issues which affect all of us. Our elected servants, the Sabbaticals, are furthermore likely to gain considerably from their experiences working for us, while getting paid handsomely. A Sabbatical job is a perfect route in to the sinecure of a job in politics.

Frequently heard during the campaigning of the past week have been words to the effect of: "You've got to be prepared to lose to win". But the candidates from L.S.E.'s own political oligarchy have had little to lose. They can always stand next year or get the inside gossip from their friends who do get elected. In any case they stand a damn good chance of winning if they run their campaign properly and mobilise their contacts - the sort of people who vote. These people do not truly understand what it is like to put yourself on the line for something you value even if you know you are likely to lose. In the example of Debra Winger in the deathbed scene in Terms of Endearment we learn about dignified acceptance of defeat. We learn it is only through the willingness to accept defeat with dignity that we can ever truly win.

As a parting prediction I suggest to you that should there be any moves to cut Sabbatical salaries over coming weeks it is sure to be opposed by the very same Sabbaticals who when candidates talked of the extravagance of the £12,000 per annum salary.

LSE REVIEW

A magazine for the Arts, Humanities and Current Affairs

SPRING ISSUE INCLUDES ARTICLES ON:

- SINO-INDIAN PACT
 - STUDENT GRANTS: DO WE DESERVE THEM?
 - J.M.W. TURNER: PAINTER OF LIGHT
- SPRING ISSUE OUT NOW!**

CENTRAL ACCOMODATION OFFICE

The Accommodation Office is now accepting applications from students who wish to live in School and University residences for the next academic year.

Forms are available from E294 during normal office hours. Continuing students should be aware that the number of places set aside for them is very limited.

Deadline for applications is 30th April 1994.

The Beaver

Well that's it all over for another year, and I suppose I should congratulate those victorious candidates especially the sabbaticals - Martin, Ola, Vinni and Gary. No doubt there will be many recriminations along the "I was robbed" or "they've done nothing for the SU" variety, but the bottom line is that democracy for all its flaws has won through and those that have put the effort in have won. No one deserves anything in life and I for one know that maxim to be true.

Talking of democracy, it looks at last as if the dreaded Clause 20 of the Education Bill has been amended to allow the funding of many of the "non-core" activities that many students see as the main role of a student's time at University. For those of you out there that signed our petition, some 350+ copies have gone off to John Patten, as well as Peter Brooke, the LSE's own MP, who on visiting Tiverton two weeks ago met my father, the archivist in the local museum and on hearing that I was at the LSE, commented that he was getting "The Beaver" sent through regularly and found it interesting. Who says letter writing does not reach it's target.

Finally, I shall get personal. I would like to thank all those that voted in the elections, without whom the Student's Union would most definitely be marginalised in the eyes of the schools. With the hiatus over the election rules, the disqualifications and reinstatements that followed, I hope the new returning officer and Constitution and Steering Committee get their act together for next year and prevent such a "cock-up" to happen again. As we move towards the centenary, let us hope that the sabbaticals work together well as a disunited team will send the wrong signals to the school and the government.

Thanks Neil, Avi, Marie, the Rosebery Regiment, the Passfield Posse and the 328. I am deeply honoured.

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Islamic Interpretations ...

Dear Beaver,

In last week's "Beaver" a Mr. Hasan Khalid presented a charming but largely fictitious interpretation of Islam. However he neglected to describe several unpleasant and dangerous aspects of it; consequently I would like to complete the picture.

Islamic law is possibly the most repugnant system of "justice" ever invented, which takes the punishment far beyond the level of the crime. You lose your hand for shoplifting; for blasphemy, you can lose your head. However rape within marriage is not considered a crime under this system. Mr Khalid makes much of the Islamic institution of marriage and its sanctity; he does not mention the prevalent practice of arranged marriages,

imposition of heavy dowries, and frequent relegation of the wife to a subservient role. There is also the teaching that should you die in a "Jilhad", or holy war, you go straight to heaven. This convenient provision has inspired some of the bloodiest religious wars known to man, and not simply in the past; the union of church and state in Iran has led to political agendas being given religious weight. I need hardly mention Salman Rushdie, but he is not the only target. In 1991, Shapour Bakhtiar was assassinated in France for similar "disrespect" at the command of the Iranian government, and he was under 24-hour armed protection.

Islam is often a cover, or excuse for open racism, despite its supposed basis of universal

brotherhood. One need look no further than Louis Farrakhan's US-based "Nation of Islam" for evidence of this, which teaches that the Jews brought the Holocaust upon themselves. Recently a spokesman for this organization gave a speech in Keane College, New Jersey, on what should happen in South Africa to any whites left after the end of minority rule. I will leave you with this interpretation of what Mr. Khalid calls "the path of obedience to the all-knowing God"; "We kill them all. We kill the women. We kill the babies. We kill the cripples. We kill the faggot. We kill the lesbian." A very "balanced" view, Mr. Khalid.

**Yours Sincerely,
Patrick Bateman**

.. And Islamic Ideals

Dear Beaver,

I refer to your articles, "Images of Conflict" in issue 398. Should this article not have been entitled "Islam's Solution to Conflict."

I am surprised that the Editor permitted an article to be printed, which could have been developed in a less focused manner to include the examination of conflicts and their relation to other religions or peace movements. To prove that Islam is the answer to the issue of conflict is tantamount to agreeing with a war theorist, Samule Huntingdon, that "the Islamic civilisation" will in the future, be the catalyst for wars, a tiny bit simplistic and unrealistic.

In answer to his assertion, "Women are given the honour and reverence which is their due," I have been informed that

in "the Koran", women are equal to men, however their potential to lead men astray, means that they must be suppressed in some manner. Although of course, I come from a different culture. I do however perceive, and am told that in many cases, as in other religions, women are treated as second class.

The central question to this article, who causes conflicts is tantamount to asking, who causes peace. If Islam could promote a peaceful solution for the world - if peace is at all desirable (via conflicts provoked by the violation of human rights) then why have we not all converted to Islam?

Although, of course, I do agree that any author is entitled to his or her views, and with Mr Khalid that, "our biased nature," leads us to

arrive at decisions which are, "tainted by our emotionality." Unfortunately he seems to have fallen into his own trap.

"The Beaver", is fortunate to be writing to such a multicultural audience and to be drawing authors from this wide audience. I believe you should promote more informative articles, rather than this "soapbox" writing, which regardless of which religion it relates to, any dope-headed/ literate/ intelligent student can see through.

**Yours sincerely
F.Bulsara
(Vacuum Cleaning For
Peace)**

Editors Note: I believe that both of the above letters are written by the same person under two different pseudonyms.

LSESU Currency of Personalities and Publicity Generates Student Apathy

Dear Beaver,

The recent library Work-In has been, I feel, another failure in the LSESU's undistinguished record when it comes to demonstrations. Maybe once LSE's reputation as a "radical" institution was deserved, but today the picture is very different.

What begun as a good idea has somewhere sunk into a mire of political infighting and bitching and general apathy. Students have possibly the least to lose; they do not have jobs to risk, and they have plenty of free time; therefore they have an unequalled chance to highlight social injustices. Also these people will, most likely, go on to take up key jobs, maybe in politics for some; it is important that they are made aware of problems that some day they might be able to change. But sadly the vast majority are interested in

only one thing; themselves. The "work-in" was dominated by a few people attempting to gain maximum publicity for themselves, and ultimately, what did it achieve? At most a few column inches in a newspaper, if they're lucky. Last term's failed march and resulting mess in Houghton Street was even worse; various left-wing groups attempted to issue orders, redirect protestors, and ended up asking "What shall we do next?" over the loud-speaker. The main problem is that nobody cares. The couple of hundred people at the UGM (at most!) represent a tiny fraction of all at LSE, and of these two hundred, over half come to eat lunch and throw paper. Of the hundred left, the conservatives constitute at least a third who see their role as being to obstruct anyone else's ideas. So we are left with around sixty

people. Sixty. Student apathy is often blamed on the high proportion of postgraduate and overseas students. I belong to both those groups, I would like to get involved, but I am unwilling to lower myself to the levels of hypocrisy and self-interest necessary to break in to this society of hacks.

In a way the conservatives have got it right; it's a game, a hobby, in which the currency is personalities and publicity. It never will amount to much more unless students see people speaking not because they want to build up their CV, but because there is something constructive that they can do about a problem. However when I look at the self-proclaimed "leaders" of the LSESU, I realise that this is unlikely ever to happen.

**Yours Faithfully,
Alex Van Patten**

1 ELECTION BLUES 1

C & S Committee Incompetence

Dear Beaver,

Having resigned from the Constitution and Steering Committee (C&S) I am bound to say that the decision not to acquit Martin and his team (made on appeal against disqualification heard 25.2.94) was totally unjustifiable.

Martin and his team were innocent because James Brown failed to publicize the rules they broke. Because they stuck posters on the official noticeboard on the ground floor of the Old Building, Martin and his team broke a new rule, introduced by James Brown as Returning officer, banning all campaigning anywhere on the ground floor of the Old Building.

The only attempt to publicize these new rules was some leaflets left at the agents meeting. None of the agents were told to take a copy. The leaflets were wrongly headed "Michaelmas Term Elections",

so no one was likely to. As Returning Officer, and having unilaterally changed the campaign rules, the responsibility was on James Brown to so inform the candidates. In this case, ignorance is a defence.

Further, these rules themselves had no authority because they went against the LSESU constitution. The present election rules in the constitution allow posters on all official school noticeboards (14.7.5) and campaigning in the Foyer (14.7.6). The new rule clearly goes against both clauses. In the case of Clause 14.5.6, the new rules can only be called "clarification" if the whole ground floor of the Old Building, or any building, can reasonably be called the foyer.

