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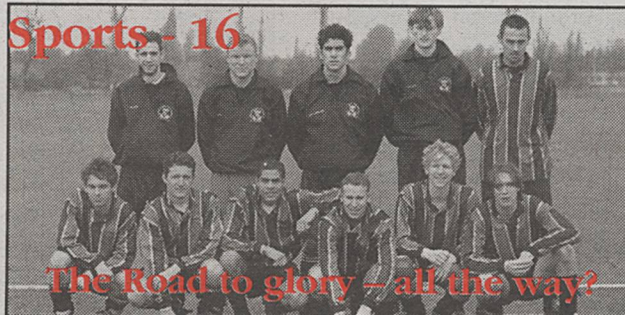
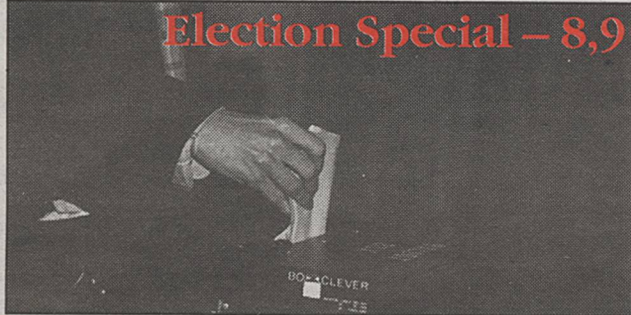
The BEAVER

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

Issue 439

February 27, 1996

First published May 5, 1949

Election Special – 8,9 Sports – 16**The Road to glory – all the way?****Features – 6**

Bomb rocks LSE

Mathieu Robbins

An IRA bomb exploded a hundred yards from the LSE at 10.38pm on Sunday February 18. The bomb, at the junction of the Strand and Aldwych, killed one and injured nine. The device was being transported on a double-decker bus by a terrorist when it is thought to have mistakenly gone off, killing an IRA man.

It is the third such device planted in London since the IRA announced a suspension of its ceasefire on February 8. Traffic was interrupted for two days subsequent to the blast as immediate area around the explosion was cordoned off.

Repairs took place at local businesses damaged by the detonation and police searched the area for possible clues. The mangled wreckage of the bus was eventually removed at around 2pm on Tuesday February, 20.

The Head of LSE Security, Bernard Taffs, who served in the Metropolitan Police from 1958 to 1995, was closely involved in the police responses to the Harrods and Inglis Barracks bombings.

When asked about what procedures should be followed in the event of a suspect package being found at the School, he said that while the risk of a bombing at the School was extremely remote, students should still know how to react in the event of an alert.

The main danger for the School is less of being a target in itself – the IRA has so far refrained from attacking schools or universities – than of being hit by peripheral damage from a blast in the area.

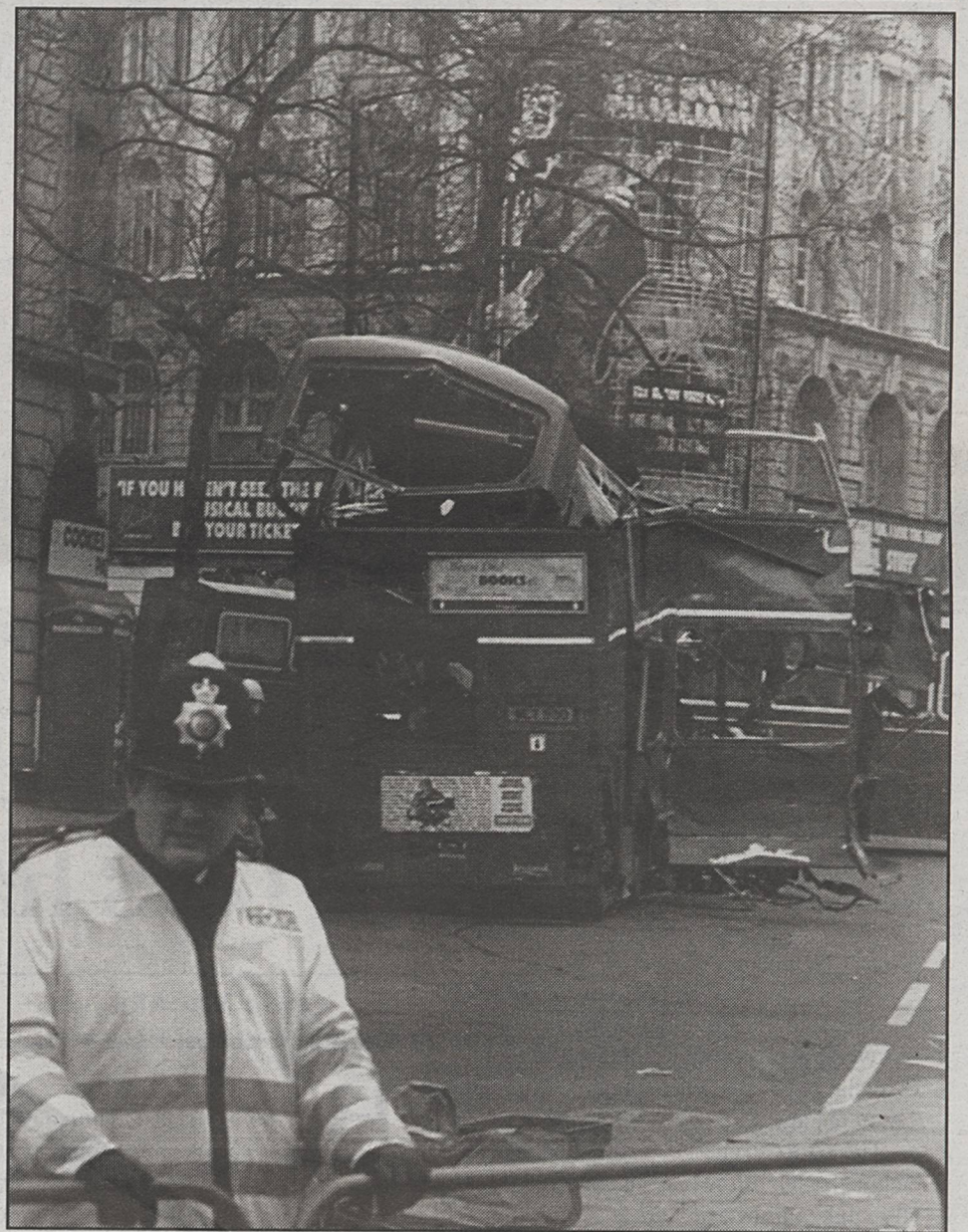
The issue of School security in the face of renewed terrorism was brought up at an extraordinary meeting of the heads of Services Departments on February 19. The advice given is as follows: “Students should first of all take shelter. This means getting as far away from windows or the outside of the buildings as possible. People should NOT run out of the School buildings, as this might take them into the area of the blast.

“The centre of the building, windowless corridors or enclosed rooms such as squash courts are ideal places of shelter. Clothes should be loosened as an explosion can cause a state of shock which in turn can induce breathing difficulties if clothes are worn too tight.

“Also, students should look out for the disabled who might need help or friends or colleagues who might be oblivious to the situation (those alone in small rooms or listening to a walkman, for example).

“Finally, students should in all circumstances refrain from making quick rash decisions such as spreading unsubstantiated rumours of an ‘all clear’.”

The school is also, it was revealed, working on a special warning system for use in the case of any such alert so as not to cause confusion with the fire alarm.



The wreckage of the bus: a minute away from the LSE

Photo: Erik Wernevi

High fees help?

**Peter Udeshi
News Editor**

The LSE has been accused of discriminating against home students applying for Master's degrees. It is claimed in an article in the last issue of LSE Labour News that in order to maximise revenue, quotas are set for “low fee” (ie home and EU) students on each Master's Course.

The reiteration to selectors that high fee student targets must be “hit”, in a report by the Academic Planning and Resources Committee (APRC) to the Academic Board, further adds to concern of discrimination. However, this may be misinterpreted as the reason for including this warning is to ensure that over-recruitment rather than under-recruitment of targets will occur.

Continued on page 2

Ashworth's heir Bourn not apparent

LSE's preferred choice for Director backs out

**James Brown
News Editor**

Sir John Bourn, who was chosen to succeed John Ashworth as Director of the School, has turned down the chance for “personal reasons”. He is to remain in his position of Comptroller and Auditor General, the head of the National Audit Office.

His decision has surprised the School as Sir John had indicated that he would accept the offer subject to the procedures governing the departure of an officer of the House of Commons. The Standing Committee of the Court of Governors expressed its “disappointment” at the news, but did not recon-

vene the Selection Committee that made the original choice. This decision has been left for the next meeting of the full Court of Governors on March 14.

The School therefore faces the prospect of starting the first year of its second century without a Director. Dr Ashworth is unable to continue after September as he has been appointed as the next chairman of the British Library and it is unlikely that any successor, once chosen, would be able to start so soon.

In this event, described by the Standing Committee as “likely”, the constitution of the School stipulates that the Pro-Director should take over.

Kate Hampton, LSESU General Secretary, described the situation as “farcical”,

and said that the student body did not seem to be upset by Sir John's decision, citing concern over the offer of a £125,000 salary package; “he was not very popular from the start”.

However, Hampton welcomed the chance to put pressure on the School to change the selection procedure. “It is too secretive at the moment, and I feel strongly that students should have more of a say.”

It is likely that the selection procedure will be changed before the process choosing a new candidate begins. Many members of the Court of Governors and the Selection Committee had suggested possible improvements before the announcement last week. Any proposals will be considered at the next Court of Governors meeting.

Discrimination

Continued from page one

The Pro-Director of the School, Professor Leslie Hannah, argues that government guidelines that limit home student places at both graduate and undergraduate levels are enforced by the Higher Education Funding Council for England and Wales. The LSE cannot admit more home students than it now does. At present the ratio of home to overseas student is 1:1 and it is important that this balance be kept in the following years. The Academic Board has decided to review departments every four years to reassess student recruitment targets.

Since 1993 departments and institutions of the School have if they wish been able to charge Intermediate fees to Home/EU students taking taught postgraduate programmes. Last June the APRC reported to the Board that Intermediate fees should be charged as a school norm, as an essential contribution to the future financial well-being of the School.

The APRC confirms in the report that it has no plans to compel departments to move to standard fees but it did recommend that standard fees be charged by all departments from 1997, except for those who have requested an "opt-out".

Kate Hampton LSESU General Secretary says, "it is very difficult to say whether or not home students are being discriminated against." She claims there is "no evidence the School is refusing academically qualified students."

Due to the continuous expansion of the School there have never been so many home students or indeed overseas students enrolled in the LSE as there are today.

If the number of home students the LSE is permitted to give a place to is exceeded by a small percentage, the School is fined because the Government does not want to increase its expenditure on Higher Education.

The Pro-Director admits that it is an "entirely truthful allegation" that the LSE is taking more overseas students, but the "idea that a different set of standards" apply is "clearly wrong".

He cautions that the LSE must not think that increasing the number of high fee paying overseas students will solve the School's financial problems. Fee equalisation is not yet on the agenda.

The APRC has asked for an analysis to be undertaken of the reasons for the unusually high number of "no shows" among overseas students who accepted offers this year. Kate Hampton queries whether fees have reached their "upper limit".

The target for full time overseas postgraduate students on taught courses has been confirmed for 1996 at 1160. This does not reflect any change in policy and is also the target figure for subsequent years.

Election Times
Wed. 28th Feb.

In front of Old Theatre
11:45-1:15p.m.

Rosebery Ave 5:00-5:45p.m.

Carr-Saunders 6:30-7:15p.m.

Passfield Hall 7:45-8:30p.m.

High Holborn 8:40-9:10p.m.

Butlers Wharf 9:30-10:15p.m.

Thursday 29th Feb.

In front of Old Theatre
9:30-10:15a.m.

Senior judge enters Scott row

Richard Hearnden

A senior High Court judge entered the debate over the Scott Report, which was released earlier this month. Sir Thomas Bingham, Master of the Rolls, attacked the power exercised by ministers which led to the arms-to-Iraq scandal.

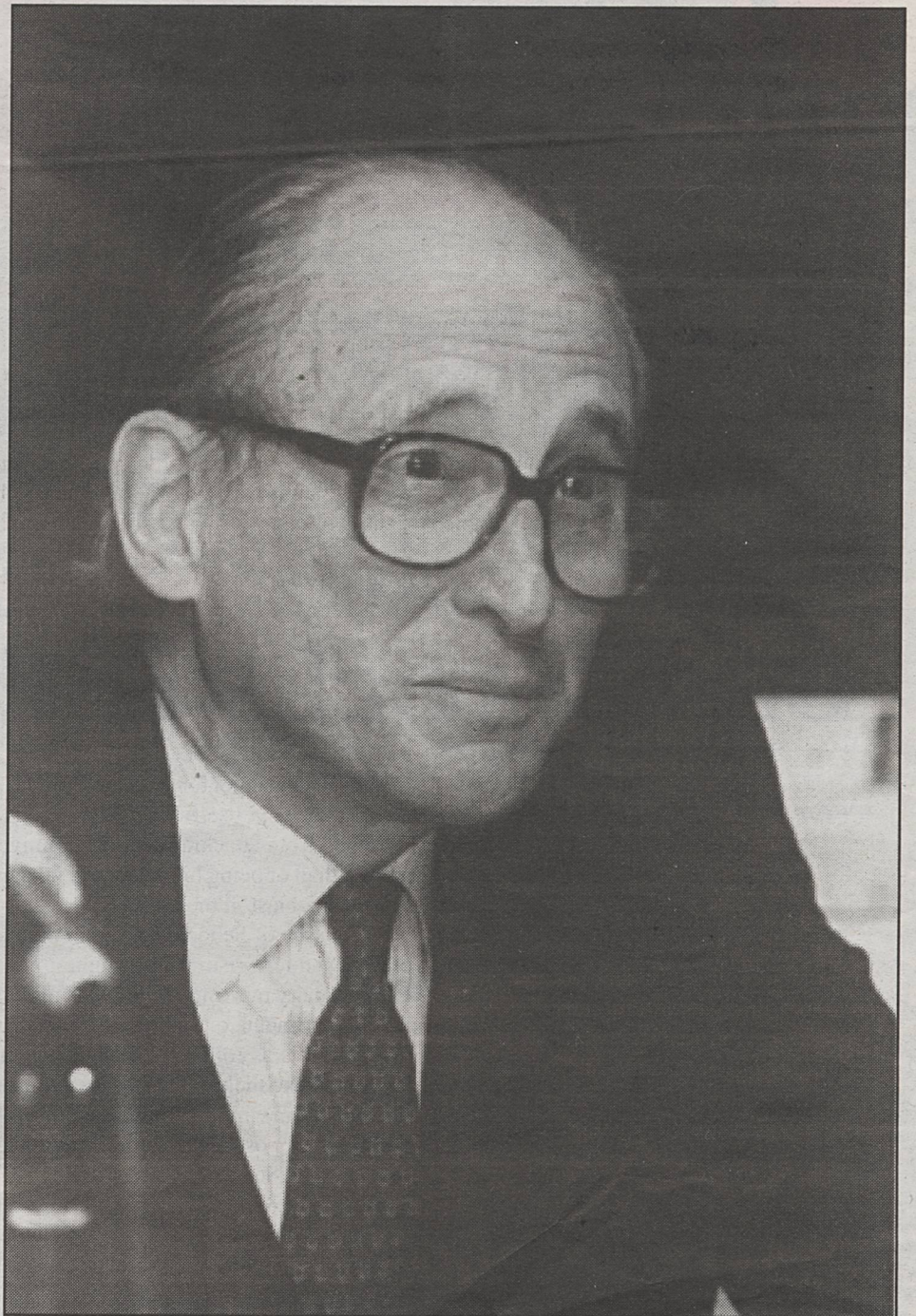
Speaking at a meeting of the LSE Lawyers' Group, last Monday, Sir Thomas was strongly critical of ministerial powers. Such powers allowed the government to change the guidelines determining what goods could not be exported to Iraq and to use Public Interest Immunity certificates (PII's) to hide those facts at the Matrix Churchill trial. The collapse of the trial in 1993 led to the commissioning of the Scott Inquiry.

The untrammelled power of ministers to act unilaterally and without reference to Parliament when imposing such export controls was in Sir Thomas's words a "constitutional horror story". Sir Thomas felt that this left ministers with "no democratic control" on their activities.

However, Sir Thomas was less scathing about the government's use of PII's to suppress evidence vital to the defence counsel in the Matrix Churchill trial. He suggested that the secret documents, relating to the involvement of MI6 in exporting arms equipment to Saddam Hussein, could not have been unilaterally suppressed by the government through the use of PII's.

