

THE BEAVER

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION
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to
5th May 1994



**Telling it like it
was for forty
five years.**

Blackpool Beach Billy

Jack's got his finals and as per usual the UGM on Thursday maintained the time honoured tradition of being non-quorate, so instead Jack has allowed his mighty column to be filled by the musings of his northern cousin Billy who spent some time in Blackpool over the vacation.

Billy's arrival in Blackpool was entirely normal. After his sister had finally been betrothed to the wonderful Ian after 14 years of waiting, Billy had travelled back to the land of his fathers. But realising that his fathers weren't Welsh got back on at Crewe and ended up in Blackpool, Lancashire at 6.00am in the morning. Blackpool may still claim to be the tourist capital of the North, but at six in the morning it is as grotty a place as Billy has ever seen. The breakfast cafe didn't open until seven and Conference, the reason for Billy's visit, didn't open till nine.

Billy was going to Conference for the umpteenth time as a visitor. He had a signed letter from Lorna Fitzsimmons telling him it would be a pleasure for him to attend. She mentioned something about preferring Kylie to Danni, but that's a Flywheel question. Billy's seconder had forgotten to sign his nomination form so for old time sake and to calm the hand of the debutante press rep, who was worried she would be out of her depth he had decided to turn up and have a look over the proceedings.

Being the aging cynic that he is, Billy was certain that although he had missed the opening day, he would not have missed anything. But lo and behold, Conference had got it's act together and actually started discussing the motions. But Billy was having a different view on things. Officially, Billy was not allowed on Conference floor (but he made it any how) and saw things from the balcony, just like old times! However the balcony is not like ours. You can't vote, and you can get removed for bad behaviour but it is the home of us "visitors".

Billy read through the interminable policy documents and noted that last year, according to NUS our Press rep, was none other than NASA astronaut and first man on the moon, Neil Armstrong. Billy was getting an itchy hand. He couldn't vote and was getting fed up. Even a couple of goes on "Star Wars" in the arcade did not ease his pain. Unable to vote, Billy decided that he would get pissed instead. Conference finished at about 11.00, but Billy and some of the LSE delegation had decided to head off early. Billy would like to congratulate James Atkinson and Justin Deaville on their drinking prowess and the use of their floor, but not even the bracing breeze of the walk along the front at seven in the morning managed to alleviate the hangover that resulted from the two in the morning bar extension.

Billy had read both papers before Conference reconvened. Elections came and went Ben Elger, a student from Strand Poly was elected, as was Jim Murphy as President and in an exclusive interview with Billy declared "Danni was better than Kylie." Kevin Sexton, a cocky so and so at the best of times, but someone on the hard left, who has actually done something for students, was beaten, as was Jeremy Newmark. Both, I think got their come-uppence for the previous years "sportsmanship." Louise Ashon, as ever, called for a "faaghting union", but Conference ignored her only once. Martin Lewis managed to be listened to in silence and gain a unanimous show of hands for an extension. Billy was feeling that moderation was killing the fun and the spectacle.

Conference seemed to be achieving something. Policy was being decided, as well as elections. This couldn't be right. Even LSE delegates spoke! Martin Lewis got an extension approved almost unanimously. It was a sad day for Billy, but his faith was restored by a stage storming, which convinced him that Conference was reverting to type and at 6.00pm on Wednesday evening he returned to the smoke. On the train home Billy mused that they've reduced the number of delegates for next year and he'd better make sure to get his nomination form filled in correctly. Conference ain't no fun when you ain't got a vote.

LSE 9

The Beaver's fresher Press Rep "tells it like it is"

Claire Lawrie

If someone had asked me, about seven months ago, what NUS was about,, then all that my mind would conjure up would be the memory of Ms. Dominique Delite stapling my mug-shot onto a tacky grey card and purring "Next!" But that grey card not only gets concessions at the cinema, but makes you a member of the National Union of Students which is 72 years old this year, and now "represents" 2 million students in further and higher education in the U.K.

NUS conference is held annually and this year's is the second one since the abolition of the costly (£300,000) Spring and Winter conference in 1992. A national rail strike coincided with the last day of the 1993 conference forcing it to end a day early. A day which has subsequently never been regained. This has left NUS with only 4 days for 1400 elected delegates representing over 800 colleges and universities, to vote on policy decisions. They also had to use the short time to elect a new Executive Committee and a new National President as pint-sized careerist Lorna Fitzsimmons retires.

The setting for conference is in the town which is the home of tacky trinkets and toys, the much climbed tower and venue for the likes of Cannon and Ball, Chas'n'Dave et al. The Winter Gardens Ballroom, Blackpool is also the venue for NUS conference but minus the entertainment.

This years four main debates, already prioritised through postal ballot (LSE failed to submit anything) were student union reform, student

financial hardship, NUS reform, anti-racism and anti-fascism.

And those elected to represent the LSESU at the UGM-grandiose conference were 5 delegates: Leandro Moura (the leader), Francisca Malarée, Kate Hampton, Vini Ghatate and Martin Lewis. Three observers: Louise Ashon, James Atkinson, Justin Deaville and myself as Press Officer. The LSE delegation were also later joined by Ron "I've been seven times before and I'm coming back for more" Voce, Ralph Wilde, who made an excellent speech as a guest speaker from Stonewall. Other LSE Students there included Dave Ward and Gidon Koch and there might have been others, but we didn't notice them.

The drama queen's performance of being emotionally torn was far more tear jerking than any of Nick Deardon's sobs.

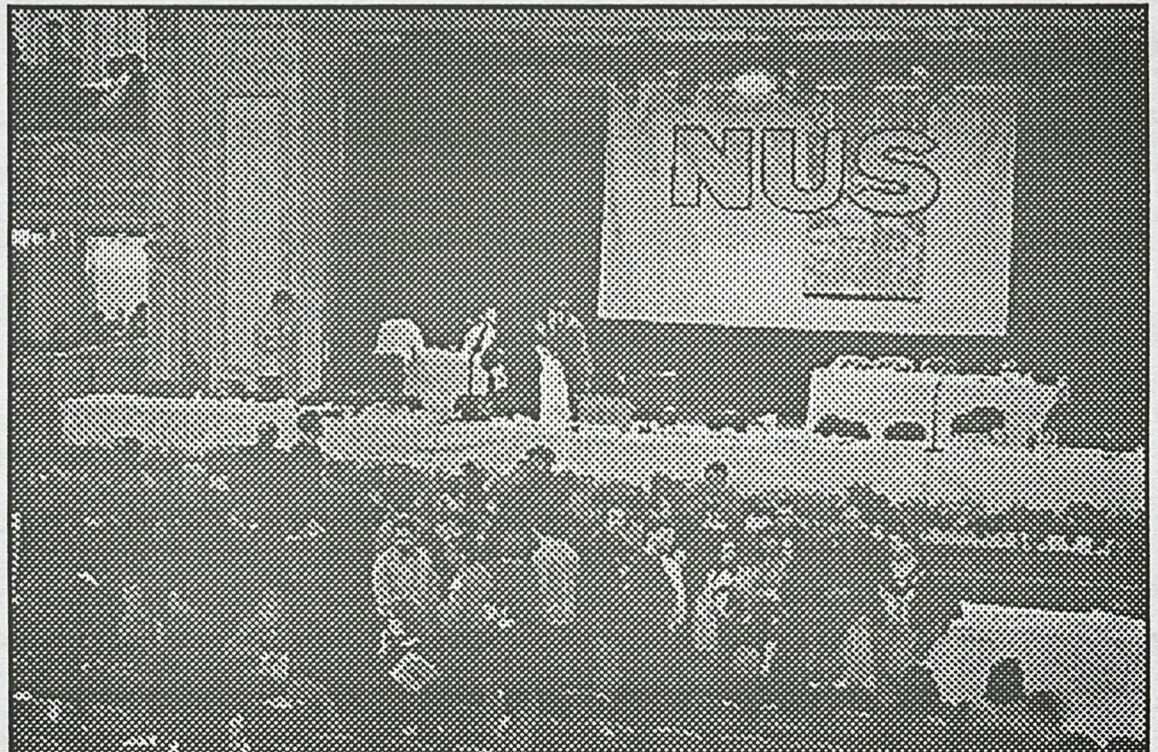
Unlike the UGM with its broad political spectrum as demonstrated by the leanings of the delegates, a striking feature about NUS is the strong leftwards tilt. Comments such as "Remember 1968!" and "There's going to be a revolution. Soon!" just don't seem out of place

there. It seems that anything to the right of Labour Students has been severed and branded as the enemy. The Liberal Democrats, for example, somehow felt impelled to disguise themselves under the inoffensive label "Independent". This realignment ensured that when Francisca Malarée (President of LSE Labour Club) gave her voting card to James Atkinson, a well known Tory, he had no other choice to vote other than Labour as they were the furthest right!

Despite the conference having this leaning, division is common. There is often bitter factional infighting with the vocal minorities hoping to exploit procedural wrangling to spin out or even stifle some debates. Even so, it was accepted by many delegates that more business, motions being discussed, was completed than in any previous year.

The group with massive influence, despite having only 80 members is "Socialist Organiser". They recycle their main members with Kevin Sexton being regurgitated relentlessly for a decade, meaning that he's been to more conferences than Ron Voce. They are notable for vicious personal attacks on people that disagree with them i.e. everyone. Socialist Organiser relies on a succession of "front" organisations such as "Left Unity". This current Socialist Organiser front group was originally set up as an alliance between all the left groups. Its success was such that the Socialist Workers left after the first meeting and the remnants left after the first week. It's currently a bastion of unity and alliance of Socialist Organiser, Socialist Organiser and... (surprise surprise!) ...Socialist Organiser.

The Socialist Workers Party who are very vocal and with many more members at grassroots level



NUS Conference "in disorder", with demonstrators blockading the podium. This action led to Conference being abandoned with much business outstanding.
Photo: Claire Lawrie

Blackpool 0

at NUS Conference, so you all can see what NUS does for the LSESU's affiliation fees

than Left Unity/Socialist Organiser - literally 50-100 times more, are in stark contrast to "Militant" whose members, judging by the size of their delegation, seem to have got lost on the way to Blackpool. There's the very bizarre and very irrelevant Revolutionary Communist Students who are anti-student unions, pro-Serbia, pro-Shining Path and against gay rights, feminism and abortion (I think!) Their handful of members stand for every post and make interminably dull speeches but this year they surprisingly didn't withdraw their nominations before the vote.

The above are just a few of the vast array of groups you'll find at NUS Conference. Others (even!) less relevant include "Workers Power", "Socialist Appeal", "Workers Revolutionary Party" and just about every combination of the words "Socialist", "Worker", "Revolutionary" and "Party". It is as if the Berlin Wall never fell. In this alphabet group of organisations you merely have to grab three random letters and chances are you'll have the name of a group.

There was, at last, a glimmer of unity when Tory delegate James Atkinson succeeded in making a Royal Holloway delegate shyly confess that he was a "Tory-minded Independent". Alas, the hope of an alliance was foiled when James broke off the short lived political love-affair by retorting that he was "an independent-minded Tory". James demonstrated this further when he did not support the single solitary Conservative who was brave enough to take to the conference hustings for the first time in a decade. Edward Lord must have expected the boos as he got up and sat down, but no the almost respectful silence that greeted his address. Which is more than the guest speaker from the African National Congress received. After travelling from afar to Blackpool, he declined to speak due to delegate intimidation.

A demonstration of about 50 delegates was staged by a combination of Palestinian students, Revolutionary Communists, Black Students Caucus and what seemed to be any other people with a grievance joining in. The disruptive, banner-waving gaggle had been outraged when VP Welfare-elect Ian Moss had decided to devote only 15 minutes to a debate on anti-racism and anti-fascism, which contradicted the 1/2 hour extension promised only the day before. His limp attempt to avoid a delicate issue by curtailing time to discuss it, failed miserably to pass unnoticed. It effectively led to the abrupt end of the conference as the NEC "polit-bureau" types and Constitution and Steering



Jim Murphy, National President-elect of NUS, relaxing during one of the rare quiet moments at National Conference at Blackpool.

