



## Delors at the Doors!

By Pernilla Marmfalt

### On Friday 6th of November the first Jean Monnet

lecture of the new LSE European Institute was launched by Monsieur Jacques Delors, President of the Commission of the European Community. The timing could not have been more controversial for Mr Delors who featured in the evening headlines the night before after Mr Ray MacSharry's sudden resignation as the EC's Chief negotiator in the GATT talks with the US.

Mr MacSharry had been reported as saying that his 'boss', Monsieur Delors, had sabotaged an agreement with the US, "to protect the interest of the French farmers and by implication, his own ambitions for the French presidency".

Such allegations and the potential threat of a trade war breaking out as a result, attracted the national and international press, as well as several camera crews to the LSE to await the arrival of Mr Delors on Friday morning. They were there, as the Financial Times said, because "they had smelled blood".

Mr Delors arrived to a swarming Houghton Street, harassed by the press as he stepped out of his car and alternately jeered and cheered by the hundreds of students who had gathered to get a glimpse of the man in the headlines.

After being almost physically carried into the Old Theatre by the crowd, he addressed a full house and simultaneously an audience in the New Theatre who were watching him on a big screen. Monsieur Delors opened his lecture by praising the LSE for its many European credentials and expressed his pleasure in delivering the first of what he hoped would be 'a long and fruitful series of Jean Monnet lectures'.

He spoke for 39 minutes on the monetary co-operation in the building of Europe, giving the audience a recapture of the several stages towards a European Monetary Union, highlighting the Werner plan of 1970 and the European Monetary System (EMS). He said that the major consequence of the EMS monetary stability "has been the allowance of the move to the full liberalisation of capital movements, which I initiated in May 1986 in the framework of the large internal market".

Delors stressed the importance of free capital movements in the creation of a single financial area in the community and concluded by emphasising the need for monetary co-operation within the European Community: "...internally the Community has a great need for monetary cooperation for its economic well-being, while externally the



Jacques Delors pictured swamped by the national press on arriving at L.S.E. last Friday

problems of the international monetary cooperation require the Community to speak with a single voice with the Americans and the Japanese..."

Much to the disappointment of the anticipating audience and press, Dr Ashworth, the Director of the school, said that there would be no time for questions. It was later revealed that Delors had been summoned by the Foreign Office to come to Downing Street. When Dr Ashworth had finished

his concluding address, photographers and reporters literally jumped up on the stage in the Old Theatre, preventing Mr Delors from leaving, and interrogating him about the controversies surrounding Mr MacSharry and whether this would lead to his own resignation.

The events were reported on the front pages of all the quality papers on the Saturday. The Financial Times devoted a whole story aside to the happenings

at LSE with a gripping and headline which read "Scent of Blood on Campus".

All papers reported that Delors completely denied any interference in the Gatt negotiations saying that he had 'acted responsibly on behalf of the whole Community'. The Independent and The Guardian both featured photographs from the chaotic scenes in Houghton Street and the Old Theatre where Delors was engulfed by photographers on the

stage.

The security services at the school were said to be 'sparse' but the LSE had obviously not anticipated such a massive attendance by the press.

The Financial Times gave a rather illustrative version of what happened on last Friday: "The dry academic atmosphere positively crackled with electricity. LSE's political scientists are not often given such a taste for 'realpolitik'."

To clear up any potential misunderstanding, the Beaver has been asked to print the following letter by Lord Donoghue, member of the Court of Governors of the LSE. The letter was addressed to the Editor.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your apology concerning the article relating to me on the front page of the Beaver.

The reported allegation - made under the protection of Parliamentary Privilege by a Tory backbencher against me as a Labour frontbencher - was grossly inaccurate and almost certainly libellous.

The facts are:

1 I knew of no fraud by Maxwell before I left the company in July 1991. Had I done so I would have reported it to the appropriate authorities.

2 The confidentiality clause in my termination contract was drawn up before any question of concern arose relating to the Maxwell pension funds. Such clauses are common in the City and professional practise.

3 At no point was it discussed with me or my advisers in relation to any specific matter, investment practise or anything else. Nor would it have prevented me from reporting any breaches of laws or rules had I known of any - which I did not.

I do appreciate that Britain's national newspapers set a bad example to budding journalists by their contempt for facts or fairness. However you and your staff are members of a great School and should apply higher standards.

Yours faithfully  
(signed)

Lord Donoghue of Ashton

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# Union Jack

Jack couldn't be fussed to go to the UGM last Thursday. Instead, he went to the Circus.

The Big Top was completely full, standing room only both on the floor and up in the cheap seats. Ringmaster Simon's worries about the Teutonic Strong Man's absence were premature, but Ludwig was uncharacteristically late.

Our first act was the Amazing Fire Breather, the Lord Who Became a Man, our new Honorary Vice President, here in our own Big Top, Tony Benn. Stopping off on his way to the Autumn Statement, he encouraged students to contribute to an understanding of the issues of society and to work for the protection of the planet and the human race. We have clear choices between the community and the jungle and whether profit is what life is all about. By the end, cinders were spewing from this Vesuvius among orators. He must not have been too effective: despite rapturous applause, no one bothered to signal their approval with the customary gift of a paper projectile.

Next was the Freak Show. Emma the Talking Bear got her favourite acts moved up the programme. These were about abortion in Ireland and asylum legislation. Jack wonders why then we never got to see either of these. It might be because the knife-throwing and lion-taming took too long.

Next Freak up was Fax the Fabulous, the Disappearing Lady, with some sad news. The Circus' encore performance (Union Council) would be postponed until the performers had had another of these Thursday rehearsals. And the owners of the Circus were not letting us clowns crash their act on Security in the Big Top.

## The Tall Man was short.

PHarris, the kiddies' favourite clown, juggled for us, wanting to know the fax of the abandoned encore. Nor should our owners decide about the Maple and Fitzroy Cages without a full complement of denizens.

Jonni the conjurer announced gigs, including U2 in the Quad. 'No, that's a lie, but apparently it's OK for Sabbaticals to lie to the UGM.'

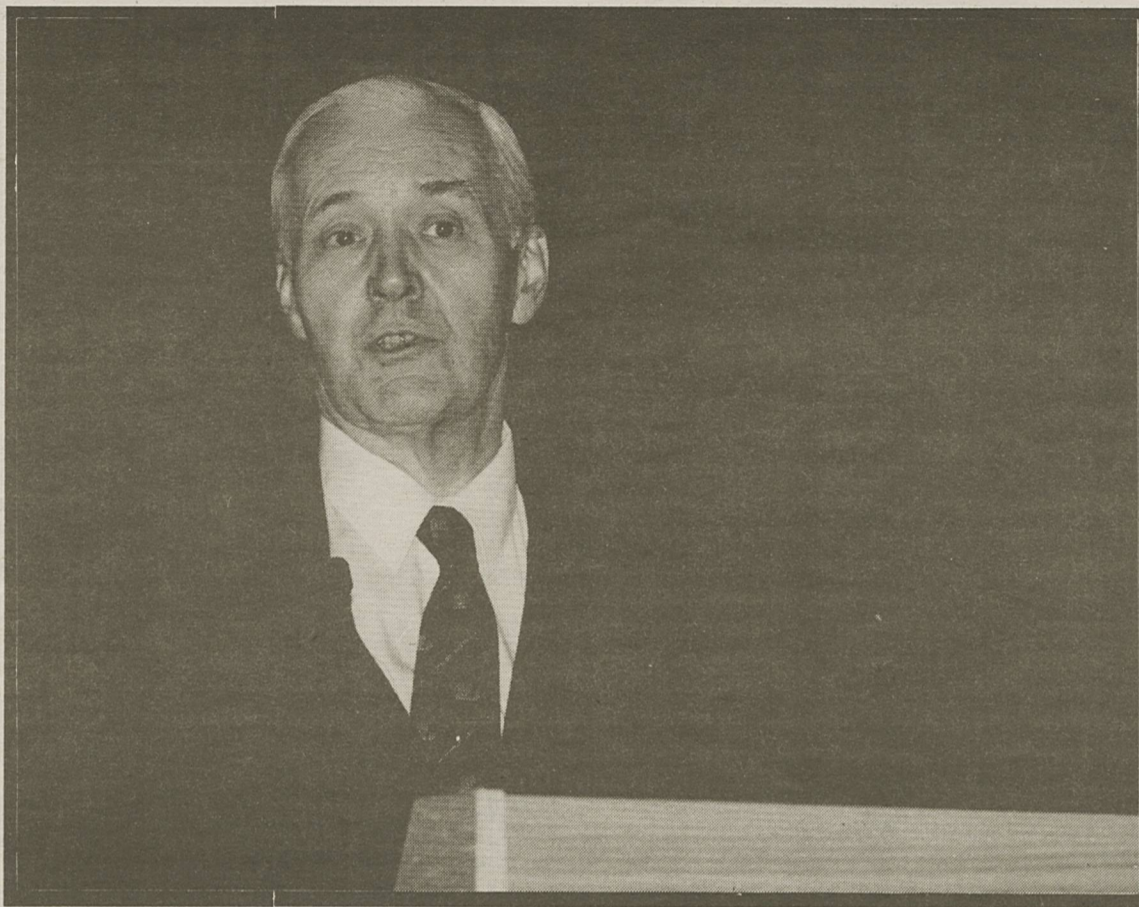
Knife-throwing, Jack's favourite spectator sport! Bernardo the Brave wanted to know whether the Disappearing Lady broke the rules. She denied it. PHarris tried a fancy toss with an old blade, about the NUS conference she skipped and the campaign paper she got for standing. She wriggled away. Peter missed Fax again. Someone threw wide of Tesh. James Brown (Get Clown!) slashed at Fax with Bernardo's knife, and Uncle Bob tried a direct stab with Peter's, finally getting a clear and acceptable answer (She stood because she didn't know she would be unable to attend and, presumably, not to get extra paper.)

On to the lion tamers. But, in these mutual recriminations between Greeks and Turks over Cyprus, which is lion and which is lion tamer? We have passed this motion (or one very similar) every year for at least seven years, claims Bernardo. Kiri needed more than his minute, but Fax wanted a week. Two for, two against, both sides blaming the other for atrocities, genocide and jaywalking. As always, the Greek Cypriots passed their motion. If Fax meant it when she said she doesn't trust Greek Cypriots...

Jack is pissed off at this. Not only can our Union do nothing to heal Cyprus, but our Union is being badly used. Each side expects us to morally condemn the other, to choose between degrees of complicity, to split moral hairs. One side wins, the other loses, nothing changes, and no one feels happy.

Jack, as usual, gets left behind to sweep up the elephant shit and balls of paper.

# Benn Accepts Honorary Vice-Presidency



Tony Benn pictured at last week's UGM

Tony Benn MP accepted his Honorary Vice-Presidency at last week's UGM. In a short address, which even appealed to some isolated students in the audience that had initially booed when Benn went onto the stage, Benn thanked the students for electing him to the post.

He said that he hoped that "as students you do contribute to the society's improvement."

He conceded that it was difficult to do at the moment, as the way in which politics was conducted seemed "so shallow."

Benn emphasised that

it was wrong to attack individual politicians. Instead one should decide which way the society should go. He said that "society has been indoctrinated to believe that it is only profit that matters."

Students in the UGM thanked Benn with strong

applause for a speech that "displayed a maturity which is rare in politics", as one person present said. Benn's speech stood in stark contrast to the subsequent discussions in the UGM.

# L.S.E. Justice Day Debate

Monday evening saw a debate in the Old Theatre of the School considering the motion 'This house believes: There is a crisis in the British Criminal Justice System'.

The 6pm start was delayed till nearer half past while the arrival of all the participants was awaited. It was considered "a shame to note" that no Conservative MPs or representatives had agreed to attend, despite over 60 being contacted. Similarly the Police spokesman from the Metropolitan Force was, according to Fazile Zahir, the organiser, "clamped down on by the Police Federation".

This consequently

meant that rather than having a debate students ended up with something more like a lecture. It was generally agreed that the most passionate and impressive speaker was Paul Hill, a member of the Guildford Four who was unjustly convicted on terrorist charges and eventually released after appeal.

One of the ideas he was advocating was a system of recording entry to Police cells by Officers, in an attempt to combat the intimidation and subsequent 'accidents' that it was felt sometimes 'befell defendants'. On a similar vein there was concern over the effectiveness of sections of the Police And Criminal

Evidence Act (PACE) dealing with the recording of interviews. Mr Hill also underlined his lack of faith in the Jury system; not so much because of the theory but because of the way that it was the Police themselves who vet jury members. He also noted that Northern Ireland was very much used as a testing ground for new Police powers as witnessed in the Prevention of Terrorism Act.

Among the other speakers, which included Alun Michael MP from the Labour front Bench and a member of Liberty, students considered Mike Mansfield QC the most impressive. He has defended many of those

who subsequently turned out to be victims of injustice.

