

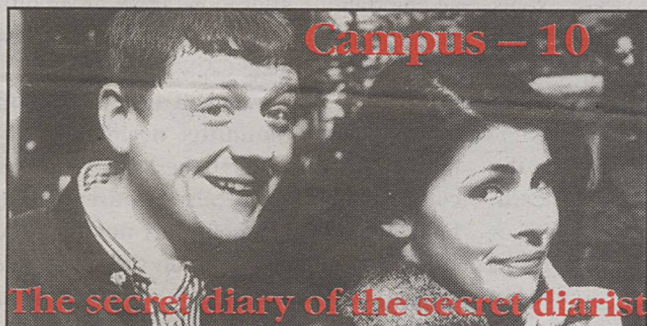
The BEAVER

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

Issue 442

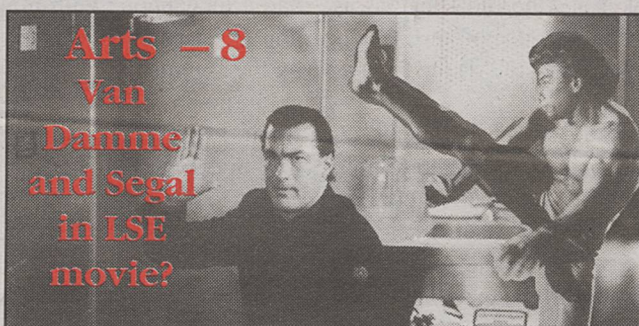
April 30, 1996

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ULU Final match report

Bye-bye Baljit

School rejects Mahal's election appeal

James Brown
News Editor

The Lent term electoral dispute seemed to be nearing an end last week after the School upheld the disqualification of Baljit Mahal and James Garner. Only one further stage, an appeal to a lay governor, remains under the provision of the 1994 Education Act.

In a written report the Senior Assistant Secretary, Adrian Hall, found that "the disqualification [of Baljit Mahal and James Garner] was fair and proper". Further, the report stated that "there is no firm evidence that the officials deliberately took action to prejudice a fair election result".

In response to the verdict, Kate Hampton LSESU General Secretary, said that she was "glad the officers had been vindicated". Damian Thwaites, outgoing Returning Officer, echoed that sentiment; "the adjudication by the School was the only reasonable judgement that could have been made".

Kevin Keogh, one of the leaders of the campaign to declare the elections invalid, said that he accepted the elections were "free and fair" but apparently contradicted himself by saying that the report "did not exonerate the executive [of the Union]" and by promising that he would fight the election result at the next stage: "We stand by what we said".

Baljit Mahal, for his part said that he was "sick to death of the matter" and that he did not want to see elections in the Summer term. He stressed, however, that there had been an important victory in that the School had identified "massive things wrong with the way the elections were run".

In saying this Mahal was highlighting sections of the report that were critical some aspects of the rules governing student elections.

In particular, the report identified 3 main areas of concern: the Returning Officer did not record a log of the



Mahal: those looks weren't appealing enough

complaints made to him by candidates; members of the Constitution and Steering Committee were standing for election and at the same time adjudicating on election matters; and the lack of immediate printed, dated and signed minutes of the C&S Committee's deliberations. The latter, the report states, "make the procedures and officials vulnerable to allegations of bias".

The report adds that certain election rules "are not expressed as clearly as they might be" and concludes by stating that "the Student's Union's electoral procedures are in urgent need of revision and improvement".

Kate Hampton welcomed these findings "as warmly as the verdict on the disqualification". She felt that the inadequacies in the Constitution had led to a "feeling of mistrust."

"It is now very important to find

ways to ensure all sections of the Student's Union feel included in a democratic process they understand".

Mahal added; "we should all applaud our efforts of last term in trying to ensure that in the future all elections are conducted fairly."

Proposals for reform are to be considered by the Executive Committee this week, and all students are invited to participate. The amendment process is expected to take much longer to complete.

Stage three of the appeal, initiated by Mr Hall to "remove any doubt that the School has exercised all available procedures to deal with such a serious complaint" is to be conducted by P Baxendale, QC, renowned for her cross-examination of former Prime Minister Baroness Thatcher during the Scott Inquiry. Her report is expected in two week's time.

Photo: Erik Wernevi

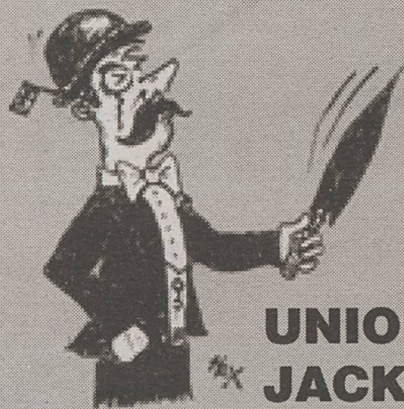
Lawrie's Lorra Lolly

Chris McAleely

Student's Union Treasurer Claire Lawrie has achieved two considerable successes in renegotiating the Union's commercial contracts. The best of the new deals is with NatWest, who have agreed to waive the Union's bank charges. At £4000 per year this represents a substantial sum of money, a total saving of £20 000 over the five year agreement. In addition, the existing £9500 per year sponsorship provided by the NatWest is to continue, again for at least five years.

The second of the new contracts is with STA Travel. They have agreed to provide £5000 per year sponsorship for the New Students Fair and £2000 per year for *The Bea*

Continued on page 2



UNION JACK

The UGM increasingly represents a circus. There. That's Jack's last attempt at being profound. This slide towards peripheral entertainment could, of course, have been predicted at the beginning of the year.

Last week's proceedings in the Big Top (no, Jack's not talking about Kevin Keogh's head, though the proceedings in that vacuum of space would make a fascinating study) lacked a proper ringleader: Master Bennet, long-standing chair, refused the opportunity to do so for the final time. Quite right too for in the absence of a quorum and any motions all that was promised was a Chimpanzee's tea party of reports from, and questions to, officers.

Not that this bun-fight was without substance. First, after an election of a chair who looked like a clown, but who Jack knows to be totally reliable, someone else with pretensions of being Coko stood up to give a report. This, Ladies and Gentlemen, was the new chair of the Constitution and Steering Committee. Instead of sounding sensible he merely out-potatoed Alex Ellis. His pretensions were, of course misplaced. He sounded, and looked, like a seal, not a clown. The only applause to be heard was his own.

Then came Kate. Her daring high-wire act was a masterly example of political balance: gloating at the defeat of Mr Mahal *et. al.* on the one hand and stressing the importance of the findings of the School re the election rules on the other.

Claire Lawrie demonstrated her financial trapeze skills; Nat West were so impressed they gave the Student's Union £20,000; vastly more than her salary. At least one sabbatical has been good value.....

So much for the human performers. No circus would be complete without its menagerie of animals. First up (apart from the seal) was the parrot. No original thought can be expected from such a bird and Omer Soomro conformed to expectations: he flapped around (to quote Machiavelli) in sadly unjustified defence of election cheats; he endlessly repeated arguments without giving any thought to them; and he refused to come off his perch despite promising to do so if Baljit's appeal failed. At worst he will retreat under the cage cover he has been hiding under all year, and at best he will be shot by an SU disciplinary action. Flying feathers at dawn, Jack thinks.

Next (an unusual circus act, this) came the vulture, picking over the bones. As with Napoleon's failed campaign to Russia, there are a great number of bodies lining the route to and from "certain victory". How amusing then that Kevin Keogh, Field Marshal to the instigator of the battle, should assume the personal habits and manner of a scavenger, extracting whatever good he can from disaster.

Vultures are by necessity solitary, lonely creatures with no social life. They are also hostile and paranoid. A fascinating example of this emerged when he requested that the News Editor of *The Beaver* stop recording his comments. "It's a breach of my copyright" he crowed, also demonstrating neatly the abject poverty of thought and intelligence that typifies the species. (For your future reference, Mr Keogh, Jack's legal advisors state that any comments you make in a public meeting are in the public domain; ergo you have no copyright).

And finally, we had the rarest of all treats: a visitation from a dodo. Yes, Baljit returned from the dead and gave Jack and the assembled throng (about 70 sad hacks) a quick turn. "I'm sick to death of the whole matter" he proclaimed (Jack assumed he meant the elections and not the parrot). So are we all, Baljit. So are we all.

Extraordinary! General Meeting

Chris McAleely

The final UGM of last term was the usual exuberant occasion with the traditional voting down of the proposed list of honorary students. However, the closing moments saw a near riot as a motion to annul the Union elections was loudly debated. Time ran out before a vote could be taken and the Old Theatre was only cleared by the promise of an Extraordinary General Meeting (EGM) the following day.

Large numbers of students gathered on the Friday afternoon and attempted to hold an EGM anyway. At first students congregated in the Quad, but were instructed to move by LSE Security to the sports hall. After an attempt to start the meeting, which threatened to become disorderly, they were

moved on to the Royalty Theatre. It then emerged that the LSE did not have use of the theatre on Friday afternoons and only after trailing around the School was a suitable alternative venue found. Everyone crowded into the New Theatre but Bernie Taffs, head of LSE Security would not let the meeting proceed without twenty stewards to control the agitated students. Mr Taffs had a megaphone with him in case events got out of hand, but seemed mostly amused by the arguments.

A noisy debate proceeded, with the Chair, John Bennet, struggling to keep control. Speakers had to frequently call for the crowd to calm down so they could be heard.

