

The Beaver

THE STUDENTS' UNION NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS



GOTCHA!

BEAVER EXCLUSIVE: "CAMILLAGATE" TRANSCRIPT

IT'S THE TAPE THEY'RE ALL TALKING ABOUT BUT HAVEN'T THE BALLS TO PRINT. YOUR BELOVED BEAVER BRINGS YOU THE EXCLUSIVE TRANSCRIPT OF "CAMILLAGATE".....

F:he was a bit anxious actually
M: Was he?
F: He thought he may have gone a bit far.
M: Ah well.
F: Anyway you know the sort of thing to beware of. And sort of feel ones way with. If you know what I mean.
M: Mm, your awfully good at feeling your way along
F: Oh stop I want to feel my way along you, over you and up and down you and in and out.....
M:particularly in and out
F: Oh that's just what I need at the moment
M: Is it?

Scanner enthusiast who recorded the conversation talks over the couple to record the date at this point.

F: I know what would revive me, I cant bear a day or night without you.
M: Oh GOD!
F: Its like that programme Start The Week, I cant start the week without you.
M: I fill up your tank!
F: Yes you do.
M: Then you can cope?
F: I'm all right
M: What about me? The trouble is I need you several times a week.
F: Mmm. So do I. I need you all the week, all the time.
M: Oh God, I'll just live inside your trousers or something. It would be much easier!
F: (laughs) What are you going to turn into, a pair of knickers (both laugh). Oh, you're going to come back as a pair of knickers.
M: Or God forbid a Tampax. Just my luck! (Laughs)
F: You are a complete idiot (laughs) Oh what a wonderful idea.
M: My luck to be chucked down a lavatory and go on and on forever swirling around on the top, never going down!
F: Oh, perhaps you could just come back as a box.
M: What sort of box?
F: A box of Tampax so you could just keep repeating
M: That's true.
F: Repeating yourself. (laughing) Oh darling, I just want you now.
M: Do you?
F: Mmm
M: So do I.
F: Desperately, desperately, desperately. Oh, I thought of you so much at Varnby.
M: Did you

F: Simply because we couldn't be there together.
M: Desperate, If you could be here - I long to tell Nancy sometimes.
F: Why don't you?
M: I daren't.
F: Because I think she's so in love with you
M: Mmm
F: She'd do anything you asked.
M: She'd tell all sorts of people.
F: No she wouldn't, because she would be too frightened of what you would say to her. I think you've got- I'm afraid it's a terrible thing to say and I think, you know, those sort of people do feel very strongly about you. You've got such a strong hold over her.
M: Really?
F: And you're...I think as usual you're underestimating yourself.
M: But she might be terribly jealous or something.
F: Oh, (laughs) now there's a point I wonder, she might be, I suppose.
M: You never know do you.
F: No. The little green-eyed monster might be lurking inside of her. No, but I mean the thing is your so good when people are so flattered to be taken into your confidence, but I don't know they'd betray you. You know real friends.
M: Really?
F: I don't (pause) Gone to sleep?
M: No I'm here
F: Darling, listen I've talked to David tonight again, it might not be any good.
M: Oh no!
F: I'll tell you why. He's got these children of one of those Crawley girls and their nanny staying. He's going, I'm going to ring him again tomorrow. He's going to try and put them off till Friday. But I thought as an alternative perhaps I might ring up Charlie.
M: Yes
F: And see if we could meet there. I know he's back on Thursday.
M: It's quite a lot further away.
F: Oh, is it?
M: Well I'm just trying to think, coming from Newmarket.
F: Coming from Newmarket to me at that time of night, you could probably do it in two-and-three quarters. It takes me three.
M: What to get to Bowood.
F: No not quite.
M: To go to Bowood.



No pictures please, we are just good friends

F: To go to Bowood would be the same as me, really wouldn't it.
M: I mean to say, you would suggest going to Bowood eh?
F: No not at all.
M: Which Charlie then?
F: What Charlie do you think I was talking about?
M: I didn't know, because I thought you meant.....
F: I've got lots.....
M: Somebody else.
F: I've got loads of friends called Charlie.
M: The other ones, Patty's
F: Oh! Oh there! Oh that is further away. They're not.....
M: They've gone.....
F: I don't know, it's just, you know, just a thought/ I feel if it fell through, the other place.
M: Oh right, what do you do, go on to the M25, then down the M4, is it?
F: Yes, you do, down from Royston or the M11 at that time of night.
M: Yes, well that'll be just after, it will be after shooting anyway.
F: So it would be, but, you would miss the worst of the traffic. Because I'll, er, you see, the problem is I've got to be in London tomorrow night.
M: Yes
F: And Tuesday night A's coming home.
M: No!
F: Would you believe it. Because I don't know what he is doing, he is shooting down here or something. But darling, you wouldn't be able to ring me anyway would you?

M: I might just, I mean tomorrow night I could have done.
F: Oh darling, I can't believe it. How could you ring tomorrow night?
M: Because I'll be (yawns) working on the next speech.
F: Oh no, what's the next one?
M: A housing in the community one, rebuilding communities.
F: Oh no what's that for?
M: A rather important one for Wednesday.
F: Well at least I'll be behind you
M: I know.
F: Can i have a copy of the one you've just done?
M: Yes.
F: Can I? Um, I would like to hear it
M: OK, I'll try and organise it.....
F: Darling.....
M: But I, oh God, when am I going to speak to you?
F: I can't be sure, um.
M: Wednesday night?
F: Oh certainly Wednesday night, I'll be alone, um, Wednesday, you know, the evening, or Tuesday. While you're rushing around doing things, I'll be, you know, alone until a quarter- past eight. He won't be here. Thursday, pray God. Um, that ambulance strike, it's a terrible thing to say this, I'm hoping it won't end by Thursday.
M: It will have done?
F: Well I hope for everybody's sake it will have done, but I hope for our sakes, it is still

going on.
M: Why?
F: Well because if it stops, he'll come down here on Thursday night.
M: Oh no!
F: Yes, but I don't think it will stop, do you?
M: No, neither do I, just our luck.
F: It would just be our luck, I know.
M: Then it's bound to
F: No it won't. You mustn't think like that, you must think positive.
M: I'm not very good at that.
F: Well I am going to. Because if I don't I'd despair. (pause) Hmm- gone to sleep?
M: No. How maddening.
F: I know. Anyway, I mean he's doing his best to change it, David, but I just thought, you know, I might just ask Charlie.
M: Did he say anything?
F: No, I haven't talked to him.
M: You haven't?
F: Well, I talked to him briefly, but you know, I just thought- I just don't know whether he's got any children at home, that's the worry.
M: Right.
F: Oh..... darling, I think I'll.....
M: Pray, just pray .
F: It would be so wonderful to have just one night to set us on our way, wouldn't it?
M: Wouldn't it? To wish you a happy Christmas.
F: (indistinct) happy, oh don't lets think about Christmas, I cant bear it. (pause) Going to go to sleep? I think you'd better, don't you? Darling?
M: (sleepy) Yes, darling?
F: I think you've exhausted yourself by all that hard work. You must go to sleep now. Darling?
M: (sleepy) Yes, darling?
F: Will you ring me when you wake up?
M: Yes I will.
F: before I have these rampaging children around. It's Tom's birthday tomorrow. (pause) You all right?
M: Mm I'm all right.
F: Can't talk to you, I know.
M: What time do they come in?
F: Well usually Tom never wakes up at all, but as it's is birthday tomorrow he might just stagger out of bed. It won't be before half-past eight. (pause) Night, night my darling.
M:.....Darling...
F: I do love you.
M: (sleepy) Before....
F: Before half-past eight.
M: Try and ring?
F: Yeah, if you can. Love you, darling.
M: Night, darling.
F: I love you.
M: Love you too. I don't want to say goodbye.

F: Well done for doing that. You're a clever old thing. An awfully good brain lurking there, isn't there? Oh darling. I think you might have to give the brain a rest now. Night night.
M: Night darling. God bless.
F: I do love you and I'm so proud of you.
M: Oh I'm so proud of you.
F: Don't be silly, I've never achieved anything.
M: Yes you have.
F: No I haven't.
M: Your great achievement is to love me.
F: Oh, darling. Easy than falling off a chair.
M: You suffer all these indignities and torments and calamities.
F: Oh, darling, don't be so silly. I'd suffer anything for you. That's love. It's the strength of love. Night, night.
M: Night, darling. Sounds as though your dragging an enormous piece of string behind you, with hundreds of tin pots and cans attached to it. I think it must be your telephone. Night night, before the battery goes. (blows kiss) Night.
F: Love you.
M: Don't want to say goodbye.
F: Neither do I, but you must get some sleep. 'Bye.
M: 'Bye, darling.
F: Love you.
M: 'Bye.
F: Hopefully talk to you in the morning.
M: Please.
F: 'Bye. I do love you.
M: Night.
F: Night.
M: Night
F: Love you for ever.
M: Night.
F: G'bye. 'Bye my darling.
M: Night.
F: Night night.
M: Night.
F: Bye - bye.
M: Going.
F: 'Bye
M: Going.
F: Gone.
M: Night.
F: 'Bye. Press the button.
M: Going to press it.
F: All right darling. I wish you were pressing mine.
M: God, I wish I was. Harder and harder.
F: Oh darling.
M: Night.
F: Night.
M: Love you.
F: (yawning) Love you. Press the but-
M: Adore you. Night.
F: Night.
M: Night.
F: (blows a kiss)
M: Night.
F: G'night my darling. Love you.....
M: (hangs up)

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Union Jack

Having already visited a football match, Jack has decided to visit a football match instead. That's Gridiron as opposed to soccer. As this is my final column, Jack is not too worried about disclosing his American roots anyway.

First we had to decide who would officiate. Leftie Ray Yates gave the shortest speech on record: 'I feel I can be fair and impartial.' Perhaps this helped him narrowly beat Ludwig Kanzler and balconoid Gerrard Harris to become Chair. Gerrard became the other zebra, over DSG newcomer Ragulan Sriskanthan.

Ray tossed the coin and Geoff Robertson elected to receive. He was run out of bounds at the thirty-two yard line with his announcement that two vacancies on the Constitution and Steering Committee need filling. See Mel Taylor if interested. On first and ten, QB Faz handed off to next Thursday's Union Council meeting and warned against banners in Houghton Street. Also, we might have a larger stadium soon, if the School is able to buy the Royalty Theatre. On second and eight, Jon Spurling ran up the middle for a yard, and on third down, Peter Harris noted that hardship applications are due by 29 January. Jonni Bradburn punted.

Martin Lewis fielded the kick and streaked down field, trailing Rag Week announcements in his wake, before being tackled at midfield. Faz took the snap and avoided being sacked by Hans, who wanted to know what she had done about NUS. Jonni caught a short screen pass and ran through defensive end Gavin Blackburn as is he weren't there. All Gavin asked was whether Jonni wouldn't rather donate his pay to the societies. The first quarter ended scoreless.