In addition to these mistakes, James Brown showed considerable bias against Martin Lewis and his campaign during the appeal. The initial disqualification was in itself

extreme. But James was also prepared to lie during the appeal to justify this decision. He claimed that no posters had ever been allowed on the noticeboard in the Old Building in previous elections he had run. Somehow he stuck to this claim despite three contrary witnesses, from different political parties.

I have resigned from the C&S because it was incompetent in not acquitting Martin and his team. In this case, the competence of Nick Kirby should be questioned. Both the public meeting and the deliberations of the C&S were very poorly run which could have affected what is arguably the most important decision the C&S ever has to make.

As a result of these events, and especially after the disqualification of Ralph Wilde, the actions of James Brown and the competence Nick Kirby should be questioned.

Graham Bell.

Minority Vote

Dear Beaver,

By the time that this issue of the "Beaver" is published, the results of the SU elections will be known. Once again the officers of the Union will have been decided by a very small minority of students who voted, despite the scrum of hopefuls clutching leaflets and shouting "Vote for Me" in Houghton Street.

Some, the academic equivalent of trainspotters, will have completely failed to notice anything odd. But that only accounts for the postgraduates. Some will have smiled and promised their vote to everyone just to shut them up. Some, like me, will have actually got their form only to realize that ninety percent of the names on it mean nothing to them, and vote for Kate Hampton because she's the only candidate they'd even remotely want to sleep with (no offence meant to James Atkinson). The people who actually make an informed decision are probably on the paper themselves.

So when next term you find yourselves with another Ents sabbatical like Johnny Bradburn, don't despair; it really doesn't matter. They mean nothing. The one man who runs the Union is Gethin Roberts, the (unelected) General Manager. Anyone who has seen an executive meeting will know this; as soon as they approach an important decision, they always turn to him for approval. Looking at some of the imbeciles standing for office this year, we should count ourselves lucky.

Yours

Craig McDermott

Sex Appeal Sells Chocolate, Cars and LSESU Candidates

Dear Beaver,

As anyone in advertising will tell you, sex can be used to sell

almost anything. However in addition to chocolate, soap and cars, we find ourselves being offered another commodity; candidates in the LSESU elections.

Last year gave us Teshar Fitzpatrick smiling appealingly when questioned over the re-decoration of the AU office, and somehow I doubt that Lola was elected to Finance and Services on the basis of her financial policies. Kate Hampton gazed seductively at us from posters, purely out of concern for the environment, I'm sure. This year she's raised her targets somewhat but she still persists in running her fingers through her hair when she speaks at the UGMs, looking as if she's practicing for a Vidal Sassoon advert. Even the SWSS candidate Louise Ashon tried to put a flattering picture on her campaign material. Tried.

The strength of the LSE penis vote (quite an appropriate name for it) is not to be underestimated. Two years back it gave us Faz Zahir, who less charitable people often described as lazy and incompetent. But it's hardly surprising; if Cindy Crawford was standing for General Secretary, would any man vote for Martin Lewis?

Yours

Marcus Halberstam

Invaluable Assistance

Dear Sir,

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for their help given during the elections.

Thanks are due to Sam and the Printroom staff, Teshar, Lola, and Ron and the Beaver Staff for all their work. The ever present and useful Bernardo Duggan proved as invaluable as ever. Finally, special thanks to Rachel, Ciaran and all the members of the Constitution and Steering Committee.

Yours Faithfully

James Brown
Returning Officer

LSESU under Egoaucratic rule

Dear Beaver,

This is the first letter I have written to The Beaver in my three years at the LSE. I have never been politically active in the Students Union although I do belong to various scholastic, cultural, and social societies. Therefore I hope what I say will not be interpreted as a political statement or as a vehicle of self-promotion.

I was disheartened to hear that the Constitutional and Steering Committee dismissed Ralph Wilde's appeal against his disqualification in the General Secretary election. It was a particularly harsh sentence considering that Martin Lewis was successful in his appeal on a very similar charge. Since Ralph Wilde was widely predicted to win the race it appears that because of a minor infraction, which he was unaware of, the students at LSE will not get the General Secretary of their choice.

This is of course not unusual. Students are noticeably apathetic about Student Union politics, probably because the handful that are active are so out of touch and unrepresentative of the LSE. What is unfortunate about the situation is that Mr. Wilde was not insulated from average students. He offered real hope of bringing new participation, fresh direction, and effective leadership to the Union. Ralph also has had a history of productive and beneficial political activism which frankly, puts the rest of the Union officers to shame. I find it incredible that the Union will throw away an individual's bid for election because of a simple mistake, yet at the same time will not take any action against members that physically assault popularly elected officials of a pluralist democracy which is what, and this might be news to the SWP, the Conservatives are.

All of this makes for a fascinating case-study for Government students here at the LSE. The leadership we have created at the Students Union is a self-appreciating, self-serving, and self-preserving junta. I don't think there is a word in political lexicon to describe such a body. Perhaps we should label it an Egoaucracy.

After the events of this past year I actually lament the recent defeat of Mr. John Patten's NUS reform. I have therefore unilaterally opt-outed of the Union as a political organ since it does not represent me, it alienates me. If the Union officers ever tried to communicate with average students (besides during elections when they become remarkably friendly and attentive) I think they would find many other students that feel like I do.

Yours

Geoffrey Brow

Sexism Charge Levied Against Women's Officer Position

Dear Beaver,

When I saw the name of a man standing for Women's Officer, I felt pleased that equal rights were being applied fairly. However I have been told that even if he does win he will not be allowed to hold the position. Ignoring the absurdity of allowing someone onto the ballot paper for a post that they are not eligible for, this is

a clear violation of both the School's and the Union's equal opportunities statements.

The Women's Group itself is a dubious proposition. There are more women than men in this country, and indeed in the world, so they are not a minority. English undergraduates are in a minority, but I see no society to fight for our interests. I am sure that LSE has its

fair share of single mothers and rape victims, but is segregation going to solve anything? It never has in the past, in any area of discrimination, the very idea that a man cannot represent women's interests is blatantly sexist, all men suffer from period pains when their partners take it out on them, and abortion is as important to us as it is to you; we do have some

interest in the outcome. Unfortunately the feminists have a powerful weapon at their disposal, they can simply accuse anyone they argue with of sexism, and use the (false) assumption that the only judge of sexism is a woman. This is a very common and distasteful trick.

By now the outcome of the election will be known, and I do not think for a minute that the

equal rights candidate will have won. Of the last two Women Officers, one threw paint all over the AU office (allegedly) and got elected as General Secretary, and her successor left to live in a commune and defend trees, I am sure the Women's Group will continue its colourful contribution to LSE life, even if it is sexist.

Tim Price

Berlin: A Tale

Olivia Hirschberg

Since the reunification of East and West Germany 4 years ago, Berlin has not only attracted a huge amount of East Germans, but most notably a whole number of students from the now less so hip cities of Munich, Hamburg, Frankfurt and Dusseldorf. In a city of a population of 4 million, around 120,000 of these are students. What has attracted them to Berlin, what do they do, and why do they feel so at home here? What is the secret of Germany's most rapidly up and coming city?

Berlin is one of the few cities where you have history right in front of your eyes. You can see it in the buildings, soak it in through the atmosphere of the cafes and by observing Berlin's loyal inhabitants.

Although East Berlin is adapting western society and commerce very rapidly, the crass difference between the two parts hits you right in the face when crossing the ex-boarder. Eastern architecture is very triste, symmetric and strikingly bleak. The odd attempts to brighten it up through neon-signs only gives the streets an air of nouveau-try-hard-westernism, yet given a few years this part of the city will have fully adapted. The large amount of empty land where the barriers once stood in the middle of the city gives way for the construction of many new buildings, the Potsdamer Platz will hold business centres such as Mercedes and various international banks. Also the Lafayette Gallery will soon be found on the Friedrichstrasse. The residential areas of Prenzlauerberg and Schonhauserstrasse have attracted many students for the relatively inexpensive flat rentals (averaging 280 per month for a decent-sized two bedroom flat) and the beauty of the Victorian-style buildings which have been maintained over the years.

As for West Berlin, the most imposing historical building is the Kaiser Wilhelm-Gedachtniskirche, a neo-Gothic church, ruined in 1943. It has since been left in its derelict condition as a reminder of the horrors of war. Today the black and jagged remains of the original, known by the Berliners as the Broken Tooth, stand beside the shimmering blue reflections of stained glass from the new buildings flanking it.

This part of the city is overflowing with life and energy. A very interesting characteristic of the Berliner mentality is rooted in the post-second-world-war occupational period; namely the gratitude they bear for having remained a West German island in a communist country. This gratitude is reflected in their spiritual values, their sense for internationalism and their warmth vis-a-vis foreigners, especially the French, English and Americans. The experience of holding on together for 28 years has made them a people who thrive on togetherness, rejecting all anonymity (an aspect very prevalent in Munich's society, for example). Because Berliners were forced to live in such a close knit community for so long with limited possibilities of outlet, they have learnt to appreciate spiritual values more, as opposed to the sophisticated materialism and Chic which is the driving force of the societies in most other German cities. It is this down-to-earth atmosphere which has attracted so many students, who feel so much in their element with this mentality. This is very much reflected in the decor and atmosphere in the cafes, a meeting point for students, intellectuals and artists. They are mostly bare, offering only essentials in terms of both food and furniture, their cosiness is enhanced by candle light, the faded posters on the brick walls haven't been changed since the 1920's and 30's, the tables are either very small, seating a maxi-

mum of 4, or are commonly long wooden benches, inviting strangers to wine and dine together, or provide for a perfect meeting point for large discussion groups. Accordingly so, the menus offer a seemingly never-ending variety of coffees and teas, the drinks lists are five times longer than the food, which can be categorised into very basic, conventional mostly vegetarian dishes, such as omelettes, salads, pasta dishes, and so on. The atmospheres are very relaxed, as opposed to London's busy cafes, there is no unspoken pressure to order in relation to the time spent there.

