

THE BEAVER

THE STUDENT'S UNION NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
17 TH JANUARY, 1994 ISSUE 392

I'm for
equality

16

Jack, Age of Consent,
Pattens Visit, LSE's Pop
Stars, RBH, What's On
and Harry

Sweet Little
Sixteen

Chuck
Berry

Union Jack

"I have to elect a chair." Thus Teshar opened the first UGM of the new term with its first inaccuracy; for it is surely up to the UGM, rather than the General Secretary, to elect the chair. Anyway, tactfully avoiding mention of this fact, we proceeded to elect a chair. And what an election it was - normally the post of Chair is about as popular as a Guinness shandy (ie not very, you lager drinking philistines) - this time we were faced with a surfeit of candidates.

Who was it to be? Hugh 'If you don't like me - vote me out' O'Leary? Mark 'I'm not a hack' Hack? Garan 'It wasn't my idea' Goodman? Or Steve 'If you'd like to elect me that's fine' Lowe? All demonstrated potential. Well, potential for amusement anyway. Bemused by this choice the UGM was split and the election was close. After Hugh had been dismissed derisively and Mark narrowly beaten it came down to a 'head-to-head' between Steve and Garan (interesting name that) which the latter one by seven votes.

After all this excitement we had to elect a vice (?) chair. Steve refused his nomination in a fit of pique and we were left with a choice between Mr O'Leary and Mr Hack. Unsurprisingly the eponymous option triumphed. Incidentally it was nice to see the Tories, in the person of Adam 'nice tie' Morris, doing their bit for the last successful sector of the British economy - the fashion industry.

Preliminaries over it was time for the sabbaticals to report on their vacation travails - the world of the sabbatical seems peculiarly amenable to oxymoronic description - unfortunately the aforesaid sabbaticals seemed to have done precious little work and thus the reports were unenthralling. Each sabbatical reverted to type; Teshar called the Tories scum, Lola gave money to the Friends of Gay Cuba, Leo was anti-fascist and Justin advertised 'Loose Toons' and 'Fat Beats'(?).

During these announcements Garan was busy demonstrating the incompetence obligatory for all new chairs. OK, nobody had actually expected him to know the constitution but, still, his degree of ignorance was startling. But then perhaps it is only superannuated hacks like Jack who bother with standing orders nowadays. Luckily for Garan he was able to make up for his ineptitude with a good line in abuse, a degree of physical presence and a strange and interesting perambulatory speaking style.

Anyway; on to the motions. The first of these concerned equalising the age of consent. Unfortunately it was an emergency motion and this seemed to somewhat flummox the chair; not to put too fine a point on it, he didn't really know what to do. And, even worse, he admitted this; plaintively intoning 'what the fuck does this mean,' halfway through the second speech. Anyway, after three and a half votes we declared the motion passed. Not, mind you, that anyone really knew what we were voting on since Ron had decided to compress ten minutes worth of explanation into thirty seconds giving an effect not unlike ten minute Shakespeare - recognizable but not terribly informative.

The second motion concerned the 'occupation' at the end of last term. Nick thought that the School had behaved badly. Erik disagreed. The only point of interest was Erik's continual reference to 'crying'. What could he have been talking about?

Last week's competition winner: Chris Longridge. And that's the last time Jack runs a competition you ungrateful bastards. Thanks to the to the two of you who bothered.

Kate Hampton's Top Tips for a political future - continued..

No.4 Never, ever, associate with Martin Lewis.

No.5 After having spoken at every UGM in the first term say nothing in the second - by the time elections happen people will still remember your name but will have forgotten what you stand for.

MPs Back Wilde

Celebrities Join LSE Student to Call for Lower Age of Consent for Homosexuals



Pictured with the Beaver's senior news reporter, Helena McLeod (centre), are two members from the pop combo Suede. On the left is Simon Gilbert, the drummer, and on the right is Brett Anderson, the lead singer. Gilbert addressed the press conference, claiming that "it is ridiculous to say that criminalising gay young men protects them."

Photo: ScottWayne

Helena McLeod

A huge crowd attended the press conference held at Westminster on the 12th of January, so big a larger room had to be found. Co-ordinated by Stonewall, an organisation 'working for lesbian and gay equality' and a number of like minded MPs, its aim was to publicize the amendment tabled on the 11th of January by Edwina Currie, to lower the age of consent of homosexuals to 16, to match the heterosexual age limit.

Sir Ian McKellen opened with a reminder of how many people were proclaiming their support for the motion, Neil Kinnock, Robert Maclennan the SDP MP and also the British Medical Association. Brenda Oakes from FLAG, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays, then spoke, and, with her own son homosexual, she demanded it is "time we got rid of the misinformation, hostility.. and downright lies."

Stonewall itself is taking Britain to the European Court of Human Rights. Ralph Wilde one of three representatives of Stonewall and an undergraduate at the LSE said, "Last year Ireland joined the equal age of consent - it is only Britain in Europe which is unequal". He quoted John Major's request for 'Tolerance and understanding', yet said "We are told by

the law we don't exist until 21...Encouraging us to be dishonest to our parents and friends.'

Ralph's mother also spoke saying the removal of this law would be a step towards Major's Back to Basics, for aren't "family values caring about every member of our families?"

The inconsistency of the present law was demonstrated by the last three speakers, Simon Gilbert, the drummer from Suede, Douglas Slater one of the founding members of Stonewall and the self-proclaimed celibate comedian Stephen Fry.

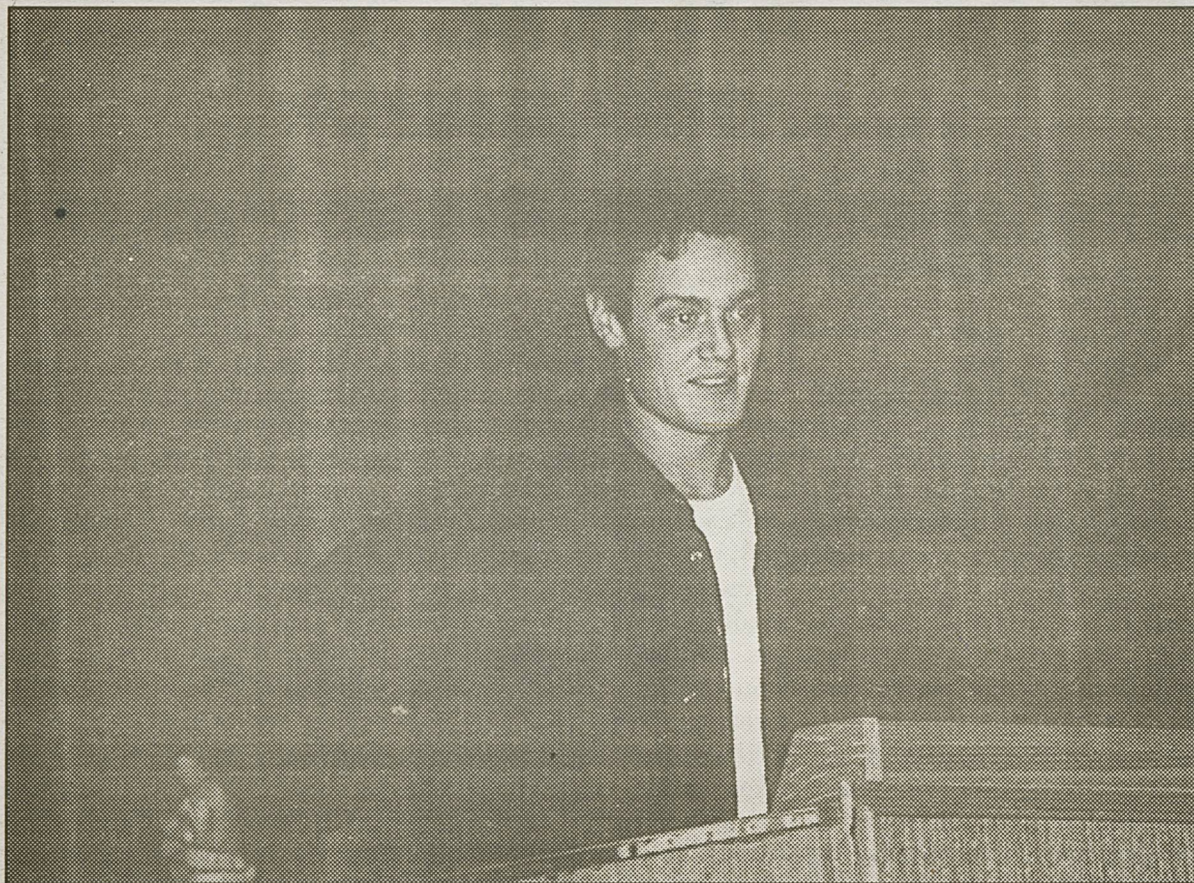
Stephen Fry pointed to the arguments against lowering the age of consent. Some are anti-16 for religious reasons; Fry quoted from Leviticus from the Bible, 'It is an abomination for two men to lay together', yet Fry amusingly proceeded you cannot pick and choose what to believe in from the Bible, Leviticus also says it is sinful for a woman to menstruate and he called for the same people to declare "it is wrong for an ovulating woman to stand within two miles of a temple".

He also tackled the argument that the law must protect young boys from being forced into homosexuality, that the feeling cannot develop naturally. Fry mused "I can remember distinctly the day of my birth looking up at my

mother and saying, 'well that's the last time I'm ever going up one of those.'" Fry said "Consent is consent" and this was reinforced by Simon Gilbert from Suede, he said "It is ridiculous to say that criminalising gay young men protects them. The protection I needed when I was 16 was from discrimination and victimisation." I was terrified of being arrested - it did not stop me from having sex but it did stop me from seeking the advice and support I needed."

Appearances were also made by Pam St Clement, Pat from East Enders and Chris Smith, Labour MP and the only self proclaimed homosexual in Parliament. However, statistics say 1 in 6 men are homosexual: some gay organisations are threatening to 'out' 80 MPs if they don't vote for the bill, including three Cabinet ministers.

The actual bill is being put through in a couple of weeks but a lobby is being held in the Great Hall at Westminster on Monday 17th at 5.30pm, where a large number of MPs will be available to discuss the bill. Ian McKellen said tonight there has been a "quite astonishing turnout.. we need to get as many people to the lobby next Monday as possible, it really makes a difference." Further information can be found by contacting Stonewall on 071-222-9007.



Garan Goodman, the new Chair of the UGH, elected last Thursday. Three other candidates stood for the post, Hugh O'Leary, Steve Lowe and Mark Hack. Mark Hack subsequently beat O'Leary for the position of vice-chair.

