



The Beaver

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Task Force states its case Review Group on student poverty makes public its findings

By Pernilla Malmfalt

A press conference was held last Thursday, to discuss the report from the Review Group on Student Hardship and Services.

This 'Task Force' was set up as a joint venture between the School and the Students' Union on December 5th 1991. Talking to the journalists were School's Director Dr John Ashworth, General Secretary of the Students' Union, Michiel van Hulten, and LSE's Press and Publicity Officer, Iain Crawford. Also present was John Barnes, from the Government Department who has been in charge a survey investigating the severity of the problem of student hardship and lack of financial aid from the government. The survey was randomly sent out to 1000 LSE students and the results so far were commented upon. In addition, information summarising the report was provided on a leaflet by the Students' Union.

The final completion of this substantial report will be published in full shortly. In its findings, the Group is unanimous that there are "real and urgent problems resulting from the ruthless financial pressure by the Government on higher education". It is claimed that students can no longer manage their finances without extensive borrowing, paid employment or parental funds. It is the increase of student debts, during this time of recession, that has given cause for concern at the School. Although the investigation involved both home-students and overseas students, it was recognised that home-students are "more vulnerable" since they are funded by the government and hence are facing more hardship than other students. The main concern of the findings was that second year undergraduates appear to be in the worst position, shown by the overall highest level of loans or borrowings. This implies worsening conditions to the changes that have come



The Task Force's instigators face the press

Photo: LSE Photo Department

within the last year, considering the third year undergraduates were financially better off than second years. There appeared to be no significant difference in financial stability/instability between males and females.

According to the survey, which so far shown a 40% response rate:

*49% of the students that were sampled were in debt.

*A third of the students get more than their assessed parental contribution.

*Another third of students who are entitled to assessed parental contribution are not getting part or any of it.

*The last 33% are getting the amount they should.

Mr Crawford put this in relevance to the on-going recession, saying that this exemplifies the fact that the recession is very much

hitting the middle-class. It is evident that parents are not providing funds or aid as liberally as the might have done in the past. Mr Crawford labelled this as the "most serious problem" at this particular time.

25% of the sampled students started this academic year with at least £500 debt and the same percentage is expected to end the year with debt mounting to £1000, an amount which the Director suggested was "very high for anyone, especially students". The study also shows that few are attracted to the government's loan schemes; only 12 percent are engaging in such a system. However, it was pointed out that this reflected the national situation, given the number of respondents eligible to apply. Given the existence of debts, Mr Barnes com-

mented on the peculiarity of the low number who have opted for a loan scheme stating that "the system provided by the government is actually a very good deal and would prove to be cheaper than using credit card schemes and other options which more students are using".

At the moment there is no evidence of an increase in drop-outs of student, but Van Hulten stressed the problem for part-time students who are not eligible for student grants and who have to pay the full poll tax.

The Review Group's achievements, were presented in a positive light by both the Director and Van Hulten during the press conference.

Dr. Ashworth said he welcomed the "strong and constructive attitude that the Student Union ... have shown in working together

on this project.'

Van Hulten himself, was "delighted" with the results of the Review Group, "because they meant that the LSE will be investing in its student services, this year to the tune of an additional £45 000".

He also pointed towards the changing face of student politics within the last few years, saying that the Student Union used to be famous for its sit-ins and occupations: "Now, the barricades have made way for the board-room, and the outcome of the Review Group just goes to show that you do not have to espouse radical means to achieve radical ends". He hopes that other Student Union's across the country will follow LSE's example and adopt similar schemes.

The message from LSE is clear, claims Van Hul-

ten; "We are prepared to do our bit for student welfare, now it is up to the politicians to do their bit."

A letter from the joint chairmen, Dr Ashworth and Van Hulten, has been sent to the Prime Minister, the leader of the Opposition and the Liberal Democrats as well as to Kenneth Clarke, the Education Secretary. It informs the politicians of the School's action and asks them to comment on their individual parties' policies on the relevant issues raised by the Review Group. The letter urges this to be done in advance of the coming election.

On 3 March, the Standing Committee of the Court of Governors will be discussing the Review group report and are expected to endorse the recommendations.

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Jon Bradburn explores MvH's role in JFK's assassination in *Campus* page 4

John Pannu apologises for his previous letter in *Opinions* page 6

Steve Thomas looks at Oliver Stone's look at JFK in *Arts* page 8

Even more JFK conspiracy theories abound in *Features* page 14

Andy Hull defends his Lightweight Middleweight boxing crown in *Sports* page 16

Commentary

Union Jack

Run RAGged

After a full night's Rag Week Treasure Hunt last Wednesday/Thursday, Jack was quite surprised to see so many bright-tailed and bushy-eyed eager Beavers at last week's UGM, but alive they were, albeit somewhat RAGged.

The meeting got off to its now traditional close with a vote on the motion that was tabled at the previous meeting, and then the fun began.

As a loyal contributor to and staff member of LSE's own weekly rag, Jack had an inkling as to what was in store for the audience at the meeting, at least at the start. After the announcements from the Chair, VC Ron took the microphone for the first time since abdicating his somewhat dubious position as King of the Balcony Boyz. Attired in full Lumberjack dress (unlike Neil the night before in his Scottish kilt and possibly nothing underneath), he led the Eager Beaver Rag Week Treasure Hunt team in a rousing rendition of that wonderful Monty Python favourite, The Lumberjack Song.

But while such festivities may be unusual for a UGM, this Rag Week rendition was quite the party. Before leaving the stage, the Eager Beavers accosted Simon, almost throwing the Chair from his chair, and stole his designer, snowman-decorated socks. Of course, it was all in good fun, as one of the items on the Hunt was "A Snowman in Houghton Street." As Mother Nature wouldn't oblige, Jack thinks it was nice of Simon to do.

Then Kojak, er, Michiel got up to make his announcements, and in a surprise move resigned from the Anti-Nazi League, a group which promised to be a key player in the latter part of the meeting. Speaking of later in the meeting, considering Michiel's new 'do, Jack finds it odd that Michiel resigned from the ANL when he did. But Jack is a bit ragged as well, and will explain that later.

A completely ragged Chancellor Tubby — er, Toby — then played the lemming and resigned from the ANL, but Jack understands that he did this strictly on his own and not because he so admires and wants to emulate his DSG co-exec. (At 2/1, could No. 10 loom in the Chancellor's future? Jack will be sure to do a thorough investigation of the matter. Check this space or Busy Beaver for future details...)

When Fiona got her chance to speak she looked more ragged than any of those who had stayed up all night, but it was LSE's own Salman Rushdie who it seems has been run ragged by the executives and Beaver hacks who read the article he wrote to his friend Daisy in last week's paper. For more info, turn to pages 5 and 6 of this fine tabloid.

And now, as Jack likes to try to make this a chronological account with as few bits of foreshadowing as possible, we shall now break from the typical pseudo-news account given herein and review the General Secretary's new hairstyle.

Martyn the Quad 'Cutter gave a fine performance and the outcome was, despite the week's theme, quite un-ragged. Michiel appeared nervous throughout and seemed to want to leave in the middle of the shave, but the result was worth the effort (?) it took to collect the £400 for Rag Week. With a nice Mercedes Benz symbol ingrained in Michiel's newly buzzed scalp, and the letters L, S & E shaved one in each "triangle," the Gen Sec certainly will be able to display his school spirit for the next few weeks. A pity, though, that Big Bob had to go and loan him a Boston Red Sox cap. Michiel looked so good posing as Suke's twin.

As for the rest of the meeting, the ANL and the UJS had some sort of run in whilst Michiel was getting buzzed, but with all the commotion Jack, and, it seems, the rest of the people present, had a difficult time following the events. In the end an anti-fascism, pro-ANL proposal that few people saw was voted against, and a predominantly UJS-backed motion opposing the ANL was passed.

Considering the wide-awakeness of so many of those present, Jack is amazed that anything was accomplished at all on Thursday (including this column). Here's hoping your weekend wasn't as ragged as all that. Cheers!

Anger over students' poverty

20,000 march on Hyde Park in demonstration over hardship

By Zaffa Rashid

The student march against government underfunding of higher education, last Wednesday, was attended by an estimated 100 LSE students. This was lower than the expected turnout, and two of the four coaches hired to take students to Battersea Park were unused.

It has been argued that a contributing factor was that the school refused to reschedule several lectures, that may have prevented students going. Poor weather may also have led to the apparent apathy.

Police estimate a total of 12,000 students were present, but later news reports suggested a figure of 20,000, many of whom had travelled overnight from Scotland.

Amongst London colleges, one of the largest representations came from Royal Holloway and



Scenes from Wednesday's demonstration

Bedford New College. The demonstration was fol-

lowed by a rally in Hyde

Parque. It was a peaceful demon-

stration, with no reports of

violence or arrests.

Labour would block LSE County Hall bid

Leaders have alternative plans for use as Greater London Authority Headquarters

By Matthew Rees

Amidst the current speculation surrounding the possible relocation of the LSE to County Hall, The Labour party has made clear that they would prevent such a move should they win the General Election.

Speaking at a fringe

meeting at the Labour Local Government Conference in Blackpool last weekend, Bryan Gould, Labour's Environment spokesman said, "So far as County Hall is concerned I have no doubt whatsoever that the right and proper and natural home for a Greater London Authority is the riverside building at

County Hall."

Demonstrating his opposition to Michael Heseltine's intention that the site should be sold to private developers, he continued that he is "giving every support I can to Lambeth to make it clear that a Labour government intends to use the County Hall building for that purpose, and I there-

fore hope that we can frustrate Heseltine's plans and that we will indeed see a GLA in that building."

The comments by Mr Gould were made in the context of outlining Labour's plans for local government in London, full details of which are to be published in a new policy document this month.

AU Sabbatical plans face problems

Court of Governors reject SU proposal

By Beaver staff

Athletics Union hopes of getting their own sabbatical were thwarted when their proposal were rejected by the Standing Committee of the Court of Governors. The grounds for the rejection were that the Athletics Union did not go through

the correct Constitutional procedure. The attempt to call a Athletics Union General Meeting was hampered due to the meeting being inquorate.

Antonia Mochan, the Student representative on the School Athletics Committee, does not see the decision of the Standing Committee as the end of

the proposal. "The idea did not get thrown out completely, but was just rejected at this stage," she said. "We now need to call a meeting of the whole AU and formulate a convincing proposal for the athletics committee to consider," adding that the Director had promised to take the advice of this committee.

Responding to suggestions that an administrative assistant would be more helpful to the AU, Mochan claimed that the position needed to be a Student Sabbatical as someone was needed who could represent the Union to potential sponsors and sporting groups.

News in Brief

SU invest in NUS Company

The Students Union is to invest £1860 in a new company formed out of the old NUS Supplies company and another company operating in the same field. The decision, taken by the Union's Finance Committee, was announced along with increases in society budgets as follows: Mature Students Society £150; LSE Review Group £133; Italian Society £50; Economics Society £64.

