



## By Casting Vote: Arthur Scargill Honorary President

By Beaver Staff

In a gripping election night, Salman Rushdie closed in on the initial twelve votes which Arthur Scargill was ahead after the first stage. In the first stage of the Single Transferable Vote System, Scargill, proposed by Woody Bild, a member of the Socialist Worker Student Society, had been given 177 votes, with Rushdie following up with 167 votes. Michael Davis of the M25 gang who had been nominated by Dominique Delight, founding member of the Left Society, was eliminated, having gained 54 votes only. At this stage

it also seemed clear to those present that the Homeless Citizens of Lincoln Inn Fields, proposed by Louise Grogan, DSG, and Mrs. Andrews, proposed by Neil Andrews, would be eliminated in the subsequent stages. The second stage saw Rushdie lagging behind Scargill with sixteen votes, while "Neil's mum" was eliminated. Transfers in the third stage charged the atmosphere in A 86, as Rushdie closed in on Scargill, leaving the latter in the lead with five votes only. Many of those waiting for the results speculated whether the votes transferred from the DSG candidate would favor Scargill or Rushdie. The result was tensely expected by those present in the room. Several students had come over

from the Three Tuns Bar to await the final result. Most could not believe their eyes, when Chris Short, Returning Officer of the Students' Union, wrote the figure of 260 both behind Rushdie's and Scargill's name. Mubin Haq, member of the Socialist Worker Student Society broke out in anger as he considered that, if he had given Scargill his vote, the Union leader would have won in the fourth stage. Chris Short decided to recount the ballot sheets two times with the help of Bernardo Duggan, his deputy, and other volunteers. No mistake in the previous counts could be detected. Finally Short had to give his casting vote. He voted for Arthur Scargill. Reactions to the decision in the room



Did this vote make it all square? Election drama.

were mixed. Subsequently it was pointed out that Short's decision was not surprising, as Short's father used to be a miner himself. Short himself maintains that this had not been a reason for him to prefer Scargill. But even Hans Gutbrod, proposer of Salman Rushdie, admitted that it had been "a fair decision by Short, as Scargill was leading in the first stage".

Reactions to the

overall result were also mixed. Neil Andrews said: "I am very pleased with the turn-out in support of my mum. On being informed of the result she would like to thank all the students that have voted for her." Gutbrod on the other hand regretted that Rushdie had so narrowly missed the Honorary Presidency. He added that Scargill, from his point of view, was an "almost idiotic

choice. You should not democratically elect individuals to any post at all if they do not in the least subscribe to democratic ideals and methods themselves." On the other hand he conceded that "it takes a lousy government to make a person like Scargill seem a respectable choice".

Other reactions were not obtained by the time of going to press.

## LSE-Governor involved in Maxwell-fraud?

Lord Donoghue, a member of the LSE Court of Governors, was paid £50000 in return for keeping silent about the dealings of the disgraced Maxwell business empire.

A former hench-man to the late Robert Maxwell, Donoghue signed the confidentiality agreement on Octo-

ber 17th 1991, just three weeks before the media tycoon's mysterious death.

Questioned in the Commons last week, Donoghue rejected the suggestion Maxwell had bought his silence. It has emerged that during his three years working for Maxwell, Donoghue earned a reputed £1.5

million.

Lord Donoghue was the manager of the notorious London and Bishopsgate Investment Management, which was responsible for a portion of the missing company pension funds. Questioned by the Commons Select Committee on social security last week,

Donoghue claimed he had rowed with Maxwell over the practice of "stock lending", and had asked Maxwell to stop it. In June 1991 Donoghue discovered the practice was still going on, and subsequently resigned.

Curiously, however, Donoghue denied his resignation had any-

thing to do with stock lending, a process via which analysts now believe the pension funds were stolen. Donoghue stated that his decision to resign had been made months earlier, and was entirely unconnected with this incident.

Asked why he did not report his concerns over stock lending at the time, Donoghue said he did not consider anything improper had taken place, claiming it

was consistent with city practice.

Lord Donoghue has served on the LSE Court of Governors since 1982, and was awarded an honorary degree by the School in 1989. For his services he was made a life peer in 1985. He is a well-established author in both politics and economics, and lists among his recreations "The Gay Hussar".

By Phillip Gomm and Steve Roy



# Union Jack

Jack returns after a week's hols in sunny King's Cross. Because the elections are still going on as this is written, Jack has no returns to report, but early exit polls suggest that Neil's Mum is our next Honourary President and that the DSG and Umbrella survivors are still fighting over who gets seats in the life boat.

At the Union, Fax warned of CVCP plans to go to a 12-12-6 term schedule and asked for 125 volunteers to help with Justice Day. Lots of cheers for Bruce Forsythe. Peter Harris showed us an empty page masquerading as the *Beaver* constitution. Jon Bradburn bought a round for the UGM in honour of Sensible Drinking Week.

Questions to Officers contained one small gem. Ex-Chancellor Tubby asked Jonni whether his experience with incarceration qualified him to be Honourary President, but clearly one must be innocent of all charges. Jonni might be innocent, if he could only remember. Fax and Tesh survived further attacks with adequate answers, while Phoebe and Postgraduate Students' Officer Reza Mahmoud survived by not being present.

Sabbatical Ex-wannabee Ali Nikpay took the lead speech on our first motion, to amend our freshly minted opposition to full-cost Masters' fees. Ali also put all four sabbaticals on notice: 'Shape up or ship out!' No one spoke against his adjustment of our stated bargaining position, so after a quick Move to a Vote, we effectively turned our back on financially challenged students who would have benefitted from the now deleted studentships.

We next passed a motion about Justice Day. Fax spoke for, no one against, Move to a Vote, and the motion carried. Easy.

Not so easy for the RCP, however. Aerobics-instructor look-alike Suke told us how we shouldn't blame the poor Serbs. Manic DSG veteran Michael McGrath spiked her but good: the motion is not about racism but about the New World Order, and their conference is about Holocaust denial in ex-Yugoslavia. When Suke asked him what he felt about the NWO, he deplored US dominance but stood behind an admittedly imperfect UN. We moved to a vote and defeated the RCP yet again. These two have their choreography down.

A non-motion occurred next, as Simon ruled we would research whether the Union's buying a race horse is *ultra vires* and therefore forbidden us. Sadly, Simon called the Constitution and Steering Committee 'incompetent.' These harsh but possibly true words prompted the committee's chairperson, whom Jack will not name because he likes her, to flee the proceedings.

Suke than rose to rehear her students' right to organise speech. PHarris, indignantly noting this is all covered by existing policy, asked whether we want to further the RCP cause? After some new Tory broke his cherry speaking against, we again moved the vote and defeated the motion.

Finally, sage George Binette treated us to a vintage performance against the evils of the BNP. Who opposed? Surely not the RCP? Is there any logic there? Emmanuel Olajah, taking both speeches against, noted that the real fascists are in the government and police. Woody Bild, 'sick and tired of the RCP,' gave his calmest speech ever, calling on the Left to 'Unite and Fight' the real menace of fascism. Jack, who had unkind words for Woody several weeks ago, agrees wholeheartedly, as did the UGM, which passed the motion just before the curtain fell.

Next week, will we get on our high horse, or will a greyhound amendment put us in the dog house?

# RESULTS OF THE SU ELECTION - 27 & 29 OCTOBER

794 Ballot Papers issued, 727 Ballot Papers cast

## HONORARY PRESIDENT

Arthur Scargill (NUM) Sack Major, not the Miners Candidate

## HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT

Tony Benn A Right (Un)Royal Geezer

## THE COURT OF GOVERNORS (5 places)

Bob Gross	Democratic Socialist Group (DSG)
Phil Jones	Independent Left
Tesh Fitzpatrick	Independent Feminist
Paul Trivett	Independent
Darren Crook	Conservative Association

## BUILDING COMMITTEE (1 place)

Robert Taylor Independent

## RULES AND REGULATIONS COMMITTEE (3 places)

Mark Phillips	Conservative (and proud of it)
Shaun Ince	LSE Liberal Democrats
Nick Kirby	Democratic Socialist Group (DSG)

## CAREERS ADVISORY SERVICE COMMITTEE (9 places)

Lee-Yin Chan	Independent
Rahul Baig	Conservative
Eugene Stalker	The Umbrellas Group
Michael Wood	LSE Liberal Democrats
James R. B. Atkinson	Conservative Association
Ralph Wilde	1st Year Independent Internationalist
Matthew Rees	Conservative
Gavin Blackburn	Democratic Socialist Group
Peter Harris	Democratic Socialist Group (DSG)
Kath Francis	Democratic Socialist Group

## STUDENT SUPPORT COMMITTEE (2 places)

Rahul Baig	Conservative
Catherine A. L. Williams	Independent Left

## STUDENT HEALTH SERVICE COMMITTEE (4 places)

Kath Francis	Democratic Socialist Group
Ranjita Rajan	The Umbrellas Group
Andy Baly	Tall Dark Handsome, Independent Left
Lee-Yin Chan	Independent

## LIBRARY COMMITTEE (2 places)

Michael McGrath	Democratic Socialist Group (DSG)
John McCarthy	WALC (Wednesday Afternoon Library Club)

## CATERING SERVICE ADVISORY COMMITTEE (4 places)

S.M. Roy	The Umbrellas Group
Shaun Ince	LSE Liberal Democrats
Andy Baly	Tall Dark Handsome, Independent Left
Toby Johnson	Democratic Socialist Group (DSG)

## SAFETY COMMITTEE (3 places)

Steve John	The Umbrellas Group
Ian Pleace	LSE Liberal Democrats
Jamsheda Ahmad	Democratic Socialist Group (DSG)

## COMMITTEE ON THE WELFARE OF OVERSEAS STUDENTS (3 places)

Nina Rafen	The Umbrellas Group
Zandra Mok Yee-Juen	LSE Liberal Democrats
Ludwig Kanzler	DSG

The remaining results will be announced next week



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**ULU TRAVEL**



# US Election '92

## US-students favor Clinton

by Paul Bou Habib

A poll of US-American LSE students taken last week has shown substantial support for Bill Clinton in the upcoming US presidential election. The survey, carried out by the government department with the help of Mr. Bob Worcester, chairman of MORI, questioned 400 students from different departments. Although primarily concerned with the level of support for the candidates, the survey included questions on issues such as the economy, defence, education and foreign policy.

The poll showed Clinton with a forty point lead at 63%, Bush far behind on 23% and Perot with an almost irrelevant 4%. Dr. Cheryl Schonhardt-Bailey, lecturer in The Politics and Government of USA, described the result as "not at all surprising"

and went on to explain the favorable press coverage Clinton has so far enjoyed. The distinction between US polls and the LSE poll is the almost non-existent support for Perot amongst LSE students. Dr Schonhardt-Bailey attributes this difference to the fact that the so-called "info-mercials", half-an-hour Perot campaign adds, are simply not broadcast outside the US.

In a vote following a series of debates by LSE students, the Democrats beat the Republicans on almost all the issues including the candidates' characters. On education, the Democrats scored a massive 72.9% to 16.7% victory over the Republicans. This result was almost matched on other issues debated, such as abortion, urban-problems and America's competitiveness.

Reasons for Clinton's

enormous support amongst LSE students may include the tendency of students in general to be more inclined to the left, but this explanation on its own can not account for a forty per cent lead. The survey suggests that it is more a disillusionment of students with Bush than the popularity of Clinton. Interviewees' typical reasons for voting Clinton claim that he was "the only alternative", "the best of a bad bunch" or "the lesser of three evils". This reflects on a negative vote for Bush rather than a positive vote for the Arkansas Governor. The general conclusion drawn from the poll is therefore a confirmation of the disappointing choice of candidates offered to the American people.

## US author speaks on elections

Over 80% of the US population do not vote for the US President. On Tuesday 20 October far over 80% of LSE students missed one of the best speaker meetings I have seen at the LSE, writes Peter Harris.

According to the speaker, author Jeffrey Robertson, JFK was the last President to evoke pride in Americans - despite the controversies that time has uncovered. Tracing a path through the eight subsequent elections Robinson considered the inadequacies of the candidates and such ironies as Nixon's

"peace" candidature of 1968. The speaker's consideration of deceit and criminality in US politics was the constant enabling him to compare all candidates up to the present day. Surveying this years choice, Robinson, winner of the Benedictine After Dinner Speaker Award, claimed it was simply "Hobson's Choice" emerging from a ridiculously long campaign managed by spin-doctors rather than addressing the people's agenda. The only possible solution seen by the Robinson is wider participation by the US-

electorate, who, ultimately, "get the politicians they deserve."

Asked, therefore, whether Perot was his hero, Robinson said that, although Perot had generated interest with his first entry into the contest, his subsequent withdrawal highlighted a lack of commitment to the job.

The meeting, arranged by the Democratic Socialist Group, was attended by only 50 people. Asked about this a member said "it's a pity because so many people missed an entertaining speech."

## Fuentes speaks at LSE

Carlos Fuentes, famous Mexican writer and Professor for Literature at Harvard, spoke at the LSE last Wednesday. Fuentes, who has been shortlisted for the Nobel Prize for Literature, spoke on the topic of the Quincentenary of Columbus' Discovery of America in a lecture organized by the Latin American Society. The event got off to a humorous start when the President of the Latin American Society, Arturo Sarmiento, announced that Fuentes would speak on a topic which had "raised a hell of a lot of controversy" in the past.

Fuentes himself, who managed to capture and keep the interest of the

audience throughout the lecture, began the lecture by pointing out that the discovery of the Americas was a mutual encounter between Whites and Indios.

Whereas Columbus had set out not so much to discover but to prove that the world was round, the Indios wondered whether "the Whites were as compassionate as their Cross, or as brutal as their swords implied".

Columbus had given Europe the vision of a Golden Age, but the golden continent had soon turned into a hostile and empty continent.

For Fuentes this "divorce of dream and reality" still characterises

America's societies today, both in the North and the South.

He said that part of the hard initial reality had been the pushing back of the Indios. According to figures which Fuentes quoted, an estimated 90% of the native Indian population perished in the 20 years after the beginning of the conquest of the Americas. But Fuentes refuted the view that the Indios' alternative vision of a society had "fallen, was strewn and lost forever." Instead there had been what he called a "counter-conquest". In the same way as the discovery had been a double-discovery, the conquest had been a double-conquest and there had also

been a double-dream.

While the Conquistadores had been "men who first found their vision of paradise", they also had to destroy it. But, as he said, from the two cultures of death, the Spanish and the Indian, came a "new culture of life". This new culture had brought with it a baroque culture which in turn had raised many questions. It had also brought a "brave new world", a new society and a new faith from indio-afro-spanish roots.

In Fuentes' view, one of the questions raised by the double-conquest was the issue of human rights. The question had originated from the treatment of the Indios who initially had been considered "fit to be ordered about". But soon concerns had been voiced, most prominently by Francisco de Vitoria, a lecturer at Salamanca University, who had asked his students what they would have thought if the Indios had conquered Spain in that way. Fuentes stressed that the "conquest is not over yet." He conceded that Americans themselves had not behaved much better to the Indios than the initial Conquistadores. Speaking for all Americans, he said that "we have to overcome our own daily indifference and our lack of concern to the daily

marginalisation of the Indios" and that "we have to decide whether we are prepared to respect the Indios' values." Fuentes made it clear that "we will never be just, if we do not give the Indios part of our justice and if we do not share our bread, even though justice and bread are scarce in Latin America."

From his point of view, the Quincentenary was not a reason to celebrate the victories too much. Nor was it a reason to concentrate too much on the defeats. Fuentes said that one of the main reasons for celebration was the cultural continuity of America.

This cultural continuity had meant that the civil society, which had "slowly been forging itself in the face of adversity", had outgrown political institutions. There was a distinct "lack of correspondence between the intellectual and political community." Fuentes stressed that the problems of America were the problems of the 21st Century.

Problems of multicultural societies and of migration would face the whole world in the future. Americans in the continental sense of the word were used to that, he said, as they "all came from somewhere else" and all were "part of a family of cultures". The solution to those

problems could not be isolation, as "isolated cultures soon perished in history."

Fuentes added that "when we include, we are rich, when we exclude, we are poor." While referring to a more general level he said that the continent of America could "only be truly great, if it does not deny anything of what it has been."

He pointed out that the relationship between the United States and other American countries had changed with the end of the Soviet Union. With the end of communism the USA had "lost its principal pretext for intervention" and added that "we will be able to organize ourselves without those ghosts."

In his final words Fuentes said that "discovery today means discovering ourselves". He emphasised that one should "learn to go beyond discovery and encounter, to imagination." Fuentes ended his lecture by saying that "the next 500 years begin today". Most students found the lecture fascinating and remarked on how many concepts and ideas Fuentes had managed to tie into such a relatively short time. Those present in the Old Theatre thanked Fuentes, as well as the organizers, by strong applause.



# Passfield Elections: Accusations...

## A personal account by Passfield Residents

"Last Sunday saw the annual Passfield Hall Committee elections. Both to the casual observer and the Hall residents this exercise could not be described as a lasting testament to democracy.

The first possible bone of contention was the position of the Returning Officer, Diomedes Vassiliou. Though not unconstitutional the fact that present committee members should hold such important positions did raise a few eyebrows.

The second factor was the venue itself. Approximately one hundred and twenty people (out of a population of 190) were crammed into the TV room and pool table area, making vote counting impracticable, especially as voting was done by a simple show of hands. Leading on from this, there was no discernible way of verifying whether some of the electorate were actually Passfield residents at all. Several people were positively identified as non-residents.

It was initially outlined that candidates' speeches would be limited to two minutes maximum. However the Returning Officers appeared so engrossed in some of the speeches that this time limit was totally unenforced; more

than one candidate spoke for at least 10 minutes with no curtailment from the adjudicators. Not only did this result in a general loss of interest amongst the electorate but it was also biased against those who had prepared shorter speeches. Many of the first time speakers were roundly heckled by a minority of the constituents without any obvious objection from the Returning Officer (as was undoubtedly his duty). Consistency, as

**"Never in the history of Passfield politics have so many been so confused by so few."**

well as democracy, was certainly not his strong point.

The next curiosity was the surprisingly small number of people who voted in the election for secretary, as only 74 votes were counted. There was a general feeling in the Hall that one of the candidates for secretary was unfairly treated. At the start of the evening the Returning Officer announced that some candidates had stood down for various reasons which he didn't disclose. However, when it came to the election for Secretary it was made clear that a candidate had stood down in favour of one of the other two thus undermining the remaining candi-

date. It was not clear why the candidate who chose to stand down was standing anyway, as he was due to move out of Passfield two days after the elections.

After the election for Women's Officer, during which some people observed that no apparent count of the votes took place, the Bar elections followed. Five candidates were contesting two positions. The Hall system of single transferable vote was incorrectly explained so that

the majority of people there were under the impression that the candidate receiving the fewest votes after the first count would be eliminated. This obviously was not acceptable if your second choice was the eliminated candidate from the first round. The inability to get the theory across correctly consequently led to a constitutional amendment whereby all the electorate had two votes in one round, a system which evidently was open to abuse.

