

SIGN THE PETITION AND SUPPORT
THE BEAVER

THE STUDENT'S UNION NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
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Raingold Resigns From Foundation

Phil Gomm
and Steve Roy

The Director of the LSE Foundation, Howard Raingold, has resigned his position as head of the School's main fund raising body. Raingold, who has been in the job for just 18 months, is to take up a new post at Pembroke College, Cambridge (the University at which he was an undergraduate) as a Fellow and Development Director.

This new role will see his continued involvement in attracting sponsorship and financial support for a higher education establishment.

His decision to leave - which is effective from August 31st, 1994 - was communicated to members of the Academic Board and senior School officials in a letter issued by Dr John Ashworth.

It expressed "gratitude for Mr Raingold's work" and promised to continue "to build on the basis established by Mr Raingold."

The letter continues: "The pledges and donations received by the Campaign in the first twelve months of the Foundation's existence, at over £3 million, have significantly exceeded initial expectations." But it has been rumoured that a significant amount of this total was funds from ongoing projects taken up by the Foundation at its inception.

Additionally, there has been speculation that everything was far from har-



Howard Raingold, who has resigned as Director of the LSE Foundation.

Photo: La Belle Aurore

monious within the Foundation. While Raingold is quick to insist that "no one forced me out", a School insider alleged that Derek Diamond - the chief academic involved in the organisation - had a disagreement with Raingold over the Christmas holiday period about the direction the Foundation was apparently taking.

This was reportedly followed up with a personal letter insisting that Raingold 'buck up his ideas and stop playing internal politics.' Whether this reflects Diamond's own fears, or those of other LSE academics and administrators, is unclear.

Such a view was given substance by a source within the administration, who said "that fund raising should reflect the culture of the School, and perhaps an insider would be better suited to understand the LSE tradition."

In response, Raingold maintained that he had become acclimatised to the ways of the School, and that the "shock for some people of having reduced Government funding" highlighted the need for professional fund raisers. Any decision about a successor has yet to be reached, though it would seem likely that a person from within the School or Foundation may now be chosen.

The Beaver tried to speak to Derek Diamond, but he was unfortunately away on holiday.

STAND

R.E.M.

Union Jack

RALPH-GATE

"Prospective Sabbatical candidate sees chances evaporate as Fitzpatrick equivocates"

It's good to see Garen taking Jack's advice and taking a more dictatorial attitude towards the job of chair. Of particular amusement was his decision to abandon a card vote on la belle Hampton's motion, leaving said motion hanging in a peculiar state of limbo. For those of you who haven't been following recent UGM history avidly it has become traditional to begin each UGM with a card vote on the last motion from the previous week. This week that motion happened to be Kate's, but due to widespread apathy Garen decided not to conduct a vote at all. This was all the more fun given that the aforesaid motion served only to further Kate's political ambition but, hey, if Jack started griping over abuse of the UGM for the sake of personal ambition he'd never finish his column. Something we'd all rather avoid.

Warning if you are totally bored by the mere mention of Dennis Russell do not read this.

Jack hoped that he would be able to get through this week's offering without mentioning the menace, unfortunately this proved impossible but Jack will endeavour to make the mention as brief as possible. Basically Dennis wanted to discuss his case but the UGM didn't. In the end the UGM won. OK so why did Jack bother mentioning this at all? Well, simply, because it proved to the occasion when Nick 'Keego' Kirby outstripped Garen in the "being completely inept stakes." Asked whether Dennis' emergency motion was constitutional Kirby told us he "didn't know." Now call Jack a bluff old traditionalist, but he thought making these decisions was the reason, in fact the only reason, for his existence.

OK, you can look now.

On to this week's meeting. James Brown announced the elections (Jack supposes that someone has to) and Teshar apologised for offence caused when she opened a letter addressed to Ralph Wilde. All's well and good, but it brought on the most pathetic spell of brown-nosing and gutless back-tracking Jack has ever witnessed. First Leo said of Teshar 'never have I known such a hard-working General Secretary.' Now, Leo, this might be true but it's not the sort of thing you say. Next we were treated to a mass desertion, Francesca Maleree and the oft mentioned Ms Hampton decided, on the basis of the Leaderene's apology, to withdraw their support for Ralph Wilde's motion to censure Fitzpatrick. Well call Jack old-fashioned but this really isn't good enough, if you are going to second a motion you really ought to have the bollocks to stand up for it.

And while Jack's in a spleen-venting mood he might as well have a go at those on the balcony who choose to display their maturity by chucking copies of various silly magazines at the stage. It's not big or clever, but if you're going to do it you might as well have the balls to help clear up the mess you created.

And here's another thing; there's a national protest march, fine, and we decided last week not to involve ourselves in it - OK. So why, this week do we discuss it again, this time deciding to support it?

Media Course Hits Trouble

Steve Roy
and Phil Gomm

Over 50 students had their degrees thrown into chaos last week when the course they were studying, Media and Politics (UK), was dramatically altered, after the Professor running the course was sent home on indefinite sick leave.

The move follows a series of complaints from students which started from the beginning of the course last October. The grievances centred around the seemingly irrelevant content of the lectures, and the lack of any clear course structure. The title of the course led those studying it to believe that they would be learning about the media in Britain and its interaction with politics. Yet over the past 4 months lectures have included subjects as diverse as the Nigerian media's coverage of the Biafra conflict and footage of the last Indian election. One thirty minute lecture consisted of watching a recent episode of the BBC2 comedy "The Day Today." Whilst educational, they did not appear directly relevant to the area of study advertised. In addition to the lecture chaos, many students complained of late handing back of their essays and dissertations.

At a heated meeting with the convener of the Government department last Tuesday, which replaced the scheduled lecture, students were informed of the Professor's absence. The convener, Professor Brian Barry, stated that a new lecturer was being brought in from Liverpool University, but that she could only come down to the LSE to lecture for a two-hour slot on Fridays. Officials from the timetabling office are now trying to find such a slot on a Friday that will be convenient for 60 or so students, arguably an impossible task.

The job of taking the classes for this course has now fallen to one PHD student, Paul Griffin, who, in addition to researching his own subject, has now accepted responsibility for holding four separate classes each week. When asked why he had agreed to such a workload, Griffin said he was doing it for the money.

Many questions have arisen from this debacle, notably how it took so long for the LSE, and in particular the Government department, to do anything about the situation. A number of students had complained to their tutors repeatedly since the start of the year as to their dissatisfaction with the teaching arrangements, and it appears it was an open secret in the Department concerned that

the course was in a mess. One tutor, Dr Janet Coleman, eluded to the fact that this has been going on for years.

Commenting on the affair, the Pro Director, Dr Michael Leifer, said that the first he knew of a student complaint was last Monday when Martin Lewis raised the subject at a student/academic meeting. Leifer did acknowledge that the School was aware of a difficulty with the particular lecturer. At a subsequent meeting with the convener of the Government Department, Martin Lewis was asked to write a signed letter of complaint, and several masters students who also went to the convener were asked to send letters.

The exact nature of the composition of this course is now in considerable doubt. Arguments centred around how much of what has already been taught is relevant. Professor Barry promised that in the exam there would be at least 8 questions which students who had learnt nothing upto now could answer. Students, particularly those in their third year or doing a General Course, were considerably annoyed by the implication that practically the whole course would now be crammed into the remaining weeks of the academic year, creating tremendous pressure of work and affecting their degrees.

Student Raid

Ron Voce

On February 15th, an LSE student's tower block flat in Wapping was raided by armed police, who were acting off a tip received in mid January, that a gun had been seen in the possession of one or two men in the flat.

M. Sc (Econ) student Hubert Brandts and a former LSE student, currently at City University, were woken at approximately 5 am by the sound of their front door being broken in by a crow bar and the cry of "Police! Come out. Police." Half asleep, Brandts and flatmate were hauled out onto the stairway and searched, whilst the police (four plain clothed, two in uniform, and others who were armed) executed their search warrant. Also present were three paramedics and an ambulance. They found no arms or ammunition, but some chinese fireworks were confiscated by the police.

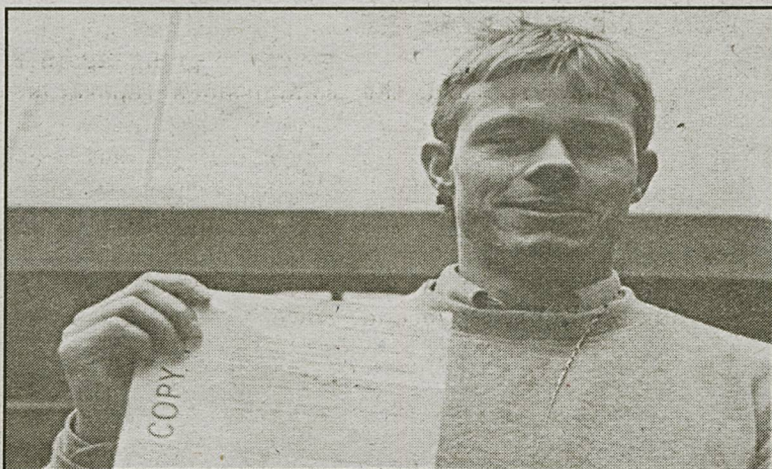
The two students were then taken to a police station in

Leman Street, where they believed they were just going to answer questions. On arrival at the police station, they found themselves separated and placed into cells. Finally they were interviewed and were told of the reasons for the raid. They were subsequently released without charge just after 8 am.

The Beaver has tried to elicit an explanation from the Leman Street Police Station and the Metropolitan and City of London Police Forces, but all re-

fused to confirm, deny or comment on the events.

Brandts was less reticent saying, "I do not want to argue that the police should not take any precautions when fighting crime. But there is a limit to this, and civil liberty is a right which is as valid as the desire to crack down on crime. We do not want innocent and law abiding people to be subject to police enquiries and wrongful prosecution. Is this what they [the Government] mean by 'Back to Basics'?"



Hubert Brandts, the subject of the police raid

Photo: Scott Wayne

Tesher Enveloped

General Secretary faces new storm over Wilde death threat letter

Philip Tod

General Secretary Tesher Fitzpatrick faces a vote of censure over allegations that she opened a letter addressed to LSE student Ralph Wilde without his knowledge or permission. The letter, a homophobic death threat against Mr Wilde, comes after a spate of racist threats which have been sent to SWSS activist Mubin Haq via the Union. Mr Wilde has tabled a motion to the UGM censuring the General Secretary "for opening a letter she had no right to open, making an already difficult situation much worse for the person involved." Ms Fitzpatrick's action has split members of the SU Executive, three of whom initially seconded the motion.

The letter, addressed to Ralph Wilde care of the Lesbian and Gay Society, arrived at the Student Union reception by the second post on Friday 11 February. Ms Fitzpatrick took the decision to open the envelope because it was similar to two other letters which had arrived that morning for Mubin Haq, which contained death threats. These letters, regarded as suspicious, had been opened by a member of the SU staff, and the General Secretary was informed. Once she had opened the letter addressed to Mr Wilde, which apparently bore the same postmark and handwriting, Ms Fitzpatrick consulted Gethin Roberts, General Manager of the SU, on what action to take. She then made two photocopies, filed one of them and gave the other copy to Leandro Moura, the Welfare Sabbatical.

Ms Fitzpatrick claims that she then instructed Mr Roberts to contact Mr Wilde about the threat, which he attempted to do without success. When asked to confirm whether Ms Fitzpatrick had given such an instruction, Mr Roberts replied

: "No". He had contacted Mr Wilde because this seemed "the automatic thing to do". The General Secretary also decided to contact the police. According to Ms Fitzpatrick, the police were informed that three threatening letters had been received that day, but the names of the recipients were not mentioned. According to Gethin Roberts, "the police were called late on Friday afternoon. They wanted it preserved from further fingerprinting." All three letters were therefore placed in an envelope to comply with the police's request.

Mr Wilde eventually learned of the arrival of the death threat when he was making an enquiry at the SU Reception. At a meeting of the LSE Labour club the following Monday, where he was canvassing support for his motion, Mr Wilde claimed: "the worst thing is that she made no attempt to get in touch with me. I found out by asking at the reception about something else. That's unacceptable." In addition, Mr Wilde claimed that Ms Fitzpatrick had "apparently issued a directive that all letters to the GaySoc should be passed on to her." Ms Fitzpatrick denied ever issuing such a directive. He added that he was threatening her with legal action over the matter, a claim that Ms Fitzpatrick also denied. Mr Wilde decried her actions as "another example of her errors of judgement."

