



Sir Ralf Revisited

By Beaver Staff

Sir Ralf Dahrendorf, former Director of the LSE,

started the lecture series named "The Good Society" in the Old Theatre on Thursday last week. Speaking to a packed audience, which included a high proportion of alumni and guests, Dahrendorf began by saying it was "moving to come back to the LSE."

He then immediately launched into an intellectual tour de force, which kept almost all of the audience under pressure as they tried to follow his argument. Referring to the fall of communism, Dahrendorf said that "Utopia expired in the final weeks of 1989." There had been few attempts to save her and there had also been the feeling that it had been "rather a good riddance."

The dream of creating a better society by totalitarian means had left an "unending trail of terror" as well as a "harvest of sorrow, of Gulag and Auschwitz."

In an allusion contradicting Francis Fukuyama, he said that following the fall of the totalitarian regimes in the Eastern Bloc, there now was "too much history."

At the same time the noise and drama of those transformations in the East had "almost drowned out another departure: the passing out of the planning of a Good Society."

Dahrendorf pointed out that the planning of a Good Society had been an approach envisaged by the founders of the LSE. By now, he said, this approach was defunct. He added that the "concerted effort to create a machinery for improvement has come to grief. Few now believe that humans can organise their affairs com-

prehensively."

The planning approach itself had neglected human life itself. Simple needs like happiness and enjoyment had been disregarded altogether. By quoting several writers on the subject, Dahrendorf pointed out that the idea of benevolent gradual collectivism had been a "great deception".

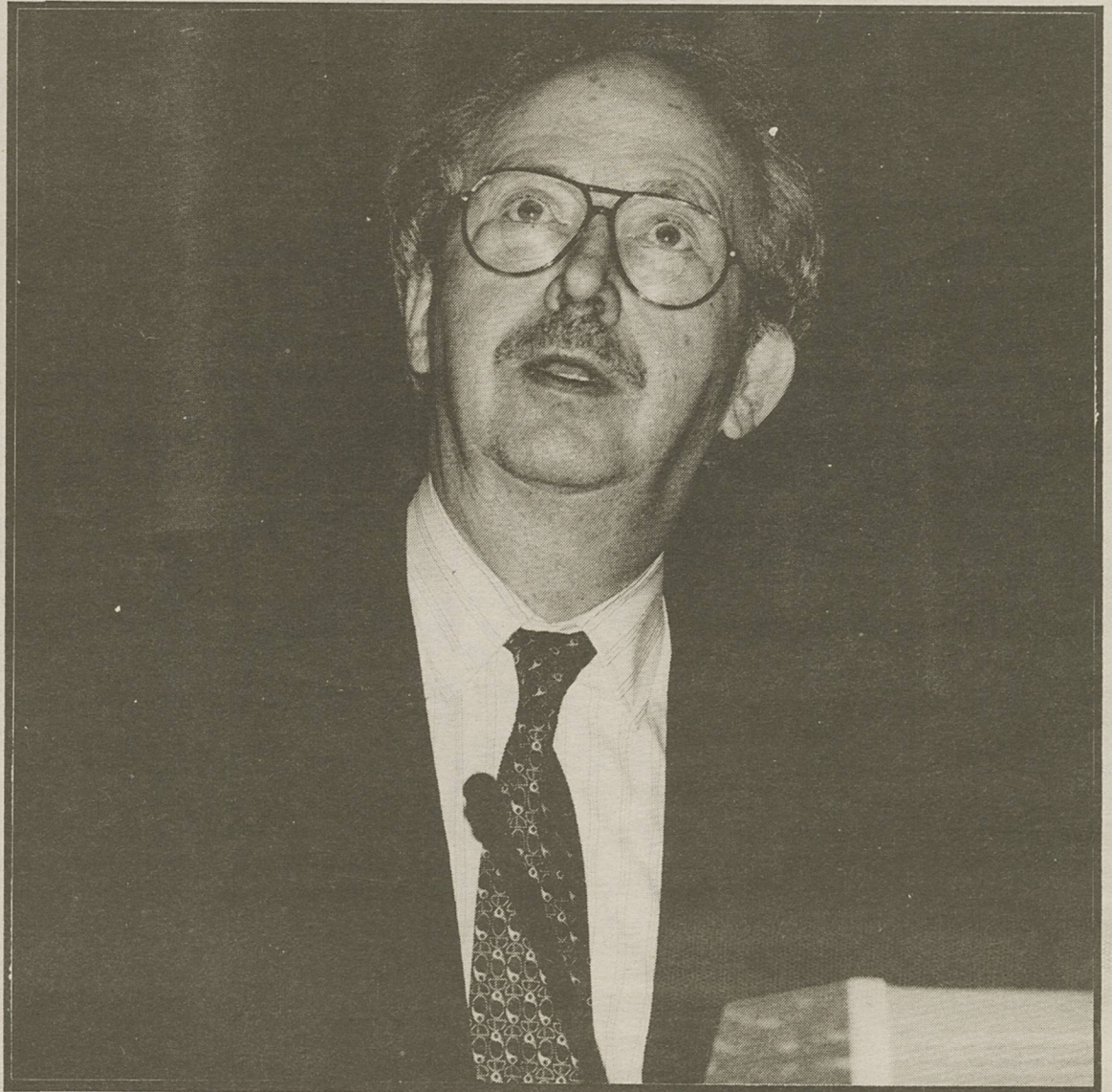
Instead, as humans we were "imperfect in a world of uncertainty."

In such a world one could not rely on superior wisdom. We could only be "Ambassadors of Trust in a fearful world".

The visions of both Vaclav Havel and Graham Wallas concerning a "Good Society" had been nostalgic and rural. Dahrendorf expressed sympathy with those views, which, he said, sprang from a "fertile imagination". But he made it clear that he could not bring himself to share these visions.

Part of the dissenting views on society were on whether and how morality should be turned into politics. Dahrendorf stressed that he remained an individualist, without being a cultural relativist. He maintained that he would staunchly defend the concept of an Open Society, as advocated by Karl Popper. But he did not believe in forcing individuals "to be good."

The way forward was not totalitarian coercion into such a "Good Society." Nor was there another singular 'Vision' to be advocated. At the same time one had to go the path of improving society as it was. Dahrendorf concluded by saying that "somewhere along this path, we might discover the path which leads from the Great to the Open to the Good Society."



Sir Ralf Dahrendorf takes a look at 'The Good Society'

Photo: Steve East

End Of Entertainments?

The £8000 annual Union allocation to the Entertainments Officer Jonny Bradburn has been spent. This means that there will be no more entertainments covered by the Union budget this academic year.

Why has this happened so soon?

When Bradburn took over the post as Ents Officer of the LSESU he decided to opt for a 'high quality policy', which meant putting on as much "good" entertainment as he could. In the hope that this would generate profits, he thus decided to spend high proportions of his budget on organising

top class events. He knew he was taking a risk of losing money if the plan did not go accordingly.

The events put on by the Union this term have, to say the least, not fulfilled Bradburn's hopes. When asked about the speculations of bad management and low publicity he defended himself by saying that if "300 posters and hundreds of fliers around the school, the halls as well as the inter-collegiate halls is not enough then what is?"

A few weeks ago when "Microgroove", a well known band within the London music scene, (or so Bradburn told the Bea-

ver), came to play at the LSE. Twenty people turned up for the event. This, says Bradburn, can not be explained by bad management or low publicity. Instead he blamed student apathy, recession, more pressure to get a good degree and the varied audience at the LSE who obviously prefer to spend their social life outside the School.

At last weeks Student's Union Executive Meeting the Ents Officer had claimed that he personally did not see "the need for an Ents Sabbatical at the LSE due to lack of demand for organised student events."

According to the other sabbaticals in the Union, blaming lack of demand or 'student apathy' for the low turnout at events is simply not telling the whole truth. Fazile Zahir, General Secretary of the LSESU, said there are other reasons as to why things are looking so bad. The LSE first of all does not have the facilities to host for major events which would almost guarantee good turnout of students. "Good bands can simply not come to LSE because of our venue." Late night parties are also impossible to hold at the School due to the licence
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Union Jack

Jack knows a thing or two about football. It's a game of two halves, innit?

The excitement began when Fazza, the LSE Thursdays mercurial striker, atoned for last week's own goal. It is the government and not the people of Greek Cyprus she dislikes and mistrusts. Clearly, this is not racist. Referee Simon, noting last night's result (England 4, Turkey 0), explained why there was no injury time last week. Speaking for The Manageress (Emma B), Simon told us our line-up would be the same as last week.

Fazza (Yes, we got dicked!) brought in the ball. Gazza of Connaught House FC will be on loan to our side for a day. Arfur Scargill, on loan all year, will appear next week. Spurl the Pearl passed off to PHarris of Luton Town, who told us that the all-seater Masters courses would probably not have to be paid for by full-cost debentures. Plus, we the fans will have access to the fixtures lists. Finally, Jonners took the cross and blamed the West London Institute rugby side for trashing the Islamic Society display in the Quad last night. The terraced majority rose to cheer plans to produce Jeremy Paxman at LSE. Score 1-0.

Next, Millwall Neil marked Fazza closely about her experience at Wembley last night. Because she arrived after the first two goals and missed the fourth because a Turkish supporter was being arrested for skinning up, her favourite England goal was the superb third one. The Lion Roared. Bernardo tried to dispossess her, but she ran circles around him. 'If you want to go out with me, why don't you ask?' Honestly, someone must have been offside, because this is football, not Blind Date. Simon looked at his watch, and we changed sides for the second half.