Finally, there was the election for overseas officer. By some it was called the biggest sham of the night. The vote was clearly going to be close, and it was not a

great surprise when the Returning Officer asked people to vote again. People were a bit bemused when they subsequently were asked to vote for a third time. The Returning Officer then declared that one of the votes had been a tie (in which case his constitutional duty should have been to make a casting vote, which he was not prepared to do) and therefore he requested both candidates to return to talk over the situation.

Someone cleverly suggested that to save problems there should be two overseas officers, and proposed an amendment to the constitution. The Returning Officer refused to accept this, although there was a strong possibility that the electorate would have supported it. Eventually the situation was resolved by a fourth vote which contrary to some people's opinion the Returning Officer declared would be final. The outcome of this vote was astonishing. From being a tie the result was a clear victory for one of the candidates who now had a majority of 17 votes.

After almost two hours of unrelenting farce and controversy, the meeting adjourned to the bar where the baffled and the beaten drowned their sorrows.

# The March with the Miners

A first Hand account by Elizabeth Hawes and Suke Wolton

Some said that a quarter of a million protesters attended the Trade Union Congress's march for jobs and recovery on Sunday. It was difficult to count when the march poured into Hyde Park from around 1pm until 5pm, highlighted by Union-banners and umbrellas.

The weather was as staggering as the numbers - torrential wind and rain interspersed with sun. People were soaked to the skin before the march started, but once we were going, spirits rose. People were undeterred from the sodden conditions underfoot, and marched proudly into the wind.

Clearly the weather added to a certain downbeat mood and when Arthur Scargill told the rally "this is only the beginning of the campaign" it made less sense than it did on Wednesday's march. Then, on a weekday, it was a great turnout to see around 50,000 people. And then we had Sunday's march to look forward to. But by Sunday, when we knew that John Major had won Wednesday's vote in Parliament to close 10 pits, there was the unanswered question of "what next?"

The TUC had organized the rally to include Arthur Scargill (NUM), Paddy Ashdown (Liberals), Norman Willis (TUC) and John Smith (Labour). The speakers' reception was varied: a loud cheer for Arthur Scargill and "ger'im off" for Paddy Ashdown.

However, due to the immense size of the march few attended the rally, as it ended long before the last of the straggling marchers arrived - the only reception for those who were late was a mud-bowl at the site of where the rally had taken place before.

It was difficult to obtain a sense of direction; people were saying that "Sunday's demonstration would probably make no difference, but what more can we do?"

"Get rid of Major, get rid of Heseltine - it's got to be better" were the cries that were echoed throughout Hyde Park. The question it left was "what's the solution?" It seemed to many that the public had to be motivated and "stand up and be counted." The only way to achieve this was "to get to the root of the problem, it is no good just passively treating the symptoms". One marcher summed this up saying "we need to be more pro-active rather than reactive."

In amongst the mass gathering of humanity, one could faintly spot the contingent from the LSE proudly carrying the red and black banner which was made less than 48 hours beforehand. As it left the park around 6pm, we could see that it had successfully passed its first weather-test. As many said on the march, the question of what really is going to happen to the miners who face the sack depends on us, more than ever before.

## ...and reply

The Beaver has informed the Hall Society President, Deomides Vassiliou, of the accusations levelled against him. He assured the Beaver that "everything had been carried out democratically" and that "everything had been constitutional". When asked the Orjan-Helland-question, whether he would resign if repeatedly caught ly-

ing or acting in an unconstitutional way, he formulated his answer with greatest care: He said that, whereas "everyone makes mistakes", he would undertake a great effort to avoid those mistakes. He stressed that he was "committed to serve the Hall Society and to ensure the best welfare of the Residents." He

added that he did "not recall that anything had gone wrong during the elections." In case anything had gone wrong he promised that he would "cancel the result and apologise immediately."

He urged everybody to "come up to me and tell me if anything has gone wrong." At the same time he showed

himself disappointed that the writer of the article above had to remain in anonymity. Vassiliou said that anything he had done was open for discussion.

The Beaver plans to report thoroughly on the current state of the Passfield Hall Society next week. Any information to the Beaver office E197.



# The Women's Column

Next week the women's column will, on a trial basis, be extended to a page, with feature, review and news. The women's officer has delegated responsibility for the column to me, so if you'd like to be a contributor but need some help and advice, either come to a women's group meeting (E91 Tuesdays between 1 and 2pm) or leave a message for Sian Evans at the SU Reception Rm E65 with a contact number. The following information will be a dominant issue in next week's page, in the meantime, please read the appeal notice and if you think you can help with fund-raising ideas, do let the women's group know.

**A UGM Motion not to miss: Thurs. 5/11/92**

The motion will ask the student body to affiliate to the Irish Abortion Fundraising Campaign (I.A.F.C). This is an emergency appeal for pro-choice groups in Ireland who are facing a referendum on Dec. 3rd on travel information and abortion. The referendum was called in response to a political crisis which arose from the 'X-Case' (14 yr old rape victim prevented from leaving Ireland in Feb. 92 to obtain an abortion in the UK). Pro-choice groups are calling for a YES vote on the right to disseminate information on abortion and to travel, and a NO vote on the referendum on abortion. The wording on the ballot paper will be clearly identified as 'the right to life' and categorically distinguishes between the life and health of a pregnant woman and specifically excludes the risk of suicide as grounds for abortion. Pro-choice groups are opposing the phraseology because 1) it is profoundly anti-women and shows contempt for a woman's health 2) similarly, it shows contempt for the very real and life threatening situation of suicide 3) it confirms that a foetus (in specific circumstances) will be given primacy over any other decision of the woman concerned 4) and removes women's control over vital health decisions.

If this part of the referendum is passed it will represent yet another major victory for the Catholic Church and its reactionary allies. The LSE has a long history in supporting abortion rights in Ireland and Britain, we urge you to come to the UGM and give your support to this issue.  
**Joan O'Mahoney**

## THE CHAPLAINCY WOMEN'S GROUP

Will be meeting every Thursday in K51 at 5.30 pm. This term the focus will be on physical, emotional and spiritual aspects of women's health. Such topics under discussion range from:- How do we feel about our bodies, ourselves? Wholeness for women; Feminists and spirituality? Emotional freedom? Disease, such as chronic fatigue syndrome and various eating disorders; alternative medicine as a means of healing and Women's energy-Women's wisdom. This is an open group, so all interested women are welcome.

## SAFE TRANSPORT

For ALL women after 9pm EVERY night. Book SU reception before 5pm on same day. Between Zone 1-2 you pay only ONE pound, but if you live in Zones 3-4 it's two pounds.

# ANY OTHER BUSINESS

This is the last AOB I'm going to do for a while, but it is not the last thing I shall be writing for the Beaver. This week, I'm going to have a go at the LSESU elections. Not because I disagree with them, as I've stood before, or because I withdrew, due to an opportunity that came up, but because the majority of the student body, the 4000 students who don't vote, still feel that LSESU politics is irrelevant, even though they probably are the first to complain when things go wrong.

The October elections are usually clouded by apathy. Getting people to stand for the endless number of committees is very hard, and finding a distinctive policy is difficult. This year it is no different, as some people in the school feel they are not being rewarded for actually fighting for students on issues. Instead the water has become very crowded and it is not policies that appear to matter, but personalities.

Lets be honest, you only have to look through the election literature and see the similarity of positions and issues between all of the candidates. It is only the labels that are different. Rhetoric and platitudes are great, but where are the real and well thought out policies, with the ways and means to put the talk into action.

Why do they do it, well I think Ken Fisher summed it up last year during the sabbatical campaign, as do many students who see student politics as irrelevant and divisive. It's for your C.V's, go on admit it. What else is there. You can be elected by 100 votes out of the 5000 students that are here, very representative, I don't think.

You can sit on a committee, out numbered by the academics and administrators from Connaught House, who have already decided what they want. Don't kid yourself, you may

be able to string together a coherent sentence on more space in the Library, but if they don't want to give it to you, you won't get it. I don't want to disillusion anybody, but just because 120 plus people are standing for election, student apathy still exists.

I'm sorry to appear cynical, but on Tuesday, the advance voting took place and Chris Short, the Returning Officer, was very

luctant to affiliate to party positions.

The results will probably not reflect this. By putting one candidate for each position, the Liberal Democrats and the Conservatives have a sure way of maximising the limited number of votes to be cast. The DSG by putting up many candidates for some positions, may find their votes split, and do badly.

The independents

thing is certain from listening to people, the voting tactics this year are very negative. People are openly stating that they are going to vote for A, because they do not want B to get in. This is surely not good for LSESU politics.

Another point worth mentioning is the ease of which the election rules are broken. Posters placed over others, posters being taken down etc..., did the candidates actually bother to read the election rules or were they just hoping that Chris Short would do nothing.

Talking of posters, there are to many of them. Many took their whole entitlement which is without doubt a big waste of LSESU money and time. The large posters are becoming an irrelevance, as they obscure notice boards for everyone else. A fairer way would be to just use the printed allocations as poster and leaflets. I bet you anything the candidates will still have loads left over at the end of the campaign. I know I did last year, and I had 1000 posters confiscated!

Of course, you have now realised that this was written before the results were announced on last Thursday/Friday or whenever, and that's because I had to write this last Wednesday, as that was my deadline. So you can read this with a pinch of salt as you've made your minds up already and maybe the elections have been a success.

So, to all the winners of the elections and the winners who took part, I thank you. For all those who voted I thank you as well. For all those who didn't, you have a chance to redeem yourself next March. Go on, you must have gone past the ballot box so many times. It is not as daunting as it seems. Go and vote, some people have died to get the same privilege!

**Harold Larwood**



A Familiar sight around LSE last week

pleased at the turnout of 228, from 9.30 am, till 2.00 pm, and it does look like a higher turnout than normal. In fact Short believed he may have to print up some more ballots, but I doubt it. That initial rush of blood on Tuesday will probably fade and if we reach anywhere near the 1000, I will be surprised. Pleased if we do, but surprised.

Having sat at the table on Tuesday, I realised that again the post-graduate turnout was poor, only 19 voted, but the first year turnout was very high. This is good, because it means that there is life in the old dog of the Union left. But it seems that political parties are still passé. With the majority of candidates standing as independents and students re-

are all fighting for the same ground and have to rely on various factors. Who is the most well known and who has the most friends. Both of these may be more important than who has the best campaign. Sad but probably true.

First years should not worry though as, if they run a good campaign and are not known, when they are up against more established names, they may do better than they expect, as many second and third years are disillusioned with the 'hacks' and as they want to vote, they will vote for someone they don't know.

So, to any first year that gets elected, don't let it go all the way to your head, as people are not voting for you directly, because one



# Bureaucracy And The Bay City Rollers

by no. 6

In the 1970's students wore flared trousers and listened to the Bay City Rollers, whilst obtaining their maintenance finances from a single administrative body. The Tory Government in their drive against inefficiency and bureaucracy have created a test in initiative. Can you complete all the paperwork for each administrative office and actually finance yourself whilst attending Higher Education? At the same time in creating lots of little bureaucracies it has spelt disaster for the Bay City Rollers; administrative costs vs. student purchasing power. The local authority scrutinises a student's income (or parents) and awards the maintenance grant respectively. However it was decided that it would be much more fun for students to receive only a part of the amount needed. Next stop, Glasgow. The student loan company does its paperwork here, and employs lots of people who used to sell tartan outfits. Was this a cunning plan to pre-

vent a revival in the selling of Bay City Rollers merchandise? By now you can probably afford your rent and tube fare, so it is necessary to take a trip to Connaught House. It is possible here to see the odd pair of flared trousers,

and they will give you some cash in the form of the access fund; eventually. The Student Union hardship fund is next and there's always the Banks. Lots of lovely forms! Spend your free record vouchers wisely and demon-

strate against the Government by wearing Rupert Bear trousers. Defeat Tory policy and let's see "Bye Bye Baby Bye Bye" back on Top of the Pops. Be seeing you.

Of course this is fiction, but it gives the

general idea of the complexity of the situation that students find themselves in when they attempt to go into higher education. To fund or not to fund, these days, might well be the question, but what is the answer?

Rather than tinker with the system again, maybe the Government should come up with a radical proposal. Go back to Go, do not collect money from various sources, with masses of paper work, but make it a one stop funding stop, for everyone.

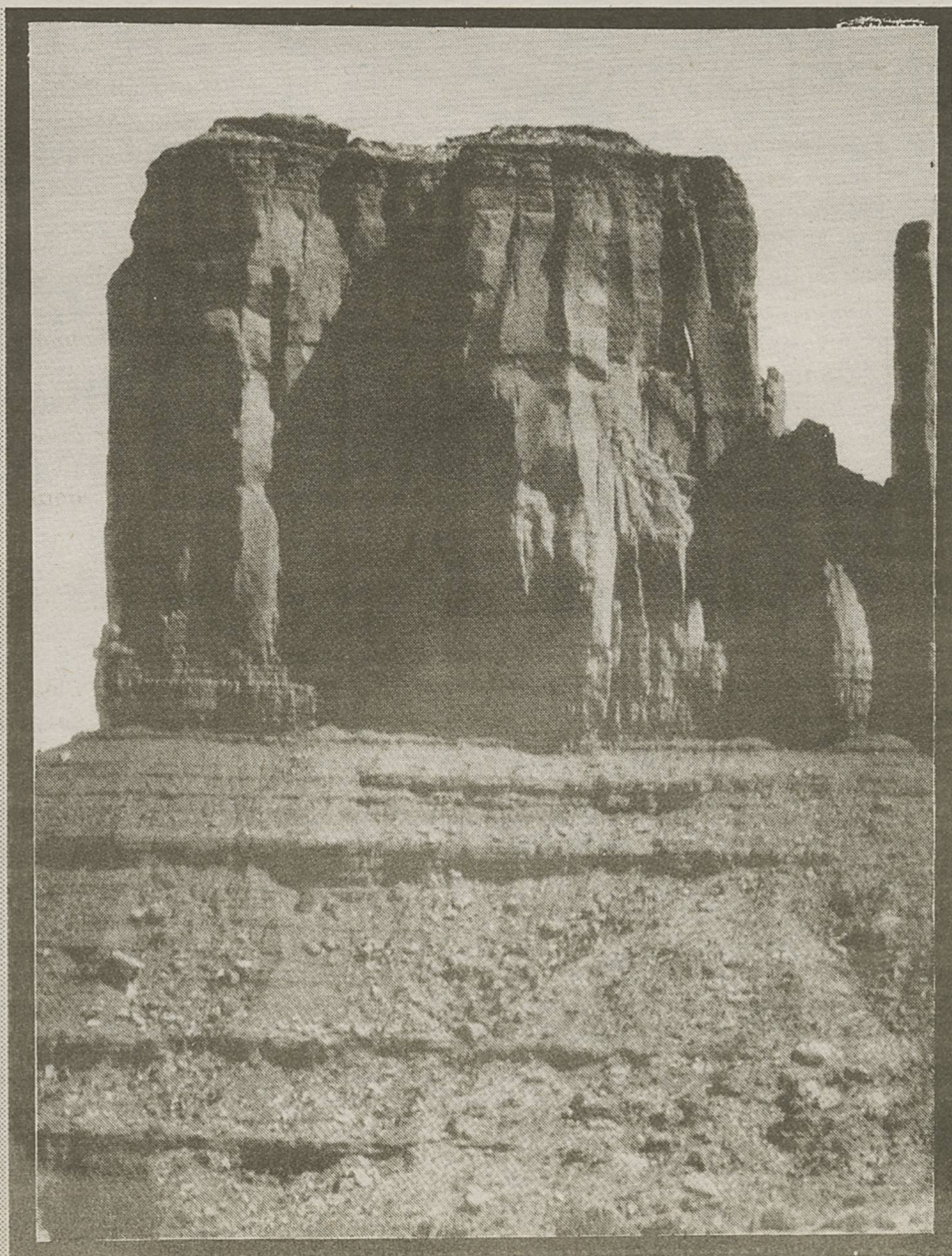
Utopia? Well maybe, but if higher education is to expand at the rate this Government insists on, then a radical review of funding needs to take place. If all students, can go to one national funding body to pay for their fees and maintenance, then local government, school administrations, the student loans company and student unions can then all concentrate on what they were originally supposed to do.

It may appear as a 'leap in the dark', but the way things are going in higher education, more and more people are being put off coming because of the bureaucratic nightmare. The money may not be enough, but the bureaucracy certainly is enough.



Where should the paperwork end?

Next week  
our first  
global report  
from our  
roving  
reporter





# The Beaver

They say that you never miss something until it's gone. Judging by last week's reaction to the fact that there was no Beaver, a lot of you out there obviously missed us. So, where did we go? We didn't go anywhere. Last week's sabbatical was due to a changeover in technology which meant we were unable to produce an issue. As you can see, we've redesigned the fonts and added a few new tricks in the process. Of course, this won't please everyone, but then we've become accustomed to the criticism that has been directed towards us over the past few weeks.

Why did we choose last week for our changeover in technology and not the beginning of term? Simply because at the beginning of the term, a number of the collective weren't around to authorise such a move and because we'd lost a lot of staff during the vacation because most of them had graduated during the summer. Last week seemed the best time to switch pagemaker programs because it was election week and according to the LSESU regulations we are entitled to donate the same amount of coverage to each candidate standing for the same post. Because there were over 120 candidates standing in last week's election this would have proved difficult and our plans for a 300 page election supplement in full colour would have breached our financial constraints laid down by the said constitution, therefore we decided no coverage meant equal coverage.

We wish to apologise for any inconvenience this may have caused.

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## Overseas Students Facing Unemployment

**Dear Beaver,**  
Bleak graduate employment prospects, the topic of an article in issue 363, are a concern for all of us. I fail to see how you can claim that "graduates from overseas tend to be less affected, most of them come from a social background which makes the general situation on the job market irrelevant".

Besides being unfounded, this statement is ambiguous (what social background?) I can only find three possible interpretations to the claim:

1. You think that our "social background" has equipped us in such a way that we are superior to home and EC students that we can all secure jobs, even if there are so few available.

2. You think that we can all just go home and live off our extensive family fortunes.

3. You think that the UK is the only recession hit nation in the world, and therefore employment prospects in our respective home countries were much more promising.

I don't think that anyone could seriously believe that nationality and a different upbringing is superior to any other. So if 1. is the correct interpreta-

tion, it is obviously a preposterous claim to make.

As for the second interpretation, I'd like to point out that many overseas students can only afford to come to the LSE if they get Scholarships. Some self-financing students have to take out extensive loans just to pay the astronomical tuition fee. Loans which make the complaints about English students' debt petty.

