



INSIDE
THIS
ISSUE



Arthur Scargill accepts his honorary presidency at last week's UGM. For the latest union happenings see: **Union Jack.** Page 2



Bennetton speaker, Creative Director Giovanni Toscani, received a death threat when speaking at LSE last week. Page 4



"Carry on Chekov" See it or else! Classifieds. Page 14

Crash And Bradburn!

By
Ralph Wilde

Ents Debate ent-Tensifies

AS students came to terms with the news last week that the Ents budget of £8000 had run dry, opinion was divided among the concerned sabbaticals as to the causes and solutions.

Scapegoats were the order of the day as all LSE students looked for someone to blame.

Jon Spurling, Finances and Services Officer, maintained that it was not down to individuals but rather student apathy, the recession, the high number of postgraduates and poor facilities. This was reiterated by Jonny Bradburn, Entertainments Officer, who believes that "facilities at LSE are an embarrassment." He complained that the Underground was too small, had bad ventilation and was unpopular; that the disco equipment was "out of date and broken;" that the quad was unsuitable for bands and the bar too small. Other London colleges, he said, at least have a P.A. and a decent venue. He also played the apathy card, saying that he had tried hard to get ents off the ground after two years of stagnation, but people just didn't turn up, pointing out that when tickets were on sale in Houghton St. last week, only a handful were sold. Fazile Zahir, the General Secretary, was more critical, suggesting that Bradburn had good ideas theoretically, but "failed to get off his arse and sell tickets" and this was the problem rather than anything else. "He didn't put enough work into the job, and let the societies

down." She sees this as a flaw in the sabbatical system: "Too much of our jobs are dictated to by our personalities." Zahir conceded that Bradburn was elected because of his popular personality. "It's unfortunate that he got in on the A.U. vote", which would make the success of a no-confidence vote at the UGM unlikely.

The question now is what entertainments at LSE will be in the future. Zahir and Bradburn both advocate a full time Ents manager, Spurling opting for shifting responsibility to the General Secretary. Zahir is pushing for a manager who would replace the sabbatical and have a more realistic, hard sell approach. She accepted that this would be, "unfeasible at the moment because of the expense", but if the school bought the Royalty Theatre and asked the Union to organize the bar and events, the cost of a manager would be justified and LSE would have a venue similar to that of UCL's Bloomsbury Theatre. Spurling rejected the idea of a manager as too expensive and unnecessary. Instead he would like to reshuffle sabbatical responsibilities, with the Welfare and Equal Opportunities Officer taking over the academic affairs remit of the General Secretary, leaving the General Secretary to concentrate on the external face of the Union and entertainments. The Finance and Services Officer would liaise with societies. Bradburn opposed this idea, saying that sabbaticals do not have enough time as it is without extra responsibilities.

He also believes that the argument about the cost of a manager doesn't



Ents. It's Never Enough - What is the Cure? Boys Don't Cry Jonny

hold up - if this person managed to break even and make a profit then the Union would actually save money and a budget of £8000 was unnecessary in the first place. Bradburn wants to see the whole system of sabbaticals overhauled, scrapping the Welfare and Equal Opportunities Officer, and transferring responsibilities to the General Secretary which, at the moment, "does very little."

He also pointed out that Royalty Theatre can not be seen as a miracle solution since it isn't a particularly good band venue.

Many students are now wondering whether anything is going to happen for the remaining year. Spurling suggested that the bar may decide to fund minor events, but that this is unlikely; and that if any end of term event were to be organized, then this

...who believes that "facilities at LSE are an embarrassment." He complained that the Underground was too small, had bad ventilation and was unpopular; that the disco equipment was "out of date and broken;" that the quad was unsuitable for bands and the bar too small.

would have to break even, which would mean a hard sell with the tickets. Zahir was convinced that Bradburn, "has bucked his ideas up since the Student Union Executive meeting," and holds out hope for future events. Bradburn reassured stu-

dents that there will be further events this year, albeit mainly with the co-operation (and funding) of the Rag society. This begins on Thursday with a mini-rag day, with abseiling, an all day bar and big screen film shows (Bill and Ted/Wayne's World.) The Ents committee are also investigating the use of the big screen video machine in the New Theatre on a permanent basis, to host a series of cheap showings on Tuesdays; and there are events organized by societies which Bradburn is involved in.

Martin Lewis, member of the Ents and Rag committees, called for "loyalty from the students" for these forthcoming events. Spurling intends to put his proposals to the SU exec. at the start of next term, and the school awaits the outcome of the negotiations over the Royalty Theatre.

Union Jack

Casablanca. People with hope have fled the onrushes of oppression, from steamy lectures in the East Building to hurried meals in the Old Building to anxious classes in St. Clements. Casablanca is the end of the line for many of these weary travellers. Out of all the bars and all the gin joints in all the world, they have to walk into mine. Rick's Cafe American.

With Sam at the piano and Sasha behind the bar, we began with a solemn moment of silence for Amar dip Gill, our comrade who died last week.

Hearts beating faster, we then hosted another meeting of the Resistance. International hero Victor Lazlo, president of the NUM and IMO, gave us twelve minutes of the best. No jobs or institutions are safe from Vichy attacks. Coal is cheaper than nuclear, and you can eat coal. Because the market is not free but rigged, what we need is for several million people to take to the streets to make General Petain redundant. The singing of Les Marseillais was led by Nurse Janet Maiden (in the role of Ilse), who is fighting gamely for the life of University College Hospital. It was 1.30 when we scurried back to my place until closing. Rick can understand why Vichy consider these people dangerous.

Clearly, we will have to get these two freedom fighters the special letters of transit to get them out of this Theatre. But who has them? Sam didn't know. Sasha hadn't come across them or anything else at Union Council. Fazile, the lady with the guitar (whom nobody can figure why she didn't end up on the cutting room floor), soothed us and complemented Senor Ugotti, 'my sweetheart,' on his new haircut. By ratification of her song, we created an open panel to propose reform of the Resistance, the NUS. Phoebe, the girl who associates too closely with The Enemy, broke the news about the passing of Bill Ward, a comrade from last year. I had to send her home in a taxi.

In burst Senor Ugotti. Would Fazile be available Wednesday? She challenged him to 'Name the time and the date, big boy.' He squealed 'Hide me Rick!' but I'm not sticking my neck out for nobody. Then some poor refugee lost all his money at the tables, but, because he is married to those nice societies, he doesn't get written out of the script just yet.

Next in was Captain Renault, to take away our ordinary business. 'I'm shocked, Rick, shocked.' But Windsor Castle had burned and nobody was going to get out of Casablanca without paying, unless they had the special letters of transit. We heard how the Queen should pay to fix her own house, of which she has several, how she should pay taxes, and how she should be out a job. Vrooming on his motorcycle came mad General Strasser. Despite taking serious abuse, this loyal subject ranted inaudible warnings on the dangers of the militant communists. The rise of this young crowd-pleaser reminds Rick of the rise (and fall) of Lee Mariott, gone but not lamented.

But Major Strasser has been shot! Round up all the usual suspects. Everyone wanted to take credit, and hands rose to the ceiling. We even voted that the castle be converted into centrally heated housing for the homeless and that the Reds were right to storm the Winter Palace.

Sam felt enough was enough and curfew was approaching. Old Bob tried for one last play, but he and I were left on a rainy foggy runway as the plane took off without us. 'Just one of those things, as time goes by.'



Jon Spurling - Finance and Services Officer
Photo Thorsten Moos

£2000 BT Blues

A few residents at Passfield Hall who thought they were phoning abroad for free were given a rude shock last week when a phone bill of £2000 was received by the Hall administration.

The drama arose when for some reason the payphone on the first floor became disconnected from the wall. This allowed anybody using the phone to call anywhere without having to put any money in. News spread fast, and at one point there was a queue of about 12 people waiting to use the phone.

A notice was subsequently put up in the Dining area saying that each resident would now have £10 deducted from his/her caution money at the end of the year. This has prompted angry reactions from the residents who didn't join in the 'fun'.

Annoyed residents have accused the administration of incompetence for not realising the phone was 'broken' and thus not doing anything to prevent residents from trying to call free. It was obvious to some that students' struggling to meet the exorbitant hall fees were understandably tempted to use the opportunity to call their nearest and dearest in far off

Peru.

The outgoing president of the committee, Diomides Vassiliou, was reported to have said that the cost of the bill would be met by profits made by the Hall, and not by the residents. This claim has not as yet been backed up by the Administration.

One overseas resident was allegedly seen calling America for "at least half an hour", not realising that the cost of the call was being charged to the Hall. A few residents who have admitted calling 'for free' are said to have thought that the calls would not be logged by BT, and thus they "would get away with". An angry British resident said that this attitude "demonstrated considerable naivety and stupidity".

One solution being suggested to defuse the anger of the honest residents who didn't try to defraud BT was that the overseas residents should pay for the calls overseas and that the British residents should meet the cost of the inland calls. However, it has been pointed out that some British residents called overseas, and that this method would penalise the innocent overseas residents.

By Steve Roy

Yeeesssss Paxman on Politicians

Emma Bearcroft
L.A. Wildethorpe

Sabbatical Spending under Revision

By Peter Harrad

The Student's Union has budgeted for a deficit for the third year running, Finance and Services Officer (FSO) Jon Spurling has confirmed. The news follows reports that the number of Union sabbaticals may be reduced as a cost-cutting exercise and may cause some to question levels of expenditure by Union Officers.

The deficit projected each year by the FSO refers to expenditure in the next academic year, so that figures for actual expenditure this year will not be available until August 1993. However, the complete expenditure of the Ents budget coupled with a fourth sabbatical salary and the disappointingly small increase in revenues makes it likely that the deficit of £11000 projected by Spurling's predecessor will be exceeded. Spurling would not be drawn on the deficit he expected for 93-94.

The rise in SU expenditure this year has drawn attention to the quasi-autonomous way union officers spend money. It was revealed that there is no control over expenditure via the School, such as telephone bills; a bill is simply presented to the SU Finance Secretary and must be paid. Likewise, large sums have already been spent on campaigns by the General Secretary and Women's Officer.

Spurling agreed that this was a problem, but

pointed out that the union had a legal duty to pay bills incurred by its staff. He confirmed that the subject was under examination by the Finance Committee, "with regard to certain departments more than others". Despite this he expressed the view that with the current union hierarchy, financial control was "virtually unenforceable"; this was one of his arguments for reexamining the current sabbatical arrangements.

One of the features of last year's budget was an increasing reliance on the services as a means of generating revenue, coupled with the appointment of a General Manager to support the move. The projected rise in income from the services has however not appeared - Spurling disagreed that this reflected on either budget or manager, blaming the recession and adding that in his opinion the General Manager post was "as useful as it ever was" - he also predicted that the effectiveness of the post would rise over time.

