



Page 8 - On the wagon with James MacAonghus



Page 11 - Simon Retallack on Michael Portillo's flag-waving speech at the Tory party conference



Page 15 - Fantasy Beaverball™ is back by popular demand for a second season

Troubles at High Holborn

News Editor

The ongoing saga at the LSE's latest hall of residence entered a new stage last week, as a Government education minister officially opened the hall, students demonstrated and residents threatened a rent strike.

The official opening of High Holborn Hall by Eric Forth MP last Monday was met by a protest organised by the Students' Union (SU).

The picket of around twenty-five students, mainly from left-wing groups demonstrating against the government's higher education policy, made clear their opinion about both Mr Forth and the Conservatives more generally. However, they failed to make much impact on the residents of the hall, few of whom were involved in the protest. One masters student left the hall saying, "[I have] no idea what the demonstration is about."

Mr Forth's tour of the £12.5 million "state of the art student residence", was criticised by some hall residents. The computer room he was shown is not yet operational, and the phones placed in student rooms were not connected. However, David Segal, Assistant Secretary at the School, who showed Mr Forth around the hall said there was no deception involved – "we made the position very clear with Eric Forth."

With regard to the SU demonstration, Mr Forth, speaking exclusively to *The Beaver*, said he was "aware of the concerns of many students." However, he believed that many of the arguments made by student campaigners were hard to justify – the gradual move from grants to loans had not placed higher education out of reach of those from low income households.

As to the long-term future of higher



Even the police at the High Holborn protest are bored by the situation.

Photo: Stéphane Sireau

education funding – as discussed in *The Beaver* last week – Mr Forth refused to be drawn about Government plans, saying only that the issue was "being debated".

Most residents of High Holborn – dubbed the "finest student residence in London" by the developer of the building – seem more concerned about some of the problems they have faced during the past few weeks in the

hall, than student hardship. As Garth Mullins, one of those leading the campaign to obtain a rebate from School authorities, said, "There is a legitimate, large movement of people who are very angry."

This anger is, however, tempered by the fear that the School may simply evict defaulting students from the hall – one student said "we're worried about being chucked

out."

Although unlikely, around 120 LSE students are actively looking for accommodation, and would almost certainly accept the offer of a place in High Holborn. The School has tried to make amends – all residents will receive £10 worth of free calls

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LSE first as strip club trades on Wall Street

Juliet Horsley and Dhara Ranasinghe

The LSE, so frequently referred to as a political "hotbed" has produced a graduate who appears to have taken this idea a little too literally.

Unlike other alumni who have become presidents, prime ministers, ambassadors and Mick Jagger; ex-LSE student, Robert Watters, does not fall under any such category.

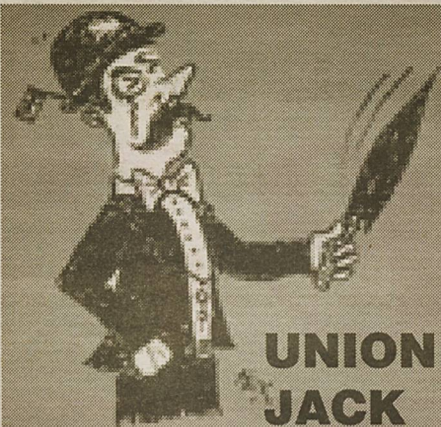
Canadian born Mr Watters, having become disillusioned with a career in law, set up a "Gentlemen's Club" complete with "dancers" and a neon lit runway,

which last week became the first such establishment to be publicly traded on Wall Street. Such an action merited front page coverage in *The Guardian*.

Given the success of Mr Watters' recent venture it would seem this is an area ripe for expansion. Last year alone the club made a profit of \$200,000, proving that Mr Watters' time at the LSE was not

fruitless. Such profits have prompted other rival companies, for example Colorado's 'Bar & Grill' to consider following Mr Watters example and moving onto Wall Street.

It has also been rumoured that Mr Watters plans to open a similar club in London stating "it certainly needs the excitement."



UNION JACK

Last Thursday was a sad day for Jack. Two great legends, one a winner, the other a born loser, passed away into the great yonder. Red Rum, beloved of millions, was quietly laid to rest at the site of his greatest victories. And Bernardo Duggan, the eminent grease of LSESU politics, was buried in a hail of paper whilst giving his farewell speech.

The juxtaposition is inappropriate. Bernardo is certainly no thoroughbred horse, more an ass. In fact, the only thing he has remotely in common with horses is that he lives in Argentina (rumours that he owns a stud farm there are unfounded).

No, the image Jack thought of as the soon-to-be Dr Duggan scurried up on to the stage was of Toad of Toad Hall, without the style in clothes.

The announcement of his departure was greeted with shock. This manifested itself in a grave-like silence for most of his speech, which from Bernardo's view was the worst possible thing to happen. It meant we heard his jokes. Or, rather, his attempted jokes. Jack thought ten years at the LSE would have been enough time to think up some decent gags. Instead, the UGM was reminded of the Tories' dress sense (Bernardo's polyester trousers) and advised not to read the long-awaited thesis. Ha ha.

After this false start the starter gave his orders and signalled that he had in fact read the rule-book, before sending the UGM off at rare gallop through the order paper.

First up for debate was a motion on High Holborn. A rent strike! Militancy returns! Jack was appalled to hear of the hardships endured by the residents of WC2. No telephones! No computers! Showers that work! No travel expenses to LSE! No utility bills! Somehow, Jack's heart wasn't moved by the obvious deprivation. Most occupants, it appears, are foreign students: perhaps they are unaccustomed to picking a bit of their own hair out of a shower plug-hole allowing the water to drain away instead of flooding the place.

Rather than complain in an unsophisticated socialist way, Jack thought that they should act as the market-place sovereigns they are and move out. If the service isn't good enough, don't avail yourself of it. There are more than enough people eager to take their place.

The rest was equally pointless. Complaints about student hardship, political agitation in marginal seats etc. Jack failed to see the point of the left wanting to get rid of the Tories when Labour have not exactly promised to increase student grants if they win (there will be lots of training, though). But, as the High Holborn debate illustrated, a sense of proportion rarely enters into the LSESU political arena.

The new-found efficiency of the chair nearly resulted in a constitutional crisis. Despite there being nothing else to discuss, moves to close the meeting early were opposed. Everyone was eager to watch one more race, preferably one in which the shapely filly Kate had no part.

Her winning streak of three motions had become a bit predictable. The victories, however, are unlikely to be remembered by history with as much affection as the classic wins of the great Red Rum.

Watts on track

Jason Kassemoff

The Minister for Transport, John Watts, visited the LSE last Wednesday, as a guest speaker of the Conservative Students' Society. His talk centred around the emotive issue of rail privatisation.

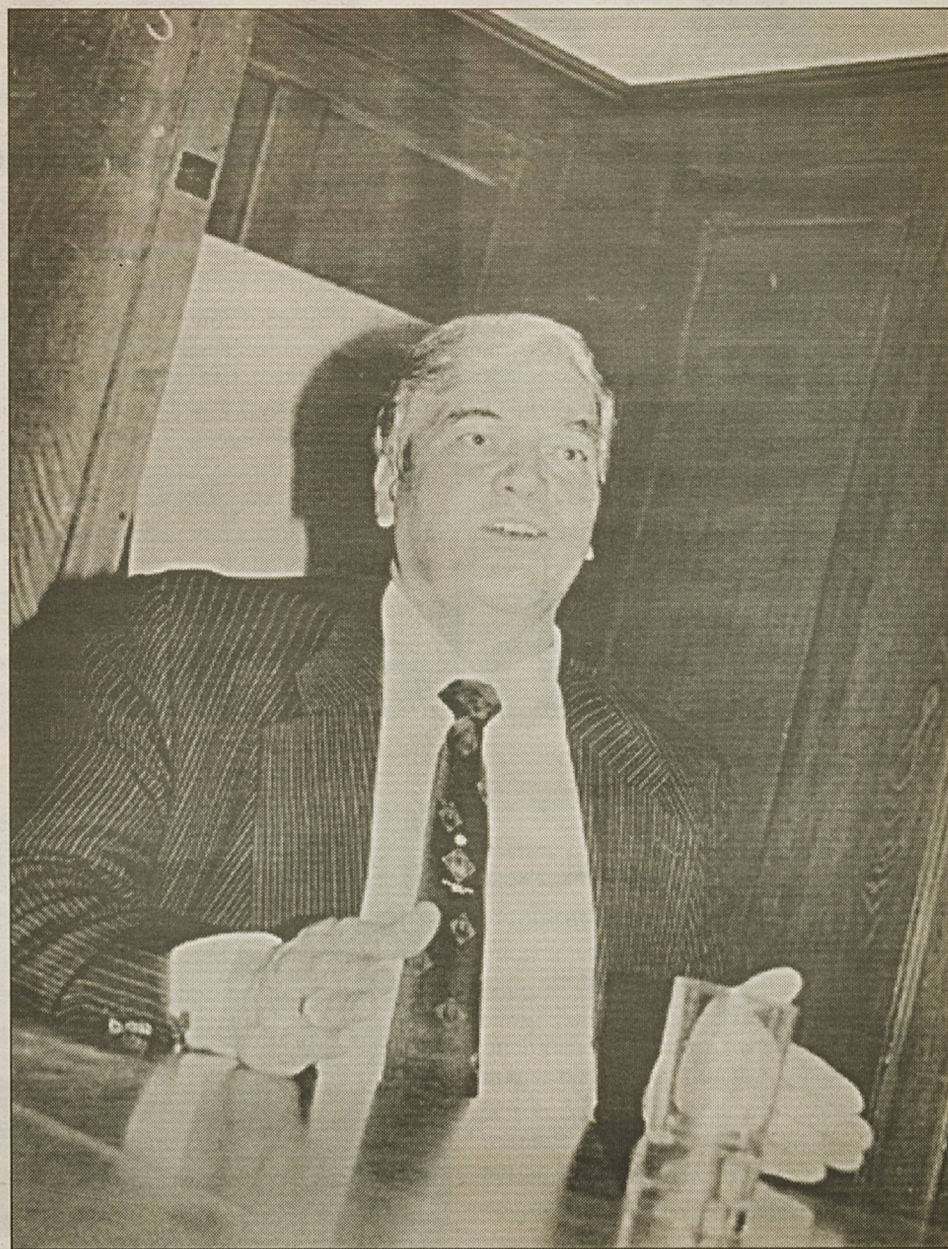
The new privatised system will be basically as follows. Rail stations, lines and their maintenance will continue to be run by Railtrack, which will be privatised itself within a year. Rolling stock companies will own the trains. Private companies will bid to take control of rolling stock companies and franchises for local services, successful companies paying 'track access charges' to Railtrack.

The advantage of Railtrack owning the infrastructure is that private companies can concentrate their efforts on efficiency and consumer need. Along with profit, of course.

Privatisation would make the existing public subsidy to British Rail unnecessary. Competition between several bidders would improve efficiency and reduce the need for a subsidy. The incentive is there for private companies to get more passengers on trains and to provide more services, to make a profit. The Minister said that there is an incentive to maximise services, not to "run them down", as Labour claim.

Mr Watts was "confident" that the privatisation would be a "Renaissance" in rail travel, and that it would be as successful a privatisation as any other the Tory government has done.

I suppose, subjectively, it depends on how successful we think those privatisations were!



John Watts MP, speaking at the LSE Conservative Students' Society.

Photo: Anastasia Shorter

Beaver update

Juliet Horsley

Following last week's article concerning the Beaver's financial state, the welcome news has arrived that the Student Union (SU) Treasurer has secured a substantial reduction in printing costs with County Print. This forms part of a larger company which will also have the pleasure of producing the LSESU Handbook, as part of the new deal.

The deal reduces printing costs by £2000. Given printers' usual lack of flexibility regarding printing costs this represents a significant achievement and, together with an increase in the LSESU grant to *The Beaver*, should ensure *The Beaver's* future liquidity.