The third interpretation? I'm sure no one would fail to realise that the ongoing recession is a GLOBAL phenomenon. I'm not surprised if you didn't bump into any overseas grads. at the careers office. Having failed to secure a job, their visa will not have been renewed. In other words they have to leave. They are offered virtually no help in job hunting and graduate recruiting outside the UK. On the UK market, several companies don't even consider applicants from those requiring work permits (virtually all students classified as Overseas Students are included in this category).

It is quite obvious that Overseas students suffer unemployment after graduating just like home students. I would suggest that you do more research into a matter before coming out with sweeping, misguided and misleading generalisations. A generalisation which in this case seems to be aimed at reinforcing an

equally inaccurate stereotype.

Marie-Atoinette.

## Hard Left Come Under Attack

**Dear Beaver,**  
I am a left winger, I think the market system is a joke and the present government is more risible than "Rolf's Cartoon Time". However, every time I attend a UGM, here in LSE's learned and rarefied atmosphere, I find myself compelled to hurl abuse at the people I'm supposed to support. The hard left at LSE are ridiculous. Undoubtedly they feel some genuine moral obligation to defend us all from capitalist slavery but their dogmatic approach always take them too far. Is it any surprise that there is student apathy toward SU politics when most of what they see at the UGM is someone ranting on about tired Marxist policy.

Take for example the UGM of 15.10.92 when it was pointed out that certain NUS proposals isn't leave out political organisations, Suke Wolton continued with a continuous flow of dogma, either deaf or just plain stupid. Why does she and people like her continue to shoot themselves in the foot, in terms of support and subsequent action, by objecting to motions based on left wing principles because they

aren't radical enough? We saw a uniting of the hard left and the Tories trying to defeat the said motion. Are they like the Communist party of some years ago who urged their members to vote Conservative in order to hasten the revolution?

I ask these people to reconsider their "holier than thou" attitude and try to refrain from defeating useful motions just because they don't have a radical enough nature. Could you please reach some sort of useful compromise with the rest of the world where something positive is close to further all our ends. Failing that could they practice what they preach and get out on the streets to fight for what they believe in. Either way, please just shut the fuck up and stop being so bloody boring.

Craig Walmsley.

P.S. Prince's new album is well funky and is a new direction. It would be boring if he'd been writing 'Purple Rain 7' or something as Mr Fischer was suggesting.

**Post Haste Letters due to E197 by hand or internal mail, by 5pm Wednesday**

## Sweet Little Sixteen Bradburn scores low and the Umbrellas turn into a parasol, but what about Bob?

Despite the fact that there was less controversy surrounding last week's election than there was for the elections last March, they still managed to produce a few anecdotes.

The Umbrellas Group found itself suffering from schizophrenia after the old guard refused to support Adrian May's Fifth Column movement comprising of those students who failed to get elected last time around. Battle lines were drawn following complaints from those who'd already gained a

post for their CV's and the May's heroes but all was resolved when most of the new breed failed to get elected and continue the "70% success" achieved last year.

The DSG, on the other hand, seemed to be willing to leave all the hard work to seasoned campaigner Bob Gross and dear old Bob was duly elected to the Court of Governors. But what campaign they managed they still managed to outstrip Sabbaticals Bradburn and Spurling who polled 16 and 28 votes respectively.

So impressed was

Bradburn by his achievements, he has decided to form the Club 16 society, comprising of all sixteen voters. As for being the "Dog's Bollocks", his mother has no further comment to make.

Saddest ploy of all to gain votes was exercised by the Lib Dems, who, in their hour of need, forced fresh-faced first year Dave Whetham to dress up like our much-revered editor and part-time strangle-hold inspector, Neil Andrews. Whetham proceeded to stand on the steps of the Old Building urg-

ing potential voters to vote for the Lib Dems as well as for Neil's Mum. A spokesman for LSE's most interesting party said: "We're desperate"

The Conservatives cropped up once more but under various different guises. Where were the Labour Club? And who did vote for Johnny Bradburn? So far he's managed to track down four of his fellow voters, who were all on first name terms with the bloke.

The Frank and Walters.



# Justice Day Is Coming

## LSESU's General Secretary, Faz Zahir, explains why she needs 120 volunteers

The past three years have seen the release of the Guilford Four, the Birmingham Six and Judith Ward, as well as the quashing of our one-time Honorary President, Winston Silcott's, conviction of murdering PC Blakelock. These victories at the Court of Appeal - as well as other, police related, incidents - have given rise to serious doubts about the safety of the British Criminal Justice system and a Royal Commission has been appointed to investigate short comings. The Royal Commission is due to report back in a year's time but whether this predominately 'white male' body will effectively highlight race and sex discrimination in the Criminal Justice System remains to be seen.

Liberty (formerly the National Council of Civil Liberties) together with 'Conviction' and the National Association of Probation Officers have submitted a dossier of over 110 possible miscarriages of justice to the Home Secretary. They believe that there is clear evidence that the Criminal Justice System is flawed and in need of fundamental change.

Liberty has started a new three-strand campaign together with Doughty St. Chambers demanding an immediate end to convictions based solely on confession evidence, the creation of one independent body to review alleged miscarriages of justice and the restoration of the right to silence in Northern Ireland (and its retention here).

The case of the M25 Three is typical of the workings of the British Criminal Justice System. On the night of 15-16th December 1988, three masked men conducted a series of violent attacks just off the M25 in the Surrey stock broker belt. They viciously attacked

two gay men, Alan Ely and Peter Hurburgh, stamping on Hurburgh's sternum and killing him. They then stole Hurburgh's Triumph Spitfire car and drove to the home of the wealthy Napier family. Once inside they plundered the house, tied up the Napier family and stabbed their son three times in the chest and arm. They stole the Napier family car and drove to the home of Rosemary Spicer and Peter Almond, who they also tied up and robbed. The attackers left in their two cars - a Cavalier and a Renault. Two white men were later seen abandoning these cars. All the victims stated that at least one of the attackers was white. The police televised an appeal saying they were looking for two white men and one black man. The tabloid press named the gang the M25 Three and a £25,000 reward was put on offer.

In March 1990, after a six week trial. Ralph Rowe, Michael Davis and Randolph Johnson were all convicted of murder and robbery, and sentenced to life imprisonment. All three were black. Surrey police were under intense pressure to secure a conviction. They were convicted on the basis of contradictory, uncorroborated, circumstantial and accomplice evidence.

Alibi evidence for the accused was never challenged by the prosecution: it was simply ignored. Rowe, Davis and Randolph have continually protested their innocence.

The M25 Three were convicted despite the fact that three of the main witnesses against them admitted in court that firstly they stole the car initially used by the attackers, secondly that they supplied the masks which prevented positive identification of the attackers, thirdly, dump-

ing the Renault and Cavalier cars stolen by the attackers and lastly owning the air pistol used during the attacks. All three witnesses gave contradictory evidence in court, were found in possession of the goods stolen in the robberies and owned the only fingerprints found in the stolen cars. These 'reliable' witnesses placed the three accused in each others' company, described them as wearing dark clothing and gave the time when the accused were said to leave their home.

Serious breaches of the Police and Criminal Evidence Act took place - whereby the police conducted unrecorded interviews with suspects (which they later claimed to recall no details of), these suspects then became prosecution witnesses. Victim Alan Ely changed his statement at the request of the police after Rowe and Davis and been arrested. This second statement shifted the timing of the murder and robbery so it would fit with the police allegations. A subsequent investigation into police misconduct led to a report being sent to the Crown Prosecution Service. The judge made fundamental errors in his summing up when he reduced victims evidence that at least one attacker was positively identified as white to just "seemed to be" white and announced that "in the Napier offence there is some fingerprint evidence against Rowe." There was none.

The M25 Three were convicted despite the fact that both Raphael Rowe and Michael Davis had alibis verified by seven witnesses which proved they were at specific addresses at specific times that evening. The appeal against their sentences took place on the 20th October 1992. Their case was taken

up by Mike Mansfield - the QC who defended the Birmingham Six, the Tottenham Three and Judith Ward. A press conference was held at LSE after the Appeal Hearing. Liberty are highlighting the case of the M25 Three in their "Justice In Crisis" campaign. In order to focus public attention on miscarriages of justice, Liberty have proclaimed November 11th as "Justice Day" and nationwide protests are expected. LSESU's excellent record on such matters have resulted in its designation as Flagship College for justice day. In order to coincide with

Justice day, a number of events, including a debate on the British Criminal Justice System for 9th November (Mike Mansfield will be participating), have been organized by myself. Other events include John Hegley in Hackers Bar on Nov. 11th, a pub quiz compared by Bruce Forsyth, a sponsored eating and drinking bonanza by the Athletics Union and there may also be a fashion show covered by 'The Clothes Show' together with a gig by Billy Bragg and the Brilliant Pebbles.

Approximately 120 volunteers are

needed to help with all aspects of the campaign - which should receive substantial media attention. To make it a success please sign the volunteer forms outside Faz's office (E207) and in the SU reception (ground floor of the East Building), or call her personally on ext. 7147.

**Justice Day at the LSE will begin on November 9th and end on November 11th. Look out for the events that are coming up in support of Justice Day**

## Thai Boxing

with British & European Heavyweight Kick Boxing champion Floyd Brown

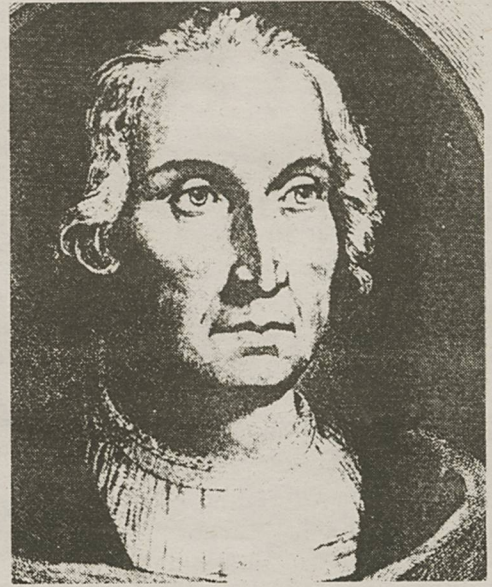
Friday 7pm

in the gym (basement of the Old Building)

For more info contact Navin Reddy on ext 2870



# Columbus: What are we celebrating?



Christopher Columbus

While we in Europe mark the 500th anniversary of Christopher Columbus' discovery of the Americas with fireworks and films, many people in the "New World" have little to celebrate. Of the thousands of indigenous nations which had inhabited the Americas for centuries before Columbus' arrival, only a fraction still exist. The surviving indigenous peoples are generally poor, and are still subject to severe economic and political discrimination.

In the early years of the European colonisation of the Americas it was accepted practice for governments to "buy" indigenous land in exchange for European goods and a living space

on government-allocated "Indian Reserves". The limited success of this archaic policy and of attempts to assimilate native peoples into the "New World", has kept indigenous groups fighting for their rights. Reports from Amnesty International regularly describe incidents of indigenous activists being punished for campaigning for land rights and compensation, and for the acceptance of their unique cultural identity.

Between 70 and 75 percent of the population of Guatemala is indigenous. Despite their numbers, the Quiche of the north-eastern highlands have been at the mercy of the Guatemalan Army's counter-insurgency operations since the late

1970's. In the 1980's, tens of thousands of indigenous Guatemalans disappeared or were forced to flee north into Mexico as a spate of military regimes attempted to wipe out all armed opposition in the country. Indigenous Guatemalans who organised the Council of Ethnic Communities (CERJ) in 1988 continue to receive death threats from military officials. Amnesty International has documented the cases of nine indigenous activists killed since 1990 in circumstances which suggest official involvement. Others have disappeared. Virtually no investigations are ever carried out.

As in Guatemala, the native peoples of Peru have found them-

selves caught up in armed conflicts between insurgent groups and the government. The Quechua and Aymara-speaking peasants of the Andean highlands have been the victims of both the Shining Path guerillas and the Peruvian government for the past twelve years. The pattern of torture, disappearance, and of arbitrary killings by both sides continues to claim the lives of many innocent native people.

The struggle of indigenous peoples is not confined to the so-called "Third World" regions of the Americas. In Northern British Columbia less than five percent of the indigenous population finishes high school. Across the United States, the percentage

of Native Indian prisoners is four times the percentage of Native Indians in the general population.

From Ellesmere Island to Tierra del Fuego native nations and their leaders are still fighting for land rights, civil and political liberties, and ethnic recognition. Most governments pledge their commitment to protecting and supporting indigenous peoples, but in many cases they do not have the power to properly discipline their own armies and police forces. Five hundred years after the "discov-

ery" of their cultures, the indigenous peoples of the Americas seem to have little left to celebrate.

Louise Grogan

## Erratum

Last issue we published a feature article on Tattoos. Unfortunately we wrongly accredited it to Chris Headley - It should have been Chris Hadly.

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# Zimbabwe: the Good, the Bad and the IMF.

As news of drought in Southern Africa begins to appear on our television screens, Zimbabwe looks set to become the next country to be hit by famine, and yet unlike Somalia or Mozambique, there is no civil war to blame for the disaster.

The 1991/92 drought has occurred in the context of the 5 year structural adjustment programme (SAP) which will run until 1995. Prominent in Zimbabwe's SAP are provisions for trade liberalisation, heavy cuts on government expenditure, deregulation of investments, prices and labour conditions, cost recovery measures in social services and devaluation.

The IMF and World Bank's SAPs are a strategy of de-industrialisation, which based on the theory of comparative advantage, have been more or less imposed on many countries of the Third World, sometimes with the help of the local elites, and which in the case of Africa, insist that African countries should concentrate more on developing their exports of raw materials to the "developed" countries, and less on developing manufacturing industry.

Although de-industrialisation could be the most serious long-term cost of structural adjustment, the immediate consequence could be a serious famine. Until three years ago the Grain Marketing Board (GMB) had a maize stockpile of nearly two million tons which could have covered the shortfall caused by the present drought. Structural adjustment has required "inefficient parastatals" to break even, and so most of the stockpile was sold off last year, and the GMB has stopped building storage silos in outlying areas. Furthermore, thanks to EC and US dumping of subsidised maize on the world market, the GMB's guaranteed price was above the world price until recently, preventing it from export profitability.

It is very likely that the cost of the drought

will be larger than predicted, because it has not spared South Africa, a previous grain supplier to Zimbabwe, when stocks were low. Most dams in South Africa are less than 40% full and it is predicted that there will be a shortfall of twenty million tons for its own needs. Maize is now being purchased from the United States and Argentina at a much higher cost than if it was purchased regionally. At the recent donor's conference in Paris a Government official indicated that the cost of the drought to the Zimbabwean economy would be in the region of \$500 million. But the highest cost to Zimbabwe will undoubtedly be the human cost of the drought.

There are already worrying signs of deterioration in the health of the rural population. Increased levels of malnutrition have been reported in some areas as well as a rise in the incidence of communicable diseases because of the lack of clean water and the drying up of boreholes and wells. The urban population has also been badly affected. With many of the major dams almost empty, supplies of water to towns and cities have been erratic. Mutare, situated in what is normally one of the wettest parts of the country, has had water rationing since September last year and as the season progresses it seems to be getting worse. Health officials are worried that some of the town's high density suburbs may experience severe epidemics of communicable diseases due to a lack of clean water for drinking and sanitation.

Worst hit of all is the city of Bulawayo, situated in Zimbabwe's dry southern province of Matabeleland. The second largest city in the country, with a population of over half a million, is facing a situation where only 6-8 weeks supply of water is left for the entire population. Although the taps have not yet been turned off, the city council has introduced strict quotas for householders, in-

fringement of which has resulted in heavy fines. The reduced supply has not only affected the population's water usage, but as one of the major industrial centres of the country, the city's factories are heavily dependent on large supplies of water in order to function at full capacity. Authorities have already requested the industrial sector to rationalise water use as much as possible but as the situation becomes more drastic, it is expected that many companies may have to close their operations completely in order to ensure priority of supply to the city's inhabitants.

In July 1992, in response to urgent appeals for relief from the current drought in Southern Africa, the World Bank agreed to come up with \$331 million for the four most heavily hit countries - Mozambique, Zimbabwe, Zambia and Malawi. Most of the additional financing was in the form of balance of payments support to cover the cost of buying and distributing massive quantities of imported goods.

The relatively rapid response by the World Bank reflects the Bank's determination to protect the market-oriented economic reforms now under way in most of the countries in the region.

What the Zimbabwean government wanted, and got, was the IMF's verbal seal of approval for its programme. During a visit to Zimbabwe in February, Michel Camdessus, the IMF managing director, gave the fund's blessing.

In February 18-19, \$1 billion was pledged by a group that met in Paris to support "Zimbabwe's economic development and structural reform programs". The entire programme is estimated to require \$3.44 billion over the next five years.

The collapse of central planning in Central Europe gave Zimbabwe's right the context to engineer a successful coup in which Robert Mugabe was not deposed, but marginalised. Initially the rhetoric was moderate: a five year "home-



grown" trade liberalisation programme, phased and monitored to protect the poor and allow local industry time to adjust, was begun in October, 1990.

The World Bank said it approved and would support the programme financially without significant conditionality. The outcome after 18 months was that Zimbabwe was in such deep financial trouble that it had to accept full IMF conditionality and undertake an orthodox structural adjustment programme; food security has been lost in pursuit of parastatal "efficiency", and de-industrialisation has begun. In September, 1991 Zimbabwe bowed to pressure and devalued its currency by about 25%. This meant that, following earlier adjustments, its per capita income was reduced from over \$600 early in 1990 to about \$350 in 1991, transferring the country from the middle income to the lower income category.

Since then the growth rate has fallen to about zero, inflation has trebled to 25% and the stock market has fallen 40% after rising uninterruptedly for five years.

There are at least two immediate main causes of this. One is the incompetence of the implementation of the transition policy, and another is the heavy handed reaction of donors led by the World Bank. Both can be seen as deriving from a determination to lock the country into market policies, which has taken precedence over the more difficult business of identifying and implementing a policy which would be economically and socially optimal.

The possible cynical

calculation may have been that, disliking the slow pace of the published "home-grown" programme, they have waited until Zimbabwe has incurred such costs that it has no option but to proceed under external conditionality and to an external timetable, a circumstance now imminent under the IMF programme. The World Bank made it clear at the end of November that its own \$125 million was now dependent on an indication of approval from the IMF, while the UK and US have explicitly stated that their promised support was conditional on World Bank approval of progress.

The "Framework for Economic Reform (1991-95)", as the programme is officially tagged, claims to recognise that potential negative effects of structural adjustment will result in the short-term in increased unemployment, price increases, social service cutbacks, and increased cost recovery in the form of payment for health and education services. In response to criticisms that the government should have announced concrete measures to shield the poor from effects of the programme before implementing it, Dr Chidzero, the Zimbabwean economics minister who lost to Boutros Boutros Ghali in the recent Secretary-General elections at the UN, said that a team had already been set up to look at modalities for dispensing the \$20 million "seed money" allocated to a social fund. However so far there is no concrete evidence of any cushioning of the effects of the SAP.

