

The Beaver

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

Issue 409

November 14, 1994

"In view of India's human rights record, I have no doubt that he's been tortured"

LSE student's role in Kashmir kidnap

Nick Sutton
Phil Gomm

An LSE student has been shot and arrested in India after a shoot out with police investigating the kidnapping of three British tourists by Kashmiri separatists. Two police officers and a terrorist were left dead in the incident.

Ahmed Sheikh – who has not re-registered this year as a statistics undergraduate – was taken into custody in the province of Uttar Pradesh after the authorities safely rescued the hostages.

Sheikh, 20, who comes from Wanstead, East London, is alleged to be the mastermind behind the abductions.

It is claimed Sheikh lured the three Britons and an American to a village outside Delhi where they were abducted.

The terrorists threatened to behead their captives unless ten jailed militants were released by the Indian Government.

But talking to *The Beaver*, Sheikh's 16 year old brother, Awais, insisted: "He's decent, law-abiding and distinguished, it is impossible to believe these allegations... my brother is just a convenient scapegoat."

He added: "In view of India's human rights record, I have no doubt that he's been tortured. The family are extremely concerned about his safety." They are appealing to the Foreign Office and human rights organisations to ensure his well being.

"As a British citizen and a human being the British Government should do their utmost to help him."

Responding to these allegations Rajiv Dogra, Press Officer at the Indian High Commission, said: "This is totally incorrect."

The British Foreign Office confirmed there was no evidence of torture and that Sheikh was currently being treated for gunshot wounds in hospital.

However Amnesty International said: "It is quite likely.

Torture is quite common in India, perhaps particularly in this case."

Omer Soomro, a former president of the LSE Pakistan Society added: "Where we come from, you know, torture is a means of investigation. It is a legitimate means of investigation."

Newspaper reports claim Sheikh was recruited by a Kashmiri separatist group Al-Hadid, while he was in Bosnia with the Muslim charity Convoy of Mercy.

The Guardian alleged the charity, which is based in Finchley, north London, is merely a front for a fundamentalist group.

Dr L M Singhvi, the Indian High Commissioner, claimed that LSE and other London colleges were being used as recruiting grounds for extremist Islamic organisations: "We now have concrete information to prove that a large number of young people are being recruited from here by different organisations."

Both Iain Crawford, spokesman for the LSE, and the LSE Islamic Society, denied any involvement by extremist organisations at the School.

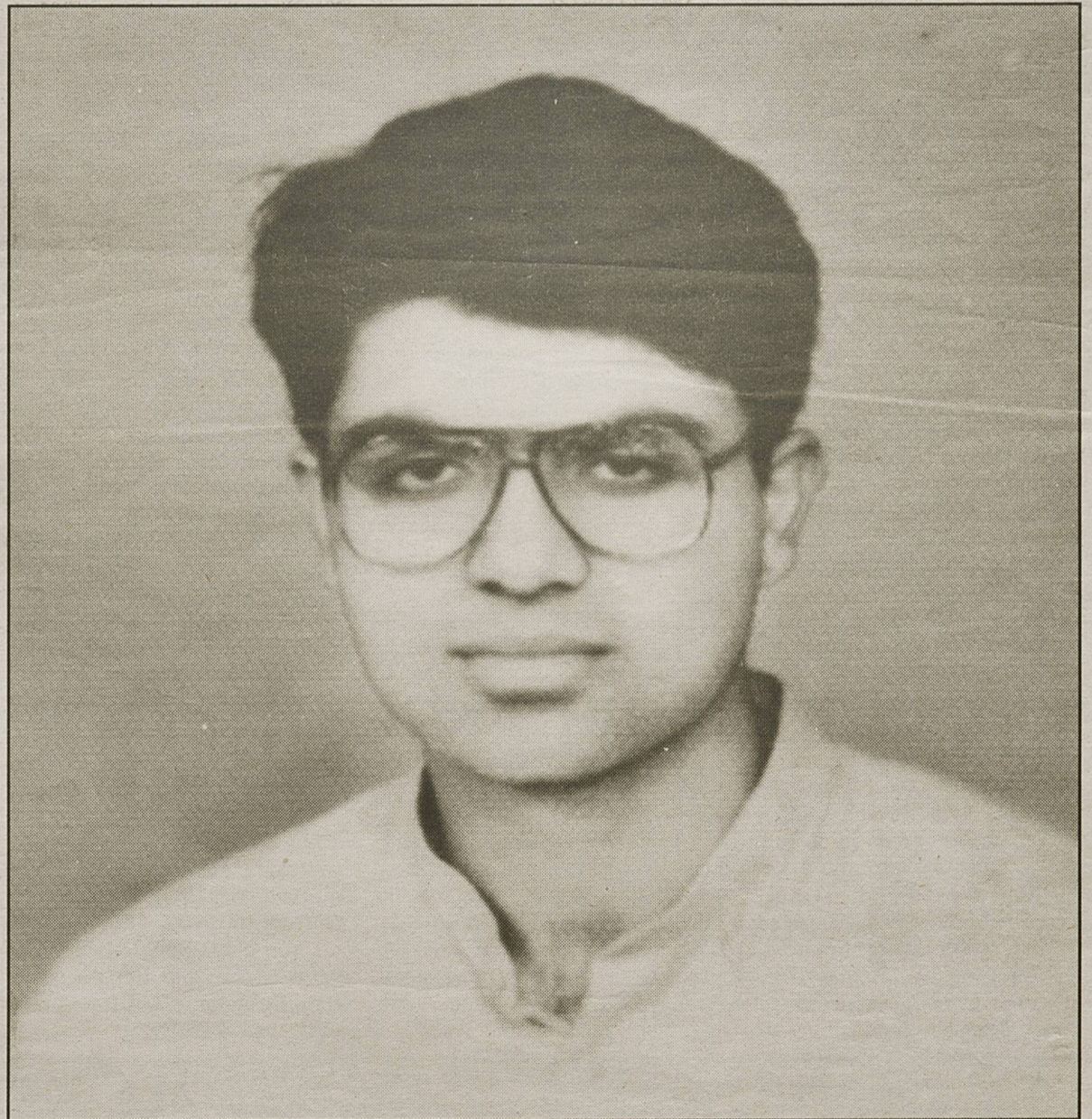
The Islamic Society said they were "not affiliated to any group, movement or organisation – including Hizb ut-Tahrir, Hamas or the Kashmiri Resistance Movement."

An LSE Hindu Society spokesman said: "If the reports are to be believed, and a student of the LSE has been manipulated and indoctrinated and committed an act of international terrorism, then what about the safety of students on British campuses. How many more Ahmed Sheikhs are there?"

He was keen to emphasize, however, that both Muslims and Hindus at the School have a good relationship.

Full family interview, background to the conflict and LSE reaction on page two.

Additional reporting by Toby Childs and Nicola Hobday.



Ahmed Sheikh, the ex-LSE student, who has been implicated in the recent Indian kidnapping.

Photo: Q News International

What *The Beaver* is trying to do

Many of you have by now read about the LSE student being arrested in India. As the newspaper of the London School of Economics Students' Union, *The Beaver* has a duty to its readers to research the background to stories thoroughly, and to be as fair and impartial as possible.

With this in mind, our journalists have interviewed the young man's family, and been in touch with the Indian and

Pakistani Embassies. We have also contacted relevant ethnic and religious societies at the LSE for their comments. From these actions I hope it is clear that *The Beaver* has no wish to sensationalise this story or any other story that appears on these pages.

The Beaver only wishes to inform LSE students on what is relevant and hopefully interesting to them. It has no wish to promote division or mistrust

amongst the various ethnic and religious groups at LSE.

The Beaver upholds the objects of the LSESU constitution to "promote the welfare, the interest and corporate life" of the students here, but it must also uphold the role of an editorially independent newspaper.

After full consultation and proper research, it will report on events as fairly and accurately as it is able.

Helena Mcleod looks at School reaction to the Indian kidnap drama

Ahmed Sheikh is allegedly a member of a Kashmiri Islamic group calling itself Al-Hadid (the Blade).

The Kashmiri question is a very volatile subject and the handling of the Ahmed Sheikh affair has been seen as destructive by many Muslims.

People who knew Ahmed in his first year as a student at the LSE say he showed no extremist tendencies.

The President of the LSE Islamic Society, Azrul Latif, stresses that Sheikh was acting under his own capacity and the society "doesn't condone the act."

Feelings on the ground, however, are high-spirited, with the belief that press attention to a minority section of the religion, for sensationalist headlines, are once again detracting from important issues.

The suggestion by the Indian High Commissioner that students in London, including LSE, are being head-hunted for terrorist involvement has been met with ridicule.

One LSE Muslim student, Abdir-Rahim, said: "Suggestions that the terrorist organisations are recruiting in LSE are to my knowledge baseless."

"This move by the Indian High Commissioner can be seen as a move to quell legitimate political discussion of events in India."

Claims by *The Guardian* that Sheikh was involved with a "fundamentalist (Islamic) group", called the Convoy of Mercy, have met with surprise.

The LSE Islamic Society said moderate Muslims have been quick to distance themselves from recent events.

While fundamental Muslims have been most often in the press, "active members" of the BJP, an extremist Hindu group, have distributed some literature on LSE notice boards, condoning the killing of Muslims.

Such action is not condoned by the majority of Hindus and it seems private individuals acting on their own accord have been responsible.

It highlights the influence the press can have in fueling friction if sensitive religious issues are twisted to sell papers.

Torture fears of family

The Beaver speaks exclusively to the relatives of the student jailed in India

Nick Sutton

The family of Ahmed Sheikh, the LSE student alleged to have been involved in the Kashmiri kidnap, last week claimed that their son had been tortured by Indian police.

Awais Sheikh, Ahmed's sixteen year old brother, speaking to *The Beaver*, said "in view of India's human rights record, I have no doubt that he's been tortured."

His opinion was supported by Amnesty International who stated that, although they had no concrete evidence, Ahmed had appeared on Indian television clearly heavily bruised, and they thought it "quite likely" that he had been tortured.

According to the family, Ahmed has a broken arm, head and facial injuries, as well as a gunshot wound.

The Sheikhs are extremely concerned about Ahmed's safety and have appealed to their MP, James Arbuthnot, the Foreign Office, and human rights organisations to ensure his life and welfare will be safeguarded.

Awais Sheikh also accused the Indian High Commissioner, L M Singhvi - who claimed that Ahmed Sheikh had been a professional terrorist, whose training had been funded by the Pakistani government - of using his brother for "political purposes" in a "wholly irresponsible way."

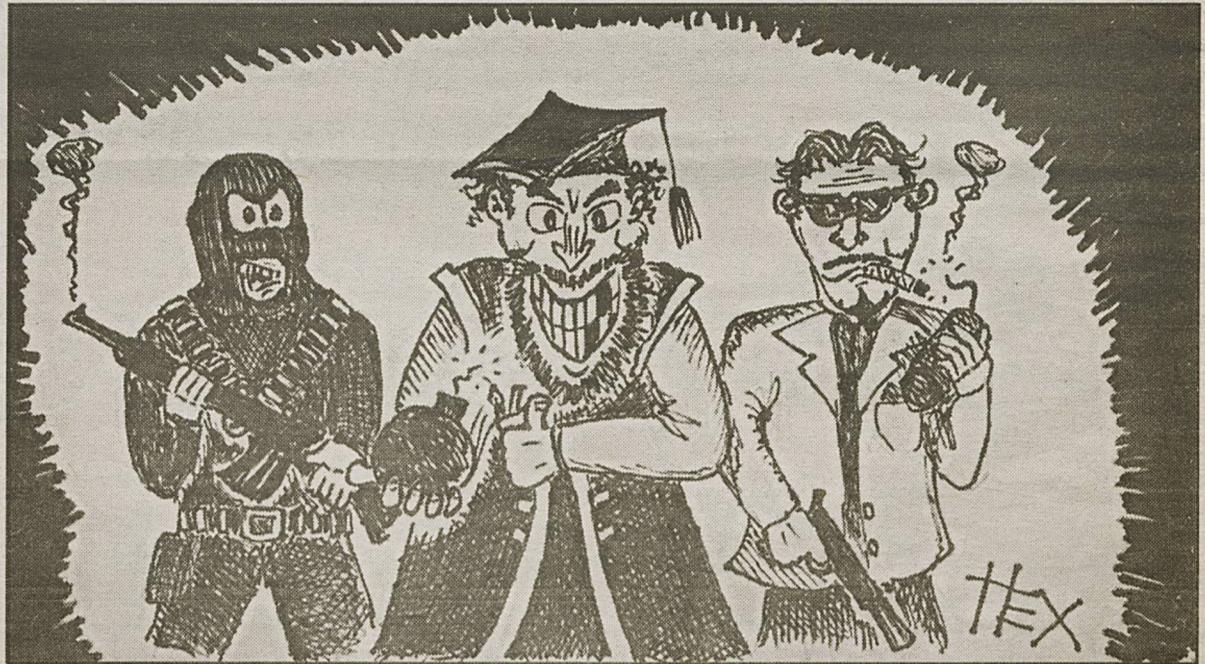
The Sheikh family say Ahmed decided to take a year off "to gain practical experience and travel" after his first year at LSE.

He obtained a visa to travel to Pakistan and India in May.

They received occasional phone calls from him, but had "no indication whatsoever that he was involved in any activity like this."

They deny any involvement by their son in the kidnapping of the British tourists, saying that their son "wouldn't even know how to catch a bus in India... let alone mastermind terrorist activities... It is impossible to believe these allegations."

They believe Ahmed is "a con-



Some recent graduates of LSE's IT (International Terrorism?) course

venient scapegoat" - just a sensitive person "extremely distressed at what he saw" in Bosnia and Kashmir who became involved in charity events.

Despite reports in national newspapers that the organisation, Convoy of Mercy, with which Ahmed went to Bosnia in 1993, was a fundamentalist Islamic group, it is a registered charity, which the family claim is devoted to helping all sides in former Yugoslavia with humanitarian aid.

Awais Sheikh was unable to explain how his brother had been shot in the shoulder if he had not been at the kidnapper's hideout, but speculated the police could have just picked him up off the street and shot him to add credibility to their version of events.

He claimed there was "no independent evidence which makes my brother guilty. We want people to wait until the trial."

This account contradicts earlier statements made by the family soon after Sheikh's arrest was announced.

According to the *Sunday Telegraph* Awais told them that: "We regret his action. It was drastic and we wish it had never happened. I am disappointed because he was a brilliant student. He gave that up to better the situation in Kashmir, but I am proud of the sacrifice."

A view from Pakistan

Issam Hamid

In a recent incident, a British national of Pakistani origin, 20 year old Ahmed Sheikh, was accused by the Indian Police of being the "criminal mastermind" behind the kidnapping of three British tourists in the Indian administered part of Kashmir.

This state, long regarded as disputed territory by the United Nations as well as India and Pakistan, has recently seen a savage guerilla conflict between Kashmiri fighters and more than half a million strong Indian security forces.

This incident received wide publicity, both in the British and Pakistani media.

Pakistani newspapers unanimously condemned the incident, as being senseless and extremely detrimental to the Kashmiri movement. *The Jang* highlighted the fact that Ahmed Sheikh was being held under the Terrorist And Disruptive Activities (Prevention) Act (1985), which prohibits bail, allows the death pen-

alty to be handed out by 'special' courts and permits police 'confessions, legalizing torture in custody.

Of the 47,434 cases registered under the act, not a single individual has actually been convicted.

The Daily Nation questioned the timing of the kidnapping, which seemed to be very fortunate from India's point of view - allowing it to deflect criticism from its poor human rights record at a time when the Organization of Islamic Countries (OIC) is scheduled to raise the Kashmir issue at the United Nations.

This latest incident was compared to the Ganga hijacking, where an airplane was taken to Pakistan by 'terrorists', widely thought to be Indian intelligence agents.

The more moderate *Frontier Post* urged the British government to help its citizen held by the Indian security forces, who were acting as judge, jury and executioners in condemning Sheikh without a trial.

Professor Tom Nossiter looks at Kashmir's past

What can Britain do about Kashmir?

Nothing beyond quiet words in diplomatic circles about human rights. Kashmir did not have the chance to decide its future when British India was partitioned.

The Hindu Maharajah was for India, his predominantly Muslim subjects divided between joining Pakistan or going it alone. Part of the state was seized for Pakistan as Azad Kashmir but India retained the heartland.

Historically the Nehru family originated in Kashmir and a special deal was done so that Kashmir was an Indian state with

elements of home rule. Politicking in both India and Kashmir led to the end of this accommodation, the conversion of Kashmir into an armed camp and the growth of Islamic fundamentalism in the one majority Muslim state of India.

The peace process in world trouble spots is on the colour supplement agenda but it is hard to see any better prospects for Kashmiris than Kurds, both casualties of geopolitics.

The student sadly will pay a heavy price for idealism, insufficiently informed about the best ways of 'making the news' in the name of the cause.



Deynecourt Gardens, Wanstead, where Sheikh lived. A long way from Kashmir.

Photo: Beaver Staff

Grunts over grants

Lincoln Schlei

A giant golden statue of Buddha overlooked the crowd of twenty to thirty thousand students gathered from all around Britain in the pouring rain to protest against significant grant cuts proposed by the government.

"The demonstration today is a massive show of protest that students can no longer take these levels of hardship and a life of debt. We want an urgent review into existing Government policies. We want the grant cuts repealed and we want a system of funding that respects students' ability, not their ability to pay," proclaimed Jim Murphy, National President of the National Union of Students.

Myriad student groups clamoured to attach their particular badge to one's lapel. The spectrum of student groups included Kingsway Anti-Fascist group, North of Scotland Student Society, Oxford Brookes University, and SWSS.

