

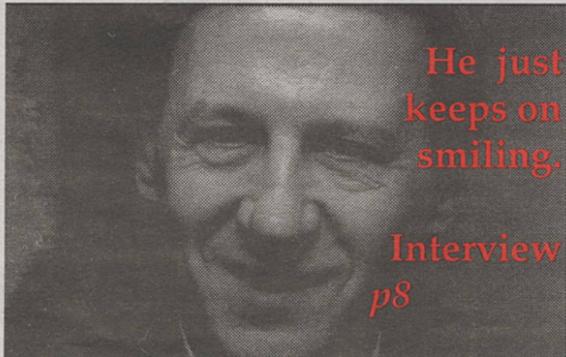
# The Beaver

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

Issue 457

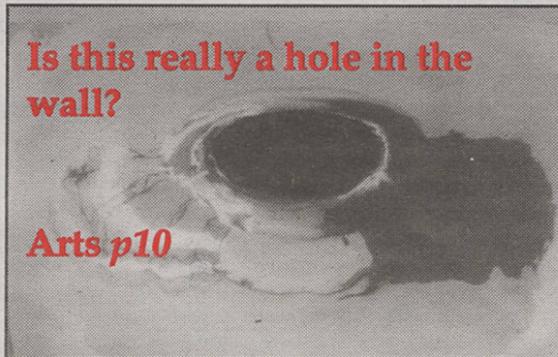
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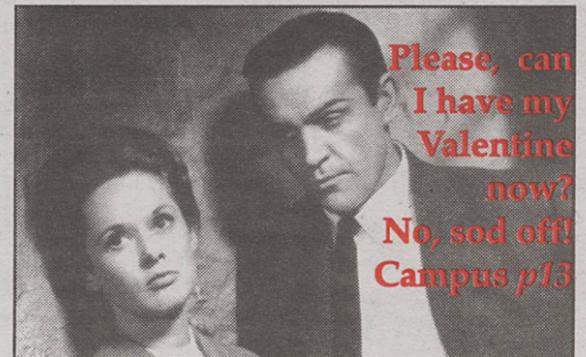
He just keeps on smiling.

Interview p8



Is this really a hole in the wall?

Arts p10



Please, can I have my Valentine now? No, sod off! Campus p13

## Tuns Facelift Gets The Go Ahead

An estimated £30,000-£40,000 is to be spent on refurbishing, redesigning and rejuvenating the Three Tuns Bar over the Easter Break.

By Andrew Yule

LSE students will return from the Easter break to a new look union bar. Bar Manager Jim Fagen confirmed that the Three Tuns is due for a complete redecoration stating that "everything is going to change".

LSESU Treasurer, Darrell Hare present at all the decision making meetings explained that three different firms had made presentations to the Bar Committee and they had selected the most appropriate design, taking into account "practicability and cost".

The design chosen was proposed by Harris Bros., a firm claiming that they "did a job like our bar every other day". Hare promised that it would provide "the best carpets, walls and lights" with absolutely everything in the current bar being taken out, from the doors to the toilets with even the electric's being replaced. The new look bar will be cleaner, more comfortable and will

seem more spacious.

Rumours that the Three Tuns will look a night-club were denied by Hare. A colourful, shiny metallic design was submitted by Richard Muddit, responsible for the design of the LSE shop, but was not chosen. While Hare admitted that it would look "great on a Friday night" it did not seem conducive to quiet afternoon drinking. Additionally, Muddit's design would have cost the LSE £40,000 more than that of Harris Bros., as well as significant costs in keeping the fancy tiling and decor bright and colourful.

Jim Fagen pointed out that it has been ten years since the Three Tuns was last given a face lift, apparent from its relatively shabby interior today. The timing of the refurbishment is also important in that the new, improved bar will be ready in time for the forthcoming LSESU centenary celebrations.

One concern may be that such a



LSE students enjoy the Three Tuns as it is, will they enjoy it as it will be?

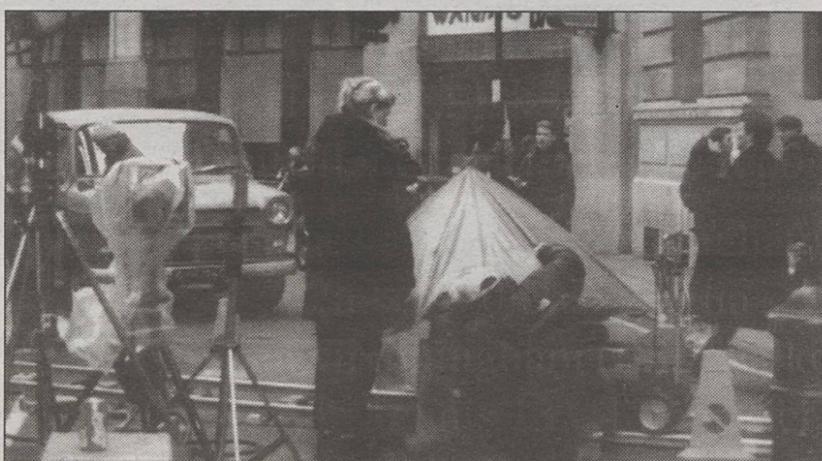
Photo: Nina Duncan

huge overhaul may be a bit rushed over the five week Easter break. However, Darrell Hare assures *The Beaver* that the Bar Committee is confident that the Harris Bros. will meet the deadline,

with the added assurance of a penalty clause of the contract if the job is not completed by a certain date. This means that the new look three Tuns Bar should be operational within the last week of

the holidays, in plenty of time for the staff to get used to the layout, in preparation for that "pre-exam stress" drinking!

## Nissan drive the LSE round the bend.



Where's Wally?

Photo: Nina Duncan

By Dhara Ranasinghe

Has the LSE gone Hollywood crazy? Judging from the camera crews, production team, actors in bright flares and knee length boots filling Houghton Street last Thursday, this would appear to be the case.

It would seem that the Japanese car company Nissan had chosen the historic sight of the LSE in which to shoot their new TV commercial. Ironically, this site was not chosen for its academic prowess. As one of the Company's representatives,

Steve Mc Lennan, informed *The Beaver* this has "nothing to do with the LSE".

Instead it was the building opposite the Old Building which had attracted the company's advertising agency, TBWA to Houghton Street. TBWA considered the building ideal for the commercial featuring a bank robbery and to this end, painted the words Bank on the side of the building as well as placing an artificial telephone box outside the building. TBWA had only needed to ask the Westminster Council for permission to film in Houghton Street and was doing most of the shoot inside the building in question.

The advert was directed by Peter Richardson, the star director of the programme *Harry Enfield and Chums* as well as the programme, *Comic Strips*

*Presents*, in which Richardson has also acted.

*The Beaver* had the privilege of reporting about the details first, which are not available to the national press as the advertisement is currently under embargo.

Telling from the murmurings of the camera crew and production team, the student location was not the ideal place to shoot the commercial due to the attention attracted. Speaking to *The Beaver*, Rob Cooke from TBWA commented that it was "difficult filming where ever students are around". From the students' point of view, it appeared however, that getting some lunch from the Wrights' Bar was their primary concern.

Politics p6

Interview p8

Arts p10

Valentines' Messages p13

## Machiavelli

Machiavelli takes a more in-depth look this week at potential candidates for the posts of Gen Sec and Treasurer. Any resemblance to any persons living or dead are purely a slip of the quill.

### GENERAL SECRETARY

**Darrell Hare** (Mc Independent): Gen Sec for a day during the Crowe's brief flight. The power must have gone to his head, or can he just not get a real job? Election slogan: "Is that to eat in or take away?" (sorry that's for his other job application) odds 3/1 joint fave

**Tom Smith** (Not Labour): Machiavelli's a bit short of inspiration for this one. A bit like the candidate. But the word on the street is that he plans to stage another marriage. Election slogan: "Don't vote Hare, go bald". odds 10/1

**Baljit Mahal** (Second Coming): Will descend from Mt Sinai to extend an olive branch to reach his chosen people in the global village. His reign would be just like his degree - f\*\*\*\* up and far too long. Election slogan: "My administration will have 18 priorities; education, education, education..." odds 2000/1

**Jon French** (Conservative): Tory has made the UGM stage his own in recent weeks. Is he using the Sab elections to practice to be George Gardiner's successor? (Same haircut). Has stated his opposition to racism - so that puts him on the left of the Tory Party... Election Slogan: "Same bad Tory, Sad old story" odds 50/1

**Raj Jethwa** (Labour (Old)): New face of Old Labour. Or is that Old face of New Labour? This balding patriarch aims for the first days of the Raj. Election slogan: "New Labour, no job, please help" odds 3/1 joint fav

**Peter Doralt** (World Domination Party): Squeaky clean Austrian is stepping into Smith's shoes as comedy candidate/ man of the people. Short Austrian, likes to shout a lot. Have we heard this before? Election slogan: "Tomorrow belongs to me" odds 80/1

**Ben 'Right' Selwyn** (SWSS): Socialist Worker, right. Hates Tories, right. Nice jacket, right. Most definitely not on the right, right. Quite alright. Election slogan: "The right man for the job" or "Vote right, right" or "It'll be alright on the night, right". odds are a capitalist plot

### TREASURER

**Nick Kirby** (Labour (New)): Here today, wants to be Hare tomorrow, hair everywhere. Here for fucking ever. Will he win his bet with Bernardo to be the last to leave LSE? Election slogan: "Don't vote f\*\*\*\* Liberal this time". Who is Rebecca Bunn anyway? odds 12/1

**Yuan Potts** (Independent): To confuse Nick he is not running as a Liberal (see above). If times get hard his campaign will go to pot. And speed. And coke....But may accept an offer to be Brian Harvey's replacement. Election slogan: "Hey man. Yeah, yeah, yeah, sorted" odds 4/1

**Imogen Bathurst** (Mc Independent): Good looking Tuns candidate. (Oops, that should be for the candidate above) Services Exec Officer this year - or should that just be 'services exec this year'? Election slogan: "Darrell says..." odds 5/1

**Georgina Reason**-ably cute (Conservative): Gets the Gen Sec's vote. Can she sleep with enough voters in time? Election slogan: "It could be you" odds 10/1 a night

# The fight continues.

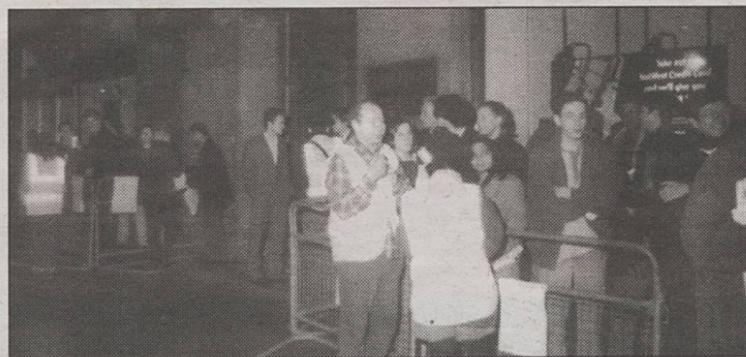
By Dev Cropper

The student campaign against top-up fees continued last Tuesday with a picket of the School's Standing Committee. Around thirty protesters were present at the Union-supported demonstration.

The Tuesday meeting did not actually discuss the issue of fees, but the Standing Committee will probably decide in March or April, on whether they are to be implemented at the LSE. This follows the referral of the decision to them by the Court of Governors last term.

Although fees were not on the agenda, picketers were in no doubt as to the validity of their action. The picket was intended to put pressure on the Committee members by reminding them of student opposition. It was also a way of keeping up the profile of the student campaign against fees.

Pickets and other protests have been a feature of the Union's response to the threat of fees. The leadership has eschewed the direct, illegal action the LSE was infamous for in the '60s, in



"Keep the LSE top-up fee free"

Photo: Fredrik Ljone Holst.

favour of more 'persuasive' approaches. Many students at Tuesday's picket were beginning to question the wisdom of this quiet, persuasive strategy.

The recent appointment of the School's new Director, Anthony Giddens, was seen by many as a good sign for the opposition to top-up fees. Giddens has a reputation as a left-of-centre academic whom many would expect to be opposed to fees on principle. But the Director, despite his communication efforts with the student body, has refused to commit himself to either side of the debate.

The SU leadership is generally seen to have relaxed its campaign against fees since Giddens's appointment. Student activists are beginning to express anger at this, and fears have arisen that an unjustified complacency has been engendered by the new Director's arrival.

Another lobby is to be held at next month's Standing Committee, on Tuesday 4 March. Top-up fees may be on the agenda on this occasion, and the SU is expected to mount a higher profile campaign.

# Any Questions?

Guy Burton & Dhara Ranasinghe.

Westminster Central Hall was thriving with young people from all around the city last Thursday, when they attended Westminster '97, a one day conference held annually by the Liberal Democrats at Westminster County Hall to promote political issues among the young.

A Question Time session was attended by Conservative MP Jerry Hayes, Labour's Ken Livingstone and Liberal Democrat Simon Hughes.

A question about whether young people should be given full status in a superstate was taken as an opening to criticise other parties. Ken Livingstone, replying that in a true superstate we could all be citizens rather than subjects, accused the present government of being "corrupt, greedy, swines". Jerry Hayes retaliated by saying Labour had "abandoned all its beliefs."

The contentious issue of Europe didn't produce much more debate. All three agreed that it should not be about whether or not Britain should be a part of Europe. While Ken Livingstone denounced monetary union as "too bureaucratic and too monetarist" he did see a "united states of Europe" as inevitable. Jerry Hayes criticised the Europhobes for their obsession with sovereignty.

Hughes attacked Labour and Conservatives alike for their "diabolical" negative election campaigns. He went on to denigrate Labour's promise not to raise taxes after

President of Middlesex University; and Paul Hillier, National Vice Chair of the Young Conservatives.

Berry seemed content to sit above the melee, while Hillier relished the



Vying for the youth vote

Photo Fredrik Ljone Holst

the election.

On the issue of MPs' constituency responsibilities, all three panellists stressed that they were representatives, not delegates. They highlighted an MP's conflict of loyalties, and Ken Livingstone remarked that if the Labour Party were to move further to the right over the next two years he would leave them.

The final session focussed on the three main parties' youth wings. On the panel were Ruth Berry, Liberal Democrat Youth chair (and Parliamentary candidate in Newcastle Central at age 21); Sarah Ward, Labour Students' Women's Officer and

attacks on the Blairite Ward. Asked about Shadow Chancellor Gordon Brown's spending commitments, she looked distinctly uncomfortable in explaining it while not being marked out as a Tory. Hillier said that it was wonderful to see Labour adopting Tory policies unreservedly.

On HE funding, all made mundane commitments towards income contingent loans. The lack of radical views on this subject suggested a cosy, conservative consensus between the three parties. Nevertheless, if outrage at this does lead to raised political awareness over the issue, then that must be a positive thing.

## News From The Archives From This Week: 17 February 1964

There was great uproar on 17 February 1964 as the barman of the Three Tuns was to go. The decision was reached by the bar management committee and the Council but no explanation was given for the decision.

Mr. Ron Bixby, the bar Steward, was handed a letter of notice when he arrived to open the bar and an hour later he gave his keys in and left in anger. He was said to have expressed great dissatisfaction with the bar management committee when he commented that "in the past you had more experienced people who knew more what they were talking about. The present bar management committee needs someone older on it".

The committee said that its decision to take such an action was made after much discussion in several meetings

and revealed that such a decision had been recommended by the Management Committee on different occasions but that it had been postponed for two whole years. A possible reason for Mr. Bixby's departure may have been the fact that the bar was not making enough profit and they therefore decided to "pass the buck" onto him. Mr. Bixby said that "...if the Council will not run the bar in a commercial way, what can they expect? They sell some beer at give away prices, and there is so much going out at cost prices". He went on to say that very few people drink beers and the majority seem to "drink orange squash".

The members of staff at the Three Tuns were shocked at Mr. Bixby's dismissal and asked for a "good" explanation from the Union. Most said

that they understood Mr. Bixby's frustration with the Management Committee and one member even declared that

"it's seems he has justifiable complaints and it looks as if there has been a break down in communication" between the two parties.

As for Mr. Bixby himself, he walked out of the bar saying that he wanted to know what 'all this' was about and "that is about all that will bring me back. I certainly won't work here again" he proclaimed! Meanwhile the headlines of the Beaver read "They're passing the buck" as "Barman goes"!

Miriam Chalabi

## News From Nowhere

Cardiff

### Meningitis Update

Following the Meningitis outbreak at the University hall of residence last term, a national report has been published identifying the lack of information on meningitis as the chief problem. The report identifies the need to target information to students, particularly considering that this was not done at the time.

Newcastle

### Porn crazed Gen Sec suspended.

Steve Barnes, General Secretary of Northumbria Polytechnic University has been suspended following allegations of 'financial irregularity'.

However, further shady dealings of Barnes were disclosed at a closed meeting when he admitted to downloading porn off the internet. It has been alleged that Barnes would stay in office frequently until 4:00 am to do this, and was already censored on this issue before his suspension was enacted.

### Police lend an ear...

Police efforts to set up a surgery at Newcastle University to discuss student problems were met with resistance from certain sections of the school who did not want to fund the surgery's publicity campaign, because of political prejudices and attitudes. The President of Newcastle University, has nevertheless sanctioned a go ahead with the surgery.

Birmingham

### I need a man!

The television programme 'God's Gift' hit Birmingham last week urging male students at the University to go strut their stuff at the nightclub where auditions were held. Samantha Homic, co-ordinator of 'God's Gift', in an effort to spur students to audition argued that "taking part is a guarantee to a good day out"!!

### Cambridge Revolution!

A secret boycott of the bar and eating facilities at Cambridge University's Corpus Christi College took place at the weekend as part of a campaign against unproportional rent rises.

The decision was voted on last term by students after a deadline in negotiations had been reached. The hall had seen a rent increase of 5% in 1996 and student spokesman, Harietta Hughes stated: "the action was a statement that we're not going to sit around and be apathetic any longer". To avoid students eating at the hall a special deal was to be arranged with a local Pizza company.

Durham

### Game, set and match

A graduate of Durham university, Lucy Heald, is said to be the new girlfriend of the British tennis star Tim Henman, seeded 14 in the World Tennis Rankings. The couple met in Christmas 1996 and have been successful at keeping their relation quiet.

Members of the University staff at Durham have commented that Ms. Heald "was a good, hardworking student" who graduated with a degree in Combined Honours and Social Science. She is currently working as a producer for sports programme company 'Trans World International'.

Ms. Heald was unavailable to comment for the *Palatinate*, the Durham Newspaper, and allegedly refused to be interviewed.

# NUS gets TUF on ULU

By Andrew Yule

Amidst rising controversy over the future of higher education and the role of the NUS, last weeks "National Anti-Tuition Fees Conference" was cancelled. Nick Dearden, ULU Finance and Services officer, explained to *The Beaver* that the NUS had failed to endorse the conference, due to be held at ULU on Tuesday 4 of February. Dearden outlined just some of what he referred to as the "ridiculous conditions" under which the conference had to be held as demanded by the NUS. Their refusal to

accept the presence of non-NUS affiliated institutions at the conference appears bizarre, considering the national importance of the issue in discussion. Additionally a demand that Nick Dearden should not associate his name with any of the mailings and should not chair any discussion at the conference itself was explained by Dearden as nothing more than a "personal dislike" for him harboured by NUS president Douglas Trainer.