It is interesting to note at this point that apart from being a former Deputy Secretary-General of UNCTAD at the level of UN Assistant Secretary-General, Dr Bernard Chidzero was from 1986 to 1990 the Chairman of the Development Committee of the World Bank and International Monetary Fund. It may be interesting to raise the question as to whether Dr Chidzero's interests match those of his former colleagues at the Bank rather more than those of the country he serves as Senior Minister of Finance, Economic Planning and Development.

On January 21 of this year the World Bank approved a \$125 million loan and the International Development Association (IDA) a credit of SDR 35.9 million (\$50 million) in support of the SAP.

As Steve Denning, the director of the Southern Africa department at the World Bank, acknowledged at a donor pledging conference in Geneva in early June, the money is being provided "not only to meet the immediate needs of the drought, but also to keep the adjustment programme on track." Despite appeals from governments in the region neither the Bank nor the Fund have announced any plans to change the pace or direction of economic reform.

Structural adjustment programmes have increased the vulnerability of the poor to the food shortages associated with the drought and raised the likelihood of widespread hunger and deprivation across the region.



# Mega Sales Drive

## "Roots Hall Roar" knocks Mario, Sonic, and consoles

Computer games made by Sega and Nintendo were the biggest selling toys last Christmas. Their games are now so pervasive that Nintendo's character 'Mario' can now advertise pizza on British TV, is better known amongst American kids than Mickey Mouse or George Bush and is soon to be the subject of a film starring Danny De Vito. What the fuck is happening?

One of the causes of the games' success is just that old favourite: Fashion. The continuous hyping of the toy along with people's desperate attempts to try to feel 'part of something', together cause a snowball effect with (for a limited period only) even more people buying. Obviously in a situation like this the market soon becomes saturated, the media which previously hyped a particular product now tells us it is old hat or second rate and we must go out and buy the latest hyped product. Manufacturers plan ahead for this eventuality, as Sega did when they replaced their Master System with the newer Mega-Drive, the games for the new system could not be played on the old. New systems will continue to be introduced every couple of years, this encourages you to fork out for a new console or expensive converter every few years, and so keeps profits rolling in. It's a straight-forward con.

Fashion is a dead weight on our backs.

Many people don't have the money to keep up with it, even if they do want to, and so feel excluded. Others feel they have to buy, so as not to be the odd one

out, even if they can't really afford it. Everyone who buys the hyped product is disappointed to discover that it isn't the life-fulfilling prize they at least half-thought it might be. Fashion and hype sometimes have strange results, for example making the Nintendo Game Boy the most popular console on the market.

This is a prime case of "Emperor's new clothes" syndrome, in which people believe what everyone else believes rather than what their own eyes tell them. What I mean by this is that the Game Boy is obvious crud, with a crappy little monochrome screen. If an arcade game had graphics this bad no one would buy it!! Having said this, all consoles are poor in one way or another. For instance Sega's Game Gear uses up so much power that the batteries can run out before it is possible to win some of the games! Another drawback with the hardware is that all the consoles use either cartridges or CDs rather than magnetic discs, which means the games can't be copied.

But there are problems more fundamental than this. The consoles are obviously much less versatile than a real computer. These can be used not just for permitted purposes, such as gaming, but also for such things as hacking (where users can sabotage company records or even delete their own phone bill). Even with a machine like the Nintendo E.S. which can be used over the phone, the way the machine is designed makes it impossible to do anything illegal with it; it just is not versatile enough. You can't

use the console for hacking, instead you can be given the choice to trade shares using it, in other words, play games with people's lives. The games themselves are in any case pretty dodgy. Despite the superficial complexity of some of them, all the games on all the systems give only a very limited scope improvisation. When you play the games, you are simply following a set of procedures set down previously by some middle-class computer programmer working for one or other of the bastard multi-nationals. In this sense, the consoles are a vehicle for the colonisation of large numbers of minds by (relatively speaking) tiny groups of pro-

professionals. And the ideas they are putting across are pretty scummy too. For example, an American study found that out of the top 36 selling non-sport Nintendo games, 13 had as their theme the murder of abduction of women. Other games are based on the exploits of murderous gangs such as the Nicaraguan contras and the

US Seals (commandos), both of which are involved in random terrorism and the torture and murder of rebels.

But even when the games are a ren't based on some form of atrocity there is still the vampiric effect of them. Even if you haven't done it yourself, everyone knows someone who has spent some stupidly long sessions playing console games. This is such an amazing waste of time (one of the only worthwhile things most of us burn); usually spent alone and in a trance-like state. I know people who have played the game hours on end then not been able to recall the colours of the character they've been staring at the whole time. These games capture both kids and adults and bind them to the screen. People who might find just sitting staring at a TV too boring can now sit, stare at a screen and press buttons too! This is the worst aspect of these machines: that they are an even more

efficient and effective way of turning potentially active and rebellious people into hyper-passive, alienated half-zombies, at least temporarily. The Game Boy TV advert helps to create an image of activity far beyond the tiny movements of the thumb actually required to operate the toy. Giving the console the name 'Game Boy' makes it clear that they are talking about sex (baby). In case that wasn't obvious enough, the advert shows a brief shot of a woman who has been rolling about in the hay with her Game Boy. Another shot shows several Game Boys shoved into a woman's bikini bottoms. These rather pathetic attempts to link electronic toys with sexual activity make it apparent that adolescents (rather than only younger kids) are a main target of the campaign. It's worthwhile noting that this link between sex and the consoles is implied almost subliminally, rather than stated openly. The reason for this is that if it were claimed outright that this connection existed, we'd all laugh our heads off!

Some concerned journalists have voiced their worries about the violence of many of the games. The number of people playing these vicious fantasy games must be huge. But if it is a journalist's job to highlight potential social problems, it is the state's job to deal with them. It is interesting to see that whereas ninjutsu is now illegal in the UK, there is no problem in selling games which allow the fantasising of this violent martial art in-

stead. Sega even give away their ninja game 'Shinobi' away free with some of their mega-drive consoles. That this is all permitted shows that the state can accept violent fantasies and even any actual violence that springs from them. But on the other hand, it will not allow people to train in weapons so that they can become competent in their use (as in minjutsu). This is because the police can cope OK with a small increase in the quantity of violence but might easily be in hot water if the violence they are up against becomes more expert. How easily could the pigs defeat a riotous mob of real-life 'street ninjas'?

Earlier I talked about the isolation encountered while playing the games. That isn't the whole story. The culture associated with the toys (eg. feeling part of the 'in' crowd, the specialist.....etc.) give an illusion of being in the same kind of community. And in addition to this illusion a sense of community comes from swapping and sharing cartridges among friends. But these feelings, of being a part of something, are ironic. The whole nature of the phenomenon; the isolation and passivity, the sexism and consumerism, the exclusion of those unable to afford the machines; all this works together to prevent the creation of a real community where people relate to each other as equals, in a deep and meaningful way.

If you have found the ideas in this article interesting, please write to: BM

London WC1N 3XX.

Article from Independent Tuesday 27th October

Highlighting violence caused by video games

When police arrived other boys revealed they had seen the 15-year-old light the back of the boy's shirt saying it was because "he had been killed on the machine" - meaning he had lost the Street Fighter game to the younger boy. The boy, who cannot be named on the orders of Judge Henry Pownall, admitted causing grievous bodily harm in July this year and was remanded for reports.

## Alcohol Awareness

From [on] Monday 26th October students across the LSE will be giving up [have given up] alcohol for (at least) a week. Although the Students' Union knows [knew] that its sensible drinking campaign will always meet [has always met] with some degree of derision

[sneers over beers - Ed.], it does not give up [has not given up]. In attempts to publicise these issues, SU officers will often resort [have often resorted] to joviality about themselves and the whole campaign, but there is [was] a serious purpose to all this [that].

Each year our Welfare Office considers many cases where uncontrolled (even uncontrollable) drinking has ruined an academic year or even a whole degree. This can be because the addiction has taken too much of an individual's time or money. In addition, the LSE

## A [post-dated - Ed.] plea for sobriety from Peter Harris

health service is tired of seeing cases of physical and mental problems caused, to their immense frustration, with the implicit approval (or just without much disapproval) of the SU, school, and halls. Personally, although I have [had] every sym-

pathy with those who are [were] alcoholic, I do not know [did not know] what to think about students who are [were] socially dependent upon alcohol. They impress [impressed] me with their apparent ability to socialise, but depress [depressed] me by making me feel that

more drinking might be [was] the only way for me to emulate their success. Answers on a postcard [Peter's obviously very easily impressed and depressed - maybe he should see a doctor, or have a stiff drink - Ed.].



# Marakon Associates

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## STRATEGIC MANAGEMENT CONSULTANTS

invites you to an

Open Presentation in the Robinson Room

(3rd Floor St. Clement's Building)

on

Thursday 12th November at 7pm

Please register with the Careers Office at LSE





# Let's talk about

# SEX

I don't find it offensive, personally speaking - predictable if anything. Just from the point of view of demystifying sexual practices and bringing it into the 'mainstream' - so if it's on your coffee table maybe talking about sex won't be taboo anymore. Unfortunately everything has to be commercialised before it gets to be discussed. This is of course exactly what has happened, perfect control has been exercised in the marketing of Madonna 'products' whether they be books, music or the woman herself.

Basically the contents are nothing new, Sado-masochism has been around for a long, long time; and this book just presents a particularly watered-down American version of what Tory M.P.s have been up to for a good many years.

Madonna is playing a game, partly self-defined, but also defined by others whether they be Warner Bros, her hard-core fans or public expectation. The central feature of the game revolves around controversy and the ability to shock, she is the product of her own hype and the danger lies in the ramifications of such a game.

In spite of not hav-

ing the time or inclination to study the book closely, it is certainly possible to say that some of the messages, both written and visual could be considered a serious affront to many women who do not share the values espoused by Madonna. The problem arises when you begin to consider the impact of these messages outside the context of the book; that is, on society.

Very few individual women have the power that comes from money and notoriety, and hence the control of Madonna. She role-plays throughout the book, pictured in various situations and settings; she receives and gives pleasure, she receives and gives pain, she is depicted as dominated but she dominates too. But at the end of the day she is the one in charge, it is her fantasies, her book, the money will go to her.

As real women in the real world we suffer real problems, we are often unable to dictate how we want our lives to be enacted, let alone how we want our sexual fantasies to be played out. On one page Madonna is depicted in a series of quite boring snapshots of bondage with an overweight biker, in 'artistically' slanted white type runs a commentary: "some women want to be slapped around ... I think for the most part if women are in an abu-

sive relationship and they stay in it, they must be digging it". Madonna is no feminist, but it doesn't take a feminist to realise the sheer embarrassment behind a statement like this.

Madonna's entire career has shown more than a lack of sensitivity to the real issues that women in this day have to deal with on an everyday basis - but hey, that's showbusiness. Her latest addition - Sex, is I suspect, just the peak of a long career culminating in a large dose of narcissism and more than a general disrespect for anyone outside a certain circle of her (purely co-incidentally) super-star friends.

Ignore it and it will definitely go away - alternatively opt for the real stuff; as Madonna herself says on the first page: "These are the fantasies I have dreamed up" - if you're after real women's sexual fantasies, a much better read is Nancy Friday's *The Secret Garden*, available at most good bookstores it is not only better but cheaper.

Tesher Fitzpatrick

I didn't think I would ever say that I didn't really enjoy sex, certainly not publicly. But it's true. It's not that I found my first experience unpleasant; it's just that the earth

didn't move. And there was rather a lot of fumbling about (trying to get the cover open).

So why am I so dissatisfied?

*Sex* had two primary aims: to be erotic, and perhaps more importantly, to shock. Well, it didn't really do either.

The images lack any kind of passion, which is essential if it is to be erotica, as opposed to porn or just plain boring. You get the feeling that not only is the reader being voyeuristic, but so is Madonna. I started to wonder if there really was anything of Madonna in this book. But then I start to wonder if there is really anything of Madonna in Madonna.

She has become a victim of her own hype. In constructing and marketing her image she seems to have lost any sense of her own self and, particularly in this book, her own sexuality. It has all become too contrived to be believable.

So, if I wasn't turned on, was I shocked? No. There is nothing in the book that I haven't either already seen, or couldn't find if I wanted to. In fact, I find it rather hard to imagine who would be shocked. Probably the respectable middle-income, middle-aged, middle-of-nowhere people, and maybe a few adolescent girls and boys.

Sado-masochistic images comprised a sig-



## What you said: The Men

"Seen worse" Bob Gross.

"Not particularly erotic, verging on porn." Jon Spurling.

"Perversion is a sign of maturity." 1st yr Bsc Econ

"Hyped - but tasty." Nick Lambert

"Nice bit of lesbo action never went amiss."

"Why don't you give it to Steve Peake and let him read it, he's (allegedly - BB.) into S&M."

"I don't fancy Madonna I only go for Shetland ponies - don't you know that!" Neil Andrews

"Where I come from, all this is foreplay." Neil Andrews

"That's disgusting - bloody hell!" "Disgusting filth!" "We can't have this in the bar!" (Taking it into his office to read) Fagan.

"Madonna's tits and ass get boring" "-won't spark off the intellectual revolution she hopes for."

"Brings sexual awareness into the mainstream."

"If you put it in a magazine it would be porn."

"Check that one out!"

"Nice." "Oh my God!" "Definitely art, no doubt about it."

Ex-Campus Editor

"More on the side of porn."



# Madonna's new nude book Sex is examined by the student body

nificant component of the book. But if you've been on the gay scene in London, you will have seen more outrageous things waiting in the queue for Sadie Maisies. SM has become a noticeable fashion/sexual trend in the lesbian and gay community over the last year, and so this is all a bit passe.

However, it does seem as if Madonna has drawn ideas for the book from her contacts and experience with the lesbian and gay community. In this sense it is refreshing to see single-sex images portrayed in what is really a mainstream book about sex. But, again, these images lack any real passion and it's a bit disconcerting that Madonna keeps appearing in all of them.

The photography is intermittently interrupted by a page of swirling text, in which Madonna espouses her thoughts on sex and sexuality. Some of the content of this is dubious, definitely not politically correct, but I cannot take it seriously enough to either challenge her views, or alternatively to consider them as a genuine contribution to the discussion of human sexuality - except in so far as it reflects the extent to which commercialism and profit-seeking has distorted sex.

So, if a friend offers to show you their copy of sex, take a look, but

don't expect too much. And if you want to show them something in return, try Quim magazine (only £5 + 50p p&p). It's more erotic and shocking by far - and probably even more politically incorrect.

Mel Taylor

**M**adonna, in her new mission as sexual revolutionary adopted 'queer' issues in Sex as a means of breaking down sexual barriers.

But of course this is bollocks. She adopts controversial sexual practices (that she freely admits to not indulging in herself) as yet another phase of her self-promotion that is ultimately offensive.

The media hype surrounding this book fell along predictable lines, 'Controversial Lesbian and S & M sex' etc which of course generated the necessary publicity, but at the expense of the issues she claims to promote - a 'top of the shelf' peep-show agenda bundling bestiality alongside sodomy and reducing several complex issues to an irresponsibly inane level.

Looking at the images themselves, Madonna seems to concentrate on distancing herself from the very sexuality she claims to be part of. The lesbian characters are sufficiently visually different from her that she appears more of a patronising if interested

outsider. The more controversial persona of Naomi Campbell merely allows her toe to be sucked, and the frolics in the pool with (straight) Isabella Rosellini look more like girlies having 'harmless' fun. Similarly in the 'erotic' (yawn) gay male scenes Madonna dons her most over girlie (heterosexual) persona - the Marilyn Monroe bombshell - and is placed incongruously amongst groups of writhing men. Another pic features Maddie-as-angel-of-mercy superimposed over your standard cottage scene yet again. She reminds all those lucky gay men how much they owe to her - a woman who has exploited homosexual imagery without bringing it outside the cliched disco/dance pigeon-hole.

This book left me cold; it fails to turn people on, to liberate them, to shock them, or to further sexual politics.

Ralph Wilde

**I** did not even need to take a thorough look at the content of the book to form an opinion. Claiming that this could be art merely serves to prove that the person behind the claim has probably not understood what art is in the first place. He/she certainly did not understand what art is not. Art is not simply provoking and violat-

ing old norms. Art is not that stupid.

Nor is it true that Madonna's book is "just a commercial product". I once just happened to be in Kurdistan, Iraq, a region which in some ways could be called a "heart of darkness". I was invited into the house of a strictly Muslim family. The children got a Madonna Live-Concert videotape and played it for me, expecting that I would be able to identify with it, hoping to please me. I was terribly embarrassed by the whole thing, wondering what to say to the older people in the family, trying to explain that there was more to Western culture. We in the West, as usual, probably do not realise what we destroy in other cultures with our careless consumption habits. Madonna for me has become one of the figureheads of such a senseless and irresponsible consumption attitude. This is why the book is not just a "simple commercial product". It does a lot more damage both in other cultures and in many confused heads in our cultures than a "simple commercial product" should do. Those that like the book in my view really have become "Thatcher's children". It seems fair to assume that they have no interest in anything which goes beyond their own immediate need and greed.

Hans Gutbrod



"Mildly amusing." "Amusing."  
 "Dodgy."  
 "Blatantly trying to advertise herself."  
 "Clever."  
 "I feel like an invader into her private life."  
 "Interesting packaging, compliments the tone of book".  
 "Quite shocking, actually."  
 "Not degrading to women."  
 "Tedious after a while."  
 "Mixed (feelings) - her attempt to shock"  
 "Looks like a tacky poster from Athena."  
 "Very subtle."  
 "Ooh, thats gross."  
 "Too expensive."

"Can any one see what the controversy is "  
 "Pornographic but if people want to spend £25 on it, its their problem." Faz.  
 "I was going to buy it, but after seeing it I'm not going to."  
 "Slightly mundane."  
 "Pure art." (non-sarcastic)  
 "Can anyone see what the controversy is?"  
 "Dangerous."  
 "Gosh, isn't Vanilla Ice sexy!"  
 "I hear the cover's made of aluminium so that it's easily wiped clean"

**What you said:  
 The Women**



# Busy Beaver

Apparently ... allegedly ... it might be so ... is it, Martin?

Hello and welcome to yet another installment of Busy Beaver, the perkin with punch, the humanoid with their fingers on the proverbial pulse and two weeks of tasty gossip to prattle and tattle about. It is BB's duty to inform the LSE population of the most recent (and still warm) antics of Job Spurting and Miss Bearall who have furthered their romantic entanglements; it is rumoured, allegedly of course, that one night after a 'session in The Tuns where more than a couple of sherbets were consumed they retired to Mr Spurting's office where they partook in some very nefarious activities of an extremely illicit (or was it explicit, I'm so hard of hearing)

nature. BB does not know exactly what occurred, but I think we could all safely hazard a guess.