"There has been a considerable amount of misunderstanding about this" he said, adding that it was entirely up to the judge whether to heed the PII.

Although critical of ministerial powers as a whole, Sir Thomas refused to be drawn on actions of individual members of the government, particularly William Waldegrave and Sir Nicholas Lyell, both of whom are being pressured to resign by Labour and the Liberal Democrats.



Sir Thomas Bingham at the LSE

Photo: Katrin Hett

Let's have a United Europe

Chris MacAleely

Baroness Shirley Williams was at the LSE last Thursday to deliver a talk on 'Accountability and democracy in the European Union'. She focused on several areas that were in serious need for reform. The European Commission, she believed, needs to hold open sessions and she suggested streamlining it by introducing a two tier, senior and junior level system. The European Parliament must

have the power to confirm - and dismiss - all Commissioners. Additionally, the Parliament should move permanently from Strasbourg to Brussels.

Baroness Williams recommended a uniform voting system for electing MEPs, based on proportional representation but with some form of constituencies. The Parliament would have to be halved in size to allow for the next expansion of the Union, otherwise there would be over 1000 MEPs.

She advocated a reform of the Common

Agricultural Policy which would focus aid to small farms, in place of the current blanket subsidy to all farms.

"We need to have a sense of social justice" was her conclusion. Baroness Williams said that in Britain there is a "fundamental misconception about what the EU means", we concentrate too much on economics. She warned that the overwhelming aim of the British government at the approaching Inter-Governmental Conference would be to prevent any changes which moved beyond the Single Market.

Why I ditched the Tories

Dhara Ranasinghe

The first Member of Parliament to "cross the floor of the House of Commons" to join the Labour benches, Alan Howarth, was the guest of the Labour Club and the Fabian Society last Monday. The MP for Stratford-upon-Avon explained his defection as the culmination of disillusionment and anger at the Conservative Government.

Mr Howarth asserted that dissatisfaction with the Government, stemmed from his time as Education Minister in 1992 when he real-

ised the Government's policy of "efficiency gains" could only be achieved with dire effects on education.

The 1993 Tory Party Conference was identified as the turning point in Mr Howarth's decision. He described the party's attack on single mothers as "one of the most shameful episodes" of Tory party history.

Mr Howarth believes the Government is becoming increasingly authoritarian and has exacerbated inequality and social injustice. Responsible are measures such as substituting the old invalidity benefit, introducing the Job Seekers' allowance and more recently, the Asylum and Immigra-

tion Bill, which he deems as "the single nastiest" act of the Government.

As a result of growing disillusionment and after consulting Tony Blair, Leader of the Opposition, Mr Howarth swapped his party allegiance. At the meeting he made it clear that he was aware of the risks involved with holding one of the safest Conservative seats and that he was joining Labour for positive reasons.

While acknowledging that the next election will involve "a bitter nasty campaign", Alan Howarth reiterated that he does not regret his decision and would not do so, should he lose his seat in the next election.

Confused Asian values?

Dear Beaver,

I'm an avid reader of your paper and it is definitely of a high standard in its scope and depth. However, I am appalled that an article such as Liz Chong's has been allowed to slip through unscathed. Liz Chong has undeservedly joined the ranks of other more informed Asian critics with her scanty knowledge of just about everything in her article. (*Beaver* Pg 10, Issue Feb 13, 1996 "The true face of Singapore").

In her second paragraph, Liz purported that Singaporean leaders had been advocating "superior Asian values as the only viable alternative for any proper society". She is highly mistaken because they merely wanted Asian values for Singapore society, believing it to be the only viable alternative for Singapore. Singapore had no intention of telling the West what to believe in and sincerely hopes that they will not tell her what to do as well.

Liz Chong appeared to have total ignorance of the Asian values which are widely accepted in Singapore. I do not know of any cases of footbinding, female inferiority or concubinage in Singapore. In any case, they

are a pretty much outmoded way of conceptualising the modern notion of Asian values. In any case, nepotism is a fault of feudalism and not confined to Asians. It is also interesting that universal suffrage was extended to women in the West only as recently as the last world war. In my view, Liz really has to focus on what she is trying to say. If Liz must insist on trying to put down the consensual acceptance of Asian values by the majority, I can only say that she is parroting very many western critics before her.

Miss Chong went on to defend the existing western family value as "a value not to be dictated by others". This is hardly a substantial value at all since it is totally un-prescriptive. It is exactly this kind of relativism that Singaporean leaders are against. Goh Chok Tong certainly never broadened Western value systems as being 'corrupt' or 'immoral' - this type of rhetoric being more typical of Communist leaders, but he was fully aware of the dangers of moral relativism.

I am extremely puzzled when Liz mentions that "the shaping of the post war South East Asia notions have been engineered in such a way that dissent is frowned upon and punished". As far as Singapore is concerned,

Liz really must be a lot more concise about the kind of engineering she espoused. Nobody in Singapore would disagree with the government's decision to punish vandals, criminals, communists and religious extremists but I'm sure Liz is very free to talk about the 'inferiority' of Asian values in Singapore.

Her article really reaches hilarious proportions with her comments about Asian education systems. If she would please refer to the Oxford Review of Economic Policy's (OXREP) report on education and training in Japan, she would realise that the Japanese do not produce any less academic papers and journals proportional to her population than any advanced Western country. Singaporeans, on the other hand, take the GCE 'O' and 'A' levels and have a selective schools system which the UK education system is contemplating to adopt. It is noteworthy that Singaporean 11 year olds outperformed British 11 year olds by impressive margins on basic numeracy and problem-solving questions in a recent international survey. As for whether creativity is encouraged or suppressed in Asian schools, I do not know of any comparative study that has been performed so I have to suspect

Liz's sources.

I can only conclude that Liz is either an economist with very little knowledge of economic developments in Singapore history or a historian with a very small knowledge of economic developments in Singapore when she makes comments like, "It is the lack of (political) outlets for expression that have spurred Singapore on to its economic success". Even Paul Krugman could have told her that the Singapore success story was grounded in sound economics of increasing capital and labour inputs. A historical approach would be the foreign investment and international trade that has given Singapore its success. Liz's simplistic pseudo-psychological account would only serve to hoodwink the many LSE friends of Singapore rather than inform. She has written neither as a historian nor an economist, but she certainly has great sound-bite. However, she has, in my opinion, unsuccessfully written an article about Asian values. In the process, she has broken no new ground and followed all the wrong leads.

Yours
JS Lee

Flying the Union Jack

Dear Beaver,

As I always attend the LSE UGM I was very interested to read last week's Union Jack. I have never read such a scurrilous, one-sided and misleading article. I spoke in favour of the motion that was passed and it's interesting to notice that what was printed was not an account of what happened in the UGM but rather a rather sick personal diatribe.

Jack criticised me for my one-sided speech, but failed to mention that he spoke against the motion. Some of the comments he made were not only offensive but incor-

rect. Sinn Fein/IRA did not "initiate" the peace process and they have shown their "support" for it by killing two people, and injuring dozens since they unilaterally broke the cease-fire.

Sinn Fein/IRA have lied over the last seventeen months. They promised that their campaign of violence was over and yet we are now facing and all too familiar situation. In order for there to be all party talks Sinn Fein/IRA must give up violence for good and decommission their weapons which they will obviously then not need.

Ulster is British and will remain so, under the principles of self-determination,

for so long as the population desire it. We had best remember that we are not the ones who have helped to kill 3,200 people over the last 27 years and should support condemnations of all terrorist activity.

Union Jack has long been a source of amusement for many people with its irrelevant attacks on all hacks. It should not be a platform for obscene and incorrect personal attacks and Jack had best remember that in the future, or he should have the honesty to write under his own name.

Yours
Alexander Ellis

Weak Rag ?

Dear Beaver,

RH Singh is entirely correct when she makes the assertion that your so-called 'newspaper' is "getting worse and worse". Last week's issue was no exception. For a start, when we are witnessing another campaign of tyranny from the IRA, Union Jack's insinuation that the British government is in part responsible, is at best completely tasteless and at worst downright offensive. For your information, Private Lee Clegg was proved to be innocent (but don't let mere facts, get in the way - you don't usually).

I also note your imaginative singles reviews: 'Sludge Nation' - 'Weird', 'Blur' - 'a pile of wank'. Julie Birchill and Tony Parsons eat your hearts out!

If this is quality journalism then I am David Starkey. For you to simply dismiss RH Singh's comments is somewhat derisory. It also reflects an intense arrogance on behalf of your staff. RH Singh speaks for many students who share her concerns. By the way, for you to attempt to make a joke out of her name, simply shows the puerile level you are operating at.

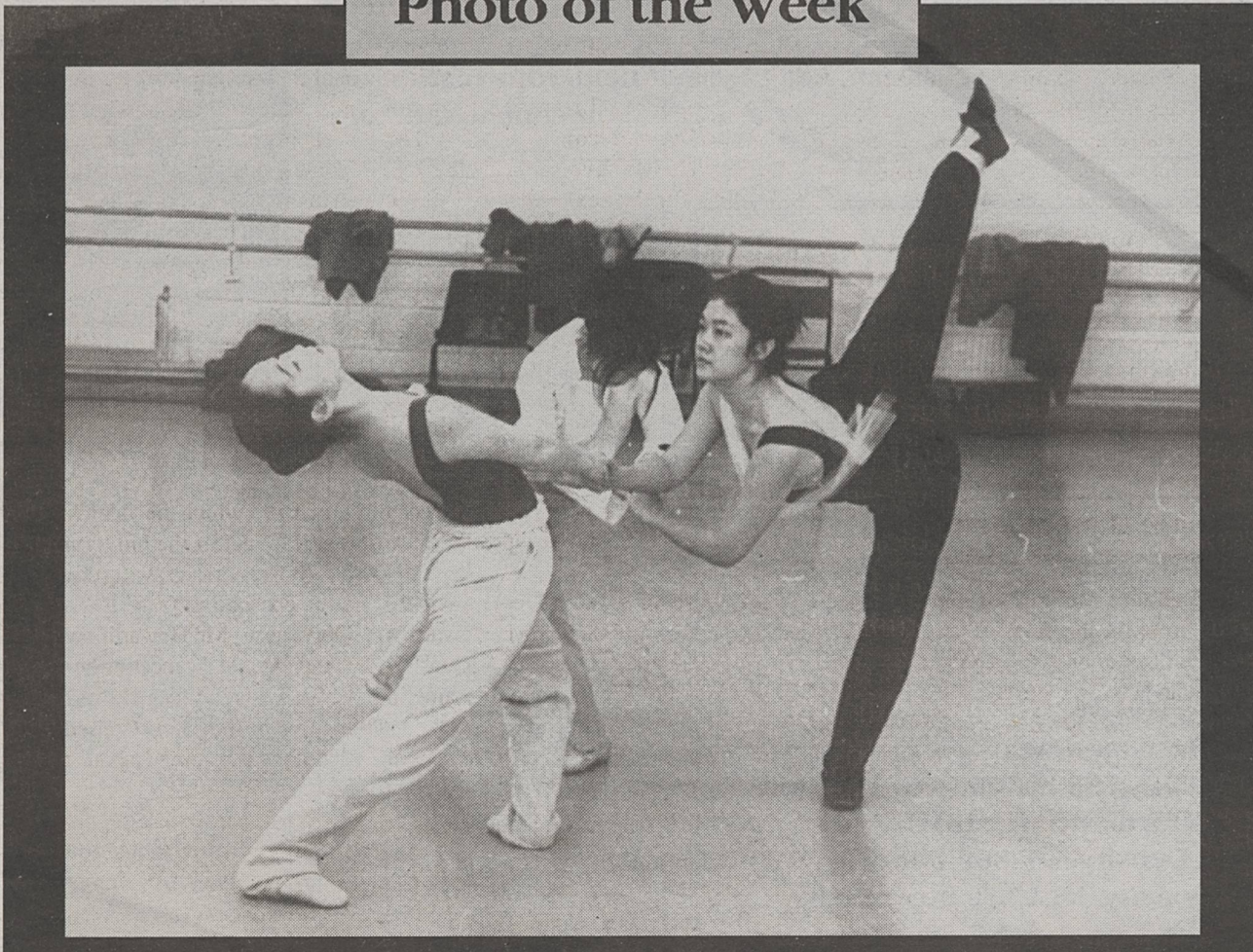
Before you accuse me of being just another whinger, I am more than willing to write for your rag. I hope others will join me in seizing the initiative.

If ignorance is bliss, then you must be orgasmic.

Yours
CJ Rouse

.....
● If you want to write for
● *The Beaver*
● then come to The Beaver
● office in C023 for our Collec-
● tive meetings on Mondays at
● 6.00pm
●
● We also really need lots of
● production staff
●
●

Photo of the Week



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**Indian Society
Celebration Party**

at
Cairo Jacks
10 Beak Street
Contact Mankash or Bubs
£3 Members
Tuesday, February 27
7.00 pm- 1.00 am

**European Society
"Bringing the CAP into
the 21st Century"**

Sir David Naish
President,
National Farmers' Union
Wednesday, February 28
5.00 pm, A550

Debating Society

"This House still has
Faith in British Justice"
Wednesday February 28
C120

Catholic Society

"Do we have souls?"
Friar Mark O' Toole
Tuesday, February 27
5.30 pm, Chaplaincy

Hayek Society

"Liberal Individualism vs
Socialist
Collectivism"
Wednesday, February 28
1.00- 2.00 pm,
Vera Anstey Rm

**Malaysia-Singapore
Society**

presents
RASA SAYANG
a kaleidoscope of cultural
songs, dances, music and
plays
LUCKY DRAW:
1st Prize: £120 STA
Voucher
2nd Prize: £80 STA
Voucher
Tickets: £7 Members
(dinner included)
£8 Non-Members
Makan Time:
5.30- 7.00 pm
Performance: 7.30 pm
Saturday, March 2

Schapiro Club

presents
Anita Dochley
Policy Officer,
Howard League for Penal
Reform

"Prisons: Punishment or
Reform?"
Discussion on
Brutality, Boot Camps and
Penal Policy
Tuesday, February 27
1.00 pm, C119

Spanish Society

Sangria Party
at
Bar Madrid
4 Winsley Street
(off Oxford Street) Tube:
Oxford Circus From 9.00
pm Onwards Tickets:
£2.50 Members
£3.50 Non-Members
From Esteban
(0171 402 4067)
or Houghton Street Stall
Wednesday, February 28

LOTS OF FREE
SANGRIA

Grimshaw Club

Theoretical Extravaganza
Panel Discussions with
G Stern,
C Hill,
J Rosenberg,
M Hoffman
Monday, March 4
5.30 pm, Old Theatre

HALL ACCOMODATION

Applications &
accomodation guides now
available from Central
Accomodation Office in
E294. Forms due back by
March 31. Results of
selection procedure
by early June.

Welsh Society

St. David's Day Party
Friday, March 1
Wonderful Welsh Food!
Live Music!
As much beer as you can
drink! Look out for posters
& the Welsh Society Stall.

Christian Union

"God, Sex and Students"
John Richardson
Thursday, February 29
6.00 pm, A86

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6 PM TO 8 AM

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of term for confidential
help, information or
someone to talk to.

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GROUP**

presents
A Balloon Debate:
"Drop the Dead Voting
System"
Hosted by David Swift
(from Drop the Dead
Donkey)
with
a Celebrity Panel
Westminster Cathedral
Hall,
Off Victoria Street,
SW1 entrance in
Ambrosden Avenue
£1.00 Entrance
Wednesday, February 28
7.00 pm

**TO ALL
Undergraduates, Genl
Course, Diploma &
Erasmus Students :**

Confirmation of Exam
Entry for 95/96 Session &
Selection of Papers for
next Session
Collect your individual
Confirmation of Exam
Entry & Selection of Papers
for Next Session form from
the Examinations Office,
H302.
Undergraduates
registered on degrees in the
School's remit will be given
copies of the classification
scheme for their degree.
The form must be
completed, signed by your
tutor & handed in at the
Examinations Office no
later than
Thursday, March 7.

"Life is like Paper 1.
Too many multiple
choice questions."