On the pitch of the Irish Abortion referendum, Joan O'Mahony ceded her place on the left wing to retired Ivana Bacic, who vainly sought out the defenders but was left alone and unmarked to find the back of the net from close range, making it 2-0.

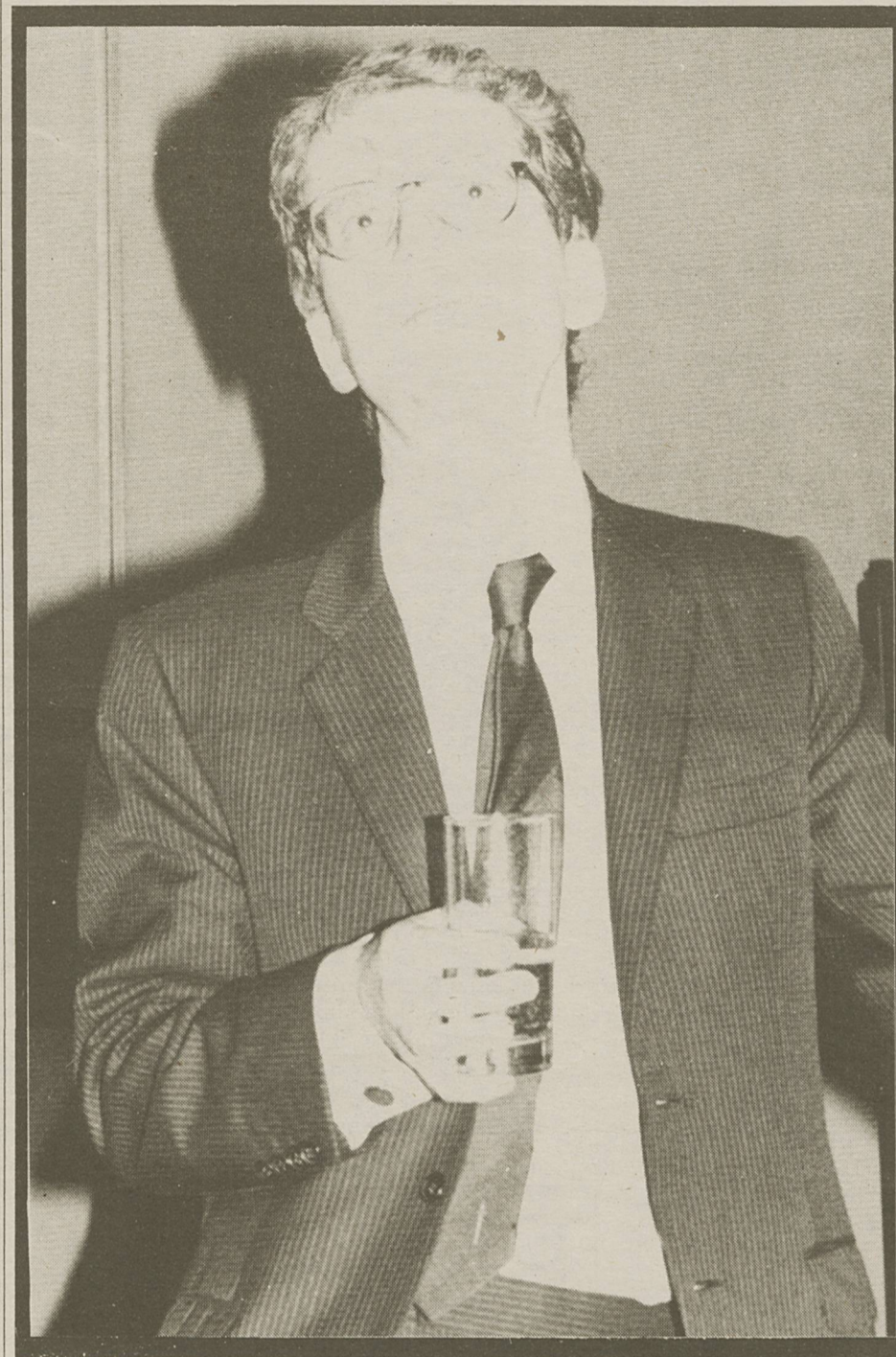
With the course of play taking a turn for the Asylum Bill motion, defender (of the people) George Binette stood firm against all challengers. Woody tried some fancy footwork, but his numbers didn't add up. So, after Steve (John) Thomas was nearly shown the red card, the other side did try to make some of the running. Yet another Tory first-time speaker received copious abuse. His stream of plummy and whiny words were not that different from some old Classics professor's 'rivers of blood' comments. After he admitted no parallels between the situations in Bosnia and 1935 Germany, Simon awarded a penalty kick and the score stood at 3-0.

Andy Baly then tried to create open space on the NUS. Gavin Blackburn Rover stood firm and suggested Andy try again at practise the next day, when the Thursdays meet in Council. This was to be our XIs only set-back, putting things at 3-1. Spurl then came back onto the pitch briefly to change the rules of the game with an easy Constitutional Amendment, restoring the three-goal margin.

Finally, PHarris moved play onto the subject of a pitch for our junior squad. He passed off to someone who was either Tammi Clark or Kate Moriarty. As the nursery can no longer use Lincoln's Inn Fields, a rooftop area should be safely enclosed for five-a-side play. Phoebe, her heart always in the right place, feared for the little gorillas, but again the goalkeeper was frustrated and the score stood at 5-1 when Simon ended play.

A Catastrophe for Keating

Photo: Steve East



'Maverick' Keating packed C120 in Clare Market Last Thursday.

Last Thursday, 19 November 1992 the LSE Economics Society arranged a lecture by Giles Keating titled "Is Britain heading for catastrophe?"

Mr. Keating, who was introduced to the audience by Rachel Fisher, one of the chairpersons of the Economics Society, is Chief Economist and Executive Director of Credit Suisse First Boston Ltd. He graduated from Oxford University and pursued his Masters in Econometrics at the LSE. The lecture was delivered in a packed room, C120, in the Clare Market Building.

Mr. Keating began his lecture by emphasising that "the model of yesterday was not relevant today." He identified debt deflation and lack of application of technology as the main problems facing today's Britain. He maintained that the exchange rate had little to do with

the current situation. He also identified the monetary policy adopted by Sweden to establish its currency, as a precedent to its economic collapse.

According to him the problem faced by industrialised nations today is the competition with regard to countries aiming for NIC (Newly Industrialised Country) status. Mr. Keating reinforced this opinion by citing the increase in exports to the US by China, China's increased growth rate and depreciation in US economy. The fact that wages paid by British Steel to its employees are four times those paid by Korean counterparts suggests that we are in the "wrong part of hyperspace". Big companies were resorting to the NIC's to increase monopoly rent and balance the fruits of labour from both sections of the world. Keating said that the

present world was a "lot more subtle" than in the 1930's. He claimed that Europe and the US cannot and will not do anything about the rising share of production from the NIC's.

Mr. Keating believed that the UK is not exploiting technology to its full potential and added that the revenues obtained from technological advancement should be sublimated to float private production companies.

The lecture, delivered in a down to earth manner lasted for a half hour and the views expressed, justified The Independent's terming of Mr. Keating as a maverick. He concluded that a total economic catastrophe in Britain is unlikely. The audience expressed their admiration and satisfaction by appreciative applause at the end of the lecture.

Tony Thirulinganathan

End of Entertainments (continued from front page)

and security regulations which are very strict on giving extensions after 11 pm.

Zahir did point out that some of the money certainly could have been better spent, or not spent at all, and for this she blamed the lack of organisation of entertainments. She said: "Organising student events takes up a lot of time and the person responsible for it has to be prepared to spend time plugging and selling the tickets, especially when times are hard like now."

Zahir believed the best solution would be to have an "Ents Manager" instead of a sabbatical.

Such a person would act more responsibly and have a 'proper 9-5 job'. However, the Union's Finance Officer, John Spurling, disagreed with Zahir on this suggestion. An Entertainments Manager would cost the Union more money and, according to Spurling, the LSE simply does not have the audience or the workload that requires an Ents Manager. Spurling suggests instead that the sabbaticals be reduced from four to three and that the tasks of the Entertainments sabbatical be distributed among the remaining three.

Since the Finance Officer already deals with the societies' finances, he/she would take full responsibility for the Societies and the General Secretary would concentrate on Union events. Bradburn agreed that three sabbaticals would be enough.

Although Zahir's answer to this was that it would be too much workload, which in turn would lead to a deterioration in the quality of student entertainment, she did stress the need for stronger commitment to the Societies. Generally the Union should work with the Societies in organising events. She said that "Societies are so important at LSE because we have such a varied audience and lots of talents and interesting ideas".

John Spurling is likely to present his proposals to the Executive but meanwhile we at the LSE are left with an Entertainments Officer who has spent all the money. In this academic year there will be no more events covered by Union funds.

By
Pernilla Malmfalt

LSE Security Update

Recent incidents at the LSE seem to reveal that something strange is going on in the School. Last Monday an active proponent of the Women Against Violence Against Women (WAVAW) was arrested in the precincts of the LSE. The person concerned has been involved in LSE life although she is not pursuing a course of study at present. A night porter had accosted her and demanded her identification card. When it turned out that she did not possess one the Charring Cross Metropolitan Police were contacted and they placed her under arrest. According to Beaver information, Student Union officials have been trying to secure her release.