Coach Ron Voce called in the next play from the balcony: Business Motion 2, for a rent strike in Rosebery Avenue Hall. Despite Leandro's perverse view that we could do more to help the Iraqis, Jon Spurling took the snap and told us of the problems in hall. Jack (for it was he) asked whether construction is still six weeks behind schedule, and Jon said yes. With no defenders in sight, Ray moved the vote and the students scored. Rosebery rents should now be paid into a SU account until fair play is restored. 7-0, easy.

The second half saw the resumption of the budget debate. The Committees budget finally passed, making the score 10-0, but the offence sputtered on the next series of downs over the Societies budget. Jon told us that, in accordance with our wishes, the reserve was being allocated, and we should pass this.

However, the pass was knocked down by an alert defender who noted that giving money to the Anti-Nazi League was against our wishes. Gavin made little yardage, Kate Hampton pushed back, and Martin Lewis drew a clipping penalty against an irate Julian Bild. Mubin Haq tried to come onto the field but was ruled an ineligible receiver. Instant replay official Simon Reid noted that 'in an ideal world, the chair would know what's going on,' and after a count and a recount, the ANL again lost their money to Amnesty, moving the score to 13-0. Jack agrees with Kate that it is important to do something about rising fascism, but why doesn't someone here set up an AFA affiliate again? That way, we have a sensible alternative to the SWP-dominated ANL.

Deep in the fourth quarter, the Societies budget was finally approved, and the score remained 20-0 for the duration. With eight minutes on the clock, Suke tried to take the field, but the marching band refused to yield. Do you recall what was revealed?

LSE Research

By
Adrian May

success

Concern over teaching priorities as LSE is rated as the UK's number three research institution.

The UFC/HEFCE 1992 Research Assessment Exercise of British Universities saw LSE rated as Britain's number three research university, confirming the schools claim that it is an elite institution. Cambridge led the way with an aggregate score of 4.82, Oxford just behind with 4.67, and the LSE next with 4.59.

The survey was conducted between March and December 1992, and looked at the publications and research plans of academics in university departments across the country. The results will be used as a basis for determining future funding of individual universities in the UK.

The results confirmed

"students will not suffer. LSE is becoming a research led teaching institution, and the academics are adamant that the teaching role of the school should remain intact."

LSE's reputation as a 'centre of excellence' in the study of the social sciences. Ten of the school's departments scored full marks (5 out of 5), which classifies all the assessed research these departments did as being of 'international excellence.' Three departments scored 4, which is

classified as research of 'national excellence, and some of international excellence.' A further 4 departments scored three, which means they do research of 'national excellence.' Neil Gregory, LSE's Head of Research Services, when asked if there would be upheavals in departments that did not score top marks,

are a recognition that we have excellent academics, but will also mean an improved financial situation for the School," said Gregory. But Gregory was less clear as to whether the figures would lead to a definite increase in the amount of Government funding the School got for its research.

"What we will get depends on two things; how much the government decides to spend on universities, and how they decide to spend it." At the moment the policy is to make research grant awards on an 85% or 90% quality component, although there is a threat to offer institutions with a poor research rating with a special development

grant. Mr Gregory was only able to conclude that "if the government follows its current policy this should mean more cash - we have earned the money; whether we get it is a separate matter." Last year (1991/92) the school earned £8m from the government, and £6m from contract work, the latter being a big increase on the £3.6m of 1989/90.

The Rankings by University

Cambridge	4.82
Oxford	4.67
LSE	4.59
UCL	4.49
Warwick	4.37
Imperial	4.37

replied that there will not be a witch hunt because "no one did badly, but there were varying degrees of success across the school." Asked about what will happen in the departments with the highest available rating, Gregory said that there was unlikely to be any complacency. "This will ensure that they continue with a high ranking in future years."

Along with the news has come concern from some students that the figures will only expedite LSE along a path towards research dominance, with teaching in second place. The scenario feared by many is of academ-

He denied that the creation of research elite institutions like LSE, would lead to the development of complimentary teaching elite centres in universities with a poor research rating. He pointed out that any increase in research would mean in the first instance more academics; the profits made would be invested in facilities that students could enjoy. "Above all the student community benefits in that we will have more people of international quality," he concluded.

These results will clearly be a help to the School as it seeks to attract contract research work. "The ratings

"Above all the student community benefits in that we will have more people of international quality,"



Heated discussion over the budget allocation for the Anti-Nazi league in the U.G.M Photo: T. Moos

LSE Talking crap at debating Championships

During the last week of the Christmas holidays LSE took part in the most prestigious international debating competition ever to be held in England, the XIIIth World Universities Debating Championships. The venue was Oxford University, with 188 teams from across the world gathering for a week of debates. The LSE Debating Society entered two teams. David Savage, a 3rd year Law and Anthropology student, and James Houghton, a 3rd year Economics student, formed the 'A' team. James Comyn, a 2nd year LLB student, and Ayasha Ahmed, a 1st year Law and Social Anthropology student were the LSE 'B' team. LSE also sent two experienced debaters, Susie Webb and Aparna Nathan, to act as

judges. The competitors stayed in four colleges close to the Union: Balliol, Keble, Wadham and New College. The format for the debates was based on the British Parliamentary tradition, with two sides speaking on each side of motion, as either proposition or opposition. During the first three days of competition, every team competed three times each day on motions that were published 15 minutes before the start of the debate. Team members each gave seven minute speeches, whilst being expected to interrupt opposing team member's speeches with critical and humorous points of information. The motions ranged from the topical and serious as in "This House would intervene militarily in

Bosnia", to the humorous, as in "This House regrets the existence of England. Unfortunately neither LSE team made the "cut" to the final 32 teams who entered the octo-finals, the strength of the international competition, particularly from the USA and Australia, being such to ensure that no British team made it beyond the quarter finals. Some teams had even travelled with their own debate 'coach', whilst the fact that debate is virtually taught as a curriculum subject in schools in Australia was clearly evident in the consistent strength of their teams. The final consisted of two Australian teams, a team from Harvard (USA), and a Canadian team, who debated the motion "This House would use force to make

peace." In what was considered a controversial decision by some, the judges selected Harvard as World Champions, despite the fact that in opposing the motion they had admitted they would lie about their preparedness to use force. The judges for the final included the Master of the Rolls, Lord Justice Bingham, and the philosopher Baroness Warnock.

In addition to the daily program, there was an extensive evening schedule of social events, including a civic reception at Oxford town hall, hosted by the Mayor, trips to Stratford-upon-Avon and the Houses of Parliament, banquets at Balliol and Keble colleges, as well as several parties and excursions to local pubs and night-clubs. Submitted on behalf of the Debating Society

LSE Students attacked

By Beaver Staff

Two LSE-Students were attacked in two separate incidents. The Beaver has been told of the incidents over a third party.

One student, who has not been named, was attacked before Christmas by his landlord who wanted to force him out of his flat. When the student returned to his flat one evening he was attacked by the landlord and one of the landlord's friends, both probably drunk. According to the account given to the Beaver, the attackers tried to throw the student out of the second-floor window of the flat, probably in the belief that 'it would look like suicide'. There was a violent struggle and in the end the student managed to convince his attackers that they would not get away with the murder. The student suffered injuries, including a deep cut on his head inflicted with a knife. It is understood that the student subsequently pressed charges.

In another, completely separate incident, a student, described as being of timid character, was subject to an attack close to the LSE. The student was walking down the Kingsway on Wednesday evening when he was asked for change by a young man. The student tried to walk on, but was followed by the man and was then kicked into the groin, as well as into regions lower down on his body. According to the information given to the Beaver, it was only after the attacker was satisfied that he had hurt the student, that he left the student alone. The student, while being hurt and emotionally affected, did not press charges. It has been pointed out by officers of the Students' Union that "no one is safe. There is a everyday threat to everyone".

Students Union Backs Rosebery Rent Strike

At the Union General Meeting last Thursday the LSESU voted nearly unanimously to support a rent strike at Rosebery Avenue Hall. The form of the rent strike is for the residents to pay their rent cheques into a LSESU account administered by the Finance and Services Officer, Jon Spurling. This form of strike is advocated and supported by NUS, who believe it is an effective means for students to bargain with student accommodation administrations.

This was not a step to be taken lightly by many of the residents. However, the loss of amenities, the delays and noise of the contractor and the refusal of the Hall administration to offer residents a fair compromise has brought the residents to a point where this is the only course of action, especially when one considers that exam time is rapidly approaching. Work on the construction of Middleton Road Hall is already six weeks behind schedule and completion before June looks unlikely.

Even during the Christmas vacation the building work continued. Those residents who remained in the hall were told that as it was the vacation, building work would go on all day and this meant even at the weekends. Furthermore the hall administration, under the guidance of warden Kurt Klapphoz, has put up notices which indirectly say pay your rent on time or else you will be evicted.

Many of the residents believe that the Hall administration hoped that the holidays would dampen the idea of a rent strike. But for the residents, the memory of finding out a few days before leaving, by a hastily word-processed note that the Restaurant facilities would not be opened until February instead of the first day of term, meant that nearly 50% of residents have said they would support the rent strike.