While the conference itself was cancelled, the speakers from national political parties being advised to stay away by the NUS, a small discussion did go ahead amongst the small number

of students who did attend. Mr. Dearden outlined what he had hoped to achieve through the conference, namely a broad discussion of tuition fees and a demonstration of national student opposition to them. He pointed out that thirty institutions had registered for the conference and a further twenty had expressed their support for it. He referred to the action of the NUS in effectively destroying the conference as an "infringement of our autonomy."

Alison Brown, the NUS's women's officer and a chairperson of the "Campaign For Free Education" was the only NUS representative present at the meeting. While Miss Brown

emphasised the importance of NUS support in the campaign against tuition fees, simply due to its sheer size and influence, she also suggested that students should attempt to establish such a strong campaign that it "can't be derailed by anyone, even the NUS."

Dan Crowe, the LSESU's General Secretary, spoke on behalf the LSE. He explained that the LSE's final decision on whether to introduce tuition fees relies heavily on the actions of new Director Anthony Giddens, still to clarify his position. With April 29 being cited as potentially the decision day for the LSE standing committee, Crowe emphasised the importance of a

forthcoming conference in the Hong Kong Theatre, in the LSE. The conference, similar to this weeks cancelled ULU conference, has been discussed and agreed upon by Giddens, Douglas Trainer and Dan Crowe. Due to be held on Tuesday, February 25 this could be LSE students' last chance to win the long running battle against top up fees. Although Douglas Trainer has stated that the NUS will back the LSE conference, his cancellation of his interview with *The Beaver* this week means that the extent of his commitment to the anti top-up fees campaign remains in doubt.

## Election Poll Plot

By Joe Yearsley

Sitting three seats away from Lloyd Grossman in the Hong Kong Theatre it was clear that a feast of intellectual ferocity was in store. Bob Worcester, the MORI poll guru, chaired the meeting of the LSE Media Group, with his most recent poll findings providing the backdrop for discussion. The poll had shown the Tories languishing twenty five points behind Labour, confirming his assertion that Labour would enter office with a forty five seat majority.

But Worcester's belief was countered by Sean Woodwood, a smooth talking, glib Conservative Communications Officer, who felt that the electorate were unsophisticated enough to vote merely on economic issues. This means that by the time of the election the electorate will, albeit reluctantly, flock back to the Tories who presided over the economic success of Britain. Yet, despite the optimism the public feels about Britain's economic prospects the polls are consistently showing that recovery is recognised, but the government will not be rewarded.

Inevitably, with Dr. Allen Sked on the panel, the debate became



Talking Politics.

Photo: Fredrik Ljone Holst

overshadowed by the furore over the European Union. As leader of the UK Independence party he believes that the major issue which people will be voting on will be the party's view on Europe. This is perhaps wishful thinking. Both party's have continued to stifle the debate about Europe despite the fact that it is the biggest issue that Britain is currently facing. Furthermore Worcester's polls show that the NHS and education are the two main issues

identified by voters.

Opinion polls do however, show trends and not settled patterns and campaigns can throw the election as in 1992. As one political commentator put it "the polls are about as reliable as Bruce Grobelaar and his clown-sized moustache". Perhaps a little harsh, but nevertheless, it does confirm the feeling that the outcome of the election is still in the air.

## Sam, Sam the hardship man

By Zoe Peden

It's official, Sam Parham has removed this bottom from his much warmed, well moulded seat. He is ploughing through applications to the Hardship Fund and has 180 interviews lined up.

To those Prada-wearing LSE individuals with mobile phones as a natural extension of the hand - hardship is "non comprehendez". But to "real" students hardship equals no food, crap menial job and as a consequence crap essay results which equals overall a crap degree.

The Hardship Fund is directed primarily at Post Graduates with no scholarships, overseas undergraduates and students with no LEA or outside funding, plus students experiencing "unexpected" circumstances i.e. father has been made redundant. Bank statements have to be produced as

evidence to qualify for "hardship". The average qualifier receives £200.

Sam admits the Hardship Fund and its allocation is not perfect. It only reaches a small percentage of students as "hardship" in the funds case means practically "desolate". To those who have reached this point, £200 might just pay the interest on their credit card bill.

Sam defended the scheme by arguing that it could not be perfect as there are severe lack of funds. Sounds a familiar argument.

On a more positive angle, there are quite a few under advertised funding schemes available from the Welfare Office such as the child care fund, disabilities fund and women's right to choose fund.

N.B Sam says it's a "load of bollocks" that he hasn't moved off his arse, and that he's a very busy man.



Sam gets down to work.

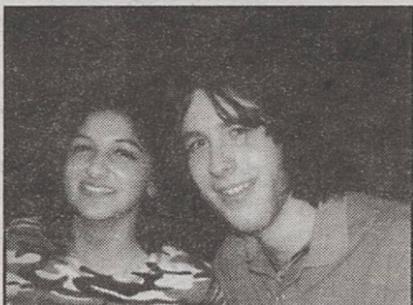
Photo: Juliet Shedden

## JUST & ABOUT Views from Houghton Street

- Q 1) Where did you meet?  
2) Are you doing anything special for St. Valentines Day?  
3) What's your favorite couple thing?

Compiled by Nina Duncan & Juliet Shedden

Steven Post, Bsc Geography, 2nd year & Shabnum Hasan, Bsc Gov., 2nd year.



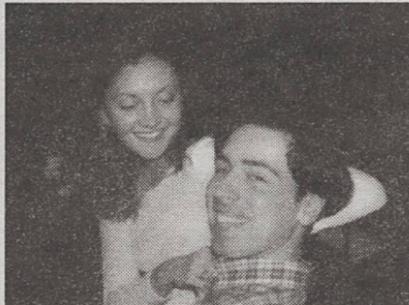
- 1) Carr Saunders.  
2) In the Tuns.  
3) Going to the Tuns.

- 1) In the Tuns.  
2) Getting pissed.  
3) Going out.

Lee Joas General Course, 3rd year & Juliet Shedden, Bsc Social Policy & Sociology, 1st year.



- 1) In the Tuns.  
2) Spending it in the Tuns.  
3) Kissing.



Richard Hall, BA History, 3rd year & Lucy Aston BA History, 3rd year.

Dave Harding LLB Law, 2nd year & Bronya Jackson, Bsc Geog & Economics, 1st year.



- 1) Bankside bar.  
2) Taking B to Amsterdam  
3) Sex.

Thepan Jothilingam, Bsc Business, 2nd year & Aggie Petchey, Bsc Maths & Economics, 1st year.



- 1) 3rd floor, Rosebery hall.  
2) Having him spend lots of money on me.  
3) Snogging.



# The Beaver

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## A Woman's Right to Choose IS a Fundamental Human Right

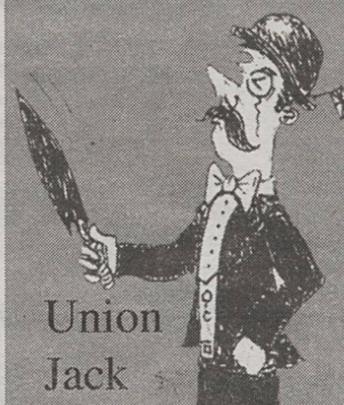
The fight for a woman's right to choose has been dominated by the preaching of the self-righteous, the judgemental and the so-called moralists. The legalisation of abortion in the 1967 Abortion Act was not the official conclusion of this issue: various MPs and interest groups have since mounted a continual barrage of attacks on the law. This matter, however, evolves from the dominance of a patriarchal society and state.

A woman who is pregnant is the one carrying a foetus or baby inside her for nine months. As far as I am concerned, no one should have the right to tell her that she must not abort the foetus if she does not want to carry it to full term. It is a condescending and patronising society that feels that it can force anyone to do something that he or she has no desire of doing - merely on the basis of the argument that it is wrong and that a foetus is a life. The latter argument is another

issue entirely, with a variety of views, but a right to choose allows those who disagree about the acceptability of a foetus or embryo as a human life - to make their decisions for themselves, instead of having the decisions made for them beforehand and then shoved down their throats. What must be remembered is that an invasion of the sovereignty of a woman's body cannot be condoned in an advanced liberal society.

Even with abortion legalised, however, the extensive restrictions here in the UK have forced most women to opt for private abortions, due to NHS district rules. Certain areas only allow residents at the age of sixteen and over forty - to have abortions on the NHS. This effectively removes the choice from women in lower-income groups and will, eventually worsen their situation with another mouth to feed.

LIZ CHONG



Normal people may not have noticed, but election fever is in full swing at the LSE. Hacks are feverishly infected with a terminal desire to suffer the pains of image, promotion, and self-exposure. And, who came galloping fully exposed into the Philip Hampshire Revue Bar this week, but Gonzo Doralt. Damaged by rumours that he had left one of his testicles in the Albert Hall, the duke has decided to impress the masses by ensuring election inroads are built and the gravy-trains run on time. Although Doralt probably does dream at night of an Old Theatre bedecked with gigantic images of himself, Jack rather suggests that the rest of the Union wishes for the day when they can fully appreciate the majesty of his rhetoric. Powerful orator though he may be, Donald Duck on Amphetamine remains an unbridgeable linguistic gap for even the most intelligent balcony boy. The scope of his amendment(s) this week appeared to be that if (by any chance) a senior member of the executive happened (perhaps, maybe) to be viciously blitzkrieged by a quacking lunatic tank-driving Austrian, then (in theory) there would have to be a by-election in which some suitable candidate could replace them.

In a day which saw floating condoms and projectile mushrooms, Jack was in no position to assert the strange concept that Doralt may have had a degree of self interest in this proposal. Anyway, being shouted down by the buxom Nick Kirby ensured that Pete once again scores a golden duck.

If the UGM craves iconocisms, the news that the Dazzling Darrel is moving up the sab structure should prove heartening. Although we are all resigned to Dan Crowe's northern light, Hare is surely someone who understands the minutiae of politicking. Great Hair, Smashing Teeth, Lovely Clothes: the election could be in the bag. Why not just play a game of musical sabbaticals: when the Austrian national anthem stops so each elected official swaps jobs. Jack reckons this will prove that inaction in one post could be equally well moved to any other. Sadly, the idea of transitive incompetence could really damage Doralt's lovely idea of performance related pay for Sabbaticals. Right wing measures to cynically attract the Tory vote in the second ballot? Surely not?

Elsewhere, Jack snoozed. Stuart Lock - always proud to be at least a generation behind the dual fashions of dress and ideology - proposed (wait for it) that 'Fascism is Bad'. Uh-huh. Tom Smith may reckon this a reeally important issue, and he would get no argument from this commentator. Neither would Jack like to dispute that education should probably be free. But, having debated it every week with the same pointless results, could we possibly move on to something else, please? Perhaps a little investigation into what actually happens when the Union passes a tangible ideological motion would be in order. Jack seems to remember a certain soft drink being banned from Union facilities for extremely noble reasons. What? Do you mean you saw a Pepsi machine in the Quad? Well, isn't that a remarkable thing.

## What's On

### Central an Eastern European Developmental Society (CEEDS)

H.E. Matjaz Sinkovec  
Ambassador of Slovenia

Slovenia: Future membership in the EU and NATO  
Thursday February 13  
4.30 pm in S 50.

### The Hayek Society

presents  
Robert Whelan  
from the Institute of Economic  
Affairs  
speaking on  
"Welfare without the state"  
Friday February 14  
5-7pm  
RoomA144.

### Blind Date Contest

anyone interested in taking part  
please come to  
A 85  
Tuesday February 11  
at 5 pm  
or e-mail Laura Howard on:  
L.F.Howard @lse.ac.uk.

### "Week of 1997"

Hong Kong  
June 30 1997, midnight -  
From Britain's last major colony to  
her rightful communist owner, China.  
"1997 Forum" (our newly established society) invites  
you to be a witness to the political and economic  
challenges associated with the handover this summer.  
Seminars on the economic (21/2), legal (26/2) and  
the political (28/2) aspects by academics, business elites  
and government officials from both sides.  
Exhibition outside Old Theatre  
Details look out for next Beaver, Posters, e-mail and  
our homepage that is supposed to come up under SU  
now.

### LSE European Society

Dr. Stefan Collignon  
Research Director,  
Association for the  
Monetary Union in  
Europe, Paris  
EMU: Revival or  
Disaster for Europe  
Tuesday February 18  
1pm in S 50.

### Eastern division forum

offers you a chance to say it with  
a Rose  
on Februaury 14  
We'll deliver a rose and card to  
anyone in LSE or Intercollegiate  
halls on the morning of  
Valentine's Day.  
For £2.50 (£20 for a dozen).

### Malam Bakti Tuah Charity Night London Hari Raya Celebration

February 21, 6pm-  
10.30pm  
The Old Theatre  
Tickets £4 from: Arni  
Laily Anwarrudin,  
Rusnidar Amni Rusli,  
Zarina Nadzimuddin  
All proceeds will go to  
Project Kalsom IV.

### The Schapiro Government Club presents:

Valentine Boat Party  
on Friday February 14  
Collection of fine DJ's  
Six piece Jazzband  
Win a pair of tickets to Paris  
Free Buffet  
250 capacity  
Bar at Pub prices  
Westminster Pier cast-off, 9pm  
Carriages: 1am  
Dress Code: Black tie  
Admission £15 by advanced ticket purchase only (sold in Houghton St.).

## Sabbaticals fail the Overseas Students

Narius Aga

The Overseas and EU Students Forum was held last Thursday and provided thought-provoking and fruitful discussions on issues like the rise in Overseas students' fees, hall priorities, and scholarship and hardship funds. I shall present a fuller account of it next week. However, there is one matter which I feel is appropriate enough to warrant this article - the only point for which I did not have an answer when raised by a student - where the Sabbatical officers were.

Not one of the four attended the forum. This just reflects their attitude towards issues pertaining to Overseas and EU students - an indifferent stance adopted throughout this year. This demeanour not only reeks of apathy, but impassivity as well and is most unfortunate, considering the extra effort that was required this year in light of the events surrounding last year's elections, which triggered off a mass-scale trend of a feeling of alienation in the eyes of a large chunk of the Overseas student population. Need one remind them that Overseas and EU students do form a major part of the student population and such an attitude on their part makes it more of an endeavour for me to continuously refute the argument put forward time and time again that this Union just serves the interests of Home students and is merely a practice-field for would-be politicians.

Space constraints do not permit me to go on, but the bottom line is that unless there is a radical change in attitude, the "us" and "them" syndrome between Home and Overseas students shall continue.

# Sabs' New Pay Day

Peter Doralt, discusses the proposal of greater Sabbatical accountability.

**P**unish incompetence! Reward excellence! "Although only a few may originate policies, we are all able to judge them." Pericles (father of democracy in Athens, 430 BC.)

In September 1996, the Foreign Ministry of Nigeria issued a press release. It argued that democracy might well work in the West, but was impractical in Nigeria, where voters, often uneducated or even illiterate, were incapable of understanding what was good for them and their country. A few weeks later, LSE students condemned this attitude. There was a general, almost unanimous belief that Nigerians had a right to evaluate their government.

A motion to be debated at this week's UGM (Thursday, 1pm, Old Theatre) would give LSE students the same right. At present there is no system of evaluation, because Sabbaticals practically never stand for re-election. In theory, they can be removed, but the process is so tedious that not a single one has been removed for 25 years. The proposed motion would make it easier to remove officers. In addition, students would be asked to fill out a questionnaire at the Lent term elections and express their satisfaction with the different SU activities, as well as, the SU's general performance and the personal performance of the General Secretary. A separate motion would make a small proportion of Sab salaries dependent on student satisfaction; these would vary between 95 per cent (if more than 70 per cent of students disapproved) and 105 per cent (if more than 70 per cent of students approved) of present levels. As an incentive to co-

operate as a team, Sabs would also receive a 1 per cent bonus each, if more than half of all students were satisfied with the SU's general performance. Administrative costs would be negligible (basically printing one more page of the ballot papers) and variations in individual salaries are likely to cancel each other out, so that total expenditure would roughly remain at the present level in most years.

The proposal has mainly been criticised on the grounds that students (just like Nigerian peasants) can't always tell what is best for them and that their opinion will not always reflect the "real" performance of Sabs. This is as self evidently true as it is irrelevant. Democratic institutions hardly ever lead to an optimal outcome (for empirical evidence, just look at some of our present Sabs). In fact, no system does! The crucial argument in favour of democratic institutions is that they offer mechanisms, usually asking voters for their subjective opinion, to punish rulers for incompetence and reward them for perceived excellence. Judging policies and politicians is a tricky business. But it would seem that satisfaction with SU-Services (copy shop, Cafe and 3 Tuns), SU entertainment events and SU activities to improve student welfare would give a fair indication of the a major part the Treasurer's, the Entertainment's Sab's and the Welfare & Education Sab's performances (who would still receive a fixed salary of 95 per cent for their other responsibilities). Most students use these services and many can make comparisons, because they have been to the LSE for a few years. Testing the performance of the General Secretary is

more difficult. It might be, that somebody who works very hard is personally very unpopular. However, a major part of a Gen. Sec's job is to communicate with students. Persistent unpopularity would clearly indicate a failure to respond to their criticism.

Another point raised is that some students might be biased; Sam thinks that Labour members will always express dissatisfaction with the performance of a conservative Sab (even if they like everything s/he does). I would find it very sad, if this was true and I very much doubt it (naively believing in human goodness and honesty). But Labour members only represent a very small fraction (less than 3 per cent) of LSE students. Surely the right policy can't be to disenfranchise everybody; rather the Education Sab, should alert this negligible minority to the dangers of prejudices!

Finally, one could argue that this might have little effect on performance; Sabs might be indifferent between 95 and 105 per cent. That's a fair criticism and original proposals were indeed far more radical. However, we do not have any data on student satisfaction. Working out a pay schedule without data involves a great amount of guesswork. Having a poll this year will help us to work out a better schedule next year. The present system clearly does not motivate Sabs (just try to find them in their office before 11am or after 5pm). It's worth to try something new! In the very least, it would make Sabs much more credible the next time they demonstrate in front of the Nigerian embassy.