Ironically that very same day a request by a member of staff who feared for her safety to one of the security officers on duty to remove an undesirable character loitering about in the vicinity of the LSE was not met. It appears that the security is making errors in its judgement when apprehending people.

Safety at LSE is a generic problem at LSE and is not confined to women alone. Teshar Fitzpatrick, Women's Officer (WO) at LSE intends to prepare a report to be presented to the School Administration. The cooperation of those students who have been subject to any form of fear or harassment is sought to enable this. Students and members of staff are encouraged to contact the WO. Strict confidentiality is ensured for those who fear any repercussions.

The WO feels that a safety unit and a system that would function in reality are prime concerns and must be established to put principles into practice. It is hoped that the School will finance this cause and make it a reality. Fitzpatrick makes the claim that incorporating identification badges for students in particular departments would limit the diversity at LSE. She has not substantiated that claim. Nevertheless, Fitzpatrick thought that it would be more beneficial to employ people who form part of the LSE community rather than companies.

Tony Thirulinganathan

Hall In Vain?

Inter-Halls Committee discussions on Future of Halls

The 13th of November saw a meeting of the Inter Halls Committee at Passfield Hall. This committee includes 10 student representatives, the Pro-Director of the School, all wardens of School accommodation and Robert Smith, the LSE Assistant Secretary (and lead singer with The Cure...ed.). Also present was Peter Harris, Equal Opportunities and Welfare Officer (WOF) of the Students Union.

The meeting started out with routine business: a decision was taken not to install corridor locks at

as new lifts), and regular maintenance (such as decoration).

Despite a well argued case from Dr Kuska, the Warden of Carr Saunders and the Maple and Fitzroy Street Flats, which was based on a different set of calculations than those put forward by the School, it seems the LSE will cease letting the flats in 1994. When asked what alternative provision the LSE would make for student accommodation, Mr Smith made mention of the adequate supply of property in the private

"the LSE will cease letting the flats in 1994"

Rosebery Hall to help prevent thefts from open rooms ("surely students can take a few seconds to lock their own doors"),

Craig Hickson was appointed as part-time Marketing Assistant and a proposal to have a sabbatical bar officer at Carr-Saunders was dropped.

After this the committee moved onto the future of the Maple and Fitzroy Street flats, which at the moment still are part of the Carr-Saunders complex. Robert Smith, talking for the School admitted to the group that the current lease for the residences with the Landlord LMS had lapsed at the end of the academic year 1991/92. In effect the School is squatting in the premises while the details of a new agreement are worked out. Mr Smith said that "it is quite normal for tenancy to commence before the exact details of the lease have been drawn up." This statement was met with the obvious incredulity of many of those present at the meeting. Smith also stated that due to new management, LMS were keen to extract the last possible penny from the School in any new agreement. Those demands did not just concern the amount of rent payable, but also provisions for capital expenditure (such

sector and also hinted that the School had shown an interest in a site in High Holborn, though he was not prepared to give any guarantees concerning the long term accommodation strategy.

The last item discussed was the future of the Inter Halls Committee. A proposal has gone to the Academic Board to replace the group with a Student Residence Committee. This would dramatically alter the balance between students, Wardens and School staff with the current slight majority of students giving way to the administration. Philip Gomm, speaking for Passfield, voiced concern over "the decision to restrict student input and influence on a body that was totally central to the welfare of the student group". It was left to Peter Harris and Ludwig Kanzler to propose an alternative structure for the new committee, which - while preserving some student and warden representation - also recognised both the need to streamline the meetings and the need for more School influence.

This proposal will now be put to the administration by Dr Perlman, the committee's Chairman, even though there is no full general agreement on it as yet.

Photo of the Week



"This House Believes in the Right of Abortion"

Photo: Steve East

Union Talks with Ashworth

Peter Harris, Welfare and Equal Opportunities Officer writes on his meeting with the Director:

"On Monday 16 November I met with Dr. John Ashworth, the Director of the School, for preliminary talks on his current vision for the future of the LSE, and Students' Union policy on this matter.

Two years ago, there was a proposal to the Academic Board of the School (perhaps the second most powerful committee) that advocated charging all Home and European Community Undergraduates a "top-up fee" from their own pockets.

Not surprisingly, in the climate of mounting student financial hardship, this proposal was immediately opposed by the SU, and subsequently rejected by the LSE.

This, with the decline in Government funding for the School, forms the background for the emergence of other disturbing proposals. Our bid for County Hall was made on a financial basis of expanding the number of high-fee students and even charging Home and EC Masters' students much higher fees.

The great danger facing us, as potential future Masters' students, was that these neo-privatisation proposals would be held-over even in the event of our not being able to convince the Government of the commercial

viability of our bid for the County Hall building - the former home of the former Greater London Council.

It is now clear that the Government's decision was political, and that no amount of accounting manipulation could have made our bid successful. Elements of the Union reacted rapidly to the threat of full Masters' fees, and our policy was made tighter.

Other Union policy this year, also initiated by the DSG, has demanded that the School should address the problems of overcrowding and underfunding. This is part of a coherent alternative strategy to the Director's, whereby both the short and long term viability of the LSE are ensured by the correct prioritisation of School expenditure. Books, computer terminals, student services, studentships and hall places have to be the focus of our Centenary Fundraising efforts - these form a foundation for academic quality.

Attempts to privatise the LSE (not in terms of ownership, but in terms of the forces to which we respond) only have in common their negative consequences for academic quality. Higher fees will be paid by those who can afford to substitute cash

for every grade below the entry requirement.

At my meeting, the Director stated that the proposals to increase Masters' fees were no longer the imminent threat. In my opinion this is consistent with the LSE reaction over our campaign against top-up fees. When the Director meets with disapproval from the Students' Union (or the Academic Board), his tactic is to switch proposal. In my opinion the Director should switch strategy not tactic and should spend less of his energy devising schemes to violate the low-fee sector of the student body.

This week I will take specific proposals to the Building Committee to gauge the level of co-operation we can expect from the School in our campaign against overcrowding.

In these uncertain times, the only conclusions for the Union are that we must continue to scrutinise the detail of LSE plans, and that we must remain ready to make our opinions heard."

We very much regret to have to announce the death of

Amardip Gill

who died in Carr-Saunders last week.

Happy talk ...

Tony Thirulinganathan explains the benefits of pessimism

It's rarely that one comes across a member of the human species who has never experienced a period of unhappiness during his/her lifetime. Adolescents in particular are plagued by such situations. If you give it some thought you might realise that the weltschmerz attitude adopted by most people in their late teens and early twenties and their assumed maturity contributes to such gloomy periods more than anything else. At one instant they are bubbling with joy; the next they embody gloom. It is an understatement to say that this state of affairs is detrimental to one's life.

One way to overcome this is to realise the empirical statement that is quite often overlooked mainly because of the lack of perception with regard to its applications. Every dark side has a corresponding bright side (that would annul or greatly reduce the adverse effects of the former if one realises it). Often the pessimist upholds the converse. If one tends to digress from stereotypical thinking and pessimism and adopts an optimistic attitude he/she would end up at the brighter side of the situation. After all

there is no point in worrying about the dark side once it has established itself. It would be a rare occurrence if the bright side attitude is inapplicable to a particular situation.

The results are highly positive and are immediately apparent in most cases. In the long run this is highly effective because it can have a great impact on one's social life and career. Employers are not prepared to pay for pessimistic or philistine outlooks. They require stoic and dynamic people who can handle and overcome adverse situations.

Not so fast you careerists. When one develops him-

self/herself into a "bright sider" he/she must ensure that they do not become introverted or complacent since these qualities may overshadow desired outcomes. The incorrigible optimist should exercise some care and discretion since others might at times consider him/her to be apocryphal or apathetic.

Busy Beaver in brief...

What it lacks in length,
it makes up for in
breadth ...

• Mad ex-Queen Beaver was allegedly seen this week in a passionate clinch with a 25 stone prop-forward

• M(ex)QB was also spotted in Twickenham, at the Harlequin's Players' Bar massaging groin strains early on a Saturday morning

• Ex-Pres Brownie has left London this weekend, apparently he's taking coals to Newcastle, or was it Mission Impossible?

• The receiver of the 'phone in the Tuns was stolen by a rugby team from the West London Institute, which is a P.E. college for really intelligent people who aren't just brawn

• The L.S.E. first XV allegedly wimped out of playing the W.L.I. (see above for details) one insider described it as a complete 'Quiche-o-rama'

HEART OF THE MATTER

By Clive Brown

Just the other day I thought to myself "mmmmmm ... I fancy a cup of hot chocolate." I got my milk and the chocolate powder, and then heated the milk in the saucepan and added the hot milk to the chocolate and stirred. Yes it tasted very good. However I was reminded of the fact that it would have taken a quarter of the time in the microwave. Wow, man - modern technology, don't you just love it.

I love technology, it gave me things like pinball machines (which I love with all their bright flashing lights and tringling bells). In fact it even gave us ... I can't think of an example, I only got up about half an hour ago.

Anyway, our microwave has a hole in the protective screen on the door so we all have to put on our radiation suits - ordered direct from the hitherto

secret nuclear power station under the chip shop. We all look like spacemen, it's real cool!!