Reading University student, Paul Van Walwik, explained: "The students actually got their asses up and came down here. We put three coaches on this morning.

Fifty people showed up. Are they not bothered that they're going to have no money. Face the facts! You're going to have no money, and you're going to do nothing about it. It's your own fault."

As a police helicopter circled overhead, Orlando Clark, Student Affairs Officer at Southbank University, asserted: "I think this student grant cut is an absolute travesty. This Government came in saying they were going to maintain the student grant and gradually phased in loans. They've broken their own word yet again. They've actually started cutting the student grant."

The march itself went smoothly in the company of hundreds of police officers on foot, on horses, and in a command vehicle.

The huge train of students danced and sang "We didn't pay the Poll tax! We won't pay our loans back!" to a carnival style samba beat.

At one point the Socialist Worker Students stopped dead in their tracks and proceeded to shout their protest. The police response was to extend the barriers, allowing the crowds to pass.

Doreen Cameron, President of the University and College Lec-



The militant Socialist Worker elements on the march were cast aside by the peaceful majority. Photo: Mark Baltovic

turers Union, spoke at the Hyde Park rally where the march ended. She explained in an interview: "The Government is pulling in the reigns.

It is not perhaps a coincidence that constraints on education are being imposed when the most people are involved. The Government for the last eight or nine

years has been trying to dismantle education."

David Triesman, General Secretary of the Association of University Teachers, of which many LSE lecturers are members, joined the rally.

Triesman expressed his moral outrage at the Government's propositions and insisted that he

and his members are wholeheartedly against the cuts. Mr Triesman says he finds the placing of students in poverty reprehensible and unconscionable."

"Fascism is a product of impoverishment," said Social Anthropology Student, Ste, who was dismissed from LSE a week ago for debating in Tibetan style.

NUS report and reactions

Laure Beauflis

One in four sixth formers will not be going onto university because of worries over student debt, a National Union of Students report claims. One in five will not complete their studies because of financial difficulties.

The NUS Student Hardship Report was launched last week at a press conference at King's College timed to coincide with a national demonstration through central London.

It is alleged that students are better off unemployed and on benefits than studying full time: "a young person aged 21 living in London and paying £50 per week rent and claiming Income Support is £10 per week better off than a student of the same age in

London - even after the student loan is taken into account."

Earl Russell - the Liberal Democrat spokesman on social security - told the meeting: "People cannot live on grants and loans alone." Therefore they needed to have jobs.

Russell said the ability to pay has now superseded that to learn, thus student financial hardship is devaluing British degrees. Students accumulate immense debts for a worthless product.

The NUS believe the framework set out in the 1963 Robbins Report on Higher Education should still be adhered to: "That courses of higher education should be made available to all those who qualified by ability and attainment to pursue them, and who wish to do so."



Cheerful policemen had a quiet day's work - no arrests were made.

Photo: Phil Gomm

LSE bad show

Teresa Delaney

The weather was the only match for the abysmal turn-out of LSE students at the NUS march against student hardship on Wednesday. Most of those who did attend were those mandated to do so, perhaps due to the fact that John Ashworth had declined to cancel either lectures or classes, although he stated that he sympathised with the problems students face. London students were conspicuous by their absence, especially when compared to universities as far away as Liverpool, who brought down seven coaches, and Edinburgh, with three.

At the UGM on Thursday, several Executive Officers confirmed that they had attended. One undergraduate commented afterwards that it was a shame that more 'ordinary' LSE students had not made the effort to attend.



The march brought central London to a halt as it moved from Battersea Park to Hyde Park.

Photo: Anastasia Shorter

Union Jack

The Union General Meeting of the Students' Union of the London School of Economics. Political debate at the very heart of the most politically active, radical and original student body in the land. Issues of international importance are discussed with clarity, intelligence and wisdom. From left and right the power of political argument remains the supreme weapon in the weekly battle of the wills. An hour is never long enough for all of the issues on the order paper to be discussed, and the venue is often crowded to the point of standing room only.

At its most recent meeting, the Executive Officers undertook their duty to report their activities to a hushed and attentive assembly. The reports are given in a concise and erudite manner, with the coherence of Ola Budzinska being widely admired. Questions were fielded on serious issues, such as the response of the newly elected Honorary President Michael Jagger to having this great honour bestowed upon him. Gary Delaney, one of the best dressed student politicians anybody is ever likely to come across proclaimed that Jagger's Personal Assistant will be sending him a communication in due course. His renowned instant wit enabled him to make a joke concerning Janice Crotch's name, which was warmly appreciated by all who were present. Tom Greatrex rose to ask Clare Lawrie and Karen Lie about their presence at the preceding day's demonstration, making a shrewd and pointed attack on the reality of those purporting to put student issues first.

The first motion concerned Remembrance Sunday (lest we forget) and the trade in poppies on LSE premises. A well-received and statesman-like speech from A. Vivian Ellis proposed the policy. The political debate for which the LSE is famed proceeded, with astute points being made on behalf of the left by Gregor Claude. Even the most trenchantly opposed to this stance was able to appreciate, acknowledge and respect the speaker for making that contribution. The second speech in favour of this motion was one of the most lucid witnessed at a Union General Meeting for some years. Hugh O'Leary's famed style of clear, concise oratory certainly gave this motion the edge as it was passed unanimously.

A motion protecting the historic right of all students of the LSE to have freedom to attend the Union General Meeting aside of their pressing academic commitments was proposed by the widely-respected General Secretary, Mr Martin Lewis. There were no dissenting voices on this issue, obviously taken seriously by the vast majority of LSE students, and especially by those who were unable to reserve seats in the packed assembly. This was followed by a plea from the heart of Kate Hampton, the revered environmentalist, on the importance of ensuring that the Union takes the environment seriously. Even the traditional paper-throwing was suspended as the massed ranks recognised the importance and significance of the contribution to debate being made by Hampton. Any cynical voices feeling that perhaps this was the start of the long, hard build up to the crucially important Students Union elections in February were soon hushed as the very real commitment felt by Miss Hampton began to show through. However, the elegantly attired Adam Smith-Morris walked towards the stage in the manner of a serious political figure. The awed silence which greeted his words of wisdom was testimony to the high regard in which he is held by his fellow students. However, it was Miss Hampton's arguments which won, and the meeting had to be closed at that point by the slender Chair, James Atkinson, who appealed for those present at this week's meeting not to come next time in order to make room for those who have so far been unable to attend a UGM due to pressure on space.

Union Jack was brought to you under the provisions of Mr Baljit Mahal's charter for the responsible reporting of LSESU events.

C18 death threat

Steve Roy

Three left-wing organisations at the LSE received death threats last week from a group believed to be Combat 18, a Nazi terror organisation which targets and attacks anti-racists.

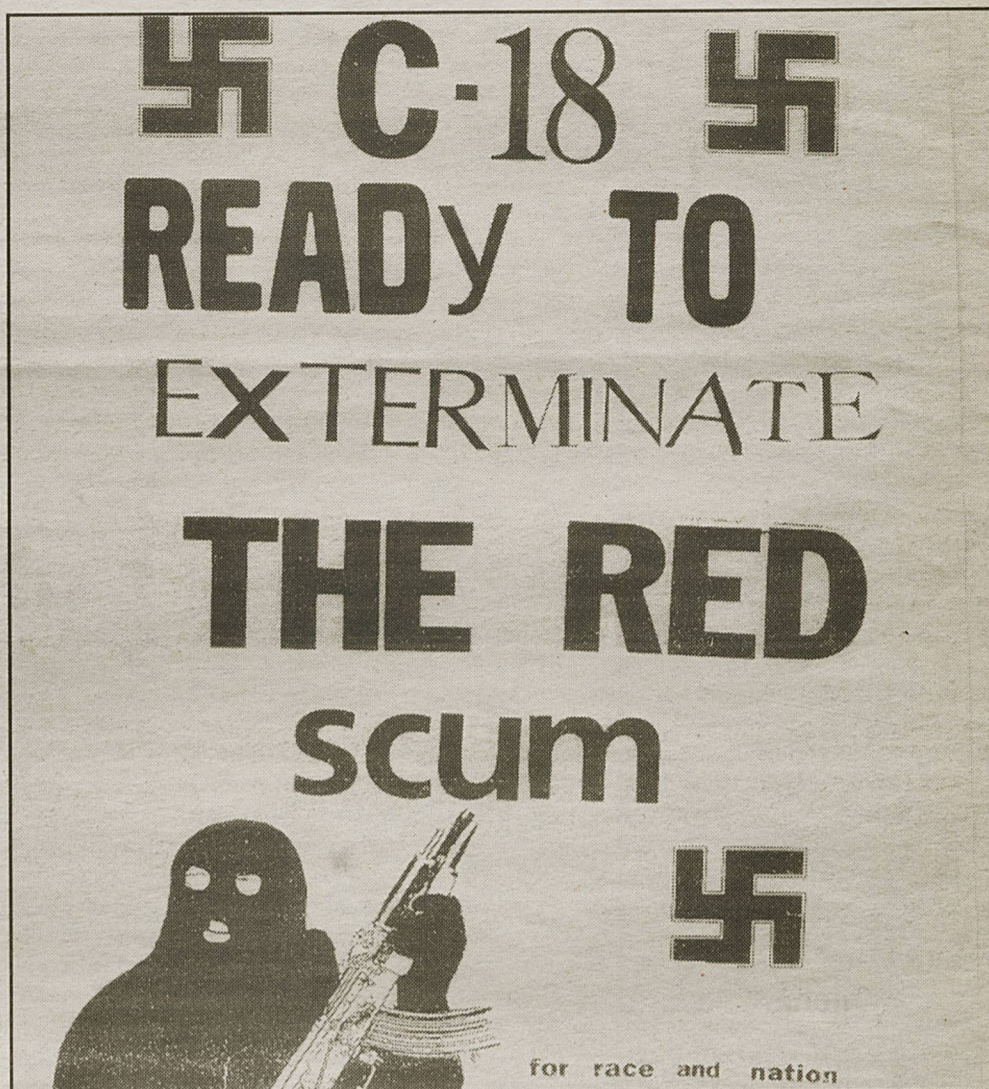
The letters, posted separately and hand-addressed, were sent to LSE branches of the Labour Club, the Socialist Workers Student Society (SWSS), and the Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP).

Each envelope contained the same, photocopied letter, stating: "C18 is ready to exterminate the red scum." This incident comes in the light of similar threats received last term. The letters have been passed to Special Branch for analysis.

Whilst warning students to be wary of the existence of such extremist groups, a Students' Union spokesman stressed that these letters were not sent to named individuals, but were addressed to political groups of a left-wing persuasion. The SU spokesman urged students not to be intimidated by such incidents.

The *Beaver* has learnt that the LSE was not the only victim of threatening letters last week; an NUS London Area spokesman revealed that UCL had also received menacing mail.

The police have promised to investigate the matter thoroughly and want anybody who has received threatening letters to come forward. Any information given will be taken in the strictest confidence.



A copy of the offending letter.

Call for tolerance

Heidi Gomez

With the collapse of the 'evil' Soviet empire, Muslims in the Middle East are now portrayed by the Western media as the new 'enemy'. In order to create cultural cohesion, many ethnic groups have often perceived a need to have a common foe.

This act of reducing an entire culture or religious faith to invalid stereotypes promotes xenophobia and intolerance.

A lecture given by Sarah Joseph, the Editor of *Trends* magazine, a journal aimed at Muslim youth, set out to dispel the misconceptions of the Islamic faith held by many Westerners. Entitled "Unveiling Islam", the lecture was sponsored by the LSE Islamic Society.

Once a Roman Catholic, Ms Joseph admitted her own "veil of darkness, igno-

rance, presumptions and prejudice" between herself and Islam prior to her conversion to the religion seven years ago. Prompted to learn the tenets of Islam when her brother converted in order to marry, her perception of the faith and its practices changed.

Whereas she once viewed Islam as "an image of terrorism, an image of a warmongering religion spread by the sword, and an image of women oppressed and subjugated", Joseph now believes the true nature of Islam is one of "...peace for the inner soul [which] comes about through the submission to God."

Recent acts of terrorism on behalf of extremist Muslim groups, including the bombing of the World Trade Centre in New York and the kidnappings in Kashmir, provides "ammunition" for the Western media to reinforce negative images of

the Islamic faith.

But Ms Joseph seemed to acknowledge these actions when she quoted George Bernard Shaw: Islam is the greatest religion, and the Muslims are the worst followers.

The notion that Islam promotes gender inequality and female oppression was also discussed. She stated that while there is an obligation for Muslim women to be clothed from head to foot, this is not a "scarf of oppression" as many Westerners view it.

On the contrary, having "lived with the scarf and without it", she argued that it has been "...the greatest liberation to talk to people as a human being - I am not a decoration. I am not an object of sexuality. I am a person with a mind." She stressed being female makes her "different, but not unequal, in the eyes of God."



Sarah Joseph unveiling Islam.

Photo: Stephen Hau

Labour shocker

Beaver Staff

The LSE Labour Club is the largest university Labour association with over 120 members, according to Tom Greatrex, their new publicity officer.

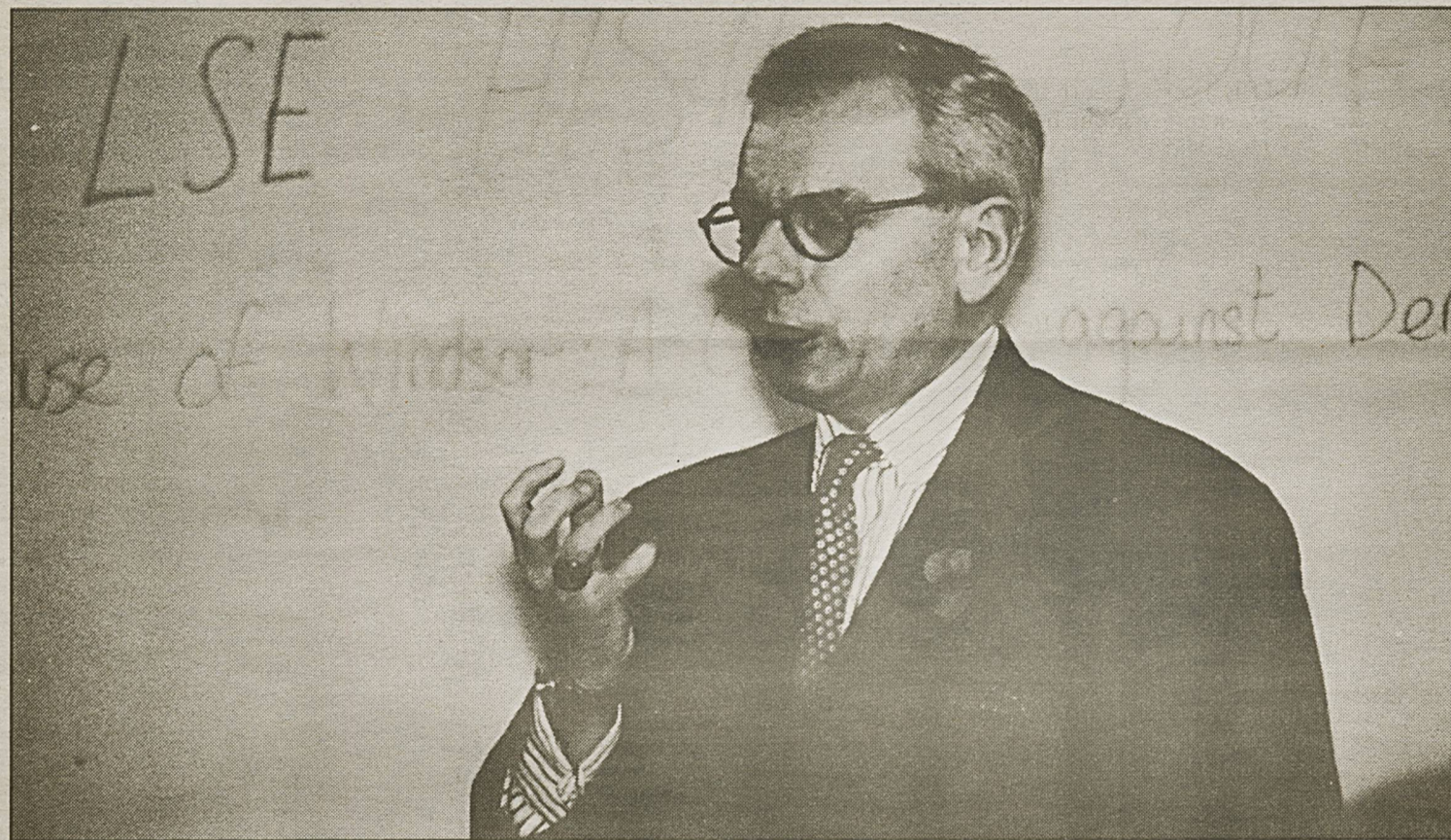
Greatrex gained his new position at last week's annual general meeting. Tom Smith was voted Chair, with Raj Jethwa picking up the post of Secretary. *The Beaver's* very own Teresa Delaney fills the vice-Chair position.

Speaking after his election victory, Tom Smith highlighted the importance of the LSE Labour Club existing as a positive, campaigning body, for LSE students, as well as a forum for political debate.

It remains to be seen whether the new team can maintain current momentum.

Windsors dead

Official confirmation from Dr David Starkey



A gaunt Dr David Starkey addressing the History Society on Tuesday evening

Photo: Steve Hau

Richard Hearnden

David Starkey, LSE's notorious constitutional historian, has pronounced the House of Windsor to be all but dead.

Speaking on the subject of "The House of Windsor: a conspiracy against democracy?" for the LSE History Society on Tuesday evening, Starkey predicted that the present royal dynasty would have to undergo radical reform in order to survive. He did not speculate as to whether or not the monarchy itself would be abolished. "These are two separate matters," said Dr Starkey.