Photo: Pam Keenan

Tomlin Accuses School and SU of Cover Up

Beaver Staff

Last week The Beaver reported on the events of the last week of term, including the headbutting incident involving a student. The Beaver reported what it had been told by the School, the Students' Union, and other eye witnesses. The student involved has since talked to The Beaver and is "disgusted" at the attitude of not only the School, but the LSESU as well, in attempting to cover up the incident, by giving out false information to The Beaver.

The first year law student, Harry Tomlin, states that unlike the school's spokesperson, he was not a demonstrator trying to get in. In fact he spent quite some time amicably talking to the guard at the doors of the Clare Market Building.

The guard's supervisor approached him and called him a "wanker". Tomlin replied, "the only wanker here is you, because you can't string two words together".

It was at this moment that the supervisor headbutted Tomlin twice. Tomlin moved

away and was surrounded by students who had witnessed the incident. Several offered themselves as witnesses, whilst others urged Tomlin to press charges.

Tomlin was taken over to the Porter's lodge by Gethin Roberts, the Union General Manager, and others, in the Old Building, where it was suggested, most forcibly, by Roberts and Harry Edwards, Site Security, that they go into the room opposite. Tomlin told them there would be "no deals" and that he wanted the police called.

The police arrived, but to Tomlin's astonishment it had been another student who had rang them. He believes the school was trying to hush it up and that is why they gave out the disinformation, that he was not a student at the LSE, even though they knew Tomlin was a student here.

The police were taken over to Clare Market, where Tomlin identified his attacker. After the police had talked to the man Tomlin identified, Tomlin was told by the police that he was to be arrested for assault.

However the students surrounding the Clare Market doors said that it was the other way around and the police, somewhat reluctantly arrested the supervisor and he was taken to Charing Cross Police Station, where he was bailed to appear again on 2nd February 1994.

"Since I have been back at the LSE, I have had "no support whatever" from the LSESU. Teshar Fitzpatrick, the LSESU General Secretary, suggested going to "talk to somebody" in the Welfare Office. I have been told since by other witnesses to the incident that Gethin Roberts says I am a troublemaker and the security guards who were supposed to be removed from the site were there the following day", claimed Tomlin.

Tomlin hopes that someone in the LSESU will do something decisive to prevent this happening again, by passing a motion at the UGM to prevent the school from using not only this security firm, but any security firms on the site.

Tomlin was not paid for this interview.

Scheduled Patten Visit Arouses Controversy

Phil Gomm

As the LSE prepares itself for this Wednesday's visit of John Patten MP, the Secretary of State for Education, there seems to be some confusion as to what response the Student Union will make. Patten, who is introducing a Government bill which includes proposals for the reform of Student Unions and which is currently in the House of Lords, will be at the School as the guest of the LSE Conservative Students. It is the only visit he is making to a higher education establishment this term.

Teshar Fitzpatrick, speaking at last week's UGM, claimed that he had nothing new to say to them. She is hoping to arrange a protest rally in Sheffield street at the same time, having gained permission for this from the police.

However Fitzpatrick last week seemed to have rejected a suggestion, purported to have come from the National Union of Students, to hold a 'work in' at the library, claiming there was not enough time to arrange it successfully. Such a protest would involve an overnight sit in following Patten's appearance, which would be both peaceful and attractive to all LSE students, not just the British contingent. In addition such a move would have the full support of the School authorities and staff.

The Director, John Ashworth, is quoted as saying: "If the Student Union wanted to follow the NUS 'work in' proposals next Wednesday, I would be pleased to join them, as I am

at least as unhappy about the Government's proposals as my students are."

"It would be a good opportunity to show that we hold similar views and as the action would follow the Minister's visit, we would get the best possible media coverage." But Teshar was concerned that this show of unity may be hiding an unspecified "ulterior motive."

Meanwhile the Socialist Worker Student Society have arranged their own demo to coincide with the talk. There is much speculation that Patten, who is facing opposition to his plans from within the Tory party, is almost hoping for a repeat of the chaotic scenes which greeted Virginia Bottomley and Peter Lilley when they came to the School last year. Such a performance would play into his hands.

Provision has also been made by the Minister's office for a five student delegation to meet the Secretary of State prior to his speech. However, at the time of going to press, the SU Executive had still to show any interest in taking up this opportunity to air grievances. A failure to take advantage of Patten's appearance will reflect badly on the sab-baticals, who are already under pressure following their role in the undignified end to last term.

A spokesman for the LSE commented that "...with the SU facing a potential bill of £5000 for the trouble caused, any co-operation with the School which could rebuild bridges should not be casually rejected."



The Rt. Hon. John Patten M.P., Secretary of State for Education

Photo: Agency

A Round-Up of Some Other News

According to a report published last week in the Evening Standard, LSE Professor Robert Pinker, 62, an expert in social policy, is to be appointed "privacy commissioner", responsible to the Press Complaints Commission.

The report states that Pinker will be able to summon errant editors to justify their actions concerning alleged intrusions of privacy.

The scope of Professor Pinker's powers is enormous.

In response to a question at last week's UGM, Teshar Fitzpatrick confirmed that the Women's Officer, Carolyn Wilson, has resigned her position and left the LSE.

Wilson has left to continue her involvement in environmental politics. Last term saw her involved in trying to save a lone tree on Wansted Common from the bulldozers.

At present the position of Women's Officer at the LSE is vacant.

APOLOGY

In last week's issue, the Conservative Student credited with making the speech in the EGM was Alex Ellis, not as stated Alex Evans. The Beaver wishes to apologise for any misunderstanding that may have occurred.

POLITICKING

John Major's favourite former Cabinet colleague, he of the badger like appearance and bitter comments, Norman Lamont is about to go through the distressing experience of losing yet another job. His part-time employment as Member for Kingston-on-Thames is being threatened by the proposals for changes made by the Boundary Commission. Tory Central Office is endorsing the changes that would prevent Lamont turning up every so often to make sarcastic comments about the government and its economic policy, and has even sent the former MP or Croydon North West, Humphrey Malins, to argue their case at the local enquiry. Lamont is now looking about for another seat to represent, and POLITICKING can reveal that he may not have to go too far afield. One of the two seats set to benefit from the displaced wards of Kingston is Surbiton, currently represented by the former Sports minister Dick Tracey. Tracey is not known for his media shyness, and he is also one of the small Tory band of Euro-enthusiasts. Yet his constituency association has recently been taken over by some pleasant people whose views are similar to a certain Bill Cash, who has recently been courted by, erm, Norman Lamont.

Tory councillor Frank Cooke has managed to stir up a fuss in the second most boring place on earth (after Croydon), Bromley. During a council meeting, discussing proposals to cut spending by 10%, the Vice-Chair of the social services and housing sub-committee said that local authority workers who are on long term sick leave should "be shot or put down". He has so far resisted calls for his resignation, saying only that he is fed up with having to deal with people who have no sense of humour. Like Peter Lilley, for instance.

POLITICKING is eagerly awaiting the publication of the District Auditor's report on the behaviour of Tory councillors in Westminster, who allegedly sold council houses in certain wards to increase votes in local elections. We assume that the then Leader of Westminster Tories, Dame Shirley Porter, would be awaiting the results of a long investigation with interest. Strange then that the Tesco millionairess and Chief Executive of the soon to be defunct L.B.C. has been abroad since last month, just as the report was rumoured to be ready for publication. The explanation is that she is still abroad because her flat was gutted by fire in December. No doubt she will return to these shores once the report is published.

The recent decision by John Gummer to allow the go-ahead for the £2.8 million THORP reprocessing plant will prove to be at least a little embarrassing for two of his Cabinet colleagues. The human gerbil, Tony Newton, and the wet who tries not to be, David Hunt. POLITICKING can reveal that both of these Members of Her Majesty's Government previously voted against the plant that nobody wants. Now they are less forward with their views.

College POLITICKING. Virginia Bottomley is playing down her public profile after several less than beneficial disclosures about her shopping habits and other animals. However, we doubt that she wants such a low profile as she has been receiving of late. It is not only egg-wielding "health workers" who are anxious not to hear her speak, but also the charming members of the Conservative Graduates Association. They were so upset that somebody so left-wing was invited to speak to them that many refused to attend, leaving an audience of about ten. No doubt Bottomley was pleased that at least Adam Morris was there.

Our Man in Westminster

Frank Rodgers Owen

Good wishes for the coming year. I wish you all the best in your efforts to keep your new year resolutions. Unfortunately this column can bring only bad news to all of you ordinary citizens out there struggling to give up fags and booze. Firstly I, Frank Owen, in common with my fictional namesake, have no vices to give up for lent - unless excessive charity be accounted a vice. Secondly those working tirelessly for our interests in Westminster are regrettably proving rather weak willed. In my brief meanderings around the Palace of Westminster often have I discerned the distant murmurings of the great Edif Piaf song: "Non, je ne regrette rien". Not since the days of the Great Lament back in 1992 has this teenage scribbler heard that particular tune being sung so evocatively.

Not only are Conservative M.P.'s continuing to have regrets that they opted for the

fading grey of John Major, but they are wondering for how much longer they will be allowed to enjoy the prerogatives of power. There is the feeling of the decadence of a crumbling empire, with it's modernisers, it's mystics and it's madmen. In the latest Conservative Party Political Broadcast the words of The Prime minister over the past two years were mouthed by an ominously "cross-sectional" selection of members of the British public. This was probably meant to portray the government's "Back to Basics" policy in a positive light, showing the Prime Minister in touch with the man in the skeet. He was certainly shown to have mouthed the sort of platitudes you would expect of any bar-stool bore.

I do not wish to sound ridiculous. However the floundering around of the Prime Minister as he tries to evoke what he calls a past of warm beer and long shadows on cricket pitches is so unrelated to the real issues and so quaint I can't help but share

a thought with you. Seventy seven years ago Tsar Nicholas II tried to hold his country together with religion and belief in Mother Russia while he was externally at war with Germany and internal at war with all progressive opinion, and the Bolsheviks. Today John Major likewise appears to be fighting a whole range of opponents. He is being given little assistance from his colleagues preparing their arguments for why they weren't responsible and already breaking their new year resolutions.

It could be said that at least John Major has not got Rasputin to deal with. Well, of course the original Mad Monk disappeared somewhere in Russia in 1917 and anyway in Britain we do things differently. However there is Peter Lilley widely regarded as bastard number one. Here, as with Rasputin, we find a man who believes piety, at least politically and morally, can come first only through dissolution.

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The Beaver

At a time when "back to basics" and the moral majority are getting hauled over hot coals for their indiscretions, it is good that amongst all the "bad things" Parliament are doing in the name of the British people, Edwina Currie's amendment to the Criminal Justice Bill before Parliament is a breath of fresh air in staid world of politics.

This is the first time since the legalisation of homosexual sex at 21 in 1967 that M.Ps have debated homosexual law reform, and to be quite honest, it is about time. There is no sensible reason why society should discriminate against young men at sixteen in their personal relationships, when females can assert their sexuality and have consensual sex at sixteen.