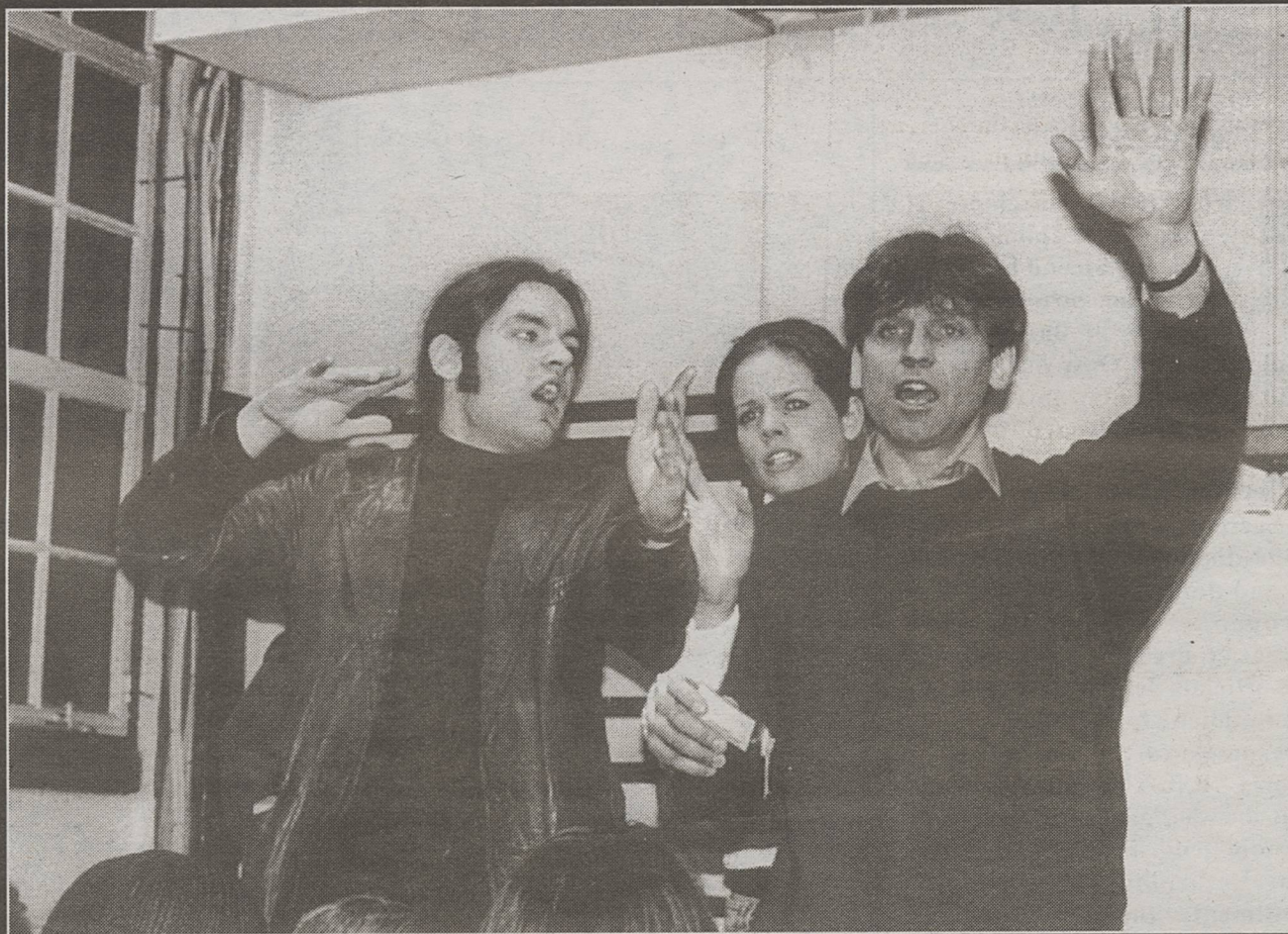
After over an hour of accusation and acrimony the meeting moved to a vote. Baljit Mahal's case seemed to rest on somewhat tenuous evidence relating to the location of

the ballot boxes on the Wednesday night following the elections in the halls of residence. However the mood of the crowd was such that they did not appear to care. The elections were promptly declared null and void by a large majority. Mahal and friends hugged one another in the belief that the elections would have to be run again this term. The students dispersed in high spirits after an entertaining afternoon, although an ultimately pointless one following this last week's ruling by the C&S committee.

Beaver Staff writes; The Constitution and Steering Committee decided unanimously last week that the EGM was unconstitutional. Specifically, requirements to hold an EGM to be held were not met. The Committee did not vote on the substance of the motion passed deeming it irrelevant in the light of their earlier decision.

Beaver caption competition

We invite you to suggest your own caption along the lines of the examples below. First prize: an evening with Baljit Mahal (pending appeal).



- Suggestion 1: Kevin Keogh: "I'm getting out of here: taxi!"
- Suggestion 2: Kate struggles to control the glove-puppet from hell
- Suggestion 3: John "Jarvis" Bennet attacks the self-proclaimed Messiah

Finance

Continued from Page 1

ver, for five years from next year. This is on top of their payment of 1.75% of their turnover, which means roughly £19,000 for the Union for renting the office space, an increase over the previous arrangements.

Lawrie said that the decision on how the extra money should be spent (apart from the ear-marked funds) would be up to her successors but added that she hoped that some of it would go towards the badly needed refurbishment of the Three Tuns Club.

Although pleased to have secured these funding increases, Lawrie expressed disappointment that other sources were less forthcoming. She commented to *The Beaver* that "faced with government and School cutbacks, the Student's Union should endeavour to find alternative sources of generating money...this has been at the top of my agenda this year".

Stunning Staircase Unveiled

The LSE is on the up and up

Dhara Ranasinghe

Everyone who uses the old building is only too aware of the prevalent overcrowding, both on the main staircase and the main lift. With the School entertaining no immediate plans to move to a new site and committed to improvements within the Houghton Street complex, attention was turned to then adding a new staircase in the main building. The staircase, designed by Stephen Wheatcroft, extends access to the Brunch Bowl, Robinson Room, Senior Common Room and Shaw Library.

Speaking to *The Beaver*, the Services

Officer Michael Arthur commented that there was no major problem with the cost. There was an existing need to replace the fire escape, in order to meet legal requirements. As well as this, it will ease access around the old building, especially during the busy period of the autumn term.

Don't forget to watch LSE in the University Challenge final this Wednesday, 8.30pm on BBC 2

We'll give you a hint: They don't come third!

Professor Brian Abel-Smith

Brian Abel-Smith, Emeritus Professor of Social Administration at LSE, died on the 4 April 1996. He was 69. His career at LSE started in 1955 as an Assistant Lecturer and he was made Professor of Social Administration in 1965.

His academic interests were numerous and included housing, social security, law and poverty. But his greatest contribution was in the field of health policy, indeed this was where, in 1953, he first made his mark. During the 1953 Guillebaud inquiry into the fledgling NHS, he produced a memorandum showing that its costs were falling as a percentage of GNP. The subsequent report amplified his argument and squashed the fears of the government and the Treasury that the health bill was rising uncontrollably.

He subsequently wrote a book with Richard Titmuss, the co-author of the memorandum, entitled *The cost of the Health Service in England and Wales*. Of his other books on health, two are especially worthy of note; *A History of the Nursing Profession* and *The Hospitals 1800-1948*. The latter was thirty years ahead of its time in predicting the current problems in London's health provision.

As his stature developed he was made a senior adviser to four different ministers in the 1964-70 and 1974-79 Labour administrations. He was particularly influential in the field of poverty: along with his LSE colleagues Peter Townsend and David Donnison he founded the Child Poverty Action Group. Together they made a formidable case against the complacent notion that poverty had disappeared in Britain by using relative rather than absolute measures.

Abel-Smith's fame also spread internationally. He was until his death an advisor to the World Health Organisation, and also worked with the OECD and ILO. Countless developing countries benefited from his advice. Any help he gave was against the background of three main concerns: what could be easily afforded; the simplest possible data collection; and the importance of local service provision and primary health care.

In short, Abel-Smith was able to combine a strictly academic approach to research with a political passion that influenced the substance of welfare policies the world over.

James Brown

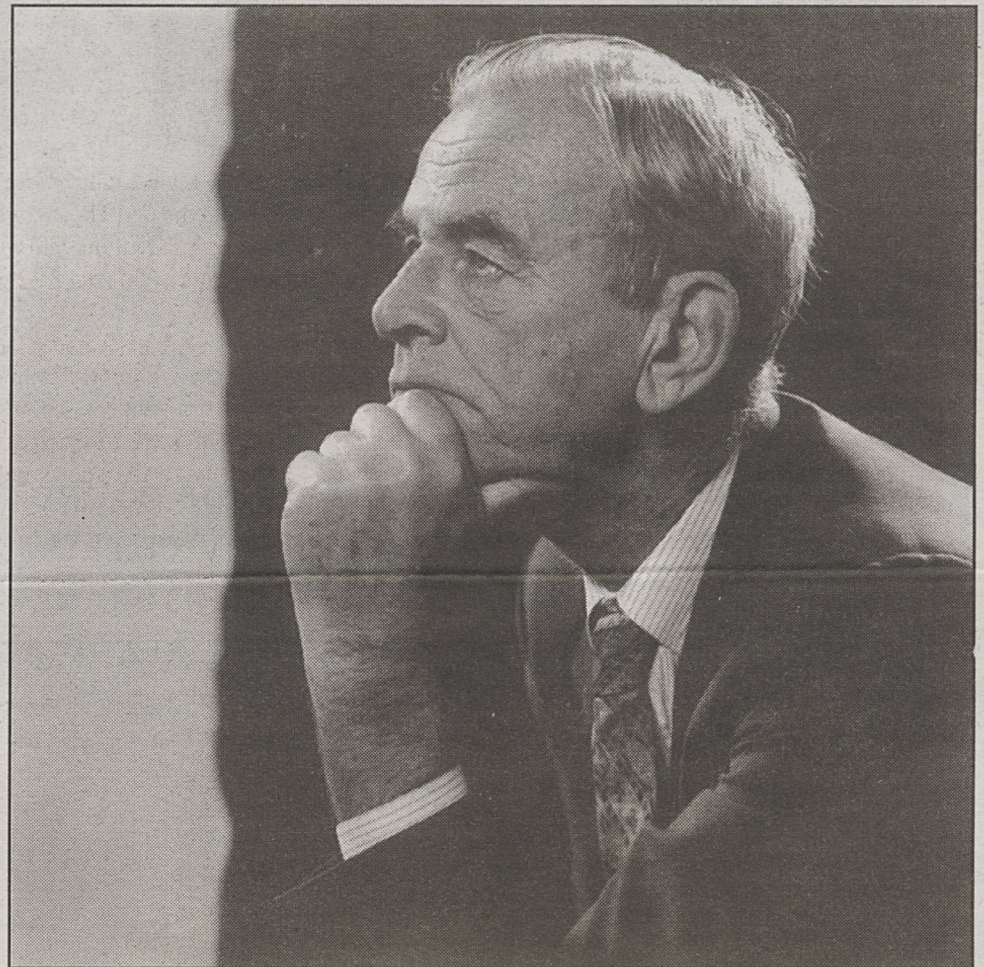


Photo: Karl Fulton

There will be a memorial service for Professor Abel-Smith this term, and an academic conference in November.