The presently trendiest are Das Schwarze Cafe, Kantstrasse 148, (tel. 3138038) a 24-hour candle-lit caf' serving breakfast all day, closed on Tuesdays during the day. Cappuccino come in soup bowls for £2.50, otherwise there is plenty of beer and good food for reasonable prices. The Hardenberg Cafe, Hardenberg-strasse 10, (tel. 312-3330) is the most popular amongst the students at the Technische Universitat and the Hochschule der Kunste, when they are not at the university's "Mensa" (a McDonalds-style cafeteria, selling coffees for 25p and student nosh for less than £2), they wonder across the street to this loud train-station type of cafe, very smoky and full of undergraduates planning their change of the world. The menu is the same as that of Cafe Kant, Kantstrasse 135, (tel. 312-6479) owned by the same people. The twenty different types of coffees and the basic food will keep you sitting there all day. This is the least cosy of them all, yet its centrality promises an interesting crowd. For cheap pizzas it's worth looking into Ali Baba, Bleibtreustrasse 45, (tel. 881-1350) which is very popular for midnight bites. Either indulge in their simple Italian cuisine at the back of the restaurant, or take away a mini-pizza and escape the slightly dingy atmosphere where people come to be seen and not heard. Low-budget Berliners who are hungry late at night cannot resist a garlicky and very filling doner kebab to soak up the alcohol before going to bed. Doner shops are found on every street corner and each is of equal

quality. Price for a simple Doner with no trimmings: £2.50. Skales, Rosenthalerstrasse 13 (tel. 0172-309-3891)

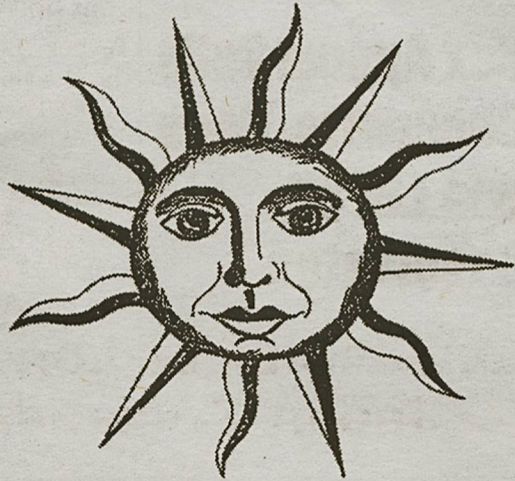
is trendy amongst the more sophisticated artists, the very 90's decor promises to attract such people. You're sure to bump into someone you know or seen on TV. Occasional live gigs gets the place swinging, Skales is otherwise known for its extravagant wine list. Yuppies and new-comers who still thrive on Ray-Bans like to be seen at Frulatti, Kurfurstendamm 20-24, (tel. 882-7828). Even during winter, they sit out on the terrace and watch the world go by. Not quite sure whether it's the food, the style or the first row which attracts young Berliners. Corresponding prices.

Eastern Berlin is more full of cafes which turn into bars at night, often with live-music venues. These are more funky, their common sixties-style gives them



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The Victory Column on the Strasse des 17. Juni

Photo: Landesbildstelle Berlin

of Two Cities

an atmosphere of nineties successfully made old, or their decor is more artistic in a seedy neo-gothic

bits. Graffiti and young artists' paintings on the wall, as well as a little raving floor in the basement attracts many punky Berliners, from East and West. Gigs are common on a Thursday night. Silberstein, at number 135 down the road caters for those who discuss the shape of the sculptures, or those who have come for a quick drink before moving on. Arkanoa, in Zossnerstasse is definitely worth spending some time in; the atmosphere is dark and dingy; look around and you'll find lots of fake spiders webs hanging from the ceiling, all chairs and bar stools are of a different style, most of them old barber's chairs found on a dump, or self-made steel trees with a seat on the top. No matter how gloomy all these places are, the prettiest girl walking in will not be harassed, neither here, nor on the streets. What strikes is how peaceable the majority seem to be - probably because of their own shocking history; they are a people most familiar with the horrors of war and its consequences. Most of these bars don't have telephones or tell me that no one knows the phone number. And as for the restaurants, it is very uncommon to make reservations, if one place is full, you go on to the next or take a drink at the bar.

style. The prices are the same in the two parts of the city, and many who live in the western part come to the bars in the east; in this sense the city is totally one. The common element of all these public places is that there are no licensing hours, owners are free to open and close their places when they wish, which commonly makes these bars, cafes and restaurants all in one. Oranienburgstrasse is full of trendy bars, notably Obst und Gemüse, at number 48, an old food market converted into a bar, while retaining its name, is perfect for a quick drink; their sandwich bar next door attracts hungry ravers late at night. Opposite, at number 54-56 is Tacheles, a groovy place with an amazing bar made up of unwanted steel

When these students aren't engaged in serious discussions, or even more serious beer-drinking, they often engage in cultural education. Museums aren't visited so regularly for the majority of these show one permanent collection only. Usually this will be one concerning the history of Berlin, most interesting though is the Haus am Checkpoint Charlie, Friedrichstrasse, just off Kochstrasse, (open 9 a.m. - 8 p.m.) which is dedicated to the Wall and escapology, showing amazing methods of escape used by those having attempted to escape to the West. Very popular amongst students are the so-called "Cabarets", where a good knowledge of German politics and especially appreciation of German humour

is needed to understand the political satire. These have established a long history in the Berlin student life. The best will be found in the Europa-Center, at the head of the Tauenzienstrasse, or otherwise in the Kleinkunstbühne Intimes Theater, Oranienstrasse 162, and Theater im Keller, Weserstrasse 211. Classical music concerts are popular amongst the more culturally sophisticated lot, the Berlin Philharmonie has a variety to offer; tickets are expensive, yet student reductions are common at the door shortly before the concerts begin. Their proper home is the spectacular Philharmonie building in the Tiergarten. Smaller concerts, recitals and opera and ballet performances are held at the Deutsche Oper, Bismarckstr. 34. Nearby, the Schiller Theater, Bismarckstrasse 110 offers the best of theatre and experimental work in their studio. Another company worth checking out is the Schaubühne am Lehniner Platz, Ku'damm 153, formed by a core of East German actors and directors long before the Wall came down.

As for shopping, the Kurfurstendamm and the area in its vicinity offers the most prestigious shops, yet those who know where to go frequently shop around the Technische Universität, where not-so-faulty goods from top brands are sold for less than half of the original prices. Secondhand clothes can be found in The Garage, a huge basement warehouse in Ahornstrasse, Nollendorf. Here, shirts, jeans, hats and coats are sold by the kilo. Similar is Kauf's im Kilo, Hermanstrasse 1-3, and Second Coming, Motzstrasse 15. Otherwise flea markets are very popular, the Nollendorf Flomarkt operates from ex-railway carriages, which is known for its variety in antique objects. The weekend market at Strasse des 17. Juni sells mostly poor quality goods, but its central position attracts those eager to kill time out-

doors out of guilt of having spent too much time in the bars last weekend.

Weekends are treated very much like weekdays, except that the day usually starts at around 3 p.m., after having spent the early hours of the morning in the clubs. Going out for breakfast is an essential part of the weekend (which is usually served 24 hours a day), friends meet in the cafes and sit and drink beer until they are ready to go out again. In the summer the lakes and forests around Berlin are perfect for relaxing, very popular is the Muggelsee, south-east of the city.

Berlin nightlife and the clubs are ever-changing; the popularity of a club doesn't last very long, which is a reason for the large variety. Dschungel, Nurnbergstrasse 53 has been voted the best by those in the know, otherwise presently popular clubs are Sox, Oranienstrasse 39, for young ravers, Linientreu, Buderpersterstrasse 40 and Metropol, Nollendorfplatz 5 are for older ravers. Abraxus, Kantstrasse 134 has Latin music and the entrance is free. Few operate an entrance charge of around £3. The eastern part is not so developed in club land; but things are flourishing in Prenzlauer Berg and Pankow areas. Bars with late night gigs are the best bet in this area.

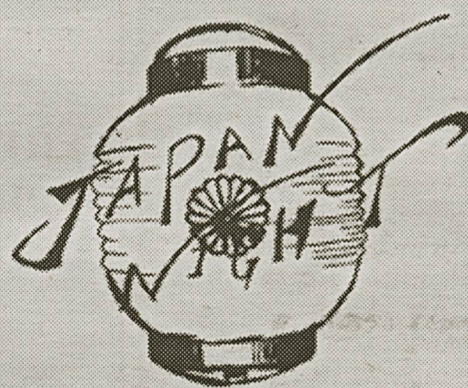
So even if you're not a student but are looking to spend some time in a metropolitan city which tends to direct life back to basics, Berlin is definitely worth a visit.

British Airways and Lufthansa have frequent daily flights to Berlin; from £139 return. For more information, phone the Berlin tourist offices on (0104930262-6031/313-9063/229-5209) which are open 8 a.m. to between 4-11 p.m. Alternatively, contact STA travel in the Quad at the LSE.