Committee abandoned the floor.

Other such glaring anomalies occurred when conference discussed NUS affiliation to the Anti-Nazi League. The motion was broken down into parts in such a way that if you voted "for" the parts then you'd be voting not to affiliate, but if you voted against the "against" then you were effectively voting not to debate the part! Therefore, no opportunity was actually given for delegates to vote for NUS affiliation to ANL. Hardly democratic! Many delegates appeared to be against the affiliation as they believe the ANL is a Socialist Worker front. However, other delegates, such as Leandro Moura, believed that "factional infighting should be subordinate to the fight against fascism and racism", arguing that "protesting against ANL at NUS Conference gives out the wrong message to a very hard working grass roots anti-racists in college groups".

It seems that anything to the right of Labour Students has been severed and branded as the enemy.

Scottish President-elect Jim Murphy expressed disgust with the demonstrators' behaviour, when the ANC

speaker left, as he believes the key to NUS's future relevance is "credibility" and reform. This was said against a backdrop of a chanting chorus of "You Sad Bastards!" by delegates at the demonstrations. But some of the demonstrators had attempted to explain to the ANC speaker what the Conference had done over anti-fascism/anti-racism issue and Louise Ashon commented that there was a "great deal of anger in conference as the debate wasn't properly reflecting the issues that students find are important". The resultant dis-banded conference that costs £400 per 90 seconds, didn't just waste debating time.

A delegate who didn't waste time (in taking to the floor to speak) was self confessed ego (eco)-feminist Kate Hampton. Twice Kate gave a philippic speech to no confidence the chairperson, Tracy Neal (National Treasurer), and succeeded in ousting the chair for incompetence after a convincing voting victory. Although the LSE didn't submit any motions to Conference, it redeemed itself by participating heavily on the floor. Martin Lewis gave a "I'm proud to be a Liberal Democrat" speech and Louise Ashon made an election speech for VP Welfare and after a recount found out this week she had been elected to the block of twelve for the National Executive Committee.

The personalities of the conference were especially prevalent during the election speeches. Greg Vincent, standing for re-election to the Constitution and Steering Committee, put a paper bag over his head and sang "vote for me", but the prime

turkey candidate for NUS personality was Faz Hakim. The drama queen's performance of being emotionally torn was far more tear jerking than any of Nick Deardon's sobs. Ms. Hakim, the NUS National Secretary, who after a year in the job shocked the world (apparently) by dramatically announcing her resignation in her hustings speech. Her exact words that dribbled out were "I can't go on".

Only a few days earlier Faz had failed to turn up for a meeting of the Black Students Caucus as she was engaged with other matters. Other people had their own ideas. "Too busy to be black" someone commented. Faz alleged that she had been in the firing line from all sides: death threats from fascists, pressure from Muslim extremists, accusations of not being black enough and being told "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the country". After much public friend hugging and blubbing, the conference watched Faz limp off to an ovation. However all was not what it seemed. It transpires that Faz couldn't go on because she had landed a top-job at the Labour headquarters in Walworth Road SE17 as Equal-Opportunities Officer. Congratulations are due to the cynical, but rightly so, Ron Voce as he reckoned this "straight from the beginning".

Apart from NUS seem Aing like a pantomime of the National Executive saying that they're brilliant and the delegates on the floor saying they're crap. It is evident that NUS isn't just a complete waste of time and money. The last year has been a hectic and eventful one for students, student unions and NUS. NUS successfully managed, with help from

students, to force changes to the controversial Education Bill which threatened the very existence of student union representation and many other "non-core" activities. This is particularly noteworthy as right-wing Tory back benchers are planning a last ditch attempt to kill off students' union politics, despite the governments U-turn over its plans for students' unions and is not thought to be ready for another.

In this alphabet group of organisations you merely have to grab three random letters and chances are you'll have the name of a group.

NUS is now leading a campaign to overturn the 30% grant cut and is calling for an urgent review of student financial support as well as plans to set up a new charity organisation to work alongside the reformed NUS structure to provide education research and information to students and the public.

Not a bad list of achievements for four days work.

Our Man in Westminster

In the vein of that champion of truth George Orwell I would like to take the last opportunity I will have this year to speak to you from the heart. There is an issue which is widely misunderstood and as a result causing heartache to many students here at L.S.E. If it does not affect you directly it will most certainly affect you indirectly as it concerns the future good mental health of the nation. I refer, of course, without any motive but ensuring the continued free expression of the individual natures of the whole student body, to the problem of suits.

I am as a parliamentary wage slave on occasion called upon to wear a suit and tie, iron shirts and even spit on and polish my uncomfortable pair of black patterned brogues. When I do this I do not think I take on different feelings towards my friends, change my political allegiances or acquire additional intellectual capacity. Nor I think do I gain in height, and sadly my wallet does not swell with £50 notes and flashy platinum credit cards. However in regard to my own perceived ability to work pointlessly hard and assume an innate superiority to everyone else not wearing a suit, I must own up I do in part take on the traits you expect of any other besuited imbecile. I refer to the types you see pontificating on the trade figures on the nine o'clock news or sitting in the Brunch Bowl sipping an espresso and cataloguing their international job offers.

I can reveal to those of you who are inexperienced in the conversations of besuited L.S.E. students that firstly you are not missing anything, and secondly rather peculiarly they are conducted in such a way that even blindfolded you would know immediately that those speaking were wearing suits.

Suits tend to talk to other Suits if they can but if no other Suits are available then they are forced to interact with the lower orders.

The behaviour of the Suits is I know partly a result of the historical propensity of those in power and authority to wear impractical and uncomfortable clothing to make the point that it is inconceivable they could do any manual work. However as undergraduates in a University where there is no requirement to wear a suit, and at best only the prospect that if they succeed they will get a job at the bottom of the corporate ladder. Why then do these people derive such pleasure from their suits?

Frank has the answer. If you happen to take a peek in to the recently refurbished House of Commons gym, as Frank has recently been forced to do on "business", your eyes are assaulted by the sight of rows of sweating and half naked members of parliament and their researchers. It is only in this pokey corner of the Mother of Parliaments that one realizes the potential for public disillusionment with their political representatives. Disrobed of their parliamentary attire: pinstripes for Conservative backbenchers and corduroy jackets with patches on the elbows for the more independent minded Labour backbencher, the M.P. in the Commons gym is shown for what he (rarely she) is.

Bereft of the protection and embellishment of a suit the typical M.P. is a much reduced thing. Of course his paunch is not reduced and is still a little larger than the average due to long lunches and late sessions in the Commons bar (the only bar in London with a 24 hour liquor license). In general he is little different from the man on top of the Clapham Omnibus. The suit, worn by M.P.'s and others, is very like the M.P. only less so, capable of cutting a dash but full of air. Where the M.P. has no substance and a dangerously fragile image to maintain, the "Suit" at L.S.E. should at least still have the potential to achieve in life something of value. The "Suit" at L.S.E. should not yet have developed the politicians obsession with appearances. It is a terrible shame that still promising individuals with choices and opportunities choose to take on the disguise of a load of "stuffed shirts" in the House of Commons.

Others I am sure could tell of the emptiness of the "Suits" in the Law, Finance, Business and as we all suspect Education. I must stick to what I know. Please don't lose your individuality before you must. When you do start to wear your suit for job interviews retain some sense of irony. Fashion after all is the ultimate expression of political freedom. Banish the iron from your house and keep a firm hold of your corduroys.

LSE Foundation - The First Year

Nick Sutton

The LSE Foundation has now been in operation for just over a year. Yet despite its presence at the School, very few students seem aware of it and even fewer understand the important role it will play in the future development of the School.

As the current Government reduces its spending on higher education, it is essential that, if the LSE intends to remain one of the top universities in the world, it finds alternative funding sources. Unlike its peers - the Oxbridge colleges, the Ivy League schools, and the Sorbonne - LSE lacks the large capital resources which could ensure it has a secure financial base. It is hoped that the professional fund-raisers of the LSE Foundation will be able to amend this.

The Foundation, as the School's permanent develop-

ment arm, is currently directing much of its energy to 'The Second Century Campaign' - an attempt to raise a provisional £40m for the School over the next five years. Progress towards this target appears to be moving well: nearly £4m has already been raised in pledges and donations from companies, individuals and alumni of the School.

If 'The Second Century Campaign' target is reached, students will be among the main beneficiaries. Projects include £5m for the purchase of new student residential accommodation; £7.5m for scholarships and financial support for both overseas and home students; £10m to revamp the Library through the purchase of further special collections and teaching materials, the complete computerization of the Library's catalogue, and a radical redesign of the Library building.

Other plans include a large extension and improvement of the information technology facilities at School, in Student Halls of Residences and the creation of a 'pool' of portable computers available for students to work off-campus.

Student involvement in the LSE Foundation is regarded by Howard Raingold, its Director, now resigned, as vital. Indeed, through the 1895 Group, Students are able to provide important input into the work of the Foundation, act as Ambassadors of the School, and run their own small-scale fund-raising activities - including a Ball to be held in the Cafe Royal at the end of this term. The first President of the 1895 Group was Martin Lewis, whose involvement, together with that of the future Group under Serra Konuralp, will ensure that the views of students are expressed to those who run the Foundation.

Gissa Job?

Helena McCleod

'How dull' were the words that sprung to mind when asked to review 'CVs AND APPLICATIONS' by Patricia McBride and published by: Hobsons from the Hobson Student Helpbook Series. Although possibly not a subject to get the juices flowing it is an essential part of any liaison with the real world. It is also a good read.

Patricia McBride, the author is an independent training consultant specialising in management, inter-personal skills and equal opportunities training. Amongst her many merits she is establishing NVQs for managers. With an obvious understanding of what employers want from their interviewees she laces comprehensive advice with comical quotes from the former, showing what styles not to adopt. One employer states, 'Weirdly enough, quite a lot of people actually put the time of their birth as well as the date. Do they think I'm going to do their horoscope to help me decide who to interview?' But she also gives more pertinent advice, for example, sexism is still ingrained in the workplace and it is wise to be unspecific about children and marriage status in some circumstances. She drums into you the importance of good presentation and tips on how to gain the required effect through clarity and lay-

out. McBride also helps you to discover your qualities through lists of personality traits, your skills, strengths and weaknesses. She clearly explains that CVs and application forms must SELL YOU to the employer and how even

watching T.V can be turned into an informative and positive aspect of your character. In other words if you get this book and follow it, however poorly qualified you thought you were, there's a good chance of getting that interview.

Deja Vu ?

Ron Voce

History does repeat itself. Five members of the Beaver collective proved it last Thursday in Palms Wine Bar up at the University of London.

Last year, Chris Longridge, Rob Hick, Navin Reddy, Neil Andrews and yours truly came from joint last place after round one, to win the Time Out, Campus Travel and KCider quiz, from the second Beaver team, who fielded only four members to give the other teams a chance.

This year having qualified from the Three Tuns heat along with another LSE team,

the Beaver team, now with Nick Fletcher rather than Chris Longridge on board took the lead after round two and, although it was closer than last year the Beaver team, held off Imperial College, to win by 3 1/2 points.

The prize was the same as last year a Spanish Explorer train ticket, but this year we were given two, to take a friend (any offers?). The second LSE team came in fifth and did not go away empty handed.

On returning to the Tuns, the locals became aware of our victory and so we retired to the Beaver Office for a game of Triv.

LSESU Fabian Society

House of Commons Speaker meeting at 2pm on Wednesday 22 June 1994 with Clare Short MP.