Ms Fitzpatrick issued a statement to last Wednesday's meeting of the SU Executive, in which she argued that she had "acted responsibly and properly in the circumstances." The statement also maintained that "it is common administrative practice, as it is in any comparable organisation, that many letters are opened (on a day to day basis) by staff unless specifically marked personal or confidential." How-



Tesher lends her support to the "Defend Denis" campaign - not

Photo: Pam Keenan

ever, former sabbatical officer Jon Spurling told the Beaver: "when I was a sabbatical, I was not aware of any such practice." Ms Fitzpatrick also told the Beaver: "I could well be liable for breach of duty if I had not opened that letter and a student had been harmed. This has been put out of context purposefully."

Welfare sabbatical Leandro Moura said at the meeting, "I am very saddened that members of the Exec took action to support a motion of censure without establishing the facts first and talking to both parties." The censure motion was seconded by Labour Club chair Francisca Malaree, Nalin Jayaratne and Kate Hampton,

all members of the SU Executive. Ms Malaree and Ms Hampton later withdrew their support for the motion at last Thursday's UGM, after the General Secretary apologised "for any offence that I may have caused." At the same UGM, Leandro Moura announced that three more of the original seconders had withdrawn their support for the motion. Mr Jayaratne still intends to second the motion and vote against the General Secretary.

Ms Malaree described the version of events given to her by Mr Wilde as "one-sided", but said that "I still think Tesher acted improperly by opening it [the letter] without contacting Ralph first." Rahul

Sriskanathan complained of a "breakdown of communication" and criticised "disunity within the Executive."

Mr Moura revealed at the meeting that several homophobic and racist death threats have been sent to UCL, King's and London Student as well as the LSE. A criminal investigation into the hate mail is currently taking place. As the letters received at LSE have been more detailed and specific, Mr Moura speculated that the author "is very likely to be an LSE student." In the UGM, Mr Moura decried the whole matter as "an unfortunate event which is being exploited politically by a sabbatical hopeful."

Howard's Plans For Pot: Sensible Measures Or Just Plain Dopey ?

Helena Mcleod

Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, is at present pushing through plans to raise the fine for possession of cannabis from £500 to £2500. It is part of the Criminal Justice Bill which is going through its second reading and also contains bills against squatting, raves, hunt saboteurs and amendments to the age of consent for homosexuals.

The Home Secretary, in raising the fine for class B drugs, is going against all commissions' reports on the subject and has come under criticism from senior police officers, lawyers and drug law reform campaigners. A Home Office spokesman said, "The Home Secretary is giving this power to the courts and that will carry the clear signal that drug taking is not going to be taken lightly." However, at present 1/2 of the people arrested for possession of can-

nabis are let off with a caution, which begs the question why would a larger fine be any more effective.

At present the system is also open to abuse; police generally turn a blind eye to the use of cannabis preferring to spend their time and resources on fighting hard drugs. The laxity of enforcement means it can be used as a lever for blackmail if your face doesn't fit. The police force itself suffers from drug corruption; over 40 police of-

ficers at Stoke Newington were suspended for suspected involvement of supplying crack.

Dr Lucia Zedner, from the LSE Law department suggests there has been a very strong American influence about the relationship between drugs and crime and so the government "is hitting in cannabis the soft end of the hard drug problem." When asked why Britain is flying in the face of the general European shift towards

decriminalisation of the drug she replied, "Holland has decriminalised, Germany is decriminalising, yet because law and order is a central platform of the Conservative party policy at the moment... cannabis is being taken as indicative of moral decline." However she was sceptical that the Conservatives really believe this. All scientific research at the current time has shown no connection between cannabis and subsequent use of harder drugs.

Union in Russell Tussle

Sarita Khajuria

During the last two weeks many a student will have noticed the 'Dennis The Menace?!' campaign, which has taken a particularly high profile both in Houghton Street and within the UGMs of the last few weeks. Various RCP representatives have been calling for a student defence against what they see to be the victimization of Denis Russell by the School and the Student Union.

For those who are unaware of the history behind the situation, it should be pointed out that the issue began in the fourth week of last term when Russell was accused of assaulting another student. A complaint was filed with the Union who then proceeded to take action according to the Constitution by establishing a disciplinary panel. They in turn suspended Russell from all Union activities until the end of the Michealmas term. The decision however was not respected by Russell who attended a UGM on 18th November which resulted in the meeting being abandoned. After that Union officials decided that the School should be informed about the situation. Russell subsequently received a formal warning.

Russell and his supporters argue that he is being deliberately suppressed because of his political views and his vocalisation of them. "He is an open critic of the Union, and has therefore made himself inconvenient." In an article handed into the Beaver, Russell states that he was "outraged that they should censor me with this total ban, and I

broke the ban by entering a UGM to protest..... The nature of the claims made against me are so outrageously untrue that I did not understand why the union bureaucrats were pursuing me with such venom. I finally realised that I am not very important to them, I serve merely as a convenient scapegoat for their other concerns." Further complaints were made regarding the inability to have their motions presented at a UGM because they are being blocked; furthermore, on the reverse side of the flyer they have been distributing, there are printed copies of a letter and a summary conclusion sent by Teshar Fitzpatrick to the School officials which refer to the inadequacies of the constitution in dealing with the situation and new regulations which have been "unanimously adopted and serve as a short term measure until the constitution can be amended." Russell et al argue that "secret discussions relating to changes in the constitution" are fundamentally undemocratic. This, in conjunction with the fact that Russell has been labelled as "persistently aggressive" (misquoted from original document) all seem to indicate some sort of conspiracy.

In response, the Student Union have attempted to clarify the situation by issuing a statement detailing the course they took. Teshar Fitzpatrick defends the actions taken by the Union by stating that they were faced with a serious complaint from a student who specifically asked for the matter not to be referred to the School's disciplinary procedure, as this could result in Russell being expelled from the School.

Because of this, and previous experiences with the particularly cumbersome process of School discipline, it was decided that the constitution should be referred to in order to see what course of action was possible. The following of the Constitution was done with extreme precision and legal advice and, should any student wish to check they should refer to section 15.1.

However, to summarise the events, the Administration and Staffing Committee (ASC) acted on section 15.1.5 according to the

'panel procedure'; this consisted of a total of 6 panellists, only three of whom were LSE students. After hearing all witnesses, it was unanimously decided to take disciplinary action in accordance with section 15.3.1. However, Teshar strongly emphasises that the suspension was from all Union activities and not specifically the UGM; consequently, it was not a politically motivated decision.

When confronted with the accusation of conducting "secret discussions" about the new regulations, Teshar argues that they

were made in response to a hole in the constitution which failed to deal with a breach of disciplinary action. The methods were totally constitutional (section 9.6.1) made with legal advice, and in no way alter the constitution. But all in all Teshar argues that the RCP are manipulating the situation for their own political ends, by creating a martyr out of Russell and by dramatising the situation. However, she feels they dealt with an unfamiliar situation as best as they could; although it is probably not one that they are keen to repeat.

Rendel Renders

Nick Sutton

At a meeting last Wednesday, David Rendel MP, the Liberal Democrat victor of the 1992 Newbury by-election, set out his political predictions for both the short- and long-term, and spoke more generally about the philosophy and policies of the Liberal Democrats.

Mr Rendel, the Liberal Democrat spokesman on Local Government and Housing, was elected to Parliament in May last year when he overturned a Conservative majority of over 12,000 votes.

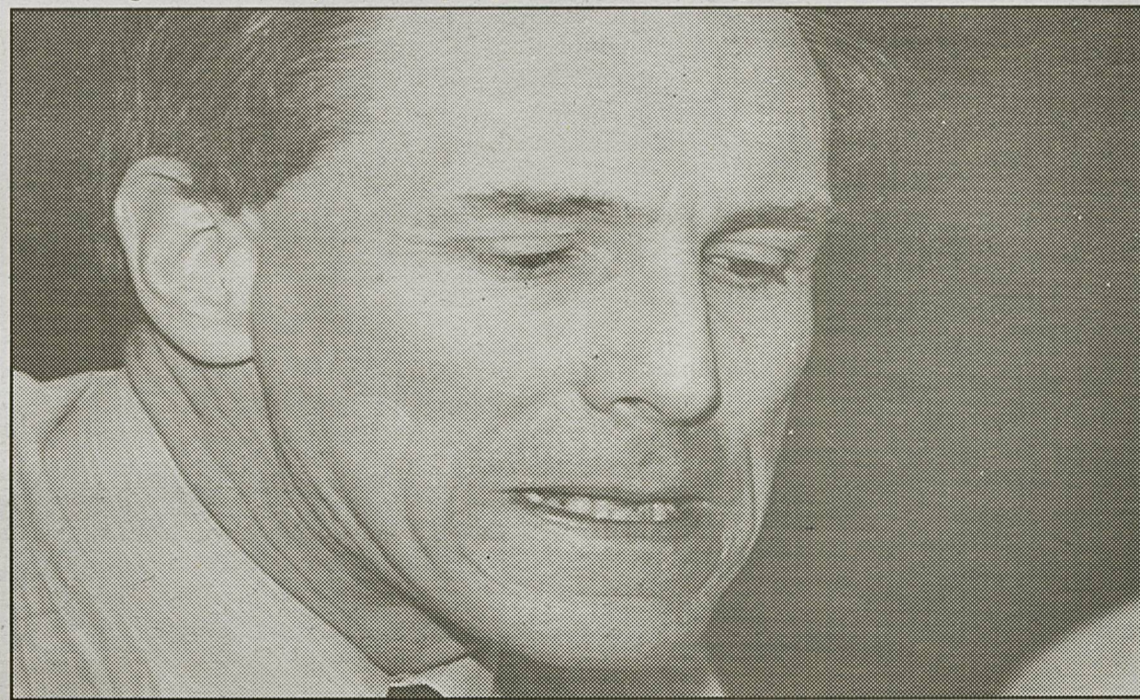
In an assessment of the current political scenario, Mr Rendel argued that this year

will witness "some of the most important elections this country has ever seen." He presaged that poor results in elections due to take place in London (and other Metropolitan areas) in May, followed by elections to the European Parliament in June, could lead to the removal of the current Conservative Government.

Mr Rendel faced questioning about the Liberal Democrats' long-term prospects. He argued that the success of the Liberal Democrats in local elections, particularly in the South of England had given them a solid base from which to build and an experience of governing that they had previously been unused to. As a result, at the next election, the party will be able to ap-

proach the electorate in a much more confident mood, saying, "You've tried us at a local level. If you like what we've done, let us repeat that success at a national level."

When asked about possible results of the next General Election, Mr Rendel refused to be drawn on whether the Liberal Democrats were more supportive of the Conservative or Labour parties, rejecting the 'Left-Right' hypothesis of voting as too simplistic. He predicted that if the next General Election resulted in a hung parliament, the Liberal Democrats would be prepared to negotiate with either the Conservatives or Labour parties to form a coalition government.



David Rendel, Liberal Democrat MP for Newbury.

Photo: Pam Keenan

Pressured Patten Pushed

Beaver Staff

The Secretary of State for Education, John Patten, is facing pressure from all sides at the moment. This week it seemed very likely that the controversial clause 20 would be removed from the current Education Bill going through parliament. The clause would limit Government spending to 4 core areas. Such a move was hinted at by Higher Edu-

cation Minister Tim Boswell, when he spoke to The Beaver last month. He said some changes may be considered "to get it through."

In addition, it was reported that Patten will stand down from his position as a fellow of Hertford College, Oxford. He taught geography at the college between 1969 and 1979. The decision comes after continued tension between the Minister and sections of the staff.

LSE History Tops Says Inspectors

Alan Davies

According to a report from The Higher Education Funding Councils for England, Scotland and Wales, the LSE History department is rated as 'Excellent', along with those from 4 other Universities. The on-going survey will encompass the major departments of all institutions. Once printed it can be viewed by prospective stu-

dents, teachers, employers and parents.

Commenting on the School, the report said: "The panel were impressed with the liveliness of the student participation in the classes." Also mentioned was the number of staff who had high international reputations, but as one student said, "it would sometimes be nice if these lecturers spent more time teaching and less time building egos."

LSE REVIEW

A magazine for the Arts, Humanities and Current Affairs


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The Beaver

"When shall we three meet again" is the opening line to that lovely Scottish play by the English bard, William Shakespeare. To answer his question, it'll probably be, not on the white cliffs of Dover but the paved over tiles of Houghton Street.