The only pre-requisites are that the Students' Union maintains some commitment to the printers, who incidentally provide a better quality and more reliable service. LSESU has also agreed to help them contact other sabbaticals with the aim of securing more business.

A deficit remains of £500 which, given previous figures, should be covered by advertising.

Indeed, a profit is considered likely and can be put to use in capital investment. Suggestions for this include updating the present production system to Quark and buying more computers.

Teuber issues ultimatum

Duncan McGrath

The warning bells had begun to ring as soon as Professor Teubner's Inaugural lecture *Altera Pars Audiatur: Law in the Collision of Discourses*, had been posted. The reason for their ringing became all too clear as, last Tuesday, the Old Theatre began to fill with the great and the good from the various law departments of the University of London. But by then escape was impossible.

What followed was Gunther Teubner's diagnosis and treatment of the Law's ills. The prescription offered was that the law should utilize its current position rather than retreat from it. Failure to do so would result in destruction of the law.

The essence of the problem was that there exist a plurality of discourses which are on a potentially destructive collision course. Thus there are two options: let them collide and see who wins, or, utilize the profound elements of each to the benefits of the others.

Despite Gunther Teubner being Professor of Law he chose the latter option. For this idea to work the law had to benefit from

discourses both internally and externally.

Internally the law should exploit its own various theories of cost benefit, politics, ethics etc and combine them in an assessment of what is equal and unequal. Equally use of foreign law needs to be recontextualized if it is to be applied effectively.

Perhaps the most important warning of Professor Teubner's was that the law should not trivialise cultural achievement and lose a sense of reality by enslaving it.

Externally what the law should be concerned with is translation and not legal norms. Here Teubner criticized lawyers for making their decisions contingent on outcomes which would only result in the law being affected in the end. Other discourses needed to be considered, sociological findings utilized, and political context considered if the law is to function properly.

The conclusion to all this was that the law has a new function to fulfil, which is to protect plurality and prevent damage from the collision of discourses. As such the law should protect autonomy. This means justice should be relative not hierarchical and therefore must not be conceived of as purely legal but rather as a part of each discourse.

Rosebery breakfast row

Oliver Lewis

We have always been told to eat breakfast as it is the "most important meal of the day". At present, students at Rosebery Hall cannot fulfil their mothers' instructions.

Before the Myddelton Wing was built in 1993, of the 192 residents, only 23% of them breakfasted on weekdays. After the completion of the new wing which brought the total number of residents to 314, the breakfastly active dropped to 17.5%.

This meant that serving weekday breakfasts became economically unviable - the fixed costs (staff, heat, light, water etc) of weekday breakfasts (7516 per 30 weeks), was being paid by all residents' rents to feed those who could be bothered to get up before 9.30.

However, one person will never have mid morning hunger pangs, for the Bursar's contract includes breakfast.

As the Bursar reassuringly puts it, "This service is very, very expensive." So, a

weekend service of "brunch" was introduced, which was more popular. The cutting of weekday breakfasts was, of course, "for the gain of the students": it meant that there would be an overall saving on the rent. Actually, this year's rent in Rosebery rose by 4%. Maybe cereal killing isn't the answer after all!

While the right to freedom is contested in many parts of the world, the Right to Breakfast has never seen such a heated debate as is the case now. Students just like being pampered with cornflakes and tea à la carte. It makes us feel secure, and reminds us of home. The reality is, that to cover the fixed costs of weekday breakfasts each resident would have to pay an additional £2 per term. How can even the most impoverished student object to that?

In order to try and resolve the issue, a Hall Society meeting was held last Monday. It rapidly turned into a chaotic affair in which emotions ran high. Tempers were frayed due to the Bursar's interference and the president's lack of managerial skills. Opinions will be sought through a hall-wide



Rosebery Hall - no more big breakfasts!
Photo: Jon Fenton-Fisher

survey, and the result will be raised at the next Inter Halls Committee.

Labour briefing

Chris McAleely

Austin Mitchell, the Labour MP for Grimsby, addressed a meeting of the Hansard Society at the School last week. Starting by welcoming interruptions and heckling, saying that it would be good practice for the forthcoming general election campaign, Mr Mitchell went on to give a clear outline of the Labour Party's aims and objectives, and sought to dispel any fears that it was a radical left wing, Marxist party.

His speech was none too complementary about various political luminaries, calling Margaret Thatcher "a lunatic really", Ronald Reagan "an amiable old duffer" and Neil Kinnock "a loud mouthed idiot".

He was however, honest in his appraisal of the Labour Party's problems past, present and future. There was a danger, he believed, of Labour winning the next election and then failing to meet expectations. The problem lies in their attempt to appeal to a broad cross section of the electorate.

When questioned he stated that he did not believe the Tories would win votes by cutting taxes. He said that the public recognise that you can only cut taxes to a certain extent and that they would rather money was spent on improving public services.

Tony Blair appealed to the middle class, the voters Labour must win to their side to ensure success. A current joke is that Labour have finally realised that the Tories keep winning because they are led by a Conservative. So Labour has elected one to lead them as well.

The Hansard Institute was founded in 1944 to promote parliamentary government. It is partly based at the LSE and partly at the Houses of Parliament. It is a neutral organisation well respected by all the parties and its president is the Speaker of the House of Commons. Among its current activities is the Commission on Democratic Citizenship, which essentially aims to get young people to vote.

Election time again!

The following people have been nominated for election to Students' Union posts and School committees:

Voting takes place on Wednesday October 25 (in halls and outside the Old Theatre) and Thursday October 26 (outside the Old Theatre)

Honorary President:

Eric 'the King' Cantona (Footballing genius)
Rik Mayall
OJ Simpson (Innocent)
OJ Simpson (Guilty)

Honorary Vice-President

Private Lee Clegg (Peace in Northern Ireland)
Adrian Edmonson
Robbie Williams (I'd shag him)

Court of Governors

Tony Armstrong (Independent Delta)
Paul Stuart Bates (Independent representing students)
Perna K Chainani (Independent)
Nick Fletcher (Independent)
Darrell Hare (Independent)
Ali Iman (Independent)
Philippe LeGrain (Independent voice for student representation)
Adam Morris (Working for a better LSE)
Gul Mukhey
Reza Nader-Sepahi (LSE Law Society)
Sorrel Osborne (Independent representative and accountable to you)
Sam Parham (LSE Labour Club)
Amal Sanderatne (Hall meals, phones and more computers)
Tom Smith (LSE Labour Club)
Nick Sutton (LSE Liberal Democrats)
Arun Velusami (LSE Conservative Students)
Dan Waggoner (American candidate from Texas)
Scott Wayne (Independent)

External Communications Ctte

Guy Burton (LSE Liberal Democrats)
Katie Fisher (LSE Labour Club)
Amy Horner (Independent Delta)

Samantha Means (LSE Conservative Students)

Constitution and Steering Ctte

Narius Aga (Independent Green)
Angela Hallmark (Independent Delta)
Darrell Hare (Independent)
Enda Harron (LSE Labour Club)
Toby Krohn (LSE Liberal Democrats)
Gareth Loggenburg (LSE Conservative Students)
Samantha Means (LSE Conservative Students)

LSE Foundation Committee

Katherine Pigott (LSE Liberal Democrats)
Raheel Rashid
Tom Scott (LSE Conservative Students)
Dan Waggoner (American candidate from Texas)

Student Liason and Support Committee

Katie Fisher (LSE Labour Club)
Katherine Pigott (LSE Liberal Democrats)

Site Development Committee

Nick Fletcher (Independent)
Darrell Hare (Independent)
Mohammed Khatid (LSE Conservative Students)
Toby Krohn (LSE Liberal Democrats)
Anjna Soumal (LSE Labour Club)

Inter Halls Committee

Darrell Hare (Independent)
Sonia Hoppe (LSE Liberal Democrats)
David Nicholson (Independent)
Amal Sanderatne (Hall meals, phones and more computers)
Ed Saper (LSE Labour Club)

Postgraduate Officer

Nick Kirby (New Labour, New Britain, New LSE)
Philippe LeGrain (Independent voice for postgraduate representation)
Francisca Malarée (LSE Labour Club)
Raheel Rashid (Postgraduate officer)

Michael Ward (LSE Conservative Students)

Mature Students' Officer

Torsten Åhrén (LSE Conservative Students)
Julie King (LSE Labour Club)

Finance Committee

Philip Lenton (LSE Conservative Association)
Ed Saper (LSE Labour Club)

Academic Board

Kate Hampton (Independent)
Sorrel Osborne (Independent representative and accountable to you)
Tom Smith (LSE Labour Club)
Martin Sprott (LSE Conservative Students)

Holborn protest



Kate Hampton, SU General Secretary protests against government education policy

Photo: LSE Photographic Unit

Continued from page 1

once the telephones are installed, and a free poster showing LSE's hall of residences.

David Segal also promised that any students with justifiable complaints, which can be confirmed, should contact the School as a small recompense is possible. As he said, "If they've had a whole day without hot water, then we'll consider them."

As *The Beaver* goes to print, it is difficult to predict which way the High Holborn rent protest will turn. Many students who don't live in the hall feel little sympathy for the plight of residents living minutes from the LSE. Furthermore, the School's most recent concessions may dampen the desire to hold a full-scale rent strike.

The Beaver

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Societies

European Society

Tuesday, 24 October

5.00 pm, Vera Anstey Room (A160)

Sir Anthony Meyer

Former MP and Thatcher Challenger

The UK: At the heart of Europe**Brazilian Society**

is having Portugese lessons

If you are interested come to room G209

on Tuesday, 24 October at 5.30 pm

We will have conversation and classes

for beginners as well!

Italian Society

Intro Party

Tuesday, 24 October

5.30 pm, Room A42

Everyone welcome

New membership at the door

Catholic Society

General Meeting: open agenda and

elections of new committee

Tuesday, 24 October

5.30 pm Chaplaincy, Room K51

Living Marxism

Tuesday, 24 October

7.30 pm, S421

The Myth of 'Social Justice'Claire Foster, Lecturer in Social Policy
and Education

More information call:

Wystan 0171 278 9908

Liberal Democrats

Weekly Meeting

Thursdays, 12.15 pm

Room S75

All Welcome

AIESEC

Thursday, 26 October

6.00 pm A220

Don Leslie

**How to become a management
consultant****European Society**

Friday, 27 October

12.00 pm Vera Anstey Room (A160)

Jurgen Trumpf

Council Secretary General

**Europe's Future and Challenge of
Enlargement**

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Public Lectures

Gender Institute LectureNancy Folbre, Professor of Economics,
University of Massachusetts,**Engendering Economics: New
Prespectives on Women, Work and
Demographic Change**

Chair, Dr Henrietta Moore

The Directors' LecturesDr I G Patel, KBE, Former Director of the
School

Thursday, 26 October 1995

Equity in a Global Society

Chair, Sir Peter Parker

Founder's Day Lecture

Mary Robinson, Irish President

Friday 27 October 1995

Royalty Theatre, 5.30 pm

**Academic Freedom: New Frontiers or a
Black Hole?**

Entrance by ticket only. LSE students
should collect tickets from LSE SU Recep-
tion. Any queries telephone 7377

The Beaver
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weekly collective
meetings are at
6.00 pm in CO23 -
everyone welcome

AIESEC

Free tasting of Fair trade products -
coffee, tea and chocolate - in the
Quad on Thursday 26 October from
10 am to 4 pm

STA TRAVEL

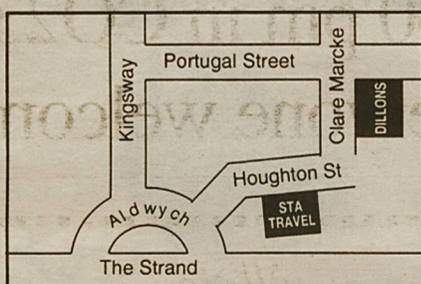
far out

BUT WITH OVER
100 BRANCHES WORLDWIDE
WE'RE NEVER FAR AWAY



* SPECIAL STUDENT & UNDER 26 FARES *

	from/rtn		from/rtn	
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Athens	£132	⋮	Kuala Lumpur	£388
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STA TRAVEL

Freedom of speech For the attention of many a randy fresher

Dear Beaver

I was so pleased to read that someone was advocating the need for "profound debate" (Katrin Bennhold Beaver 426) that I thought to avail myself of what may prove to be a fleeting opportunity, Katrin argues that "freedom of speech is a vital characteristic of democracy and anyone intending to promote democracy must therefore guard and enhance the right to free speech at any time". She then argues, "this, however, does not imply absolute free speech" at this point I felt compelled to consider the meaning of the term VITAL and seeking clarity by way of the Oxford dictionary I discovered it meant, "1 of, concerned with, or essential to organic life. 2 essential to the existence of a thing, or the matter in hand."