Semaj

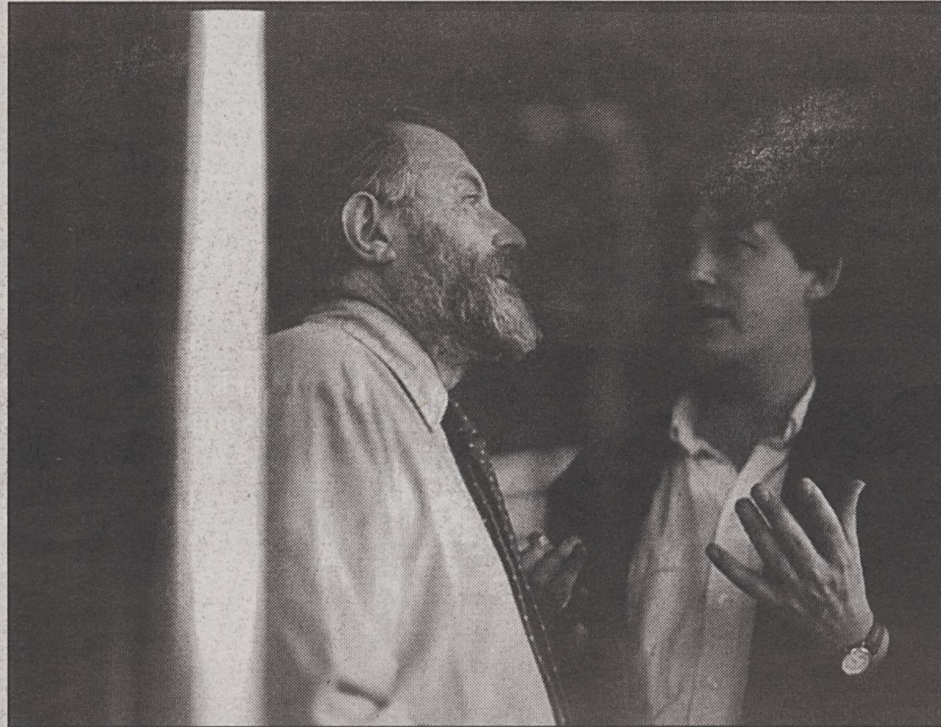


Solution to planetary strife



If the environment and our social structures are being degraded it is because they cannot sustain the present impact of our economic activities. We have no alternative but to reduce that impact and that means we have to move our society in exactly the opposite direction from the one we are moving in today. Instead of creating a globalised economy, we want to build a community-based, localised economy, which is managed by much smaller companies, catering for a very much smaller local or regional market. Smaller companies are also rooted in one place and are therefore much more interested in local activities. Large corporations just move around the world looking for cheap labour and lax environmental laws. This economy will only work if it is community based and if the

*modern economics
should be written
from scratch,
because its very
foundations are
completely wrong*



Visionary or madman?

society, it is not a strategy. But we could start off by getting out of this global economy; get out of GATT and the Maastricht agreement.

Even if we cannot persuade the big corporations and governments to allow this to happen, and there is no sign that we will, it

going bankrupt. It could very easily lead to open revolution.

We are reaching the stage when it is not going to make much sense to all the marginalised people in the world to see that the more growth there is, the more unemployment we get. Because in order to grow

which we depend to develop, by having the cheapest labour in Europe? Now if we were to put up the price of labour, what would happen? Industries would move elsewhere. That is what is happening in Malaysia today, where the price of labour is going up and companies are moving elsewhere; to Vietnam and China. It is happening now in France, which corporations are leaving to set up in Tunisia and Vietnam, because the labour costs were too high. So how can people here get high incomes in these conditions. The whole strategy of the Government is to keep them poor, to slash the price of labour in this country so as to attract foreign capital. So how can you reconcile that with the statement that the development policies of the Government are going to make them rich?

Nonetheless, we are going to have to give people some hope of a better future. We need to point out that it is by recreating a community based, localised economy, which is as self-sufficient as possible, that is going to be the best way of maximising their prospects. We have also got to look at prosperity in terms of other things as well, not just in terms of the possession of a car, but in terms of people's health – if your heart has packed up, what is the point of having a big car or a television set? It is also a way of

Edward Goldsmith reveals his solutions to Simon Retallack

community has the power to run itself.

The problem is that the big corporations, which the Government represents and whose interests it defends ferociously, will not allow the economy to localise. They are taking over power completely and are no longer controllable, they do what they like because they are stateless. They have also become enormous. Fifty of the hundred biggest economies in the world are corporate as opposed to national. But supposing this problem of the opposition of the big companies could be circumvented, the first objective is to ensure a fairly smooth transition to a new type of society.

The first thing to do is to try fiscal measures. Energy consumption could be drastically reduced, and this in itself would be a solution multiplier. For instance, using existing technology, energy consumption could be reduced by 60 per cent world wide. This would dramatically reduce emissions of 'green-house' gasses and therefore partly solve the global warming problem. It would eliminate acid rain which is destroying our forests. Cars would have to be banned from the cities and thus air pollution would be reduced, massively increasing the health of those who live there. It would greatly reduce our dependence on a very unstable area of the world which is the Middle East. It would dramatically reduce costs to industry and it would provide an enormous source of jobs, because a main source of employment is energy conservation, which is very labour intensive. And the sort of energy saving devices that would be used are very decentralised, so it would help us get back towards a local economy.

Another possible way of achieving this is by protecting our economies through the use of tariff barriers. But protection is only a device to try to achieve a more localised

will probably happen by itself. The most important thing about the global economy is that it is going to marginalise two-thirds of the planet. It is going to push hundreds of millions of Chinese and Vietnamese off their land and into the slums. Take that fact into account and think about the fact that we are now undergoing a new revolution based on the computer. We are re-engineering our companies so as to lose 70 per cent of employees. So basically the global economy will be able to function using 30 per cent of the work force. It is going to marginalise the great bulk of humanity, which is going to be unemployed, or very underemployed with part-time jobs and short-term contracts. These people will not be able to feed themselves, because the welfare state will be dismantled.

These marginalised people are going to revolt against the corporations. Why should people tolerate corporations that pollute their rivers and land, use up all local resources, to provide only a few specialised jobs, and produce goods that only the elite can afford? If everybody is unemployed or is on a starvation wage, they are not going to be able to buy anything. So if they cannot buy things, these structures will all go bust. Computers are poor consumers. Also, how are these big corporations going to get finance, because one of the main sources of finance today is pension funds, and if people are given starvation wages and they do not have pensions any more, where is the money going to come from? Secondly, they are going to be revolting against government. There is going to be a civil war in France pretty soon. Mr Chirac is in a situation in which he has got to chose between being competitive, by putting people on starvation wages and dismantling the very elaborate welfare state, a course which the French rejected by all going on strike, or

you have to globalise, introduce free-trade and re-engineer companies, and if you do that you are going to put more and more people out of work. One of the things they are going to do is revolt. Another thing they are going to do is to reorganise themselves into local economies. They have to if they are going to survive. They cannot avoid it. If all the people in your street suddenly find that they do not have jobs, what are they going to do? They will have to organise themselves in order to survive.

The other possibility is that a political party will be set up to represent the interests of the bulk of the people who have been marginalised. And this party, provided that the marginalised people vote sensibly, if they vote at all, could easily come to power. It has not yet happened here because the English suffer from one serious disease; they believe in economics. They only think in economic terms, there is no mention of society or of the environment – they do not exist. As far as I am concerned, modern economics should be written from scratch, because its very foundations are completely wrong. It sees economic processes occurring in a void. And the politicians buy it.

Most politicians argue that further economic development is the only way to raise the standard of living of the poor. Yet the main cause of poverty in the world today is economic development which is now reaching its logical conclusion, its final stage. It is economic development at a global level run by huge stateless corporations that, so long as this process continues, is going to be the main source of poverty, impoverishment and marginalisation.

How can politicians dare say that the poor will be rich with economic development, when they know very well that this country can only attract foreign capital upon

maximising co-operation among people, it is a way to give meaning to peoples' lives. Working with their families and community makes sense. That will cut down crime. They will also be able to feed themselves, because they will not be able to depend upon importing food from abroad. We have got to look at the other advantages.

What is certain is that we just cannot depend upon professional politicians, or solutions at a global level. Governments are not interested in solving the world's problems. They are moved by short-term political and economic goals. And as soon as you deal with these problems at a global level, it is going to fall out of the hands of local people, and into the hands of big institutions, which are corrupt and totally unconcerned with solving real problems, and are dominated by the big companies.

Real participatory government at a community level is the real answer. The public certainly needs to be better informed about this, perhaps by having thousands and thousands of small community papers, each one with a small circulation. At the moment the message is not getting across. People have been inculcated with a very different world view. Knowledge has got to be reorganised. If the devil wanted to make sure that earthlings could not make sense of the world in which they lived he could not do better than provide knowledge in these water-tight compartments we call disciplines. Knowledge as it is serves above all to rationalise today's policies, ie economic development. That is what it is all about. It is propaganda. We are taught things that are totally false. Modern economics has to be burnt – it is all rubbish from beginning to end.

We do have to change the mind set of a lot of people, but it can happen quickly. In their hearts, a lot of people know this is so.

Indefinite Article

What have Arsenal FC, the IRA, George Saatchi and networking have in common? That Saatchi networks with Americans like Mickey Rourke to produce the most outrageously obnoxious art exhibition ever, at a time when Arsenal will have to play better to come at the top end of the Premier league? Or, that I fail miserably at networking while at the Saatchi opening night of 'Young Americans Part 1', when I would have preferred to be at the Arsenal game (it was Wednesday night) and feel safe there because I hear that the IRA don't bomb north London because supposedly a lot of their assassins live there. Rather, that they are four things that bothered me last week.

I went to the Coca-Cola Arsenal/Villa game on Valentine's night because I couldn't face a night in of lurve TV. Only when I got to Highbury, I was faced with an even bigger lurve thing. On the computer-message screen which lines the East and West banks, were about 100 messages being flashed to the 37,749 people that had attended that night. Bozza luvs Tracy (not joking), Rachele will you marry me? And so it went on. Over three men popped the question and 2/3 responded affirmative. I thought that football hooligans were supposed to be macho and feelingless. So in that crowd of 37 749 I was still single and alone. But marginally better than being proposed to at a Highbury game, so I am content.

As far as I am aware, the Chinese have nothing to do with the IRA peace problem. So why were they at the centre of the second bomb to be discovered last week? The Chinese have their own problems, such as the legalities of importing fresh beef jerkey. There are just a few advertising and modelling agencies there who could do with a blow to their egos. But since Sunday a new scheme has appeared from the mafiosi-style bombs. The IRA are going to ring our city with a band of semtex, circling the financial centre and edging closer to Westminster. Docklands, Soho, Aldwych; I predict the next one to be amongst the multi-nationals at London Bridge. Then the trouble will really start as the pound will plummet, tourists will stop flying over to see CATS and I will panic everytime I see an unattended carrier bag. And what does it have to do with me anyway? It's not as if I've gone and shipped the British troops over there to pull their wimmin and drink their Guinness. Go straight to Westminster Gerry which would spare us the trouble, and stop disrupting my mundane life. Or, I suggest that since the Americans seem so keen on the IRA cause, why don't we hand Northern Ireland over to them and let Clinton deal with it with his usual authority and arrogance. Just leave me out of it.

And now I've run out of words for my last two topics. So I will conclude with just because George Saatchi is hideously wealthy (granted, he's worked hard for it) and can afford to "collect artists", that doesn't mean that the contents of the latest exhibition - **Young Americans Part 1** - will be worth anything. A number of willies and chocolate is no more novel than my cookery classes at primary school. And as for networking, I give up. I realised I'm not at all good at it after meeting Andy Cole at a club recently and asked him what he did for a living.

So the answer to my four problems is to stay inside in North London with my mouth shut and join Dateline.

On yer bike!

Matthew Wilkins argues the case for a Republic for the new Millenium

I am absolutely sick and tired of the bloated gang of parasites otherwise known as the British Royal Family. Every single time I turn on the television or radio or open a newspaper, there they are, hogging the limelight. Instead of our media informing us of real issues such as wars and famines, or the state of the economy, or the environment, we hear of Fergie selling her Budgie books, or doe-eyed Di falling out with Tiggy, or whatever her name is. Does anybody really care? I for one certainly don't.

For me, the icing on the cake came a few weeks ago when I saw on the news that Prince Charles has called for the millennium fund not to be spent on a big party, but on spiritual causes, or some such pathetic twaddle. This seemed to me to be the most horrendous hypocrisy, coming from a man whose entire life has been nothing but a gigantic party that we, the people who have to pay for it all, can only wildly dream of. From the gold-encrusted ivory towers of Gordonstoun public school, to skiing in Klosters and holidaying in the Caribbean, and always having so many flunkeys that he has probably never dressed himself nor even wiped his own bottom, this man has led a life of ultra-luxury. Prince Charles has absolutely no right whatsoever to lecture the ordinary people about having one, just one, decent party to liven up their otherwise dull and miserable lives.

So, on New Year's Eve 1999, we're going to have a huge party. Let's make the celebration even bigger and better by combining this with abolishing the monarchy. They have absolutely no function other than being slightly beneficial to tourism and charitable causes, and are a huge burden on an increasingly impoverished nation. The time is ripe to build the new Jerusalem of a Great British Republic!

But, let us never forget that, above all else, we are British, and Britain is nothing if not a nation of shopkeepers. Various royalist sycophants and stool-pigeons argue that the monarchy is good for the

if we were to follow Lenin's example of how to dispose of awkward royals - execution - I'm sure that tourism would shoot up

economy, but where commercial exploitation is concerned, what we have at the moment is only the very tip of the iceberg. Supposing, just for argument's sake of course, that we were to follow Lenin's example of how to dispose of awkward royals - execution. I'm sure that tourism would shoot up (no pun intended!). We could show groups of foreign tourists around the blood-stained firing range in question, at a hundred pounds a go. The corpses would obviously

become state property, and therefore be used for financial gain. The highest bidder could buy the Queen Mother's teeth (like piano keys), or Princess Margaret's liver (pickled), though obviously not Diana's brain (non-existent). Locketts of Di and Fergie's hair could be sold at a thousand pounds each. Macabre, but money spinning. The

more popular abroad than at home. Therefore, it makes overwhelming sense to sell the British Royal Family, en masse, to the Americans. The market rate for this would be a mere snip at about seven billion pounds, which a few American plutocrats can easily find between them in loose change. We, the British people, would

UNCLE \$AM BUYS THE MONARCHY



profits could be used for such trifling causes as renovating Britain's crumbling hospitals and schools.

Alternatively, once the monarchy is abolished, we could follow Lloyd George's example of selling titles, but on a far grander scale. as absolutely everything would be up for grabs. Minor titles like the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall could probably fetch maybe twenty million apiece from some wealthy Japanese businessman. The title of Queen could go, at an astronomical price, to some renowned wealthy and effeminate British homosexual such as Julian Clary. It's certainly an idea worth thinking about.

In fact, instead of simply selling off the titles of the Royal Family, we should just go the whole hog. The vast number of foreign tourists swamping Buckingham Palace each summer simply goes to prove that the royals are obviously far

obviously keep the palaces, estates, jewels, paintings, furniture, yachts, limousines, houses, corgis (the list is endless) which are all supposed to be ours anyway, remember.

Underneath all of this is a very serious point. Prince Charles is a hypocrite who has absolutely no right to attempt to tell Britons how to lead their lives - his only purpose is to serve as an example about why the monarchy must go. But, in his article on the millennium, he did make one valid point - that the turn of the century should be used as an opportunity for reflection. It should be an opportunity not simply to abolish the monarchy, but to build a great bonfire of all the burdens of hierarchy and deference shackling down our society. The monarchy, the House of Lords, the Honours system and patronage in all its forms, the class system, even public schools - all must go if Britain is to strive forward into the new century. Vive la republique!