## Post-grad Power

Becky Bunn

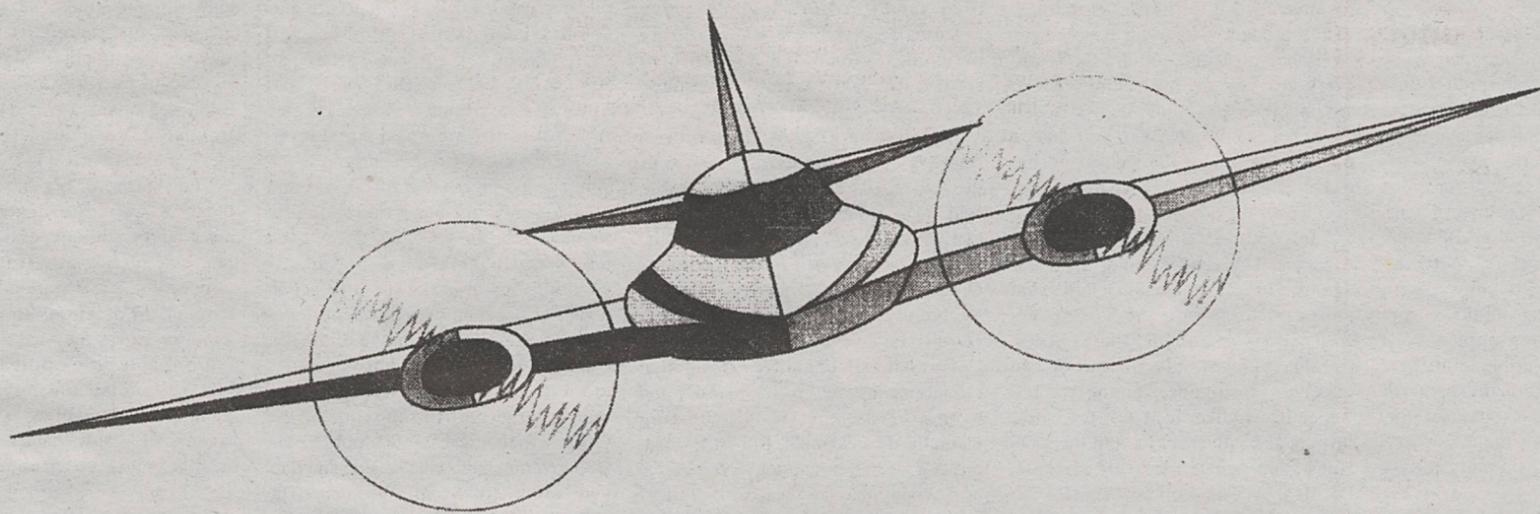
Remember sitting in the Peacock Theatre for orientation and wondering who the funny blokes, 'The Sabbaticals', off the Students' Union were and what they did? Perhaps you thought about finding out and then forgot. Chances are you never really cared, but it's time you did, for three reasons.

First of all, Post-grads don't laugh enough. The UGMs, every Thursday from 1- 2pm in the Old Theatre will change that. Picture Parliament question time gone haywire - proposals and amendments complete with heckling and name calling. Students sit with their respective parties and debate surprisingly relevant and timely issues considering the chaos! It is a fun way to learn about what's going on at the School and now you'll understand all the posters in Houghton Street. Perhaps you'll even raise some issues of your own. (Hint: You may want to stand at the back during your first meeting.)

Secondly, after four months at LSE, you must have some ideas for improvement. Maybe computer facilities or even Library concerns? The SU is the place to take those concerns. In fact, you even have a post-grad officer to deal with them. (That'd be me.) By placing a note in my box at SU Reception or coming to my 'Office Hour' on Mondays from 2 - 3pm just above the Veggie Café. You can use your ideas to change things at the LSE.

Thirdly, did you know that post-grads have separate study rooms around campus? Or that I have a weekly publication with job openings for your use? Come talk to me and be enlightened!

Overall, remember that even though we're post-grad students, there is a lot going on at LSE outside the Library. Hope to see you soon.



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# When money talks...

The bell is tolling for democracy. Yet who hears it? Strange, if a right mankind had been struggling to achieve for hundreds of years were to disappear, you would expect someone to cry foul, at least ask where it had gone. But we seem to have let democracy slip past us. We had taken it for granted, our vigilance dropped. We get to vote every five years, but is that democracy? Does that constitute government by the people for the people? Hardly. The ancient Greeks understood that for democracy to work, everyone should have an equal chance of being heard, of participating in some way in their governance, and that meant that the democratic unit had to be fairly small.

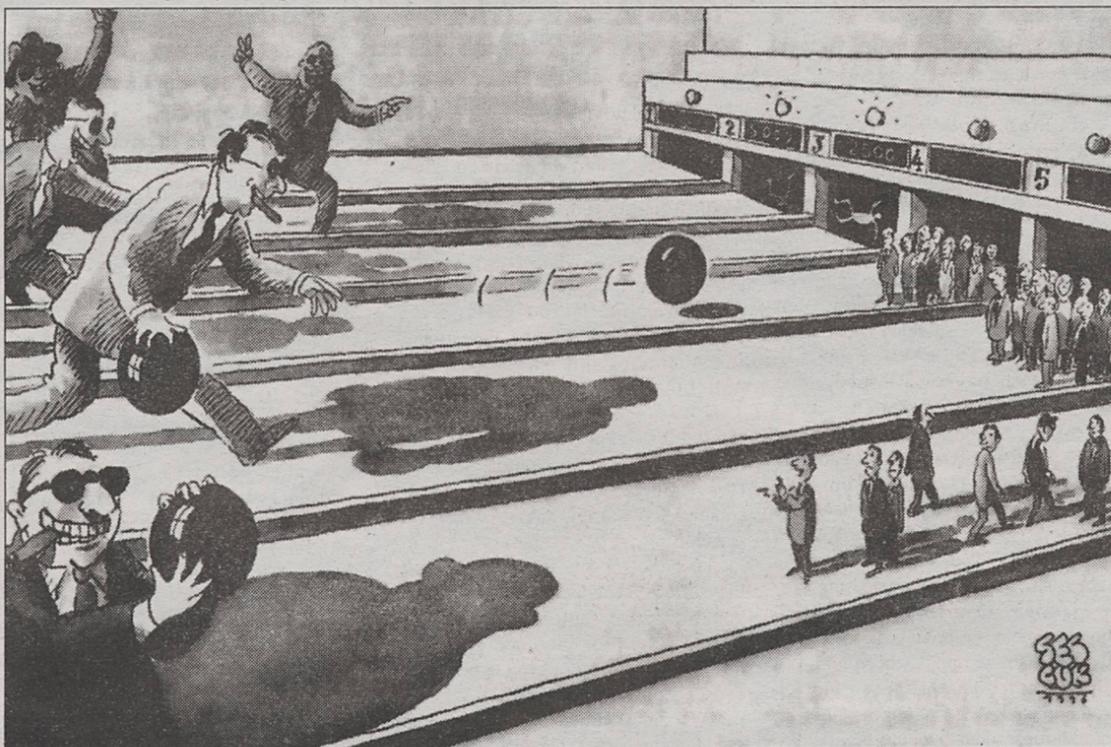
Anyone with even a cursory knowledge of government in Britain will know how far we, like almost all other countries, have strayed from this vision of democracy. Local government has suffered a long period of emasculation, with central government removing more and more of its power, year after year. Even at the national level democracy is in very bad shape. We all know that Parliament is weak and inefficient in keeping a check on an executive which is itself losing power to a remarkably undemocratic European Union and an even more unaccountable global economy.

Power, however, has not simply disappeared into the ether. It is very much alive, largely in the hands of a group which is undermining democracy at every level, namely big business. To say such a thing, I know, is to break a terrible taboo, to risk being called a marxist, a conspiratorial leftist, or worse. But it is time the unsayable was said: big business is subverting democracy with the compliance of politicians.

How could such a thing possibly happen? Quite simply. A fairly crude though effective tactic is to let money do the talking. Unlike most other groups in society, big business has enormous capital at its disposal and knows how to use it. For example, to win a general election a political party needs millions of pounds (in the case of Bill Clinton in 1996, \$85 million just for advertising), which corporations gladly provide in the full expectation of receiving a handsome return. Unelected quangos, carrying out functions once performed by local government, are packed full of business leaders. A revolving door exists between government and big business, with businessmen becoming politicians and ministers retiring into big business. MPs are well known to supplement their parliamentary salaries with directorships in, or consultancies for, businesses. Also, the media, who's support is essential for a party to win power, are owned by corporations which have to be kept sweet. Alternatively, a slightly more subtle method used by big business include funding 'independent' think-tanks promoting free-market economics, forming corporate front groups, lobbying and lying. The leverage over politicians which big business thus accumulates in these different ways becomes very substantial.

And how does business use all this power and influence? To press for the freedom to do exactly as it pleases free of regulations and democratic constraints, all under the cover of the free market and free trade. Were business to use its undemocratic power wisely and for the public good, then such a situation wouldn't be quite so bad. The problem, however, is that the interests of much of big business conflict directly with those of the rest of society. For big business' primary aim is to make as large a profit as quickly as possible, whatever it takes, regardless of

**Simon Retallack, Politics Editor, investigates the subversion of democracy by big business with the compliance of the political class.**



Democracy - the easy target- is bowled over by big business.

the long-term consequences, regardless of the social, environmental, or health cost. It pursues this goal relentlessly at every opportunity, and because it holds such power over the decision-makers, it often gets its way, by-passing and subverting the democratic process entirely, and too often at great cost to the well-being of the majority of ordinary people. For those who find this hard to believe, there are countless examples of this process occurring.

Take cancer, one of the single biggest killers in the world. An important source of this disease is the smoking of tobacco products, which is a hugely profitable source of revenue for big business. How does such a product, which kill hundreds of thousands of people around the world every year, escape the controls which are imposed on even the mildest cough medicine? Quite easily. The tobacco industry is among the richest on the planet, and is expert at using that wealth to win over the decision-makers.

In Britain, BAT (British and American Tobacco) is one of the major donors to the Conservative Party and pours millions into the Treasury's coffers every year. In the United States, the tobacco lobby doles out money like water to politicians, Democrats and Republicans alike, in return for votes, favours and influence. In both the 1990 House and Senate 'races for example, Political Action Committees (PACs) representing tobacco interests donated more than \$2 million in 1990 alone. In 1990 the amount donated to the Republican and Democratic National Committees by just four tobacco concerns, RJR Nabisco, Philip Morris (by whom Margaret Thatcher is paid an estimated \$500,000 consultancy fee), US Tobacco and the Tobacco Institute, amounted to just under \$500,000. Thus, on health issues, Congress' vote has been bought for years. That is why tobacco products, in spite of their devastating health effects, have been exempted for years from every major health and safety law enacted by Congress, and why Congressmen repeatedly oppose restrictions on tobacco advertising. In the words of Congressman Michael Synar, "When it comes to tobacco, some of my colleagues use every excuse in the book to support the tobacco lobby at the expense of the American people." Democracy is thus subverted.

The natural environment is another area where big business is by-passing the democratic process, sacrificing our future so that they can continue to make money now. In 1990, thanks to the work of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), composed of 300 of the world's leading climate scientists, a scientific consensus was reached, after years of warnings, that climate change is actually occurring and that it is being caused by man-made emissions, namely carbon dioxide, which must urgently be reduced. However, in the pursuit of profit, the chief contributors to the problem, the oil, gas, coal, automobile, road and utility lobbies have systematically been undermining national, regional and international efforts to take action to reduce emissions.

In the United States the fossil fuel lobby is one of the most powerful of them all. It was Franklin Roosevelt who said, "The trouble with this country is that you can't win elections without the oil block and you can't govern with it." One of the favoured tactics employed by the oil and coal industries is to pay scientists giving evidence to Congressional committees to say that climate change is not happening, and even if it is, that it is occurring naturally. For example, Robert Balling, director of the climatology programme at Arizona State, an outspoken critic of scientific evidence for climate change, which he says would actually benefit the environment, has received as much as \$311,000 from an Arizona-based conglomerate, Cyprus Minerals Co., composed of various petroleum and coal companies. And there are several other similar cases. Since Congress has been giving industry-backed research as much weight as independent science, the fossil fuel lobby has been able to sow confusion and prevent enforceable targets being set to reduce emissions.

The automobile industry has been known to use even cruder methods to subvert the democratic process. In a debate that would have made the car industry increase fuel efficiency standards on vehicles, senators actually changed their votes in favour of the industry after receiving PAC money from it. For most of the past 18 years, the road lobby (described by a former mayor of San Francisco as "the greatest agglomeration of extra-governmental

power on the face of the Earth), has held similar sway over the British Government and the European Commission.

It is at the international level, however, that big business has done the most damage in subverting the democratic will to prevent climate change. Just take the Earth Summit held in Rio in 1992. In the two-year negotiating process prior to the summit a group called the Global Climate Coalition (GCC) was very active in disputing the consensual scientific view that CO2 emissions should be reduced to prevent climate change, which it disputed was happening. The GCC just happens to be a coalition of the largest oil, gas, coal, utility, automobile and chemical companies. Membership includes such corporate giants as Amoco, BP, Chevron, Du Pont, Exxon, Shell, Texaco and Union Carbide. According to Congressman George Miller, the GCC's single purpose is the "unimpeded production of oil, gas and coal." Thus, in the pursuit of profits for its members, the GCC has set out, by using its financial clout and bogus scientific data, to make sure that action does not occur to prevent them doing business as usual. The failure of the Rio Climate Convention to oblige countries to set targets for emission reductions is due in large part to the work of the GCC, which successfully lobbied the US Government to take its side and thus veto any international agreement. The same thing happened at the climate meeting in Berlin three years later. Surely something is wrong when the polluters of this world hold the leverage of control over negotiations to safeguard the future health and well-being of billions of people?

By far the most damaging of recent attempts by big business to subvert democracy was the setting up of the World Trade Organisation (WTO), the successor-body to GATT. If a body was created which had the effect of increasing unemployment and weakening social and environmental provisions in the industrial world, whilst exploiting and degrading the people, environment and unique cultures of the industrialising world, who would say that such a development was in the interest of the majority of the planet's voters? Which political party was voted into office by offering such an appealing package?

The answers are nobody could and none have. The results of the GATT process and the creation of the WTO were never put to a single electorate in the world. Moreover, in most countries the GATT text was simply not available. This was no accident; it reflected a purposeful effort by corporations to conceal the agreement's terms and effects from the public, the media, and even the parliamentary bodies that approved it. Furthermore, in the United States, despite the unified opposition of every environmental and labour group and consumer, religious, and civil rights organisation - and even though US public opinion polls showed majority opposition to the very concept of the WTO, the US Congress approved it. Such perversions of democracy were repeated across the world.

This process of democratic erosion gets worse. GATT and the WTO were created by big business in order to provide an international mechanism to remove tariff and 'non-tariff barriers' to trade so that all costly regulations to international business could be abolished and one global homogenised market created. As a result, the regulation of commerce to protect environmental, health, or other social goals is strictly limited, and labour rights, including prohibitions on child labour, were entirely left out as inappropriate limitations on global commerce. On the other hand however, the protection of corporate property rights received expanded monopoly power. Such an outcome is hardly surprising given that the trade negotiations took place behind closed doors between un-elected and largely unaccountable government agents who mainly represented business interests.

The end result of GATT's implementation by the WTO has represented a crushing blow to worldwide democracy. Already, laws protecting people and the natural environment drawn up by democratically elected governments have been challenged by the WTO as non-tariff barriers to trade. In January of last year, for example, a WTO panel ruled that an important implementing regulation of the US Clean Air Act violated global trade rules because it prevented Venezuela from selling highly polluting petrol in the US.

Furthermore, big business' right under WTO rules to invest capital in any country without local restrictions has meant that trans-national corporations have started transferring production of goods to developing countries where they pay lower wages and are able to exploit lax or non-existent social and environmental regulations in appalling conditions for workers. This also enables big business to blackmail governments of the 'developed' world to keep taxes and wages low, hours long, job contracts short, and other social and environmental regulations to a minimum. Everything, in short, to maximise their profits at the expense of the democratic right of the people to subordinate commercial interests to national and local needs. The situation then looks bleak when the leader of a once radical British political party declares that his great ambition is to make his a "pro-business" party. Democracy takes another blow.

As I hope this article has shown, the very basis of democratic and accountable decision-making which is the necessary foundation for the achievement of citizens' rights to adequate living standards and health, safety and environmental protection, are now at risk. When one man one vote becomes one dollar one vote, when the freedom of monied interests is unrestrained, society pays a heavy price - democracy itself is destroyed.

# Drugs - *The Beaver's* Saga Continues...

After watching the recent film 'Trainspotting' recently, my eyes were opened to the consequences of using drugs. Before I used to regard it as just one of those issues, preached to students from afar. Shame then that it was a film that brought its true horrors to my attention. However, this article is not meant to judge those who do take drugs, but is to provide information on the issue.

Drugs in this context, shall be defined as both legal and illegal drugs, which are taken for pleasure and are not prescribed by medical purposes.

## Alcohol

Alcohol is produced by the fermentation of either grain, fruits or vegetables. Beer is one part alcohol to twenty parts of water, whereas wine is two to four times as strong and spirits are half alcohol, half water. About 90 per cent of the adult population drink alcohol. The average for men is 8 pints a week, and 3 pints a week for women.

Short term effects of alcohol depend on the quantity, time spent drinking, body weight and whether there is any food in the stomach. After two pints drinkers feel less inhibited, and excess consumption can lead to double vision, loss of balance, and vomiting.

In extreme cases excessive drinking over a short period can lead to death from choking on the vomit or from the alcoholic poisoning that afflicts the body. The main dangers of alcohol are in respect to driving. In 1990, 15 per cent of fatal road accidents were alcohol related. Mixing alcohol with other drugs increases its effects.

Long term effects of alcohol, if regularly taken above the recommended level of 21 units a week for men and 14 units for women, can lead to liver disease, ulcers, heart and circulation disorders and brain damage.

Psychological and physical dependence can also develop with a sudden withdrawal from alcohol leading to sweating, anxiety, trembling, delirium and convulsions.

## Barbiturates (barbs, downers)

## Anita Majumdar continues her quest to uncover the drug scene

Barbiturates are used medically to calm people down, i.e. sedatives and sleeping pills. Most barbiturates are

depression of the central nervous system, with effects lasting between three to six hours depending on the dose. Large doses make the user clumsy which can lead to accidents. They can also cause unconsciousness and eventually lead to breathing failure and death. Death is a real danger as the amount that constitutes a normal dose is extremely close to that of an overdose.

Long term effects are that a tolerance and dependence will be formed. Withdrawal symptoms include irritability, sleeplessness, sickness, delirium and convulsions. Sudden withdrawal can even be fatal.

## Heroin (smack, skag)

Heroin is an opiate made from dried 'milk' of the opium poppy. The poppy contains morphine and codeine, both effective painkillers. Heroin is usually a brown or white

powder and is sold in wraps or bags, which can cost up to £30 for half a gramme.

Methadone is another opiate which is usually prescribed for heroin addiction. Heroin can be sniffed, injected, or smoked. Since the late 1970s, there has been a rapid rise in heroin addiction and usage. Doctors have to legally notify the Home Office of any opoid users they see. Street heroin is usually mixed with powder of similar appearance, such as talcum powder, flour or caffeine which maybe dangerous.

Short term effects include depressing brain activity, painkilling and giving the user a feeling of well-being and happiness.

However, heroin also widens the blood vessels which give a feeling of warmth, it can also cause constipation by reducing bowel activity, (for a particularly gruesome scene see 'Trainspotting'). Impurities in injections can also cause a thrombosis, loss of veins and septicemia. In the longer term tolerance is developed, leading to more being needed to get the same effect. Withdrawal systems are particularly frightening as the user experiences 'cold turkey'.

If the user is pregnant sudden withdrawal could kill the foetus. Physical effects include aches, tremors, diarrhoea, cramps, and chills. Muscular spasms and insomnia can last for seven



Don't be in the dark about drugs

sold in coloured capsules. Users take them orally, with alcohol or by injection.

Short term effects are the

## A Ghost Story

Danielle Bourgeois on her supernatural socialist experience

It was a dark and stormy January day in London. I presently cashed in all my procrastination credits to pay a visit to Karl Marx's grave, something I had wanted to do since first arriving in London. I did not realise I would be 'paying' in such a literal sense.

A glance through the forbidding gates of Highgate Cemetery revealed a shrine of Marxist postcards. Glad to know I was in the right place, I braved the driving rain and dashed boldly forward to 'pay' my respects to one of the fathers of socialism.