This will be followed by tea in the Members Dining Room at 4pm.

Five tickets are available at £4 to LSESU Fabian Society members only.

Contact via Fabian Society pigeon hole or telephone James T. Hull on 071 580 3965

HOLOHOAX

Gidon Koch &
Ethan Greenwood

With the film Schindler's List at number 1 in the film charts and the recipient of a handful of Oscars, it is satisfying to see that the Holocaust, perhaps one of the greatest calamities in human history, is at last receiving the degree of awareness that it deserves. But it is hard to believe that in this recent climate of public awareness there is a group of people who at best, endeavour to strip the Holocaust of its factual uniqueness as a human tragedy, and at worst, deny its very occurrence. These people are more commonly known as Holocaust Revisionists, although perhaps more appropriately they should be labelled Holocaust deniers.

When the fashion of Holocaust revisionism took shape in the 1970s, the aim of the revisionists was to mitigate the impact of their controversial views on the general public. The formation of the Journal of Historical Review served that purpose. The Review defined its goals as imposing new interpretations on historical events. One of its subscribers, the writer Edward S. Shapiro was shocked to notice that the holocaust was to be the subject of this new form of historical scrutiny. He believed then that revisionism would grow. His views proved to be a revelation. Since then there has been a spate of literature advancing the views of the Journal including A.R. Butz's "The Hoax of the Twentieth Century" and Dr Wilhelm Staglich's "The Six Million Reconsidered". Consequent surveys have proved that the revisionists have certainly made an impact. The Times on 03 July 1993 quoted a poll conducted by the American Roper Organisation in April of that year showing that 22% of American adults believed that it is possible that the Holocaust never happened.

One of the most disturbing pieces of literature that has emerged in recent years on the subject is The Leuchter Report, published in 1989. In it the scientist F.A. Leuchter sought to prove that the gas

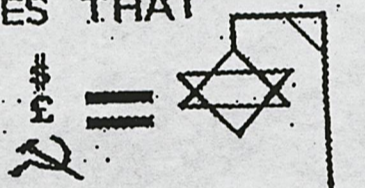
THE HOLOCAUST WAS A HOAX!

NO JEWS WERE GASSED. IT WAS ALL A ZIONIST CONSPIRACY, FILMED WITH THE HELP OF HOLLYWOOD, TO MAKE YOU FEEL GUILTY, TO STEAL THE HOMELAND OF THE PALESTINIAN PEOPLE AND TO EXTORT AS MUCH MONEY AS POSSIBLE FROM THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE.

SAY NO TO THE ZIONIST CONSPIRATORS AND THEIR TRAITOROUS LACKIES THAT ENSLAVE OUR WORLD.

**UNITE AND FIGHT
AGAINST OUR
COMMON ENEMY,
THE JEWS**

*Printed by white working class
nationalists.
acial Nationalism, the only way FORWARD.*



Typical Holocaust revisionist leaflets.

chambers at Auschwitz never existed. However, his report is clearly prejudiced from the start. He writes "We began our work in the alleged gas chambers

at the Auschwitz facility" and furthermore, his investigation was executed unscrupulously, he reports "It was too dangerous to take forensic examples and video tape, so we left for Birkenau at noon." Even the English revisionist historian David Irving, who introduces the report confesses that "I myself would admittedly have preferred to see more rigorous methods used in identifying and certifying the samples taken from the analysis."

Holocaust revisionism can take other, perhaps more disguised forms, such as the attempt to forge a relationship between Zionism and Nazism. To some, the most confounding theory put forward is that the Zionists conspired with the Na-

zis in order to arouse sufficient world sympathy to necessitate the creation of the State of Israel. A parallel view is proposed by the historian Faurisson who claims that the Zionists invented the Holocaust so that they could provoke support for Israel. He substantiates his view by asserting that the ex-Israel Prime Minister, Begin approved of an 850,000 dollar donation for the making of the film Shoah solely on the grounds that he felt it would further Jewish nationalist interests. The modern manifestation of this revisionism is held by the writer Nira Yuval-Davis who writes in the magazine Return: "It is essential to make the connection between what the Nazis did to the Jews and what Zionism is doing to the Palestinians."

Whilst it maybe simple for an intelligent person to dismiss the views of revisionists who deny the Holocaust, it is a harder task to recognise, let

alone reject the inaccurate parallels drawn around the Holocaust. When Ted Koppel at the opening of the Washington Holocaust Museum said "Never again means never again in Jerusalem, Cambodia or Bosnia", he was erroneously casting the Holocaust into a broader context of human catastrophes, which though disastrous in their own right, do not rival the Holocaust in either its calculated annihilation or scale. Such inaccurate statements as these, though noble in intent, add strength to the revisionist who is trying desperately to bulldoze the facts of history.

Though the revisionists are armed with a string of academic qualifications (Butz for instance is Professor at the North West University of Illinois) they are not motivated by any desire to examine history methodically. Rather

their true intentions are revealed by their alliance with racists. The BNP put Holocaust revisionism at the forefront of their campaign and David Irving attempted unsuccessfully to arrange a public meeting with the former Klu Klux Klan leader Denis Mahon in December 1993.

Holocaust revisionists also intend to attack the State of Israel. In New York, the President of the American-Arab Relations Committee in protesting to the decision by the New York Board of Education to include the Holocaust in the city curriculum said "This is an attempt by the Zionists to use the city education system for their evil propaganda purposes."

Recently Holocaust revisionism has entered British University Campuses. The guiding force behind this is 'Hizb ut - Tahrir', a radical fundamentalist Muslim organisation, banned in most Middle Eastern countries, but now emerging in Britain, mainly under the banner of Student Union societies. Its speakers have repeatedly questioned the facts of the Holocaust, and are currently beginning to deny the occurrence of the Holocaust. Farid Kassim, the deputy leader of the organisation in Britain said "Jews talk about the Holocaust in terms of how many were killed, as if millions of them had been killed" and he was "not really at liberty to give the Jews the benefit of the doubt whether the Holocaust happened. I can say it didn't happen, you can say it happened, this is not our subject". In February 1994, Omar Bakri Mohammed, Hizb ut - Tahrir's British leader was reported to have announced outright to his audience "The Holocaust is a fabrication."

Fifty years ago the Nazis were guilty of crimes against humanity. Today Holocaust revisionists are culpable of similar assaults against the recording of history. And in the future, as increasing numbers of those who can testify personally to the Holocaust diminish, who can predict the magnitude of human catastrophes that will pass unobserved the myopic eye of history rewritten?

The Beaver

If you actually get to read this, congratulations. I have no idea yet what form this birthday issue is going to take. We have over the year said things were tight financially and at the end of the day finances got the better of us. Printing costs and office costs have gone over budget and as we are not allowed to carry over a deficit (or keep our surpluses) I have decided the responsible thing is to produce this issue as cheaply as possible. Because I frankly did not wish to do an issue this term, 20 issues is more than we've done for many a year and this one is twenty one. But as we were obliged by the Student's Union to print this issue because of the deal they made for us with NatWest, "a few of us" produced this. Frankly, if the LSESU feel we are only worth £7,500 of actual Students' Union money, then next year you may see more Beaver's like this, because you get the impression they don't like the Beaver, because of what we do. Having heard that back bench Tory MP's have been told we had our budget cut because of our "independent stance". I think they may be right!

I have gone along with this all year, but I have had enough. This is not a personal attack on anyone at all, just the whole system, which I wish to see changed. Next year, The Beaver is instigating it's own changes. The new room that is being propped will not improve the Beaver, more money for investment will. Hopefully my proposal that has gone to the School may bring this nearer to fruition, but if not then I fear I am going to try and change the LSESU constitution's Beaver section and do it that way.

Oh yes, good luck in your exams. Thanks to all the readership, anyone who has written this year, the collective, the editorial board, the sabbaticals, the sabbaticals elect, the old and new Exec's, Sam, Gethin, Jim, Paul, Jane, George, Ruth, the Cafe, Welfare and Shop staff, Paul and Nihal, the porters, night security, Ian Crawford and anyone who we've overlooked and has helped us this year. Good luck to all those I have fallen out with and those I haven't. I hope to keep up the good work next year until I pass on the burden! See you all next year. Five years and counting and to those who are leaving, get placed on our mailing list. Cheerio!

Finally, is there anybody fancy coming to France and Spain, I've got this train ticket I won it.....Please!

Beaver Staff

Executive Editor	Ron Voce
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Printermania

For those of you who have sadistic tendencies: this should prove an interesting read! A couple of times a year, the nightmare comes back: the IT project is due. For those of you who don't know, IT stands for Introduction to Information Technology, and is a course taken by more than 400 students at the LSE. Now, I am not suggesting that it is the project itself which is a nightmare. That "title" is reserved for the printing! Yes, dear readers, in a matter of a few days, more than 400 students have to laser print their

projects (that's not counting the non-IT students, who obviously have their deadlines, too.)... and how many laser printers are at our disposal? ...4! And one tends to count oneself lucky if two of them are functioning properly.

Each of the printers take quite a long time to print out only a few pages. Consequently, queues are enormous! Now seriously, for all that we students pay to attend the LSE, shouldn't we at least be able to have access to some laser printers that work, without having to stand in line for

3 hours. The fact that we must pay to use the printers is ludicrous in itself, in my view, but I would overlook that fact completely, if I knew that I would get to a functioning printer within half an hour.

To echo the sentiments of many IT students: who is to blame - the IT department (for demanding laser printed projects) or the LSE as a whole? To be frank, I don't really care, as long as SOMETHING is done about the situation. I am sure that I am not the only one who is sick of it!

Ina Woyseth

Crossing Delaney

Having been made an Honorary Student by this "illustrious" Union I thought I'd use my right to write to you and respond to the views of Guy Entin Abramovitz and Chris Cooper in regards to last term's Student Union elections. Although they both raised the valid point concerning LSE's ability to ignore the "best candidates for the job and instead voting for the best posters" I felt their vitriolic attack on Gary Delaney was both unjustified and incorrect and very reminiscent of last year when Justin Deaville won.

To say Rob Hick was robbed is a claim that cannot stand up under strong scrutiny. I'd be the first to admit that if elected he would have done a very credible job but unfortunately one of the reasons why he wasn't elected was because he rested on his laurels instead of going around the halls campaigning. What Guy and Chris fail to appreciate is that the population of the Tuns (which can act as a forwarding address for Rob at times) only accounts for about a 15% (if that) of the total electorate. Your average voter doesn't automatically link Rusty Bullet Hole with Rob and it was up to him to go out and state the reasons why he should be elected, highlighting his experience at the same time. In-

stead, Rob became a victim of over confidence brought on by friends and colleagues, many of whom shared an office with him. In LSE politics there is no such thing as a firm favourite (Jon Bradburn being the exception to the rule) and it is a shame that Rob lost in the same way that Ron has been losing elections on a regular basis over the years - basically by not campaigning enough. Gary, on the other, did go out and canvas the electorate because he knew he couldn't rely on a voting body as large as the Tuns. By doing so he secured the vote of a number of students.

Guy and Chris also painted the picture that LSE Ents has been left in the hands of an inexperienced opportunist. This is not the case. Gary is just as qualified, if not more so, than Rob Hick. Like Rob, he has a good knowledge of the music scene and having spent many an evening with him at the Market Tavern in Islington I know he is somewhat of an authority on the comedy circuit. But he has also been involved with a number of Societies whilst at LSE (many people forget that there are two sides to the job) and during this academic year alone he has put on two very successful events already.

On a lighter note, Chris and Guy really ought to take heed

to the proverb "Never judge a book by it's cover". Vegetables and lentils are merely obstructions Gary has to pass in Sainsbury's on his way to the red meat counter (It has been rumoured that he once ate a carrot but this has yet to be proved). He is also a share holder in Lever Products, so protects his investment by going out and buying boxes of Persil and Pears soap. Being careful, so careful, with his money it is only natural to assume that he uses these products having bought them (waste not want not).