Dr Starkey's comments come during a time of great royal flux and fervour. Con-

centrating on the cerebral side of monarchy, he denounced the tabloid press and "amateur pundits".

Dr Starkey went to great lengths to explain how previous royal houses have undergone change voluntarily in order to save themselves from the relentless march of republicanism. These comments were particularly apt coming at the return of the Queen to the UK after her State visit to Russia, where much talk centred upon the refusal of King George V to grant asylum to the last Romanov Tsar in 1917.

According to Dr Starkey, in a clear rebuttal to those historians doubting the King's sense of judgement, the reason given was that an exiled Tsar would pro-

mote Bolshevik sentiments in England.

The audience were fascinated further to learn that so many of the ceremonial trappings which surround the monarchy are only twentieth century. "In the age of the motor car, the Royal Household has trebled the size of the Royal Mews," Dr Starkey said. The marriage of HM Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was the first to be held in Westminster Abbey for over five hundred years, officiated, claimed Starkey, by a gay Archbishop.

In fact, as Dr Starkey was keen to point out, most of the men associated with the promotion of the monarchy from the late 18th century onwards were homosexual.

PR in?

Fiona Maharg-Bravo

Two million people in Britain who voted for the Green party in the last European elections weren't represented by a single member in Parliament, despite being part of the largest vote across Europe.

Simon Osborn of the Electoral Reform Society predicted that the days of Britain's "first past the post" voting system for European elections are numbered in his talk 'Euro-Elections: Time for Reform?' sponsored by the LSE European Society.

"Quite clearly, Britain's voting system has distorted the outcome of the European Parliament election across the whole of Europe," Osborn said.

By the nature of its system, a small swing in electoral support for a British political party could result in over representation at parliament, thus determining the dominating political group.

This was the case in 1994, in which the Labour Party gained 66 seats, giving the left-wing a dominating majority in the European Parliament.

"The whole idea behind a uniform procedure across Europe was to ensure that the European election would not skew the results so far in one of the European countries to have a dramatic effect on the makeup of the European Parliament," Osborn said.

"We are now in a situation where the major opposition party backed proportional representation for European elections, disgruntled Christian Democrats are pressing for change, and the German state has to push this," Osborn said.

During a test trial of PR conducted during the 1994 European elections with 4000 London participants, Osborn found that 1/3 picked names across the party spectrum, showing a level of political sophistication not measurable in the first past the post system.

Osborn argues that proportional representation will "change our perceptions not only of ourselves as voters, but that it will reflect for once the way people in this country vote."

Freebies for top loan executives

Davina Standhope

The Student Loans Company (SLC) came under more fire last week amidst new allegations that it squandered tax-payers money on booze and high-living among its executives.

The BBC investigative programme 'Here and Now' revealed on Wednesday that hundreds of pounds of public money had been spent on whisky for its top directors.

One director took his wife, family, and a few friends out for lunch on New Year's Day, submitted a bill in excess of a hundred pounds to the expense department, and was later involved in trying to cover-up the incident, by changing the date on the expense account from the 1st to the 11th of January.

Allegations of corruption and dodgy practices at the SLC were investigated by the National Audit Office in 1992. How-

ever, their investigations did not get very far. A secret Government letter urged the commission to leave the matter alone, as an enquiry into the SLC's practices would do no good to the company's public reputation. The BBC revealed that the National Audit Office was reopening its enquiry into the SLC's affairs.

The SLC's executives taste for the high living comes in the wake of *The Beaver's* revelation earlier this term that the Chairman of the SLC, Ken Young, works two days a month and gets paid £36,000 per annum for his trouble. Mr Young was unavailable for comment earlier in the term, as he had just gone on holiday.

The revelations will do little to further students' confidence in the loans company, which is taking increasing numbers of students to court for failing to meet repayments. The company consider most action in trying to collect money fair game, including using bailiffs to seize property.

Anguish of IT teacher

Steve Roy

A class teacher in the Information Systems department spoke of her anguish at having her bag stolen whilst instructing a busy class in S169, a computing room.

Four bag thefts had happened already that day, yet no warnings were posted or alerts issued to raise awareness and prevent another incident occurring. A warning was posted after this latest incident, but by then it had come too late.

Due to locker shortages and administrative delays, the member of staff had not been given a locker; with no way of securing her valuables, this meant she had to take her bag with her when teaching.

The class teacher had tried and failed to obtain one of the publicly available lockers, because there were none left.

The nature of the course she was teaching involved helping students at the terminals they were working on; so whilst her bag was hidden under a desk, her eye could not be on it all the time.

Some time between when the class

started at 5 pm, and when she realised the bag was missing at 5.20 pm, the thief had taken the bag from the room.

The class teacher's bag contained many items of tremendous sentimental value, including a roll of film which had still to be developed. Also stolen was a mobile phone given to her by a boyfriend, who presented it to her the night before, at Heathrow airport, just as he was leaving the country.

Class registers that were in her bag were returned anonymously to the IS Department the following day via internal mail. Despite extensive investigations, this mail could not be traced, although it has subsequently emerged that it did not come via the main porters' lodge.

Three of the five bags stolen were later found in the men's toilets in the St Clements building, minus the valuables. Although a search in the surrounding area was carried out, no items were recovered.

If you have any information about this incident, or any of the goods stolen, please contact the Information Systems department in S107.

The art of the defensible

Gwyneth Dunwoody is Labour MP for Crewe and Nantwich. She is a member of the Fabian Society and spent seven years as Vice-President of the Socialist International Women's Organisation. Despite spending five years as an MEP in the 1970's, Mrs Dunwoody voted against the Maastricht Act in 1992. She is sponsored by the TUR and was described by The Guardian as a "right-wing tough pragmatist". In 1992 Gwyneth Dunwoody supported Bryan Gould for the Labour leadership.



Photo: Scott Wayne

How do you envisage Britain's future in Europe?

My objections to the European Community are based on a lot of experience in Europe. I started work at sixteen on a local paper, then I went to Holland to work in radio and TV so I do have some vague idea of the enormous differences between their basic system of law and ours.

My reservations were always based on the fact that you can only build an organisation from the foundations up. No-one ever tries to do that. Under their system of a sort of *Code Napoleon* most laws are given from above. I do maintain that there are so many fundamental differences that you can maintain a perfectly efficient working relationship in terms of trade but what you can't do is say, 'now we are going to become a union'. No-one has even taken into account what ordinary people feel about it.

I believe an alternative to the union is a much looser organisation, bound together by trade. Over some years this could begin to develop into something more constructive. The existing structure is too rigid and too useless.

Would you alter British policy towards Europe?

The problem with British policy to Europe is that it fluctuates so madly that people just don't know what it is! They say on the one hand they want to be closer to Europe and then when there are troubles at home they say no, except where it suits us. There is a total dichotomy of views which makes it difficult to know what the Tory party really wants out of the future. In seeking to oppose the Conservatives, the Labour party seems to give the im-

pression that we would accept everything that comes out of Europe. That is a load of rubbish.

What is the role of women in parliament?

Women are terribly underrepresented but we have to stop playing off both ends against the middle. No member of parliament finds it easy to get here. Everyone has to work damn hard irrespective of their sex. It's very important to remember to work with those around you. You can't keep saying, 'no I'm special, no I'm different, please help me'. Most of the Labour party are very tolerant of women candidates. I have never been conscious of any discrimination at all.

I believe in some form of positive discrimination, in ensuring you get women on the short list. However, if you say one woman on the short list, that's all you get, one woman. If you say there must be a set number of women in the shadow cabinet then you are eternally labelled as 'well she's only there because she has a protected space'. I don't believe in all women short lists. I think those are one of those silly irritant things. You have to strike a balance.

The atmosphere for women is changing. My father always used to say being a woman cost you a thousand votes before you started. I don't think that's true any more. There are some women who only vote for women. Maggie picked up a lot of votes that way. It turned out to be rather like letting Frankenstein's monster out of the laboratory but they did not know that at the time. She was the one person who had no sympathy for women at all. I don't think she thought of herself in those terms.

To me politics is not only the art of the

possible, it is the art of the indefensible and there is a definite role for women. Women tend to start with people whereas men begin with things. It is the most remarkable gender difference. Women see issues in terms of how it affects 'my children, my friends' and this is no bad thing. If you would not put your children through the state education system why should you do the same to anyone else's.

The Daily Mail said you had 'all the charm and finesse of a sledgehammer'. What qualities make a great MP?

Oh well if that is what the *Daily Mail* says I'm obviously doing something right!

An MP needs application and persistence, not disappearing when the going gets rough. You are the advocate for your constituents. You must fight on their behalf and never accept a spoon-fed answer. You must always ask 'why?'. Delegation is also a key quality. If you can't delegate well you will quickly find yourself inundated and in trouble.

Is the Labour Party being run by the "clowns" you warned about at the 1987 Party Conference?

No, no, the clowns have gone. We still have the odd clown but they do not run the party. We have very sensible people in control. Sometimes I think that they may be bending over backwards to be a little too respectable but I'm sure that will change.

Is socialism dead?

For me, socialism is a very fundamen-

tal life-force. It informs those of us who spend our lives seeking to make society more civilised and more equal. That sometimes sounds a bit pompous but I think it is about time we were a bit pompous in our defence of decency. Real inequality in society is intolerable. Everyone has the ability to benefit from some form of civilised life and you must offer that opportunity.

We have become a wholly divided, utterly unfair, really rather unpleasant society and the sooner that changes the better.

Is the Fabian Society still relevant?

Yes, the society provided long term thought for the implications of policies and the development in society. The Fabian's role is to stimulate people to discuss and examine their own views as well as to set interesting targets for the future. Otherwise, if you're not careful politicians become bogged down in their day to day work at the expense of future development.

Is the Chunnel a costly and inefficient flop already?

Well, I believe that if God had meant for us to be joined to the continent he would not have put all that water in the way, but that is just pure bigotry. I think it does demonstrate that unless you plan infrastructure projects properly and fund them by the state you get into the most almighty mess.

Gwyneth Dunwoody was interviewed at the House of Commons on November 3, by Pam Keenan

Absoulutely fagulous

Why does the LSE not have an LGB officer ?

Paul Bates

I remember first arriving at LSE last year, convinced that I was the only gay student this side of the River. Compared to Blackburn (an old cotton town, now famous only for its cash-dripping footie team), the LSE and London in general seemed to be extremely daunting. I knew that London had a great gay scene and was famous as a city of diversity, but it was no use having lots to do if I was all alone in the world, like a poor lost lamb.

This is the function of Gay Awareness Week, which, you are now in. A full programme of events have been organized which hopefully all of you will want to get involved in - from debates to the compulsory gay disco - its all happening to make LSE just that bit gayer.

A few people may feel unsure about

the worth of this week, but there is no doubting its importance. Being alone in a big city such as London can be extremely difficult, but if you are alone and gay then it can be even worse. University should be one of the best times for someone to finally find their feet and become secure about who they are. Gay Awareness Week serves to make life for gay people as comfortable as possible at this school. Its up to the students. The LSE authorities still fail to recognise sexuality in their Equal Opportunities Policy; consequently any positive action in this field rests upon our shoulders.

Here the importance of a Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Officer becomes apparent. I was astonished last year, when I was a fresher, to find that, unlike many universities, there was no individual concerned directly with rep-

resenting gay students. People may argue about the role of the Equal Opportunities Officer and his function in terms of gay rights, but this does not wash. He or she is too busy. So busy in fact, there has to be a separate Women's Officer, why then not a separate LGB Officer? Combined with the possibility that our marvellous General Secretary is considering scrapping the Welfare and Equal Opportunities Officer for next year, the argument in favour of a separate Exec. Officer becomes very convincing.

This week will make the LSE more accommodating for gay students out there, some of whom will be reading this. No one can argue against weeks such as this and be taken seriously. Your support is essential in trying to make sure that there are fewer lost lambs.



Martin Lewis General Secretary

Racism: Yet again racism rears its ugly head. This week, three associate Students' Union Societies received intimidating letters from what seems to be Combat 18, the more violent wing of the racist and fascist British National party. I would urge everyone to be careful and vigilant.

The police and Searchlight (the Racism monitoring group.) have been contacted and the letters are being looked into. If anyone receives any similar letters, will you please bring them to me. However as a final note, these letters were sent to intimidate, so don't let them win, if we unite, we can fight back, try joining an organisation such as the Anti Racist Alliance and tell these virulent thugs to crawl back into their holes.

Student Hardship: The National demonstration against student hardship went very well, an estimated thirty thousand students, marched and demonstrated and the LSE was represented by a total of around fifty students. As mandated, I wrote to the Director, to ask for all lectures and classes to be cancelled, but in reply, although he and the School are concerned about student hardship, they believe Academic activities must remain paramount, and thus could not comply with the UGM's request.

Academic Affairs: This Students' Union has for a long time ignored the Academic plight of Students, it is about time we took note of what really affects the Student body. Following a UGM mandate, I am setting up an Academic Affairs Committee of the Students Union with many issues to be discussed. Senate House library, the HEQC quality audit, the Russel group, student/teacher ratios, internal quality assessment, student representative committees, research student assessment, examination structures and almost anything else that effects students Academic. If you have an interest and you want to sort out whatever Academic problems you believe the LSE suffers, come and join the Committee and have your say. Give me a call or a visit if you are interested.

And finally, if you have any problems, questions and suggestions, then come and see me, my Office number is E205, my phone number (071 955 7147, internal 7147) if I can't help you, then I will send you to someone who can.

NB. All Students are eligible to attend the UGM, it's every Thursday 1pm in the Old Theatre. Try it, you never know, you might enjoy it!

They shall not pass!

Michael Doherty

When Derek Beackon of the Nazi British National Party (BNP) lost his council seat in the local elections in May, commentators were quick to declare that the BNP "had lost their toe-hold in British politics." In electoral terms this was certainly the case. Unfortunately, these people do not restrict their activities to the field of electoral politics.

Since the BNP set up headquarters in a 'bookshop' in Welling in 1989, the area has seen a huge increase in racial attacks including the murders of black schoolboys Rolan Adams, Rohit Dugal, Stephen Lawrence and 25-year-old Orville Blair. Two months after the death of Rolan Adams, the BNP tried to organise a "Rights for Whites" march to the place where he was killed. They were stopped by a large demonstration of local people, black and white, living on the Thamesmead Estate where he was killed. Nazis appeared at the memorial march for Rohit Dugal shouting "Two-nil." This is why the Anti-Nazi League and other organisations are calling for the BNP headquarters to be closed down.

The week before Beackon's election, 17-year-old Quaddas Ali was the victim of a violent attack from white racists in Whitechapel leaving him unconscious with multiple injuries. In the following 6 months, racially motivated attacks in the East End increased by 300%. Around this time, several student campaigners at LSE received fascist death threats with LGB societies at other London colleges receiving similar warnings. As everyone will be aware, three LSE students have been racially attacked in recent weeks.

Some will argue that it is unfair to blame the BNP for these attacks. Since entering elections, they have tried to portray themselves as a right-wing "law and order" party that admit to taking a tough stand on immigration but condemn acts of violence by their members.



Racist graffiti in East London

Photo: ANL

There is, however, plenty of evidence to the contrary. The report by the European parliament on Racism and Xenophobia described the BNP as an "openly Nazi party whose leadership have serious criminal convictions, and whose crimes range from bomb-making, organising illegal paramilitary groups, possession of firearms and a series of convictions under the Race Relations and Public Order Acts . . . the BNP are uninhibited in their racist style and report unashamedly on their members stabbing black people." Interviewed in the Guardian (20/2/93) their national organiser, Richard Edmonds, happily admitted that "we are 100% racist." Edmonds' convictions include a serious attack on a black man walking with his white girlfriend whom he and a couple of henchmen left with serious cuts to his face. Edmonds received a paltry 3 months for that attack which by the time he was sentenced he had already served on remand.

A recent 'Dispatches' programme on

Channel 4 exposed the close links that exist between the BNP and the paramilitary Combat 18 (which takes its name from the initials of Adolf Hitler - 1 for A and 8 for H). C18 has published hit lists of anti-racist campaigners for the use of its members. One of its most sickening acts was to smash the windows of 83-year-old Auschwitz survivor Leon Greenman. Mr Greenman has also received telephone calls from these people claiming that they are going to kill him. There have also been attacks by unidentified Nazis on socialist groups, gypsies, travellers and lesbians and gays.

BNP leader John Tyndall who has served prison terms for amongst other things organising a Nazi paramilitary group Spearhead in 1962, and for inciting racial hatred in 1986. He has stated: "Many who feel that Hitler was right do not believe it is safe yet to state such views openly. But times will change." Our task is to make sure that he and his followers don't get the chance to make that change.

The Beaver

Having written a mini-editorial on the front page, it is not surprising that I'm completely at a loss of what to write here. I could make a comment about Tivvy Town, but as it looks like the pitch is waterlogged, I'll have to wait until Tuesday to go home and cheer on the Town.

So here we go.....

My new job in the Foundation is taking up a lot of my time at the moment, and trying to fit everything in to my hectic schedule leaves me with very little time to actually relax and enjoy myself. Do I take two bottles into the shower..... no, I'm lucky to have time to have a shower, a long soothing bath, well that's another question.

I arrive at about 8am and very rarely leave until 11pm. In between which I work from 10am to 5pm for the School helping towards the successful centenary next year and providing me with an income slightly higher than your average student on a grant.

But what is an average student on a grant. Most of the students I know don't get a grant and have to rely on the Student Loan or their parents. Some students, like myself last year had to rely on state handouts by registering part-time. Surely this is no way to run and fund an education system.

I know many of you overseas and postgraduate will think here we go another British whinge on why we should get all this money "free" when in most countries a different system for Higher Education Funding is being used.