Katrin justifies her rejection of absolute free speech by arguing, "when democracy is challenged by a fundamentally undemocratic opinion, ie an opinion that classifies equality between humans as unnatural, then enhancement of free speech can indeed take the form of a restriction." In other words these chains will set you free! Is this New-speak?

This begs the question of how opinions of any kind, however offensive, can be undemocratic. To suggest that ideas or opinions can cause inequality is to accept the long discredited Hegelian notion that first came the idea and then came material reality. It is real material circumstances that give rise to the ideas that exist today. Rather than banning them we have to confront them head on and expose their material roots if we

are to effect change.

Opinions that classify equality between humans as unnatural are undemocratic argues Katrin. If this is true then opinions that say that equality between humans is natural must be democratic. But there is no natural equality between humans. Some of us are weak, some are strong, some of us can sing beautifully, more of us can only croak, the list goes on.

What are our natural rights is best answered by Tom Paine in his Rights of Man. "Natural rights are those which appertain to man in right of his existence. Of this kind are all the intellectual rights, or rights of the mind, and also all those rights of acting as an individual for his own comfort and happiness, which are not injurious to the natural rights of others."

Let me finish with a concrete example of defending natural rights. It was Salman Rushdie's natural right to publish his opinions in The Satanic Verses and indeed the LSE, the NUS, the whole of Western society and many beyond defended his right to do so yet his writings bitterly offended significant minorities in Europe and millions in Islamic countries. By Katrin Bennhold's logic and the logic of the NUS equal opportunities policy his work should have been banned. For me, I will defend anyone's right to publish, or speak their mind firstly because it is vital for a defense of democracy but also because as every child learns, sticks and stones can break your bones but names will never hurt you.

Yours,
Denis Russell

Dear Beaver

This letter is a reflection on a true story, and its moral should serve as a warning, and not be taken lightly. Only the names have been changed to protect the disgustingly guilty.

It all began as an innocent birthday celebration, but the gathering of seedy little minds always leads to much lewder conduct. The male miscreants involved took it upon themselves to frequent one of the more entertaining establishments that Soho has to offer young minds such as these.

With forethought and malice, they strategically placed themselves in seats at the foot of the stage of this celebrated strip-club.

Before long, the scantily clad performers were strutting their stuff in the students' drooling faces. However, one Barry Lambos, LSE's representative at this extra-curricular field trip, was yet to be impressed by the goods on offer, in fact, his libido was still as tiny as his dirty little mind. That was, until, from the foot of the wings of the stage there appeared to him a goddess of pleasure, offering the fruits of passion..two of them in fact. "Check out the bazoongas on that one," cried Barry, in a frenzy of uncontrolled desire and lust. "Good job I left my bird at home," he said, lovingly referring to his girlfriend.

Physical attraction is a powerful emotion, and it didn't take long for push to come to shove....although he didn't actually give it the whole kebab. Eager young Barry was

overwhelmed by this vision of beauty that had taken a seat on his straining trousers.

Mr. Lambos couldn't believe his luck. He felt like the star of the show as all eyes jealously drilled into this steamy scene. "This is indeed a proud day for the LSE Accounting department. From this day forth, I shall keep score of my conquests. I'm doing it for the LSE," but before long Barry's little lamb had skipped away and he was left with nothing more than a wet patch and fond memories; a baby without his dummy.

"I sucked her tit, did you see that?" he casually slipped into the conversation; and so the evening progressed, with Barry the centre of attraction.

Alas, all good things must come to an end, but not in the way poor Barry had anticipated. The bearer of Barry's bad tidings came in the guise of a wisened elderly gentleman, the proprietor of the establishment.

"Oi mate," he cried to our Barry, who was still glowing from head to toe, (not least in between),

"You had a mighty fine time, we all did note, But did YOU see the appie in her throat, With our Harriette, you seemed happy as Larry, But only last week, HIS NAME WAS HARRY."

NICE ONE SON, YOU DID US PROUD.

Sincerely,
Concerned friends.



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Drinks and finger buffet will be served

We look forward to seeing you

For further information please contact your Careers Office

Haranguing Houghton Street Harry

Dear Beaver

With reference to Mr Reed's rather sloppy reply to HSH concerning mature students.

About HSH, and any other writer on the paper: if what's written is not, as a non-news piece, entertaining, thought provoking, or otherwise interesting, then no-one will bother to read it. So it's to be expected that they will go over the top on occasion, and in HSH's case most of the time. It should therefore be taken with a pinch of salt, or in other words, in a mature manner. It is certainly no cause of alienation between me and my friends, and anyway shouldn't adults, as we all are, be able to view this with any kind of perspective?

As a mature student myself (I'm 27 too) I try to be tolerant of any immature actions of my academic peers, since I'm sure I did all that in my time, and although you say

students have "plenty of common ground" I for some reason get the impression that you only really associate yourself with other mature students. The word youthophobic springs to mind, but of course I may be wrong, since I've never knowingly met you, and personally I don't like to form opinions of people I've never even met, especially when all

I've got to go on is a newspaper article by them.

Finally, if Mr Reed insists upon using Alf Garnet arguments like "paying tax ... for 10 years" as a reason to deserve a place in halls, and also has the attitude that his life has somehow been more worthy than that of the other students, then I fear he is unfortunately not getting out of his university education & life quite as much as the rest.

Yours sincerely
Michael Goulding

Dear Beaver

So Robert Reed (letters last week) thinks that Harry is a public school twat does he? I used to have free school meals as I grew up and I went to a normal school (albeit one where they taught how to spell and punctuate properly). Robert couldn't be further from the truth, apart from 'twat' and 'fat arse', and that applies for everything he had to say. The "I pay my taxes" argument is a fairly weak one even when it comes from those who work for fifty years, but when it

comes from someone taking advantage of the same subsidies and claiming similar benefits then it's a bit of a stupid statement to make. You had the opportunity to represent mud-makers everywhere and refute all I said, to tell everyone what you have done in your life and what your contribution has been to life. Instead, with judicious lack of basic English and mass usage of generalizations, all you've done is strengthen attitudes. Thanks.

Houghton Street Harry

Baljit bites back

Dear Beaver

I am very surprised and sorry about the letter sent last week by Chris Lobb.

I do feel, though, that Chris might be a bit mistaken. Apparently he is a 'good friend of Kate Hampton'. Well, perhaps, if he had tried to do a bit of research and actually ask someone such as Kate he might find out that the article 'A Voice' which he cites, is taken from the introduction to the report 'Review of Union Communications 1994' which went on to be implemented in the creation of my post. Obviously, for others the introduction proved very persuasive and successfully achieved its object. This being the case I chose to use it to introduce one of the other recommendations it suggested which was the idea of a Union page in the Beaver.

But, this seems a bit besides the point.

Chris Lobb obviously has an agenda that extends beyond his letter. If, he had bothered to check the sentence cited on his computer grammar check he would find that it is in fact quite grammatical. Considering the influence that it went on to have the very last thing a sane person would choose to describe it as is 'infantile'. And if being unhumorous (sic) is a crime than perhaps he would like to charge a few others such as Martin Luther King or Socrates with the same crime, as they are generally considered to have been quite serious people.

The simple thing is that if anyone is in fact "vacuous" and "egotistical", then surely it is the author of the letter, whoever that might actually be, and not the target the letter was aimed at.

Baljit Mahal
Communications Officer

Dear Beaver

Houghton Street Harry was "quietly confident that not one fucker would reply" to his little piece about mature students was he?

Not all of us are "absolute wankers, here because our first attempt at life has failed". Many have already made as much of a success as Harry is ever likely to do. We don't all have the advantage of living in nearby halls, some of us have to travel from the back of beyond in order to take advantage of an L. S.E. place and combine responsibility for families and homes with working and school life as well as taking active roles in S.U. societies (a lot more than can be said for some apathetic youngsters!) Not all of us can afford expensive dictaphones and L.S.E. scarves as our grants have to cover more basic necessities. We don't all ask stupid questions in lectures or even make your presentations look shit and there is even evidence that we don't all fuck up in exams. It might also interest you to know that we're here to enjoy ourselves as well and some have even pulled or been pulled!

Of course there will always be the odd sad individual among "mature" students as well as "immature" students. Why don't you have a fart and clear your brains a bit then perhaps you'd produce less verbal diarrhoea! Anyway, I normally enjoy your column so cut the crap!

Yours anciently,
Viv Nunn

the last word...

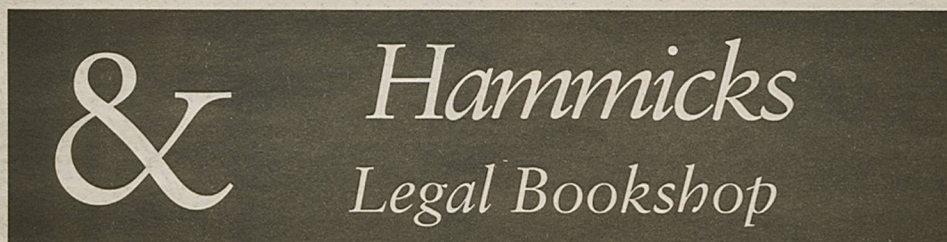
Dear Beaver

I disagree with Katrin Bennhold's view on Free Speech but unlike her I will defend to the death her right to say it

Wystan Mayes

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costumes!*



*Dress to spook
Prizes for best
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Tuesday, 31st October

Board 7:30 pm

Depart 8:00pm

Royal Princess, Charing Cross Pier

Nearest Tube: Embankment, £6 members/£8 Non-Members

Hammicks Legal Bookshop 191/192 Fleet Street, London, EC4 2AH

To booze or not to booze

James MacAonghus considers the pros and cons of a drunken night at The Tuns

Legend has it that one of the true student's duties in life is to drink by the barrel-full, and keep those happy chappies at Carlsberg in full employment. Well, boys and girls, let me relieve you of this responsibility.

Drinking is indeed one of the great social traditions of this country. Even the word itself betrays the social acceptance that alcohol commands. The question "do you drink?" is assumed to imply alcoholic drink – as if it were impossible to drink anything other than alcohol. May balls, gala dinners and fresher society meetings all seem to accept as compulsory the provision of alcohol. Let's face it, a cheese and lemonade party just wouldn't be the same.

The brewing industry certainly wastes no time plugging their products to students. Look back to the stuff you received at Fresher's week and you will see everyone falling over themselves to give you free beer, or free meals with the purchase of just one pint of lager. Even the local photo development shop tempts you with a free pint if you let them develop your holiday snaps!

Put two and two together, oh fellow students, and you will see that all this is not just the product of generous hearts. The more you drink, the more money your friendly brewery makes out of you. One pub on Shaftesbury Avenue has even found it worthwhile to personally provide every resident at 178 High Holborn with a bag full of lovely 'special offers'.

These guys want your money and they want it real bad.

If you do in the bar (what a surprise), you don't need to prove yourself an Olympic class drinker. In fact, the UK Department of Health has spent zillions of pounds devising a measurement system so that you



- a small glass (125ml) of wine (12%) = 1.5 units
- half a pint of strong lager/beer/ cider (6%) = 2 units
- 1 can (440ml) extra strong lager/beer/ cider (9%) = 4 units
- a cocktail (3 measures of alcohol) = 3 units

Using this system of units, the Department of health advises "safe" drinking levels of 21 units per week for men and 14 units per week for women, with one or two non-drinking days.