Full details will be published in *The Beaver* and *News & Views*. To the right, we print an article by Professor David Marsland, the first in a series of debates on the contribution to social policy by academics at the LSE.

NUS make historic change in funding policy

Nicola Hobday
Executive Editor

The NUS policy for free education was finally abandoned after a "historic" debate in the NUS National Conference in Blackpool March 27. NUS policy will now favour income-contingent loans and prioritise increased funds for further education students, employers will be called upon to contribute to education funding through a Business Education Tax. The Conference voted in favour of the motion by 616 226 votes to 338 264.

The previous policy had been to campaign for a return to pre-1979 levels of grants. In over turning this policy Douglas Trainer, NUS President-elect claimed; "this is a victory for common sense". Trainer was elected on a pro-change platform and he will take over from Jim Murphy who has been at the forefront of the campaign to change the NUS policy.

There will be many who lament the passing of NUS commitment to grants. One of the LSE representatives at the Conference commented: "If students aren't going to fight for free education then who will?" and many students are expressing concern over the apparent demise of the grant.

There are some who see it as a fair and realistic policy which will allow the NUS to play a full role in the forthcoming debate on education funding. It seems unlikely that any government would put the grant back to pre-1979 levels as it would cost the tax payer far more than would ever politically expedient. It is claimed that this is a more flexible policy.

It still has its critics, Dan Crowe next year's General Secretary being one of them: "These policies are just being put forward by the Labour Students trying to please an incoming Labour government and it's surely not in the best interests of students for them to have their grants taken away. Further discussion and debate on the subject is needed."

Benevolent Error

David Marsland offers a critique of the work of Professor Abel-Smith

There can be no doubt at all about the outstanding value of Professor Abel-Smith's contributions to teaching, to research, and to the development of his discipline. Nor can his lifetime of kindly helpfulness to the countless people who – at LSE and across the world – sought his assistance with problems of every description be denied. His has been a distinguished career of great nobility which will be remembered and honoured for as long as democratic civilisation survives.

Even such self-evident distinction leaves room, however, for critical consideration of the actual effects of his achievements, and of the relations between his benevolent intentions and their impact in the real world. If this should seem to some untimely, impertinent, or unfairly done, I can but apologise in advance, and plead guilty to pursuing the truth with the vigour inculcated in me as a student at LSE by many distinguished teachers, including not least Professor Abel-Smith himself.

In his obituary in the Independent (April 9) Professor Townsend remarks on the distinctively political character of Brian Abel-Smith's work and on the personal significance in his own eyes of the political dimension of everything he did. No doubt the same might be said of other distinguished scholars, of the right as much as the left – of Hayek certainly, if not Popper.

In Abel-Smith's case, however, the centrality of his political concerns is somehow bracketed-off, elided, and buried from relevant view. Along with his mentor, Richard Titmuss, and his key associates, including not least Peter Townsend, he was in the business of building socialism in post-war Britain with a compre-

hensive welfare state and a fully socialised health service as its primary instruments.

Yet his work, and their work, tends even in these disillusioned post-communist times to be treated still as if it were purely and simply an exercise in routine, non-partisan scholarship. It is as if we were supposed to believe that building socialism and establishing social administration as a discipline were one and the same thing, that social research leads automatically to the Welfare State, and that any rational consideration of health and health care points unambiguously towards the NHS, vintage 1948. QED as it were.

His research, his writing, and his teaching in relation to health care were, unarguably, important and invaluable. They were also, however, one-sidedly shaped (that is to say shaped) by his socialist commitment. Moreover, his considerable skills in the arts of persuasion have ensured that his ideas have been powerfully influential and widely implemented. The un-reformed NHS in particular and the un-reconstructed Welfare State more generally, are to a significant extent the products of his and his colleagues' collectivist ideology.

We shall need scholars of a stature to match his own, if we can find them, to save us from the destructive effects of the misguided benevolence of the collectivist generation. The modernisation of health and welfare which Professor Abel-Smith and his colleagues began must be continued.

David Marsland is Professor of Social Sciences at Brunel University College. His latest book "Welfare or Welfare State?" was published in March by Macmillan.

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On war and peace

Issam Hamid examines Israel's 'Grapes of Wrath'.

Operation 'Grapes of Wrath' is widely understood to have been necessary for Mr Peres's reelection – which the Americans deem vital for the peace process. By such perverted logic was the current military operation condoned by the American Secretary of State, although it may be difficult for him to explain the joys of the peace dividend to the 110 civilians butchered at Qana, or the hundreds more killed or maimed in the rest of Lebanon.

The excuse given for launching this extended onslaught were the Katyusha rocket attacks on Galilee. The lethality of the vintage Katyushas can be best understood by the fact that their single most destructive act was the blowing up of a chicken farm, in which as one leading Israeli newspaper described it, "...thousands of young fowl were killed" !!

The Israeli army on the other hand uses

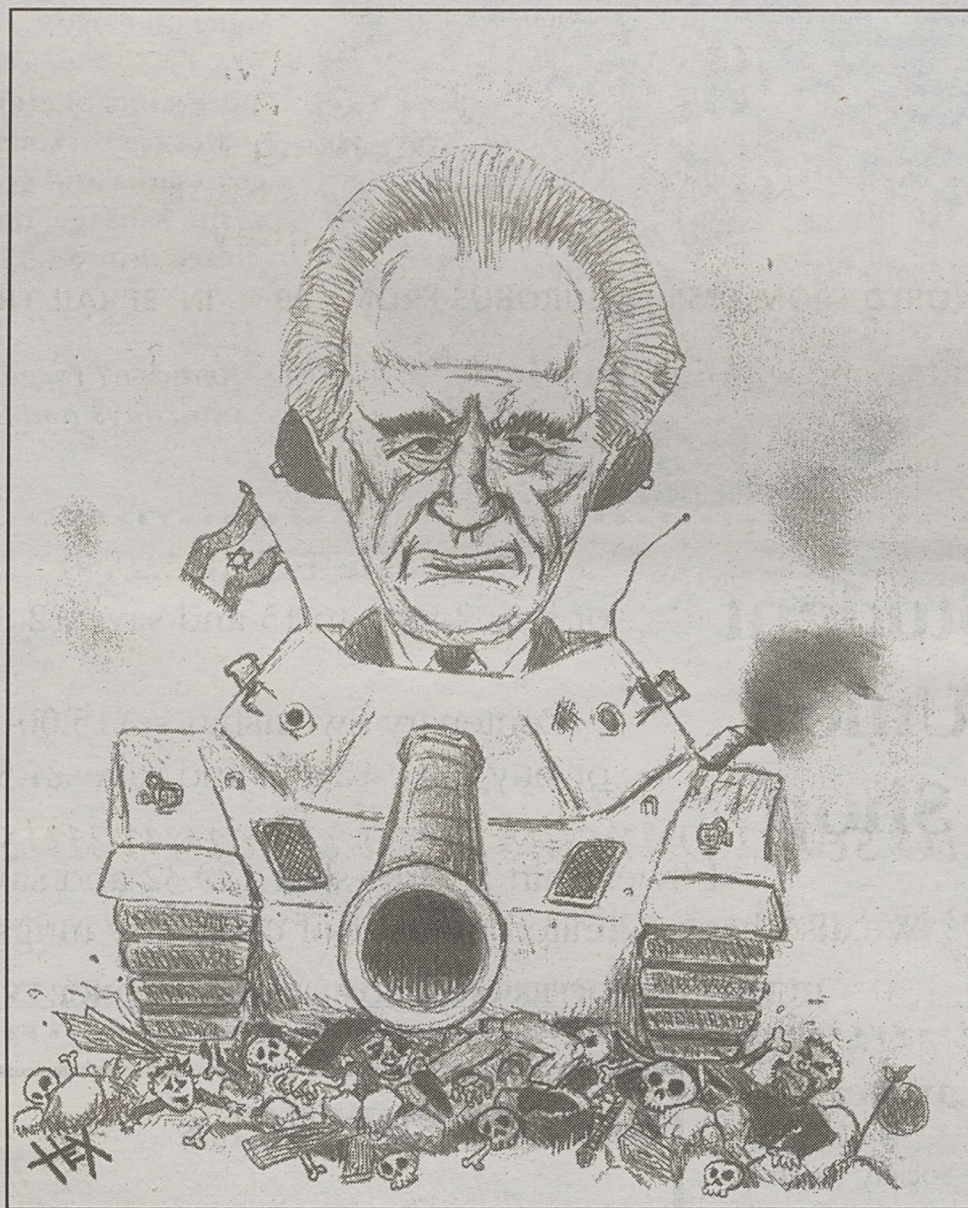
*If peace is truly
desired then, like
friendship, it
cannot be obtained
at the barrel of a
gun.*

anything but obsolete equipment. The state of the art weapon system used in decimating the UN compound at Qana was an American M109A1 self propelled howitzer whose computers even take atmospheric conditions and the wind factor into account during targeting procedure. UN officials described how the Israeli army ignored their pleas to stop the shelling even while their reconnaissance drones monitored the carnage. It is even more difficult to explain how Israeli artillery, which had the 18 year old UN base clearly marked out on its map, could have erred by a quarter of a mile, keeping in mind the 'smart' technology being used as well as the level of training. Records also show that despite Israel's claim that it did not know that refugees were sheltering under UN protection, a senior member of the UN's civil staff had informed an Israeli general of this fact, a full 49 hours before the massacre occurred. Moreover, in an almost identical incident a month ago, 32 Israeli shells were fired at a Katyusha site 300 metres from a UN base, without a single round hitting the UN compound.

Nor was Qana the only incident. The four day old baby killed along eleven other members of her own family in their home at Nabatea, three children and two women killed in an ambulance and the two year old girl decapitated by an Israeli missile in Beirut are just a few more examples. To dismiss these as 'errors', as both Israel and the US have sought to do is to insult the world's intelligence as well as severely test it's gullibility.