A stimulating question and answer session involving the more than 100 members of the audience was only curtailed by a lack of time; as one person - at the end of the lecture still wet from the rain on Monday evening - said, 'it was worth braving the elements to attend'. Praise also went to Zahir for organising the event.

By Philip Gomm and Graham Bell



## News in Brief

### UGM-chair apologises

Simon Reid, chair of the Union General Meeting, wishes to apologise for not taking questions, point of order and for moving to a vote before the summation speech. He wishes to point out that the UGM had to vote in order for him to close the meeting before two o'clock.

### End to Maple&Fitzroy Street Flats

A copy of the Inter Halls committee agenda, obtained by the Beaver last week, has revealed that the School has finally decided not to renew its leases on the Maple & Fitzroy Street flats after the 29th September 1994.

Keeping the premises after this date would involve the School in large financial commitments, both in the annual rent payable and funds that would need to be set aside to meet 'dilapidation schedules' over and above the present end of tenancy provisions, not to mention the costs of the much-needed refurbishment.

This year's 8% increase in Hall fees was agreed conditional on the School keeping the Maple and Fitzroy flats. It will be interesting to see whether any refund will be forthcoming in the light of this disclosure.

Peter Harris, Welfare and Equal Opportunities Officer, said "Either the School must keep these 200+ places, give us some of the rent increase back, or commit themselves to buying replacement places immediately".

A full report on the Inter Halls Committee meeting will be included in next week's Beaver.

### ENTs run dry

According to John Spurling, Finance and Services Officer of the Students' Union, about £8000 of Union funds have been committed to Entertainments by John Bradburn, the Entertainments and Societies Officer. Speaking at a meeting of the SU Executive, Bradburn said that "personally speaking, this Union does not need anyone running Entertainments." He pointed out that even those events that were for free and that had been well advertised failed to attract students.

# School To Improve Personal Safety

Security procedures are under review following a continuation of daytime incidents at L.S.E. involving staff and students.

Following on from last week's revelations in The Beaver, involving drunken intruders and aggressive beggars, another incident occurred on Monday 9th November when a woman reported that her handbag had been stolen from the Print room. At the same time a worrying increase in incidents has been reported throughout Universities in London.

Concerned security chiefs and student representatives met on Monday 9th November to formulate a response to the incidents at the L.S.E.

The internal emergency phone number 666 is now to be publicised via posters, leaflets and announcements in lectures. Operative since last year, the number rings straight through to the main porters lodge taking priority over all other calls. Porters will then immediately offer assistance. It is hoped that all incidents can now be recorded in one place, ending the past practice where it was difficult to assess the amount of incidents, given that different bodies responded and that some incidents were never reported.

Outsiders are to be deterred from entering the premises, with extra notices highlighting the fact that security systems are in operation. Problems have been compounded by the decision of Camden Council to close the toilets in Lincoln's Inn. This has pushed many homeless onto L.S.E. premises giving opportunity to steal from unguarded changing rooms.

In the longer term the school authorities are considering the feasibility of whether to keep open womens toilets in isolated areas. Relocating them next to busier areas is one option under consideration. Adviser to women students, Dr. Rose

Rackman added, "I urge women to be more aware of the environment they live in and to be cautious but not paranoid." In conjunction with the Police, Dr. Rackman is setting up a Forum beginning in December to provide a focus for safety issues concerning women to be discussed and addressed.

Presently there are no plans to upgrade daytime security. Pleas for porters to challenge suspicious entrants were voiced, although as Head Porter George Burns said, "It is an absolute nightmare trying to make the school premises secure from intruders, given that the L.S.E. is located in a public thoroughfare." The problem is illustrated by an incident last week where Mr. Burns challenged two "vagrants" asleep in the Brunch Bowl. They in fact turned out to be post-graduates waiting for breakfast to be served.

Also on the security agenda for the longer term are more restrictive measures such as all L.S.E. students having to visibly wear ID tags or an electronic swipecard system to gain access to particular buildings. Such schemes would however, need the full co-operation of all students. One such scheme was introduced at Imperial College 18 months ago, where identity swipecards have cut 'spectacular' crime considerably.

All concerned await the recommendations of the security review delegated by the school to an outside security firm due to report in two weeks.

Whatever measures are taken the whole issue of security remains a delicate one, as the authorities have to seek to find an acceptable balance between personal safety and access in a public thoroughfare. Students are thus reminded to remain vigilant at all times and to relay any suspicions to the porters lodge.

by Sundeep Tucker



### Photo Of The Week

"...and U2 is going to play in the Quad tomorrow...oops, sorry, that's a lie, but apparently it's all right for sabbaticals to lie to the UGM..."

## Synod Opens Way

The historic decision by the General Synod of the Church of England to allow ordination of Womens priests will have a direct effect on the religious life of the LSE. The decision, made on Wednesday last week means that the LSE Anglican Chaplain, Liz Waller, is now able to be fully ordained into the priesthood.

In the past Revd Waller has not been able to conduct the weekly communion services conducted in the college Chaplaincy, the only one in the University staffed by a female

chaplain. The Beaver was unable to ascertain whether Revd Waller would be putting herself forward for full ordination at the first opportunity, as she was not able for comment when we went to press. Even if she decided to do this, it would not be before the decision had been approved by parliament and the Queen, and this would not be before 1994.

Although some LSE students who participate in the religious life of the college had declared that they were against the or-

dination of women, the majority seemed to welcome the decision. Those students who feel that they will be unable to participate in Chaplaincy activities as a result will still be well served by other Christian societies.

Reverend Waller featured prominently in the media coverage following the decision. As well as a background shot on the BBC news, she made the front pages of The Times and the Daily Express.

by Adrian May



**Bankers Trust Company**

*For the complete picture... please turn over*



# THE HEART OF THE MATTER

by Clive Brown

The basic idea of Shamanism is that through the use of their drum to provide rhythms, the shamen can ride the rhythm focusing their will to make the journey to the realm of the idea and then to bring back and express to the community the idea with rhythm, song and dance. Also, the rhythm brings the community to the altered state of consciousness which they have to go to, to gain the idea and evolve (as a subplot they usually use organic psychedelics to focus on the rhythm and to help whittle down the ego). The idea is that these forms of communication are conveying much more information than single, restrictive words - labels for certain things and vague ideas, etc.

Eventually we will have evolved to a point where each member of the community can communicate perfectly with everyone else. Each person understands each other person's needs and emotions and so on so that we will all be "connected", so to speak, to one mind.

Organic psychedelics were also used to connect to the Gaian mind (spirit of the Earth - it is an entity in itself, and we are entities living off it) as well as to "whittle the ego", thereby dissolving the boundaries so that the individual is able to connect to the whole. From the Gaian mind we also get information of nature, of idea and evolution and the planet.

Being able to coexist perfectly and to think together as a whole, rather than together, but separately as individuals, I think we could begin to dissolve the limitations of our present existence in order to travel through space and time and all the universes. By thinking as a whole, by having the power as one, rather than millions with different beliefs and needs, we will be able to understand, accommodate and have common beliefs and needs. As individuals we have not the mental power to dissolve our beliefs that travelling through space and time is impossible, just as man thought it impossible to fly.

Eventually, through re-evolution we may evolve into entities that do not require physical forms. The mental form only need travel and grow - constantly acquiring new information, evolving. We may then exist as a whole or be able to exist as individuals again free to travel the infinite....

Which leads me onto the novel "2001, A Space Odyssey", by Arthur C. Clarke, which describes entities that have evolved this far. They, themselves, no longer need the black monoliths - space gates to a central "space port", with gates to every other part and time of the universe, and other universes. They no longer need the gateways and hyperspatial travel. They travel by will - they have no "excess baggage" in the form of a physical body. They can travel anywhere and, wait for it, they will exist forever - constantly evolving, growing, understanding.

Through the chaos I have described comes order; the order of evolution, especially of the universe, of its circular birth and death. Through the order comes chaos with each universe. Like an eternal wheel the process goes on, universe after universe. To an end? Maybe, probably not; it just is. Who cares, just explore and evolve.

And, as an almost final point - SOME dance music, or whatever you want to call it, is not what it seems, it's not just "boof, boof, boof - every fucking beat". Think about it, think about the reason why it makes the bass speaker connected to your stereo make the air pound, think about the rhythm.....

And, finally, The Heart Of The Matter is: Have I figured out what Arthur C. Clarke and others have been trying to say for a long time or should I have done a philosophy degree? Am I a closet communist? Do I listen to "The Shamen"?

[ACKNOWLEDGEMENT TO PAUL BOU HABIB, MARY-JANE, AND SELECT MAGAZINE OCT. 1992]

# Busy Beaver

"Soldier, Soldier, won't you marry me?"

Greetings fair weather chums, after a one-week vacation (coinciding with the departure of one tall, long-haired person to the land of opportunity over the pond - coincidence??) I return refreshed and invigorated to bring you all the smut and slime that rebounds rubber ball-like around the hallowed walls of L.S.E.

It is rumoured (of course allegedly) that the managing editor of our beloved Beaver - Mr K. Spleen, has been playing away from home with many and various married women, following a bit of indulgence in this somewhat scandalous activity poor young Mr Spleen was left in the lurch when he managed to crash his Fiesta (while he was momentarily distracted) and his 'Mrs Robinson' bugged off back to 'he who pays the bills'. Unlucky Son.

Now then, now then, jangle jangle, big cigar. One of our resident barmen, living at Rosebery next door to Mr M. Stupid (more of the obnoxious one anon), who has long-ish hair and who shall be known simply as Simon (for that is the name his parents gave him), is apparently "at it" with a young lady known to all as Sophie. B.B. is unsure (being an innocent kind of chap) exactly what the aforementioned "it" refers to, but our sources are relentlessly probing the matter.

And so we push, clammy-handed, onto other matters. During Alcohol Awareness week that bastion of Equal Opportunities and Welfare - the Luton Jumper, was seen in the Tuns on the evening of the Breathalyser testings where he failed abysmally. His failure however, was not as resounding as that of Job Spurling or Miss Bearall (no links there, allegedly), or for that matter Wee-Willie Willis who turned the little light on the machine instantly red - no mean feat, I think you'll agree. Perhaps the most disturbing fact of that night was that Brownie actually passed the test, afterwards he was seen running shocked over to the bar to order a double scotch.

Onto more matters Brownie-related, continuing in his brave and intrepid mission to forge links with other colleges throughout the country, was spotted at the Tequila

party with the Gen. Sec. of Bristol University. Now B.B. is not questioning Brownie's moral integrity, but it is rumoured that the free condoms given out on the night were used for a little more than blowing-up and wearing on his head, allegedly.

Onto more amorous issues (as if Brownie's love-

party with the Gen. Sec. Chuckle", at which poignant juncture she turned to the Executive Editor of the Beaver, Mad Millwall Muisc Man, and informed him that had he taken such an avenue of gentlemanly action, she would have gone out with him. Then she hopped onto her broomstick and flew off into the night. Mercenary behaviour or just playful

a hot and steamy ... curry. Now we're not sure if C.U.R.R.Y. is a cunning-aer lingus acronym which means something else (answers on a postcard to the usual address), but B.B. will let you know if anything comes up. Allegedly, the said barman has also got a girlfriend in Canada to whom he is staying faithful, obviously ffoG's understanding of the concept of faithfulness is somewhat different to Busy Beaver's, but hey that's life in the food chain.

More matters A.U.-related, after the recent rugby-kit stealing debacle at Sussex (see last week's Harry for details) and the consequent stranding of certain members of the team in that most spartan of universities, B.B. witnessed the following conversation involving the club captain, one "Lardy" Reynolds who was being very conciliatory with a certain coach company whom he accused of being "ignorant fucking wankers". Now B.B. wants to know whether or not the unmentioned company are indeed in the habit of indulging in masturbation, and if so, who informed Lardy of their nocturnal diversions.

Anyway B.B. is fully gossipped-out, but as usual is going to dig up more scandal from around our hallowed institution by taking an expenses-paid jacuzzi with a prominent member of the executive and the entire Scandinavian Society. If you know of anyone who has disgraced themselves in any way, shape, or form whether it be animal, vegetable or mineral, please drop B.B. a line at the Beaver Office. All information will be treated the utmost confidentiality and you may earn yourself a community trust action award - Not!

**travelled all the way to turpid Twickenham to 'meet' a friend of his girlfriend for a secret intimate liason of allegedly orgasmic intensity ... his girlfriend found out ... oops-a-daisy, but then what are friends for?**

life isn't amorous enough), fresh-faced first-year Dave Wet-one (who looks absolutely nothing like the Executive Editor of the Beaver, honest Guv) was rumoured to have travelled all the way to turpid Twickenham to 'meet' a friend of his girlfriend for a secret intimate liason of allegedly orgasmic intensity. Unfortunately for Mr Wet-one, his girlfriend found out when his trusty chums stood behind her chanting "Twickenham, Twickenham", oops-a-daisy, but then what are friends for?