A little woman appeared out of nowhere with a black cat. To my horror and disbelief she told me I had to pay £1 before gaining admission. Initially I thought the cemetery was just haunted by tourist-gouging capitalist witches. But she had a change purse that looked a little too real and there was no broom in plain sight. It dawned on me that she might in fact be human. I thought charging to see Marx's grave was a little too ironic, so I looked to see if there was a way around the change purse woman. But she had a (ghostly!?) glint in her eye which made me re-think my course. Besides, her black cat was



crossing and re-crossing my path and freaking me out. I remembered a portion of the cemetery fence which was particularly low. I skulked towards it now, looking over my shoulder to verify that the hissing demon was not following me. Bolts of lightning lit my path. Indeed the fence was low, but I forgot about that pointy bit at the top. After some moments of discomfort, I managed to jump down on the cemetery side. I never liked that skirt much anyway.

I wound my way through gloomy fog, squinting to make out long-faded epitaphs and trying not to trip over tombstones perched precariously at 45 degrees. I found Marx's grave easily enough.

Actually, seeing as it is bigger than my room in hall, I could hardly miss it. Was this gargantuan and ornate display a true reflection of Marx's ideals in life? But I could not really concentrate for the noise. It might have been the thunder, but it sounded suspiciously like someone spinning in his grave.

As I returned to the gates, I prayed the change purse woman would not remember me. Strangely, I saw no trace of the woman nor of her evil feline. I wondered if they really had been ghostly apparitions after all. If that was indeed the case, it would confirm one of my pet theories. Namely, capitalism has the force of evil on its side.

## The Trouble With Computers

Zak Shaikh critically evaluates the computer facilities at the LSE

The IT facilities at the LSE are not at all impressive! When I arrived at the School, I naively expected there to be an excellent IT department, which is a must for any university, especially one which seeks to compete on an international level. Nevertheless, a poor infrastructure coupled with some dubious decision-making (at the top) make the IT services here one of the worst of all British Universities'.

Some problems experienced by the average user:-

- Always having to queue
- Computer having to re-start every time a new user wants to log-on
- PC crashes
- Network crashes

Clearly the initial solution, which anyone can see, is to increase the number of PCs around the school. This would solve the problem of queuing, and therefore should be the priority for the IT department. However, these core problems simply highlight a need for structural change both in terms of hardware and software.

If they don't have the space for more computers on site, then there should be more and faster computers at halls, and these should be linked up to the LSE network - this is not as difficult as is often made out. Only one phone line is needed!

However, this would not stop PCs from breaking down and the network from crashing. The real answer is to use something called a UNIX box: currently all the PCs (clients) are linked up to

very large PCs (Servers); these servers are the base of the network and allow us to communicate with each other internally, and with the outside world via the e-mail facility and the web-browser, Netscape. There are over 30 servers in the school all linked up to each other, and as a result if one breaks down (which is often the case) it affects the whole of the network. A UNIX box has got more capacity than these servers, and thus should replace the servers as the base of the network, i.e. all the computers in the school should be linked up to 3 or 4 UNIX boxes (at the most) instead.

These UNIX systems have been around a lot longer than PCs, and were specifically designed for networking, whereas PCs were originally designed for home use. This is why all major companies and universities use either a UNIX based network or Mainframes (these are only needed for extremely large operations and would not be worthwhile at a relatively small institution such as the LSE).

All the major universities in London including UCL, Kings and Imperial use these UNIX systems and Imperial should know considering they have the best IT department in all British Universities!

In terms of Software, some odd decisions have been made by those in charge. Primarily Windows 95 is an operating system for the home user, and it is excellent for this purpose. However, its networking inability has been well publicised over the past year. For example, every time a new user wishes to log on he/she has to wait for the computer to re-boot - this is an in-built fault of Windows 95. The

operating system which is much better for networking is IBM's OS/2 Warp, and contrary to the myth, all windows programs can be run on Warp. However, if 'they' wish to be stubborn and remain with Microsoft then Windows NT is much better than Win 95 (and it looks exactly the same). More so, Bill Gates has been plugging Windows NT because he knows that it answers all the criticism of Win 95. This suggests lack of foresight by those running the IT department.

Perhaps the LSE should 'outsource' its IT: this is where a specialist IT firm would control and run the IT operation of a business (or in this case a university). So if we outsourced IT to someone like IBM, then they would come and control the IT services here, by either taking on the current staff (and training them further) or by bringing in their own staff. Some of the most successful businesses nowadays outsource their IT to a specialist firm; after all, Ross Perot, the American Presidential candidate made most of his fortune by inventing this idea so that his company (EDS) managed the IT operations of all the top 10 merchant banks in the world. If the LSE were to move in this direction it could make the IT department one of the best in Europe.

When I asked a member of staff in the LSE IT department why things were so poor, he said:

"We have been struggling a lot this year: we simply do not put enough resources into IT like all the other universities do and so our infrastructure is not great... and we also lost some of our best staff over the summer."

I wonder why they left?

**Are you enjoying your job then?**

Yes, I'm enjoying it so far. I'd like to have fun in the job and do a good job for the LSE. Whatever you do there'll be complaints. The main virtue of the LSE is its intellectual distinctiveness. I think it's mostly there and we must capture that. We're fantastically well known with amazing name recognition. We have a distinctive role in public life. I'd like to further develop the LSE role in the media and in public life.

**Do you miss Cambridge?**

I like Cambridge. I'm still sustaining connections with Cambridge. I'm hoping to remain a Fellow of King's. I'd like to make the LSE an intellectual and cultural centre for London. So we wouldn't just have lectures, but art exhibitions. I don't know how far this is possible but I think students would enjoy it, London would too. Could you not think just of the ICA, or the Barbican, but also of the LSE? I'm quite keen about connections with the arts anyway, as well as the usual connections with the financial sector and so forth.

**Have you got an agenda for the LSE? Everyone goes into their job with an agenda. Your interviews with Simon Targett and John Lloyd never really seemed to address that issue.**

What, whether I've got an agenda for the LSE?

**Yes, which direction you think the School should be proceeding in? Mr Ashworth took it off in a property-led direction, for example.**

The main thing I want to do for the LSE is bolster its already strong reputation as an intellectual environment. These days the main source of economic success in universities today is really international intellectual excellence, and I certainly plan to extend its intellectual reputation.

I think that everyone can sense that globalisation is changing the shape of the world and people's everyday lives as well. Everyone can see we need some kind of political programme to try and cope with these things and no one has a fully developed one at the moment. LSE should situate itself in these global debates actually as a global university. I certainly would try to give as much attention as I can to make it cutting edge as an intellectual institution. There are always more things you can do to improve its intellectual reputation. For example, it came second in the recent university rankings.

**That was the LSE's own table, wasn't it?**

That was done upon the fairest measure, that is, on the numbers of staff submitted because Oxford excluded numbers of its staff. Whether it's second or third, it's up there. I don't see why it shouldn't be at the very top.

**Are you interested in actually pushing the School towards an international focus, would you then bring in more international academics or specialists?**

Not particularly. I might do that but I think when you're aspiring to globalisation it's not just bringing in more people from overseas. The point is to try and actually work out what's happening to the world. That's an intellectual task, not a matter of bringing in more regional specialisms, for example.

**What about the students who come here?**

The main things that attracts students is surely the intellectual state of the institution, the classes and its situation in London. I think that students are the university, which is obviously both a research and teaching institution. I'd like to have close ties to students.

**You have some class teachers where the teachers basically end up reading to the students for the entire hour or can't speak English properly and yet the School promotes itself as a world class institution.**

That I can't comment on because I haven't been here long enough to know whether that's true or false. Obviously I'll be looking at all aspects of the

There are quite a few things in the air that could affect the position of the LSE, such as what HEFCE does in terms of the grant next year. It'd be good if you printed correct information. I don't really want to talk about all that because it's boring. I really don't want the LSE to be defined by top-up fees, either.

**It has also been said that the LSE's**

**hard place, aren't you? The LSE does have an established reputation as the birthplace of the welfare state, yet the administration is caught financially and in a sense is being forced to betray its legacy.**

To me the School's always been a diverse place. You can't just identify it with just one position. The School played a practical and constructive role

**business and doesn't reach out to students. Some tutors don't do their job.**

I'd ask you two things: is that generically true or is it your own experience? You can't say, don't run the school as a business and then demand better IT facilities. It's a fetish with people sometimes, isn't it?

**The School states that the sizes of its classes is smaller than anywhere else. We've got some huge numbers when the prospectus states otherwise.**

I don't know enough about this to comment...

**As a trustee of the Institute of Public Policy Research, would you use the connections in any way?**

Possibly, it's not clear at the moment. Now in the country there are many diverse think tanks doing a lot of interesting work.

**You set up and are still running Polity Press. Is there a possibility of LSE having its own in-house publishing company?**

No. Publishing is a very competitive business and making a profit is very difficult. I don't think it would be viable.

**Ashworth tried to push towards the school towards concentrating more resources on the Graduate School. Which way would you like to have LSE going in then?**

I'd maintain both. It's important to have undergraduate education, finances of course, being a consideration.

**What about LSE's relationship with the University of London?**

From what I know so far, the relationship between LSE and the University of London has already become so attenuated, that we're not sure that much more needs to be done.

**What are your predictions for the general election?**

Labour will win by a healthy margin. You just don't know what's happening in politics these days. A lot of things are happening that no one thought could: the recovery of the Conservatives in Canada etc. Predictions are variable. It's all part of all the new unpredictability and uncertainty of the world.

**Is the media's description of you as a Blairite adviser blown out of proportion?**

Oh yes, it is actually. I'm not a direct advisor to Blair and I have no intention of being one, but I'd like to play a part of a reconstruction of the political programme. There's a left and right in politics which will still continue. Yet, it's fairly obvious that lots of key issues don't really fit into the left-right divide, for example, the environment and globalisation.

I'm basically a Blair supporter because I interpret Blair not to be a conservative but someone who's saying, look, the world has changed and that's it and I accept that there's an intensifying of global activity and global communications systems.

That's not the same situation that used to be and New Right politics don't really fit anymore. What's important is that no ex-leftist political party really has a cogent political programme anywhere in the world. It would be a bit surprising if Tony Blair could just conjure one up. At least he's confronted the problems and is struggling with them now in a reasonably effective way.

**Which thinkers would you say have influenced you most intellectually?**

Marx, Durkheim and Weber. But I think now, that interesting as they are, the world's moved on.

## Giddy for Giddens, (Aren't We All?)



Discover what's behind this enticing smile

Photo: Library

### Liz Chong has her long-desired One on One with LSE's Man of the Hour

school, both research and teaching. As you know I'm going to contribute in a very minor way to teaching so I should get some sense of what the students like, I hope. I'm too new to know because it has already been assessed by the School independently and externally.

**People praised Ashworth's property spending spree, but the Guardian's educational supplement printed LSE as having the highest debt in relation to its annual budget out of all the universities.**

Really? You have to understand that I've only been here two weeks. Check with Brian Pearce (the LSE's Finance Secretary.)

**Is the school really projected to have a deficit of 1 million pounds next year?**

Debt? (No, deficit.) Well, I don't think anyone knows at the moment because there are too many imponderables. Ask Brian Pearce.

**had to introduce top-up fees because of its' financial position and not really because of anything else.**

With regards to the school I haven't taken any view as to my position on top-up fees. More important, I think is the likely reconstruction of the universities' finances which will follow on at the end of the Dearing report. The next government, whichever one it may be, will probably suggest that those who benefit from university education and (I don't know what system that will be, whether it's loans.) Then it'll involve all universities, not specific ones.

**So is the Standing Committee waiting for the Dearing Report to come out before it makes its decision on top-up fees?**

That I can't say. I think that depends quite a lot on what I do. I will have a clear understanding of what the financial situation is within a few weeks.

**You are caught between a rock and a**

in the post 1945 period. I think it should do so again. All state institutions have to face up to the issue of how they're going to develop their partnerships because the funding isn't there to provide for them. Universities aren't that different from the NHS or any service in that respect, and that's a kind of global change. You can't simply say the School should simply apply the formulae of the postwar period because those are precisely the kind of formulae that are in question. I think the School wants to be a place of intellectual radicalism, but radicalism doesn't mean just sticking with the past. It means preparing to think adventurously even if it upsets some people. Whatever you do, you upset some people.

**Do you think top-up fees could be avoided in any way?**

Do you go on about top-up fees all the time?

**The School has over 60% overseas students. The students perceive the School as being run as a**

# Surviving a Mobil Crisis

Next door to Clement House a campaign for the survival of Peru's Indians rages.

**Guy Burton** investigated and asks if LSE students can take a break from ourselves for a change.

It's a disgrace. Next door to Clement House every Tuesday a group of protesters from the pressure group, *Survival*, stand outside the headquarters of Mobil. They are protesting against Mobil's exploration for oil inside Peruvian territory where a large number of uncontacted Amazonians have made their home. And we at the LSE have not bothered to take on this cause ourselves. What have we come to? Where is the sense of outrage that once existed at this institution?

Mobil have been exploring for oil in two 1.5 million hectare areas in the Madre de Dios region of the Peruvian Amazon. According to the latest press release the two blocks are home to 19 different peoples, at least three of which are uncontacted. *Survival* has reason to believe that Mobil's prospecting activities have disrupted the nomadic Amazonians' seasonal movements, as they have tried to avoid the oil workers through fear of disease from which they have no immunity. Proof of this was shown after Shell encountered related Amazonians in a neighbouring territory, disease killing over half the population.

According to Jonathan Mazower, *Survival* campaigns officer, Mobil have

failed to act properly towards the Amazonians on account of their inability to monitor the welfare of these people. The Amazonians have a right to be left alone he said, because of international conventions and laws. This was spelt out more clearly by Barbara Gehrels, campaign outreach officer, who said that the Peruvian government had violated ILO convention 169, which 'obliges them to defend the rights of indigenous people.'

Although Peru's government was at fault for allowing Mobil to explore for oil in Indian territory, the campaign is primarily concerned with the activities of the transnational company. Mazower said that the recent kidnappings by Tupac Amaru in Lima last month had raised people's awareness of Peru but unfortunately it had not translated over to their campaign.

Nevertheless, the campaign had encouraged Mobil to send representatives to meet the campaigners, Mazower said. They were now beginning to negotiate with the Amazonians, something that they had not done before. However, because they are encroaching upon Amazonian

territory and their way of life, there will be no let up by *Survival*.

Gehrels made it known that other colleges besides the LSE had been

the Institute of Latin American Studies had bothered to turn up at their weekly demonstrations every Tuesday afternoon. She said it was a great shame

been in touch with both Sam Parham, Educational and Welfare Officer, and the Third World First society at the LSE. While she had heard nothing from Third World First, she said that Parham had agreed to put forward a motion at the UGM condemning Mobil for its activities. As yet, however, as yet this has not been done. When contacted Parham put his weight behind the campaign, venturing 'We hope to pass a motion through next week's UGM hoping to raise the profile of the campaign. It would be great to see LSE students taking part in a campaign right on our doorstep.'

Indeed it would. As yet few people have bothered to get involved in this campaign. Why is it that we at the LSE can no longer look beyond the confines of our own small horizons? While overseas students see the LSE as a means to a degree, most union hacks are too focused on the issue of top-up fees. Have we become too selfish not to realise that there are other issues out there worthy of our support?

It cannot be easier to get involved with *Survival*. They demonstrate by the side of Clement House at the headquarters of Mobil UK, Clements Inn, every Tuesday from 12-2pm. So having read this you could do no worse than pop over to their vigil and show your concern for others besides yourself - and indeed, top-up fees.



A Nahua girl shortly after contact with oil explorers. Photo: Survival International

contacted over the campaign, in particular Kings and UCL. However, only representatives from Camberwell School of Art, Goldsmiths College and

that the LSE, with its tradition of demonstrations and campaigns, was no longer at the forefront of such activities. Genrels mentioned that she had

## The Future's Bright. The Future's Europe.

With her economy increasingly prosperous and her ambassador due at the LSE this week, **Luka Repansek** asks how long it will be before Slovenia joins the EU...

Slovenia, a small country in central Europe often confused with Slovakia, may become the first of the former socialist countries to join the EU. It might sound surprising, especially to someone not familiar with the region, but the statement is based on several political as well as economic reasons.

Slovenia is a small nation-state with an area half that of Switzerland and a population of two million. Formerly part of the Yugoslav federation, it became independent in 1991 and internationally recognised in 1992. Avoiding the Balkan crisis, Slovenia followed its own path in undertaking political and economic changes. The results seem encouraging. After the third democratic elections, held last November, experts concluded that the seeds of democracy

had fallen on fertile ground. Regular elections have stimulated political moderation, similar to long-established Western democracies with inconclusive results allocating half the seats in Parliament to the centre-left and right. Besides stability there exists a general political consensus in Slovenia to point the country north and west towards the EU and NATO.

The performance of the Slovenian economy is one of the strongest

arguments as to why the country should become the first from the European 'east' to join the EU. Slovenia has by far the highest GDP per capita of all former socialist countries in Europe, even exceeding that of Greece and Portugal. The economy satisfies most of the Maastricht criteria with a government deficit of only 0.2 per cent of GNP in 1996 and a public debt of approximately 30 per cent of GNP in

is today. A European motorway named 'Corridor Five', was agreed upon at a summit of EU leaders three years ago. It will stretch from Barcelona to Kiev, passing through the whole of Slovenia. Moreover, the Slovenian port of Koper is the main outlet for land-locked Austria and Hungary as well as for other central European states.

What has to be taken into account is also Slovenia's geographical position north of the unstable Balkan region. Austria and Italy should not be reluctant to move the Schengen border region further south and east, away from their own frontiers. Slovenia's 'bridging' role becomes even more obvious since several Western corporations have settled their regional headquarters there, having moved them from the former Yugoslavia or south central Europe.

So what can we expect in the future? The country became an associate member of the EU in June 1996 after settling its border disputes with neighbouring Italy. The EU's enlargement will be considered six months after the end of the Intergovernmental Conference, due to end this summer in Amsterdam.

If you are interested in the issue you might want to attend a presentation on Thursday 13th February, when H.E. Matjaz Sinkovec, Ambassador of Slovenia, will speak about 'Slovenia: Future membership in EU and NATO' (room S50, 4.30pm).

1994. Taking into consideration a relatively small agricultural sector, some estimates indicate that the country might become a net contributor to the budget of the EU.

For centuries, Slovenian culture has been influenced by Latin, German and, to some extent, Hungarian cultures. It has kept its unique character with its own customs and traditions, and above all, its own language. As the country used to be a cross-road in the past, so it



Will Piran soon be looking to the West?

Photo: Library

## Competing on Equal Terms?

Italy and England clash in a vital World Cup qualifier tomorrow evening.

But is there much difference between the two anymore?

**Andro Vent** investigates.

In this global village does anything our charming Director say have anything to do with England versus Italy? Is it still possible to spot the difference between the contenders?

First of all, let's throw away all the old, familiar stereotypes. When did you last see an Englishman using an umbrella or an Italian showing his hairy chest?

"No sex, please, we're English"... Who said that? Spice, Page 3 or Essex girls? "Italians do it better"... if only they had the chance! Italy has the world's lowest birth rate but not the highest use of condoms (as for size I can't say). English food may have been crap once, but now the best cooks are

born in Suffolk rather than Tuscany. We have Heinz spaghetti and Parmalat cheddar cheese. Italian style? Nah, London set the pace. Next year Milanese clubbers will come here to buy discarded clothes at dear prices while London DJs will go south to find a new dance music Mecca with the likes of Robert Miles (aka Roberto Milesi).