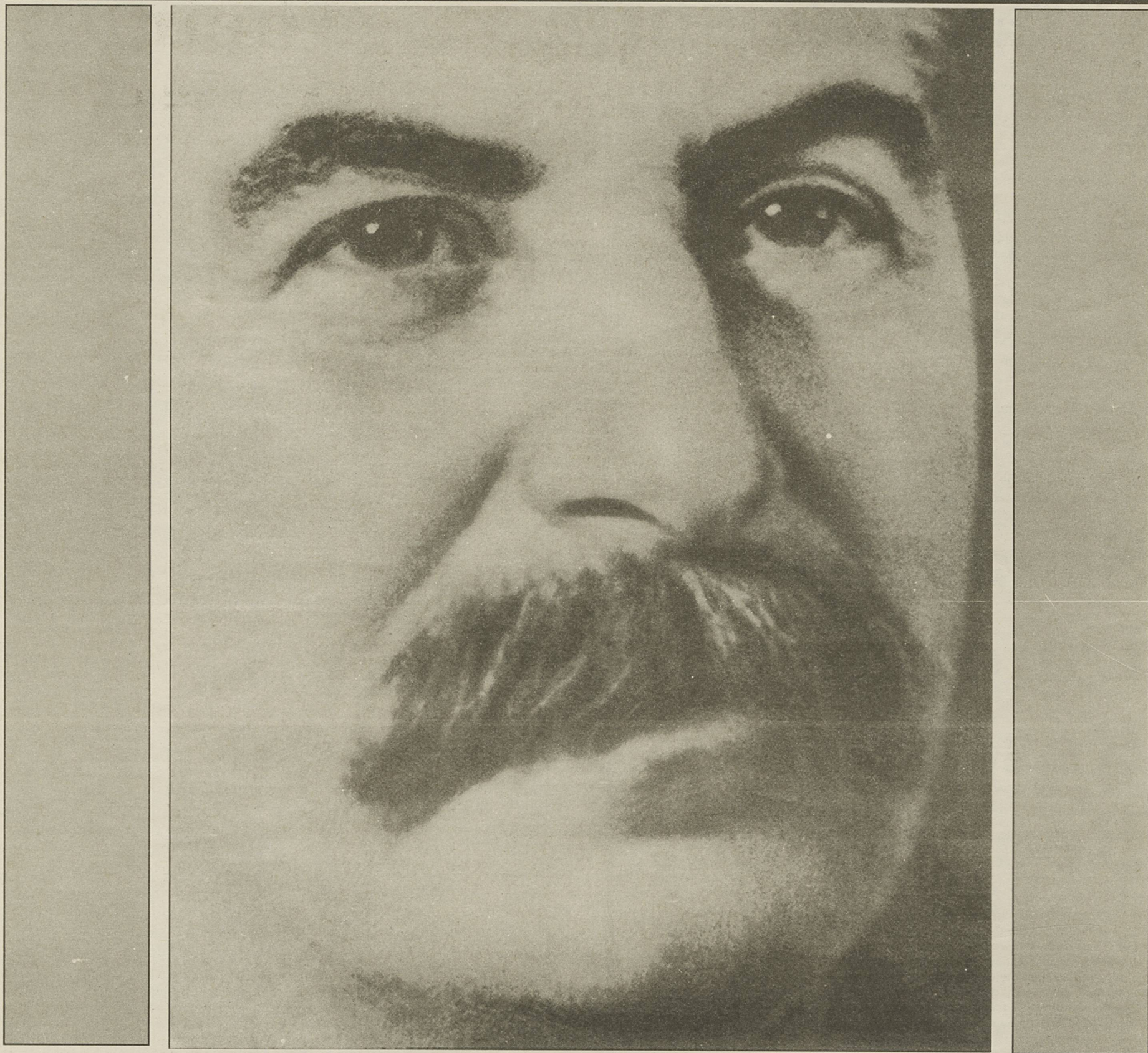
With the rent strike now official, the Rosebery Hall committee can now only wait and see. Chris Longridge, the Secretary of the Hall Committee said "I hope the take up rate for this scheme is high as that will give us some bargaining power. The hall administration do not want to evict its residents onto the street as it is to public. However, if too few residents take up the scheme, then those students will be compromised by student apathy and the Hall administration could take punitive action against the minority who stood up to be counted."

Photo Of The Week



The impressive variety of draught beers now available in The Tunns

BIG BEAVER



Is Watching YOU!

**WE NEED
PRODUCTION
STAFF!!**

If Anyone would like to help in the production of THE BEAVER, be they mildly computer literate and willing, then come to the next collective meeting: Every Monday at 6.00pm on the top floor of the S.U. Cafe and see me (Managing Ed)

The Big Beaver....

...served with your favourite vegetables and some lard.

Tired of take-a-ways? Bored with Jimmy Trees' complaints about your cooking? Or are you simply hungry? Fancy something different to eat? Then why not try one of these recipes for tea. They're simple to cook and quite cheap in terms of ingredients.

Vampire's Death

If you are simply mega rich, then you can use fillet steak for this, but if you are flat broke and want to impress someone with a real dinner party meal, use braising steak.

Shopping:

Oil	Tomato puree
Butter	Worcester sauce
1 onion	Tabasco sauce
1 green pepper	Basil
Garlic	Black pepper
1 medium piece braising steak	English mustard
1 tin of tomatoes	Brown sugar

Heat a little oil in the frying-pan together - the oil stops the butter burning and the butter gives it a richer taste. Chop the onion, garlic, pepper and cut the braising steak into bite-sized chunks. Fry the onion until it goes translucent, then add the garlic, pepper and the pieces of steak. When the meat is brown, add the tomatoes, a squirt of tomato puree, Worcester sauce, Tobasco, basil and black pepper. Follow this up with th English Mustard and brown sugar. Pour this mixture into an ovenproof dish - don't ruin your mother's plastic saucepan handles by putting them in the oven. Cover the dish with foil and cook for about One-and-a-half hours at 180°C (350°F, Gas Mark 4). This dish also reheats well.

TVPersonality Pie

TVP is that meat-alternative for all you vegetarians who like meat. It's made from soya, is full of protein and mega-cheap. You can also chuck it into stews as well,

Shopping

1 vegetable stock cube	1 onion
Mixed herbs	Oil
Garlic	Salt and pepper
Beef flavoured textured vegetable protein	Milk
4 potatoes	1 egg
2 leeks	Vegetarian cheese

Add hot water to the stock cube and mix in the herbs and crushed garlic. Cover the TVP with some of this liquid and leave to soak for 30 minutes. Peel and boil the potatoes and chop the leeks and onions. Fry the leeks and onions in some oil with salt and pepper. When the vegetables are tender, dollop into a greased casserole dish and fry the squidgy TVP in the same frying-pan for 5 minutes, so all the flavour from the leeks and onion comes out. Meanwhile, mash the potatoes with milk and a raw egg. Put a layer of TVP on top of the leek and onion mixture, then a layer of potato, and top it off with grated cheese. Put it into the oven for 20 minutes at 180° C (350° F, Gas Mark 4)

Pasta In B Flat

The sauce only takes as long as the pasta. Read the packet to find out how long that is.

Shopping

Pasta	1 tin of tuna fish
1 onion	1 tin of tomatoes

2 sticks of celery	Salt and pepper
Oil	

Put the pasta into hotwater and boil. Chop the onion and celery and fry until they go soft. Drain the tuna and add to the pan with the tomatoes, salt, pepper, and cook for 10 minutes. Use fresh tomatoes if you've got some as they will taste better. If it starts to dry out, add a little water. When the pasta is al dente (soft!), drain, and mix the tuna sauce into the pasta, sprinkling Parmesan on top.

Roast Lamb and Mint Sauce

This good old traditional Sunday lunch meal doesn't have to be expensive. Cheap cuts can be bought from your butcher and you can make your own mint sauce and gravy.

Shopping

Garlic	Mint Sauce
Salt	Dried mint
Shoulder hoint of lamb	White wine vinegar
Dried rosemary	Sugar
Pepper	Gravy
	Flour
	Marmite

Chop the garlic and mash it up with a fair bit of salt. The more salt you have, the better the crackling on the outside of the meat. Rub the mixture into the meat. Sprinkle rosemary and pepper on to the bottom of the lamb, as it won't burn on the underside but the herbs will still mix in with the juices to give extra flavour. Stick the lamb in a roasting tin and whack it into a pre-heated oven, around 200° C (400° F, Gas Mark 6) for 90 minutes.

To make your mint sauce, sprinkle some chopped mint, fresh or dried, into a bowl and pour in enough wine vinegar to cover it. Add a little sugar to sweeten and allow to stand for a while for the mint to soak in the liquid.

When the lamb is ready, remove from the roasting tin and mix the juices in the tin with some flour and a bit of Marmite diluted with water to make your gravy. Serve with your favourite vegetables. Alternatively, go home for the weekend.

Leyton Curry - A Taste of the Orient

This ultra-cheap recipe uses cooked meat-ends to create a filling meal which is actually quite tasty. The meat-ends are those bits of meat which do not cut properly and which most butchers are too embarrassed to display - sometimes it needs a bit of sorting out with the fingers to get rid of bits of string, gristle or plastic wrapping (especially off salami)

Shopping

3/4 lb meat-ends, cooked	1 green pepper
2 onions	1/2 pint single cream
1/4 lb mushrooms	2 dessertspoons curry paste
Oil	Salt
1 piece ginger	Rice, cooked

Remove the disgusting bits and chop the meat into chunks. Slice the onions and mushrooms and fry in oil. Chop up about 1 inch of ginger and roughly cut up the pepper - add to the frying vegetables. Cook for a few minutes until the vegetables soften, then add the meat chunks, curry paste and cream. Stir well so the cream doesn't curdle and bring to the boil. Put the lid on the pan and simmer for 10 minutes. Serve with rice.

Next we will be serving up a portion or two of pudding. Remember kids, never use an oven without an adult present.

Eating For Their Profit

Oh the joys of eating out. The booking of the table, the counting of money, the hunting of credit cards and perhaps the fuss of dressing up for the big occasion. Trouble is it all seems too much of a disappointment many of the times. You walk out of a restaurant perhaps after spending over50 quid knowing that for the same money you could have toured M&S and grabbed everything under the NEW signs. Of course sometimes you can leave a restaurant and be happy, trying to convince yourself that the money was well spent and with a full stomach sometimes it is.

Even the humble Indian now leaves many things to be desired. There was one who disapproved of me hanging my coat on the back of the chair in his slightly up market area eating place. Fair enough I'll hang it up but did the food come at a normal pace.....no. Lets ask for the poppadoms and the spice tray and some lager. The usual request heard in places from Truro to Thirsk, they can't bugger that up. But this place suffers from the two waiters at your table syndrome. One takes your order, patiently writing it down and goes. Another one comes along, perhaps he knows that the first waiter is a forgetful person, and he asks what you want. Here you make the fateful mistake of saying that your order has already been taken...yes you were picked by the moron waiter who has gone off the serve the lads from the disco. Fifteen minutes later you are still picking the last diners crumbs from the table cloth as you starve and your pickles are still waiting in the kitchen. Most of these places are small so I am unable to see why they can't keep an eye on you and perhaps even wonder ten minutes after you have entered their establishment why you are not swilling their 2.5% alcohol beer.

I would now like to draw your attention to the free gifts. These are usually common at burger outlets, plastic Ronald MacDonalds. However, I have been to an Italian restaurant that gives out blue porcelain castles the size of a paperback. Unfortunately the food was overpriced but they decided that the children needed a reminder of the place so out came the ceramic masterpiece. Delightful. I am rather fond of Italian restaurants with all the screams of the waiters in their Clerkenwell Road-Naples accents. One I was in must have imported their mentally challenged offspring from the continent to work in London. He came out with the pepper for my dish and failed to stop even when I had said "when" a few times. The fish was a good accompaniment to the condiment. Unfortunately I still haven't got the knack of eating European. Those long drawn out dinners where the wine and conversation flows. I seem to eat the food in five minutes, perhaps I'm a pig but I have tried. I think the Naples sunshine probably helps. Long drawn out dinners, however, can be unexpectedly arranged for you. The last time out at another Italian we waited a good 20 minutes before being served as one of the waitresses/greeters hovered around us endlessly pushing the sweet trolley from one side of the room to another. Usually I set a time for someone to come and see us before walking out. They just made it. Pizza Hut are good at this lack of service. Please wait to be seated and once down you can be forgotten about even if the place is virtually empty as all the staff, not having too much to do, speak to one another.