He also denied that abolition of a sabbatical post would put last year's rise in the block grant, designed to fund a fourth sabbatical, in jeopardy. If the union were to reassign its resources more efficiently, he argued, this was not a justification for a reduction in support from the School.

The description of a "supercilious jumped-up journalist", as Jeremy Paxman was once called, did not appear to be reflected by the warm reception he received at the LSE last Wednesday. At the invitation of the Schapiro Society, BBC 2's Newsnight presenter spoke on "The Media, Politics and Truth", addressing a packed audience in the New Theatre.

H.E. Makin, Editor of the Baltimore Sun, once said that "journalists

should be to politicians as dogs are to lampposts". The essence of Paxman's anecdotal speech was to defend this contention. He began by suggesting that politicians could not give the BBC 'the elbow' as an editorial in The Sun had recently advised, since politicians fear anonymity and will take any opportunity to appear on television. Journalists therefore have the authority, Paxman argued, to act

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as representatives of voting citizens, and a duty to remain uncontaminated by power. In comparing the two "trades" of journalists and politicians, Paxman suggested that neither are "proper jobs" nor "over-encumbered with modesty". However, while politicians may believe they have the solutions to various world problems, and must be seen to conform to party lines, journalists are granted the freedom to choose differing arguments without having to believe in them, thus exercising their "butterfly minds". Such flitting from one item of principle to another, with no requirement to accept the practicalities, means that the 'press' can aim at power without responsibility. Rudyard Kipling summed up this premise by describing the power of newspapers as the "predominance of the harlot throughout the ages". While questioning the power of 'harlots' and conceding that the influence of newspapers probably increased the Conservative vote by only about 1% in April's election, Paxman suggested that the power of the 'press' should not be underestimated.

Despite the fact that politicians attend television courses to learn the art of not answering questions, suppressing interruptions and general filibustering, no other medium allows such direct instantaneous access to politicians, according to Paxman. Recognising the power of television, politicians seek to control it, but remain acutely aware of its usefulness to them. The criticism of television bias continues to persist but Paxman's defense was that parties in power will always be given the "harder time" because it is more interesting, and the journalists' responsibility is to be sceptical. Politicians should take their treatment by the 'press' seriously, but to be driven hysterical by it is, in Paxman's view, "silly".

Drawing from Makin's analogy, Paxman argued that if a politician was "at all decent he/she wouldn't be in public office". As Lloyd George once suggested: "Politicians are like monkeys - the higher they climb up the tree the more revolting the parts they expose!"

In Jeremy Paxman's opinion, there are two dangers facing journalism today. The first danger stems from the complete contempt in which the press is held by many a

politician. The fact is that the relationship between politicians and journalists is a fundamentally unequal one as politicians control the flow of information off which journalism feeds. Nowhere is this clearer than in the massive output of 'government information' and press releases by various government departments whose purpose is not so much to inform as to show the government in a good light. News management can easily slip into news invention under crisis conditions, the latest example of this being the Gulf War.

The development of the press lobby system, whereby journalists are fed otherwise unavailable information by the Downing Street Press Officer on the condition that they do not reveal their sources, also accounts for the dangerous lack of diversity in press coverage. The lobby system reinforces the 'herd instinct' i.e. the tendency for journalists to simply regurgitate what they have been told, and runs contrary to the principle of open government. The second danger facing the media, according to Paxman, is due to the shortcomings of press editors and/or proprietors, who like nothing better than seeing their personal prejudices in print. Being at the head of a newspaper gives one the priceless opportunity of sounding off on everything under the sun. What is perhaps more worrying is that newspapers editors/proprietors can be made to toe the line of the party in power by being offered honours. Paxman produced a very revealing list of editors and top press executives who have been on the Honours Lists since 1979: to no-one's surprise, the Mirror, Guardian, Independent and Sunday Times (the latter having been 'unduly' critical of the Royal Family...) were not represented.

In concluding Paxman suggested that journalists and politicians are like "tics and sheep: they need us, we need them; they do, we observe; they speak, we comment". This symbiosis should, according to Paxman be as far as the relationship goes. Since they are on "opposite sides" the two "trades" should keep their distance - "scepticism and affection are not the best bedfellows". While politicians go on to be cabinet ministers, Paxman will "be in his ilk as a jumped-up journalist!"

Photo of The Week

Bernardo Dugan for "Haircut of the Week"

Photo: Thorsten Moos



NUS Reform,

Gavin Blackburn

N.U.S. Reform, much quoted, but like so many policies in student politics, seldom understood. A recent U.G.M. motion submitted by the D.S.G. called for reform of N.U.S. This was briefly described as separation of services and campaigning, an end to factional division, greater unity and the establishment of separate partisan student organisations, affiliated to on an individual and voluntary basis.

Fine words, but let us put some flesh on these bones and try to envisage what the new N.U.S. would look like. Firstly, we would still have to appoint student representatives to oversee the administration of services and formulate a buying policy. To do this we would need a National President, Finance Officer and a Welfare/Equal Opportunities Officer at least. How are these guardians of student services to be selected? At present the President and her Executive emerge from a National Conference where arm-twisting and smoke filled rooms are the order of the day. Frankly, not even a Tory whip would use the tactics employed at conference elections. Would it not be fairer to have a national ballot to decide our national presidency? Ultimately this is a question of trust; do we trust ourselves, or do we trust a conference delegate

With N.U.S. services now entrusted to more democratic hands, let us turn our attention to the problem of political representation and campaigning.

The fact is that marches and demonstrations often do not represent students - they are hi-jacked by a Marxist semi-organised group of malcontents who could be, but never quite are, the spark to ignite the revolution. The results are student protests dominated by a minority of students. This is not to say doing nothing is better

than demonstrating, and the miners have proved that a public demonstration at the right time can attract public support. However, is it not now the time to explore different forms of representation and protest?

I propose a dual strategy of representation and protest. Firstly, national political groups which students could join voluntarily. I am sure that the Liberal Democrat and Labour sections could organise demonstrations just as well as N.U.S.

The second proposal is somewhat novel. This would involve the creation of a student interest group along the lines of the Committee of Vice Chancellors and Principals (CVCP) that represents Higher Education institutions. This group would be a council of all General Secretaries and College Presidents. Each member would have a block vote for all of the students in their institution which they would use on their behalf to decide on policy. This group would attempt to become a constructive player in the role of Higher Education policy.

These proposals would divorce N.U.S. of its campaigning role, creating in its place two alternative strategies. One of direct confrontation through national student political groups and one of constructive criticism and consultation through the Council of General Secretaries and Presidents. I accept that these ideas carry no guarantee of success. I agree that if John Ashworth and Co. could not get us County Hall then what chance do Faz and her colleagues have? My only defence can be that they will not do any worse than the current N.U.S. We can not unite behind N.U.S. at present, maybe our General Secretaries can unify us more, they are there to represent us, not a faction.

Death threat to Bennetton speaker

Adrian May

A speaker visiting the school last Thursday was threatened with a 'Bullet between his head' after a call was received on the answer phone of Student Union Entertainments Officer Jonny Bradburn. Oliviero Toscani, Creative Director of the Bennetton Fashion chain, and responsible for the chain's notorious advertising campaign featuring newly born babies and nuns kissing priests was the subject of the death threat which according to Bradburn was received during the course of the UGM.

After seeking police advice the lecture was delayed one hour and entrance restricted to LSE Student Cardholders only. As a further precaution the room was changed, and the audience informed there was a security alert, although some suggested that they should have been told of the full extent of the threat.

It is not known whether the call was a prank or from someone with a serious grudge to bear. Since the call was received by an answer phone it is not possible to ascertain whether it was from within the school or from outside it, however Bradburn believes that the tone of the call suggests it is from someone not connected with the college.

A spokesperson for Bennetton UK told The Beaver that even though they receive plenty of criticism for their advertising, their staff had never been subject to death threats. The chain's advertising, whilst being offensive to some, has attracted a lot of attention to the retail group. The British Advertising Standards Authority was forced to ban a poster displaying a blood covered newly born baby after receiving an overwhelming number of complaints. Previous adverts by the chain had also produced numerous complaints.

Mr Toscani's visit to the LSE was arranged by Faz Zahir, General Secretary but her initial unavailability on Thursday afternoon

Question Time

To John Spurling, Finance and Services Officer:

How do you plan to improve/change services?

"The major problem we have with our services is lack of space; we have made applications for more room to the School but these have been rejected, thus our only recourse is to make better use of the space we do have. To this end the most crowded of our services, the shop, will be undergoing a refit to make it more "user friendly". Another area we are looking to improve is the use of our facilities by societies and students. The Underground bar is particularly well suited to this purpose but we can make it easier to book this and other services."

To John Spurling,

Could there be a fax accessible to students (as at ULU)?

"There is no reason, in principle, why we should not provide this facility to students but I will have to investigate the economics before we can put this proposal into practise. In next weeks' UGM I will report back on the outcome of my investigations."

To John Spurling

Instead of having to use throwaway cups in the cafe, could students bring their own mugs and get tea/coffee cheaper at the Veg Cafe?

"As the reduction in price would be a fraction of a penny this scheme would not be practical, it would also be near impossible to regulate the amount portions, especially of milk. This scheme also raises concerns over hygiene which would be next to impossible to alley."

This column has been established in the Beaver Newssection so that you, the students, can ask questions to elected Union Officers.

In this way we hope to provide a forum for you to follow up on issues you are interested in. Union officers will answer the questions put to them to the best of their knowledge and the answers can be regarded as committing the Union officer to his/her statement. Questions should be submitted to E197, the Beaver office, or to the Newseditor. The questions will have to be signed when handed in. They are going to be submitted anonymously to the Union officers. Use your democratic rights!

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ULU TRAVEL

A Glint In The Eye Of Rag

Everyone knows that Rag Week takes place once a year. Few people know what Rag Week is all about. Therefore to promote this year's Rag Week, a mini-Rag Day has been organised to highlight and promote the four charities involved.

So what's going on? Well, next Thursday (December 3rd) the Rag Society, under the capable Chairmanship of Justin Deville, has organised a number of events aimed at raising money for this year's designated charities. Throughout the day there will be abseiling down the side of the Old Building under the guidance of Hans Gutbrod (Faz take note!). The hit of last year's Rag Week, the pleasure of walking down the walls of this hallowed institute will be yours for the minimal fee of £3. This will be accompanied by an all-day bar, kindly provided by Mr Jim Fagan himself (the photos are yours, Jim!). At some point during the day, you're likely to be accosted by various officials of the Rag Society who will hand you a leaflet highlighting the events of the forthcoming Charity bonanza. On it you'll see this year's



Going over the edge: last year's Rag extravaganza (Photo: Steve East)

charities. What are they? Airspace is a charity that caters for children with learning difficulties throughout Britain. The Terrence Higgins Trust needs no introduction, being one of the leading AIDS charities in Britain. UNICEF is the third charity while Centrepont, a charity which caters for the homeless of London, has been chosen as this year's local charity.