So, is everything upside-down now? No, there is still football, of course. This is the last enclave of tradition, a world apart where some cliches are still spot on. If in the next century an anthropologist (maybe by then some of them will have found a job) goes in search of traces from lost cultures, a rotten football stadium

(BskyB live coverage will have made those buildings useless) shall hopefully be the place he looks at.

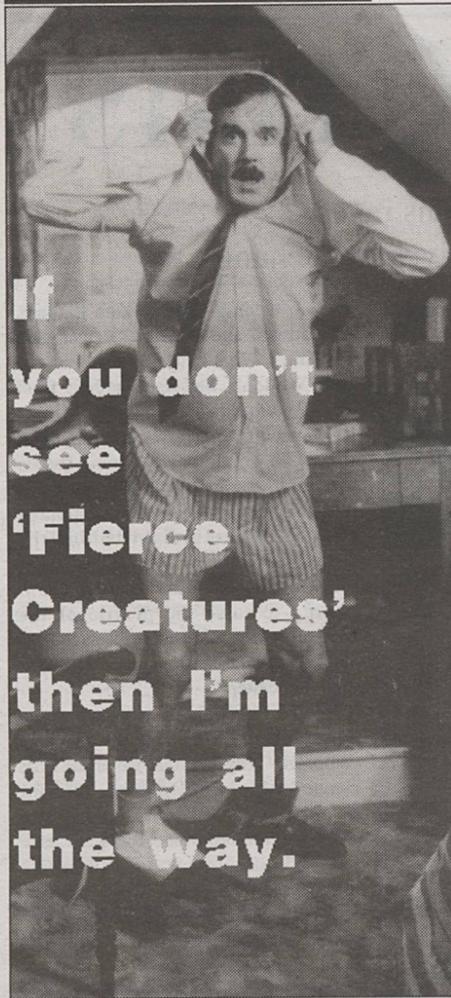
Yes, England versus Italy still means dirty work vs. fantasy, roughness vs. style, strength vs. delicacy. Co-operative team-working by one side, hedonistic individualism by the other; long kicks in place of the passing game, bare facts against poetry in motion, bare chests against vests under the blouse (you know, la mamma worries about you catching cold). The English drama of last minute goal upsets vs. the Italian comedy of false fatal injuries. The respect of the referee vs. cheating by trying to gain an inch at free kicks. How pleasantly traditional all that sounds!



A game that links two nationalities

And this Wednesday at Wembley, a celebration of cultural diversity will take place in the most appropriate temple, despite Giddens's comments... Maybe. Let's face it, even sport is no longer traditional. The FA Premiership is now more fashionable than Italian

Serie A. In rugby, Italy swept away Ireland last month. And the best jockey in England, Dettori, is Italian. So here we are, ready for the 21st century, when the three tenors Liam, Damon and Brett will sing the Opera, and when hordes of Italian girls will invade Brighton and Blackpool beaches hunting local machos... Well, let's wait and see if Gazza wears a vest first.



If you don't see 'Fierce Creatures' then I'm going all the way.

film. They have toiled and struggled hard. The result is very fine, and you can see it from this Friday.

As you will all know, Fierce Creatures is 'Death Fish 2'. That is it it brings together those fine acting forces that had previously combined to create the now-classic comedy, 'A Fish Called Wanda'. In Fierce Creatures they take on new roles and a totally new plot about zoo in the fictional Marwood. The plot is partially taken from a unperformed skit written by Michael Palin in 1968 for the BBC's 'Comedy Playhouse' about a crazed Zoo Warden who deals with his slightly obsessive in a rather harsh way.

Fierce Creatures is at core a comedy very much more in the vein of Falwy towers and not 'A Fish Called Wanda'. This is good thing because it forces new gags and allows for the relationship between the essential four to develop even more.

The making of 'Death Fish 2' was long and sordid. There have been rumours of it ever since 'Wanda' was out. However, things took such a long time because for Cleese Wanda' had taken up two years of his life and he wanted to distance himself from the project. When Cleese started the project he roped in an old friend Iain Johnstone. The movie that came from the script, when tested on American audiences, bombed. There result was a reshoot of the ending and forty-five minutes of new material to replace those things disliked by the audience. The entire rewrite and reshoot took place in three weeks.

One would imagine that such problems would predicate a bad,

disorganised film. However, that is not the case. Fierce Creatures show no sign of the stresses that it was under. It is not evident at all that over half the script was rewritten and major chunks of the original film were replaced. The whole thing runs smoothly and rather enjoyably.

The beginning is rather choppy and awkward. The film has to make up a lot of ground work before all the characters actually meet. This causes much of the first half-hour to be rather unfunny. The jokes are there and they are very funny, but their humour is lost within the fast-paced plot work. This is aggravating but only slightly lessened my enjoyment.

The John Cleese (real name John Cheese) character, Rollo Lee owes more to Basil Falwy than anything he did Monty Python or his character in 'Wanda'. Rollo is prone to fits of rage

when his temper is pushed far enough. Cleese and Jamie Lee Curtis (no relation to the drunken, smelly, worthless ex-Sports ed. Steve 'Euroboy' Curtis, who was no way near as competent as Hockey Kev) get along very well. But there is no spark of sexual energy between them. Curtis is very good in her limited role as a power hungry business bitch whose heart of pure gold is revealed by the purity and charm of a cuddly one-ton gorilla. The lack of spark between Cleese and Curtis comes from Curtis. She does not radiate sexual energy like she did in 'Wanda'. Further, although she gives an enjoyable performance she delivers the weakest of all the main actors. Curtis seems at times controlled by the forces around her, instead she should have been in control.

Kevin Kline is extremely funny as both the ruthless Australian media mogul (could it related to someone we know? I wonder) and his wussy greedy son. Kline's dexterity as an actor proves him a worthy villain character. However, in comparison to the yoga-crazy karate expert he played in Wanda he is not nearly as ruthless or entertaining.

Michael Palin also takes an entirely different role from K-K-Kevin in 'Wanda'. In Fierce Creatures he plays a talk-a-tive know-it-all named Bugsy. Bugsy is the keeper of the insects house at the zoo, funny how that work. During the film he spends a good deal of time mumbling about some obscure and irreverent historical fact, like the amount of grain in waning years of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. This is at times very funny, especially when you consider that most of this is actually improved by Palin. Cleese wanted to make him work after letting have the easy role in 'Wanda'.

When I first discovered about the plot I was less than enthused. Basically, animal films make me sick. Not on any principle, of course, but through a simple law of averages. Animal movies suck. They really do suck. Don't believe me? Name any live action animal movie, and you will find out that



What a lovely Pair!

it sucked. Luckily, the animals here are used to least effect. They are charming and lovable but the focus of the movie is the characters and not the animals. This might not have been in the original, for according to my insider connections, the original featured animals more and culminated in the animals mauling the evil Australian to death. I never thought I would say this, but we only have the Americans to thank for that.

Ideally, this film can only be judged on its own merits and should not be connected to 'Wanda'. Unfortunately, it will and the comparison can only result in the conclusion the 'Wanda' is better. However, this non-definitive and disorganised review has shown some of its finer points and more obvious weaknesses. Regardless, 'Fierce Creatures' is a fine and funny film. See it at your own peril.

DB

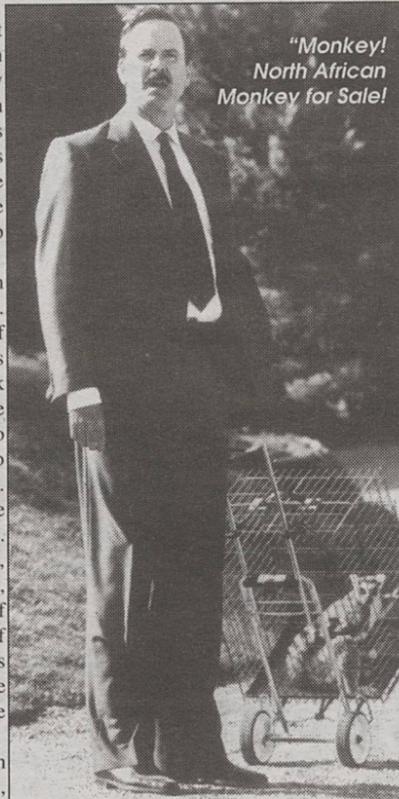
Look! A New Exciting Rating System!



Film

Title: Fierce Creatures  
Staring: The Tall One, The Rude One, The Strange One and The Sexy One  
In Brief: Fiercely-Funny  
Release: THIS WEEK!!

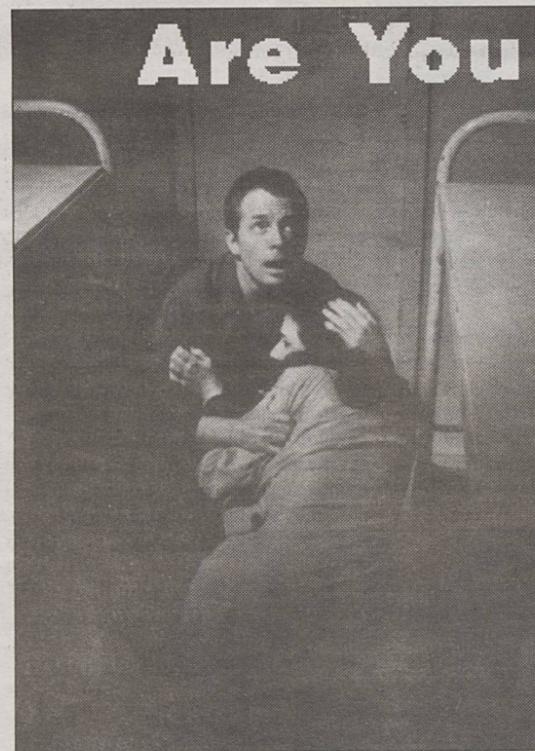
Here's a treat for all you luvvy dovy Beaver couples out there in Beaverland. Just for Valentines day, I have worked a miracle. I have moved the heavens, shaken the mountain, and made Fierce Creatures open on Valentines Day. No, honestly I really did. Just before the Christmas movie rush, when I found out that 'Fierce Creatures' was not going to open over Christmas, I said '...that it had to open in during Valentines.' My critical influence, is so great, that Universal Studios, put there entire movie making powers to bear on the



"Monkey! North African Monkey for Sale!"

# Are You Ready For a Fright Time?

## Blind Date Scorcher Yasmine Chinwalla gets a bit Foxy

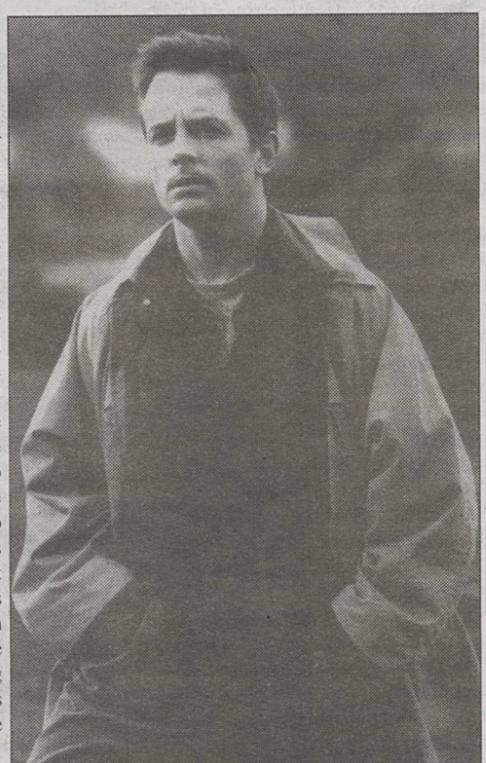


You may well laugh, but I owe alot to Michael J. Fox - it was due to our communal lust for him that I became best mates with my best mate back in '86 having seen "Back to the Future", a true classic of the time, directed by Robert Zemeckis, as is "The Frighteners". My mother even let me bunk off school to see "Teen Wolf", so deeply embedded was my infatuation. I have since realised the error of my ways and am hard put to find anything even remotely appealing about this cutesy freckley 5ft4" munchkin who smiled at me from my bedroom wall during my formative years; but never the less I felt compelled by heartfelt nostalgia to check out his latest offering. "The Frighteners" is basically a comedy thriller about murderous ghosts in small town America. The tranquility of

the services of some of his ghost chums to go to people's houses and frightens them into believing they have some sort of cosmic manifestation, which Frank will exorcise for an exorbitant fee by donning a pair of pink rubber gloves and making strange noises - sounds kinda kinky, eh...  
Soon enough, our

Fairwater is shattered by a series of unexplained deaths of seemingly healthy people dying of crushed hearts (unrequited Valentines no doubt). Michael J. Fox plays Frank Bannister 'Psychic Investigator', who after a near death experience in a car accident (where his wife died under suspicious circumstances) can see and hear the spirits of the dearly departed. He is a con man, engaging Frank finds out that the mysterious deaths are the work of the ghost of John Charles Bartlett, who was sent to the electric chair 30 years ago after gunning down 12 people in a sanatorium. Frank knows who the next victim will be as they have a number carved on their forehead that only he can see, and after a failed attempt at saving the life of a woman with 40 emblazoned on her brow, he finds himself accused of the murders and is arrested. Down at the police station he is interviewed by a truly bizarre Twin Peaksy FBI agent who is just completely mad really. Frank realises that the only way to stop this reign of terror is to have an out of body experience himself, with the aid of the beautiful doctor Lucy (played by Trini Alvarado) who lost her husband to the ghost and has the number 41 glowing on her forehead, and who is of course making googoo eyes at Frank. She administers an injection to slow his heart rate and leaves him in a freezer waiting to die as she makes preparations

to revive him in 20 minutes time. A frantic chase ensues with Frank after the ghost, who is in turn in deadly pursuit of Lucy, who is also being chased by the crazed FBI agent, but eventually she manages to resuscitate him and he informs her that the killer is still at large. She goes to the very gothic looking house of Bartlett's old girlfriend Patricia, who was imprisoned as an accomplice 30 years ago and is still haunted by him. Now comes the bit that everyone hates in horror movies - the stupid woman knows that the ghost is a homicidal maniac, she knows he haunts the house, she knows that she is at the top of his hitlist and yet she goes inside and picks up the urn containing his ashes. All I can say is that the daft mousse deserves all she gets...The film climaxes with much more bloodshed and spewing ectoplasm as the good guys are victorious and the baddies literally go to hell. There are some excellent Terminator 2 morphing special effects and the music is suitably Omen-ous to support the suspense and humour of the movie. Altogether, "The Frighteners" is an enjoyable time pass and is really quite scary as well as amusing. It's cool to see my childhood icon on form, even if I have moved on to bigger and better.  
Hey, it's that cool, new improved rating system. Ain't it Groovy!!



God, I hope my Hair doesn't get messed up!

What Michael looks like before his make-up.

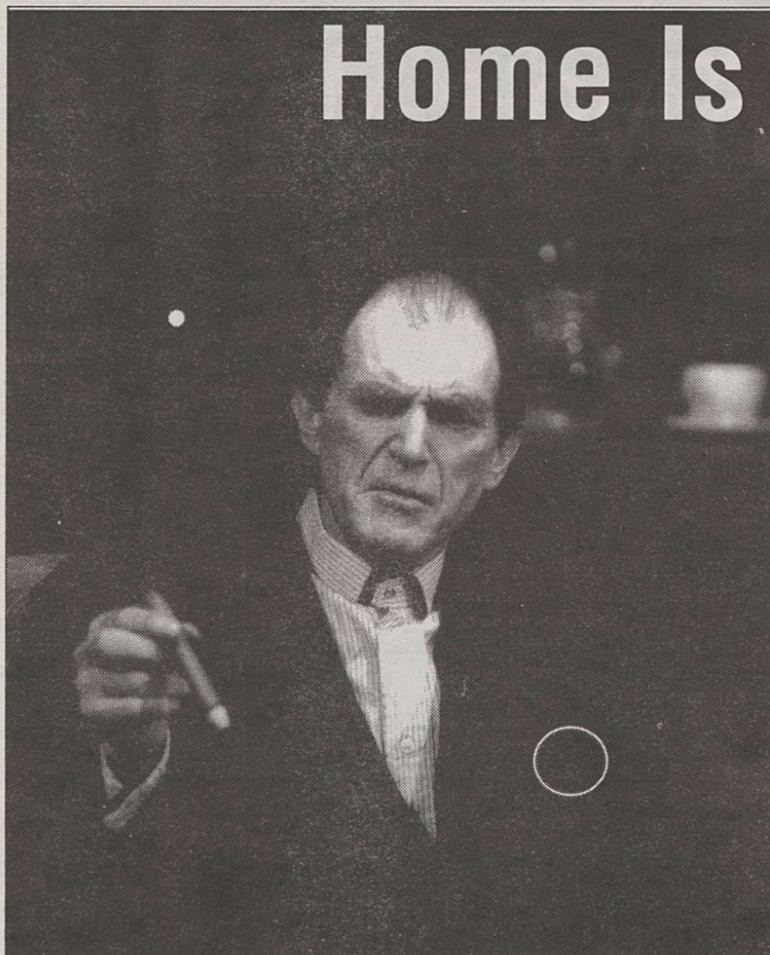


Film Information

Title: The Frighteners  
Staring: Michael J. Fox and Trini Alvarado  
In Brief: Almost Ghostbusters  
Release: Out Now



# Home Is Where The Heart IS



after the premature death of their mother and the alcoholic tendencies of 'the old man', are in the wrong company. The effect on all their lives without female presence in the house for years, is enormous; coupled with an increasingly senile father, the whole house has become socially inept - shown particularly by their initial handling of Ruth. Pinter subtly brings in the variety of relationships such that the story is not simply about Teddy's frustration with the worsening state of his family in his absence, but also Lenny's anger at Teddy leaving them in the lurch. This is reflected throughout, and culminates in a self-indulgently symbolic final scene, where Teddy, who was so excited about coming home, can't wait to get back to his swimming pool; however his wife, Ruth, stays and after sleeping with both brothers it is decided that she will bring in the money by Lenny becoming her pimp! This is Pinter taking his symbolic acts into overdrive, forgetting that he is trying to tell a story as well. Or is he?

Not according to Harold Pinter. Back at the National Theatre (just south of the river, where it is unsafe to be seen alone), the revamping of Pinter's 'The Homecoming' is enjoying considerable success. This is now its fifth run in London over the past thirty years.

There are similarities in both dialogue and tone with two other Pinter

classics, 'Tea Party' and 'The Homecoming' - it's the Pinteresque black comedy running through all these sad tales. The focus here lies with the father-son relationship: the eldest son (Teddy), after creating a luxurious lifestyle for himself in the land of the self-help (USA), returns to the dingy back streets of East London with his wife (Ruth). His two younger brothers (Joey & Lenny), whom he brought up

One of the toughest aspects of directing and acting in any Pinter play, is the use of the famous Pinter pause. O'Ren unnerving, Pinter has always attempted to use pause for atmosphere, tension and realism - this has led some performances of his works to be disjointed. Not so here: the timing was perfect and the director, Roger Michell (also directed 'The Buddha of

Suburbia') employed the pause to great effect. In general his directing was tight. (no pun intended).

The players were top notch overall. The best performance coming from Keith Allen (Mother Superior in 'Trainspotting') who was playing a Teddy at odds with himself after realising that nothing much had changed at home - it was he who had changed completely, after leaving home. Incidentally, Keith Allen wrote the 1990 England World Cup song 'World in Motion', and directed Samantha Fox's first video...certainly a man of many talents, some of which he should keep quiet about! The other outstanding performance came from Michael Sheen (a RADA boy that won the Olivier Bursary) as Lenny. He was

ruthless, and his anger at Teddy was well converted into sarcasm midway through the play.