Executive (18)

Zeeshan Azhar (Independent)
 Imogen Bathurst (Independent)
 Hector Birchwood (Libertarian)
 David Ferrin
 Catherinc Guillespie (Libertarian)
 Osman Ilyas (Independent)
 Mankash Jain
 Dan Lam (Independent)
 Gareth Loggenberg (LSE Conservative Association)
 James Macaonghus (Independent)
 Anja Madsen (Independent)
 Carl Mauger (White Snake Strategy Party)
 Adam Morris (Libertarian)
 Sam Parham (LSE Labour Club)
 Surya Pathmanathan (Independent)
 Katherine Pigott (LSE Liberal Democrat)
 Ed Saper (LSE Labour Club)
 Erik Wernevi (Independent Green)

Academic Committee (10)

Sumaira Akhtar (Independent)
 G Elena Garcia (Independent)
 Vikesh Kotecha
 Oliver Lewis (Independent)
 Tanja Lohalm (Independent)
 Anita Majumdar (LSE Labour Club)
 Astrid Nellemann (LSE Liberal Democrat)
 Kreg Nichols (Libertarian)
 Martin Sprott (LSE Conservative Association)
 Anna Zanghellini (Independent)

Constitution and Steering Committee

(12)

Hector Birchwood (Libertarian)
 Guy Burton (LSE Liberal Democrat)
 Mujtaba J. Chaudhary (Independent)
 Dev Cropper (LSE Labour Club)
 Jonathan French (LSE Conservative Association)
 Tom Hambleton (Researching Students' Wants, Meeting Students' Needs)
 Evi Hava (Researching Students' Wants, Meeting Students' Needs)
 Vikesh Kotecha Hedvig Ljungerud (Independent)
 Anja Madsen (Independent)
 Samantha Means (LSE Conservative Association)
 Robert Reed (LSE Labour Club)

NUS Women's Conference(2)

Claire Lawrie (Independent - Treasurer Sabbatical Challenging Conference Finances)
 Anjna Soumal (LSE Labour Club)

102 Valid

Nominations Received

Overseas and EU Students Officer (5)

Narius Aga (Independent)
 Dev Cropper (LSE Labour Club)
 Allister Heath (Libertarian)
 Astrid Nellemann (LSE Liberal Democrat)
 Michael Ward (LSE Conservative Association)

Finance Committee(14)

Zeeshan Azhar (Independent)
 Rachel Baker (Researching Students' Wants, Meeting Students' Needs)
 Emmanuel Burgio (White Snake Strategy Party)
 James Garner (Independent)
 Allister Heath (Libertarian)
 Philip Lenton (LSE Conservative Association)
 Oliver Lewis (Independent)
 Christopher Lobb (Positive Policies With An Independent Voice)
 James Macaonghus (Independent)
 Carl Mauger (White Snake Strategy Party)
 Astrid Nellemann (LSE Liberal Democrat)
 Surya Pathmanathan (Independent)
 John Pemberton (LSE Labour Club)

NUS Conference Delegation(12)

Nick Dearden (No To Top-Up Fees)
 Mick Doherty (LSE Labour Club)
 Gabrielle Hampton (Researching Students' Wants, Meeting Students' Need)
 Kate Hampton (General Secretary Responsible For NUS Liaison)
 Darrell Hare (Researching Students' Wants, Meeting Students' Needs)
 Allister Heath (Libertarian)
 Mankash Jain
 Toby Krohn (LSE Liberal Democrat)
 Claire Lawrie (Independent - Treasurer Sabbatical Challenging Conference Finances)
 Stuart Lock (SWSS)
 Samantha Means (LSE Conservative Association)
 Anjna Soumal (LSE Labour Club)

Mature Students Officer(2)

Julie Lawrence (LSE Labour Club)
 Steve Mooney (Libertarian)

Returning Officer(2)

Hector Birchwood (Libertarian)
 Kevin Fowkes (LSE Conservative Association)

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M A N C H E S T E R B U S I N E S S S C H O O L

GENERAL SECRETARY

Dan Crowe

LSE Labour
Putting Student Issues
First

*Social Secretary,
Carr-Saunders Hall
Chair, Film-Making Society
President, Drama Society
Secretary, Fabian Society
Secretary, Labour Club*

I am the only candidate with plans, principles, policies and a personality. I am not another "self-promoting bastard political clone;" seeking to represent myself, not the LSE community.

I want to see change at LSE, in its treatment of students and attitude to education. I didn't come here to sit on the floor in classes with 20 people, or find that 200 students are after the same book.

Bureaucratic incompetence and government funding cuts have meant that LSE now stands for "Low Standard of Education". I want to reverse this, whilst campaigning against top-up fees an increases in overseas and post-graduate tuition fees.

I also want to renew the union, improving and expanding the services it offers. Over-charging in the shop, Café and print room must be ended and capital investment in The Beaver and other assets is needed. Vote Dan the Man who Can.

Baljit Mahal

Independent

In the past I have sought to fulfil to the best of my abilities the remits and posts that I have held at the LSE.

I hope that I may have the chance to serve LSE students as General Secretary.

To ensure that the Union serve students effectively I intend to focus on:

-The School decisions that do not meet student priorities (eg top-up fees, resource allocation)

- A clear Development Plan which sets out how SU services - Tuns, Shop, Café, Welfare Office, etc, can meet challenges of the future.

-Look at the Hardship Fund and comprehensive safety net for students in difficulty.

-The creation of a fifth Sabbatical Officer to ensure burden of SU workload can be better fulfilled.

- Undertake a Democratic Audit to open up participation of SU to its membership.

To ensure these things can happen, please vote Baljit Mahal for General Secretary!

Carl Mauger

White Snake Strategy
Party

To the LSE electoral power, Carl Mauger, running for General Secretary

Bhisham Manraj, running for Treasurer

Emmanuel Burgio, running for Entertainment Officer

...and all three of us running for Part-Time executives (SLATE), have a crucial message to deliver to you, our dearest supporters.

First of all we would like to point out to whom the message is addressed.

It applies to all:

Naked sleepers, lazy beasts, the youngs, those who feel old, alcoholics, bloody wankers, gays, lesbians, parasites, artists, amateurs, British, pedestrians, those who use the 171 bus, hairy monkeys, bald heads, fucking crazy people, tramps, transvestites, former communists, hard-core abstentionists, those who shamelessly pee in the shower or in the basin, gun sellers, the party maniacs, those on the dole, cyclists, football fans, women hunters, sadists, racists, traitors, nerds, IRA supporters, tenants, Asians, guitarists, those who like classical music, concubines, philistines ...

to be continued under the Bhisham Manraj article

Tom Smith

No to Top-Up Fees

*Constitution and Steering
Committee
Academic Board
Former Chair, LSE Labour
Club
Beaver Collective Member*

In my first year I was the secretary of the Constitution and Steering Committee. In the second year I was chair of the LSE Labour club. In this, my final year, I have written extensively for *The Beaver*, a member of the Academic Board and have contributed greatly to our UGM.

I believe that the job of General Secretary should be to represent all students. A minority of students are heavily involved but the majority are not. For many, their only contact is through *The Beaver*; the paper should be expanded, more resources devoted to it and I believe that we should discuss the possibility of a publication sabbatical.

Top up fees must be opposed, and value for money must be won for our fee paying fellow students.

I will hold weekly hall surgeries, and bi-weekly Houghton Street surgeries. I will listen, represent and provide for ALL our members.

Arun Velusami

LSE Conservative
Association

*Finance and Services Committee,
Treasurer, Debating Society,
Vice-Chairman,
LSE Conservative Association
Careers Advisory Service
Committee*

The LSE Union has for far too long fought against the school and in doing so, has become isolated from the needs and requirements of the general student population. The situation is particularly severe with regard to overseas, postgraduate and mature students.

I pledge to work with the school to provide better services for all. In particular I will establish a system of sports scholarships to reward those unsung heroes who sacrifice their degrees for the sake of the LSE.

I shall replace the Welfare Sab with a *Beaver* Sabbatical, because students are old enough to look after themselves and *The Beaver* would benefit from a full time sabbatical.

Allocating from the hardship fund will be unaffected, though the procedures governing awards will be tightened up.

Since I am a paid sabbatical I won't waste by time attending pointless student demos, but shall always be available at the office.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Emmanuel Burgio

White Snake Strategy
Party

We want to emphasise that we not only want to make you smile but also to propose you a serious manifesto. Our objectives:

More beer subsidy at The Tuns

Half the salary of the director who is really earning too much

Elect Miss LSE every year

Increase the budget of the student hardship funds

Create a school pop-music band

Allow students to make free photocopies

Paint LSE pink like the second floor of Passfield Hall

Put up more and cleaner toilets like those at High Holborn

Make The Tuns as friendly and lively as Carr-Saunders

Create an LSE dating agency

Sack bad lecturers

No top-up fees

Protect Conservative and Labour speakers at UGM using a industrial safety net

This is the program of our Extremist FUN party. We are not standing for Education and Welfare but we are recommending Sam Parham. The only candidates with no reason to lie

Dave Nicholson

Independent

*Rag Society Secretary
Global Festival Committee
Beaver Collective*

I have a great deal of experience in both entertainments and in theatre and I will use this to benefit the rest of the LSE. For the past two years I have been involved in running the ents office. I have helped plan and organise just about every event during this time. From seeing those events I believe I am best qualified to run ents next year.

For next year I will increase the number of events that happen during the weekends, by allowing outside promoters to come and use our facilities to put on their own events. These could include live bands (which have been sadly lacking during recent times). I will continue the Chuckle Club, the best comedy night in London, and I will also help societies organise events to benefit the rest of LSE not just society members.

Remember: Vote Nicholson 'coz the rest don't know Jack.

Chris Cooper

Independent

*Athletics Union President
Rag Committee
Beaver Sports Editor
Race Society President
LSE Football Hall Of Fame*

At LSE I've been greatly involved in the Student's Union. This year I've been president of the AU, as well as being involved with the rag committee. I'm also the most senior section editor of the Beaver and last year I ran the Race society.

Now I could just stand here and say how I've helped out, but I feel qualified to do the job because I've actually already organised successful events such as Sports Day, Fresher's Fair, the Paris trip and race nights - all of which were very successful.

I propose that Friday night should have a bar extension every week, and societies should take turns to put on food and music in the Quad. I would also introduce mid-week events, such as film nights, more comedy and more live bands. As well as this I will campaign for a Public entertainments license.

So vote Coops, he's sooper doops.

STV - Love with
numbers

Damian Thwaites, Returning Officer

Electors of the LSE, lend me your votes (not that I'm standing for re-election) - but please make them valid ones! Last Michaelmas, literally dozens of your votes were waster - because ballots were not filled in correctly.

My flatmate is always going on about how love is about one chance and how a second choice will never do. Well, think of voting systems like choosing partners. Imagine a room full of attractive lovers each allowed a quota of adoring suitors. Now, under an X voting first past the post system where you have no opportunity to rank an order of preference among them, you might not get the partner of your dreams if others beat you to it - and you would have no alternative to fall back on.

Under STV - Single Transferable Vote - you would get a second bite of the love cherry. So, if Pamela

Anderson's quota was oversized (when isn't it!), you might get your second, third or perhaps fourth choice - Michelle Pfeiffer, Sharon Stone, or failing that, Kate Hampton!

STV is simple. If your first choice is so popular he doesn't need your vote, or so unpopular that your vote cannot elect him, I look at your 2nd, 3rd, 4th, *n*th preferences. You can express as many or as few choices as you like. Like a true romantic you could plump for one candidate only, but you would be very unwise to do so.

STV then is like relationships. Only a small number of us will ever get our first choice, but the majority of us will live happily ever after with an alternative choice - take the partnership of Kate Hampton and her husband!

Candidates in an STV election have no X appeal. So please, please, do NOT vote with an X or Xs. STV is as easy as 1, 2, 3.

EDUCATION AND WELFARE

TREASURER

Paul Bates

Positive Policies With an Independent Voice

*Finance Committee Member
University of London Union
Welfare Executive Officer
1995 Sabbatical candidate*

Representing the well-being of all LSE students is a difficult task. Last year I stood for this position putting positive policies before students. Instead, the welfare department has been subject to a year of neglect and underdevelopment.

What is needed in this post is initiative and ideas. There needs to be a strong voice fighting against unfair top-up fees; against poor resources for studying and against student hardship.

All students at the LSE must have a voice, not just exclusive groups. That means co-ordinated awareness campaigns on women's issues, LGB concerns, anti-racism and disability. Overseas and post-grad students should be listened to, rather than ignored.

There is much that can be done in this post. A realistic and competent candidate must be elected this year to halt decline in representation and participation. I believe I am that candidate.

Ali Imam

Independent

Having been elected to both the Courts of Governors and the SU Executive, as well as serving on numerous society committees over three years I have become acutely aware of the every day problems facing the average students at LSE. With your support I aim to ensure students at LSE are provided with an education and welfare environment which is befitting of the time and effort we have all put into gaining our place at LSE.

Do you think that it is right that students are sitting different exams finishing at different times are placed in the same overcrowded exam room?

No!

Do you think that it is right that the LSE has neither a legitimate policy for allocating hall accommodation or student jobs?

No!

Do you think that it is right that the Education and Welfare Officer should be accessible and approachable as possible?

Yes!

If so, please vote for Ali Imam.

Garth Mullins

SWSS

Elect SWSS and the Union will NOT preside over the gutting of education without a fight. The union will NOT continue as a bureaucratic clique that merely sits about and runs a couple of small businesses while students are deported under the Tory's immigration and asylum act. A vote for a fighting alternative. SWSS believes that students cannot elect some bureaucrat to negotiate students' interests - they have to fight for them.

As an overseas student, Garth is familiar with the extra hardships involved - 65% of LSE's students are from outside the UK and face higher tuition and restrictions on employment.

SWSS has constantly campaigned around the issues of higher education, immigration and racism and stopping scapegoating of minorities. We do not just pay these causes lip service at election time. This is not just something for Garth's CV.

Sam Parham

LSE Labour Club - Putting Student First

*Chair, LSE Labour Club
Court of Governors
Constitution and Steering Committee
Inter-Halls Committee
Secretary, Amnesty International
Passfield Hall Committee*

This election falls at the beginning of a year in which the final 10% grant cut will be introduced, a year in which Government reductions in education funding begin to bite hard, and, most worryingly of all, a year in which we face the prospect of Top-up fees.

Therefore, this year we must have a Union which cares about students and is prepared to campaign wholeheartedly for their interests.

If elected, I will use my position to fight any proposals by the School to introduce Top-up fees or increase Overseas/Postgraduate Fees at every step of the way.

I will also monitor and campaign to improve Teaching Quality, trying to ensure that LSE students receive the standard of education that they deserve.

If elected as Education and Welfare Officer I will ensure that LSE no longer stands for Low Standard of Education.

Bhisram Manraj

White Snake Strategy Party

free-masons, Americans, Blair supporters, those who fancy Major, the horny ones, catholics, tarts, beer swillers, slippers wearers, Zhirinovsky supporters, Mauritians, handicapped people, those who feel bisexual but fear to admit it, those who help elderly people to cross the streets, those who give their seats to women on the bus, drug addicts, Greeks, filthy animals, the poor ones, the rich ones, jailbirds, those who are thinking of voting of other candidates, and to all those who have time to study, those who like us, those who will vote for us, even those who won't vote for us, those who like to smooch, those who like to shag, those who use soap to brush their teeth,

Vote for US unless you find better candidates, which will be extremely hard ...

to be continued under Emmanuel Burgio article

Ola Budzinska

Independent

Finance and Services Officer

The question springing to everyone's mind would be, why is she standing again? Well, I am probably the only person who wants to become a sabbatical not for the sake of having something to put down on my CV. I have done the job so I have the necessary experience.

With the school's current financial problems it is essential for the Union to increase its revenue opportunities. One way is to install a Lloyds Bank cashpoint within the SU building, another to expand the mezzanine floor in the café renting the entire bottom floor to STA - both would bring in a fixed and continuous flow of cash for the SU.

The SU does need a person who knows what the job is about at the start of their year in office, not the end. Vote for me to ensure continuity in the financial managing of the LSE Student's Union.

Darrell Hare

Researching Student's Wants, Meeting Student's Needs

*Court of Governors
Standing Committee
Constitution and Steering Committee
Site Development Committee
Inter-Halls Committee
Student Support and Liaison Committee
Rag Chair*

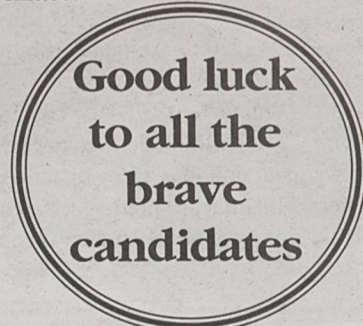
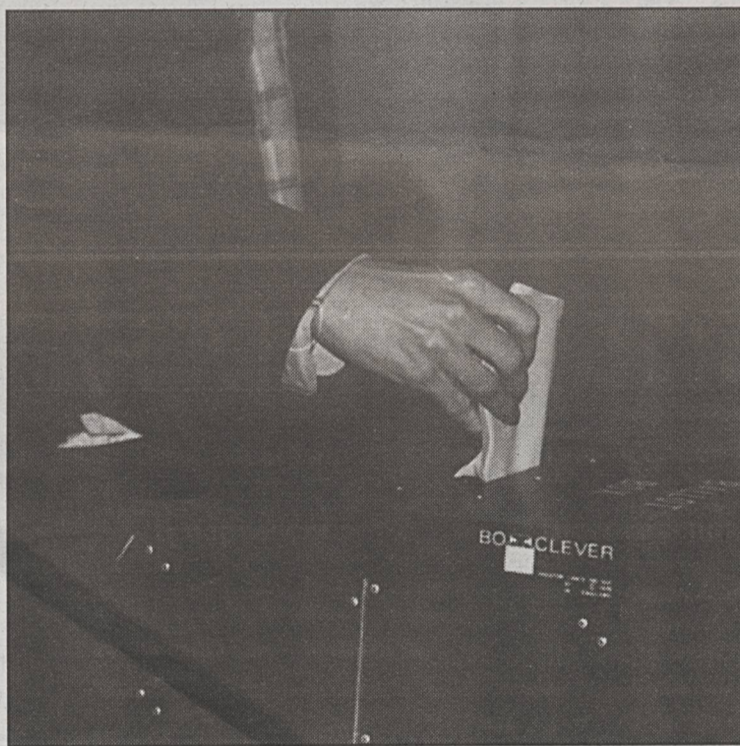
I intend to generate more income from expanding the Union services and increasing the revenues that the Union receives. The Freshers' Fair has more capacity for outside firms.