I'm sorry but I've got to bring up Mr Stupid yet

fun? As ever, B.B. will let the readers decide. And talking of she with all the subtlety of a large airborne breeze-block on its way to an appointment with a plate-glass window, at a recent meeting with the school authorities, the subject of the level of drunkenness apparent at Tequila parties was discussed (ambulance stealers of the world unite). In her infinitely diplomatic and tactful way she was heard to say that she didn't give a 'suck' if students get drunk, now B.B. is no I.R. student (although he's no stranger to international relationships) but he applauds her exceptional negotiating

**And talking of she with all the subtlety of a large airborne breeze-block on its way to an appointment with a plate-glass window ... she hopped onto her broomstick and rode off into the night**

again, but seeing as we're all brought near to nausea at the mention of his name, I'll try to keep it short. As we are all sickeningly aware (those of you who are not, thank your lucky stars), Martin recently visited Israel (why he didn't stay there is beyond B.B.) where he had a romantic entanglement with a young Israeli woman. Nothing controversial about that (now we've got over the shock of the fact that he can get laid), I hear you all cry in unison, but the fact that she was in the Israeli army is a little more worrying.

So, onto halcyon fields of our own wet-dreams. Fat Zero is rumoured to have been bought flowers by one "Bendy

skills, I think you'll agree (dyslexics of the world untie).

Speaking of Tequila, Sick Lampost was seen in Fat Zero's office the other day apparently trying to "pull" a certain young lady who's name we cannot mention. Needless to say Sultry Catfood turned him down to a chorus of "Crash & Burn" from those in the know.

Now onto another old chestnut, the girl with the most over-used tonsils in the A.U., yes, "Chips" (she that goes with anything) has been seen hanging around with the grey-haired barman whose name is a particularly cunning anagram of 'ffeoG', they apparently disappeared in each others' company for

B.B.



# The Beaver

By quickly glancing over the letters on this week's opinion page you'll notice that the question of whose to blame for the apathetic nature of a large body of LSE students has raised its head yet again. So who is to blame?

A number of students blame Johnny Bradburn. Others blame the school for allowing the numbers of post grads, mature and overseas students at LSE to rise over the years, thus depriving the SU to have a large, young membership who will go out and get involved. The more extreme students will blame the recession: lack of jobs mean that your average student has to work harder to get a decent grade in order to be able to find a job. Others blame the Union itself for not being able to find someone who can provide a firm leadership and unite the Union instead of tearing it apart. Perhaps the amount of dope students smoke these days has something to do with it?

If you have an opinion on why students at the LSE are so apathetic nowadays then we'd like to hear it, whatever your view. Simply send your contribution to E197, preferably on disk, and maybe we can solve the problem.

**There will be elections for the positions of Music Editor and Classifieds Editor today, November 16th, during the Collective Meeting (6pm, top floor of the Cafe). All collective members are entitled to vote. Nominations for either position must be handed in to the editor by 5pm.**

Executive Editor  
Managing Editor  
News Editor  
Campus Editor  
Features Editor  
Food & Drink Editor  
Arts Editors

Music Editor  
Sports Editors

Photographic Editors

Financial Director

Neil Andrews  
Kevin Green  
Hans Gutbrod  
Jerome Harris  
Paul Bou Habib  
Steve Thomas  
Navin Reddy  
Geoff Robertson  
Neil Andrews  
Daniel Beharall  
Tom Randell  
Steve East  
Thorsten Moos  
T. James Brown

Staff: Selman Ahmad, Jamsheda Ahmad, Tom Aubury, Emma Bearcroft, George Binette, Nigel Boyce, Johnny Bradburn, Matt Claxton, Mark Dantos, Sarah Ebner, Sian Evans, John Fenton-Fischer, Teshar Fitzpatrick, Nick Fletcher, Sarah Jane Gibbs, Gavin Gilham, Phillip Gomm, Andrew Graveson, Bob Gross, Madeline Gwyon, Justin Harper, Peter Harrad, Gerard Harris, Becky Hartnup, Uncle Rob Hick, Eduardo Jauregui, Toby Johnson, Steve Kinkee, Martin Lewis, Chris Longridge, Stavros Makris, Pernilla Malmfalt, Adrian May, Emmanuel Ohajah, Sarah Owen, David Price, Zaf Rashid, Steven Roy, Bella Sleeman, Ian Staples, Ron Voce, Ralph Wilde, Stuart Wilkes, Carolyn Wilson, Suke Wolton, Faz Zahir.

## Poste Haste

Letters due to  
E197, by hand or  
internal mail,  
by 4pm Wednesday

## Wilde On Lewis

Dear Beaver,

Timothy Lewis talks about "political bickering" in a letter that did little to further the Umbrellas' image as a credible political option by making gratuitous swipes at its rivals in the elections (many of whom were elected, unlike most Umbrella candidates). Is this really the rantings of a body aimed at "pushing Student issues into the arena"? What exactly did the group offer to the electorate except an assortment of opportunists (sic) supposedly brought together by the Umbrella of several crucial and emotive demands that in fact most candidates highlighted? (We can all pay lip service to Masters' Fees, Tim) When I first read the campaign literature for the Umbrellas, it seemed like such a good idea. I was therefore disappointed to see from last week's letter that it was yet another LSE political faction characterised by severe narcissism and an exaggerated idea about its own importance.

The recent elections were appalling in one crucial sense. Only 727 people voted out of a student population of over five thousand - yet this sad fact seems to be ignored by all the regular hacks who have accepted it as a fact of life despite its humiliating implications for their own representatives.

Most students at LSE couldn't give a shit whether Faz faxed her holiday snaps, whether Martin Lewis is deemed 'obnoxious', whether the Umbrellas believe the left shout 'empty slogans'. Nobody knows or cares who these people are. And why should they?

Perhaps this is all we should expect from a student union but I for one hoped for something more when I arrived here five weeks ago. LSE has had a lot to be proud of this term - Anti-Racism

week, the unveiling of the Pink Plaque and Justice Day, for example - but a lot to be ashamed of as well.

Politics at any level should be about empowerment - but not of course empowerment of the select few that constitute the incestuous ego-managing 'union' that we have at the moment. The way to end apathy and disillusionment is one that involves all aspects of Student life, from the Beaver to UGM meetings becoming more accessible and, above all, relevant. Of course Faz's door is always open but when most people read the Beaver they feel alienated, not a part of the contrived infighting and bitching that characterizes this tabloid. And who could describe the UGM meetings as they are at the moment as anything but irrelevant childishness (I am offended by the idea that first years are 'attracted' to UGMs by the antics of the balcony boys - 'bored' might be more accurate) swamping the occasional important motion.

We are all a part of LSE and all have a direct effect on it whether we opt out or become involved. We are so bloody lucky to be here and with opportunity comes responsibility, to ourselves and to others.

The question is - do we deserve it?

Ralph Wilde.

## Lewis Attacks Lewis

Dear Beaver,

What a 'stupid' letter written by Tim Lewis last week, and stupid is not a word, I of all people, use lightly.

The whole premise of the letter was a reply to the article 'Sweet Little Sixteen' in the previous week's Beaver. This was a jocular article, Tim, not a vigorous political investigation. Take it from me, in Union politics you have to take both a joke and an insult with good humour and without sulking.

After this little initiation into the SU, and heavens knows, being insulted is one of the few ways the Umbrellas will get into the Union, perhaps you could start doing something effective and constructive with your elected officers and committee members (and while we're discussing this, thank you for the

complements of certain Umbrella members' underground attempts to join the DSG).

I don't normally reply to personal attacks on me, as I don't see the point or use. However, my main reason for writing this letter is to complain about your deeply insulting remarks about DSG members who swan off to Israel during the campaign.

You are right, I was in Israel, there to attend my only sister's wedding which took place on the day of the elections. I take my responsibility within the Union and the DSG very seriously and I work hard for both, including canvassing Rosebery Hall the day before I left. But you have to get your priorities right. I did what I think most would have done and have no regrets about my week with my sister. You should have asked me about my trip before commenting and judging next time. Think before going off into the deep end Tim, drowning isn't fun!

Yours

Martin Lewis,  
DSG member,  
Ents & Societies  
Exec. Officer.

## DSG Offer Leadership

Dear Beaver  
Collective,

The DSG welcomes the dialogue from the Umbrellas in last week's Beaver. However, we are not convinced that this post-election burst of activity (their first letter of the year) is caused by a concern for student issues.

We also doubt that this activity will extend to the point of leading a campaign against the crisis of overcrowding - at least not until the March elections. However, by that time all the other sabbatical hopefuls will have declared their "unswerving" commitment to the ongoing struggle over student issues.

Nick Kirby  
DSG Chair.

## Anti- Racism Week

Dear Beaver,

After the events of Anti-Racism Week (Nov 2nd-

9th), we would like to put a question to the general population of the LSE.

It seems that the LSE, being the "politically correct" institution that it is, has reaffirmed a policy of anti-racism.

However, have LSE students stopped this week to consider what "racism" is or whether they do have any real interest in fighting racism beyond the defense of their own "politically correct" label.

The attendance of Anti-Racism Week in general probably reflects the apathy of most of the LSE population when it comes to engaging in concrete discussion or creative proposals for change and leads us to believe that perhaps the "anti-racism" of LSE students is not as deeply entrenched as many would have us believe. Especially if you adopt the definition that "anti-racism" means a little more than discussing conscience's over cups of tea.

The real function of education is not simply the acquisition of a degree, and students must look beyond the confines of the lecture rooms and library and ask themselves if the only contribution to school life that matters is an academic one.

LSE has the most cosmopolitan student body of any comparable institution in the UK, yet students in general often fail to take advantage of this and would rather excel at what they know, than learn about what they don't know.

If by chance Anti-Racism Week did make some of you stop and think about the real issues of racism and what can be done to tackle them, we hope this will be an important step to raising the level of real consciousness on this campus. If it didn't, then perhaps the Union's adoption of an anti-racism policy is nothing more than a facade.

We would remind you that as Anti-Racism "Week" is insufficient. Make this, in any way you can, an Anti-Racism year, decade, century.... It will require commitment, not just passing fancy, to make any real difference.

Sara Collins  
Rosemary Emodi.

## Poste Haste

Letters due to  
E197, by hand or  
internal mail,  
by 4pm Wednesday



# Muay Thai at the L.S.E.

## A new martial art begins at L.S.E., by Beaver Staff

Floyd Brown B.A. (Hons.) currently holds two British and one European Heavyweight full-contact martial arts titles. His involvement in martial arts was prompted by his father after Floyd was 'beaten up' in his youth on two separate occasions by groups of his peers (however nowadays we reckon it would take at least ten men with baseball bats to even stand a chance. -JH). Since then, thanks to the expert tuition and guidance of Steve Morris and Vincent Jauncey - both well-known instructors in the martial arts world, Brown has gone on to become a world-class international competitor. He has been ranked within the top five in the World Heavyweight Division by several sanctioning bodies for the past three years and has been teaching Muay Thai, Kickboxing and Self-Defence courses for and women for several

years. Having established clubs in Victoria and Bromley and run Self-Defence courses for the Espree Club, B.A.T. Co. Ltd., British Coal and Clarins U.K. - the L.S.E. is next on the list for the inculcation of the Muay Thai way.

Now for a little by way of introduction to the art of Muay Thai, it is a South-East Asian martial art which developed from close-combat situations where Thai soldiers were disarmed, or were unable to use their two short-swords that were traditionally carried as weapons. The Thais themselves are historically fiercely independent and resisted attempts at domination by the Chinese, using the hard, dynamic and effective techniques of what is now known as Muay Thai; from the earliest applications using the two short-swords, the style has developed into a popular sport.

The benefits of Muay Thai are considerable: health and fitness, better co-ordination, balance and posture, and anaerobic and aerobic (i.e. muscular and cardiovascular) improvement. The acquisition of an effective means of defending oneself in hazardous situations (should they arise), wherever you are, is also an obvious bonus to the health and fitness aspects of training in Muay Thai.