Those that advocate reducing the age of consent to eighteen should realise that, as with alcohol laws, people violate these laws by drinking before they are eighteen. The analogy is a fair one, as not only do most homosexual men realise they are homosexual at an early age, but many have had homosexual experiences before they are twenty-one.

It is ludicrous that a law that is supposed to protect young men from "dirty old men" actually turns otherwise respectable young men into "dirty young men". This is a law that prevents young men from gaining advice on sex education and HIV, not only at school where section 28 is at work, but even when they leave and go into the real world. The only way to remove the stigma that society has attached to being a gay man is for society to change the archaic and outdated law.

Equality at Sixteen

The choice of our generation

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General Secretary Hits Back at "Apathetic" Beaver Editorial

Dear Ron Voce,

In last week's Beaver editorial you chose to say of me that you need a sabbatical who is "not afraid to put pragmatism before left wing rhetoric". Are you asking for a General Secretary who does nothing? Because pragmatism in your language simply means inertia and inaction. Your call for apathy in the face of student grants cuts and the apparent hostility of the School towards the Students' Union once again makes me wonder what your solution is. Don't think that we don't all know how easy it is to sit back, criticise and complain and have as your chief concern where your

next pint is coming from. At the beginning of this academic year the collective looked very strong and The Beaver, with new equipment and a strong team was turning out excellent issues that reflected the students at LSE. I wonder what has changed since then? Ron, you're not doing anyone any favours, except perhaps yourself. The position of Editor is not about satisfying your desires to be controversial and the centre of attention. What we need now, more than ever is some unity and co-operation in the face of many challenges, the latest one being the grants cuts...and the Education Bill going through Par-

liament... and "top up" fees...and all the other issues that students are forced to confront. What you call "left wing rhetoric" is in fact an attempt to voice opposition to the way that students have been mistreated by the Conservative government for 14 years now. And that very same government is pushing through legislation that could effectively destroy students' unions. It's time to wake up to the fact that the Minister responsible for this is visiting us on Wednesday and united opposition is vitally important.

Yours sincerely,
Teshar Fitzpatrick

The Administration Is to Blame for the Last Week of Term, Says One Outraged SWSS Member

Dear Beaver,

I am writing in reply to Rob Hick's letter which criticises students for fighting back against grant cuts.

First Rob is against the whole idea of occupations. As we argued in the EGM we believe occupations are the most effective form of action students can take. The letter writing strategy being put forward by NUS has proved to be completely ineffective.

They have not even managed to get any media coverage. Only 2 years ago a wave of occupations forced the government to shelve plans to introduce top-up fees. The purpose of occupations is to allow students to continue with their courses, but to paralyse college administration. This would force college management to but pressure on the Tories to back down over grant cuts. far from Ashworth being willing to do this he has systematically attempted to crush any opposition to grant cuts and is still intent on making student poverty even worse by introducing top-up fees.

Rob also makes the mistake of blaming managements heavy handed approach in dealing with the occupation on the occupiers themselves. The aim of the occupiers was always to take over the admin block (Connaught House). We were denied entry to this building through it being barricaded with steel. If we had taken over the the admin block we would have let lectures go ahead inside and the scholarships office would have been kept open as was the case with the health centre in previous occupations. As it was management kept themselves barricaded inside for an entire

week, even after the occupation had ended,

We are also blamed for the introduction of private security guards to the college. The occupiers were at the sharp end of dealing with these thugs. We were kept under guard by them all night and were threatened with physical violence by them on many occasions. We believe this sets a dangerous precedent for the way that disputes are handled in the school and have been outspoken opponents of their use. Similarly the early the early closure of the Union shop, cafe and the Tuns pissed off many people involved with the occupation. This was completely unnecessary and yet another example of Ashworths determination to assert his control over every aspect of college life. Rob's argument is the equivalent to blaming the miners' wives for the decimation of the mining industry.

As to the demonstration on Thursday Rob seems to be to be unclear as to how the confusion arose. In the absence of any call for a demo by NUS the two SWSS groups from LSE and UNL called for a demo at 1.00pm. The renegade action came from our own executive in trying to split the march by calling for the departure time to be 11.30 am. This meant many students from other colleges did not arrive on time and were left stranded and angry at LSE.

Rob seems to be under the impression that the only way we can make the Tories back down is through voting in the elections. For the sake of first and second year students and next year's intake I hope this is not the case. The 30% cut will already have been imple-

mented by the time we get another chance to vote. We would still be paying the Poll Tax now if it hadn't been for ordinary people organising opposition outside of Parliament.

The Tories are weak and divided. A series of scandals involving ministers' personal lives means they are taken even less seriously. There is widespread anger over a whole number of policies - VAT on fuel, the wage freeze, single parents, etc. We are in a position to really change things. If we don't take this opportunity to fight back now we are doing a dis-service not only to ourselves, but to future generations of students too.

Louise Ashon,
Socialist Worker
Student Society.

Letters to the editor must arrive by 6.00pm of the Wednesday preceding publication. They can be posted in the Beaver Post Boxes, E-mailed, or handed in to LSESU reception or the Beaver Office in E197.

RCP's Red Haired Russel at Last is Available to Comment on his Gag by the LSESU, and the Last Week of Term

Dear Beaver,

What a surprise it was to return to the LSE at the beginning of 1994 and to find that once again, my name features prolifically in the pages of the Beaver. In the last term of 1993, this "Overgrown left wing redhead" was the subject of many column inches for fighting with the SWP, being censored by Union officials and so on. What was most surprising to me was the rider in many columns that "Denis Russell was unavailable for comment." (issue 29th Nov). I am sure any student who ever attends UGMs or any student debates could attest to the fact that I am always available for comment. Nobody could say that they had difficulty finding me, what with the red head and all, however I have decided to volunteer a comment or two to save Beaver journalists the trouble.

On the matter of Rob Hick's letter (issue 10th Jan: "A question to the student activists") I must point out that here is an individual who is willing to accept any restrictions meted out by the school authorities, whether they be censorship,

top-up fees, grant cuts and so on. His comments on the infighting among the left (including the Broad Left) are correct, but fail to offer any explanation, preferring to mourn the loss of 1/2 hour drinking time in the Three Tuns.

My response to the 4 page coverage the Beaver gave to the fiasco that was billed as a demonstration in the last week of term 1993, is disbelief that the reporter was at the same event that I attended. To begin with, three different set-off times were billed, 11.30, 12.30 and 13.30. The demo actually took off at 12.45, the destination was the department of Education. The (dis)organisers, being the LSE SU, had neglected to point out that the Dept. of Ed. has moved, and we were marching on an empty building. Somewhere en route to this empty building the decision was taken to march us up a back street on the South Bank and there, in front of another empty building, we were to disperse and go to the House of Commons in ones and twos to lobby our MPs. For most of the students, angry about the government's attacks, this was an utter waste of time and energy. They wanted to protest, not plead.

It is undoubtedly the case that the police, the school authorities and the SU officials want to contain student anger to the most inoffensive and ineffective forms of protest. Some independent students along with some RCP students refused to accept this pitiful conclusion to the demo, and argued that we should continue to march to Westminster as a group. We argued that if we accept police and union restrictions on our protest that we will never be able to fight for our rights. But with SWP/Union organisers arguing for dispersal, the result was hopeless confusion.

Some of us eventually broke through police lines and on returning across Waterloo bridge, we met a 200/300 strong contingent of students coming the other way. They were students from other colleges and from LSE who had turned up for the 13.30 assembly time. After a brief consultation, it was decided not to join the other demo behind police lines, but to march to Trafalger Square which could have at least blocked the traffic and brought the students'

protest to the attention of a wider audience.

But as Rob Hick has noticed, if the RCP say its black, the SWP say its white. Although the students had made it half way there, being stronger in numbers on the day, the SWP marched them back again - to Houghton Street.

Once back in Houghton Street, some brave individuals sought to occupy the Old Building, but were quickly ejected by the police. With some 300 students hemmed in in the street and with union officials standing by and refusing to offer a lead, some of us used megaphones to consult students on what to do next. Occupation of the East Building was suggested. Here again, the old black/white principle came into play. The SWP had won a motion for occupation at a UGM a few days earlier when it was at least feasible, but faced with the possibility in actuality, with a large number of students ready to go for it, they argued for a march back to Westminster, when the hour had passed. Who was it said, "One step forward, Two steps back"?

Unlike Rob Hick, I believe

that the tactic of occupation can serve a useful purpose. If support for it is won among students and it is properly coordinated, it can minimise disturbance to students and maximise pressure on the school authorities, the Dept. of Education and authorities and show the government that students will not take anti-student policies lying down.

It is up to individual students to decide who had the best approach for student protest on the last week of term, but one thing is certain, that until students themselves start to take responsibility for organising our activities, we will always be marched to a dead end. We can learn from the Miner's experience in 1993, the NUM officials pushed a strategy of pleading for support against pit closures from Tory MP's like Winston Churchill, media figures, pop stars and bishops. It got them nowhere. The lesson is, if you go cap in hand to the school authorities or the government you invariably get kicked in the teeth.

Yours

Dennis Russel

LSESU OFFICIAL PICKET AND RALLY

Don't Give

JOHN PATTEN

a Platform

Boycott the meeting organised by Conservative Students

John Patten, Secretary of State for Education is responsible for some of the most destructive and deplored education policies ever seen. His latest debacle, the Education Bill, is a deliberate attempt to undermine organised student activity. Politicians from all parties have voiced their opposition to it. If the Bill

goes through students will lose funding for:

**Student newspapers,
Student Rag
Student Drama
Student Entertainments**

12.30 pm

Assemble Houghton Street

12.45 pm

Rally on Sheffield Street

SPEAKERS

Students and staff at the LSE deserve a better deal. Don't legitimise John Patten's visit by going to hear him speak. We know what he has to say - now is the time to oppose him by boycotting his visit.

The LSE Conservative Student Association Offer the School Congratulations

Dear Beaver,

Last week's issue was heavily dominated by last term's pathetic occupation. I shall not enter into an argument over the issue the supposedly caused Louise and her fellow champagne socialists to call for an occupation but rather on what actually happened.

I would like to congratulate the School on its handling of the entire affair. Calling in external security was right. It was needed to protect property and staff's right to work - and just as important - our right to study and hence obtain a degree.

I appreciate that some of these socialists who 'organised' the occupation are from very wealthy families. But not all of us can rely on daddy to support our post-LSE life. So setting of the fire alarm, Louise, smashing windows etc. are not particularly positive contributions to a worthy debate.

Much rather than continuously depriving other students the right to study, freedom of speech and meat in the Cafe, come and listen

to Rt. Hon. John Patten MP on Wednesday at pm. There will most certainly be a chance to contribute positively to the debate by asking Mr. Patten a question.