No, this week and for many years, the Student Loans scheme has been criticised by many notable people including some from this institution. This week proposals to pass the outstanding loans back to the private sector have been put forward and considering the misuse of money that was reported by Channel 4 this week it does not seem a bad idea.

Loans, in some form, look here to stay. I don't think even the Labour Party could find the money to raise the grants to a reasonable level again. But a fair and equitable system of loans should be possible to be introduced, run by the national banks or the private sector - it may sound anathema to you but last year as a part time student I obtained more than £2,000 more than the "average student" through the benefits system.

If the government is committed to Higher Education then a loans scheme where a student could borrow not a fixed amount, but what they need, may also cause many banks (no names please) to shape up their acts as well. A well run alternative to a bank overdraft might seem more attractive than having to make up some cock and bull story every time you want to increase your overdraft.

TTFN

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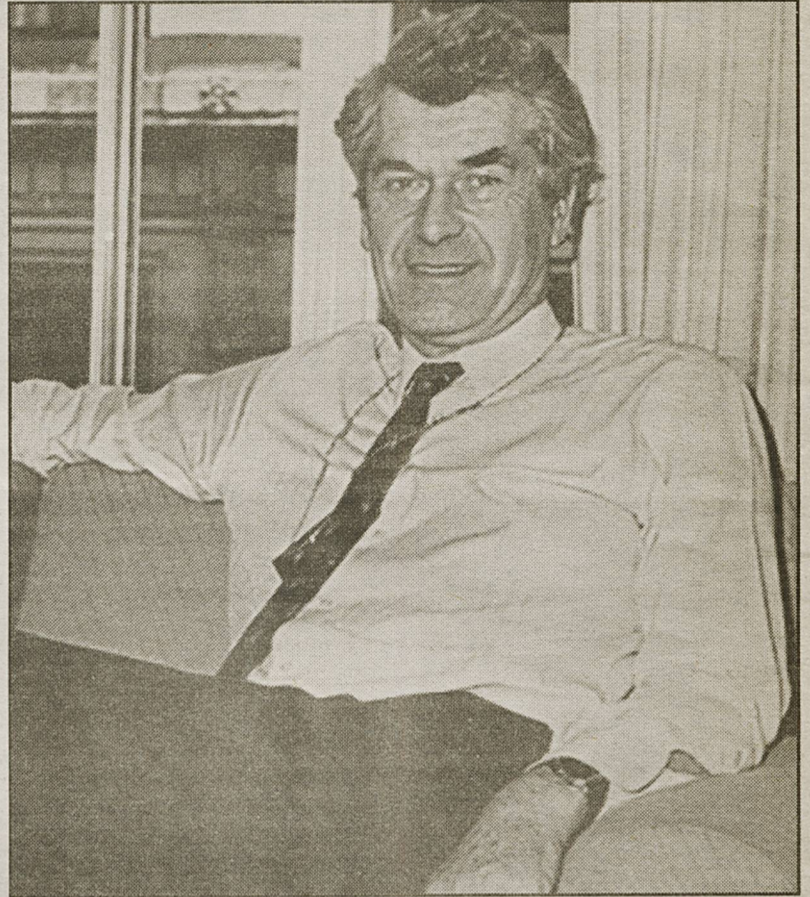
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Hepscott Road, London E9

Ashworth answers back

Dear Beaver,

I was saddened to see that remarks made by me in the course of an hour long interview with your reporter about security in general and racially motivated attacks on students in particular should have given rise to the belief that I and the School do not take the two recent incidents seriously. I repeatedly stated during that interview that I and the School did and do take these events very seriously indeed and I made it crystal clear that we would respond rapidly to any initiative for a joint working party from the Students' Union - which we have done. All of this is not in the least incompatible with, or in conflict with the fact, taken out of context in your report that, "students [in general] take a little while before they become streetwise and understand how to conduct themselves in a large metropolitan area with which they are unfamiliar".

JM Ashworth
Director



SU swindles?



Dear Beaver,

I am currently recovering from my first (and may I assure you my last) meal in the SU cafe. Having initially been discouraged by the overly healthy look of the food, I was finally forced there today by overcrowding in the Brunch Bowl. I ordered what looked to be the most palatable dish (I was assured it was pizza) and made my way to the checkout. My first surprise came as I nibbled in the queue, the pizza was cold. Not, 'not very hot', but actually slightly chilled. Next when I reached the till I was charged £1.20 a slice! Finally when I sat and tried to eat I discovered the base of the pizza to be a greyish brown layer of pastry. As I struggled my way through my plateful I thought of the Deep Pan Pizza Co. in the Strand where for an extra 59p I could have had an 'eat as much as you like' buffet, and there, unlike the SU Cafe, the prospect of another slice does not make grown men weep.

The cafe isn't the only SU institution busily ripping off students, so too is the shop. Here, we were all informed, we could buy cut price stationary. Cheaper perhaps than Harrods, but compare the prices with WH Smith in

Kingsway: SU shop 80 sheet pad - 95p, Smiths' 160 sheet pad - 79p! Are Smiths' selling at a loss? Methinks not. Other shop products, many of which consist of rather tacky merchandising, are little better.

I realise that as a first year I may have got the wrong impression, but I was of the opinion that the SU was here to help students, not rob them blind.

I also realise that as neither of my parents are on £100,000 p.a. I am in a minority so far as I don't have money to burn, but surely even my more wealthy fellow students resent what amounts to being conned by the Union.

I appreciate that the SU provides many other services, the Tuns is good value and the various Ents, if sometimes under attended are generally well organised and enjoyable. I understand that these other facilities have to be paid for, but I can't believe anyone can justify charging more for SU goods than for those sold in central London shops. So until prices change I'll have to let my wealthier (if less astute?) colleagues subsidise my pint.

Yours,
Rupert Rogers

NBK not linked to ten murders

Dear Beaver,

Phil Gomm's view on Oliver Stones' "Natural Born Killers" seems to have fallen foul of the type of media NBK tries to satirise. Namely he proves his case, that NBK should be banned by linking the film with ten killings. This link was widely misreported in the tabloids and tabloid TV news. A single FBI agent had linked one murder case to what he had seen in NBK, making no link that the murderers had seen the film. In fact the film came out long after the murder, thus invalidating any possible link. Indeed before this tabloid furore over this and its subsequent perversion, the British Board of Film Censors was prepared to issue an 18 certificate. The power of the tabloids mirrored in NBK.

Yours sincerely
Andrew Marney

Deadline for any letters to be published is Wednesday noon. Only credited letters will be printed and the editor reserves the right to edit all letters

Kirby questions

Dear Beaver,
I feel the need to reply to the pointless torrent of personal abuse unleashed against me by Francesca Malarée in the last issue concerning recent events in the Labour Club. However, in my reply I will try to avoid stooping to her level.



Francesca Malarée???

I am proud to be a member of the Labour Party and I am proud to be a member of the LSE Labour Club. The events of the last few weeks have not changed my political opinions one iota and will not change the way I vote on the LSESU Executive, therefore I will not resign.

At the start of the term, I stood for the UGM Chair and lost 74-71. Francesca and other senior members of the Labour Club voted against me, denying me the post. In all of my union career I have never voted for a Tory in preference to a Labour candidate. If Francesca had stood against James Atkinson, then I would have voted for her. Francesca's behavior sets a very bad example and should be explained by her. It is difficult to remain an active member of an organisation whose Chair may stab a colleague in the back at any point.

I tried to get an explanation within the Labour Club but none was forthcoming. Francesca either felt that she did not need to explain her actions, which shows breathtaking arrogance, or she did not have the nerve to face me, which shows cowardice.

As a means of drawing attention to the students, I stood for

Court of Governors. I explained why I was standing to a majority of senior Labour members, and asked them to tell Francesca. The fact that my name was on the electoral list could not have been a total surprise to her, as she claims. I did not expect to win as was admitted by myself to Labour Club members, I stood because of Francesca's warped idea of collective loyalty.

At this point I was ejected from the Labour Club Executive in what was a 'kangaroo court' conducted by Francesca. At the time I was representing the LSE Labour Club and the Students' Union on ULU General Union Council. Francesca knew this, and refused my request for a postponement so that I could put my case in person. Francesca obviously did not want the two sides of the story heard, and her own motivations questioned.



Or is it Nick Kirby?

I do not blame the Labour Club for the machinations of its ex-chairperson and I am still prepared to represent them. If they have any policies that they want pursued, I urge them to talk to me, and I will try to accommodate them. However I believe Francesca and various others owe me an apology because they favoured a Tory over a member of their own group, yet somehow I doubt that they will have the honour or integrity to do this.

Yours sincerely
Nicholas Kirby
Finance and Services
Executive

Hairy rats and black spiders

Moral decay prevalent on Tottenham Court Road

Dear Beaver,
I'm a Spanish first year student and like many other fresher I had some spare money which I decided to spend on some cheap loudspeakers for my walkman.

So, there I went to Tottenham Court Road and all I can say is that they fooled me. One sold me a Sony adaptor for the mains for £20 and later I realised I could have done the job for £8. Another one sold me two computer loudspeakers for the walkman at the "smashed price of £39.99". I saw the same speakers in the same shop yesterday for £30.

This has really irritated me. I explained to them that I was a student and I couldn't spend too much, they used that confidence I had laid on them to fool me even further than if I hadn't.

I have lived most of my teens in the countryside and until now I hadn't encountered such mean and morally ill people.

Now I don't want to walk down that place because I see them and I see smelly hairy rats with long teeth, black spiders waiting for some innocent victim like me to fall into their trap, and I feel ill, like if I was in the sewage works.

I would like to get a gun and blow the whole of Tottenham Court Road to pieces.

YES, that is what I would do...

Carlos
'Hate is the first step before racism'

Reply to Beaver inaccuracies

Dear Editor,
The front-page Beaver article "Muslim Militants?" was a disgraceful example of biased and sensationalist reporting which does nothing to increase understanding on our campuses. Readers were told that Jewish students "had to be evacuated from SOAS" after an extreme Islamic group Hizb-ut-Tahrir "proclaimed anti-Semitism" and "denounced the Holocaust as a fairy tale". In fact the meeting at SOAS was attended by several Jewish and lesbian and gay students who also staged a vocal protest outside the meeting room. The main speaker from Hizbut-Tahrir emphatically denied charges of anti-Semitism and rejected the assertion that the Holocaust was a "fairy tale".

Exaggeration and ignorance only serve to help Hizb ut-Tahrir's efforts to expose Western double standards and attract new members. NUS sympathy towards Israel is the classic example of such double standards and ignorance. Whereas in the case of South Africa the student movement took a lead in condemning apartheid there is no such attitude towards Israel which was founded on the principles of division and the expropriation of land

from the majority to the newly settled European minority. This process, in the tradition of colonial settler rule, was carried out with brute force and resulted in more than a million permanent refugees. The current peace process, far from righting old wrongs, is couched in the language of apartheid. Recently Israeli Prime Minister Rabin called for "separation between Arab and Jew" and foreign workers were brought in to replace Arab labour in the Israeli economy. The "Jewish state" continues to flout international law by building settlements (illegal under the Geneva Convention) and ignore UN resolutions, the same crime that cost 300,000 Arab lives in the Gulf War.

Successive leaders of the NUS have been given tours/holidays in Israel and had trees planted there in their honour. This is at best craven opportunism for Union of Jewish Student votes and at worst a seal of approval for a racist, expansionist state. This is part of the problem and should be addressed if we are to undermine Hizbut-Tahrir's support at its source.

Ross Slater (SOAS SU)
(Also a member of
LSE Labour Club)

Job Vacancy - Business Manager Millenium: Journal of International Studies at the London School of Economics

Millenium, a professional, refereed, graduate student run journal, with a world-wide distribution based in the LSE International Relations department is currently looking for a part-time business manager. The job has four main areas of responsibility: subscriptions, office management, bookkeeping, and administrative and secretarial assistance to the editors. The pay is £5 per hour, the hours are fairly flexible (20 hours per week), and the working environment is dynamic and fun. Knowledge of computer software - particularly Wordperfect for Windows and Paradox - would be extremely helpful. Experience in any of the above mentioned areas is an advantage but not necessary as training will be provided. If you are interested in the position, please send a curriculum vitae with a covering letter, by no later than November 23, 1994, to:

FAO: The Editors, Millenium, Room A117,
Dept of International Relations,
London School Of Economics, Houghton Street,
London, WC2A 2AE

Presentation skills Workshop for Women Students

Having difficulties in seminars?
Need some help in
presenting your material?

Come to one or both
skills workshops:
Tuesday, November 22, 1994
Friday, November 25, 1994
10am-12pm Room C119

Rosé Rachman
Adviser to Women Students
Liz Waller
Chaplain

The Beaver collective meeting in S78, Monday at 6pm All Welcome!

Letters, articles, competition entries, what's on adverts, unsolicited articles and anything else for *The Beaver* can be left in the mailboxes on our distribution bins, LSESU reception, *The Beaver* office in E197 or on the Vax/ E-mail (Beaver). To be considered for publication, prizes or insertion all the above items must arrive before 6pm on Wednesday, or the deadline as stated in the section or article. For articles, especially unsolicited ones, *The Beaver* cannot guarantee publication. To guarantee publication, you must see the respective editor by attending the weekly collective meeting. If possible, could they be typed, laser printed or on IBM or Mac disks. Old-fashioned handwriting is OK too.

The final reel

As the Film Festival draws to a close, Dennis Lim and Daniel Silverstone end *The Beaver's* extensive coverage with the final week's reviews

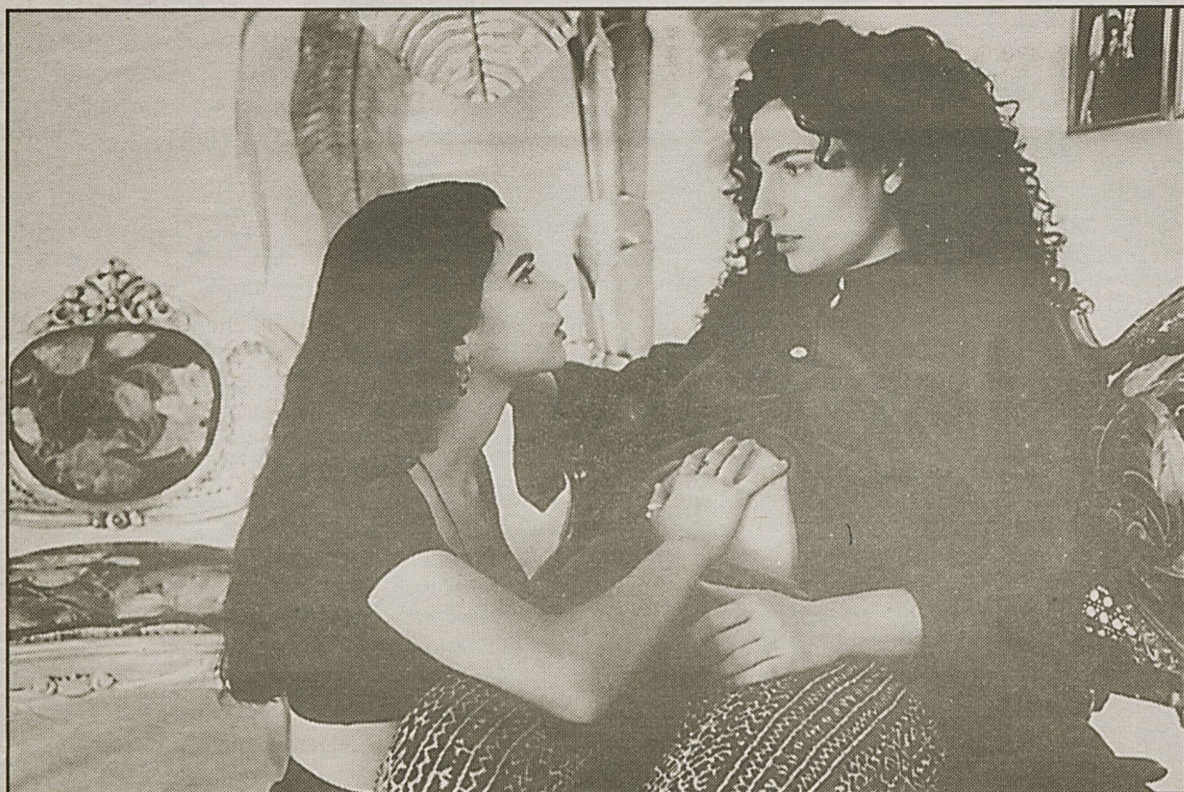
Atom Egoyan's *Exotica*

Photo: Artificial Eye

Sister My Sister

Monday 14 November
13.30 and 18.30 at Odeon 1

Nancy Meckler's first film is based on the story which inspired Genet's *The Maids*. On the surface, the Danzard household – the bitchy, self-important Madame Danzard (Julie Walters) and her dowdy, clumsy daughter Isabelle (Sophie Thursfield) – have the most wonderful domestic help imaginable. Sisters Christine (Joely Richardson) and Lea (Jodhi May) are the perfect maids – unobtrusive, respectful and efficient. But over time, the sisters' close bond develops into something of a sexual nature and the increasingly unreasonable demands of their employers leads to an inevitable mounting of tensions and a final act of horrific violence. The performances are fine and Meckler handles the delicate incestuous relationship with the required sympathy and understanding. Writer Wendy Kesselman's occasional attempts at incorporating humour in an uncomfortably bleak story are mostly successful, but the film is still far from pleasant viewing. (DL)

★★★

Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas

Monday 14 November
15.45 and 20.45 at Odeon 2

Visually, this is without question the most breathtaking cinematic experience on offer this year. Utilising a dazzling mix of live puppet action and stop-motion animation, Tim Burton's idea – tragically collecting dust in a bottom drawer at Disney for over a decade – comes spectacularly to life in the able hands of director Henry Selick and screenwriter Caroline Thompson. Jack