Constitution EGM

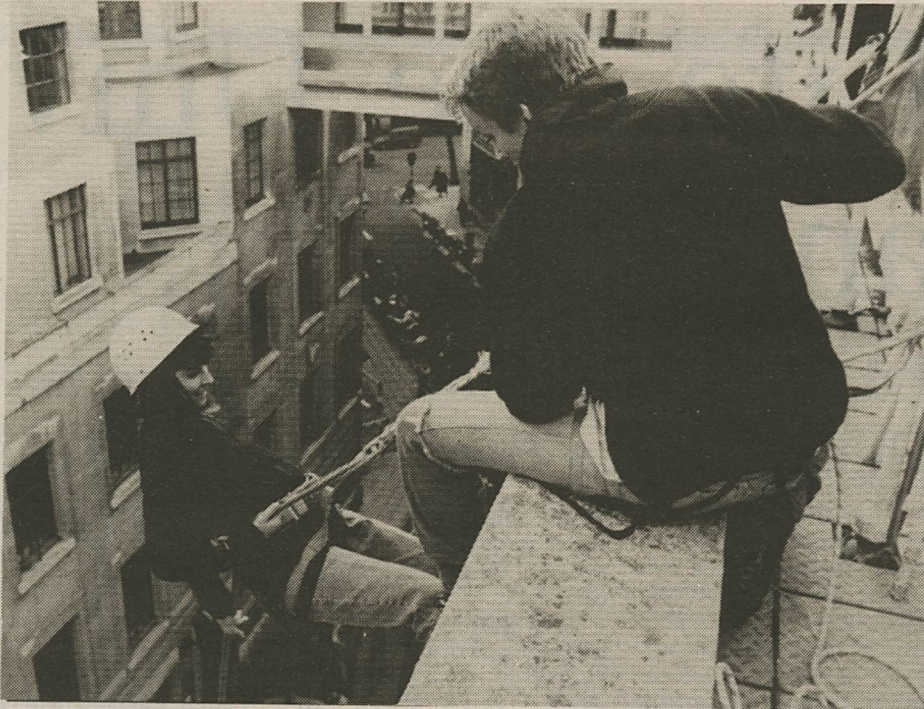
An Emergency General Meeting is to be held on Thursday to discuss the proposed new Constitution. Michiel van Hulten, the proposer, has accepted all but one of the amendments. The new Constitution is expected to be voted in during the meeting.

County Hall

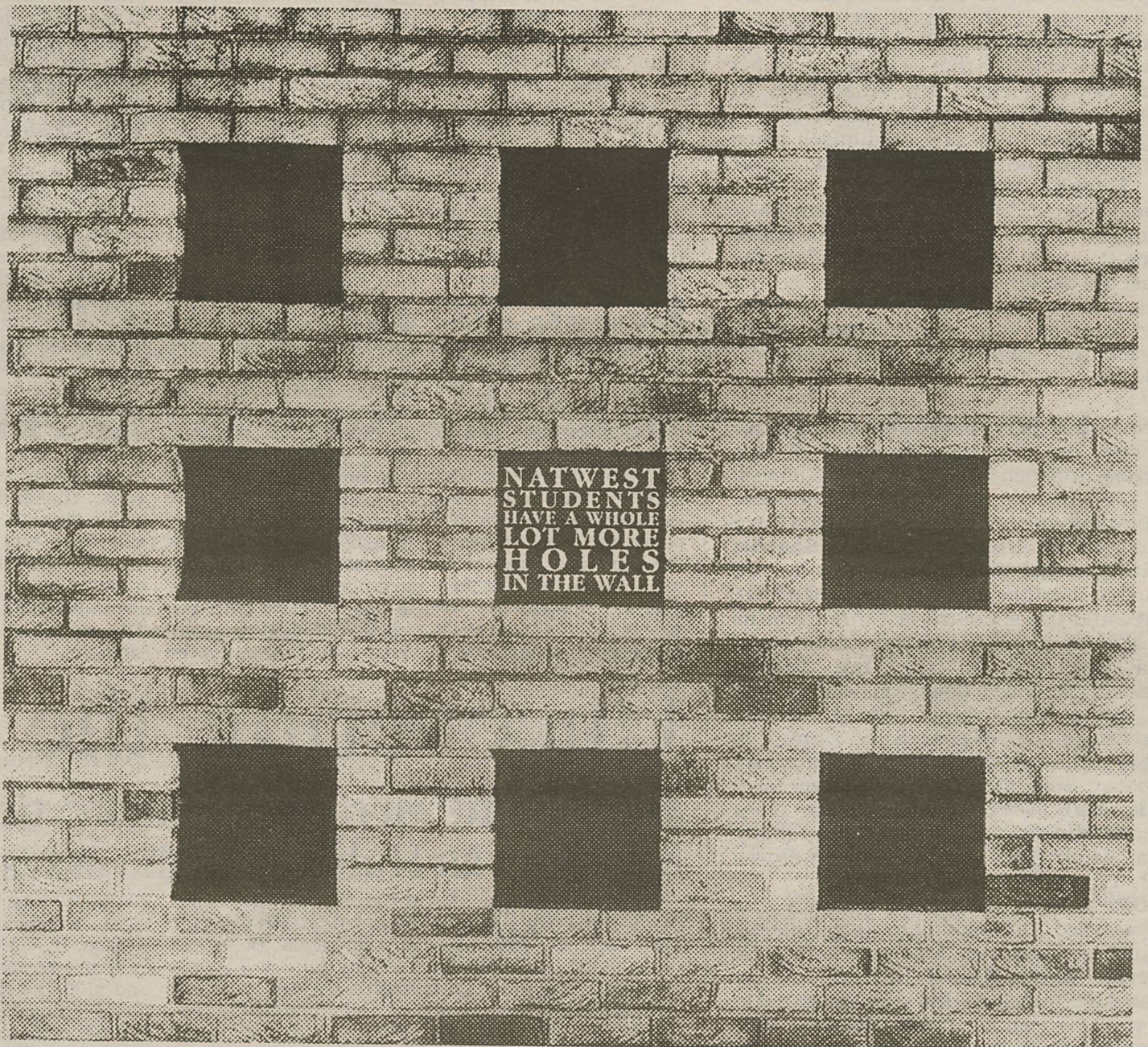
Lambeth council is expected next Wednesday to confirm whether or not planning permission has been granted to the LSE for change of use of County Hall to educational purposes. It has been suggested that the council would prefer to delay the decision until after the General Election. However in this event Lambeth will be left with a less favourable option, of allowing the London Residuary Body to market the site to a Hotel group.

Tories Student Charter

The Guardian of 10 February carried a report on a proposed Students Charter, which would give Students a say in Lecturer's pay reviews. It is thought that this would provide lecturers with an incentive for improvement in teaching practices; this system is used in many US universities. Other proposals include the provision of higher quality services, especially in grant and loan payments. It is also expected to offer prompter service to residents in halls and hostels.



Rag Roundup: Over £400 was raised for Michiel to get the chop (above), and students abseiled down the Old Building for just £2.99 (left)



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Machiavelli

There has been a certain amount of backstabbing in the corridors of power recently as the Sabbatical elections get ever closer. The issue has been further complicated by Rip van Winkle's attempt to send everyone to sleep for the next twenty years by changing the constitution. Assuming these go ahead, however, the four sabbatical posts breakdown as follows:

PRESIDENT: Chancellor Tubby (DSG) at 2/1 seems to be hot favourite at the moment. Undoubtedly he carries a lot of weight, but his general unfitness may allow **Antonia Mochan** (DSG) 3/1 to steal the nomination. She would be the first woman candidate in years to gain more votes from the AU than the 'Womans Group'. Either of these candidates would face stiff competition from **Ron Voce** (Independently Long Haired but Aware). Ron's joyful zest and bouncy manner put him firmly in the running at 3/1. But all these assume that the punters want someone interesting for president. It could be that we continue with a 'boring but competent' van Winkle type. In which case **Adrian Cattely** (Egoist Green) could continue to try and get himself press coverage, and has to be worth an outside bet at 6/1. **Eugene Isaacs** (Labour) at 7/1 provides solid but tangential opposition. For a real long-shot, however, put a pound on **Steve Prince** (Monster Raving Pantomime) at 50/1. Just the person to drag the Union kicking and screaming back to the Sixties. Or you could always vote Tory; **Simon Reid** (Conservative) may be in with a chance, partly because he is also returning officer (60/1).

FINANCE & SERVICES: Difficult to judge this one, but the clear favourite is **Jon Spurling** (Independent Tobacco & Guinness) at 2/1. His flat cap, genteel manner and love of a pint or two puts him at one with a large section of the Union electorate. **Shabbir 'Airhead' Jogee** (DSG) could just secure the nomination ahead of **Will Shepard** (DSG), as the latter has spent the last three months permanently stoned in Holland. Either would be a safe bet at 5/1. **Ian Prince** (Conservative) will go down well with anyone who loves vegetables (20/1), whilst **Dominique Dee-light** (Silly Name) is liable to pick up a large chunk of the Anarchist sympathy vote (25/1). Finally, we have **Mubin Haq** (SWSS/ANL), whose deep understanding of financial matters and ability to read will frighten punters away in droves (250/1).

E/OPS & WELFARE: Van Winkle's new post has failed to arouse much interest, mainly because everyone finds it as boring as he is. However, **Razia Sharif** (Darling of the Balcony) has indicated that she is prepared to risk it (3/1), whilst **Peter Harris** (DSG) may well attract votes with his silly jumpers (4/1). Or how about **Dave Jones** (Anarchist/ALF). He would certainly make the Union a safer place for Beagles, and has to be worth a shot at 7/1. Given the Tories past record on Student Welfare, it is unlikely that they would have the cheek to stand anyone, although I did notice a pig flying over Houghton Street this morning.

ENTERTAINMENTS: The most open race of the lot, with no clear favourite emerging as yet. Runners are said to include **Jon Bradburn** (Alcoholics Anonymous) at 5/1, whose cheeky smile and inability to take anything seriously will be ideal for the job. **Paul Cann** (Scandal monger) would also be well suited (5/1), although he would be in competition with fellow Beaver Hack **Neil Andrews** (Millwall Blunders). Rumour has it the Blunder Boy himself thinks he can do the job, although his thinking hasn't shown much perceptivity so far, (10/1). **Martin Lewis** (Ragged) also feels he deserves some support (12/1). But the outside long-shot has to be **Mark Denny** (Frank). Although little known about, his lazy grace, good looks and ability to con people could well gain him a lot of votes. My money is on this one at 50/1.

Life, the Universe, and Hoffers

Ed Jauregui explores the mysteries of Big Good Things, Really Big Things, and Really Good Sex.

Under the shower, cold air clinging to any inch of skin presently struck by a droplet of hot water, you discover in your soapbox only a uselessly minute sliver of soap. Plastered between armpits on the morning tube, you fail to hear your wallet plopping to the floor amidst the unbearable roar of the train. Minutes later you must explain to a burly underground employee why you have no ticket or any money with which to pay for one. You are embarrassingly late to your presentation, and are forced to gasp and wheeze through the first five minutes due to your sweaty run up five flights of stairs ('This lift is out of order, and the other will remain on the 6th floor until you decide to climb up the stairs. We apologize for the inconvenience, and for being such bastards').

It's the little things that getcha'. Malfunctioning appliances, small painful paper cuts and bumps on the head, lost keys; nothing serious, nothing substantial to blame as the source of your anger or depression; only a constant

accumulation of minor mishaps that plot your slow murder by stress-induced diseases.

Why should our state of mind be so subject to these everyday trivialities? It works both ways, of course. Little pleasures such as chomping on homemade chocolate chip cookies, winning a football match, or deciding to skip a lecture at the last minute (not to mention almost every bed-related occupation), often seem to be the ones we most enjoy and appreciate.

There are Big Things as well, yes. Passing all your exams at the end of the year would be a Big Good Thing (BGT). Walking into your boy/girlfriend's room and finding someone else bouncing around under the sheets with him/her might well constitute an example of a Big Bad Thing (BBT). In the long run, however, it turns out that all Big Things are actually quite small and insignificant as well. Think of that holiday trip your parents didn't let you make at age 14. Back then you felt that life had no meaning for you, that your mum

and dad might as well have sold you to slave traders or chained you to the inside of your closet for the rest of your days. Yet with hindsight you laugh — what a stupid kid you were.