I thank the School for preventing things from getting completely out of hand - jolly good show - three cheers for the School.

It is fair that the Union is being charged for all extra expenses the School may have incurred, a figure estimated around £8,000. The sabbaticals should have foreseen all this, and had the interest of all LSE students at heart, not the 150 or so who attended the EGM. They could have shown some sense of leadership but instead chose the wishy-washy approach of sitting on the fence.

No wonder the Government at long last is reforming student unions.

Yours,

**Erik Mielke,
Chairman
LSE
Conservative
Students.**

One Man's View:

Self Defence Training for Women Is Vital

Floyd Brown

Women do not have to be told that men may attack them. This is an evident and unfortunate fact of life for women. Some men regard women as suitable targets for beating and sexual harassment which may range from unwanted advances both verbal and physical, to actual rape and sadistic assault.

The situation is such that rape and sexual assault have reached unacceptable levels. Paranoia for women now seems the order of the day - just to be aware and stay safe from harm. The fact is that there are genuine reasons for being afraid - this is all too evident in reports by the media.

The obvious imbalance can only be redressed in the short term by women learning to defend themselves on both the psychological and physical levels. The whole concept of women defending themselves has to be brought into sharp focus. Undoubtedly developing physical self defence skills will lead to confidence and awareness - but this is not an overnight transition. One needs to be taught step by step and guided through techniques which once learnt need to be practised.

Due to the escalating level of violence on the streets people from all age groups are becoming more interested in how to defend themselves from attack.

Traditional martial arts primarily come from Japan, South East Asia and China - many are a good form of exercise and make absorbing hobbies. However, traditional styles take time to learn. What a person seeking a decent self defence course normally finds is something structured with techniques based on staged versions of attack best suited to the technique being taught rather than a more realistic situation. The real situation does not tailor itself to favourable self defence techniques as many courses seem to orient the self defence methods taught.



How safe is London? Be prepared, learn self defence

Photo: beaver Staff

Looking at the situation of an individual defending themselves in the legal scope: Section 3 of the Criminal Law Act of 1967 - allows reasonable force in self defence situations. This brings about pertinent questions was the force used necessary, or reasonably believed to be so? Was the force used proportionate to the wrong which it sought to avoid? You must also ask the question whether you needed to defend yourself physically. This is only justified when there is a real likelihood of attack and even in that instance should be appropriate to the nature of the threat which you believe you face. Do you have grounds for using force? For women if verbal harassment escalates to physical attack and rape then, if a woman feels that her life could be in danger, which could well be the case, physical self defence means escape and survival and is commensurately justified. It is advised rather to err on the side of caution and keep yourself safe think of number one. If you are mugged it is better to part with your possessions than risk being hurt by resisting the thief. It would be a better decision to make a note of the mugger's appearance so that a good description could be given to the Police later. Always think about the 'Safety Margin' the amount of time you have to escape from a poten-

tially hazardous situation if it means giving up your valuables then do it! Cheque books, and credit cards can be replaced. If you feel that you are seriously threatened you may be justified in taking up a weapon, but you should be confident in using it effectively and not having it turned against you.

Ultimately keeping yourself safe and away from harm depends on your assessment of the situation, points worth considering:

1. The size and weight of the attacker
2. The physical ability of the attacker
3. The number of people present who may become involved on his/her side.
4. Weapons possessed or available to the attacker

Some other factors which should also be considered - your own size, physical ability and defensive skill, your immediate reaction if suddenly attacked as the adrenaline starts to flow through your body and weapons available to you.

The best immediate defence if possible is to run away as quickly as possible, maximising that safety margin.

Self defence can mean different things to different people, recognising and avoiding hazard is obviously the best form of self defence. It is not always possible to do

this, practical techniques therefore definitely do have some value.

Is there any particular type of woman who is a victim? The answer to that question is quite simply - no.

Women should be aware that the rapist chooses to rape them because they fit into his scenario not because they are pretty or passive. A woman is selected to play a part in the rapist's fantasy. The victim is the representative of a woman he wants to control, hurt or even kill. In this situation, at least in fantasy, the rapist is powerful and strong.

Traditional female socialisation leads some women to become inappropriately polite and nice. Some women who have been attacked have found it difficult to say - 'Don't do that', 'Go away', but actually said 'Please don't hurt me'. This type of response compromises your innate strengths.

It does not really matter how a woman dresses, whether she seems attractive or sexy. The reality is that the woman's clothes, sexual orientation or lifestyle are quite irrelevant to the reality of the rape scenario. Women are raped because they are women and play a part of the rapist's power fantasy.

The fear of being hurt is universal in human-beings. Having to defend oneself is a poten-

tially life threatening experience for people who are not accustomed to self defence situations. This anxiety or state of mental uneasiness results from the fear of anything, real or imagined, which threatens the person who experiences it. The responses to anxiety vary considerably. It can range from a hesitancy to act to the impulse to do something even if it wrong. Some people will act appropriately, adequately and more rapidly than they would in the absence of a threat.

On the other hand others may be frozen and incapable of doing anything to correct the situation which has caused their anxiety. This anxiety can be countered by learning to cope with one's fears. When a threat is real or imagined, the brain alerts the body. The adrenal gland pours out hormones which prepare the body to meet the threat or retreat from it. The heart rate quickens, and blood vessels constrict to divert blood to the organs which will need it. Some people may begin to respond rapidly and exactly within the limits of their experience and training. With other people the same bodily reaction to stress does not produce actions which are considered 'normal'. The response to anxiety or stress may be completely absent or at least inadequate. Responses for this type of person may be random or illogical, or it may be more than is called for by the situation.

This emphasises the need for adequate self defence training to enable the individual to be able to cope adequately and effectively when the pressure is on i.e. in an attack situation.

Floyd Brown, a qualified and experienced exercise teacher, personal trainer (listing Mike McShane amongst his clients) and martial artist: (1991 - 1993 World Kickboxing Association world ranked No.2, European Heavyweight Champion and holder of the International Thai Boxing Federation Heavyweight title) runs self defence courses for men, women and youngsters.

He will travel to your place of work, home or arrange a hall. Floyd also runs clubs at the London School of Economics, The Queen Mother Sports Centre SW1 and women's courses at The Drill Hall Arts Centre W1. To contact Floyd: tel - 071 485 4619 fax - 071 267 6324 mobile - 0850 941903

I'm Asleep So Don't Lecture Me

David Whippe

As a rule, the attendance of lectures has never been one of my strongest suits. In the interest of good journalism however, I felt honour-bound to break this self-imposed diktat for all you lovely readers out there. If you feel this article is not comprehensive enough, your opinions would be highly valued so please don't hesitate to write in with them next week. This would then provide us with invaluable data for compiling a database featuring all the saddest and most friendless people here at the L.S.E.

The first lecture on my busy itinerary was Mathematical Methods on Tuesdays from 12-1 in the Old Theatre. Although I actually slept through the bulk of this one, my waking moments did yield some mo-

mentous and ground-breaking theories relating to the greater understanding of Maths and its adherents. They take the form of the following equations. THUS:

A) MATHS = WANK
B) MATHS = (CARDIGANS + GLASSES)

Obviously, these are as yet officially unproven, but do certainly seem intriguing enough to warrant further investigation. (My negative impressions of this subject however, may be tempered by the fact that I'm shite at it to the degree that I was too much of a girl to handle quadratics).

The second of intimately researched pieces was the Economics B lecture (Micro) that takes place from 2-3 in the Old Theatre every Tuesday. For this little gem, my good friend Mr. Rogers of-



Lord Desai lectures away to eager students none of whom look remotely asleep.

Photo: Beaver Staff

fered the fascinating observations that the lecturer is "Far too tall and has crap handwriting." Unfortunately, such blinding insight was lost on me as this

is indeed an unsurpassed cure for insomnia, and had me asleep within fifteen seconds. My pleasant stay in the land of nod however was quite abruptly ended by some obtrusively loud feedback from the lecturer's microphone. Disgusted at how obviously inconsiderate this man was, I vouched to leave immediately and attend my next assignment.

At this juncture however I have a confession to make. It is that I know neither the name nor the topic of the next lecture due to my vision of the stage being entirely eclipsed by the existence of a huge tub o' lard Yank in the row in front of me. Named Guy, his life appeared to be dominated by the twin pursuits of eating pies and asking stupid questions. I concluded therefore that he is one of those second-rate students imported by the L.S.E. to fund the British contingent which is patently superior in intelligence. Having vented my fury by calling him a "Fat, thick, sack of shit," I decided to return home before he sat on me, only to find that the big man also lives at Passfield and had eaten everything in the canteen. Impressed as I was at his ability to stomach the crap that passes for food in there, I began to suspect that there was more to this man than meets the eye.

Moving on though, Friday morning approached more rapidly than expected, but still I awoke ready to tackle the world and do multiple good deeds. Sadly, these desires were somewhat curtailed by my obligation to attend an Economic History lecture from 10-11. The time of day conspired against me though, and despite an absorbing start, I fell asleep with great

aplomb. It is common knowledge however that a short nap incomparably enhances your state of alertness for a later stage of the day, and it was in this frame of mind that I approached the next stone in my rocky path of discovery.

In retrospect, I see this now as a huge stroke of luck as my next lecture was graced by the presence of several senior Tories in the row behind me. Obviously, the need to protect the sanctity of my arsecheeks was foremost in my mind at this juncture, and thus the incentive to stay awake was truly great. Unsurprisingly, I managed it too.

Ultimately though, this sleep denial had its repercussive effects, and I once again visited slumberland during my Structure of International Society lecture an hour later. Of all disappointments to have breached my defences here at the L.S.E., this was truly the greatest as Geoffrey Stern can be very entertaining in the periods when he forgets to plug his books. The discovery of my loss was such that I was crushed like a small fluffy puppy unfortunate enough to stray out of the garden and on to a busy road. Despite concerted attempts by my friends at diverting my suicidal state of mind, I was inconsolable. Emotionally drained, I was in no fit state to draw a conclusion, so my long standing friend Dr. John Ashworth came to my aid. He said "Lectures are both informative and fun, so endeavour to attend them at the slightest opportunity." I couldn't agree more.

Rosebery Rumpus - Part 2

In a couple of weeks, over 300 students at Rosebery will be paying their Hall fees. This will amount to about £16000. On top of this, all students are obliged to pay an extra £10 "Common Room Fee". This does seem rather ironic since there is no common room. It makes one wonder whether the rumours of a "10,000sq. ft. industrial complex fee" being introduced next term are in fact true. (even if it is, we're sure it will be for the use of tourists only.)

To our delight the new £..... bar has excellent acoustics. This was obviously based on the fact that students are a very quiet bunch of people who don't drink, then sing, then felch in public. Or perhaps the aim is to fill the Hall with postgrads and other loud party animals?