For entertainment while I have waited at places I've had live cockroach served up in the bread basket and also dried woodlouse in the tea in a Malaysian eaterie. The staff seem to make little jokes and offer you another cup. What the hell dried out it's not likely to give you food poisoning. In the States in order to improve their tip the staff will engage in conversation with you. Unable to decide I was asked, "What sort of mood are we in tonight sir?" Perhaps if I had said psychotic I would have had char broiled human torso.

My best revenge was a free meal at Friday's. What occasioned it was a chip buried by them deep in the sour cream dip. The management told up that the chip had sunk into the dip. Considering the density very hard to do. But on receipt of a letter of complaint we got a free meal for four with the urge from the staff to eat as much as you could. "No sir, why not have 10 potato skins and the baby high chair..." At least at Friday's you do get attentive staff as they are all on a group commission. Finally, I think the best meal for eating out must be the kebab from the local shop. The smile the server gives you when you ask for the chili sauce makes up for a lot of things you can't see in the dark as you stagger down the road clutching your greasy pile, and I don't mean the girlfriend.

Attention!

There will be an election for the position of Campus Editor Today, Monday 18th January, at 6pm, Top Floor of the Cafe. All Collective Members are entitled to vote. Nominations close at 5pm today. All those who wish to stand must inform the Editor by that time.

The Beaver

Call For Bradburn To Re- sign

Dear Beaver,

In the light of the fact that the entire Ents budget has been spent, and that there will be no more Ents events this year we are calling on Jonny Bradburn to resign. The principle of accountability is one on which the DSG is unwilling to compromise and we are worried about the precedent that would be set if nothing is done when sabbaticals do nothing.

Jonny must accept responsibility for what has happened. He was aware that his policy of booking 'quality' and expensive acts was risky and has himself admitted that he sees no need for an Ents Sabbatical (Beaver Nov 23). Given the circumstances we feel we must agree.

It has been suggested that jonny should stay to help societies organise entertainments. We propose that the thousand pounds saved on his salary each month would be better used by the societies themselves, particularly in light of the shortages imposed by the budget. The two entertain-

ment officers on the executive, whose competence is not in question, are available to help the societies organise their own events.

We hope that Jonny will have the decency and integrity to recognise that without any money, he has no job, and that he should go.

Nick Kirby
DSG Chair.

His Mas- ter's Voice

To anyone who is listening, In my infinite wisdom, last year I managed to have passed a motion at the UGM that said, amongst other things, that the Chair of the UGM should take a test to see if he was competent or not. After today's debacle I think maybe I am not alone in thinking that this piece of Union policy should be used. I do not do this lightly, as I have had the dubious pleasure in chairing the

meetings last term and know what a worrying and yet rewarding job the Chair is. For over two terms we have had the stern, but firm hand of Simon Reid to guide us through with a quip and the occasional put down.

Today the UGM degenerated into a slugging match and yet at times almost silence as the new Chair tried to find his way. No offence to Ray Yates, but to step up from the floor to do the job cold is very unfair. To see, for the next few weeks Simon Reid, come up to make points of order and information, gives Yates no authority, and therefore neither has the UGM.

It maybe necessary for the LSESU to consider making the Chair and Vice chair of the UGM an elected post in both Michaelmass and Lent term elections. This way we can have a chance to train the next terms Chair and also allow him to sit in at the end of the terms to gain some confidence and guarantee adequate supervision of the UGM.

This, of course, would need a constitutional amendment and discussion and therefore time. So let us hope, that this weeks UGM was down to nerves and that all will be well next week. But when the authority of the 'sovereign

decision making body of the Union' is devalued by failing to run the UGM according to standing orders, then policy passed by the UGM is also devalued

Yours
Ron Voce
Ex-Vice Chair of the UGM
and Honorary Student

Lib Dems Ask For More

Dear Beaver,

I would like to thank all those who have given clothing to the Liberal Democrat Clothes for the Homeless Appeal. So far, about twelve bags have been donated, most of which have been passed on to the Holy Cross Centre in Kings' Cross.

The collection box is still in place at the exit to the SU cafe, and all further donations will be passed on to help the homeless in the coldest months of winter.

Yours sincerely,
Iain Roberts,
Liberal Democrats.

Post Haste

Letters to the Editor must be delivered, either by hand or internal mail, to E197 by 4pm Thursday.

My Father

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Managing Editor
News Editor
Campus Editor
Features Editor
Food & Drink Editor
Arts Editors

Music Editor
Sports Editors

Photographic Editors

Financial Director
Classifieds Editor

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My father was a kind, modest man. He was generous with his time and possessions. He would take time out from his affairs to do simple things like play with my little sister or cut my mother's nails. He would go out of his way to help friends or relatives in hardship. He would often lend books to his students and sometimes never saw them again. He would rarely talk about himself and when he did it was never in a self-congratulatory way.

My father was a radical academic. For his ideals, he was imprisoned for 2 and a half weeks in 1972, or about 12 days, he was in solitary confinement and was submitted to psychological torture. He was let out only because he wasn't a member of the organised left. He lost many friends during the military dictatorship, the most repressive years of which were 1969 to 1974. He saw no point to his profession if his work was not accessible to society at large. All his six books were written in uncomplicated Portuguese, though some of his ideas were by no means simple. In his chosen field - Brazilian foreign relations in the 1930s, 40s and 50s - he was probably the best historian that ever lived. Lately, he was also exploring new fields like Latin American integration

and US historiography.

My father was a student activist in his time. When the Brazilian military staged a coup in 1964, the whole student leadership of his university went into exile. Throughout late '64 and early '65 he worked hard to re-form the union. When the task was complete he was the natural candidate for president. But he let election time pass by while he caught up with the work he had missed in the previous months. He was 26 and working his way through college and, besides, he considered his job done once the student body was again mobilized, organized and fighting the dictatorship.

My father grew up in a presbyterian working class family in the town of Itajuba, Minas Gerais state, in the interior of Brazil. His father was a metal worker and his mother worked in a cotton mill. He could read before he went to school. Later on, he won a scholarship to a private school and became an exemplary pupil. But during all this time his family went through a lot of trouble, both financial and emotional. His parents were separated during most of his late childhood and early adolescence. It took him two decades to start calling his mother 'mum' again rather than by name.

My father was a fun guy to talk to and joke around with. We would often sit around after meals for long periods and talk politics, history, cinema and sometimes even football! It was always a good laugh as well as instructive. He had this gift - which, according to some ex-students of his, he used in the classroom - of being able to make serious material seem fun and exciting to discuss. I never had the chance to see his performance in the classroom but I'm sure I would have enjoyed it.

My father could write poems. When my mother was expecting me, he wrote a long poem in French about the three of us. I only came to read it a few months ago, about twenty years later. His shyness and modesty had kept it beyond my reach. And when I did finally read it I was amazed with the sheer purity of his verses. At the time I thought: "Man, maybe you should have invested more time into this side of you!"

My father could cook.

My father could make an origami swan whose wings would flap if I pulled its tail.

My father could make paper aeroplanes that would leave the UGM balcony in awe.

My father could make and fly kites.

And he taught me many things.

My father taught me to love history but to look forward to and fight for a future of social justice and freedom.

My father taught me to take an interest in politics. My very first political memory dates back to 1978, when I was seven. I remember feeling happy that the opposition MDB party had won the elections in Rio state.

My father taught me the value of human solidarity. He taught me to respect the dignity of even the poorest, most down-trodden people; to be accepting of diversity in race, sexuality, creed; to not let injustice go unchallenged; to not let reversals get me down.

My father, Gerson Moura, aged 53, died of a heart attack on December 7th, 1992.

Leandro Moura.

The Arab World and the Vexed Question of Peace.

A Personal View by Lu'ayy M. Rimawi

Despite the regrettable killing of the kidnapped Israeli soldier and the disproportionate Israeli retaliation, talks between Israelis and Palestinians should continue. Both have justifiable claims and grievances, and it is not conducive to peace to lay the blame exclusively on one side or the other.

A better understanding of the profound problems, often exacerbated by distorted perceptions, is still vital. The futile idea of one exterminating the other, is in modern civilised standards, simply obsolete. Needless to say, the national aspirations of Palestinians and Israelis have to be mutually recognised.

"The Arab peoples are not fundamentalists by nature, neither is any nation in the world. Many of them have been 'fundamentalised'. And today they are still under the yoke of brutal dictatorships and autocratic regimes."

Without the democratization of the Arab world, however, no radically changed image of the Israelis will ever be created in the Arab mind. Arab peoples will always be vulnerable to demagogic propaganda and, consequently, never open to new perceptions.

Since the turn of this century, Arabs have long been the victims of Western colonialism and Arab autocratic governments. The partition of the Arabs in 1917 and 1921 by Western powers, has created the present state of disparity. Arabs also were among the many victims of the cold war, where bolstered Arab regimes not only discarded political reform but also did not need popular support. And while few Arabs have



"The intolerable political repression exercised by most Arab regimes, has left the many hapless Arab citizens with very few rational choices. And it is not therefore surprising that many of these citizens have become 'extremist'."

The fickleness of Arab dictatorships has long been recognized. And if these regimes cannot grant peace to their own peoples how can they be expected to bring peace to the region? The vexed question of how truly Arab dictatorships represent Arab peoples, has still to be addressed. So has the question of whether posterity will uphold the 'commitments' of authoritarian regimes. In this respect it is unrealistic to expect Arab majorities to become perceptive to peace overnight.

As a corollary, 'peace' can only be maintained through continuous suppression. But is this really the peace that we all are after?

It is farcical that Arab peoples approaching the 21st century are still subjected to such brutal and anachronistic regimes, and then accused of being 'fanatics'. The freedom of the Arab peoples within democratic societies is the bulwark for a comprehensive settlement in the region. And only through their enlightened choice and commitment can genuine peace have a chance.

Admittedly, the democratization of the Arab world is by its very nature an arduous task. And although 'democracy' is a very elusive concept, history has taught us that it is by no means meaningless, nor unachievable.

enjoyed the Arab world's wealth, the majority has been languishing in poverty and destitution.

Calling for national unity to confront 'Israeli threats' and 'Western imperialism' has also helped Arab dictatorships divert domestic attention from their shortfalls. Israeli practices and violations of international law in the occupied territories and Lebanon, have always given credence to such propaganda. The intolerable political repression exercised by most Arab regimes, has left the many hapless Arab citizens with very few rational choices. And it is not therefore surprising that many of these citizens have become 'extremists'.

However, the interconnectedness between the democratization of the Arab world and peace in the Middle East can only be overlooked either by myopics or those who have a vested interest in preserving the status quo.

Given the wealth of the Arab world coupled with the special bonds between its nations, democracy will improve Arab peoples' lives. It will undoubtedly undermine fundamentalism and emasculate its present vigour. In such an event most of Arab peoples' grievances will have been redressed, and extremists will no longer find it easy to sway the opinion of Arab masses.