Listen. Can you hear your future self laughing at your present troubles? If you fail to appreciate the humour, try putting yourself in his perspective — laugh with him! Today's Big Things are tomorrow's Little Things, some famous philosopher probably said. Yet most of our hopes, fears, worries, and joys depend on just such ridiculous events. Rather silly, I find.

Rarely do we stop and consider the things that really matter: Really Big Things (RBT's). I mean REALLY big — like, not even huge or colossal; I'm talking vast, dude. Cosmic. These are the only timeless questions, the eternal biggies: life, death, God, love, the universe, time, friendship... That annoying trick where they cut the woman into three bits and push out the middle bit. The way a straw seems to split at the waterline of your glass. The sound of one hand clapping.

But when do you ever think or speak of these, the Really Big Things of life? Not often, in this fast-food, fast-watch world. Only every so often do you find yourself chilled to the bone by your own spoken thoughts, sitting huddled with your best friend in a dark corner of a cold bedroom, way past pub-closing times; or watching heartfelt words drip off your tongue soft and sweet, lying in peaceful post-RGS (Really Good Sex) tranquility. The very fabric of the universe seems to quiver with the loosing of these ghosts and goblins that haunt our minds: confessions of friendship, idealistic hopes, cynical views, repressed fears. These are the moments you later recall as large X's on your personal timeline.

Fortunately, you normally forget the actual words spoken, remembering only the taste of the tears, or the song that filled the room. Most of these conversations would seem terribly embarrassing now. The magical 'atmosphere' necessary for these topics

Continued on page 5

Uncovering the Truth

John Bradburn discovers the ties between Michiel van Hulten and the assassination of JFK

For many years speculation over the true events of 22nd November 1963 have shook the United States of America. Claims and counterclaims have volleyed tennis-ball-like around the political arenas of America and the world. Jim Garrison's theories have been largely discredited, but the idea that it was a conspiracy with Lee Harvey Oswald as a scapegoat have been widely, if not openly, accepted. All of the theories however pale in comparison when matched against the theory I am about to propose.

Previous theories have mooted the idea of a Cuban/Mafia threat but have never been able to bring together enough of the many threads of evidence to make such accusations stick. Now, however, the real truth has become clear.

Allow me to take you back to Italy, c. 1940 — the great Mafia families of the age ruled with a grip of iron; bribery, corruption and gratuitous violence were the order of the day. One such family, headed by the Mafia chief Don Hultoni and his band of tortellini-wielding

thugs, ruled the Scandanavian Quarter using the now infamous "Bolognese Tax" to fund their vast empire, decided to branch out and attempted to control some of the many emerging South American countries. The Don, obsessed with his idea of global domination, gaining not only vast areas of land, but some of the best footballing nations in the world, went with his only daughter, Michelina, on a fact-finding and pillage mission to Cuba.

There he met and befriended a young but up and coming politician by the name of Fidel Castro. Castro and Michelina fell madly and passionately in love. He doted upon her, she was besotted by him. The Don, seeing how in love they were, left his daughter with Fidel, promising that this would be the start of a long and fruitful friendship.

Twenty years passed and Castro had then taken over power in Cuba, still "dating" his Italian girlfriend Michelina by whom he had a child — Kevin Castro. Michelina had become an adviser to the Cuban em-

bassy and was, in her own right, a very important woman. By this time, John F. Kennedy was in power and after the Bay of Pigs fiasco, Kennedy, in a face-saving operation, shut down the Cuban embassy and impounded the diplomats. Kennedy's office was large, but not large enough to accommodate the 127 staff members of the embassy he had personally taken prisoner, so he had to move some up to his retreat at Camp David. This is where the fateful meeting between Michelina and John F. Kennedy occurred. She couldn't help herself and yet again fell madly in love. Kennedy too, being the drug-taking, womanising rapskallion he was, couldn't resist her and, although their cultures, background and politics were somewhat different, he agreed to take her on as his live-in lover.

Understandably, Castro was quite unhappy when he heard of this and, blinded and maddened by rage ran to his young son Kevin, age 9 months, and asked him whether, in his honest opinion, he should

kill that capitalist whore Kennedy.

Kevin replied in the only way he knew how — spitting, farting and sticking his fingers up his daddy's nose. Castro immediately commissioned a death squad to destroy Kennedy, and using the links he had made with Don Hultoni, who had long since severed all links with the daughter who had brought dishonour to the family name, carried out the assassination on Nov. 22, 1963.

Michelina, fearing for her life, pleaded diplomatic immunity and fled back to Cuba. There she stole her son "Kevin" from the Castro household under cover of darkness (posing as an Avon lady) and ran to Holland. There she set up home with her son. She reverted to her family name, but with a subtle difference to fool any would-be Mafioso assassins, and also renamed her son after her own name — and thus Michiel van Hulten was "born." The rest, as they say, is history.

Busy Beaver

The latest scandal from your favourite dirt-digger...for your eyes only!

Greetings fellow academics. BB here bringing you the best in gratuitous gossip from around this great and proud institution we lovingly refer to as the LSE.

Hope you all enjoyed the fun and frolics of Rag Week, here's keeping our fingers crossed for a profit this year.

On the subject of Rag, BB received a complaint from our illustrious Rag Chair. It seems that he didn't like the name 'Elsie' that this column assigned to him. He said, and I quote, "I think I should be given a different name, something like 'Elephant Dick'". Well, what more can I say? No wonder he is considering running for Social

Secretary.

LSE's very own Salman Rushdie look-a-like has had to eat a rather large slice of humble pie this past week. It seems that the Sabbaticals gave him a real ear-bashing after he wrote a not so complimentary letter to the Mad Queen Beaver in last week's Beaver. In his letter Salman told MQB that she had Mad Cow Disease and that her ambition was to be a topless reporter for the Sunday Sport.

Now, BB does not know the intimate details of MQB's health and definitely doesn't want to try and picture her topless (I have yet to recover from the sight of her abseiling down the side of the Old Building in figure-hugging leggings).

Anyway, ol' Salman showed that he wasn't such a bad sort after all and went to apologise to MQB. He said that normally he was a real cool guy and was a reasonable chap almost 90% of the time. He even gave her a bunch of flowers, and his letter of apology is in this week's Beaver for all to read. BB does like a story with a happy ending.

At least three students had to be admitted to UCH last week suffering from shock. The poor individuals were walking down Houghton Street minding their own business when they were suddenly and distressingly confronted with the sight of President Brownie abseiling down the Old Building in nothing but his boxer shorts. One young

lady was later heard to say that it was like "something out of a Steven King novel". BB thinks that we should all be grateful that President Brownie at least had the decency to wear his boxer shorts. It was probably a wise decision from his ego point of view considering just how cold it was that afternoon. Elephant Dick would certainly not have been appropriate.

Rip van Winkle decided to dispel once and for all the terrible rumours and lies about how boring he is. He was going to ascend to the top of the Old Building and bravely drop over the edge, abseiling down to the ground with grace and style. Alas, a sudden attack of vertigo shattered the great man's plans and he settled for a cup of coffee

in the Brunch Bowl. Oh well.

In last week's bumbling Beaver you might have noticed the Valentine's message to MQB from one 'Greyhaired of Balham'. BB can reveal that this spoof message was put in by none other than Chancellor Tubby (who is currently at 2/1 for the Gen. Sec. position). Usually, BB would not encourage his readers to turn to anything but the Campus section in this wonderful journal of great writings, but I'll allow you to sneak a glance at the Opinions section just this once. There you will witness how 'Greyhaired of Balham' (also known as PizzaBurger Phil) gets his own back on Tubby.

BB hears that the Roseberry Rose (of ex-Big Bob

fame) was not very happy with the Roseberry Hall elections. She claimed that they were undemocratic and unfair merely because some people voted several times each. Naturally enough, she was given a lot of stick and told to belt up.

That's it for another week. Remember, BB still wants all the gossip that you can possibly think/make up. Don't worry muck-munchers, even though the current Campus editors are retiring (their CV's are now done), Busy Beaver will continue. Hurrah, I hear you all cry!

B.B.

This Old Decrepit Article

Joe Lavin (aka Kevin Costner) stars with Minou the cat in their latest Christmas blockbuster.

I must warn you that this article has absolutely nothing to do with LSE, although the last name of one of the people in it does contain those letters. It is an article about my Christmas vacation, which granted was a real long time ago, and I really meant to write about it earlier, but you see something came up. I don't quite remember what that something was, but I'm sure it was pretty big. And if I mentioned it, I'm sure everyone would understand why it has taken me half a term to write this.

But on with the article which is about my exciting acting debut, that coincidentally also served as my farewell acting performance. This was not a professional acting job. After all, I doubt anyone would be stupid enough to hire me to act. The only person who did hire me was my friend Matt, and he had no choice. Matt, you see, got a video camera for Christ-

mas, and the only actors he could find were myself and his cat Minou. (There was a big legal battle over whose name should be mentioned first. But even though Minou is a much better actor than myself, I'm writing the article, so I win.)

So Matt and I spent most of our Christmas vacation playing with this video camera. We would have spent more time with other people, except that our normal companion Marcus had somehow acquired a girlfriend and would disappear for days on end.

We would occasionally call his house and ask his parents where he was. But they would only answer in a shocked voice, "Oh, you mean, he hasn't been with you and Matt for the last eleven days?" "No." "Oh, God. I hope he's not lying dead in a ditch somewhere." I don't think they enjoyed our phone calls.

Also, one of our other friends had suddenly de-

ecided that the ultimate in fun was walking around shopping malls for twelve hours while hitting on fifteen year old girls. I'm exaggerating, of course. Some of the girls were sixteen, and the ones who ignored him had to be at least seventeen. So, basically he too ignored us, and Matt and I were left sitting in the middle of a mall thinking, "Wouldn't it be fun if we had that video camera with us?"

So eventually we returned to the video camera. Incidentally, neither one of us are real great at actually filming, acting, or coming up with anything interesting to say in front of a camera, but we had a hell of a lot of fun trying. We have endless footage of pointless exchanges like this, "Is it on yet? Oh, uh, hello. What should I say next?"

"I don't know. Say something interesting."

"Like what?"

"Just be witty."

"I can't think of anything witty."

"Well, say something not witty."

"I can't think of anything not witty."

"I know. I'll turn the camera upside down."

"Cool."

It wasn't easy finding something to film. Eventually, we had to settle for my house, which really wasn't a bad subject. You see, my parents decided to build our house about seventeen years ago and haven't quite gotten around to finishing certain important portions of it, such as the ceiling for example. They're not real great at maintenance either. The deck has a couple of holes from rotted wood, and the colour of the house has gradually changed, possibly because it hasn't been painted for a good decade.

I, of course, don't really care. It's not like I wake up at seven a.m. on a weekend with hammer in hand ready to help my father. In fact, I

tend to leave when work rears its ugly head. That's one of the reasons why I'm in London this year. I think my father had some projects planned for 1992.

Anyway, the two of us are compulsive, to say the least. I went home and wrote a sixteen page script entitled "This Old Decrepit House," in which I would walk around and show the viewer how not to build a house. Matt then carefully planned the filming of every single scene, and it began to seem that Stanley Kubrick had just popped by for the weekend to film my script.

Unfortunately, the film worked much better on paper, primarily because computer paper can outlast me any day. So on the computer paper, there were all sorts of lines like, "Well, we were going to put an extra beam in here, but we decided to go get a beer instead and never quite got around to finishing the project."

The filmed version, though, would be of me looking really awkward and saying, "Well, we, ah, were going to beam another put in here, but we — Oh damn, I forgot the part about the nails. Don't tell me. I've got it." "Cut!"