Sometimes we fly the flat into a low elliptical sub-orbit to achieve zero gravity and float around the room. It's a bummer trying to go to the loo, I'm sure you've all experienced it. Hanging out with martians is rad man - they're real nice, they like pretty girls and true rock music. Anyway after a few hours we come in to land at Heathrow and pick up some duty frees for the way home.

Usually I get home and fancy a cup of hot chocolate ...

The heart of the matter is: Technology may not be such a good thing. Why should I take such drastic steps to protect myself every time I want a cup of hot chocolate, man. It's fun but trying to go to the loo is too much.

PLEASE READ THIS:

YOUR ASSISTANCE AND HELP IS NEEDED

IF YOU HAVE ENCOUNTERED ANY PROBLEMS WITH REGARD TO PERSONAL SAFETY OR SECURITY ON L.S.E. PREMISES AT ANY POINT WHILST YOU HAVE BEEN A STUDENT HERE:

THIS COULD MEAN...

...HAVING YOUR WALLET STOLEN, LOCKER BROKEN INTO, VERBAL HARASSMENT, HASSLE OR ASSAULT OF ANY KIND; FROM ANYONE BE THEY STUDENT, STAFF, LECTURER, OR AN OUTSIDER.

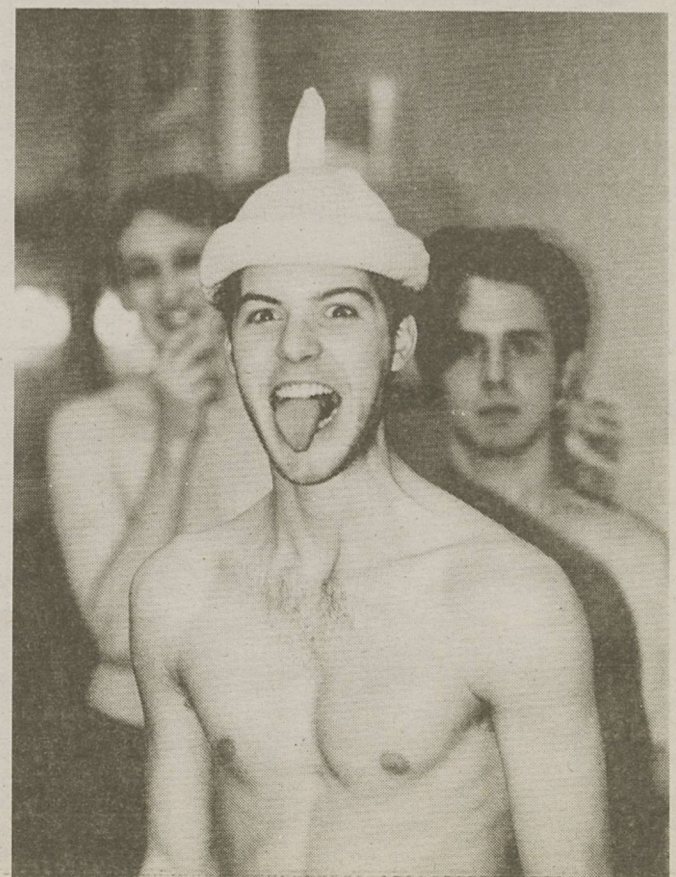
**CONTACT: TESHER FITZPATRICK
STUDENTS' UNION OFFICER**

**in person or in writing via
STUDENTS' UNION RECEPTION (E65),
Ground Floor entrance to East Building.**

**YOU WILL BE PROVIDING
USEFUL INFORMATION
WHICH WILL BE TREATED
WITH COMPLETE
CONFIDENTIALITY**

THANK YOU.

Below: Paul Bou Habib shows what a gorgeous fella he is when he models the new 'Jolly Johnny' knitted condom, I'm sure we all agree that he's a super-duper topless hunk whose awesome body would look good in any Tabloid (Photo: Steve East)



**Beaver Collective meetings
Mondays at 6pm in Hackers Bar,
come along if you fancy writing
something for us**

(if more people wrote for us, then we wouldn't have to put silly advertiments like this in in order to fill up space)

Viva Zapata!

Rhiannon visits a revolutionary cheap

The restaurant is located in a rather quiet street in West Hampstead. We were rather surprised on entering at the stylish decor of candles, tropical plants, indoor fish pond and fountain.

We opted for the "Eat as much as you like Mexican Buffet" for a reasonable £4.95. There didn't actually seem to be any other menu!

The buffet consists of a vast range of appetising Mexican (possibly?) dishes. Choices include: Chicken lasagna (very Mexican I'm sure), coriander fired potato chunks (my favourite), spare ribs in a sticky sweet sauce, stir fried

vegetables in hot red mushroom something buttery, spicy sausages, chicken wings, chilli-con-carne, rice a la Mexican, mussels, prawns, and taco's with chili sauce and guacamole. To cool our mouths there is sour cream sauce and a massive range of fresh salad.

For those with a bottomless stomach or a doggy bag under the table there was also fresh melon, fruit salad and gateaux for pud. This was £1.00 extra to eat as much as you like! However, the chances of you being able to eat more than a bowlful are very slim. We were so stuffed that we couldn't eat any pudding even though it

looked extremely tempting. The food was tasty and well cooked and those that do not like spicy food will find that there are plenty of alternatives. Stay away from anything red as we started in on the taco's and chili and subsequently lost all sensation in our mouths. To remedy this have a £2.00 beer or a soft drink for 0.95p.

The service was "jolly"-rather too jolly. The waiter appeared to be on pot (or its just a result of too much chilli). We were welcomed in an exuberant manner, "oh you lovely people hello" in an accent which could have been Mexican but sounded like a bad impression of one of the

Marx brothers.

My only criticism is that the place was overheated. The combination of too much heat and food had a decidedly soporific effect. To sum up the restaurant was good and cheap and long live Zapata whoever he may be.

Viva Zapata Mexican bar and restaurant. 32 Mill Lane West Hampstead NW6. Tel. 071 433 1519. Open Mon-Sat 5.30 to Midnight. Tube Kilburn.

Rhiannon Hordley

Pasta Mania!

If you're looking for a cheap meal out then the Goodge Street Spaghetti House could be the place to go. Although there are numerous Spaghetti Houses dotted over London, for reasons explained later, Goodge Street is definitely the cheapest and most 'entertaining' to say the least.

The restaurant itself is set out on three floors, so there is no need to book in advance, but far from being a small scale Won-Kei's you are actually led to your table rather than embarking upon a self-guided expedition of each floor. The all-Italian staff are friendly and efficient and the realistic Italian decor gives the restaurant a relaxing and authentic Italian atmosphere.

Moving on to more important matters-the food itself. Although the drinks can work out fairly expensive, with wine at around £2.50 for 25cl and soft drinks at £1.50 each, the cheapness of the Spaghetti House is due to the fact that each main course comes in starter and standard size. The starter size is the one to go for with a very filling pasta dish costing, on average, around £3.50. If you do decide you need something more substantial then go for the standard size, average price being around £4.50-£5., but be prepared, these servings are large. Practically all tastes in pasta are catered for with quite a large range of vegetarian dishes being available. However, if you are a vegetarian then its advisable to steer clear of the Parmesan cheese. Apart from the fact that it smells foul, you may also find that it enlivens your evening more than expected, if, like our own particular serving, it contains an unexpected visitor. Yes, give a big hand for the one, the only (hopefully)...Mr Maggot himself! Unfortunately our young friend was only discovered lurking in the depths of the bowl after one friend had consumed rather a large amount of the said cheese. Upon discovering this addition to the Parmesan she proceeded to turn a worrying shade of grey then white. After the rest of us had either dissolved into hysterical laughter (hysterical being the operative word here), or were on the verge of throwing up, the preceding shocked silence was broken by someones rather comforting thought that "at least it was only half a maggot." Upon informing the waiter of the 'animal' we had found in our Parmesan he first asked us if it was an elephant (figure that one out if you can) and then informed us that what we had actually discovered was in fact "just a piece of cheese." Obviously a very mature piece of cheese, in fact so mature that it had a life of its own. Following this the waiter had an in depth discussion with the manager regarding how this new variety of mobile cheese had found its way into the Parmesan. We were later informed that the 'piece of cheese' had removed itself from the salad rack in an unsuccessful suicide jump into the Parmesan. (We hoped that this jump was due to the maggot's intense loneliness and that he hadn't any friends lurking elsewhere!)

Mobile cheese aside, however, the staff could not have been nicer or more apologetic, with the waiter, at one point, looking as though he was about to burst into tears. We were beggining to wish we had just quietly removed Mr Maggot and put him elsewhere, (ie in the bowl on the table of some pretentious forty-somethings sitting next to us) when we were promptly rewarded for our discovery with a free desert of our choice. (Every mouthful being thoroughly investigated before consumption.)

A round of applause then for Mr Maggot and his timely appearance in making our meal even cheaper than it would have been and a lot more entertaining. I'd certainly recommend a visit to Goodge Street Spaghetti House for its very good Italian food, although entertainment and free desert are not guarenteed! (Bring your own maggot!)

With the compliments of Peter Harris, the man who cares for our Welfare, The Beaver brings you a neat gadget in which yo're supposed to record the amounts of alcohol who consume in one week. So, if you're feeling up to it, why not fill it in.