With the Bar being locked and bolted by the resident prison (sub) Warden, the only option is for the merriment (and felching) to continue in someone's bedroom, which is also not permitted.

This has obviously proven beneficial to relations in the Hall, especially as it supposedly caters for students to sleep and study.

There remains, then, only two questions to put to the Warden. Firstly, have you ever tried to sleep when there are thirty pissed-up students in the room next to you? And secondly, have you never wanted to engage in social intercourse after 11.45pm?

Answers on a postcard to the Campus Editors.....

Famous Pop Stars of the LSE



Number 1: Nick Kirby

The Constitution and Steering Committee Chair-person caught outside the Royal Albert Hall, before playing to a sell out audience.

Just in case you wonder who the guy is with the funny beard is, it's the late great Frank Zappa who is waiting for his car from "Joe's Garage Volume 1".

Rusty Bullet Hole

Under the guidance of celebrated clairvoyant Auntie Rob, RBH discovers the future of the music industry...

JANUARY

The BRIT Awards hail a new dawn for popular music in this country. Rod Stewart is "Best British Male Artist" and U2 are "Best International Group". Morrissey announces that his forthcoming album is to be entitled "There Ain't No Black In The Union Jack", and the nation is treated to a 1994 Dance Mix of Procol Harum's "Whiter Shade Of Pale".

FEBRUARY

Suede's new single enters the Chart at No. 1, then plummets down to No. 32 the following week. News emerges that the Stone Roses' long-awaited second album should be with us "by Easter". Morrissey announces that the first single from his new album will be "BNP's The One For Me (Fatty)" and a Ragga version of "House Of The Rising Sun" reaches the No. 1 spot.

MARCH

Much mirth in the Music biz as Simple Minds release their eagerly awaited Triple Live LP "Wank". Take That's latest single peaks at No. 74, and Robbie is arrested for dealing Crack. Easter comes and goes, Stone Roses' album out "June-ish". Morrissey's follow-up to "BNP" is entitled "Two Cully And Flid Lice, Tojo" and elicits death threats from the Triads.

2 Unlimited's reworking of "Satisfaction" tops the Charts.

APRIL

Dire Straits return to the public eye with their much-anticipated new album "Same Shit, Different Sleeve", heralded by Steve Wright as the "most challenging record of the year". Morrissey is selected to represent Britain in the Eurovision Song Contest, but "Delors And His Whores" scores "nul points" (France's "Je T'adore, EC" wins). A Future Trance Dub Mix of "My Boy Lollipop" becomes the biggest hit of the year so far.

MAY

Status Quo's "This Is The Last One, We Promise" retirement tour sells out all over the UK and new album "Jeans And Plimsolls" is touted as "a radical change in direction". East 17 split after new single "Cor Blimey, Strike A Light" sells a mere ten copies (and it was their mums and dads who bought them), and Morrissey's heartfelt ballad "Greasy Dago Waiter" is well-received by the Tory Party. "Three Coins In A Fountain (House Mix '94)" stays at No. 1 all month.

JUNE

"Paul McCartney-Unplugged" emerges as favourite for the year's music prizes, an insider

claims "it's his most challenging material since 'Helter Skelter'". Geffen announce "September, probably" as the preliminary release date for the new Stone Roses LP. Morrissey's "Two World Wars And One World Cup" live-format video sells by the bucket-load in the Shires. Ben Liebrand remixes "Coward Of The County - Disco 1994" all the way to No. 1.

JULY

The music industry buzzes with the news that Spandau Ballet are to reform, and "Greatest Hits Yet Again" goes multi-platinum. Tony Mortimer (ex-East 17) arrested for holding up Walthamstow Sub-Post Office, and Morrissey announces free entry to any of his gigs for anyone wearing a swastika armband, who will also receive a limited-edition EP featuring "England Uber Alles". Meanwhile, "Seasons In The Sun - Hardcore '94 Version" is the sound of summer.

AUGUST

UB40's "Tribute To Bob Marley" covers album widely regarded by Radio 1 DJs as "the most important release of the decade". New Kids On The Block reportedly spending time in detox, and Morrissey sings a live rendition of "Belsen

Was A Gas" at the British National Party conference. Britain grooves away to the massive Euro hit "Bette Davis Eyes (In A Ragga Stylee)", which storms to the top of the charts.

SEPTEMBER

REM's "Whine" LP is released to a breath-baited audience - first single "Dirge" storms the Top 10. Bad Boys Inc. are found selling sexual favours for wraps of whizz under Waterloo Bridge. Still no sign of the Stone Roses' album - one of their minions proffers "Christmas, with a bit of luck" as the release date. "Ghandi Pandi", Morrissey's new single, provokes hostile reactions from all quarters, and the 1994 Ambient Mix of "Two Little Boys" is the UK's biggest autumn hit.

OCTOBER

At long last, Genesis' new album, "We're Rich, But We Care" is released. All monies received for royalties from this album, we are told, will go to the Phil Collins Rug (He Needs One) Fund. Robbie from Take That, the Sun alleges, has been prostituting himself in Strangeways. Morrissey's autobiography, "Enoch Powell Was Misunderstood" keeps the Monday Club entertained. Luckily, the record-buying

public has "Anyone Who Had A Heart (Dub)" to keep them on the dancefloor.

NOVEMBER

Oh lucky us! With a stunning return to form, Hot Chocolate establish themselves as fore-runners in the dance scene with "So You Win Again - The PWL Mixes". Bruno Brookes reckons it to be "the best soul record since 'What's Going On?'". The Radio 1 FM re-shuffle promises a new look, and this idea is borne out with the news that Alan "Fluff" Freeman is to bring some new blood to the breakfast slot. "Tar And Feathers" is the working title of Morrissey's new album, and "Vincent - The Starry Starry Nights Acid Mix" enters the chart at No. 1.

DECEMBER

The silly season is upon us: hence the Black Lace revival - "Twenty Party Hits You Detest" is the "must-buy" Christmas album. The Stone Roses' management suggest that "early '96" is a more realistic date for their album, and Morrissey courts Chrimbo outrage with "Jesus - Little Yiddo Bastard". Christmas cheer, however, is re-instated when Bitty McLean takes Cliff Richard's "Mistletoe And Wine (Cod Reggae Dross Mix)" to the seasonal No. 1 spot.

Join Our Club?

Daniel Silverstone

Everybody likes to claim that they were there when it started and when it was best. Rave began between 1988-91 and was free, seditious, hedonistic and liberating. Since then capitalism has encroached and it has become uniform, expensive and banal. The music has gone too soft or too hard and the drugs likewise, according to your taste.

Despite a lot of this being true there are no shortage of clubs, promoters and DJs intent on convincing you otherwise. Concerning house music there are about 25 events each Saturday listed in Time Out, on top of which can be added at least five independent events. This makes choosing your venue difficult, a problem exacerbated by the refusal of Time Out to give any night

a bad review and by the amazing ability of top DJs to appear in up to five events each night. The only constant features are the high prices and seriousness with which clubbing is taken.

Out of the Saturday nights experienced there is a definite hierarchy with Gism at club Ra-Ra at the bottom. It is tacky, cramped and overcrowded. The music is dated and the system poor. Even if it is near Rosebery Hall, and you are on the guest list, don't go. Also to be avoided are nights being advertised as bargains, or clubs with too much Kiss involvement.

Both Villa Stefano and Maximus are mediocre venues, though Maximus is a great example of the mix found in London clubs. At its best the lack of sexual etiquette, stereotypes and sheer decadence can still provide a good antidote to

more traditional "boy meets girl" clubs. A good example of this is Spirit at SW1. From 12.30-6.00 a.m. a zealous crowd and a thick layer of sweat is guaranteed. The atmosphere is relaxed and the music with Roy the Roach, Dave Lambert and Judge Jules always excellent.

Finally there is the infamous Ministry of Sound. It's over-priced, pretentious and badly located. However, it is mandatory to pay at least one visit. Inside there is an eclectic beautiful crowd, an amazing system and permissive atmosphere. It is a heavy-duty night out with no alcohol and a bed-time of around 10 a.m. If you have the stamina, then house, garage, soul and movies are on offer. It also may solve the clubber's eternal question: Are better people having a better time elsewhere?

Handy Household Hints from Hip-Hop Heroes

No.2 CREDIT TO THE NATION



Yo! MC Fusion here, comin' at ya with a household hint! You know when you make a cup of coffee, and you put your cup down on a polished wooden surface and it leaves a horrible ring mark - Hey, don't fret, simply mix some cigarette ash with water and smear it on the ring. Wipe it off - and the unsightly mark disappears as well!

WHAT'S ON * WHAT'S ON

The Weekly Guide For LSE Students Covering All LSE & London Specials
 Guide 2 - For Lent Term 1993 - January 17th - January 23th

And so the What's On page returns in its full glory, ever ready for another term of trying to fill its pages with interesting stuff for all you bored students to do. Hopefully in the near future letters will be going out to all societies to remind them of the use of this page, the contents of which depend upon people letting us know what's on so we can tell you. I'm sure if you put the energy into arranging an event, a short note to the Beaver Office telling us about it isn't a hassle. One way of ending student apathy is more communication. Tell us so we can tell them. Whatever, and so to What's On.

**Monday
17th**

Feeling a little flogged at the beginning of term? Take a break, put down your whips and come to "Sodomasochism, Theory and Practice". Presented by Kellan Farshea from the Operation Spanner Campaign this is an open meeting organised by the LGB society. H216 from 6pm.

Any football? Following this week's agony (sorry Millwall) and ecstasy (up the Villa), there is bound to be more of the same this Monday. See posters for details. If there's any, 7.30pm in the Underground.

**Tuesday
18th**

"K51 Welcome Back Party". The Chaplaincy welcome members of any LSE religious societies to attend. 6pm.

**Wednesday
18th**

The Fabian Society introduce Michael Meacher MP, who will be speaking about Cambodia, from where he has recently returned. 1pm in the Vera Anstey Room.

As part of American Week, cunningly arranged to appease all our American students (simply because it was Martin Luther King day on Monday), tonight's Rag Film Night features two 'classic' American films. Well, maybe two 'classic' American actors. Nah, it's not even that. Whatever, if you fancy some good old escapism tonight's the night... Cliffhanger with Sly and Last Action Hero with Arnie.

**Thursday
20th**

The Chaplaincy will be showing "Jesus of Montreal" in K51 at 5.30pm. Again all are welcome.

Habit. The second of these weekly pre-club nights. How long will they last? DJ-Ben Osborne will be playing some Loose Tunes in the Underground. He likes to call it Jazz in a Vertical Groove (and who doesn't). LSESU has asked us all to support this event. You have been warned.