Schloss Charlottenberg

Photo: Landesbildstelle Berlin



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Busy Beaver

Oh my, it's been an absolute age since BB last exposed one's self for all to see, but as my dear old Grandma used to say, as long as you get out in the open at least once a term then all your vital organs will remain in tact. BB is keen to hear what happened on the AU trip to gay Paris but for now we'll have to make do with more domestic events.

BB was delighted to hear that our glorious Gen. Sec. Fitzzy has decided to give up the academic life and become an art student. Apparently she took time off last week to prepare for this major junction in her life by organizing her portfolio into some sort of respectable order. BB is wondering whether she will include her most famous piece 'AU In Dayglo Pink - Acquitted' (Aerosol on plaster 6' x 3') as part of her work. We do hope so.

Speaking of politicians, last week's elections delivered a couple of stories as well. According to Police reports, two of the prospective candidates, Bob Sick and Il Vocé, were picked up outside Lincoln's Inn Fields for lingering with intent (to flyposter the courts with their electoral propaganda). After a brief word from the boys in blue, the young ruffians were given a good clip around the ear and told not to do it again. Aren't our Police wonderful?

Not as wonderful as you lot out there for electing Ola Softfocus and Martin Stupid. Yep, the former "Couple of the Month" are to be reunited in Sabbatical harmony with adjoining offices as they ride off into the sunset along that Hershey Highway of life. Good luck to 'em, that's what I say and if I hear another word about Mr Stupid bribing the Constitution and Steering Committee in order to stay in the race I'll send Bernardo Duggan to talk to you. Don't think I don't mean it either, especially after Bernardo insisted on being a 'special friend' to each of the winners last Thursday. His most 'special friend' of the evening was Kate Tampon, who he insisted was going to win right up to that historic moment when she lost. Tart.

Love interest is blossoming in the hack circles once more. Job Spurting is doing just that with Francesca Mammoriés, Chairperson of that sad DSG hideaway, the Labour Club. Love is indeed blooming in the Labour Club, with that old rogue MC Steve Peakewankshaft coupling up with a certain young, fresh-faced lass from Carr Sindere.

Runner up for special mention of the week must go Mubin Cack, who attended the Eubank talk last week with the expressed intention of merely mentioning the borough of Tower Hamlets again. BB would like to know whether Mr Cack has ever been there or is he simply hoping that it's somewhere south of Islington?

Oh well, BB must fly. One needs an enema now and then, don't you know? I'll be back next week with some more juicy titbits for your consumption, until then, stay kinky, and remember, if someone knocks on your door while you're in a state of undress, just put your jeans on. After all, it could be a false alarm.

Smoking Kills

As I'm sure all you happy punters are aware, National No Smoking Day is on March 9th. With this in mind, Honeyrose have just launched four new brands of Herbal Cigarettes, of which we were privileged enough to receive a packet each. These fags are completely nicotine free and non-addictive.

On the basis of a thorough survey conducted from Beaver HQ, we can safely say that 8 out of 10 people who smoked them found them "fucking filthy". Thus, it is not surprising that these cigarettes are so non-addictive. Could you ever get ever get even mildly attached to the taste of decomposing faeces? Do you en-

joy the smell of pig's liver on a sunny day with the radiators on? If you do then these cigarettes are for you.

However, it still leaves us with a small problem - 80 of these "manure-ridden fags" and no one with an IQ low enough to bother smoking them. Thankfully Honeyrose have come to our rescue. In order to help those who want to give up smoking in this unnatural way, Honeyrose Herbal Cigarettes are giving away 5 kits worth £20 each. Each kit contains a Honeyrose T-shirt, a Honeyrose yo-yo, a Honeyrose lighter, a packet of 20 Honeyrose Deluxe cigarettes, and a Honeyrose leaflet.

To win one of these awesome kits, you must enter the Beaver orifice (E197) and smoke one of these cigarettes (and we want to see your butt). Then in not more than ten words you must tell us why you like to smoke Honeyrose. Closing date for the competition is on March 11th.

Do not despair if you do not get to win for Honeyrose herbal cigarettes are available from most good health food shops and cost between £1.15 and £1.35 for a pack of 20. As their slogan goes, "If you want to give up light up - Honeyrose Herbal Cigarettes", and if I were you, I'd believe it because you probably won't survive the experience to be able to smoke again.

Who Killed Bambi?

University Challenge is probably the most famous of all television quiz shows. It ran for 25 years between 1962 and 1987 on ITV and was hosted by Bamber Gascoigne. To many it was wickedly satirised by "The Young Ones" in the episode "Bambi", but during its run on television it was a highly regarded quiz programme of a high calibre and seen by many students as a pinnacle of their academic lives to appear on

University Challenge and hear those immortal words "Your starter for ten..."

Granada TV are bringing University Challenge back onto the screens next year, but the teams have to be sorted out this year. So here goes. Teams must consist of four members plus a reserve, one of whom must be team captain. All team members must be full time students (Postgraduate or Undergraduate) and should expect to be full time student in the 1994/

5 academic year, as that is when the series will be transmitted.

If you are interested in taking part and fit the qualification rule please contact Ron Voce C/o The Beaver E197, LSE. If there is a good response there will be a selection quiz organised. If not, Ron will chose the team. The series will be recorded in late June early July, so you must be available for around these date. "Now here's your three bonus questions for five..."

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Promises and Lies

David Whippe

For all of you missing the sabbatical elections, and there may be many judging by the pitiful turnout, it has been left to me to describe the torrid journey faced by each of the victors in their paths to glory. Most will be familiar with the rainforest depleting poster campaigns, but few were lucky enough to be present at the hustings where the mettle of the candidates was first truly tested. This is indeed unfortunate as the chance of seeing these aspiring politicians brown nose disgracefully for our votes was both rare and gratifying. Those who gained most from it though seemed to be the roving legions of hacks who occupied every seat in each venue, leaving bemused and timid residents standing at the back wondering just what the bugger was going on. Concerning the candidates themselves, their attributes were both far ranging and impressive, though largely devoid of charisma. The crowd was therefore forced to create its own entertainment, and thus any remote possibility of a speaker being heard was rendered non-existent by the cacophony of noise produced by their barracking.

The first post to be discussed was that of finance where our own Ron Voce appeared to be given an unassailable head start by the other candidates being too short to be visible. This was further capitalized upon when he revealed himself to be the only one with any ideas. As the other candidates struggled to find different ways of regurgitating what he had just said, it would have been a rash and foolhardy man to bet against him romping home in this one. At the final hurdle however, he was seen to stumble and fall, and it was left to some watery eyed female called Ola Budweiser to snatch victory from under his nose. This led many people to question the credentials needed to gain this

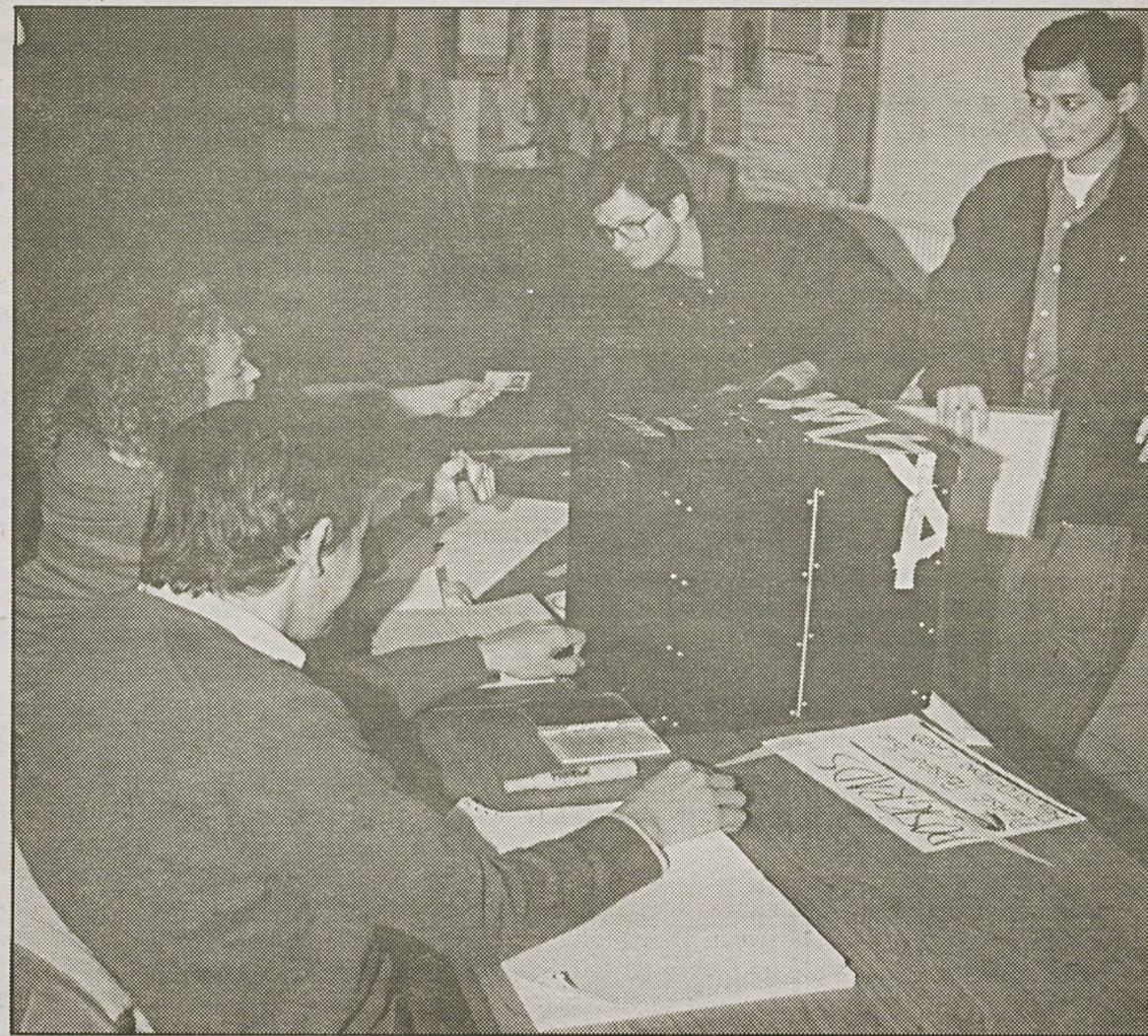


Photo: Beaver Staff

post, as everyone knows last years winner was Lola. The prevailing theory is that next years finance sabbatical will be a short dark-haired girl with the christian name "La".