After a couple hours of this, the two of us got hungry and decided to go get lunch instead and never quite got around to finishing the project. But this summer, I'm sure we'll finish the film, right after we teach Matt's cat to talk and act.

So this summer be sure to look in your video store for "This Old Decrepit House" starring Minou, the Amazing Talking Cat, and a pile of computer paper. You might have to look hard, because I don't think it will make it to some of the more obscure video stores like, say, Blockbuster.

continued from page 4

to be broached appears to suspend all inhibition, pushing you to dredge up your darkest secrets from the depths of your guts. During that 'moment' you may be happy to blab them like a lunatic, but afterwards you often hope everyone present forgot what was said.

Has it ever happened that, engrossed in your ramblings, you suddenly experience an almost mystical revelation about an RBT and think "hold up, guys, I've figured it out—I suddenly understand it all very clearly now!?" Normally it turns out to be

rubbish of course, as confused as the ravings of your average ancient philosopher, religious prophet, or taxi driver. Very rarely, though, a truly astounding discovery is made—for a second, somebody in this world knows that he has stumbled upon the realm of the gods and looked upon forbidden truths. But in 99% of cases, the shock of discovery instantly activates a protective memory repression mechanism that safeguards his mind from overload (I wouldn't be surprised to find out that people who have spontaneously combusted simply lacked this vital component of the brain).

A few days ago, however, I witnessed aghast as one of my flatmates, Hoffers, singlehandedly cracked an age-old philosophical riddle without flinching. Several of us were sitting around the living room listlessly, pondering on the odd RBT, when I was suddenly inspired by the reigning silence to phrase a paradox that has puzzled generations: "Listen to the sound of one hand clapping..." Before anyone even had the chance to tell me to shut up, though, Hoffers—after a moment's thought—absentmindedly solved the secret of ages: "What, like this?", he innocently asked. We all turned around and

gaped at our flatmate—his arm was upraised in a Roman salute, and his hand clapped down upon itself, fingers slapping palm in unison! Hoffers grinned like an imbecil before our astonished eyes, treating our privileged ears to the first ever production of the fabled sound of one hand clapping. Seeing that this extraordinary discovery wasn't making Hoffers spontaneously combust, we all began to imitate him. Like a troupe of mindlessly cheerful one-armed seals we clapped and clapped, knowing what Archimedes must have felt upon discovering his principle of buoyancy in the bathtub. I

suspect that Hoffers, at first glance an unremarkable and rather scruffy-looking LSE undergraduate, must probably be some kind of minor god to have come up with such an obvious answer (a god of chaos, I reckon, if the usual state of his room is anything to go by).

I'm now somewhat hesitant to ask old sage Hoffers about any other RBT's, for fear of receiving a simple, devastating 20-word solution to the meaning of life. Mysteries are good to have around; life would be so boring if we knew what happens after death, where single socks disappear to, or why LSE students can

obtain a BSc degree in Economics without having taken a single economically-related subject. Imagine we found out our universe and everything in it was created by no less than Jeremy Beadle and his buffoons, as some kind of ultimate practical joke (the humour of which, one supposes, only he appreciates). I mean sure, it would explain a hell of a lot of stuff, but it might piss off quite a few people as well, don't you think? Magicians never reveal their secrets for a good reason—why should our Maker tell us whether he exists or not? I hope Hoffers doesn't ask Him.

The Beaver

It has been and gone and nobody really seemed to notice. No, this is not Michiel's hair coming under scrutiny again. I am talking about Rag Week.

The most notice any of the student body seemed to take of the whole thing was the all day bar in the Tuns and the abseiling down the sides of the Old Building. This either says something about the way in which the Rag Committee is supposed to do its work (neither of these events were organised by the committee) or it is showing the committee what sorts of things the students around here would actually be willing to do for charity.

The other message concerning Rag is simple. Maybe more of the events organised should be away from campus. Students only have a limited number of resources and the penny-pinching is far more evident this year than it was last. Plenty of people cannot afford to go to the Rag Ball or are not going to use up their overdraft limit just on a one-night-wonder. This is not because of their lack of spirit or lack of charitable concerns. It is because there is genuine student poverty around the LSE.

Let us hope that students will be able to work on the results of the Task Force and put higher education on the agenda for the next general election. It is about time that some solution was found to the poverty question. Therefore, if any of you have the chance to vote in this country, do not waste the opportunity to ask your candidates in your constituency their views on higher education. The parties need to formulate a policy that we will be satisfied with.

There is only one problem that can possibly occur here. That is, if you are all too lazy to bother putting pen to paper.

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Marching on Apathy

Dear Beaver,

On 12th February, 20,000 students marched through London in protest at the poverty of many students. Many universities, polys and colleges brought large numbers of students to the march (about 800 came down from Birmingham for example). The LSE managed to add only 60 or so students to the march, a pathetic amount of people considering that the LSE is in London and was once at the forefront of political activity.

This apathy now, I think, was at least in part due to the lack of publicity given to the march by the SU executive, whose motto seems to be "the best action is no action".

At the march there was no focus for the LSE students as the LSE banner had been lost or forgotten by the Sabbaticals, who then proceeded to disappear off leaving the rest of us to temporarily affiliate to other SU's for the duration of the march, and many people thought that the LSE was not represented on the march.

This episode is typical of the SU leadership. They appear frightened to take any measures to raise awareness of the problems students face.

They use the DSG to prevent any useful action coming from UGM's and they allow John Ashworth to continue with his plans for the destruction of the LSE as an undergraduate teaching establishment.

The Sabbaticals were elected to represent the students of the LSE.

This, they are not doing. It will be nice to get rid of them.

Andy Baly

Featuring on opinions

Dear Beaver,

I read with interest the feature article on "Israel's Traitor or Man of Conscience". The article was well written and put down the facts of the Vanunu case and conclusions about his crime as she sees them.

However, as the author of the article has put a motion through the UGM against Vanunu's impris-

onment, which calls for both divestment and import bans from the state of Israel, would the editor not have considered the article more prudently put under the Opinions column.

The article states that Vanunu was kidnapped "by unknown agents probably working for the Israeli government" which is pure supposition.

Later she comments on the Israeli government's violation of the territorial sovereignty of another country. By doing this, however, this was another untrue fact stated as the truth.

She also states that Vanunu's trial was held "in camera": something usually reserved for murderers or terrorists, of which Vanunu was neither. However, Vanunu was on trial for espionage and treason, two offences which can justifiably be held "in camera" for the simple reason that a public hearing would "defeat the ends of justice".

Whether Vanunu though he was acting in the public interest or not, ignorance of the law is not an excuse for breaking it.

There is also the supposition that Vanunu may have been prosecuted simply due to his conversion to Christianity! Both the Israeli government and the judicial system act without account of religious or racial identities of individuals, purely on the legality of their actions.

The fact that Amnesty have not adopted Vanunu as a prisoner of conscience and that the British government won't grant his brother (who is under no threat whatsoever) political asylum is a move that seems reasonable.

I finish this letter indicating my political and religious affiliations on the matter. I hope that future articles for the Features pages which have a bias to them will be declared as such.

Martin Lewis
Jewish Society Political
Officer.

Further Considerations of Justice

Dear Beaver,

The comments on the Sara Thornton and the Bisla Singh cases ("And Now for the Real News") failed to mention facts which are crucial to any true comparison between the two. Above all there is the time factor. Singh had been married to his nagging, abusive wife for eighteen years before killing her. Thornton had been married to her alcoholic, violent husband for only ten months before killing him, and had been planning it after an even shorter period of time. Moreover, the dead man's sister accused her of exaggerating the gravity and extent of the violence and

doing much to provoke what did occur by histrionic and other unreasonable behaviour. She is biased, of course, but so are those feminist zealots who automatically assume that in such cases the right is on the woman's side and all the wrong on the man's. Thornton also had a history of mental illness before her marriage to the man she killed.

Taken together, these facts can only cast doubt on the claims that a lengthy sentence for Thornton was wildly excessive, although a life sentence may well have been in order. Conversely, an eighteen months suspended sentence for Singh may have been too lenient, but eighteen years of verbal abuse must count as severe provocation.

Anyone who does a comprehensive study of British sentencing and doesn't just seize on a few incidental cases, must conclude that it is indeed gender biased - towards women. They are often given non-custodial sentences for crimes which, had they been committed by men, would have resulted in a lengthy term of imprisonment.

Second year law
student

Time to Apologise

Dear Madeline,

I am writing this with reference to my earlier letter of this week, to offer you a full and unreserved apology for that letter.

Looking back now, the Union Jack article (and the reference to me) was one which I should have ignored, laughed at or responded to in a considered manner. At the time I read it, however, I felt that it was one instance too many of the Beaver getting its facts wrong. I especially thought the reference to me was part of some Beaver campaign to have a go at me. I totally over-reacted and lost my cool, hence that letter.

I fully accept that the letter was a totally improper way to respond to the article and to you. I am sorry for any offence or hurt that my letter caused you. I hope you will accept this full and unreserved apology.

John Pannu.

ANL defend themselves

Dear Beaver,

At last week's UGM, the Anti-Nazi League was debated: was the ANL really a front for the SWP; is anti-Zionism really anti-semi-

tism and will the ANL really fight the fascists.

Such arguments do not stand up. Back in the late 1970's the ANL had over 100,000 supporters and was able to organise huge marches to combat the growing rise of the Nazis in Britain. The SWP was just one group in the huge ANL membership - there were many more non-SWP members - all who wanted to fight the fascist threat. The same is true of the relaunched ANL.

Many people have backed it including Tony Benn, MP, Billy Bragg, Julian Clary, The Farm, Bernie Grant, MP, Terry Marsh, NUM, Rebel MC, SEAL, Jonathan Ross, the Winston Silcott Defence Campaign, Peter Tatchell etc. the list is growing daily. The ANL's aims are showing the real nature of the Nazis and driving them off the streets. Anyone can join the ANL and many will do so.

ANL members.

Where's the Beer?

Dear Beaver,

I am writing to convey my heartiest approval for the new underground Bar. Am I bollocks. It resembles the inside of an undertaker's, the same description can be used for the atmosphere and the furniture as well.

As a CAMRA member, I am very puzzled by the lack of real ale down below. There is plenty of foreign and British lager. Some people may say "Walk up the stairs to the Three Tuns you lazy bastard." However, if this is the case then why have anything on sale down below at all. Surely it is not asking for too much to have some proper beer on tap.

Other people may say, "but they've got Courage Best on tap". Under normal circumstances, CAMRA recognises Courage best as a real ale. However, here we are faced with electric pumps instead of hand ones, which can only work with a blanket of CO2 over the beer. This process interferes with the natural maturation and gives rise to an unpleasantly fizzy pint.

I doubt this letter will be printed as it is not written by a Sabbatical.

Yours, extremely
lagered off.

Nick Williams
Chair, LSE Real Ale
Soc

Left and Right: Unite and Fight

Press coverage of what appears to be a disturbing rise in fascist activity in Europe has recently given the handful of British anti-fascist groups a high profile. They have picketed the German Embassy, protested Jean-Marie Le Pen's presence in London and successfully disrupted the sale of fascist literature by marginal right wing groups in London's East End.

However, what they are not doing is fighting racism. Anti-fascist politics does

not see tackling British state racism or immigration controls as their primary political priority. Instead, we are offered anti-German chauvanism and a preoccupation with marginal Nazi groups. Anti fascist campaigns can only intensify British chauvanism.

These groups may well gain a good deal of support, but from whom?