In condoning these blatant acts of terror, Israel is doing no better than the terrorists it reviles. If peace is truly desired then, like

friendship, it cannot be obtained at the barrel of a gun. Those immediately responsible for the atrocities in Lebanon must be brought to justice, if only to dispel the world's anger and revulsion which could prove fatal to the peace process, while in the long run the state structure and ideology which repeatedly perpetuates such incidents must be thor-



oughly revamped. Convenient myths such as Hezbollah and Hamas's suicide bombings being the work of madmen, must end, for these are only the last resort of a desperate people helpless before Israel's overwhelming military might. The appalling hypocrisy displayed by the US in vetoing the condemnation of Israeli actions in Lebanon must end – one shudders to think what the reaction would have been if a hundred Israeli's had been killed by Hamas in Tel Aviv ! Nor are absurd demands such as that the Lebanese government punish it's citizens for fighting the Israeli occupation of Southern Lebanon, conducive to peace.

Only through acts of faith and conciliation can the deep reservoir of distrust and anger in the Middle East, be eroded. The proponents of peace must ensure that the deaths of the civilians at Qana, as at Sabra, Shatilla, the Intifada and the Hebron Mosque massacre are not in vain, for that would indeed be the final tragedy.

A tortured land

Moshe Merdler writes on the crisis in Lebanon

Last Friday, the April 19, 1996, I saw an additional tragedy in the lives of the Lebanese people. More than one hundred people were killed from bombarding shells which fell on a highly populated house. These shells were one of numerous military actions under the Israeli operation "Grapes of Wrath" against the Hizbollah

what different picture; hundreds of terrorist camps, all of which operate against Israel. Furthermore, there is a massive Syrian as well as Iranian military presence – especially concerning terror training camps. These two countries use Lebanon in order to put pressure on Israel, and turn the lives of the Israelis living near the northern border into a continuous nightmare. Katyusha rockets fall on the populated areas of the border every other day. In addition terror groups constantly try to penetrate into Israeli territory. These terrorist organisation receive money, arms and training from these two countries. Although Israel is claimed to be occupying the southern part of Lebanon, the official army present there is the Southern Lebanese Army (SLA) which is responsible for most of the military posts in the area. The problem in Lebanon is not only with external elements but also in the internal arena. Fights between various Islamic streams, such as the Shias and Sunnis are a common scenario, not to mention the constant attacks on Christians. The government does not seem to be able to constrain either of these elements in order to become a sovereign country again. Last week saw Israel's Education minister Amnon Rubinstein declaring on BBC news that Israel will leave Southern Lebanon the moment that the Lebanese government will restrain the Hizbollah organisation. No adequate response has been received. The Hizbollah are politically represented in the Lebanese parliament and therefore, according to any criteria, their actions represent the Lebanese will. Ironically, their representation rate is less than ten percent in the overall figures. Israel has been present in Lebanon since 1982. The situation has not substantially changed since; a country can not efficiently confront guerilla fighters which not only are determined to achieve their goals but also do not have any interest what so ever in reaching a solution – even at the expense of their fellow citizens. Last week's tragedy occurred due to a simple reason. Hizbollah Katyusha missiles were launched from very near to a populated camp. This is contrary to any international convention, simply because a counter attack will be adjusted according to the launching location, usually automatically. This is also what was explicitly reported by the UN forces which, as already mentioned, also suffered casualties. In 1993 Israel has signed a treaty with the Hizbollah organisation, in which various understandings were reached concerning the mutual operation of both sides. One clear and explicit term was that no Katyusha will fall on the Northern border. However, after half a year of constant breaches of this agreement Israel has retaliated. Those responsible for this, namely Iran (who is responsible for supplying Katyusha Rockets) and Syria do not seem to show any will to stop this bloody situation. This is highly reflected in Warren Christopher's new job as a courier boy who is practically thrown out of Syria because Mr Assad simply is too busy to meet him.

organisation. Before starting the operation, the Israeli government has recommended the southern Lebanese villages to flee out. Most of the casualties were refugees which fled out of their houses a few days earlier and UN soldiers. The Lebanese tragedy does not start nor will it end at this tragic point. It runs almost twenty years back. Lebanon has two main problems, both of which turn it from a sovereign state to a battlefield. The problem is Israel on one hand, Syria and Iran on the other. Since 1982 Israel has been present in southern Lebanon in a territory defined by the Israeli government as a security zone. Not suprisingly, the Lebanese regard Israel as occupiers and demand an immediate retreat. The question is what is Israel's interest in this land?

To occupy it and turn it into a part of Israel on the long run? This is what the Lebanese have been constantly claiming for a long time. However, a close examination of the Lebanese territory reveals a some-

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Photographers



With that inevitably long summer holiday fast approaching why not take the opportunity to snap a winning photo for the first Photographic Society competition? The theme this year is simply 'harmony'. Originality in interpretation is encouraged, and your entry may be in any format you prefer: black and white or colour, print or transparency. With marvellous prizes to be won and the chance to have your artwork displayed you've no excuse not for entering. The closing date is Friday October 18 1996. Entry forms will appear in The Beaver and will be available at the Students' Union from the beginning of next term. Good Luck!

CENTRAL CATERING



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Getting worried about exams?...

Make an early start with breakfast in the Brunch Bowl.

There's lots of choice with cereals, muffins, toast, hot bacon rolls at only 55p, warm savoury croissants and good traditional English fry-up - bacon, sausage, hash browns, baked beans, tea or coffee only £1.35 and cappuccino at 35p its the cheapest around!

And don't forget the Brunch Bowl is open on Saturdays and Sundays until the end of term.

**Jobs Jobs Jobs
Jobs Jobs ...**

Desperately seeking charming, diplomatic, hardworking, reliable and tolerant man or woman for Students' Union Reception. Good working knowledge of the LSE and Students' Union preferable. Minimum of seven hours a week, whole academic year, starting September 1996. Time wasters and those with a tendency to take Sickies need not apply.

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Union
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or buy 2 for £16.15 and save £2.85 * Special Offers *
Centenary Sweatshirt - £15.00 * Special Offers *
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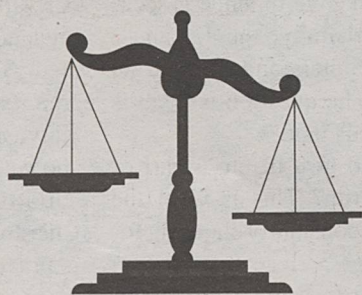
1 Sweatshirt and 1 t-shirt £20.32 and save £3.68

We also have a limited number of centenary mugs left at £5.95 each.

HURRY! THIS OFFER ONLY COMES AROUND ONCE EVERY 100 YEARS!

Lawyers

A Law Society meeting (the proper one not the LSE version) is being held at the House of Commons on April 30, at 7.00 in Committee Room Six. There will be a debate on the Campaign for a National Legal Service. Speakers are Austin Mitchell, Tony Benn, Peter Kandler and Anthony Forrest



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Letters to the Editor * * * Letters to the Editor * * * Letters to the Editor

Soomro slammed

Dear Beaver,

Last week the Assistant Secretary of the School rejected out of hand all the accusations that Baljit Mahal, Omer Soomro, Kevin Keogh and Adam Morris made in the final days of last term. I am writing this letter because I find it necessary to expose the craven opportunism and wicked smear tactics that the above mentioned used. At public meetings last term, the Returning Officer, SU treasurer and myself were all accused of rigging the election by tampering with the ballot box. Mahal and his cronies claimed to have evidence proving this in the form of a signed statement by an LSE porter. This statement was completely fabricated – the porter cited had not even seen the piece of paper which he was said to have signed.

Such dishonesty illustrates the absolute hypocrisy of Baljit Mahal and Omer Soomro, chiefly. Throughout the election the two of them deliberately whipped up racial intimidation for electoral benefit. Mahal's conduct throughout the election, in which it was proven that he repeatedly flouted the rules, should make it obvious to him why he lost.

However it is the actions of Omer Soomro which I, and many others, find particularly nauseating. Last year he was elected Education and Welfare Officer, a post which involves some degree of responsibility. Not

once throughout this entire year has he deserved his sabbatical salary. He has done NOTHING to help in the Women's, LGB, disabled students and drug awareness campaigns, leaving the Campaigns Committee to do the job for him. He has attended ONE Academic Affairs Committee meeting, leaving Kate Hampton to convene, chair and administer a core part of his job description. Kate Hampton has been forced to bail him out again regarding the Academic Affairs report – an important document sent to the school which he was supposed to write weeks ago. Where is the Alternative Course Guide? He has not once liaised with the LSE Student Hall committees, and I am willing to bet my grant cheque that the Anti-racism week won't happen.

For the past year Omer Soomro has shown both a scant disregard for his job and the students of this school. His interpretation of his job is standing around Houghton street chatting to his friends about how unjust everyone is for not electing Baljit. Last term in the UGM he promised to resign if Mahal's complaint to the school was rejected. It has, now will he? Frankly, it doesn't really matter. He has done NOTHING all year anyway, so even if he did quit no-one would notice; however the SU would acquire some much needed storage space in which to keep that pile of crap that Baljit

spent last term composing. Perhaps if he worked as hard on his degree he might make it to the second year. The simple fact is, neither Soomro or Mahal have done anything to enrich this students union. All they have done is deliberately engineer division and hostility, as well as blatantly lie to further their own ends. They can both break the habit of a lifetime and do something good for a change – namely quit and leave quietly. I for one will be happy to see them go. Somehow, I don't think I'll be alone.

Yours,
Paul Bates

Balcony Bruiser

Dear Beaver,

I feel I must set the record straight concerning Kate Hampton's accusations regarding the Balcony Boys. She claims that they have put three people in hospital, but this is not the case. It was I and I alone who single-handedly dispatched Sorrel Osborne to the Health Centre and introduced Nicole Fuchs to the World of Pain.

If you're interested I also hit Tom Smith's ginger kid once as well.

I don't need silly string or tennis rackets to dispense justice, I just use the raw power of my clever arms.

Yours,
Howard 'Bomber' Wilkinson

Please note:

If it isn't blindingly obvious I'd just like to point out that the rest of the paper is a spoof. This means that it is NOT TRUE! So please don't sue us.

Okay so maybe it's juvenile but it's the last issue, nobody can be bothered to write anything and we've all got revision to do.