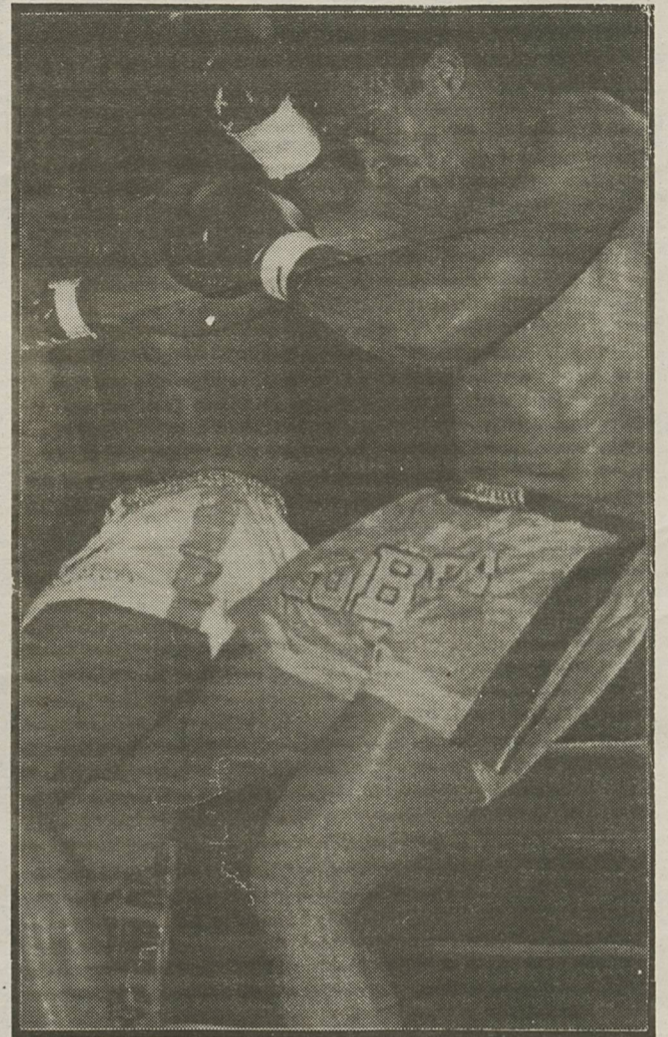
It is on the streets that whatever you learn in the gymnasium ultimately counts; Brown, who has spent a considerable amount of time working night-club doors in Central London and surrounding areas whilst studying at S.O.A.S., can vouch for the effectiveness of Muay Thai in the many potentially hazardous situations in which he has found himself.

Many of the world's top Muay Thai fighters and Kickboxers may now be

seen on cable TV and BSkyB TV channels, Muay Thai is now available here at L.S.E. on Fridays at 8pm in the main gym, contact Faz Zahir (ext 7147) or Nav (ext 2870) for details. You may also contact Floyd Brown direct on 071 485 4619 for further information.

Floyd Brown is a qualified and experienced personal fitness trainer registered with the National Register of Personal Trainers, he is also registered with the Amateur Martial Arts Association with insurance for public liability for up to £2 million.

Muay Thai only costs a pound and is a great way of firming yourself up, it also has the practical purpose of Self-Defence (unlike aerobics which makes you sweat as much but only teaches you to bounce up and down to stupid music - JH).



Floyd Brown in action in the ring

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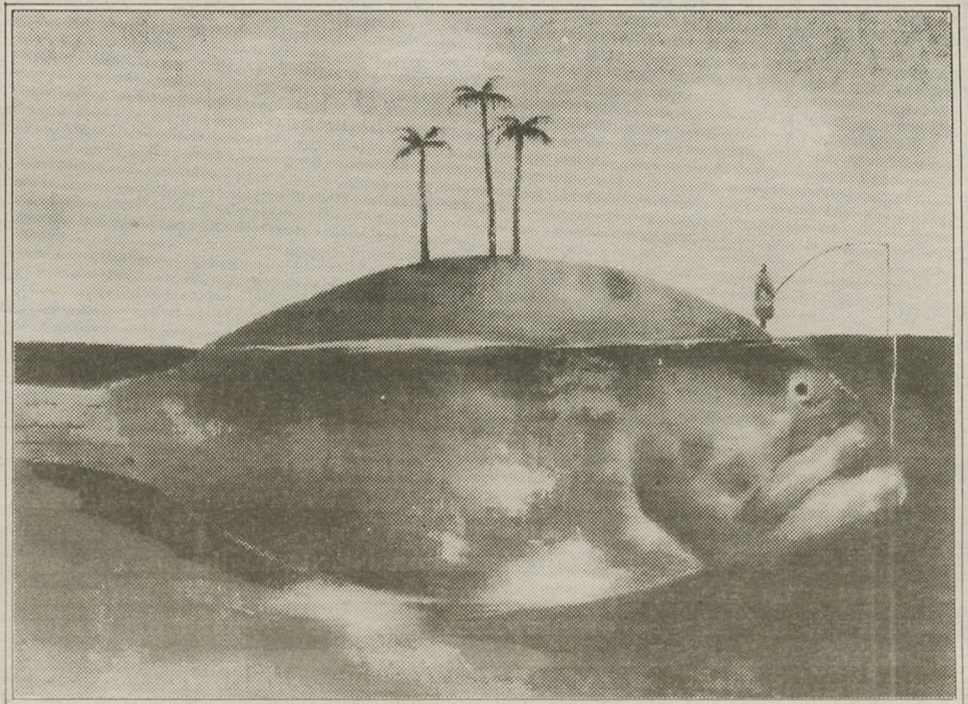
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6.30pm

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## Hitting Out At Apathy

Dear Beaver,

Apathy is just one of the words that spring to mind when trying to describe the typical LSE student reaction to anything looking remotely like fun - "complete boring wankers" is another. Why exactly did most of you apply to the LSE when you could just have well done a degree by correspondence and stayed at home with a nice cup of cocoa watching the Ten O'Clock News before going to bed? Was it just the name that attracted you? Fuck off it was - education does not stop at getting a degree at the end of three years and there is, surprisingly enough, actually a world out there.

I can actually say that I'm embarrassed to belong to an institution that can't even produce more than a couple of dozen people to attend what should have been a good night last Saturday. This letter is not to criticize our Ents Officer or excuse him, he'll be getting enough attention over the next few weeks, but it is about people in the LSE who just can't be bothered to have a good time - 'too much effort'.

Fair enough London is a

big place, there's a lot to do out there. Those of you who had other things planned - Go For It! This letter does not refer to you. I refer to what appears to be the majority of complete cretins who presumably prefer to do statistics homework or have orgasms over LM curves on a Saturday night. For Christ's sake, everybody wants to get a fucking degree, but that does not have to mean putting in a 120 hour week. You CAN have a strong work ethic and still not be a completely boring shithead. What's the point in a band even bothering to turn up when there are no more bouncers than paying guests? How can a comedian put on a good performance with an audience easily outnumbered by stewards? If you came to London for a good time, why don't you have one? If you didn't come for a good time then fuck off to the Open University so you can drink your cocoa in peace.

When a small college of less than 150 people can get a better turn out than five thousand at LSE, its time to start worrying, but does anybody care? Obviously not.

Kenlock.

He's talking about YOU, Passfield.

## A Pathetic Turn Out

Dear Beaver,

Why is it that pupils strive to take and pass A'levels (and their equivalents) and teachers encourage them to do so? Why are the jobs and salaries so much better for graduates than school-leavers? The answer is the prestige of a university education and of the experience of being a student.

Having spent time and energy being accepted into a university, most freshers arrive having spent significant lengths of time dreaming of, or planning a busy three years studying and being an Institutionalised Anarchist, a Powerful Newspaper Editor or Journalist, Musician, Politician etc. And why shouldn't they? Dare to think now - What are the possibilities during three years at a reputable university?

Showered with discounts, special offers and facilities, students are very lucky indeed. Respectable, eminent people come to speak at universities and students,

otherwise ordinary people, are given a chance to listen. Comedians, politicians, bands, and even banks like us - A British Government puts aside millions of pounds each year to finance such privilege. It is significant that people deprived of a university education are envious.

Yet apathy is an unspoken truth at every university. Organisers of events have been forced to accept that if one hundred, maybe two hundred students attend it was a resounding success. However, this usually represents less than five percent of the student population. University is very much about opportunity, from the enlightening probing of academic study to the opportunities resulting from a degree qualification beyond university itself. Apathy chokes the possibilities that university represents.

LSE suffers more than most from apathy excluding, thankfully political activity (an impressive one per cent of each UGM!) I was moved to write this article after Saturday night (7 November). Microgroove and Emperor Sly attracted approximately twenty people to the Quad costing the Union hundreds of pounds. It is about its Social Life that LSE should ask itself some important ques-

tions.

LSE does not know whether it is a Research and Post-Graduate institution or not. LSE does not know whether it is an International Centre of excellence that it takes pride in or as an English university - More than enough good foreign students apply to fill LSE each year. LSE does not know whether it likes being an exam factory or a satchel and college-scarf-wielding pose. Other students (and staff even) see LSE as a formidable challenge to the establishment. All universities would have difficulty in defining their purpose or creed, but none more so that the LSE.

This is the main cause of LSE's lacklustre social life. Foreign students come to LSE primarily to study and often cannot easily identify with the events organised. Post-graduates have seen and done it all before. Many events are therefore attended by a regular body of students whose faces become more familiar after a number of weeks. More adventurous events like Saturday fail to attract even them.

Many blame the Sabbaticals and committees for 'Flops' on the social calendar like Saturday night but they do so disparagingly. The Sabbaticals at LSE are far from perfect, but how

much more can they do? It is probable that the ENTS and Societies Sabbaticals will not be perfectly and intensely motivated - It is not that kind of job - But his or her job is much easier than catering for evident wants and tastes rather than generating them. What type of band to book, what parties to hold - without feedback how are they supposed to know?

The answer to the problem, ignoring LSE's special considerations, is the same here as anywhere. Students everywhere are talented and privileged in the scope of their opportunities. As much as we have brains, we have energy and imagination, if only we dare use it. A different attitude would benefit all of us - That would become clear if you arrived at an event you had looked forward to, only to find it had been cancelled due to lack of interest.

Students suffer from many stale stereotypes that are largely irrelevant but assumptions about the fortune and potential of being at university are not. Fulfilment and enjoyment can take many forms. Saturday night and nights like it should never have happened and it can only be our own fault it ever did.

F.R. Esher

# Can Democracy Work For Women?

## L.A. Wildethorpe examines "Gender and Power in the British Constitution"

"Gender and Power in the British Constitution" was the subject of a two-day conference held in London on 7-8 November and organised by CHARTER 88, the pressure group that has been campaigning for a radical overhaul of the political system in Britain. Opening the session, Helena Kennedy QC (barrister and broadcaster) made it clear that we still had a long way to go before democracy could work for women.

Numerous issues concerning the advancement of women in a democracy were debated, hotly at times, by about 500 participants from all walks of life. For instance, one workshop discussed the barriers to the full participation of women in the democratic process; a re-

gional trade union organiser from Northern Ireland, Inez McCormack, made an impassioned presentation: she stressed that there was a vast discrepancy between the amount of responsibilities women hold (especially within the family, which more often than not is held together by the mother doing a double shift) and the amount of power which they effectively wield.

Although responsibility and power usually go hand in hand, in the case of women's work one could put forward the concept of "invisible responsibility". Another example of this is provided by hospital work, where many menial tasks actually carry a great deal of responsibility as regards hygiene, but are per-

formed by undervalued female staff with no say whatsoever in the running of their ward.

Other barriers to women's citizenship include a feeling of inferiority in the public sphere which many, if not most women, have actually internalised and which prevents them from taking the initiative, or quite simply from speaking out. When women start to ignore the "Women can't do this" dictum which is so prevalent and go ahead with what they actually want to do, they break down stereotypes through action and expand the democratic process to include themselves.

This however does not eliminate the need for positive discrimination, if only on a temporary basis. Neither does it mean

that there is no need for a special Ministry for Women's Affairs. The workshop which dealt with this topic could not reach a consensus. On the one hand, many participants felt that having a Women's ministry might be counterproductive inasmuch as it might divert energy towards itself which could be used more effectively elsewhere. There was a danger of tokenism, i.e. that the creation of such a ministry would be held up as a proof of the Government's goodwill, but in fact it would achieve little unless it had a budget of its own and an input into the work of other government departments. Also it could well end up marginalising certain issues, which would be labelled "women's issues" and put on the sidelines.

On the other hand, it was argued that a Women's ministry was needed until the day when women would be part of the democratic process on a par with men. It would give women's issues a higher profile and concentrate minds. It would give such issues an aura of respectability, which they had lost in the 1980s during the so-called post-feminist era. It would no longer seem to be such a radical thing to be involved in defending women's rights to equality in all spheres. Indeed there already was a Secretary of State in charge of Women's Affairs, Gillian Sheppard.