Faz and My Meal

Steve Thomas Investigates Turkish culinary

OK Faz I voted for you and now I claim my free Turkish meal. I think it would be nice if (to save cost as we all know THEY are watching) to have it in your room after your normal working hours. Neil Andrews could be our waiter and I have an extra long stick-on moustache for the young un' to wear. See I'm not stupid. If I had voted for some

English dummy I probably would be saddled with fish and chips (plus mushy peas if he/she came from beyond junction 5 of the M1.

As you don't have any factional support, unlike the golden horde of the DSG, supporters like me, and with Ron Voce 3000 thank god miles away, shouldn't be alienated. We could form a party around

this. The Faz Eat Ethnic Club. While munching our way through kebabs and pastries we could discuss ways of sticking knitting needles through the keyhole to zap the eyes of those small Tories and over a politically correct Turkish/Greek/Cypriot medrios/medium coffee discuss nursery accommodation in Johnny Bradburn's office as he

has no further use for it. Just to make sure that policies are not discussed in secret we could write up the meal in the Beaver food page. So what about it? My posters are ready now.....are his?

Steve Thomas

Day	Times	Places	Amount	Type	Units	Effects
Monday						
Tuesday						
Wednesday						
Thursday						
Friday						
Saturday						
Sunday						

The Beaver

Last week's UGM was a strange old affair. The Asylum Bill was discussed, Steve Thomas nearly got ejected from the proceedings while Phoebe Ashworth got worked up over the Nursery trying to gain more space by converting a roof top into a playground for the toddlers. Why?

For as long as I (or for that matter Peter Harris) can remember, a Nursery, or at least a playgroup, has been at LSE. How do I know? Well, way back in the winter of 1976, I came to the LSE for the first time as a five year old for a Christmas Party organised by the students for their children. My Dad was at the LSE at the time, therefore I got an invite along with my elder sister and a number of other children. I got a replica London Transport bus for a present and, from what I remember, the party was held a relatively small room. So what's the point of this editorial? Am I wallowing in fond memories? Yes and no. The point of this editorial is that the Nursery needs more room and should be entitled to it. Converting a roof top into a safe playground should be allowed to proceed. Phoebe Ashworth disagrees, claiming such an idea to be impractical and unsafe for the children, but for both her and the rest of you out there who did not grow up in the inner cities, playgrounds located on top of the school building was a common feature for primary schools built before the war and they were in use long after 1945. If you want any examples, then why not visit what's left of Wapping and you'll come across St. Patrick's RC primary school. Look up and you'll see the playground.

Despite ideas to the contrary, they are not unsafe. Because the area is designed for children to play in extra precautions are taken. Therefore support Pete's campaign for a playground for the Nursery, after all, one day your children may need it.

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Carolyn Wilson

Whose Article Is It Anyway?

Dear Editor,
Disgust, contempt, and the utmost offensive are my main feelings on my treatment by the two arts editors, Navin Reddy and Geoff Robertson in my article 'Radio Times' last week.

To have my name to an article that is only 50% mine which includes over 15 offensive comments and expletives in reference to my person is, not only upsetting, but quite wrong. How can they expect others to write for their pages when they treat writers like this?

I've asked for an apology, and I hope that elsewhere in this paper there will be one!

On a personal note, I endure comments and 'obnoxious' motives as part of being a publicly elected officer. However, I draw the limit at unsolicited, inexcusable character assassinations (sic-NA). If my crime is working hard for the Union and being seen to do so, then let the cowards hiding behind an editorial show their faces instead of attacking from anonymity.

A final plea to the Exec. Editor, stop this tacky, hacky cliqueness (sic-NA) from appearing elsewhere but campus, in such opening the paper to all students of the school.

Yours

Martin Lewis.

The owls are not what they seem...

Dear Beaver,
I was really disgusted after reading Mr. Lewis' article about the 'Radio Times'. Why? - you might ask. The answer is quite simple: I was there, I saw it and my impressions differ considerably from what was said.

I believe that this undeserved criticism is due to two factors: 1) Mr Lewis' definite lack of artistic taste, and 2) the fact that he was probably planning how to break up with his girlfriend, so, as you see having more important things on his mind, he could not pay sufficient attention to what was going on on the stage.

I suggest that next time

you print more objective opinions on art, that come from more respectable people.

Ola Budziriska.

Blind Date?

Dear Beaver,

I am writing as a first year student who doesn't know that much about the student union; yes, I voted in the October elections, yes, I attend the UGM most weeks, yes, I do know who Faz, Jon, Peter and Johnny are and what they do (or what they are supposed to do), but in general I'm not a 'hack' as they say.

The Beaver is usually a good newspaper, good for a read in the Shaw library of a lunchtime, and usually quite fair(ish).

My point? the vindictive attack on Martin Lewis by your two Arts editors, Navin Reddy and Geoff Robertson. I am aware of the 'obnoxious' motion passed against Mr. Lewis in the UGM, and the criticisms of him, but their attack was over the top and unprofessional, to say the least.

It seems to me that all Mr. Lewis was trying to do on this occasion was to write a review of a musical. How can two editors, who edit an interesting part of the newspaper, be allowed to air their personal views of someone like that in the paper? Increasingly, personal views of individuals are being given space in the Beaver.

I agree that if someone is not doing their union job properly or is being unfair (Dominique Delight fascist slogans) they should be exposed in student newspapers; students do have a right to know. But this pathetic, vindictive attack on Martin Lewis is the kind of thing you find on toilet walls, not student newspapers.

And Mr. Andrews, how can you allow this kind of personal attack to be printed? As a completely independent, objective observer, who has never spoken to Martin Lewis, I would call for the resignation of the two Arts editors.

Yours

Ann Otherfresher.

P.S. The reason why no freshers care about the union is because they read articles like this.

Blimey. I haven't seen such a controversial issue highlighted by correspondence since NME declared Morrissey a racist.

Firstly, Ms Otherfresher, I believe you when you say that you've never spoken to Martin Lewis. In fact, if I went to the Rag Ball as Martin's date, like you did last March, I wouldn't have spoken to him either. You may be a first year, but you're not a fresher, are you? As for you're call for the resignations of both Navin Reddy and Geoff Robertson, Martin Lewis is well aware that as a Collective Member he has the right to call for a either a motion of No Confidence or Censure against them, which, I believe, he plans to do.

Stealing the shirt off your back? Lib Dems help the homeless

Dear Beaver,

The members of the Liberal Democrats are sick of the other parties slugging each other off about not doing anything, whilst doing very little themselves. They may achieve the occasional minor success, but they argue so much that they don't have time to do anything practical.

The Liberal Democrats seem to be the only party willing to practice what we preach. We have launched the Campaign Against Homelessness, not with empty words, pointless petitions or self-serving publicity but with real action which will help homeless people.

For the past week, there has been a collection point in the Cafe for people to donate any old clothes or similar items which are suitable to be given to the homeless. This will remain at least until the end of term and, hopefully, next term as well. We are going to ensure that everything is distributed. We are asking every member of the LSE to go through their possessions and donate anything that they can.

In the next few months we hope, with the co-operation and help of the Union and students, to set up some sort of soup kitchen for the homeless of Lincoln Inn Fields, run by volunteers from LSE.

We would welcome the help and support of students from all parties

and none in any aspect of the campaign. If you are willing to help us to help the homeless, please contact me (Room F63, Carr-Saunders Hall) or get in touch with any member of the Liberal Democrats.

Iain Roberts,
Publicity Officer,
LSE Liberal Democrats.

Jacking Off

Dear Beaver,

I was amused to read in 'Union Jack' your interpretation of the UGM vote on the commemoration of the 1974 invasion of Cyprus by Turkey.

Quite frankly, your editorial staff seems to be yet another victim of "political correctness": by saying that the UGM should not be expected to take sides and "split moral hairs", and that both sides are "blaming each other for atrocities, genocide and jaywalking", it seems as though the Beaver is placing itself in the position of a patronizing judge bemused by the doings of two children.

As if the UGM could take the aggressor's (Turkey's) side while at the same time electing Tony Benn as its honorary Vice-President.

As if there was a middle ground to be argued for in the case of such a brutal invasion.

As if indifference was the only response the LSE could give in the case of such a human tragedy.

Ion G. Valouhalus.

How can those who remain impartial in UGMs be accused of political correctness when both sides constantly blame the other for everything that happens? Your letter accuses Turkey for being the aggressor and no doubt next week they'll probably be a letter from a Turkish Cypriot blaming the Greeks for something or other. How are we meant to take sides when both groups constantly accuses the other of lying? Who are we to believe?

Post Haste
All letters to be delivered either by hand or internal mail to E197 by 4pm Wednesday

Another Letter From "The Big Spud"

Ron Voce



What we want to know is did this tram run over Ron's writing hand?

I've got those can't get out of Memphis to get to New Orleans blues.

Memphis to New Orleans is about 180 miles due south. 4 hours tops by Greyhound bus or car, by plane it should be similar to the 35 minute jaunt from Little Rock, Arkansas to Memphis Tennessee, but it isn't. Laaugh you probably will, it was definitely character building. But first some background.

If you're sitting as comfortably as I'm not in New Orleans at the moment then consider yourself lucky. I think I gave the impression that I was going to Little Rock to compete with Bill, but I suffered from our own personal celebration in Boston, so I missed the early flight. Here's some interesting election trivia. Perot beat Clinton into third place in Utah taking 27% of the vote compared to Clinton's 25% and in Maine, Perot gained the same share of the vote as George Bush. The District of Columbia voted 85% for Clinton and 9% and 4% for Bush and Perot respectively. Clinton hit the majic 50% in Arkansas and Maryland, while Bob only made it in Mississippi, though New York, West Virginia and Massachusetts only missed it by 2%.