Skellington is the Pumpkin-King, overlord of Halloweentown, home to assorted creepies and crawlies. One day, Jack stumbles upon Christmastown, a decidedly more fun and attractive settlement than drab old Halloweentown. In a misguided flash of inspiration, Jack thinks he would do a great job as Santa. With the assistance of ghouls Lock, Shock and Barrel, he kidnaps Mr Claus and assumes his gift-distributing duties for the festive period – the only problem being that most kids do not react too well to opening their presents first thing Christmas morning and finding a huge live snake. This film must surely appeal to every conceivable type of audience – from poor saps who get suckered by *The Lion King* to hardened cynics incapable of anything resembling emotion. As a musical, this isn't too bad – in fact, it's about as good as it gets for the sort of film which has characters launching irrepressibly into song every two seconds. The tunes and especially the lyrics may induce the odd cringe, but Danny Elfman's compositions are still a vast improvement on the godawful cack which most Disney animations pass off as a soundtrack. Amusing without being lame, feelgood yet never sentimental, and retaining a childlike quality without ever seeming brain dead, this is – in a word – magical. (DL)

★★★★

Clean, Shaven

Wednesday 16 November
14.15 and 18.45 at ICA

Lodge Kerrigan's highly impressive first film, an agonisingly real portrait of schizophrenia, is an excruciating yet strangely edifying watch. Peter Winter (Peter Greene) is a young man who returns home to find that his daughter has been put up for

adoption and he is not allowed to see her. Hallucinating badly and suffering from violent fits of paranoia, he sets off to find her with disastrous results. The narrative is very sparse and disjointed, almost obscured; appropriately the harrowing images take centre stage, Kerrigan displaying great talent behind the camera. The scary soundtrack is pivotal, forcibly drawing the viewer into the fraught, tormented mind of the schizophrenic. Winter's worrying predilection for blood-letting and self-mutilation (for this man, shaving and nail-filing are unfailingly gory procedures) makes this impossible to sit through without squirming. Bloody, intense and extremely affecting. (DL)

★★★★

Exotica

Wednesday 16 November
15.45 and 20.45 at Odeon 2

Exotica is the best film to have been released in ages. More coherent than *Pulp Fiction* and less melodramatic than *Three Colours: Red* it is Atom Egoyan's masterpiece. *Exotica's* main character is a troubled tax accountant who frequently visits a local stripper as therapy for missing his lost daughter. The stripper is also courted by the club's compère, who meets her on a search for the accountant's murdered child. Superficially the film traces the increasing tension between these bizarre relationships. However beyond this, Egoyan bravely explores our subconscious, capturing the jealousy, lust and loneliness which inspire our mundane actions. This sombre mood is offset by Egoyan's use of exotic locations and his ability to make even the most peripheral characters interesting. The deliberate passing up of a Hollywood style death and destruction ending ensures that *Exotica's* ambiguities are never compromised. A film that fully lives up to its evocative title. (DS)

★★★★

Look Me In The Eye

Thursday 17 November
13.30 and 18.30 at Odeon 1

'Steamy' thriller set in the somewhat unattractive environs of London's King's Cross. Newly married school teacher Ruth (Caroline Catz) meets mysterious photographer Tom (Barnaby Stone) and is immediately embroiled in a dreadfully predictable web of sexual intrigue and deception. Writer-director Nick Ward tries to work at it on a

psychological level, but it doesn't come off half as well as it could. On the whole, inept – the end impression is of a film unforgivably lacking in purpose and assurance. (DL)

★★

Léon

Sunday 20 November
19.30 Odeon Leicester Square

This year's festival closes with a gala screening of Luc Besson's latest film, which he both wrote and directed. It's already a massive hit in France but since it sold out you'll have to wait until next year to see it. Besson is probably still nursing wounds from the brutal savaging his film *Nikita* received in the remake *The Assassin*, because this time he's pre-empted the worst that Hollywood can do by setting it in New York and shooting it in English.

Jean Reno, the lone Frenchman in a cast of Americans, is a milk drinking Manhattan hitman disturbed from his solitary existence by a young girl, (Natalie Portman), determined to take vengeance for her brother's untimely death. Initially, the two meet by chance but on finding out what he does she demands to learn the skills of his profession. This has lots of the lightning speed, stylish violence you just have to love Besson for – it's a film that promises much more than the limp *Frankenstein*.

Beaver Film Ratings

★★★★★	Jennifer Jason-Leigh
★★★★	Juliette Binoche
★★★	Julie Delpy
★★	Julia Roberts
★	Juliette Lewis



Clean, Shaven by Lodge Kerrigan

Photo: ICA

Colour blinding

Susha Lee-Shothaman on the career of one of the world's greatest film directors



Juliette Binoche in Blue

Photo: Artificial Eye

The decision of the jury at this year's Cannes Film Festival to award the Palme d'Or to Pulp Fiction was greeted by reactions ranging from mild shock to howls of outrage. It wasn't that the wunderkind Tarantino, currently the flavour of everybody's month, had produced a bad film, it's that his whistle-stop tour of Los Angeles' underworld in no way compares to **Three Colours: Red**, latest and tragically the last film of the Polish director Krzysztof Kieslowski. If you haven't heard of him, be comforted by the fact that most people probably haven't, and practically nobody had until about five years ago.

Like many Eastern European directors, Kieslowski's earlier work was focused mainly on and against the political system of his country, leading to two of his films being banned by the authorities. However, unlike some of his contemporaries instead of fading away into oblivion when the Berlin Wall fell he became even better. He first drew attention in the West with the

Decalogue, a series of films based on the Ten Commandments, originally made for Polish television. Each of the ten films is based on one of the commandments, but they tackle moral and ethical issues and dilemmas rather than explicitly religious themes. In 1991 he followed up with *The Double Life of Veronique*, starring Irene Jacob. Jacob plays two characters, one living in France, one in Poland. They share a name, a talent for singing, and look identical, but they never meet. Somehow they share a bond which enables one to learn from the other's experience. *Veronique* is such a subtle film that it's practically impossible to say what it is about but it's haunting to watch. The music which pervades the film is an integral part of it and is composed by Zbigniew Preisner, who has scored all of Kieslowski's work for the last decade.

After the success of *Veronique*, Kieslowski's next project was the *Three Colours* trilogy. It was inspired by the ideals of the French Revolution, liberty, equality and fraternity, using the colour scheme of the

French flag as a reference point. Kieslowski's aim was to interpret these concepts on a personal level, in contrast with the West, who have implemented them on a social and political plane.

Three Colours Blue, released last year, is a simple but by no means trivial story. Julie (Juliette Binoche), loses her husband, a famous composer, and her young daughter in a car crash. She is left with no ties and no responsibilities and enough money to do anything she wishes. Although she has liberty in many respects Kieslowski encourages us to recognise that she cannot be truly free until she comes to terms with her past. The music that her husband was writing, beautifully arranged by Preisner, is ever present in the background as is the colour blue, which stands for mourning.

Earlier this year saw the release of **Three Colours: White**, a black comedy. It followed the adventures of Karol Karol, a Polish hairdresser. Karol (Zbigniew Zamachowski) is being divorced by his French wife Dominique (Julie Delpy) since he has been unable to consummate their marriage. After she kicks him out he ends up alone and penniless on the streets of Paris. A chance meeting with a fellow Pole, Mikolaj, leads to Karol returning to Poland by being smuggled in a suitcase. Once back in his native land, he becomes a successful businessman through some strokes of good luck, and plots his revenge on his wife. Karol is not concerned with being equal, he wants to be better than everybody else. Colour is used in a natural way, with white being the colour of weddings and snow. The ending is ambiguous, which at first is unsatisfying but after a while adds to the appeal of this understated film.

The opening scene of **Three Colours: Red** is Kieslowski at his most amazing. The first, distance defying shot has the camera speeding down a telephone wire only for the call to remain unanswered at the other end. It introduces the important theme of communication, which Kieslowski seems to suggest is essential for fraternity, or brotherhood. *Red* brings to mind *Veronique*; the similarities between the two films are enhanced by the appearance of the charismatic Irene Jacob in both. In the previous film the two Veronics are separated geographically. In *Red* the alike characters are divided by time.

Valentine (Irene Jacob) is a

model. When driving home one night she runs over a dog. Returning the injured animal to its owner, she finds he is a retired judge (Jean-Louis Trintignant). He lives in neglect and eavesdrop on his neighbour's phone conversations. His life exactly parallels that of Auguste, a young law student thirty years his junior, about to become a magistrate. Everything that happened to the Judge as a young man we see happen to Auguste - a cheating girlfriend, a law book which opens at just the right page after it has been dropped. Auguste lives very near to Valentine, and they pass each other every day without noticing. Their meeting, which never really happens, shadows the whole film, as we know they are meant for each other but infuriatingly they do

the other films in the series, and the same character appears in eight of the ten films though he never speaks.

It is impossible to imagine the trilogy set anywhere but Europe. The music Julie's husband left unfinished in *Blue* is for a concert for united Europe. There's an invented ferry company in *Red* called European ferries, whilst the whole film is set in Geneva, the continent's most diverse and cosmopolitan cities.

Kieslowski shoots through filters to highlight the colours further and some of the shots, particularly in *Red*, are breathtaking. He co-writes as well as directs all these films, which are as different from the standard Hollywood fare as they possibly can be. He always implies his ideas rather than stating them, which



Julie Delpy in White

Photo: Artificial Eye

not. The final scene is both audacious and brilliant, a quick jab at our desire for a happy ending.

Kieslowski's themes of chance, destiny and human interaction, which appear again and again in his work, are displayed perfectly in *Red*. The films of the trilogy aren't connected in any overt way, they are set respectively in France, Poland, and Switzerland, and with different characters - *Blue* is about a woman, *White* a man, and *Red* about a man and a woman. However, there are subtle links. In *Blue*, Julie almost interrupts a court case. When we see *White*, we realise that it is Karol and Dominique's divorce hearing. Both *Blue* and *Red* contain the same scene of an old lady struggling to place a bottle in a bottle bank. In the first film, it's depressing - a sad statement on the decay of the body - in the third it's funny. Kieslowski also did this in the *Decalogue*, where there are constant references to

can make his films opaque at times to audiences unused to subtlety. Ideally they should be watched several times to appreciate them fully, as only then do certain touches become apparent.

Kieslowski announced at the Cannes Film Festival that *Red* would be his last film. He claims to be nearing the end of his patience with the mechanics of shooting films, especially since they never turn out how he would like them to. The news of his premature retirement came as a surprise, he is only in his fifties, and most critics believe *Red* to be a masterpiece from a director at his peak. But even if he keeps to his word and never makes another film, Kieslowski's work has already made him Europe's leading film-maker.

Three Colours: Red opens on November 11 at the Lumière, the Renoir and the Screen on the Hill.



Irene Jacob in Red

Photo: Artificial Eye

It couldn't happen here

The latest feelgood movie reviewed by Alan Davies

Charlie Lang (Nicolas Cage) is a really nice guy. He plays baseball with the neighbourhood kids, helps old ladies across the street and probably pats dogs on the head for all we know. He is in fact far too nice for the career he has chosen, that of a New York policeman. Actually, that is the single most unbelievable part of **It Could Happen to You**, not that people of such mind-blowing goodness exist on this earth but that they would possibly gravitate towards the NYPD. Anyway, don't worry, there's no beating up of suspects and forging evidence here, it's not that kind of film, and Charlie's emphatically not that kind of cop. No, Lang is at a coffee shop in Manhattan having lunch, chatting to the waitress, as you would if she's Bridget Fonda, when he's called away on police business. Lacking the ready cash for a tip, he offers to split his lottery ticket with Yvonne Biasi (Fonda). Obviously it's his lucky day, because he promptly wins \$4 million. And he gives Yvonne - who's just been declared bankrupt due

to her feckless estranged husband's debts - half (I said he was a nice guy).

Well, that would be enough of a happy ending for some directors, but with Andrew Bergman, there's more. Charlie is married to Muriel (Rosie Perez), a small-time hairdresser with big-time ambitions. She's not so happy about hubby donating half their new found wealth to some perfect stranger, especially since she has plans for the millions herself. Nor is she too taken with the ways that Charlie and Yvonne think up to spend their windfall. Instead of buying an island or two like normal people, the duo have to be so irritatingly *virtuous* about it, and end up feeding the homeless, giving money to charity and, God forgive them, renting Yankee stadium for the local kids to play in. Naturally, the media love them, much to the disgust of Muriel. But by then, as you've no doubt guessed already, they have fallen in love with one another, despite being saddled with an uncooperative, avaricious spouse each.



Charlie and Yvonne keep the day jobs

Photo: Columbia

Nicolas Cage is cast a role that couldn't possibly be more different from Sailor, the character he played in *Wild at Heart* (let's just forget *Honeymoon in Vegas*, it was straight to video anyway - well, it deserved to be). Perez, who stole the show in *White Men Can't Jump* is usually a darling of the critics but this time she can't resist the op-

portunity to overact.

Contrived it may be, if you're in the mood for lightweight Hollywood entertainment, you could certainly do worse than this. Cage and Fonda do well enough as the pair of blue collar lovers, the script's by Jane Anderson, who also wrote *The Positively True Adventures of Texas Cheerleader-Murdering Mom* and the

cringe factor is in single figures. Trust me - there are much more hideous creations abroad in the cinema at the moment.

"It Could Happen to You" is showing at UCI Whiteley's, Odeon Kensington and Swiss Cottage and selected local cinemas.

Perchance to dream

Pam Keenan finds nothing above average in yet another American yuppies in angst film

Dream Lover attempts to be both a fly on the wall judgement on thirtysomething America and nail-biting thriller. It fails. The film tries to emulate the wonderful "Sex, lies and videotape". The filming has some of Soderbergh's roughness, but

at other times the shots become more classical and structured. This looks beautiful but gives the impression of being an unintentional bonus.

As for thrilling, the audience is rushed through the plot leaving no space to breathe. There

isn't time to get to know the characters and before there has been any chance build up suspense you've already been let into the secret. *Dream Lover* suffers from trying to get too many issues into one film where one well examined subject would have done.

The final twist still leaves you with the satisfaction of being duped but this climax could have been so much better. In the end you simply don't care.

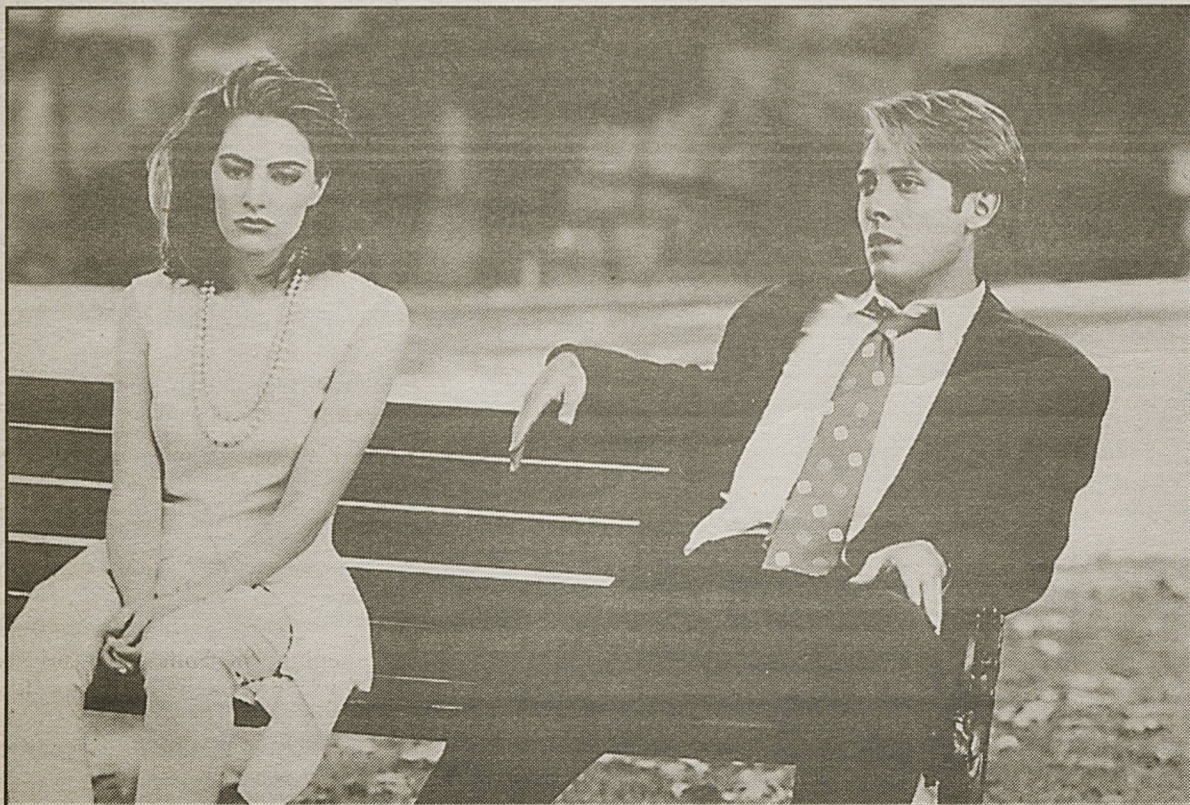
This is a real shame as the idea for the plot is intriguing and clever. The film delves into the mind of Ray, the corporate achiever of the '90's. His dreams and desires punctuate the development of his frighteningly perfect life. James Spader plays the lead role and does the best he can with a highly superficial character.