Whilst perusing the archives, a topic which I have mentioned doing before, I came across issue number 104 from December 1970 "sold" for the princely sum of "a tanner" (six pence for those who don't remember ore decimal coinage!) What caught my eye was the centre spread showing pictures of Houghton street as none of you will likely ever see, and the left wing groupings would love to see. Yes, Houghton Street was packed spontaneously by students. No motion in the UGM brought them onto the streets to protest about grant's, the government policies or the school administration, but a common theme to turn the then non pedestrianised Houghton street into a traffic free zone, something that finally only was achieved not so many years ago. So what's the point!

If students are to achieve anything it has to be together and for something they want. The 24 hour work-in should not only be a protest against a variety of shortcomings of the LSE and government policies, but also a way of students to show the library staff and the school that students want the library open 24 hours a day. Don't let what could be beneficial to all students be hijacked by publicity seeking politicians who represent no more than themselves, use this opportunity to our advantage.

And as an after thought if you take what I've said to an illogical conclusion show the school what we think of our student union, by not only standing in the upcoming elections, but voting as well. The more who stand, the more the school see that ordinary students support the work done by the LSESU. Come on you ordinary students out there, do this for your self, because as was shown by that action in 1970, actions speak louder than words, but it has to be the right action, and therein lies the question and if you think you have the answer then

STAND!

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After Haq's criticism, a reader calls Mr Roger's article "a fair assessment of the 'threat'!"

Dear Beaver,

I understand that there has been a further batch of "death threats" to various members of the LSE, including Mubin Haq, whose letter I read with some amusement last week.

When I first heard about his original letter (which he had posted all over LSE) I was puzzled. Why would anyone bother sending such a note to him? Granted, his lot are annoying, but since only people at LSE would know of his existence, and I find it hard to believe that there is some great fascist conspiracy at work. I could not think who would bother, since nothing would please Mubin more than getting this sort of attention. He took great pride in being one of the so-called "LSE three" last year. Finally it became clear to me: the timing of this "threat" conveniently coincided with his motion to affli-

ate to the anti nazi league, and provided an exceptional opportunity for self promotion. It may have escaped his notice that "Nazi" refers to a former German political movement, and any left will be quite old by now, but what do you expect from someone who can't see the contradiction in the name "socialist workers students society."

I found his reply to the Beaver article, which was a fair assessment of the "threat", quite offensive. He claimed to be "fighting racism in the pages of the Beaver." I'm not sure if he was reading the same "Beaver" that I do, but he was not fighting racism in any form, he was spouting pompous self-publicizing rubbish. The "threat" was couched in racist language, thus allowing him to accuse any critics of racism. This trick is both cheap and transparent, and it belittles the real issues of racism, which

comes from all skin colours, Mubin, from Indians as much as whites. The article from Mr. Rogers was not racist, merely rational. Rational argument doesn't seem to be your strong point, so you fall back on polemics and personal attacks. I hope your essays are better thought-out, or your future career will probably be limited to cooking Big Macs. Your obvious pride in your newfound "importance" makes it clear to see that you'd far rather have received this note than not, and you display no fear of whoever sent it, because in all likelihood it was you and your friends.

And by the way, Mubin, you are not Black, as you stated, you are Indian. This may come as a shock to you, but you had to find out sooner or later.

Yours,
Paul Owen

After John Major's office, John Patten's DFE office also reply to Beaver Editor's letter

Dear Mr Voce

Thank you for your letter of 1st February, about the Government's plans for the reform of student unions.

The Government is determined to implement student union reform as soon as possible, and to secure that the principles of choice, democracy and accountability, are

universally observed in the activities of our student unions. The Bill that the Government has introduced to Parliament is intended to ensure that these principles are followed in the workings of student unions. The Government has listened carefully to the points made during the consultations and is reflect-

ing on the debate at second reading of the Bill.

There will be further opportunities to discuss the reforms during its passage. Ministers are most grateful for all the comments they have receive [sic].

Yours sincerely
D Hook Student Affairs
Branch

Wilde's motives in bringing censure motion questioned

Dear Beaver,

I have been told that Ralph Wilde intends to bring a motion of censure against the General Secretary this week in the UGM for her actions in disclosing the contents of a letter addressed to him, which was a death threat. It is debatable whether or not she was entitled to open the letter - if it was addressed to a society, she would have the right, but if it was addressed to him as a private individual, she would not. However once in possession of the information she had a responsibility to take steps to protect him, i.e. informing the police, which she did.

Legalities aside, ask yourself why Wilde is bringing this motion. Is he genuinely angry about an invasion of privacy, or does he rather see this as a timely opportunity to stab someone in the back who has always supported him, and simultaneously gain plenty of favourable publicity? It is clear that he has had his eye on the General Secretary's job for some time now, and you can be sure that his motion will men-

tion his name many times. He gained plenty of coverage by his gay rights activities, partly through the patronage of prominent figures in the movement, but this is coming to a close, and his involvement in the ULU campaign is insufficient to raise his profile. He has milked the gay rights issue for all it was worth, with the implication that any criticism of him would be coded homophobia, which is probably why so few of the executive will side against him. In the recent farcical vote in the executive on the library "work-in" only Garan Goodman voted against the idea; he probably saw what happened recently in the SOAS library.

Ralph Wilde has consistently taken no sides except his own. Should his name appear on any ballot paper, or in any UGM motion, ask yourself if he would lift a finger to help you if it would inconvenience himself, and if he would hesitate to disown you if it suited him. Then vote accordingly.

Yours Faithfully,
Craig McDermott

'The Earth's An Oblate spheroid society' write in to talk about....

Dear Sir,

(and I resent calling Ron 'sir')
[Try Dear Beaver then-Ed.]

I wish to be fatuous as I have noticed a distinct lack of such quality in your letters page recently. Consequently Baljit Mahal "Lets talk about...." (last issue) states that "The Earth is a sphere and not flat." This is not strictly accurate; the earth is an 'oblate spheroid', meaning it is basically spherical but with a tendency to flabbiness around the middle. Also, in the same article we are told that "an opinion is either true or false, as it cannot be both at the same time." I think we should ask Schroedinger's cat...

Yours expecting scathing comments throughout my missive.

J. Fraser Marshall,
Spokesman, Jamie
Stewart Sonic Oscillat-
ing Love Cottage

Birrell sends love and kisses

Dear Beaver,

Once again I feel forced to pen my thoughts. Barely a week seems to have gone by without a letter from myself or from one of my ever increasing number of detractors - all of whom just happen to be members of the LSE Labour Club. Funny that, isn't it, what with me being a Tory.

Much as I do love all this attention from this normally charming group of people, this grace does seem to evaporate when the letters start. Now, I suppose I had better get on with my point.

This time, I am accused of being a mudslinging hypocrite and, apparently, "a known Conservative sympathiser", who should "leave the mudslinging to the Tabloids." If pointing out facts is truly mudslinging, then I suppose that I am guilty - but it is a curious opinion to hold. As to hypocrisy, I wish that Ms Opie would tell my why I am accused of that. To suggest that I am a hypocrite because of the Tories' "Back to Basics" campaign is a very obscure suggestion. I neither implemented the policy, nor

agreed with it, as anyone who has asked me could tell you. It is indeed very kind of Ms Opie to suggest that the Conservative Party is mine to put into order, but, as much as I would like this to be the case, it sadly is not true.

I need not deal with the third accusation, as I have been a Conservative Party member for two years, and that is hardly a secret. Finally, the Tabloids are no more mudslingers than the Broadsheets, as anyone with even the vaguest idea of the press can see. The only difference is that the Tabloids find exclusive stories far more often than the Broadsheets, and print in a style which is far easier to read, and usually more concise. And of course people read the Tabloids in some numbers, unlike the Broadsheets - the so-called "Quality Press." If I am being accused of that style, then thank you, Fran.

Any more ungrounded, or even pointless, accusations, or any more such compliments - especially the latter - please do forward onto me, you Labour darlings.

Love and kisses,
Paul R Birrell.

Hampton Hits Our Union Jack

Dear Beaver,

It was with little surprise that I found myself victim to a friendly smear campaign in last week's Union Jack. After all, the budding journalist responsible had warned me of this prior to publication and bought a drink in the Tuns as compensation (bribery? Surely not in our Union were "unpolitical honesty" is prized above all else and hypocrisy frowned upon every step of the way.) I would like to point out that when (somewhat foolishly, I admit - I am too trusting and did not expect to be quoted out of context), I said "what the fuck's going on," I was in fact referring to the over-head projector in the Old Theatre on which was dis-

played the motion about Clement House (thank you Jack for expressing administration at my choice of topic). I hope that anyone who read the aforementioned column will realise that I am actually thoroughly 'au fait' with what goes on in our Union, despite my obvious ineptitude in the sphere of visual aids. But since when has technical competence been a pre-requisite for elected officers? Not that Jack could possibly have meant to slander my performance as an Exec. member. Anyway, most of the people who read Union Jack were probably at the UGM and will undoubtedly see through the unrestrained wit of Jack's political satire.

Yours,
Kate-Gate Hampton

"F**K You Bickers! Revolution, you won't make it happen!"

Dear Beaver,

People like Steve Bickers, whose letter you published last week, make me sick. In his arrogant, opinionated letter he classes himself with the "peasants", struggling against the "I'm alright Jack" attitude of students who "do not need a grant to survive".

Whether or not we need a grant to survive Stevie, and incidentally I do, we all need access to computers, books and other LSE facilities to get our work done. These facilities are over stretched as it is. Your pathetic, disorganized "demonstration" achieved precisely nothing except: (1) wasting a lot of police time - they are not monsters, they

have work to do which benefits all of us; (2) land the union with the bill for a security firm; and (3) prevent me from typing up an essay which was already overdue. I have no time for hypocrites like Mr Bickers - once he graduates he'll be behind a desk in a suit, like all the rest of us. What else are we at the LSE for? Spiritual enlightenment? If he took the time to read Marx properly he'd know that "the revolution cannot be hastened or delayed in any way."

Fuck you Steve Bickers, and stop pontificating about revolutions. You won't make it happen.

Yours sincerely,
Evelyn Chambers

Machiavelli and the Prince

There seems to be a sort of tragic inevitability about LSE politics, it seems only yesterday that our Leaderene, Justin 'funky dude' Deaville et al were as fresh as freshly cut flowers. (Pause for nostalgic sighs.) And yet here we are again - elections are looming and your mighty organ has asked me, Machiavelli, aided by secretive confederates and self seeking cronies - hereafter known collectively as the Prince, to enlighten you as to the nature of these elections. Tradition dictates, and more to the point it suits me, that I begin this electoral investigation with a brief survey of the likely candidates and their respective odds. Over the next few weeks, as the campaign runs its amoral course, I shall endeavour to keep you up to date with its inevitable treachery, cynicism and calumny. So, without further ado, here is my list of runners and riders for the sabbatical contests.

General Secretary.

Ralph Wilde (Independent uncontroversial) His chances must be increased by immense amounts of free publicity generated by his open opposition to those two totalitarian forces of LSE life; the Law and Teshher Fitzpatrick - 3/1 fav.

Martin Lewis (Independent St.....d) New friendly image will help but Mr Lewis may be handicapped by the fact that most second and third years utterly despise him. Nevertheless he has a reasonable chance of realizing his lifetime's ambition - 5/1 2nd fav [shurely shome mishtake-ed] [we think not-M&P].

Adam Morris (Conservative) Could do well if he takes advantage of the rightward swing of the UGM. However, he must ensure that he is neither seen nor heard as should either of these two eventualities occur he will lose horribly - 10/1

Simon Reid (Independent Sarky Git) LSESU's honest broker may suffer if rumours of his infatuation with the Leaderene prove true - 15/1.

Dennis 'the Menace' Russell (RCP - Real Communists Punch) The hero of the proletariat, an outsider, expect revolution / tedious UGM antics if he loses - 100/1.

Nick Dearden (Don't cry for me Labour -the truth is I never loved you) The emotional option. Expect a tearful finale 250/1.

Thom Reilly (Party party) Will go down superbly with drunkards and lawyers, could do well - 12/1.

Finance and Services Officer

Vini Ghatate (opportunistic Green) Absolute cynicism and utter lack of any morality could ensure a good performance - 10/1.