A similar situation occurred in the struggle for Ents where the crowd favourite was clearly Rob Hick. Everything he said appeared to be greeted with the fanatical deluge of frenzied applause and worship usually reserved for rock stars and the L.S.E. seconds football squad. His obviously impending victory however was denied by a long haired soap dodger named Gary Delaney whom nobody seemed to have heard of before. The disappointment in the crowd was plainly obvious, and many offered the opinion that the L.S.E. had blown its one good chance for a credible ents officer. Rob congratulated Gary with the words "I don't mind losing to you," but it was clear that few others shared this generous tribute.

The race for the Welfare post was the only one consistently too close to call as the two front-runners Vini Ghatate and Kate Hampton slugged it out for pole position. It was obvious from the start that Vini had the express intent of sticking to the core issues, and his intimate knowledge of the Passfield phone system was a trump card which sent the other candidates reeling. The effect however was somewhat nullified when he repeated it for the thirty eighth time, and as derisory cries of "Tell us about the phones Vini" rang about the hall, Kate sensed her chance for a comeback. With startling tenacity, she gradually pulled herself back into contention, but it was sadly not to be her year as Vini held on at the final count.

The final position was that of Gen. Sec. for which all of the political heavyweights were out in force. It was not without its drama however as

this years joke vote Tom O'Reilly momentarily lost his "Jungle coolness" to chastise several unruly and inconsiderate members of the audience for chanting during the speeches. He then appeared to completely contradict himself by launching into a near faultless, and suspiciously well practised impression of a baboon during one of his opponents speeches. King Louie would indeed be displeased at this blatant lack of discipline. In his defence though, his Jungle Book spiel was genuinely funny for the first 496 repetitions until the audience finally began to tire of it. Their semi-embarrassed applause however was like a banana to an ape for all the medicinal affect it appeared to have on his ego.

Undoubtedly the star of the hustings was Raj Jethwa who was the main recipient of the affections of the aforementioned chanting section of the audience. Raj was fortunately born with a surname ending in the phoneme pronounced "Aah" which was resultantly rhymed with "Kumbaya" and "Cantona" to create several effective songs of support. This must be seen as a Godsend as it not an understatement to say that Raj was not born with the best public speaking capacity on earth. Backed by the audience however, it was clear that Raj was rapidly establishing himself as one of the front-runners of the campaign.

One man who was definitely not seen to run at the front was Denis Russell who rose to

speak amid a cacophony of yawns. He asked many important and searching questions of the crowd, but the main question appeared to be how many queries he had planted in the audience directed specifically at himself. "Too fucking many" agreed most, "I don't know what you're talking about" pleaded Gregor Claude.

Another no hoper was Mubin Haq who lived up to his pre-match billing and proceeded to "Bug and annoy" everyone. This was not only due to his milking of the death threat issue, but also because of the shiteness of his pseudo Cockney accent. As jibes of "I'll give you a monkey and a pony for that motor gov'nor" echoed about the auditorium, he plunged into ignominy in a blaze of single issue candidateness.

Returning Officer James Brown seemed to completely miss the point of the hustings which in most peoples eyes was to shout as loudly as possible at the candidates. James was of the opinion that they should actually be allowed to speak, which in retrospect was maybe not the wisest policy as most had very little to say which was rendered even more boring by the time most had heard it more than once. It was thus with trepidation that we looked toward the final hustings in the Quad, and with relief that we heard it was cancelled. One person who couldn't really care either way was Ralph Wilde who was bodily thrown out of the race for Gen. Sec. due to his malicious use of such cynical cheating tactics as sticking campaign leaflets in the library. A pretty heinous crime I think you'll agree, but as someone I know would say "The deed had been done dude," and the guy had to go.

Speaking of cheats, Martin Lewis, despite remarkably similar tactics was seen to prosper from this tragic loss to the race, and took on the mantle of being the only "Serious" opposition to the might of the Jethwa steamroller. As it was, justice was done over, and Raj was mugged of a victory by a jubilant Lewis. Stricken Jethwa supporters were left to rationalise with the word "Bastard cheat should have been kicked out with Wilde." All decisions were final however, and in the cold light of day, the whole L.S.E. was left to reflect upon the terrible idea that somehow we had managed to pick an even shittier bunch of sabbaticals than last time. In the words of Chris Cooper "We're fucked boys."

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Strike Out!

Denis Lim

"The Skriker" - NOT, as I first thought, a typographical error, but (by definition) a shapeshifter and death portent. Also the subject of acclaimed dramatist Caryl Churchill's new play, now at the Cottesloe auditorium of the Royal National Theatre.

The Skriker (Kathryn Hunter) preys on babies, assumes any form she wishes and makes you regurgitate pound coins or toads, depending on whether she likes you or not. She latches on to two teenage girls, Josie and Lily - the former grieving a lost baby, the latter expectant - and tries to lure them to the underworld.

The language contained in the play is dazzling - the Skriker's many monologues consist almost exclusively of clever word play, alliterative tongue-twisters, mixed metaphors, ridiculous rhymes, overlapping phrases tripping over each other and unfinished ideas shooting off at tangents every split second (pointless but priceless lines like "Jung men and Freud eggs" and "toxic waste paper basket case, salmonéphantiasis"). It's a baffling barrage of often unfathomable non sequiturs and it hits you with alarming force and leaves you reeling, dazed and, if you're the woman behind me, bristling with annoy-

ance ("Too clever for me" she huffs.) The Skriker's garbled stream-of-(semi)-consciousness nonsense can at times be infuriating, but it never fails to mesmerize.

Time for some grouches though: the skeleton of the play is tottering and rickety - a flimsy story dressed up with attractively-attired ghouls and clever-clever words. At times, it veers perilously close to outright pretentiousness - Churchill evidently cannot resist being meaningless and weird, for the sake of being meaningless and weird.

For one thing, her play employs a cast full of underworld spirits. The programme provides a cryptic, long-winded introduction to these characters. Not that it's even remotely necessary, mind - these spectres barely utter a word. They wander about the set for the entire duration - break into dance at random intervals, slide across the floor, shift furniture (their only truly useful purpose seems to be to dispense entirely with stage hands) - they may be amusing occasionally, but seem merely decorative and ultimately prove to be a dangerous distraction. Often, I ended up staring bemusedly at the antics of The Woman With The Green Hair and The Bloke On Stilts, more preoccupied with them than the comparatively drab duo of Josie and Lily. From the

looks on the faces around, at least half the theatre must have been itching to stand up and shout "WHAT'S - THE FUCKING POINT OF ALL THIS??"

But Kathryn Hunter, more than anyone or anything else, makes this a delight to watch - it's impossible to take your eyes off her. In an energetic, electrifying performance with costume changes bordering on the superhuman, she threatens to obliterate everyone and transform the whole thing into a one-woman show. One moment loud American tourist, the next, derelict old woman. Then suddenly she's a fairy and immediately after, a child in a playground.

It's a stylish production with well-choreographed movements and fine music accompaniment. The musical sequence which sees the ghosts welcoming Josie to the underworld is nothing short of spectacular.

Its weaknesses are almost immediately apparent, but "The Skriker" remains a highly watchable play. Of course, one still can't help feeling that Churchill is simply using her unquestionable ability to patch gaping holes in her half-baked story, but Kathryn Hunter's towering performance means that any flaw is rendered virtually insignificant. Churchill should be very grateful to her.

The Appliance of Science

Susha Lee-Shothaman

"The Life of Galileo" is the fairly self-explanatory title of the play by Bertolt Brecht, adapted for the Almeida Theatre by David Hare. Actually it is slightly misleading as the play only covers the latter part of Galileo's life (perhaps he should have written another instalment - "Galileo: The Early Years"?). But at two hours and forty minutes it certainly doesn't need extending. The lead role is acted by Richard Griffiths, known for his sterling contributions to drama in films such as "King Ralph" and "Naked Gun 2 1/2". The supporting cast includes Michael Gough and Edward de Souza.

The plot follows the fortunes of Galileo as he makes the discoveries that form the basis of modern science. These advances throw him increasingly into conflict with the Catholic Church as they begin to threaten its teachings. The Church preaches the Ptolemaic view of the universe where the earth is the centre, with the sun and other planets, encased in crystal spheres, revolving around it. It seems daft now and in fact was never something that made particular sense but rather something people needed to believe as it confirmed their opinion of man's place in the universe. Galileo, using the recently discovered telescope, which he passes off as his own invention, proves that the heretical Copernican concept of the cosmos is correct. His work is greeted with international acclaim, with the notable exception of the Church who warn him he is on dangerous ground.