Ray's wife Lena is the perfect psychotic manipulator. But somehow Madchen Amick (Shelley to all *Twin Peaks* fans out there) lets her wander through the film in a drowsy state reminiscent of the all time great somnambulist, Andie MacDowell. Lena is neither Nicole Kidman's two faced wife in *Malice* nor the crazed Glenn Close in *Fatal Attraction*. Instead she lets this potentially frightening character turn into a ghost, without spirit or energy. The other characters are rather missable, like cameos that have not been developed. The one exception to this is Bess Armstrong as the wonderfully reticent Elaine.

make the audience rethink their attitude towards the characters and question what they believed to be true. Unfortunately the characters are so shallow that instead of being shocked by events, the audience is left sighing 'Oh well' and wondering whether they can still get the last tube home.

The film certainly isn't the feminist piece the distributors rave about. Writer and director Nick Kazan dedicated the film to what he calls the "quintessential male paranoia nightmare of discovering your fantasy lover to be your worst nightmare". He defines *Dream Lover* as an expose of how men treat women as objects and to an extent he succeeds. Ray realises that there is more to the perfect partner than classic good looks but the film goes no further. There is no examination of why Ray first thinks of women in terms of property or whether his attitude has changed towards anyone other than his wife. Despite all the hype this is no battle-of-the-sexes film, just standard Hollywood stuff.

"Dream Lover" is showing at MGM Panton Street and selected other cinemas.



Ray and Lena have an exciting day out

Photo: Rank

The point of the film is to

Playtime with Hamlet

Hamlet reviewed by Jessica Chaffin

What can one say in defence of **Hamlet**? The very mention of the name inspires fear in anyone who has ever heard of Shakespeare. It is eternally remembered as Shakespeare's longest play but is also his most popular. The tragic tale of transformation and instability has unmistakable appeal to universal human experience and emotion which makes it appropriate to every generation.

But it is four hours long, a gruelling experience at best, and at worst it can be harder to sit through than a Bon Jovi concert. Fortunately, The Peter Hall Company's production proved an incredibly watchable and compelling production. Hall is no novice when it comes to Hamlet. This is his third production of the play and he has chosen to push it to the extreme in an extraordinary way. There is little neutrality in it - Hamlet's world is one of great division between friend and foe, and this utter polarity of perception is brilliantly reflected in Lucy Hall's design.

The stage appears ensconced by an unending veil of fog - clouded like Hamlet's mind, yet neutral in its role as battleground. A circle surrounded by a tasselled red cur-

tain dominates the centre of the stage, a performance space within a performance space, underscoring the point that Hamlet is a play about performance and inverted reality. This has even more impact when the players - the very picture of artificiality - perform within yet another space and expose the dubious circumstances of King Hamlet's death, and reveal Claudius' guilt. This production leaves no question about who is in the wrong here. The costumes help to dispel any ambiguity, as Claudius and his henchmen are clothed in rich red velvet, while Hamlet is ever the morose and mournful young man in sombre tones. The costumes defy period - they are at once contemporary and Victorian - which subtly emphasizes the point that this is truly a universal play.

With regard to Oedipus complexes there's nary a mother/son smooch in sight. This Hamlet is a sexually repressed one, whose only capacity for love seems to be channelled toward his trusty best friend Horatio. Hamlet is acted masterfully by Stephen Dillane. I admit to some doubts about his ability initially, but once he'd gone mad, he couldn't be stopped. His prince is dishevelled and sardonic,

and never quite as crazy as everyone chooses to think. It also didn't hurt that he took all his clothes off at the end of the first act, all in the name of art of course (and he'd nothing to be ashamed of - just ask the pleasantly surprised group of A-level girls who sat in the first row, who gave him a standing ovation).

The other members of the cast

also give good performances. Donald Sinden as Polonius eschewed the traditional pitied old grandfather portrayal in favour of a more assertive and less trusting head of state. His brilliant performance brings an interesting and seldom explored competitive dimension to his relationship with Hamlet, who repays Polonius' scepticism twofold with humour

and mockery. Gina Bellman is haunting as Ophelia, who's as insane as her boyfriend. All in all, there's few disappointments in a first rate and impressive production.

The Peter Hall Company's production of Hamlet is on at the Geldgud Theatre until February 1995.



Sheila Patel at the Etcetera Theatre

Set in the midst of a barbaric local war, **The Tender Mercies** explores the theme of human destruction, the erosion of dignity, compassion and reason.

Two young men Zig (Mark Burdett) and his friend Alex (Richard Christopher) have been imprisoned by their one time neighbour, now deadly enemy Rose (Sladjana Vujovic). Zig and Alex play along with the demands that are made of them by their captor in hope that they will be set free. The game they are forced to play is dangerous and the ultimate goal they strive for is life. Suddenly the game erupts into violence as one friend is driven to kill the other in order to save himself.

The four part play is set in the fragile realm of the human mind. The unspecified war raging in the background is used effectively to bring out the savagery and

uncivilized nature which humans are capable of in desperate situations. The characters are manipulated to show how the mind can become "the enemy of everything". Language is beautifully used as a weapon in a battle for power and survival showing how loyalty and betrayal, truth and illusion and hope and despair can blur into one. The subtle shades of evil are expressed via the psychological torture as morality becomes unimportant. The mental and physical become one in Vujovic's play, in which she herself appears and the dividing line between thinking and acting becomes nonexistent in intense situations.

Vujovic's observation are well refined and clearly thought out, capturing the true essence of evil. This award winning play definitely provides a thought-provoking experience and is often at times amusing.



Priyanka Senadhira and Jason Waddle at the Bush Theatre

At a time when the tabloid headlines tell of nothing but sleaze, **Two Horsemen** by "Biyi" Bandele-Thomas fits right in. The play opens with a rather crude description of breaking wind and goes downhill from there.

The story is about Banza (Leo Wringer) and Lagbaja (Colin McFarlane) who, apart from the dingy little mud hut they live in, have little claim to anything else in this world except their power of storytelling. They spend their days sitting around in their hut telling stories which get progressively taller. "My mother walked out on my father just before I was born, and my father had to bring me up"

Some of the stories are memories from childhood, others from previous lives. The point to this play, if indeed there was one, must have been to question whether the stories were enough to sustain them in a world which offered them nothing else, or whether they will trap them in a world of make-believe from which there is no escape. As the play progresses, the stories go from being vaguely humorous to totally tedious. This can be confirmed by a member of the audience who walked out half-way through the play.

After some time, the characters seemed to be getting somewhat confused as to their identities and their gender, "I am your father", "I think I'm

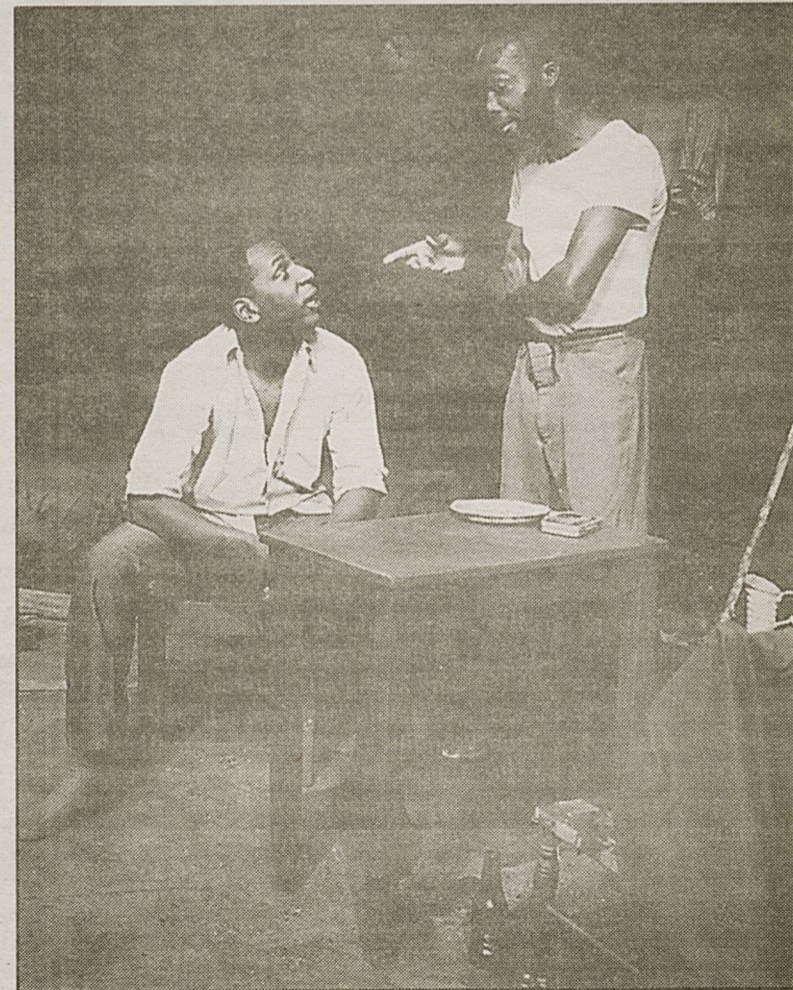


Photo: Sean Patterson

pregnant", thus completely bewildering an already puzzled audience. This, added to the repetitive element of every scene starting with the same line "It rained yesterday, did you know that?" eliminated any effects that were intended by Bandele-Thomas and merely contributed to the tedium of sitting through

the play.

The acting was far from spectacular. The front row received a free shower every time Leo Wringer made a statement and the Kung Fu demonstration was rather trying. However, if you fancy seeing Colin McFarlane wank off on stage, then I'm sure you'll enjoy it.

This is soccer

As the 1994 World Cup went US, Tom Greatrex went East to look back at the summer of '94 in print and in photos

From Nick Hornby's 'Fever Pitch' to the award-winning 'An Evening with Gary Lineker', everything over the previous few years points to the alarming yet conversely appealing fact that football has become fashionable. The nation's favourite sporting activity has always been popular, but fashionable is something altogether different. The musings of the liberal intelligentsia have shifted from regarding all of those who watch football as being mindless jobs, to deciding that there is actually something rather alluring (in a gritty real world type of way) about spending Saturday afternoons in close proximity to thousands of other people watching men kick a ball around.

The existence of the 'This is Soccer' exhibition and the accompanying book, can be explained in these terms. The reason that there is a specially commissioned exhibition of photographs taken at this summer's World Cup is not because USA '94 was spectacularly better than any previous tournament, but because it is now acceptable to recognise the feelings of joy, sadness, loss, euphoria, comedy, camaraderie and bitterness that a simple game can bring to people. The exhibition focuses on the spirit of the competition away from the on-pitch action. The curators and compilers of 'This is Soccer' have been able to



John Aldridge orders three pizzas to go!

Photo: Peter Robinson

identify the reality that events off the pitch were at least as important as those on it. Peter Robinson and Tom Jenkins in particular have been able to capture the amused bewilderment with which the whole event was treated by the American hosts. Bill Clinton, holding a football, smirking self-consciously as he wonders what all the fuss is about at the opening ceremony, is one of the best.

Some of the most fascinating work on display is a record of those watching the

games in various ethnic bars across the United States. It is almost possible to share in the euphoria at a Brazilian restaurant crowded with people watching the semi-final, and the despair in a dimly lit Boston bar as Packie Bonner's handling deserts him in the second round. Possibly the most moving photograph in the collection is that of Diego Maradona, tearful, at the press conference when he realised that his World Cup was over.

Whether it is to relive this summer's

excitement, or to get a different perspective on the World Cup, or perhaps even to try and understand what it is all about, 'This is Soccer' is a worthwhile and unique exhibition.

'This is Soccer: Images of World Cup USA '94' is on at the Association of Photographers' Gallery in Domingo Street EC1 until November 13. Admission is free. The book is on sale at the exhibition.

Whatever it is, Jessica likes it!

Rob Cheetham finds out what it is, but isn't too sure that he likes it. But you might

Jessica Likes It
Tiffany Quinn
Ringpull Press

There are pros and cons to consider when agreeing to do a review. You get lots of free books, CDs, film tickets, etc; if you're on a club's guestlist you can afford a few of their drinks; backstage passes can be flaunted at impressionable types as you nonchalantly mention your last *Time Out* article. Unfortunately, for every Manics interview you get, you have to review *Steve and the Lucky Rabbit's Feet* and for every free copy of Iain Banks' latest you are also forced to read something like Tiffany Quinn's *Jessica Likes It*.

Perhaps 'read' is the wrong word. Read has connotations of reading, a pleasurable leisure activity, and implies characters, dramatic conflict, a plot etc., none of which should be mistakenly associated with this book. *Jessica likes It* can be divided into three sections: 1) scenes in which Jessica regrets submitting to aggressive sex with people she met two pages ago, but does not want to back down, 2) Jessica walking aimlessly around London/parties/her boyfriend's house regretting being vulnerable and inferior and 3) Jessica regretting all her shitty personal relationships. This is not a feel good book.

Unfortunately, the reader has very little sympathy with her, because despite all the time she devotes to internal narrative regretting how bad life is, she never does

anything about it. Lead characters are meant to be dynamic and push the plot forward. There's only so much self-hatred and painful life angst anyone can take and it reads like all that knuckle-bitingly boring teenage poetry about death, hopelessness and suicide which most people have the decency to burn when they grow up.

Most people. The publisher's blurb on Tiffany Quin as a 'stunning new literary talent ... challenging notions about female sexuality' left me feeling incredibly stupid. The characterisation is dire, cardboard cutouts lifted from some Australian soap too bad even for the BBC. The dialogue is wooden without any variation in speech patterns between characters. The plot seems only to exist as a means to link various unpleasant sexual encounters, a tribute to the 'Hello Heidi. I am Sven. Come and see what I've got in my toolshed' genre of those videos people tell me about. Was I missing something, some subtle ironic humour underlying the story? No, it really was crap.

Perhaps it is unfair to be too critical of Tiffany Quin just because she can't write: after all, this is her first novel and she could become quite mediocre with practice. It's getting bad though when you enjoy reading the press release more than the book: 'A novel of graphic, angry eroticism .. Quin slashed open the sexual psyche to expose the trials of a damaged woman in a world where there is no-one left to trust'. Deary, deary me.



Whatever they're saying, she appears to like it!

Photo: Library

SOCIETIES REVIEW

AIESEC (LSE)

Development in the Emerging Markets
by Mr Peter Blackburn, Chairman, Nestlé Holding (UK) Plc

Tues Nov 22 at 6:15pm in A42

THE LSE DEBATING SOCIETY

Suggested List of Motions

This House believes that Scotland should be an independent nation
Wed Nov 16 at 1:00pm in A85

This House believes lawyers are parasites
Wed Nov 23 at 1:00pm in A85

This House would legalise drugs
Wed Nov 30 at 1:00pm in A85

THE GRIMSHAW CLUB

Wine and cheese party!!!

Information about forthcoming events
Fri Nov 18, 5:00pm - 7:00pm in Vera Anstey Rm (A160)

The USSR - does it deserve resurrection?
by Professor Brian Thomas, Central University of Iowa
Fri Nov 25 at 1:00pm in Vera Anstey Rm (A160)

JAZZ SOCIETY

JAM Session

Every Wednesday, in The Underground
2:00pm - 5:00pm

Watch Out for Roy Ayers (21 Nov)

LSE LABOUR CLUB

The Environment

addressed by Bill Eyres, Co-ordinator of Grassroots (Labour Youth Environment Group)
open meeting with a discussion on the environment, LSESU and the 'greening of the Union'

Mon Nov 14 at 1:00pm in S075. All Welcome

LSE LIBERAL DEMOCRATS

"Europe after Maastricht"
by Graham Watson, MEP

Fri Nov 18 at 1:00pm in S421

LSE WOMEN'S GROUP

What can it do for YOU? Should men have a place?

Party (i.e. Free Food) with open discussion about the objectives of the Women's Group and vote on whether or not to accept male members.

All Ideas Welcome.

Tues Nov 15 at 1:00pm in the Women's Room
(E91 above the Cafe).
Men Welcome

(the Balcony Boys' chance to express themselves)

WORKERS POWER STUDENT SOCIETY

Haiti: The US occupation - a new dawn for democracy or imperialist business as usual?

Wed Nov 16 at 7:30pm in S421

THE MALAYSIAN CLUB PRESENTS:

CAREERS FAIR FOR MALAYSIANS

* Malaysian companies coming

* Smart dress

* Third year students please bring CVs

* Interviews possible

Wednesday, November 16
In C120, 11am - 3pm

MAYBANK PRESENTATION

* Food and cocktails

Thursday, November 17
In A85, 5pm - 7pm

PUBLIC LECTURES

Tuesday, November 22

The Role of Autonomous Universities in Restructuring Social Sciences Higher Education in Post-Communist Countries

by Professor Poltavetz, Provost of Kiev Mohyla Academy

5:30pm Old Theatre

Chair: Professor M. Leifer, Pro-Director

Thursday, November 24

The Historical Logic of Transition: Russia at the Crossroads

by Professor Leonid A. Gordon, Institute of World Economy & International Relations, Moscow

5:30pm Old Theatre

Chair: Professor Ernest Gellner

Tuesday, November 29

The Good Society

by The Rt. Revd. David Jenkins, Former Bishop of Durham

5:30pm Old Theatre

Chair: Sir John Burgh

ENTS Stuff for this Week

Wed Nov 16

Rag Film Night in the New Theatre.

Blade Runner (director's cut) and **Fawlty Towers** (The Germans)
£2 or £1 for Rag Soc members.
All proceeds to charity.

Fri Nov 18

Tuns - Quad - Underground
Disco, Karaoke, Cheap Beer, ABBA record, camp as a row of tents.

Benefit for the **Lesbian and Gay Switchboard**, organised by the LGB.

Mon 21 Nov

Roy Ayers and Ubiquity in concert + Propaganja
The greatest Jazz man in the world is doing 1 week in the U.K. on his tour, if you book him he will come.
Quad. Doors open 7:30pm
Tickets £8 in advance available from S.U. reception (£1 off if you are in Jazz Soc or with an ENTS card). More on the door.