Their constituency does include people who want to oppose racism. But, as well as this, they accomodate

the very British chauvanists who will revel in the anti-Nazi World War Two Blitz spirit, and the illusion that Britain is a traditionally "tolerant" nation. The Home Secretary, Kenneth Baker, if pressed, would no doubt endorse anti-Naziism, and could at the same time comfortably argue that it is the presence of black people that stimulates British racism. Indeed, it is not hard to imagine the whole of parliament posturing as patri-

otic anti-Nazis. Any anti-fascist campaign today cannot avoid this capitulation to British nationalism.

This is the very same British nationalism that promotes hostility to foreigners and blacks. It reinforces the idea that immigrants are a problem that must be strictly controlled with measures like the Asylum Bill. It gives credence to the premise that the interests of British people are more important than the interests of any

immigrant, and it does not take much to see that reinforcing these notions is in direct contradiction with fighting racism.

Given the constituency of anti-fascist groups, it comes as no surprise that they are unwilling to take a strong stand on immigration controls.

Rather than making staunch opposition to make it the firm priority of their campaign, they capitulate to the respectable racism promoted by the state and

the media. Since they are so eager to unite all sections of British society, whether racist or not, behind the banner of anti-fascism, I suggest an appropriately catchy slogan for future rallies and demonstrations: "left and right - unite and fight".

Gregor Claude and Judith Berry

Does Embezzlement Lead to Friends?

An Exclusive on What it is like to live with one of the Sabbaticals. Produced by Greyhaired of Balham, Chirpy Cockney and Butterball in association with MQB

Fiona MacDonald

(I am not a fast food restaurant)

Having first plumped for the job of Social Secretary, we found that she no longer has any mates to live with. What a social life she leads.

Michiel van Hulten

(I am not a tulip)

Moving next door, we found that the General Secretary was in the Beavers Retreat. This seems to be his natural habitat and he is reputed to spend far too much time in here. His roommates commented that he never buys enough drinks and spends most of his time talking in a convoluted manner. Perhaps the fact that he has his own pint glass behind the bar explains it all.

Tobias Johnson.

(I am not wanted by the FBI)

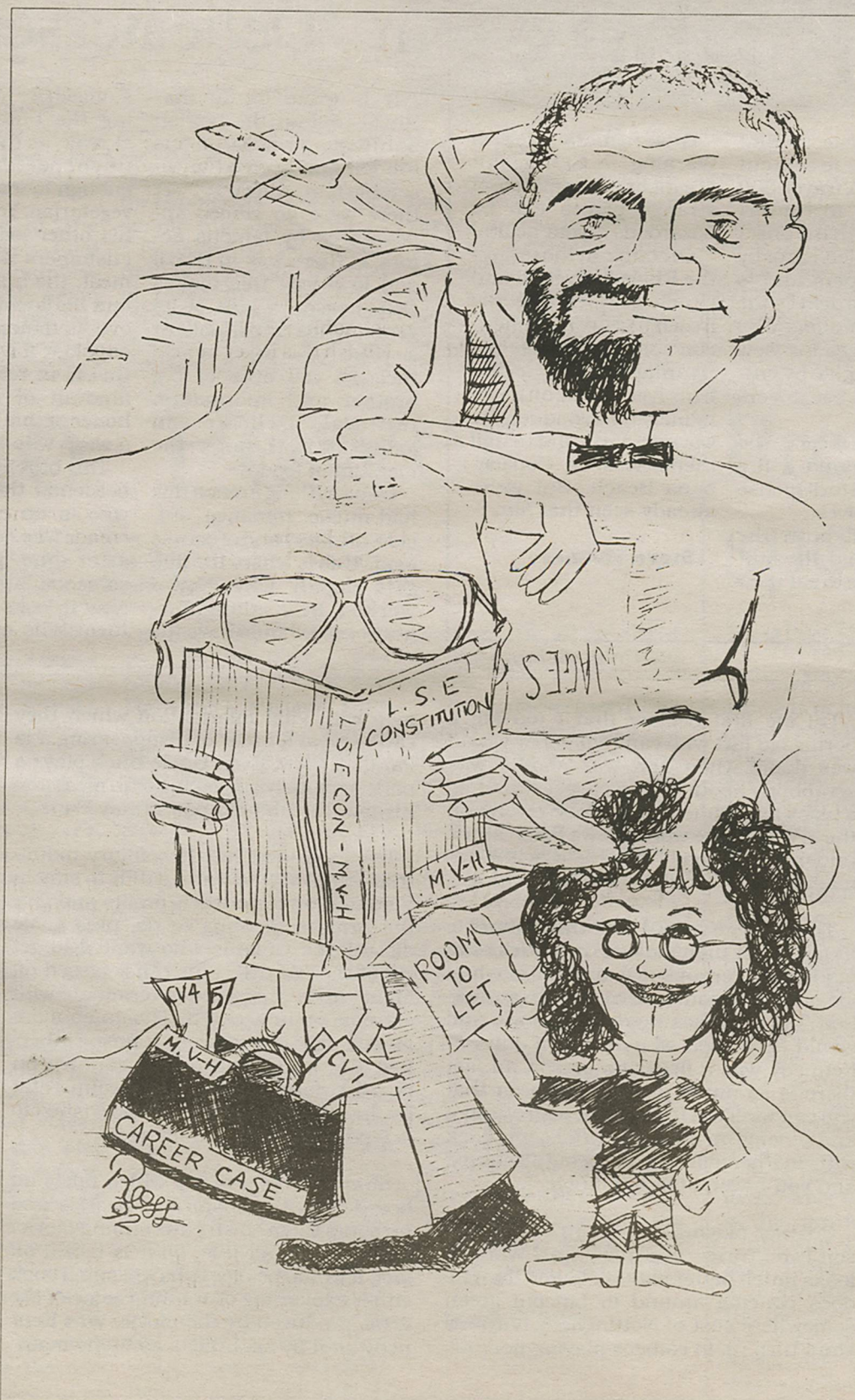
He is in charge of £1 million and therefore, many people know him as the Senior Treasurer. At home, though, he is just simple Toby; in bed he could be nicknamed Bang Bang; and on the cricket field, Donald.

Believe it or not, Toby is a keen sportsperson. He rises like a salmon from the rugby line outs (a tin of salmon, that is), he marks as tightly as his budgets on the hockey field and he moves with the grace of a hippopotamus in the water.

He lives in a double bedroom at the front of the house after he stayed with us for two weeks in September and never seemed to move on.

Initially, no one could understand his need for the only double bed in the house. The only rational explanation was attributed to his size. Obviously, none of us had his foresight in the newspapers. It is true, he may not be a noisy lover but his bed sure is.

Sticking to journalism for a moment, Toby is an avid reader. Looking through his bookshelf, his favourite author is clearly Tom Sharpe. However, if you look in his third draw down, in a yellow folder under a pile of



handkerchiefs, his tastes are rapidly revealed to be very different - something along the lines of Mayfair.

One can delve further into Toby's private life for a moment to discover his tastes in interior design in his bedroom. As he avidly practises safe sex, the carpet is graced by the post-modernist decorations of used condoms. The black sheets that adorn his bed also reveal something intimate about his tastes. The stains are apparently raspberry sorbet and cream and reappear frequently after every wash.

However, nothing could be more characteristic of Toby than the morning smell of ozone friendly Lynx and the eternal words, "I

shouldn't have stayed up so late". Previously, this referred to his passion for late night bridge (or early morning, depending on how you view it) but now this has changed to another late night sporting activity.

The annual bridge contest in the house is always a good chance for Toby to show off his self-professed "pretty good" card handling abilities. In this traditional event, full of pomp and ceremony, the winner receives a pack of cards from Ann Summers and the loser gets a book all about how to play bridge. This is why we believe that Toby is so far ahead in the development stakes.

The burning question still remains: what is it like to live with someone who is always out late, works at the weekend (I went to Roseberry last weekend to put up some posters and didn't emerge until Monday) and supports Peterborough. What is it about him that really buzzes?

Looking at the card table, I'd put it down to the vast quantities of coffee that he drinks and the unanswerable question of why he thinks Ed the Duck bubble bath is the best. There are also his cooking habits which need explaining. In our opinion, he's a pretty good cook. "If you take care of the food, it will take care of your taste buds" as we can vouch for. Though how he manages to put alcohol in everything, still beats me.

But what of embezzlement? We will try to answer this question in next week's issue, but we're all off to Rio for now. And, for a final word,

Toby's our Treasure.

Hollywood Hell

The Coen Brothers' 'Barton Fink'

'Barton Fink' (last years' Cannes Palme d'Or winner) is a worthy successor to 'Millers' Crossing', the last film to have been released by the Coen brothers, a dark, stylish, witty, and intelligent gangster film set in the thirties, and totally different to this their new production, a fairly dark, stylish, witty, and intelligent film ostensibly about screenwriters and writers block, but with lots of really weird and interesting bits thrown in (as usual) for good measure.

The Coen brothers have always shied away from explaining their films as far as hidden messages go, and

as a viewer of three of their four films I would definitely find it difficult to analyse their films whilst always having a feeling deep down that there is a message and I did actually understand it.

This is the feeling I got when I saw 'Barton Fink'. A simple enough storyline at first sight, that of a successful Broadway playwright (Barton Fink played to nutty perfection by John Turturro) going to Hollywood and being affected by writers' block, suddenly turns nasty with the death of one of the characters. By turns we are amused and frightened by the insights

into people in general as we meet a succession of characters ranging from a once successful screenwriter turned alcoholic, and his secretary/mistress, to a movie mogul, his lackeys, and not least Fink's neighbour Charlie Meadows (played superbly by John Goodman of 'Roseanne' fame). Add to all this the 'character' that is the Hotel Earle and a darker side to Charlies' nature together with some bits you're not supposed to catch on a first viewing and you have one finely crafted film that is a definite must-see at the cinema.

Navin Reddy



Barton Fink (John Turturro) checks that the hallway is clear at the Hotel Earle.

At A Glance

Films

on release in London

Barton Fink
Black Robe
Delicatessen
JFK

Theatre

The King's
Hunch
at the ICA

Marivaux
at the Etc.

Religion, natives, and strange men in robes... Black Robes

'I wanted a mission and they gave me one!'

Hanging out in Quebec in 1643, our Jesuit priest, known to the local Indians as Black Robe, feels he has a task to convert the heathen to God.

Unfortunately, the Godless do not take kindly to being told their way of worship is not the path to true salvation. In flashbacks to France, we see one priest who managed to lose an ear, eager to go back and continue the spreading of the word. These were dedicated men!

Collecting some faithful followers, our hero sets out in his canoe to travel 500 miles up river to convert the Hurons. With the onset of winter, he is left to rot by his Indian helpers and is subsequently caught by the local band of Indians who radically changes his view of jellied eels for life by cutting off one of his fingers with a shell.

During one scene the Indians sit around a fire discussing how to dispense with their captives:

'Well we will burn the women alive and the others will be made to eat their own flesh...'

Government Health Warning — Getting out of canoes in the middle of strange places can be hazardous to your health!

Of course in those days the English, French and Dutch were left with the frozen parts of the American continent, while the Spaniards with a few hundred malcontents managed to conquer the warmer parts and install themselves on Copacabana Beach. But we've already seen that film!

Steve Thomas

Food for thought Cannibalistic entertainment in 'Delicatessen'

It is quite ironic that Brazil was on the box on Saturday, as most of this French film seemed to resemble it in some way. Yet there were no cameo appearances by famous actors as there was in Brazil and in a way this makes Delicatessen a gem of its genre. While Brazil looks at a post-holocaust world through the eyes of big brother and information retrieval, Delicatessen looks at it through the medium of food.