Rahul Shriskanathan (ex-DSG) Will agree with anything you say to get your vote. Boring. 15/1.

Nalin Jayaratne (Great British Imperialist) A man whose views not even the Tories could cope with but still a snappy dresser 2/1 fav.

Erik Mielke (Conservative) Need more be said? - 20/1.

Adrian May (Christian Democrat) God's choice but don't expect the LSE to agree - 12/1

Ola Buchinska (Solidarity) Absolute lack of a political pedigree may prove a disadvantage - 33/1.

Francesca Maleree (Labour) In the event of her making up her mind she could be in there at the finish - 10/1.

Welfare and Equal Opportunities

Kate Hampton (Independent Left Green feminist) [any other band-wagon?] Limitless ambition lack of political nous may prove her downfall - 5/1 fav.

Louise Grogen (ex-DSG) This women is so tedious we could find nothing to say about her - 10/1.

James Atkinson ... [No just a joke 500000000/1.]

Entertainments Officer

Alicia Marchent (Independent unpolitical) Female Johnny Bradburn, most unsuccessful Rag chair in living memory - 5/1 fav.

Rob Hick (Independent) Beer drinking, Music loving Quiz master 7/1.

Ron Voce (Independent Beaver) nth time lucky - 10/1.

That's it for this years round of hopeful sabbaticals. If you feel they are indicative of the lack of political talent in the LSE this year you couldn't be more right.

The Youth of Today

Want to do something useful? Then Youth For Bosnia may be for you!

Angus Boyd-Heron

Youth For Bosnia was set up for the very reasons that have been mentioned. We take urgently wanted food, medical supplies and fuel to the very people who need it, regardless of ethnic origin. For instance, although the Muslims have suffered more than any, there are many Serbian communities who receive nothing due to the sanctions imposed on their corrupt government. We try to provide for them as well.

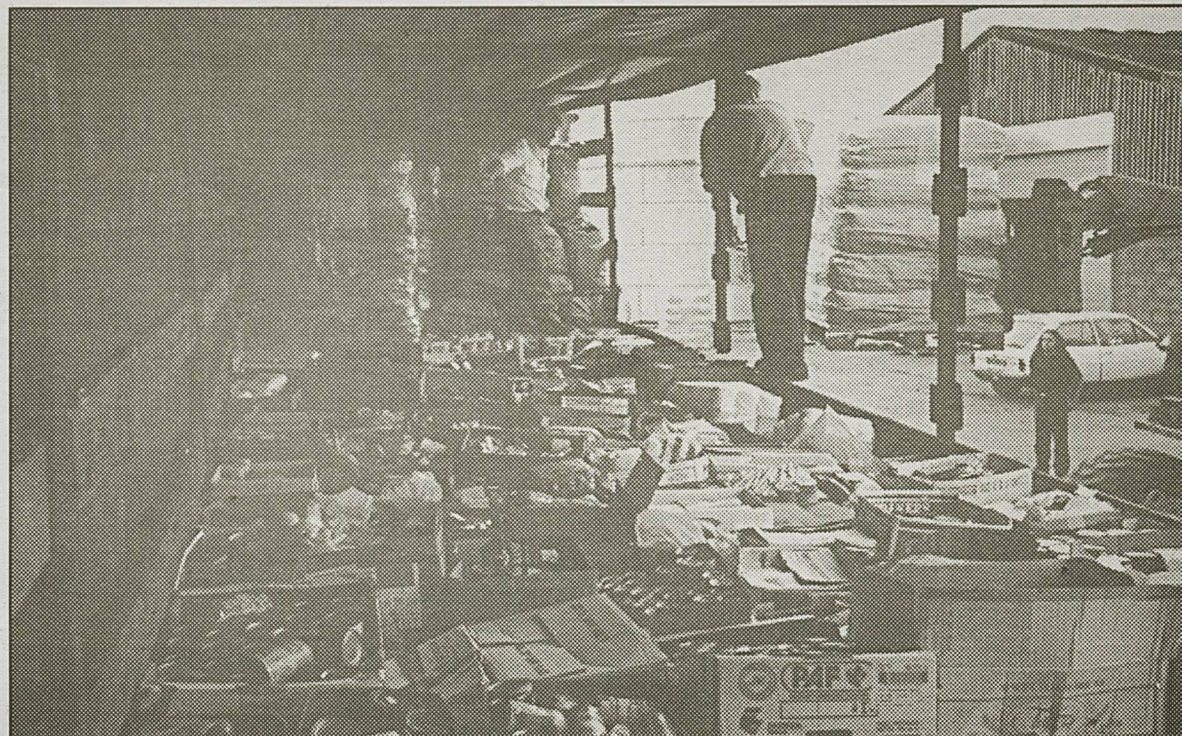
The aid is delivered via our distribution team based permanently in Split, to the worst affected small towns and villages that can be reached. It is handed out directly to the people themselves, ensuring that there is no danger of it simply going to feed the armies. Equipped with four wheel drive ten tonne Bedford lorries with snow chains, the team can cope with the severest of Bosnian winters.

Articulated lorries take the aid to Split - the most efficient and economical mode of delivery - at a cost of under £60 per tonne.

In addition to this, we are setting up a 'Youth Culture Centre'. The aim of this is to allow refugees to restore their self-confidence and respect through the Arts. It is intended that they will be able to pursue drama and music; providing entertainment for the local population, combined with the facilities of a general youth centre. There are two reasons for these articles. First, to widen peoples' awareness of the issues underlying the conflict, and second, to ask for help. Youth For Bosnia in particular, but not exclusively, is aiming to co-ordinate fund-raising activities at undergraduate level between British universities.

What I want is for anyone reading this article to contact me, to get together with other like-minded people in your university, and form a 'Bosnia group'. The aim of this group will be to promote the issues, and to help alleviate the horrors, by fund-raising in your area.

Our primary aim, at the moment, is to increase the number of trucks we have in Split. Our distribution team is often asked by big-



ger organisations (e.g. Medicines Sans Frontieres) to help move their aid, and with speculation about the continued involvement of the United Nations, it is important that we are able to transport as much as possible. With more trucks, however, we will need more drivers, so if anyone is interested in working in Bosnia, either

as a driver or in the Youth Centre, please contact me.

Also, if anyone reading this has plans to work in the charity world, what better way to gain experience than in a new, expanding Youth charity. See it through from the beginning.

Whatever you feel, please contact me. There has been too

much inaction in this war. Don't be guilty. Do something.

Youth For Bosnia
Orchard House
Church Lane
Wendlebury
Oxfordshire
OX2 8PN
0869 - 323137

LSESU 24 HOUR WORK IN From 10 am Tuesday 22nd February To 10 am Wednesday 23rd February

The library will stay open all night so that students, academics and staff can work as a form of protest to express their concern that:

* We are being prevented from getting a good standard of education by the underfunding of the LSE, which has led to an increasingly inadequate provision of services from books, computers, laser printers and photocopiers to overcrowded classes, lectures and catering facilities.

* Students are facing desperate financial circumstances, with home students due to suffer from the recent grant cut and all students unable to get enough financial aid from the LSE because of its lack of funds.

* John Patten's student union reform proposals are an affront to the democratic representation of students, would lead to a decrease in the services offered by the union and would introduce unnecessary bureaucracy.

All you have to do to join in is come along at any time during the 24 hours and do some work!

British Library of Political & Economic Science

The Library will be holding a sale of unwanted and/or duplicated books during Monday 28th February to Wednesday 2nd March.

The books for sale are mostly gifts given to the library over the last 2 years which the library either does not want or has already. All subjects are included.

The Sale will take place in the library's conference room (first floor). Between 10 am and pm and prices will be between £1 and £5. All LSE staff and students are welcome to browse and buy!

Womens Students Presentation Skills Work Shop

Having difficulties in Seminars?
Need Some help in presenting your material?
Come to skills workshop on:
Wednesday, 2nd March
2.00 - 3.30 pm, C116

Rose Rachman
Advisor to Womens Students

Liz Waller
Chaplain

Visit RUSSIA with the LSE Grimshaw Club

See Moscow, St Petersburg,
Zagorsk, and Pushkin.
8 days, hotel, meals, return flight, tourist
programme, visa and insurance
for £490 (fully inclusive).

For details please obtain an application
form from the Grimshaw Club
pigeon holes outside room A129.

Images of Muslims

Hasan Khalid

There are many codes of life today. There are many different ways a person can enjoy his life. And as such, there are many different aims of life. But none of these aims are able to conclusively tell us why we are here. When the question is posed, nobody seems to know why humanity is on Earth. Philosophers have spent centuries discussing this question yet still cannot come to a unified conclusion. Every political / economic system, be it democratic, capitalistic or marxist, by definition claims to know the answer. Christianity traditionally had a monopoly on the answer to the 'Why are we here?' question. But the influence of Christianity has diminished in England almost to the point of irrelevancy. Yet despite all of this confusion, if you asked the youngest Muslim boy, "Why are you here on Earth?" he could answer instantly.

Islam is unlike all of the above-mentioned systems. Islam stands unique as a system. It has many characteristics which it alone possesses; one of which is 'balance.' Islam is not concerned solely with spiritual exercises and questions of morality. While nor is it a purely materialistic system which focuses only on man's physical self. Islam does not try to compartmentalise life into neat divisions labelled 'spiritual' and 'secular'. Islam recognizes the physical aspect of humanity, and at the same time acknowledges the spiritual part of life. It balances the two. If we as human beings are both spiritual and material, and both these aspects can co-exist in us peacefully, then our lives should reflect that balance. To neglect, deny or over-emphasize one aspect in favour of another, is to unbalance what was originally perfectly poised. This aspect can be seen throughout the teachings of Islam, and in the practices of those who understand these teachings.

For an example take learning. Muslims are encouraged to

study, learn and get an education. But the key is 'balance'. They don't just learn about 'worldly' things like microeconomic models of equitable distribution which will surely help them in the physical world; they also learn about 'spiritual' matters - what happens after death, how can they improve themselves, etc. Another example is prayer. Muslims are advised to pray often and to contemplate about the real meaning of life. But again there is a balance. They don't do so to such an extreme as to become ascetics. They do so up to the point that their life maintains the direction and focus required. And this balance can be found in all of the teachings of Islam - to give life its due with regards to 'spirituality' and 'materialism'. Even supposed mundane things like love, brotherhood and friendship are given this beautiful balance. Like in marriage, a physical contract, Muslim men and women are advised not to marry someone because of their wealth or position in society, but because of their spouse's understanding, acceptance and practice of the teachings of Islam. Likewise in brotherhood and friendship, for a relationship to be truly successful it must be based upon a solid foundation. Most friendships are based on the fact that one person has a desirable quality, be it good humor, kindness, money or power. But surely the best quality a person can have, on which a friendship can be based upon, is the understanding and practice of that which can give them real success in not only this life, but also after death - Islam.

And in this balance there is great beauty and wisdom. Firstly it must be clear that humanity can best operate when it is balanced. Any tool or object that we know of can operate best under those conditions it was specifically designed for. And humanity is no exception. If we were originally in a balanced state between 'spirituality' and 'materialism', then surely a return (and to return is definitely what is needed as the vast majority of us are heavily materialistic) to that original disposition would



be most beneficial to us. But apart from that more theoretical reason, there is also a practical benefit which we can easily see. Take any example, like marriage, and see the real benefits of keeping life balanced. Is not the firmest foundation upon which someone can be married, the one of mutual love for each other due to their (and their partner's) devotion and dedication to God? What other criteria would/could create

such a solid companionship? Love due to money?, or to beauty? Surely not.

But more importantly - when a Muslim lives a balanced life he is not just doing that which is best for him and society around him, he is in fact actively following the path of Islam - the path of obedience to the All-Knowing God. This conscientious following, the submitting of one's will to that of

God, is Islam. So for every act that the Muslim does, they will try to ensure that it is in strict accordance with the will of God. We know that "if you spend your entire life dedicated to a cause, then that cause is the aim of your life." So in this case the cause is Islam. So when the young boy is asked, "Why are you here on Earth?," his immediate response would be, "to be a Muslim."

LATIN CONNECTION V

MELIGHT

15th of Ma

watch this space!

NATIONAL STUDENT MARCH

on

Wednesday 23rd February

Assemble 12 noon LSE,
Houghton Street to go to ULU

CENTRAL ACCOMODATION OFFICE

The Accommodation Office is now accepting applications from students who wish to live in School and University residences for the next academic year.