The whole day will be rounded off with a feature film double bill in the New Theatre. The totally

awesome "Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure" will be teaming up against "Wayne's World" to bring you one excellent bargain. Dude dress appropriate.

The whole day is a brief introduction to Rag. If you're captivated by the idea then why not come along to this week's Rag Society meeting in A47 which will be held on Tuesday at 6pm.

The Frank and Walters

AIDS Awareness

World Aids Day is approaching

The aim of WORLD AIDS DAY on Tuesday 1st December is to promote action and discussion amongst people not regularly confronted by AIDS. To ask EVERYONE to be aware of the need for compassion and understanding in dealing with the issues.

The Red Ribbon we ask you all to wear is a symbol of your awareness and concern, the contributions from the sale of these will go to the WORLD AIDS DAY '92 Campaign.

Basically HIV (human immunodeficiency virus) can only be transmitted in four ways;

1) During unprotected vaginal or anal sex.

2) By sharing needles or syringes to inject drugs.

3) Through infected blood or blood products.

4) From a mother with HIV to her unborn child.

You can't get HIV from hugging, touching, kissing, coughing, sneezing, sweat, tears, saliva, animals, mosquitoes, sharing a toilet seat or practising Safe Sex.

Safer sex is any kind of sex which reduces or eliminates the risk of blood, semen or vaginal fluids from one infected person entering the blood stream of their partner. So sex using a good quality condom, kissing, hugging, masturbating, massaging and oral sex are O.K. AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) is the name of a series of cancers and infections

which can occur as a late consequence of HIV (Human Immunodeficiency Virus) infection. When in the bloodstream the HIV virus attacks the T4 (white blood cells) - part of the immune system that prevents the body from getting diseases. Eventually too many T4 cells are killed for the immune system to remain effective. Current treatments attempt to delay this point, but there is no known vaccine for the virus.

American experts claim that by the end of the decade more than 25 million people could have HIV. The predictions of The World Health Organisation are a little lower at 10 million cases and 30 to 40 million infections, still a staggering number. Perhaps surprisingly, 80% to 90% of these will be heterosexual. We must challenge the perception of AIDS as just a gay disease. Today's prime target is heterosexual, female and aged between 16 and 35. According to the WHO this epidemic is still in its infancy.

In less developed countries the primary incidence of AIDS and HIV is among heterosexuals. However, this group also takes an ever increasing percentage of new cases in the US and Europe.

Across the world the safe sex message is meeting with institutional resistance, and consequently only limited success. In Tanzania long-haul lorry drivers have been targeted with condom promotion in the hope that this will curb the spread of HIV over thousands of miles. But in other states illiteracy, superstition and churches have impaired education campaigns. Twenty percent of intravenous drug users in Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay are HIV+, and twenty percent of prostitutes in Bangkok are infected.

The theme of World AIDS Day '92 is "A Community Commitment". As a contribution to this campaign the Students' Union is running its HIV/AIDS Awareness Week from Monday 30 November. This will promote awareness of the global problem and the practical means of avoiding infections. For more information feel free to take leaflets from our stall in the Quad next week, or come along and talk to Terrence Higgins Trust on Friday.

We would greatly appreciate it if you could write a letter of protest to the Association of British Insurers whose "Lifestyle Questionnaire" in Life Insurance application forms greatly discourages HIV testing.

Phoebe Ashworth

AIDS & HIV Awareness Week

Monday 30 November

7-11 The Underground

Films:

Sluts and Goddesses
Gay Mens Guide To Safe Sex

Tuesday 1 December

WORLD AIDS DAY

Positively Women : Womens Room 1-2 p.m.

Thursday 3 December

Motion on lifestyle questionnaires

bucket collection for THT

Friday 4 December

7 p.m. Terrence Higgins Trust Roadshow

All Week.

The Quad:

Exhibition
Information Stall
Protest letters to Association of British Insurers.
Red Ribbons

Next week on Wednesday is a chance for you to be militant and involved for once. The Lloyds and Midland Boycott campaign (based in Manchester) is organising a national day of action on the 2nd of December. But I will tell you about that once I have convinced you to join our most excellent campaign.

Why Lloyds and Midland? They hold the largest loans to the Third World and sit on the Structural Adjustment committees of the International Monetary

Fund (IMF). The IMF does not take into consideration the need for social development (investment in health, housing and education for example) and environmental protection. We think that should be a priority rather than a secondary concern. The high street banks also receive tax relief on debt provision which costs every British citizen (that means a lot of you) £70 a year. Surely that money should be used for debt relief and other worthwhile forms

of investment in jobs, education and health. For every pound given to the Third World, British banks receive three pounds in debt repayment.

Obviously most students that hold accounts with Lloyds and Midland aren't in a position to close them so we are encouraging those that are to fund their drinking sessions with overdrafts at Barclays and Natwest instead, or even better, at CO-OP and TSB if they are rich enough. Hopefully we will get a

motion through the UGM to make it Student Union policy - so you can come along to that and throw paper aeroplanes at anyone who dares to speak against us in a couple of weeks' time. And of course the boycott will work. Bad publicity from the student body helped force Barclays out of South Africa.

That's about all I can write before the Beaver office shuts so I hope I've convinced you to join the Lloyds and Midland Boycott. The day of action is on Wednesday and we

will be meeting at 1:30pm in Houghton Street. If you haven't been convinced after this enthralling article I will persuade you then.

The socially conscious at LSE will join people from all the colleges of London to march up and down Tottenham Court Road dressed stylishly in black behind a grim reaper (hopefully, this will interest the press and the general public because it is more original than rows and rows of identical SWSS placards). Laying wreaths outside banks

and leafleting on Oxford Street will follow. Although the whole thing is incredibly well organised there is still plenty of room for any new ideas you may have.

All there is left to say is "please come along, multiple orgasms guaranteed". Otherwise the already growing humour about an epidemic of lethargy at LSE will be confirmed in the eyes of the rest of the student body (God forbid).

Kate Hampton

Ents Diary (with a sporting touch)

16. 35
HFL Dagenham & Barking 3 West Ruslip 0
1 FAP Arsenal 0 Notts Forest 3
Monday 7-11pm Aids Awareness films in the Underground: Sluts and Goddesses and Gay Mens' Guide to Safe Sex
Amnesty presents Marcos Avirama in A86, 5pm
48 SP Rangers 3 Celtic 3 (Yes.)
56 VCF Wycombe Wanderers 0 Telford 0 (YES)
Tuesday 1st December: World Aids Day.
Darts Society play Kings' in the Underground. **Scandinavian Society's Xmas Party**, C120. NUS open Committee on reform 3pm, venue TBA.
An Evening of Comedy featuring **Anton Chekhov**, 8pm, the Old Theatre. £2 admission.
16. 36 3 FAP Chelsea 1 Liverpool 0 (Oh bugger...)
21 Div 2 Leyton Orient 5 Brighton 2 (Leyton Orient scored five?)
14 Div 1 Newcastle 2 Notts County 1 (Nope...)
Heiniken League Pontypool 15 Neath 36
9 FAP Middlesboro' 2 Blackburn Rovers 8 (EIGHT)
Wednesday 2nd December: Students' Union Exec. Meeting, 2-3pm, E207. More comedy with Chekov at 8pm. **Geography Association** party in the Underground & Quad £5/£6 free wine and beer.
16. 37 4 FAP Norwich 1 Coventry 1 (YESSSSS!)
56 S Div 2 East Fife 4 Forfar 5
15 Div 1 Luton Town 0

Watford 0 (ha,ha,ha)
16 Div 1 Millwall 9 West Ham 0
34 Div 3 Barnet 4 Scarboro.....(yes)....3 (Oh shit)
Thursday 3rd December: **MINI RAG DAY** featuring an all day bar, abseiling down the Old Building and Film Double bill in the New Theatre ('Wayne's World' and 'Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure')
3 FAP Crystal Palace 2 Tottenham Hotspur 2 (Yes..two more)
41 SP Dundee Utd 0 Hearts 1
Pakistan Society in the Quad 6-11pm. Bucket collection for **Terrence Higgins Trust** so bring those buckets!
16. 40 11 Div 1 Wolverhampton Wanderers 2 Leicester City 2 (YES)
23 Div 2 Fulham 1 Bolton Wanderers 2
HFL Pratt's Bottom 3 Lewes 4
HFL Bootle 0 Red Star Milton Keynes 0
HFL Peckham 3 South Liverpool 2 (You're taking the piss)
Friday 4th December: 7pm Terrence Higgins Trust roadshow.
16. 42 VCF Runcorn 1 Fisher Athletic 0
2 FAP Aston Villa 3 Everton 4
Saturday 5th December: **HELL-FIRE.**
16. 45. 20 Div 1 Brentford (This is it, this is it) 2
S w i n d o n Town....(yes).....(yes).....0 (oh fucking hell, Hoddle, you're crap...)
Eastern Vision Forum are holding something this week. See Reza for details.

Ron Voce Held At Gunpoint

Security staff at LSE failed to respond to his tortured cries for help.

Roving reporter Ron Voce™ was viciously attacked last week in Los Angeles by a group of muggers. Unable to fight back, Voce™ was forced to hand over all his money, travellers cheques and credit cards to the criminals. Details are sketchy at the moment but one thing is clear: LSE's security staff failed to respond to this attack. Despite dialling 666, Voce™ received no assistance. On being asked why they did not respond a spokesman stated "I'm sorry but

we do not patrol downtown Los Angeles, or any city in California". This response was met with shock and outrage by various members of LSE's hacking community. Most alarmed was Reza Mahmoud. On hearing of the attack he was concerned for his fellow Eastern Vision Forum member especially considering the irony that Voce™ is the society's Safe Transport Officer. "We now know it isn't safe to walk the streets of LA. Ron has done his re-

search" stated Mahmoud. Faz Zahir showed some concern but was pleased that Ron "managed to get laid in New Orleans" while Simon Reid simply laughed off the attack. But everyone agreed that Security at LSE needs to be looked at once more. How can an innocent LSE student be victim to such a cruel attack. Clearly America is unsafe for all LSE students, especially those who originate from across the pond. Speaking on an entirely different subject, Bob Gross,

he of National Newspaper fame (The Independent and The Guardian), stated "what we need is a change of attitude". Meanwhile Voce™ himself is returning home this week to face allegations that he did in fact miss his American War of Independence class whilst he's been away.

Bobby Charlton.

L.S.E.XIST

Why don't men and women have equal rights at L.S.E?