This letter may seem hypocritical to some because I reacted in a very similar way to Chris and Guy last year when Deaville was elected but I'd be the first to admit I was wrong. He has done a very credible, if safe, job. So take note LSE, By electing Gary the LSESU has not put itself in a quagmire of its own making. Next year could well turn out to be one of the best this Union has had in terms of entertainment and having seen who the first headline band is for next year I can rest easy knowing the Lord of Lard and Cooperman will be eating their words come Christmas time.

Yours (Rather sadly, considering I left last year)
Neil Andrews

You can't always get what you want?

Regarding the cover of your 400th issue, I would not pretend to understand with any precision the criteria by which you selected your finalists. However, making the rather safe assumption that such a collage represents in some vague way the collective worldview of 7he Beaver's leadership and staff, I would like to be the first to inform you that you are rather out of touch with the real world

as most people (i.e., non-LSE activists) recognize it. May I suggest the following revisions:

Delete: Neil Kinnock
Charles Lindbergh
Ho Chi Minh
Alexander Dubcek
Neville Chamberlain
Joseph McCarthy
Jane Fonda
Lenin
Sidney Poitier
Josip Tito
Tony Benn
Richard Nixon
Jaws

Insert: Margaret Thatcher
Sally Ride
Deng Xiaoping
Vaclav Havel
Winston Churchill
Nina Totenberg
Ted Turner

Lech Walesa
Denzel Washington
Augusto Pinochet (unsure re: first name)
Arthur Scarsdale
Ronald Reagan
T-Rex

Also, regarding your editorial, something is wrong: either The Becner was not established in May 1959, or it is not your 45th anniversary. You might want to check your sources.

Cheers,
David F Hadley

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"The man is real!"

Chris Eubank, WBO Super Middleweight World Champion, talks face to face.

Navin Reddy

The taxi ride through Mafair prepares us well for the setting of the afternoon's interview, The Grosvenor House Hotel, a setting that suits the man that we would be meeting, both have a rustic, aristocratic style although as he said later, "It was never taken into consideration that the hotel reflects that kind of feel," his style being simply "just whatever looks good."

It has been a week since Chris Eubank spoke at the London School of Economics to around 400 students. On that occasion he was two hours late, though through no fault of his own; his driver had run off with the car.

This time we only had to wait 90 minutes, ample time to survey the ornate lobby of the hotel. Covered in antique bits and pieces, country paintings and seemingly populated entirely by Italian tourists.

In the car park, Jaguars, Bentleys, Daimlers and an endless stream of black cabs. Eventually a Range Rover pulls up, stereo blaring at top volume.

This is a man who has little trouble in making an entrance wherever he may be. It is natural, it is second nature, it is Eubank on his way into a hotel lobby, or into his workplace. It's not an image.

"It's showmanship. This is something that evolved. This is real. People call it an act, but it's not an act. This is the way that I fight".

He emphasises the point, "That body language is real. That's why it sells, that's why people compulsively watch, because it is real.

"People say 'well, it's an act', it's not an act. I'm sick of telling people that it's not an act, so I'll just say 'yeah well it's showmanship'."

As we talk in his room there is continuous activity around him: the phones in the room ring continuously, fielded by his personal assistant. Eubank sits in front of the writing table mirror as his personal barber continues his work, seemingly used to the chatter and commotion around him. Eubank too, is not worried. Little seems to worry him, neither his busy lifestyle nor that one day that famous leaping entrance into the ring might go wrong, that a foot might catch the top rope and that he might fall.

"If I was to worry I wouldn't do it. I don't worry because I practice doing it. Practice makes perfect."

Perfection is something that he desires in every facet of his life whether it be his boxing, his clothes or even his haircut. As we

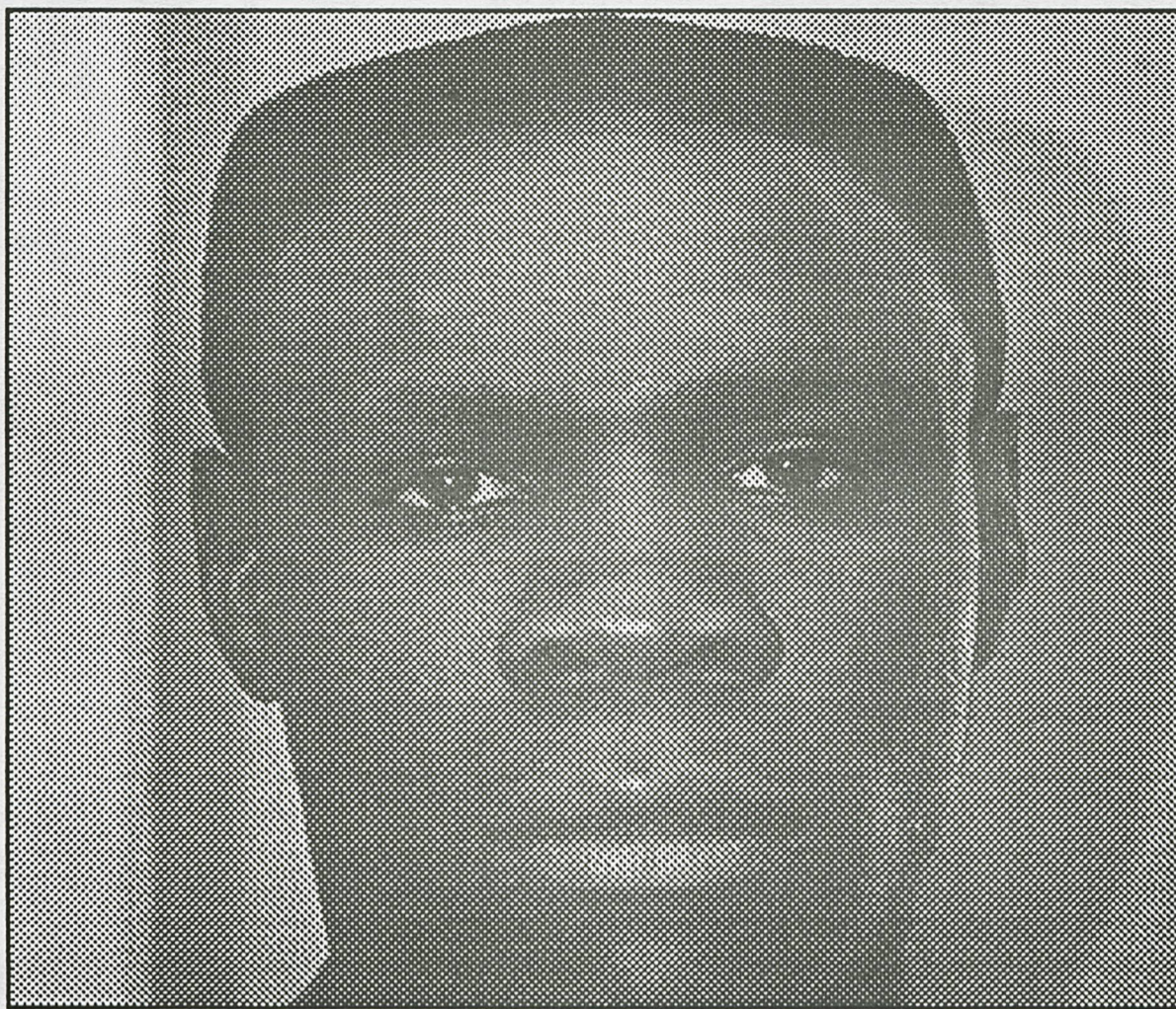


Photo: John Santa-Cruz

sit there, he does not simply allow the barber to give him 'the usual', but instead directs him over every inch, pointing out the areas he should stay away from or the ones that he should pay special attention to. One cannot help but think that this is just part of the image, the Chris Eubank that we see on television or in the magazines, and that every element of the scene that we are a part of is simply an aid to portraying this image.

"What do I try and portray?... I try to just behave.... I'm just real, I'm trying to be real. I'm not even trying, I am real. I'm being reasonable, I'm being decent, I'm being proper. I'm not trying, that's who I am."

"I would never fight people bigger than me. If they were bigger than me and they could fight, then I wouldn't fight them. I've always been sensible you know!"

In his talk at the LSE, Eubank said something that is at first sight contradictory to everything he has said before about his trade, boxing, a business that he hates: "If you become

a master of one trade, you become an authority on all".

"As I say, my business, trade or sport is the rawest example you can find of what it takes to get to the top.

"You need that determination, that resolve, that belief in your own ability. You need to stick to your schedule, you need to be persistent.

"You need to persist and no one more so than me in my boxing career can emulate that better from hardcore experience."

Thus success in any trade is composed of the same elements. As such, surely a realisation of what it takes to get to the top would have meant that he could have shunned the sport that he hates and injected his energy into something else?

"I hadn't figured that out before I started." is the conclusive reply.

He continues on the subject of jobs, saying of the fight game, that of all the jobs that could earn him as much as boxing has over the years, "this is the one that I could do."

Certainly, his route to success only started at the age of 16. It was then that he arrived in New York City to join up with his estranged mother. Shortly afterwards he discovered the art of pugilism. Nevertheless it seems that fighting was always in his blood:

"Oh yeah, I mean if you come from the inner city then obviously there's always a hostile element in the city.

"I got suspended many a time from schools: the element is always there and I was never one to back down from a fight if the person was the same size as me.

"I would never fight people bigger than me. Well, if they were big but they couldn't fight, then I'd fight them. If they were bigger than me and they could fight, then I wouldn't fight them. I've always been sensible you know!"

Eubank is also sensible enough to know that eventually his boxing career will come to an end in any number of different ways, that if "he is cursed" he will be carried out of the ring.

"It's showmanship. This is something that evolved. This is real. People call it an act, but it's not an act. This is the way that I fight".

I had intended on asking him nothing about his boxing, although it is obviously impossible to do so: it is that part of his life that has made him the man he is.

I had also intended on asking him nothing about Michael Watson, but that morning Watson's lawyers had started proceedings to sue Eubank for libel. The libel in question refers to what was said by Eubank immediately after the fateful fight that put Watson in hospital, that

he may have implied that Watson was on drugs in the post-fight interview. On this subject however Eubank sticks by what he said:

"I've never said anything bad about Michael Watson. He's... he's always had me wrong anyway.

"Everything I said after the fight I would say again. I was giving... I was complimentary.

"Is a court of law to penalise me because I'm curious to know what makes him so strong? I'm asking a question. You can't tell me that I've brought his character down in making an observation."

It is true that during the interview Gary Newbon, not being able to hear properly in the noise surrounding them, asked Eubank whether he had said something about drugs. Eubank replied that he had not, that he simply wanted him tested. Watson would have been tested anyway he points out and explains further:

"I am strong. He was abnormally strong. A man after a fight like that, especially after being beaten 8 of 11 rounds only speaks the truth. Punishment is... it's like a truth serum."

Did he perhaps ask the question in the heat of the moment?

He is sure that he didn't:

"I'm a switched on man, my mind stays switched on. I was beaten up. There I was complimenting him on his strength, but in a very... savage way. This man was so strong... he was unnaturally strong. I wanted him tested.

"I want to know why were you so strong? How can you beat me to a pulp like you did?"

How can you be that way when you didn't remotely come close to being that way in our previous fight?"

That the Watson fight is always on his mind is not in question, neither is his immediate future with more matches lined up, the inevitability of another clash between him and Benn etched in the minds of boxing enthusiasts. After the fighting has finished however, what then?

"I would like to speak to people who want to listen. Preferably people who are aspiring to be something, who are trying to compete in this competitive world."