All of you whp thought the election was a three party race, "everyone here can grow up to be President". Of the 1% of

the vote going to others, Lyndon La Rouche, attempting his 5th run for office (this time from Prison) managed 25 063 votes. The Libertarian candidate Andrew Marroll managed a healthy 278 528 and the New Alliance Party's Lenora Fulani 211 742. Of the 21 other candidates the party you all know and love, the Natural Law Party, had a candidate Dr John Hagelin who gained 44 521 votes after a half-hour 'commercial' which left my friend asking, "who is this fruitcake?". Luckily the other candiates are the American equivalent of the Monster Raving Loonies, except in Great Britain we take the Raving Loonies more seriously.

Well those facts were interesting, almost as interesting as Little Rock Arkansas. It is no wonder Bill Clinton wanted to be President, after 12 years of being Governor of the "poorest" state in the Union (Perot) and with 21 years to go he decided it was better to be President than to go stir crazy here. Little Rock is so provincial. If you took away the state buildings you would be left with a bland, non-descript town that makes Tiverton in Devon look interesting. Little Rock has got one thing going for it at the moment and that is Bill Clinton is President.

For the next 4 years, 8 if he gets re-elected

thousands upon thousands of tourists are going to come here and marvel at what a dull and uninspiring place this is. The airport is served by a school bus, that stops at 5.00pm, and is so badly timetabled that a \$10 cab ride is a necessity - if you can find one.

Because of the lateness of my arrival I decided not to try and fight the youth hostel downtown and stayed at the Skyport Hotel, included in the price was 3 hour tour of Memphis, a bargain no less. I was picked up by Washington in a 'large' Cadillac. "I've just gotta pickup another two gentlemen aroud the corner and I'll drop you all downtown". The people we picked up wer the other two guys from the flight in. They were from Germany bu as Washington stated, "you ain't German, you're both darkies like me". We joined the rest of the tour downtown and cruised around Memphis.

A brief trip to Graceland confirmed my suspicions that its a commercial nightmare. Priscilla is out to make as much money as she can before handing over the estate to Lisa Marie in 1998. Mmephis looks like Little Rock, but has a lot more going for it, except its difficult to leave.

America is supposed to be consumer orientated and in some way it is, but one thing its not. Rather

than a direct flight to New Orleans. I have to fly via Atlantia, Georgia, because that is one of Delta's hubs. This is to maximise revenue and passenger for Delta whilst pissing off its customers. Up until this point, I had no complaints about Delta's standby pom except for the slighthiccup in DC. I booked myself on the 1.45pm flight to Atlanta and the 8.50 flight to New Orleans. This will give me some time in Altanta. However it seems other people on standby have first call on seats. Its done on price, and when you consider the flight to New Orleans for Memphis is the same \$ price as I payed for 30 days standby you realise the good value of the cad bit realise your at the back of the standby queue.

The 1.45pm flight came advent as did the 3.45, my friends from Germany turned up as well. I was starting to get pannicky. I had to catch the 5.45 to make the connection through to New Orleans. Finally we all were called on the flight. I was explained, that people vab to come in and out of Memphis only, and as all flights are going on somewhere else, they are always crowded, so be worried. No problems though with over an hour to make the connection, after arriving in Atlanta, I'll come back and see it later on this trip. Just as we seemed ready to leave

the Captain announced problems with the jets start up motor, eventually after a further 2 hours delay we took off. I knew i was going to be 2 hours late into New Orleans, and hoped Roy and Marin would get my messages because I know this sounds silly, but I hadn't asked them which hotel we were staying in.

I didn't realise how silly until I landed in New Orleans at 11.30pm. Having picked up my backpack I noticed the Continental flight from Newwork had just arrived being late clil and made my way toward the other side of the terminal, some how, we both missed each other, it was just unlucky. By midnight I has found out, that they had been on the light and I decided that I wasn't going to ring Mrs Odence at 1 in the morning so I discovered that night how (un) comfortable the chairs are at New Orleans airport to sleep in. It wasn't too bad. I'd expected to spend some nights crosled at an airport, became flying standby you expect a cockup every now and then and I think how I'd been here over a week, I had done very well.

I wandered around New Orleans getting the atmosphere. At about 3.00pm I decided to head back to the Airport for my bag and ring Boston. I was stood waiting for the bus when a voice shouted from a hotel accross the

street "Ron lovey, is that you?". It was Dave with Reg and Martin just about to leave for the afternoon. I joined them to here about their exploits the previous night.

I'm not going to bore you with the details of days of debauchery, but you'll get the idea. All we did was eat lunch and then drink till the small hours after an afternoon trip to the Cemetary(!) and up the Mississippi. This town is definately a 10 nailer. A coffin uses 120 nails and we're all up there in the sixties!!! Dave reckons he is on his second or he has a larger coffin. There is no easy way to describe the French Quarter, except it's a cross between Soho and Montmatre in Paris, but its neither because its out on its own. The food here is awesome. There are many good places, but the best is the 'Gun ho shop', good food at good value. The queues are outside the door and along the street by 8.00pm but it's worth it. The best bar is Pat O'Breins, where they serve the infamous 'Hurricane'. Try it at least once. This place claims to serve more alcohol per sq foot than any other in the world - and I believe it, it never closes. Also, if you want to drink Guinness look for the Irish Chimpanzee Bar, just behind the Cathedral on Johnson Square. So having bored you with the details I'm now going to Florida. Cheeryho!

FILMS FILMS FILMS FILMS FILMS

Sneakers The Crying Game

Emma Bearcroft

The last time I heard "not so fast" being said by a good guy to a bad guy, after the world has been saved and credits are about to role, was from one of the Scooby-Doo team to the adversary of the day. So I was surprised to hear it again in 'Sneakers' a supposedly high-tech thriller with a very light-hearted side.

Set in San Francisco in the 90's this comfortably exciting film is one of spys, trust and the betrayal of friends, but that's about as far as it goes. The plot is simple - everyone wants the black box, the decoder which "governments would kill for" but you could be forgiven for not having a clue as to what was going on in the first 5 minutes or so.

The heroes are a team of underground computer geeks, led by Robert Redford, (looking increasingly haggard). Although portrayed as a bit of a fool, he's the one who is landed with the brunt of the dirty work, but maintains his cool throughout. Sidney Poitier is an ex-CIA man (again) - but he's "getting too old for this", (where have you heard that before?). Mary McDonnell is the lone female who is definitely "not getting back together" with Redford - honest gov! Details of their past are sketchy, but no matter, as it is soon apparent that there was some prior element of romantic entanglement.

David Strathairn plays the blind audiotronics wizz kid. So acute is his hearing that he can hear the emergency flood lights' batteries recharging! (Told you it was far-fetched). Also in the pack are River Phoenix, playing the uncharacteristic role of a shy electronics buff, and Dan Aykroyd whose surpassed the conspiracy theory of Kennedy's death - he's still alive (allegedly)!

The guy on the other side is Ben Kingsley, who is also a dab-hand at the computer. Dressed as an ageing hippy, he may appear as mean as Spectre, but he's not as quick-witted as your average criminal force, and nowhere near as ruthless. The high profile cast would be wasted on such a low key film, were it not

for the fact that they carry through what essentially is a rather banal and far-fetched film, (though this doesn't take away from its entertainment value).

Despite coming from the director of Fields of Dreams, good direction seemed to be lacking and you're left with the feeling that the whole film was hurriedly put together. Then there are those small details which bug you, especially in supposedly quality films of today - like the immaculately clean contents of the 'garbage can' and the sudden absence of security guards just when they'd do well to be around, (and the women wake up from a torrid night of passion, fully made-up - but you're spared that one - this is a cert.12)

'Sneakers' is made worthwhile by virtue of its cast - if you go expecting to have entertainment displayed to you while you switch eyes and ears into autodrive then you probably won't be disappointed. Allow for the odd wincable cliché too. Despite its somewhat feeble attempt to address a couple environmentally PC issues, it won't provide you with the meaning of life, or any food for thought for that matter.

Well, here we are in film review land, dragging somebody else along who doesn't really want to see the film as they've seen those oh-so tacky promotional posters and because of the reviews they've read they think that this is going to be a thriller. 'The Crying Game' is a thriller but it is also very much more and it's quite a shock of a film in a number of ways that I can't really tell you without ruining the plot (don't you just hate it when film reviewers say that).

Okay, what's it about? A British soldier is kidnapped by the IRA, he strikes up a rapport with one of his captors (Fergus) but during the ensuing capture he is killed, not before asking Fergus to look after his girlfriend in Britain. Fergus escapes to Britain, where he has a not very good haircut by the soldier's girlfriend and he becomes obsessed by the memory of his captive. There you go, a brief synopsis of a thriller/love-story but how good is the film?

The film is not overtly political, even though it is involved with one of the most controversial issues

of our times. Of course, if this was some oppressed South American country we were talking about then fine, let's talk politics but this Ireland and the army of occupation is British so we best not take sides because we have got to get our film mainstream released. No, this film deals with the human relations involved in this war and it does so very well indeed. When the captive British soldier is striking a rapport from under a hood with his captor, the film evokes feelings of "what a bloody stupid situation Ireland is" and both sides are humanised and not put into the stereotypical roles of brave Brit vs IRA nutter-terrorist.