It's bloody disgusting. Why is it that one group of people at the L.S.E. is constantly overlooked and treated like pieces of shit? While women walk all over us in their steel-tipped stilletos, the men are enduring increasing levels of prejudice at L.S.E. Having progressed from the position where females were not given any rights, we have arrived at the reverse - men have been forgotten, a repressed group, condemned to live in a thoughtless, uncaring society in the shadow of their female counterparts. Let me explain... L.S.E. Student Union policy concentrates on

providing women students with services that cater solely for them, thereby neglecting the needs of male students. Women's lib. and Feminism as a movement is supposed to have been about social justice, in the words of Kate Hampton (pacifist and anarchist), "feminism is about providing equal opportunities for women and giving them equal rights and more choice, and by marginalising them and putting them in a special category, one creates a counter-productive polarisation in society...", which is my point exactly. For example, why is there no men's room? Why do men not need a place to

go to get away from women and their neverending "oh, men are only after one thing" etc. And what about a men's officer? We have problems too you know - men are perceived to be emotionally much stronger than they really are, the reason for that being that over the years, we have been forced to adopt an impregnable, dominant persona, but deep down we are all soft, pink and squishy. Perhaps the most pressing issue at the moment is that of safe transport home at nights, which is currently not a facility that men at the L.S.E. are able to avail themselves of. This is very worrying when one considers the increasing cases of male rape, and the fact that in London, more violence is directed against men than women. Let's face it, after a storming night out on the beers, the females have always got Ladcabs to turn to, a

nice, cheap, safe option, while the men have to fend for themselves, unable to fork out for a taxi because of the abject poverty that all students, male and female alike, suffer from. How can all this be justified? Personally, I've always believed in equal rights and have always hoped that women would be given a greater chance in society. Now, I'm a disillusioned man, sitting powerless, the wheels of change racing uncontrollably over our traditional ways of life. Please don't get me wrong - I favour change and all of the extra benefits it has brought women, but men need these benefits too. As stated by our oh so highly talented campus editor, Jerome Harris, "If women are to compete on an equal basis with men, then they must feel that they are standing on their own, not being molly-coddled and 'looked-after'".

ANON

L.A.M.B

Wednesday 2nd December
1.30pm Houghton St.

Join students from all over London to support the **Lloyds And Midland Boycott** campaign

Dress entirely completely and utterly in **BLACK** to demonstrate against Third World Debt

Winners of the Royalty Theatre Macbeth/ Tempest Competition:

K. Spleen
James T. Hull
J. Harris
Anne Le Goulven

The views expressed in this article are those of the author (who has decided to remain anonymous for reasons of his own safety) and not necessarily those of the **Beaver** and its staff.

The Beaver

How can the government look towards the tax payers of Great Britain and expect them to foot the bill for the repairs needed for the reconstruction of Windsor Castle when they plan to close three major hospitals in London and continually fail to do anything constructive about the homeless problem in the capital, not to mention the closure of pits in the coalmining regions of Britain. Surely the Queen has enough (un-taxed) money stashed away somewhere to foot the bill?

It's obvious to many people that the Royal Family is an out-dated institution. A useless monument serving only to remind those who can remember of the past where Britain ruled the waves. Of course, being her loyal subjects, as Adam Cleery would say, we're expected to sit back and pay £60 million. Adam is an example to us all. Let's follow this example and lie in the road, bleeding to death, because there's not an ambulance available and if there was one, it wouldn't be able to reach the nearest hospital in time. If it did, you're one bloody lucky person. After all, can you name one central London hospital which will still be open by the end of 1993.

It is clearly obvious that the Tory government have got their brains up their backsides (allegedly). What is more important? Three NHS hospitals, where treatment is free and the waiting lists long because of cutbacks, saving miner's jobs, providing homes for the homeless, protecting the environment, increasing student grants, or a castle in the middle of the countryside which is about as much use as a small, green rubbery thing which you haven't got much use for. Or a smoke damaged fire alarm.

Of course, there is one option which the Tory government has yet to consider. How about selling Windsor castle to the LSE?

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That's Entertainment

Dear Editor,

The post mortem given to the position of Entertainments Officer (23/11/92) was a bit premature. May I take the liberty of making a few comments about the article and the position of Ents Officer having had the dubious honour of holding the post from 1991-92.

Firstly, getting LSE students to go to Union organised social events requires more than the usual remedy of putting up posters and distributing leaflets. The most successful events of my years did not revolve around advertising a "name band", but a theme event or society party advertised by a previously established reputation and word of mouth. The office politics that are currently carrying on in the Union are quite obviously exclusive and actively discourage students from socialising at the Union.

The General Secretary, Faz, is misguided to believe that "good bands" will not play at the LSE because of our venue. Admittedly the Quad (one of 6 venues at the LSE - think hard) is painted a dodgy shade of yellow and has horrible live sound quality (to the trained ear); but bands will play anywhere for a price and the Quad can have a great atmosphere (i.e. live bands at Tequila) with more than fifty people.

The Ents Officer's responsibilities among three lazy (all sabbaticals are) Union hacks who have no experience with the entertainments industry, no music/comedy contacts, no idea how to run major events, negotiate contracts, deal with professionals professionally, or a complete lack of desire to shift several tons of equipment at 1am on their day off.

My initial suggestion to revive and revamp entertainments at the LSE would be to invest in a full-time paid professional Ents Manager. Full-time is essential, don't be fooled by current appearances lack of things to do, it is just that some sabs don't do anything. The problem with voting in sabbaticals to do very responsible jobs is that popularity contests do not produce winners with the essential qualifications for the job at hand - providing you

with decent, thought-out entertainments.

I patently disagree with Jon Spurling (SU Finance & Services Officer) that hiring an Entertainments Manager would cost the Union more money (more than £8,000 in two months??). The Union is currently sinking over £22,000 (sab salary & expenses & budget) a year into an unsuccessful (and apparently unknown) ents programme. That's 100 students' grants. Surely it would be more cost effective to invest £13,000 a year, plus initial budgets, to pay a professional with previous experience to run a profitable, regularly scheduled, and well-attended entertainments programme. Profit that could be re-invested into better venues, societies, and cheaper events.

Jon, please don't make a hasty, misinformed decision that could make or break a successful LSE social community. Don't worry, I won't apply for the job.

Fiona MacDonald
1991-92 Ents Officer

PS Johnny, I never said it would be easy.

P.P.S. Microgroove is the best funk, rap, dance band in London, too bad you all missed it.

Child's Play

Dear Beaver,

Thank you for supporting the campaign for a safe play area for the children of the LSE nursery. You describe it as "Pete's campaign". In fact, the campaign was initiated by the parents of children in the nursery, and I have just been helpful where possible. Like you, I encourage students to support this Union campaign.

Yours Sincerely

Peter Harris
Equal Opportunities
and Welfare
Sabbatical.

The Cyprus Issue

Dear Mr. Andrews,

In response to a letter complaining about Union Jack's dismissal of the debate on Cyprus, you ask "How are we meant to take sides when both groups constantly accuses (sic)

the other of lying? Who are we to believe?" As a historian, surely you must know the answers to your question, or is there something else to be said...

The Cyprus debate is one about which many books and newspaper articles have been written, and concerning which many primary sources are available. The task of the historian is to weigh up the available evidence and to come to an informed opinion. Granted, the Cyprus debate is one that arouses strong emotions, but as a detached, independent observer, the historian is bound to take this factor into consideration when assessing the reliability of a source.

For example. The Turkish Cypriots allege that one reason for the invasion of Turkish troops was to protect the human rights of the Turkish Cypriots. However, their case in this respect is badly undermined by the record of the same Turkish government with respect to the human rights of Kurds and dissident Turks within their own country. Furthermore, the almost universal condemnation of the Turkish invasion, and the complete lack of recognition for the puppet regime established, are both factors which a historian would consider when assessing the merits of the case.

Of course, the historian should be careful not to take on board either argument without due consideration, but to take such an irresponsible attitude on a matter of such importance is not conduct befitting a historian or the editor of our Union newspaper.

I, for one, fully support efforts to highlight the crimes committed by the Turkish government both then and now, and reject totally the lame excuses for the dismissal of the debate. The UGM motion, though not your behaviour, is totally compatible with the LSESU's tradition of fighting injustice. It need scarcely be added that your references to "atrocities, genocide and jaywalking" are perhaps the best illustration of your approach to history, politics and life in general.

Steve Peake,
MA International
History.

I'm sorry you feel like that, Steve. I would like to point out, however, that I did not write the phrase "atrocities, genocide and jaywalking". I agree that the Cyprus issue arouses strong

emotions. I therefore chose to respond to Mr. Valouxalus' letter, which was a reply to the previous week's Union Jack, in a manner I believed apt for the situation. With such an emotional subject matter there is always the possibility that it could blow up into something more serious, as a recent altercation at King's College between Greek and Turkish Cypriots suggests.

The infinite regress of mutual recriminations makes it hard for an independent observer, like myself, to try to reach an opinion which has avoided even the best historians. We can only examine the available evidence. As a fellow historian, I'm sure you'll agree that the most important factor when assessing any evidence is to take into consideration its origins. Therefore most sources of information on this subject are likely to contain bias in one form or another, whether intentional or not. If I remain "impartial" at a UGM surely that is my prerogative on the basis that the arguments raised by both sides are bound to contain a considerable amount of bias, be it right or wrong. As you state in your letter, "the historian should be careful not to take on board either argument without due consideration". How can you cast an informed opinion on such an important topic on the grounds of two one minute speeches by both the Greek and Turkish Cypriots, each passionate about their respective arguments, when the speakers are constantly interrupted by the opposition. That was the point I was trying to make.

Post Haste

All letters to be delivered to the Beaver Office (E197) by internal mail or hand by 3pm Thursady

THE TRUTH ABOUT FASCISM

Be they euro, eco or communist-fascists, Adam Cleary finds a common abhorrence for freedom in all of them...

Recently I opposed a motion on the Asylum Bill at a UGM. Since I was the subject of copious, childish, irrational abuse no one heard what I was trying to say. This small incident is but one illustration of the way in which a hard core rabble of militant communists, who supposedly stand for all things right on, actively move to suppress freedom of speech.

I find this sort of hypocrisy to be the underlying factor in socialism, freedom of speech for everyone, except those who disagree with us, freedom of the press, except when the papers disagree with us, freedom to choose whether or not to belong to an organisation, except when those organisations are left wing trade or student unions, scrounging off members who have no opportunity to express their disagreement by leaving the organisation. I would suggest that this hypocrisy, this intolerance, bears the signs of a certain fanatical extremist creed commonly known as fascism.

We are surrounded by fascists of one stripe or another every day of our lives. There are the euro-fascists, for example, who refuse to accept, or even listen to, any arguments about the viability or acceptability of further EC integration as proposed under the Maastricht Treaty. They seem to think the EC is some sort of omnipotent God, who is going to solve all the world's problems with the wave of a magic wand and lots of interfering, unnecessary, burdensome legislation which impoverishes everyone except the powerful lobbying groups who proposed the legislation in the first place. You only have to look at the policy which absorbs most of the EC budget - the Common Agricultural Policy (CAP) to see the full horror of what lies ahead if the Treaty of Maastricht is ratified.