I would like to have a sandwich and coffee bar on the top floor of the cafe which I believe would be very popular and successful. I intend to investigate the prospect of enlarging the print room to relieve some of the congestion that occurs.

With careful budgeting the societies' share can be increased and the way it is allocated needs to be reviewed so that it is fairer.

With the current debate about top-up fees the hardship fund needs to be a top priority with as much care as possible given to its distribution.

I have a lot of experience of the Union and the School committees and this year was with Kate Hampton one of the first two students on the Standing Committee, the School's top committee.



So don't forget to vote

Wednesday February 28 at

Outside the Old Theatre: 11.45 - 1.15 pm

Rosebery: 5.00 - 5.45 pm

Carr-Saunders: 6.30 - 7.15 pm

Passfield: 7.45 - 8.30 pm

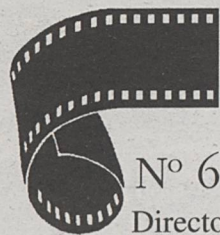
High Holborn: 8.40 - 9.10 pm

Butlers Wharf: 9.30 - 10.15 pm

Thursday, February 29

Outside the Old Theatre: 9.30 am - 10.15 pm

Exercise your right to vote



Beaver Golden Oldies



N° 6: North by Northwest (1959)

Director: Alfred Hitchcock

North by Northwest marked the start of the sixties; it oozes with style, the script is witty, the scenes are fast, the women are cool and intelligent, the film is fashionable. Hitchcock managed to create a film that most modern filmmakers would be proud to put their name to.

An uninspired middle-aged businessman (Cary Grant) is mistaken for a secret agent who is number one on the hit list of an international crime syndicate. As he reluctantly settles into his role, surviving not through a Bond-esque guile but thanks to mere luck, he uncovers an international black market in national secrets. He finds himself fighting for National Security, not because of patriotic conceit but because he fancies the girl who is the real agent (he gets my support - Ed).

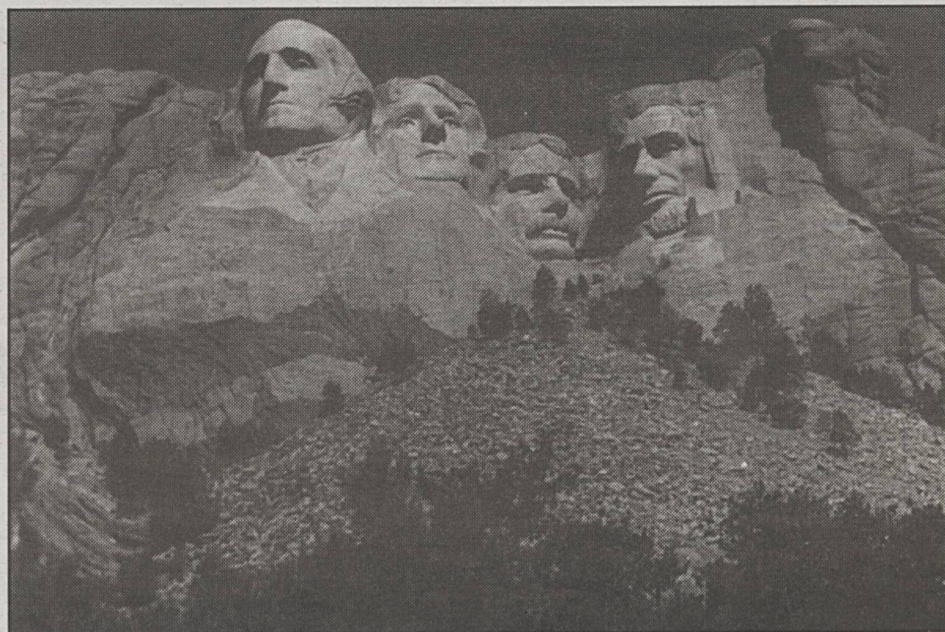
Hitchcock patented the first SMWCCG

(spy movie with car chases galore) with *North by Northwest*. The set is a mixture of train stations, airports, other public transport services and the odd American icon; the last act is set on and around Mount Rushmore - what more could you ask for in a spy movie. North by Northwest went on to inspire hundreds of similar movies; the head government honcho went on to play a similar role as Mr Waverley in the Man from Uncle.

It is heralded as one of the all-time greats, amazing scene cuts, atmospheric shots, blah, blah, but it is worth a gander because unlike the string of cheesy spy films and serials that followed, it is slick and very nineties.

SAS

Available on video from HMV and Virgin Megastore at £10.79



Step one: Add one National American Icon

Photo: Library

When Saturday Comes

Kabo Morley checks out the score

When *Saturday Comes*, for those unaware, is Britain's best selling football fanzine that has grown from its backroom roots to high street ubiquity. The success of the Premier League and the media bandwagon that rattles along in its wake seems to be responsible for a film that carries the same name as the aforementioned mag. It also projects an image of a film producer who has never kicked a ball in his life, rubbing his hands together at the prospect of a big hit, for as much as it tries, this is a film that lacks soul, rather like modern football.

With this in mind we have the prospect of Emily Lloyd and Sean Bean (yes, Lady Chatterley's Lover himself) to consider. Bean is one of a clique of celebrities that have been tagged as football groupies; he has a Sheffield United tattoo and has been on fantasy league football. He plays Jimmy, a seminal footballing talent from Sheffield who we meet on his last day of school. His teachers think that he should get a job down a pit but, of course he dreams of playing

professional football. Nevertheless he manages to acquire a grim job in a grim brewery with a grim boss in a grim town with a grim dysfunctional family set-up. Yes indeed, as Bill Drummond would say, it's Grim up North.

As you can probably guess, Jimmy's big break comes along one day. Emily Lloyd comes swanning into town from Ireland (complete with acting school accent), hooks up with Sean and gets him a break with her uncle who is scouting for talent. Jimmy goes on to demonstrate his prowess, both with Miss Lloyd and in front of the goal. Oh yes he's your original rough diamond, oh yes he's got a heart of gold and yes he's a bit headstrong too. So whilst trying to ride the dizzy roller-coaster all the way to the door of Sheffield United, our Jimmy must confront his many demons: alcohol, his dad, girl problems etc. It is here that the film starts to grate (hasn't it just begun - Ed). It may well be grim up north, but if it is there certainly isn't the syrupy undercurrent or hackneyed dialogue as well.

This is a film being touted as an English *Rocky*. The problem is that, enjoyable as *Rocky* was, no one wants to see a low budget rip off complete with training sessions to sub-Eye of the Tiger (and that's saying something) Rawk and the footballing equivalent of a last round knock-out. The attempts to inject some charm into Jimmy's life are frankly awful; witness the black-faced miners and worst of all, Bean celebrating in the bath. Another gripe is that the only people I know who own Adidas Predators all live in palatial mansions and don't work in breweries. No, it isn't realistic enough that Jimmy never cleans his boots, because he wouldn't be able to afford them without selling a kidney in the first place. Film companies should think about these things before signing sponsorship deals.

All of this aside, if you want to learn how to order drinks, look no further, Jimmy bellows "get 'em in" so many times that his liver must have felt as bad as this film is corny and contrived. If you must watch

a football film, try that other classic of the Stallone canon *Escape to Victory*; at least that had a touch of Hollywood's magic. This is a film for people who support Manchester United instead of their home town team. You know who you are and we know where you live.

Director: Maria Gise
Released on: March 1

☆☆



Bathtime fun

Girls With Big Jests

Nick Atkinson has the pleasure of meeting them

The title does its job by proclaiming this to be a comedy show but I am probably not the only person in the world to inwardly cringe at the appalling 'jest' in the title. The show consists of a number of sketches connected by music and a brief interlude while the two girls, Henrietta Garden and Philippa Fordham, prepare for the next sketch. Sketches follow a variety of themes based on real life situations and mostly consist of a dialogue between the two actresses. The two also tried their hand at a few comic songs in the same vain as many comedy duos, Hale and Pace immediately springing to mind.

The show lasted for about an hour and I was impressed by the sheer effort and energy put into the performance which was, shall we say, fairly memorable. On the whole the sketches worked well each being con-

cise and neatly finished. Although the show was obviously scripted, much of the performance seemed almost improvised as the comedienne slid into their respective characters with ease.

The show appeared to be well rehearsed, especially the songs which must have been difficult to pull off (if you go you'll see what I mean). Lighting complemented the sketches well, and a wide variety of music was employed between the sketches.

An opinion? Girls with Big Jests is worth seeing and provides an enjoyable evening out. Tickets are a touch expensive at £6.50 but then I didn't have to pay. All in all it is probably worth seeing just for the sketch with the two pairs of tights tied together. Intrigued - then go and see it.

Venue: Kings Head Theatre
Until: March 2

Exposed?

A new creative writing magazine coming your way

I want your imagination, your thoughts, your dreams, your dialogues. EXPOSE me to them all- art, jokes, stories, poetry, photos, ANYTHING that has been floating around in those sweet juicy minds of yours. You are me...I will live, breathe and eat you..

MAD? I don't think so... just hungry for all you can hit me with. I want to roam the streets of LSE, I want to expose myself in all my glory! Oh yes! GIVE, GIVE and in return you may win one of several cash prizes for the best contributions.

EVERYTHING is accepted and selected by a fine committee of nutters, subject to supply. Anonymity is accepted though not preferred. This is a genuine attempt to bring LSE under its finest cloak of creativity so all works will be treated with upmost respect.

EVERY ONE OF YOU COUNTS.
EXPOSE yourself today!



(e-mail contributions to \Bizzari,F or hand in to SU Reception Literary Society)

Twentieth Century

Gabrielle Hampton reviews 1999 in Hampstead

Cosy is the word that would have to describe *Twentieth Century*. It's a play written, directed, performed and produced by recent graduates of various stage schools and has all the right ingredients for nice inoffensive fringe theatre.

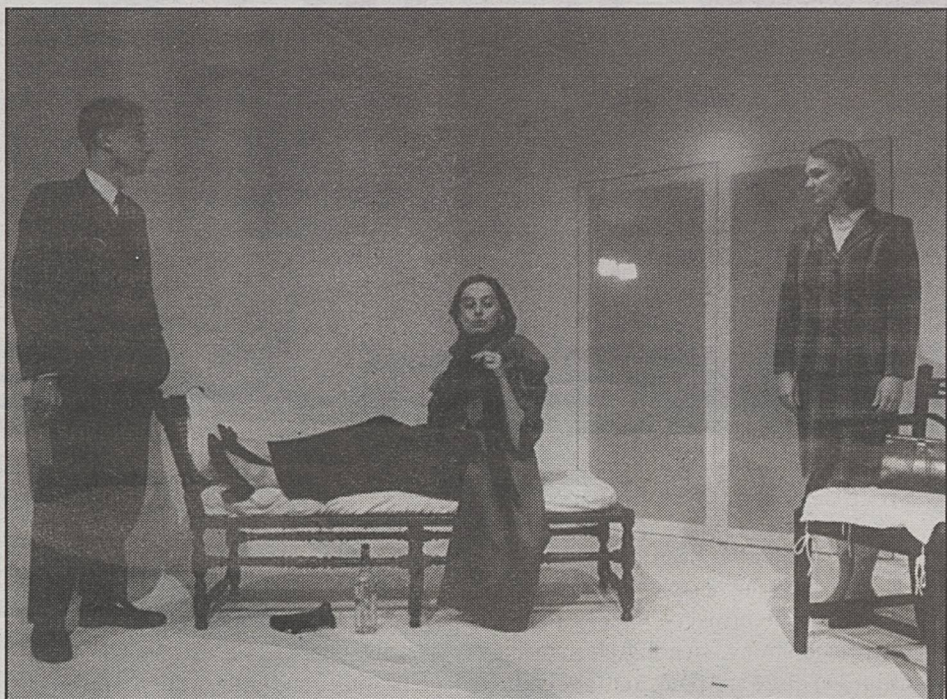
The story is about a very old man in a home during the passing of New Year's eve 1999 where through a series of flashbacks we learn about the old man's life as a film director. Written by Andrew Scott who has only one other play under his belt, it's a little on the green side but has humour, sadness and tension with politically correct and moral undertones ("I don't do deals with Tories or devils") and some very funny one-liners. It does lack the depth and drama you would expect from a more mature playwright, as does the production in general, but it's a good effort.

The director, Kate Bligh, opted for minimalism and multi-media, which suited the tone of the play well, although there was a rather over enthusiastic use of certain props that merely got in the way. On the

acting front sympathetic characters were seriously lacking. The leading man was a shit and the leading lady a total luvvy dahlung although Katherine Grice's performance as the nurse was nothing short of brilliant. She played Zoe with an understanding, depth and dry humour unmatched in the rest of the play.

The New End theatre is small, with about twenty rather uncomfortable red plush seats. Next door is a lovely warm pub which is perfect for customary after-show drinks and is the place to rub shoulders with the evenings 'stars'. That's it really, so if your attention span is short, and your idea of entertainment is watching bloody carnage and oodles of sex then you may be a tad disappointed with what this play has to offer. If however, all you want is a quiet evening out with a loved one (I had to be content with a flat-mate) then it may well be just up your street.

Venue: New End Theatre
Until: March 3



The cast are caught in a flashback

Photo: Library

Antigone

Finn McGuirk is impressed by a Greek Tragedy

This is not a big budget production. It is after all staged in a tiny theatre above a pub called the Hen and Chickens in St George's Road. You're unlikely to have heard of the actors, the lighting is a bit cheesy and the set consists of one white bench which gets moved about a bit. However the play does have some good performances and is consequently quite moving in parts.

As we are informed right at the start, the play is a tragedy. It is set after the death of Oedipus when his brother, Creon, has become the King of Thebes because Oedipus' two sons died fighting each other. Creon has honoured the memory of one of the brothers but not the other and Antigone is determined to die for the memory of her dishonoured brother. Creon explains to her why this is a pointless waste, explaining that whatever the politics there is nothing worth dying for. Antigone is determined to die anyway, though her reasons change.

She dies as a statement for the purity and idealism of youth against the cynicism and politics required to be happy in old age. Antigone is meant to be a pale, thin, dreamy character and this is conveyed excellently by Alexandra Howerd, who can't be more than five feet tall. Ferran Audi is very masterful as Creon. He is a big man anyway and when he is only a few feet away from you, spitting saliva

in his angry dialogues, he is quite intimidating. Some of the other characters are a bit weaker, and there is the odd mangled line, but it doesn't get in the way of the story. Despite the slightly unpolished production, the complicated themes, and fraught power play these emotions are effectively conveyed. Please don't let the location put you off as this classic tragedy is worth seeing.

Venue: Hen and Chickens Pub
Until: March 9



A typically tragic embrace

Photo: Library

The Gorilla Hunters

Virginie Gatin meets the beasts in a garage

Having been told I was going to see an adaptation of *Gorillas in the Mist* at the theatre, I was looking forward to seeing how they would get the gorillas on stage. To my disappointment there were no gorillas, though it was probably lucky considering the size of the stage; a small garage with 30 chairs lined at one end for the audience.

Despite the grim setting, the play was enjoyable, the actors making the most of the limited space. Unlike the film, *The Gorilla Hunters* focuses on the daily life of Dian Fossey; the constant struggle to protect the gorillas from poachers, the fight against the reluctance of the authorities to grant her visas, and her sometimes tense relationship

with the members of her team.

Diane Witter, playing Dian Fossey is very good, portraying this passionate often excessive woman who is desperate to save her gorillas. The other characters are not as outstanding because they tend to just support Diane Witter's performance.

Altogether the acting is good, and the story, though a bit slow, has very strong moments. However, despite the actors' efforts it is very hard to forget the poor facilities available, and the generally gloomy atmosphere prevented total enjoyment of an otherwise good play.