Some have argued, however,

that attempts at democratization in Algeria has not been successful, and have therefore questioned why it would not be possible to make peace with authoritarian Arab regimes. The pitfalls of this argument are manifold.

To start with, in the Algerian example fundamentalism was a response to the social alienation that the underprivileged Algerians have long experienced. Islam advocates tolerance and egalitarianism. But in times of oppression and political corruption, religions can easily be manipulated to serve non-religious ends. Islam is no exception. And although this may indeed be prevalent throughout the Arab world,

fundamentalism is nevertheless a reaction against continuing Arab governments' indifference to Arabs' basic political aspirations.

The Arab peoples are not fundamentalists by nature, neither is any nation in the world. Many of them have been 'fundamentalised'. And until today they are still under the yoke of brutal dictatorships and autocratic regimes. This fact is, unfortunately, overlooked by many Westerners when trying to understand some aspects of Arab peoples behaviour. It is ironic that a euphemism such as 'moderate Arab regimes' is currently used in Western media, when referring to 'moderate' Arab dictatorships!

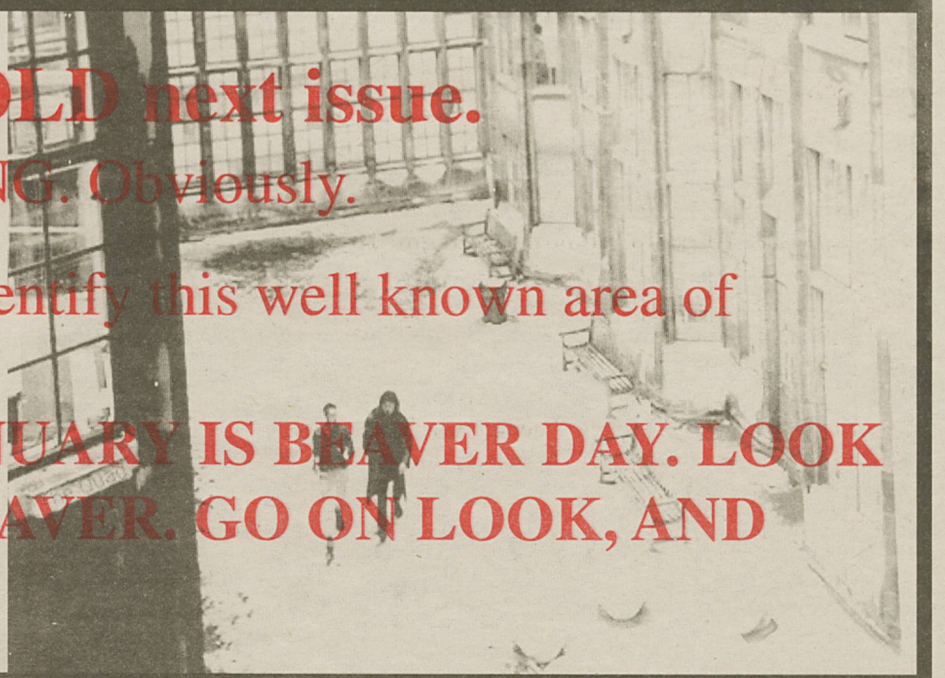
The Beaver is 40 YEARS OLD next issue.

We will of course be CELEBRATING. Obviously.

Look out for lots of giveaway comps. NOT.

And just as an appetizer, can you identify this well known area of L.S.E? and win....A PRIZE

Remember, MONDAY 25TH JANUARY IS BEAVER DAY. LOOK OUT FOR THE NEW LOOK BEAVER. GO ON LOOK, AND LOOK HARD DAMN YOU!



USELESS SCANDINAVIAN BASTARDS

Following their dismal performance in the FA Cup 3rd Round, hapless Vikings Torben Piechnik and Stig Bjørnbye receive a fate worse than death...reviewing singles for the Beaver!

SINGLE OF THE WEEK: Sugar - If I Can't Change Your Mind (Creation)

Bob Mould's post-Husker Du three-piece release their third single from the superb album "Copper Blue", and a stormer it is, too. Power-driven with some really nasty guitar, it pisses on just about anything else of recent months, and, who knows, it just might get in the Top 40, with a little bit of luck. It would certainly be no more than the band deserve.



Sugar: Single of the Week by furlongs

YET ANOTHER BLOODY BAND FROM SEATTLE SINGLE OF THE WEEK: Alice in Chains - Would? (Columbia)

Yet another bloody band from Seattle. This record is actually rather good, though. You'd never guess they were from Seattle. My arse. I think Seattle's becoming a bit like Manchester, you know. It's probably just as boring. They seem to go in for gratuitous use of redundant punctuation in Seattle, whereas drive-by chippie murders are the order of the day in Manchester. So, when you think about it, there's actually not much that they have in common, except for too many bloody bands. Oh - and smack addicts. And rain. Probably.

WALTHAMSTOW'S A NICE PLACE REALLY SINGLE OF THE WEEK: East 17 - Deep (London)

Shite shite shite shite shite shite shite shite shite. What a waste of time. This lot are almost as bad as Take That. This record has as much bollocks as my cat (i.e. none, because they were chopped off) and is the kind of tat that really would not be missed had it never existed. And just who the fuck names themselves after a postcode? If I called myself "West Central 2" I'd get duffed in, I reckon.

NOT HALF AS GOOD AS THEY USED TO BE SINGLE OF THE WEEK ONE: Pop Will Eat Itself - Get The Girl Kill The Baddies (RCA)

They're not half as good as they used to be, are Pop Will Eat Itself.

NOT HALF AS GOOD AS THEY USED TO BE SINGLE OF THE WEEK TWO: Jesus Jones - The Devil You Know (Food)

They're not half as good as they used to be, are Jesus Jones.

NOT HALF AS GOOD AS THEY USED TO BE SINGLE OF THE WEEK THREE: Duran Duran - Ordinary World (Parlophone)

They're not half as good as they used to be, are Duran Duran.

CYNICAL MARKETING EFFORT CONSIDERING THEY'VE GOT A "GREATEST HITS" ALBUM COMING OUT SOON SINGLE OF THE WEEK: The Cult - Sanctuary 1993 (Beggars' Banquet)

Eight years on, almost, and it's still a great record. It's been fucked about a bit by such luminaries as Youth, Butch Vig and Jim Thirlwell (Foetus), something I feel they didn't really need to do. The Cult are shit now, but if you want to relive the great moments of 1985 then this is certainly a record to buy. They've had squillions of singles and not one has made the Top 10, but I fancy this might just do a "Temple of Love" and crash in at about 3 or something. Then again, it might not.

RIGHT ON SINGLE OF THE WEEK: Consolidated - You Suck (Play It Again Sam)

California's rightest-on PC dudes have, as expected, come out with a fucking brilliant record yet again. Lifted from the shit-hot "Play More Music" LP, this is something you will not hear when you switch on the radio in the morning, that's for sure. Lines like "I know you think it's a real drag to suck my cunt when I'm on the rag" provided by guest rappers The Yeastie Girls tend to invalidate your claim for Radio 1's playlists. Brill hard-edged music, too. And, you never know, with "Dracula" coming out, this rainbow-kissing idea might catch on. Yummy.



The Cult - crap row

WHAT THE FUCK ARE THEY CALLED THIS TIME SINGLE OF THE WEEK: Metropolis - Metropolis (UCR)

Metropolis had a Top 40 hit a few years ago and another last year. You don't remember, do you. That's because a few years ago they were Stakker Humanoid and last year they were The Future Sound Of London. Confusing, eh? No, not really. They have also been Yage, Candese, Smart Systems, Semi Real, Indo Tribe and Mental Cube. That's confusing. This record is unquestionably Brian Dougans and Garry Cobain, and is as good as anything else they've done. Which means that it's brilliant.

Hardfloor - Hardtrance Aperience (Harthouse)

I think this is German but I couldn't say for sure. However, what I can tell you is that it is one of the best trancey records I've heard. In the Jam & Spoon mould, certainly, and set to be huge on the floors of Britain. No doubt you'll hear it, unless you are one of those cretins who hates even the mention of the word "dance" and the only time you even attempt is when rat-arsed at a Hall party. What a world you are missing.

Cornershop - In The Days Of Ford Cortina (Wiiija)

For those of you who don't know, "Wiiija" is the postcode of the Rough Trade Shop in Portobello Road. Their newest outfit, the Leicester-based Anglo-Asian Cornershop, are a very interesting cup of tea. They are basically feedback-oriented, but with some Asian instruments they produce an exciting record. This is encouraging, as success for this band would be welcomed by all quarters, except the BNP. Which I think we can all agree with. And it shits on bloody Apache Indian.

Paul McCartney - Hope Of Deliverance (Parlophone)

This is painful. How someone can write "Helter

Skelter" and this drivel is incredible. It also has his godawful wife "playing" the keyboards. Don't even think of buying please!

Dizzy Gillespie: Dead Cool

Dizzy: A Tribute.

by Phil Jones.

Dizzy Gillespie was a living legend (but now he's a dead legend NA). He was an ambassador for jazz, known to non-jazz fans by his bent up horn and puffed out cheeks and also to jazz fans as one of the founding fathers of bebop, along with Charlie Parker, and as one of the first musicians to introduce latin rhythms to jazz.

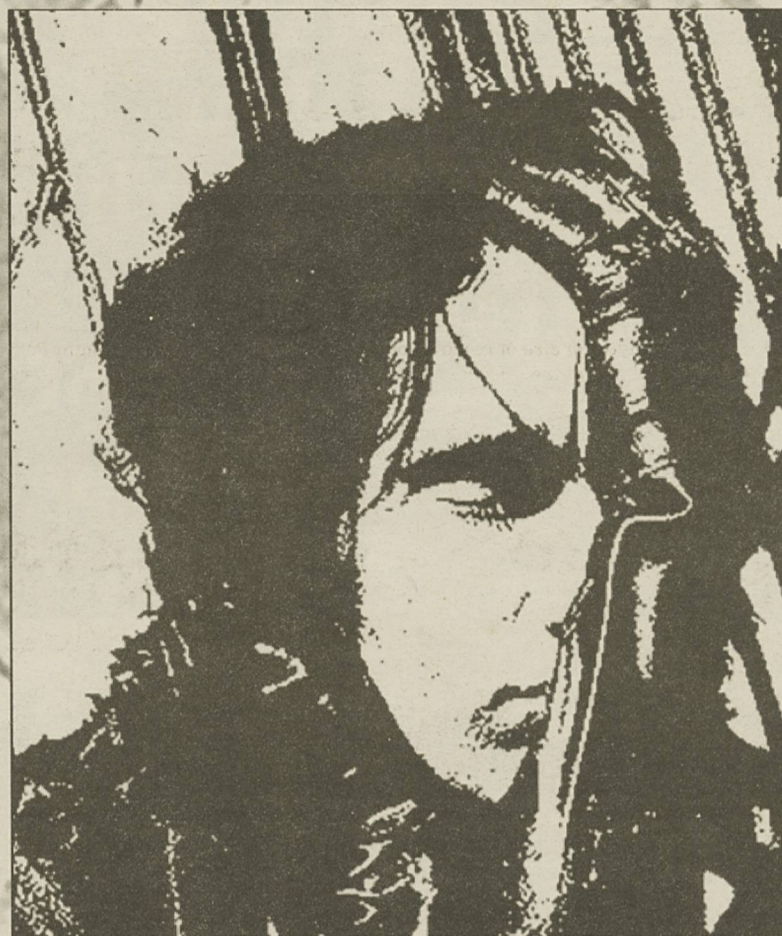
Dizzy began his musical life as a pianist and trombone player but picked up the trumpet thanks to a friend who was learning the instrument. He was introduced to jazz by his piano teacher who encouraged him to decorate the melodies of tunes. Roy Eldridge was Dizzy's hero and it was from him that he copied his technical, stratospheric style of playing. He studied harmony at music college and the depth of knowledge he gained there combined with his skills on the keyboard led to the harmonic complexities that were to become the trademarks of bebop. Around this time the nickname was earned for his clowning antics, on and off the stage. In New York he came to prominence as a member of Cab Calloway's band with whom he had something of a stormy relationship, a fight forcing Diz to move on. This was where his career took off however. He met Parker in the early forties and they played together regularly both in jams at Minton's playhouse on 52nd Street and with Parker as a member of Gillespie's sextet. The tunes Gillespie composed at this time quickly became standards; tunes like "A Night in Tunisia", "Salt Peanuts" and "Groovin' High". Typically for the bebop idiom these tunes were usually played fast and had complex chord progressions.