Women have a lower limit because they are more at risk from the harmful effects of alcohol than men. One reason for this is that women are of generally smaller build than men. Another is that there is a lower water content in your average sheila's body than

who relish a good hangover any day of the week). Peer pressure is a common one. If everyone else is drinking, you somehow feel that you have to as well. Linked to this myth that drinking is a macho pursuit, that it makes you more witty, sophisticated and attractive to the opposite sex. This, of course, is not true (I, for one, do not drink and still possess all of those qualities in abundance). On the contrary, as Macbeth tells us, drinking can adversely affect your performance in the sexual department.

Often, people drink to overcome emotional suffering, or loneliness, or to drown their sorrows. This is Not A Good Idea – one drink will lead to another and another. Despite popular belief alcohol is not a stimulant. It is a depressant, and will just depress you more. Think of a better way to forget your troubles. My top tips include Haagen-Dazs ice cream, your favourite CD or an evening with Keanu Reeves/Sharon Stone.

You may find it revealing to keep a Drinks Diary for a week. In it, write down

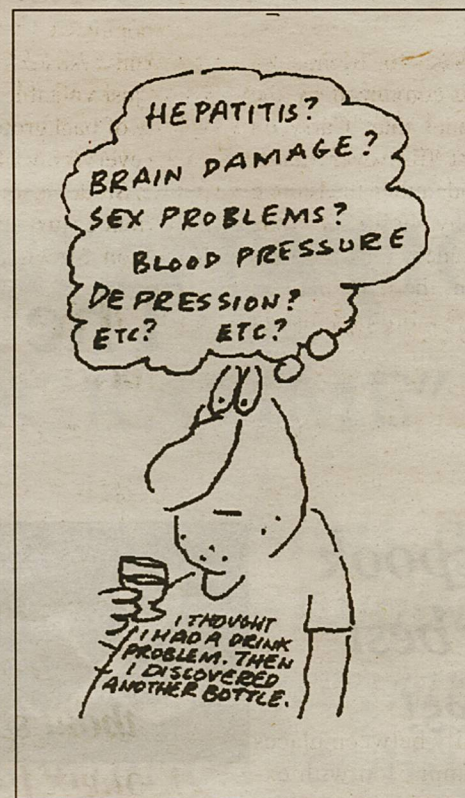
how much you have drunk where and with whom. Then you will find out whether you really are drinking as much or as little as you thought you were – and probably why too.

The majority of students are not chronic alcoholics, much as some of you may try to achieve that status. For a start, not everyone drinks (don't be dismayed). Either out of individual choice or religious belief, or for health reasons, some students abstain from alcohol. And they are nonetheless perfectly normal human beings with perfectly normal lives (as much as that is possible at the LSE).

If you do think you are drinking more than you should, now is a good time to do something about it. Keeping the Drink Diary for a week may tell you when and where you do most of your drinking. Make a conscious effort to reduce the amount that you drink – in the end how much you drink is a choice you make yourself.

However, if you would like some further help, the LSE councillors (Room E297, 0171 955 7145) are actually quite friendly people who will not preach to you from on high. Unlike some 'advice lines', there are no religious undertones. They will keep everything you talk to them about in total confidence. If nothing else, you can talk to them when nobody can be bothered to pay you any attention. And if you do not like the look of them, they will even be kind enough to tell you about someone else you can talk to instead.

You may want to talk to one of the councillors about a consequence of drinking, rather than the drinking itself. Violence after your thirty-seventh pint for example. Or whether you have inherited some sexually transmitted disease from the girl/guy you went off with at the end of the night. If you really do not remember what happened, you may not even be worried about being pregnant. This, please note, is more likely if you are female than if you are male. or you may want to unload the



cause of your drinking – for example loneliness or the break up of a relationship. Whatever the case, you can talk to a councillor about it. One of the few people who will listen to you waffle on about whatever you like without complaining. And while you are there, you can admire the very desirable Rabindranath Tagore poster.

Hopefully, though, you will not have any problems imbibing your alcohol. Just remember next time you approach your hundredth pint of the evening, that excessive drinking can cause depression, sexual difficulties, brain damage, hepatitis, cirrhosis, muscle disease, cancer, death and a severe reduction of your finances.

One unit of alcohol can be found in:

Half a pint of lager
One glass of wine
One measure of spirits

have some idea of whether you are drinking too much or not.

You have to remember the deviations from this guide. Some drinks contain more than one unit of alcohol. For example,

the average bloke. For both of those reasons, alcohol remains more concentrated in women and men.

There are different reasons why students drink (apart from the masochists

According to *Time Out*, the average London student spends £1200 per year on drink. For this much money, you could:

1. Fly to New York and back eight times
2. Stay one night at the Ritz penthouse suite.
3. Become an Italian millionaire
4. Enough Haagen-Dazs to take you through University
5. One tyre for the Mac Laren F1

Spaced out in London

Sam Griffiths discovers his own personal space and investigates London's parklife

This was my idea and I have only have myself to blame. OK, here goes. What does Damon from Blur have in common with Michael Foucault the founding father of poststructuralist thought? The answer is probably 'very little', except that both are currently very popular with British

great threat to a thriving urban life. The Victorians were less naive, their obsession with parks and grand thoroughfares reflected an understanding that it is divisive for citizens to become isolated from each other. Imagine the futuristic nightmare the city would become in the wake of a teleporter. Yet such an invention would doubtless be

dutifully purchased the 'Evening Standard' and read that Westminster Council was planning to prosecute umpteen Soho cafe owners for crowding the pavements with tables and chairs! Great, why not kill off one of London's most exciting districts? Their reason was that there was insufficient room for several pushchairs to pass! So what?! Ban the buggies I reckon. Fortunately the cafe owners seem resourceful enough to evade this ridiculous rule, but it highlights the council's cloud cuckoo land prioritising. Would this happen in Prague?

Similarly the grassy centre of Leicester Square is locked early every evening. Why, when people want to sit there? Cities are not threatening places when they are full of people, only when everybody decides to stay at home. This is exactly what will happen if shortsighted councils insist on over regulating the best bits of London.

The tube is a space which is a painful necessity. Sometimes it is worth taking the bus, (the 171a from Stoke Newington personally), into college, and avoiding that 'sardines in a can' rush hour feel on the underground. I was amazed the first time I travelled this way how all these places which had previously been separate little universes along the Piccadilly line were actually part of a comfortably coherent whole.

There are many times when taking a bus or walking is the easiest option. The benefit of being overground, apart from not being cramped up against someone's damp armpit, is that you are participating in London life just by being seen and helping to provide the 'bustle'.

For LSE students Russell Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields and South Bank are all nice places in which to read a book, so long as the weather's good. (See handy map). And you don't have to leave your bag in the lockers either.

Women have particular difficulties in city spaces. Deciding how to get home at night is a recurrent dilemma. It is damaging and ultimately self

perpetuating if the city is seen exclusively as a male domain. Better lighting, planning and further regeneration is especially vital here. Women can help by not being passive to the climate of fear and insisting on their right to travel as they want, taking ten friends with them if necessary. The Women's Design Centre based in London has recently redesigned a multi-story car park in Broadmarsh, Nottingham that is 'woman friendly'. Hopefully this model could be repeated in London.

If public places are dominated by traffic and cut off from each other then New York style ghettoisation beckons. There are signs that people in high places are noticing how everyday meandering in city space is essential to maintain London as a place remarkable for its liveliness rather than its crime figures. The Millennium Commission has in architect Richard Rogers, (designer of the Pompidou Centre's plaza), someone who is committed to the sustainable city. His millennium plans for London include more walkways, the pedestrianisation of Trafalgar Square, and the rejuvenation of the Thames as an active thoroughfare by effectively establishing a river based tube which would link major London sites such as South Bank and Parliament. It would be good to see.

London's future success as a city of business and as a home to millions of people rests on realising its huge potential as a modern cosmopolitan city, not just an economic fact. Everyone, ("Aw the paypool", as one pop star would say) can play a role by getting out and enjoying the city they live in.

You are now entering the space age.



students. Beyond this it is hard to imagine the two having a firm basis for friendship. Foucault would not be convinced by the cockney(ish) pop crooner that 'Carry on Camping' is the finest film ever made, while Damon would find fault in the French thinker's lack of a catchy chorus, or in the fact that he wrote in French.

If only they knew it, the pair share an interest in 'Parklife', or more broadly, in the manner in which public spaces in our cities are utilised. While the former extols the virtues of pigeons and laughing at overweight joggers, the latter says that, "the present epoch will perhaps be above all the epoch of space". In other words the pentium processed speed of the IT age should mean that individuals can stop being preoccupied with the time taken to get things done, and shift their attention laterally into the public sphere. The space which is occupied by strangers.

Travelling physically between places seems primitive in comparison with exploring the world-wide web or E-mailing somebody in Sydney. Most people cannot get it over with fast enough judging by the expressions seen on Kingsway at five past nine. It is too easy to focus entirely on reaching the relative privacy of the office, the classroom or the front door, without sparing a thought for the 'in between'.

But the 'in between' spaces ultimately define the quality of life in a city. They are primary points of contact between different people; providing the cosmopolitan, hectic buzz which is the basis of civilised life. Parks, squares and street corners are often ignored as superfluous against the real business of the city. An oversight which is a

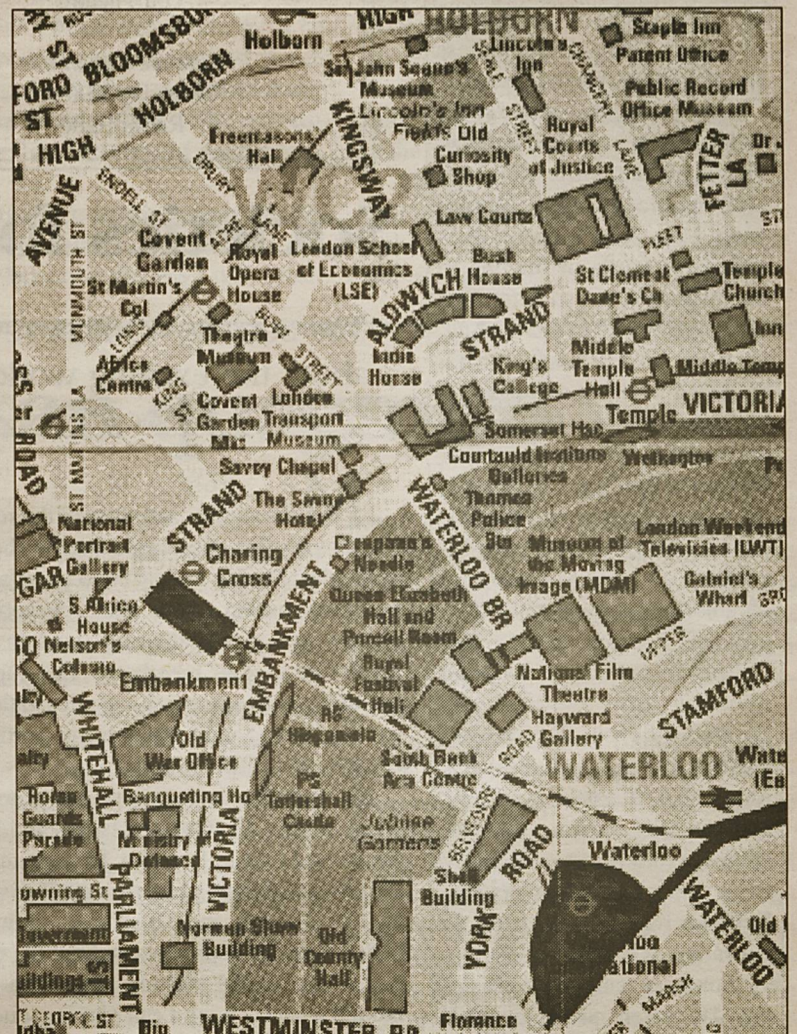
very popular.