**Friday
21st**

Quelle surprise!!! The Time Tunnel disco again. Thoroughly improved with a brand spanking new DJ (but did we need a new one). There are now weekly beer promotions, too. So, for the best Friday night in town, drop into the Underground... Billy says. Free Entry.

Also for a little bit of competition to the Time Tunnel, Carr-Saunders has its usual start of term party tonight. Now I wonder which is going to be rammed, there is a longer lasting subsidy but that won't make much difference. Get there early.

**Saturday
22nd**

Casino Night!! The LSE goes to Las Vegas!! The tables are real. The excitement is real. The money isn't. (So the excitement isn't that real). Anyhow, you can afford to lose a fortune and no previous experience is required. Tickets cost £3.00 and are available from Student Union Reception.

**Sunday
23rd**

After all the fun of the last week, why the fuck do you want something to happen on Sunday? If you are really desperate, go to ULU. It is absolutely no fun whatsoever, but who cares? Now is the time to start getting stressed about all those essays you are due to hand in tomorrow, or to worry about the fact you haven't phoned home. If I were you I'd just go to bed and forget about it, turn your stereo up loud and listen to your favourite track. Procrastinate, procrastinate!!!

Time Out

MAGAZINE

Okay, this week you can feel special. Time Out can't make their regular piece so you are left with me. Many apologies to those who are awaiting the usual Time Out column, it just ain't happening. To all those who haven't a clue how the Beaver works, our deadlines are Friday morning; it's now Thursday c.11.30pm. and I am stuck with five hundred words to spare (being slightly inebriated doesn't help, being very inebriated is a right bastard). Why is it there are about a million things I could talk about but can only think of one?? Student apathy was a huge issue in these pages last year and personally I can't see the situation has improved since last year. One look at the letters we have been sent this year shows that students' attitudes to the entertainments at LSE haven't changed much, even though I believe Justin Deaville's efforts have been admirable. So what is at the root of the problem? Personally, it would seem to be the diverse structure that the LSE has, you can't ask for a more varied gathering of people at any other institution. Aim at one segment of LSE society and you appease maybe one hundred people; not four thousand. It would seem therefore that any Ents committee is facing an uphill struggle, yet you have the whole of London at your disposal. Whatever LSESU promote at the LSE, it ain't going to be liked by the whole population... but what can LSESU do??

The last few weeks have seen many people slag off parties at the LSE, so why don't you get off your arses and arrange a few of your own?? Why do people think it is so easy just to knock out a good night that everyone will enjoy?? The hours of planning, the hours of stressing if people will turn up, if enough money will be made to cover expenses, if people will have a good time etc., etc., are forgotten, only for people to slag everything off once it is over. One thing the What's On page is pissed off about is... if you think you have the bottle to arrange something then go ahead, whatever happens there will always be someone to put you down. The What's On page wants to stop all this. Be thankful for what you have, let's face it... at the end of the day all you are going to get from the LSE is your degree, no other slips of paper saying you went to good parties or had a fucking good time... Walk down the Strand and you will find clubs, pubs, whatever, where you will be happy. If you want to see the Progidy live then you should have gone to Goldsmiths, you would have got a crap degree but at least you would have got a good night out. What I am trying to say is this... Fuck the LSE entertainments, study here no problem, get your degree (be honest, is an LSE degree good going or what?), but take full advantage of London. Everyone knows the LSE's entertainment is crap so if you don't like it, go somewhere else (don't slag us off if you don't get what you want), the whole of London is there for the taking.

So all those sad people who are looking for something to do this week... Ask your fucking friends!!! If the LSE ain't good enough for you, find something better to do. I sit here in my comfy chair every Thursday night listing things for you apathetic students to do, have you no minds of your own??? Buy a copy of Time Out (even though they are not writing this week doesn't mean we can't give them a cheap plug) get a load of friends round and... make a fucking decision. (You will, however, tell the Beaver What's On).

If this week's article pisses you off a little, then I have achieved what I wanted to. Pissed off? Then get off your arse and do something about it.

Nick Fletcher.

Time Out

It's No Picnic In New York

Dennis Lim

New York City has inspired and served as the backdrop for an important cross-section of the arts. In film, Scorsese, Ferrara and Allen have all drawn inspiration and benefited greatly. In a tribute of sorts, the ICA's New York: No Picnic season offers a selection of recent independent productions inspired by what is arguably the world's most fascinating city.

Among these is Rachel Amodeo's debut feature "What About Me" - a bleak look at homelessness in New York. Amodeo plays Lisa, a timid young woman, unemployed and living with her aunt. From the outset, the disasters hit her thick and fast. First, Lisa's aunt dies suddenly - the news is broken to her by the slimy building superintendent who proceeds to rape her and then throw her out on the streets. Within minutes, her belongings are stolen and her limited supply of money soon runs out.

She finds herself reduced to rummaging in rubbish bins for food and clothing and sleeping on the streets in the freezing cold. The rest of the film charts a young woman's descent into desperation and the characters she meets along the way. Nick, a Vietnam vet, who becomes her boyfriend; Tom, an East Villager who lets Lisa stay with him after she has a bust-up with Nick; Paul, an unusually kind individual who helps her out after she is injured in an accident.

"What About Me" features some of New York's most famous underground legends - Dee Dee Ramone appears as one of Nick's fellow Vietnam vets and Johnny Thunders (of the New York Dolls), who provides the music, has a cameo as Lisa's concerned brother, Vito. Amodeo's style is stark and simple and this is even more apparent in black and white.

Filming on location in New York's Tompkins Square Park, which was an encampment for the homeless for a few years before they were driven out by police in 1991, and using homeless people in the cast has invested in "What About Me" an agonizing realism - making it a distinctly uncomfortable film to watch.

"What About Me", by virtue of its uncompromising and brutal honesty, makes some other efforts at portraying homelessness look pathetic (in particular, it makes that fucking Phil Collins record even more offensive). Most importantly, it emphatically debunks the worryingly popular misconception, perpetuated by contemptible governments, of the homeless as professional beggars - and on that basis alone, Amodeo can be said to have produced a feature of considerable importance.

In terms of artistic distinction and pure entertainment however, the best thing the New York: No Picnic season has to offer is probably a Hal Hartley collection - two shorts and a mini-feature. In "Surviving Desire", Hartley regular Martin Donovan is Jude, an obsessive literature professor with a violent streak. He infuriates his students by spending a month and a half analyzing a paragraph from "The Brothers Karamazov" because it's 'an important paragraph' and he's likely to give any one of his increasingly frustrated students a good thumping for not liking Dostoevsky. Jude's fixations do not end with literature - he's also smitten with one of his students, the intense and charming Sophie (Mary Ward). She eventually returns his affections, but is embarrassed by him and this serves to irritate and confuse Jude even more. The minor characters are equally quirky - there's a demented woman who stands



on street corners proposing to passers-by and Jude's friend - the archetypal loser who, while completely plastered, accepts her offer.

It's littered with paradoxes - Jude thinks he may be experiencing a crisis of faith even though he's an atheist; Sophie thinks he's frightened of his own fearlessness. From start to finish, "Surviving Desire" is enthralling and beguiling - like most of Hartley's work, it demands your undivided attention AND is completely worthy of it.

Hartley displays all the earmarks which have made him one of the best independent film-makers around - idiosyncratic characters perfectly played by an exceptional cast, a script of dazzling, almost blinding brilliance and a wonderful sense of the absurd - there's a ridiculous sequence

where an elated Jude is walking home from a date with Sophie when two strangers, for no apparent reason, decide to join him in a curious, silent dance number.

The two accompanying shorts are less coherent, but no less intriguing. "Ambition" sees George, a very confused young man, questioning his direction in life and his relationship with women, asserting himself ('I'm good at what I do', he repeats ad infinitum) and assaulting passers-by all within the space of nine minutes.

The characters in "Theory Of Achievement" are intelligent and young, but also unskilled, broke and stuck in a dingy Brooklyn flat. They wax philosophical, expound theories on Brooklyn poised to be the next Paris and volley epigrams at one another ('Love is

a form of knowledge.' 'I know, I told you that.' and 'To know you can die is to have died already - I read that in a book.') There is a moment of pure genius here when one of the characters stares straight into the camera and sings a wistful harmonium-accompanied song of hope ('Let my numbers all be right / let me win Lotto tonight').

'Unmissable' is a word I hesitate to use when talking about a film, but in the case of these three by Hal Hartley, it's quite honestly the only word I could use.

The New York: No Picnic season runs at the ICA until 23 January. "What About Me" screens at the ICA Cinematheque from 19-23 January at 8.30 pm, "Surviving Desire: Three Films by Hal Hartley" plays at the ICA Cinema until 20 January.

The Long and the Short of Jim Jarmusch

Phil Gomm

12 minutes really isn't a very long period of time. Not compared with the age of the earth, or when considered against the duration of an econometrics lecture. It certainly isn't very considerable for a film. But in just 720 seconds Jim Jarmusch's new 'short', Coffee and Cigarettes, manages to encapsulate debate (if never quite heated) on such things as music, multiple pile ups, the merits of Taco Bell restaurants, major road side surgery.... and of course coffee and cigarettes. The two

protagonists are Iggy 'Jim' Pop and Tom Waits (both playing themselves; almost), while the action takes place in a dive of a bar in California. Jarmusch has so far made 4 other similar films which, with more to follow, will "eventually be presented together."

But at the moment this rather off the wall film is just a tacked on prelude to another Jarmusch film, Stranger than Paradise, made and originally released in 1984, winning prizes at both the Cannes and Locarno film festivals.

The plot centres around a

New Yorker of Hungarian origin Willie (John Lurie of The Lounge Lizards fame) and his best mate Eddie (an excellent Richard Edson) who meet, then follow and finally 'kidnap' Willie's 16 year old cousin Eva (Eszter Balint) who is straight out of Budapest. Shot in black and white the film is billed as a road movie, though it hardly rattles along at the pace of Wild at Heart for example. There are many 'still' shots that fill time but not the imagination. More time is lost between scenes, all of which are separated by 3 second pauses occupied by black

voids. There is little danger of the action getting ahead of the audience here.

What makes the film though is the relationship between the two friends, and while they often niggle and annoy each other, their underlying warmth and humour comes through. This lightness is needed to counter the utter drabness which Jarmusch manages to associate with New York, Cleveland and Miami; the 3 locations used.

Overall a film worth seeing, though just sometimes you'll wish it too ran for only 12 minutes.

THE ARTS SECTION REQUIRES SCINTILLATING NEW 'TALENT,' BECAUSE NAV IS LEAVING; SO IF YOU TOO CAN ABUSE SARITA WITHOUT FEAR (AND LOVE MARTIN LEWIS) COME AND WRITE FOR US. SEE BEN OLIVER IN THE BEAVER OFFICE - E197.