However, the main gasps from the audience are heard when Fergus escapes to Britain and does look up his captors girlfriend. Again I can only tease you, I cannot say what twisty-turny surprises you are in for as that would of course spoil the surprise, all I can say is that they are indeed twistier and turnier than a bunch of tornados in an amphetamine binge twisty-turny competition.

The film is shot and produced pretty much conventionally but it is the plot which makes the film. You just will not be expecting it, one minute you will be sat there watching one kind of film and the next wham-bam it's suddenly a very much more intriguing kind of happening, all about assumptions of sexuality and if you go and see it, take a moment to wander how you would feel. Listening to some of the audience as they came out, I think that they really could not handle some of the film. It lulls you and then thumps you right where you tingle.

I found out afterwards that the producer has just married into my housemate's family. Well, it's a small world and I was quite suprised at mainstream cinema broaching these subjects ("what subjects?" you ask. "Go and see it!" I reply). You never know, one of these days somebody might do something really radical, like producing a few female orientated films.

Steve Kinkee

Apology
to
Martin
Lewis

The Arts editors of "The Beaver" would like to take this opportunity to apologise to Martin for any distress caused by our editing / expansion of his review of 'Radio Times' seen in issue 366.

However, we would like to point out that the said expansion was intended as a joke.

In reference to Mr. Lewis' letter in that same issue, the relevant extract of which follows:

"Take it from me, in union politics you have to take both a joke and an insult with good humour and without sulking."

Mr Lewis believes that what we did to his article was not a joke or an insult but an attempt at character assassination. Had we wanted to "assassinate" his character there were better ways and places to have done so. It was intended as a joke and we apologise for any offence it caused.

Nav. and Geoff.

DRAMA SOCIETY

presents

"Carry On ...Chekhov"

3 in 1 comedies by Anton Chekov

"The Bear"
"The Jubilee"
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Dates: Friday 27.11.92 : Tuesday 1.12.92 : Wednesday 2.12.92
At 8p.m. in the Old Theatre

Tickets for #2 will be sold in Houghton Street and at the door.
More information: call Nik, anytime, on 081-6715020

You Really Should Have Felt Like Showing Up!

by
Geoff Robertson

For those uninitiated in the church of Al Jourgensen and Paul Barker, a brief potted history would tell you that they made industrial metal what it is today. Nine Inch Nail's publicist may claim that NIN were "responsible for the whole overgrounding of the industrial scene", but it was Al, his cohorts and his many band projects who created the whole scene in the first place, along with assistance from the likes of the excellent Front 242 et al. Industrial plays like a cross between hardcore dance and metal, with a punk-like energy thrown in. If you think that's weird enough, wait 'til you get a load of Al and Paul. Their band projects include Ministry, The Revolting Cocks, Pailhead, Pigface (a sort of industrial super-group), 1000 Homo DJs, and Buck Satan and the 666 Shooters (their latest project, a country and western band!). Their lyrics aren't always that cheerful (check out "Scarecrow", "So What?", etc) or pleasant ("I only kill..to know I'm

alive".."So What?").

Still, that's enough of the introduction, on to the gig. Thanks to some train delays, we missed Helmet, and arrived to see two large projectors on either side of the stage and two huge overhead video screens in the middle. The projectors show skull X-rays of the kind that grace the "The Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste" album. The video screens remain dead until the band hit the stage. Al comes on, centerpeice as usual, wearing dark shades, black leathers and an old police cap - oh, and his goatee and cigarette of course. He strolls over to the mike, announces "We'll start with N.W.O." and lets all hell break loose. Politically correct is a term that doesn't often apply to Al's work, but the opener, compiled of George Bushes 'best' quotes, hits the nail on the head: the scenes of destruction going on on the video screens reinforce the message firmly - I don't think they like you George...

The crowd didn't need

two invites to the party, and the pit never stops. Psalm 69 from the current "Psalm 69: The Way to Succeed and the Way to Suck Eggs" album is whisked out next, and "Deity" and "The Missing" follow close behind. There are about 4000 people downstairs going insane to a driving beat and searing guitars, but Al's seen this all before - tours before this have included chicken wire (to stop the band getting swamped) and chainsaws to add that extra edge to the proceedings. "Supernaut" (originally by Black Sabbath) is covered - but it is actually a Ministry cover of a 1000 Homo DJ's cover of the song! (I think that's right!).

The highlight of proceedings has to be after Chris Connelly (guest vocalist on some RevCo's stuff) came on to help with the vocal duties. The version of "TV Song" they played was quite fast (understatement of the decade), and the superb "So What?" just destroyed whatever anyone had left. "Thieves" and the awe-



Al Jourgensen - swivel on this, satanists

some "Stigmata" helped round off the main set, complete with Al's tirade during the end of "Stigmata": "Fuck you, fuck you, fuck me, fuck everyone..." etc., etc.

I think there could've been trouble if they'd left without playing "Scarecrow", surely the best cut from "Psalm..", and they didn't disappoint in the first encore. The atmosphere generated, certainly near the front, for this was incredible - tribal dances and rituals played out on the screens as Al wails, "They lived... with-

out hope". This encore is finished with the rampant "Burning Inside", but they aren't done and return to thump home with "Breathe". By now though, everyone is spent: all I want is a nice cold beer. The intensity of the evening is hyped throughout by the slides shown: deformities, wounds, skulls, etc., etc. At one point the video screen shows an eye being dissected, which is gross, believe me. But then, a Ministry gig isn't supposed to be nice: whilst you're thrashing about

getting rid of all aggression, you're supposed to think. I suspect a lot of people by the end were too tired to do so, but can Ministry help it if their show is so powerful. This is the first time they've toured Britain, and could well be their last. The intensity of this gig in a smallish club-like venue would be overpowering, and then you could see Ministry at their very best, but for now, this will do very well.

A Night In The Country

Country music may be the lowest form of art, its political credibility seriously impaired in Britain despite flirtations from such impeccable quarters as Neil Young and the more recent Tammy Wynette/KLF collaboration, but the C&W double bill at ULU (Friday 6th November) proved worthy of the optimistic #6 price tag. Setting an unassuming tone for the evening was a musi-comedy set from South Yorkshire's polo-necked and bespectacled John Shuttleworth, Edinburgh Fringe sensation. This free-lance

charmer is best described as a sort of They Might Be Giants in beer-stained sensible trousers, complete with battery-operated barking dog and other "visual stimuli" to hold the attention of the "young things" in the audience. Next on, the Texas-based Bad Livers ("Three guys who don't like to miss meals", by their own admission) sweat their way through an hour of frenzied country riffs, relying on only a banjo, upright bass, fiddle and witty repartee for props. Somewhat anticlimactically this energy was followed by

nicer-than-spice NME favourites, The Rockingbirds. Signed Heavenly and near single-handedly rehabilitating their discredited style of music by means of a heavy tour schedule, the Rockingbirds peppered tracks from their first album with less arresting new material. Yet the high point came with "Jonathan Jonathan", the "birds" anthemic tribute to Bostonian folk-rocker Jonathan Richman. A good evening for thrashing bodies and smashing preconceptions.

Richard Farkas.

THE WHAT'S ON COLUMN

Commences next week. A selection of the many musical events around London, each and every week, for those of you who are too lazy/too stupid/too poor to find out for yourselves. We hope this will be a much appreciated service.

The Jazz Society presents:
THE STEVE WATERMAN BAND
 Live in The Underground
 THURSDAY 26th OCTOBER
 doors 8pm

CAMPAIGN AGAINST HOMELESSNESS
 organised by the LSE Liberal Democrats.
 For the rest of the term there will be a box in the SU Cafe where old clothes or other items suitable to be given to the homeless can be left.
 Please give anything you can. All items donated will be given to homeless people who need them.

The Schapiro Club Presents
JEREMY PAXMAN
 on
 Media, Truth and Politics.
 Wed. 25th November
 5.00pm in the New Theatre

FABIAN SOCIETY
Austin Mitchell, MP
 will address the Fabian Society on 1st December at 1pm.
 Venue to be announced.
 ALL WELCOME!

Private tuition in French and German given by qualified teacher.
 Just call Paul on 071-486 8185
 Monday - Sunday 10-12 and 19-21

ADVISOR TO WOMEN STUDENTS.
 Rose Rauchman, Room A271 (Ext 7351) offers a "walk-in" service for women students who wish to discuss any issue causing concern. The advisor will offer advice and support for a wide range of problems and encourage students to seek guidance when appropriate from other sources.
 All information is confidential. No action is taken unless requested by the student.
 HOURS: **Tuesday 10-11am, Friday 1-2pm.**

JAPANESE LESSONS
 on Wednesdays 2-4pm in X132 for *beginners*
 on Friday 2-3.30pm in E196 for *intermediates.*

GRIMSHAW CLUB
 "Political Instability in Eastern Europe - Three Years After..."
 A talk delivered by **Tadeusz Jagodzinski**
 the London-based correspondent of Gazeta Wyborcza, the largest Polish daily newspaper.
 Thursday, 19th Nov
 A144 1pm.