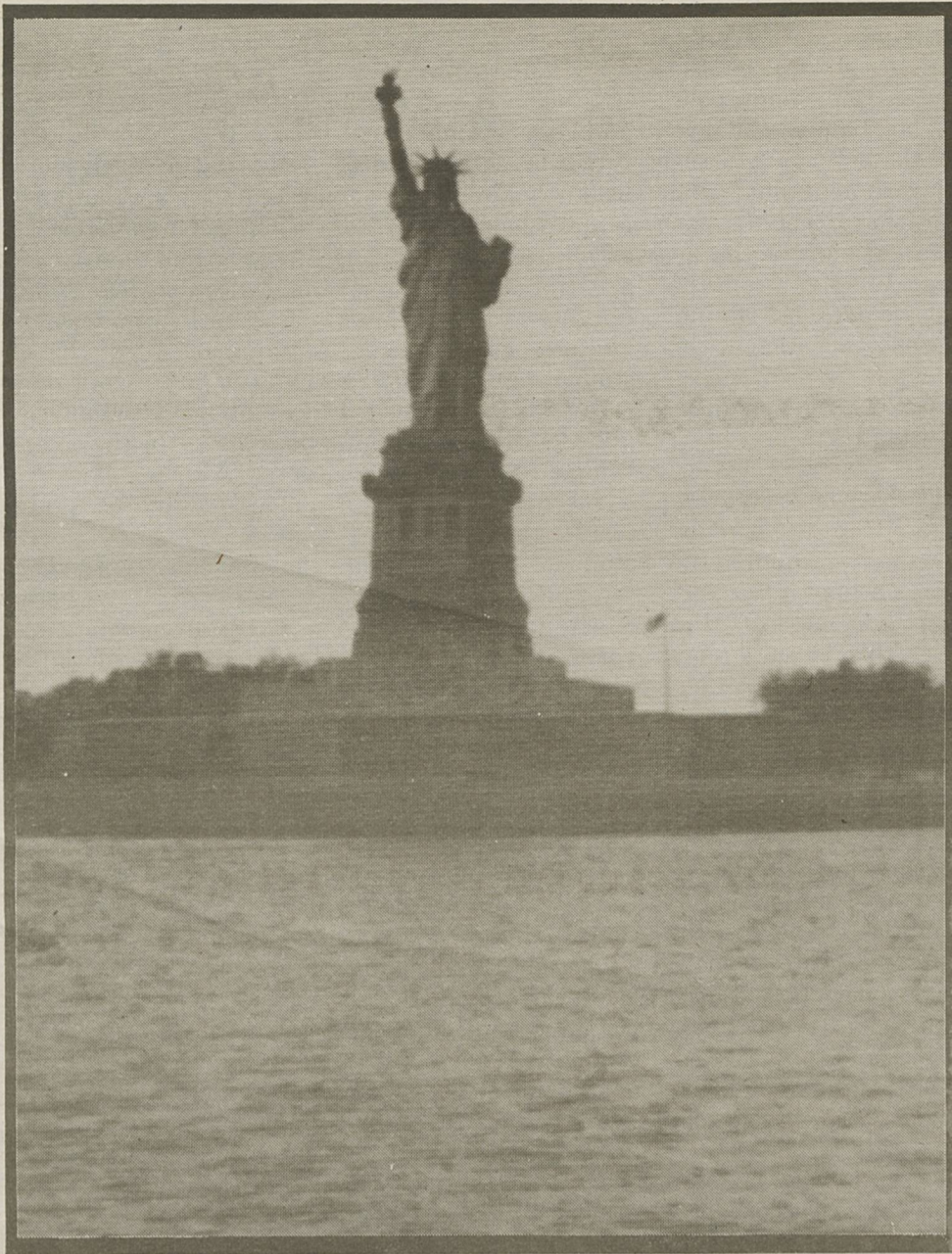
There were many more workshops, on subjects such as "Women's international democratic rights: an international comparison", "Women

and the media", "Women and the legal system" etc, as well as plenary sessions on "Women, citizenship and Europe" and "Women and constitutional change". Discussions were wide-ranging, often thought-provoking and showed how much scope there is for constructive action.

A full list of all the topics, as well as tape recordings and transcripts of the discussions will be available in the near future from the organisers by writing to:

Caroline Ellis, Charter 88 Trust Conference, Exmouth House, 3-11 Pine Street, London EC1R 0JH; tel. 071-833 1988.





Welcome to America: Land of the Free - Home for Bob Gross.

# Letters From America

## The Chronicles of Reporter Ron Voce

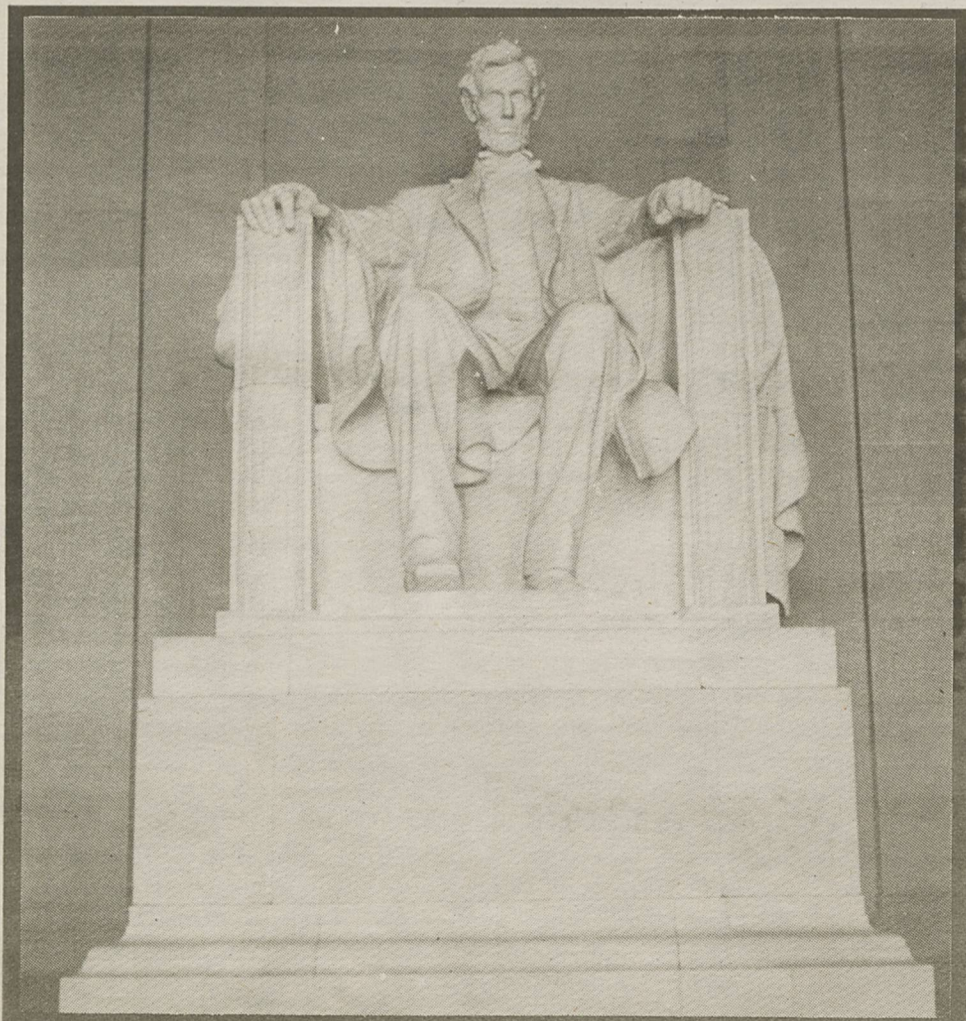
At 11.20pm EST, I saw George Bush concede defeat live on ABC, followed by Dan Quayle. It was fitting that on the day I read the inscription on JFK's grave, a new torch was passed to a new generation of Americans. The new generation showed up in Little Rock just after, midnight, Bill & Hilary and Al & Tipper. In a gracious speech, his

voice still hoarse from the relentless campaigning, he thanked George and Dan, but this was the only pleasantries, you could tell he was pleased as punch. Al "Superman" Gore, gave a better speech but he still appears like Michiel van Hulten, boring but competent. The music stated "Don't Stop Thinking About Tomorrow". I hadn't, as I'd already decided to fly

to Little Rock to witness the atmosphere of the day after the night before. On the morning of the election, I flew to the nation's capital. Washington DC is a well thought out city....not. The subway is cool and whisks you past such monuments as the Pentagon, Arlington Cemetery and something called Frogget Vest. Its around 17 and 18th Street. Great Street



Despite the Presence of Voce, The American Elections Beat the SU EL



Abraham Lincoln: A Man who has Nothing in Common with Ron Voce.

numbering, guys! I had a lunch appointment with a chap called J.C. on the recommendation of our own Toby Johnson. The vagueness of the directions, somewhere between 17th and 18th Street, proved no problem, although what the hell is a strip club doing next door. I walked into a small, square shaped room with a bar in the middle. A balding grey haired man greeted me and on suggestion from Toby, I ordered a Becks. "A friend of Toby's are we?" asked the barman. "J.C., I presume" was my reply. He then shouted across the room to Mr and Mrs Johnson, informing them that a friend of their son's was in the bar. We talked, we drank and we ate. The bar, like D.C., was stubbornly Democratic. There was a

lone Republican, but he lived in Virginia. He did however know why the Republican symbol is an elephant: "It's because Republicans are an endangered species!" I could have stayed there all day, but I had the tourist things to do. At the White House I met my first proper Perot supporter, Nathan Gear, from Texas. He liked Perot for kicking the two candidates up the backside, but conceded that he was unlikely to win. Here's a fact: Perot spent between \$40-\$60 million on his campaign, which is less than 2% of his personal wealth and can now be written off as a tax loss. He's certainly a shrewd businessman, covering the bases, win or lose. The rest of D.C. was easily covered: the Washington Monument,

the Martin Luther King memorial ('I Have A Dream') and the Vietnam Vet memorial, the latter being a reminder to a wasteful war that blighted America until today, with the election of a President that did not serve! Ironically, D.C. had clear blue skies and temperatures in the 70s. Yet when I saw Marion vote in Boston it was raining heavily. So much so that it was doubtful that I could get back there. Finally, via a shuttle to New York and a sprint for the plane to Boston, I arrived back at the flat in time to see the results. Boston had been fun: Brazilian restaurants, Korean restaurants, the Plough and Stars (best Guinness this side of the Shannon (Glad to see you've got your priorities right, Ron - NA)),



om

# Part 1.

# of Ace Roving Voice...



lections in Terms of Turnout

Harvard, the Red Sox etc etc. Boston is one of those few American cities a Brit can feel at home in. But its predominantly Democrat, although Governor Weld is a Republican, a backlash of the Mike Dukakis fiasco of 1988. Massachusetts voted for Clinton by 49%. Bush just held of Perot 29%-22%. This split was highlighted by Marion's family (Who's Marion - NA). Marion, young, liberal, well educated (Columbia and Cambridge), voted for Clinton. Marion's mother, old, conservative and wealthy, voted for Bush. Francis, a fruit cake with a substance problem ("Pick a month, pick a substance") voted for Perot. But now its all over for another four years and, Saints preserve us, Dan Quayle may run in 1996.

Read my lips, George-Crash and burn! After the weekend of settling in, seeing films, going to the Cape, I decided that if its Monday, then it must be New York. Arriving at La Guardia, I took the Metro to 125 Street and then downtown on the subway, which cost \$2.50. As I emerged onto 42nd Street, in front of Grand Central Station, the pace quickened, the hustle, the noise, the steam and the smell. I'd done all the tourist black spots on previous visits so I just wandered around soaking up the atmosphere. At the Diamond centre on 47th Street, I bought my camera in 47 Street Photos (proof of this purchase can be seen on these very pages. Note the way I'm not in any!). It is a classy place run by a

large family of Hassidim. I always thought these orthodox Jews were serious, but they were a scream, joking and laughing and getting the job done. The queues were long, but they admit that they used to be longer. However, I saw thirty cameras sold in the half-an-hour I was there, so business can't be that bad. I wondered uptown, passed the Dakota building (where John Lennon was assassinated) towards Marion's college, Columbia. I had an appointment at 3pm with the Dean of Admissions. Marion had arranged it. I was also introduced to Harvard's Dean of Admission at Marion's Mother's Korean restaurant. They were under the impression that I'm going to do well in my degree (Ha,ha,ha,ha-NA)



Ron's Feeling Homesick

and become a postgrad in the United States. Dream on! Columbia was great, it started off as King's College, though I don't want to go to another Strand Poly.