Sweeping majestically and without a care onto further business, that old chestnut Martin Stupid has surpassed himself once more. Not content with the condition of his pole, he refused a somewhat bizarre request from his impressionable young first-year girlfriend. Now of course, BB's journalistic integrity does not actually allow us to reveal what the exact nature of the request was, but it involved, allegedly, him giving her a red card. Mr Stupid then proceeded to end the aforementioned relationship at the last Tequila

party (cos he's allegedly sad) (and a bit of a git, allegedly), and pissed off to Israel; but not before attempting to bribe the (illustrious - Ed.) editor of Busy Beaver to stop BB writing nasty though allegedly true things about him. Now BB isn't exactly sure what this bribe involved, but it seems that Mr Stupid allegedly offered a posse of first-year females for this editor to 'choose' from. BB unfortunately doesn't have the list, as the editor was a touch on the wobbly side that evening, and after declining Mr Stupid's most generous offer (as a believer in the freedom of the press should) he promptly forgot the names allegedly mentioned.

Trampling wildebeest-like onto further matters, allegedly, apparently, it may be true, that Waz, our Gen Sec, fancies a member of the R.C.P., is this actually a fact or is BB just spreading shit as per usual? Anyway, moving onto pastures new, ex-president Brownie has again been allegedly detained at Her Majesty's pleasure, apparently he was speeding (very slowly - honest, guv) around Camberwell to buy a member of the Beaver staff a pack of cigs when, only a hundred and fifty yards from his door after screeching around a corner he was stopped just short of the long arm of the law and was breathalysed and stitched-up... But BB has it on good author-

ity (and BB's sources are the best) that he'll probably get off again.

Stomping furiously ahead, ex-president of the Tequila Society "Sick Lampost" is laying claim to his innocence via Hellfire ... erm, just because his 21st birthday is around that time, it is not just an excuse for a party. Many happy returns for December 5th anyway Sick - oh, and we hope "Hellfire" goes well that night.

More Brownie news, allegedly (although there are many who'd testify to it) the young chap was tragically cut off in his prime, early during the all-night orgy that produced this bumper issue of the Beaver. Not content with munching his was

through a pizza and guzzling a bottle of Jamesons he then apparently fell asleep under the desktop publisher.

People just shouldn't talk so loudly when they're pissed, especially during the sanctity of 'Alcohol awareness week', but if they didn't then you lot wouldn't know half as much; keep the gossip rolling in and remember: everything I do, I do it for you.

*B.B.*

## The Heart of the Matter

by Clive Brown



The New Heart of the Matter logo, designed by Guy Harris, will soon be available in full colour on a Beaver T-Shirt

In the beginning there was a single point, so some people would say, which exploded violently, spewing forth all the matter and energy contained in the universe. It spread out in all directions, filling space. Some would also say that the matter, the universe, is still expanding. But, what was before the explosion?

Will the universe stop expanding? What? Where? When? How? Why?

If you imagine that the universe expanded from a single point, can you imagine it so that it stops expanding, and then starts contracting, eventually decreasing to the size that it started at, resulting in a violent explosion, violently spewing forth

matter and energy ...

Now think about the example over and over, repeating itself forever, in fact, imagine that it has been repeating itself forever. Each universe starting from one point resulting in another.

Now, since energy cannot be created nor destroyed then each universe must contain the same energy. The

energy has always existed and will always exist. It is infinite, never beginning, never ending.

The differences between each of the universes can be minute or very great indeed, i.e. one universe compared to another may be exactly the same except I am writing with a biro and not a fountain pen, or it may be the case

that the universe is totally different, with different galaxies, solar systems, suns, planets and life.

From one point you can have an infinite variety of universes, always returning to the same point, like a chaos set (think of those post-cards with the weird but wonderful patterns on them!). Remember this for next week.

**CLIVE BROWN CONTINUES THIS PIECE NEXT WEEK, WHERE OTHER IDEAS SURROUNDING SHAMANISM ARE REVEALED.**



# The Way of the Shaw

## Ed Jauregui seeks the path of true righteousness

I sought the true way. The way to understanding, peace, simple happiness - away from the rush-bustle-stress of timetabled life. But the official LSE maps were no help.

Desperate questions to my fellow students drew only blank stares. Most of them seemed as lost as I, wandering aimlessly along twisting turning hallways, up and down endless flights of stairs, and across treacherous bridges suspended over the Houghton Street ravines, never reaching their destination.

My search finally took me to the gate of the Main Building, where I turned to a wise old porter for guidance. "I know the place you speak of, but each must find his own path", he replied, eyes raised towards the heavenly heights. "Above?", I rashly piped, my gaze following his. But the man only smiled and

turned into a back room.

Overpowered by a sudden instinct, I found myself plunging into the crowd of thirty-odd students that strained to jam into one of the lifts. Minutes of suffering later, I was able to resume normal breathing as the lift doors opened on the fourth floor Food Wonderland and the starving mass stampeded away.

Pssst. The door slid shut, leaving only silence, then a soft hum as I rose higher and higher towards the heavens. 6th floor - Anthropology Department?! Surely, this couldn't be the place. And then suddenly... Vivaldi - floating through the air, the melancholy strains of 'Autumn,' barely audible but unmistakable.

I paced down the corridor to the left, driven by the music, certain that my long voyage

was reaching its end. I turned a corner. And held my breath.

This was it, the small but cozy Nirvana I had been promised: The Shaw Library. Even its name evokes mellow memories of beachside palm trees swishing in the sea breeze. Listen: "Sssshhhaaaaw." I

**Shaw:** N. A state of pure unadulterated bliss (from 'Sh' - silence, and 'Awh' - relaxation)  
- **LSpEak Dictionary** (1992)

hesitated, trembling, then walked straight in.

No bouncer impeded my way; no machine demanded the insertion of some bar-coded piece of plastic, no sinister law forcibly imposed my immediate separation from my old, trusty, innocent schoolbag. I was now beyond laws. Yes, Paradise holds an Embassy at the LSE, and I had now defected from

everyday life under its protection. Thoughts of essays and reading lists instantly vanished from my mind in an ecstatic moment of liberation. On the bookshelves, dozens of old friends greeted me with a wave - Arthur Dent, sipping a cup of tea substitute in the corner,

Bilbo Baggins smoking his pipe with a number of other hobbits...

I considered the difficult choice of picking my little niche. One of the ancient pink sofas perhaps, - no, the tempting rug by the fireplace. I stepped across a stretch of creaky floorboards, lay down, and mused on my good fortune for what seemed no more than

an instant. And yet, my watch showed that more than five minutes had elapsed already. Does even Time follow its own logic in this hidden pocket of the universe?, I wondered. Five minutes surrounded in soft pastel shades of pink, classical music, and homey carpets, however, sufficed to obliterate hours of mental pollution accumulated in the plasticky yellow noise of the Crunchbowl.

All around me, the faithful acolytes of Shaw-ism performed the various rituals of their laid-back cult - sprawling themselves all over the floor, dozing off, curling up with a good book or magazine, meditating, rites that have been handed down wordlessly from generation to generation of Shaw Library denizens. I could feel my entire body becoming subjected to their hypnotic spell, and gave

in, bewitched by the living dreams of a million past students that still haunt this sacred ground.

Suddenly I was overcome by a maddening sense of deja vu. When had I felt this way before? Yes, of course! A flood of warm misty memories filled me with nostalgia: a strangely darkened classroom, rows of little camp beds, and rain pattering on windowpanes behind shady curtains. At age 4, no pleasure was so simple yet so immense as the afternoon nap.

Amidst thoughts of Lego and Plasticine, I half noticed that I'd become hopelessly drugged by the intoxicating atmosphere, ready to give myself up as a new child of the Shaw. "I shall never leave", I managed to drowsily whisper before losing consciousness. And I never did.

## Loneliness

Dom Rabmin offers an insight into the world of a really sad person

When your friends don't call, when you are alone. When you want to talk to someone and tell them how you feel, not brag about your conquests over a beer. When you want to tell people about the times you've been hurt, rather than the times when "she was sooo easy," or "she was begging for it." Its our pain that makes us who we are, our fear that makes our decisions, that helps to keep our barriers up to prevent people getting close, getting inside you, hurting you.

But there's a stigma attached to being a lonely person, lonely people are sad, not worth making friends with. So many people internalise their feelings of loneliness, preferring instead to show a happy boyish face to a skim of superficial friends. That way I'm not hurt, nor (as I fear greatly) do I run the risk of hurting anyone, I live with sterile emo-

tions, never really enjoying myself because I'm never really being myself - I'm being a construction of what my

lonely people  
are sad, not  
worth making  
friends  
with

friends expect of me. It must be two years since I was last free of the fear of pain, since I laughed and loved and felt that my life meant something - that I was going somewhere. Now I only think of those times, of her, when I'm lonely; I sit here wishing that things could have been different, that she could be here now, that she could see me and talk to me and need me again. The pain is the worst when I think about love, about the only woman I ever loved (though there have been others whom I told I did) and I lost her, I lost it, be-

cause I was unfaithful. You see, I caused it to end and now I can't forgive myself for that, and I'm afraid because I don't fall in love easily and I might never experience that kind of love again. The problem is with comparisons, the memory gives a rose-tinted view of the past, and nobody could be the same as she was, though I've tried to mould them into her. I try to take everyone on their own merits but loneliness breeds itself, you get picky and fault people for no reason (except they're not like Her), you enjoy the feelings of self-pity and keep potential friends or lovers away with sarcasm and humour.

So what do I intend to do about it? Can I control it? Is there a cure?

The answers are "nothing", "no", and "but a real hug helps the pain", only it has to be a hug from someone who knows you and likes you and means it.

But nobody really knows me.

### JUSTICE WEEK

Wed 4th Nov  
3pm Old Theatre

Norma Fitzsimmons, President of the NUS, talks about compulsory membership of SUs

Mon 9th Nov  
6-8pm Old Theatre

Debate: "Is there a crisis in the British criminal justice system?"

with Mike Mansfield QC and representatives of the Tottenham 3 and the Guildford 4 (Judge Pickles has been invited to speak)

Tues 10th Nov  
Petitioning all day around LSE  
12-1pm Houghton Street

AU Sponsored eating competition, Pizza & Beer  
1-2pm Houghton Street  
Attempts being made at time of going to press to secure a Gospel Choir

Wed 11th Nov  
1-2pm Hackers Bar  
John Hegley  
7-9pm The Quad

Comedians (inc the controversial Paul B. Edwards)  
9-12pm The Quad  
The Brilliant Pebbles  
&  
Billy Bragg (hopefully)

Watch the notice boards for details of the Bruce Forsyth Pub Quiz in the Tuns and the Clothes Show Fashion Show.



# Enlightenment

## The Sacred Arts of Tibet at the Royal Academy of Arts

At the Royal Academy of Arts, Picadilly.

Unlike art in Western culture, Tibetan art is judged to serve solely a religious function, with aesthetic qualities coming a distant second. The religious function is fulfilled by the Buddhist practitioner by using tangkas (paintings) and bronzes (sculptures) as visual aids for meditation.

Importing deities from India, as well as absorbing local indigenous Bon deities, the Tibetan Buddhist tradition can be broadly divided into the following categories: Buddhas, Bodhisattvas (Enlightenment Beings), Yidams (personal deities), Dharmapalas (guardians) and Gurus (including saints, lamas, arhats and madhasiddhas). All of these are, of course, represented here.

The exhibition brings together art spanning a thousand years of Tibetan history, from the 10th to the 19th centuries, starting with Shakyamuni Buddha, the founder of Buddhism. Rather than arranging the art according to date, it is arranged according to subject matter or the iconographic order. In this respect, the exhibition is excel-

lent for the visitor who is previously unfamiliar with the art or culture of Tibet - the art of a separate order is presented in each gallery, and the various orders can thus be easily compared and contrasted.

Undoubtedly, the highlight of the exhibition is to be found in Gallery 6, where monks from the Namgyal Monastic University in Dharamsala, India, are making two sand mandalas during the exhibition. Mandala means 'circle' in Sanskrit, and each mandala is a large pattern symbolizing the Universe, conceived as a heavenly palace in which a central deity sits surrounded by his retinue placed at strategic cardinal points. During meditation, the practitioner visualizes himself as the deity and the world as the mandala. The pattern itself is created by scraping together two metal funnels in order to release a fine and directed stream of coloured sand, and there is even a chance for visitors to the exhibition to take part in this sacred ritual (surely this smacks slightly of Western imperialism?). Beautiful and time-consuming, mandalas are nonetheless made in the

spirit of impermanence and non-attachment, and at the end of the exhibition, they will be ritualistically dismantled, and the sand washed into the River Thames (the first mandala is already complete, and work on the second should begin in about two weeks' time).

In order to catch up on Tibetan history, there is also a twenty-minute film tracing the culture and history of this huge country (approximately seven times the size of France) from its origins up to the Chinese Communist invasion in 1950.

Well-organised, well-presented, and an enlightenment to those of us whose knowledge of Buddha was previously limited to BBC-2 re-runs of 'Monkey', the exhibition runs until December 13th.

Catalogue extracts to the accompanying photographs:

**AMITAYUS** : "Amitayus, the Buddha of Infinite Life, is represented in meditational pose with his two hands holding the vase of elixir of immortality, out of which a stylized tree of life grows. He is seated on a lotus throne supported by a pedestal, over which hangs a textile decorated with an 8 petalled lotus. Flank-

### Amitayus

Nepalese with elements of Western Tibetan stylistic tradition. Second half of the 14th century. Gilt brass, with chasing, cold gold paste and pigments. (28 cm). The state Hermitage, Leningrad, Prince Ukhtomsky Collection.



ing the textile are two lively peacocks, symbols of immortality as they are not affected by poison.

It is difficult to establish the exact provenance of this sculpture, but it shows strong Nepali and Western Tibetan influences. The lotus podium is undoubtedly Nepalese as is the jewellery, but the high flat knot of hair, the headdress and the design on the armbands are all characteristic of Western Tibetan art.

When this sculpture was acquired by the Hermitage, the copper plate covering the bottom had been damaged so that the consecration relics were visible. The normal procedure in museums is not to tamper with a sealed sacred object, but in this case it was possible to do a thorough examination of what the image contained.

The relics consisted of some cremation ashes from the 8th Karmapa Lama; a piece of bone ornament belonging to the Naropa; a piece of bodhi tree (i.e. ficus religiosa, the tree under which the Buddha attained enlightenment); hair from the head of Konchok Bang (author of part of the Tanjur); a sogshing (a narrow wooden stick inscribed with mantric spells which is put inside the

image as the central axis, and represents the tree of life or soul pole); a paired mandala of Jambhala and Vesudhara (the god and goddess of good fortune); various pieces of text and scrolls of Sanskrit dharanis (mantric spells). These sacred contents reveal predominantly Kargyu material, so this interesting sculpture was probably made by a Nepalese craftsman for use in a Kargyu monastery, and stylistically it dates from the late 14th century."

**VAJRAPANI** : "Vajrapani is one of the three celestial Bodhisattvas together with Avalokitesvara and Manjusri. As a group they represent the power (Vajrapani), compassion (Avalokitesvara) and wisdom (Manjusri) of all the Buddhas of the past, present and future. In this wrathful emanation, he steps to the right in the warrior's pose, controlling a live snake under each foot. In his right hand he holds the vajra, symbolic of the power of compassion, while his left portrays the threatening mudra. He wears bodhisattva ornaments, together with the more wrathful trappings of a snake necklace and a tigerskin loin cloth.

The ribbons from his crown and the scarves which hang over his

shoulders create a sense of movement, which is further stressed by his flaming red hair and active stance. The individual features of his face are wonderfully expressive, the three staring eyes symbolizing intense concentration, the gaping mouth and flaming eyebrows revealing his inner, yet positive anger. The effect of this sculpture is simple yet powerful.

It dates from the early 18th century, when Tibetan art had already penetrated into the cultures of China and Mongolia. Although often termed as Sino-Tibetan, this piece is definitely Mongolian. The smooth modelling of the body, the scroll patterns of the gilt ornament and the style of jewel insets are all characteristic of Mongolian sculpture. Statues of this size were normally used on monastic altars, and Vajrapani in particular was often found near the shrine entrance as the protective guardian. For the purpose of this exhibition, he has also been designated as the guardian who will protect the 160 works of art on show at the Royal Academy.

AND FOR BUDDHA'S SAKE, SPELL MYNAMERIGHT - Jon Fenton-Fischer (Er... yes John...oops-Ed.)



Vajrapani  
Chahar, Inner Mongolia. Circa 1700.  
Gilt brass with lacquer and pigments, inset with gems. Folkens Museum Etnografiska, Stockholm.



# The New, New Wave

## A Very, Very Short Introduction to Modern French Cinema

The mid-eighties saw the rise of several new young French film-makers. Their films were set apart from most of the other releases at the time because they were quite simply...different. These directors also harked back to what some might argue was the greatest period of French film-making starting in the late 50s and known as the 'New Wave'.

New Wave film-makers stood apart from their predecessors mostly because of the style of their films but also because of the way they made them; acknowledged greats of the period such as Godard and Truffaut not only directed, but also wrote and produced many of their films and in Truffaut's case nearly all of them.

They also started off on a meagre budget - film-making in France and on the Continent

generally, has never had to indulge in the sometimes ridiculously spendthrift antics of Hollywood to produce good, stylish, and entertaining films - but the auteurs of the New Wave were genuinely interested in making films simply for the process or artistic pleasure of doing so; Godard's most famous feature 'A bout de souffle' ('Breathless') was at first edited simply using a pair of scissors and some sticky tape. One can still see the effect of this in the finished version - there are no soft fades to the next scene, no merging of scenes, it simply cuts from one scene to the next, certainly earning, as many people have noted, its' title of 'Breathless'.

That was the style of the first New Wave; sharp, realistic, simple.

Directors such as Besson, Beineix, and Carax heralded the be-

ginning of a new New Wave in French cinema. They too could be termed auteurs, real film-makers, not simply directors and their first features are all classics. Luc Besson's first was not the widely known 'Subway' starring Christophe Lambert and Isabelle Adjani but fairly low-budget black and white film called 'Le dernier combat' (The Last Battle). Set in a post-apocalyptic future, and like Mad Max 2, with only a couple of words of dialogue, but so visually stunning and so well acted (just as M.M.2 is) that words really aren't needed, and would in fact be more of a hindrance than a benefit.

Jean-Jacques Beineix, like many of the more stylish British directors of the eighties (Ridley Scott, his brother Tony or Adrian Lyne) started off in advertising. The ability to com-

pose images well, yet still convey a message or more importantly feelings is apparent in his first film, the seemingly grandiose 'Diva'; operatic visually as well as aurally the film is fairly slow, and quite surreal for a thriller but still holds the attention with a beautiful mélange of sight and sound just as Besson's third feature 'The Big Blue' does to an even greater extent. His most famous feature is the excellent but very depressing 'Betty Blue'.

Léos Carax is quite different yet also very similar to Besson and Beineix; he is a radical in every sense of the word as far as his filmmaking technique is concerned - he tackles issues that many of his generation of directors shy away from and he also has the notoriety of having been responsible for producing France's most expensive film ever: 'Les amants du Pont-Neuf'.