The movement towards EC integration is one of those terrible conspiracies

perpetrated continually throughout history by politicians, bureaucrats, and the elite patronising socialist 'chattering classes'. All three of these groups in countries across the Community know full well there is little if any popular support for the Treaty, and they all conspire together to portray the Treaty as the most wonderful move forward for Europe to their electorates, but they don't let their electorate vote on a matter of such huge constitutional importance.

They don't even publish the Treaty and allow the electorate to read it. Have you read a copy? Do you know where I can find one available for inspection by the general public? The only government honest enough to both publish the Treaty and let their electorate vote in a fair ballot was Denmark - and they lost. You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you cannot get away with it forever, one day the people of Europe will take back the freedom and independence which their governments are taking away from them now.

At LSE we are also continually confronted with communist-fascists who utterly (and tragically) refuse to accept that communism, collectivism and socialism in all their depressing little formats are all effectively dead and buried, long abandoned by the people they sought to appeal to and represent. Even in supposedly communist countries like China and Vietnam, communism has been effectively abandoned. In France we have had, for the past ten years, a Socialist government which advocates 'market socialism', which, I would like to point out, is a total contradiction in terms (much like the phrase 'Socialist Worker'). The market is socialism's nemesis, socialists are supposed to combat the 'wickedness' of the market and put 'people before profits'. It is



Fascism is, in all its forms, a pernicious, evil attack on freedom and tolerance, and we should always fight against it.

impossible to speak of the two in the same breath as part of the same creed.

Of course we also have the eco-fascists, who, in true Malthusian fashion, proclaim that the end of the world is nigh, and as a consequence we should abandon all the technological progress and the high standard of living we have achieved through market capitalism, and return to nature to eat nuts, berries and rabbit food. I would like to draw their attention to the fact that the richest countries in the world have the best, most pleasant environments, because they have created the wealth which enables them to spend money on improving the environment.

Something eco-fascists and socialists never seem to understand is that you CANNOT distribute wealth unless you create it first. I think it is extremely sad that we still live in a society where wealth creation is vilified and sneered at, and men who distribute what they have not created are exalted, whereas the men who made it all possible are rewarded with envy and suspicion. The emphasis is wrong - there is soon nothing left to distribute if you do not create wealth by allowing competition and free markets to work effectively. If

you suppress economic growth in a vain attempt to protect the environment, you will soon be so poor that you will have no alternative but to destroy the environment to stay alive.

Puritanical, self-righteous, hysterical, luddite eco-fascists should remember this the next time they start lecturing developing countries on their environments at another sad spectacle like the Rio Conference. The only way we are going to stop poor countries from cutting down trees and polluting rivers is by making them wealthier. The easiest way to do this is of course to buy their exports. Do we do this? Absolutely not, we choose instead to close our markets for the benefit of small but powerful lobby groups and, to stop their governments making a big fuss, we give them aid which they waste or cannot use effectively because they lack the technology to exploit it. And, however generous we are with this aid, it rarely benefits the people it is meant for, except in such an indirect way as for the effect to be negligible. It is surely far, far better to let the market do its work of creating mutual prosperity through free trade. This will benefit the ordinary citizens of developing countries

directly in the shape of higher sales, profits and wages. A recent example of this hypocrisy at work was the recent decision by the EC to impose duties on imports of cheap East European steel just to protect a collection of powerful but inefficient state-owned West European steel companies. Our brilliant friends in Brussels don't seem to have quite realised that by doing this, they are a) impoverishing consumers of steel (including all those powerful but inefficient EC car firms we want to help as well), b) ensuring that when the EC steel industry finally meets the truth of the market, its demise will be all the more painful for all the more people, c) impoverishing long suffering EC taxpayers by making them foot the large bill for the inadequacies of the EC steel industry, and of course d) impoverishing Eastern Europe's workers, consumers and companies by preventing them from selling the goods they are making, which makes all their protestations about all the aid they are sending quite ridiculous and hypocritical. The situation I have just outlined happens all the time, but it is just a small part of the picture - the Common Agricultural Policy, which prevents developing countries from selling agricultural products to Europe, the Multi-Fibre Agreement, which restricts trade in textiles, large reams of non-tariff barriers which make it all but impossible for a whole range of goods from developing countries to enter rich countries, these are the most important and obvious, and the most scandalous, ways in which a coalition of euro and eco-fascists and socialists all band together to impoverish everyone - EC taxpayers, workers, consumers, Third World nations, everyone except themselves and the powerful interest groups they represent. It is such a brilliant way to waste tax-

payers money I am tempted to think they have a competition running in the EC's Brussels HQ to see which bright spark can come up with the scam which will waste the largest amount of EC taxpayers money and be totally economically inefficient at the same time - first prize so far to the guy who invented the Common Agricultural Policy.

Another species is the health and safety fascist, the sort of person who would not be happy unless the whole of humanity was lying down on a cushioned mattress, wrapped up in cotton wool, receiving a medically tested form of vegetarian yogurt through a sterilised drip. There must never, ever be any danger of anyone ever having any fun, or doing anything remotely dangerous or exciting' is their motto. These dreary puritans love to trawl out reams of useless rules which circumscribe every aspect of the way we live our lives, and continually encroach upon our freedom. Seldom is liberty lost all at once, as someone once put it. I think the recent decision to install cameras on roads is a good example of this sort of dreary, puritanical, 'Big Brother' fascism. Those wonderful people in Brussels also show alarming tendencies in this direction, with their publication of 5000 pages of rules every year, and all those secret committees of the European Commission who wander about the Community encroaching upon freedom everywhere.

There are many kinds of fascism, surprisingly it often manifests itself most strongly in people who purport to be most against it. The underlying factor in all forms of fascism, however, is a messianic mission to undermine and destroy individual freedom, free trade and free markets. Fascism is, in all its forms, a pernicious, evil attack on freedom and tolerance, and we should always fight against it.

Duchess of Malfi At Hampstead

By
Ralph Wilde

Webster's dark parable on a corrupt, morbid and devious world had new life breathed into it at this production in Hampstead. A plot of intrigue, scandal and betrayal in high places unfolded as the Duchess married against her brother's wishes and events spiralled into tragedy.

The Duchess was played with the emphasis firmly on the unscrutability of the part: here is a woman immersed in degradation and evil who manages to retain her humanity in the face of others' brutality. Unlike Hamer Walter at the RSC, Louise Salter injected naive playful laughter on to the agenda as a character resplendent in her ignorance of the fatal consequences of her actions. The poignancy of her situation was underlined beautifully when she ticked Ferdinand off for being a little too close for comfort, without realizing the full implications of his behaviour - that she could do little now to resist her awful fate. The Duchess, unlike Bosola, is truly helpless, "Life is a tedious theatre - I play a part in it against my will", yet she remains positive and playful even in death, making the effect of the play even more horrific.

Bosola, the "intelligencer" who sells his soul to the service of the brothers, spying on the Duchess and

"Life is a tedious theatre - I play a part in it against my will"

precipitating her downfall, was played here as a decidedly nasty piece of work, complete with a bovver boy bulldog physique and dodgy bouncer 'tache. Ironically the spy, he is in fact the one character with a degree of control over his life and for this he pays an awful price, at first betraying the Duchess to death and then avenging her by murdering the brothers. The problem with Bosola is one of morality and conscience - we can never be sure whether he really cares about anything at all, even after he laments his role in the Duchess' fate. The inner conflict present in much of the imagery of

Bosola's dialogue was barely hinted at by the actor, and thus the confusion displayed in the second half seemed contrived and unnatural. Dramatically, he has to feel remorse, "guilty conscience is a black register", but it seems too much like a bolt out of the blue to be credible. The director curiously added an extra detail when Bosola kisses the Duchess' corpse after her death, but this seems like an easy way of making up for the lack of early suggestions about his confused state of mind, than an interesting interpretation of their relationship.

Ferdinand and the Cardinal, the two twisted Machiavellians who both covet the Duchess for different reasons were both disappointing. The crescendo in Ferdinand's decline was missed with a complete lack of gradual build up to the explosion of

mysogyny and madness that we are confronted with at the end of the play. Several scenes where the dialogue can be used to drop subtle hints to the audience about his underlying feelings were botched with Ferdinand wiggling around ineffectually, wasted lines like "farewell lusty widow" displaying neither menace nor sexual tension. Worst of all, his remorse at the end seemed feigned, yet surely there is a degree of method in his madness unless we are to ignore the incestual mysogynistic conflict in his character.

Similarly, the deliciously slimy potential of the lecherous Cardinal went no further than a distinctly greasy hairstyle; there was no attempt to highlight the difference between appearance and reality (a core theme of the play), or his senior, infinitely more cool status in relation to his brother - he even fluffed the sex scene with Julia, getting lost in the

robes that made him look more like a refugee than a megalomaniac cleric.

Minor characters were uneven, some bringing much needed comic relief, whilst others barely went beyond their dramatic function. Antonio (the Duchess' lover) opted for the one dimensional subordinate Ken doll persona, there being no question that the Duchess was the dominant partner. Cariola, the Duchess' maid, proved a more objectively intelligent mental foil to the Duchess' passion that isn't always highlighted in the character, and in the final scene added an unexpected twist when she, like Bosola, snogged [surely "kissed"-Ed] a confused Duchess before her mistress was finished off. The comic turn of the evening was delivered with style by one of the smallest parts in the play, the old lady. As a spectacularly sarcastic nun she dealt with a sharp hand a now demented lupine Ferdinand, peeling

on a pair of latex gloves for no apparent reason (Ferdinand in need of an enema? The safe sex ménage of Jacobean tragedy?), bringing refreshingly new meaning and significance to her handful of lines.

The set of costumes paid homage to the wide ranging images of the play to good effect, especially when underlying the sexual tension that isn't fully developed by several of the characters. All the familiar phallic symbols were present from colossal candlesticks that several characters barely avoided knocking over, to poinards, flashlights and the old favourite, the sword. Female sexuality was suggested by two curiously vaginal curtains that swished suggestively at every entrance [pardon!?-Ed.], and the Duchess exposed her bare neck at every opportunity in a rather too blatant hint at horrors to come.

Costumes fell along understated lines,

with the disappointing exception of the Cardinal who failed miserably to live up to his sumptuously decadent scarlet robes. The Duchess' resilience was elegantly underlined by her garb of white silk pyjamas as she languished in jail awaiting strangulation, and Ferdinands' painfully tight trousers. The tiny stage made the sword scene feel uncomfortably artificial and offered potential for disturbing intimacy with the audience that wasn't realised. Music was used to good atmospheric effect despite an audible click on the pause button reminiscent of an infant school play.