Thankyou to everyone who put a lot of hard work into *The Beaver* who will now be leaving for bigger and better things (or the dole queue). To everyone else have a happy Summer break and assuming that I don't fail all of my exams then I'll be back in September for more wonderous editions of *The Beaver*.

Byeee – ED

Students.


We can help you balance your books.

At NatWest we appreciate that while you're studying you're not earning, and that money will be tight.

That's why you should meet Jane Couch, the Student Services Officer at Aldwych Branch, PO Box No 221, Connaught House, 65 Aldwych, London WC2B 4EJ.

She'll be pleased to advise on a wide range of services that could help you out.

So call her on 0171 780 7916 to discuss your balancing act.

 **NatWest**
More than just a bank

Hacks

Now a major motion picture

With the success of many American funded movies being made in Britain; *Braveheart* and *Rob Roy* to name but a few, Hollywood has been keen to make more, and they are looking towards Blighty to supply the ideas as well as the location.

Oxford and its gentle river Cherwell is the inspiration of Pinewood studio's latest project *True Blue*, a gripping story about rowing and boats and so it is no surprise that sooner or later those fat old producers should roll on down to our veritable international institution in search of talent. Surprisingly they did not leave empty-handed, because they had an idea, not a very good idea, but that had never stopped them before.

Their next tumultuous project was to be called *Hacks*, based on our very own sabbatical elections; a story of guile, cunning and Steering committees. The script was churned out just a few weeks later by Joe Estevez (writer of *Showgirls* and *Basic Instinct*). "I liked the idea" said Joe, "especially after they paid me my \$4 million fee, but I needed to add a couple of things to spice it up. I mean those UGMs, they may be exciting if you're there, but on screen it doesn't wash. Upstairs rather than hecklers, the public want dancing girls in bikinis, not throwing scrumpled Arts sections of *The Beaver* (careful - Ed), but ladies underwear instead", he continues, "I was a little unsure of the political undertones and so edited most of the plot out. However I'm most

pleased with the final scene with the candidates battling it out with ice-picks in front of the ballot box. It's just great".

The film has already gone into pre-production with casting in the pipeline. John Woo (*Broken Arrow*) was especially asked to direct; "I've been waiting to do a film like this all my life", says Woo. "I was so happy when we signed Jean Claude Van Damme as Dan and Steven Seagal as Baljit. I just love the rivalry: the story is that one used to be a Navy Seal and the other was in the US Marine corps but both were discharged for disobeying orders. So they came to England to study social policy at the LSE. We had to play around with Joe's script, it was just too political. Instead I introduced some F14 fighters and a hint of napalm in the final sequences just to balance with those sex scenes."

Filling in the rest of the cast has been more of a problem, Martin Clunes (the bloke with big ears in *Men Behaving Badly*) has been signed to play Chris Cooper but finding another Ali Imam seems to be near impossible.

Although shooting hasn't begun yet, the British Board of Film Classification have already voiced their disapproval saying the picture is just too political. The production company Market Forces seem undeterred, "We are not really that concerned, the only political scene is 38 seconds long, it can easily be dispensed with."

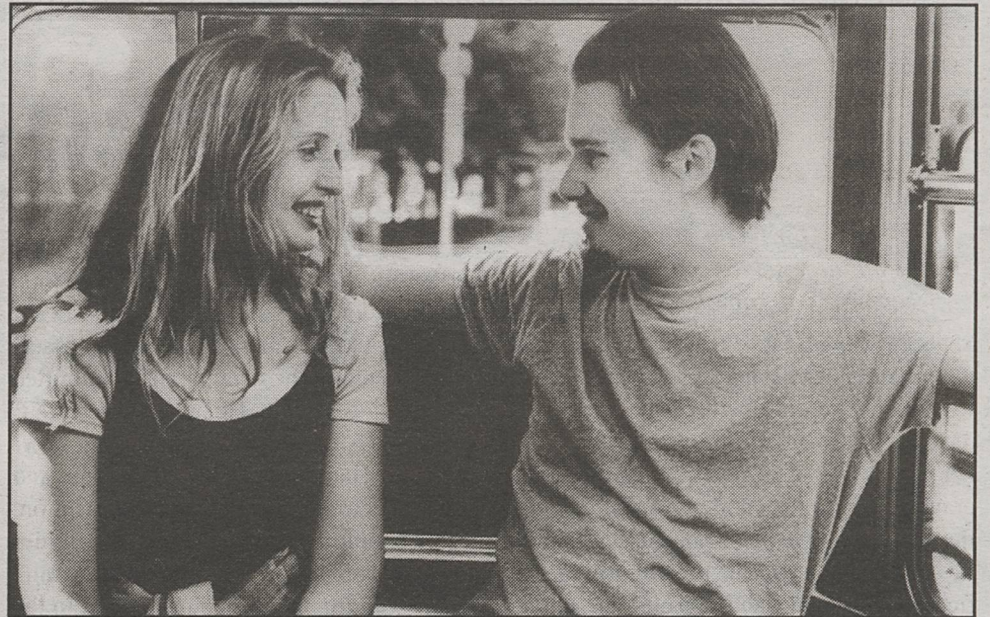
Alexis Derby



How do they do that? The first time that Crowe and Mahal have been seen in the same frame.

Don't innovate, imitate

Lies, damned lies and kitchen cosmology



Ethan Hawke working his magic. How could she refuse? see script (sic)

Photo: Well, yes it is

It has been suggested that I watch far too many films and should be knee-deep in econometrics rather than watching *Dazed and Confused* for the fifteenth time, but I can't help feeling that we have something to learn from the flicks. Characters in the movies always react better to situations than old-muggins-here does in real life and so I have compiled a guide to those cinematic experiences that are asking to be plagiarised.

How to be cooler than the North Sea at 2000m depth in November, trendier than John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever* and hipper than Marlon Brando in a corset. People, this is the proverbial it. You've seen it in Sky, you've seen it in Premiere and you'll see it here last, this is a step by step guide on how to become a 'real life' movie hero.

STEP ONE: Be suave, be very suave. Don't that Bond dinner-jacket and don't remove it whatever the situation; lectures or classes. Don't forget matching Aston Martin. **Cost:** Dinner Jacket, Moss Bros, The Strand, £149; Car, AM Park Lane, £79,580. (Stupidity rating: pretty silly). STEP TWO: Practise some of those great lines: Remember Christian Slater in *Heathers*, who when told by two other students that gays aren't allowed in the canteen, replies "well now, they seem to have an open-door policy on arseholes". **Cost:** about fifteen minutes of your time perfecting the Slater dulcet tone and particularly useful when asked an incomprehensible question in class (Stupidity rating: not really, but guaranteed to offend). Also try the Alec Guinness "if you strike me down Darth, I will become more powerful than you can possibly imagine", although I

am yet to find a relevant application. STEP THREE: the Ethan Hawke to Julie Delpy chat-up-line in *Before Sunrise*, which runs along the lines of; in the future when you're married you'll remember me asking you out and wonder what might have been, but if you spend today with me, when you think back you'll realise what a jerk I was and comprehend how much you love your husband. **Cost:** there is little chance of you ever having enough time to say this without being interrupted or having to re-explain it at least three times, but if it's good enough for Ethan. (Stupidity rating: you'll look very stupid). STEP FOUR: *Blues Brother's* suit and shades. **Cost:** sunglasses £1.99 from Camden market, suit £9 from Oxfam. A cheaper alternative to the Bond look, there's no car insurance for starters. (Stupidity rating: 6 out of aardvark) STEP FIVE: Construction of the Camberwell Carrot from *Withnail & I*. **Cost:** 10p for a pack of skins, £15 for the offending contents only legally available from Holland, you'll have to go there. (Stupidity rating: Just say no!)

Well, there you have it. It may be useful to know that I have only tried a couple of points on this list. The dinner jacket thing doesn't work, although it did improve my cred in my micro lecture. I have been meaning to try the Hawke technique but keep on fluffing my lines: keep on rehearsing and hope that she hasn't seen the film, I suppose.

However my conclusion is in the form of a warning; if you recognise all of the references in this article it's about time you went out a bit more and got a life, and so taking my own advice; I resign. SAS

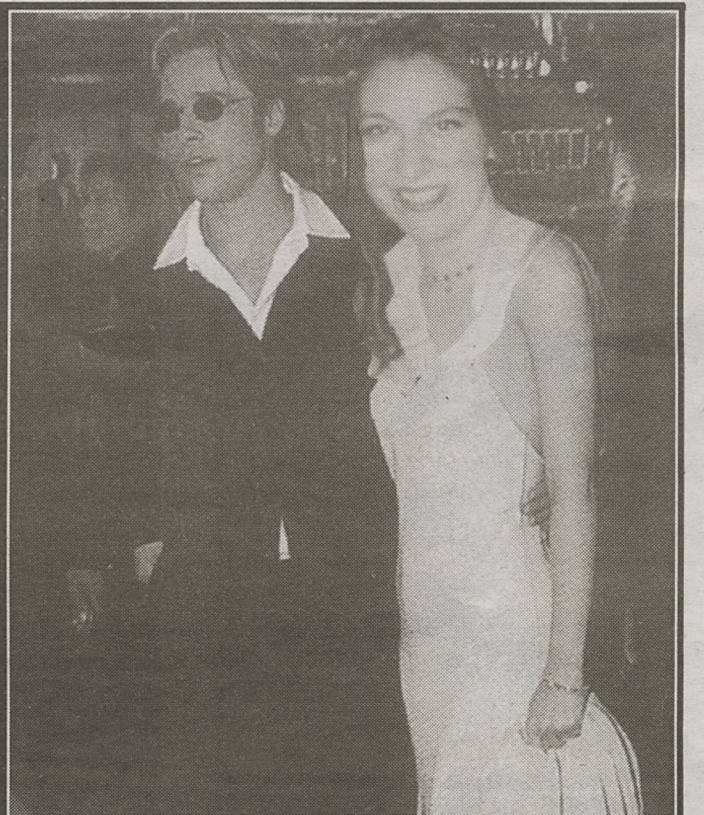
A night at the Oscars

The nearest I ever got to rubbing shoulders with the stars was a brief orgasmic glimpse of Nigel + Shirt of *Eastenders* fame. So imagine my excitement at receiving an invite to the biggest night of the year - namely the Oscars. How I got the invite is neither here nor there, the point is I got one and the rest of you plebs had to put up with drab old Barry Norman.