Forms are available from E294 during normal office hours. Continuing students should be aware that the number of places set aside for them is very limited.

Deadline for applications is 30th April 1994.

WALKABOUT

David comes and Whippes up a froth

Today we interviewed our current star writer, David Whippe - a first year Economic History student.

surroundings there - you know, get back to nature. And in lectures, you know - you get bored at the back and flop your meat out....

Why did you come to LSE?

Who is your ideal woman?

I'm not answering that! OK, OK fuck it - I don't want to do this.....Go away!

I could say something crap like Kate Hampton! I like Michelle Pfeiffer, she's very nice.....

So has the LSE matched up to your expectations, then?

Have you laid any birds since you got here?

I had pretty high expectations when I CAME - it has matched up well.

Sore point that - no I haven't.

What sort of expectations did you have?

You've got a sore point?

Get to the shit stuff alright.....

Well, yeah - to be perfectly honest, just a bit.

OK, then - why do people call you Mr Spock?

What's your favourite place in LSE?

They call me the Vulcan because I have a little vulcan lump on my ear. It's quite attractive, don't you think?

I haven't got one.

What do you estimate the value of the clothes you're wearing to be?

Why not?

You'll have to give me a pen and paper for that one.....(Dave is handed a pen and paper). £120 for the shoes, jumper £110, T-Shirt £40, jeans £80 - my mum bought my socks and underwear - she's the only one who ever sees it when she gives me a bath.... £400 for the jacket, £450 for the watch. Total of £1200 worth of clothing!

I don't know, 'cos they're all so aesthetically beautiful - you just can't pick from such a wide range.

What do you estimate the total value of your wardrobe to be?

Who is the maddest person at LSE?

£15000 or so.....Get to the wanking questions, alright! (Dirty chuckle)

Oh God - probably someone like Raj. He's never drank a bit of beer in his life, and that to me is pretty flipped.

How many times a day do you wank?

Who do you most hate at LSE?

I don't know - it depends how many times I see myself in the mirror!

I don't hate anybody - it's not in my nature to hate people.

Do you sit in front of the mirror and have a wank?

How big is your penis?

If you love yourself as much as I do, you're bound to be attracted to your own physical perfections.....(Dirty chuckle)

Do you want the truth or do you want me to make it a bit bigger? Nine inches....a nice conservative estimate. (Dirty chuckle)

Where is your favourite place to wank?

So you can't count, then?

I don't know - fucking hell, I've got so many! Houghton Street - nice

Well, when it gets to ten it gets a bit dodgy.....

Have you ever been to Kings Cross?

No, I haven't, I won't be reduced to that level. Fucking hell.....

Is it true that you're having trouble wiping your bottom at the moment because of fear of death threats?

Well, yeah - I don't like to talk about it - it's quite frightening. Just coming (here in itself) was quite a scare. I need



Is this really nine inches of pure Alabama meat.....

Photo: Pam Keenan

someone to hold my hand - armed escort and that sort of thing. So no green people can beat me up.....(dirty chuckle)

What is your favourite sexual position?

If I said you probably wouldn't understand! The "Mont de Marchante" - it's French and that's all I'm going to say.....it's something like legs over shoulders and that sort of thing. (dirty chuckle).

What's your favourite seat in the Tuns?

I like to gravitate amongst different groups of people.....

Have you ever had long hair?

No, I've never been that sad....

What's your motto in life?

Fuck it - who cares? (Dirty chuckle). Yeah, fuck it's pretty good, actually!

Are you a good footballer?

Oh, fucking magic! I'm the don of the fourth team. Silky little dribbles (dirty chuckle), beautifully weighted balls (dirty chuckle)....

Unfortunately, owing to Whippe's use of base language (which some people may have found offensive) this is merely an edited perversion of the actual interview. We would, however, like to thank David for broadening our horizons....

**To Sean 'Dancing Queen' Gollogly,
The Campus Editors (and our mums) hope you manage
to master it with your left hand (whatever it is).
On a serious note, Get Well Soon from the Beaver
and all our beavers...**

Look at my Hunt

Uncle Rob

So, what exactly is this Treasure Hunt thing? This event we have seen advertised all over our beloved School - what is it all about?

Raising money for charity, that's what, and having a spiffing time whilst doing so. A whole day of running all over London like a twat, bringing back all sorts of silly items for the Judges, taking photos in various places, collecting money and

generally making a complete arse of yourself in the process. And why? So some people who are considerably worse off than you can get a little bit of much-needed cash.

And what's more, you can sit back at the end of it all with a smug, self-satisfied and self-righteous grin across your face, and get pissed on the free beer (if you win).

So, how do you enter?

Come to the **Beaver Office (E197)**, and pick up an entry form. It will cost a mere **£10** to enter your team, consisting of

as many members as you please (though 10 is standard). Then come along (with completed form) at **6.00pm** on **Tuesday 1st March**, and prepare yourselves for 24 hours of thoroughly childish tomfoolery.

A set of questions / tasks will be issued, and your team gets points for any they complete. The team with the most points at 6.00pm Wednesday wins a **barrel of beer**.

Sounds easy? It won't be. A good laugh? It will be. Be there!

Brave On

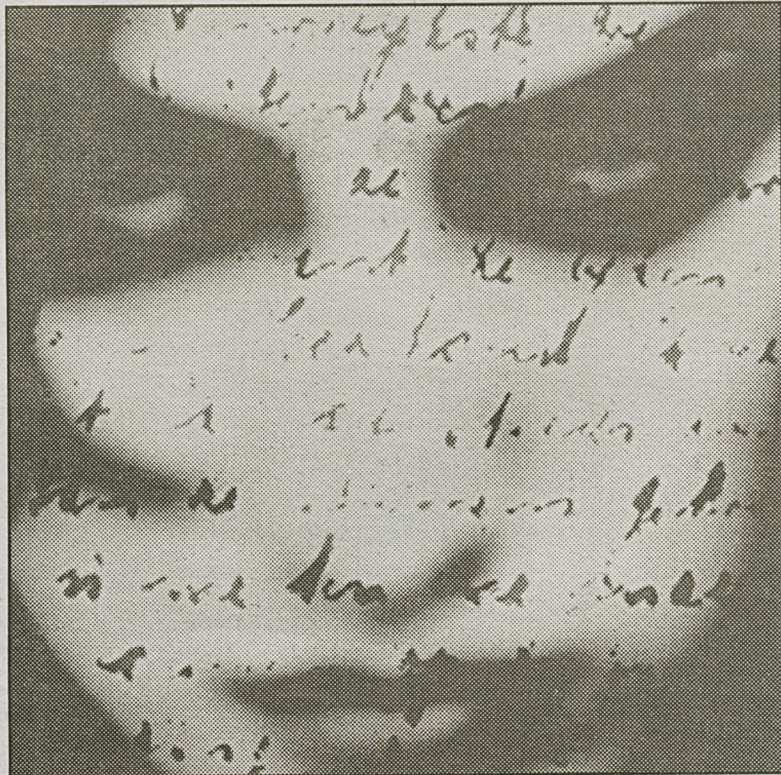
J. Fraser Marshall

"**B**rave" is Marillion's seventh studio album and the third since the acrimonious split with Fish in 1988. It is a seventy three minute concept piece, linking different aspects of its story with elaborate instrumental passages segueing in and out of the main musical themes. A Concept album? In the 1990's? Yup, and Marillion are not apologising for it either, rather they revel in it.

"Brave" follows the story of a young girl found naked and suicidal on the Severn Bridge. The majority of the album concerns itself with the events in the girl's life that have brought her to this point; sexual abuse, her first broken heart, homelessness and drug abuse. These difficult subjects are dealt with with sympathy by new singer Steve Hogarth, his voice often close to tearing as he sings his emotive lyrics. The lyrics themselves belong to the same school as Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder; a semi-narrative approach with a fine eye for the details. As the story unfolds the listener find himself drawn further and further into the absorbing tale.

The music that accompanies all this is necessarily not facile listening, it demands attention from the listener as it weaves its melodies through the story. Swirling keyboards build atmospheres to create the general mood, under pinned by Pete Trewavas' superb wooded bass tones. All the while Steve Rothery's aching guitar lines etch scenic details into the brain.

This is musicianship at its finest, technical excellence abounding whilst never slip-



And here's what it looks like, if you're interested. (Crap caption, I know).

ping into gratuity. The songs themselves are always the priority rather than clever but invariably tedious virtuosity.

The music is evocative of classic Pink Floyd rather than early Genesis as might have been the case in Fish's day. To simply leave it at this however would be to sell "Brave" short. There are musical references a gogo in here. Marillion nod their heads to Kate Bush, the Waterboys, U2 and even Clapton and Kamen's "Edge of Darkness" soundtrack, whilst always retaining a distinctive Marillion style. Most surprising to some people will be the ambient and atmospheric sections on this record which would have little difficulty hiding on an Ozric's Tentacles, or perhaps, even an Orb album.

Marillion certainly have a legitimacy in the nineties but it would be unfair not to acknowledge the seventies element here. There is a cool vibe

to the album that is firmly rooted in that decade; the head trip element, if you like. As Hogarth himself says, listen to it loud with the lights off.

Ignore the singles when they appear. Without the album context they won't work - this is why I haven't broken the review down to individual songs; this album is meant to be consumed whole, not in small pieces. The main problem with this album is the prejudices the Marillion monicker conjures up. This may be the barrier to the success it so rightly deserves.

I am a fan of the band but I genuinely believe that this is a truly great record and it sits comfortably near my Smashing Pumpkins, Ozrics, U2 and Metallica. If you're a fan of passionate, vibrant music I advise you to forget your preconceptions and take a chance on "Brave", you may become hooked.

Have you ever had it Blue?

Ron Voce

I am a great believer in omens and the omens last Friday were good. The Beaver was out by six, I had managed to have 4 hours kip in the afternoon and Rob had given me a cassette and CD to review by Phantom Blue. The next few hours revolved round downing as many pints and Jameson's as my knackered body could put up with and CD and cassette vanished from my brain and the CD vanished from the table. This must be a good sign as someone in the tuns has decided that this is music worth listening to.

Ha, serves them right how

wrong they were. Luckily I had a lie in and a Rosebery party lined up for Saturday and the Norwich versus United Cup tie on Sunday. Finally I placed "Built To Perform" into my cassette player and went into the kitchen to cook, well microwave. Roars of laughter came from down the corridor as Dave and Skippy roared their hearts out at the cliched guitar riffs that were being trundled out. Well, meal on plate, book in hand, I sat down to listen to the tape.

Side one does start with a humungous guitar riff, that wouldn't be out of place any where except England. For

Japan and LA they are well sorted, but opening up an album with a track called "Nothing Good" is not a good idea. It's a shame, not only is the music cliched, but the tampon on the lyric sheet just goes to prove the point that female rock bands, whether it be Girlschool, Lita Ford, the Runaways, or Vixen are only there to please the stereotypical rock male that spends all his time in denim and leather, music up loud and fantasising about... well you know.

"Built To Perform" probably, but even for an aged metal mutha like myself it doesn't even raise a smile. Bad Omen.

Rusty Bullet Hole

Hi there, honeys. The Hole is back. Having been consigned to oblivion last week due to lack of space. "No space for RBH?", I hear you cry, "What ever next?" - no frigging Beaver, that's what. Not that Mr. Patten would care, or Ms. Fitzpatrick, for that matter, RBH returns with a vengeance - perhaps with enough material this time to fill this column without resorting to gratuitous obscenity. A pity, I think.

Firstly, being a non-Gooner inhabitant of Finsbury Park, RBH would love to rub salt in the wounds of anyone sad enough to believe that Highbury is (yet again) "the home of Football." Didn't ring my fucking doorbell and run away after you got shafted by Bolton, did you? Kind of quiet in the Arsenal Fish Bar, wasn't it? A tad empty in the Arsenal trophy cabinet, isn't it? Nyaaaaaaah - Fuck Off!!!

That's off my chest now. So, in a Milliganesque state of euphoria (that's Steve - not Spike, kids), let's progress on to that Celebration of Brilliance, the BRITS. After all, we've got to get some music (broadest possible sense) in here somewhere. And what a steaming heap of stools it was.