Much more surreal than his counterparts as far as his stories go, he nevertheless possesses a distinctively stylish approach to film-making that links him to Besson and Beineix.

The three directors mentioned above have been well known amongst fans of French films for several years now but to this list I must add another personal favourite of mine, (let's face it a lot of critical analysis is subjective isn't it?) Eric Rochant.

Even newer than the three that I've already mentioned Rochant doesn't tend to deal with fantastical storylines but more with everyday people; witness his first feature 'A world without pity' is about a Parisian who could I suppose be termed a 'waster', living of his drug dealing brother and by playing poker, and treating his girlfriends with absolute

disregard, who falls in love. Again all the trademarks are there; a great script, great actors, and beautiful photography.

Whatever your taste in films if you have never watched a good French film before then start off with a film by one of these directors, (although there are many more that I could have recommended) mostly because they are the most well known and thus there is more chance of seeing their films at a rep. cinema (to get the full effect one must see these films on the big screen) such as the Electric, the Prince Charles, the Ritzy, the Scala etc.

I leave you with a review of Carax' most recent film - 'Les amants du Pont-Neuf' which is still playing (at time of going to press) at the Ritzy theatre.

Nav.

## "Les amants du Pont-Neuf"

### The dark side of Paris life as seen by Carax

Paris. A bridge (the Pont-Neuf) across the Seine. This is the setting of the latest film by Léos Carax, France's most daringly original film-maker since Godard. The title sets the tone, with its' intimations of Drama and romantic realism harking back to the Golden Age of French cinema, the 1930s.

The two central characters (played by Denis Lavant and Juliette Binoche) are both young down-and-outs. From their accidental meeting on the Pont-Neuf, Carax successfully builds up a succession of events, making full use of poetic licence along the way. Both characters are portrayed with nothing less than total empathy, in spite of their occasional misbehaviour, and their respective disabilities

are never displayed in a voyeuristic manner. on the contrary, we are made to identify with Lavant and Binoche through emotional immersion into their rough living.

Both lead actors provide excellent performances, making the unusual characters totally believable in spite of a scenario that sometimes stretches the suspension of disbelief almost to breaking point.

This film however was a flop at the French box-office. This was mostly due to the disturbing nature of the subject matter and to the very critical way in which Carax looks at French society, at a time when France was too busy celebrating the Bicentenary of its' epoch making Revolution to acknowledge present

day social issues such as homelessness. Naturally the British public will not face this emotional contradiction and will appreciate for what it is the extraordinary contrast between the rubbish-strewn, dilapidated old bridge and the lavish public firework displays commemorating the Revolution, in one of the climactic scenes of the film.

Young people will find this film a hard-hitting depiction of teenage zest for life mixed with rebellion, and will enjoy the incredibly taut editing and the breath-taking pace at which the film maker moves, creating a new film language for fragile yet true feelings of love on the edge of today's hard and fast societies.

Lox - Anne Wildethorpe

# microgroove

featuring Angie Brown of Bizarre Inc.

live in the Quad  
november 7



# “Lens’ Hot Lips”?!

## The Holsten London Comedy Show ““fucking hilarious” or just quite a good laugh?

Last Tuesday (the 27th) saw the start of the Holsten London Comedy Show. Kicking off with two comedians who played here in our very own ‘Old’ Theatre not that long ago, (I can’t actually exactly remember when which is why I’m being vague) some-time during the Freshers, oops, sorry we’re not supposed to call them that anymore, during the Intro Fortnight. They were the excellent Jeff Green who isn’t that well known except to those people who take their comedy seriously, (bit of a non-sequitur, but hey, who gives a fuck?) and Jo Brand who is comparatively better known having made numerous television appearances, but on the night wasn’t really on form. Still, well worth watching if you get the chance.

Thursday saw the

quite famous Jeremy Hardy and Kit Hollerbach. Having never seen either of these artistes perform before I thought I’d get the opinion of a man who knows his comedy (but not much else apart from a good whisky, a pint of Kronenberg 1664, and

### “fucking hilarious”

apparently the inside of a police cell) our very own Ents. Officer, one Jonothan P. Bradburn. (What the ‘P’ stands for is anyone’s guess.) According to “our Jonny” Mr. Hardy can best be described as a deadpan comic who is simply “fucking hilarious” and Ms. Hollerbach is apparently “shit”.

Other noteworthy comics appearing over the course of this week are Mark Thomas (on

the 3rd and 4th) and Steve Coogan (on the 8th). Those of you who were here during last years Freshers fair may remember the all day bar, during the afternoon of which, a comedian appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, and proceeded to heartily

amuse us all with his simple but very effective brand of humour, covering everything from (if I remember rightly,) terrorists to rugby and rugby players. He did that gig for free, this time you’ll have to pay but it’ll be well worth every penny. I have it on good authority that Steve Coogan is also very good; if he isn’t then he’ll be breaking up a long line of excellent comedians who’ve won the Perrier

award at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival and on top of that he has worked on Spitting Image as well.

Most of the people mentioned above are probably on for one night only. I say probably because also on the bill is Arthur Smith appearing “with guests” as yet unknown to the uninformed such as us but it’s likely that one or more of those mentioned above them may fill a slot in Arthurs’ show. If your wondering where you might have heard Arthurs’ name before then think back through the mists of time (about two years really) to a programme entitled Paramount City; Arthur was its’ host before the excellent pairing of ‘Curtis and Ishmael’ took over, and is, another friend of mine says “bloody funny”. Apparently he was a milkman

before he became a comedian...or something. Anyway he’s good and he’s on twice; once this week on the 7th and once the following week-end on the 14th.

Finally, one last pair of comics that should make for an interesting evenings’ entertainment. Mark Little and Richard Morton are appearing together for two consecutive nights, next Tuesday and Wednesday. Richard Morton you may have heard of - a diminutive geordie who’s on the up in comedy circles at the moment - but Mark Little on the other hand is probably not known to you... not by that name anyway. Mark has the dubious honour of playing a certain Joe Mangel in that cornerstone of ‘quality’ daytime viewing, ‘Neighbours’. He tends to concentrate on a more topical kind of comedy

and said to be nothing like the braindead idiot he plays’ on television. (But then again he doesn’t write the script for that so it’s not really his fault.)

The show has already started but runs until Sunday 15th finishing off with John Shuttleworth and Tommy Cockles neither of whom I’ve ever heard of. All the acts are at the Bloomsbury Theatre next to the U.C.L. Union building on Gordon St. which is also, surprisingly enough in Bloomsbury. Tickets are priced at £6 for normal people, and £5 for students, or at least I think we get a concession. All shows start at 8p.m., doors open at 7.30p.m. For any further information ring 071 383 2535.

Nav

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# Eating in and the Burger Blues

Welcome to the Food page, what one perhaps might call an exciting development for the Beaver, there again you can call it what you want.

Column inches (and perhaps small funds) are available for anyone who wants to write on anything to do with food, restaurants, knives, drinks and condiments. I would especially invite the foreign societies to comment on a restaurant in London that in their collective minds sums up their ethnic food and would be within a student's budget (well that rules out Lebanese).

As an opener we have a bonus offer of a 10% reduction off bills, any day of the week, at the Thai Spice Market restaurant in Essex Road N1. The restaurant is directly across the green from the Screen cinema in Islington so it is especially near the halls at Rosebery. This small establishment specialises in Thai cooking. Their vegetarian and seafood dishes are all wonderfully prepared, tasty and highly colourful. Sodium glutamate is avoided and many of the dishes are delicately spiced so they are easily washed down with a Tiger beer. Many of their main dishes are under £5.00 and starters are priced at £1.95. For dessert you could try the excellent toffee banana. To get your discount simply produce the token printed on the page.

Have you noticed these days how sloppy MacDonalds is getting. When the Yellow Arches first attacked this country they prided themselves on bringing a new level of service to a populace jaded with fried onions and egg at the local Wimpy. At one point, I remember, they installed clocks at their Haymarket branch and if your order was not ready in one minute you

received a free packet of chips. Nowadays you can attempt to partake of their fare and have to wait in a long line while the acres of staff behind the counters slip and slide on the tiles as they rush to the chip fryer and salad bar attempting to totally screw up your order. There are times when their pride of joy, the Big Mac, isn't even ready and you are left to stare at the nutrition charts, all well and good if you were actually consuming. The level of service is tending to slip back to the UK level of expectation which rather dents the idea of fast and warm food.

This level of service is not just confined to the Yellow Peril. Burger King in Leicester Square seems to have had its staff complement filled by Spanish language students. Now I have no argument with Spaniards who are trying to do what Philip II failed to do in 1588 but at least you would think that they could understand what was being ordered. Unfortunately, when you finally do receive your milk shake it comes out solid which does wonders for the lungs.

All this does not bode well and to my mind the best place for service would seem to be the kebab shop which, as we all know, successfully specialises in serving customers who are usually a few pints too many over legally driving a car. If anyone has received appalling service then it would be nice to expose the establishment on this page.

What is the biggest item of food you have managed to eat inside a supermarket? Do you get that hungry feeling feeling pushing a bent trolley down those tedious aisles, chilling out at the frozen peas and pulling your hand back as it encounters the drink section. And then lured by the fake bakery smell

wafting past your nostrils you head towards the Danish section. There you select your tooth rotting desire and allow the poor deluded assistant to price and wrap the sticky item. Once in your hands you thank her, turn away and rip the packaging off and force the goodie down your throat dripping sticky substances over the peppered mackerel.

Of course being a law abiding person, and wishing to help Sainsbury's or whoever onto further profits, I place my ripped package into the trolley to be paid for later. Later I might succumb to a giant Yop yogurt drink. But why stop there. You could possibly munch your way through crisps or even Chicken Tikka. Why not surprise the assistants by inquiring where the dips are while holding a cut salad. How "outrageous" would one have to be before you were followed around by a dork security guard or jumped upon by the besuited manager demanding to see your Switch card?

## Wagamama Ferrari's Cafe

### Streatham Street, near the British Museum.

This restaurant is pretty new in catering terms; only open for about a year now it has nevertheless already managed to build up a considerable reputation and clientele, a large proportion of whom are students due to the fact that it was heavily advertised in London Student last year.

For those students who wish to experience the delights of Japanese cuisine this is the ideal place to come: it's situated in close to the L.S.E., (about ten minutes walk, five if you actually know where you're going) and as far as Japanese restaurants go it's very reasonably priced with most meals coming to at most £10 a head. A Japanese equivalent of fast food, Ramen (noodles) take up most of the space on the menu, but there is Sushi if you fancy and the usual accompaniments such as rice.

My recommendations for your first time there would be to start off with a raw salad the best bit of which is the deliciously different

Wagamama dressing and if you're feeling really healthy have a raw juice to go with it (be warned however it's an acquired taste) and then really let loose and try something that you've never had before. Here the different varieties of Ramen are a safe bet as is the selection of rice dishes, my favourite of which is the Cha Han best described as rice with a bit of everything in it.

Service is good - very fast and very efficient and the food is generally of a high quality. The decor is *chic* - even the fire extinguishers aren't your average red phallic jobs, but a relatively slim aluminium coated type.

Be warned however that if you're going there in the evening then get there early because you can't book tables and demand is high - don't be surprised if you have to wait half an hour to get to a free table. Oh yes and the entire restaurant is, wait for it, no smoking. What a nightmare eh?

Nav.

The worse possible case scenario after a heavy night in the Tuns is a good greasy fry up. Luckily living in Rosebery Hall I am able to partake of their excellent food, but on Saturdays it isn't served till mid-day, so I've found somewhere else.

A mere 5 minute stagger from Rosebery Hall is Smithfield Meat market, where during the week, the butchers and porters shift meat from all over the country from the early hours until dawn. It is an exciting place to watch them at work, but to coin the annoying phrase, it's not all "work, work, work!" and they eat at a small corner cafe known as 'Ferrari's'.

Ferrari's caters during the week for the meat market from midnight till dawn and then the city gents for breakfast and the office secretary for lunch. It never shuts during the week until Friday night, when it reopens on Saturdays, it is just for the discerning clientele that know about it - builders, security men, business men coming shopping with their wives and a few students with hangovers.

The food is good and plentiful. A good fry up plus a mug of tea or coffee will be around £3, but it is unlikely you will eat again until the early evening. The menu is almost exhaustive, you can ask for so many combinations and they appear to have it. If you want to try the sandwiches go during the week for some of the strangest mixes of food stuffs since I had Clam chowder Ice cream in Boston Massachusetts.

It's a shame this place finally closes all day Sunday as it would be the ideal place to spend your time watching all London go by. Enjoy the food, mix with real Londoners and bring your friends, but be prepared to queue at times, cause this place is really popular and its for all the right reasons.

**Ferrari's Cafe**  
West Smithfield Market, near St Bartolomews Hospital.

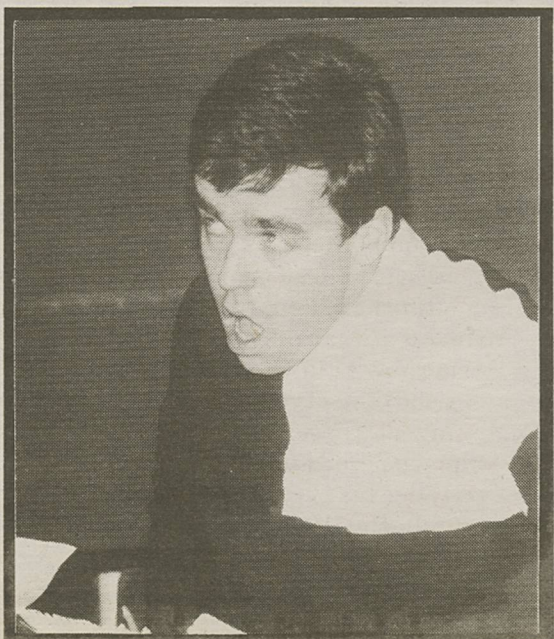
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**Photo of the week**

(left) Simon Reed pictured giving the Invisible man a blow job (allegedly!)



# Typical Four Play

The Four of Us open their new account with Columbia

One night, a few years ago, I was at an exceptionally crap party (you know the sort where parents find that their wayward offspring have thrown a party and do their nut when they come back from the pub) and the girl whose party it was had a big selection of signed goodies by The 4 of Us proudly displayed on her bedroom shelf. She'd won them on some Saturday Morning-Moron kind of TV program. Anyway, from what I can remember, people spent the evening stubbing fags out on her freshly bought pink fluffy elephant before her parents came back from the pub, threw everybody out and we all had to walk home in torrential rain. That kind of sums up this album: POINTLESS

This album really does not say anything, about people, the world or... anything. Here we are in the middle of worldwide strife and recession and this is all this particular 4 can come up with. Apparently this band were voted best everything a couple of years ago in their native Ireland, which either says something about the state of Irish music or the state of those deciding these awards. Well, what's the music like? It's like a poor person's INXS, it's like, well pub rock with money thrown at it. This is rock and roll at its most pointless. It crudely straddles rocking out and ballads, without doing either, without proving itself in neither camp, the singer just goes through the motions. There's little attempt to put any feeling into the album, it is just... there. The lyrics are the sort of almost pseudo-mystical nonsense that this kind of wannabe stadium rock, wannabe million seller excell in (except excell is too strong a word). It's not exactly crap, it's not really even mediocre, it's more the kind of album that provokes the question "Why would anybody want to spend a tenner on this when there's so much more you could spend a tenner on?". Apparently they started out really small and homemade and then got signed by a major. Major record labels, here's a message: "Please stop throwing money at this kind of pub rock when there is so much of merit which goes unnoticed, it'll only end up in the bargain basements". Mind you, the worrying thing is, it might not. Taste? The charts wouldn't know it if it dressed up in a pink tutu and danced on its head in hob-nailed boots.

Steve Kinkee



The Four of Us prove that leadership counts for everything. Why else would the founder of the band be at the front?

# Rave On!

The Hacienda re-conquers Manchester

In the post-Madchester era, its getting harder for Manc nationalists to back up their romantic claims to musical leadership, but behind the simplistic tabloid cliché, is the city still a focus for innovative talent or have the likes of the Happy Stone Inspirational Charlatans been submerged in a sea of faceless ravers, never to return?

In the late eighties the guitar legacy of the Smiths was fused with dance music, and via shaggy haircuts and acid posturing the Madchester 'scene' was born.

That was then. The all night party people came of age and the pills and thrills gave way to bellyaches. The hype was reversed and once-condoned pill-popping artists were condemned as bad influences. Working class under-achiever and darling of the tabloids Shaun Ryder was turned upon as a has-been addict. The party was over.

Nothing as dramatic or fresh has emerged since then to succeed the Mondays, the band itself having gone decidedly stale (sorry Factory, but they're crap) and rivals

having "sold out" (James) or burnt out (Charlatans). Perhaps by definition indie music had no right to parade on Top Of The Pops and - like the latter-day 'popular' rave/techno culture with Altern 8 and Kym Simms stopping the bill at 7pm on Thursdays - this was an early sign of its limited shelf life in mass culture.

Who are the successors/survivors? Barney's having a good try with a little help from his friends, but New Order seem to have given up for good. Contract hassles have ensured ACR's album's continued delay, and local heroes World of Twist, Intastella and Paris Angels have been relegated to the alternative nights at the Ritz. One glimmer of hope in the backyards and tripe shops is Mike Pickering's M People, even if he did base deConstruction Records in London (Where?), and Rob Gretton's ambitions new dance label may provide the support for one-hit-house-wonders that London's Talkin' Loud has done so well.

There is one survivor, though that gained a place in Manc Mythology from Madchester and, incredibly, survived

to tell the tale. For 10 years now a former slaughterhouse has been the showcase for the trends that have swept through and come out of the city. The Hacienda survived Madchester intact - a perilous period of time when gangs vied for influence and bouncers slept with guns under their pillows. Continuing licence threats and gang intimidation forced its closure in 1991, but the reopening hailed a renaissance and re-asserted the Hacienda's supremacy. It is now consolidating past achievements with the respected house nights of Park and Pickering juxtaposed with diverse special nights from jazz and funk at 'Fuse' to the spectacularly decadent lesbian and gay night 'Flesh'. When Dave Haslem's sentimental student night was axed the last nostalgic reminder of Manchester was gone, and the club now seems secure on an agenda of innovation in the fickle world of House Music.

Despite the city's apparent decline, Manchester put on an ambitious face at the recent 'In The City' international music conven-

tion. Ageing musos flew in from all corners of the globe (well, Wilson lured Seymour Stein) and spent 4 days living it up against the backdrop of Manchester talent (tellingly, three of the Hacienda's In The City nights revolved around imported acts - The Brand New Heavies, deConstruction night and the painfully dreadful Fantazia Rave night). Opinion was divided (yawn), from 'DJ' Dave Haslem muttering about the lack of grassroots talent to Pete Michell's surprisingly one-sided support. It may have been good PR for Factory but it did little for or with the people who provide the substance behind the hype.