We stay a while longer, the barber has been replaced by his make-up lady as she prepares him for a TV appearance later that evening, as the cameras are set up for a quick photoshoot. All of us chat while the camera whirs away, and then when he is finished we leave, a little bit wiser. The man is real.

Mr Eubank was interviewed on 15th March 1994.

© Navin Reddy & The Beaver

Love me tinder?

Dennis Lim

The Tindersticks press file is as imposing as they come. Flicking through it in preparation for my meeting with appointed 'Sticks spokesmen, keyboard-ist Dave Boulter and bassist Mark Colwill, I'm convinced that it must be oxymoronic to say 'bad Tindersticks review'.

Dave corrects me, "I read a bad one this morning - got slagged off because we denied we were taking the piss out of cabaret acts." Dave's a soft-spoken chap who - even in the company of his sartorially-conscious colleagues - comes across as especially slick. Mark is not known for saying much at all to the press, but he's in chatty mood today - and he has a clear distinction to make about, there've been some bad ones - badly-written ones."

Fair comment - the Tindersticks bring out the worst in journo-pretensions. Words with lots of hyphens (nicotine-stained, whiskey-sodden, crumpled-suit, rain-splashed) feature heavily in pompous, painfully embarrassing prose in which music hacks indulge deep-seated Raymond Chandler tendencies and make the 'Sticks out to be more miserable than The Smiths ever were. No wonder they're a tad vexed.

"It's something that's been perpetuated from the first few reviews," grumbles Mark. "We say 'Sorry, we're not like that' and they write exactly the same things all over again." I make a mental note NOT to begin this piece with the words 'It was a gloomy day - the rain was pouring ...' (which, spookily enough, it WAS).

Dave is wary about press adulation. "It's frightening when people say good things all the time 'cause you take so much notice when everyone starts slagging you off." Self-effacingly, he adds, "And it's not really possible to be that good."

Not surprisingly, they're also none too pleased about the endless comparisons. I mention John Barry and Dave smiles knowingly. "We were going to make a list," says Mark. It'd have to be a very long one. Add to Barry, Morricone, Cave, Cohen and more - the thing is, these aren't so much inaccurate as inadequate. The Tindersticks may, in parts, sound like some hybrid offspring of them all, but essentially, they sound like absolutely NO ONE.

"Some of them are ridiculous - things like ... Joy Division ... " I say it might have something to do with Stuart sounding like Ian Curtis, but they are unconvinced. Dave calls it lazy journalism. Mark is only too keen to offer an example of staggering



press stupidity. "When we did the single with Niki from Huggy Bear, we thought it'd be a nice departure and then for a while, we were in the Riot Grrrl category. It was Huggy Bear - Blood Sausage - Tindersticks." Dave is looking at things in a broader sense. "We don't worry about the British press too much - we want to be a band that's viable

last year were elusive limited editions. But accusations of snobbery are misguided. More humility from Dave: "We didn't think anyone was going to want them." Mark continues, "For the first single ('Patchwork') we had 500 pressed up, but they got the stickers the wrong way round and offered to press another 500, which

'Nectar'. Stuart (Staples, singer) wrote back and said if that's how it comes across to you, that's fine."

We talk about "Paco De Ranaldo's Dream", the deranged album cut which has each band member, in turn, delivering incoherent recitations. There was a piece about it in *Select* recently and they

"We have, on occasion, miscalculated the time between soundchecking and playing....and stumbled on stage a little the worse for wear."

all over the world." I can see the headlines now - Tindersticks in Megalomaniac World Conquest Shock. They're off to America in June. It remains to be seen how a band as awkward as the 'Sticks will go down in a country whose definition of alternative music IS, basically, U2 or Pearl Jam, but they are quietly optimistic.

The Nick Cave support was their first proper tour. Mark: "Playing to 4500 people was a bit of a jump for us. Sometimes you think your knees are going to go, but it was a nice atmosphere - European audiences tend to be more appreciative." They've just finished a European tour, playing to sell-out crowds. More modesty: "We were wondering 'Who's going to turn up?'"

So do any of their contemporaries excite them? Mark answers without hesitation. "No. Especially in Britain, there's a dearth of interesting stuff. The only albums I liked last year were American - the Palace Brothers and Liz Phair - but that was more to do with attitude." Dave opts for sax-mad Bostonians Morphine. "They're different - not just a bunch of fake Neil Youngs with long hair."

Most of their singles

they did, but they got that wrong as well. So we got a thousand copies - all with stickers the wrong way round."

We talk about their widely-misconstrued doom-merchant image, the often-overlooked underlying humour and the line between self-parody and parody possibly getting blurred. Dave is adamant. "If it's taking the piss, it's taking it out of yourself - we're not laughing at people for taking it seriously." He continues, "Take Lee Hazelwood's music - it can be really important and wonderful and beautiful and mean something to you and at the same time you can laugh at it." The Tindersticks appeal, in a nutshell. "It's not all dark, sombre and one-dimensional," says Mark. "You get what you want out of it." Spot on again.

They insist they're not playing down the lyrics, but ... Mark again: "People ask for the lyrics - they want to pull it out from the music and set it up as a book of poetry. It doesn't exist like that - it exists with the music. They say 'We can't hear what he's saying'. Well, that's why the song's like that. Somebody wrote us with the lyrics to

take evident pleasure in telling me that the guy got some of Dave's lines wrong. "He got 'empty head' down as 'empty egg'." I don't blame him; it's mostly indecipherable save for the last line - a clearly enunciated "licking my dick". Mark owns up. "Yeah, that was me - Dave's got this book of dreams and I was reading this bit about getting a letter, being knocked out, having a dog lick your genitalia." Indeed.

I ask if they get recognized and realize it's a daft question when Mark rightly points out, "Our photos tend to be a big mass of people." But Stuart must get some attention. Mark nods and recounts an incident in a Hamburg supermarket. "Someone came up to him and ... (adopts German accent), 'You are Tinderstick.'" Dave: "We work part-time in record shops so people do talk to us, but if their idea of recognition is to point and seem excited, that's a bit weird - that's never happened to me, though." On autographs: "We like to think we've put effort into our sleeves - we'd rather sign bits of paper."

Cats have featured on

the sleeves of "Kathleen" and "City Sickness". I casually mention felines and unwittingly set them off on what appears to be something of a, erm... pet subject. "Four of us live in a house in Kilburn and there are eight...no, nine beings if you count the cats." The conversation gets increasingly surreal. "Cats are a big part of our lives." "They're nice animals... except when they crap all over the place... when they're not very well." "There's something about the way they are - just... I don't know ... a bit like our music." Erm... quite.

I ask about Nick Cave's drinking habits. "He's a big champagne man," says Mark. "Well, I'd be too if I could afford it," he adds. Dave comments, "Drinking champagne is a lot better than drinking, say, 24 cans of beer, isn't it?" I'd imagine so. And what about themselves? Mark confesses, "If we're not doing a lot, we sort of, in general... drink, like .. most of the day." Dave agrees, "If the soundcheck's at 3 and we're replaying at half 10, there's not a lot you can do in between." "We have, on occasion, miscalculated the time between soundchecking and playing," admits Mark, "and stumbled on stage a little the worse for wear."

Talk turns to sport (they're into "pub-orientated ones"), smoking (Dave asks me when I'm going to ask about their lungs - I'm baffled and then realize he'd been looking at my notes and misread 'lyrics'; since he's broached the topic, I mention it's National No Smoking Day and ask if they're cutting down. "Yeah - it's usually 40, but today - 39.") and future plans. They start recording at the end of summer and a single's due out shortly after. "Releasing a double album meant that we'd cleaned ourselves out. There was nothing left - we had to start again." They're getting there - anyone who's heard the new material will be expecting another classic. "It might be a double again," says Dave, then grins, "Or a box-set." "Oh yeah," adds Mark, "Five LPs this time."

I saw them at the Grand a month later - brilliant yet again. The Tindersticks are that rare commodity - a band who've destroyed every cliché in the indie handbook, who care fuck all about conformity and (perceived) coolness. In their own quiet way, they've become Britain's most convincing musical rebels. Their brand of music remains unmatched, unqualifiable - gorgeous, thrilling, dreamy, witty, romantic. A bit of melodrama, a bit of mellow drama. I dare you not to fall in love.

Serial Killers, Green Papayas and Pet Detectives . . .

Ron Voce, Geoff Robertson, Danny Silverstone and Dennis Lim go to the movies

Blinking hell, it's a blind violinist. Yes, Madeleine Stowe, hot on the heels of "The Last of The Mohicans", plays opposite another Hollywood hunk, Aidan Quinn, in "Blink". Stowe plays in a band, "The Drivers", and has been blind for twenty years since her mother pushed her face into a mirror for being a 'bad girl'. Quinn is a detective in the Chicago Police force and a savage murder in the apartment above Stowe's pushes them together. Stowe's sight is restored, but while she is still recovering, everything is out of focus (do not adjust your set) and she sees things in flashback, including the murderer's face. In this short but well-directed thriller, the twists come thick and fast. Blink and you'll miss Laurie Metcalf's fine cameo. Blink and you'll miss the odd clues that are strewn around. Don't Blink and don't miss it.

However, you will probably want to miss "Romeo Is Bleeding", starring Gary Oldman. It's a story of a cop gone bad. A cop who sells out his mates to the mob fronted by Roy Scheider (strange choice that). A cop who screws around with Lena Olin, leaving his wife, Annabella Sciorra, to pick up the pieces at home. Olin plays a femme fatale who tries to gain control of Scheider's mob through Oldman, whom she can twist around her little finger. Will she succeed, does it even matter? At the end it gets very silly and sentimental. Too long, too slow, a predictable premise and I hate films done in retrospect, because you can figure out what's going to happen... well almost. I think the film is about lost love or first love or something like that. One thing's for certain, after the first hour you probably won't care.



Ace Ventura does his Dr Doolittle impression and talks to the animals.

Photo: Warner Bros.

Jim Carrey (best known for his work on US series "In Living Colour") makes his big screen debut as Ace Ventura: Pet Detective. As a sleuth Ventura's talents are more Doctor Doolittle than Miss Marple, and his dress sense is improbably worse. He's called in by Miami Dolphins' marketing manager Melissa Robinson (Courtney Cox) to track down their porpoise mascot which has been kidnapped on the eve of the Superbowl. Ventura takes a shine to Robinson, but not to local police chief Lt. Einhorn (Sean Young) who regards him as a joke. Soon Dan Marino (real life Dolphin quarterback) is also kidnapped, and Ventura has two cases to solve. Tom Shadyac's film works because of Carrey, who plays Ventura as a total bumbling fruitcake who is somehow on the ball at the same time. The supporting cast throws itself wholly into the picture (especially the hammy Sean Young) and the film exudes fun. There's enough here to keep both teenagers and older tastes happy, surely a big pre-summer hit.

Oscar-nominated "The Scent Of Green Papaya" is a veritable visual feast. Beautifully photographed with an amazing eye for detail, this French-Vietnamese production looks at a young woman's life of servitude in pre-war Vietnam. Yasujiro Ozu is an obvious influence - Tran Anh Hung's style is equally reflective and gentle, but Tran evokes little of the emotion which characterizes Ozu's work.

On a completely different note, Takeshi 'Beat' Kitano's "Sonatine" is a strangely unconventional gangster film. Kitano himself stars as a disillusioned gangster who wants out, but can't see how. There isn't anything resembling action - there isn't much resembling movement, come to think of it. What we get are static shoot-outs, people rooted to the spot calmly firing at one another. It's amusing, but only to a point. Certainly not the '94 "Reservoir Dogs" some are making it out to be. Kitano may have the style, but his one-dimensional wit leaves us with what is essentially a one-joke film.