Venue: The Courtyard
Until: March 2

Serving It Up

Louisa Loong examines East End culture

Ever wondered what life is like in East London? I was surprised by the stark contrast in lifestyle, language and values portrayed in *Serving It Up* by David Eldridge from that which we see here in the West End. If you've never heard of Eldridge, it is because he is a new talent, who has just graduated from the University of Exeter.

The play is about people caught in a vicious cycle of a degenerate life in the East End. We have Sonny, who is unemployed, smokes and drinks excessively, becomes violent when provoked and is quite happy to live off the government. His mother Val seeks solace in his best friend, Nick who is a 20 year old refuse collector because her husband is impotent and was never there for her. We also get a female perspective from "trendy" Wendy, who works for £1.50 an hour at a hairdressers', and Teresa, who is pregnant but would not tell the boy responsible because he is just one of the many she's slept with. Both dream of marrying a rich man who will take them away to the West End.

As the story unfolds, you get their feeling of hopelessness as the younger generation looks at the future, recognising that they are becoming more and more like their parents. It was scary to see how easily Sonny is prepared to slash a bloke's mouth just because he would not offer him a chip. When he finds out that his best friend, who he trusted, has been sleeping with his mother, his actions fulfil her prophecy that "he will end up in jail and become just like his father."

A brilliant play touching on some very serious issues, but with humour and irony. Although the cast may be virtually unknown, they all played their parts well, bringing out the emotions of anger and frustration powerfully. The simple set (two slabs of concrete) worked very well and the music was excellent too. The theatre was cosy and you can bring your drinks in. This may not be light hearted entertainment but highly enjoyable and quite an educational experience!

Venue: Bush Theatre
Until: March 16

The Misanthrope

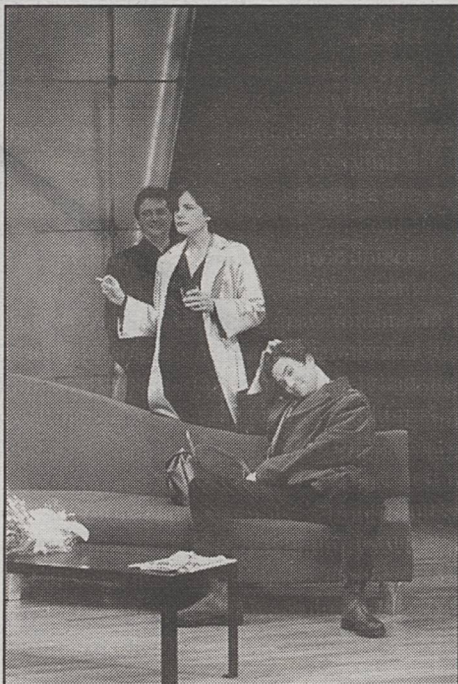
Liz Bougerol on a post-modern performance

Just in time for the 330th anniversary of Moliere's comedy, *The Misanthrope*, a new production pays tribute to the French Bard by trashing the classic completely, as the spectre of post-modern theatre rears its fashionable goatee. This modern-day production revolves around London playwright Alceste (Ken Stott), a man disgusted by a society caked with corruption, and repulsed by the sheer flakiness of the arty set in which he circulates. His hatred of all living things stops blindly short at Jenny (Elizabeth McGovern), the coquettish American actress who captures what's left of his heart. Alceste attempts to change Jenny into something real, dragging her into his world as fervently as he shuts everyone else out but eventually, Jenny's lucid devotion to her depraved lifestyle wins out.

The company works well with the somewhat stilted material, and Ken Stott gives us a fantastic, Alceste, moping violently through his fits of rage like a teething infant. Elizabeth McGovern's Jenny is a confident construction of too-famous-too-fast divadom. Martin Crimp's indelibly witty adaptation has some truly juicy moments but sadly, these become a rarity as the performance rolls on and the novelty of hearing the characters dish showbiz dirt in rhymed verse loses its punch. At times spiralling wildly upon its own ultrahip intellectual titbits, the production seems to love

itself almost as much as do the shallow characters Alceste abhors. As Alceste inches closer and closer to insanity, the production loses its momentum; perhaps playwright Crimp grew frustrated of his entourage and, in an Alcestian fit, gave up halfway through.

Venue: Young Vic
Until: March 23



Luvvies dilemma

Photo: Bill Cooper

Singles ◎ ◎ Singles ◎ ◎ Singles ◎ ◎ Singles ◎ ◎

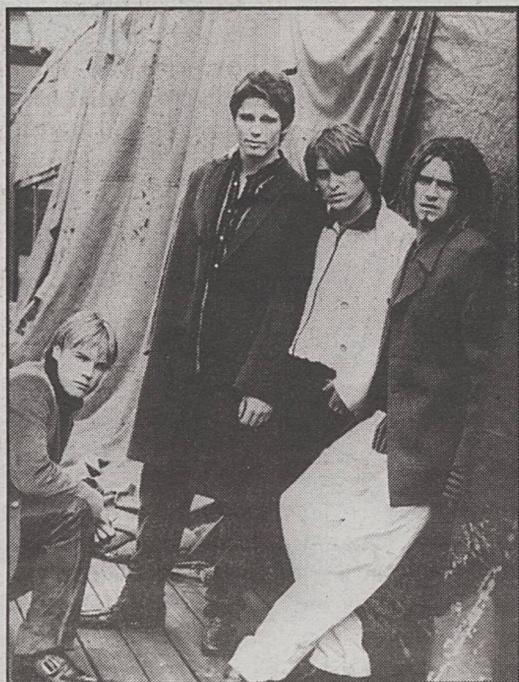
Toodle pip to Take That

Nicola Hobday wipes the tears from her eyes as she reviews Take That's last ever single... but just how deep is *her* love?

As the world reels from the bombshell that was the split of Take That, those Manchester lads have, at least, left us with one last morsel – a musical hanky – with which we can wipe away our mournful tears.

The single is a cover version of the Bee Gees' song 'How Deep Is Your Love'. One wonders why they chose to do a cover version when Gary is without a doubt the best song writing talent since the Beatles. Anyone who accuses him of saving all his decent material until he goes solo is far too cynical. The reason, of course, is in the lyrics: it's a message to all of us. Take That are well known for the deep and prophetic nature of their lyrics and here they use the symbolic verse of the Gibb brothers to ask us all – "How deep is your love"?

To bring this message to us they have taken the tempo down to create a more soulful and meaningful atmosphere. To lessen the, dare I say, 'naffness' of the Bee Gees' version a lot of the harmonies have been taken out in the verse. They are retained in the chorus, however, to



Don't cry lads you were only a pop group! Photo: RCA

give substance to these vital passages.

The instrumentation is very subtle with a great use of a relaxed rhythm and soft acoustic guitar. Gary's voice is a smooth and almost angelic, gone is the falsetto of the original; here, without a doubt, is the sincerity of the hidden meaning. "We're living in a world of fools, breaking us down," – those too harsh critics, the intrusive press, hounding the poor boys from the word go, forcing them to split up – "they should all just let us be, we belong to you and me", Take That and their fans will be united forever in their dreams.

Symbolism oozes from every last quaver in this song. If it doesn't leave you feeling tingly all over and misty eyed then I don't know what's wrong with you.

We are left with one last thought – How deep is your love? Mine's a bottomless chasm and I know I'll never fill the void that the departure of Take That has left.

PS I like Gary best.

The Take That helpline telephone is 0171 973 0011.

Artist: Supergrass

Single: Going Out

"Oh Gaz, I love you, I love you, I love you" gushes a worryingly unstable Radio 1 DJ, as if anyone is listening or anyone cares at 2.30am. The following news item dutifully informs both listeners that Supergrass have won the 'Best Newcomer' at the Brits. Splendid. Couldn't have happened to three nicer, cheekier, Englishier, funnier guys: good on 'em, and gawd bless 'em.

Thing is, if a band of more than averagely talented chimps with a gift for cheesy two chord songs and poor lyrics were to emerge in the next week, they would be huge. Chances are they would be heralded as best young band of their generation, the saviours or modern POP! and the next band to conquer America. They

would also be given top radio play, magazine covers, illicit substances and more jelly babies than their pre-pubescent minds could ever have imagined. Thing is, if a band of more than averagely talented chimps with a gift for cheesy two chord songs and poor lyrics did emerge in the next week they would be *passé*; Supergrass



Do they want to go out? Photo: Parlophone

got their first.

Fair enough, we all loved 'Alright'. Yet, despite it's near inevitable success, 'Going out' has little of the charm and feel-wonderful factor of its illustrious forebear. Perhaps Gaz and co. have lumbered off in a new direction (matured?), but what they have produced is something of a curate's egg. It is neither 'alright' cheesy pop, nor 'Caught by the fuzz' spiky pop, but a strange mish-mash of styles which manages only to be ultimately underwhelming. I mean, look at the evidence; Supergrass are ugly, simian, hairy, and merely fighting of the time when they will be seen as totally ridiculous. 'Best New Band in Britain' indeed.

This notwithstanding, if any of you fancy seeing Supergrass indulging in mutual grooming and sweaty adulation *live!*, then help is at hand. "Britain's cheekiest trio" (it says here) are playing live March 1st, and have taken the awe inspiringly anal

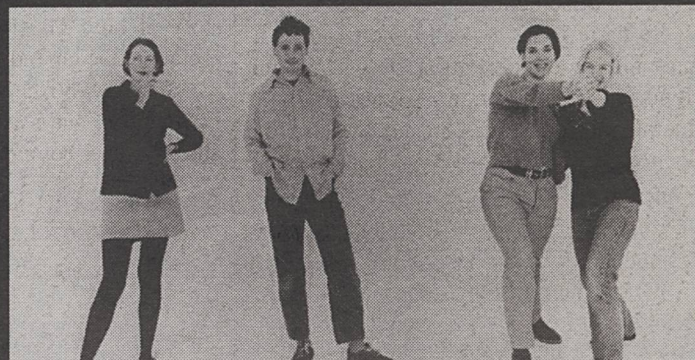
step of putting the show on the 'net. Thus, if you are sad and have no life, you can come down to the LSE, spend your night singing "we ah yung, wee ah fwee....." and have a jolly good time. The Internet address is <http://www.goodcleanfun.freud.co.uk>. Well, what are you waiting for? Go and find your anorak. JC.

Strange Stereolab sing for Cybele

Artist: Stereolab

Single: Cybele's Reverie

Stereolab are really weird. They are unconventional in regard to record releases with homemade sleeves, mail order releases and extreme limited editions. They are independent in the truest sense. The music is also perverse with imagery based around 1960s old style hi-fi equipment and album titles like 'random noise emissions' and the forthcoming 'Emperor tomato ketchup'. It led me to once believe they were an experimental industrial noise band. Actually to my horror all I heard was twee indie pop. Well everyone deserves a second chance so lets hear it Stereolab! URRGH... more twee twaddle. Or is it? On closer listen there's far more going on. The main track starts with sweeping classical violins before kicking into the beautiful French female singing and a pleasant melodic backing. It's very unusual, very 1960's yet very modern. Similar in tone and style to a sublime Pulp or St. Etienne maintaining a sense of shiny pop glamour without becoming kitsch. The song fades out to a



Stereolab doing a twee little dance.

Photo: Duophonic UHF Discs

reprise of the classical intro before it's had a real chance to grow. Tantalising and teasing. It's a nice jolly summery song and even brought a smile to my frostbitten lips. Two more of the tracks follow a similar formula but lack it's strength and veer close to being too sickly sweet. The second track fits my original idea of the band. It's a vocal-less track with a throbbing almost tribal beat, snippets of synthesizer and adds an insistent drum towards the end. Experimental.

contrasting and interesting which is what I expect the forthcoming album will be.

This is an enjoyable release but too much of this jolly stuff would do my head in. Don't be put off by grumpy old me though because this is a pleasing breeze from those carefree flowery sixties summer days. Fab and groovy euro songs for pop kids and ageing hippies everywhere.

Alan Mustafa

Artist: Paul Weller

Single: Out of The Sinking EP

Paul Weller has been, for three decades the king of style. With The Jam in the late 70s he managed to keep British pop hard and strong, steering clear of the spectrums of disco and punk. Into the eighties with the Style Council he went through two stages; the first, a jazz revival with the album *Cafe Bleu* and then took the same rhythm and gave it left wing politics; *Our Favourite Shop*. After his break from Mick Talbot, he stormed back with one of the albums of this decade, *Wild Wood*. How many artists can you name that have continued to produce quality over three decades? Weller's creativity has followed his own maturity. In the late 70s when everyone was rockin' against something Weller declared himself a Conservative. In the 80s when politicians were reassessing the existence of the working class Weller was penning the immortal line "When you going get to realise, the class war's real – not methologised" (Walls come tumbling down). The mature 90s Weller thinks that politics has no place in music.

Out of the Sinking is the third single from Stanley Road and represents the diversity to be found on the album. More so than the other two singles. This song is more representative of the album. Weller merges 70s guitar riffs with the 'northern soul' beat present in a lot of his work (*Town called Malice*, *Solid Bond in your Heart*) and places over it his questioning, mellow vocals. This is good but not the best thing on the album. I am sure that Weller will retain his title as Best Solo Artist at the Brits and in my view he thoroughly deserves it. I hope that Weller continues to his *Changing Man* journey and produces more albums. When I was 16, Weller's songs were an inspiration to left minded young people. I suppose it's a sign of our depoliticised times that "ignore our fate and twinkle too late" is the most meaningful line of this song. TS

Artist: Moloko

Single: Dominoid

This is surprisingly good. I expected some half arsed weird indie guitar band, especially given the silly cartoon computer game cover. However, as you may know if you saw the band on the white room recently or supporting Pulp, this is a stylish and fine song. It's funky yet sublime with a dirty deep twisting vocal. It's really swish and could be from a film soundtrack. Imagine Portishead whisked back in time to a 1920s dingy cabaret



A Handbag?

Photo: Robert Wyatt

club. Mellow trip hop with an added grace and beauty. The various mixes add more driving beats, strip down the backing or deconstruct the song totally. The titles are great; the 'panty sniffer mix', 'cynthia's hi-fi fuzzy logic mix' and the song comes from the album 'do you like my tight sweater?'. This is barmy, compelling and unique. Head and shoulders above the rest of Brit pop and the like. These are definitely going places but God only knows where. AM

Artist: Various
Album: The Best Album In The World Ever

So anyway, come home, coat off, ketle on, new CD in the hi-fi, telly on without any volume, you know, doing all the normal kind of usual just got home shit that we all do. It is at these moments that I listen to the latest batch of whatever records I get. But - hold on, this time the experience is different...this time the experience is unique and like nothing else because, according to the packaging, this time I am listening to none other than...(wait for it)...**"THE BEST MOST FANTASTIC ALBUM TO EXIST IN TIME OR SPACE AND IN THE WORLD FOREVER AND EVER!"** or something.

So there I was expecting some kind of mad insane collaboration between Jimi Hendrix, John Lennon, Mozart, Elvis, Beethoven, Jim Morrison and, um, the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. Amazing what you can do with technology these days. But, as it turns out, this happens to be some indie compilation instead.

Hmmmm. "Wonderwall" by Oasis. Lovely song, like it a lot. Thing is, it was a number one (or two) single from a number one album. In other words, there can be no bastard alive who hasn't got it already. Ditto with "Common People", "Parklife", "She Bangs the Drums", "Creep". Nevertheless, there are a few treats to be found here: for every bag of arse that is The Wonder Stuff or the Levellers there are some truly wonderful moments. The Verve's "History" is a gorgeous, swooning, string-laden *epic*, and Massive Attack's "Protection" is as well, but, er, without any strings.

This is the latest Virgin offensive in a long and bloody campaign to release a compilation album for every possible niche in the market...ever. You know, the best Sixties album ever, the best Party album ever. And it's getting all quite boring really. Quite aware that all self-respecting indie-kids are going to have most of these records, Virgin solve the unit-shifting problem by throwing on some relatively "classic" stuff (ie. approx five years old) and gear the whole thing to fifteen year olds.

Hence they whack on New Order ("Blue Monday") The Smiths ("How Soon is Now?"), Primal Scream ("Movin' on up"), Stone Roses ("She Bangs the Drums"), and the Happy Mondays ("Kinky Afro"). It is of course, all great stuff, but it's also a misguided attempt to convince the youthful punters that - YES! - you too can possess those fantastic "old" records you keep on hearing down the indie disco!

It's all a bit of a con really, especially when this so called Best album in the world ever was preceded by another Best album in the world ever. So, um, apparantly there are two of them. And this one is exactly the same as the other one: the same bands but different songs. Best album in the world ever? Try "the White album", try "Maxinquaye" or try the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion's "Orange", because they're all ace.