A university environment like the LSE's is not just valuable because people from a variety of backgrounds study there but because everything is essentially visible and public. Students mingle, learn, gossip and experience just from hanging around Houghton Street. Equally a city such as

It is too easy to focus entirely on reaching the relative privacy of the office, the classroom or the front door, without sparing a thought for the 'in between'

London is far more than a sum of its parts. On returning from a trip abroad it is the spontaneous meetings and unlooked for discoveries which are remembered with greater pleasure than the inevitable sight-seeing. Until the centrality of the in betweens to the identity of the city is recognised the deeper problems associated with city life such as crime and pollution will never be overcome. What should we look for?

Many aspects of the city environment are in the hands of London's borough councils and we can only moan. A little story: on first moving to London six months ago, I



Union Editorial

The current level of higher education funding is unacceptable. We, as students at the LSE believe that education is a right and should therefore be open to all regardless of ability to pay.

Students have a vocation: study. They should be provided with sufficient financial support to study unhindered by financial difficulty.

The maximum award for students in London is currently £2,340 (down by 18% of 1990 levels), that can be supplemented by a student loan of a maximum of £1,695. This alone is not enough to live in London and is inferior to the level of support given to citizens on full benefit. Students are eligible for neither Income Support nor housing benefit during vacation periods. Mature students are also suffering due to the abolition of the Older Students Allowance. Furthermore most students are not on a full grant. The government relies on parental contribution as a supplement to grants. Yet the CVCP (1992) has found that half of parents are failing to provide their share. We reject the means-testing approach because, at the age of majority, students should be considered as individuals, not dependants. The means testing of grants also means that students with spouses are assessed as dependants thereof.

The loans system is inequitable and unaccountable. The Student Loans Company is renowned for its lack of both efficiency and transparency. Delays are commonplace. Additional assistance in the form of access funds does not meet demand.

The quality of our higher education system is also under threat. Funding is administered by unaccountable quangos. Recent years have seen a decrease in real terms levels of funding to the institution per student. This has given rise to overcrowding, high staff-student ratios, stretched facilities and so on. It has increased the pressure on universities to rely on other sources of funding. The HE sector is becoming more commercialised with students being increasingly treated as consumers of rather than participants in their education. Institutions are obliged to launch fund-raising initiatives and recruit more high fee students (non-EU overseas students and postgraduates). It is likely that if already chronic underfunding continues some institutions may resort unilaterally to the imposition of top-up fees. This we regard as a threat to education as a public good.

For these reasons we are opposed to current government HE policy and demand a review of funding to institutions and to individuals entering HE.

Baljit talks back

The 2nd UGM of this term raised a desire to know what the typical workload of the Communications Officer is. It seems this arises from a genuine curiosity about my job – so I will try to give a good picture of some of my efforts in past weeks.

At Butlers Wharf I organised the Hall Welcome and with Martin Benedek and the Hall President Dennis brought nearly 130 students to LSE on that day. Working for New Students' Fair the issue of publicity for it was raised and promotion accomplished successfully, whilst still starting one of the largest societies at LSE - the LSE Olive Branch Society.

Then, there is campaigns. Producing and designing material for both SU banners this term and posters is a regular workload. Add to this stewarding of SU events and

looking after safe transport – unpaid. Five committees are included within this remit – Constitution & Steering, the Executive, Campaigns, the UGM and Beaver Collective. The recent UGM mandated the Exec. to attend a demonstration against high rents at High Holborn Hall of Residence which led to me personally contacting all Execs. to ensure the maximum mandated attendance.

Finally, there is the tasks involved in collating and inputting articles for the Beaver and overall liaison with other officers. All in all this means a pretty full week for any part-time Executive. It might also be interesting to add that I have just produced a nine page report on practical proposals to improve SU Communications. A copy can be obtained by requesting one from SU Reception.



Free speech

Martin Benedek, Overseas Officer

The complete incompetence of the Executive Committee concerning the issue of banning or allowing Hizb-ut Tahrir to voice their opinion on LSE premises truly amazed me at this week's Exec meeting. Kate Hampton, making full use of her exemplary knowledge of the Students Union Constitution, argued that because the members of Hizb-ut Tahrir were not students of the LSE, they had no right to use our premises to spread their *rebellious* views... Teresa Delaney added that the Executive Committee had the (moral) responsibility of *protecting* intimidated students from hearing such intolerable views.

To me, the above-mentioned opinions sounded more like propaganda points of a Stalinist régime rather than the views of two democratically elected student representatives.

Students of this college don't need to be told what the fashionable views are; they don't need to be protected from hearing evil (or simply radical) opinions. They can make that decision themselves – whether they agree with them or not – without relying on the "officially approved Executive viewpoint".

Hizb-ut-Tahrir will come back to next year's Freshers' Fair; they will be just as intimidatory to some students as they were three weeks ago; and we will ban them from LSE premises again. Is this what we want though? Do we want to just ignore the problem, and choose the easy way out by prohibiting them from entering our premises? Or do we want to provide a forum, an open discussion where they can present their contradictory views, and where all you frustrated, intimidated students can refute their radical ideas?

The answer is fairly obvious to me.

Notice of Union Meetings

Constitution and Steering Committee
Monday 5.00 pm
Room E195

Executive Committee
Wednesday 1.00 pm
See SU Reception for Room

Campaigns Committee
Wednesday 2.00 pm
See SU Reception for Room

Union General Meeting
Thursday 1.00 pm
Old Theatre

Finance Committee
Thursday 3.00 pm
Room E206

The week commencing 23-27 October the SU will be having its Disabled Awareness Week. There will be a workshop organised by the NUS officer for students with disabilities, Helen Garrod. Helen will be speaking on problems that disabled students face in and around university campuses (Room E195, 2.30 pm). There has not been an Awareness week for students with disabilities for a long time. This is an ideal opportunity for students with disabilities to come forward and inform us of the problems they face during their course of study here.

There will also be an access audit of the school's buildings whose findings I will be compiling and forwarding to members of the SU. For any suggestions please come and see me, Omer Soomro, in my office E295.

Societies for all

The Societies Officer reveals all about the exciting world of LSE Society

My role is to co-ordinate the various activities of the societies that the LSE has to offer, ensuring interaction between them in particular. During my past two years at the LSE, one particular aspect struck me – societies tend to be cliquey and most gatherings tend to be informally restrictive to their members. The concept I plan to introduce is two or more societies gathering together and organising joint functions or parties, acting as a catalyst for cultural interaction.

For instance, last year, we saw history being made when in the LSE when the Israeli and PLO ambassadors stood face to face. So, by carrying forward this idea, we could bring together the Pakistanis and Indians, or Turkish and Greeks, to show hostility lies between the governments and not the people. LSE is part of the global melting pot which we are seeing around us and I hope I can play my due role in this. I am always open to new ideas and can be contacted through my pigeon hole in the SU reception, or else you'll see loafing around Houghton Street anyway!

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CHEMICAL
The Global Bank

Parliamentary
Passion

by Sandeep Shah

“You can’t change the world, but you can change the facts. When you change the facts, you change points of view. If you change points of view, you may change a vote. When you change a vote, you may change the world.” Though perhaps not the most profound philosophical quote ever written, Martin Gore aptly cuts to the chase of what this world really revolves upon – the beauty of passion.

This is my first article for *The Beaver*, the first of many in which I will, through views, values, and facts, attempt to elicit the passion for life, ideals, and issues so necessary for a meaningful existence. The views expressed by me will not be ones in agreement with the mass of society or even with the diverse population of the London School of Economics. I do not want unanimous agreement.

There is a very disturbing trend in society today in which people feel that their own particular views will “make no difference” and thus refrain from voting and other important means of expression. However, this attitude tends to transgress beyond apathy and cross lines into laziness. Expression is not a choice by any means or a wearisome task, and those who purport it to be as such really need to perform an evaluation of themselves and their own belief system. Expression is a duty, a release, and a means of becoming a fuller person.

I recently visited the infamous Speakers’ Corner at Hyde Park and was utterly astounded by the level of passion and enchanting fury that gripped these speakers, grasped their heart and soul mercilessly, and put them on such a level as to be able to elicit passions from others. The meek began yelling at the so-called strong. The pacifists became red-faced with figurative steam escaping their equally red ears. The fanatical few who were clinging to their weapons though their ammunition had been exhausted found themselves in disfavour and began having to question their own ideologies. Left turned right. Right turned left. Centre became very confused. It was, in a word, awe-inspiring. It was also very assuring to see that people still care about ideal and thoughts, no matter how off the wall they may be.

Thus, I do not want mass agreement. In fact, it may seem at times that I am trying to provoke argument. Political correctness will not be found in my articles, as hard as the search for it may be. If you disagree with me, please write to me. Let me know your feelings, why you disagree with me, how you disagree, why you think I am totally wrong. Then expect a reply – swiftly and surely. For the few of you who agree with me, I would not mind a few encouraging words as well.

What I will be doing for the rest of the term is going to the open sessions of Parliament regularly and reporting back what transpired and how the truth of primary can be related to the bias of secondary. I will, of course, interject my own opinion as often as possible. I hope that my goal of eliciting passion will be met, and I wish you all a very successful and thought-provoking term.

Is this patriotism?

Simon Retallack

When a senior member of the Government devotes an entire speech to frenziedly waving the Union Jack, some important questions must be posed. What is he really doing? Why is he doing it? And with what effect?

On Tuesday 11th October, the Secretary of State for Defence, Michael Portillo, delivered his principal speech to the Conservative Party Conference in Blackpool. This is a health warning. What he had to say was crude, extreme, shamelessly populist, childishly simplistic and bore little relevance to reality.

Addressing his audience like a bad actor with a bad script he informed us that Britain was “blessed” with brave soldiers, sailors and airmen, willing to give their lives – “for Britain but not for Brussels.” He declared, “While John Major is Prime Minister, Malcolm Rifkind is at the Foreign Office and I am Secretary of State for Defence, the foreign and defence policies of this country will not be dictated to us by a majority of a Council of Ministers.” He added, “Britain will not be told when to fight and when not to.” Just to emphasise the point further he said, “We must not allow Brussels to control our defence policy.” Portillo then attacked the European Court of Human Rights, which dared to criticise the SAS action in Gibraltar. He ordered the Court not to “give comfort to terrorists.” In another revealing remark he proclaimed, “Around the world three letters send a chill down the spine of the enemy – SAS. And those letters spell out one clear message – don’t mess with Britain.”

It is debatable whose spine is chilled most but what is clear is that Portillo decided to take on the factual world and ignore the realities. Firstly, Britain is obviously not threatened by a military enemy, so all his talk of not messing with Britain is ridiculous. Secondly, the European Union, Portillo’s real enemy, does not pretend to control our defence policy, neither is anybody seriously suggesting that we replace

British armed forces with a single European Army. As for that dreadful place Brussels, this unfortunate symbol serves to highlight Portillo’s hypocrisy, or at the very least profound ignorance. Does he not realise that Brussels is the headquarters of Nato, the organisation to which most of our forces have long been assigned, and whose dominant partner, the United States, decides whether or not to fight? It is absurd to suggest that Britain could act alone now

able which would be more worrying, but it is more likely that the man has a certain degree of intelligence. If that is the case what was the point of the speech?

On one level it was an attempt to reassert his claim to the future leadership of the Conservative Party and on another it was an attempt to boost his party’s popularity in the country, shamelessly appealing to the nationalist sentiment of the party’s and the country’s right wing. For Portillo knows that “Brussels” seems to stand for everything party workers are viscerally against. It is becoming as important a Conservative enemy as socialism used to be. This is convenient for Portillo because he himself is a euro-sceptic, against any further European integration. So he deliberately sets up false ogres – representing the most pessimistic outcome of European integration – in order to knock the whole lot down. In the same way he deliberately confuses aspirations towards a common and security policy – which the British government supports – with a single defence force, which is not on the agenda. The speech was also clearly an attempt to attack Labour as unpatriotic and slavish adherents of the bureaucratic socialist empire in Brussels. With Major’s consent this will be a key Tory strategy during the next election.