An attempt at radical revisionism, "Tom And Viv" could have been a women's film about frustrated creativity and the wrath of the male establishment. It is instead an insipid record of the supposed mores of England's upper classes. The Bloomsbury group, Virginia Woolf and Bertrand Russell all appear in quaint social gatherings emitting zany witticisms to duly prove how eccentric we English really are. The film is in dire need of editing and never once stops to consider its central contradiction. How could Vivian Haigh-Wood, the misfit desperate to escape enforced conformity, marry the repressed Anglophile, T S Eliot? Ultimately, an unsatisfying and tedious film

about a misjudged and unfulfilled marriage.

"Fearless", Peter Weir's latest feature, is certainly different for a Hollywood film, but it succeeds only in parts. Max Klein (Jeff Bridges) is a successful architect who, after surviving a horrific plane crash, takes it upon himself to cheat death on a daily basis. He stands on top of tall buildings, smashes his car into a brick wall and erm... consumes strawberries in large quantities - he's allergic, you see. The airline psychologist (John Turturro, wasted) introduces Klein to Carla (Rosie Perez), a young mother, practically inconsolable after losing her baby son in the crash. Bridges is brilliant, Perez (if you ignore her nasal whine) is totally compelling. But the film loses it towards the end. The last hour is more melodramatic than Tom Hanks at the Oscars and Weir's tunnel-of-light near-death scenario is embarrassingly contrived. But it was a good idea.

Which is more than can be said of "Mother's Boys". You've seen it all before in a million different guises. Jamie

Lee Curtis, completely off her trolley, comes back to torment her husband and his girlfriend three years after walking out on him and their three children. She tries to get rid of the other woman - employing the help of her eldest son, whom she tries to brainwash by letting him drive and affording him glimpses of her in the bath. Not really subversive, just stupid. Vanessa Redgrave must have been threatened at gunpoint to accept her role as Curtis' concerned mother who, rather spectacularly, ends up falling down a flight of stairs. The script is an unbearable string of cliches and the ending - a literal cliff-hanger - is the most incredulous thing you will ever see.

At least the British variation "White Angel" is funny - even if most of the humour is unintentional. Mild-mannered dentist Leslie moves in with crime writer Ellen. He's a serial killer, she's knocked off her husband. He finds out and blackmails her - he forces her to document his life story. "White Angel", according to director Chris Jones, was an attempt to portray a different sort of serial killer. Well, fair enough, Steckler isn't quite Henry (as in "Portrait"), but he flounders about in a dress, because - as we all know by now - serial killers are by definition transvestites, aren't they? The lines are laughable, Peter Firth is tolerable as the White Angel (so-called because he ONLY EVER kills blonde women .. and ONLY when they're dressed COMPLETELY in white - talk about being picky), but Harriet Robinson, struggling to be gutsy as Ellen, is quite simply appalling. There is however a priceless scene (you'd only agree if you found "Man Bites Dog" funny) in which Leslie stabs his wife to death over a salmon sandwich.



Bloody good shot ... another gangster bites the dust in "Sonatine"

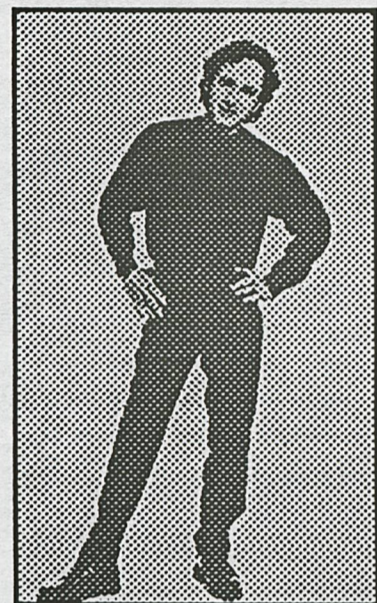


Jeff Bridges, on top of a tall building contemplating his immortality.

Talk dirty to me!

Nick Fletcher

If comedy is the new rock 'n' roll (which I hope it isn't) then 'Filth!', the recent charity night at Sadler's Wells was the equivalent of Live Aid (well, not really, but you get the gist). In aid of the Terence Higgins Trust, the best in British comedy offered their serv-



Jeff Green

ices for free to prove why this scene is becoming so popular. The evening consisted of two shows, with each act having around ten minutes for their own comments about sex. No doubt the first show was great, but I couldn't afford both so it's the second I'm going to ramble on about. The real highlight of the night was the fact the nobody else is going to see this kind of line-up again this year. Compered admirably by Mark Lamarr, the only saving grace of Channel 4's 'The Word', the show kicked off with Rhona Cameron and featured the delights of Mark Thomas, Spitting Image, Raw Sex (aka Rowland Rivron and Simon Brint), Greg Proops (of 'Whose Line Is It Anyway?'), Eddie Izzard, Steve Coogan (as Pauline Calf), Jo Brand and Julian Clary.

Given the topic of sex, all the acts tonight were in their element, using tried and tested material (ever seen a stand-up who doesn't mention sex?).



Eddie Izzard

This all but guaranteed a hugely successful night, but special mention must go to Mark Thomas for his entirely honest revelations about what he gets up to underneath the sheets and Eddie Izzard who keeps getting funnier. Yet it was the end of the show that will be remembered; another

piece of the AIDS quilt was displayed over the stage as singer Tom Robinson dedicated his most famous tune to the memory of his friend who had died of the disease just two weeks previously. It was a truly moving moment as the cast went into the audience collecting donations. The idea

of using laughter to raise money for charity is not a new idea, but it is by far one of the most successful. Those who left Sadler's Wells last week enjoyed one of the funniest nights of the year but also one of the most moving, many left not in tears of laughter but sorrow. I hope it doesn't sound tacky, but the book and video of Filth will be out later in the year, if you want to enjoy some laughs and contribute to the fight against AIDS, buy both.



Mark Thomas

It's a queer world we live in

The Beaver covers the 8th Lesbian and Gay festival and goes absolutely wild!

Danny Silverstone & Dennis Lim

"Wild Things!", the Lesbian & Gay Film Festival, was on at the NFT recently and for the 8th year running, brought with it a diverse mix of features, shorts and documentaries.

The most engrossing documentary was "One Nation Under God", an exploration of people's attempts to cure society of the gay 'disease'. Most psychologists have finally stopped defining homosexuality as curable and the most overtly prejudiced group appear to be evangelical Christians. These groups, consisting of 'ex-gays', sit entertainingly in front of the camera vehemently denying their sexuality with a hysterical dogged sincerity. In amongst the lunatics are also voices of ordinary men and women traumatized by their repressive therapy. It is their revelations which give the documentary a poignancy which would shatter the complacency of any audience convinced that prejudice has finally been exploded.

"Zero Patience" also tackles 20th-century science, again revealing it to be enslaved to anachronistic principles and dubious political programmes. The story uncovers how the spread of AIDS



Alexis Arquette (left) and Craig Chester in Richard Glatzer's "Grief"

in America was blamed erroneously on a Canadian air steward. Though it attempts to popularize its subject with campy songs and upbeat humour, there isn't enough to sustain it for a hundred minutes.

"Pink Narcissus", made anonymously, is a work of sexual fantasy billed as 'a landmark at the juncture of the gay underground tradition and the gay porno industry'. Also advertised in the programme as 'mixing S&M with come shots...' - which is probably what drew the hordes in. The fantasy sequences had great potential,

but the direction proved too diffused to produce any outstanding moments and any sexual tension generated quickly dissipated. Greatly overrated - the superficial sensuality disguises a deeper vacuity.

"Sandra Bernhard - Confession Of A Pretty Lady", made for BBC2's Arena, but still not broadcast (I wonder why), is an engaging documentary featuring interviews with the comedienne herself and many others - the biggest names being Martin Scorsese and Camille Paglia. Before the film, however, was the evening's high-

light - a Sandi Lookalike Competition, possessed of a delightfully nightmarish quality. One contestant would have won it hands down had it been a Barbra Streisand competition, another had a colourful plastic penis strapped to her crotch, but predictably enough, it was won by a man bearing little physical resemblance to Miss Bernhard, but who probably clinched the title by virtue of a highly ridiculous strut and - more importantly - the ability to deliver the ghouliest imaginable version of "Fever". Huge fun. "Neo Homo Promo" was a

string of film trailers (all with homosexual connotations) from the past fifteen years. A fairly comprehensive selection - from mainstream films which portrayed lesbians as crazed icepick-wielding killers ("Basic Instinct") and gay men as asexual ("Philadelphia") to rather more representative independent ones ("Claire Of The Moon", "Longtime Companion"). A participative audience helped - I certainly don't remember Barbra Streisand in "Yentl" being this hysterically funny.

The find of the festival, though, was indisputably the closing-night film, Richard Glatzer's "Grief", a genuinely touching, wonderfully funny film about 'loss, lust, and bad TV', all the more remarkable in that it was Glatzer's first film.

Away from the constricting conservative glare of Hollywood, films can be produced with full creative licence. Still the lack of critical control displayed in some of these year's films at the festival did spoil some potentially excellent concepts. But all credit to the programmers for coming up with an adventurous mix of films. The festival can only be good news for lesbians and gay men. Long gone are the shame and fear - these films could only have been made by a proud, angry and celebratory community.

Y Viva Espana

Ron Voce

The first major exhibition to be held in London for nearly 30 years of the work of Francisco Goya (1746-1828) opens at the Royal Academy of Arts on 17th March, until 12 June. The exhibition is being organised in association with "The Times" and consists of some one hundred small-scale paintings, which survey Goya's entire career.

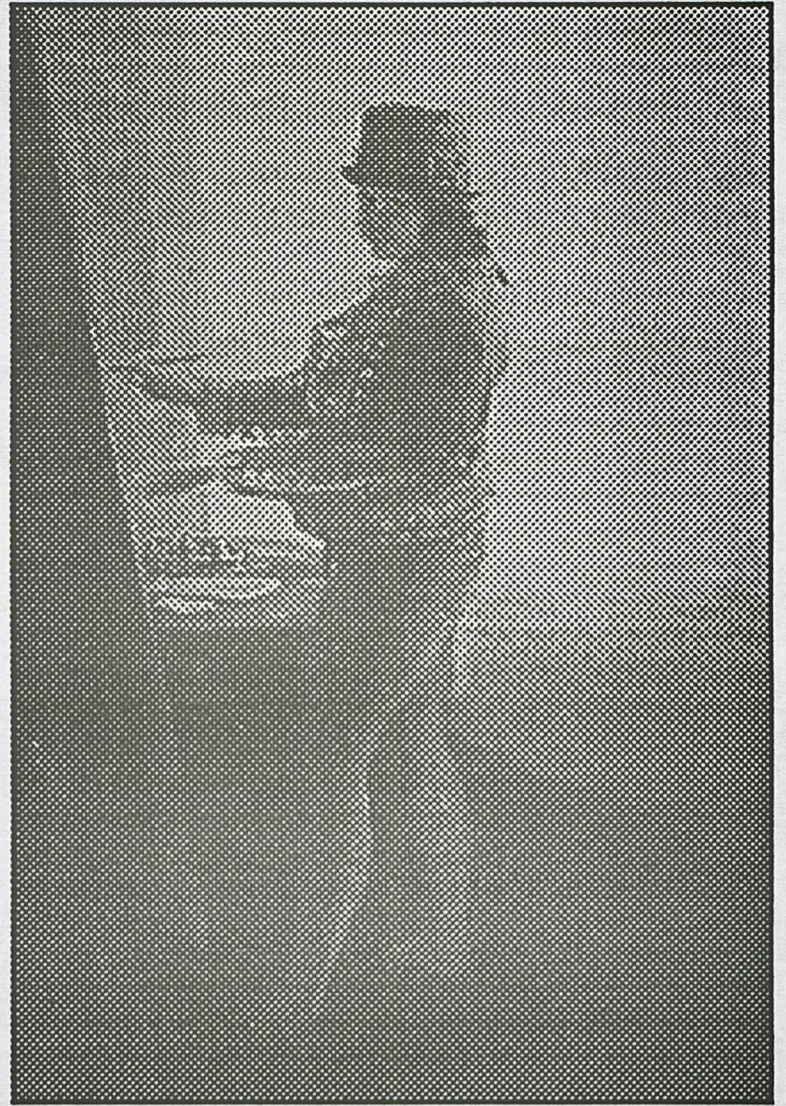
The exhibition encompasses a wide range of subjects and these exceptional works include the surviving oil paintings produced by Goya for the Royal Tapestry Factory. These were translated by weavers into decorative hangings for the royal palaces. It is here that the artist, for the first time, brings his own personal vision of Spanish life and customs to his painting. In addition the exhibition includes

many of Goya's portraits. The exquisite equestrian portrait of Maria Theresa de Vallabriga of 1783 and the remarkable self-portraits of the 1790s, including the celebrated image of the artist working in his studio, will be on show together with a series of lively miniature portraits painted on copper of Goya's family. Made in 1805-6 and now scattered, these will be reunited for the first time since they were sold by the artist's heirs.