The acting by all six members of the cast was high class. Though it's certainly not Pinter's best, there is enough quality to keep the audience concentrating for the whole 2 1/2 hrs, and due to the superb acting (and amazing set) I recommend to make a trip south of the river, and see 'The Homecoming'. The only quail I have is that Pinter's script is a somewhat overtly damning indictment of parenthood.

'Homecoming' by Harold Pinter plays at the Royal National Theatre for until the end of term.

This play inspired Philip Larkin in 1971 to write :

### This be the verse

"They fuck you up, your mum and dad.  
They may not mean to, but they do.  
They fill you with the faults they had  
And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn  
By fools in old-style hats and coats,  
Who half the time were soppo-stern  
And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man.  
It deepens like a coastal shelf.  
Get out as early as you can,  
And don't have any kids yourself."

Philip Larkin (1971)

## Pick N' Mix

There is a large portion of theatre in London which I am sure almost none of you have ever been too. No, not Opera, but Fringe. The whole idea of Fringe Theatre is often repugnant to the average Theatre-goer. The common perception is that Fringe Theatre consists of bad acting and bad plays performed in the back room of some dodgy pub in Fulham. So over the next couple of weeks the Pick N' Mix will briefly review the best of the Fringe shows in London. Go out and see some, it's a cheap and entertaining way of spending an evening.

### 1 Everybody Knows All Birds Have Wings

At: The Pleasance- 5min. from Caledonian Road tube til Feb. 22

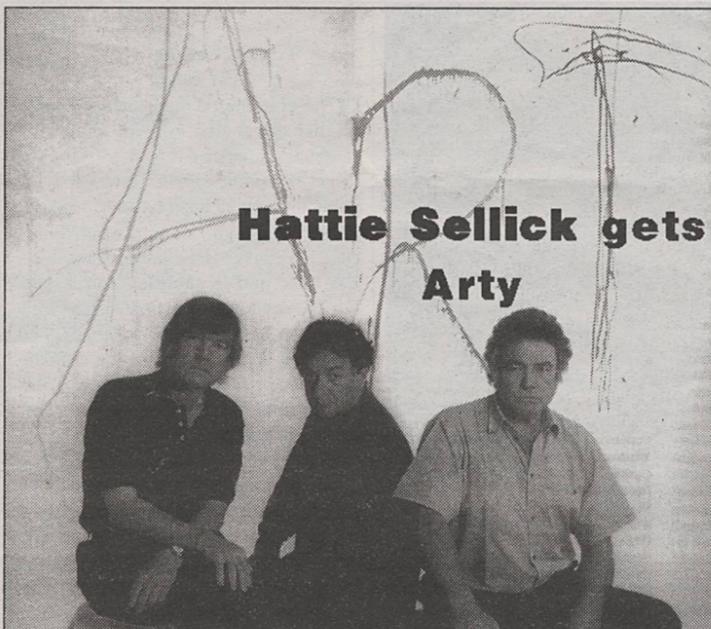
Exploring the Bizarre relationship between a Boxer and the thief who broke into his house on the wrong day. He takes him hostage and then befriends him. This is truly strange tale that has something to say about nature of friendship and our basic need for it.

### 2 Bram Stoker's Dracula

At: Pentameters- Three Horseshoes Pub 3min from Hampstead tube

Classic retelling of the Vampire legend. The play takes an interesting interpretation of the adventure. It shows that in the face of a cunning and methodic evil the forces of good often crumble. An inciteful evening of thought provoking theatre.

Next Week: a full review of the Someone Who'll Watch Over Me at the Ecetera



Yeah, so it's been playing for a long time now and if you've heard of it, you've probably seen it. But if you haven't heard of it and therefore you presumably haven't seen it, make your way quickly to the tiny Wyndhams theatre to see 'Art'.

Not more than a stone's throw from the LSE and bang outside Leicester square tube, Wyndhams is a microcosm of all that is good about going to the theatre: a packed entrance hall, a fight to get up the narrow stairs to the balcony, red carpets and velvet seats, a beautiful gilt and painted ceiling, and an unavoidable intimacy with other theatre-goers. All this, of course, to say nothing of the great production.

Albert Finney, Tom Courtenay and Ken Stott star in this intense look at nature of art, our relations to art and men's relations to one another.

Tom Courtenay (Serge) is a surgeon who invests 200,000 francs in a painting. To most people this painting is a white canvas. To Serge it is something special. It causes havoc with his relationships with his two dearest friends Ken Stott (Yvan) and Albert Finney (Marc). The ensuing arguments are furious, hilarious and at times, touching. 'Art' really gets to the bottom of the essence of male relationships.

This is the side of men amongst men, that girls never get to see. They can be cruel and heartless, (don't we know it?), inarticulate and obtuse, but at times wonderfully emotional and kind.

Ken Stott playing Yvan, a frustrated and unsuccessful stationary salesman, is real tour de force. He has a 10 minute monologue on relationship troubles - we can all identify with some of his problems. Tom Courtenay is typically fay and rather vague as surgeons can be, while Albert Finney relies too much on the F-word. This, and the fact that there are moments when the dialogue is clearly translated from French, are the only two criticisms to be levelled that can be levelled at the play.

'Art' investigates the value of art. For Serge the value is in the pleasure it gives, for Marc, the cost of the painting overrides any aesthetic value that the painting may have, and Yvan decides that neither the painting, nor its value are worth sacrificing for a friendship.

Hilariously funny but at the same time thought provoking, 'Art' is a short but brilliant evening's entertainment. Get there quickly before the star cast move on to something else.

Wyndham's Theatre, Tel: 0171 369 1736.

## Poison at the ICA

Hattie Sellick takes a look at the effects of Belladonna.

If your tastes are eclectic and you like mixed media exhibitions, then this is the one for you. Belladonna, the new exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Art on The Mall is a rag tag collection of modern works including videos, sculpture, working models, painting and photographs.

The title, Belladonna, is a theme that runs through the entire exhibition. It is important to grasp the significance of the word to understand the double-entendres that lurk behind every piece. Belladonna is a plant commonly used in homeopathic medicine which can also be a poison of taken in an unrefined state or in sufficient quantity. The symptoms it produces are the following: On ingestion, difficulty in speaking, flushed skin, rapid heartbeat, dilated pupils and neurological disturbances including excitement, giddiness, delirium and hallucinations. Ym, Yum, I think I'll have an 'E' instead thank you!

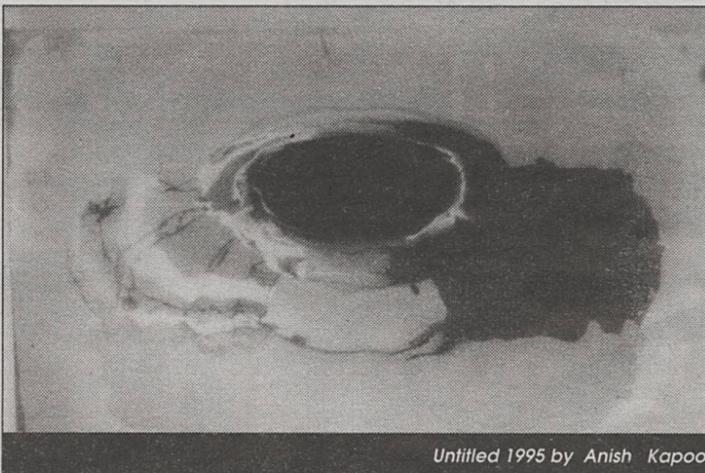
Pieces in the exhibition include an extremely amusing short video by

Carsten Holler, which shows clips of a man trying to poison kids. First he injects some sweets with an unknown substance, then he leaves odd-looking fungi all over playground rides so that kids are tempted to taste. Sick, I know, but done with a very lighthearted touch. There is a working model of a young girl by Paul de Rues. both the artist and the model have obviously had an overdose of belladonna as the fast rotating head of the child induces giddiness in the viewer, and the girl herself must be feeling violently sick. There is an elaborate and beautiful gilded mirror by Jeff Koons where the belladonna theme is not immediately obvious. That is, until you catch a glimpse of yourself in the glass and realise your own pollutant effect on the purity of the mirror. Finally, there is a sculpture by Anish Kapoor, which defies description. A hole in the wall, it is mesmerising and could almost be a hallucination. You feel the need to touch, peer into it, explore. But hands off now, don't let the effects of belladonna get to you, this is art, this is an exhibition.

This show is both funny and strangely threatening, and at some points just plain revolting! Worth a look.

Institute of Contemporary Art, The Mall, SW1 until 12th April.

Hattie Sellick



Untitled 1995 by Anish Kapoor

# Don't Do Drugs, Kids!

Liam, Noel, and Brook Bond 'e'. Jennifer Prittie stops for tea.

The controversy about drug use in the music industry touched off by Noel Gallagher at last week's Brat Awards seems unfortunately to be an essentially political one, meaning that nothing really productive is likely to come of it. Defending East 17 singer Brian Harvey for his well-publicised comments on ecstasy, Noel also compared drugs to "having a cup of tea in the morning," which prompted an outcry from MPs, journalists, anti-drug activists and others. Were it not an election year, and were Noel and Oasis label Creation Records not so firmly linked to Labour, one wonders if there would have been much of a storm at all.

Drug use is so intimately connected with many of the better-known personalities of rock history that anyone remotely familiar with music is probably more shocked that people continue to take any notice of it at all. For most people, the only drug stories which inspire genuine shock - or at least disgust - are the truly far-out gems: Courtney Love allegedly using heroin while pregnant, for instance. So commonplace are drugs in the music press that bands are no longer shy at all about casually mentioning their use of a large variety of substances. It is virtually impossible not to be thoroughly versed in the cocaine-fuelled antics of brothers

Gallagher, particularly Liam's classic moody-and-maniac act.

The sudden outraged reaction from MPs really only demonstrates that politicians and media commentators have been paying little attention to the course of youth culture. Surely, their high-mindedness gives a very false ring: can we really believe that the influence of the Beatles, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison and any number of other rock stars on these same commentators was only a musical one? Not only that, but the number of profitable column inches generated by the London dailies over the last two years on Liam and Noel should preclude them from saying anything on the subject. In fact, to the extent that

pop culture, the media and rock fans have tacitly encouraged musicians' drug use over the past few decades, we should collectively have very little to say about their personal habits.

Admittedly, when it comes to the issue of inspiring use among fans, things become a bit murkier. As mind-boggling as it may be that Liam Gallagher could inspire imitators, such flattery is a well-known phenomenon in the world of entertainment. There are certainly those in the music industry who believe that even the most harrowing piece on a star's uncontrollable addiction can prompt the widespread use of any substance among young music fans. But in this golden drug age of British



Wanna end up like this lot, then? youth, the relationship between bands and supporters is far from clear. It's nearly impossible to say whether bands are inspiring, or merely reflecting, drug culture. How much an East 17 member's support of ecstasy will encourage new users seems almost irrelevant at this point. All flippancy aside, there doesn't seem to be anyone left to encourage.

Drug use is a product of a great many social factors, none of which is readily isolated or easily solved. Singling out the music industry for its role shows an utter lack of awareness, and doesn't bode well for any sort of productive dialogue. Noel's call for an "open and honest debate about drug abuse" should be taken up, and continued long after election time is past.

man is rapidly becoming a God. Those checkbones could part oceans.

The crowd go batty throughout and I spend a lot of time picking up people who have fallen. A lot of the crowd are very young and it's clear the band have picked up a lot of ex-pop kids. No one is complaining. Oldie 'Animal Nitrate' may be unfamiliar to some but it's still delivered and accepted with passion. It's a sleazy old beast next to the sleek beauty of 'Saturday Night'. Suede are consistently brilliant and have mastered the ballad along with their more upbeat tracks. Each song touches the crowd and they relate with intensity and passion. 'Trash' is a sprawling anthem of self-identification and celebration. We jump and sing out of time with the band and each other but somehow we are all united. For 'The Wild Ones' we are all lovers in the urban ruins. We are all made the 'Beautiful Ones' and it is with this final song that the band and crowd mesh most. The feeling is overwhelming. The screams are deafening. It's a perfect finale. In fact after this the encore 'Filmstar' seems almost unnecessary. It's like a final unreachable fantasy that reminds us of our own worthlessness. Or perhaps it's a reminder we all have our fifteen minutes of fame. Suede make us feel part of them and give them for it. They make shaking your bits to the bit a spiritual experience. We can all be blessed by their stardom and like a big misfit gang everyone is welcome. Suede make you feel like they're everything you need. It's all so good that one hit is never enough. Thankfully with Suede you never run dry.

Alan Mustafa

'Revival' was originally released back in 1991, but the album is an enormously mature-sounding work, sounding very sure of itself. It's an immensely liveable-with album, although the songs retain their individual edge, it creates a distinctive atmosphere of crackly, alive music.

From here on in, for Martine Girault, the sky's the limit...

Toby Mason

# Single Minded

DJ Kool -

Let Me Clear My Throat

Lets make this perfectly clear. This is not at the cutting edge of rap or hip-hop, and the likes of Thug Life and the Wu-Tang Clan have nothing to fear from this unashamedly old school rhyme. A old-school reunion featuring Biz Markie and the human beat-box Doug E. Fresh, 'let Me Clear My Throat' is a brilliant 'call-and-response' party song that took North America by storm last summer (according to Raj the Canadian). Mostly recorded live at Philadelphia with an enthusiastic full-on crowd, the single contains re-mixes by DJ Mark the 45 King and Funkmaster

Mansun

She Makes My Nose Bleed

Well don't stick your nose in where it's not wanted then! Mansun have been steadily growing in popularity, but their fifth single, 'She Makes My Nose Bleed', is nothing to write home about (or write a review about, for that matter). It is a typical rock song in an Oasis/Suede/U2 vein. Unfortunately it is neither inventive nor imaginative. The chorus, "So bring her on down from heaven" becomes annoying after a while, like a barking dog that just won't shut up. The song doesn't really make much sense: it probably isn't meant to. I think it's



Flex and is available now. Buy it 'cause the funky saxophone riff, fat bass-lines and classic breaks from 'The 900 Number' and Kool & The Gang just force you to love this song. As Kool says 'Just get with this' and clear your throat!

Jonathan Cooper

Livingstone

So Tough

The epitome of mediocrity. I don't like this at all. I'm trying to think of something imaginative and witty to say to get my point across. However I am going through an unwitty week, so here goes: "So Tough" is crap, so is "Flirt" (It's too noisy - I've got a headache - I'm tired and irritable). "You Asked For" is, need I say it, shit also. The lead singer (Mr Livingstone, I presume?) has a voice as shaky as the rotating drum of a washing machine revolving at 1500 revolutions per minute. This is such boring music. I just want to go to bed. I can't think of a witty way of saying that this is a shit indie contribution and that I don't like it. Ken Livingstone is cool - a band of this crud calibre should not have been allowed to adopt his name as a vehicle for their cruddy attempts at making music. Once again, I would like to reiterate that I've got a headache, and I'm tired and irritable. I hope the Music Editor spells my name right this week. Do not buy this.

Shabnum Hasan

Blunt

I'll be fine

Frankly, this isn't really up to much. Blunt, as musicians are probably alright; the tunes are fairly reasonable, sort of bad tribute to music with rocks in. It's just that everything else, particularly production makes them sound bad. Swervedriver and Soundgarden on speed are the closest I can get to describing them but really that does those two bands an injustice. Blunt's lyrics are pretty crap and aren't helped by the fact the none of the band can sing. 'What does it matter' features Blunt trying to sing in a well 'ard fashion that sounds more like they're recovering from a bad cold. 'I'll be fine' also fails miserably in the vocal area, where Blunt appear to be the first rock group to deliver lyrics in a sing-song barber-shop quartet style. Bluntly, 'I'll be fine' when I've turned this crap off.

Jonathan Cooper

something to do with the amazing power a woman exerts over a man. Or something. Go but the album, and leave this alone.

Sunil Sodha

Space

Dark Clouds

I've never figured out whether Space were serious about their music, or just parodying. Anyway, the scousers are back with 'Dark Clouds', another cheesy retro pop song from their 'Spiders' LP. It's OK, but not as catchy as Female Of The Species and not as lyrically witty as Neighbourhood. It has a Mexican disco feel (if they had discos in Mexico). "Dark Clouds... drift away to reveal... the sunshine." A nice happy thought for those of you feeling depressed. You'll get through it, and be happy again. CD2 also features three brand new songs all featuring Space's distinctive quirky sound. Tommy's clever lyrics are on full display in 'Influenza', "You treat me like an influenza/ You think I'm an idiot 'cos I'm not in Mensa/ You treat me like a tonsillitis/ I'm a pain in the neck and I'm not quite right." He's right about that. Space are far out, and clearly off their heads, but at least they give us something "different" to listen to.

PS. What do you do if you see a Spaceman? Park in it, man SS

Monaco

What Do You Want From Me?

First impressions count, but do not rely on them too much. The first five seconds of this single conjure up an image of a showdown in a Western. The next fifteen seconds of "Sha-la-la-las" and you're expecting surfer dudes to jump out at you. Listen longer and you realise it is actually a quite amiable pop song reminiscent of Erasure or Human League. Monaco's lead singer has a deep, rough voice, and is aided by someone with a higher voice on the chorus. The song's dark sounding instrumental sections reminded me of The Shadows.

'Apache'. 'What Do You Want From Me?' is OK as far as radio-friendly pop songs go, but was not really my cup of tea (or Noel Gallagher's, I bet). Much more interesting is the second track, 'Bicycle Thief', a sweet ballad that made me dream of happy times, blue skies and pretty flowers. The bloke with the high voice takes the lead, providing a Halls-mentholypus soothing effect.

PS. All You Need Is Love.

Sunil Sodha

# Animal Hi-Traits

SUEDE @ POOLE ARTS CENTRE  
27/1/97

The shadow on the wall is like some skeletal God. It's source . Brett Anderson . holds the final line of the gorgeous 'By the sea'. There are screams. He gazes into the crowd, smiling, eyes sparkling. His arms are aloft . embracing us all. He swoops down on the microphone and delivers the final line. Awed silence. A pause. The band crash into 'So young' and the starry eyed adoration is whipped into a frenzy of movement. People fall like dominoes and jump like children. Live . Suede are a storm and we . the trash, are litter in their breeze.

This is the bands third sell out tour since the release of their stunning 'Coming up' album. The time for talking about their past or charting their return is over. They're reveling in their present and it feels like they've never been away. The beauty of Suede is that they are so eternally NOW; the perfect soundtrack to modern life. Celebrating the beauty in the drudge of modern life and the dignity of the 'normal' people . without patronising, they speak for everyone about everyone. They make music for those with their heads in the clouds and their feet firmly on the floor. They are fact, fiction and fantasy. They are also deservedly massive.

In fact the tour was so sold out I'm forced to trek to Poole to see them this time. It's a far cry from the 10 minute amble from my house to the Kilburn gigs or the short hop to the Camden ones. So I'm drinking alone in a lonely town wondering whether or not I'm too old for all this malarkey now.

Martine Girault.