Dizzy influenced many, many jazz musicians and most of the trumpet players who came to prominence in the period following the dawn of bebop were Diz's musical descendants. Names like Fats Navarro, Clifford Brown, Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan, Arturo Sandoval and also Miles Davis, all these owed a great deal to him, just as Dizzy owed something to Eldridge. His longevity helped to spread his influence far and wide. He was sent by the U.S. government on a tour of the Middle East and parts of Asia in the fifties and even ran for president in the sixties with a manifesto that included changing the White House to the Blues House and making Miles Davis head of the CIA.

All in all, Dizzy Gillespie probably did more to influence the direction of jazz than anyone since Louis Armstrong. To find out a bit about his legacy check out these recordings: "Shaw 'Nuff" - a compilation of some of the best known recordings, "The Champ" - an album from 1952 featuring a young John Coltrane, "Jazz at Massey Hall" - the greatest jazz band ever, with Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Max Roach and Charles Mingus, and a new release to celebrate Dizzy's 75th birthday - "Dizzy's Diamonds".

NINE INCH NAILS: FIXED & BROKEN

by Geoff Robertson



Nine Inch Nails: The Marquis de Sade would have been proud

Nine Inch Nails have to be one of the strangest bands ever seen or heard. Consisting only of vocalist, guitarist, drum programmer, keyboard programmer and noise creator Trent Reznor, session musicians are hired to play live and generally to endure physical and mental abuse. Having been in contractual dispute with record company and agents for nigh on a year, and not releasing anything in the time since 1990's stunning "Pretty Hate Machine" debut, Reznor took it upon himself to release a couple of EP's anyway, and the result was "Broken", closely followed by the re-mixed "Fixed".

Reznor thrives on what other people would term sickness. Manically depressed, but thrust out of inaction and infertility by a passionate hunger to tell everyone else just how fucked up and fucked over he feels, controversy is a friend he courts virtually all the time. Having moved into Sharon Tate's house (site of the horrific Manson murders) in Los Angeles, Trent claims he knew nothing about the history of the place until he agreed the rent. Shortly afterwards, UK censors denied the promo-video for "Broken" a certificate because one track shows a masochist being physically abused by a machine and "what's left"

being shoved out afterwards. His record company admit it is "pretty gross" and that there's not much to be done with it now.

So what is his appeal? Brutal honesty? Maybe. But maybe it's a bit more too, climaxing in an ability to superbly express all the notions and emotions everyone feels at there most fucked up. What is for sure is that his lyrical prowess is coupled with a superb ability to write hard, biting songs, building them up to just the right moment before letting them flood right through you.

"Broken", the eight track (including two "secret" songs), does this superbly on a number of occasions. Opening with white-noisy instrumental "pinion", we are treated to "Wish" from the 1991 "Hate" tour followed by the first new full song, "Last". This displays all the best properties of the above, including a few great riffs near the beginning. It's followed by "help me i am in hell", another instrumental, consisting of only a little guitar, building itself to a crescendo before storming into "Happiness in Slavery", the song whose video caused the censors storm. The acknowledged part of the album is then finished with "Gave up", a song whose lyrics echo "Now I'm Nothing" from the 1991 tour a little.

But the genius of this

release lies in the two extra tracks. The thing is worth buying just for "Physical" and "Suck", both covers that were played on the said tour.

"Physical" was originally an "Adam and the Ants" song, but Reznor has transformed it into an unrecognizable monster. But this too fades with comparison to "Suck", a "Pigface" song that Trent himself helped write. Again, this crushes the original, Reznor alone being able to fill it out into a big heavy sound. If anyone ever wanted a lesson in building tension into a song, letting it rip, catching it again, and then fading out leaving the listener eager for more, then this gives it all. The song and the album ends "A thousand ways to make it true....I want to do terrible things to you", and that, basically, shows Reznors attitude to the whole job.

But let us move on to "Fixed". Boasting remixes of "Gave up", "Wish" and "Happiness in Slavery" as well as new/mixed-up songs "Throw This Away", "Fist Fuck" and "Screaming Slave", I expected this to be more like NIN's romanticised electro-style on "Pretty.." than the twisted pain of "Broken". However it wasn't to be, and "Fixed" is more confused than ever. Opening with the immortal lines "Covered in Hope, and Vaseline/Still

cannot fix this broken machine", you know that the ride is not going to be calm. In fact almost immediately afterwards, we launch into a spliced-up version of "Gave up" that never relents. The difference between the two, for me is summed up by the change of emphasis on which lyrics are most important to which song. "Throw This

Away" is a prime example - built around a riff like "help me i am in hell" it is a working over of the final lines of "last" - "I want you to make me, I want you to take me, I want you to break me, And I want you to throw me away!"

All in all, for about twelve quid, Reznor has produced a blaze of paranoia, depression, anger and blind fury to

amaze anyone. When recording "Pretty..", he said he was closed to being suicidal, when recording "Broken" he said he was a "spoilt prick", whatever he was, he showed at some points a rare genius. Essential for any industrial fan or anyone who doesn't always think the world is mostly sweetness and light.

DID YOU KNOW?
The Lion Roars.

Fact: The Wedding Present are an acquired taste. You either love them or you hate them. There is no middle ground. But your average punter in the street has probably never even heard of Dave Gedge and his band-of-not-so-merry-men, let alone passed judgement upon their produce. Don't be fooled by appearances. Nowadays the Wedding Present are as big as Elvis, pelvic thrusts included. If you don't believe me ask Norris McWharter. In 1992, the Weddoes released twelve Top Thirty singles, one for each month, to become bona fide record breakers and the 90s most successful chart act but their elevated status is hardly going to get them tap-dancing alongside Roy Castle on CBBC with Edd the Duck. Blamed for the falling audience figures for Top of the Pops, the Wedding Present have always done it their own way. Publicity stunts aside, tonight was the climax of one very long year.

Before they could begin, however, we had to endure the 'talents' of indie no-hopers, Moonshake. Such talent warrants few words in this article and even less time appreciating them. Appreciation therefore goes to the lager served at the bar. A quick browse through the two-sided merchandise catalogue which offered all twelve t-shirts released in conjunction with each single. A bargain at £7-£10.

The Wedding Present arrived and departed eighty minutes later. They don't do encores anymore. Neither does Dave Gedge show off his nobbily knees to those who wish to admire them. They both disappeared after their Saturday night second-billing slot at the Reading Festival. Inter-song banter is kept to a minimum too. Each tour brings something new and this time around the set-list has some noticeable absentees. Tonight, only songs released after the recording of 'Seamonsters' get an airing, therefore there is no room for old favourites. Classics like 'Kennedy', 'Brassneck', 'Everyone Thinks He Looks Daft' and 'Don't Talk Just Kiss' have been replaced. Shelved for the reunion concert in decades to come. Of the Twelve singles released, only two, 'Go-Go Dancer' and 'California', fail to make the final squad.

Judging by tonight's performance, the Wedding Present have gained a second wind from somewhere. 'Sticky', October's release, show a side of the Wedding Present not seen since 'Nobody's Twisting Your Arm' and 'Come Play With Me' is already a favourite with the masses. Other notables include 'Three' and 'Blue Eyes' but the killer of the evening is the swan-song 'Flying Saucer' which has replaced 'Take Me' as the mammoth thrash-about. The rest of the set is comprised of material from their fifth album (they've had seven released in all), 'Seamonsters'. With 'Dare' and 'Suck' getting an airing alongside the three singles.

Fifteen songs later and they're gone. Buzzing guitars are a distant memory. And such pretensions are bound to land me with a job with Melody Maker or NME. Anyway, I still say the concert was fucking excellent. The beer's still expensive as well.

SULTANIC VERSES.

The Sultans of Ping F.C.'s brief emergence from hiding on December 21st at the Venue, New Cross, coincided more or less with the eighth anniversary of the tacit fatwa issued by the music Establishment against all new bands daring to break the emerging Code of Talentlessness. Since that 1984 watershed of Frankie Goes To Hollywood's third consecutive hype-dependent Number One single, the music industry has systematically sought to smother the output of bands whose challenge to the new orthodoxy has consisted humbly of artistry and musicianship.

Despite their lone dissidence amongst the pap, the Sultans of Ping F.C.'s ambitions are closer to home. The Sultans' tender ditties pay tribute to the everyday things in life: the often overlooked contribution to our lives of the unsung "masters of industry" Armitage Shanks; the sad tale of bill the sheepdog ("he wasn't a cheap dog...he could hold his own") stretched off early at the sheepdog

trials; the annoying bastard in all our lives who claims mastery in all trades and genius in quite a few as well (the "king of football statistics and natural born expert in interballistics" etc.).

The gig itself, just in advance of the release of the single "You Talk Too Much" harked back more effectively to the Buzzcocks of 1977-8 than any band since the Buzzcocks of 1977-8. The Sultans combine the exuberance of the tacky 1970s with the guitar hook lines of the mid eighties indie pop in a show that immediately envelopes the voracious audience in a musky blur of stiff-necked bumper to bumper pogoing. The set at the Venue included everything in the Sultans' fridge from the refundable and so wonderful "Turnip Fish" to the recyclable and so likeable "Give Him A Ball And A Yard Of Grass". Having established their stance against "Corporate Rock" by virtue of the quality of both their live act and their studio material, this Cork-based four-man footie-obsessed outfit then

proceed to put their credibility "to the test" by playing requests ("well, it is Christmas.."). Still for the grateful audience this marketing ploy did yield the oddly doting "Riot At The Sheepdog Trials" and the epic ode to an all too familiar situation, "Where's Me Jumper?"