The title of the exhibition is taken from a letter written by Goya to the Vice-Protector of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Madrid of which he became a member in 1785. He had just recovered from a near-fatal illness that left him stone deaf at the age of forty-six, and he wrote of a series of small pictures in which he had been able to give free rein to his 'capricho [fantasy] and invention'.

After 1800, many of Goya's friends, were imprisoned or exiled and he expressed his anxieties and foreboding in small scenes of violence, prison scenes and executions. Napoleon's forces entered Spain in 1807 and, after the Spanish people rose in revolt against foreign domination, he painted two small, intensely dramatic pictures of Spanish guerrillas in their mountain hideouts. At the same time he began work on his etchings of the Disasters of War.

In the last years of his life, when he was living in exile in Bordeaux, Goya painted an extraordinary series of miniatures on ivory which demonstrate that his powers of capricho and invention continued to develop to the very end of his life. So if you've had enough of revising at home or in the library over the five week break take a stroll along Piccadilly to the Royal Academy and get a good look at some Goya.



Self-Portrait, c.1790-95. Reproduced by permission

Getting away with It ?

Neil Andrews

Let's get a few things straight: the umpteenth law of physics states that you should never mess with a classic unless you're absolutely sure that you can make a better version. Alec Baldwin is no Steve McQueen by any stretch of the imagination, and Kim Basinger is not a convincing improvement on Ali MacGraw (although you do see her in her birthday suit - three times!!!!). Having said all that, "The Getaway", a remake of Sam Peckinpah's classic from 1972, isn't a bad movie.

The film centres around Doc McCoy (Baldwin), a professional safe blagger, his voluptuous wife (Basinger) and their involvement in a successful heist of a dog track on behalf of respectable villain James Woods. Everything in the garden is rosy until one of the gang is bumped off by the obligatory crazed member of the outfit (Michael Madsen, repeating his role in "Reservoir Dogs"). Madsen then tries to blow away Baldwin but Baldwin gets in first with his shooter. One dead gangster. Or so we think until we discover that Mr Blonde is actually Lazarus in disguise. Having been shot four times, he stands up and takes off his shirt to reveal one bullet-proof vest. One alive, very pissed-off gangster.

Meanwhile, the two love birds are having their own problems. Basinger, shall we say, has been less than faithful, Baldwin can't come to terms with it and James Woods gets shot dead in the fallout. They then decamp for Mexico with the money, where it all comes to a head in a small El Paso hotel. Not only does poor old Alec have to deal with a rampaging Madsen who has trailed him across Central America but he also has to face James Woods' right-hand man who wants the stolen cash for himself. Needless to say mayhem erupts. And that's basically the whole film. Add in a bit of gratuitous violence, footage of Kim and Alec bonking, a few one-liners, and the film's complete.

The picture is really let down by the cast insofar as they deliver nothing new: Alec Baldwin simply plays Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger just pouts and looks pretty. To conclude then, "The Getaway" is an entertaining way to pass a couple of hours. The climax is excellent and the one-liners are funny, but if the original version crops up on telly while this one is doing the rounds at your local flea-pit, save yourself the entrance fee and watch Steve McQueen in all his glory. Then again, if you do that, you might not run into Nick Cave like I did. Small world, innit?

One step forward, two steps back

Danny Silverstone

Advertised by Harper Collins as the strangest book you will ever read, "Only Forward" starts unnervingly with a quotation from Tori Amos and begins for proper with a couple of intriguing pages. However it then sinks into a mire of inanity and even one arresting idea towards the end cannot rescue it. In an attempt to combine the creativity of the "The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy" with the humour of Ben Elton's "Stark" Smith has produced neither. All the jokes about science fiction being the ref-

uge of maladjusted males ring true. Smith, a Cambridge graduate, who according to the author's biography 'plays several instruments badly and wishes he could keep a cat' has invented Stark, a chain-smoking hero of unsurpassed physical prowess who bestrides a future world of infinite danger while also being sensitive, emotional, brilliant, brave.... and lest I forget, he gets the girl. A bit of wish-fulfilment there, perhaps? Every cliché is included - numerous close escapes, lethal baddies and lots of ultra-violence, right down to the characters with silly names like Snedd or Zenda.

This banality is partially

mitigated by the sheer scale of his petty inventiveness which fills the book with oddities such as colour-responsive buildings, over-achieving neighbourhoods and super-intelligent cats. Unfortunately you still have to contend with the prose, full of poor student humour and annoying asides to watch out for twists in the plot. This unique mixture of chipper student colloquialisms and smug arrogance 'I knew what I was talking about, I usually do' is monumentally irritating. Do not be beguiled by the advertising, the only 'strange' thing about this book is that it was ever published.

You fat bastard!

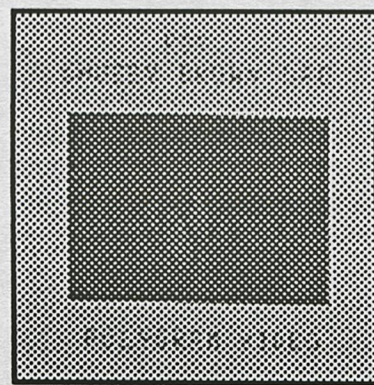
After a short run in the nations picture houses, Britain's most popular comic, Roy "Chubby" Brown's feature film UFO is coming out on a Polygram Video on May 18th.

With Roy "Chubby" Brown's last 3 "helmet" videos selling in excess of 600,000, Roy expects this one to do as well.

The Beaver has two tickets to give away to a Roy "Chubby" Brown show in Blackpool on the weekend of July 2nd. You have to

provide accommodation and transport.

But to win you have to answer the simple question



and hand the answer into the Beaver office before the end of May. The question is what does UFO stand for? Simple or what!

Unfortunately we are unable to show this picture in The Beaver on the grounds that it is possibly against the LSESU constitution. If you wish to see UFO and Roy "Chubby" Brown in all his glory buy the video and let all the pretences of PC go out of the window. Go on you know you want to!

The LSESU Shop announces its new Exam Opening Hours

To avoid those last minute panics. The shop will be open from 9.45 am from Monday 23rd May till the end of the exams

From Monday 23rd May, the F.T. will be available at 13p on a subscription basis only. Ask at the LSESU Shop for details

Postgrad. or mature students required for reception work in the Welfare and Housing Office

We need reliable workers with some relevant experience for regular work each week from mid August to November onwards. Applicants must be sensitive to the problems of students using the office, and be able to remain calm during hectic periods and when callers to the office may be anxious or distressed.

The duties will be mainly be reception and telephone work; applicant will NOT be required to give professional advice. Neat handwriting and a good command of the English are essential. A good knowledge of LSE would be an advantage.

Application forms are available from the Welfare and Housing Office, Room E297.

Applications will only be accepted from REGISTERED LSE STUDENTS.

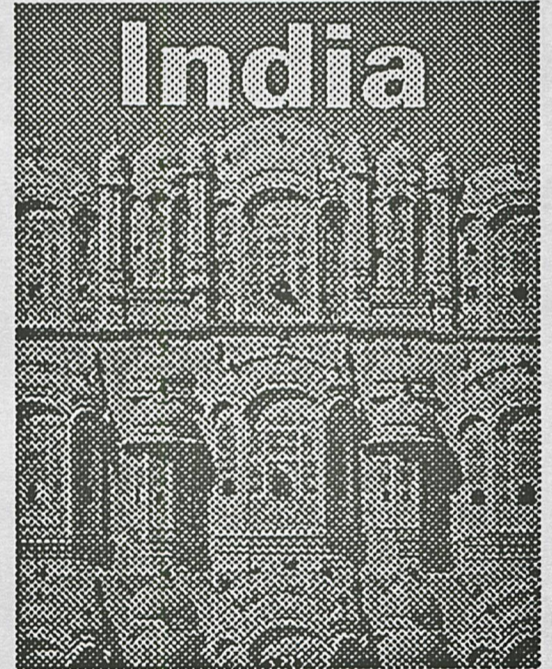
Playgroup Cancellation

We are sorry to inform students and staff that the half term playgroup has been suspended until further notice.

This is due to recently imposed Government regulations which mean we are unable to meet the necessary legal requirements to provide a day care service. We apologise for any inconvenience this may cause.

SU Welfare and Housing Office

Travel Competition



OK, it's competition time and with the exams coming up you may want to be deciding where to go during the summer. We have five Lonely Planet travel guides to give away - just answer the questions below, correctly of course!

You can also subscribe to the Lonely Planet free quarterly newsletter, which is full of tips for budding travellers, by writing to them at:

The Barley Mow Centre, 10 Barley Mow Passage, Chiswick, London W4 4PA

Telephone: 081 742 3161

What language is spoken in Papua New Guinea ?

Machu Piccho is the best known archaeological site of which South American Country?

What building is featured on the cover of the Lonely Planet India Travel Survival Kit?

Cut out this form and send it or take it to E197, The Beaver Office before the start of the exams.

Please leave a phone number, just in case you win?

A shining star in a sea of apathy

The Graham Taylor Coaching Manual: A Blueprint for the Common Game

Frank and Walters

Many footballing experts will tell you that soccer is a game of two halves. To a certain extent this fact is true, but I believe football is game of ninety minutes with a ten minute recess for oranges and cups of tea. After your team has run out onto the pitch, it is out of your hands. You can plan all you like, but players can make mistakes. They can forget that a game lasts ninety minutes or they can refuse a segment of orange and when that happens it's the manager that's got to pick up the pieces. Therefore I intend to begin this manual by starting with the basics - namely, your team.

The Team

It is very important that your team consists of eleven players. Any less and you'll find yourself left wanting on the pitch. Any more and you'll be accused of cheating. Take a tip from me - the best way of making sure that you've got enough players is to number their shirts one to eleven then tick each number off the team sheet at the back of the match day programme as they run out onto the pitch. Simple, eh? Be warned however - if you qualify for a major soccer tournament then you'll be forced to number your squad one to twenty two. Luckily, I got around this problem by not qualifying, but football is full of such pitfalls waiting to trip you up so take care out there.

The Goalkeeper

The most important attributes you should look for in a keeper are, 1) The ability to boot the ball upfield as far as possible; 2) The ability to grow a silly moustache, and 3) The inability to stop free kicks and shots from part time continental players and reaching into the back of the net. Of course, it's an added bonus if your goalkeeper wears gloves.

The Right Back

The role of the defender has changed over the years and now it is considered technically correct to install a



player who can run up and down the line for the full ninety minutes without tiring. Other functions include 1) Being able to cross the ball straight into the hands of the opponents goalkeeper; 2) Having a phobia that prevents them from tackling; 3) Playing on a weekly basis for Arsenal, and 4) Being able to shout at the goalkeeper at will. A right back must, of course, be no taller than 5' 5", other wise your goalkeeper won't be able to see the ball fly off an opponents head at the near post from a corner kick.