P.S. Goat sacrificing Mr Crabtree? I have absolutely no idea what you mean. **IH**

Artist: Livingstone
Single: Call Around

Well it's good, it's all pretty good, but that's about where it ends, there's not a lot more to say. The band themselves say "We don't want to be a novelty act, that's why we're definitely not another Britpop band." Well no Livingstone, you're not really are you? More like another pop band. I'm not saying that that's bad, they're quite enjoyable to listen to.

'Call Around' starts very well, with a tune-

Ruthless Richard digs The D.O.C.

Revel in the further rap writings of Rich

Artist: The D.O.C.

Album: Helter Skelter

Much of "Helter Skelter", in particular the track "From Ruthless to Death Row" tells the story of how The D.O.C has been fucked around in the rap industry.

Back in 1986, he was down with the "Fila Fresh Crew" and was featured on the "NWA and the posse" compilation album. Then, after cash flow disputes, he moved to the late Eazy-E's Ruthless records label where he contributed to the albums "Eazy Duz It" and NWA's "Straight Outta Compton" before Dr. Dre laid down the tracks for his own platinum selling album "No One Can Do It Better".

Tragically, this lyrical genius with a PhD. in Funkology, fucked up his voice in a horrific car accident. The new croaky/husky voice got play on NWA's "Efil4Zaggin", Dr. Dre's "The Chronic", and Snoop Dogg's "Doggystyle", as he continued to contribute lyrics for these ground breaking and influential albums.

Now it's 1996, enter "Helter Skelter" with no sign of Dr. Dre or Death Row records. The split is reported to be amicable. The album cover implies this with the inclusion of the quote, "Special thanks to:Dr. Dre (My Nigga got to get mine to)".

Fuck that, The D.O.C is out for revenge. First steal an album title which was originally pencilled in for the Dr. Dre/Ice Cube reunion album, then sue Dr. Dre and Suge Knight's Death Row records for a six figure sum.

The D.O.C sums up the situation perfectly on the tightest song of the album ".45 Automatic":

"Nigga, didn't wanna pass the weed/ left me stuck/ Everybody be telling me/ that's fucked up though/ It's all about the cash".

The D.O.C is now free of rehashed Parliament and Funkadelic tracks, which is all Dr. Dre is now capable of producing, and is able to introduce some new talent. Erotic D must have jismed his pants, when he was asked to produce the long awaited follow up to "No One Can Do It Better".

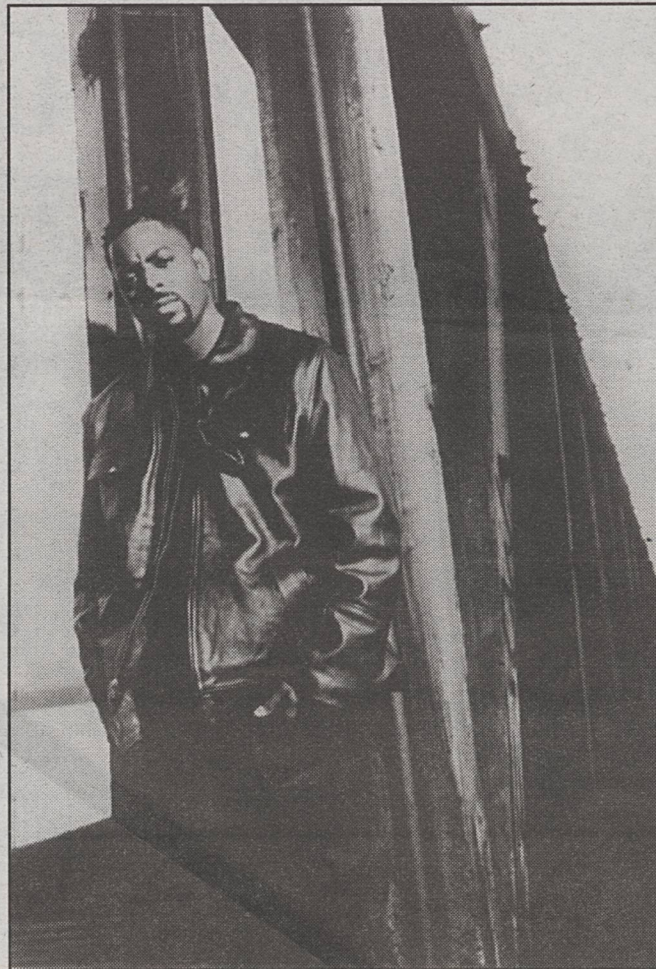
ful piece of guitar picking, and some engaging vocals. However, as it continues, maybe it's just that the song doesn't go anywhere, or maybe it's just that the producer blends everything seamlessly into the type of pop/rock that is instantly boring, but basically something goes a bit wrong. **TS.**

Artist: St. Germain
Single: Alabama Blues

This new single continues St. Germain's trend of creating an effortless mix of styles. The song has deep

Despite his inexperience, Erotic D has definitely got "The Formula". Replace the beat box with live drums, mix it with driving electric guitar solos, and loop some keyboard programming, and discover some fresh "NON G-Funk" sounds.

What with his voice deficiency and all, The D.O.C appears to struggle to maintain the speed and variation of delivery he was originally famed for, and relies heavily on guest vocalists to complete the rhymes. This takes nothing away from the content. In rap, all the best cuts are posse jams (where large crews come together and pass the mic). What this album didn't require was remakes of songs from his debut album. For their time they were untouchable, to an extent they still are, but this is six years on and The D.O.C should have indulged further in conveying his knowledge on other topics.



The D.O.C.

Photo: Danny Clinch

Eerie and haunting, funky and flavour-some. We all know whose fake and whose real, The D.O.C, coming back at your arse with mad mother fucking skillz.

Special thanks goes to Mr. Stone. It took it's time to come, but your persistence paid off! Just remember to "drop cap" my review, you stupid son of a bitch.

"To be a bitch, you don't necessarily have to have a pussy in your pants." **RR**

bluesy vocals that hang over a sublime backing of kick drums and deep pulsing beats. These step up the pace with each verse yet never burst into the threatened house workout. The Todd Edward's mix is more experimental and cut up, adding female vocals and a pipe.

It's very classy and mellow but would probably work better on an album or in a longer mix. Disappointing at first, it soon grows on you with its infectious bohemian, jazzy, blues, and house vibes. Fresh and funky, definitely worth checking out. **AM**

Club Culture

It's Big-Tune-Arama this month in clubland, with established club faves preparing for assaults on the pop charts. First and foremost the ever popular *Children* by the Italian Robert Miles. If you have not yet heard this beautifully crafted instrumental, where have you been for the last three months? Expect a Top of The Pops appearance very soon. Drum rolls, OTT piano breaks and cheesy samples are not the ingredients for a cred club tune, but you cannot deny the impact that Kendoh *Nagasaki* has had on the dance floors of the UK's handbag swinging nights. This one is to be released on FFFR with a set of new mixes. Another tune that just will not go away is Misjah's *Access*. This is the acid tune of the last two years, challenging Hardfloor's *Acperience*, also to be released on FFFR with a Josh Wink impersonating (and rather unnecessary) vocal mix. The last of this month's huge grooves is Sasha's *Be As One*. Sasha is without a doubt the UK's most gifted DJ, but I do think that he has rather lost his way since the heady summer of '92; a lot of his productions seem to emphasise the melody at the cost of the dancefloor groove.

Groovy disco is most certainly back in the shape of Full Intention's *America*, possibly another Bucketheads, this one will be released on Stress sometime in March. Another unavoidable dancefloor mover is X-Press 2's *The Sound*; mad stomping UK house with Hoover noises, a personal favourite! Mark Pichiotti (who was behind La Tour's *Blue* which is a backing track for some action sequences in the film *Basic Instinct*) has emerged as one of the USA's most in-demand remixers and producers. He has three remixes and productions tearing up dancefloors up and down the country. The finest of these is Benz's *Urban City Girl*, the dub of which really rocks the floor. The Man rarely disapoints, but his mixes on Sunscreen's *Exodus* lack inspiration, probably the result of too much time in the studio.

Many of you will have seen Alcatraz's *Give Me Love* on The Pops the other Thursday, good to see a full on cred club groove achieving wider appeal. Alcatraz are back again, this time performing remix duties on Lil Mo Yang's *Reach*; Dark and pumping, and for some, the ideal Saturday night soundtrack. Jean-Phillipe, on half of the Alcatraz duo, goes solo with XS' *Geraldine*. If slightly muddy in production, the baseline is as chunky as ever. Also on that dark mid-atlantic vibe is the Phil Kelsey dub on Erasure's *Rock Me Gently*. Phil Kelsey was, in fact, one of the UK's leading house producers back in '91 and '92, but then severely blighted his reputation with some absolutely stinking remixes. Now our Phil is carefully rebuilding his career, and his Erasure remix is proof of this man's ability to create an underground stomper (also, check out his remix of Moby's *Into The Blue*).

1995 was definitely the year John Digweed came to the fore; in his footsteps come a few of the producers he has championed, most notably *Blue Amazon*. This lot are touted as the next Leftfield and do not disappoint on their new single *No Other Love*. This One Bears all the BA trademarks; uplifting strings, and vocal snippets and long tense breakdowns. Superb. However the Digweed sound could oft be accused of being dancefloor unfriendly, and the BA remix on Jayn's *Lovetrain* while in no way lacking glorious melody, lacks that all important dancefloor punch. Till Next time me disco Loonies!

Jules

Raunchy revelations of Returning Officer revealed

The secret diary of a Returning Officer (aged 19 and 3 months)

Thamien Dwaites, our esteemed returning officer may have man-aged to not lose the ballot box but he has lost something closer to his heart. Without mentioning any names, his secret diary has managed to find its way into my hands. I think that you will agree that it is by far the most revealing of any of the diaries yet to appear.

Monday, February 19

As returning officer I am naturally the most important person in the Union at the moment. It is a tremendous drain on my time. Not only am I the elected representative for second-year Government students, a TV star, chair of the British Organisation of Relatively Interesting Nineties Guys (BORING), a writer of creative erotic fiction, but also expected to be at the Union's beck and call during these elections. Things just are not going well for me at the moment, I wish that I'd never had that LSE scarf surgically sewn into my neck. What am I going to do when the weather improves? I'll spend all summer smelling worse than I normally do.

Actually I shouldn't be so down, the writing is going extremely well. It all started in my first year when, feeling the pinch of being a student, I applied for a job in telesales. It really is very worthwhile and provides a wonderful service. Obviously I wouldn't want everybody at college to know that I worked on a sex phone line but I really do believe that it helps. It has given me a wonderful dominating voice. Actually I used it in the UGM last week, I said "Don't play politics with my job" in exactly the same tone of voice that I would normally say, "Don't play politics with the knob - Big Boy."

It was this job that made me realise that I had a future in the erotic writing business. I am currently working on my first novel *Blue Café*. I've had the experience of the phone lines as well as contributing over a hundred letters to *Razzle* and *Fiesta* varying from 'I felt I must write and tell you about a recent experience....' to 'Recently my wife and I made our favourite fantasy come true...' Anyway it is almost 7.45 pm so I must get to bed, I hope that there are no calls tonight. Working from home is such a bitch.

Tuesday, February 20

The UGM last week voted against giving me a mobile phone. Bastards. I was thinking I could get some extra money. I could be sitting at the voting desk in the Old Building accepting ballot papers and saying "yes, yes I am hot and I'm wearing my plastic underpants." Actually, although I am enjoying doing the erotic work, I do worry that it has given me unhealthy sexual appetites. It is no coincidence that my first task was to hire Darnardo Buggan as my assistant. I have started to steal his conversational gambits and using them on my phone lines, 'Take it from an oldie', 'fetch me a bucket'. I know that Darnardo feels the same way about me, as every time we talk, large sweaty patches appear all over his body. How I

would love to lick that salty fluid out of his bellybutton. And he thinks that 'Operation Goldeneye' is about vigorously checking receipts.

I have now been on University Challenge twice...and still no offers of TV work. I am the cleverest, the best looking and to be quite frank, I am the only person who has ever added sex appeal to that programme. Even Ron Voce has been asked to play 'Wiggy' in Jasper Carrot's next series. I carried those ugly bastards to the final and

sending me to the specialist at University College Hospital. I just can't tell them the truth but somehow I must prevent the publication of 'the amazing growing boy'.

I took fifteen calls at home this evening, this has meant that I couldn't do any work on the novel. I must do this tomorrow.

Thursday, February 22

At last progress, I now have quite a good structure for the book. The first paragraph is

as follows.

Ramon DuPrey took a deep breath and let it out in a slow exclamation, his eyes totally unable to rip themselves off her half-naked body. He could tell she was enjoying every second of keeping him on the edge of his bed. As she slowly began to remove her bra, the tip of her tongue appeared. Through the full, glossy lips it showed briefly. It slid salaciously across her top lip, just once, before withdrawing.

I am extremely pleased with the way it is going. I was completely stuck for inspiration until, quite by chance, Howard Wilkinson, who was completely drunk, told me all about a night he spent with Christine Wright at Rosebery Hall. I just need to work on an ending.

Today I took a huge risk and lent my unfinished manuscript to Darnardo Buggan. I hope he likes it.

Friday, February 23

I was on my way to hide the course collection books in the library ... when the phone rang.

"Hello" I said in my huskiest voice.

"Thamien - it's Darnardo" I could have died, this was the first time we had ever spoken at home. "I think I have an ending for your novella. I am coming round now to discuss it."

"Thamien the book was fantastic. It aroused me like nothing else ever has. And I felt so much a part of it". He grinned, I laughed. This could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship ...

**Campus writers
wanted!!!
So we can make this
page a little less cliquey.
Please!**



Yes, yes, I've taken my plastic pants off - are you hard?

get no thanks. I wish I'd never bought that encyclopaedia on CD ROM. And I should have been captain, not that ugly death candidate Rob Northcott.

Wednesday, February 21

Today I had to give my special report to the Union executive. Ha Ha and no mention of 'Operation Goldeneye'. The fools will never know. I had to sit through that boring meeting for over an hour. Actually it was quite interesting because although I had never met Ali Imam before. I'm sure that I recognised his voice from somewhere. I can't quite place it, although the words 'bump' and 'sore' do come to mind.

My limbs are aching terribly today, I read recently in *Wank* magazine an article entitled 'How to achieve the ultimate orgasm'. It really works but all those hours on the stretching torture device are really painful and surely someone will notice soon that I used to be 5 foot 8 and am now 6 foot 7. Actually, I am going to have to go back to the hospital. I told the doctor that it was nothing to worry about but he insists on

Poetry Corner

Howard's 'little' problem

It started with Erin my self esteem fell,
despite her stockings, no life in my bell,
such is my plight I phoned Christine Wright,
But try as she could alas no wood,
Walking to Passfield with hockey Allison,
I got a burger but still no erection,
On the ice with Randy again it was bandy,
Tried relaxing with Theepan's bong,
But once more I had no long,
In the Griffin watching porn,
I'm so forlorn I can't get the horn,
Oh how I wish I could turn back the clock,
Sally always got life out of my cock.

Rim boys slam it home

Bret Rosen

With Coach Andy Staab looking most dapper on the side lines, and a jovial throng of (3) supporters, LSE's basketball first team advanced to the next round of the BUSA Tournament with a 77-62 win over Luton. A win over Bradford on the 24th of February will send LSE to the Promised Land of Newcastle, where the Beavers will sample the town's famed brown ale from the source, and get a chance to take the BUSA title.

Luton presented LSE with its biggest challenge in months. Down 34-30 at halftime, Staab made his most brilliant coaching move of the year, switching from a zone defense to a box and one. The tactic worked quite effectively, as several Beavers took turns harassing Luton's high scoring guard in the second half.

LSE dominated the second half, apparently spurred on by Christoph 'Worm' Raatz' decision to dye his hair purple, and pierce all 10 toenails at halftime, in honor of his hero, Dennis Rodman. Andrea 'Malakas' Vourloumis heated up in the second half, scoring 18 of his team leading 29 points after halftime. He finally set have recovered from the psychological trauma of being taunted

in his native tongue for all 40 minutes of the Bangor game (and then being insulted by his teammates on the ride home). Bill Sanford ' & Son' finished with 17 points, and Leo von Bredow added 15, while playing all 40 minutes, and uttering totally unintelligible comments in the team huddle. Bret Rosen, he of Magic Johnson basketball instructional video fame, added 8 points (20 below his average), and trash talked Luton's high scorer into submission. Jose Fernandez was the force on the boards, while Andy Robb and Jay Bernstein offered key contributions in the second half. Dr. Paris Yeros, back after a one month long sabbatical, had more fouls than minutes played; he took solace in the fact that he and his compatriot, Malakas Vourloumis combined for 31 of the team's 77 points.