Darling, why has that funny man put his head through the grille in the living room?

Go West

Dennis Lim

Sam Shepard has often been called America's greatest living playwright - a difficult appellation to live up to, but one which Shepard seems to still inspire with remarkable regularity.

"True West", which Shepard wrote back in the '70s, has now been dusted off by the Grove Studio and runs at Hampstead's New End Theatre until January 30. The play looks at the relationship between two brothers, Austin - tortured scriptwriter a la John Turturro's Barton Fink and Lee - wasted drifter who's called the Mojave desert home for the better part of his adult life.

Austin is working on a script he's been trying to sell to a Hollywood producer for months when Lee, absent for the past five years, staggers in. The following day, Lee gate-crashes Austin's meeting with the producer and tries to sell him his own story.

When the Hollywood big-wig opts quite predictably for Lee's monumentally stupid spaghetti western over Austin's sensitive romance, their relationship, already strained by a hint of fraternal jealousy and plagued with memories of an oft-mentioned but never-seen father, deteriorates.

Shepard's keen sense of observation is much in evidence - impassioned, natural dialogue and authentic characters, plucked straight out of America's heartland. There's a nice little role reversal in the middle which has Austin drunk, lying on the floor and singing off-key to "Red Sails" while Lee, tempted by the bright lights of Hollywood, sits at the typewriter, frantically

trying to cull from his muddled imagination some semblance of a script - not an easy task given his less-than-authoritative command of the language.

As Lee, Mark Houghton does an amazingly good Jack Nicholson impression - complete with sneers, growls, complete-nutter stares and very loud, sudden, cardiac-arrest-inducing shouty bits. There's also a quite uncanny physical resemblance to young Jack from certain angles, which tends to distract you from the fact that Houghton indulges in overacting a little too often. Clive Owen, determined not to be overshadowed, holds his own as Austin, a highly-strung young man who becomes increasingly dispirited and distraught as he watches his dreams come crashing down before him.

My main quibble is that the explosive climax of the final scene, although fine in itself, suffers from lack of build-up. The actors struggle to sustain whatever momentum they accumulate and this is helped in no way with tension-charged moments punctuated with a fair bit of in-between-scene bustling about the stage, during which old John Wayne films flicker from a TV.

The Grove Studio have certainly come up with a decent production (considering director Dave Paris walked out shortly before it opened), even if it is testament to Shepard's indisputable skills more than anything else. Their treatment of the play is adequately respectful, but given the nature of Shepard's excellent work, there is much unrealized potential here - something of which all involved are probably well aware.

Cracking the Egg

Jon Spurling

Emile is confused. His everyday experience seem at odds with the 'system' which is supposed to explain it: while waking "as fresh as a daisy" is a common phenomenon according to Emile's literary investigations he can find no-one for whom this expression accurately reflects reality.

Worse still he is finding it incredibly difficult to lose his virginity. His predatory technique, carefully gleaned from workmates and celluloid, is proving inadequate. Why? What is he doing wrong? The line "shall we do something?" seems to work for everyone else. Bewildered Emile starts to lie, fabricating his encounters.

And then it strikes him: his workmates are lying! The system is a fraud. He, his petty sister, her noxious fiance, all his acquaintances are governed by no force other than chance - and deceitful chance at that. This worries Emile, for a while he manages to forget his doubts, letting lust occupy his mind. As he remarks; "shagging answers thorny existential problems - I fornicate therefore I am."

Emile cannot, however, escape the 'system' which he likens to the Egg of the title - smooth, complete and impenetrable. Chance marries him (to the 'wrong' woman), it finds him a job and accommodation. The agency of chance governs Emile's life until -

Until he catches his wife with another man and decides to use the vagaries of the 'system' to his advantage. He begins by extorting money from his wife's lover Dugommier, an unrewarding part played with enthusiasm by Simon Heale, progresses to killing his wife and ends by having Dugommier sentenced for her murder. The judge and jury, without Emile's insight into the 'system', can see no other culprit.

Emile has penetrated the system. We are left in no doubt of that, Mark Evans [Emile] guides us through his process of discovery by a series of asides spoken directly to the audience. Evans is at his best delivering these asides, he communicates nuance with a fine range of expression which achieves a genuine rapport with the audience.

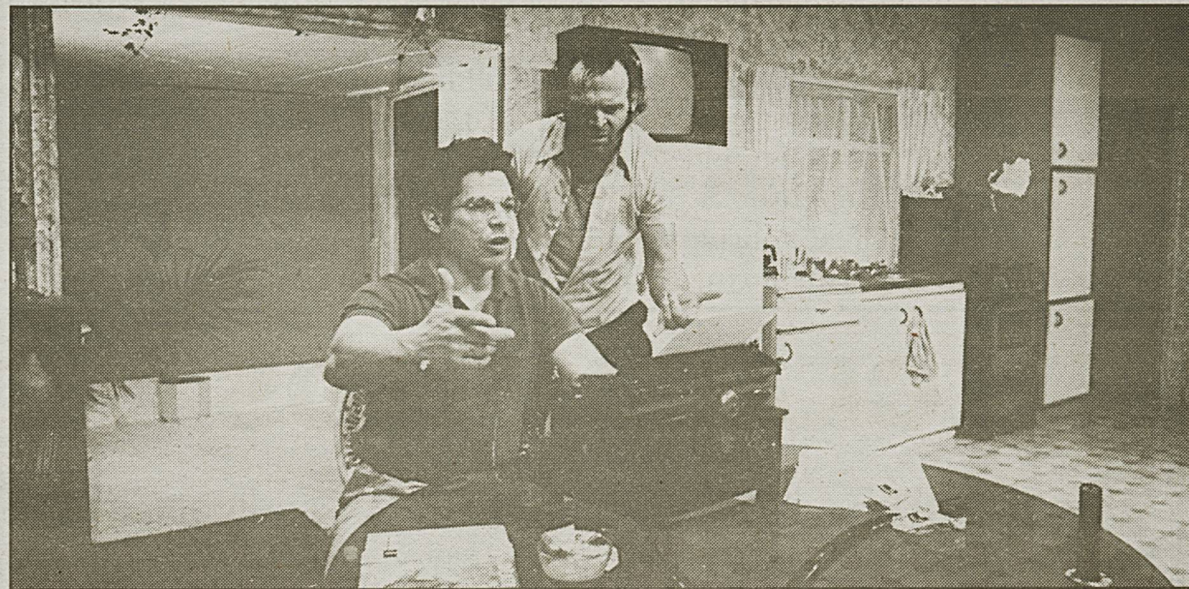
Apart from Evans Toby Mitchell [director and transla-

tor] can also claim credit for a script which loses none of the insight one expects of Morceau yet is easily assimilated and genuinely funny. The play is still firmly located in the nineteen-fifties but the script is updated in order that we are not burdened with all the pre-occupations of that age, again, credit to Mitchell. Another strong point of the play is the set which emphasizes the empty formality of everyday life but does not restrict the players.

Less impressive was the performance of the supporting cast. None were bad but there was a disconcerting tension between the ways different actors chose to interpret the play; absurd farce or comedy of manners.

This play is easy to recommend, well staged in an intimate theatre, which will provide a far more entertaining evening than many a more expensive or larger scale production.

The Egg plays at the Camden Studio Theatre [37 Chalk Farm road, below the Offstage bookshop] until 22nd January. Tickets are £6.50 (£5.00 concs) and performances start at 8pm.



We close our eyes.....but imagination never lets us take the blame

Crimes and Mister Murder

Phil Gomm

You could "get your jollies from licking the back of stamps" - should your fun be the same as the villain in the latest Woody Allen offering - or instead indulge yourself in a trip to the cinema to watch Manhattan Murder Mystery, a comedy pulling heavily from the 1940's genre of murder and mayhem. This can be seen most blatantly in the use of quotations from the films Double Indemnity (1944) and The Lady From Shanghai (1948).

Allen is again teamed up with Diane Keaton. They play a married couple, Larry and Carol Lipton, who become suspicious when their next door

'widower' seems to be far from despondent about his wife's untimely death from a heart attack. Carol is forced to confide more and more in her bachelor friend Ted (Alan Alda) as the plot thickens and turns more bizarre, leaving Larry continually more sceptical and incredulous at his wife's behaviour.

Anjelica Huston appears as a fiction writer, less than subtle in showing her intent to seduce Larry, who the team eventually rope in to help solve the puzzle. As per usual in an Allen production much emphasis is placed on the eccentricities of life and relationships in The Big Apple, with Allen's character portraying the usual

paranoia, neuroticism and phobias associated with him.

The witticisms come fast and furious throughout - responding to Carol's comment that their marriage needs re-evaluating, Larry says "I've already done it; I got a 10 and you had only a 6." - but the film never seems more than a self indulgent vehicle for the writer/producer/main actor himself, and it is not easy to regard the piece as any more than personal promotion. Of course this is nothing new and any Allen fan will easily overlook the point.

Should you find yourself with no stamps to lick, then go and see the film whether you are a devout Allen fan or not.

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FOR SESSION 1993/94**

for
**UNDERGRADUATE, GENERAL COURSE, DIPLOMA, EX-
CHANGE AND ERASMUS STUDENTS**

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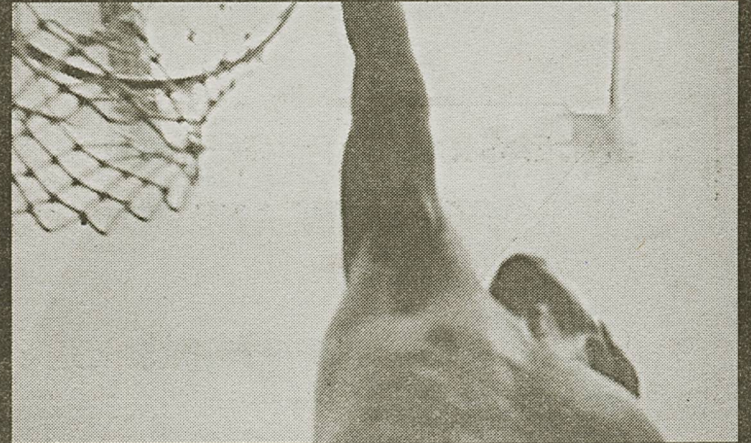
Trivial Pursuits

Following hot on the trail of the Pisshead Olympics, the Beaver Sports pages are proud to bring you the Winter equivalent - The How to be an Annoying Cunt in the Library Games