The Left Back

A left sided full back must be the complete opposite of his right sided counterpart - this is one of the rules laid down by the PFA and therefore out of the hands of the managers. Therefore, if the right back does all the running down the right flank, the left back must simply stand on the halfway line and kick the living daylights out of anything that comes near him - namely the ball, the wing, the referee, the linesman, Matthew Lorenzo, any of his team mates. Other important attributes include 1) a powerful left foot shot; 2) a nickname proving how hard he is - i.e. Psycho,

Nutter, Mental, Concrete, Algebra etc.; 3) A very short haircut, and 4) an ability to shout at the goalkeeper.

The Centre Back

A centre back must look, act, run, talk and kick like a donkey. If he doesn't thump the ball into the crowd for no apparent reason at least once during a game then he is not worth his weight in salt. The main functions of the centre back are 1) Not to think and 2) to shout at the goalkeeper. If you play with two centre backs then their total IQ must not exceed 35.

The Sweeper

Now, most continental teams employ a sweeper in order to clean up at the back. I believe this undermines the players ability. I believe a sweeper should operate just behind the midfield up front. A good way of ensuring the success of such a formation is not to practice it in training and to select your chosen libero moments before they go out onto the pitch. Your sweeper must possess the following characteristics: 1) Greased back hair; 2) An ability to run about the pitch but

actually look like he's doing something, and 3) The ability to shout at the goalkeeper.

The Midfield General

This is the man with a mission and that mission is to run around and look hard. Your Midfield General must possess the following characteristics: 1) Longish hair; 2) the ability to go in hard; 3) the ability to get into fights at any given moment in time; 4) an uncanny knack of getting booked, and 5) the ability to shout at the goalkeeper.

The Playmaker

Is the pin up boy of the side, in other words, he's a fanny merchant. He will gee the team up and encourage them on the pitch and at the end of the game he will run around telling everyone that as long as they've enjoyed the game then it's been worthwhile. His most important virtues are 1) He thinks he's good looking; 2) He can pull the birds; 3) He won't actually do anything on the pitch, and 4) the ability to shout at the goalkeeper.

The Winger

The winger is often the member of the team that can run the fastest. If he can run with the ball then that's an advantage. A winger should possess the following 1) Fast legs; 2) Football boots, and 3) an ability to shout at the goalkeeper.

The Centre Forward

A centre forward should be the laziest member of the squad. He expects the ball to be played at his feet because running into space is too much effort. His shooting prowess should be a touch on the dodgy side in order to give his side an excuse of "if only...". His main attributes are 1) A beer gut; 2) An impressive lazy side of his personality; 3) Two left feet; 4) the ability to moan at anyone who doesn't place the ball at his feet; 5) An inversion to defending, and 6) the ability to shout at the goalkeeper.

The Striker:

Unlike the centre forward, a striker works for his pay - running into space and creating goal scoring opportunities. He is a match winner. Your ideal striker would possess the following characteristics 1) A charming, oily-like personality; 2) An ego that's as large as the largest thing you can think of; 3) A touch for goals, and 4) the ability to shout at the goalkeeper.

The Spare Man:

Every team should have a spare man. A man who can fill any gap at will in order to produce the best for his side. In other words, he's a spare spanner. His characteristics should include 1) an inability to perform a certified role in a game; 2) an inability to hold down a regular team place; 3) A phone - so you can ring him up and get him to come over to the ground and deputize for anyone who doesn't turn up, and 4) being able to shout at the goalkeeper at will.

A shining star in a sea of apathy

Football sayings, cliches and other words of wisdom

Pat Van Den Hauwe
Appreciation Society

Caught square at the back', 'Pulled out of shape in the middle', 'Comfortable on the ball' - What on earth do they mean? Do commentators simply make them up in order to give you, the viewer, an impression that he knows what he is talking about? I, and I alone, know what they're really talking about.

Caught Square
at the Back

A common phrase that was first heard in England in the 1960s. In those days Britain was a very "swinging" place with "pop" combos such as the Beatles and Freddie and the Dreamers playing on every street corner. Fashion was very important to the "hip" young "cats" and "chicks" who followed soccer and, of course, anyone who didn't dress in trendy clothes was considered "uncool" or "square". Naturally, this went for the players on the pitch too. Football teams were said to be "square at the back" if their defenders had teddy boy haircuts, baggy shorts and whacking great shinpads. Fashions have changed since those days of course, and now baggy shorts are all the rage. Luckily TV commentators such as Alan Hansen and Brian Moore are also top fashion experts, so they are able to pick out teams whose defenders are not wearing the latest styles and tell us instantly that, "they've been caught square at the back". A related phrase is "square ball". This refers to an unfashionable pass usually made by older players such as Ray Wilkins.

Pulled Out of Shape
in the Middle

"Pulled out of shape in the middle' also came about through the winds of change. During the 1970s the big football kit manufacturers started making their shirts out of nylon instead of traditional cotton. As a result these shirts tended to stretch with repeated washing and go all loose and floppy round the waist. Teams who wore an old kit were easily spotted by the clothes conscious TV experts who told us that they had been "pulled out of shape in the middle". Luckily football clubs change their kits more regularly these days, so the problem does not arise so often.

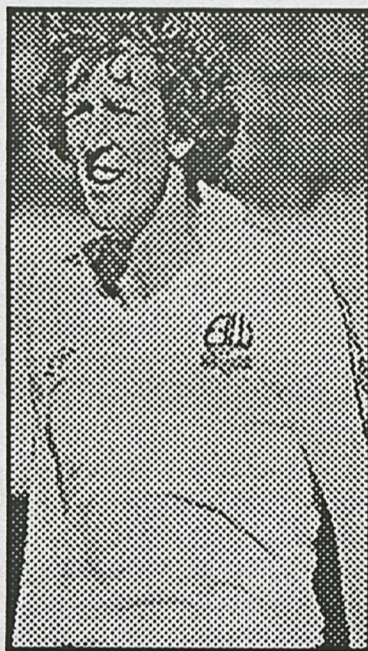
Comfortable on the Ball

"Comfortable on the ball' is an interesting

phrase which refers back to the "old days". In the past, as your parents have probably told you, everyone was much poorer than they are today and they couldn't afford to buy anything. Chairs, certainly, were in short supply. As a result people used to sit on lumps of coal, piles of old cornflakes and anything else that came to hand. The nicest thing to sit on though was a leather football - it was "comfortable on the ball". As a result the person who had the football liked to keep it for themselves and not give it away to anyone else. Which is why today the phrase is used to describe players who hang on to the ball for long periods rather than hoofing it up the field to an opponent.

Caught on the Ball

The 'Seventies were also responsible for the phrase 'caught on the ball' - but instead of fashion being the impetus, TV proved to be



Alan Gowling - On the Ball

the sperm that gave fruit to the egg. During this sporting heyday there were two Saturday sports shows: Grandstand - the sportsman's sports programme - and World of Sport - Granny's afternoon in, watching the wrestling with the typists in the crap jump suits. Of course, both shows had their own football slots. Grandstand had, and still has, Football Focus, but World of Sport had 'On The Ball'. Of course, 'On The Ball' was no where near as prodigious as it's rival so it used to have to scrape the barrel when it came to interviewing the top stars of the day. Instead of getting the likes of Dalglish and Keegan, they interviewed Mickey Droy and Alan Gowling. Appearances on the show could prove to be embarrassing for such players who were ridiculed up and the down the country for being 'Caught On The Ball'. Not to be confused with 'Com-

fortable on the Ball' because, of course, no one could be comfortable on the ball.

Spinning on a Sixpence

An interesting phrase was first used way back in the early 'Fifties when Tommy Steele played Inside Right for Huddersfield Town. Tommy, who went on to enjoy a very lucrative singing career thanks to hits such as 'Little White Bull' and 'Tallahassee Lassie', used the warm up for big games by singing carols to his team mates. One week, however, Tommy decided to make his performance more light hearted by singing while standing on the manager's wallet which led Huddersfield's Outside Right, Stan Weaver, to comment "Tommy's singing on a sixpence". But thanks to a misprint in the Northern Ghetto (Incorporating The Daily Whippet), everyone thought Tommy was spinning on a sixpence in the penalty area and naturally thought it had something to do with the way he played the game, hence "Spinning on a sixpence".

Plugging the Gaps

"Plugging the gaps" is a throwback to the days of yore when the Industrial Revolution was in full swing. Football was in it's early, infant days and players held down regular jobs as well as gracing the field. One such team was the Lancashire outfit Newton Heath. Every member of the squad worked in the construction industry and went around the country plugging gaps in places as far apart as Cumberland and Watford. Anyway, because their work involved travelling up and down the country the team often found themselves a player short come match day. In order to combat this, Newton Heath hit upon the idea of buying the best players from other teams so they could "plug the gaps" in their squad. Hence, the saying "buying success".

Where's Your
Treble Gone?

"Where's your treble gone?" is a newcomer to the football terraces and concerns Manchester United's failure to win all three domestic trophies following their European Cup exit at the hands of Turkish outfit Galatasaray. Phrases which are distant relatives to this chant include "Your so shit it's unbelievable, He's French, he's shit, he's never on the pitch - Cantona, Cantona" and the classic "The Famous Man Utd went to Rome to see the Pope"

No Score

(after extra-time)

In December 1967, Leeds United's goalkeeper, Gary Sprake, managed to put the ball in the back of his own net through a master stroke that even the most optimistic opposition supporter could not have foreseen. Sprake's five star effort came about during Leeds' top of the table clash with Liverpool. After 44 minutes, Liverpool were winning 1-0. Sprake gathered the ball, went to throw it to one his players but didn't let go. The ball curled straight into his own net with the hapless goalkeeper looking on. Liverpool's famous 'Kop' immediately broke into a rendering of the Des O'Connor hit 'Careless Hands'.

10 Stupid Ways to Cheat in Exams

1. Use an ex-WWII U-boat periscope to see the answers of the candidate sitting directly in front of you
2. Take all your textbooks into the exam hall, hidden up your jumper
3. Communicate with a friend outside the exam hall by means of a mobile phone
4. Write the answers in reverse on your tongue in water proof ink. When you need to see them, stick your tongue out and look in a hand mirror
5. Find out who's setting the paper and employ a team of private detectives to follow them around for a while until they dig up some dirt. Then threaten blackmail unless you're supplied with the answers
6. Make all your textbooks invisible so you can carry them into the exam hall without arousing suspicion
7. Have your course notes tattooed all down your legs. When you need to check an answer, just remove your trousers or stockings
8. Develop your latent psychic powers until you're able to read the mind of the class swot sitting 12 desks away
9. Travel forwards in time and talk to yourself coming out of the exam hall to find out what the questions were
10. Put down the first answer that comes into your head, then change reality to match your answers

"We have nothing against sport" said the Commander of the German occupying forces in Kiev, 1942, "just the opposite, in fact..." Kiev then beat the Germany army 6-0 in a 'friendly' football match and were promptly led away by a firing squad.

6 Things the Japanese Kill Which The West Think They Shouldn't

1. Whales
2. Dolphins
3. Porpoises
4. Anything else that is endangered
5. The Western electronics industry
6. Any concept of fair trading practices

Mexican goalkeeper Amador Madero was warned by his colleagues not to argue with the opposing centre forward, Eusebio Rosas, about the goal he had just scored during an amateur match in Mexico City in January 1974, but he didn't listen. Rosas rushed to the touchline, produced a pistol, and and shot the poor goalie dead.

One Newspaper Named After Something with an Internal Temperature of 35, 000, 000°C

1. The Sun

No Score (after extra time)
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