Best New Artist? Gabrielle. I ask you. A vaguely promising (very vaguely promising) chanteuse, Gabrielle has now been infected with Archer's Syndrome. Tasmin Archer's Syndrome. After getting a BRIT, Gabrielle's career is sure to take a dive down the pan and straight out into the cesspool of obscurity. It will then float back briefly on a torn Durex Fetherlite, farting sloppy Elvis Costello covers before finally sinking into the crud beneath. And it will have nothing to do at all, ooh ooh never, with the fact that said chanteuse insisted on dressing up like Long John fucking Silver and singing all her "songs" through her nose. No great loss, though.

Best International Band? Crowded House? Why?

I'm going to have to take a deep breath here. Why do Crowded House exist? What ever possessed a bunch of goofy Strines to pay for studio time? Did they not think of the millions and millions of people outside of the Southern bloody Oceans who do not wish to hear such wet, sub-REM (it must be possible - Crowded House are living proof) dross? What a fucking disaster.

Who exactly have Australia given the pop world? Men at Work - crap. Kylie Minogue - crap crap. Jason Donovan - crap crap crap. Midnight Oil - eco-friendly crap. INXS - Princess Di likes them - i.e. crap. John Farnham - bagpipe crap. Olivia Newton-John - too crap for fucking words.

Are we beginning to see a little bit of a trend, a pattern emerging here? Surely not. You can't damn a whole nation just because a few of their artistes are crap.

Crowded House? Oh yes, you fucking well can.

It was an eventful night at Ally Pally. Quelle surprise, Take That won the two BRITS voted for by the general public. And then they had the fucking gall to do a set of Beatles covers. Listen here, Robbie, and your similarly wank fellow group members, you are not even fit to lick the crusty bits off Ringo Starr's Y-fronts. And don't forget, mind, that he was the fucking useless one. Need I say more?

Best British Male Artist? Sting! RBH is, for once, at a loss for words. How?

One would imagine that the other two Police were the half-decent ones. Everything, absolutely everything that Sting has done since going solo is a load of tosh. He is completely devoid of any talent at all. Even Cliff bloody Richard is better than Sting, and on this basis would be a far more deserving winner. If only, oh if only Sting would piss off back to the jungle (or Newcastle, there's very little difference and there's equally as little a chance of meeting the bastard) and play his cacky little ditties to the locals. Then, being brutal sorts (most probably) they can skin the little shit and eat him alive, and the innocent among us will be spared...

Are there any spare seats on the plane for Crowded House? Oh, if only...

De Niro's Bronx Tale

Ben Oliver

For a first-time director, Robert De Niro brings a sense of experience and accomplishment to his latest film, "A Bronx Tale". The old De Niro themes are there, but the mob and Italian-American society are balanced by an intelligent and intimate examination of childhood and adolescence in the turbulent Bronx.

It's the Bronx that plays the main role. De Niro displays a fluent understanding of Italian-American life in the 1960's, and the benefits of a film-maker working in his own community are evident; De Niro portrays the Bronx with the accuracy of a documentary and the warmth of a personal testament. The gambling, the feuding lovers and the street society are made vital and colourful; the Bronx is both the backdrop and a character.

It's also home to Calogero, whose youth the film examines. Aged nine, he refuses to identify local mafioso Sonny after a murder and wins the avuncular affection of a man more noted for his violence. Sonny prefers being feared to being loved, but makes an exception for Calogero. De Niro is Lorenzo, Calogero's father, a man with simple ideas of good, the values of work and family. He resents Sonny's influence over his son, and can't see that the gangster may have some good in him.

The film moves on to 1968, when Calogero is 17. America's inner city tensions intrude when he falls in love with a black girl from his high school. The relationship illustrates the racism of both communities as well as Sonny's better qualities; he encourages Calogero to follow his feelings rather than the biases of his



Bus driver Lorenzo shares a smile with son Calogero

friends. The film ends in violence that mirrors the explosion of America's inner cities in the late sixties; Calogero emerges a man by trial of fire.

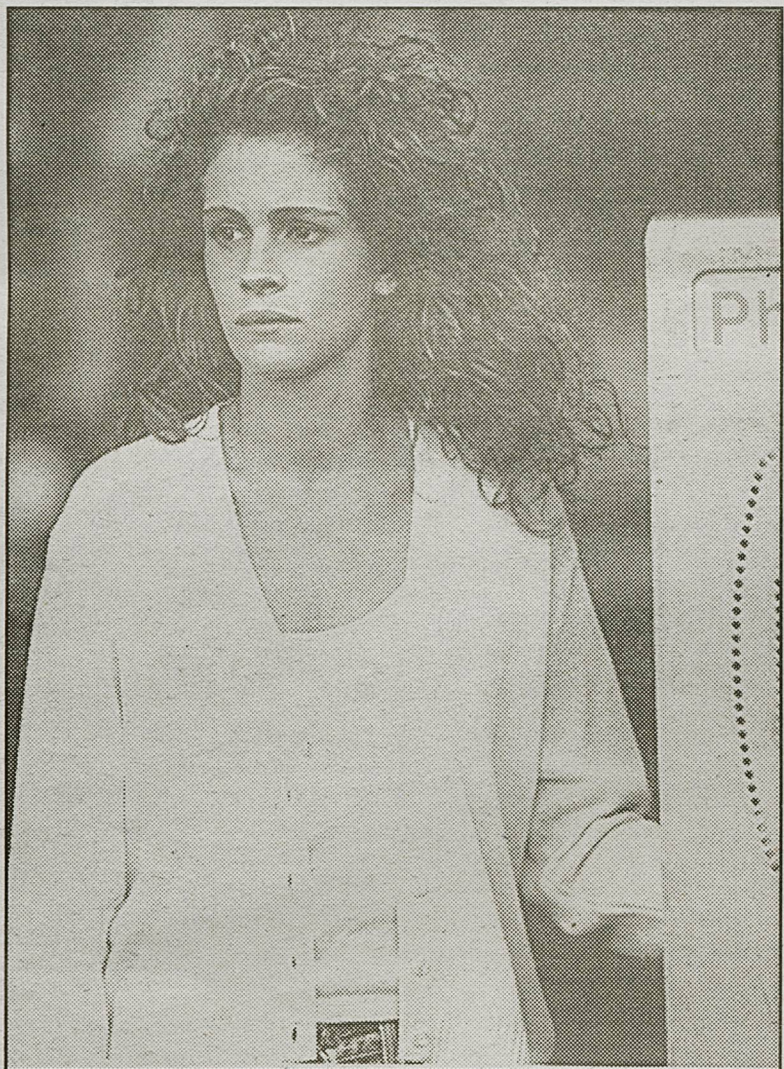
De Niro treats his characters with warmth, but without sentimentality. Sonny isn't the

typical "gangster with a heart of gold", nor is Lorenzo wholly saintly; there's no obvious invitation to entirely love or hate either. Chazz Palminteri is superb as Sonny; he wrote the screenplay and picked the prime character, which he

plays with a subtle synthesis of menace and charm.

If De Niro continues to make films like this his reputation as a director will equal that as an actor. Not all move behind the camera as easily as this.

Roberts Returns in Grisham's Brief



Geoff Robertson

The much heralded re turn to the screen of Julia Roberts arrives imminently on these shores in the form of "The Pelican Brief", based on the John Grisham novel of the same name. With a cast that includes the likes of Denzel Washington (as a journalist who aids Roberts) and John Lithgow (as Washington's boss), it's clear that this is the major thriller comeback that publicists have been touting it as.

The story begins with the grisly murders of two Supreme Court judges, one of whom is the mentor of Robert's boyfriend and law tutor. Roberts, as budding law student Darby Shaw, is inspired by a documentary she has seen a year before and conducts her own investigation into these killings. Very soon she has cracked this impossible case and written up her findings in a report; the much mentioned Pelican Brief. Her boyfriend Thomas Callahan then decides to show this to one of his friends, who

just happens to be in the FBI. Very soon Callahan finds himself in a very nasty car-bomb incident, from which Shaw herself is only saved due to deciding to walk home because Callahan is too drunk to drive. From here, the story begins proper, as Shaw goes on the run from the subversive forces she has just tried to expose.

As you can imagine, the FBI (conducting the investigation) are a little skeptical about the conclusions of this unknown, lone law student. And since corruption is being exposed at every level, they aren't exactly to be trusted either. Hence begins a fraught trek across New Orleans and New York as Shaw tries to avoid assassins intent on keeping her quiet. Her only assistance comes from Denzel Washington as investigative journalist Gray Grantham, who has already got a sniff of the story before Shaw calls him in the hope of publishing the report and getting the heat off her. Pretty soon Washington's other source is also murdered, and the net begins to close in.

If all this seems to be asking for too much suspension of disbelief, then on paper, I'd agree with you. However, the film doesn't seem to be that outrageous, largely due to the very sure and fast-moving direction of Alan Pakula. The action sequences are well staged, and despite the odd lingering and slightly over-the-top pull back shot, the large crowd scenes work excellently.

In terms of plot, the film is basically your average chase movie, with a slightly dubious premise, but Robert's central performance is very good at holding the film together - you actually manage to feel sympathy for her, which is essential in this type of film. Washington's slightly understated journalist is also nicely played, never over-shadowing the running law student as some sort of butch hero. Clearly this is a film that isn't offering anything new, but it is exciting and well crafted, making it certainly worth a look, and a good return for the recently married Roberts.

Spielberg's Schindler's List Opens with 'Oskar' Potential

Phil Gomm

"Whoever saves one life, saves the world entire." - The Talmud. If this holds true then Oskar Schindler is responsible for saving a whole universe. The story of how this Nazi profiteer managed to protect 1100 Jews from Hitler's Final Solution is the subject of Steven Spielberg's latest film offering, Schindler's List.

The story centers around Schindler's attempts to save the Polish Jews who worked in

his factory, from deportation to Auschwitz (where 1.1 million people were to die) from their 'home' - which was in turn the Krakow ghetto and a forced labour camp.

Ralph Fiennes gives a totally plausible portrayal of the sadistic SS camp commandant, Amon Goeth, who finds his pleasure in mistreating, torturing and murdering his charges. Sadly the vicious nature of Goeth is not overplayed as many historians of the Nazi era have discovered. In reality Goeth was later executed for crimes against

humanity. The role of Itzhak Stern - Schindler's Jewish accountant and factory manager - is played with humility and understatement by Ben Kingsley.

The picture is admirably made and undeniably hard hitting. What comes across most strongly is the total randomness of the brutality meted out. The casual and arbitrary way in which suffering was inflicted is shocking. Even Thomas Keneally, upon whose book the picture is based, is apparently pleased with its accuracy and screen adaptation.

But despite all this one cannot help wondering about the wider issues. It appears that Spielberg himself recognised the gravity of confronting such a subject as the Holocaust, which cost the lives of up to 6 million European Jews. This fact is eluded to by both the film's length - 195 minutes - and its black and white photography, which is presumably meant to remove any gloss. In spite of these concessions, it is impossible not to feel that just as Schindler started out by using the Jews for his own fi-

nancial gain, so too have the film makers.

The uplifting end to the film may be intended to show humanity always finds a place, but does, or should, an audience need to be comforted in this way? Does a production that tackles such a topic have the right to duck out at the end? An amazing story, but perhaps the wrong story.

Definitely see the movie, but bear in mind what Claude Lanzmann, who made the film Shoah, said: "There is no happy end."

Norwegian Dolls House

Dennis Lim

"A Doll's House" is arguably Norwegian literary giant Henrik Ibsen's most important play. Written in 1879, but from a viewpoint that was distinctly ahead of its time, it caused something of a stir. Sue Lefton's production of this classic runs at the New End Theatre, Hampstead until the end of the month.

As the play opens, The Helmers seem perfectly happy - Torvald is about to take on an important job at the bank and Nora, devoted wife and mother, seems only too happy to pamper his every whim. At its end three traumatic days later, Nora has undergone the most radical of transformations - from frivolous young woman to headstrong heroine - and found out that she never really knew the man she married - not as uncommon a discovery as some might imagine.

What happens in the intervening period (Christmas Eve through to Boxing Day) is powerful, tense theatre of the highest order. The potential rev-

elation of a minor crime she committed years ago threatens to shatter Nora's picture-perfect world. She forged a document to secure a loan

extreme, to the extent of refusing to let her see her children.

"A Doll's House" aims to show that there are two kinds of conscience - one for men and

Ibsen refused to see "A Doll's House" as a feminist play. He is right perhaps, in that it seems to be primarily about self-discovery or, more specifi-

The performances are uniformly good, aside from a couple of stutters early on from Simon Chandler's otherwise fine Torvald. But as surely must be the case in all productions of "A Doll's House", success depends almost singularly on the character of Nora. Here Rachel Joyce is generally excellent - she draws the audience into the heart of Nora's panic-stricken confusion, and this helps us to see her subsequent emancipation as even more vital. The intimacy of the New End helps, creating a suitably charged and claustrophobic atmosphere.