Galileo believes, however, that there is "no virtue in ignorance" and that the truth will prevail. He allows his search for knowledge to take precedence over financial security and his family's happiness but ultimately not over the safety of his own life. When threatened with torture by the sinister Inquisition he recants and renounces his work. He ends the play a pathetic, broken figure.

Hare's thoroughly accessible adaptation is successful in skipping years yet maintaining a coherent structure and keeps the audience's attention until the end despite its length. However his use of contemporary terms, while being amusing, jars the otherwise historic detail, undermining its authenticity. The play deals with wide-ranging themes but contains an important human dimension. Galileo's conduct and betrayal of his principles affects his idealistic apprentice Andrea Sarti, played by Colin Tierney, and daughter, not only the development of science. The acting has emotional force and is uniformly good.

"The Life of Galileo" contrasts the unquestioning faith needed for religion to the necessarily doubting nature of science, but avoids making easy judgements. Brecht exposes the blindness and hypocrisy of the Church of the time but acknowledges the necessity for continuity and belief in a changing world, and how dangerous the truth can be. The play's themes of personal responsibility and the ethics of science cannot help but be relevant. It succeeds as an exploration of them and as a portrait of a very human man.

Lover-ly

Geoff Robertson

Amongst the new video releases this month, Polygram Video brings us 1992's "The Lover". Starring Jane March and Tony Leung, the film caused controversy when first released over its erotic nature. March was only seventeen at the time of filming, and was daubed the "Sinner from Pinner", amidst concerns over just how realistic the more intimate scenes are. Despite this (unfortunate?) conjecturing, the film grossed well at the box office and in video rental terms.

The story concerns the coming of age of a fifteen year old school-girl (March) in 1920's Indochina, through her passionate affair with a wealthy Chinese man (Leung). The plot is further complicated by the fact that the Chinese man is over twice her age, and that this affair is forbidden from both family sides. This leads Leung's father to disown him,

and to March's damnation from family and friends alike.

Director Jean Jacques Annaud (The Name of the Rose) has created what is certainly a steamy and electric piece. The photography is sumptuous, and the scenery looks great. But where the film really comes alive is in the bedroom scenes between March and Leung. Despite this being her first feature, March copes admirably with her role, and the spark between her and Leung is what keeps the film going. Outside these moments (with the exception of March's home life), the film loses much of its momentum, being fairly slow. This is not all a bad thing, however, because when March and Leung do stride back into the picture together, they electify even more.

This is certainly a great looking film, but really one for lovers to watch together only. One to snuggle up to with your partner on those cold winter nights.



Tony Leung eyes Jane March pensively in "The Lover"

Short Cuts to Success

Geoff Robertson

Robert Altman's follow up to the enormously popular "The Player" arrives at British cinemas this week. "Short Cuts", based on the writings of Raymond Carver, is quite possibly one of his most ambitious, and best works yet.

The film begins with a fleet of helicopters spraying above Los Angeles to kill medflies, setting a haze of yellow and brown over the city. From here, we're introduced to the first of our characters, and a series of meetings with the twenty plus major players of the film begins. Throughout the first hour or so of proceedings, we see the relationships, acquaintances and entire lives of the protagonists develop expertly and in an extremely subtle manner. This proves fairly hard work at first, but Altman's humour and the fantastic playing of the entire cast keep our interest, until, suddenly, you become dragged into this LA suburb world. The characters are linked through obscure, obvious, professional and often purely co-incidental ways, but some way or another, they all relate to the others within the film.

The cast is unbelievably good, and uniformly play (sometimes against type) their

down to earth, normal roles brilliantly. This may seem a strange thing to say, but when you consider the fact that people like Anne Archer and Andie McDowell are used to playing roles as beautiful, almost perfect women, portraying Joe Normal is a potential problem. Fortunately, it isn't, and we are treated to some great characterisations.

Tim Robbins is the arse-hole motorcycle cop, who cheats on his wife continuously, and takes his children's dog out with him one day to lose it. Jennifer Jason Leigh, pool cleaner Chris Penn's wife, is the voice at the end of a sex-line. As she tells her clients to abuse themselves with cotton buds, and talks of "blowing them off", she changes her babies' dirty nappies, without batting an eyelid. As Penn complains about her working in front of their kids, she retorts that he should be glad that she's got a job that allows her to be at home with them all day. Lyle Lovett also crops up as a drunken baker, who makes cruel calls to a customer whose child is run over because they don't come to pick up the birthday cake they've ordered.

As well as bringing humour to us, and life's quirks, Altman also brings some sadness. One of the more touching moments

is provided when Jack Lemmon visits his grandson in hospital, and tries to explain the circumstances that led to his marriage break-up to his own son. Clearly, he rues the past it very much, but is far too late to be able to change anything for the better.

It is easily possible to go on for hours about the characters and the circumstances they face, but this review has to end somewhere. Altman and co-writer Frank Barhydt have moulded Carver's short stories together and produced a supremely coherent film, which is framed by Annie Ross' singing throughout. This proves to be crucial to the structure of the film, and the jazz-y soundtrack acts as the backdrop to the film and also as a source of motivation within it. Ross and her daughter (played by Lori Singer), find it the only way they can communicate.

Don't be put off by the three hour running time. Short Cuts will amuse you and keep you entertained far beyond that. It will draw you into the world it defines, allowing you the overview it's characters desperately need, but the ability to understand and empathise with them at the same time. A must see for any serious filmgoer.



Anne Archer in Robert Altman's "Short Cuts"...just clowning around?

The New Menoza

Beaver Staff

The Gate Theatre's season of eighteenth-century comedies begins with "The New Menoza" by Jakob Lenz. Hardly a familiar name, so a quick summary of his biography is perhaps in order - Lenz was a contemporary of Goethe, largely ignored in his lifetime, but constantly "rediscovered" since. He died penniless in mysterious circumstances at age 41, the archetypal artist driven to madness. Well, the madness bit explains quite a lot, if you ask me.

"The New Menoza" tells of an Oriental prince (Peter Lindford, lapsing in and out of a worryingly inconsistent variety of accents) who journeys to Saxony in an attempt to educate himself. He stays with the von Biederlings, falls in love with their daughter and eventually marries her. Quite implausibly, it then transpires that he is hardly Oriental, but the son of the von Biederlings (DON'T ask). Alongside this,

there's a slightly confusing, rather confused sub-plot involving some lovesick Spaniards. But matters are resolved with a plot twist so predictable and overused (even hundreds of years ago, it must already have been completely exhausted), you can spot it a mile off.

"The New Menoza" is not so much a complex play as a determinedly directionless one. It isn't exactly the comedy it promises to be - providing only sporadic laughter and the occasional (very occasional) memorable line. Far too much time is spent on dull, overlong speeches which theorize and philosophize, but go absolutely nowhere. It shifts mode from lighthearted slapstick to portentous soliloquy at whiplash speed, which left me at first puzzled and then increasingly irritated.

Faced with the play's evident limitations, director David Fielding still manages to make the most of the situation, extracting maximum fun and laughter from the characters

with the most comedy potential. Most notably, the vampish, tantrum-throwing, cleavage-exposing Spanish countess (Deborah Findlay, with ridiculous, overdone accent) is a riot. Still, the humourless passages take their toll severely and it takes huge restraint not to glance at your watch every ten seconds.

The set is unremarkable and an identical pale blue backdrop for all the scenes, whether they take place in a Naumburg courtyard or a Leipzig street, merely adds to the pervasive sense of confusion.

After the constantly meandering path of the play, a relatively straightforward conclusion wouldn't have been too much to ask - or would it? The last but one scene would have made a satisfactory (if horribly conventional) ending, but Lenz insists on a senseless epilogue, even more pointless than anything else which came before it. Two minor characters go on about ennui and illusion. Metaphorically, puppets dangle from the ceiling. Then, with abso-



lutely no warning, it ends.

The Gate's current production is a follow-up to last year's successful reading at the Edinburgh Festival, but "The New Menoza" is clearly not an easy play to stage. (It must have been an absolute bastard to translate - Meredith Oakes deserves at least a mention). It makes much better reading than watching (The Gate kindly donated a copy of the text) and

it is, it would appear, resilient to even the most experienced and skilful of directors. David Fielding does an admirable job, trying to create some sort of focus. He props it up, lends some structure and his efforts are rewarded by a few delightful moments, but ultimately, inevitably and through little fault of his own, this amorphous play collapses in a very messy heap around him.

Sitting on the Fence on the dock of "Tiger Bay"

Denis Lim

It's Difficult Third Album time for Saint Etienne. Not that their first two, "Foxbase Alpha" and "So Tough" were by any means easy. In fact, Saint Etienne have always had a problem with albums. In the past three years, they've made some magnificent pop singles, but their two albums have been decidedly dodgy affairs.

"Tiger Bay" is purportedly Saint Etienne's folk album - a mind-boggling concept indeed. They've re-invented themselves apparently - gone are the embarrassingly kitsch, unashamedly throwaway but sometimes near-perfect pop and in their place, we have heavy basslines, ambient-dub(ish) atmospherics. The end results, it must be said, are highly dubious.