Like anything French this had music, romance, suicide, adultery and of course food. This is where the film gets slightly icky. Now I worked in a slaughterhouse, so I should have the

stomach for this but watching the butcher plonk a cleaver in the head of an unsuspecting lodger is enough to make anyone go vegetarian. You see, to keep his other lodgers and his customers supplied with meat, the butcher slaughters his latest lodger. Some one comments that they only last a week. Whether this is in reference to the amount of meat on his bones or that they only stay a week who knows.

The butcher's daughter befriends the new arrival who is an ex clown. His career was cut short when after one performance someone ate his monkey. Now it looks as if it is his turn. Who can save him?

Will the attempted suicide actually happen? Will the snails and frogs in the basement escape and take over the world? What happened to granny? How much change do you get from 3 tons of lentils and who are the Troglodytes, urban guerillas or night doctors on call? Who knows, who cares. You know it will end up all right. So go, be shocked, be entertained and wonder how the censors passed something this sick as only a 15.

Ron Voce

This film is on release in London

Who shot JFK?

Does Oliver Stone really know?

Let me first declare that I too am a boring old fart who can remember what I was doing when JFK was shot. I was scrabbling about on the carpet watching a black and white B.B.C. globe revolve on the T.V. with the words News Flash stuck underneath. That I believe was the remaining B.B.C. output for the evening.

The film JFK at just over three hours is much better than most of the critics have made out. Perhaps it is a mish mash of ideas and hypotheses of the assassination, but it makes a gripping movie and would be a good who-dunnit if John F. Kennedy was a fictitious person. In fact there is so much plotting going on that you can walk out to the toilet with one plot and scheme on the screen and come back with another different one being discussed and you haven't missed much.

Costner playing our sleuth Jim Garrison (who turns up playing Earl Warren) looks much better in 60's clothes than he does poncing around in Lincoln green somewhere east of Nottingham. Various stars turn up in cameos playing nervous

men with vital information which they can't reveal for fear of disappearing a la Parallax View. Even Uncle Buck plays a part, nervously shovelling crab meat into his mouth behind a pair of Ray Bans.

It is explained that the military-industrial complex who wanted JFK to stay in Vietnam to bolster their profits and give the Army something to do, plus some dissatisfied Cubans who wanted to get rid of the "Beard", plus other pissed off Mafia nutters, decided to terminate with extreme prejudice JFK. The much more amenable Vice-President Johnson inherited the leadership of the country on board Airforce-1 courtesy of a coup d'etat by the military and others who wished to defend their own vital interests.

Stone makes a movie which takes on board a lot of conspiracy theories and presents them as an entertaining movie. However, for all this, as it is based on fact, it would be nice to have a small book either explaining or refuting some of the ideas produced by the movie. Was Kennedy shot by six bullets as Stone main-

tains or by three as established by the Warren Commission. How ever one can explain the magic bullet which makes a total of seven exit and entry wounds in two people performing at times so many twists and turns to make Tom Cruise give up flying.

Perhaps conspiracies are still going on, witness the October surprise for Carter. But any public shooting would these days have C.N.N. on the trail with Oswald being interviewed live from the book depository before he decided to do or not to do the Killing. A word of warning. Pick a comfortable cinema for at just over the three hours it is definitely in the Dances with Wolves category of numb bum time. The Empire at Leicester Square is a much better bet, than any local flea pit.

Incidentally, one last point for all you conspiracy theorists out there. Wasn't Elvis alive in 1963?

Steve Thomas
(I wanna be collective!)

The Rule of the People

The Kings' Hunch at the ICA

"The King's Hunch" was described in the programme as a "bizarre comedy" which tackled the issues of dictatorship and megalomania; bizarre it was, comic it was not. John Matshikiza's play was bizarre because it was composed of two very distinct halves - the first being unfunny, largely irrelevant and extremely colourless, whilst the second, though remaining humourless, managed to be quite illuminating.

The play opened embarrassingly. That over-exploited snippet from Carmina Burana was piped around the auditorium to signal the beginning of the action. As this rousing music blasted out, an ominous figure could be seen moving stealthily towards the front of the darkened stage. The sudden ignition of the lights did not reveal a six-year old anti-Christ or a generously uddered Norse woman as the musical intro would suggest, but instead Ryczardt Knug (Liam De Staic), a peasant wood-cutter who quietly introduced himself and then began elaborating on the maternal relationship between the earth and its peasant cultivators. This was to remain the subject matter for the rest of the first half.

The plot unfolded as a parody of a fairytale, typical in the way that it de-

scribed an evil king, a nubile princess and the inevitable peasant hero.

The play's simplistic plot ran in parallel with a subtext, so indistinct and grey that it was almost on par with Ian Prince. The playwright's attempt to underscore this simplicity was a failure because the play required an injection of comic dialogue and action to make it into the eye-catching political allegory it so desperately wanted to be. Unfortunately such comic material never arrived and the few moments of humour that actually emerged were underplayed. The appearance of Knug parading the severed head on the stick (see photo) was not used to full effect, similarly the quips about Imelda Marcos and her "foot-loose" lifestyle were underdeveloped by the director, Tony Craze. Sadly it was only unintentional things that I found particularly amusing, like the way in which St. Danilo's costume looked as if it had Dairylea "triangles" hanging from it, and the dishcloth with a bread bun shoved into it that was supposed to be Princess Anya's baby.

The second half of "The King's Hunch" was in total contrast to the shambles that had preceded it. Again it was utterly unfunny, but this time it hardly mattered because the play began to

deliver a coherent and dramatic analysis of dictatorship. Whilst the opening scenes had portrayed the brutality and dishonesty of the feudal king, St. Danilo (Ayub Khan Din), the grovelling tendencies of Knug and the violation of Princess Anya leading to the birth of a child, the second half shows the ineptitude and madness of Knug (who succeeds the deceased St. Danilo as Dickon King) against the backdrop of a collapsing and revolutionary Balkan state.

The playwright uses contemporary sources for the ensuing scenes, satirically drawing upon the events surrounding the deposition of the Ceausescu's in Romania. The denouement is impressive, the plot becomes far more complex as the audience is given a representation of the country in its different epochs by the various characters in the play. The scenes addressing the problems of dictatorship are certainly the high points of the play, as they deal adequately with the issue that concerns Matshikiza most, that is the debate over "how people should rule and be ruled".

Considering the blandness of the script, the cast of three from the Soho Theatre Co. handled their roles rather well. However despite the intelligent fin-



Liam de Staic in "The King's Hunch"

Photo: Paul Thompson

ish, the play as a whole can only be regarded as a fairly dreary spectacle. With its poor set, annoying sound effects and lack of humour, you would probably be better off investing a fraction of the admission price (£6.50) in a round of whole-

meal peace flapjacks and onion bahjees for the communists residing on the top floor of The Cafe. They will, in return, probably be more than willing to explain the dynamics of dictatorship and revolution.

Nick Lambert

"The Kings Hunch" is presented by the Soho Theatre Company at the ICA and runs until 15th February.

Slaves to Power

Marivaux at the Etc.

Think of venues associated with eighteenth century French theatre and Camden Town is not a place that readily springs to mind. The Oxford Arms is a pub with a difference, it has a theatre upstairs. A small, slightly dingy theatre with the most uncomfortable seats in London but one of the most exciting repertoires. I was there to see 'Slave Island', a dramatic parable with its roots in the Comedie Italienne of Harlequin and its humour firmly in the twentieth century.

Marivaux is not as widely performed as he deserves. His theatre is at the heart of the broad foundation of contemporary European drama and his influence can be seen in work as diverse as P.G. Wodehouse's Jeeves [the classic servant cleverer than master syndrome] and Jane Austen's 'Emma' [grouchy old father ruling

spirited daughter]. His dry, often veiled humour translates well into modern English and the translators [armed with 'a pocket dictionary and O-Level French'] have made up for what he lacks in contemporary relevance with a very neat line in puns.

The play itself was a simple enough romp through the ironies of the under-privileged servant classes being more noble and honourable than their nominal superiors. Slave Island is a small republic in a distant sea which has long been governed by a colony of escaped slaves. The 'heroes' of this play were a shipwrecked foursome who, according to the laws of the island, were compelled to reverse roles, so that the masters became the servants. This obviously lends itself well to a succession of brash, slapstick jokes - and here the performance of Harlequin as

the slave with new power over his old master was hilariously vindictive. But Marivaux's purpose runs deeper than the simple pastiche, he is concerned with the notion of our different stations in life being infinitely less important than the way we use them.

This is the heart of Slave Island the play and of Slave Island the place. The slightly sinister, often invisible official who greets the four and watches over their progress is a sort of teacher. His mission is to bring both pairs to accept their true position and use it wisely and compassionately. This is brought about smoothly and perhaps too simply, but above all humourously. All five performances (Lord, Lady, two servants and the old slave/teacher) were played to the limit of their comic potential. The dialogue was sharp, speedy and light-hearted, the set compli-

mentary to all of these qualities and the direction sound.

The characters were certainly two-dimensional, but necessarily so. From these two dimensions came the unerring simplicity which made the parable itself so compelling. With a running time of just one hour (any longer and the seats really would have taken their toll) it would have been silly to try to cram in too much symbolism and metaphor. Slave Island is a fine piece of theatre built on a clever script and sound performance. It is funny and not a little challenging, for at the heart of anyone who craves power of any kind must surely lurk the question, "Do I desire power for the good I can do with it, or do I desire power for myself?"

James O'Brien

Preview special!

'Substitute for a blank space'

I have to admit this article is in here only because I couldn't find anything else worthwhile to write about, (yes I know, there's never anything worthwhile in these pages anyway, ha, ha, ha).

Anyway, in this witty and informative piece of journalism I'm going to tell you all about some of the wonderful films you'll be able to see in the next couple of weeks or indeed even as we speak.

Some, well one, of these films is already on release, I think, and I'm sure a wonderful review awaits you next week, as indeed they do for some of the other films on offer in this 'preview special'.

But wait, I'm babbling (well filling this article actually) and do I hear in the distance a faint cry, yes a cry of "what the f@%k are these films you're on about anyway?"

Well, first up we have Star Trek VI: "Generics in space", in this installment of the epic adventure series our senile intergalactic crusties take on the might of the Klingon empire, again, or something like that involving peace talks and a happily ever after ending, you know, the kind that makes you want to vomit.

Apparently, and I must say I'm very pleased to hear this, they're going to make another one soon, can't wait.

Anyway as we fly off through the galaxy back to planet earth, we will of course want to know a bit about the other films on offer, next up is the new Steve Martin film 'Father of the Bride' a remake of the 'classic' starring Spencer Tracy and oh bollocks I've run out of space. And why not?

Ooh, Shut That...DOOR!

Jim & Co. go down under

The Australian Export Council are having a bit of a boom time at the moment. Not only are they encouraging us to break with out deeply enshrined student belief of tee-totalism, by importing 'Fosters', 'Swan', and stuff we are led to believe Australians really give a f**k for. This is not new. For years, they have been exporting their prodigious talent to these shores. Who can fail to forget the dynamics of Rolf Harris's Didgeridoo on 'Sun Arise' and marvel at the amazing vocal talents of Jason (scream, scream, swoooooon!) and of the magnificent mouthy talents of the Minogue girls. So now as I always say, back to the plot.