Despite its limitations, the production was accessible and engaging, with the Duchess and the nun stealing the show and a decidedly lack-lustre performance by the brothers. The play's dark agenda is of course important today and this message was underlined with a new sense of immediacy and relevance.

The
Duchess
of Malfi

She
Stoops to
Conquer



Kyle McLachlan, not looking as Ruffled as usual

Steady Eddie

Munch was not a happy chap, perhaps rightly so. His first forty years of life was full of material that Woody Allen could make a film of - and a funny film at that. It was the type of life you either laugh at or cry with, and Munch chose the latter with added misery and paranoia.

His 'Frieze of Life' was not intentionally a collection. He decided near its completion that his paintings were in some sort of chronology that closely echoed his life. It would seem that he was not wrong. However, similar themes run throughout the collection and at times separation and periodization of his work is not as apparent as it obviously was to the curator.

The exhibition is set in the austere surroundings of the National Gallery (Trafalgar Sq.). This is not surprising for an artist of his reputation, but even so it seemed a little cramped. This claustrophobia was not helped by the large crowd viewing his work. I would suggest that if you decide to go it should be later on in the year and in the evening to avoid the crowd that was at best annoying. I'm not sure if it was me, but the crowd seemed exceptionally retarded in height and there were endless combinations of facial hair and strange glasses. However

the quality of girls could not be criticized - better than a night down the Tuns at any rate.

The content of the exhibition was at times comical - although convention and pretension prevented one from laughing outright. Munch was one of life's losers. He was a sad bastard, the antithesis of a spawny git. His work reflects his troubled personal life and it seems he was not short of material. The 'Frieze of Life' goes from 'Love' to 'Anxiety' and ends up on 'Death'. Throughout all he is the loser. 'Love' at first seems erotic and sometimes romantic, but you realize later that this is Munch's way of exaggerating his misery. His painting 'The Kiss' taken out of context would seem romantic. The faces of the kissers have become one, their bodies entwine rhythmically together - they've got it bad! In context however, Munch uses it to show that although they may be fulfilled, even happy at that moment, it only deepens the misery they will suffer from later. Perhaps Munch was right. Or perhaps he was a miserable bastard who only got laid because the women in his life thought they could get some money out of him.

We then move on to 'Anxiety'. Here at least Munch has an excuse to be miserable - and he lives up

to expectation. The stunning 'Scream' and 'Purity' are included in this section. Munch possessed an intense fear, but of what it's hard to explain. It's not a paranoid fear in total, nor is it the type of fear you experience on the way to the Headmasters' office. It's almost as if Munch awoke everyday and felt that something somewhere had gone horribly wrong - and he was invariably right. This fear is reflected especially in this section. One example of Munch's all encompassing fear is a painting of his house. It looks like something out of Amytville. The similarity is there, the house is on a hill, it's covered in blood (or at least appears to be), and a psycho lives there. On the footnote to the painting the National Gallery says; "...we are invited to join [his house]." Not fucking likely! Stay away kids, this man is pissed off and unstable.

At last we reach 'Death'. In this section one has to hold back the tears - of laughter. Here we read how a woman agreed to marry Edvard, why or on what grounds was not elaborated upon. You would think that Edvard would jump at the chance, given all his miserable failings with the opposite sex. But no! Edvard in his eternal psychotic paranoid wisdom, tells her;

"I'm in pain.", and could not possibly marry her. She then promptly marries his friend. But for Edvard this pain was not enough. He next has a heated argument with his would be fiancée and somehow manages to shoot himself in the hand! Edvard is such a jerk that he could not even shoot himself in the foot. Munch to his credit paints a picture of the episode, but he entitles it; 'Murderess' and in another likens her to Charlotte Corday (Munch being Marat). The section appropriately ends and so does the exhibition with Edvard admitting himself into a sanatorium.

The 'Frieze of Life' then is at best a stunning and expertly produced account of Munch's early life, and at worst funny. In places his brilliance as an artist shines through and in others he even manages to fuck his considerable talent up. In general though it's well worth two quid (NUS) and as it's only a ten minute walk away it would be criminal not to go. However, I think I should warn those of you who might be prone to empathizing with Edvard. I would not suggest going stoned nor whilst tripping, and avoidance of sharp objects is also a necessary precaution. You see Edvard can either be laughed at or cried with, and a suicide at one of his exhibitions is just what the miserable bastard would have wanted.

Peak-A-Boo!

Fire Walk With Me and all that!

To begin with, an important point, non-peakies (those who had no interest in, nor received any enjoyment from the series), those interested only what was, is and shall be, those who think surrealists should be dumped in the Thames and those who turn their noses up at subjectivity STOP READING NOW! [What? That leaves only old Mr. Barnes and his one-legged cockerspaniel, Trevor to carry on! -Ed]. That should leave the readership consisting of weirdos, pseudo-intellectuals, arty farty types (what are you doing at the LSE?) [hey, I've got my English Lit. 'A' level, thanks! -Ed], extreme film-buffs and those secretly disgusted with the straight-jacketed blandness of their normal lives and hence who embrace the extremely odd, handbag, nutmeg [Toothbrush? -Ed], underwater world of Twin Peaks.

Those who suffered the stings and arrows of the TV series and in particular who were left baffled by the inscrutable (a word used often and with great relish when referring to Twin Peaks) ending, may or may not be glad to see the making of Lynch's prequel covering the few days leading up to Laura Palmer's death. Those who want answers, however, will get short shrift from Lynch who, let loose on the big screen and without the worry of claustrophobic censorship tying him down, sets out an orgy of aural and visual experiences to get his very individual viewpoint on what Twin Peaks was all about. Even I, having waded through the treacle of inscrutability surrounding the series, could work out that Lynch was telling us that evil, whatever shape or form it takes, permeates and possesses even the most outwardly beautiful and stable backwaters of apparent bliss and that underneath that facade of peacefulness lurks a malevolence of untoward destruction.

In "Fire Walk With Me" this is pursued to extremes by showing the accelerated destruction of

Laura Palmer (Sheryl Lee); the extremely gorgeous porn queen who whirls to her fate on the back of seedy sexual misadventure and drug addiction, ably helped by Bob, the personification of evil presumably as imagined by good old Dave himself.

Also pursued in extremis is a weirdness factor roughly equivalent to a medley of the last three or four episodes of the series, all the weirdest bits from the rest (hallucinations of giants and midgets, ridiculous riddles, ladies with logs, etc.) and a generous helping of Vic Reeves and Salvador Dali. There is one scene in which, like "Heaven's Gate", the dialogue is drowned out by background noise. Unlike "Heaven's Gate", however, this is deliberate. David Bowie appears for about ten seconds, and for slightly longer, so does Keifer Sutherland and Chris Isaak as FBI agents while various characters from the series turn up in order to lend their hand to the inscrutable (there it is again) proceedings.

Words beginning with "in" would in fact, be pretty much sufficient to describe the film. Inscrutable, incautious, incalculable, indescribable, indefinite, ineffable, indecipherable, ... [OK, we all know you've got a dictionary, there's no need to show off! -Ed]. On the other hand this film was designed to be a mess since it is really only a collection of images and feelings by its author. In its defence, it can neither be described as insipid, since in its incessant coverage of the intangible it is at least interesting, nor inane since one is always, despite its terrible uncertainty, aware of an indefatigable intelligence inneriating the work. And it's also not an intestine, since this is the canal extending from the stomach to the anus. You could always go and see it incognito after all [Ha, ha. No comment - we're restraining ourselves today - GR].

Mervyn Reeves

THE "WHAT'S ON" COLUMN

Due to the ineptitude of certain music venues in London, this is not as comprehensive as I would have hoped. However, it's better than nothing, but I do hope to bring you a more efficient listing next week.

MONDAY 30TH

There's an All Star Guitar Showcase Jam at the Camden Underworld (£5), though quite how star-studded it will be remains to be seen...alternatively, you might be a little bit partial to Norman Jay's Original Rare Groove Show (£5, 20% off for students) at the Bass Clef (35 Coronet St., Old St. tube)...If you already have a ticket for tonight's Men They Couldn't Hang gig at The Mean Fiddler then you're a lucky scheister 'cos it's sold out!

TUESDAY 1ST

Global Sweatbox (Asian/Western Dance Fusion) at the aforementioned Bass Clef (£3 B4 11, else £5, but still 20% off)...or perhaps, if you're still a "goth", Creaming Jesus at Feet First, Camden Palace (£2 with flyer)...otherwise there's really bugger all else.

WEDNESDAY 2ND

Ooh! Ooh! A "surprise show" at The Marquee by someone who is probably quite famous as it costs £15, tickets on sale today only...alto sax from The David Samborn Group at the Town & Country Club (about £10, I think) tonight, tomorrow, and the day after...er that's about it.

THURSDAY 3RD

70s retro stuff from the Glitter Band at the Underworld (£6)...Alice Donut at ULU (£6)...Top of the Pops at 7.00 on BBC1 (joke).

FRIDAY 4TH

Hue & Cry - remember them? - well they're at the Clapham Grand tonight and tomorrow (£don't care, but then I doubt if you do either)...avant-garde techno-industrial stuff from the fab Sheep on Drugs at the New Cross Venue (£5.50) or another waste-of-time ULU Christmas Ball (£15!!!)...or maybe silly Aussies The Pale at the Mean Fiddler (£6).

SATURDAY 5TH

Gig of the week at Brixton Academy with The Jesus And Mary Chain, God Machine, Stereolab and the hotly-tipped Mint 400 - a bargain at £9.50...Pele at the Mean Fiddler (£6)...or bloody Napalm Death at the Marquee (£7, wasted)...perhaps Marxman at the Underworld (£5)...the decision is yours...

SUNDAY 6TH

Don't bother getting out of bed!

An Expected Groovy Treat

by Dave "Dread Zone" Jones

Finitribe and Eat Static at ULU

Tonight has to be one of the most eagerly awaited gigs this term, hence it's a bit of a surprise to see that the hall seems to be only half full. However, to be seen, is that what is lacking in audience atmosphere is more than made up for in stage presence.

The main support band is Eat Static, the techno-daughter group of the Ozric Tentacles. Unlike much of the Hardcore that is kicking about at the moment, Eat Static are a band with character. Not content with the normal "merge samples and let them run their course", they think and create their sound with the precision and

tightness that run-of-the-mill techno would be wise to adopt. Contrast in grooves is another asset they have within their capabilities, hardcore dance beat will give way to soft samples in a split second and with a tight, controlled partnership. Brilliant!!

And so it was that not only were Finitribe prepared to come down from Scotland to entertain us, they also felt obliged to bring their Tardis for us to marvel at. The Tardis in question is the strange amalgamation of aluminium taking up the front half of the stage. Within its confines it contained all the back line, samplers,

sequencers, smoke machines, projectors, intelligent lighting, drum machines, fluorescent screens and the actual band! Sounds weird?...It was! But as they say, "It's not what it looks like, it's what it sounds like."