Lead singer Niall O'Flaherty and the lads, as authors of the Sultanic verses, may not be facing an establishment out for blood, but ignorance and neglect on the latter's part are equally serious offences. For those in th know at the Venue last December and the wise audience-to-be at London's Astoria on March 5th this year who like to rock and roll to the Sultans of Ping, those things should be of little consequence. In an echo of the achievement of Frankie Goes To Hollywood, the Sultans' first three singles topped the (indie) chart but did so on merit, not avarice. If all the other fish don't understand, the Sultans of Ping are your favourite band, that's okay.

Marjory Symnock.

Shakespeare and Potter in Covent Garden

John Ashton's ballet "The Dream" is an adaptation based on "A Midsummer Night's Dream", a play principally concerned with the unreality and transcendence of emotion. It is replete with a fine selection of mystical extras and magical effects making it particularly susceptible to an adaptation in ballet. It is not, however, an emotionally extravagant play and this understated tone is captured well in the ballet which does not attempt to deeply move us. Oberon's annoyance with

Titania is never more than annoyance and Helena's unrequited love is not portrayed as suicidal.

"The Dream" is set in Shakespeare's 'fairyland' which in this production, is recreated as tranquil woodland, the set is well designed; giving the impression of a rural idyll without lapsing into absurdity or distracting the audience from the performance. The ballet opens with a set piece which emphasises the tranquility and harmony which prevail. The mood quickly changes with the arrival of the quarrelling Oberon and Titania, their argument is never tempestuous, but all the same, it ends with Oberon plotting revenge. The sprite Puck is despatched to find a flower with quite bizarre aphrodisiac qualities in that it's juice dropped in the eyes during sleep causes its' victim to fall in love with the first living being he or she sees upon waking.

Puck goes on his merry way playing havoc not only with Titania's emotions but also those of several innocent bystanders; Helena, Demetrius, Hermia, and Lysander, suffice to say these unhappy people find themselves in all kinds of trouble. Titania has, meanwhile, fallen madly in love with a comic rustic named Bottom to whom, to add insult to injury, Puck has given the head of an ass. It is in these scenes where the production sparkles. The comedy of the play is brought out by

Jon Spurling gets a taste of the Royal Ballet

exceptionally perceptive choreography which plays upon our everyday body language but avoids being shallow and blatant. The detail involved in the movement of the principle characters, particularly Puck and Bottom, gives the performance an intimate and human feel which creates a special relationship between dancers and audience where moments of comedy assume a special quality of spontaneity.

As befits a light comedy all ends happily with Oberon reconciled to Titania and bottom restored to human form. The reconciliation of the lovers provides an opportunity for a more expansive dance which is well taken by the performers who manage to suffuse this part of the ballet with energy while only ever manifesting a fraction of self parody. This production is illustrative of the professionalism of the Royal Ballet Company and the skill of Ashton and John Lanchberry who arranged the score based on Mendelssohn's original work.

"The Dream" was followed by "The Tales of Beatrix Potter", an engagingly eccentric ballet which took the form of a series of short vignettes, each illustrating one of the tales. The tales are fables which feature a cast of anthropomorphic woodland animals which possess their own foibles and go through their own trials and tribulations too numer-

ous to describe. The production is reminiscent of Alan Bennet's "Wind in the Willows", the set is charming and the masks by Rotislav Doboujinsky fabulous.

I suspect for many people enjoyment of this ballet will begin once they have allowed themselves to stop thinking about it and what it means. This ballet can only be taken on its' own terms; it is rigorously unintellectual and unpretentious. It is odd to see obviously talented dancers performing dressed in costumes which could have leapt off a six year old's breakfast plate, but this ballet is, above all, an escape. It is unashamedly nostalgic, harking back to a rural past which probably never existed and certainly cannot be recreated. Yet the ballets' naiveté is the principle element of its' success, to revel in the antics of Peter Rabbit is to wallow in nostalgia and is irrelevant to our real lives. This unadventurous fun represents a purer and more complete escape from the woes of the real world than many of Hollywood's efforts which attempt the same thing while purporting to actually mean something.

"The Dream" and 'The Tales of Beatrix Potter' will be playing in rep. at the Royal Opera House until the 19th Jan. Hopefully we will be able to keep you up to date with future productions in better time! -NKR

The Bodyguard

"The Bodyguard", admittedly, is not the type of film that I would usually go and see. The idea of going to see a film based around a pop-star would usually put me off from the start, but, coerced into seeing it, I was still determined to give it a fair chance.

The basic plot centres around the bodyguard Frank Falmer (Kevin Costner), who we're introduced to at the start of the film saving his employer from an assassin. After a couple of congratulatory words, we learn that Frank is leaving his employer because it's "Time to move on". But rest and relaxation is not yet on the cards for Frank, as an old friend persuades him to think about guarding pop-star

Rachael Marron (Whitney Houston), whose life has been threatened by anonymous letters. Rachael turns out to be "A bit of a bitch" to use her own words, but understandably (being Whitney), a very attractive woman.

Frank takes the job, only to find that Ms. Marron does not even know about the threats or see any reason to give in to Franks security demands and loosen her precious schedule in the run up to the Oscars, in which she's been nominated for Best Actress.

Thrown into this fairly standard plot is Rachael's young son, a jealous sister, a very slimy publicity man and a sub-standard other bodyguard to name but a few,

presumably in an effort to liven up the plot. These tricks do not succeed in saving the film, but what does is Costner's and Houston's performances and some well paced filming. All the way through there is an inevitable line to the story, and if you don't know what's going to happen in the next three scenes, then you really should concentrate more! However, this isn't the point of the film; as a romantic thriller it works O.k., Houston doesn't sing all that much (hands up those who had nightmares imagining her grabbing every cue for a song, or lamenting her love staring into her pool), and Costner is actually quite believable as a bodyguard. In fact, a film based

Film Review of the year

Sarah Ebner

Another year is over, and we, together with Barry Norman, have moved onto Film 93. But before we do that, perhaps we can review last year's films, picking out some of the good (so you can go and rent them at your video shop), the moderate (for when the good aren't there) and the poor (go home and watch Eldorado instead).

It was the year of Tim Robbins, Geena Davis and Juliette Lewis. On the other hand, it was not the year of Woody and Mia, or in the end, of Warren Beatty, despite all the publicity. Bugsy won nothing of importance. Julia Roberts took a year off, Gerard Depardieu proved again that you can be ugly and sexy, whilst Clint Eastwood showed that the western is still alive.

There were some very good films at the beginning of last year, most notably JFK (for which I reckon Oliver Stone should have won yet another Oscar, and Kevin Costner gave an admirable and under-rated performance). At the same time, we were given Barbra Streisand's new epic, Prince of Tides. Nick Nolte's performance was superb, and despite respect for Sir Anthony Hopkins, there is no way he should have won a best actor Oscar. It had Nolte's name on it! Hopkins was only in Silence of the Lambs for half an hour. - that should have won him a best supporting actor Oscar.

Hook, the second most popular film of the year came and was generally slated by the critics, who, I'm sure were just waiting for their opportunity to denigrate as many people as possible for one film. I loved it, have seen it twice, and would see it again and again. For good fun entertainment, with a multi-

cultural cast (a pleasant change) it can't be beaten.

There were more roles for women this year, from the good to the decidedly shaky. For some reason, there is a current fixation with dangerous women. Sharon Stone played this to excess in Basic Instinct (sadly the top movie of the year), a film which was less homophobic, than misogynistic. Then we had Rebecca de Mornay as a killer nanny, and Jennifer Jason Leigh in Single White Female. Is Hollywood trying to tell us something. - women are good as secondary

Geena Davis's character has got to be one of the most annoyingly smug people seen on screen all year.

Talking of smug people, we had The Player's Griffin Mill and Bob Roberts, both played by the decidedly unsmug and absolutely wonderful Tim Robbins. This man is brilliant. Not only is he a great actor, but he writes, sings, directs and is just so politically correct. What more can I say...

There were some very good movies this year, often by independent film makers. Strictly Ballroom was around good fun entertainment, whilst The

Waterdance, Gas Food Lodging, My Own Private Idaho and Night on Earth showed that there are film makers in America who will take chances and create films which say something. The acting in these films was uniformly excellent, and one more name must be added, that of Lothaire (Jesus of Montreal) Bluteau, one the best actors

- Basic Instinct
- Hook
- Lethal Weapon 3
- Batman Returns
- The Addams Family
- Cape Fear
- Beauty and the Beast
- Wayne's World
- My Girl
- The Hand that Rocks the Cradle.

girlfriend roles, or as killers?

A pleasant surprise therefore, was Fried Green Tomatoes, which is still doing good business in Europe. Here we had a film with woman, about woman and which worked. Yes, it did surprise many in America! Also a film about woman (and directed by a woman) was a League of Their Own. Sadly this managed to stick in a number of stereotypes, and tried desperately to make the audience laugh at the fat, ugly woman. In addition,

around today, and stunned me beyond belief in Black Robe.

Finally we have the hyped movies, most of which managed to get straight into the top 10 of the year. Does this prove that they were good films (doubtful in the case of many), that hype works, or that it is very unfortunate we have such a stupid distribution system, whereby the same movies are shown in all the same cinema chains, so if you are a regular film goer, you just see what's on. Here they are then, in order:

Paris is Burning/Now That It's Morning

Steve Kinkee

more on his adventures might have been very good.

Costner apparently waited a year for Houston to star along side him, and they obviously get on famously (groan!), unlike him and Madonna! She does quite well on the acting front too, although I suspect that her fine portrayal of a spoilt superstar just starred in her first major film may be just the same as Whitney in reality, but who's to say? Overall, then, not a bad film at all, but by no stretch of the imagination a classic. If you want to challenge yourself to re-evaluate your views on life or violence or love, or really anything, then you'll be disappointed. Try "Reservoir Dogs" or "Man Bites Dog" instead. But if you want a nice bit of escapism without much thinking or just to dribble over Costner or Houston, you won't feel that badly done to. By the way, I think the strange, "deep" Samuri allusions to try and convince you that the film had something to say were meant as a joke.

Geoff Robertson

"Paris is Burning" is the portrait of a disenfranchised section of American society. It is a documentary showing the Houses (mostly black, gay street gangs) of Harlem and their drag balls, spanning the years 1985 to 1989. This is the scene that voguing (as stolen by that white hetero gal Madonna) and even London's very own Kinky Gerlinky grew out of, and it is a scene that is worth seeing, if only in celluloid form, but some people live there.