My immediate concern was with what to wear. A shopping spree using monies from the Access fund was seriously considered but even their allowance would have been far too frugal for what I had in mind - Mark One, Oxford Street was out of the question. As for my student loan that would hardly get me a pair of tights for the occasion and so my buying horizon and credit limit were drastically broadened. After much deliberation, therapy and advice on what everyone else would be wearing I opted for a slender, over the shoulder Christian Lacroix evening dress. "Armani is old news darling - Lacroix is the latest fad" I was told by an over zealous shop assistant. Again there is no need to ask

how I paid for the dress as it is a tawdry and sorry affair but save to say it now takes pride of place in my student's wardrobe.

My first reaction upon arriving was to stay rooted to the seat of my limo because the rolled red carpet just beckoned me to take a classic tumble. Once everyone had disappeared and there was not one nasty photographer in sight I made a dash for it but to my horror it was only to hear the closing remarks of 'Thank you, goodnight'. Not only had every canapé been eaten and glass of Bolly drunk but all those little gold men had been given out. I comforted myself with the thought of making up for lost time at the parties before remembering that my credit limit had not quite stretched to a ticket. To say I was not amused would be an understatement, I didn't even know who'd won let alone rubbed shoulders with the stars. All is not lost though as by now the 68th annual academy awards is old news and Brad Pitt can wait until next year to meet the love of his life.



EJ

In your dreams, Emma

The editors claim no responsibility for what is printed on this page (although they wrote most of it) nor the fact that JC Van Damme suffered a severe groin injury whilst posing for our photo. Although we are not legally liable we nevertheless deny everything, except the abduction of Scully. Thanks to several people for making the arts pages possible this year: Asim Shivji and Emma Justice for their olympic-standard slacking, Uri Geller for bending all those spoons, the members of my MM lectures who read our pages every week and Ola Natvig for doing all the hard work.

Particularly small print: Well, that's all folks. Yes that's it. Stop reading here. Just stop. Look I've got exams to sit as well, go read someone else's page-Ed

The Wright Time To Be Electrically Rogered

Electric Rogers and The Ponchos take Houghton Street by storm, in awesome Wright's Bar gig

Electric Rogers was born and bred in Goose Green on the east of the Falkland Islands and only discovered music by accident;

"Yeah Man, right, it was freaky. There was all these soldiers and shit, firing, like, weapons, you know? A stray bullet was headed straight for my sheep. I thought 'Whoa man... Heeavy' and tried to like deflect it using sound-waves from my guitar, and the high energy resonance deflected its path into an Argentinian helicopter. The vibes saved my sheep man. My vibes will save mother Earth."

For a while this was sadly untrue as Electric Rogers, then known as Gas Rogers, played from house to house about the colony for thirteen years with only limited success. Then, by chance in early 1995, in a fit of depression Rogers drunk 250 pints of lager in two hours and awoke in Dundee, Scotland; "Rock 'n' Roll man". There he was discovered by El Turr Kie Snapps, a drug peddler in the large Mexican Ghetto area of Dundee. El Tur kie recalls their first meeting; "Yo, there was 'dis lowdown mutha honky lying in his own piss. I'm a mean bitch so's I give's him a lickin he aint ever gonna forget and den da mad fucker sings! Sings like a ho on heat! Man fucks my head so badly he ends up jammin with me and my homeboys. The rest is H-I-S-T-O-R-Y man, history."

That was then, and this is now. in those months the sheep shagging jock spick scene has become fashionable thanks exclusively



Electric Rogers (Left) with his wife, kids and furry friends, who are accompanying him on the UK tour.

to Electric Rogers and The Ponchos. El Turr Kie plays down there meteoric rise by saying their music is "...a product of the untalented, sold by the unprincipled, and listened to by wankers." Electric Rogers is less modest saying; "Man, my music is better than it sounds" and "Awh man, have ya got any wet wipes? I've just shat my knickers." El McFur Son the drummer maintains that his records are "receipts to show that you've just been screwed by a whore".

So finally I find myself at the impromptu gig at Wrights Bar, and order the now ob-

ligatory Haggis Enchillada. My knees start to melt in anticipation. Their lyrics are not so much a word feast but a dictionary orgy, their philosophy is an eternal thesaurus enough to make Roget electric. A delicious mix of influences results in a sound that is certain to influence our future culture in a manner not dissimilar to that of The Wyld Stallyns in *Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey*. The teeming crowd of dozens go wild as they instantly unleash their first big hit "Moustache and Sideburns": "...If music be the food of love/I'll eat my fucking hat/I

own nigh on 1000 CD's/ And all my birds were fat..." Sheer genius. For the first time in my journalistic career the entire crowd were, in unison, chanting 'Encore' after the first song. So they played "Moustache and Sideburns" again, twice. The proceeded to reel off hit after hit, including: "Ding Dong, Your Nose is Too Long", "Muscles Are For The Weak", "Dog Shit and Piss" and "God Save The Mean".

After the Gig I went backstage to talk with the lads, after one of the most vocally appreciative send-offs in history. I breached upon the post-anarchic "God Save The Mean" with Electric Rogers: "I love the Queen man, but the current monarchy's plans to change the way averages are worked out is heavy and bogus man. Using the median method is going to ruin everyone's karma, dude. Like, Graham Gooch's test average is gonna drop by 8 runs, totally disregarding his 333 against India in 1990."

Being in touch with today's key issues makes then as big a political force as they are musical deities. Although when asked if their strong political stance clashes with their decision to sell real fur ponchos after the gig for £30 a piece I was told to "Piss off and mind your own business or I'll roger you up the arse until you shit your spleen". These talented lads are destined to be bigger than Africa. Remember, you heard it here first- God save my spleen.

"Dog Shit and Piss" is out next Monday on Criminal Records.

Rolling back for more

Mick Jagger prepares for his biggest comeback yet, his return to LSE

Mick Jagger, lead singer of the Roll ing Stones and ex-pupil of the LSE, announced last week that he is intending to return to the LSE next year to finish the economics degree that he started way back in the sixties. I managed to catch him last week at the registration office where he was finalising the details of his admission. Jagger explained how he came to the decision:

"Well, I suppose the thing that really started me thinking about returning to LSE as a student was when I was elected as Honorary President of the Students' Union last year, it really got me thinking about all the good times I had there."

So what do you think of the LSE now, have you had a chance to look around?

"I began visiting LSE again last year, quite often I'd go for a few jars in the Tuns, it was just like the old days! My favourite haunt over the last year has been returning to my old room at Passfield Hall in Bloomsbury. Passfield certainly beats the f**k out of any of those five star hotels I have to stay in when I'm touring, the rooms are so plush and the food is excellent. My one disappointment was that they've painted over the mural I did in the Bar when I was tripping, it was so psychedelic man, and now it's just grey, what a load of shit! Soon I'll move back in... then I'll paint it black."

But if you've been around the LSE so

much how come no one's recognised you?

"Yeah, well that was a bit of a problem, but I had a cunning disguise, I put on a few extra stone in weight and wore a hideously ugly rubber mask, after that everyone just called me Whippie for some reason."

Academics at LSE have been surprised by Mick's great knowledge of economics:

"Well, I know I was only here for a term, but I did love my course so much, I've always kept up with my studies, I just can't wait to get back to it properly, I've always felt that there's been something lacking in my life, ever since I got a record deal, started making lots of money, taking loads of drugs and shagging loads of fit women, but the thing was I just couldn't get no satisfaction, or girl in action for that matter. I've suddenly realised what it is I've been missing out on, it's all that fun I had studying at the LSE., things just haven't been the same since."

Mick's voice was really charged with enthusiasm, his eyes were alight and his lips were quivering "I only wish I could start again right now but they say I have to wait till October." Right Mick, but does it bother you that it will have taken you quite some time to finish your degree?

"Naaa not at all, you know, I know it will have taken me over 30 years to've completed my degree but even so I bet that's a darn sight quicker than some will take."

R.I.P

Thousands die as heavy metal band show Kings what the LSE thinks of them

Last Thursday 2000 people were killed in one of the most horrific music tragedies seen in Britain. Burn In Hell Muthafuckas played their first and last concert at Kings university. All started peacefully when the only apparent tragedy was their first number *On Your Knees C**t*, a rather overcooked song about a robbery in downtown Detroit, but it all turned sour with their perverted attempts at fame.

Burn In Hell Muthafuckas are a five piece heavy metal band from Zimbabwe, they consist of Leopardman the drummer, Nuclearman, Electrodeboy, Plectrumnob and Joey Deacon. Leopardman has a 98% body tattoo of leopardskin and false fangs the others characteristics become all too obvious. The crowd were shocked when Plectrumnob started to play the guitar in an obscene way and then proceeded to masturbate furiously over the audience below. At the end of the first song Joey Deacon was bludgeoned to death by the

bassist Nuclearman. Nuclearman then swallowed two ounces of weapon grade plutonium and stood by the exit immediately killing anyone who came near. Plectrumnob then jumped into the crowd with an active fire hose causing scenes of unadulterated panic. Leopardman injected himself with the rabies virus and bit anyone who tried to get on stage to stop the devastation. The final merciless act arrived when Electrodeboy attached 2000 volts to his genitals and jumped into the soaking wet pool of people below killing most of the audience outright.

When rescue attempts were made some hours later they were hindered by the high levels of radiation still present and had to return the following day with radiation suits. Their rescue efforts were hindered still by the now frenzied Leopardman who killed two brave men. Leopardman was taken alive but died five days later in intensive care. Before he died he told our reporter this: "It's Rock and Roll man".

The secret diary of a secret diarist

At last-the truth is out about the sad life of the ginger peeping tom

Monday:
Woke up with morning wood thinking about last night's antics in the chapel with Sean and Father Mott-Chodpipe. Tried to have a wank, but my hand, just like Charmaine and Samantha Means, rejected me. I cannot understand what went wrong with me and Charmaine. We got on well, had intelligent conversations, but she just didn't want my long. She said she was a Catholic, which was perfect for me, because no contraception means I can add to my ever-growing ginger army of the undead. I love kids, but I suppose I've got to, seeing as I've got about fifteen of them scattered in ming-holes around the country's slums.

Tuesday:

Saw Christine Wright in college. I don't know what it is about her that I find so attractive. Perhaps it's her dumpy arse, pube hair and ridiculous clothes. If she was a man, she'd be me.