Post-acid, post-E, the next couple of years will tell whether the city can build on past achievements and continue to breed the kind of talent that brought the world the likes of Morrissey, Marr, Sumner, Hucknall (currently residing in Milan - cheers Mick), Stansfield et al. But whatever happens - we'll always have Coronation St.

Ralph Wilde.

# Technology At Your Fingertips

REM go automatic for your convenience

I've always wondered what the hell the point was in reviewing music because it's all so much more subjective and personal; so much less universal than other artistic mediums. One man's Kylie is another's Hammer or Mozart or Beatles or, well, whatever. Anyway I digress.

R.E.M.'s previous offering, 'Out Of Time' apparently sold around 40 million copies worldwide and thrust them into the realms of megastardom, a somewhat ironic gesture since the commercialism of the album masked an otherwise (for them) fairly mediocre record, their worst since 'Reckoning'. 'Automatic For The Peo-

ple' on the other hand, backtracks from the commercialism, somewhat, and returns to R.E.M.'s more traditional hallmarks of songs about hurt, pain, melancholy, soulful, self-sacrifice. If you thought 'Out Of Time' was mournful, it'll seem like a walk in the park compared to this. With any luck this will set them back on a purple patch similar to the one they had between 'Fables of the Reconstruction' and 'Green', which no doubt will leave their newly acquired pre-pubescent fans leaving in droves because they can't cope with music that deals with the soul.

Apart from the utter tosh of 'New Orleans

Instrumental' which sounds like Berry, Buck, Mills and Stipe using a drunken collapse onto an organ as a starting point, this is, if not fantastically fab at least mournfully brilliant. The slow, melancholy sweep of 'Drive' sets the album's tone backed up by the superb 'Try Not To Breathe' (reminiscent of 'Half A World Away') and contrasted with the curiously upbeat yet incomprehensible 'The Sidewinder Sleeps Tonite' (sic) and 'Man On The Moon', complete with Stipean Elvis impersonation, before the whole thing is rounded off by the impossibly wonderful 'Find The River', a better track to

finish an album I have yet to hear.

So there you are, an entirely personal, subjective account of an album by my favourite band of all time. Not their best album by any means, newcomers should instead buy 'Life's Rich Pageant', while those who don't even like the band should buy no albums at all, and those who love 'em have probably already gone out and bought it!

I told you music reviews were pointless. Still, it's a way of getting your name in print in a non derogatory context, innit.



# You Can't Beat A Bit Of Bully

## Sarah Records throw a party

First things first - let me explain. Tonight's gig was to celebrate Waaaah! fanzine/Bring On Bull Records second anniversary. Waaaah in a humorous and pseudo-radical 'zine. Basically concentrating on Indie-Pop and other music sadly ignored by the popular music press and unknown to most folk. As well as printing fanzines and holding gigs they have brought out a cheap 27-track CD featuring many of today's best underground bands from the Indie-Pop genre. Confused?! Write to Waaaah! at 7 Montana Rd., Tooting Bec, London SW17 85N, 081-682 2936.

Anyway, to the performances: First up was Mark Speed, a fresh-faced solo-guitar performer from Essex (my home county-yeah!) who sang wistfully and strummed

sweet melodies out of his semi-acoustic. In true shambling tradition, his guitar strap broke in the middle of a song and a lady-friend had to hold the lyrics up for him for another one. Apparently he has never owned a shell-suit and under a train at Leicester Sq. station - a song title I must mention. However, I wasn't impressed. Nice blokes I'm sure, one of the 2 male vocalists had a 'Fuck the Nazis' T-shirt, but I found them abrasive, tuneless and generally irritating. Their best moment were their ska-like songs like 'Love on the Terraces'.

Finally, headlining, Blueboy from Reading, Sarah Records' current pride and joy. They have been described as 'a subtle blend of pop with scatterings of jazz and other delightful elements'. Like the Haywains, they have one girl and one bloke singer, both exquisite.

You have to listen hard or else the music and words can simply drift past you, although some songs were more instant than others, like 'Tell Me Something' where the lovely chiming guitars soar and swoop, carrying you along with it. Purist, sensitive bands like Blueboy are often apolitical, but full marks to them for telling the pop-kids in the audience to 'Support The Miners-Fuck The Government To Bits! Wahay, Power To The People! Buy their fine debut album 'If Wishes Were Horses' and get in touch with Sarah Records at PO BOX 691, Bristol B599 IFG.

Throw away your Nirvana albums and get yourself a bowl-haircut. It's time for a resurgence of Pop Sensibilities!

Robin Jouglah

# Peter Gabriel, Sinead... Then Some

## The Khan rambles on

'Come Talk to Me' starts off PG's "most personal and emotional album". Somehow the gathering of musicians from all over the world does not seem to have driven his style forward. In fact the opening is more or less a remix of 'Biko'. Let's assume that PG wanted to remind us the good old times. By the way: 'Steam' sounds quiet like Was Not Was ...

After all such an artist like PG has to choose between three possibilities in order to live on in the world of the likes of Eric B. & Rakim (check out their third stroke 'Don't Sweat the Technique') or Boyz II Men (huge 'End of the Road'): to 'Go with the Flow' (so Pete Rock & CLmooTH) - remain in apathy - expand and extend. PG extended without expanding. Can PG still remain PG in a changing world?

Whereas the intro is mellow and the African prairies flush through our minds, 'Digging in the Dirt' (on MTV) is straight up pfunky! Producer: Daniel Lanois of course (does U2 sound familiar to you?). This nostalgic and melancholic LP is not a trend-setter (doesn't seem to have been PG's aim). He just "needs to be needed" and "likes to be liked". Absolutely human, yes! Just seeking to publish a ballad of romantic songs: the way we expected him to be in the '90s?

SINEAD O'CONNOR: see as above-mentioned for PG. Her LP-Blitzkrieg (2LPs in a row) headed by 'Am I Not Your Girl' and 'Success has made a Failure of Our Home' was assisted by 47 musicians! Mrs. Connor covered milestones written by Greats like Ella Fitzgerald ('Black Coffee'), Billie Holiday or Marilyn Monroe (no toe-sucking on 'I want to be Loved by You'). Sinead wants to prove



Nothing compares to retirement

us that she is playing grown-up games in a grown-up world. Once pulled on the thrown thanks to Prince, she now is hitting for Total Recall (of old nice songs).

Let's head for Trenton, NJ: 'That's how it is' cause 'We Love the Hotties' and want to get 'Higher'. These 'Funky Uptown' flows let us reach a delightful beach, where the CRUSADERS FOR REAL HIP-HOP spare a couple of smooth rhymes. 'Deja Vu - It's '82' sets us back in the mood of the early '80s with the skills of the '90s. Tony D aka Don Nots (from Poor Righteous Teachers; check out their LP 'Pure Poverty') and King Sun have produced a trio able to be the most revealing rap act for 1992. All 15 songs are fronted by dope beats and rhymes, blacked up by melodic flows. One has to acknowledge: these are the Real Crusaders: freakin' & funkin'!

Now let's go back! How far? Way back, in the days of Caveman: their Debut 'Positive Reaction' cured us with such songs like 'I'm Ready' and 'Fry You like Fish'. 1992 hits us with 'The Whole 9 Yards ... and then Some'. Unfortunately Caveman have lost their Principle (DJ and producer), but MCM and Diamond J get support from MC Bee. Somehow they have lost a little bit of their original sweetness and this

Bee has brought with himself a thicker honey. But it's still honey, sweeet!

'Way 2 Fonky' is DJ Quik on his 2nd stroke (sold over 1 million copies). QUIK is the typical rapper who was into rap already in 1981. Eleven years later his rhymes on 'Me wanna Rip your Girl' or 'America's Most Complete Artist; tantalize his opponents. Both in the lyrical and musical way. Quik, a mixture between Rudy Ray Moore and Blowfly (self-statement), also produced Second II None. Their beginning sees the daylight at the end of the LP, with 'Mystic' and 'What Goes Up'. This double started singing in church. KK asserts: "Singing is in our blood, that's what we are". Not in gangsta blood, but in soulful rap, cause the homies say: "Be True to Yourself".

By the way 3 short news: London-based ADÉ is back after 'Free the Soul' with 'Raise'. This hit provides our ears with old classical soul and ultra-modern dance breaks. Nemesis' 'Munchies for Your Bass' is hot, so hot that my Discman gave up his life ... And whoever slept during the '80s, Run-DMC's 'Greatest Hits 1983-1991' is worth a listening.

# Groove Is In the Heart

## Microgroove are coming your way so here's a bit of free advertising

If you haven't seen Microgroove in the last month, you haven't seen Microgroove (Eh? - NA). In his endless quest for the perfect blend of funk, rock, soul and rap (with huge doses of insanity) bandleader Ashley Slater has made some sweeping changes in the band line-up. Microgroove now boast the superfunked low end talents of wild man bass guitarist Dale Davis just back from his world tour with James Brown. Joining them on guitar, from Wales where they grow 'em funky, Peredur AP Gwynedd fresh from his

apprenticeship with Def Leppard. Perry is working on his one armed technique to complement their drummer (Sick - NA). Unfortunately, Perry damaged his penis irreparably during the course of his experiments and was deemed unfit to travel with a heavy metal band. Also on stage with the band, the Rapathon, one and sometimes two rappers drawn from the cream of the British rap scene. Talents include J.C. 001, the Rhyme Minister and Brother Jude. Another welcome addition is pint sized

vocalist Angie Brown, known for her work with the Doves, the Rolling Stones and Massive Attack. Angie adds a welcome and much needed feminine touch to the line up. The pumping drumbeat of Shane "I've had sex" Meehan drives the band and Mr. Buckley and Mr. Batchelor provide the hornist horns this side of horny horns.

But now for the good news. Microgroove are coming to a venue near you soon and this article is by no means a cheap ad for a certain Ents person.



# Tequila Crashes and Burns. Not!

## Gerrad Sparris gets to grips with Mike Fab-Gere while Dave Whetham sits back and takes it all in

On walking into the room Mike Fab-Gere greeted me with a simple "Oh, hi man". Such a welcome could have thrown even the most determined interviewer off his track but not me. Seeking to gain the advantage, I immediately threw myself into question mode. Please note that due to the limits of technology we cannot fully represent the full range of Mr Fab-Gere's syllabic stresses and slurs. We suggest that you fill them in yourself.

G. It seems that your into something which some people would say was a little bit outdated. How do you feel when people call you a sad old confused hippy plagiarist?

Mike: Well, uh, I think that's pretty accurate really, a sad old confused hippy plagiarist. The only thing is that some people get a bit confused over the plagiarism issue. They think that I play other people's tunes, y'know, but no, all the tunes we do in the show, like 'Honky Tonk Woman' and 'I Saw Her Standing There', I wrote all of those. Well, I wrote the words and 'Studley' Spandex wrote all of the tunes. We were like ripped off, y'know, by these guys all those years ago. They never paid us, so I'm coming out now to, like, play 'em again to get some money.

G. So in the Sixties you did actually hang around with people like Keith and Paul and Jimi...

M. And Doug. Yeah, all those guys. And they used to hang around us. They used to crash at my flat.

G. And they stole your songs?

M. Well, yeah. They used to come up to me and say "Hey man, can you, like, write us a new tune? Can we have another hit single?" And me and Studley used to churn them out. They always said that they'd pay us but they never did. Now we write to them but they never write back. Like Mick Jagger, I walked past him and he pretended he didn't know me. Isn't that, like, heavy?

G. That's very sad.

M. Yes, it is, isn't it.



Faz tries to hide from her critics:- Photo Neil Andrews

G. It makes you wonder actually, are you glad you never made it because you're not so arrogant?

M. Oh, that's right, man. But I don't know about never made it, I mean, I have had eleven albums out, y'know.

G. Yes, but how many have actually been hits?

M. Well, how many of them have actually been released due to, like, weird happenings in the music business? A lot of them were deleted even before I'd finished them, y'know.

G. So you put it down to misfortune?

M. Bad vibes, man, bad vibes.

G. It does seem that you

have kept some of the hippy ethic which is why you are down to earth.

M. That's right, yeah. Like, my new album, which I hope to finish real soon. I've been working on it for 19 years and it's called 'Everybody Should, Like, Live In Peace And Harmony, Man, Right?'

G. So basically you're on a mission are you?

M. Yeah, absolutely. We have to spread peace and harmony around the world. In particular, for, uh, students, y'know, we feel that there is three things you need for a perfect evening. You need some fine Rock 'N' Roll, you need some excellent drinking material and at the

end of the night you want some steaming hot sex. That's what we feel rounds off the evening nicely. So we have very much a sensual theme to the show.

G. Well, how can anybody say you are out of touch?

M. Absolutely, man, things don't change, y'know.

G. If I could finish by asking you about influences. You're obviously influenced many, many bands in your career, but how do you feel about Spinal Tap? Are they taking the piss out of you?

M. Well, Spinal Tap. I gave them their big break. They were my support act on one of my tours of Mongolia.

G. That doesn't surprise

me. Mike Fab-Gere, thank you very much.

M. Hey, thank you.

"We are sorry to inform the public that Mike is a confused old hippy who cannot select the correct trouser leg on his own let alone compose a hit song"

Manager's disclaimer aside, Mike Fab-Gere and the Permissive Society entertained, successfully, a packed Quad at last week's Tequila event and in the true spirit of the occasion were both loud and proud - well worthy of a t-shirt for their orgiastic effort, I think. Their unusual mixture of excellent rock 'n' roll, platform shoes and EMF left the audience thinking "Unbelievable" in the nicest possible way.

Andy 'Snake' Higgs on the keyboards was apparently influenced by Rolf Harris' stylophone advertisement and without breaking the Geneva convention managed to tickle the ivories in a true rock 'n' roll sense of the word between Clive Carnaby-Streete's mind numbing virtuosity on the drums. Bobby Skurl's bass playing left nothing to be desired, even after the obvious emotional turmoil of a 60s Ready Steady Go session. Marianne Unfaithfull's lyrical abilities put many chart-topping 'stars' to shame and as for Mike himself - excellent hair. After asking the audience to indulge in liberal quantities of Sol and Tequila, he advocated safe sex for all the members of the, by now rabid, audience, who were inspired enough to call for several encores. Whether or not Mike's advice was taken up or the 'hypnotic' effect of Ant 'Studley' Spandex guitar playing helped excite enough people is up to another columnist to research but the packed Quad obviously appreciated the group's novel approach.

More mentally stimulating than Blockbusters, more exciting than Champion the Wonder Horse and more sexually aware than David Mellor, anybody who missed out have only themselves to blame.



# Sheer Bedlam

**The Bed Bugs: Fused (TSR)**

Conquerors of the Huge Intro Party, the Bed Bugs return with their debut single released on their own label. For a debut single, 'Fused' can be described as a worthy first shot. Indie guitars fly around in a manner not heard since the late eighties and the record stands up on it's on merit. I admit it's not a classic record but then again it's not half bad.

**Beautiful People: Foxy Lady (Essential)**

Beautiful People hail from the land of the re-mixes and this version of dear old Jimi Hendrix's 'Foxy Lady' found it's way onto vinyl via producer Alan Douglas, who produced quite a few of Hendrix's LPs. Despite this fact, Beautiful People manage to create a dirge not heard since Thursday's Top of the Pops. Poor old Jimi will be spinning.

**Kinky Machine: Swivelhead (Lemon)**

Hotly tipped guitar-driven outfit, Kinky Machine, have recently been on the road with our old pals the Manic Street Preachers. Following on from where they left off in the summer (Does anyone recall 'Going Out With God?'), 'Swivelhead' has been lapped up by those sad-types at NME and Melody Maker who've proclaimed them as the new great hyped hopes of decent music. An



Yo! Chill out. It's the Lemon Trees

okay record, it will not force you to run down to the local hypermarket to purchase it.

**Lemon Trees: The Way I Feel (Oxygen)**

Group leader Guy Chambers has been around a lot. Co-founder of the World Party, a member of the Waterboys and backing musician for Julian Cope, Chambers has found a new abode in the form of the Lemon Trees. Live, they've been described as having echoes of The Kinks, The Byrds, The Isley Brothers and even the Beach Boys. More like a watered down version of the Wonderstuff. Un-inspired drivel, it'll come as no surprise that the Lemon Trees are also hotly-tipped to go far.

**Shamen: Boss Drum (One Little Indian)**

The Shamen lost any credibility they might have after prancing about singing

"Ezeer Goode". What they hope to salvage from a dying career with this is beyond me. Nice to have a promo copy, though.

**Spinal Tribe: Forward The Revolution EP (Big Life)**

Beginning with samples from an Indian brave, Spinal Tribe accelerate forwards to make one the best records I've heard for a long while. Drum machines have never sounded so good, therefore it shall be christened Single of the Week.

**James Taylor Quartet: Hope & Pray (Big Life)**

Funkateer attack! After working on the 'Never Loved Elvis' album, Mr Taylor and his friends strike back at any discontent from their fan base with this funkadelic piece of vinyl. I'm going to stop now because I don't know what the fuck I'm talking about.

# Drowning In A Sea Of Obsession

## Suede want to be adored

I sometimes wonder exactly why I bother. I could harp on about how much I enjoy being crushed up against hundreds of sweaty adolescents but that would merely be fatuous. It has taken us twenty minutes (twenty minutes?!) to reach the front of the tiny SW1 Club and now I'm here I'm not bloody moving. Personal sacrifice above and beyond the call of duty, that's what I call it.

I've heard of intimate but this is ridiculous - I mean, I've only just met these people. We do, however, have a unity, a common purpose (cue melodramatic overtures) - a divine mission. We're all here for one reason and one reason alone, to witness the great and ever growing 'Suede phenomenon'. Now I remember why I bother.

If you haven't heard of Suede by now then you must have led a very sad and sheltered life closeted in some lesser form of household furniture over the past few months. Melody Maker (Who? - NA) proclaimed them the "best new band in Britain" earlier this year and despite the weight of accolade they have survived to furnish us with (more than) enough evidence to substantiate this claim. After the release of three, it must said, excellent singles they have secured a dedicated following and - watch that credibility! - a Top Of The Pops performance of 'Metal Mickey'.

Suede are famed for their sartorial elegance - Purple! Glitter! 70s glam! Wide Collars! Camp! Cords!

Cords? - and of course, their music. Suede are a band who inspire obsession, adoration and infatuation. Comparisons to the Smiths and Morrissey are perhaps inevitable, both musically and otherwise. Judging by the barrage of flowers that heads stagewards during the gig we are already slipping dangerously close to Moz territory but it must be remembered that Suede are a (great) band in their own right and tonight they prove this.

OK, I've got a confession to make - this is not my first Suede gig. In fact I'm a bit of a Suede fan (Really? - NA). Not that this is going to cloud my objective review of the gig you understand. I can say honestly, without prejudice that tonight Suede are so good that they make you want to curl up and weep at the beauty of it all - see no hint of bias at all!