Paris is Burning shows the everyday confrontation with the squalor that life without money is in America and the drag balls are a few peoples' escape route for just a while. After 'mopping' (shoplifting) or making their own costumes, it's off to walk at the ball and time to shade (humiliate) their rival Houses. Many of the participants hustle to make a living, by the end of filming some have not survived but it certainly looks like they have a good time.

This is real fly on the wall, hand held camera stuff which captures the feel of this gay scene, whether they are

interviewing the Mother of the House of Labeija or filming two transsexuals on the beach in front of two officers of the law, there is no feeling of patronising voyeurism. Best of all is knowing how much this must shock WASP hetero-America. Gay black, assertive men and transsexuals: lock up your sons, not your daughters, we're coming and wearing a dress, you're in trouble if your hair's a mess.

Everybody at the balls wants to be a star but they are forced to settle for their fifteen minutes in a community hall in Harlem dressed in a \$3000 designer dress 'liberated' from the bourgeoisie designer halls of decadence. Become as 'real' as you can and win a trophy, which means concealing your true identity and becoming that star.

"Now That It's Morning" is an excellent 11 minutes of love between a 45-year old and his 15 year-old boyfriend. Regina-Fong, that old-style drag queen puts a love song on the juke-box and society is shocked and we all end up in a greasy spoon in Brighton.

PUBLIC LECTURES:

Monday 18th
Old Theatre 5.30pm
STEIN HANSON

(Partner and Director, Nordic Consulting
group AS)

'Entropy - Implications for Global Develop- ment'

Centre for the study of Global
Governance Lecture. Chair:

Lord Desai

—

Tuesday 19th
C120 1pm
JIM ROLLO

Royal Institute of International Affairs

'Emerging Chances of East-West European Trade'

The European Society and East
European Society look at life
outside "Fortress Europe"

—

Monday 1st Feb
Old Theatre 5.30pm
HILARY PUTNAM

(Professor of Philosophy & Walter Beverly
Pearson Professor of Maths. and

Mathematical Logic, Harvard University)

'The Question of Real- ism'

The Auguste Comte Memorial

Lecture. Chair: Prof
Nancy Cartwright



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UNION COUNCIL

Next meeting has been
postponed until 28th
Jan (not the 21st) 2.30-
3.30pm. Please hand ap-
plications to mel in
E205 *at least 5 days be-*
fore - ie. the 23rd.

Advisor to Women Students...

Students often find the Lent
term quite stressful and would
like to consult someone to dis-
cuss their concerns. The Advi-
sor to Women Students is avail-
able to offer advice and support
for a wide range of problems
and encourage students to seek
appropriate advice from other
sources. All information is con-
fidential, and no action taken
unless requested by the
student. **ROSE RACHMAN**
A271 is on sabbatical leave this
term, but will still provide con-
sultation to Women Students on
TUESDAYS 10.30-11.30 in her
office. Messages may be left on
X7351 or with the Secretary,
Martina Langer, in A121
X7562. **MARGOT LIGHT** who
was Advisor last year, has
kindly agreed to be available in
an Emergency. Her room
number is A39 and she can be
contacted on X7209.

JAPANESE LESSONS

on Wednesdays 2-4pm in X132
for beginners
on Fridays 2-3.30pm in E196
for intermediates

Houghton Street Harry

Due to either the weather, general apathy or total unfitnes (no explanation was forthcoming) 1993, LSE's year of sporting promise, did not get off to the flying start all had hoped for. A wet Wednesday saw cancellations in every department, in fact some games which were not even supposed to have been played were called off. This does not give Harry a great deal to write about so a 'Highlights of 1992 Sport' is in order.

New years eve was so sporting that the ever competitive Harry felt compelled to win as many drinking games as possible, and if he couldn't win he made sure that it was the taking part that counted. Sadly, the drinking of more than is biologically feasible resulted in all memory of 1992 being consigned to a single brain cell which retired the next day anyway. Luckily a few Beaver back issues were found to remind Harry of what a pointless year it was.

It was also an obscure one in which a mysterious letter was received offering 'the most exciting thing . . . a workout your muscles will not soon forget . . . at different fields in the city'. Was this more junk mail from Madame JoJo's Erotic New Age Open-Air Massage Emporium (Discretion Assured on 071 586 1395)? No, it was promoting something far more debauched, depraved and dangerously deviant, Ultimate Frisbee. Whilst Harry finds it hard to see how wearing a baseball cap and chucking a dustbin lid at your mate can become a National University sport it must be said that the LSE Ultimate Frisbee Society has 4.0 members (they say 40, but have you ever met anyone who's owned up to membership)? The mystery is that Mr. Joe Gaeta never answers the phone to give more details of the ritualistic gatherings of the Cult of Fris, so phone him on the above number at your peril, and do not at any point say Harry sent you.

From obscure back to pointless, namely American 'Football', the biggest bag of shit of a sport to blight modern civilisation. The LSE/University of London American Football Society was another 1992 fresher but has not got lost as often as might be hoped. Membership growth has followed a near exponential spiral, first doubling to 2, then trebling, then erm, err, growing some more. Whilst the game itself is highly dubious Harry must acknowledge the tireless commitment of the organisers who are nominees for the Most Tirelessly Committed New Societies Organiser award for 1992.

Equally pointless and more ritualistic than the Cult of Fris could even contemplate being is a (group of) society who thankfully meet only once per year. Known as the A.U. Barrel, the society boasts the membership of several puke-drinking brethren and that eternal non-student, innuendo and double entendre guru of the 90's Tom Jepsen. As well as being a pretty weak boast it is also the Barrel's only one, since for some reason this year's Annual General Meeting lasted only 17 minutes. This is quite closely related to the fact that 266 pints were poured casually onto the floor leaving only 93 to be drunk by those present. The Barrel is most certainly not a new society but earns a mention as it was relaunched in 1992 having moved to new premises, a small room far superior to the previously owned very small room. The only noticeable result of this is that there was more standing room than ever for those with no connection to the A.U. whatsoever to drink/wade through free beer.

Finally there is the sad tale of the LSE Soccer Tours Society and their unfortunate excursion to Paris. After a succession of no-score draws over the course of several replays of the Coca-Colski Anglo-Baltic Exchange Cup Final the venue was finally moved to Paris in the hope that the city's bohemian cafes and fine architecture would inspire a prolific hat-trick or two. Somehow another barren match ensued and the LSEST Society returned to London in somewhat low spirits, but determined to turn up week in week out and play as many matches as it took to see the trophy in their cabinet. Tragically the epic contest was abruptly aborted when the cash strapped Latvian side suddenly announced that they had lost interest in all matters Anglo-Baltic and were going on a seemingly more lucrative tour of England's rural south with a fellow Latvian outfit.

LONDON UNI : U.K. AMERICAN FOOTBALL COLLEGE CHAMPIONS 1993/94?

University "American Football" in this country is going places. Within the last two years twenty teams from around the country have been established and are now playing in a very competitive, fully kitted league. The University of London team is not one of these. With around 20,000 students, many of whom are from the States and Canada, it has the potential to be one of the best. By June, when I finish my degree I hope to have established the foundations of a team to compete in the league next year.

We practice every week on Sundays, meeting at Hyde Park Corner Tube Station at Midday. For this term we will have at least three coaches with experience at the highest level in this country. They have been involved with teams like the London Olympians, Northants Storm and Brighton B52's. Players of all standards are welcome and the coaching is assured to be of top quality. So, to get involved in one of the most exciting, glamorous and spectacular sports in the world either turn up next Sunday or give me, Alex Diamond a call on 071 278 3251 (Rm 517).



The Disposable Heroes of Bureaucracy Photo: Steve East

JONATHON BRADBURN IS WELL

Due to unforeseen circumstances Jonathon Bradburn is well and able to write his weekly column on the sports page of the Beaver. He has however decided that he wishes to curtail his series of articles for the time being. I assure you this has nothing at all to do with the approaching need to put pen to paper. It is a straightforward decision concerning his need to "spend more time with his family".

In any case Jonathon Bradburn has, as if he had been visited by an angel and delivered from the evils of alcohol and carnal desire,

become a Changed Man. Hard work, Fresh fruit, Home-cooking, Regular swimming and the love of a still Virginal Good Woman have helped to bring this about. But perhaps most important of all Jonathon Bradburn has discovered after a term at the helm as Entertainments Sabatical that he has a small but significant role to play in the social lives of all of L.S.E. They look to him to be a focus of their attentions for their precious years at University. Bran or no Bran he knows now he won't let them down.

TOO SPORTY TO CALL:

THE MASS OBSERVATION SURVEY OF L.S.E. VIEWS ON SPORT

Over the past week you may have noticed some strange looking men wearing dirty old overcoats, carrying overcoats, and asking you questions about your views on Sport at the L.S.E. If so then bully for you and the boys at Gallup, because the Sports Editors with their helpers from M.O.R.I. the pollsters have no idea what it is you may or may not have seen. We have not engaged in anything as sordid as going out to ask people questions in order to carry out a survey. Instead the Sports Editors in close collaboration with Robert Worcester (We know him as Bob) the head of M.O.R.I. and visiting Government Professor here, have relied on the tried and tested method of waiting for people to come up to us.

Our aim was to gauge the attitudes of L.S.E. students towards Sport, in particular Sport at L.S.E. and the people who practice it there. The results we came up with were shocking.

The responses to the question: "Who do you think is the most physically attractive sports person at L.S.E.?" were:

Jack Kennedy (deceased) 62%
(discipline: small bore rifle shooting. No longer a student at L.S.E.)

Robert Kilroy Silk 1%
(discipline: accentuation of accent on camera. No longer - I wish)

Jonathon Bradburn 6.9%
(discipline: fully clothed abseiling - honestly!)

Danny Beharall 2%
(discipline: making love with his surname)

James Shields 1.80%
(discipline: Darts)

Guy Titschmarsh 100%
(discipline: gnittimov, reverse position, ugby)

Fazil Zahir 1%
(discipline: Faxing around)

The responses to the question: "Which Sports teams give you most pleasure as a spectator" were:

Hockey 12 1/2 %
"It is fast and furious but retains both the ability to surprise and a high level of sportsmanship amongst all those who take part"

Football 35%
"Despite a low standard of play on the pitch the organizational problems and political machinations behind the scenes ensure football has a lot to offer the typical L.S.E. student."

Rugby 51%
"I've never seen them throw a Rugby ball, but I have seen them throw up"

Squash 1%
"Great to see the L.S.E. team get one over on the Neo-Freudians of the West London Institute"

Female Teams 1%
"I wish I could get a chance to see them doing more running, jumping and stretching"

In response to the question: "Does the sports page of the Beaver give you the sort of investigative and detailed reporting that you want?" these were your responses:

Yes 99%
"Yes, it's bloody good and a lot better than I could do"

Well... 1%
"Absolutely, I'm going to offer the two Sports Editors full time jobs and company cars when they finish their degrees, and my name is Robert Maxwell"