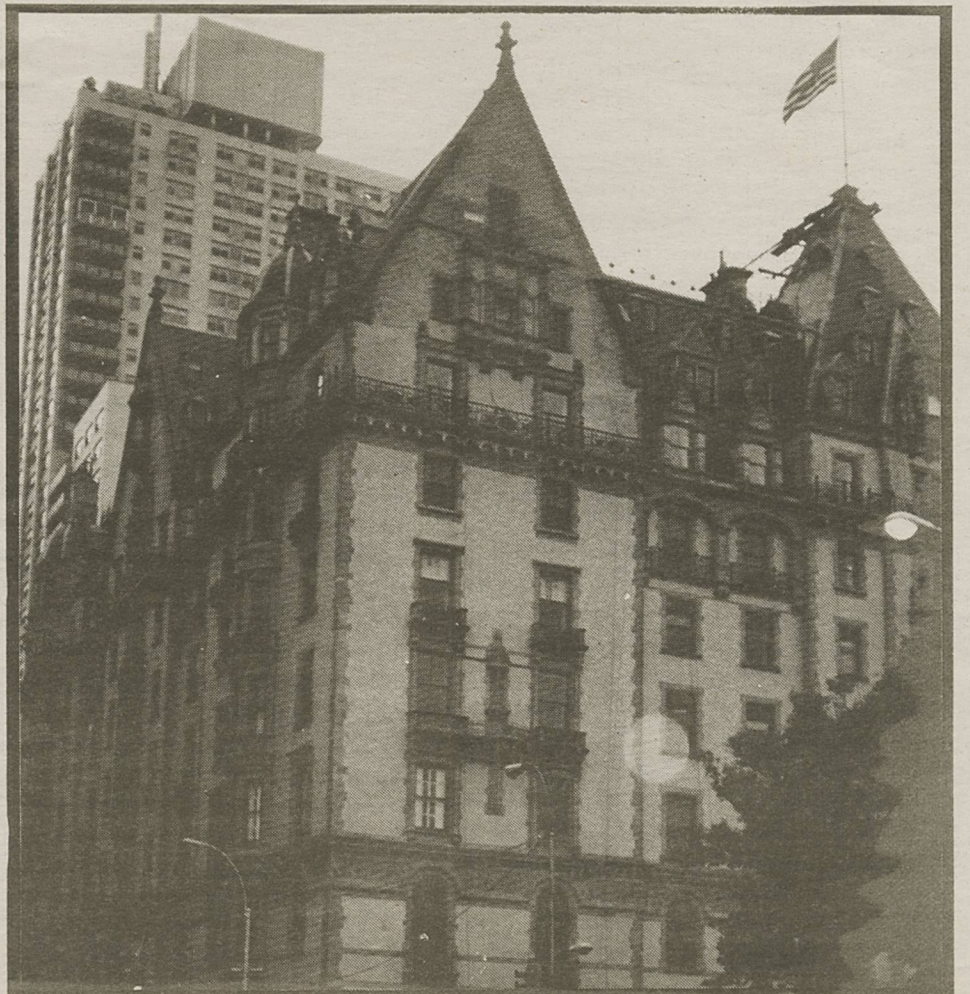
I took the express subway all the way to the South Ferry for the trip to Ellis Island. It was shut last time I was here. On the ferry over I asked some 14-15 year old youths from a school called, Sacred Heart, what they thought about the election. May of them were aware of the issues but most felt even if they could vote their one vote wouldn't make

any difference. It's no surprise that the turnout over here continues to decline, although vote registration is the main problem in the campaign for democracy.

The fall here is nearly over, but there are still many leaves on the tree. Minneapolis/ St Paul's had their first snow today and the good old Public Broadcast Station is showing 'Lovejoy', 'Black Adder' and cult status programmes such as 'Are you Being Served?'. Its like a home from home. We celebrated last nights result with a couple of cans

of Directors to a rendition of the Stars and Stripes followed by Rule Britannia for good measure. Only four more years until the next one, but only one more week until the next letter from America!

**Don't miss next weeks exciting journal as Ron Voce amazes us with his further travels.**



Dakota Building : Famous for John Lennon's last hits







# Belle de Jour

**S**éverine (the young, utterly beguiling Catherine Deneuve) is married to Pierre, Mr. Right if ever there was one: he's rich, handsome, kind, and most of all patient, which he well has to be since - as we discover in the opening scene - his wife suffers from frigidity.

The unfolding tale weaves reality and Séverine's fantasy world into a seamless whole, which allows us to delve deep into her neurosis.

Early on in the film, we are briefly made to discover the root of Séverine's disgust for sex, so Bunuel may wholly focus on how she can slowly overcome it. Thus Deneuve's performance which is astounding, is central to the film.

Bunuel, who started as a leading figure of the surrealists with such classics as "L'age d'or" and "Un chien andalou", remained deeply influenced by psychoanalysis, as

witnessed by the large amount of symbolism to be found in "Belle de jour", particularly in the fantasy sequences. Where he is most successful is perhaps in his representation of sex and love as two separate strands of Séverine's existence, which for a long time, she manages to compartmentalize. But life finally catches up with her in the shape of Mr. Husson, (a somewhat unsavoury rich and idle Don Juan played by Michel Piccoli) and also of

Marcel, a young but already hardened criminal who falls for her.

One comes out feeling uneasy after viewing this potent tale of frustration and depravity, in which two equally unsatisfying worlds are depicted: firstly, the cloying universe of the high bourgeoisie, to which Séverine and Pierre belong, totally devoid of spontaneity, where every word has a muffled quality to it, even when spoken with cruelty; secondly, the

ritualised universe of sex for money and sexual fantasies, with its' at times explicit violence. Spontaneity only erupts in the second half of the movie, in the guise of Marcel, but is rapidly repressed as the 'bad guy' is conveniently disposed of after having intruded into Séverine's bourgeois life.

We are left wondering at the end whether Séverine's new found happiness is not merely a gilded cage, the only

difference being that she now actively participates in her own confinement. Those with an eye for fashion will relish the display of 60s styles in this 1967 film, now being shown in a new 35mm print.

"Belle de jour", by Luis Bunuel, with Catherine Deneuve, is playing at the Swiss Centre, Leicester Sq. (071-439 4470)

L.-A. Wildethorpe

## THE TEMPEST & MACBETH

Limited Season - Royalty Theatre 24 November - 12 December ONLY

### The English Shakespeare Company

"The best thing to have happened to British Theatre in Years"

Daily Telegraph

The English Shakespeare Company has established itself as Britain's leading touring theatre company, providing high quality, innovative productions of Shakespeare to audiences throughout the world. Established in 1986, it has now performed to over a million people across five continents.

The ESC will perform at The Royalty Theatre for a limited season from 24th November to 12th December with a fresh and stimulating re-evaluation of two of Shakespeare's most popular plays.

**MACBETH** This startling interpretation of Shakespeare's most infamous tragedy, has already toured the UK and abroad to great acclaim. It features Tony Haygarth in the title role and Lynn Farleigh as Lady Macbeth.

**THE TEMPEST** This is a new production of Shakespeare's final masterpiece in which power and politics intermingle with dreams and the primordial forces of nature on Prospero's fantastical island. Directed by Michael Bogdanov, Prospero is played by Oliver Award winning actor John Woodvine and the young Russian actor Ravil Isyanov plays Caliban

#### \*\*\*\*\*STUDENT OFFER\*\*\*\*\*

Students who turn up at the door immediately prior to the start of the performance can buy the best available seats for £7.50. One ticket per applicant with appropriate identification. Subject to availability.

For more information please contact David Fisher on 071 287 3374

## Beaver Competition

To win yourself a pair of tickets to see one of these plays by The English Shakespeare company just answer the questions below, and hand them in to the Beaver office (E197).

1. Who plays the role of Macbeth in Macbeth?

2. Who plays the role of Prospero in The Tempest?

Deadline for entries (12 noon) 23rd Nov. 1992



# Strange Things Happen At Sea

## Strangelove play the Borderline

A great deal has been said about Strangelove recently. Intrigued by an article in the music press and a few snatches of their single 'Visions', I decided to investigate whether or not they are really the 'next big thing' or merely the 'next big hype'. The guest list at the Borderline tonight certainly seems to point to the latter - assorted musos, journalists and band members cluster around the (expensive) bar. The word is most obviously out.

I got reprimanded the other day for not mentioning the support band reviews. Well, this evening, support comes from Throw That Beat Into The Garbage Can - let's do that and move on hastily. They weren't that bad really, just sort of... what's the

word?...Ah forgettable. Strangelove are captivating. It's not merely a gig, more of 'experience'. They benefit from an intense (and a little strange) lead singer called Patrick, who seems beset by inner turmoil. The lyrics are extremely personal and the way which he stares intently into the crowd is both fascinating and unsettling. Try to think of the melancholia of the Smiths and the Cure and then some you'll be close to the intimacy of strangelove.

The Smiths and Cure comparisons are perhaps a little misleading. Strangelove are distinctly individual, they sound like...well, they sound like themselves, yet capture that often disturbing mood associated with the

yes, aforementioned groups. It is nigh on impossible to describe music (just by saying "sounds like"). Good music should make you feel something, it has that intangible element you can identify with (needless to say "poing!" does not fall into this category). It is in the this that Strangelove are successful - they reach out-and my advice is 'grab hold'.

Strangelove are the 'next big thing' (for now). Just remember you heard it here first (and then forget it instantly when they plunge into obscurity after their few seconds of fame). Whoever said the Beaver wasn't at the forefront, pushing down the boundaries of modern music?

Sarah Jane

# Have I Got News For You

To many people, Huey Lewis is one of those American rock stars who desperately wants to be black. He is destined to remain in the confines of WASPdom forever, and this will always be reflected in his music. Certainly, songs with titles like 'Hip to be Square' are hardly likely to improve his street cred.

But this is all a bit unfair. OK, so it's true that old Huey has little chance of becoming black (unless a reverse Michael Jackson operation has been invented), but in the 80s rock Hall of Fame, he will always retain an important place, if only for his work on the 'Back to the Future' soundtrack.

Although lacking (by a long distance) the

lyrical depth of your regular Springsteen or Mellencamp, there was always something about Huey Lewis and the News which had a certain funkiness over other white rock bands. No doubt this was largely due to their brass section, the Tower of Power Horns, who have a significant following in their own right amongst followers of jazz fusion. Unfortunately, this collection sticks rather too faithfully to the chart hits, and therefore great instrumentals like "Slammin'" (from 'Small World') have been left out.

Furthermore, there are conspicuously no tracks included in this collection from Huey's last album, 'Hard at Play' (of

course, the fact that it didn't exactly burn up the Billboard Hot 100 has nothing to do with the fact that this 'Best of' is being released). Another conspicuous absence is 'Heart and Soul', the first significant chart entry for the band in the UK.

Nevertheless, this is a useful collection, and all the important hits are included ('Power of Love', 'Stuck on You' etc.). For the real fans, a few more live tracks or even tracks by Clover (Huey's British band from the 70s) would have been nice, but for the uninitiated, this is, as they say, a good place to start.

Jon Fenton-Fischer

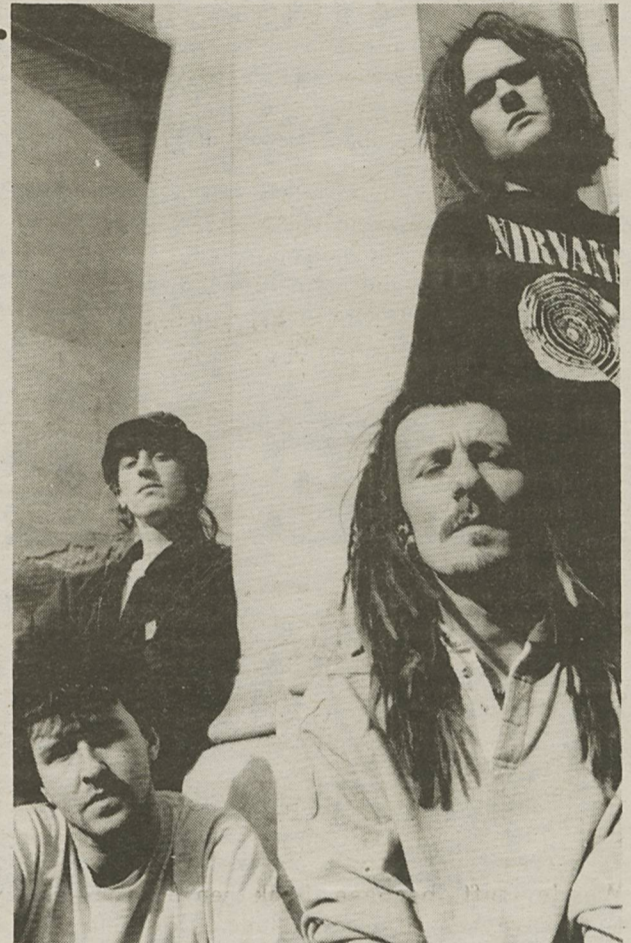
# Four Go Mad In Concert

## Wiz's bits of inspiration turn out a live album from Mega City Four

Way back in the heydays of September 1991, the Music pages were just starting out and in that historic issue Mega City Four received a glowing singles review from yours truly. It's therefore apt that for my last edition as Music Editor that I should return to where to all began and review Mega City Four, except this time it's an album review.

Following the release of 'Sebastopol Road' way back in February the Megs have been rather busy. They broke into the Top Forty for the first time, toured the States, the Far East, Europe and our own sceptic Isle, appeared on 'The Word', and demoed twelve new songs for their next studio album. 'Inspiringly Titled', the live LP, therefore appears to be a stop gap more than anything, filling in time while they await the completion of their next album. It also provides their fans with an 'official' bootleg of the set they've been touring with over the last year.

The album draws upon their extensive repertoire, lifting tracks from their debut album, 'Tranzophobia', namely 'What You've Got' to their most recent album 'Sebastopol Road'. Of course, much of the material here has been available for some time via b-sides of their recent singles, but the album remains a monument to the Megs live set, giving you, the punter, the complete Mega City Four showcase.



Mega City Four: Live and unleashed?