Hence the Conservatives are repeating the old, worldwide, historical pattern in politics: faced

with increasing social problems and the rise of the Left, the Right turns to the panacea of nationalism. In the past this has had tragic and deeply damaging consequences. Britain is clearly not the Balkans, but the most important question remains to what extent will the British electorate be taken in. Even if they are not, concern should not disappear because if Major loses the next election, his likely successor as leader of the party is Michael Portillo. This man should be watched carefully. He is prepared to stoop very low, all in the name of patriotism.

This is the great irony. Portillo may well mouth patriotic rhetoric, but in reality he is committing deceit on a huge scale and ultimately the betrayal of Britain.



anyway. Indeed this retreat into narrow, aggressive insularity could jeopardise the one area where far greater European co-operation is needed. As events in Bosnia have demonstrated, the Americans are increasingly reluctant to intervene in foreign crises, and the lack of any properly coordinated European action has been sadly evident. But Portillo ignores this. In his world everything is in black and white. What he had to say about teaching history is a case in point. He urged schools to teach the history “of this remarkable country ... the real history of heroes and bravery, of good versus evil...”

The intriguing question is does Portillo believe what he says or does he know that it’s rubbish but say it anyway? It is debat-

The Balkan quagmire

Carlos Gonzalez

The Balkans have always been known for their violence. With the rise of Islam the Arabs conquered the middle east, North Africa and a large part of Europe coming very close to Venice. Eventually the Empire broke down and the Ottoman empire was created. This included the gains in East Europe, Turkey and part of the Middle East.

Hence a large and varied group of cultures was formed in the Balcans. Greeks, Muslims, Croats, Macedonians and Eslavs, Cristianinity and Islam, Europe and Asia, all clustered in a small area. This divisions have heavily characterised the history of

the Balkans.

After the first worl war the League of Nations decided to give Europe a face lift. The discreation of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and most important for our purpose the creation of Yugoslavia, which was ment to satisfy the Eslavs idealism of paneslavism, in one word The Great Serbia. During the second world the Germans, after the various failures by the Italians, occupied Yugoslavia but not all. Tito organised the resistance or Partisans as they were called. They were originally serbian left wingers oposing the fascist ocupation, but they were not only fitting the Germans and the Italiand, but the Croats and the Ustashi as well. Tito was not defeated and when the war ended he set a communist state in Yugoslavia. He did not fall under the power of Moscow and took on

a more succesful economic outlook to communism. The economy was planned but their borders were open and the attracted lots of tourism. Tito was certainly a great dictator and his strong personality was a definite factor in holding the country together.

But with the death of Tito and the fall of the old communist empire and the uncertainty of who the new allies were going to be the leaks in Yugoslavia started to show. Serbia, Croatia, and Bosnia broke off, but Serbia kept the most of the army and decided that it also wanted to have the Bosnian ans croat serbs under its sovereignty. Nevertheless the main distabling factor was the west, specially Germany who did not recognize Bosnia in the first place and fertilized the soil for the Serbian uprising.



Alicia Silverstone, Brittany Murphy and Stacey Dash

Elliot Marks

Clueless

Director: Amy Heckerling

Clueless is a certificate 12 movie which is good because that's roughly how many brain cells you're going to need to understand the plot which is incredibly simplistic.

Cher is a perfect Aryan babe with a

Babewatch

Caroline Hooton on a teen fest

credit card account that could solve the US trade deficit. Her best friend is Dionne, the token black chick who's presence is required to make the film PC. The film's story revolves around their privileged lives in a Beverly Hills high school and tracks their coming of age. However, just so you know that this isn't just another hopelessly puerile teen flick the writers do throw in a number of sub-plots to try and keep the audience interested. The first revolves around Cher's attempts to unite two of her teachers - Mr Hall (Wallace Shawn) and Mrs Geist (Twink Caplan) - in a hot romance in order to get them to give Cher and her fellow students higher grades and less homework. The second concerns Cher's attempts to "makeover" Tai, a "clueless" transfer student, into a "hot tie" (gorgeous babe). Finally we have Cher's growing interest in her allegedly hunky ex-step-brother Josh (Paul Rudd with a performance that could give Captain Scarlet a run for his money).

The film's obviously aimed at the teenage market, hence we have the glossy and glamorous images, the perfect bodies and the environmental 'right-on' undertone (personified by Josh's desire to be an environmental lawyer). What we also have, in a

shameless steal from *Wayne's World*, is 'Cher Speak', a whole list of phrases just crying out to be imitated by Britain's impressionable youth.

Saying all this the film actually does have its moments, in particular there are some wonderfully bitchy throwaway lines (which I won't divulge because they're too precious). The best performances come from the 'adult' roles - both Wallace Shawn and Twink Caplan are well known character actors whose faces you're bound to recognise and who handle their roles with aplomb and ease. Equally good is Dan Hedaya as Cher's father Mel, a top litigator and grumpy git with a heart of gold. Alicia Silverstone as Cher is frighteningly convincing in her role, so much so that it's difficult to tell if she actually is acting at times or just reverting to type. She has the looks to make her a star but not the charisma and it's difficult to see why she's going to get \$10 million for her next two movies.

The point about this movie is that you know it's going to be crap before you walk through the door. If you accept this then you'll find that it's perfectly affable and not a terribly bad way to spend an evening. Just don't expect a mind blowing, orgasmic cinematic experience.

Death in Venice

Bloodshed and betrayal precludes a changing world order. Amit Desai reviews

*Venice Preserved*Director: Ian McDiarmid
Almeida Theatre

The first thing you notice on entering the theatre, apart from the randy OAP couple sitting next to you and the pair behind who are determined not to like the play from the outset, is the grand operatic-style set resplendent with statues, columns and huge iron gates. This unfortunately is one of the few aspects of the play which commend it.

Venice Preserved, by Thomas Otway (1652-1685), is set at the end of the 17th century, when Venice was a decaying power led by a corrupt and oppressive Senate, very different to its period of prosperity and ideal government portrayed by Shakespeare a century earlier. It's essentially about a young man, Jaffeir (David Bark-Jones), who is torn between his contempt for the old order and his fear of the destruction that will be caused by the new. So, urged by his wife Belvidera (Alice Krige) who shares his anxiety, he betrays his fellow conspirators including his best friend Pierre (Ray Fearon). What follows is the well-trodden path of a man in turmoil shocked and shamed by his treachery. It all ends in the customary blood

fest with the two friends dying first, the wife going mad and then killing herself too.

The problem with this play is that, while the acting is generally good, with fine performances from Bark-Jones, Krige and Fearon, the actors are let down by a weak plot and poor characterisation. The audience just doesn't get close enough to the characters because Otway really doesn't attempt to develop them properly. Instead we are left with great passionate scenes full of rage and love when we don't really understand why these passions are so intense. To put it bluntly, by the end of the play, we just don't care what the characters have been getting up to. Moreover, the language is heavy going, and although this isn't such a problem in itself, it has the additional disadvantage of not being particularly poetic or memorable.

I personally don't think that this play should have been resurrected, because unlike Shakespeare's works, *Venice Preserved* is not timeless. It deals with issues which most modern audiences don't find interesting, except for the elements of political intrigue, and cannot be tolerated because the dialogue is so colourless. Go and see it for yourself if you really must but you'll probably follow the example of half of last night's audience by voting with your feet during the interval and spending the rest of the evening in the bar next door.

Gay's the word

Leila Butt on pressures to conform when in the army

*A Patriot For Me*Director: Peter Gill
Barbican Theatre

A *Patriot for me*, written by John Osborne, was originally performed in a members-only club show in 1965 - its treatment of homosexuality and the requirement of various scenes with people in compromising positions was deemed unacceptable for public performance.

The play is set in turn of the century Austria and centres on the life of an army man, Alfred Redl (James Wilby), who is coming to terms with his homosexuality. It is as pertinent today as it was then since it deals with the army's obsession with 'normalcy' and its desire to make its members conform to a set of norms and values. In order to root out homosexuality possible suspects underwent permanent surveillance which meant that homosexuals could never admit to being so without dire repercussions.

Osborne tries to show us both sides of the story - the feelings of homosexuals at being virtually ostracised from society and societal attitudes when they try to find mentors in order to establish themselves as



James Wilby

individuals in their own right. As one character says, 'You (homosexuals) all roll out your little parade: Michaelangelo and Socrates, and Alexander and Leonardo. God you're like a guild of housewives pointing out Catherine the Great'. However, in his attempt to show both sides of the story, Osborne doesn't allow Redl's character to develop and we're prevented from really empathising with him.

The production itself is brilliantly choreographed with the sets, lighting, and sound effects reinforcing the general mood and atmosphere of a particular scene. The acting is also good - Redl, playing the most important role never lets the pace slip. The play is serious but it's enlivened by a lot of dancing and rather dry, witty observations on society. It's definitely a play to see if you're interested in issues on the freedom of the individual.

I love turkey snaps!

They're hard to beat because they're fun to eat

Up Yer Ronson. Yes, I thought it was a strange name for an album as well. It turns out though, that it's the name of a promotion team who ran a nightclub in Leeds before making it big and touring the country, enough said, I'm sure you've heard virtually identical stories about hundreds of promotion teams before, suffice to say, they've released an album featuring two of their top DJ's Graeme Park and Jeremy Healy.

Mmmmm... Another house compilation, and Jeremy Healy, once again does the honours on one half of the album. Just how much money is it

possible for one DJ to make? They don't have to write any songs to record an album, it's simply a matter of playing them; which is something that they do every week in a club without even thinking about it anyway.

Last time I reviewed Jeremy Healy's latest offering (two weeks ago) in these pages I was pretty generous, it was, after all a good house compilation, but two albums in as many weeks? This is surely a feat of commercialisation matched only by the likes of Guns 'N' Roses. This is not to say that this isn't worth a listen, if you really love your Happy House. It seems however, to be a sad reflection on the fact that House is

fast selling out, with many DJ's cashing in by releasing as many different albums to saturate the market with as possible. One or two, such as Paul Oakenfold, are still working hard to maintain their credibility by striving to explore new realms in dance music. But for the less imaginative flogging the dead donkey is an easy way to make money, but also, perhaps the quickest way to kill House altogether.

There are lots of good reasons why you should by this album; the tunes are well selected, the mixing is smooth, and it will certainly keep any party pumping. However, for me, there is one huge reason why there is little point in

buying this, and that's the radio. There are countless house stations throughout London, or when you're away from the Capital, Radio One's Essential Mix, Midnight, every Saturday, is usually more than enough to satisfy. Buy a blank tape, whack it in the deck, and I'm sure you can work out the rest for yourself! Instant up-to-date house at a fraction of the cost!

There are very few house compilations original enough to shell out hard earned cash on, yes Graeme Park and Jeremy Healy deliver the goods, but with very little to distinguish them from the hundreds of other DJ's around the country, if what you want is house, buy a radio!

FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE!

A free tape for anyone with eight mastheads from *The Times!*

Tape includes - Supergrass - Radiohead - Boo Radleys - and plenty more.

THE  TIMES



Just one of the delightful bands on offer.

I prefer prawn pops!

Crab crackles are a thing of the past.


Like the Eagles, you've probably heard Lof Steely Dan, but don't really know who they are beyond their "Hotel California" or "Reelin' in the Years" respectively. But these bands are indeed not one hit wonders, as those in the know know, and for the information of those not in the know (who know now that I've told them). The CD I'm reviewing, before I get completely immersed in bollocks, is Steely Dan's latest, "Live in America" which is - you guessed it - a collection of tracks recorded while the band were on tour during '93 / '94.

I can't quite make up my mind as to whether it's a "Greatest Hits" or just the best of whatever happened on the road; it certainly is all the classics - "Reelin'", "Aja", "Kid Charlemagne" et al, but the quality of the performance is astounding. The material, if you don't know it, is a blend of unusual time signatures and chord structures played by musicians fortunately competent enough to make it sound like music. The band are fantastic, and there are moments where the intel-

ligence of the band shines through, like where, say, the guitarist will solo, but underneath him the sax and keyboard players will either match what he's doing or change what they do to something that cleverly complements it, giving the effect that the band is truly one big organism with a life of it's own.