Wednesday:

Played pool with Norm and Simesy in The Tuns. Simesy and I were both potting in the same hole, but Simesy won because he's got better cue action than me. Little did we both know that Norm has a cue with an extension on it and so has beaten us both. Unfortunately, he only ever seems to want to play speed pool.

Thursday:

Bumped into that bastard Dan Crowe while I oozed down Houghton Street. He's such a prick, all he says he got out of "The Young Man's Book Of Militancy". I didn't want to be Gen Sec anyway. I only ran to try and stop Baljit winning. I wouldn't have bothered if I'd known Claire Lawrie and Kate Hampton were going to do that anyway. It was the happiest day of my life when Kate said "yes" at the UGM. It's rare for a nice bird to even look at a fat, ginger merkin like myself, let alone allow me to kiss her in front of a big crowd. I'm not sure why she insisted on putting clingfilm round her mouth for the duration. I know Claire Lawrie's into that sort of thing, but not Kate. I didn't think

you could catch anything by kissing, if you could then I would have transmitted it to Whippe's arse by now. I haven't consummated our marriage yet - she just won't go near my skank-ridden sword. I don't know what she's worried about, it's not as though it's big or anything, and anyway, from what Coops has told me she's a shit shag.

Friday:

Spent an evening stalking Samantha Means in The Tuns. It's so nice for the LSE Students' Union to name their main bar after my weight. In fact, they've named their other bar, the one next to the Brunch Bowl, after what happens when I salivate over women. Samantha is a really nice girl, but don't say anything because this is really important to me. We have different political ideologies, but that doesn't matter because I've shifted allegiances more times than I've shifted mingers away from me by talking about the arts, pretending to be a sensitive guy, when really I'm just a huge pink planet with two fat bollocks so full of frustrated disease-ridden jiz, primed and ready to impregnate my colony of scrubbers and fill the world with more red mongo kids.

Saturday:

Had a lie-in and then Sean did me a hot lunch. Spent the afternoon re-reading Caroline Ridley's love poems and moping over her. She's so charmingly poetic, I'll read you all one of my favourites:

"I stare at the sky and see your face reflected in the moon
imagining your perfect form, I need you with me soon
I love you so much, but only as a friend
Don't ever touch me with your puny, rancid bell-end"

Sunday:

Spent the day writing one of my witty secret diaries, the ones that everyone reads. This one I'm doing for the spoof issue of *The*

Beaver is actually about myself. I'm going to say about how cool and popular I am, and how Barbara and Kate fancy me. Whippe and Coops have been joking about how they're going to do one themselves, taking

the piss out of my comedy clown hair, jolly fat man body, marriage fetish and desire to spread my seed in order to have more kids than Michael Jackson, but they won't do that, will they?



No chance Tom

Photo: Erik Wernevi

LSE Top Ten: Examination Buffoons

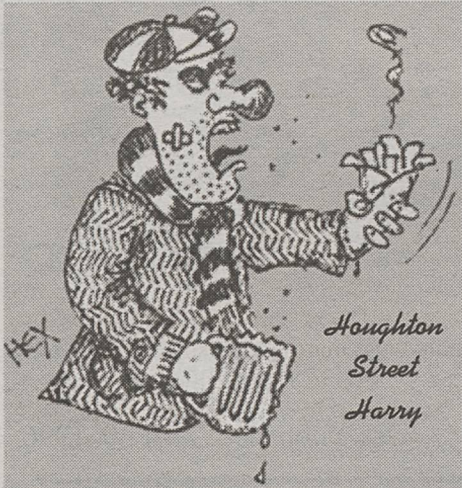
1. **Baljit Mahal** - highlights include Economics A - 4%, Basic Maths - 9%, Basic Stats - he thought it was in the morning (pending appeal)
2. **Raj Paranandi** - deferred QME (Quivering Mental Epileptic)
3. **Omer Soomro** - five exams in a sabbatical year, no wonder he couldn't organise any of those campaigns
4. **Adam Morris** - failed first year due to too many jaunts in Barbados
5. **Kevin Keough** - his kid would have got better marks last year
6. **Matt Miller** - drops marks like he drops people. Passes Economics B with as much proficiency as he passes a football
7. **Kate Hampton** - 3% in Population, Economy and Society
8. **Nigel Boyce** - No hope fifth year Bo Jangles
9. **James Brown** - see 8. The Godfather of deferral
10. **Pronoy Bose** - Mystic Coops predicts 1996 is going to be his year



No chance Tom

Photo: Erik Wernevi

Fantasy Beaverball



1. Farmer Cooper Snares Foxes 202 Chris "Magnet" Cooper	17. I Pull Mingers With My Eyes Closed 134 Marcus "Dirty Boxers/Birds" Kern	32. "You Dirty Old Man" 65 Steve "Oxycute 'em" Curtis
2. Howie Won't Pay The Rent 195 Angus "Legend" Kinnear	18. I Felched Pron, And I Loved It 130 Steve "The Straw" Armitage	33. I Know Raj And He's A Virgin 59 Joanna "Slag" McSheffrey
3. The Judge 190 Danny "Goldie" Fielding	19. Your Breath Smells Of Shit 129 Johnny "Bloooooaarrghh" Parr	34. Kev Popped Your Bird's Cherry 57 William "Ginger Virgin" Hague
4. My Jangling Nerves Cost Us The Cup 190 Matt "Christian Aid" Miller	20. I've Got Delaney's Sloppy Seconds 128 Rachel Weller	35. Easy And Dirty Respectively 53 Emma and Eirien
5= My Jangling Nerves Cost Us The Cup 189 Tim "Waddle" Ludford-Thomas	21. It's Big, But It Doesn't Work 124 Howard "Tank Driver" Wilkinson	36= Bomber Harris Made Dresden Burn 45 Matthias "1966" Mennel
5= Eve Popped My Anal Cherry 189 Scouse "Dildo" Gardiner	22. Do It Again And You're Dead 116 Mick "Mattshagger" Tattersall	36= I Work On My M.P's Briefs 45 Ben "Blue Oyster Dad" Tallis
7. Chodpipe Stabber 180 Dave "Badger" Whippe	23. Not As Fit As Chang Or Ludford 114 Nic "k" Jones	38. Slaphead Sabbatical, Straight? 38 Sam "Benson Was My Fudge" Parham
8. I Was No. 20 179 Alison "Shags" Summerfield	24. Yianni Dunked It In My Basket 106 David Ferrin	39. Little French Bender 36 Greg "Rim Boy" Beurain
9. Even My Invented Bird Mings 178 Pron "Porno Pizza-face" Bose	25. Dropped For Vqllbracht The Tit 95 Ben "Kumbaya" Goodyear	40. Alone In The Theatre 27 James "Rejected" MacAonghus
10. Justice Has Been Done 165 Chris "Told You So" Cooper	26= David Busst/Graeme Le Saux 92 Steven "Bendy-bones" Errikson	41. Scrawny Little Cock 20 Steve "Vicar" Curtis
11. Hypocrite, Woody Alex, Joe Swail, David Bowie, John Lennon, Boris Yeltsin, Emma Pinkerton. FAT 164 Alex "Short Shit Shag" Lowen	26= Carry The Roe In The Shower 92 Rikos "Boy" Leong-Son	42. No Chance With Oraib 14 Tanveer "Saddam" Hussein
12. Should have won 157 Nicola "Melons" Hobday	28. I Want Miller, Not The Buffoon 90 Tanya "Fit" Abou Habib	
13. Hot Lesbo Action 139 Sorrell "Coops Can Cure You" Osborne	29. "Not As Good As Louis" - Rikos 83 Kevin "Superman" Sharpe	
14. I Starred In Steptoe & Son 137 Steve "Victim" Curtis	30. My Flat-Mate Jon French Didn't Shag Georgie - That's Not Normal 73 Alex "Sm" Ellis	
15. QME Makes Me Froth 136 Raj "Exam Mong" Paranandi	31. I Cost Fifts The Final 66 Alain "Apeman" Stambouli	

As the exam term starts and 95% of people develop a sudden diarrhoea problem, Harry's thoughts turn back to the start of the year, when we all had such fantastic intentions with regard to exam success. Let's face it, most of us have talked the best war since the Americans (bless them) decided to try to force the issue in Vietnam. Our sadistic professors, meanwhile, are pissing themselves laughing at the thought of us tossers failing - indeed, they're probably laughing nearly as much as Kevin Keegan did when a thick Scotsman (is there any other type?) decided to lash out seven million quid for Andy Cole.

Next year though will be different, as I've promised myself that I'll work - I'm really going to go tits out academically. Till then, a nightmare period awaits us. After the intense pressure of exams, most of us will spend three months doing shite jobs. Forget dreams of internships with JP Morgan or Schroeders and resign yourself to a summer sticking pepperoni on pizzas. That's for the lucky few... the rest will have to be content if they get a job licking the puss out of Pron Bose's zits. But I didn't want a good job anyway; those are exclusively the domain of rotund, transsexual, dandruff-infested, flip-flop sporting, American, lard-arsed, 90210-watching leprosy victims that stink of shit.

But it's not all doom and gloom. At least we can all look forward to scenes of carnage in Houghton Street on Friday nights, as people decide to expel their frustrations by kicking seven bells of shit out of each other. Friday night, of course, is the only night when anyone actually emerges from the BLPEs, as the whole LSE community (also known as the indigenous population of Malaysia) decide to frequent The Tuns. Amusing fights soon follow, as a plethora of Singaporean dwarfs decide to take out their anger on each other. You have to understand them, though, as masturbation and violence are their only release from Game Theory, and a man's wrist can only take so much action.

Another plus point is that women do look considerably better in the summer. LSE blokes are quick to realise this, as they converge on Lincolns Inn Fields in their coolest shades to gawp at secretaries in short skirts that are inevitably gagging for it. Before the feminists start moaning, you must realise that we are surrounded for the rest of our degree by Venezuelan freedom fighters whose mothers were water buffaloes. The majority of LSE ming queens come from Grimsby and have Jo Brand's physique, Pamela Anderson's brain and Fergie's hair. So we spend three years with fat thicko gingers that want to suck your toes and stink of fish.