DO YOU WORRY TOO MUCH?
DO YOU HAVE PROBLEMS WITH YOUR PERSONAL APPEARANCE?
WE CAN'T HELP YOU THERE, BUT WE CAN HELP YOU!!
YOU DEFINITELY NEED CHEERING UP!!!!

There are two ways to do this, (Apart from naughty things) They both take place at 7:45 in the LSE. Underground Bar, Houghton St. WC2. They are both COMEDY SHOWS run by ageing, bald, fat, singing impresario EUGENE CHEESE.----

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Freak show

Rob Cheetham freaks out at the Jazz Café

Freak Power, Jazz Café, Thursday 9.30. I'd already said I'd go and see them, having smiled and nodded as I always do at the mention of free tickets. But my jazz-related musical knowledge was limited to an occasional **Brand New Heavies** song, so I had some reservations about going along to hear some band I'd no idea about playing in a club I had no idea how to get to.

Arriving about 15 minutes before the gig was due to start, it took me and Jon around 20 minutes to get to the front of the queue and another 5 or so before the woman behind the counter found the tickets the very nice people at **Wild** had saved for us. For some reason I had had this idea that the club would be dark and full of tables with candles on and a big stage in the middle, something akin to R.K. Marones' in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* in the scene where Eddie Valiant first meets Jessica Rabbit and... well, just that it was probably frequented by turtleneck-wearing Gauloise chain-smokers heavily into experimental music and existentialism. Forgive me father, for I have truly sinned. The Jazz Café definitely rates well on my places-to-be-seen-at scale and **Freak Power** were bloody excellent.

The club itself is a minimalist two-level job composed of glass barriers, grill metal staircases and walls and pillars painted various tasteful shades of cream. The mirror behind the bar, on closer examination, turned out to be a sheet of glass: it wasn't a reflection of the hordes behind me waiting to get in, but a view of the performance floor which was already packed solid with people waiting for the band to come on. The variety of people



Freak Power enjoy a game of pocket billiards

Photo: Island

there, the huge range of ages and fashions was surprising and came as a refreshing change from the musical caste divisions which usually determine which club you go to. There seemed to be a lot of student-aged people there as well – where did they get hold of the 8 quid entry fee?

It took a while for the support band's equipment to be

taken offstage, but a couple of pints later **Freak Power** kicked off with some covers that set the pace and got the crown moving before going into their own brand of bass-guitar led acid jazz. The bass player is ridiculously talented, considering he's only 15-years-old; along with the drummer (hidden away behind what appeared to be a sleek black Pre-

mier XPK Fusion kit) gave the impetus which drove the band forward from 'Rush' and the up tempo 'What It Is' – both from the 'Drive Thru Booty' album – into their current single 'Get In Touch'.

The lead singer, combining the charisma and crowd control skills of a Latin American dictator, pulled the audience along

with them; he did a lot of talking between tracks and during extended intros, which I normally find really annoying as it interrupts the flow of the music, but then normally I go to see the kind of alternative guitary bands that often let their NME ratings go to their heads and end up believing their own press image.

Freak Power, in contrast, seemed far more concerned with stimulating the crowd rather than their own egos and presented a combination of humour, energy and funky bass grooves that went down well with the audience. Particularly memorable was the speed dual between the drummer and the percussion section which got the audience yelling out for them to play faster, and the lead singer's long and drawn out tale about how, at the dawn of time, a gang of tortoises armed with chainsaws created the first funk groove.

Only once did the audiences' attention wander, and only under extreme conditions, when a girl dressed only in a croptop sweater and a see-through skirt legged it onto the balcony above the stage for the last song and started dancing. Even then the band won people back for the finale with the anarchic trombone introduction to the eccentric 'Freak Power'. The set ended abruptly, leaving you wanting to hear more, and it was a shame I didn't have the chance to do an interview. **Freak Power** play the kind of music that keeps you awake at night when you can't get to sleep for catchy bass lines, I'm just surprised I've heard so little about them before now. I'm certainly going to try and get hold of the album and, who knows, perhaps next time I go to see them I'll even consider paying eight quid for the privilege.

I can see your muff!

Gary Lee gives it the thumbs up

It may seem like a blunt headline but it's this which is bringing The Black Crowes new album **Amorica** into the public eye. The reason for this is that the album cover, their third, contains a rather vulgar snapshot of a woman wearing a stars and stripes bikini bottom. Nothing abnormal in that, true, but there is a large spillage of pubic hair reaching over the top of the briefs. It's still the thing I remember most about the album. They have had their posters banned by London Regional Transport until they cover-up the offending chunk of

minge. All this has led to a lot of publicity which I'm sure they weren't expecting, after all they obviously only produced that cover for artistic reasons.

I've got a feeling that if you're a Black Crowes fan you would have already bought this album and if you're not a Black Crowes fan you won't ever buy it. If this is true then either way you're going to be disappointed. **Amorica** does not contain the hits of like of 'Hard to Handle' or 'Skin Me' off the last album and isn't in the same guitar thrash type vein. This time round it is a lot more mellow and gentle.

The first time I listened to it I thought it was extremely mediocre – an album written entirely by public demand and not by inspiration and desire. However on further inspection I found it growing on me drastically. I approached it expecting a loud, noisy, angry album and was quite bored by it. Second time round I knew what to look for and enjoyed what I heard. One of the songs had the bizarre property of sounding distinctly like the Sheba cat food advert, but due to the fact that the Sheba song has always been by number one pet food anthem, I was most pleased.

This is definitely an album to chill out to without resorting to the depths of ambient. The whole album merged very smoothly into itself with no obvious bad track and no obvious good track, having said that though, track four definitely showed more promise as a hit single.

Apart from this one song, I doubt if you'll hear much from this album unless you buy it. This may be due in part to them recording two dozen songs earlier this year and saving half the songs for release in varying ways over the coming months.

If you're a Black Crowes fan don't expect an album like the last. If, however, you're not, then it's definitely worth buying, if only for the gratuitous photo shot on the front.

"Amorica" by The Black Crowes is out now on RCA Records. The Black Crowes are playing the Royal Albert Hall on January 28, 1995. Tickets available from the Box Office and all usual agents.

Come fly with me

Baljit Mahal swallows another man's punk

The Flying Med's. Those words are etched indelibly on my mind. Dreamlike, transcendental and strangely whimsical, they have opened up to me a new concept of music, namely no rhythm, lyrics or structure, just sheer abandon, the music of the archetypal anarchist, yes, that is....Punk.

When Wayne Rogers asked me to go and review this band he said they were a 'happy-go-lucky, indie-type band' and his neck was on the block if I didn't go. (No I

didn't-Ed) Who could turn down the chance to see the future music icons. He is gratuitously guilty of breaking the trades description act (*If I had, in fact said it*), and will be visited by two burly police officers before you can say 'Motion of censure'. The Flying Med's played at the Electric Ballroom, Camden, on Wednesday November 2. Releasing a forthcoming LP with four tracks, they played Led Zeppelins' (*sic.*) 'Marriage, Descendants Are Coming', and went on to three of their own songs.

For anyone that doesn't know, punk is characterised by offensive lyrics, aggressive dancing and not much else - I certainly had my horizons broadened. My verbal repertoire of swear-words doubled and all sorts of presumably impossible physical contortions and machinations were demonstrated and enacted before me. There I stood amidst the 're-action' to Pink Floyd, anti-capitalism and flower-power. It can be described as quite some antithesis to 'The Wall' or 'Dark Side Of The Moon'. Yet, live

and let live, we're not all the same and all the better for it. (*Some better than others methinks-Ed*)

I negotiated some shadowy passageways and found myself entering the haven of stars, the dressing-room which was a shack appended to the back of the venue. There I conducted my interview. The vocalists were Tasha, Christian, Alex and Stu. Drums, bass and guitar were played by Jason, Dougie and Tom. My interrogations revealed that they were an up and coming band, having just

played at the Historia (*sic.*) with 'Bad Religion' to a crowd of 2500+ and had a line up of gigs to come.

How do the members of a punk band earn their subsistence (*sic.*)? Well, amongst the seven members there is a marketing manager, 'Safeways' manager, and two MCA records employees. Alas we know the origins of re-actionism in music, i.e. the middle-management establishment. The heralds of musical innovation and uniqueness will be playing next on December 6, in London.

Curious...

It's a cold unfeeling November afternoon and I find myself gazing vacantly into the outside world through a cloudy frosted window. I see a man with a dog. The dog has no name. I do not like his dog. I do not tell him, I think he knows already.

Across the street I see a squat woman with a puncture in her tyre. I point violently at her and start laughing heartily at her. She weeps and calls the assistance of a nearby butcher. He successfully changes her tyre and leaves gracefully. I still point, I still laugh. She does not know why, I do not tell her.

I hear a sound of a long since forgotten man beckoning me. I

do not go, he knows why but does not tell me. I leave my chair in an otherwise empty room and depart for foreign soil. A sick old man blocks my way. I try to pass, I fail. He grows older and sicker by the minute and I still cannot pass. The obstruction is too much for me to withstand so I steal his brown shoes. He finally lets me pass and I skip merrily around his demands for the return of his shoes. The man dies. I leave his shoes in the old Edwardian fashion and head for unknown pastures. I never arrive - it's hard to walk with a fish on each foot.

I dream of a beautiful young maiden who has long since haunted my mind. Ah, the way

her hair tosses and blows about in the wind fills my persona with unmentionable pleasures. I am her master, her music, her madness, she is my buddy, my body and my blood. I do not want to be here, so I'm not.

I lie down in an empty summer field with the sun beating down on my moistened brow. A fly buzzes around my head. A gentle braying of a disabled donkey can be heard filling the air and a vague scent of Toffos emanates from the East. The fly still buzzes, I itch, I scratch and I sigh. Mmmm, the summer breeze installs memories of the days when I used to smack nurses and frolicking occupies my thoughts.

Ash from a burnt out fire of a lesson never learned blows in my eye and I sob. The heavens open up and the rain pours down. I stand, head looking skyward. In the pouring rain nobody can see you cry. Except of course when you're blubbering like a child with snot stringing from your nose. I stroll head bowed across the swamp that has formed before me. Multiple booties occur as I make my way to higher ground.

Over the horizon a mountain stands, glistening underneath the bright rainbow that has since materialised. I slowly cover the ground until, after many moons, I stand erect on the peak. The sun sets behind me, leaving a mystical red glow as I hold my arms aloft and scream wildly "I am!".

A hostile dull drumming sound starts beating inside my head. It grows louder and louder until all of a sudden a whole tribe of Eskimos stand before me, spears readied and sharp-

ened. Deciding quickly on my course of action I opted for the old 'shit in pants' method of dealing with it. I sent a herd of beasts stampeding towards them after my original course of action failed pitifully. The landscape was covered for 40 days and 40 nights by charging beasts and retreating Inuits and when the dust finally settled, a small figure caught my eye from a distance.

I ran to the assistance of it and discovered it was an injured Archangel grasping a tatty blood-stained scroll, mortally wounded by a beasts hoof. He looked at me through tear-filled sad eyes, and died. As he floated up to a better place, the parchment fell into my hand. As I grasped his scroll (*oo-er Missus*) I saw him smile one last time, before disappearing forever.

I unravelled the crumpled piece of paper and there within it said "The new album by Plastikman is very very shit". And it was.

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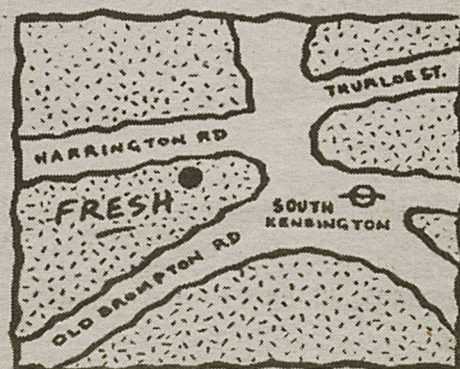
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Busy Beaver

Hello, you saucy pieces of rump steak. BB has enjoyed an excellent week of gossip mongering, and without further ado will launch you into the dirt, grime and dodgy beer that is the Tuns on a Friday night.....

The night got off to a roaring start, with Alicia Manchomp and Clare Peroxide performing the "double dump". Whilst James Fattaclough dealt with it like a man and went home crying, Poochie Pooper took refuge in the form of a steak and kidney pie. Silence dawned in the Tuns, as the punters realised that the little lap dog was now redundant, and all those sessions with Barbara Woodhouse had gone to pot. Clare was relieved, however, that all those ankle bites would now disappear within a few days, and sympathised with Manchomp over a bottle of vodka. Little did Manchomp realise that the absence of her loved one would create such a big gap in her life, and that in a few hours she'd be "missing him so much".

In complete contrast, Nick Chara-marriagebous was celebrating Molly's proposal of marriage to him. BB hopes for her sake that he doesn't have a Stag Night, as the consequences could be dire. When asked to comment on the alleged marriage, Nick was quoted as saying, "Well, I don't think I've ever spoken to her when I'm sober." Strange that, eh?

Time in the Tuns drew to a close, and BB found himself at Kings along with the rest of the LSE population. A vodka and some raunchy dancing later, and BB was able to witness Scouse Garden being escorted outside. This time it wasn't for harassing young ladies but for pouring pints over people from the balcony. Next week he'll be throwing paper aeroplanes, no doubt. As BB has always purported, throwing things from balconies usually ends in tears, as in last weeks UGM.....

Well, you know things are looking up when BB has some gossip on the boy Kinnear. A bit of a dark horse, very rarely does he do anything gossip worthy (apart from throwing up on a Friday night). This week, however, BB feels obliged to help him get his bird, as 20 solitary years with no action is a long time to manage. The girl in question is a young fresher by the name of Miss N, who works behind the Tuns bar. Just to warn you, Angus is the one who always wears short sleeves and orders lager tops (not to be mistaken with Nick, who is most definitely taken....). Another absentee from this column who deserves a mention this week is Ding Dong Bell, skipper of the fifths, who is apparently hoping to entertain some young totty in his King Size bed. So, come on girls, there's plenty of room in Brixton.....

The fires of love are burning strong for one couple, though. Our beloved Beaver editor is still pursuing his romantic liaison, in a chance rendezvous last weekend in the Beaver Office. Any hopes for privacy on a Saturday morning were interrupted by a man who'd lost his way to the pie shop. After straightening his tie and unruffling his hair, Vocé declared in Wrights Bar on Monday that, "we're just good friends". How many times has BB heard that one?

Well, that's about your lot for another fine week. No doubt next week's installment will be just as tasty, juicy and tender.....

Saeed shakes up a stir.....

Dave Whippe

It may have come to your attention at some stage during your stay here that the LSE has a certain propensity to attract droves of sad wankers. This though, is not the only subsection of low life that we seem prone to acquiring, as we also appear to be relatively adept at letting in students who are hell bent on giving the LSE a shit load of trouble, and sully the reputation of everyone in attendance here.

Most students I know of deem it fit to be able to cope with the shit in their private lives being limited to getting spread around the Tuns, so that if they ever snog a minger, it would generally suffice that everyone will take the piss out of them on a Friday night and have forgotten about it by Monday morning. For example, if Simon Gardiner were to have got off with a hag on Friday, October 28, and was incapable of getting it up when he returned to her place later that night, then I would have a laugh about it with the lads, but never dream of telling anyone else. In contrast though, the breed of student that I'm referring to in this article seems to feel compelled to get their names in the national media over some dodgy topical story, so that when I go home during the holidays, my mates find it hilarious to take the piss out of me on a constant basis for going to a college packed full of wierdos.

In the year that I have been here, there have been more instances of the LSE getting bad press due to the actions of its students, than there have been for the rest of the universities put together. In this sense, I'm not referring to any of the lame stories about us throwing eggs at ministers, but to those of a more serious nature warranting major coverage in the national press.

Concerning last year, the most notable instance of this nature was the story broken by the News of the World and other tabloids about one of our students having an affair with a Tory MP. This resulted in major repercussions and the subsequent 'outing' of the said MP as the only gay Tory member of parliament. In addition to this was the allegation by Private Eye that one of the student's best friends' had actually sold the story to the press for the princely sum of £10,000. Now, it is not my place to condemn this affair, as what was done happened in good faith. This is not a question of ethics though, and if revelations about your private life could spark a potentially embarrassing scenario, and bring your college into disrepute, then a certain amount of decorum is called for. In the light of this point, therefore, using your spare time to have a conversation with News of the World informers who are miked up and have been talking about shopping you for months is not the best policy on earth.

Another member of the LSE fraternity of fame is Shaa Wasmund, who became Chris Eubank's personal assistant after interviewing him. In career terms, this is obviously a major achievement for her, yet this can't detract from the fact that this college is now inextricably linked to the world's shittiest boxer. In addition to this must also be added the point that he is the most annoying and specious man ever to exist, even in the light of the rest of the boxing community, which in all honesty has never been famed for its prowess in the areas of wit and intellectual debate.

These two cases though, are just side-



Another LSE student gets ready for a night in the Tuns.....

lines to the main event, which is a story that has been on broadcast news and every other format over the last week. This of course is the case of the three British tourists who were kidnapped by Kashmiri separatists and subsequently released after a gun battle between the Indian police and the alledged kidnappers. This may seem unrelated to us, yet a seemingly harmless ex-LSE student called Saeed Sheikh has actually been named by the Indian authorities as being involved in the incident.

What really intrigues me here is why anyone seeking employment in the field of international crime needs the experience of a university degree behind them. Apart from the obvious incentive of following in the footsteps of our much appreciated ex-student Carlos the Jackal there still remains the fact that a career in terrorism or political reactionism does not require a degree.