The good news is that the crowd are still here in the final mix, so the feeling I got whilst listening was like when you go to see a band with your mate that he likes, and you get there and find that they did loads of stuff you like and it turns into a great gig. Obviously, the throb of bodies around me and the dank, beer & smoke sodden smells are missing from my room, but I only had to move to my flatmate Marie's to listen and it all came flooding back.

I'm afraid most of you - apart from maybe the odd sad mature student - won't enjoy this CD, since it can sound a bit muzakish, even self indulgent, but it is damn good stuff and the minority who know of and like Steely Dan won't be disappointed.



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New Age paradise? Old age odour more like

David Whippe

Now, I'm not really one to be in favour of right-wing legislation



just leave you with the point that they all invariably suck cock in a big way, even the girls, who are usually lesbians.

No, I'm going to leave the arguments for crusties, simply due to the fact that, no matter how annoying you find a raver to be, a crusty will be just as annoying, and without doubt, a good deal smellier. Under normal circumstances, crusties annoy me, though these are especially desperate times, with a convoy of caravans, and the accompanying pack of stray dogs, disease, and generally just stench-ridden air which seems to be compulsory.

At this point, However, it is probably time for me to introduce some definitions into my argument. When I say crusty, or New Age Traveller as they would rather be known, this does not mean gippo. There is an important distinction here, as a gypsy is someone of Romany descent who lives in Eastern Europe. When he beds down for the winter, it is so that he does not kill the horses (unless of course he is French). A New Age Traveller is someone who has opted out of every normal lifestyle, and decides, by choice, to be a bum. He does not need to bed down for winter as his NICAM TV and stereo equipped caravan is pulled by a Y-reg Range Rover, and the only pre-requisite he has for living is

This means that you can stop dodging taxes, pilfering bikes, and stop invading my breathing space with your somewhat aged and musty hum.

Assuming real independence is your goal, this means some sacrifices. I, for one would be very interested in seeing how long you last if we stuck you all on some deserted island without the compromises made by society, for example, state hand-outs, or unalarmed bike-shops. This may seem like a somewhat rabid argument to some, but just consider how much you would like it if you woke up every morning to some scruffy mongrel pissing on your

gate, and that's just the kids. The dogs are a different story, but enough about the mothers.

Essentially, the problem with crusties is that they have such a selfish view towards those who don't share their interpretation of life. When they settle somewhere, they seem genuinely surprised when people want to move them on. This is besides the fact that they have no conception of simple rules of society such as placing litter in bins, or depositing their faeces in locations other than my front lawn. They exist as long as we tolerate them, and I for one am not prepared to do so for much longer.

Rank roommates: Raj rants rabidly

Moving to London is inevitably a harrowing experience for many students; far from being the social mecca that one expects, it can be a highly lonely place.

This explains the rationale behind the majority of first years living in halls; it is logical to familiarise oneself with a new city along side others who are in a similar predicament. Therefore, put all first years in halls, let them make some friends for a year, and then ship them out to a shack in Hackney, where they can spend their second year being mugged by Ricky Otto lookalikes.

Problems do arise though when Freshers are forced to share a room with someone that they quite plainly detest. LSE students compulsively lie on their hall applications. Witness how their UCAS forms tell of extensive debating, dramatics and philosophy, as opposed to extensive drinking.

And so the inevitable happens; the model roommate that you expected turns out to be a geeky twat who reads Stephen King and likes Take That. He rarely ventures from your room and goes out only on Sunday nights to queue for the library the next morning. He doesn't approve of late night piss-ups, and rarely appreciates the five a.m. alarm call that the lads give him upon returning from Limelight. There's just no pleasing some...

Fortunately, I myself have been quite lucky when it comes to roommates. Last year, I shared with a Norwegian who spoke better English than me, played better football, and was generally regarded as being better looking (which admittedly isn't particularly hard to achieve).

This year I am sharing with a jocular Scotsman who speaks worse English, plays worse football, and is generally far uglier (honestly). His only faults are his rancid stench, and his fetish for rather rotund females (aka Mr Blubber Lover). In general, though, things could be far worse.

Triple rooms create fewer problems. It becomes fairly easy to gang up on the geeky twat with shit hair. In a double room, though, such an elimination process inevitably becomes far more complicated - mental torture can be the only solution. Poisoning your roommates drinks, shoving their toothbrush up a cat's bum, and coating their bed sheets with your own special wetness are three techniques that I have not tried, but would certainly prove to be very amusing.

So, if you do end up with a CNN watching, shandy drinking, crap spectacle wearing, Claire Lawrie loving, crap-perm sporting, Joe Ninety Lookalike, then don't despair; extermination is the answer.

limiting personal freedom, but I think it's just about time that I offered human sacrifice and blood-letting thanks to the gods from all religions for the Criminal Justice Bill. It's quite simple. One Act of Parliament has singularly removed the dual banes of my life: ravers and crusties.

It's hard to quantify my opposition to raves, other than the fact that ravers are, by definition, tossers. I could quite easily construct a long and impassioned argument verifying my assertions, but I would rather

to be within smelling distance of any dole-office from Lands End to John O'Groats.

Now, this argument should not be misinterpreted as I am totally in favour of the ethics of the individual, and the personal right to your own lifestyle choices. My only demand is that once you have made this choice, you exercise it in such a way that it is actually personal and does not piss everyone else off. Thus, if you are a crusty, and you want to opt out of society, do not impose your grubby, scum-soiled lifestyle upon me.

A day in the life of a male High Hiltonite

Liz Chong on the luxury lifestyles of the rich and famous

You awaken at 1.30, panick-ing because you've just realised that you have a lecture at 2.00. Since you're in a double, you rush to the privacy of your very own personal en-suite bathroom and stare in shock at your bloodshot eyes. You are in an absolute state and realize that you are suffering the consequences of your drinking binge last night. You press your forehead against the mirror as you try to remember if you managed to pull last night downstairs at the bar cum airport lounge.

Unfortunately, you realise that your new pick-up line had failed to impress anyone and that you had instead come back to your room and puked your guts out in the comfort and privacy of your bathroom(as you

have done for all your nights so far at the LSE).

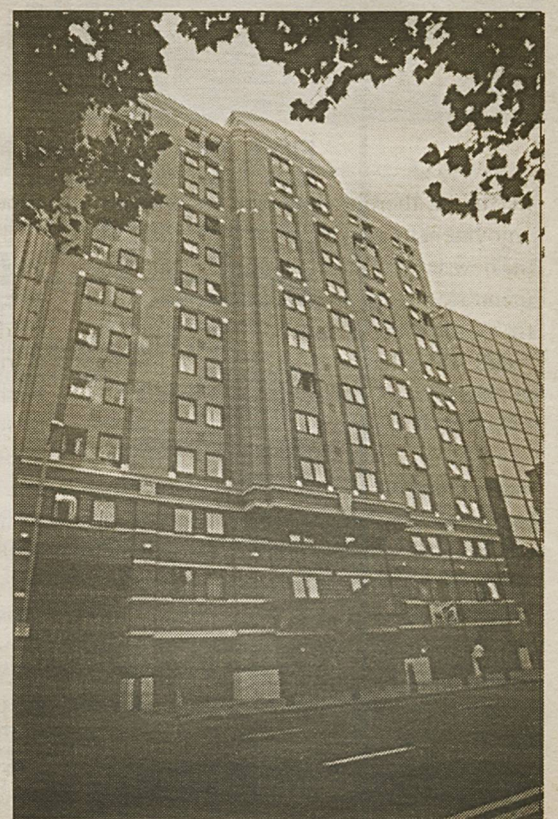
You also realise that you were supposed to call one of your two girlfriends about three nights ago (you think) and violently curse the fact that your personal telephone has not been installed yet. Making a pathetic attempt to rationalise this failure on your part, you (of course) can say that you had not wanted your telephone privacy invaded by having to make a call from (heaven forfend) one of the Hilton's four payphones.

Rushing out to the lifts, you wait for what seems to be a period of a million years and unfortunately, are obliged to run down the stairs instead. You are, like many others at the Hilton that afternoon, extremely disap-

pointed because you shall be denied the pleasure of having your gloomy day brightened by that extraordinarily sexy voice which belongs to either of the speaking lifts. Ah! How your auditory nerves shall miss that requisite daily massage.

Even more unfortunately, you check your watch and realise that your lecture begins in ten minutes. Therefore, as one must conform to one's daily regimen, one takes a brisk stroll down High Holborn. Reaching the classroom in an invigorated state, you settle down comfortably in your seat just in time.

It's a hard life.





Fantasy BeaverBall™



Now in its second illustrious year

Well the new season's well underway now, and it's time for Fantasy BeaverBall™. There are a lot of new players to choose from, and a few old timers still searching for the elusive goals, assists and clean sheets. So here's how it works:

You came here in September with your grant cheque/parental contribution/\$6 million from your Oil Sheikh dad, but the early weeks have taken their toll. Hall fees have taken up most of it (unless you are in High Holborn, in which case you are already well in debt and calling for a rent strike even when you know they could fill the place twice over, you fucking dickheads).

Fagan's put the prices up and you've been getting too many taxis recently, and all you are left with now is your student loan. £1695 to spend on LSE's finest. The rules are as follows:

- A goal 3 points
- An assist 2 points
- A clean sheet 4 points
- A goal conceded -1 point

You must select one goalkeeper, two full-backs, two centre-backs, four midfielders and two strikers, **and you can have no more than four players from any one side.**

The Players

Goalkeepers

Svein Mikelsen	1sts	225
Ruis Garcia	2nds	175
Alex Lowen	3rds	200
Guy Burton	4ths	150
Alan Stanbuli	5ths	175

Full-backs

Chris "Goals" Cooper	1sts	300
Steve "No Goals" Curtis	1sts	200
Brendan McGraw	2nds	150
Daniel Walker	2nds	150
Anil Patel	2nds	175
Alex	3rds	150
Theepan	3rds	150
Jon Simons	4ths	125
Enda Hannon	4ths	150
Peeping Pron Bose	5ths	0
Raj	5ths	125
James Garner	5ths	200

Centre-backs

Danny Fielding	1sts	200
Matt Miller	1sts	200
Nic Jones	1sts	225
William Hague	2nds	150
Steven Errikson	2nds	175

Scouse Gardiner	3rds	150
Jon Edipidis	3rds	125
Dave Ferguson	4ths	100
Kabo Morley	4ths	100
Mark the Yank	5ths	125
Pete McSporrnan	5ths	175

Midfielders

Rikos Leong-Son	1sts	75
Paul Cherry	1sts	100
Fillipe Venini	1sts	250
Kevin Sharpe	1sts	75
Raj Paranandi	2nds	100
Asif Rafique	2nds	200
Tom Grace	2nds	175
Amin Sajan	2nds	175
Louie Florentin	2nds	125
Dave Whippe	3rds	175
Nick Stavrinides	3rds	225
George Georgiou	3rds	100
Matteo Motterilini	3rds	250
Howard Wilkinson	3rds	75
Mate	3rds	100
Brad Cocksucker	3rds	75
Gugs	4ths	150
Mick Tattersall	4ths	200
Hinal Patel	4ths	150
Tom Bostock	4ths	100
Hamza	4ths	125
Johnny Parr	5ths	225
Jillur Rahman	5ths	200
Nada Hussein	5ths	175
Max Factor	5ths	175

Forwards

Angus Kinnear	1sts	275
Tim Ludford-Thomas	1sts	150

Marcus Kern	2nds	175
Mads Svenson	2nds	150
Greg Beurain	2nds	200
Francois Curly	3rds	275
Takis Michelin	3rds	150
Andre Granditsch	3rds	225
Steve Segget	4ths	250
Raf	4ths	150
Ben Goodyear	4ths	150
Rob Bush	5ths	275
Zach Seven-up	5ths	225

STRATEGY

It is important to remember that most games take place in the winter months, and certain places who don't like it up 'em may not want to know. Early season indicators point to healthy returns from the likes of Cooper and Bush, but these can be deceptive. After all, Scouse Gardiner's early strike is likely to be his last (both on and off the pitch) for the foreseeable future.