Album: 'Revival'

Martine Girault will soon be the name to drop, if this debut collection is anything to go by . Heralded by the sensuous, slinky single "Revival", it establishes her as the soul innovator and one of the most outstanding female vocal talents of the nineties. The album combines gorgeous all-out ballads with uplifting gospel and slices of prime funk. It's a eclectic, but extremely

accomplished blend; Girault's voice moves effortlessly from raunchy affirmation - "Don't Dog Me", to the breathy, late-night schmooze of "We've Got Tomorrow" and the title track. The production is also very authentic-sounding; producer Ray Hayden has used real musicians, which gives the album a very warm edge. It has been dogged by numerous contractual and label problems which has delayed its release for a couple of years- the single

# Cupid is Coming! (Yet Again)

The only moan that'll come from Caroline Hooton this Valentine's Day...

Aside from Christmas, can you think of any day of the year more likely to bring misery and bankruptcy to the general population than Valentines Day?

For a single gal alone in the big city, there is nothing more depressing than seeing couples anyway, but all this is compounded during that 24 hour period where they feel compelled to call each other such pet names as 'Love-sunny', 'Snookums' and 'Herpes'.

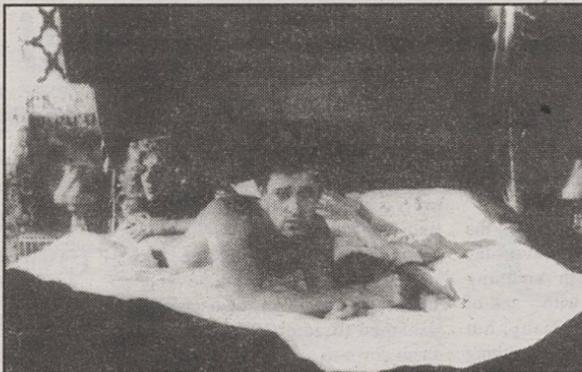
Frankly I find the blatant commercialism of it all revolting. What's so special about red roses that you need a dozen of them? Are you really going to keep that card he/she sent you for posterity, you know, the one with that endearing little rhyme:

*Valentine's Day is here again  
We had a game of tennis,  
You found me in bed with my ex last night  
And so cut off my --*

And when you think about it, wasn't St Valentine a catholic anyway? If he was, then any loving for him was simply out of the question. Unless of course it involved choir boys...

The thing is, people make such a big deal out of it. It's so hyped that there's no room for any genuine sentiment apart

from embarrassment. Particularly on the get to some of them. The pain they feel



Anyone fancy a pint? Photo: National Film Press Office

at having to show that they honestly really do care. Their agony at wondering whether she will like the chocolates they hastily grabbed at the newsagents that morning, the torture of desperately scraping the price tag off the card before she shows up. But to be fair, at least it's relatively pleasant to receive choccies and flowers, compared to lingerie for example. Any man who buys unsolicited underwear for Valentine's

Day is a schmuck anyway, but what makes it worse is when they get it in the wrong size because it shows exactly what they're looking for in the female form, ie a tiny waist and tits you can use to crack walnuts with. If he tells you he likes black underwear then tell him to stop washing his pants.

While the happy world of coupledom is enjoying cosy little candle-lit dinners, you'll find me curled up in front of a Merchant-Ivory movie with a pint of Haagen-daz-, and a box of tissues. But that's fine with me, because at least you can switch off the VCR when you're bored.

# Are you Getting Any Then? (We're talking Valentine's Day messages here...)

**JOEY DORSET...** You are almost as sexy as a Steve Claridge hat-trick against Villa. Always be my Korak....Love from ULT

**TRAGIC TRACTOR,** you gave me so much, but not as much as I could've given you....Lightning struck twice, E.

Da **Alessandro a ROBERTA:** Ti Voglio Benissimo!

**OLIVIER C. (Econ):** Will you be my Valentine? YOUR SECRET ADMIRER

**JAMES CRABTREE** You are ever so crab free! Brush your hippie long ginger locks over me and make your Beavering feel extra special tonight! Tony Ferrino

**TONY (my pony) GIDDENS** A wrinkled, post-modern caricature, yet your wavering voice still fires my loins. I've treasured your handwritten note to each one of us- you must have spent so much time...copying each one. It probably broke the LSE's piggy bank, but hey what the hell, these kinds of things make me feel special. Economics and balancing budgets was never your style. Still, with top-up fees in full swing and you at the helm, we have nothing to fear, except for dear Tony Blair. Yours forever, Carl Menger

**MATT MILLER.....**you're so much better than Dirty C. -Will you say you'll marry me?...Love the Dirty Other

**DARREL (The Bare) HARE** You're so efficient and competent- compared to Spam Parham. If only you'd taken accounting and sat next to me, you'd have learn't a little 'bout business and less about E's. So, when you're next going clubbing and looking for love. Think about me and shag someone else. Your Hobbie

**CHRIS COOPER (my pooper)** Kiss me filthy you nasty young man! Make me feel dirty with your slovenly snogs...Pucker up your herpetic lips and clam smack me all over again. XXXX

**GEMMA** I've loved you from the first time our eyes met'

**GINGA.....**Will you be feeling randy tonight?

**WENDY** I want you bad! From Norman the Conqueror.

**GEORGINA REASON** They call me fiscally prudent Some would call me tight But I'd even share you with Dan Crowe If you come out with me tonight, love Darrel.

**DAVIE BALFOUR** Grab me my Smurfy, scratch my red scabs! Jump into action and squeeze my raw hide. Tony Ferrino

**BOOTS,** will you be my DecAthlete and show me your stamina? This time you won't need to use your lighter until after I've finished with you. Love PKB

**TO MY XXX SWEETHEART** If only I had known you earlier! Let this be the first of endless wonderful years to come...smmooochh. Always your precious girl-girl JMM da da.

**THANK YOU** for all the countless, caring ways you've filled my life with love. Happy's Valentine's Day! Yours, Min.

**FOR THE** best one year we have spent with each other. Happy Valentine's on our first anniversary !! From a couple forever in love.

**TOM JEANS;** pick me up at four from outside school and teach me what cramming for GCSEs i.s all about! Love from Babybird.

To That hunksome **CHAKO** from Limassol Who smokes for the nation in the Brunch Bowl, I pledge to you my affection. So you'll show me your erection You've got the body baby I've got the soul, (to the third year joker from your favourite non-smoker)

**YOU'RE KNOWN** as "smiley face". You smile all over the place, We've been fighting over you for days, You've got us all in a craze. Of all the men in this university you're the star. Bright, charming and smart, we love you Nizar! from the girls of LSE.

**MOUSEY:** Itchy and scratchy, sniffly and raunchy... be my valentine-Squidge.

Dearest **BABELING,** Love you Loads. Homer.

**T.J. -** I'd marry you even though

we're in different castes **RICHARD HEARNDEN-** you sexy shine

Won't you please, please, please, be mine?  
With your fair hair  
Oh so fair  
And complexion so bright.  
Will you be mine  
Forever, not just for tonight?  
(from your very own ex slut)

To all the **top Asian totty,** love an anonymous admirer in the Beaver Office

**TO RAJIV M**  
I had lunch with you last Tuesday. You think I'm prim and proper - but I'm not. Let me run my hands over your head.  
from?

**TIBBS**  
Let's get naked and I'll be yours eternally  
xxx

**BRUCIE WE LOVE YOU**  
Brucie, Brucie if the price is right I'll be your lady tonight  
You light up Bankside Bar with such finesse  
Oh, I'd love to get you undressed

**OUR DARLING HUGH**  
just out of J. Crew  
like the play taboo  
we're smitten with you

**TO EUGENE -** cute in his own right

**HEY EUROBOY!**  
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!  
I love your running spandex and the way you laugh and eat chocolate chip cookies. You're a true muppet

**HABIBI**  
Happy Valentine's, I'm so glad you're here this year. It's been horrible being away from you, no matter how short our time apart may be. I love you and your sexy u know what. Thanks for bringing so much to my life- love, laughter, smiles and ... Your S.B.

Dear **MEGHAN**  
I worship you from afar  
You and your cute bangs  
Don't you ever notice me?

**Richard H** you make me sick. In fact you are a total prick With your over bleached hair in an unstylish crop,

Copying my pink streaks was a complete flop  
As for Valentines, I'm sure you'll get plenty.  
As for me, you won't get any.  
An admirer!?! (JCV)

**Olive** aime a croquer sa pomme d'amour

Dear **Mr Darke**  
How I'd love to make you spark  
Let's meet in the park  
And roll in the grass  
Forever...

**To: A Harley Street Doctor**  
I need a herpes cure before Valentines  
You've got to help me, Doc  
Not even the girls in the 3 Tuns Bar  
Will go near my scank-ridden cock

**Chris Cooper**

Darling **SHANDY**  
You make us randy  
You are the best  
So let's have a shag-fest  
(from the Ben Wimbledon DIY enthusiasts.)

**POOR MATHEMATICIAN,**  
You look so sad,  
Which makes us all  
Feel very bad  
So we hope that these lines  
Although they are sappy  
Wjll brighten your day  
And make you feel happy!  
(Chris' of the world unite)

**OH DAN CROWE,**  
You're pure as snow  
How I'd love to melt you...

**ODE TO DEV:**  
Oh my darling, darling Dev,  
How nice it is to sit on your head  
To flatten your black curls is such a treat  
When I'm with you it makes my heart skip beats.  
(from the only cap you'll ever need)

**CHRISTINE GLOVER**  
There is no other-  
You're the greatest  
Without any doubt.  
You listen to my crap  
And give me advice.  
I love you loads  
'cos you are nice!  
(from Chris Rouse)

**GELIEBTER CLOCHARD!**  
Am liebsten waere ich ein Astronaut und floege auf Sterne, wo gar nichts vertraut und versaut ist....  
In Liebe, immer  
Deine N.

**AN ODE TO Dan (Crowe)**

You really are a trifric man  
Me? I'm just your No. one fan  
Have you noticed, I'm the one fawning  
While the other ones are all yawning  
I love your directionless campaigns  
And wouldn't say you've got no brains  
It isn't really you I adore  
I think you're dull, a complete bore!  
(yawn)

**IMOGEN** my darling Imogen,  
I love it when you serve me,  
Behind the bar,  
You really unnerve me,  
With your fantastic bra,  
Please be mine,  
Be mine for all time,  
Is it too much to ask  
For you to be my Valentine?  
**B.**

**ODE TO SAM P**  
Sam, Sam forever my man  
Your vacant expression makes my heart go wham  
With your voluptuous curves and unmistakable odour  
You and I shall never be over with love...xxx

Dear **SOPPY,**  
You're lovely, Don't be silly and moan about Valentine's: last year was crap but it will get better. Smile, Sweetie. Lots of Love from the SPG.

**AUSTRIAN-ZANZIBAR BABE**  
Your time is coming! I'm watching you, around every corner and turn. Happy Valentine's, my sweet obsession.

To my favourite random European **LITTLE MOUNTAIN BOY,** please teach me to waltz and I promise not to keep you waiting any longer.

**To my L.Ba.ZZ**  
may we continue in vivace. forever. Muah!

Dearest Darling **ROBERT DAVIS,**  
You don't know me, but in the library you turn my knees to jelly. I want you, K.S.

# ...Blind Date...

## A behind the scenes view from our very own celebrity, Yasmin Chinwalla!

**Y**es, I was on 'Blind Date', yes it was a laugh, and yes, you do get the questions beforehand.

It started off in February when I went to an interview in my hometown after my best mate had sent for a list of interview dates and locations. It was an open interview with about eight girls at a time, and we were just asked to talk about ourselves, and told that we might be invited back for a second interview within a few months.

The second interview was in April and this time there were about twelve of us, all dressed as we would be on the show and again talking about ourselves and then answering some sample questions and doing a little improvisation - I was given Frank Bruno reciting Shakespeare...It was at London Weekend Television Centre which was all very exciting, and there was the most amazing view of the river from the 18th-floor office. We were told that if they wanted us we would get a phone call anytime from June onwards as they film six months of the year and tour looking for contestants for six months.

To be completely honest, I totally forgot about it until I got a call in July, but I couldn't do it then as I was going

on holiday. Summer came and went and I had just started university when I got another call in November asking me to film in less than three weeks time, and so I did.

Over the next couple of weeks the researcher phoned me nearly everyday trying to come up with amusing anecdotes to regale Cilla with - and of course I couldn't think of any, but eventually we came up with something vaguely suitable (my boob-falling-out-during-my-bungee-jump story proving inadmissible).

I arrived at television centre at 2 pm in the afternoon with a suitcase packed for up to five days with clothes suitable for all extremes of weather, in case I won and had to fly off straight after filming - yes, highly likely I know, but anyway. We were taken up to our dressing room where we met the three boys who were going to be on the show - but not our picker.

We all went over our stories again and again with the researcher and then we were taken down to the studio for a technical rehearsal. We were shown where to come on from, where to stand, where to go off if we lost, where to go off if we won, we told our stories with the director standing in as Cilla, and our

outfits were checked for glare.

Back upstairs, we were finally given our questions, and we had a brainstorming session to come up with witty, original but fundamentally corny and innuendo laden answers. It was a communal effort with us three girls, a couple of researchers and the producer, but I came up with my own answers I'm ashamed to admit. We had to write them down to give to another writer for Graham, the voice over reminder.

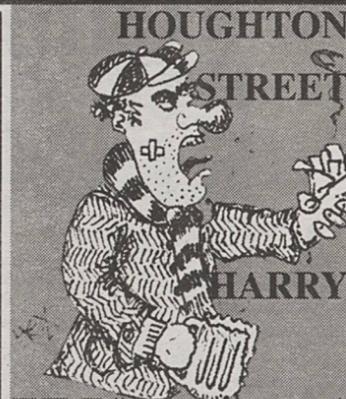
**T**hinking part over, we all trooped back to the dressing room to change, have our hair and make up salvaged while constantly drilling our stories and answers word perfect. The others were so nervous, but I wasn't at all, I was loving every minute, put me in front of an audience and I'm off. The girls were on first so we were called to wait in the wings, listening to the warm up man introduce Cilla.

The researchers were all wishing us luck and gave us some water to get rid of that nervous dry mouth feeling, and of course I spilt the cup of water down my dress. With seconds to go before our entrance, everything went into slow motion like a movie, three costume women came charging towards me brandishing hairdryers frantically trying

to get rid of the wet patches on my dress and then we were on, waving and smiling inanely at the audience and the cameras, and sitting perched on the edge of my stool - hello number 2, Yasmine from Surrey...

We actually chatted with Cilla for ages and there were loads of mistakes but it all gets edited out. It all flew by, but it was just so cool being in front of the cameras, despite making a total prat of myself on national television in front of several million people. He picked number 3, Suzanne, a hairdresser from Plymouth, and I honestly can't say I was too gutted about it. I had my five seconds of fame, I was on holiday when it was broadcast at Christmas and my friends were far more excited about it than I was afterwards; but it has definitely whetted my appetite and given half the chance I'd be back in front of the camera tomorrow.

*Yasmin Chinwalla is currently having a 'lorra, lorra' counselling to cope with the trauma of Graham's sharp and 'quick reminders'...*



**W**ell, after a one week sabbatical (as opposed to the one week sabbatical that we currently have), the old, old Harry is back again. For how long this current stay will be is anyone's guess, but in any case it's an occasion worthy of going on the beers, and that means The Tuns. When you enter the Tuns, the first thing that you notice (apart from the fact that your feet are stuck to the carpet and Gavin's glued to the fruit machine) is the wide variety of alcoholic beverages on offer. Most people have their personal preferences, which are inextricably linked to the price charged (as shown by the fact that members of the rugby team were prepared to drink alcoholic cream soda for a quid), but some people still cannot decide. For these poor individuals, it's Harry's guide to the beers in The Tuns.

The first thing that must be noted is that Tuns beer is unlike any other beer, its unique taste developed over the years by unclean pipes and judicious usage of H2O. The first one to be tried is Fosters. £1.32 for a pint of the amber nectar, and quite nice it is too. Results from the lab indicate it to be nothing special, but competitively priced and very popular with the cheapskates. Next batter up is Becks, expensive and German (a bit like a World War really). Despite these odds, it remains a delight, and a favourite amongst sabbaticals (perhaps the only ones able to afford it). My own personal selection, but only if it's got a head on it (a rule of thumb that can apply to women as well).

Third choice is Murphy's, the Irish stout which coined Murphy's law - drink Murphy's and your shit goes funny. The only fathomable advantage of drinking treacle is that you don't notice how dirty the glass is, or all the bits in your drink. The verdict is to steer clear, unless you are prepared to grow a porno moustache and grow potatoes for a living. Oooh, that's gone straight to my head. I would have like to review Hofmeister, but I was not prepared to stoop that low, and this is coming from someone who snogged Fat Kate! I tried to find some more information, but after a cross-campus ballot, it appears that no-one has ever drunk it; Follow the bear straight to the toilet.

Next up is Kronenbourg. It's French; but surprisingly it doesn't smell. The significance of 1664 is that that's the number of free pints Darrell's had this year. I'm beginning to feel a bit pissed. I'm starving. John Smith's smooth - lovely and smooth. Geddit, smooth. I'm the funniest man in the world. I feel sick. Director's bitter. It's the advert with the boots. It's not as nice as up North you know. I drink bitter up North, but you Southerners don't have proper bitter. Wait here, I'm just going for a piss ..... do you want to go halves on the fruit machine ..... shit, I'm going to the cashpoint. Alright love, I've always fancied you. No, she's not my bird, we're just mates. Yeah, I'm single. Bottle of Grolsch. Lovely. Oh you tit! This shirt's new, and that was a full pint. I'm not drinking Cider. Who do you think I am? Ben Johnston? Bottle of Holsten Pils. Very nice. You're not my mates. My best mates are at home. You lot just use me and talk about me behind my back. Except you. I'd do anything for you. I bloody love you. You're the only person I regard as a real mate. I'm going for another piss, don't go ..... bastards, where have they gone. Bernardo! I didn't see you there. Shit, the bar's shut. A curry? Why not? I'll just get my coat. No, I'll get the nightbus home afterwards. No, really, it's alright!

# Top Ten Reasons to Ban Valentine's Day

## (Who wants VD anyway?)

**H**aving been threatened with serious bodily injury (some people have no sense of humour) by one of my nearest and dearest if I dared to bring a motion before the UGM proposing to ban Valentine's Day this year, and to mandate the GenSex to write to all the major stores demanding that they boycott all Valentine's Day-related merchandise, I decided that I'd transmit my message via the pages of our *Beaver* instead in the hope that there might be some poor other unloved souls out there who actually agree with me! So here are ten reasons why we should give it a miss this year:

**1.** We are falling prey to the evils of a capitalist consumer society and are having our desires dictated by powerful commercial conglomerates.

**2.** The day generates false hope that then results in suicidal anti-climatic disappointment.

**3.** This then reveals negative personality traits causing most honest people to resort to lying when asked that dreaded question, 'How many did you get this year?' (We're talking CARDS here sweetie so get your smutty mind out of the gutter!) With the typical response: 'The postman hadn't arrived by the time I had left'.

**4.** It is bad enough that those "beautiful Bacardi people" make the rest of the population sickly envious throughout the year, but this resentment is compounded at this time of the year, as VD is so blatantly a ploy to flaunt their popularity. They wander around Uni with a 'Tony Blair' ear-to-ear smile thus making it painfully clear that they have been remembered. This being reinforced by the large bouquet of

flowers that they have had to parade around with all day 'cos they've got nowhere else to put them. (Believe me sweetie I could come up with a couple of suggestions).