Brett - the vocalist for the uninitiated - is wearing a new found confidence that suits him (along with the rather fetching lace shirt and grey cords). From the characteristic "awright!" followed by a "we're Suede - you must be the audience!", he engages in cheerful 'banter' with the crowd throughout the gig. He appears at ease with the adulation - reflecting it back into the assembled throng. his mother would be proud.

Musically Suede are excellent - well, what else could I say? Their songs (yes, songs!) are carefully crafted and lovingly performed. Bernard's superb whirling guitar makes a refreshing change from the current

grunge OD that is becoming a trifle relentless.

The set is diamond studded and jewel encrusted with such gems as 'Animal Nitrate', 'Pantomime Horse', 'The Drowners' and, of course, 'My Insatiable One', caressing our eardrums. I could go on but I would merely be accused of being obsessed.

In many ways this is a traditional Suede gig. Brett's shirt gets ritually torn from his back - twice !!? The lamb does have a penchant for exposing his chest it seems. His dancing is a little eccentric - I've always wanted to know exactly why he hits his microphone against his bottom - is it some new musical technique? Answers on a postcard please...

There is no encore - another familiar feature. The short but consistently good set therefore leaves a lasting impression and tonight I sense that the Suede rollercoaster has found a few more devotees. Judging from the size of the audience it looks like Britain's best kept secret may already be out. Suede are heading for the stars - or at least the charts. Yet their future is a constant source of worry for me - I don't want to watch my boys (Eh? - NA) be corrupted by fame. See suede before they get too big to be beautiful, while they can paly intimate venues that suit them best. Just remember that they were mine first (Someone has a crush on Brett, me thinks - NA)

Sarah Jane.



Slumberdown with the Bed Bugs

## Competition Winners

G. Harris (Mike Fab Gere T-Shirt)

Simon Lambert (Tequila tickets)



# ANTI-RACISM WEEK

All week in the Quad:		'Racism at the LSE' 'LSE societies' experience of racism'
MONDAY 2ND NOV.	1pm - 2pm Graham Wallace Room	VIDEO: A documentary on the American Civil Rights movement An Indian film classic
	8pm The Underground	
TUESDAY 3RD NOV.	1pm - 2pm Old Theatre	Ken Livingstone and Keith Vaz Fighting racism today
WEDNESDAY 4TH NOV.	1pm - 2pm Graham Wallace Room	Malcolm X video
	7pm - 11pm Old Theatre £2	Film Doublebill: Mississippi Masala Jungle Fever
THURSDAY 5TH NOV.	1pm - 2pm Old Theatre	UGM motion on 'Racism in the LSE'
	5pm - 6pm Old Theatre	Metropolitan Police vs. Newham Monitoring Project Anti-Nazi League Anti-Racist Alliance
FRIDAY 6TH NOV	1pm - 2pm A42	Nirj Deva (Tory MP) How the Classless society offers opportunity to all people regardless of colour
	8 pm - 12pm	The M25 Campaign Benefit Extravaganza featuring The Benjamin Zephaniah Band SURPRISE CELEBRITY GUEST Anthony Tidd (Soul/jazz singer) Eugene Skieem and friend (African Percussionist) The Acapela singers plus even more

# ANTI-RACISM WEEK

Newham Asian Women's Project

Speaker and Discussion

Tuesday 3rd November 1pm  
Womens Room  
ALL WELCOME

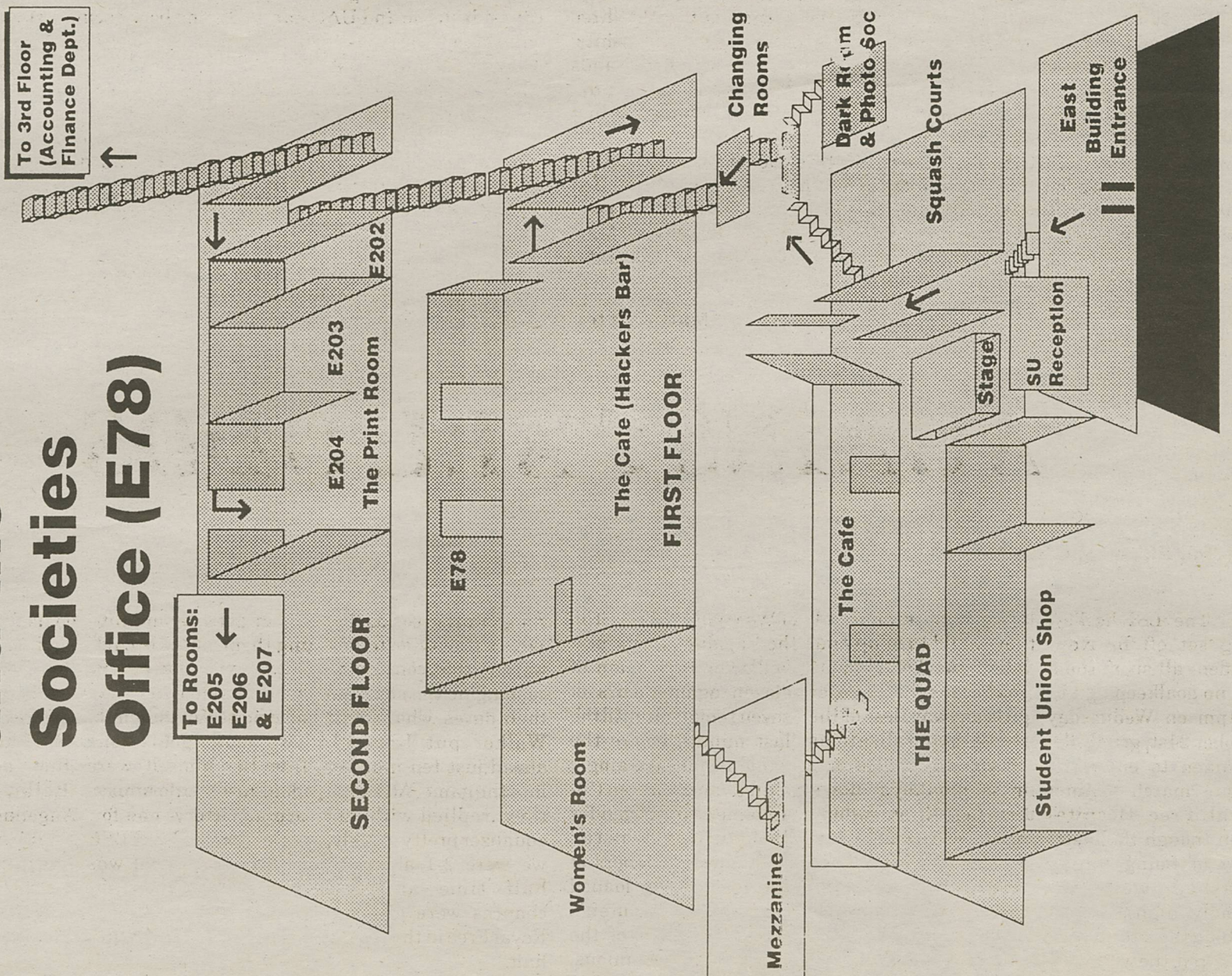
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# EXAM PAPERS

..are now available from the Students Union print room, E204. Ask the duty supervisor for the Listings booklet which will provide the paper number. The exam papers can then be photocopied in the print room at a cost of 4 pence each

## The Print Room (E204) and the Societies Office (E78)





# THIRDS DICK ON CITY

LSE 3'rds.....8 (yes...eight)  
City 3'rds.....0

Following our demolition of Surrey there was a danger of overconfidence for this second UAU game versus City. Fortunately this was not a problem as City would be flattered by the description "shite". They were, in fact, so bad that veteran centre-back Eugene "chubby" Stalker scored his first goal for nine years, and rookie keeper Andrew Graveson had only two saves to make all game.

These were naturally not the only miraculous performances in the best team at the LSE. Nuttal didn't miss a tackle all game, and Rich marshalled the troops whilst closing down the left flank completely. Dave Keane, the no-nonsense nubile nails nutter (are you happy now Dave?-ed), played a blinder after taking a kick in the nose from a fellow team-member. In attack the two blonde Danish pin-up boys cracked in three goals between them, although Pederson's three was a somewhat more impressive haul than Gobel's none. The crowd, however, only leapt from their seats when Vetta broke his duck, and their weight of encouragement was enough to see him find the back of the net for a second time.

Beer-beast Jurgen Jurgenson found form with wonderful goal-getting and was ably supported by the impressive Shaggy Shaggyson, a recent signing from AC Lovetown. Beharall hit the bar, or so he says and that's about it. The thirds are now two points away from free beer in Exeter and if that's not enough to make Jurgi score a hat-trick then my nob's a kipper.

Graveson G Gravesonson.



Two legs and he'd be playing for England Photo: Steve East

## Rugby Win

LSE 1st XV 32 Surrey 7

The 1st XV opened their UAU account with an inspired stuffing of Surrey. The biggest surprise was that last year Surrey turned out with three amputees and a ferret named Harvey and still ran amok by some 30 points. How times have changed. Since Claxton grabbed the helm with both hands and shook it until it stopped being all limp things have started to look up. Whilst the forwards dominated every part of the game (It's usually not just the forwards-ed.) with Titchmarsh and Townsend towering over the line-out allowing the backs to prove themselves as a deadly attacking force (Read on-ed.). At half-time we led 12-0 through tries by Andy 'Ernie' Wise and Ben 'Josie' Wales. After the break Surrey became dispirited and the proverbial floodgates opened. Further tries were added by James Townsend, Matt O'Neill and Simon 'Maxie' Miller. Iwan Jones added 2 conversions and a penalty. Surrey responded with a late consolation try which failed to tarnish

Matt Claxton

## Rugby Loss

City 24 LSE 1st XV 14

The 3 match winning run of the 1st XV was brought to an abrupt end by the City side in the 2nd UAU game. Having been facing a steep slope (I played cricket on there last year-ed.) and strong wind (Mostly coming from Claxton's mouth-Other ed.) we turned round only 7-5 down due to a spawny slip onto a dropped pass which was given as a try to Claxton.

After the break (and a quick swig of puke for Titchmarsh) despite a good general performance we managed to find ourselves 17-14 down after the referee made the correct decision by awarding City a justified try (honest guv). After that we became dispirited, and despite 3 Iwan Jones penalties we conceded a last minute try to lose 24-14. (C'est la vie, que sera

Matt Claxton

# AGAINST ALL ODDS

LSE 2nd XI....4 R.F.H....1

The LSE hockey gang set off for New Malden- all six of them and no goalkeeping kit- at 1pm on Wednesday October 21st, grimly determined to enjoy the league match against Royal Free Hospital (even though the likelihood of being totally thrashed were extremely high). In describing the situation as at 1.30pm, the word 'desperate' comes to mind, another would be 'hope-

less'. To those who said they would turn up and didn't: we don't blame you because hockey's for girls anyway (less of the sexist generalizations please -ed), and it was brass monkeys down there (oh yeh, and where the hell were you?!). Anyway things brightened up a little as our numbers grew by a whole 16.67% (this is a decimal and is clearly not whole-pedanted) with the sudden appearance

of Wee Willy Willis. Still, the nagging worry of a walkover by a team of eleven against ours of seven remained until the last minute before the game began. Amazingly a full team of eleven (!?-ed) players emerged for the starting whistle, with three members of the team being loaned from the women's squad. The start of the match looked ominous, for the opposition seemed to be taking

things rather seriously. We, on the other hand, weren't that concerned, so imagine the shock on their faces when Matt Walker put LSE 1-0 ahead just ten minutes into the game. Although they replied with an equalizer pretty quickly, we were 2-1 ahead and few chances were given to Royal Free in the second half.

Ben Laidler's suggestion of "concentrat-

ing on defence and hitting them on the break" did not even need to be adopted since they were held mostly in their half. Two more goals (one from Ben himself) were added to make for a spectacular victory- one for the history books of LSE hockey. Each goal was scored by a different player, reflecting the superb teamwork achieved on that afternoon. Stoic defending prevented any more

goals from being scored against us; and here a big "Thank!" must be said to the girls- Dreamy Desiree (who kept the RFH at bay with some fine tackling), Bionic Bella, and Angelic Angeline (in goal)- who contributed greatly to the defensive lineup. A move from "desperate" and "hopeless" to a well-earned win is not too bad for one afternoon, I'd say. Well done Seconds.

John Chan



# Houghton Street Harry

This is something that I never intended to be saying so early in the year, but sorry kids, this is the last Harry I will ever write. I am sure my replacement will be equally charming and witty, but as was commented when Gazza left Spurs, how can you replace the irreplaceable? I will not allow myself to get too sentimental so I shall now get to the final point I shall ever make: Who are the most annoying, noxious, sad group of individuals who are currently under the misconception that they possess a life? To win this award (and life-membership of the Beaversport 'Get-A-Life' soc.) you cannot simply be a bit of a tit. If this was the case then 'Get-A-Life' would be the most over-subscribed society in the northern hemisphere. Our contestants are drawn from various sources and read as follows; Kevin Keegan, Soap-dodgers, Liverpool supporters (Sorry Shaggy-ed.), Dungerees Man of the Tuns, and Euro-Sloanes. I did briefly consider including people with tattoos, but having read certain articles in well below standard pseudo-'I think I'm pretty good at using long words don't you?' publications, I have decided that these people are already painfully aware of their short-comings and do not need reminding that lives are a precious commodity and if you've got one you should not waste it trying to impress your friends for 10 minutes.

So it's time for the real deal to be made public in this bumper Harry. If anybody is badly in need of getting real at the moment, it has to be that Grecian-haired will-o' the-wisp bard of soccer management, Kevin Keegan. A heroic footballer maybe, a git certainly. He has developed an uncanny knack of spouting complete cobblers whenever asked any sort of question. An interview with Kev these days involves him mumbling some unrehearsed crap about which we don't care before he simply repeats any quotes from old interviews that he thinks make him sound intelligent. Unlucky Kev, you've got two hopes of that ever happening, Bob and none. Did you know that Newcastle could be the biggest club in Europe given the right backing? Come off it Kev, unless Newcastle move to Milan and change their name to Milan, play in Milan and sign all of Milan's players we're more likely to see Nostradamus get something right. Rather than simple swear-words I would like to quote an amusing pie-eater from the Vicarage Road End who wished Keegan would "...Perm off" back under whichever stone he crawled out from. As for Liverpool fans, well a Liverpool fan is as a Liverpool fan does. I think that fan is a far more realistic title than supporter, after all, a fan does constantly blow hot air. The so-called die-hards have never been aware that they were born. It is a really time-consuming hobby to come in after a hard day on the check-out at Tesco's and ask your father what the score was whilst sipping a milky cup of tea that your mum made for you. They have never had the displeasure of travelling on a coach for 3 hours (although it seemed like days) next to a fat, cigar-smoking pie-eater who spends the whole trip asking you if you went to Hull on a wet January night back in 1977. They have also never turned up to a game knowing they were going to lose (I suppose it's my fault for being a Watford fan). Anyway, cheerio.



Pederson taken out by mystery sniper

Photo: Steve East

## Quick's Quickie Quells Quibbles Sideboard seconds sink fish

I have been waiting for this moment for quite some time and it couldn't be sweeter. The last second XI victory coincided with the animals saying cheerio and thanks for the lift to Noah. Now things could be different. Either LSE have finally turned the corner and can expect a few results in our favour, or City are eleven of the least gifted lads to put on boots since the Duke of Wellington took of his gumboot and threw it far to win a bottle of cheap sparkling wine. At the end of a frantic day LSE

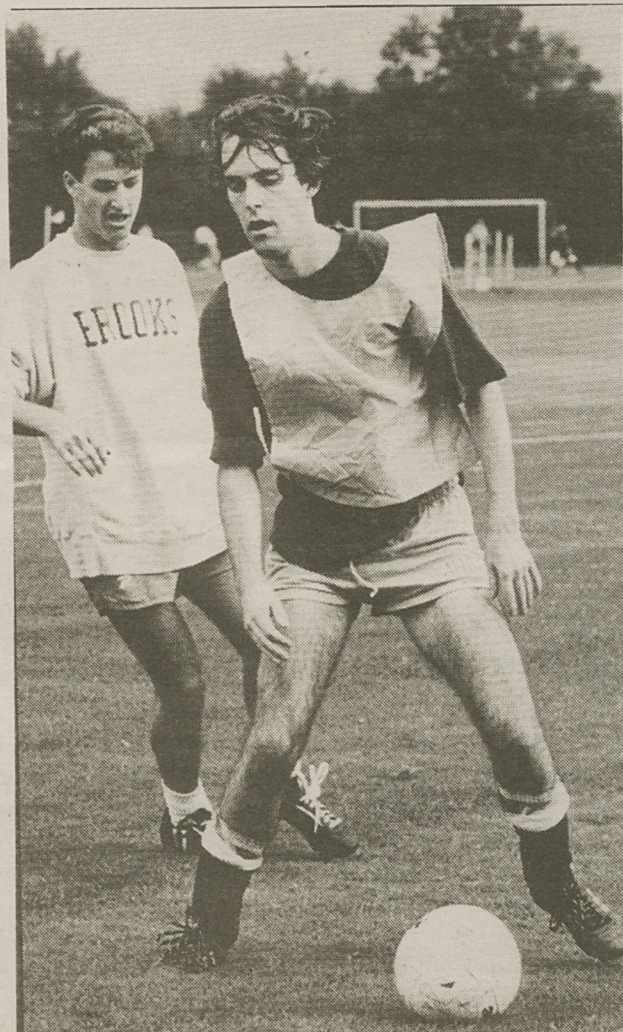
still have points in the bag and surely City will play worse than that and win (I've been dying to say that for years). The scoring was opened when Steven 'Quickie' Quick was brutally manhandled in the City box by the centre-back affectionately nicknamed 'Oaf'. Quickie went down, the ref did the honourable thing and Staples tucked away the resulting penalty with some panache.

City simply could not believe what was happening and frankly neither could LSE when

Blunden rose like a salmon and for once didn't head like a fish to make it 2-0 after 20 minutes. The seconds really were in business with Niemann resplendent, Kaplan resilient and keeper Faulkner redundant. The back four had finally brought the sinking ship onto an even keel. In spite of a scare, LSE went in 2-0 up at the turn.

In the second half, Fry passed the ball forward to livewire Quick who clinically netted past a Michael Jackson of a keeper (You know the

one about the Tottenham goalie and Michael Jackson and the gloves?-ed.). This came at a time when City began to believe they had a chance to get back at us. Not on your nelly. Raymond plugged the right, Niemann and Blunden complimented one another well in the centre, and Steven Hitch tackled as only he and Vinny Jones know how. The job was not quite complete though, so Staples and Kaplan shared the honour of cropping the pansy with the pony-tail. A job well done indeed.



Shaken, shaggy, shagged from shagging



Keane: slept through evolution