The importance of "A Doll's House" cannot be overstated - its relevance over a century after it was written simply reveals that gender roles have not changed as much as some of us would like to think. This is a fulfilling if not flawless production and for those of you who have yet to meet this remarkable woman called Nora Helmer, it would indeed serve as a worthy introduction.



which was needed to save her husband's life. Torvald was oblivious to all of this and now, with her secret about to be unearthed, Nora is tormented with the eventuality of her husband finding out. She is prepared to die rather than let him take the blame. So it comes as a shock when Torvald's reaction to her crime - a crime committed out of love for him - is adverse, judgemental and

one for women - but we all live in a masculine world and, as such, women are judged by masculine law. Ibsen's play shows how tragic and unfair this can be - a strangely liberated perspective for a man who lived well over a century ago (the fact that Ibsen's wife Suzanna was a renowned feminist must have more than a little to do with it). What is perhaps significant is that

cally, the need for it.

Sue Lefton is noted for the physicality of her productions - which probably explains the highly dubious choreographed slow-motion sequences which crop up every now and again. Her decision to incorporate off-stage conversations into stiff, silent sidepieces diverts attention and is frankly unnecessary.

Waiting for a Train

Deborah Goldenberg

A production of "Waiting for Godot" is at all times an exciting event. From its premiere in France - 1952, when Beckett challenged all expectations people had on what theatre should be like, until today, the sound of the names Vladimir and Estragon still lights up fire in audiences across the world.

Lisa Forrel's direction of this production is very perceptive. In directing "Waiting for Godot" a director has to leave his vanity aside, because at its best, the star will be the text and the charisma of the characters...Still, she does not go by unnoticed; her choice of situating the play in the Levant, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and casting actors originally from the area does not introduce "a whole new meaning to the play", but rather enhances its basic elements...wilderness, timelessness.

In entering the intimate Lyric Studio, the audience is immediately drawn into the mood of wilderness, evoked by subtle and effective things, such as the constant wind blowing, the hypnotic tune of oriental music, the loneliness of the tree, the sand dunes...In visual terms, the play is a great success, again, wisely managing to keep a balance between the temptation to extrapolate the text and the need to remain faithful to it.

Vladimir. Estragon. Pozzo. Lucky. The Boy. The great challenge of an actor interpreting lines that already mean so much... "To be or not to be?"...we have all seen it, we have all read it, we have all felt it. On top of it, a big "trap" exists in interpreting "Waiting for Godot". Yes, Vladimir and Estragon are celebrities for their lyric statements about humanity, but they are still tramps, and they should remain so, or their charismatic effect might be lost. Yes, they keep on repeating that they are still "waiting for Godot", but they don't know that they are being lyric, they are just pissed off because they are waiting for "this Godot" and he never comes! (no one would empathise with a pessimistic pretentious tramp moaning about life - if that was the case, Beckett would have done it himself!) In this production, I thought Kerov Malikyan was remarkably natural as Estragon; Nadim Sawalha's interpretation of Vladimir was visually very effective, but a bit too emphatic at times where he should have just been "comforting". Lucky's performance was touching and passionate...during his monologue the audience was just completely taken by his performance which was hypnotic, so good it was.

Good stuff. The production presents the humour, the humane, the cruel effectively, at times remarkably...Worth checking it out!

Me, Myself & I



Ben Oliver

"Me and Mamie O'Rourke" has a difficult task. It takes two comedienne and puts one of them in a largely straight role. It tells a tale told often before by American playwrights and has to make it sound fresh. It centres around themes of love and disillusionment that are common currency in second-rate drama, but it never really rises above them.

The storyline is simple; Louise (Jennifer Saunders) is tyrannized by her relentlessly minimalist architect husband, who insists on destroying every unnecessary detail in their dilapidated house. She occupies herself making stylish bullet-proof vests and talking to her friend Bibi, (Dawn French). Bibi is the comic character; a roly-ploy peroxide blonde, a cook who insists

she's a scientist and an inveterate scarlet woman who convinces herself that her string of married men are really in love with her.

Wondering why they get on so well, the pair decide they must be lesbians, and make an awkward attempt at heavy petting. Realizing that they're not gay, they come to the rather trite conclusion that they enjoy each other's company because they feed each other's fantasy lives. There follow emotional scenes where Bibi and Louise face up to the truth about their lives and their relationships, and the difficulty of living without escapist fantasies.

The play never really achieves anything; there isn't enough humour to justify it as a comedy, and the well-worn themes of disillusionment and the loss of the American dream, already given their ultimate

exposition by Arthur Miller, are just commonplace, and tell us nothing new. The script lacks any literary flourish and often loses momentum entirely; the play just becomes dull in places.

French and Saunders don't make the transition to the stage or straight(ish) acting well. Neither really shines, though Dawn French seems more at ease with her comic character. Jennifer Saunders communicates Louise's depression to her audience well, though this isn't really desirable.

It often seems that the worst drama is to be found in the big theatres of the West End. A couple of big names pull in coach parties too large or too unadventurous to get to grips with the fringe theatres. But you read the arts pages, you know better. Give it a miss.

WHAT'S ON * WHAT'S ON

The Weekly Guide For LSE Students Covering The LSE & London Specials Guide 7 - For Lent Term 1994 - February 21st - February 27th

Time Out

MAGAZINE

Doggy Style

In which Julie Emery goes to the dogs and wins the princely sum of £3.50.

When my friends from Turkey, here on holiday, phoned me up and suggested we do something we'd all never done before which was a typically (or stereotypically) London thing. What could be more of a typical Laaaaaandaaaan (say in Mee-Shell from 'Eastenders' voice) night out than an evening 'at the dogs'? So off we went of a Friday evening to Wimbledon Stadium (alright, hardly East End, but Walthamstow doesn't have races on Fridays). For £2.50 you can watch from the (enclosed) football-style terraces, but for £4 you can go in the grandstand and sip beer or eat a meal while screaming 'come on number five'.

We opted for the grandstand, and then got a table with a brilliant view of the track. This was when the fun started: everyone at the table had to eat a meal, and each and every one of us had to spend £15, not including drinks. At this point half our party retreated to the bar. The waitress insisted on calling me 'modom' after every sentence and informed us that even if we only had a prawn cocktail each it would still cost us £15. At this point I realised that we were not surrounded on all sides by salt of the earth proletarians, but disgusting City yuppies in suits who thought it terribly amusing to partake in a working class activity and didn't mind paying extortionate prices for food that tasted like recycled school dinners.

Next snag: working out the race card. None of us knew our evens from our accumulating super-duper jackpots, so I thought I'd ask one of the women that wanders around taking peoples' bets. With one glance she'd already decided I was mentally retarded and reeled off more jargon than you get in a letter from your education authority. Her sneer turned to a Freddy Kruger style grimace when I proffered my £1 (that's the minimum) stake on number three to win. When it did romp home (as I believe you say), she practically took my eye out throwing my winnings (£3.50) at me.

Having had enough of being called modom and being patronised by women in American Tan tights, I went to the bar to find the rest of my friends. They'd just won £25 and were having a great time, munching hamburgers and swapping race tips with some wide boys from Essex. By the end of the night everyone was happily drunk and hoarse from shouting, and we'd all lost our winnings. But we'd also had a great time. I don't know about a typical London night out, but a night at the dogs is a good laugh, and it doesn't have to cost a fortune. Just eat before you go and beware of women in American Tan tights.

Walthamstow Stadium Chingford Road, E14
(081 531 4255)

Races on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 7.30pm.

Wimbledon Stadium Plough Lane, SW19
(081 946 5361)

Races on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday & Saturday, 7.30pm.

This week marks Amnesty Human Rights Week. As well as those events listed below, many other events are taking place at short notice so watch those notice boards for details. Also if this page seems a little depressed this week it's because I really hate Tranmere.

**Monday
21st**

LSE Demos present a grand selection of MP's, including Ian Bruce, John Denham, Diane Abbott and Jeff Rooker amongst others. They are lined up to ask "Are the Tories Losing their Southern Stranglehold?" 1pm in C120. Also does anyone remember those rumours of an orange being thrown at John Patten? Does someone at the LSE know something we don't? Missed his gob though.

Monday night football, live soccer action in the Underground. Frankly the last thing I need is to mention football. It's FA Cup action this week, no doubt the Villa will fuck up against Bolton.

**Tuesday
22nd**

Tired of Hall food? Sick of your own cooking? Come to the International Food Fayre at ULU. Cheap cuisines from all over the world! Not only is

this event on from 6pm to 10.30pm tonight, it is also feeding the masses on the 21st (that's yesterday)

**Wednesday
23rd**

Comedy with Alistair McGowan. This master impressionist and stand-up comic will be appearing in the Old Theatre at 8.30pm. McGowan has provided many voices for three series of Spitting Image and has been nominated for several comedy awards for his work on BBC Radio 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. McGowan's claim to even greater fame is that he was interviewed by Jeremy Paxman for Newsnight. Needless to say, his Paxman impression is excellent, as are his Julian Clary, John Major, Jack Charlton, Chris Eubank and Jonathon Ross. McGowan combines these impressions with a witty stand-up routine. Not to be missed! Tickets priced £3 will be available on the door, but it might be best to pick them up from Student Union reception in advance.

The Scandinavian Society will be getting nice and warm with large amounts of Schnapps and will be watching the well cold Winter Olympics in the Underground.

The Italian Society will be holding one of their successful Pasta evenings in the Quad. Eat as much pasta and ice-cream as you like with jazz to

follow. £6 members, £7 others.

Double film fun!! Not only are the Rag Society showing 'Cry Freedom' as part of Human Rights week (7pm, Old Theatre, Usual prices, Second film tbc) There is also the added bonus of 'Rashomon', the classic Japanese film. The movie lasts around 85 minutes so there will still be plenty of time to hit the Tuns after.

**Thursday
24th**

The Shapiro Club presents 'The Trial Of Karl Marx' on the charge of wasting the time of humanity for over a century by diverting it's efforts from more useful enterprises. Karl Marx - Lord Desai; Prosecutor - K. Minogue; Defence - B. Crick; Presiding - Mr Justice S. Sedley. 5pm. In the New Theatre. FREE!

The return of the Kino Club. Another evening of improvised film and music in the Quad from 8.30pm. Three splendid improv musicians will be playing: Steve Buckley (Sax and Clarinet); Steve Noble (Drums); and Roberta Bellatalla (Double Bass) Starts 8.30pm in the Old Theatre. £2.50

**Friday
25th**

Time Tunnel Disco continues with cheap beer and excellent music. Free Entry.

Amnesty have joined forces with the African-Caribbean Society to bring you the party of the week. A full evening's entertainment is included in the ticket price - great food, a fashion show, poetry reading and dancing. Tickets cost £5. From 10pm there will be a band and a disco. After dinner tickets cost £3.

**Saturday
26th**

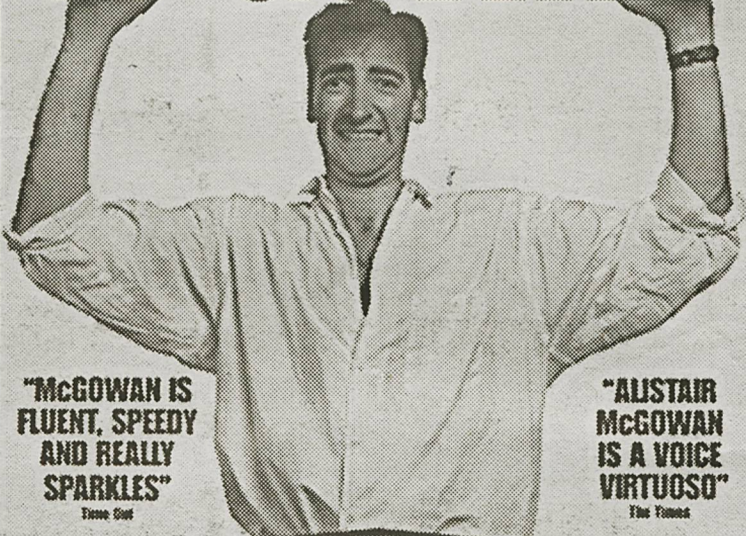
Can't be bothered to find anything for you lot to do tonight... But there are a couple of upcoming events that deserve some kind of plug... England vs West Indies cricket will be featured in the Underground on the relevant dates, the First Test is from 19th-24th.