Some of their influences remain firmly mired in the '70s. First track, instrumental "Urban Clearway" is distinctly Kraftwerk-ish, only not nearly as good. Then "Former Lover" - Sarah

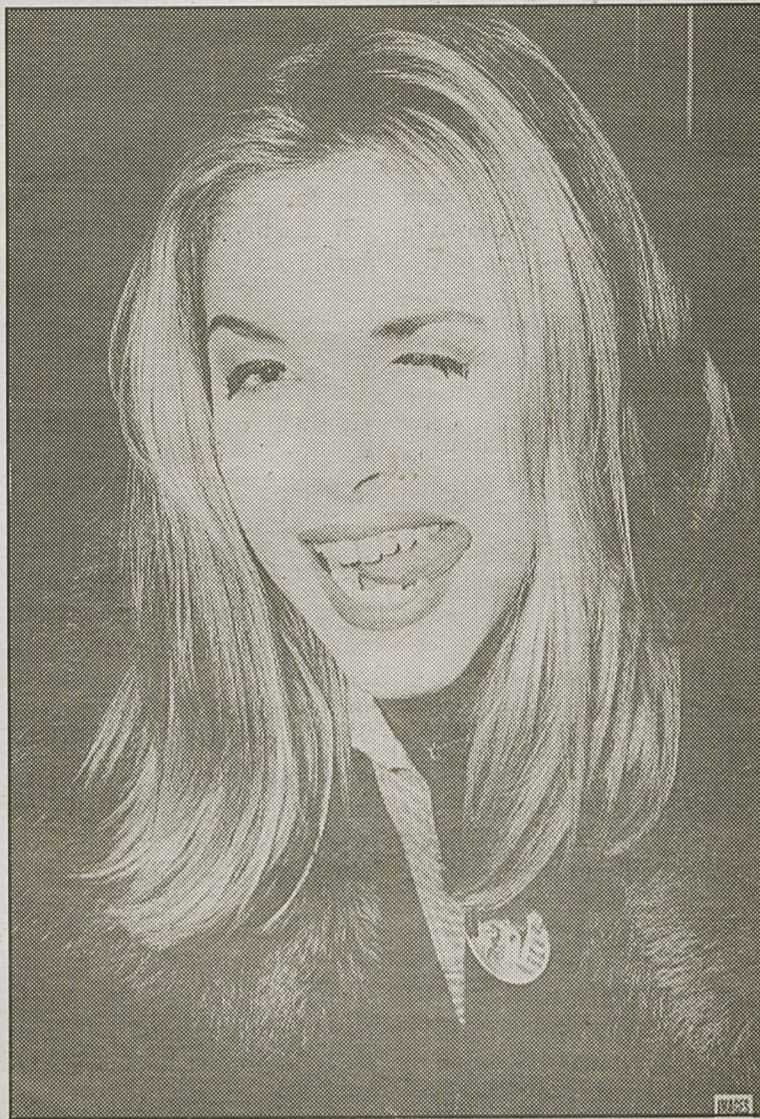
Cracknell breathes sexily about when she was a kitten over some unevenly-strummed arpeggios. Crap. "Hug My Soul" harks back to when they used to write choruses, but next to the likes of "Nothing Can Stop Us" and "Join Our Club", it's hopeless. "Like A Motorway" is Kraftwerk once again. "On The Shore", in which Shara Nelson pops in to sing on top of some annoying farty, bleepy noises, is terrible.

"Marble Lions" IS rather good if somewhat forgettable. "Pale Movie" isn't half bad, but it remains their second weakest single (the weakest being that Christmas embarrassment with Tim out of the Charlatans). Immediately after that, the rot sets in. "Cool Kids of Death" is irredeemably bland. "Western Wind", a traditional folk tune, appears either side of "Tankerville" - it's all segued into a seven minute yawnathon which features some lovely but extremely boring strings. Last track is "Boy Scouts of America" - more strings, more breathiness, more yawns.

"Tiger Bay" is what happens when bands Grow Up. When they stop doing what they do best (in Saint Etienne's case, it was crafting dazzling pop moments) and head off in a direction which they'd like to think of as experimental and innovative. Most times, they're wrong.

This is Saint Etienne's most consistent album to date, but that's because it's boring from start to finish. The impression is of a couple of blokes messing around in a studio and the result is barely passable background music. Tunes are conspicuously absent and the whole thing's so wispy it threatens to evaporate into non-existence - which, come to think of it, would probably have been better.

It's often said Saint Etienne are too clever. Don't give them that satisfaction. When people make albums like this (and expect other people to actually buy them), it has nothing whatsoever to do with cleverness - just arrogance of a very high order.



Sarah Cracknell, the "New Shirley Bassey", also from Tiger Bay

Ils sont Manifique! Ils sont Les Tattoos (exscuse ma francais!)

The Mighty Wah-Wah

The French have little going for them in terms of pop heroes of our time. It comes as no surprise, then, to discover that the French Government have introduced tight guidelines for their radio stations which prohibits the amount of 'foreign' music that they can play in a hour in order to promote 'home-grown talent'. Sacha Distel and Vanessa Paradis are one thing but the only thing France is famous for is Jim Morrison's grave ("If you book them, they will come"). You can't really blame us, then, for being a bit sceptical when we visited the Wag recently to see The Flame Tattoo, France's latest offering.

The Flame Tattoo have built up quite a following over the past year following their decision to leave France and set up camp over here ("Their spiritual home"). Their latest single has caused quite a rift between those bastions of Heavy Metal, Kerrang and Raw!, with the former

championing the band and the latter deriding them, resulting in the two having a punch up, probably. Anyway, that's all a matter of fact. The Wag was a strange venue to experience a rock band but it was nevertheless filled with bikers and the such, who intermingled with cameraman who were recording the event for future broadcast. Having arrived, bought the customary pints, we stood at the back and experienced the Flame Tattoo. A short, but sweet, set, the Tattoos were impressive. Reminiscent of Aerosmith, with Free being distant cousins and Guns 'n' Roses almost blood brothers, they proved they could wail with the best of them. 'Good Lovin' was a particular highlight: fast, furious and with a harmonica backing.

Anyway, the rest of the bill was crap, the only other highlight of the evening was the certain owner of a Political pair of pants falling asleep on the bog. Phew! Rock 'n' Roll, baby. All we need to do now is include the free plug for the single which is available at Tower Records. Wow.

What's On!

What's On is still re-covering from Bozzie's heroics, so here are a few titbits for your perusal...

Monday 7th

The LSE Investment Society presents "Emerging Markets in Latin America". Speaker: Mr Jean de Bau, Foreign & Colonial Emerging Markets. 5pm, S50.

Tuesday 8th

"Why Did The Holocaust Happen?" LSE Anti Nazi League are meeting from 1-2pm in the New Theatre. Speakers should include Esther Brunstein (Auschwitz survivor), Bernie Grant MP (invited) and Rahul Patel (ANL national organiser). All welcome.

Wednesday 9th

Eastern Vision Forum in conjunction with "TV Asia" present a panel discussion on "Third World Aid". The panel will consist of 8 LSE students and will be presented by a host from TV Asia, who will be filming the event for future transmission. In the New Theatre from 2.30pm.

6pm Senior Dining Room The LSE Foundation Careers Evening. Enjoy an informal discussion with people who have professional expertise, can answer questions and comment on training options. All welcome.

Thursday 10th

The All New History Society are holding a drinks party for all those interested in helping this new society (both un-

dergraduates & postgrads are welcome). Meet in the International History Study Room (E509) at 6pm.

Friday 11th

The usual Disco in The Underground starts at 9pm.

Saturday 12th

The Voodoo Queens are playing the LSE! Watch posters for further details.



The Voodoo Queens who are playing the LSE on Saturday

CLUB NOISE

NUMBER
ELEVEN



PLYMOUTH
ARGYLE

Pete Woodcock

Plymouth Argyle (or Peter Shilton's Plymouth as they have become known to the popular press) are on the crest of a wave at the moment. The green and white stripes of the true "pride of Devon" are unbeaten since November and have won the manager of the month award for Peter Shilton in December. However things have not always been this good since the new player-manager arrived midway through the season before last. Indeed the first thing the esteemed ex-England goalkeeper (just in case any of you out there don't know who Peter Shilton is) did was sell or best player Rhys Wilmont (surprisingly enough also another goalkeeper), and then get us relegated to division two. However he has probably done enough now in order to gain the forgiveness of even the most unforgiving of west country people.

Indeed if you went down to Home park you would not only see an ex England goalkeeper, but also perhaps a future England goalkeeper in young Adrian Nicholls. It is also a

tribute to Plymouth's success that Dwight Marshall's clinical strike versus Barnsley in the fourth round of the F.A. cup reached the dizzy heights of being one of the fifteen goals nominated by "Match of the Day" for the Goal of the Month competition. Plymouth also are still the last third division club to have reached the semi-finals in the F.A. cup competition way back in 1984. Villa park was graced with our appearance, where we were beaten by all clubs, Watford. And we put up a good fight this year in the F.A. Cup, eventually going out to Barnsley after a replay.

It has often been claimed that the people of the West Country are not interested in football, however this thesis has been exposed as the charlatan it really is by the boost in crowds Plymouth have reaped over the past weeks. On Boxing Day over 15,000 people crammed through the turnstiles at home park to see Plymouth destroy Fulham - bad luck against YEOVIL by the way (Now, now, come down lads - NA) - indeed this is more people than actually pay to see

Fulham play in an entire season down at "The Cottage". The Plymouth fans can feel assured in the Knowledge that this success will continue as the side crafted by Shilton are full of young players. Indeed players such as Kevin Nugent and Steve Castle are bound to become household names just as other famous Plymouth landmarks are such as Drake, the Mayflower, "the Hoe" and Tommy Tynan.

Plymouth are one of the few teams who have never actually played in the top flight of the football league, yet many believe now that our time has come (You are joking, aren't you? - NA). Even though our advanced cup commitments have let our strong second place in the Endsleigh Second Division slip, there can be few teams in the League feared more than Plymouth. Indeed our stadium has a 25,000 capacity, and has parking facilities that any premier league (oops sorry, "premiership") team would be proud of, yes you can certainly park your car at Plymouth. So watch out, as the Pilgrim's progress is bound to continue.