The other question that bothers me is how these people get here in the first place. For example, when I filled in my UCCA form, I rated my personal interests as football and its related drinking activities. As far as I can remember, I don't recall there being any extra space for listing my less favoured hobbies such as deception, abduction, gun-running, or holding shoot-outs. Before you realise it, the LSE will be awarding Mark Thatcher an Honorary Exportation Degree here for services to the British armaments industry.

Cases like this really have to stop now, as the result of these incidents is the wholesale destruction of the reputation of not only the LSE but also the students here. Do you really think that employers are going to be overly impressed by the fact that, of this years major international news stories, two of them involved people with links with our college? I think not.

LSE top 10: Places to shag

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Basement of the Library | Two red heads from last year |
| 2. Beaver Office | Ron, Ben and Nigel |
| 3. Passfield Bar | Matt Miller and slapper |
| 4. Graham Bell's King Size Bed | Graham (hopefully) and ? |
| 5. Long Island Iced Tea Bar | Chris and Clare |
| 6. Sabbatical Offices | Jon Spurling and Ola amongst others |
| 7. Carr Saunders Elevators | Lorry and Guido |
| 8. Rosebery Kitchens | Someone who might be cooking.. |
| 9. Three Tuns Toilets | Two students from St Martins |
| 10. Rosebery Showers | Nick and Alicia |

Fourths show 'six appeal'

Alex Mcleish

After Saturday's unsatisfactory 5-1 pounding of Kings in which the glorious Fourths were horrified at conceding a simple goal, several BeaverBall™ dreams were lying in tatters. By Wednesday, rumours were spreading faster than venereal disease in the Firsts that the only thing that could beat the black and blue army was the weather, but the rain, mud and sludge of Windsor Avenue are anything but an impediment to the gloriously fluid aggressive style of the Fourths that is raising them to almost the same quality as the Seconds.

And it was against this background that the incomplete Fourths turned up on Wednesday to face Imperial and the best that British weather could throw at them. Andre Granditsch was missing, unable to take time off his lucrative "Goals Masterclass", going through the basics with failing students such as Bongo Ki-

ora, Ludford-Thomas and the appallingly inept Dave Whippe, and Bill Kissane was out with one of the many injuries that come to men in the twilight of their lives. But Scouse really pulled his finger out for replacements. Sergi Dynamo Chicken Kiev, on loan from Red Star Belgrade amply filled Granditsch's goalless boots while Miguel Indurain played at full-back to release Goals Gardiner into an ill-advised midfield role, thus plunging the fourths into adversity.

But if that wasn't enough, they had to play alongside 22 beautiful gym-skirt clad hockey maidens (not an LSE game then). Unlike the Thirds, the Fourth's know what girls are for, and it had a distracting effect on them. The Imperial egg-heads of South Kensington took a one-nil half-time lead with a header that the keeper could do NOTHING about; no siree Bob, it was an absolute scorcher, just like the one on Saturday. Ed and Anil did some crippling fouls but to no avail. While Sean "the true captain" Gollogly chastised his randy

troops, Scouse subbed himself to ref the second-half and it goes without saying that this was the turning point. "Mere coincidence" Gardiner commented, as he contemplated his new role on the bench. The first goal was a delightful chip from the Moscow Dynamo, and the second was sheer flukearama. Pinhead Ian "She's not my bird" Devine did his standard hoof on the half-way line which killed a couple of Albatrosses on the way up then bounced in front of their keeper and over his moronic scientific head. It truly was a crap goal. The third, on the other hand, was a thing of beauty, a work of art. Struck from 25 yards from a free-kick by Soviet Sergi, it powered its way into the net. A floated

cross from Thomas "I shag sheep and work in the mines" Grace was nodded in by Miguel MixedUpNationality for the fourth. Imperial pulled one back with a shot that didn't go through Mcleish's legs much but he made amends by making what has been officially recorded as the first save by an LSE keeper this year. Kissane and Grace rounded off the scoring to give the Fourth's their sixth victory in a row. It was a happy table in the Tuns that night as several Thirds and Fifth's members tried to soak up some glory and maybe get a transfer. Andreas Popov was begging on his hands and knees for a place in the "real Firsts" and wants me to note that Chris "no goals" Cooper owes him six pints. Amen.

Bell's boys in bonfire night bonanza

Fat Elton James

It had been a long time coming but on Saturday last LSE Fifth's finally got underway and on the trail of League glory. But whilst others prepared their James Hewitts to sacrifice on their bonfires, Bell's fearsome Fifth team army were setting light to the pitch at Kings with the type of display of all that is best in British football; skill and power, touches and passes, fat full-backs and ginger hair, all played at a terrific pace, the fundamental elements of the Fifth team 94/95. Playing with a vastly weakened midfield due to the George Best-like absence of Jamie Moses, Kings took the early initiative. But playing with the kind of resilience that only a Kinnear/Cooper Beaver slamming can inspire (look here fatso-the only thing we slam are balls into the back of the net - Goal machine Sports editors), the defence stood strong. An early LSE lead should have been established after Elton's mis-hit cross

found Rob "Hair in my eyes" Bush unmarked in the six-yard box. Struggling with his knee-length hair, Rob shot wide with the goal gaping. Mark Gomes, whose silky skills had impressed all day, found himself clear on the wing and his pass found Bush, who once more made a miss of Eltonesque proportion. Perhaps the turning point came when Villion Rahman jumped on a Kings defender's face. He needed stitches and so entered LSE's worst nightmare-A Scouse ref. Goalless at the turn, it was left to Graham Bell to inspire the team with shouts of "we can win this" and "two points lads". Bell's boys came out like rockets and it wasn't long before Bob/Basil/Bush/Brush set Mark free to fire home the first. The second came when John Parr unleashed a fire-cracker from 25 yards. Then Bush scored a brilliant individual goal and capped a fine performance by laying on a second for Mark Gomes. A clean sheet for the defence did much to silence BeaverBall™ critics while Rashad Manna did little to quash rumours that his price-tag had been grossly inflated.



Look no strings.....and no current photos either

Photo Joanna Arong

McIntosh magic destroys UCL Brent blows his own trumpet again

LSE 109 UCL 52

The LSE Basketball team notched up another victory on Wednesday, thanks in the main to an incredible performance from Brent McIntosh, who his many admirers are already calling "The White Michael Jordan".

It looked as if a blowout was in order in LSE's second game. After a stunning victory over RHUL, an impossibly long walk to UCL's home court, and five minutes of horribly played basketball, the LSE found themselves down 16-6. Without captain Leo IhadtogotoAustria or offensive dictator Andy Stabb, the LSE dug themselves a deep hole. Temporary captain, ex-NBA All-Star and sex-god Brent McIntosh jumped at the opportunity to rally his troops, drawing 2 personal fouls and 2 technical fouls in less than 3 minutes.

"It may have looked like I was a bit out of control," he said, quoting himself in a shameful display of self-gratification, "but calling the ref a fat, bald, wife-battering wanker was my way of motivating my team. Having to play the rest of the game without fouling was a small price to pay, as was the £10 I gave to each referee. I'm not saying we're a one-man team but if it wasn't for me we wouldn't have won".

The rallying cry and bribes were sufficient to send the LSE on a 45-19 run for the rest of the half, with ten points each from Andreas Vourloumis and Wayne Taitt, ably assisted by my wonderful good-looking self. Pressing and fast-breaking the entire game put the LSE ahead 109-52 at the final buzzer, and it would have been 150 but for 16 travelling calls on Kyle Garman, who led the scoring with a rare quadruple-double of 30 points, 16 rebounds, 12 steals and 16 walks.

The LSE successfully made enemies of everyone by shooting threes in the last 30 seconds despite the big lead, which effectively padded Paris Yeros's stats to 14 points. Coach Fred "New York Boy" Simkin had few complaints about the game: "I was especially pleased with Bryan Batt's second-half effort of 10 points and zero walks. Sal Lucia's promptness was also appreciated, and McIntosh's technical fouls were a simply brilliant stratagem. I love Brent—he really is the greatest"(look McIntosh—we don't know who you are but we're getting just a little bit tired of you constantly mentioning yourself-Sports Editors)

After a proliferation of applications for membership from the LSE's over 7 foot population, the team is now accepting applications from those 8 foot and over only please. But remember, I'm the best.

Rugby team win! Only joking ...

Mutley

The pitches of New Malden saw yet again a dazzling display of champagne rugby by Brian Femi's tragically sad side. Display's of tactical genius by the soon to be capped for his country, scrum-half brought the team as near to victory as ever. John "Ben Clarke" McKee showed that his conversion to Turkish Orthodoxy has not damaged his free running, tasty passing game. Whilst on the subject of Mr McKee he really is a good bloke. His attributes of politeness mixed with the graceful manner in which he approaches life make this popular demi-god a miracle of modern science.

And of course one could not mention this man without a word or two regarding his sidekick Captain Dashwood-Massingbird-GallimoreVC This boy

having passed through Sandhurst with flying colours and also through a time warp back to the roaring 20s is meek and mild of the pitch however on it all other players look like lilliputians.

Rob has taken his role in the side progressively more serious as the season continues and the lineout has become second home to Putney which is a good job since New Malden is closer to LSE. John McKee made the blind side his own dark alley of death.

Now to the Deakster, not enough space is available in this paper (or on the pitch) for this largesse of storytelling. Having left the curry house last night Joe went to a club where he met six sexy nuns doing things with bananas etc...etc...

Nick Hindle-Heissen-Hoffen's Barmy army of pie eaters continued to amaze and victory is around the corner, if only they knew which one.

Houghton Street Harry

So I decided to take a week off from moaning, and now look what you lot have gone and done. I'm beginning to think that some people deliberately wind me up just to give me something to complain about, and there is one section of students that manages to do one thing to such a high degree that they are thinking of introducing this sin as a specialist subject on the BSc(Econ). I'm not saying it's related or anything, but a rather large proportion of them had to cross the Atlantic to commit this most heinous of crimes, that is, to stand there talking on the steps of the Old Building.

It's quite simple really. In a bid to promote student interaction, the LSE provides numerous sites for meeting and conversation. These include the Café, the Brunch Bowl and the Three Tuns (yes, it really is open at times other than Friday night). On the rare occasions when the monsoons are not in season, it is even quite nice to sit outside on the stone benches in Houghton Street. But no, some people have to be different, don't they! Of all the places to stand, the main entrance to the main building seems likely to cause the least inconvenience in these people's minds, and they take offence when they are pushed over by irate students trying to escape the clutches of the Old Theatre. I'm only going to say this once. You people are not cool, strutting in your Polo shirts and expensive shoes. You're just arseholes and I hope you die soon. The best way to prevent this is to build a large industrial crusher, as seen in Super Mario World, which could come down on the steps every ten seconds or so. Not only would this put a stop to loiterers, but it would also provide some entertainment at the end of mundane lectures, as people dice with death to get into Houghton Street.

Now I'm a second year, and so my courses this year count towards my degree. I'm also stupid, and so I require a great deal of help in my classes. Why is it then that half my class teachers are postgrads from overseas? I'm all for saving a few pounds on the wage bill if it means lower prices sent back in my direction, but seeing as education is essentially the reason why we are all here, I would prefer LSE maintained a standard of teaching in keeping with its excellent worldwide reputation. I'm not saying that these part-time teachers are incompetent (not much) but I just wonder how someone is supposed to explain to me Isoquants and Lagrangians when he cannot even pronounce my name properly. I'm sure that at the end of the day this will be why I get a 2:2, not because I'm thick as pig shit or anything.

There is one more thing that has wound me up this week, and that's the lack of respect shown by the Ground floor for the balcony at the UGM. If it wasn't for the balcony, your beloved forum would never take place and so you must be prepared to take a few direct hits in return for a quorum. Admittedly it may be sad for the cream of the intelligentsia to be throwing bits of paper, but the sight of students debating Bosnia and Cyprus as though it will make a difference is most definitely a more pathetic one to be doing. Next time you start complaining or crying, just imagine what you look like each week. That is all.

Drew in bribe scandal

"I knew he couldn't be that bad"

LSE 2nd XI 3 ICL 2

– Brian Whitworth, LSE groundsman

Scandal rocked the LSE Seconds camp on Wednesday despite a fine performance that assured qualification for the shagging and vagrancy stages of the UAU competition. The soccer world was rocked by allegations of match-rigging levied against keeper Paul Drew by the rest of the side. Closed circuit cameras picked up a dressing room exchange before the match as he was approached by a large, red-faced man of rent-boy appearance. Calling himself "Fat Alex", he offered Drew a pair of brown jeans and a selection of tight antique Fred Perry tracksuit tops to make sure that the seconds lost and took the thirds "joke team" mantle that they richly covet.

Everything was going according to cunning plan within the first minute when IC took the lead with a shot that Drew appeared to make little or no effort to reach, but in his devious trance he forgot about the spirit and courage that the honest members of the side had taken onto the pitch. Despite having, in Dave Keane and Goals Cooper, two reluctant centre-backs due to the astonishing disappearance of Nic Jones and Frail Frank, the back-four shielded Judas from the IC forwards (the same forwards who scored seven against the firsts on Saturday but didn't get a kick against the mighty power of the defence). In order to make up the numbers Cooper swooped astutely in the transfer market for third team sub Raj Parahandy and first team linesman Dirk Pagenstert. Clearly relishing the chance to cast off the shackles of long-ball joke teams, they played their parts with aplomb as class oozed from every pore of the Second team's body.

The goals were vintage; Steve Quick's through ball was converted in style by Tim Ludford-Thomas for a contender for "Goal of the Month." Of course, that doesn't mean it was a good goal, just that it was Ludford's goal for this month. One-all at the break, scorer turned creator as Ludford's square ball was stroked into the bottom corner by Asif Rafique. The finish was excellent but the celebration



An alien from the planet Quick reaches earth and his antennae search for goals

was surely a bookable offence and must be worked on for next term when Raf might score again. Then Rainbow Nelson decided to stop fouling their midfield for a minute in time to play a through ball to Stevie Quick, who rounded Dave Keane's little brother in the IC nets and just managed to get it in the empty net from a yard.

3-1 with 20 minutes to go, it was time to defend the lead against their eleven and our turncoat between the sticks. Raj's jinking run down the left flank provided them with a second. The fantasy league panel began to discuss whether he would get an assist for it until they discovered that, despite only being £25, not one of the 40 managers felt him worthy of a place in their side.

Drew was rubbing his fumbling hands in glee at the chance to spill an equalizer

in but there were no more opportunities. Courage had triumphed over ringers and traitors and the seconds are on their way to the second round. But what of the side? Steve Quick's second autobiography, "The Man Behind The Machine" comes out on Tuesday along with the X-Rated video of Ludford's volley onto the Rugby pitch. The Second Team Academy are now taking bookings for classes on Wednesday nights in the Tuns. Players will be taught to pass along the floor (one for Jimmy this one), drink undiluted lager and pull women without having to get married or stalked (as did Cooper with the lovely Tracey – Angus). Famous graduates include Blunden, Henrik and Dirk, who after just two lessons was like a bird magnet at '80s night at Limelight. Sign up early and reap the rewards of the mighty Seconds.

Kinnear bags hat trick, Blunden bags hag

LSE 1st XI 7 ICL 3

LSE met IC for the second time in four days on Wednesday still reeling from the 7-1 drubbing on Saturday. Imperial arrived on their coach in their suits expecting a goalfest but they surely couldn't have expected that they would be on the end of it, as revenge was on the menu and everyone wanted a slice. It was one apiece at half-time with LSE's contribution being a Grant Delea effort, but the second half was a different story as Brian's oranges once more had the desired effect.

A long range drive from James Trees stung the hands of the keeper and Angus Kinnear followed up to poke home from close range, and then he notched his second, coolly rounding the keeper after latching on to Trees' through ball. After their BeaverBall™ nightmare of Saturday, the more equine members of the defence decided to repair their tarnished records. Self-proclaimed bird magnet Nick Blunden finally got off the mark after a succession of missed sitters with a sprawling header that owed more to lack

of balance than precision finishing. Now anyone of a nervous disposition or with a history of heart problems should skip the next sentence, because what we say will shock you. CARSTEN THODE SCORED A GOAL! Get this straight; it wasn't an own goal, or in the pre-match kickabout; it was a bona fide effort that will haunt their keeper for the rest of his days. The Eddie "The Eagle" Edwards of LSE football (i.e. shit at sport and still a virgin) slotted one in the onion bag after years of pointless toil. Afterwards, the ecstatic Thode shouted in his grinding drawl, "This was not just a great day for me, but for all the other Thalidomide children out there. Now that I've got that all-important first goal I think I have the confidence to speak to women."

When the rest of the team had come round and been treated for shock, Delea added his second and Kinnear completed his sixth hat-trick in his glittering LSE career. Unfortunately the shine was taken off his performance when he contrived to miss in Thode-like fashion from on the goal-line with no-one within 20 yards. IC

scored 2 consolations but when the final whistle blew it was LSE 7 IC 3.

This remarkable turnaround puts LSE at the top of the UAU group and an easy home game awaits on December 7. Celebrations went on into the early hours as the core of the side strutted their stuff to Duran Duran at Limelight. Kinnear, still pining for Nicola Hobday, left early protesting against their exorbitant Lemonade prices, and Nick Blunden also disappeared, but for completely different reasons. After harrasing mingers around the dance floor for a good two hours, he finally found one drunk enough to fall for his charms. She was no stunner if one is bluntly honest and we're not saying she was fat but when she left they let 20 more people in. Having said that, she was unquestionably the best that Blunden ever has, or ever will, get off with. The rest of the first team failed to pull (can't imagine why) but Nick Choose-To-Have-Dinner-With-Molly-Rather-Than-Go-Out-With-Your-Mates-On-Your-Birthday-Bos had the excuse that he's a one woman man. Bless 'im.