On the other hand, Tim Ludford-Thomas has not yet scored a point, but he's bound to get hundreds as soon as he gets his banjo repaired. Money will be tight but it is worth splashing out on quality such as dead-ball specialist Goals Cooper and talented playmaker Rikos Leong-Son, who has the vision of a man with a bag on his head and blurred vision while chundering after one whole pint.

Entry forms must be in by next Tuesday at the latest, and the point-scoring will start the next day. Good luck.

Sheba in injury drama

Scouse and Zaf in 24hr vigil

Faten Bizzari

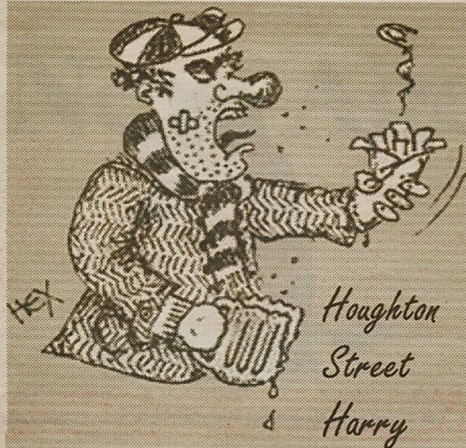
LSE women's hockey has a reputation closely associated to that of the still forming women's rugby team. But what one can say is that, like them, there's a lot of guts, strength and enjoyment to be found in participating. With the new season ahead there are already a few memories worthy of record. Perhaps for the first time Captain Sheba, Karen or I can recall, there has been a sustained turn-up of more than eleven players to Wednesday matches, all of whom put us to shame at their willingness to warm-up by jogging around the pitch. This alien-to-students energy is even reflected in the turn up we got for what is now the new and compulsory fitness training session on Mondays. This is of course, all the good news.

All this hard work, superwoman fitness and excellent talent, though appreciated with wise nods by us old girls, has yet to prove itself officially through the matches we've had so far. Perhaps it is due to us still trying to get over the initial shock required to channel these resources in the right direc-

tion. Yet more convincingly, our only real loss so far (against QMW) might be attributed to a more blush-worthy element. It being a 'friendly' match and all, we nobly handed over two players who couldn't make it to the preliminary try-outs. They mentioned that they "knew how to play" - which as always, is interpreted on our part as "once, many years ago, I held a stick and hit a ball" and not much else. They turned out to be the two best players QMW had to offer. Joy, former county player come four years made any attempts at goal like running into a brick wall and girls fled in horror each time Catherine got ready to send her drives down to aid QMW. Needless to say, we were all a bit confused. Yet persevere we did and were brought to another awkward standstill when Sheba's front tooth was to be found, pitiful looking and smashed to smithereens, on the pitch.

What do you say to someone that loses a front tooth? "It was a good tooth?" "It's okay, your can hardly tell" "Now you can do Madonna impressions?" Or just plain: "Urghh...Urrmmm...Are you okay?" Still, Sheba can console herself with the thought that, next time, EVERYONE will be on OUR side.

Team Name	
Name	Cost
_____ GK	_____
_____ FB	_____
_____ FB	_____
_____ CB	_____
_____ CB	_____
_____ MID	_____
_____ MID	_____
_____ MID	_____
_____ MID	_____
_____ FOR	_____
_____ FOR	_____
Must be in by Tuesday, October 31	
Total (≤£1,695)	



Now this week Harry would like to be serious for once. When I'm sitting in my second home in the Athletics Union and I feel the urge to point Percy at the porcelain or open the bomb hatch, I begin to make my way down to the nearest toilets, those in the East Building, above the Squash courts. As I bound rapidly down the stairs the turtle's head is beginning to show, but, never mind, I'm nearly there. As the door is pushed open I enter the room, touching cloth, only to find all three cubicles engaged. All too familiar a story, but to be honest I'd rather not be able to go in there, as now I know what goes on in there while the engaged sign is showing.

The reason for my trepidation, if you don't already know, is the 3cm squared hole half-way up each cubicle. "Why are they there?" I hear you cry. Aerodynamics? Woodworm? I do not know what exactly the holes are there for, nor do I particularly want to know. Presumably it's for sticking male bits through (although mine wouldn't fit because I'm hung like an elephant), or alternatively it could be for looking at each other, although if I ever see a beady eye the owner will be the recipient of a different kind of poke than that which they expected. The LSE site development department, who have the power to spend millions on a spiral staircase in the library, do not see fit to fill in the holes, because the persistent buggers keep making new ones.

Now, before the usual stack of complaints and death threats come in, I'm not homophobic, far from it in fact (I lived with a gay male last year), but there is a time and a place for everything. The only thing the old brownie should be used for in a public toilet is exporting, not importing.

This is not a matter of discrimination, it's simply a question of cleanliness and sanitation. I know that there are many people who object to homosexuals, and in certain places it is necessary to go underground to avoid harassment, but this isn't Hatfield Poly Rugby Club, this is the LSE, the institution that first encouraged gay students to 'come out' and the one at which acceptance of their rights and beliefs is so high that gays and lesbians frequently win posts in halls and as sabbaticals.

It is this that makes this sort of stand very hypocritical. On the one hand, the LGB students expect to be treated equally, often demanding an exec officer to represent them, and are rightly proud of their sexuality, yet at the same time certain members feel the need to lock themselves away, showing scant regard for other students who want to use toilets for their proper purpose. They can't have it both ways. After all, how would they like it if I came round and dropped a log in their beds?

The last, witty person to complain about the mature students article threatened to ram a big factory spanner up Harry's slender arse, so I hope and pray no-one complains this week.

John McKee is a complete tosser

Femi Adewale

Following the departure of LSE legends such as Benchos, Porno, Muttley and Galliwank, the rugby team has now embarked upon a new era. The new captain of the ship is the one and only Brian Femi, aided and abetted by semen Ben Johnston (here after to be known as BJ) and James Redier, with pearls of wisdom offered by Tom "I'm a Yorkshire twat" Thumb.

The season began with a not-so friendly game against QMW; in what was a proverbial game of two halves, from leading at half-time we went down 16-15, with tries coming from Dave Tuigamala and Mike "the Oz" Horrigan. The diminutive Tom Thumb, who hadn't had his three Weetabix, led his 2nd team to what was described as a

"good performance" they went down 34-0.

In history there have been numerous grudge matches; Eubank v Benn, Ali v Frazier, Hagler v Hearns and Femi v Scouse – but nothing compares to the fixture that is LSE v Kings. After a delayed start, due to the failure of the confirmed referee to show up, battle commenced (albeit without John McKee, absent for an appointment with the hair-loss clinic). Incessant pressure upon the enemy caused by storming forward play, notably from Dave and Rick "Psycho", led to memorable scores from Brian Femi and Pete Maximus. I swear I heard them say "this is the best LSE side we've ever played against."

Leading 10-0 at half-time we were on the verge of a richly deserved win, and BJ's team talk demanded courage, determination and resilience. He got that in bucket-loads, unfortunately it was from the opposition

and not his own team. As the tide began to turn, sloppy defence on our part led to careless tries and they gradually eroded and surpassed our lead. In what was a tough, and at times niggly, match we eventually succumbed 31-10. A travesty.

An angry Tom Thumb, whose demeanour resembled a rent boy not yet paid for his minuscule sexual services, had a cunning ploy to prevent Kings amassing a cricket score. With Kings 44-0 up, Mike Lee and James Redier, under orders, decided to engage in a head-butting contest. Unfortunately, like LSE rugby in general, they were both losers, and the game was stopped there and then, but the evening was only just starting for the valiant warriors. An eventful evening awaited them at Kingston Hospital where they had their heads stitched up – a fitting way for the Red man to see in his 20th birthday.

Kings reach the Enda the line Burnley bell-ends boys bash babies

Mike Tattersall

Enda Hannon, Fourth Team new left side of defence supremo played a blinder to inspire his new team-mates to a maiden league game victory. The determined and plucky Irishman made a series of crucial tackles during a purple patch in the second half when it looked like the Kings side might have overturned their 2-1 first half deficit.

The Fourths started with a bang (I hope this doesn't sound rude) and set off on their league campaign with a certain freshness. The style suggested by the skipper in the pre-match chat was digested by the players and no sooner was the ball being neatly passed around all ten outfield players. After ten minutes of pressure the first goal came as Steve Segget capitalised on the hesitation of the opposition's centre-back and goalkeeper. A speculative pass (mis-kick) into the Kings penalty area by Hinal Patel created the chance for the promising forward to steal a goal with an angled shot after first anticipating correctly the lack of communication between the opposition's defence.

After that Raf, the other half of the LSE strikeforce placed a corner into the Kings goal. Minutes later the Fourths continued to dominate the game with free-flowing play, with the only blight on the first half being the concession of a goal which emanated from a series of defensive blunders and bad luck.

As the half-time whistle blew our team was in good spirit. More of the same was the cry ('the man with the black pudding has just gone by' – one of my grandma's favourite Lancashire sayings, followed by 'ee you cheeky monkey') in the mid-point team talk. Resumption of the game however saw the Fourths slowly losing their grip on the game as the Kings side rallied, sensing the chance to dent the armour of the team who had so impressively controlled what had

gone before. It was in the opening period of the second half that questions began to be asked about the quality of the LSE defence. The Kings side, with renewed vigour, pressed forward. The chances began to come thick and fast, indeed the shots rained in. At first it seemed LSE's defence so far untested in match conditions might buckle as Kings came close to an equalising goal. When the going got tough however, the individuals in the defence began to harden to the Kings pressure, none less than Enda. Throughout the second half period he made several crucial tackles to preserve the lead and give renewed heart to the rest of the team.

After the hour mark LSE started to win more of the ball again, although now it seemed possession had more of a premium than in the first half when the opposition were rather less consistent in their approach to the game. Indeed when Gugs raced in from the left to eventually slot the ball past the goalkeeper the feeling of relief in establishing a two goal cushion could be sensed in the spontaneous cries of, "Yes!" and, "You beauty!" that resounded around the eardrums of Gugs as he became central to the team's post-goal celebrations.

In the final minutes of the game both teams exchanged a goal each. Kings fired home a goal after our defence neglected a run made by the winger into the penalty area and Steve grabbed his second with a neatly placed lob which perhaps deserves more attention than it is being given here.

At the final whistle a victory had been completed and the two sides shook hands in the traditional way. So it's top of the league for the young blood that constitute the Fourth team. (Mike Tattersall's barmy Burnley army rampages on, with the same vigour that Brendan McGraw adopts when he is approaching females of the grandiose variety...he really does love fat birds – Raj.) The only question is whether we can stay there or whether results will send us slipping down the league like an eel in a bottle of

snot. The cause can only be helped by quality players such as Pakistani international Hamza, who has terrified a variety of opposition full backs with his malodorous shite-covered left hand.

LSE Birds dick Royal Holloway

The LSE women's football team inflicted a crushing defeat on the Royal Holloway second team at Berrylands last Sunday. It was the LSE team's first game of the season, indeed their first ever, women's football having been an entirely alien concept here, until now.

The times they are changing, and our girls soon overcame first match nerves to subdue RH by scoring after two minutes. By half time LSE were 4-0 up, Connor, Mia and Joanne being able to breach Holloways defence all too easily. The entire team played remarkably cohesive football given that some had never competed before, though special mention must be made of Andrea and Lucinda in midfield and our inexperienced but courageous goalie, Su Lin, who did two super saves.

Apart from those occasions, RH never really threatened the LSE defence, who were rather idle much of the time as they watched the goals go in at the other end. Final score: 8-0. Captain Mia Gilje's women are hot tips for promotion this year and definitely here to stay.