The win was even more impressive considering the absences of Oliver Rey, Ahmet Mesinoglu and David 'The Philadelphia Eagle' Leibowitz. Rey was at a job interview...for the latest vacancy of selling The Issue on Kingsway & Holborn; Mesinoglu was marketing his latest line of headbands; while Leibowitz was auditioning to become the first ever LSE Beaver. He concluded round the clock negotiations the night of the game, finally coming to an agreement with the LSE Athletic Department on the mascot's dimensions.

Second team rim out

Yianni Hadoulis

Summit Sports Centre was the scene of wild festivity on Tuesday night, when the Seconds were joined in the changing rooms by the local girls' aerobics club in order to celebrate their entry into the ULU playoffs.

But let us start at the beginning. This time, there were thankfully no arguments between Americans and normal people, - er, sorry, Europeans - mainly because Joe 'Better Dead than Red' Shwartz was absent. That's the good news; the bad news was that Teague, Felix, Christian, and Ilias also decided not to show up. Despite these setbacks, the game was closely matched during the first half; then disaster struck as Damir fouled out. Without the Bosnian Barbarian, we could no longer implement our 'punching the living daylight out of opponents' technique. The situation looked dire indeed as Barts jumped ahead by 16 points, but the Seconds searched within themselves for a bit of magic, and rallied to bring the game to 4 points with two minutes to go. That's when the referees decided to tip the balance in Barts' favour (Barts were paying, after all), and they handed Andreas his fifth foul. He was soon followed to the bench by Chris and Moshe.

That only left Nick, Yianni, and David to continue the struggle. Under normal circumstances Barts should have taken out two of their own players, but, naturally, they were too scared of us to do so. It's situations like these which prove that three LSE men are worth five from Barts, and

more. Using a novel 'triangle' zone defense, the outnumbered Seconds refused to admit defeat and kept the gap down, knowing that we had to lose by less than ten points to get to the playoffs, since we had already beaten them by ten last time. Thanks to David's tenacity, Nick's ice-cold free-throw shooting and Yianni's faultless defense, LSE managed to pull through.

Later in the changing room, under threat of exposure to the *full* view of Nick's buttocks, the referee admitted that we were the better team, but the fact that the people at Barts held his wife and child hostage had forced him to be biased against us. We really didn't mind.

Everyone apart from Damir, who was accosted by a stomach-ache, had a good time; after all, losing is an experience quite new to us. According to the scoresheet, David was the Man of the Night with 25 points, followed by Nick who scored 20 (2). Chris had 11 (1), Andreas notched 9, Yianni pumped in 8 (1), and Moshe added 4. There was admittedly some very dodgy scorekeeping, but that was to be expected, as the two Turkish girls brought along by Barts had their attention focused on Yianni's bulging biceps instead, and eventually got him to pose for a souvenir picture for them. The little hero will undoubtedly do more of his stuff in the next round, as the LSE horde moves inexorably forward. Dr. Staab, vie would like to renew our appointment for the finals, bitte...

We were unable to show Nick's dick this week, as promised, because the scan enlarger wasn't powerful enough to blow up the picture to a presentable size. Many apologies to Oscar.

Allison scores at last but not at High Holborn

Well, here we are, trying Drone's this week at Carrie's suggestion celebrating our latest victory. Yes, that's right, our sixth consecutive winning report, and if you didn't catch it last week it's because we're too damn fast. Last Wednesday we faced off against RSM, who absurdly came back for more after the 9-0 beating we dished out two weeks ago. Even though they showed up this time with two more players than last time, the result wasn't that much different, as we hammered them to the tune of 9-2 (it was those two players that made the difference). We showed up at Berrylands with seven players plus Carrie's enormous hangover, which essentially reduced us to six and a half, so I'd say we did remarkably well. So, after waiting for RSM to show up, we took to the pitch at 3 o'clock. By 3.01 the score was already 1-0, thanks to Joy's first of four goals, scored at the pushback. Actually RSM seem to have a strange effect on Joy's shooting ability (she must be jealous of their complete crap skills, as well as their pie-tasting ability), as she missed more goals than she scored. Our capped-wonder Emma was next, scoring her first goal of the season by brilliantly deflecting a pass into the goal. After this the match turned a bit violent though, as one of RSM's players almost had her teeth knocked out by a deflected ball, and later another complained that one of Joy's drives had maimed her, even though the ball was mysteriously able to continue 25 more yards down the pitch.

All of the forwards played brilliantly. Carrie, still supporting a fashionable green

tinge, played like a star, scoring her first hat-trick of the season. She would have scored four times, rivalling Joy, if only the goal had been half-an-inch wider. Better luck next time. Faten also tried valiantly, only to be stopped by RSM's kicking backs (it took two of them to stop her). Even though Anna played her best game of the season, it was unfortunate that she was one of the few that didn't score. Karen was one of the others that didn't get a goal. She actually facilitated one of RSM's two by absent-mindedly discussing her Valentine's day plans with one of their players and didn't notice RSM walking right down the pitch past her (For anyone who cares, she actually bought fat Lowen a dartboard (it's true!), for he can no longer play less-obese sports). No matter though, as they only got the ball past her one other time, so as long as she plays as well defensively for the rest of the season she can talk as much as she wants.

The second half of the match was dominated by a continuous flow of attempts to assist Allison in scoring her first goal. Needless to say, after receiving many beautiful set-ups from Joy and Carrie, she still failed. Having kept us waiting all this time she thought it appropriate to listen to the screeches of her team-mates and actually put the ball into the back of the goal with a resounding thud for her first, and probably only, goal of the season. The night ended with Allison receiving her congratulatory pints from the rest and all us looking forward to our last match of the season next Wednesday. So long until then.

Swansea squash the squash team the LSE oil tanker crashes to defeat on their shores

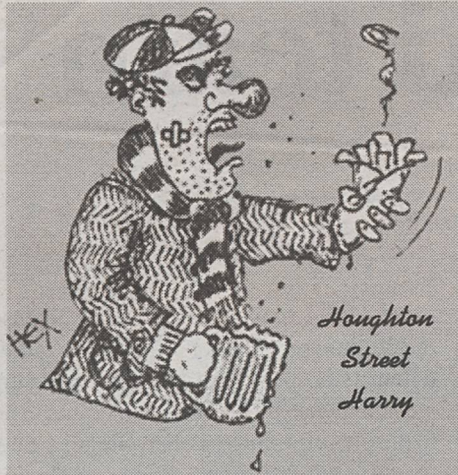
The LSE Squash team lost to Swansea University in the knockout stages of BUSA National Championships. It wasn't the lack of talent but the lack of motivation that caused the team's downfall. The top players Khalil Ali and Luca Stanca refused outright to accompany the team to Wales. This meant that the three remaining players Jay, Ziyad and Ranjeev all had to play two positions above their normal and win the matches. This was a big task in any circumstances. Sameer, a second team player, volunteered to travel with the team as a no 4. So the stage was set for a three hour train ride to Swansea. The journey looked more like the London-Alaska service than London-Swansea due to snow-covered fields and mountains.

As expected, Swansea was freezing cold and to make things even worse we found out that the heating system in the courts wasn't working. Our team who are so used to playing in high temperature found themselves in a court cold enough to store meat for six months. The first match featured Ziyad Rahim, the energetic and stylish campaigner (and author - Sports Ed), against Jim Karry (the Swansea skipper). After losing the first game in no time, Ziyad finally came to terms with the conditions and completely thrashed his opponent in the next three. The score was

5-9, 9-2, 9-2, 9-1. That was a perfect start. Ranjeev Bhatia had a tough match, but was very unlucky for many of the crucial decisions were awarded against him. The result of the match, some thought, would've been different had the match been refereed by a neutral person. Jay Kantaria put up a good fight but his opponent was far too good for him. According to him he was England no. 15 (never heard of the guy, mate!). Sameer, who deserves the utmost credit for accompanying the team to Wales, also put up a good fight but ended up on the losing side.

After humiliating us on court with some biased refereeing, the Welsh were kind enough to give us free meal tickets and a drink in the bar (the only warm place in town!!!). We left Wales at 6.30pm for London, taking with us some bitter memories. Everybody was upset at something... Ranjeev at the referee, Ziyad at the freezing weather (due to which he got ill and spent the next week in bed), Sameer at the standard of girls and not forgetting Jay, who for some reason was really pissed off with the sheep.

But the people who let the team down were Khalil and Luca. If they had been there, we would've won 5-0. It's still hard to believe the excuse Khalil gave; "if Luca is going then I'll go." Well, well, well Luca, all I can say is watch out for your Valentine's card!



I must admit that Harry has never been the most tolerant of characters; but no matter how tolerant you are, there's little doubt that this time of year is about as annoying as university life can get. Because here begins a desperate crusade, as a motley crew of highly irritating wannabe political heavyweights suddenly decide that it's their turn to make the world a better place by standing for a variety of sabbatical posts.

And so the harassment starts; folk that have never given you the time of day before suddenly decide that they're your best mate. This logical conclusion arises from the fact that they once wandered into your first year Econ B class in a drunken stupor, which somehow gives them the right to nag you incessantly during the election period.

Candidates wander gleefully around halls, shamelessly sucking up to the likes of Chee Xhin Zua - previously known only as an actuarial impresario, but whose company now takes on added significance, as he provides a gateway to capturing the ever-important Singaporean vote. And that's the really annoying thing - for a fortnight, we all become classified by our voting category. Candidates try desperately to capture the Asian vote, the lesbian vote, the ginger vote, the minger vote, and even the Pron Bose vote - they really are that desperate! They thrust posters into your hands, saying how good it is to see you again (even if you've never met them before) and promise you that if they're elected then poverty will end in Africa, Matt Le Tissier will get picked for England, and LSE women will become ravishing, lust-filled beauties with a license to thrill.

The Education and welfare post, especially, is an amusing distraction, as a hierarchy of sorts is already in place, started off by the ever-popular Vinnie Ghatate. The post may as well be renamed as the Asian clique post, as the solitary entry pre-requisites are to possess various squashed features, wet-look hair and to have a stool attached to your chest... it does help to own Pure Swing IV as well. As for celebrations - expect the Kangol posse to light up Houghton St with much bangra dancing, samosa slapping and mobile-phone ringing - Mercury are licking their mango chutney-covered fingers in anticipation.

There are fears, though, that the LSE knob vote could suffer this year, due to a noticeable dearth of good looking female candidates. A variety of rotund behemoths will no doubt stand in their place, but it's questionable whether male hormones will be aroused to the same extent that they were during the Gen Sec election last year.

As usual, though, the Ents post should be hotly contested, as a variety of social demons promise us top bands, top beer and top birds... I'll believe that when I see it.

So enjoy the election period, and please don't hesitate to shove candidates' posters right where the sun doesn't shine - Remember that they'll do anything to capture your vote, and so you're quite entitled to give them a good kicking. Let's see if they still try to suck up to you afterwards.

Holloway dumped out by fabulous Firsts

LSE's Dream Team move into the final

There are winners and losers in life. This was proved emphatically as Holloway's season was effectively ended last Saturday. As they left the field to fill in their UB40s, the LSE legends were getting their suits out of the cupboard for a trip to the London Cup Final at Motspur Park on March 9th.

The capacity crowd (Brian the Groundsman, and Danny's mum and little brother) were on hand to witness one of the major cup

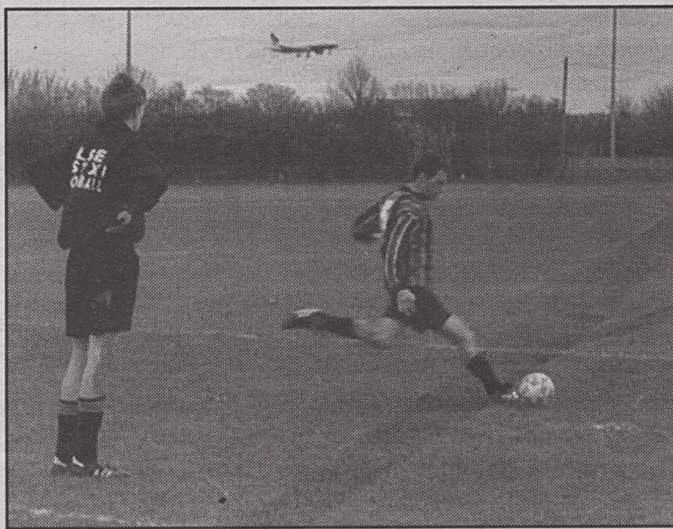
upsets this century. Such was the magnitude of the task ahead that skipper Rikos ordered the troops to have an early night and a pasta dinner. Unfortunately the lads, unable to understand the gifted one's instructions, assembled for their usual match preparation in the Tuns and in Saunder's opium den, where, on hearing that RHUL had crushed Cardiff in BUSA, decided to sack it and get completely off their proverbial tits.

As Holloway arrived suited and booted, LSE's collection of down and outs huddled in the changing room getting focused, listening to Leong-Schlong's comedy team talk which this week was centred around their good looking number three.

As the game started it was soon abundantly clear that this was going to be a tight affair



LSE legends: Back row from left - Filipe Venini, Markus Kern, Rikos Leong-Son, Svein Mikkleson, Mark Chang. Front row from left - Kevin Sharpe, Danny Fielding, Tim Ludford-Thomas, Chris Cooper, Matt Miller, Nic Jones. Photo: Beaver staff



Big Svein looks on as 'Yardage' Fielding sends it long. Photo: Beaver staff

ence of), with the winner being the team who could kick the other hardest and convert their limited chances. Luckily for the LSE, they

now posses what is renowned to be the best defence in London, while the strike-force of Chang and Ludford-Thomas are in startling form. Indeed it was the irrepressible Mark Chang who opened the scoring, glancing in a swerving Cooper corner off his balding pate.

Although Holloway pulled a lucky goal back, lucky mainly because the scorer struck home after leaving the college two years ago, to push the game into extra-time, the result was never really in doubt.

An innocent one-two in the corner with Peruvian Philippe Venini, led to a creation spawned from the left wand of Cooper which only Ludford had the ability to get on the end of, to slot home from fully three yards. All that remained was for Miller to have his usual fight with Jazzy Jay and man of the match Svein Mikkleson to pull off another match-saving stop, before the final whistle sent the barmy army into ecstasy.

Holloway took defeat really well. While some offered threats of violence, others were in despair, their striker Marco breaking down in tears. Ha ha ha. Last year's double winners were well and truly shat on, and they knew it, while LSE march on to glory in the final. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Second XV ringers are winners

Tom Twat in straight line-out throw shocker

The LSE 2nd XV strode out against the hard winter elements. The words 'they're all c**** and we're going to c*** on them, the fucking c****' were at the forefront of their minds.

The whistle blew. The game began. Ginger Lee took out the biggest, hardest fucker and nearly broke his legs. After that the game went from strength to strength and everyone played a formidable game.

Tom Twat for once threw a couple of straight line-outs (honest!), and our domination in this area played a crucial role in eventually dicking on them. After wanking on the fuckers for half an hour, our territorial advantage being 110%, ShitFrog Hair hogged the ball rather than passing out to a sure thing with Ginger 1, and scored.

Neil 'I can't kick for shit' Canadian didn't provide the tissues after wanking on them, and failed to poke anything between the

uprights (story of his life). While we're on the point, Alec 'let us down' Maloy missed a tackle, resulting in their one and only converted try, and therefore if you see him, kick him in the nads for the boys.

We carried on throughout the game with some excellent, determined play from the forwards who for once played with heart and courage, and provided the backs with safe and secure ball. Particular mention has to go to the two big fucking Andy's in the forwards who both played a deciding role in this game. If I didn't mention them, they would beat the shit out of me.... especially because Tom Twat esq. had to grovel on his hands and knees to get them to play in this fixture after their first team game was cancelled. This fortunate occurrence definitely secured Tom Twat's eulogy in the record books as the most successful Second Team captain in living memory with three wins in a season! The

backs, on receiving the ball showed brute determination and with hard running exploded through the meagre defence to score many a try; tries came in from Nick the hair, BJ on his guest appearance who attempted to usurp Tom Twat from his leadership role, and Andy Wym who is looking forward to not breaking the law any more with his bird (has she passed her GCSE's yet). BJ, I nearly forgot to mention because he's a wanker, got a drop goal although we had a four man overlap for a try under the posts. Now that's a selfish bastard for you.

The end score, although it did not fully reflect our domination was a bone crushing testicle yanking 37-7. We dicked on them.

By the way, there is a beautiful and stunning girl, who's eyes sparkle in the night, who someone would like to express their love to. Erin, we are looking at you.....from Tom Twat.