Last year they sent us 'Bjørn Again' who returned us old folk back to our 'youff!'. Belting out those classic seventies rockers 'Waterloo', 'Dancing Queen' and 'Mamma Mia' to our recidivist pleasure. They even had us all believing in their lilting Swedish tones that it was they who appeared in that classic documentary of life on the road in Australia 'Abba: The Movie'. By the way it was on the telly last week. So, if

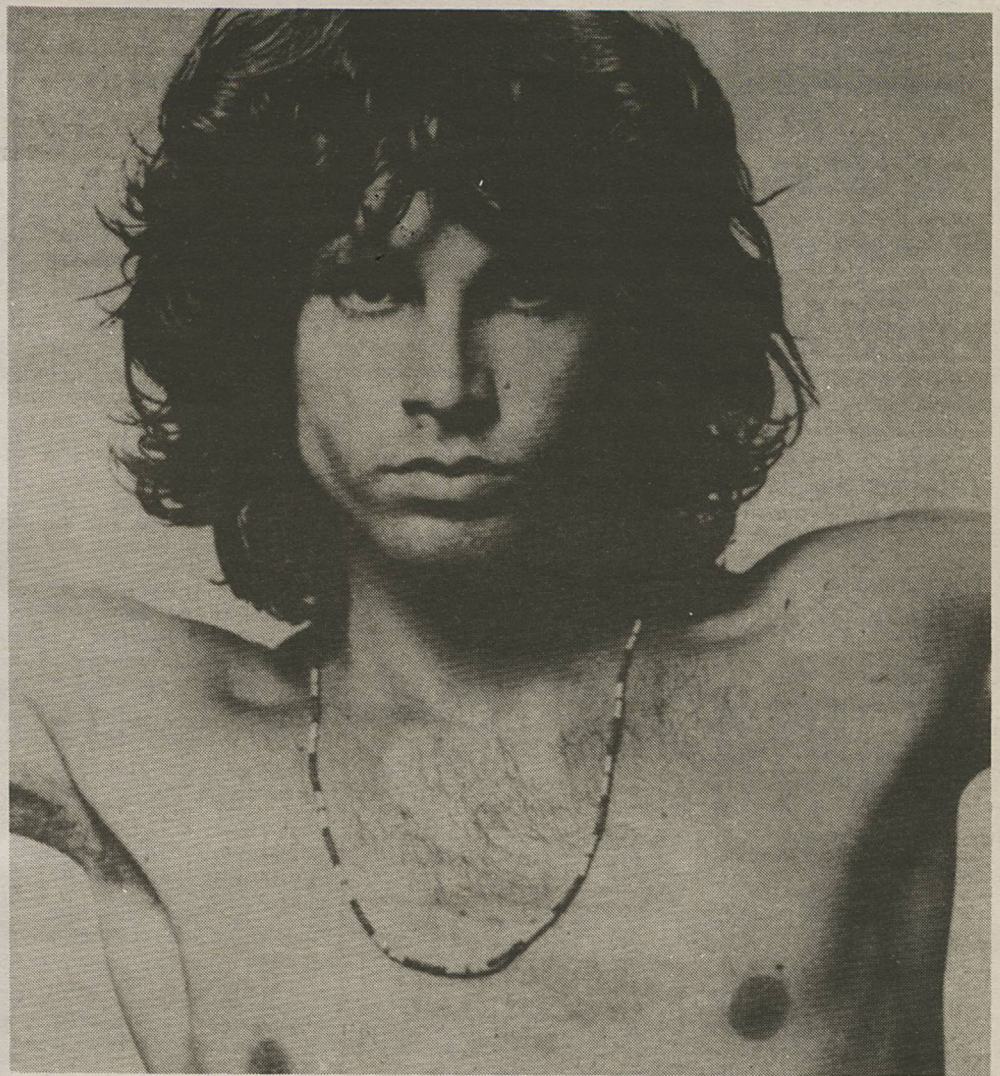
your really desperate for some great nostalgia, go and see the chaps the promoter brought over this year, 'The Australian Doors.'

The promoter felt that with the release of the film of 'The Doors' last year the world would suffer from a surfeit of Jim Morrisons, though this year, it looks like a surfeit of Jim Garrisons and conspiracy theories. Like the 'Abba' clones, 'The Australian Doors' have been booked initially for a few dates in and around London. I missed the first one because I went home, so last Monday I travelled into the remote wilds of Zone 2 to the 'Mean Fiddler' at Harlesden.

Well I could rave about them saying they were the best thing since Jim Morrison gave up swimming in his bath, but I won't. Yet for entertainment they're better than any Karaoke machine. The trick with any covers band, is not to deviate from the original in any way. Not to show any frills and fancies to upset those loyal followers aged between 13 and 50, and that is their problem. Although they are very entertaining turning out the standards,

'Hello I Love You', 'Riders on the Storm', 'L.A. Woman', 'Roadhouse Blues, and inevitably 'Light My Fire'. They are not 'dangerous' in the way Morrison, Manzarek, Krieger and the other fella, yes I can't remember the drummers name, so answers on a postcard, were.

Some of the best applause was for less well known songs, such as 'People are Strange' (obviously some 'Lost Boys' in tonight), 'The Tormented' (with many feeling this was 'Apocalypse Now') and 'Break on Through', (which is quite popular in the 'Pale Scruttock', my local in Devon). The funniest part of the evening was when some obviously naive teenager turned around to his friends and said 'they sound a bit like R.E.M.' Laugh, I nearly bought another pint! However I remembered that fateful night a year ago after the 'Bjørn Again' gig, when I emerged from the Mean Fiddler in the small hours with not a Night Bus in sight. So I bade my farewell to deepest Harlesden and headed east on the Tube. It was a good night but



No one gets out alive — Jim advertises Paris bathrooms

my lasting memory was of my recollection of a party many aeons ago when in a

fit of pique we, my friends and I decided to mutilate another friends 'Doors'

record. All we managed to do was make it look like a paper doily

A Man For All Seasons

Steve Thomas adds some spice to our album life

Temptations 'Milestones'

Supposedly the temptations 50th album this finds the 50 year olds in fine form musically and fine form facially due to their make up on the cover. Their first album in two years gives them a line-up once again bereft of Dennis Edwards (sob sob) but after a few plays this album establishes itself as one worth listening to. The funk cut 'The Jones' has been receiving some exposure but I prefer the Norman Whitfield inspired 'Corner Of My Heart'. The only unfortunate piece is a re-tread of their classic 'Get Ready' which unfortunately features a young rap artist. The Tempt's and their myriad of producers should be years beyond this crap.

Orphy Robnson 'When Tomorrow Comes'

Orphy Robnson is one of a rare breed. An Englishman signed to Blue Note records. He plays

the vibraphone and has teamed up with Tunde Jegede a kora player (isn't everyone these days) to produce a ping-pong xylophonic jazz sound which one he gets himself out of the rut of mindless jazziness produces some tracks that have great tunes. This is the sort of stuff normally inhabiting GRP DAT tapes.

Juan Luis Guerra 'Bachata Rosa'

This has to be the album of the year. Not being too familiar with South American music coupled with some amazing little ballads that all have a tune. He even manages on one track to rip off a 1981 African soukous number (Eh?-NA). But still, but this now!!!

Jean Luc Ponty 'Tchokola'

Normally with a name staring out like that I would steer clear of his records. But old Jean Luc boldly goes where everyone since Paul Simon has gone and has employed African musicians for his latest album. Jean Luc is white

and plays the violin and he again has some really good tunes which have shared writing credits. I wish more of this stuff could be heard as this is a million years advancement over the bleep and booster music now emanating from Technics' record decks.

Pepe Kalle 'Larger Than Life'

The glorious Pepe Kalle from Zaire with a girth the size of a bean bag hits town again with a new album of superb soukous dance music. As usual he is ably backed by the leading lights of Paris guitar such as Nyboma, Dally Kimoko and Ballou Kanta. The 50-min. album features a "Stadium mix" of his hit 'Roger Milla', a homage to the last World Cup superstar. I haven't the faintest, as usual what he is singing about but those feet certainly start tapping. Get this now from Stern's records in Whitfield Street (Eh, what's this? A free plug?-NA)

Welcome to the Pleasure Dome

Mega City Four's 'Sebastopol Road' LP

I first came across Mega City Four at the beginning of 1990 when they cropped up on a compilation charity record known as 'Air-space 2'. I originally bought the album for the tracks by the Wedding Present, the Groove Farm and an unknown band called Heavenly but since hearing the Mega's on that album I have charted their brief but eventful existence with some interest. From co-headlining gigs with Neds Atomic Dustbin to the release of their first album, 'Who Cares Wins', I've sat back and watch them grow to a fully bona fide Top Forty band but this interim hasn't been full of happy accounts. As their contemporaries moved on from near-oblivion to stadium status overnight, Mega City Four (named after a futuristic city in 2000AD comic, fact fans) have been in danger of being left behind, but now, with the release of this new album, the Megs could finally gain that all-important chart recognition.

Although not a classic in the album, 'Sebastopol

Road', is a pretty good record which will probably pass sadly by without a care in the world. Side A opens with 'Ticket Collector', an archetypal Mega's, or the Fours if you prefer, track which fires electric guitars all over the place with a steady, thumping base-line and fast'n'furious drumming. Much of the opening side is like this but with the originality of Wiz's lyrics each song sounds different. Titles like 'Periphial', 'Prague' and 'Callous' indicate the individuality of each song but the gem of Side One is 'Anne Bancroft', a homily towards teenage/child fantasies of big hollywood screen stars revolving around the star of 'The Graduate'. It's slowish pace appears to place it at odds with the rest of Side One but once the subtleties of this album are discovered the listener will find that it compliments the track listings excellently.

Side B is probably the strongest of the two sides with the Top Forty hit single 'Stop' nicely positioned in the album's running order. 'Stop' is, without a doubt,

the most commercial song on the album. A fast, snappy pop song it pulls no punches but this doesn't mean that the rest of Side Two fades in comparison. 'Clown' and 'Vague' are two strong tracks with lots of zest whilst 'Wasting My Breath' closes the album perfectly. In between 'What's Up' and 'Props' compliment the set perfectly.

With 'Sebastopol Road' the Mega's have made the perfect debut album for Big Life records. Full of energy and life in the traditional Stourbridge way, this album will make sure that the Mega's will receive the TV and radio coverage that they justifiably deserve and that at last they will begin to close the stardom gap that lies between them and Neds Atomic Dustbin and the Wonder Stuff. Appearances on The Word may lack any kind of credibility but at least they gave the Mega's coverage and probably helped them into the never-never regions of the charts, ie the Top Forty.

The Lion Roars.

The Boy Blunder's request for letters leads at least one reader to put pen to paper

Teenage Angst

Dear Boy Blunder,

While it's good to see plenty of music coverage in The Beaver, don't you think it's time to examine your biases? I mean, it's more or less all white boy's stuff: indies, rock, heavy metal.

The way Ron Voce describes the '70s, it's hardly recognisable to me. Does he remember rocksteady, ska, soul or even disco (yes, disco!)? How about an article on Rock against Racism? The re-forming of the Anti-Nazi League gives you a golden opportunity for a retrospective of Two-Tone (Does It? -NA).

Or is it, as I suspect, that you lot indulge in white middle-class prejudices against dance music? Can any of you dance??!! (Why? You asking? - NA) Get Rob Hick to stop wasting his money on pathetic post-adolescent introspectives (Toasted Heretic???) What a bunch of wankers they must

be with a name like that) and get down to a decent club. Tell John Peel to fuck off, and re-tune your radios to Kiss or WNK.

Love from a Soul Sister.

P.S. You might get more letters/articles if you were on E-mail, which according to the directory, you're not.

Soul Sister:

Being the pleasant chaps that we are, we will skip past the racist and narrow-minded elements of your letter and concentrate on your argument for more dance music.

If you read The Beaver as much as you say you do, you'll probably would have noticed articles and reviews on, amongst others, PM Dawn, Public Enemy and the Urban Dance Squad. We do cover dance music. What's more,

we've covered world music, classical music and folk music.