As far as technogoes, it has to be said that Finitribe are mellow, they are creative - they care about what they produce - not interested in the pretentiousness of being "in the area" or making sure they do not wander away from a single monotonous hardcore beat.

'Yer Crazy' is notable for its intelligent sampling - taking the best lines from The Shining at

the same time as keeping the dance theme ticking along - "Hello, anybody here?". 'Mellowman', for me at any rate, is one of the best tracks to arrive this year. Tongue-in-cheek love song, an existential masterpiece.

Finitribe have the wonderful ability of grabbing you by the throat and gently, almost coaxingly, spiralling into their own world, a world of fast-vegan-food, egalitarianism and "FiniFlex", life supporting structures somewhere in the middle of Tokyo Bay. By this time, the lights, smoke and projectors are in full force, creating what seems to be a different dimension on stage. '101' contains the

element of the networking band - "Bass, can you hear me?...Loud and clear". 'Forevergreen' has about 5 versions on album, but they only manage to do one tonight, though which one it was is your guess.

By the time the finale is upon us, most people don't know where the time has gone, and how the hell does their Tardis fit half of the audience in it? The last number tonight is an awesome 'An Unexpected Groovy Treat', true, though I would say that the evening was expected and tht the stage crew on the night were on top form. (Shut up, Dave-RH)

Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy

A conversation: Grandad Bloom and Mimsy Neroids once again ponder matters relating or not to the music business. This week, a visit to the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy...

Grandad: And what a star-studded night it was too, Mimsy.

Mimsy: Indeed it was, Grandad. Before you even arrived, the "retired" Sinead O'Connor had done a spot of backing vocals with support act Marxman and then proceeded to stroll straight past me in a surprisingly diminutive manner - approximately 5'3", I would have said.

G: With a little glint in her Irish eyes?

M: Well, I'm not one to start rumours, but...

G: Can I just interject here to ask if Marxman were any good?

M: Certainly.

G: Were Marxman any good?

M: Woooo yeah, with a-radical socialist a-rapping and a-bass a-thumpity pumping. But as for stars, there was also 'insanely-attractive-woman'. Not a celebrity as such, but she surely deserves to be.

G: Oh yes. And how can we forget: "But, but, I can't seem to marry aggressive, hard beats to loud sampled guitars and

electronically distorted vocals", "Ah, you need Industrial Man - the LSE's very own, fresh in his new Consolidated top. Wouldn't be the same without him. Any more stars?

M: Apparently Billy Bragg is 'in the house', though we didn't see him; however, what with him and Hiphoprisy touring together in the U.S., and Bilbo being quoted on the Disposables' album, I wouldn't be at all surprised were he to be found skulking backstage hobnobbing a bit.

G: Hmm. But on to Hiphoprisy themselves. And I believe you wanted the words "mellow groove" to feature quite prominently in this account?

M: Quite right, crumbly.

G: Might I ask for a few reasons why?

M: Because the groove really was very mellow, with a live drummer used more prominently than "sampled" beats, and a greater utilization than we have heard in the past of virtuoso jazz guitarist Charlie Hunter, particu-

larly on the new, softer, mellower, groovier version of 'Socio-genetic experiment', a song in which African, Native American, Irish and German singer Michael Franti bemoans his sometimes feeling 'like a prejudiced community's token of infection'. Funky stuff, with a message for us all - not unlike 'Star Trek, the next generation', really.

G: Yes Mimsy, stick to the point. Anyway, I can seem to remember wanting to make a point about the numerous percussion sections. In addition to the drummer, we had the miraculous Mr. Hunter, who seemed to be able to produce

via his seven-stringed, sloping fretted guitar sm-o-o-o-th lead playing, bass, beats and the like, all at the same time. And then we had cute, bouncing Rono-rapper, dancer, DJ, mime artist, climber, hitting out the rhythm on and with anything he picked up: wheel rims, angle grinders, chains, steel sheets, spanners, scaffolding...hell, the unconventional li'l guy even used bongos.

Not bad for a feller who's at least a foot shorter than his partner in rhyme, Mr. Franti.

M: And on top of all these interweaving grooves, you have Mr. Hunter's guitar, Franti's fast and "Frantic" rapping, Rono's running, Sister Sledge singalongs, television trashing, political polemics, Dead Kennedys covers, morality musings, calls to black consciousness, capitalist corporations crapping on the kids, the vacuousness of vanity and HIV worries.

G: Ah, you mean 'We are family', 'Television, drug of a nation', 'Satanic Reverses', 'California Uber Alles', 'Language of violence', 'Famous and dandy, like Amos n' Andy', all of the above, 'Financial Leprosy' and 'Positive', respectively.

M: Yes, that's right. Not that I was particularly studying the titles, of course - too busy a-dancing, a-jumping, a-singing, a-learning and a-assimilating. Hubba hubba, what an enjoyable yet stangely educational evening we two had.

G: Uh huh momma.

M: Yup. But as a post-script, I'd like to say that I found it ironic that Hiphoprisy, a rap/hiphop group have yet to break through to a black audience. Tonight's crowd were conspicuous by their predominantly whiteness.

G: Mmm, but the fact that the white audience were genuinely listening to songs like 'Amos n' Andy' goes to show that people are beginning to realise that racism is a White problem -

M: Careful, Grandad, that last statement was almost ambiguous.

G: Sorry, I didn't mean it to be. Furthermore, Hiphoprisy are a hip hop band who have gone beyond the Public Enemy blueprint of addressing mainly 'black' issues, and have therefore not fallen into the trap of alienating much of their potential audience.

M: That's enough of the social comment, Grandad, this is a music review.

G: Okay.

Join our friends next week for another interesting conversation with a musical theme. Bye Bye.

WE'RE HUNTING HEADS FOR BORNEO

10 Adventurers required for our first lateral trans-Borneo expedition. Recent full hinterland reconnaissance proves plan realistic. 25 day expedition starts 22 March 93. Details Encounter Overland on 071-370-6951.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST HOMELESSNESS

organised by the LSE Liberal Democrats. For the rest of the term there will be a box in the SU Cafe where old clothes or other items suitable to be given to the homeless can be left.

Please give anything you can. All items donated will be given to homeless people who need them.

FABIAN SOCIETY

Austin Mitchell, MP

will address the Fabian Society on 1st December at 1pm.
Venue to be announced.

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Private tuition in French and German given by qualified teacher.

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Rose Rauchman, Room A271 (Ext 7351) offers a "walk-in" service for women students who wish to discuss any issue causing concern. The advisor will offer advice and support for a wide range of problems and encourage students to seek guidance when appropriate from other sources.

All information is confidential. No action is taken unless requested by the student.

HOURS: Tuesday 10-11am, Friday 1-2pm.

JAPANESE LESSONS

on Wednesdays 2-4pm in X132 for *beginners*

on Friday 2-3.30pm in E196 for *intermediates*.

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Contact Mel Taylor, 071 955 7609

ACCOMMODATION AVAILABLE

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One place in a single room in the LSE Housing Association House in Mile End: £220 per month.

For further details contact the Central Accomodation Office: Room E296

LSE Central Accomodation Office

Are you still interested in obtaining LSE Accomodation for next term?

If you wish to be considered for any vacancies in the residences please register your details with the Central Accomodation Office: Room E296.

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Three one-act comedies

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Tuesday 1st December
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Old Theatre 8.00pm

Tickets : £2.00

THE BEAVER CLASSIFIEDS

To advertise,
contact James in the Beaver office
E197
Ext 2870.

Copy date: Wednesday noon.

Grub Up!

Kit Fordham goes in search of culture at Jimmy's in Soho

Asked to write an article for the Beaver Food Page I trundled off in search of a suitable restaurant. Soho is a favourite and old hunting ground of mine; an even older hunting ground for royalty in the fourteenth century who together with their upper crust retinue first coined the phrase "Soho!" while chasing something warm and furry for supper. No difference today although perhaps one could say that Charles' Camilla is neither so furry nor so filling as a roast deer.

There are dozens of restaurants in Soho and I don't pretend to have been to all of them. But I will guarantee that to find one which will always have as great an atmosphere as Jimmy's whichever day you go is not so easy. It is situated at the heart of Soho, next to Bar Italia and opposite Ronnie Scott's Jazz Club all on Frith St W.1. Many people walk past its awning and street board as a result of other attractions. Those who don't and make their way down the creaky staircase towards this basement restaurant can rightly assume themselves to be part of a gastronomically knowledgeable elite (overstated... well perhaps).

Once you enter you will be welcomed by one of the

excellent, though slightly decrepit waiters. Their affable and relaxed manner is mirrored in their service, which is appropriately timed so as to be neither too quick, a la Win-Kei, nor so slow that your pre-prandial chatting (snogging-ed) is interrupted by gurgling noises emanating from one of your assemble starving hoard. It is now that you appreciate the authentic Greek Cypriot atmosphere - strange folk music and walls adorned with suitably Hellenistic memorabilia. Do not waste too much time drinking in the ambiance when you can be instead be using your time more constructively by swigging one of the excellent wines.

In choosing your table there is really no need to be too selective unless you are with a group of people. In this case you should try to get one of the alcoves, which will lend a special aura of superiority to your party. In choosing your food be a little more fastidious though not to an absurd degree. Basically avoid the mousakka otherwise you are okay with the rest. Definitely have a starter. Of particular note are the hummus, taramasalata (both with pitta bread) and the kalamari. These can be all the more excellent if you have a

delicious bottle of retsina with which to excite and refresh the palate in between-mouthfuls. If by yourself or with a non-drinker you can order half a bottle leaving money to have some red with the main course later on. These are traditionally straightforward and will certainly involve lamb or beef, whether it be kleftico (lamb on the bone), stifado or even a kebab. They will also, without doubt, be tasty, quite remarkably filling and can be perfectly complimented by any one of the red wines. Of these the Othello is a good example of the full, smoky yet intrinsically small Cypriot villagey nature present in each glass of the passionately, blood red Moorish inspired wine.

However full you may be at this stage of your meal do not squander the opportunity of having a baklava and a filfa. The former is a compact sticky pastry which contains nuts and is probably the only thing that might bring your taste buds to orgasm. So that your throat may share in these pleasures I strongly recommend the latter, which is Greek cointreau. Now you are presented with a catch-22 situation. Do you stay to have a thick sweet Greek coffee and finish up the evening on a Hedonistic (Hellenistic)

note or do you pay up and head off to the fashionable coffee bar par excellence Bar Italia?

As regards the cost of such a soiree, without detailing the price of each dish it can be said that starters are roughly £2-£3, main courses around £5 and deserts upto £3 with coffee £1 ish.