So that's it, I've had enough. Exam tension has become too much for me, and so I'm packing my bags and heading for the US. I'll still be surrounded by the same annoying wankers, but at least the weather will be good and it'll be legal to shoot them in the testicles.

So, another football season comes to a close and a new BeaverBall™ champion is crowned. Chris "Goals" Cooper has improved upon last year's second place to take the title, with fellow First Teamers Angus Kinnear and Danny Fielding taking the podium places. Fielding tied with Matt Miller for third spot, but won a penalty shoot-out after Miller jangled his spot-kick wide. Sam Parham continued his election form and finally scraped his way off the bottom, leaving Tani Hussein to prop up the table, closely followed by Steve "Wilfred Brambell" Curtis, who is a twat.

Big Brother gets posterior kicked

Firsts lose 49-point lead and Cup to amazing Seconds

The basketball season came to a close on Thursday 14 March, and the night of the ULU final. Actually, the Cup was fated to travel to Houghton Street before the game even began, for the two teams facing each other were the LSE Firsts and Seconds. Even so, the question on everybody's mind was not about who would win, for the Firsts were the clear favourites. Rather, it was on whether they would manage to beat the Seconds by '40 points plus', as they had claimed they would do on many occasions in the past.

The game started off as one would have expected, with the Firsts taking an early lead in the score. The Seconds hadn't fully recovered from the previous night of debauchery at Christian Wurst's house, and the memory of wild partying with the German women had left its marks on the players. Coach Andy Staab of the Firsts recognised the symptoms from the partying he himself had done in Germany as a lad, and thus knew how to take advantage of the reeling Seconds. Bret Rosen (now also appearing in Amsterdam) was still angry,

having been thrown out of Christian's house for coming uninvited and crashing the party, and he decided to have a party of his own; his scoring soon drove the Firsts to a 49-point lead at halftime.

But at that point, disaster struck the Firsts. The court security were unable to restrain the crowd, which broke loose and rushed to embrace its heroes. Unfortunately, they also carried off five of the Firsts' players with them in the process. Then, during warmup, Leo Von Bredow crashed his head into the rim in his attempt at a 360 degree dunk, and was knocked unconscious. This left the Firsts with only six players. In the meantime, the Seconds debated furiously in the changing rooms, and decided on a new strategy: give the ball to Antonis, the team's new acquisition from the Psychology Department. With him and the usual contributions by Latham, Christoyannis and Anayiotos, the team began to pick up. At the last minute, and with the lead down to two points, Yianni stole the ball from

Andreas Vourloumis and passed it to Joe, who sank the three-pointer. With seconds left, Bill Sanford sprinted down the court to attempt a last layup, but Damir rose up and delivered a majestic block at the buzzer to win the Cup for the Seconds.

The results of this unexpected victory were manifold. The Director decided to hold a second Colours ceremony to reward the new winners. True to their promise, Vourloumis and Rosen will never play basketball again. Finally, the Seconds have rejected offers to become the new First team, out of courtesy to their vanquished rivals, and will allow the 'Firsts' to salvage some of their dignity by being the ones to collect the Cup at the ULU Awards. 'We just wanted to silence our critics, and prove that the united strength of the proletariat can achieve wonders,' said Chairman Skamnelos, the Seconds' spokesman. 'As for next year, we aim even higher. If Vancouver and Toronto can join the NBA, why can't we?' The Firsts' spokesman was not available for comment...

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Double Cup Final Tragedy

LSE heroes fall at last hurdle thanks to Miller, Ludford-Thomas and Stanbouli blunders

It was a case of so near yet so far for the mighty warriors that make up the LSE Firsts and Fifths football teams, when their dreams of ULU cup glory both fell at the final hurdle. By the time the Fifths kicked-off their Lower Reserves clash with Royal Holloway Fifths at 12.30, a large crowd had already gathered. The majority of these were from nearby thriving Egham, but there was a core of LSE support, made up from the Firsts, a large Carr-Saunders contingent and all of Jon Webb's girlfriends. LSE started brightly, but soon the game became the tense, drawn-out affair that characterises most finals. The centre-back pairing of Jim Millard and Pete McSporrان repelled much of Holloway's early pressure, while Webb battled hard in midfield. James Garner worked well down the left flank, showing the sort of faith and determination that can only be gleaned from sticking up for (or should that be sticking it up) Baljit.

While Alain Stambouli amazed the crowd with his monumental goal-kick toe-punts, Captain Marvel Johnny Parr, the one player of class on either side, kept driving forward with a combination of skill and determination. And it was from one of these runs that the ball eventually came to prolific striker Rob Bush, and his mis-hit shot cannoned off their hapless defender and into the net.

1-0 at half-time, Parr continued to motivate his troops, but Holloway were looking the stronger side with every passing minute, and it came as no surprise when an overlap led to a fine equalising strike that gave Stambouli no chance. This is more than can be said for Holloway's winner. A clearance from the cen-

tre-circle should provide no problems for even an average keeper, but seeing as Stambouli, at 5ft 6ins and fat, is clearly below the average, it was always going to present a problem. As the ball came down from orbit, the crowd predicted it would find the net, and Stambouli didn't disappoint. Despite jumping as high as his little, fat legs would allow, he was unable to prevent it going in the middle of the goal. At 2-1 down, it seemed all over, but the brave Fifths thought they had levelled matters in the dying minutes when Rob Bush's speculative effort bounced over their keeper as he came to collect. As he desperately clawed it away, it appeared to have crossed the line, but when you are relying on a ninety year-old called Wilf to make the decision from forty yards away, you can't expect too much, and Mr Yates kept his flag down, much to the disappointment of the baying crowd.

And so it was that the Fifths were beaten. They had fought hard but come out second best. As they hit the bar to drown their sorrows, the Firsts began to focus their minds on the job in hand. Despite holding them to a 0-0 draw the previous Wednesday, this match against Goldsmiths, the champions elect, was always going to be a tough match. It looked a lot tougher up until twenty minutes before kick-off, when the Saunders entourage of Jones, Chang and Ludford-Thomas finally turned up. This sort of preparation was in keeping with the general relaxed demeanour of the team, in high spirits until the moment when sub keeper Fat Lowen decked Emma's brother Andrej, our brave mascot, during the warm-up. This was a blow to team morale, as despite being only fourteen, the lads would have preferred him in centre-

midfield to Rikos. Nevertheless, Leong-Son picked himself, and also selected both Chang and Venini, making Markus Kern the unlucky man to miss out. He excelled himself more than usual with his motivational skills, so much so that we went one-nil down earlier than usual, as early as the tenth minute. Matt Miller gave away a free-kick out on the left and the Golds' striker evaded Nic Jones to head it home powerfully, giving Svein no chance. From then the match settled into a war of attrition. Both defences began to dominate, with Cooper, Miller, Fielding and Curtis looking as solid as usual at the back. Jones was inches away from connecting with a Curtis free-kick, and Kevin Sharpe's long throws were a constant threat, but at half-time the score was still one-nil. The long interval gave time to discuss tactics and it was a different LSE side that started the second-half, beginning to show the composure to match the



Venini, about to make his first tackle of the season

Photots: Erik Wernevi

battle of the first-half. Within minutes the chance to level arose when Venini was tripped inside the penalty box. With Curtis having missed on Wednesday from twelve yards, Goals Cooper claimed responsibility and thrust the hopes of LSE onto his broad shoulders. With no sign of nerves, he firmly planted the ball into the bottom corner to level matters, much to the delight of the LSE fans that were now packing the stand. From then on Goldsmiths were always on the back-foot, yet for all their pressure, LSE were unable to create any clear-cut chances. Kern came on for Venini to give the side better shape, but as the game entered its closing minutes it became clear that it would take something very special to separate two equally-matched sides.

As the game moved into extra-time, tiring legs and bouts of cramp took their toll, with only the super-fit Cooper able to provide any inspiration. Curtis went off injured, to be replaced by crowd favourite Dave 'Badger' Whippe, but still LSE held the upper hand. Chang and Kern both had shots but neither could force a winner, and so the game marched unsurprisingly into the feared penalty shoot-out. They scored first, but 'Iceman' Cooper levelled comfortably. Michelsen then made a fine save, diving to his left, and Leong-Son converted to give LSE the lead. They scored again, as did Nic Jones, though slightly fortuitously. From then on the tide tragically turned. First Michelsen came desperately close to saving another penalty, and then Matt 'Bo Jangles' Miller showed himself palpably unable to handle the pressure of the big game by hitting the outside of the post. For some strange reason he celebrated anyway though. At 3-3 with one round left, Michelsen then made a great save only for referee Vallois to penalise him (quite rightly) for moving before the kick was taken. The penalty was finally converted, and Ludford-Thomas, needing to score to keep LSE in the final,

blazed over to leave Goldsmiths rejoicing and LSE absolutely gutted.

And so it was the valiant cup run had come to an end at the final hurdle, and in the most unfortunate of manners. It was more tragic than Steve Curtis; we had outplayed them; their keeper had not made one save in the shoot-out and most of all, it was by far our two best players over the course of the season who would be remembered for this defeat. Yet many good things did come out of this match. The back five, all of whom will remain next year, have shown themselves as good a unit as any in London, and along with Sharpe, Venini and Chang will form part of a side which will surely have a very strong challenge for both league and cup next season. And more importantly, on the shittiest day in living history, so many people came to cheer us on. So a big thanks to Mr and Mrs Fielding, Curtis, Cooper, Jones, Parr, Mr Sharpe (great to see you back), Liz, Scouse, Howie, Brian 'Legend' Whitworth, Erik, Fat Tom, the Fifths, Darrell, 'Saurus, Angus, Emma and the André's, the Steve Curtis fan club, anyone we've forgotten and, last but not least, the Saunders posse. Your support was very much appreciated, sorry we couldn't have sent you home happy.

Cup Final Ratings

Fifths

Stambouli 6, Garner 7, Biswas 6, McSporrان 7, Millard 7, Parr 8, Caswell 5, Webb 7, Hampton 5, Rahman 5, Bush 6

Firsts

Michelsen 7, Curtis 6 (sub 100 mins Whippe 6), Cooper 9, Miller 8, Fielding 8, Sharpe 6, Leong-Son 6, Jones 7, Venini 6 (sub 60 mins Kern 6), Ludford-Thomas 6, Chang 5



Benchwarmer Lowen ponders where his next burger is