Events

1. Shout as loud as you can to your fellow contestants
2. Hold a barbecue in the Statistics Reading Room competition - aim: to hold a barbecue, using volumes of Karl Marx's 'Das Kapital' as briquettes
3. Reconstruct Torvill & Dean's Bolero on the carpet of the Course Collection
4. Fly a remote-controlled aircraft on the Second Floor
5. Pop as many crisp packets as you can in the space of 30 mins
6. Busking event (The more you raise, the more points you gain)
7. Perform an impromptu demonstration of primal scream therapy
8. Ask for your Set Texts through a megaphone
9. Asking the librarians for 'Fly Fishing' by J.R. Hartley - how many of them can YOU piss off?
10. Yodelling on the Third Floor
11. The dress up as a leading Nazi and burn as many intelligent books as possible event
12. The ethnic display of Greek plate-smashing event
13. Put a sheet over your head and make ghost noises behind the occult section
14. The having a shag in the basement event (The more partners you shag the points you get - points will be deducted for any sexual diseases you catch)
15. Shove as many books as you can up your jumper and try to convince the Security Guard that you're pregnant with his baby
16. Recite the entire works of Roald Dahl using semaphore
17. Stand in the queue at reception and then throw up all over the person in front of you
18. Laugh in the face of the person you've have just thrown up over
19. Die whilst queuing at the Course Collection desk
20. Blow up the library using TNT and/or Gary's Pants

Basket Case



The U.S. - USSR Olympic Basketball Final (1972)

The U.S. had won seven Olympic titles and 64 consecutive games in 36 years. At Munich, the U.S. basketball team went up against the USSR in the finals. In a hectic finish, as the horn sounded, the US had won 50-49. Then it was ruled that the clock was wrong, and there were still 3 seconds more to play. Protesting, the U.S. was forced to take the court again, and the Russians scored a basket to win 51-50, as the horn sounded a second and last time, and the American winning streak came to an end. The U.S. refused to accept its second-place silver medals, claiming that no one had won, despite the fact that the Viet Cong had refused to buckle before America's might.....erm, I think I've lost

Arse-wipe

16 Good reasons to hate Arsenal Football Club

1. David Seaman (Where were you when Koeman scored?)
2. Lee Dixon (Wanker)
3. Nigel Winterburn (Wanker's in-bred Cousin)
4. Martin Keown (Tosspot)
5. Steve Bould (Bald shit-for-brains)
6. Tony Adams (Hee Haw)
7. David Hiller (Twat)
8. Kevin Campbell (Joey Deacon)
9. Ian Wright (Ian Wank, wank, wank)
10. Paul Merson (Jail Bait limp dick)
11. Ray Parlour (Coooo-eeeeee)
12. John Jensen (Danish Pillock)
13. Eddie McGoldrick (Palace Reject)
14. George Graham (Millwall Reject)
15. They're boring.
16. They're jammy cunts
17. Tottenham are wank too - love Nick Fletcher

Wobbly, Wobbly, Piss Poor Flowerpot

Competition Time - yes, you too can win, win, win, win with this great Beaver Competition. Yes sireeee, a night out with a Sports Editor of your choice could be yours. All you have to do is answer the following questions, complete the tie-breaker (in no more than ten words) and send your entries to: **The Cor! I Really Fancy A Shag With One Of Those Sports Editors, The Beaver, E197, LSE, Houghton Street, London WC2A 2AE.** All entries must reach the office by 5pm next Monday. May the force go with you.

The questions:

- 1) Who starred in the film 'Slade In Flame'?
- 2) Name any First Division Football Club beginning with the letter 'M'
- 3) Who are the Production Editors of the Beaver?

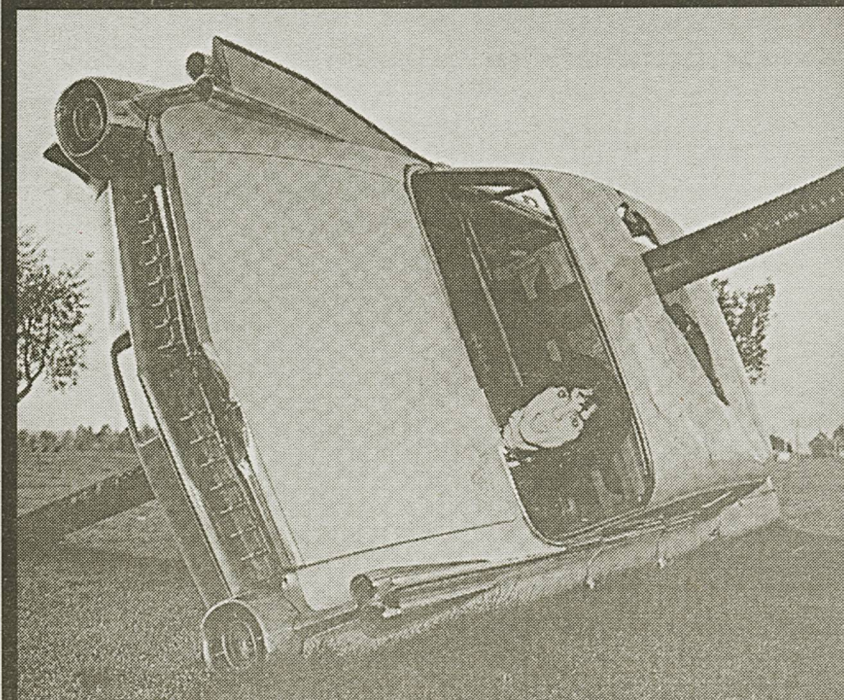
Tie-Breaker: Kingmaker are shite because:

Please state which Sports Editor you'd like to spend the evening with:

Ian

Neil

Famous Last Words In History



By
N. P. Flywheel
BA

Number 2:
Marc
Bolan

"Oooooo, look at that fast
approaching tree"

Houghton Street Harry

A lot of people love Christmas, and in the words of Barry Norman, and why not? I'll tell you why not, because it's more of a trial than Jarndyce v Jarndyce (literary reference for the more educated sports fans meaning Tom Randall). After the initial shock of having to share the dinner table with parents, the magnitude of the interrogation about to follow does not occur to the unwary. The trouble starts with the opening question . . . So what have you been doing all term, son? The temptation to tell the truth subsides in seconds and your teeth instinctively clench in order to lie through them. This and that is as near as anybody will ever get to a description of my chequered academic activities. Once you have overcome the pleasantries your mind starts to work and you realise there are jobs to be done. For example you realise that your family are all coming to stay for the duration and they will inevitably try and hide their presents . . . under your bed. The proscribed action is to move your jazz mags into the shed. It's cold out there, but if a shank free Christmas is what it takes, well you know the rest.

What's the difference between a ten-ton gorilla and a lemon meringue pie? You guessed it, christmas dinner. My dad gave us boys a very pleasant surprise this year. Having woken up with a mouth like a butcher's floor after the eve pints of herione with a large nutmeg chaser, you have your packet of asproclear and the amusing hangover remedy given to you by the aunt you never see, you are finally back on planet earth. The old man asked us if we wanted a beer with our dinner, it's rude to refuse really. He disappeared into the utility (aka the bloody cold room you never go in) only to return and plonk a 4-pack of Tennants Super in front of us. Bloody hell! Even the Camberwell tramps have a can of Holsten to wash down the turkey.

Crackers, don't you just love them? Not really. Crap jokes, crap hats and loads of crepe paper. I can only summarize that they are called crackers because that is what you have to be to think they are any good.

Next on the agenda is dying in front of the box. After a gallon of Le Piat D'or and three cans of Super on the back of a mother of all hangovers I challenge anybody to find anybody to find their parents using the new Karaoke machine anything other than the bottom of Dante's Inferno. I've Got You Babe, followed by Unchained Melody and winding up with Dean Martin's classic That's Amore. They say worse things happen at sea. All I can say is that whatever they are they would kill you at twenty paces.

A game of Pictionary, and a couple of rounds of Scattagories and 3 more cans of Super later and the fat lady is singing. Let's face it, crimbo is for the kids and since I'm the youngest I used to be obliged to perform. This usually involved stuffing my Grandad at Connect 4, warbling along to a carol or two and getting up at 4am. Thank goodness I've got two young nieces to take over that mantle. I bet in 20 years time they too will be saying the same.

Naughty Boys Bite UAU Dust

Reading 4 LSE 2nd XI 0

The Second XI finally bit the dust after a cup run that was so glamorous it made Marilyn look like Vera Duckworth. The train journey was somewhat ominous when the team chose to travel in seats facing backwards, and played like they were driving an Italian tank. The wind blew, the rain was stair-rods and the pitch was more akin to a First World War trench. Nip and tuck at the turn after a dubious decision disallowed Gobels' goal. As they swigged Lucozade at the interval Staples enjoyed some casual banter with the referee, only for their relationship to turn sour 20 minutes later.

From the kick-off Reading took the lead while the back four were still dreaming of a hot shower and a cold sausage-roll. The tide had turned and even King Cnut would have a problem stemming it. The turning point of the game came shortly afterwards when LSE conceded a corner. Staples was harshly adjudged to have handled a goal-bound header and despite strong protests from both teams he was given his march-



Naughty boy Staples lurks at the back

Photo: Steve East

ing orders. The trudge back to the pavilion involved a ten minute bus ride so he had to stand out in the pissing rain for half an hour which did not do much for his health or his frame of mind.

The result of this miscarriage of justice was a collapse from the away team as the final scoreline reflects. A cold shower and a cold pie in a

village hall later, it was off to sample Reading University bar for six hours, then back to the smoke for all. All, that is, except Paul Bradford who decided a hot dog was preferable to the last train home and ended up spending the night in the doorway of the Reading Debenhams. Maybe he should compare notes with Eugene Stalker?

The Lion Miaows

Tim Payton

Tradition is everything, tradition is Millwall failing to reach the FA Cup fifth round (just ask Neil), tradition is Arsenal winning FA Cup ties in the last minute (lucky old Arsenal-ed.) Tradition is the friendly East End welcome seeing you safely back over the border.

Never mind Neil, you've always said goalkeepers are over-protected. Well, Kasey Keller keeps up the American tradition for ridiculous names,

and maybe he is attempting to wrestle the mantle of the Scottish goalie tradition back to the other side of the pond. He is over here, over-rated, but not over Paul Merson's shoulder!

Back to the life in the exciting Cornhill or Sun Life whatever insurance league, clocking up victories over such notable opposition as Barnsley or Stoke. It takes a real lion of a team to open their new stadium with a 4-1 tonking from that slumbering Essex giant Southend (It was 2-1 against Sporting Lisbon,

pal - NA). Why are Millwall fans so clever that they pay £10 to watch a football match, then keep the ball so we don't see anything (Aaaaahhh! - NA). In future I recommend that they keep the ball for the whole 90 minutes to spare us from utter boredom. Watching the grass grow would be a far more emotional spectacle than seeing Keith 'Rhino' Stevens run around the pitch fouling anything that moves. "No-one likes us . . .", 'cos you're shit. (Arsenal: Boring wankers to a man -NA)

Cup Glory or Jammy Bastards - You Decide

Crap Football Related Joke