Of course live, you get a different interpretation of the studio tracks laid down by the group, which adds to the authenticity of the proceedings. 'Stop', the band's first Top Forty hit, is slower than the studio version but contains all the same emotions and passions while 'Words That Say' remains as urgent today as it did back in September '91. The only dodgy element of this album is the sound from the crowd. Out of sync with the actual concert it appears to have been overdubbed (The Kilburn National is not renowned for being a large venue) and distracts from the opening of each side of the album (there are four in

all on the vinyl release). All in all, the Megs have produced a fitting testament to their capabilities as a live band but if you've ever seen the Megs live you'll know that, in all honesty, it's not much fun. Wiz, the lead singer, usually dampens the crowd's spirits by asking them not to mosh around the front thus they'll never achieve the status of headlining at the Brixton Academy and will fall short of emulating their peers, the Wonderstuff. Still, you can always invite a few friends around to your gaff and jump around to this record if you want to capture that live spirit.

Neil Andrews.

THE SEVENTIES ARE COMING. WILL YOU BE READY?

ONLY 21 DAYS REMAINING.



# The Wedding Present Are A Bloody Great Band

## How to make a hit single with a little help from The Lion Roars, mate.

For the past year and a bit, you've heard me rambling on about how great indie bands are. You'll be pleased to know that this week is my swan song as music editor and at the time of writing there are eight nominees all hoping to succeed me. Instead of writing a nice goodbye note I've decided to simply plumb for writing about the state of independent music and how you, joe punter can go about recording your own minor hit single with the aid of a few chords ripped off from the Smiths and some smart business acumen.

For a start, you're going to need at least two grand in capital for your little jaunt into the world of Dannii and the Wonderstuff, because times have changed since the Buzzcocks released their seminal (what does that word mean?) DIY EP 'Spiral Scratch' way back in the late seventies. You'll also need some musical talent, although

advisable to stick to about four if you're an indie-guitar outfit and two if you're a techno band. Once you've got the required numbers then simply move on to Step Two.

### Step Two: Naming your band.

If you're an indie band then there's an unwritten rule that you must have only four or five letters in your name unless your some crusty from Birmingham or a C-86 left over. The names Blur, Milk, Cure, Suede, Verve, Moose etc have all been used so I suggest you look through the dictionary. Here are some suggestions you may like to use: Death, Blimp, Tank, Shoes, Jeans, Gosh, or Tosh. If you're a techno freak then make sure you include a drug reference or some kind of meaningless number like SL2 or Altern 8. Once again here are some suggestions: XY14, Drugs, Es R Good, High 87-and-a-half etc etc.

to record a single within your bedroom on a four track recorder. These retail from around £199 upwards and vary in quality. It is also possible to get 8-tracks and so on but the more tracks you get the more expensive it becomes. If you're going to sample anything, make sure you buy a sequencer. Otherwise you're record will sound shite. Sound-proof your bedroom before you start and you'll find that the best acoustics can usually be found in your bathroom. A more expensive, but more professional sound, can be obtained through hiring out a studio for a couple of hours. Once again, the more tracks it has, the more expensive it's going to be. Time is money, and you'll probably have to return anyway to mix the thing. You may wish to hire a producer but that'll bite into your budget. Melody Maker has a number of studios listed in its classifieds page. They range from around

discs: £10

Pressing your 7" single: 19p each

Labels for 3,000 singles: £141

Preparing labels (ie typesetting): £126

Full colour sleeve production: £464

Full colour sleeve for 7": 8.5p

Grand total: £1736 excluding VAT.

### Step Six: Promotion

Now you've got a record, you need to promote it. This can be done via a number of ways including fly-posting and distributing leaflets at everyone else's gigs. But the most common way to promote your record is via white label promo editions. These are sent to various places including the national music press, college press (including the Beaver), local and national DJ's and the media. Of course, you could do this yourself. It's cheap simple and easy to do but your inexperience could prove costly. On the other hand you could commission a promotional company to do all this for you. Beatwax and Active usually send me stuff and they charge around two hundred quid. If you want to go national then you could try someone bigger. However, the bigger they are, the more expensive it gets. To get play listed on Radio One takes an awful lot of work and luck but you could do no worse than sending the fruits of your labour to John Peel. Then once he's played it, get it requested on Annie Nightingale's request show. With a little luck it should be play-listed. Beware, the only time the Wedding Present have been given A-list priority was when they appeared on a Christmas compilation LP!

### Step Seven: Distribution

Set a release date then distribute your records to various shops around the country. This is the tricky part, because they have to order your record. But because you're at college you can get all your friends to 'phone home and tell



The Soup Dragons: C-86 forever more, mate.

their relatives to order it. Once these orders are flooding in, find someone with a transit van and go around the country delivering them. Alternatively, hire a distribution company to sort you out. Be careful, though. Remember the new rules if you want to stay indie: always choose an independent distributor, Probe Plus or The Cartel, for example, otherwise you won't get that all important exposure on ITV's Chart Show on Saturday morning. Stay clear of companies like WEA and Virgin if you want to retain your cred (See Go! Discs and Food). Prices for distribution vary:

### Step Eight: Working your bollocks off

Once it's out, you've got to work hard to sell the

damn thing. Touring is usually reserved for albums but for a single you can always play a one-off gig. Ask Johnny about hiring the Quad. You're bound to sell a further twenty copies of your record. There's also the interviews to get through. And the various TV appearances to overcome. But if you sell all 3,000 copies, you're going to make about £6,000 before tax.

Simple, eh? All this may seem like a load of old toss but a number of bands have started off like this. Forming their own companies in order to sell their records: the Wedding Present, the Buzzcocks, Echo & the Bunnymen, Teardrop Explodes, Altern 8, the list is endless.

## Indie-spensable

The ten greatest indie-singles ever made according to me.

1. My Favourite Dress - Wedding Present
2. Can't Take No More - Soup Dragons
3. Panic - The Smiths
4. Happy Hour - Housemartins
5. Levi Stubbs' Tears - Billy Bragg
6. Nobody's Twisting Your Arm - Wedding Present
7. Freak Scene - Dinosaur Jr
8. Upside Down - Jesus & Mary Chain
9. Kill Your Television - Neds Atomic Dustbin
10. Love & Kisses - Dannii Minogue.
11. Remember Your A Womble - The Wombles
12. Groovy Train - The Farm



The Wedding Present relax knowing that they'll never be poor or hungry again.

this is not necessarily a requirement. After all, if East 17 can do it, then so can you. Simply follow this step-by-step guide to making it big and you'll be laughing all the way to the bank.

### Step One: Form a band

This is actually harder than it sounds. There is no limit to the numbers you can have in your band, like James Last, but it'll be

### Step Three: Instruments

You'll need them.

### Step Four: Grovelling to the bank manager to get a loan.

Erm, enter the bank and ask to see the bank manager.

### Step Four: Recording your hit.

You have a number of options here. With the aid of technology, it is possible

£38 for a day's hire to £12 an hour and upwards.

### Step Five: Producing the finished product.

On ringing Audio Services Ltd in London we were able to receive the following quote:

Laquer cut from your master tape: £100

Processing an acetate: £50

Stamping your disc: £20 (for both sides)

Test run of about twenty



### The 1949 Seminar Memorial Lectures "The Good Society"

In Britain in the 1990's there may well be more agreement about what the good society is not than about what it is.

In a new annual lecture series at the LSE a leading speaker will be asked to reflect on this complex, controversial and enduringly relevant topic.

The inaugural "Good Society" lecture will be delivered by Sir Ralf Dahrendorf, distinguished former director of the LSE.

Venue and time: Old Theatre,  
Thursday 19 November, 5.30pm.  
Admission free. No tickets.

### LSE CONSERVATIVE GROUP

"The Case Against Maastricht"

Presented by

**Dr Alan Sked**

CHAIRMAN, ANTI-FEDERALIST LEAGUE

Monday 23rd Nov. 1-2pm,  
New Theatre E171

### FABIAN SOCIETY

**Austin Mitchell, MP**

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

ALL WELCOME!

Private tuition in French and German given  
by qualified teacher.

Just call Paul on 071-486 8185

### ADVISOR TO WOMEN STUDENTS.

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

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

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

### JAPAN FEST

**Friday, Nov. 20 in A85 from 6pm.**

£2 admission for non-members (+50p to  
become a member)  
£1 for members.

Japanese food and drinks plus Sapporo  
beer, with *karaoke* entertainment

### JAPANESE LESSONS

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

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

### Climing Club

Weekend at the Peak District  
Fri 20th Nov - Sun 22nd Nov  
£10 in advance asap all inclusive.  
Phone Javier/Mark 071 609 6766

### ACCOMODATION AVAILABLE

ACCOMODATION AVAILABLE IN LSE  
HOUSING

#### Butler's Wharf

One place for a male student in a double room:  
£40.88 per week.

One Single Room: £57.40 per week.

#### Silver Walk

Three places in double rooms with en-suite  
bathroom: £49.50 per week.

#### LSE Housing Association House

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

For further details contact the Central  
Accommodation Office: Room E296

#### LSE Central Accommodation Office

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

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

### LIVING MARXISM

presents:

THE LIES BEHIND BRITISH MILITARISM

"Trade Wars and World Wars?"

A slideshow

Room A144,  
Wednesday 18th Nov. 7.30pm.

THE LIES BEHIND NATIONALISM

Wednesday 18th Nov. 7.30pm A144.

## THE ECONOMICS SOCIETY

presents in conjunction with Arthur Andersen:

### Present Your Case!

"a business game that will test your skills"

Monday, November 23rd,  
from 6.00pm 'till late  
at  
1, Surrey Street

Drinks and food available from 6pm.

Sign up at the Students' union reception in the East Building.

ALL WELCOME!

### THE BEAVER CLASSIFIEDS

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

Copy date: Wednesday noon.



# Nick (Party on 'till 11) Lambert Finds a Tasty Place in Kensington

Many of you may scoff at the prospect of exchanging thirty notes for two three course lunches, (nope, only the treasurer-ed) but the investment of such a purse of monies is put into perspective if Kensington Place is regarded as a restaurant in which to celebrate that infrequent special occasion - the death of Martin Lewis, receiving a visual offer in a lecture from someone without acne and a lazy eye etc...

Kensington Place, located at the top of Kensington Church St. W.8. (near Notting Hill Gate tube) offers an extensive and varied menu; but be warned if you are tempted to stray from the "set lunch" menu, because by the time the fish course and Chablis arrive your wad of reddie will be drastically reduced.

The set lunch is a substantial three course meal which represents excellent value at £12.50. It begins with a choice of three starters - Tuesday's menu offers the possibility of cream of celery soup, devilled lamb's kidneys or a feta salad. Served with a selection of breads (French, ciabatta and granary) and garnished with chives the soup has a smooth texture and was well presented. Secure in the knowledge that the A.L.F. were busy pursuing Rosebery's notorious rodent-abuser Neil "Sellotape" Andrews I followed with a main course of braised rabbit (though I had the option of salt cod hash served with a watercress salad). The delicately cooked bunny (courtesy of Fatal Attraction) was tickety-boo indeed and came served on a base of spinach which was complimented by a portion of fresh pasta and a rich thyme sauce succeeded in bringing out the best from the meat and

pasta combination.

Dessert was either lemon meringue pie or a cheese board. I opted for the pie because the cheeses that were being offered were that variety which have odours often found in dank, rancid changing rooms (pleb-ed). Of the pie it can only likened to having a host of angels copulating simultaneously on your tongue....

The wine list was very comprehensive, but the Beaver funds could not be stretched to allow me to indulge in Chateau Cissac 1985 which was a bargain at £6.50 per glass. Minerals, however, are affordable at 75p.

Kensington Place has good attentive service (particularly good if they see you taking notes) and a pleasant level of decorum, qualities which are often painfully absent in typical student hostelryes. So that when you request a table for two by the window it is extremely unlikely that you will be informed by the staff that you are "...likkle fukka" (overheard in Won-Kei's) or when you arrive at said table find a couple of wasted nob-rots rolling around like beasts beneath it.

Although this single level restaurant is bright and tasteful you are squeezed into it quite tightly (Neil Andrews take note) due to the sheer number of tables. This is particularly handy if you want to hear about "1992's capital returns" or "Pippa's twins-yah" but mildly irritating if not. Furthermore, Kensington Place, has a certain goldfish bowl factor - the restaurant is entirely glazed on one side - this is obviously one attraction to the pretentious clientele, as passers-by can clearly witness them filling their thighs with heinous

amounts of venison (in a plum sauce) and vintage wines alongside patrons who are more famous and more affluent than them.