A M A Z I N G C O M P E T I T I O N

Well readers, or rather those than live near Camberwell. We are giving away two discount cards that promise £5.00 off the total bill for a table of two in the evening and 50% discount for lunch hour. Isn't that just bloody wonderful. So get those A-Z's out and you too could be sharing a table with J Bradburn and pals down south east way. Just send your entries, with your name, to room E197 and the largest donation will win!

Questions:

Where does Dundee cake come from?

How many times is custard served in the evenings in the cafeteria?

What is in beef stew?

Is there any crab in crab sticks?

How many lagers are sold in the Three Tuns?

I Don't want to go to Chelsea

Thorsten Moos visits the Chelsea Kitchen (without his camera)

After heated debates at the editors' meeting on whether or not it is possible to get a decent meal for under a tenner, I decided to venture out to Chelsea to try this restaurant/ cafe. Conveniently located on King's Road (Tube: Sloane Sq.) Chelsea Kitchen seemed an ideal place for a cheap meal after stretching the overdraft at the Harrods Sale.

The decorum is basic with pine tables and tiled floors. Unfortunately, it is impossible to look out on King's Road, as the cash till blocks the view. Quiet alcoves in the basement are therefore the better option.

The menu features the usual such as Avocado Vinaigrette (£1.30) or Salade Nicoise (£1.80) for starters. Main dishes include typical fry-ups but also Chicken Chasseur (£3.10) and Veal Escalope with Marsala Sauce (£3.70). After a brief look - the menu is not very long - I decided for the Chicken Mayonnaise Salad (£3.10) and the Scampi Fritters (£3.80).

The food arrived quickly. The Salad resembled a chicken drowned in mayonnaise. The mayonnaise was of the heavy industrial type (?) with liberal additions of preservatives. Various vegetables garnished the salad. The portion was large and the remaining ingredients seemed fresh. The Scampi Fritters with chips were crunchy and pleasantly grease-free. Nevertheless I am still wondering whether Birdseye had something to do with catching the Scampi. I shall never be able to understand what the mushy peas are for, but such is life. The presentation of the food could have been vastly improved by serving on larger plates. The mushy peas could be found under a pile of chips which in turn were completely hidden under a helping of Tartare sauce. The salad completely covered a tiny plate, seriously restricting manouvering space. The service was fast and efficient. even though there was a change of shift the new waitress took over, without any of the orders getting lost.

If you think I am panning the place until now you are probably right. Nevertheless the excellent cakes and puddings helped to reconcile. I had a generous helping of Apple Crumble with hot custard (80p) with a very good cappucino (65p). To sum it up, stuff yourself with cake and coffee and try to get above the minimum charge of £2.50.

CHELSEA KITCHEN

98 King's Road SW6

Tube: Sloane Square

Open: Mon-Sat 8am>11pm; Sun 12>11.30pm



How many bowls of custard are served here in the evening? (Here's a clue. Steve usually has three of them!)

AUNTIE FLO'S QUICK TIP

Those of you who have the misfortune to live at Rosebery please take note: the newly installed Microwave ovens are INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH. Therefore if you want to bake a cake or roast some chicken, don't cook it at 100%, otherwise whatever you're cooking will explode. As for Jimmy Trees, STOP COOKING HIS MEAL'S. HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO LOOK AFTER HIMSELF.

Houghton Street Harry

As Harry is sometimes prone to doing as he heats his final Chicken, Mushroom and Mackerel pie of the day, up to optimum temperature and marine pungency, he lurks through the lonely, dank and faintly fishy Beaver archive chambers, deep beneath Aldwych tube station. Entering this dungeon-like legacy of Sidney "Special Brew" Webb, Harry happens upon the rats and cockroaches which are still eeking out an existence from the remaining scraps of flesh hanging off the bones of the last historian foolish enough to consider the Fabians relevant to British political history. Harry, unperturbed by the slime and dirt, commonplace around Houghton Street, marches boldly onward.

Harry has never been one to give the likes of Sidney Webb the respect let alone admiration often accorded to him by lilly livered armchair socialists moping around in unmanly wine bars in that pit of all humanity: High Street Kensington. So, since sport is all he knows and all he cares for Harry thumbs through the sports archive and is drawn to the entries for November 30 1967. This week, indeed this very day, 25 years ago.

Many of you are no doubt familiar with the original and funny exploits of The West London Institute of Sport. They are known throughout the developed world as amongst the most unimaginative and socially impaired of all tribal groups. Following an admittedly poor showing from certain unofficial administrators in the Athletics Union the aesthetes from "West London" took the Osterley Express straight to the Tuns and proceeded to be their original and funny selves threatening non-Rugby playing male and female drinkers and causing criminal damage. In sum the "Pride of West London" showed how really well qualified they are to become teachers in the schools which our children will go to, government reforms willing.

To continue, the archive which Harry happened to start reading was concerned with the events of a certain LSE Darts trip to Moscow arranged with the help of an affiliate member from Oxford University. The "Darts-Soviet" as it was then called back in the heady days of Cliff Richard, Bobby Charlton and Nobby "I don't jump over" Stiles had arranged to play with some of the best teams from all over Russia, and to go on guided tours of the largest beetroot and potato processing plants in the world. The funding for the trip had been arranged by William, the member from Oxford, who would only say that his links in certain sections of the Russian Foreign Office had proved most generous. Harry's attention could not be taken from the faded back copies of the Beaver even to get back to the kitchen and lower the light on his mackerel pie, such was his excitement. Harry began to realise, as he read on about the heroes of the LSE Darts Soc in the 1960's, that the goings on then were not as innocent as the Beaver cuttings implied. What he was reading about and is now putting before the LSE is the smoking gun that never was. In the Beaver archives, for 25 years, had been the evidence to prove the, now President Elect, Bill Clinton's links with the K.G.B.. As Harry read on in the fading light, under the rumbling Tube trains, he began to sweat knowing he had in his hands the means to destroy the most powerful man on earth.

When Harry had finished his pie (with sauce) he returned to the archive to retrieve the edition of the Beaver with the names and dates about the Darts Soc trip to Moscow, he intended to take it to John Ashworth without delay. What should he find on his return to the archive but an empty desk and no smoking gun. The terrible truth was that the unthinking barbarians from outside the M25 (West London) had stolen what could have been the most important edition of the Beaver since that covering the relief of Mafeking. J.F.K. of course would never have got caught in print.

KINGS 4THS .. 1
LSE 5THS 2

Despite being drawn (again) against a side two divisions above us, the "piss-up team" of LSE once more showed grit and determination on the field to pull off a fabulous victory. In a tight first half we more than held our ground with some lovely balls, although required an Alan ("throatie") clearance off the line and a couple of smart saves from Berni ("Inn") to keep the scores nil-nil at the half. Sean ("the perv") and C.Robbo ("Han Solo") battled the midfield well, and were ably supported from the rear by Michael ("get the offender") and G.Robbo ("you f**ing donkey"), coupled with Richard P., surely the most mobile defence in LSE.

But it was shortly after the break when we really got moving when, after a sliced shot from Maher ("it was a pass, honest"), Richard ("Tubby") L. screamed a low powerful shot passed everyone. More was to come, when, after a corner, Chetun ("How's my hair?") and Maher got in each others way before C.Robbo fired home via a wicked deflection passed the hapless Kings 'keeper.

Kings came back strong, and it took some great tackling and battling by all to restrict them to the one screamer they got with fifteen minutes to go, ensuring a few hairy moments towards the final whistle. Kings showed themselves sporting by allowing us to re-sub after Mark ("ow, my f**king ankle") had to leave the game. We thanked them by ruining the pitch. Perhaps the best part of the performance was in the bar(s) later, when 9 men showed for the after-game piss-up. Predictably the Robbo's led till the end, finishing in



"Beaver sports christmas spot-the-ball"

Photo: Steve East

KINGS 6THS 2
LSE 4THS 9

LSE marked their fifth league win of the season with a feast of goals against their lowly placed rivals from across the Strand. The 4th eleven quickly established supremacy, though their unusually fluent passing game was hindered by an atrocious playing surface, one which resembled an outsized cow-pat. Even so, Bernie and Ben Griffiths scored the goals to give the side an advantage they would never relinquish. A lapse in concentration allowed Kings to score, but a fine move superbly finished by Runa Scarfstein restored the two goal lead.

The beginning of the second half saw a flicker of a fight-back, with a Kings penalty reducing the lead. Yet this was a false dawn. A cascade of goals followed, as LSE's

LSE...34 Surrey...19
LSE...43 QMW...26

LSE Women's Basketball team, despite only being able to select ten players from a talented squad of fourteen and having to leave out some quality players, taught Surrey and QMW a few lessons and in the process avenged defeats from last season. Surrey cancelled a tournament without telling us, so we turned up and challenged them to a friendly which we thoroughly dominated with our rigorous early season practice yielding dividends in the fitness and discipline departments.

Against QMW an emphatic blow was dealt with a good team performance, especially the strong defence, keeping QMW pretty much under control, although at one stage in the middle of the game they snatched a short lived lead. With great resilience we bounced back and ran away with it, to become LSE's only undefeated team. Thanks: Ornit, Alexia, Anda, Ragna, Jeanine, Amy, Silke, Sarah, Natassa, Isabel and Annabel. (Are these in any particular order Paul? -Ed).

After an exceptionally bright start to the campaign hopes are high in the 4th team that this season will have a silver lining. It would be just reward for the overall skill and commitment found throughout the squad.

Laurence Ryan

Grunting Thirds Excrete Holloway Turds.

LSE 3'rd XI.....3
RHBNC 2'nd XI.....1

Glory days are back again for the universally acknowledged best team at the LSE ("I agree"-Andy Clasper). For those who aren't in the know, we are in the middle of the fourth division. RHBNC 2'nd XI are top of the first division and are the cup-holders. So we beat them. This truly top-notch performance was in no small part due to the contribution of Andrew Graveson, who rarely in the past has made so few

errors in defence or squandered so few chances. Other notables included Beharall who is surely one of the best linesmen in the New Malden area, and Whitehall whose lack of pace is more than made up for by his sheer volume. Evan Nuttall pulled off some stunning saves and didn't punch one centre-forward, whilst Jurgenson proved he can play without being drunk (although this was video evidence as he was absolutely trousered at the time). However, unless you score you can only draw and two Euros did the business. Arnold Newman slipped one gracefully past the 'keeper, and

unsurprisingly Christian the WonderDonkey claimed two. His second was actually "a little bit special", as he is particularly fond of reminding people given half a chance. One more player demands special reference, Alun Howard on his debut. This lad has pace and grace, style and guile, and most importantly a northern accent. He also now has a disciplinary record for committing a heinous foul on one of the RHBNC unfortunates. Enough said; the thirds are the best team at the LSE and anyone who says they aren't is smelly (except for anyone who says that and is harder than me, who are florally fragrant). p.s. Just in case you hadn't heard, Dave Rich was captain.

Andrew Graveson.

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