**Sunday
27th**

pacific rim in association with The Daily Telegraph presents
FROM TV'S SPITTING IMAGE. STANDING ROOM ONLY AND COMEDY CLUB

ALISTAIR MCGOWAN

PLUS SUPPORT



"MCGOWAN IS FLUENT, SPEEDY AND REALLY SPARKLES"
Time Out

"ALISTAIR MCGOWAN IS A VOICE VIRTUOSO"
The Times

<p>Thur 17 Feb 9 pm SURREY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' UNION Tickets £2.00 0483 259223 STUDENTS ONLY</p>	<p>Fri 18 Feb 8.30 pm IMPERIAL COLLEGE STUDENTS' UNION Tickets £3 advance £3.50 door 071 225 8670 STUDENTS ONLY</p>	<p>Mon 21 Feb 9 pm GOLDSMITHS COLLEGE STUDENTS' UNION Tickets £4/ FREE with Goldsmiths Entrance 071 225 8670</p>	<p>Wed 23 Feb 8.30pm LSE STUDENTS' UNION Tickets £3 071 935 7150 STUDENTS ONLY</p>
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Sick as a Parrot, Brian

Enroll in the Beaver's very own Armchair Football League

You've seen the adverts, you've watched the television programme, now get off your arse and enroll in the Beaver's very own Armchair Football League.

Based on an idea formulated during a Guinness and lager frenzy, Beaver Armchair Football League™ evolves around you lot out there picking a squad of eleven players from the six teams that really matter at LSE, choosing a name for your team and then sending us the details. Week-by-week, we will formulate the performance ratings of each individual player based on a system to be announced in next week's paper and then print the results. Your squad may consist of any member of either the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th Football teams along with

the Beaver's own Dennis Waterman's Showbusiness XI, all of whom will have a rating and a price on their head. Ratings will be based on an individual's performance on the field except for the Beaver All-Stars squad, whose performance will be based on how well they perform on Sega's 'FIFA International Soccer'. Points will be awarded for clean sheets, goals scored, goals assisted and all-round performances. Points will be deducted for own goals, goals conceded and injuries to players. All these points will be totalled up and an overall score will be awarded. Once this has been done, a league table will be drawn up. At the end of the season, whoever is on top will be rewarded with a prize.

come along to the Beaver office and pick up an introductory pack which includes a full list of players available and a guide to how the league will operate. The closing dates for teams will be Friday 25th February, so you'd better hurry up and collect your pack.

Our office, in case you don't know is E197, ie the first floor of the East Building. You can't miss us, it's the room with a load of crap on the door and loud music blasting out from within.

Take note, to enroll in our league, no purchase is required, no stamps are needed. In fact, you don't have to spend a penny, unless you want to win, of course.

If you're interested, then



"Twat.....That was liquid football"

Famous Last Words In History

By
NP Flywheel BA

Number 7:

Stephen Milligan, MP

"Mmm, Outspan....
the small ones are
more juicy"

No Score (after extra-time)

In the 1979-1980 Scottish Junior League Season, Tom Fairley of Whitburn received a yellow card during a game against Linlithgow Rose for throwing a snowball at an opposing player following what he considered to be an unfair challenge...

10 Stupid Things to Do if You Collect Stamps

1. Cut the perforations off because they look untidy
2. Staple them into your album
3. Only collect stamps from countries beginning with 'Y'
4. After you've catalogued and cross-indexed them, feed them into a paper shredder
5. Stick your most valuable ones on an envelope and post them to a fictitious address in New Zealand
6. Go into Stanley Gibbons and ask to see the monkeys
7. Colour them all in felt pen and pretend they're Penny Blacks
8. File them in order based on the third letter of the country's name
9. Draw glasses and a moustache on the Queen's portrait
10. Collect coins by mistake

In the 1960s, an Australian speedway rider came off his bike while racing in Britain. He was unhurt, but as he was about to get up and continue racing it began snowing. Having never seen snow before, the speedway rider knelt down and began staring at it. Whilst doing so, he was run over by another bike.....

Twelve Stupid Games or Sports to Play on Your Own

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Kisschase | 7. Hide and Seek |
| 2. American Football | 8. Postman's Knock |
| 3. Tug of War | 9. Cricket |
| 4. Spin the Bottle | 10. 4 x 100 Metres Relay |
| 5. Pictionary | 11. Cheat |
| 6. Pass the Parcel | 12. Patience |

The tallest players to play for England were centre forward Billy Gunn, who was capped in 1884, and goalkeeper Joe Corrigan, who is best remembered as the man who was forever in the shadows of Clemence and Shilton. The heaviest English International was one 'Fatty' Foulke, who weighed 17 stone when he was capped. In contrast to this, the shortest and lightest player ever to play for England was Fanny Walden, an outside right who played for England twice but, thanks to the Great War, had a career that lasted 8 years, beginning in 1914 and ending 1922.

Eighteen Things You Never See At Old Trafford

1. A penalty awarded to the opposition
2. Away fans in large quantities
3. The film 'Airport 77' as part of the pre-match entertainment
4. More than four English players in the home side (Except for European games)
5. A European Champions League match
6. A victory against Galatasaray
7. Eric Cantona apologising after a late tackle
8. Bryan Robson match fit
9. Jimmy Hill
10. Jim Leighton
11. Paul Ince not being booked for dissent
12. The European Cup
13. The absence of 'Match of the Day' Cameras
14. Sir Matt Busby
15. Bobby Charlton with a full head of hair
16. George Best without a drink in his hand
17. Ryan Giggs without a zit
18. Ryan Giggs without a perm

Houghton Street Harry

I have spent several days at home this week in order to catch up with some of my knockers. A game of pin down the Nags and a few round the clock tournaments can be very medicinal at this stage of term. What is also highly elevating is a chinwag about the old days. We are not usually so sentimental in the Lexham area, but seeing some friends from the past returning to the fold usually gets the cockles over the bunsen burner. It became evident that almost every youth from around the orbital London area had very much the same experiences which so shaped our lives. It usually began by the 3rd year of middle school when the questions began to be asked. Who you supported, what car your Dad drove and what bike you had. This final question really had the heaviest weighting as to who you spent your summer evenings down the Rec with. Every boy will tell you that there were two posses (gangs in those days), and you had to be in either or you were seriously in danger of having no mates.

The first gang started life with Tomahawks, then the Chipper and finally the Chopper. This posse were the easy riders of the bike world. They liked to hang out on street corners, shooting the breeze about the newest gob-stoppers at the Ivy Stores, who had french-kissed who before going cruising onto the Lincoln Park Estate to rumble the other posse. For those of you who do not know, the other gang were the Grifter boys. They took the other fork in the road to maturity. It started with the Boxer, then the Striker and onto the Grifter. These mercenaries typically spent their time in the dips in the Common woods, up to their knees in mud and ripping their trousers falling off after doing ramps made of nicked pallets. Being a Chopper owner this type of behaviour was totally abhorrent to me. If I got my knees dirty I took it as a personal insult. For those who don't know the difference, the Chopper had a long seat, wide handlebars and the gear stick was located between your legs (probably hence the name). This was a cruise beast that you laid back on and winked with arrogance at pedestrians as you passed. This is a stark contrast to the robust Grifter that was a compact, functional ugly beast. You hunched over the saddle like Richard III and changed gears with the handlebar grip. When a Chopper rider encountered a Grifter it never failed to make the eyes water. The reason was that the Grifter had a blue neutral gear at the back of the shift sequence, so when you stood on the pedals and let rip the chain went limp and your tender areas dropped onto the cross-bar at pace.

Believe me, my dislike of Grifters grows deeper every time I remember when I did that for the first time in Lime Tree Walk on Shaun Mills' bike. The school holidays are still vivid in my mind. We used to meet at Stuart Smart's house (because he didn't have a bike) and cruise down White Lion Road to the sweet shop. I nearly always got a quarter of strawberry bonbons, which were the most expensive, naturally for a Chopper rider (Stuart Smart always got a packet of Football Crazy's, the cheapest). Stephen Bolton would then share out all the stuff he'd nicked and it was off to the Rec for World Cup doubles. I was always Socrates (not much has changed since then). Then home for lunch and back down the Rec. The Grifter boys would hang out at the other end of the park until we would challenge each other. Once we'd argued over who was England, whose ball to use and whether you had rush or stick goalies, we'd then play until a fight broke out. Stuart's older brother Rodger would turn up and break it up and we'd all ride home for fish-fingers and chips and a row about bed-times. Those were the days!

Walking In a Blundawundaland

2nd XI In Cup Semi Glory

LSE 2nd XI 5
UCL 2nd XI 2

They say the cup is the home of romance, and if this is true LSE 2nds have written more novels than Barbara Cartland. On Saturday they faced UCL 2nds in a David versus Goliath's big brother clash. UCL had won 22 straight games and averaged over 6 goals a game in the process, but as captain Blunden pointed out, reputations mean nothing in the heat of a battle.

In true cup style, the form book flew out of the window as LSE pressured hard over the first 20 minutes. This was rewarded when Pedersen finished off a fine move with a right-foot shot to stun the opposition. As they moaned and bickered with the ref LSE rolled up their sleeves and grafted. Saurus led by example and Nelson followed. Meanwhile Mailman and Ronny Radford contrived to have more misses

(surely Missus) than Henry VIII, but still the steel wall was not breached. Finally UC equalized, but heads didn't drop (much). At the turn it was all square, with UC fractionally ahead on points. Stirring talk of Agincourt, trenches and mums was what Saurus greeted his war-weary warriors with, and this seemed to do the trick when Davies was scythed down for a penalty. Commeth the hour etc, and it was Saurus with the most important conversion since St. Paul.

The rest of the half was eaten away by goalmouth scrambles until UC drew level once again. There were few more chances before the final whistle and a new element was added to the equation, namely character. This afforded Saurus another chance to address his masses. An orator of the skill of Moses, he told a brief tale of large crowds, groupies and cup final suits. The response was faultless. In the first period of extra-time

Nelson felt he had kicked their star player enough to allow himself a run forward. A jink and a swerve before he unloaded a green sock into the top corner. UC were now in previously uncharted waters, namely heading for defeat. They responded in true sour grapes fashion and punched Ian Davies. The ref didn't hesitate and sent their fullback in to get the showers running.

This signalled a white flag and LSE began the task of rubbing it in. Jones capped a faultless display with 2 late strikes, hammering the final nails in the UC cup coffin. Saurus told his troops that they were "Superb lads!", just for a change, and he even bought a couple of jugs (I smirked as I wrote that). The triumphant team then set off for a central London venue to celebrate. The 2nds know that it's cups for show, league for dough, but I'll leave you with their motto... If a job's worth doing it's worth doing with strolling arrogance.

Parisiennne Walkways

Paris Tour Preview - Part One

Harry's Bucket Tours

This time of year LSE plan their bi-annual jaunt across La Manche to visit our friends at Ensaie in Paris. This year's tour has cast of 53, and believe me, they are drawn from all walks of life. This week is the focus on the footballers. They are 20 min-strels of academia who basically plan to really get into French culture. I do not mean destroying produce, I mean forging links with fellow sportsmen who didn't qualify for the World Cup. Led by A.G. Ravens, the boys include Eugene 'Dr. Livingstone' Stalker, Nigel 'Very Reasonable' Price and Christian 'Guitar-based' Pedersen who are more than familiar with life on the continent. They will have the task of liaising with out EC compatriots as pleasant company lifts Man above the savage.

This leads me neatly to some of the other footballers going. Many people fear for Paul Bradford because Paris



The Women's Netball team get slightly carried away in anticipation of a night in Paris....

has not got any Debenhams, so he will have nowhere to sleep. Another expected casualty is Angus Kinnear. Rumours are abound that the lad once downed a finger of lager top, but this will have to remain a rumour. There are few takers to share a room with Cardinal Chunder, but the wise money is that he'll be in bed for most of the trip. With Europe being one market

hopefully the customs should be lax, otherwise we may be without a goalie and several other key players.

There are many things that can happen, and many probably will. Berlitz Franglaise guides are doing a roaring trade and the 'At The Police Station' section is being thumbed 'a toute vitesse'. I wonder what the French for Burnside is?