But we have a paper to produce and we can't sit around waiting for the next Prince tour. Indie, rock and heavy metal bands tour more frequently than most other forms of music because of its necessity, therefore we have the opportunity to review a wider selection of bands from these genres than we do for artists who specialize in other forms of music. It's not our fault. That's life.

We'd love to include a wider variety of music, unfortunately The Beaver music pages do not attract as many of you out there as we would like and so each week I rely on copy from the four main stays of my pages: Ron Voce, Rob Hick, Geoff Robertson and Nick Fletcher (when he can get his arse in gear), who have similar music tastes.

Unlike most of the critics

reading these pages they actually take the time to go out and review a band off their own backs. It's not my fault they don't like soul, dance etc.

If you want to write about any of these types of music then submit an article and get others interested instead of moaning to me. If we get a chance to review a band outside our own musical tastes then we'll try our best to give an accurate review as possible but we accept the fact that it may not be as good as someone who actually appreciates that kind of music. It's not our fault. So why don't you shut up and write an article instead of attacking my reviewers.

Oh, and by the way, Ron Voce and I DID mention disco and soul in our Seventies article so ya boo shucks to you. But to show you there's no hard feelings here's a picture of Otis Redding.



For a not-so-sweet soul sister

How to Win a Brit

The Neil Andrews guide to picking up awards

"Rejection is one thing, but rejection from a fool is cruel" - 'I Don't Mind If You Forget Me' Morrissey, 1988.

How exactly do you win a Brit award? Nobody knows. It's like the life of Ian Prince, a mystery. Do they simply pick a name out of some hat or do they simply give the award to the artist that's paid them the most? It's baffling. I, however, have formulated a seven point plan that, if all else fails, will win you an award within five years of your first hit single:

1) Record a really bland album while wearing a headband and sell it by the CD lorry load. Within five minutes your credibility rating will be zero and you will have very few friends but at least you'll have a Brit and quite a large bank account, mis-sus....

2) Do a lot of good work for "charity". Be a good egg like the Knebworth posse and make an absolute bundle at the same

time. Easy, eh? Just ask Phil Collins or Paul McCartney or Eric Clapton or Timmy Mallet....

3) If your hit record gets selected as a nominee for Best Single simply phone Simon Mayo's Breakfast Show and vote for yourself 756,938 times. Victory will be yours. (For reference see Depeche Mode's 'Enjoy The Silence')

4) Change your name to either Alison Moyet, Annie Lennox or Lisa Stansfield and sit back and watch as every single pervert in the BPI votes for you in the Best British Female Artist category.

5) Do not release a record which will stay at Number One on the Indie Charts for thirty eight consecutive weeks. This is a very bad move because it absolutely ensures that a Brit will not be winging it's way towards you. If you do have a big Indie hit don't worry, all is not lost. You could either convert yourself into Simple Minds, ie James, or simply shag

Jonathan King, take Carter USM for example. Yes I know they haven't won one yet but just you wait until next year....

6) The law states that "...you must be over the age of thirty five to win a Brit Award unless you're Lisa Stansfield, Betty Boo etc etc...." so change your age by deed poll and you'll be laughing, squire.

7) Die. A popular choice this one because you win quite easily thanks to the sympathy vote. I would vote for Phil Collins if he died.....actually I'd vote for Phil Collins dying.

So, if you follow this simple plan then you too could be rich and famous and have loads of funny looking objects on your mantle piece. But wait a minute, if all this is true how the fuck did the KLF win Best British Group?.....MuMu.

By the way, for those of you who care, Ron Voce wrote the Doors article.

Teenage Angst, part II

More readers respond

Dear Beaver,

To Neil and Ron: Sham eg "complete shite": Are you joking? Sham were magic and the kids loved them. They were so good they got mentioned by the Cockney Rejects ("I like punk, I like Sham, I got nicked at West Ham").

Jimmy Pursey could sing about everything. A few examples:

- Young peoples's rights and racial harmony ("If the kids are united, they will never be divided").

- Pleas for honesty in government (in "Questions and answers")

- Working class culture ("come on, come on, hurry up Harry, come on, we're going down the pub")

- Institutional violence ("There's gonna be a borstal breakout")

So, you so-called music writers, here are the facts.

1. Sham were truly angels with dirty faces.

2. Skinheads are magic, 1969.

Yours angrily,

Dafydd Jones, Martin Higgins and Jonny Hackett

Lads, lads. The fact remains that Jimmy and his boys still had a hit which went, "Hersham boys, Hersham boys / they call us the Cockney Cowboys". This is a big argument in my favour, I do think. Besides, anybody who gets nicked at West Ham is sad. Wake up, get a life and have a bath. Arsenal are crap and boring Higgins...

Pleasure's All Mine

Thearapy's new LP 'Pleasure Death'

Well, as promised, here is the new Therapy? mini-LP (a release in the same format as their 'Babyteeth' debut). Well, what has changed? Musically, the style is more mature whilst still retaining the aggression of 'Babyteeth' which forced you not to ignore the messages. Their songwriting technique has also matured, and it shows. The opening track, 'Skimming Pit' is a great example of this - a pure progression from 'Meat Abstract', where they build up a head of speed before really breaking out.

'Fantasy Bag' and 'Potato

Junkie' are my personal favourites on this album. 'Fantasy Bag' is about murders, sex murders in particular, and how they seemed so normal before they commit their crimes: "Friend, teacher, Frank, the guy next door...". 'Potato Junkie' is most memorable for its end sequence: a young girl asking a man if he finds her sexually attractive, when he replies "yes", she begs "Touch me...please." What you make of this is your decision. Repulsive? Touching?....

For those unfamiliar with Therapy's music, they play

a loud, fast, aggressive sort of semi-instrumental, sometimes thrashy music. This is combined with some excellent, thought provoking lyrics. It certainly isn't pretty, but that isn't the idea. If you can understand the messages behind the songs, yet still sit comfortably, then you either think you are perfect or you are completely brain dead. This is certainly my favourite release so far this year and you can catch up with the band in March in London.

Geoff Robertson.

The Women's Group and The Parent's Society
are having a

Jumble Sale

in aid of the LSE Nursery
on **Tuesday 18 Feb** in the Quad.

Please bring all your unwanted books, clothes etc. to:

The Women's room (top floor of the cafe)
or Fiona MacDonald's office (E206)
as soon as possible.

RAG BALL

There are still some tickets left for the Rag Ball.
This event is being held at the Waldorf Hotel on
Saturday, 22 Feb.

Tickets are priced at £38.

This includes a four-course meal, half-bottle of wine,
and entertainment by:

THAT SWING THANG AND CRAIG MCMURDO

There will also be a disco in the Adelphi Suite.

There are a limited number of after-dinner tickets,
priced at £16.

See Fiona MacDonald in E206 for more details.

LSE ACCOMMODATION 1992/1993.

Application Forms for LSE
Halls, Flats and houses, along
with University of London
Intercollegiate Halls are
currently available from the
Central Accommodation Office
(E296) and the Housing and
Welfare Office (E297).

The closing dates for
applications by continuing
students (undergraduates and
postgraduates) are as follows:

LSE residences (halls, flats and houses)
30 April 1992

Intercollegiate Halls
31 March 1992.

GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The doors from the Clare Market
entrance to the Quad will be locked
after 6.30 pm on weekdays to help
ensure the security of the East
Building during non-use hours.

CONFIRMATION OF EXAM ENTRY SESSION 1991 - 1992.

Students are reminded to collect their forms
from the registry 3rd. floor, Connaught
House.

These forms **must be completed by your
tutor**, and returned to the registry by
Thursday 20th of February.

Lipman & Sons Menswear

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Special Student Rates

Hire of Dinner Suit: £16.50p

Complete with Shirt & Tie £21.50

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Near Leicester Square Tube

Open 9am - 8pm Mon-Fri

9 am - 6pm Saturdays

THE SCOTCH APPRECIATION SOCIETY.

There will be a tasting
session of the Scotch
Appreciation Society on
Tues. 18th Feb.

at 7.30 pm in the

Vera Anstey Room.

Plans for the trip will be discussed.

SAS proudly present:

THE 1992 DISTILLERY TOUR

11pm, Thurs. 27th Feb
to

8am, Sun. 1st March

Cost : £50

including travel,

accommodation, tasting, etc.

for more information, attend the
tasting session on Tues. 18th,

or phone:

Thomas 071-706-2390

Leo 071-233-5885.

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Cost £500 (approx. 15 weeks at £33)

More information:
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Room F3/5 (Kamel) or Room F6/1 (Heba)

THE UNDERGROUND

THE SHAKEDOWN CLUB

a night of improvised jazz.

Wed. 19 Feb. 8pm.

£2.50 students

£1.50 jazz soc. members.

NAVIN REDDY

"DJ EXTRAORDINAIRE"

Friday night,

an unforgettable night of

Techno grooves

FREE

Fancy writing on a topical issue?
A new magazine,

LSE REVIEW

is being set up.

It will include articles by
students on relevant issues in
politics, international affairs,
philosophy, etc.

Keep an eye out for the first
meeting.

JAZZ SOC.

an important meeting for all
members to attend.

Wed. 19th Feb,

A698, 1pm.

LSE CHRISTIAN UNION

invites you to attend their
meeting on

'Thurs. 20th Feb.

6.30pm.

All welcome!

GET UP OFF YOUR BUM!!

Make the LSE Administration take an effective stance against education cuts.

Get involved!!

Left Soc. Meeting
Mon. 17th Feb.
1pm. in S300.

THE WEST EUROPEAN POLITICS SOCIETY
presents a panel discussion on:
**EUROPE AS AN EMERGING
WORLD POWER:
THE DEFENCE DIMENSION.**

with
Calum MacDonald, MP
(Vice Chairman - The future of Europe Trust)
Dr. Christopher Coker
(International Department - LSE)
Mr. Edward Mortimer
(Foreign Editor, *The Financial Times*)

The discussion will take place
in **A220** in the Old Building
from 1.30 to 2.30
on **Tuesday 25th Feb.**

SIKHS / HINDUS

Interested in setting up a sikh society?
Interested in setting up a Hindu society?
How about acting as an LSE contact for your
respective religious communities?

If you are interested, please contact
Rev. Liz Waller (K51).

Your interest (or lack of interest) will determine
if these societies get off the ground.

It only takes a couple of minutes to pop into
K51 and find out more.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL.

present a video on Burma.
Wed. 19th 1-2pm. S50.

PHOTO SOCIETY.

Will meet on **Mon 17th Feb** in the Quad 6-7pm.
A professional qualified photographer will be present
to help arrange trouble-shooting sessions.
Help with competition.
New members are welcome.

A discussion of IMPERIALISM AND THE MIDDLE EAST, ONE YEAR AFTER THE GULF WAR

will take place on **Wed. 19th Feb**
at 7.30pm. in Room S419.

This discussion is arranged by the Workers Power Student Society.

ACCOMODATION

for Postgrads and mature students.

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LSE Students Union presents

MEIR VANUNU

brother of Mordechai Vanunu, the alleged 'spy'
and 'traitor' to Israel.

Meir Vanunu will talk about
the campaign to free Mordechai,
and the campaign for a
nuclear-free Middle-East.

LSE ID. Required.

Thurs. 18th Feb. 1pm. Old Theatre

BEAVER CLASSIFIEDS

To advertise in the Classifieds section, please
contact James in the Beaver Office (ext. 2870).
Alternatively, write down the information, and
drop it into the Beaver Office (E197).

This service is **free** to all LSE students and
Societies.

Please note that copy deadline is Wednesday noon
for the following Monday's issue.