**5.** It is the most shallow display of affection that a person can ever receive, give it another couple of weeks



I swear to God I'm clean

photo: National Film and Television Archive

and the said 'kind, generous, thoughtful' bloke will have dumped you for a far better looking and more intelligent model.

**6.** And if you want to take it on a more symbolic metaphorical level, flowers, that supposed token of affection typically received on a day such as this, will soon wither and die like the superficial sentiments that they represent. Chocolates are no better friend, as they merely make us fat, ugly, and make us come out in spots. (An ingenious male ploy to make sure that we've got no chance of pulling a more worthy specimen of that vile race in the near future).

**7.** Even if you do have a surge of confidence and choose to risk it by letting that special someone know, it is highly probable and practically inevitable that this will result in the most embarrassing, heart-wrenching moment of your life, when you are torturously informed that 'I don't see you in that light; I've always seen you as a really, really, really, good friend. (B\*llshit! but when decoded basically means f\*\*k me! I'd sooner fancy Raj Paranandi)

**8.** It would be fine if the benefits were spread evenly for all to share in the joys that this day can offer, but no, this is far from the case. Instead thousands go without, while excessive

amounts are amassed by the privileged few (and no you haven't started reading an article by Garth 'on your side' Mullins extolling the virtues of SWSS or the coming of the revolution we're still on the topic of the uneven spread of the gains from Valentine's Day.

**9.** The worst trauma of all is what you end up doing that evening - if you stay in you are dubbed a sad, boring, pathetic person with no life! If you go partying without a date, then speculation arises on the topic of your inadequacies, sexual and otherwise. Further, you are most likely to be pursued by the most feeble repellent male-specimen present during the party. This results in taunting and humiliation from all your friends from here to eternity. (Magnified by a factor of 100 if you are fortunate enough to get so drunk that you 'accidentally' get off with the said individual).

**10.** Arguably this article may well appear to be geared to the female population of the LSE. But lads you too stand to gain if this heinous day were abolished for I'm sure that you'll find your wallet will be heavier.

Besides, (totally contradicting the above point!) we don't want men to be thoughtful for just one of the 365 days of the year. We'd appreciate a healthy flow of attention throughout the year! So there you have it! Convinced?.....

*Anonymity is an act of cowardice and should not be tolerated in any form. What have you to hide Chris? Posing as a woman! How low will you go to get onto the world-famous Campus Pages?*

# Thirds can still win league

Leperous, disease ridden Dirty Cooper™ gets off his Dirty Sickbed™ to to score first ever Dirty LSE hat-trick™ as Thirds dick on Royal Holloway.

**LSE 3rd XI 5-0 RHL 4th XI**

## Dirty Cooper™

The Thirds continued their late title surge on Wednesday with a crushing away defeat of Royal Holloway Fourth. Rarely does a team make the trek to Egham and return with a result, so a victory this conclusive is worthy of the highest praise, especially with the reshuffle that was necessary following the late withdrawal of the perspirational Chris Kuchanny. The podgy stopper found himself at Waterloo five minutes from departure but at the wrong platform, a distant forty yards down the concourse. Summoning up all his stored energy, he strode the distance with thirty seconds to spare, only to find that the entrance to platform seven is slightly narrower than platform four, with the result that his so-gargantuan-that-Howard-would-shag-it-arse could not ooze through the gap, despite the help of a number of guards and the baggage trolley.

With this setback, it was a very much reshuffled side that took to the field, with Andy "Beckenbauer" Goodman marshalling the back and Chris "Simesy" Cooper making his LSE debut as a centre-forward, the first time that he and Gavin Freeman had linked up since their early days in non-league football playing for perennial strugglers Hannah Athletic.

The fact that Dirty Cooper™ was even playing was a testament in itself. Having been laid low by severe 'flu and Sciatica, it was the final nail in the coffin when he contracted leprosy/herpes/scabies, a result of a wild and reckless lifestyle stepping out with some of the world's dodgiest women (and men!). Normally, the shame of having his chiselled features being scarred by such disease would be enough to go into hiding, but in a team with such beauties as Howard "Fred West" Wilkinson, George "The Beast" Georgiou and Gavin "Cow's arse" Freeman, it went unnoticed.

Holloway started strongly, but the back-four of Theeps, Goodman, John Edipidis and Zed remained solid. When they were breached, Arjun made a fine save to deny them the lead. Slowly but surely, LSE began to dominate as Howie, George, Demetri and James Mulligan took control of the midfield. With five minutes left of the first half, a loose ball reached Cooper, who drilled home from twelve yards to give LSE the lead.

The second half saw a much brighter Third team, and very quickly they were the only team in it. A defensive slip-up let Cooper in and his pin-point cross was headed home by Mulligan to double the lead. Even with his facial fungus, the sex appeal of

Cooper was too much for "Poppers" Mulligan, who showered him in hugs and kisses under the pretence of goal celebration. The game was killed off moments later when Cooper latched onto a Wilkinson flick and slid the ball under the advancing keeper.

The Holloway side, clearly outclassed, tried to get back into the game but, unlike Dirty Cooper™, they were unable to penetrate the Greeks with any success, and resorted to being lairy. This had little impact on the LSE 'Academy', who concentrated on their total football. Mulligan's perfect pass was met by Dirty Cooper™, who rounded the keeper to complete his first ever LSE hat-trick, another accolade for this all-time great of the LSE Football Club. In contrast to his one man show, the young pretender Freeman had had little impact on the match, but he finally struck in the closing minutes. His tally was not as good as Cooper, but we all knew that from Hannah anyway.

A 5-0 victory at Egham, clearly one of the performances of the season, and the Thirds remain in the hunt for honours. If the team remains injury-free, if Kuchanny and Wilkinson can get fit, and if Freeman can overcome his Cops 'N Robbers lust frenzy, then Theeps could be on top of a bus come March (that's not a reference to Aggie by the way).

# Athletics Union Executive Committee.

**Nominations to be received by:  
Monday 24th February by 5pm.**

**Elections will be held on:**

**Wednesday 5th and Thursday 6th March.**

All Athletics Union Club Members are eligible for the following positions

### The President:

The President shall be responsible for the overall co-ordination of AU affairs, liaison with the school administration and the LSE SU administration, and external affairs. The President is also responsible for the co-ordination of the Annual AU Open Day.

### The General Secretary:

The General Secretary shall chair AU General Meetings and Clubs Councils and shall be responsible for publicising meetings and agendas. Also he/she shall be in charge of the New Students Fare and social events for AU members. The General Secretary shall be responsible for the internal administration of Union Affairs.

### The Treasurer:

The Treasurer shall have overall responsibility for all aspects of AU finance, ensuring the effective operation of clubs and the efficient use of resources.

### The Vice President:

The Vice President shall be responsible for assisting the President and will act as the President in the President's absence.

### The Assistant General Secretary:

The Assistant General Secretary shall be responsible for assisting the General Secretary and acting as General Secretary in the General Secretary's absence. The Assistant General Secretary shall be Vice Chair of AU General Meetings and the Clubs Council and shall be responsible for taking minutes.

### The Assistant Treasurer:

The Assistant Treasurer shall be responsible for assisting the Treasurer and will act as Treasurer in the Treasurer's absence.

For more details see Liz Petyt (AU Administrator) in room E78.

# 5ths thump SOPpy saps

Webbs 5th's prescribe nine goals to be taken between meals as LSE stuff pathePtic pharmacists.

**LSE 5th XI 9 - 3 SOP 1st XI**

## Paul Drew

After flattering to deceive this season the fifths finally fulfilled expectation and comprehensively crushed the School of Pharmacy to put their promotion push back on track. Deprived of Eads through illness and with Rob 'he's just a poor boy' Bush away celebrating his 21st Birthday with his 'poor family', captain Webb was initially forced to field a weakened ten man side. But, against the odds LSE quickly built up a 2-0 lead, weaving an elaborate tapestry of passing and movement that had their opponents reaching for the headache pills.

The fifths midfield dominated from the start. John 'Gepetto' Parr, the footballing master was pulling the strings creating chances for Hirt and Webb to convert with aplomb. Parr was complimented by his sidekick, the not suspended James Allard who provided

the cream to pour on Parr's strawberries (I hope this sort of going on is not usual in the 5th team - Sports Ed). Wide on the right Brian Neil Hoffman was also impressive, proving once again that even if you do have legs like a sparrow you can still get stuck in.

The defence was as tight as the curls on Eads barnet. Loukas Oval looked comfortable at full back with Chris Gaskell playing in a footballing version of "Stars in their eyes" - "Tonight Matthew I'm going to be Jackie Charlton". Meanwhile Webb and Hirt were piling on the misery for the pharmacists scoring two and four respectively. The certainly not suspended James Allard weighed in with another two as LSE cruised into a 8-1 lead.

The final LSE goal was about as likely as Brian the groundman getting around the UEFA stitch up and successfully bidding for the 2006 World Cup at Berrylands. After months of pleading the much maligned keeper

Alain 'hans of glue' Stambali finally had his chance to play outfield. Within seconds of the switch he thrust forward, shrugged off a defender and fired a fine shot into the bottom left hand corner. His celebration was also unprecedented and I'm sure we will see many Premiership footballers doing Stambali's 'Cardiac Arrest on the sidelines' in the near future.

After such an impressive performance all that was left was for Panos Loukas to prove that giving evidence at the Grobbelaar trial this week had not harmed his nerves, as he rounded is own keeper and calmly tucked the ball into his own net from an impossible angle.

With the poor form of the Christmas period it looked as though the goal of promotion may be slipping away, but this result will act as a warning for the rest of Division Four. Like Brian's World Cup bid, write us off at your peril.

# Netball Nightmare

LSE babes win beauty contest but little else against Greenwich mingers.

**LSE 6-58(Fifty-eight) Greenwich**

## Dirty Alex™

Six people Gemma once snogged in a pub 'descended' on Lincoln's Inn Fields on Wednesday afternoon to play Greenwich in the last 32 of the BUSA championship. The models of LSE who had just returned from London Fashion week with cleanly shaven legs were unlike the minging beasts of Greenwich who could have easily been mistaken for the facially challenged members of the England Rugby team. This was the sign of things to come as the scoreline reflected the weight of the respective teams. It did not however reflect the score the crowd gave to the LSE babes appearance compared to the German Shotputters.

Zarrine 'was that man you snogged bald?' Ghiassi defending with Vickey 'giggly gear' who must have taken a liking to the shooters (who admitley resembled blokes) as they insisted on causing contact everytime Greenwich wanted to thrust their balls around. Gemma and Dirty Alex™ failed to



Despite always looking impressive upfront, LSE only managed 6 points.

score many times which makes a change, until the third quarter when the ball soared through the net a magnificent 6 times.

The midfield babes Aimee, Maria, Livvy, Becky were basically intimidated hence the LSE performance reflected the nocturnal activities of Dirty Coops™ quite frankly poor against superior opposition.

For more information on Athletics Union Activities please see Liz Petyt (room E78) or consult notice boards in the AU Common Room, situated directly above the Veggie Café.™

BeaverSport BeaverSport BeaverSport

# CHAMPIONS!

LSE show they're 'pic of the mix' as lads and lasses win prestigious 'Tournament of champions'

- LSE XI 6 - 0 Barts & London XI
- LSE XI 1 - 1 Kings XI
- LSE XI 2 - 1 Barts & London XI
- LSE XI 2 - 2 Kings XI

## Hockey Kev™

The coming together of the all conquering, top of the league, still in two cups, LSE womens hockey team. And the not quite so all conquering, bottom of the league, still in the plate of the plate competition, LSE men's hockey team was always going to be a difficult task. However, this did not reckon upon the Women teams' vast experience and ability in being able to bring men 'up' to play to their dirty standard.

The mixed teams' pre-Christmas 7-6 hammering of Barts & London sent shockwaves around the London colleges and sent the mighty Birmingham and Loughborough scampering back up the M1. This vital victory gained them by the narrowest of margins qualification into the "Triangular Tournament of Champions" sponsored annually by Coopers & Lybrand and played at the recently rebuilt National Hockey stadium damaged by a mis-guided missile, mistakenly set off during the Gulf war. Despite these minor distractions the LSE led by the (for)ever bubbly and hungover Joy 'Stick' Ferneyhough were determined to take home the prestigious prize.

The all-day all-night triangular tournament had started in typical fashion. The hockey girls driven by their acute 'hunger' for success had disappeared for a pre-game team (m)eating probably to discuss the Big Ma(t)c(h). The lads showing a little less hunger and a lot less waist size decided to head for the pitch in Hockey Kev's little Hockey car. The journey was filled with the three T's:

Tension, Trouble and Tribulation. Better known as the three Tits sitting in the car giving directions. Ever heard the one about the Welshman, Irishman and the Liverpoolian? Well with no obvious common language they would have had difficulty finding their way round Tesco's let alone an A-Z of London. After several trips across both sides of the river taking in many of London's

with Kings was a typically scrappy affair. Men's skipper 'little' Peter 'André' Alexander gained LSE a well earned draw with the goal of the tournament: A 50 yd run taking him past the flailing sticks and admiring minger's of the King's team.

The LSE ended the first half of the tournament comfortably sitting pretty on top. Emma 'tickled' Pink(erton) had dominated the games from the back displaying grace, flair, courage and an acute sense of direction when faced by rather large men. **Kingsley '10/10 for effort' Kemish** was reveling in his new midfield playmaker role while Emily with the help of her 'little friend' switching wings, whilst bewitching the

slipping in round the back unnoticed, to finish off a superb LSE passing move.

And so to the final game of the tournament with LSE needing at least a point against Kings to take the championship. things didn't go to plan early on as LSE conceded a needless goal. Joy who had been having a fantastic tournament, a tower of strength with tireless running from midfield, great skill in the opposition half and a sixth sense developed in the 'Tuns' for the scoring opportunity fired home an important equaliser. But with minutes remaining disaster struck as old 44-FF gave Mo an unsighted view of the pitch and Strand Poly scored what appeared to be the winner. Knowing a defeat against Strand Poly would have entered the mixed team into LSE folklore for all the wrong reasons, LSE dashed up the pitch quicker than a bloody quick Formula One car with Michael Schumacher driving it. A cross from Joy evaded the keeper's despairing dive and hot-shot Hywel poked his little stick into the empty net, well there's a first time for everything. His goal caused wild celebrations with people running onto the pitch and scenes reminiscent of Wembley 1966. (the Soap Sud's Sunday League Cup).

Not only content with taking the title, LSE also took a clean sweep of the awards presented by HRH Prince Edward at the after-tournament dinner held at the pub down the road. Joy and Emma shared 'player of the tournament', Hywel won the prestigious 'golden stick' award for finishing as the tournament's top scorer, and Irish Pete won a bottle of champagne for goal of the tournament which he kindly donated to Alcoholics Anonymous as he was too young to drink it himself.

Final standings :				
	W	D	L	Pts
LSE	2	2	0	8
Barts/London	2	0	2	6
Kings	0	2	2	2



Prince Edward hands over the family silver to the triumphant LSE captain

finer attractions like ....Wimbledon, the intrepid explorers following their noses to the smell of absolute shite finally reached Stepney Green where surprise, surprise Strand Poly were awaiting.

After the fanfare of the opening ceremony, the first match of the tournament saw LSE pitted against the home team and favourites St. Barts & London. However star striker, sheep shagger 'Ewe' Jones had other ideas, scoring his first ever double hat-trick and thus bannishing the memories of his mid-week penalty miss.

Feeling the effects of playing two games consecutively, the derby match

opposition created many of Hywel's earlier chances.

The second half of the tournament began in controversial circumstances as St Bart's invoking the 'seven minute' qualification rule brought on several ringers/mingers from their mens team, including a

ginger playmate for Kingsley in midfield. No matter Hywel began his one man ball bashing crusade against Barts & London with the first in the opening few minutes. At this stage of the match, LSE were hardly troubled; Rachel had time to check up on her 15-1 questions, Joy had time to check up on the opposition and Mo 'the cat' had time to check up on a girl who would have made the netball bird green with envy, let's just say 44 -FF was a conservative estimate. Mesmerised by this glorious sight, Mo let in a sloppy goal, but with seconds remaining Joy rescued a crucial win for the LSE.

## Appreciation Corner

With St. Valentines Day just around the corner, the 'lurve' juices seem to be flowing freely from the pen of our talented yet sill unknown poet, postmark Mount Pleasant. She returns with this tribute to former Sport's editor Steve Curtis.

### Ode to Steve's Underpants

Oh I wish I was your underpants, so you could slip into me, I could feel you all day long and watch you whilst you pee, You could pull me up, then pull me down before we'd have some fun And next morning, to please you more, I'd slowly ride up your bum.

Next week: Ode to our new sport's editor 'Hockey Kev'.



Steve displays the sort of expression that can normally only be achieved in the hall of mirrors.

## Player Profile

It has been brought to our attention that many of our readers are not familiar with LSE's living sporting legends. So in the first of a new series we profile 1st XI football captain and former Beaver sports editor, Steve "the Gaffer" Curtis.

Name: Stephen Robert Curtis  
 Nickname: The Gaffer  
 Age: 21  
 Born: Slough, 2nd December 1975  
 Height: 4'19" (in high heels)  
 Weight: 6 stone 14lbs  
 Team: 1st XI Football  
 Favourite Position: Anywhere at the back, or down the flanks.  
 Favourite team: Crystal Palace  
 Favourite Food: Chinese  
 Favourite Drink: Champagne (when we've won something) or lots of John Smiths on a Wednesday evening before heading off to Limelight.  
 Favourite Watering Hole: Anywhere glamorous, such as Browns, Stringfellows, the Tuns and Scribes.  
 Favourite TV Programmes: Countryfile, Match of the Day, and the 10'o clock news (only when Euroboy 'Bigboy of the Month' Trevor '12 inch' McDonald is on).  
 Favourite Films: The Italian Job, Alfie and anything with Michael Caine.  
 Favourite Magazine: Sheep Farmers Weekly, Shoot! and Euroboy.  
 Favourite Chat Up Line: Is that a mirror in your pocket because I can see myself in your pants.  
 Favourite Joke: Why do women have babies? Because it hurts and they deserve it.  
 Next Week: Entertainments Sabbatical and LSE's aging football hero - Dirty Cooper™.

## Social Comment™

on Ben Levine

With Svein Michelsen (BSc International Relations)

Following MSc Econometric's Ben Levine's popular and often thought provoking weekly column in these pages. Another one of LSE's sporting finest, 1stXI goalkeeper Svein Michelson tries to explain the people behind the socio-economic turmoil in contemporary society, starting with Ben Levine.

"The Ben Levine column has, unlike The Beaver, had no effect on student life, so I am unable to answer that question. Ben Levine has never been the independent voice of the SU, his column is really a launch pad for his own political career."

Next week.. Svein Michelson on BUSA Cup failure.

## Halifax BUSA Results

Football: 1st XI 0 - 2 Luton 1st XI

2nd XI 0 - 10 Birmingham 2nd XI

3rd XI 3 -7 Kent 3rd XI

4th XI 2 -3 Staffordshire 4th XI (after penalties)

Women's XI 0 - 5 Cambridge

Badminton: Men v Kent and Women v Nottingham

Trent (LSE walkovers)

Netball v Greenwich (see report)

Squash 1sts 1 -4 Birmingham

2nds 5 - 0 East Anglia

Women v Nottingham (LSE walkover)

Table Tennis 13 - 4 Leicester

Tennis 56 - 58 Herts

Congratulations to all the winners.