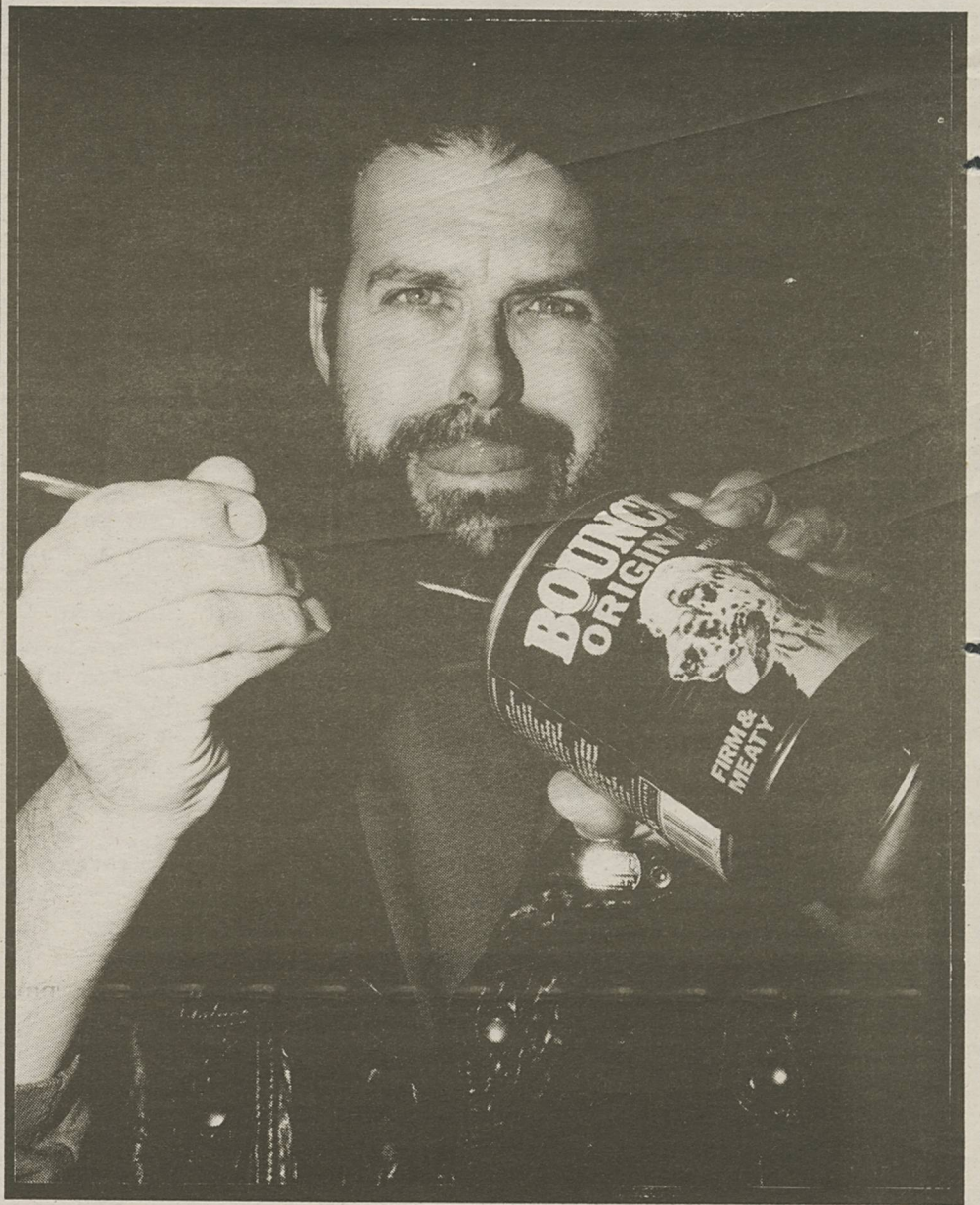
Criticisms apart, Kensington Place in terms of food and service is quite superb. The diversity of the menu and the attention to preparation are features that merit particular mention. The staff are attentive and accommodating, but thankfully not intrusive, thus allowing lunch to be taken both gently and at a length determined by you. This restaurant certainly makes the consumption of thoughtfully prepared food in refined surroundings accessible to the student whose funds seemingly condemn them to the filth served up by the neon hot houses of Pizzaland, Garfunkels etc....

Set lunch £12.50 per head (not inc. service) available between 12-3pm. Busy by 1pm so go early.

## Dianyous, Tottenham Court Rd.

Well regarded in the take-away kebab/fish/chips/cholesterol scene last year by many L.S.E. students living in and around Bloomsbury i.e. those at Passfield and Carr-Saunders this bastion of fine(?) mediterranean food is also a proper restaurant. If you cast your mind back to that one evening in the last couple of weeks, or perhaps last year, when

# BOUNCE WINS BY A HEAD



They were queuing to get into the Beaver offices on Thursday. Stewards had to be called in to control the crowds as they rushed the doors to the pet food tasting competition. On offer were some tasty concoctions - KitEkat fricasee and

Bounce Boulabaise. Much general merriment was made and the Beaver was thanked for this fabulous money saving idea. "Now that I can save money this way there is nothing stopping me from my round the world trip." Other students inquired as to

whether we would be doing a dog chew expose. All I can say is with all the interest that was generated watch out at those new year parties as those dishes of extra hard Twiglets may not be all they seem to be.

you didn't stumble into the place completely drunk, you may well remember having seen tables and chairs and things behind the extra clean, spotless counter from which they serve their take-away-and-spu customers.

So one evening after well past my bed time and having had the odd drink I decided to partake of a seat, slump my head on the table and eat from a

plate instead of a greasy bit of paper for a change.

The menu offers a wide selection of kebabs etc. and has the added bonus that if you should desire to carry on partaking of the amber nectar or any other form of perception-reducing liquid you can.

All the main meals are served with rice, chips, and salad all in generous proportions. Don't even contemplate touching the

house wine unless you're already drunk or you really can't tell the difference between white wine and urine.

The atmosphere on weekends (in the evening, of course) is great, and at about £5-£6 per head for a meal (without alcoholic drinks) it makes for a cheap way to round off an evening.



# Houghton Street Harry

To begin, a few additions to LSE's fastest growing society, the Beaver 'Get-a-life-soc' and the first to join up this week was the Conglomeration of People Who Wear Hats Indoors asking for block affiliation to cure their block affliction. They have been accepted on the condition that they attend rehab clinic regularly, go for group therapy sessions and chant, every morning and night, "It isn't cold, there are no mosquitos in the Old Theatre, it isn't raining, I don't look like a hip eccentric, I look like a tit". Next in the queue was Jane Marshall who was originally rejected for not being an LSE student but the rules were waived when she rang a radio request show and asked for a song to be played for the soul of her cat which had died recently. There was also a guy who'd missed 100% of the penalties he'd taken this season but his name seems to have been mislaid. Nominations for membership came in for all those people who go into the computer room, log onto a machine, take up a chair and then chat to their friends for the next hour - no doubt these are the same people who, when they finally decide to do something constructive, send a fifty page document to the printer and then send it another eleven times if it doesn't appear immediately, pissing off all those who were not so spoilt in earlier life and can handle the concept of a queue. To keep GAL-Soc membership numbers manageable there is now a Halls of Residence branch which was founded by all those whose idea of a good night out is to go and hang out in the reception area. This would not be so bad if they stuck to plain hanging out but their speciality is accosting people on their way in and, realising that a full blown conversation is highly unlikely, try and stop them by uttering standard and innately banal one-line response-forcers. Warning, "Where did you go tonight?" may seem an innocent and harmless enough question but even the slightest response will be seen as encouragement and they will then ask you if you enjoyed it/ how you got there/ who you went with, though the less ambitious ones will stick to something lecture related. If you do get cornered by such a person then remember you have the right to remain silent, don't panic, just reach calmly for the lift button - alternatively a high kick to the shoulder will get you off the hook. Worse still is that after a corking night in reception these people don't even get a kebab on the way back to their room.

We can also exclusively publish Brian-the-groundsman's scathing diatribe on the state of LSE's footballing policy for the nineties, "Bad luck lads, I thought you were going to 'ave 'em in the second half" he said through a spokesperson at New Malden on Wednesday.

The results are just in from the HSH straw polls carried out on Houghton Street on Thursday morning and they provide a fascinating insight into student life in London. Five of the nine people we spoke to were tired, yet only three people out of the four we questioned were hungry, suggesting a massive swing in student spending towards food and away from beds. There was bad news for Americans too, most people agreed that Iceland was the shape of a shredded rugby ball, Italy resembled a boot, Papua New Guinea looks like a guinea fowl and even little known Suva is the shape of an island, yet the USA, regarded by some as the world's top country, is not the shape of anything at all.

Back to sport and congratulations to Sheffield United fans for their non-subversive family rework of The Shamen's Ebenezer: "E's a c\*\*t, E's a c\*\*t, the referee's a c\*\*t", also heard at Berrylands recently. Finally here are Harrys tasty hot tips for Saturday's racing at Liverpool, sponsored this week by the Roach family from Bayswater.

A.M. Roach fancies Jinxy Jack in the 1:45, I.C. Roach will have his money on Sirrah Jay in the 2:25 and in the same race R. Roach is firmly behind Captain Dibble while J.P. Roach will have to borrow a quid before he can go to the bookies. Anyone putting fifty pence each way on last weeks selections will be nineteen pounds richer as all three romped home unchallenged. Incredible.

# S-CORE BLIMEY

## Golazo seconds fire from all barrels

UCL 2 .... LSE 2nd XI 4

An immaculate performance of total football proved that a good set of lungs is no longer the only requirement for results. Indeed it took a radar for UCL to find the ball in the first half hour as chance after chance rained in on the opposition goal. Their keeper was busier than a road-sweeper in a desert storm, and only Nburu knows how he managed to hit the post and not the back of the net after Fry earned himself a new nickname of 'The Great Suprendo' on account of his high preponderance for magic. 'Suprendo' Fry carved out the first goal with a now you see it, now you don't type run and cross which Jim 'Bullet' Baxter netted crisply.

Menno got his first touch in goal when he picked the ball out of the back of the net which did not amuse skipper (surely kipper -ed2) Staples. He rallied his troops and they continued to murder a midfield that was as watertight as a tea-bag and a round one at that. At the turn LSE began to sort out the men from the boys as the Blunden-Staples combination worked again to give the 2nd XI Lardman his

second goal of the season. The third and killer blow was struck by Dave 'The Pitbull Terrier' Keane who lashed home left-footed from a handful of yards. If it was boxing the referee would have stopped the fight several rounds earlier for r e s p l e n d e n t performances all round. It must be considered that UCL were attempting to crack a Brazil-Nut with a feathery pillow (or even eat a fresh kipper with a plastic spoon -eds 1&2) and were about as successful as one would expect. The fishy goal of the game was yet to come as Stazza released Fry who beat two women for pace, cut inside and conjured the ball net-bound. A minor blot was a second UCL goal, but what must be noted is that in amongst all the ballyhurray of victory there were two contenders for the Ronnie Rosenthal miss of the season trophy. Firstly Steve 'Rather Bright' Quick round the keeper, the post and Nburu had a similar chance from even closer in and with great skill managed to steer it wide. With a win this comfortable the lads could afford to laugh.

# New Society Challenges Old Orthodoxies

L.S.E. has been for a long time wanting a working class voice. A voice which represents the student who divides his time equally between learning about his twin passions of woodworking and the genius of the British Constitution. A society which recognises the need for a Darts Board in every Hall of Residence room. A society which says a free pouch of darts should come with every Fresher's introductory pack. Cumberland Lodge, the minority retreat for critics of Britain's resolute hesitation on the edge of Europe, should be fitted out with a Darts room served by various dispensers of free, frothy processed beer. Newcastle Exhibition should become the toast of John Ashworth every morning, and Ruddles Bitter, Olive Oil greased back hair and reference to weekends away skiing prohibited in all areas of London inhabited by users of the British Library of Political and Economic Science.

This in black and white, fresh from the presses of the most diverse and stimulating newspaper, serving the most forward looking Educational institution in the commonwealth, is the manifesto of the newly founded darts society. It takes all into it who wish to join and represents all fair and energetically. It makes no claim to be at the heart of Europe. It makes no claim to be neutral. It is now, and will always be Your Darts Society, for you, the best of L.S.E.

Bully Beaver

Kent Hockey 1st XI 2 .... LSE Hockey 1st XI 1

An enjoyable afternoon of acrimony, violence and rude gestures, topped by the incessant high pitched wailing of Kent's travelling hockey groupies (sticks jumping about all over the verdant beaver homeland-ed2). Kent had threatened to appeal from the start due

to lack of nets, so despite being a close match the game degenerated rapidly. As the Kent captain said "at the end of the day Hockey was the winner", but he was a twat (trout?-ed2).



Beer-beast speaks out "that's one of my balls you're touching": Photo Steve East

## Hoopless! (Gormless -ed2)

L.S.E. Basketball 1sts suffered their biggest defeat for nearly 2 years, when Oxford Uni came to town. We started well, with some quality passing to the opposition, gifting of shots, and all around confusion on our part (same here -ed2). We

successfully gave the 14-0 headstart they needed. Then we self-destructed, began to play together and formed a solid self defence, Leo, Andrew, and Logan deciding to rebound the ball. (off whose head? -ed2) So at half-time, we

granted them a 20 point advantage. Who said we're not generous? In the second half, we discovered a new team, shyly hiding behind our indescribable non coach Fred. Ajay and Dave coordinated the offense, before tragedy benched them, and M.V.H. Jim, even took a rebound. Finally our loyal supporters were rewarded with some excitement as we levelled the half, and only lost by a twenty point deficit.

PAUL B.