EC ENLARGEMENT THE NON-MEMBER'S CASE.
 Charles Ritterband, London correspondent of the Neue Züricher Zeitung will speak on the Swiss Referendum.
 Afterwards:
 Cheese & Wine party of the
EUROPEAN SOCIETY
 Tue 24th Nov A42 All welcome

ACCOMODATION AVAILABLE
ACCOMODATION AVAILABLE IN LSE HOUSING
Butler's Wharf
 One place for a male student in a double room: £40.88 per week.
 One Single Room: £57.40 per week.
Silver Walk
 Three places in double rooms with en-suite bathroom: £49.50 per week.
LSE Housing Association House
 One place in a single room in the LSE Housing Association House in Mile End: £220 per month.
 For further details contact the Central Accomodation Office: Room E296
LSE Central Accomodation Office
 Are you still interested in obtaining LSE Accomodation for next term?
 If you wish to be considered for any vacancies in the residences please register your details with the Central Accomodation Office: Room E296.

LIBERTY SOCIETY
 Protest outside the Home Office.
 Thursday 26th October 1-2pm.
 Handing in a petition demanding the release of Winston Silcott

STEWARDS NEEDED.
 Wednesday 25th Nov.
 5.30 - 7.00pm
 £10.00
 See Louise in Conferences (B506)

THE INFAMOUS GEOGRAPHY XMAS PARTY
 WED. 2nd DECEMBER
 FREE BEER, CIDER AND WINE!
 ALL NIGHT
 Quad and Underground
 £5.00 in advance
 £6.50 on the door

ANGIE LE MAR
 SHE'S DANGEROUS
 SHE'S A BRITISH WHOOP!
GOLDBERG
 "WICKEDLY FUNNY"
 - THE GUARDIAN
 "DON'T DARE MISS HER"
 - JOHNNY BRADBURN (ENTS OFFICER, LSE)
 Thurs. 26th Nov. 8.00pm Old Theatre £2.50

THE BEAVER CLASSIFIEDS
 To advertise, contact James in the Beaver office
 E197
 Ext 2870.
 Copy date: Wednesday noon.

ABBA-ESQUE? DEFINITELY.
NOVEMBER 28th.
THE SUPERTROOPERS
 THE QUAD. SATURDAY. TAKE THIS AD TO JOHNNY B. & GET A DISCOUNT ON YOUR TICKET

The copy for this page was sadly lost in the great fire of Windsor. Thus following the recent trend set by some of our larger rivals, we have had to leave this page blank. We would like to take this opportunity to urge the Queen to install smoke detectors in all of her residences in an effort to prevent this major disaster from ever happening again.

Houghton Street Harry

A spectre is haunting Houghton Street. The spectre of Insecurity. Students are beginning to lose their nerve, whether they be aspiring young Keynes' or just plain old intellectual pseuds. (Harry is not insecure and has not lost his nerve. This is why he can pontificate week in week out with such moral earnestness). As a U.S. General course student once said: "We have nothing to fear except fear itself". If this is true, and Harry thinks it is, then why is all LSE retreating into itself, keeping out of the Tuns and generally going back home to Mummy. Sitting in the Sports Offices' Hut looking out over the playing fields of New Malden it strikes as rather peculiar, how banal most students' lives are. Harry is not a Communist, Lord keep us and preserve us, but at least the loonies with their banners out in Houghton Street are making a bit of an impression on all the rest of us. They may be rather bizarre in appearance and comical in their endless denunciations of western imperialism -but the only insecurities they have are the Freudian sort you get in the womb. Harry is building up to a denunciation of his own. Perhaps he should stick to what he knows and praise the regenerative effects of a "Greggs Stottie" and pint of Exhibition ale on Gazza's performance the other night against the Turk. Perhaps its not a "perhaps" but a "probably" keep your nose out. Then, however, Harry must think of more than writing a few entertaining words. For Harry is not just a person he is part of a paper, undoubtedly not intended for the delectation of a self selected group of Editors. The Beaver is not, or should not be, about entertaining those who write for it. For this reason despite having had more-than-verbal banter with a certain person over the years, Harry is about to spring to the defence of this "LSE institution". Voltaire said that he would die to defend the right of his worst enemy to speak his mind, and Harry is now about to offer to do the same thing. As you may know, especially if you're a Beaver/Political hack, I am talking of Martin Lewis. The man once not unfairly described as a crossbreed of David Owen, Paul Daniels and Eddie the Eagle. The wit of Mr Daniels, the sincerity of Lord Owen and Eddie's sporting prowess. Martin is obnoxious, but then again he is a "politician". Not a very nice thing to be but a fair description. This man was put in the dock by the Beaver last week and sentenced to be known for life as SHITE. Martin is undoubtedly full of shit but this is not because he is a shit, or even a shite. By printing one of Martin's articles and interspersing virtually every line with expletives criticising him personally the Arts Editors were making the general point that they, like many people in LSE are hopelessly insecure and only confident in their innane and inept, but Oh-so-trendy slagging off of an easy target. Everyone likes to rip the piss out of Martin "Motormouth" Lewis, it might make a change if those less secure than Harry in their sporting, intellectual and sexual prowess stopped slagging off LSE personalities and started dealing with their personal problems in private. Maybe if the Beaver became less parochial and less concerned with it's internal politics it could set an example to all L.S.E. that there is more to life than "fitting in". University should not be a time to get through it should be a time to live through. Get a life, pick up your darts, kick that football and approach that girl - she WILL be impressed by your knowledge of Indifference curves. But please don't everyone be like Martin Lewis.

Hockey Captain Saves Three Stamps

LSE Girls 1st VIII :0 UCH Ladies 1st XI:10,12,17 or something

A big thank you to all players and they have those who turned out on eleven, the game becomes Saturday morning in the a complete farce (I've cold, wind and rain. All heard you're pretty EIGHT of you. Contrary farcical even when you do to popular belief, girls, have a full squad -ed), in (you know who you are), this case, the opposition the game of hockey is scored a goal per player. played with ELEVEN LSE did not. So, once again, thanks to all those players. This is because who bothered to get out of the opposition always has bed on Saturday to experience eleven players and an amazingly enough we are a thoroughly demoralising morning, allowed that many too, and a big round of which gives us more chance of a fair and applause for those who enjoyable game. However, couldn't be bothered. Cheers girls. Angela L.

Membership Swells

Cheerleaders: 69 Players: 3

The future University of London American Football team had its inaugural practice session last week on a particularly shite Wednesday afternoon. Despite the deterrent of miserable weather, and the fact that Wednesday afternoons aren't really too cunning a time for a "new" sport, an enthusiastic hardcore turned up at the Hyde Park Corner rendez-vous. Great fun was had by all, although one thing that was decided is that the Quarterback position is still most definitely up for grabs. So for all you hugely talented athletes out there, who can throw a forty yard spiral without batting an eyelid, a la Dan Marino, perhaps this is your chance for glory! On a more down to earth note, the next practice will be this Sunday at Midday, meeting at Hyde Park Corner tube station. I have no doubt that we will end up in the pub afterwards for some much needed refreshment, and a relaxed conclusion to the weekend. Any questions, contact me, fifth floor (517), Rosebery Hall.

AlexDiamond

GLORY BOYS!

UCL 6ths ... 1 St.Marys 2nds .. 3
Goldsmiths 2nds .2 LSE 5ths . 3
LSE 5ths .. 4 LSE 5ths ... 4

The 5ths got their roadshow running with a superb victory against UCL in the cup, despite their 6th's position two divisions above us. Undaunted, the guys played some lovely stuff, the best being the second goal, seconds after the restart, buried by Mark D. after a great cross from Richard L. on the right. Maher had given LSE the lead deep into the first half, but UCL came back to score and give the 5ths a couple of frights. However it was all wrapped up late on when Sean buried a penalty after Richard P's surging run caused chaos.

Next we hit the road to St.Marys, where Chetun opened our account after a fine (C.) Robbo run. He who provided was himself denied only by a good save later. However, the second half was a different kettle of fish | bucket of shrimps?-Edl, and LSE went 2-1 down. Blushes were saved though by a Richard L. miracle strike, Chetun's second and a cheeky winner from Maher - a well earned victory.

Golders seconds were pretty bad, but on a rain swept pitch, it was up to Chetun "goal machine" to sort us out with 4 goals. The game was tough, and but for some brilliant midfield foraying by Sean and Bill, could've gone either way. Next: Kings away in the cup.



Let me go of the haddock gets it
Photo: Steve East

First's Victory Against The Odds

LSE 1st XI : Fleet of small boats braving icy Channel
KENT 1st XI: Panzer divisions held up on city outskirts

Inside ninety minutes the LSE 1st eleven football team showed that they are equal to the best the south of England can throw at them. On Wednesday LSE 1st's left the pitch looking a dishevelled and sorry sight. Were they disheartened? Not on your mackerel! They had achieved much. Time after time Arnie "Schwartzenegger" Granfelt and Andie "where's my ball-winning Mummy" Clasper met the opposition Kent captain's attacks head on, fighting relentlessly with their wickedly sharp minds. These two joint captains of LSE's finest fought for

the "Beavers" keeping the memory (the life of a lesser-spotted dung butterfly) the teutonically efficient LSE Athletics Union bureaucracy hiccuped over some red tape. The consequence of this will be that the Grandmother of all battles will have been delayed indefinitely. Monty and Arnie along with the unmentioned Bernie Mussolini, Michael Potato, Alan D Hatton and Billy the Fish will probably never get a chance to prove themselves on the playing fields of New Malden. Perhaps they should all take to cleanin' winda's instead.

For the first time in living

The Iron Duke