The Uruguayan World Cup Winning Side of 1930. Nothing to do with Plymouth Argyle, though.

Famous Last Words In History

By
NP Flywheel BA

Number 9:
Bill Hicks

"At least you've still got John Candy !"

No Score (after extra-time)

Hands of God

Maradona's wasn't the first. In 1939 Silvio Piola's first goal for Italy against England in the San Siro Stadium was punched into the back of the net. The follow-through gave right back George Male a black eye. But England's supporters have little cause to complain. Thirty seconds from the end of a game against Scotland in 1890 either Percy Walters or Harry Allen ('Allen, I Believe' said the Athletic News) handled to prevent a certain goal and robbing Scotland of victory. More recently the Hand of Stuart Pearce kept out Muller's goal-bound shot as England beat Brazil 1-0 at Wembley in 1990.

10 Stupid Things to Attempt to Take Out of the National Gallery

1. The Piss
2. One of the curators in a sack
3. A wild animal - they haven't got any
4. The cloakroom
5. The frame of the most valuable painting on display
6. A girlie art student
7. The foundations
8. A cup of tea from the cafeteria, balanced on your head
9. The Floors
10. 'In the Park' by Claude Monet (It's in the Tate)

Since the introduction of the FIFA rule that stipulates that cycling shorts worn under a player's kit must be the same colour a lot of teams have come unstuck but none more so than 2nd Division Blackpool. It took the Seasiders over two months to find a set of tangerine coloured thermopants. Physio Steve Redmond eventually spotted some on the bargain rail in a local sports shop and bought the lot.

6 Stupid People to Fantasize About Whilst on the Job

1. Dot Cotton
2. Martin Lewis
3. General Urko from Planet of the Apes
4. George Bernard Shaw
5. Tony Adams
6. Bernado Duggan

Dan O'Leary, of the Port Huron Baseball team, came to bat against Peoria in the Minor Leagues with the score tied. O'Leary hit what may have been the first Home Run of his career. After rounding the bases he was declared out. He had run around the bases the wrong way.

10 Things You Should Definitely Insist in When You Have a Vasectomy

1. Anaesthetic
2. Sterilised Equipment
3. A surgeon who doesn't bear a grudge Against You
4. A surgeon who doesn't want to prove to his best mate that he could do the operation with his eyes shut
5. A surgeon who is a real surgeon and not some looney in a white coat who wandered into the hospital off the streets
6. A surgeon who has done the operation before
7. The operation taking place in a proper operating theatre and not on a table in the Brunch Bowl surrounded by half a dozen old cups of coffee and a sticky bun.
8. A surgeon who doesn't suffer from epilepsy
9. Or hiccups
10. Proper stitches, not rivets, staples or a big bulldog clip

Yugoslavian player Jovan Radulic was so pissed-off when he was dismissed by Referee Jose Kovacic that he jumped in his car and drove straight at the man in black. The Ref, however, headed for the dressing room but this didn't deter Radulic who proceeded to drive straight through the doors

No Score (after extra time)
©1994 The House of Strop

Houghton Street Harry

You would not believe the week I've had. It is all a massive carve up on the part of my friends Lloyds Bank. Over the course of this year I've been skint, loaded, skint, loaded and now my personal banker has been on the phone to the IMF regarding restructuring my account. Indeed, only last week I got a letter of sympathy and advice from General Jaruzelski after he managed to run up a debt that makes our trade deficit look like my slate at the Boot. I have got a major phobia about opening letters and frankly it shouldn't be a surprise to anybody who, like me, is in the Viv Nicholson fan club. Unfortunately, I did bother to open one the other day and discovered to my surprise that my personal banker had decided to link my loan interest to that of Brazil's. The upshot of all this is that when I tried to extend my credit facility they told me to swivel.

When the going gets tough the tough try to cut their cloth accordingly. This has resulted in a few changes to my previously flamboyant lifestyle. For example I no longer wash a pie down with blackcurrant cordial. I now gorge myself on stale bread and water. After this week of poverty we resorted to some lab experiments to maximise our food intake and minimize our budget. We discovered that if the water is luke-warm it helps expand the bread in your stomach and you feel very bloated indeed. Another trick is to switch over when the tea-time adverts are on to avoid seeing over-fed ten year olds stuffing themselves with tasty treats out of my price range (like fish fingers for example).

This current credit squeeze has also put the brakes on swigging alcoholic pop and I've had to look for my highs elsewhere. The suggestion I got from an artful dodger from home was to buy a carton of milk and a jar of nutmeg. Apparently nutmeg might be tasty on your rice pudding, but it is also highly toxic. The result is that if you drop a large tablespoon full into a cup of milk you will consequently feel not just drunk, but as high as a kite for anything up to a week. This works like a charm, but you are incapable of speaking for the duration as well (this is surely positive for some) and your eyes will not focus for more than a handful of seconds at any one time. This can cause problems when trying to write your essays. So if you are poor, don't bother doing any work.

Having always wanting to lose a little weight this abject poverty led me to try the Bobby Sands Diet for a couple of days. The pounds just fell off, but hey, what on earth do you expect for taking part in a controlled experiment in 3rd World famine. They say that our High Street banks are screwing the Developing World, well screw you, what about me! No cash, they cut my American Express card up into a handy pocket-sized jigsaw, alerted every food emporium in the Capital that I wasn't to be trusted, and to top it all when I asked if I could extend my over-draft my personal banker told me that with respect I should go force and multiply. What next? I nearly nicked a banjo to go busking with, but decided I couldn't play the bugger anyway so I decided to borrow a baby and walk up and down Tube trains pretending I'm a refugee. It's not that difficult to do. All you need is a knackered bit of old cardboard with some illegible scrawl on it to the tune of "God, I'm well unlucky and bloody starving. I'm foreign and I carelessly got up the duff so I'm lumbered with this little brat, and he needs Nike trainers or he'll never have any mates. Please give generously" The technique is to shove it in commuters' faces and look really pissed off. If you apply yourself correctly you'll soon have the deposit for a penthouse in Pimlico. Meanwhile, I'm bloody starving!

Stick It!

Hockey Lasses Do It In their Skirts

KCH 1 LSE 3

Sarah Opie

Another win for the women's hockey team has put them firmly on track for a triumphant end to the 1993/94 season. As for the men's team who consistently felt the need to make us the butt of their jokes, there being a particular association between women's sport and butts, we have just one thing to say to you . . . "YOU'RE NOT SINGING ANY MORE"

The afternoon started well when a fine turnout of 12 girls (with 12 sticks) descended on sunny Dulwich to find that KCH had just 9 players. Curiously enough we turned down their request to add 2 male players to their side - funny that, in a women's league - and the game got underway.

Despite conceding an early goal against only 9 players we soon proved to be the better side (What a surprise, eh!-Ed.). The first goal was scored by Anne after Rita (it's that girl again)

provided a superb cross. The next goal was a little more tricky as it was scored by . . . well, everybody really as it trickled across the line. Finally Ruhksana in her debut game sealed the win with a truly scrumptious shot.

The whole game was a great team effort despite the efforts of the opposition to turn it into a football game (At last some sense in the game of hockey-Ed.). Congratulations and celebrations for everyone who played, keep up the good work!

Paris By Proxy

Ah, Paris. The gorgeous-little-fun-bundles that are the AU have gone to experience culture, wine, women, puking, a bit of rugby and hopefully no victims of alcohol poisoning à la Jonathon Bradburn, so get those beers in while its quiet. Of course, some of those who have gone are going for the delights of Paris as seen on the right. Others will see the delights of Paris, as seen on the right, but in a hazed blurred way. Or through the bars of a police cell. Odds on its Mutley, arrested for his attempts to swim the Seine. Second favourite is Angus Kinnear for being drunk and disorderly (after half a glass of Double Diamond, probly). But as they say in France, that's life.



The delights of Paris. Looks like Blackpool to me, mate.

Graveson Sees Red as Third Dismissal Rocks The Boat

Ian Staples

Club captain Andrew Graveson declared "I'm not a happy camper!" after Edward Elkin became the third LSE player to take an early bath this season. In spite of regularly lifting the ULU Least Popular Club of The Year the football club rarely suffers at the hands of the men in black. Since Graveson gabbed the tiller last March many people are claiming he has lost control of his mutineering troops. This however is not the case. The three culprits all claim to have followed the skipper's orders to (I quote) ". . . kick their ****ing knees off

lads". First to go was Davies, a victim of some appalling refereeing. Even after protests to ULU to get the offending ref suspended he has continued to officiate over LSE games. He is described by his mother as a lovely, caring boy, but by most players as a blind, cheating git (Sorry Ian, but they do say call a spade a spade-Ed.). Next into the sin bin was Staples after yet another decision that conclusively proves that refs have no fathers. With Elkin being given his marching orders for a much overdue berating of Fat Frank one wonders what the world is coming to. Davies, Staples and Elkin put on a united front when they issued this statement: "

We all agree that there can be no justice in the world of football while we have had our reputations dirtied and Chopper Smith still looks like the Angel Gabriel. We whole-heartedly endorse a policy of capital sentences for refs who make such outrageous errors. They should take a leaf out of Mr. Handbrooke's book and allow LSE players to carry guns and knives without any form of caution. This would allow us to get on with the business of playing football without fear of injury" Graveson added to this by warning that if this inconsistency among refs remains, the prospect of getting a clean, fair game are minimal.